

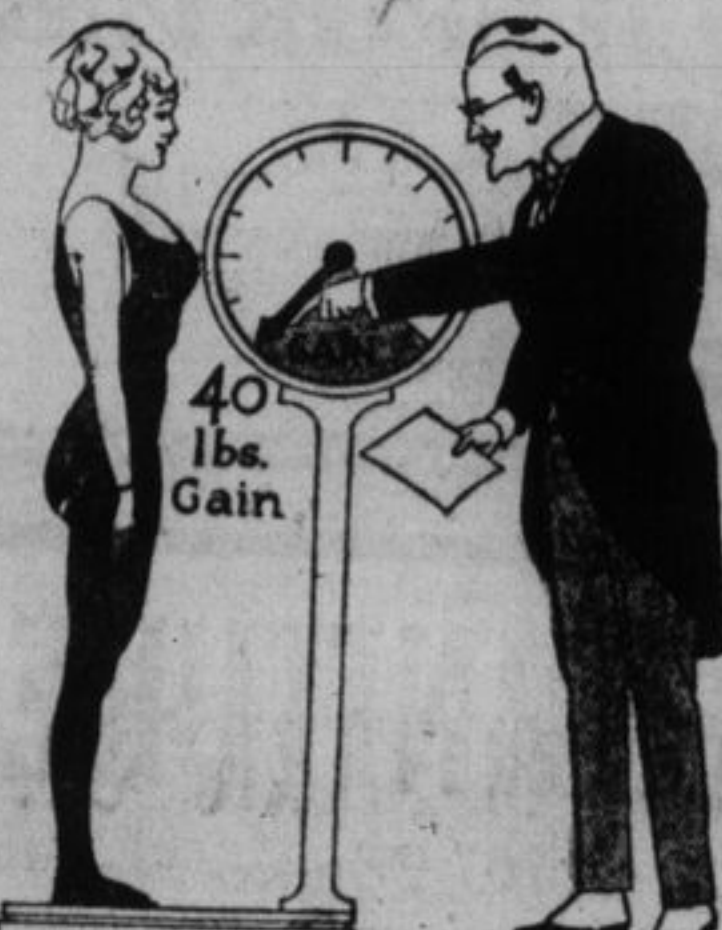


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"THE GREAT WAR AS I SAW IT."

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

A Dream House. After my long ride, and at that hour of the night, I felt as if I were in a dream. I saw a door to the right, and opening it was admitted to a modern drawing-room luxuriously furnished. A grate fire was burning on the hearth, and on a centre-table stood silver candelabra with lighted candles. There were also plates of bread and butter, some very nice cups and saucers, and a silver coffee-pot. At once I said to myself, "I am evidently expected." It was like a story from the Arabian Nights. I looked about the place and not a soul appeared. Alberta tucked herself up a rug and was soon fast asleep. I was just preparing to partake of the refreshments which, it seemed, some fairy godmother had provided, when in came one of our A. D. C's. He was as much surprised to see me as I was to see him. He told me that our Divisional Commander had arrived there about an hour or two before and had gone to bed, and that we were in the home of a certain count whose servants had all fled. He also told me that there was a bedroom which I could have upstairs, which would not be occupied by our staff until the next evening. I had a cup of coffee, and then, calling Alberta and taking a candle, I climbed a very rambling staircase till I reached the top story, where I found an empty room and a very dirty bed in it. However, I was glad to get a place in which to rest, and so, with my rain coat for a covering, I went to sleep.

The next morning, having foraged for some water in which I had a good wash, I went off to the village to get food. I met many of our units coming up in buses. Some were halted by the wayside, and nobody knew what we were going to do or why we were there. The Imperial transport officer in charge and either acted under wrong orders or else the drivers did not know the roads. Some of our battalions had lost their way, one even entered a village at the other end of which were the Germans, and two of our Engineer Companies disappeared completely for two days.

The country people were hurrying off in carts, taking their household goods with them. I found a primitive farmhouse where I was able to buy some eggs and bread, and I invited a number of stragglers in to have something to eat. By noon, however, we got orders from the Army to move back to a place called Posseaux. There we occupied an empty chateau which before the war must have been a very fine place. A wide grassy road nearly a mile in length, bordered on each side by fine old trees, stretched off into the distance in front of the control door. The entrance to the side was guarded by an exquisitely wrought iron gate, flanked on each side by stone pillars surmounted by carved heraldic figures. It was now cold and rainy, and our two Artillery Brigades were halted in a field opposite and were awaiting orders. Before nightfall they had left, and the forward section of our Division made their headquarters in a hut at Warlus; the members of "C" mess remaining at Posseaux.

Good Friday Underground. March the 29th was Good Friday, and a strange one it was. There was much stir and commotion everywhere, and we were so unsettled, that all I could do was to have a service in the cinema in the evening, and on Easter Day two celebrations of Holy Communion to which I had only twenty-eight communicants. Our men had gone into the line to the southeast of Arras, round Telegraph Hill, where a German attack was expected, as their advance to the south had been checked. I made my way to Arras, and spent the night in one of the mysterious caves which he under that city. It was called St. Saviour Cave, and was entered from a street behind the station. The 1st Brigade

was quartered there. In the morning I walked down the long dark passage till I came to an opening which led me to some high ground where there had evidently been a good deal of fighting. From there I made my way over to the front line, where the 1st Battalion was entrenched. I passed numbers of wooden huts broken by shells. Many men must have been quartered there at one time. It was sad to go into them and see the waste and desolation, and the lost war material scattered in all directions. On my way I came to a deep trench which some Imperial machine gunners were holding. They had had an anxious time, and were glad to have a visitor. Several of them regretted they had not been able to attend any Easter service. I told them we would have one there and then, as I was carrying the Blessed Sacrament with me. So we cleaned a corner of the trench, and there I had a short service and gave the men communion.

Our trenches were not satisfactory, as we did not know accurately where those of the Germans were. That night, instead of going back to the 1st Brigade I made my way to the 1st Brigade Houville Caves under Arras, where the whole of the 3rd Brigade was quartered. It was a most curious abode. No one knew when the caves were dug. They were probably extended from time to time as the chalk was quarried for the purpose of building the town. Long passages stretched in different directions, and from them opened out huge vaulted chambers where the battalions were billeted. I spent the night with the 14th Battalion, and the next day held services in turn for each of the four units of the Brigade. The 16th Battalion occupied a huge cavern with others branching off from it. I could hardly imagine more picturesque surroundings for a military service. The candle flames twinkled like stars in all directions in the murky atmosphere, and the singing of the men resounded through the cave. Ahead was the town which the enemy was shelling. In one of the caves we found the foundation of what had been an old prison, with a date upon it of the 18th century. It was very pleasant wandering down the passages, with a candle stuck on top of my steel helmet, and meeting everywhere old friends who were glad of the temporary rest. Life there however, was very strange. One could not tell whether outside it was day or night. I made my way back late afternoon by a passage which led out to one of the Arras sewers, by the side of which there was a stone pavement enabling one with a good flashlight to walk safely. The exit from the sewer, which now consisted of a shallow stream of perfectly clear water, led me up to a house in one of

the streets, and thence by car I made my way to Warlus, and home to Posseaux.

A few days afterwards our headquarters were moved up to Etrun, and there we found ourselves crowded into the quaint little town. The Chateau was our headquarters, and a tar-paper house which the Engineers built for me under a spreading hawthorn-tree became my home. Etrun was a most interesting place historically. It had been the site of a Roman camp where Valentine had his headquarters in the 4th century. The Romans had thrown up to protect themselves from the attacks of the German tribes is now a thickly wooded hill, pierced by the road which connects the village with the Arras highway. The grounds of the chateau were most delightful, and before the French Revolution the house had been a convent. In the garden was the recumbent stone effigy overgrown with moss, of one of the sisters. The most beautiful thing about the place is the clear stream, wide and deep, which comes from underground and flows over sparkling white pebbles through the green meadows to the River Scarpe. This stream was evidently the source of attraction to the Romans, who always made their camps where there was a plentiful supply of running water. The garden on one side was built up in stone terraces along which were gravel walks, where, no doubt, the nuns of old enjoyed their holy meditations. In the stream as I wandered through the meadows there was a plentiful supply of water-cress, which looked exquisitely green against the pebbles at the bottom. How one did long for the war to end, so that we might be able to lie down on the grass free from anxiety and enjoy the drenching sunlight and the spring song of the birds.

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TWO OF THE NEWEST SPRING FROCKS Flying Sashes and Floating Draperies Are Much Favored



Note the Soft Lines of These Charming Costumes.

(By Annette Bradshaw.) The modern miss in her new spring frock will present a lovely picture of flying sash ends of soft floating draperies, for these have been named the fashion high-lights for spring. Skirts are anything but regular in line and the more handkerchief points and loose panels that can be achieved, the better. The two charming afternoon frocks above stress the irregular hem-line, while one uses applied front and back panels and the other a beaded sash, which drops down the front in panel effect. At the left, soft flush georgette is

plotted all about and used with black radium lace by way of contrast. The matching hat wraps flesh georgette about the crown and uses black lace for the transparent brim and flying ends. The gown at the right is an exponent of the vogue for all-white, and it carries this out in the opaque beads and silk fringe which trim the waist. This hangs straight down the front in the newest fashion. The big hat again appears, this time of fancy white straw, which rises up to the degree for flying ends by the use of soft white chiffon.



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Does English Beauty Surpass American?

Is the English rose unsurpassed? That is to say, is the English girl the most beautiful in all the world? There is much to be said for the American peach, according to M. E. O. Hoppe, the London society photographer who recently returned from the United States to his studio. Mr. Hoppe had exceptional opportunities to admire the peaches, for he acted as judge in a large number of beauty contests in "America," and his views are given with great frankness in the London Magazine.

But alas, America has not a type and England has. The English girl's complexion, with its texture of rose-petal and its color of peach blossom, is second to none. Her eyes are wonderful, and her ankles! Yet he admits that the American knows how to use her eyes. On the other hand, the English girl dresses her hair better.

But what's the use? Better get down to cases. Justine Johnston has very grey eyes and perfect features and is "America's most beautiful girl" by popular vote. Marion

Davies he considers a perfect blonde, as is Miss Ruby de Rehmer, but the latter has more animation. Anna Nilsson's fair coldness and Corinne Griffith's dark warmth are wonderful contrasts.

In Mrs. Lydig Hoyt he finds the American counterpart of Lady Diana Duff-Cooper, "the purest type of Anglo-Saxon beauty known to-day." Miss Kathlene Martyn, mascot of the Royal Air Force and whose portrait was on hundreds of airplane propellers, is an English beauty who has won remarkable triumphs in the United States. Among all the mannequins of Paris there is none to rival "Hebe," empress of London mannequins, dark and tall and lustrous-eyed. Among society beauties the Viscountess Dunsford and Mrs. C. E. Eaton are Mr. Hoppe's selections for the Olympic beauty contests, if such are ever held.

And Miss Olga Morrison, with rich corn-golden hair, delicate pink complexion, and eyes of pure blue, he considers the typically English beauty. At which point he says that they all are beautiful and begs to be excused from making any decision. Which is the better part of valor and a warning to less experienced men.



Tired in the Mornings

"HOW do you sleep?" "Not very well. Lots of nights I lie awake for hours, restless and fidgety, thinking about everything, but not resting or sleeping." "Have you consulted a doctor?" "Yes. The doctor says I am anemic; the blood is thin and watery, and the nervous system run-down for want of proper nutrition." "Why don't you try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food?" "I don't know just why, unless it is because I thought it was only for the nerves, whereas what I need is something to enrich the blood."

"Well, that is exactly what Dr. Chase's Nerve Food does. It is only by enriching the blood that you can restore exhausted nerves." "Perhaps I should try it." "I certainly would if I were you, for I know it is wonderful the way it helps some people who are anemic and generally run down in health." "I am sure you will not be disappointed, and if I were you I would not lose a day because getting started with this treatment." Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, all dealers, or Ed. Edmondson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

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