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uncommon words—maybe, but very common causes of

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We have glasses that remove these causes and give

IMMEDIATE RELIEF

Before consulting the physician, before using medicines and drugs, come and see us. If your headache is caused by eye strain we cure it

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Keeley Jr., M.O.D.O.

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A Fountain Pen AND AN Eversharp Pencil

are necessities nowadays. We have complete ranges of both of these articles.

We are also in a position to supply new nibs for pens and leads for pencils, and to make any other repairs needed.

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Are they as nicely finished as you would like them to be, or has the winter been hard on them, with people's wet feet walking over them?

A little attention to them will make a great difference. Make your friends envy your floors.

Johnson's Kleen Floor, in two sizes

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Johnson's Liquid Wax, in two sizes

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Johnson's Dancing Wax, in three sizes.

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Ask our advise on your floors.

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General Contractors, Heating Specialists, Steam Fitters and Plumbers, Fobbers of Plumbers' and Gas-Fitters' Supplies, Stoves, Sinks, Heavy and House Furlishing Hardware, Tools, Oil, Boat Supplies, Sheet Metal and Tin Work. Special Work of all kinds Undertaken.



NEW DESIGNS IN Bedroom Furniture

We have just received a shipment of Bedroom Furniture in the latest designs, in Mahogany and Walnut, that will strongly appeal to the "Home Lover."

We are offering some excellent values for spring, and we know you will find our price right after inspecting the goods.

We invite your inspection.

Victrolas, Victor Records, McLagan Phonographs, Heintzman and Wormworth Pianos, Player Rolls.

T.F. Harrison Co., Limited Phone 90

"THE GREAT WAR AS I SAW IT."

By Canon F. G. Scott, C.M.G., D.S.O., of Quebec, Senior Chaplain of the First Canadian Division.

A Piteous Procession.

About two in the morning a despatch rider arrived, and meeting me at the door asked if I could speak French. He said, "Tell the Turcos and every one else who can walk to clear off to Ypres as soon as they can; the Germans are close at hand." Indeed it sounded so, because the rifle fire was very close. I went into the room and delivered my message, in French and English, to the wounded men. Immediately there was a general stampede of all who could possibly drag themselves toward the city. It was indeed a piteous procession which passed out of the door, —Turcos with heads bandaged, or arms bound up, or one leg limping, and our own men equally disabled, helping one another down that terrible road towards the city. Soon all the people who could walk had gone. But there in the room and along the pavement outside, lay helpless men. I went to the M.O. and asked him what we were to do with the stretcher cases. "Well," he said, "I suppose we shall have to leave them because all the ambulances have gone." "How can we desert them?" I said. The Medical Officer was of course bound by orders to go back with his men but I myself felt quite free in the matter, so I said, "I will stay and be made prisoner." "Well," he said, "so will I. Possibly I shall get into trouble for it, but I cannot leave them to the enemy without any one to look after them." So we made a compact that we would both stay behind and be made prisoners. I went over to another Field Ambulance, where a former curate of mine was chaplain. They had luckily been able to evacuate their wounded and were all going off. I told them that I should probably be made a prisoner that night, but asked him to cable home and tell my family that I was in good health and that the Germans treated chaplains, when they took them prisoners, very kindly. Then I made my way back. There was a tremendous noise of guns now at the front. It was a horrible thought that our men were up there bearing the brunt of German fury and hatred. Their faces passed through my mind as individuals were recalled. The men whom I knew so well, young and strong and full of hope and life, men from whom Canada had so much to expect, men whose lives were so precious to dear ones far away, were now up in that poisoned atmosphere and under the hideous hail of bullets and shells. The thought almost drove a chaplain to madness. One felt so powerless and longed to be up a. . .

An Awful Chance.

The dressing station had received more stretcher cases, and still more were coming in. The Medical officer and his staff were working most heroically. I told him I had given instructions about cabling home should I be taken prisoner, and then I suddenly remembered that I had a scathing poem on the Kaiser in my pocket. I had written it in the quiet beauties of Beaufort, below Quebec, when the war first began. When I wrote it I was told that if I were ever taken prisoner in Germany with that

poem in my pocket, I should be shot or hanged. At that time the German front line seemed so far off that it was like saying, "If you get to the moon the man there will eat you up." But the changes and chances of war had suddenly brought me face to face with the fact that I had resolved to be taken prisoner, and from what I had heard and saw the event was not unlikely. So I said to the M.O., "I have just remembered that I have got in my pocket a printed copy of a very terrible poem I wrote about the Kaiser. Of course you know I don't mind being shot or hanged by the Germans, but if I am, who will write the poems of the War?" The M.O. laughed but thinking it unwise on general principles to wave a red rag in front of a mad bull, advised me to tear up my verses. I did so with great reluctance, but the precaution was unnecessary as the Germans never got through after all.

All along those terrible fields of death the battle raged. Young Canadians, new to war, but old in the inheritance of the blood of British freedom, were holding the line. The dressing stations were soon full again, and later on a despatch rider came from the 3rd Infantry Brigade Headquarters in Shell Trap Farm to tell us that more help was needed there. One of the M.O.'s assistants and a sergeant started off and I followed. We went down the road and then turned to the right up to the moated farm-house where the Brigade was. As we went forward towards the battle front, the night air was sharp and bracing. Gunflashes lit up the horizon but above us the moon and stars looked quietly down. Wonderful deeds of heroism were being done by our men along those shell-ploughed fields under that placid sky. What they endured, no living tongue can tell. Their Maker alone knows what they suffered and how they died. The eloquent tribute which history will give to their fame is that, in spite of the enemy's superiority in numbers, and his brutal launching of poisonous gas, he did not get through.

In the ditch a battalion was waiting to follow up the charge. Every man among the Canadians was "on his job" that night. We crossed the field to the farm-house which we found filled to overflowing. Ambulances were waiting there to carry the wounded back to Ypres. I saw many friends carried in, and men were lying on the pavement outside. Bullets were cracking against the outer brick walls. One Highlander mounted guard over a wounded German prisoner. He had captured him and was filled with the hunter's pride in his game. "I got him myself, Sir, and I was just going to run him through with my bayonet, when he told me he had five children. As I have five children myself, I could not kill him. So I brought him out here." I looked down at the big prostrate German who was watching us with interest largely rooted in fear. "Funf kinder?" (five children). "Ja, ja." I wasn't going to be beaten by a German, so I told him I had seven children and his face fell. I found out afterwards that a great many Germans, when they were captured, said they had five children. The Germans I think used to be put through a sort of catechism before they went into action, in case they should be taken prisoners. For example, they always told us they were sure we were going to win the war. They always said they were glad to be taken prisoners. When they were married men, they said they had five children and so appealed to our pity. People do not realize even yet how very thorough the Germans were in everything that they thought was going to bring them the mastery of the world. When the German soldier saw the game was up, he surrendered at once and thus was preserved to fight for his country in the next war.

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RECITAL AT ST. JAMES'

After the Sunday Evening Service Was Greatly Enjoyed.

A delightful organ recital was given at the conclusion of the Sunday evening service in St. James' church, by Mrs. A. R. B. Williamson, Mus. Bac., assisted by the choir. There was a very large congregation and the number was increased by music lovers who admire Mrs. Williamson's playing and high quality of the vocal talent in St. James' choir.

The programme consisted of an organ solo "First Movement Sonata in D Minor (Guisman) which was executed with perfect technique. Mrs. L. J. Foster, soprano, sang "Angels Ever Bright and Fair (Handel). Mrs. F. C. Powell, violinist, played "The Swan Ritzo Song, (Saint Saens from Wagner's "Meister Singer"). John Tompkins, tenor, sang "Ye People Rend Your Hearts," from Mendelssohn's "Elijah." The concluding number was "Jerusalem" from Gounod's "Galilee" by Miss Olive Derry, soprano, and the choir, and it was rendered with brilliance. Mrs. Foster and Miss Derry possess voices of exceptional quality and range and they were particularly adapted to the selections chosen.

The conservative convention at Ottawa on Monday will determine a programme and confirm Meighen as leader.

PROBS:—Tuesday, rain, turning colder.



THE NEW ARRIVALS IN SPRING APPAREL

Our Ready-to-wear Department — the entire space of our second floor—is fraught with thrills of the breath-taking sort. Delightful surprises greet one at every turn. Creative minds have labored unceasingly to make the Spring mode a symphony of enchanting form and color.

The New Suits

are the acme of smartness and fine tailoring—and also are incredibly low priced. There are models for Flappers, Misses, Matrons and Stouts—developed in such fashionable materials as Tricotine, Point Twill, Men's Wear Serge, Homespuns and Tweeds—in a host of the leading shades.

You really must see our collection, which consists of over 600 Suits, to appreciate their style, quality and exceptional value

PRICED FROM \$19.50 up.

The New Spring Frocks

Come and have a peek at the fascinating new Spring Frocks. There are Canton Crepe, French Taffetas, Crepe Satin, Romaine Crepe, Crepe de Chenes and Cloth Dresses. With diversified trimmings and embellishments that are a treat to the eye—every new shade is shown in this large collection of the spring mode.

PRICED FROM \$18.50 UP

The New Coats, Wraps, Capes

Delightfully conscious of their swagger and tailored lines—the new garments make an imposing array with their smart styles for every occasion—made out of the most fascinating materials—Coats for Motoring and Sports Wear and Wraps and Capes for afternoon and general utility wear. One must see them to appreciate their loveliness.

PRICED FROM \$9.95 up.

WHEN

thinking of new Spring apparel see our showing before deciding elsewhere.

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Corns?

—just say Blue-jay to your druggist Stops Pain Instantly

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in two forms—a colorless, clear liquid (one drop does it) and in extra thin plasters. Use whichever form you prefer, plasters or the liquid—the action is the same. Safe, gentle. Made in a world-famed laboratory. Sold by all druggists.

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Cuticura Soap shaves without soap. Bacteriostatic.