

CUTICURA HEALS PAINFUL ECZEMA

Itched and Burned. Wanted to Scratch All the Time. Scarcely Any Sleep.

"When I was fifteen years old, eczema came in a rash, first on my head, then on my ears, and afterwards on my body. It was very painful and was itching and burning so I wanted to scratch all the time. I scarcely had any sleep. After using four boxes of Cuticura Soap and six boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Mrs. R. H. Carlton, Country Store, Sask., Feb. 6, '17. Clear the pores of impurities by daily use of Cuticura Soap and occasional touchings of Cuticura Ointment. For Free Sample Each by Mail Address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. A, Boston, U. S. A." Sold everywhere.

TO HIM.

He stood alone. The cold, damp drizzle of a wintry day swept all about him. And then he saw him. And saw him stay there. Close beside the window full of Christmas trees. And other children came and stood. And looked with eager eyes. And then they were pulled by hurrying hands. Each hoping in his heart on Christmas Day. That boys or girls would be upon his toes. But the boy gazed on. And then there came to him. A longing to perhaps fill up that little heart with joy. Because, you see, I too, had been a boy. Had stood out in the dusk, cold and alone. Longing with aching heart for love and home. So, thinking thus, I gently spoke to him. "Hello, boy," I said with a smile. An eager, happy smile that made his face much brighter and drawn with cold. A welcome smile for tired eyes to dwell. And then he came to me. And he said, "Here I am, move in so you can see." I did, while he explained with winsome boyish and adult words the reason for his being there. The thought which lay the nearest to his heart. "These other kids, they all must go away. But, mister, I kin stay and stay. For mother is in Heaven, and, you see, she made the angels with these lights for me." And then he smiled again and then was gone. Vanished amid the hurrying busy crowd. I started after, and again I seemed to see. That eager, happy face smile up at me. And, somehow, I saw life as it should be. Ah, little ragged boy! Where'er you go, in this vast dream of ours, smile and shine within that heart of the fond and true. May only mother's angels care for you. —Margaret Yandell Erynn in the Canadian Magazine for January, 1918.

THE WHALER.

All day the warship had watched steam trawlers going to and fro in this lonely region of the ocean. All day the mother ship had cruised along the horizon, her lookout manned and keeping a close watch upon the sea. The steam trawlers moved in response to the mother ship's signals, easy and sure. They had made great havoc with the whales, tossing their carcasses to the larger vessels. He odor filled the air and carried conviction to the warship's crew. The warship exchanged only customary signals with the whaler. It would have been pleasant to go away from her odorless neighborhood. But this was impossible. It was about here that the German raider might be expected on her way home from southern waters.

Might fall, a velvety darkness closing over the smooth surface of the ocean. There was at first a few twinkling stars, in particular the Southern Cross. Then, on a little gust of wind, a cloud rode over these bright specks of the crimson sky. It grew pitch dark with rumbling of thunder. The red and green sidelights of the whaler flickered across the hidden waters. Presently soon she would be lighting great fires to try out oil.

Some time went by and a ghastly spot of flame wickered and danced in the whaling ship's rigging. A corpulent spirit of some poor dead sailor, slipping about aloft and yelling, as he found the canvas, a hoarse and cheery message to the deck below:

"Shoot home!" And how you could not see your hand before your face. The warship, unit and moving slowly, loomed dimly in the darkness, like a great shape of fate in ambush waiting to pounce on her prey.

Then came the betrayal. Phosphorescence marked the ripples along the whaler's sides; phosphorescence, a gleaming streak of gold, charted the path of the warship, the same bright luminous magic played around certain oval shapes emerging suddenly from underseas. Whales? Never were whales like these, appearing suddenly out of the ocean depths and thronging about their hunter.

It was necessary to strike swiftly or perish. Once the mother ship established contact with her monstrous brood it would be too late. The brilliant phosphorescence limned the targets clearly. The warship brought her guns to bear instantly, there was a noise heavier than thunder and more enduring, red flames lit the night.

All three submarines were apparently sunk by the destroyer's gunfire. The mother ship, which had not dared to flee by day, was riddled and left to sink or rot in the midst of the carcasses of the whales. From papers on board her rendezvous with the raider was ascertained, and the warship, under full speed drove suddenly ahead through the night, the velvety night with gleams of phosphorescence glinting the surface of the sea.

EASIEST CORN REMEDY PAINLESS—NEVER FAILS

Just think of it—Instant relief the minute you put a few drops of Putnam's Extractor on your sore corn. Putnam's makes corns dry up, makes them shrivel and peel off. It doesn't eat the good flesh, it acts on the corn alone, loosens it so you can lift it out with your fingers. Wonderful; you bet Putnam's is a marvel, and costs but a quarter in any drug store. Why pay more for something not so good as Putnam's?

MISSION OF THE SMALL NEUTRALS

Restore Human Relations and Balance

At the Close of Present Hostilities.

I have been asked why the five small neutrals do not enter the war: their quota of perhaps 1,500,000 of soldiers would be enough, some people think, to turn the scales in favor of the Allies. Yet the most elementary knowledge of military tactics should convince anyone that five small scattered units do not make an army. A large, concentrated force could crush them one by one. How, for instance, could our men be brought into the field? Denmark would be conquered before we could come to her assistance, and Sweden a long coastline would be open to the attacks of the German fleet, now idle in the Baltic. The situation in Scandinavia is so complicated that no human being can foresee what would happen if any one of the three countries should be dragged into the war, but our most likely fate would be to become another Rumania.

The great duty and mission of the small states now is to keep the peace so far as it lies with them. A time will come when they will be required to the again all the fine threads of intellectual and commercial intercourse that have been broken so ruthlessly. Even after the Franco-Prussian war in 1870, German and

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

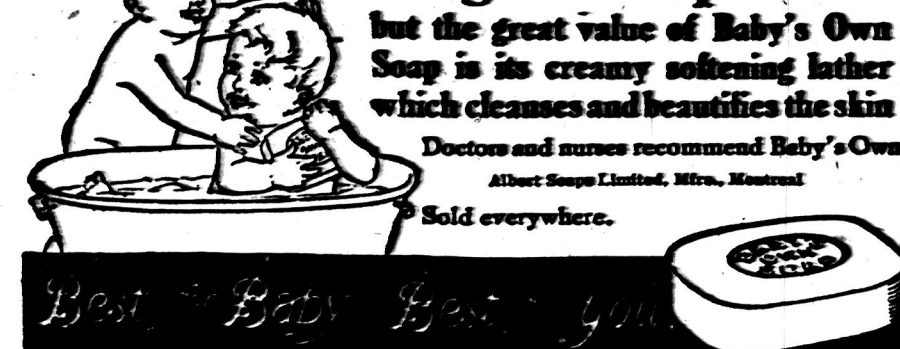
Gentlemen,—Last winter I received great benefit from the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a severe attack of Grapipé, and I have frequently proved it to be very effective in cases of inflammation.

Yours, W. A. HUTCHINSON.

French scholars, working in the same field, refused to co-operate or even to know anything about one another's progress, while Belgians who read German were looked on with disfavor in France. Yet the hatreds engendered by that war were as nothing in intensity and duration compared with what this war will surely bring in its wake.

It is the task of the neutrals to keep unbroken the chain of human development. At present every available brain in the belligerent countries is pressed into service to invent means of destruction or means to avoid destruction. Even here in the United States a vast amount of energy has already been deflected into the channels of war work and will be so more and more. I cannot conceive that this great nation, having put its hand to the plow, will turn back before universal peace is attained, but I believe that only a few among you know the magnitude of that which lies before you. The longer you carry on the war, the more your normal life will be disturbed, and even after the war we must be prepared to see all the present belligerents busied, for many years to come, in repairing what has been laid waste. But human development cannot be thus suddenly stopped like a clock without incalculable damage, and, therefore, civilization itself demands that some should remain outside the conflict—that is why Graveling stands the whole world into its vortex.

Baby's Own Soap



Its fragrance is pleasant but the great value of Baby's Own Soap is its creamy softening lather which cleanses and beautifies the skin

Doctors and nurses recommend Baby's Own Soap

Sold everywhere.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

YOUR MENTAL MACHINE.

Shut Off Its Power at Night After a Day's Hard Work.

It is a great thing to learn—to shut off the mental steam when you quit work. What would you think of a factory manager who would leave all of his power turned on after the operators had left the factory, the delicate machinery running everywhere, pounding itself to pieces, grinding out its delicate bearings without producing anything?

Many of us do not turn off our mental power after we are through producing or creating for the day. We carry our business home, take it to bed with us, think, plan, worry, waste precious energy in all sorts of ways. In superfluous thinking, foolish worrying that produces nothing, but grinds out the exquisite mental machinery and unfits it for the next day's work.

It is a great art to learn to shut off power when through our day's work, so that we can get our mental machinery, refresh our minds and recuperate ourselves, so that we can go to the next day's work completely reinvigorated.

Many men seem to think that they are accomplishing something if they keep their minds on business even when not at work, but they really accomplish less than nothing because they are wasting precious mental energy, the power for concentration, the vigor, the focusing of the mind, which is imperative for creating purposes.—Orison Sweet Marden.

LET a woman ease your suffering. I want you to write, and let me tell you of a simple method of home treatment, and you ten days' free trial, postpaid, and put you in touch with women in Canada who will gladly tell you what they have done for them.

If you are troubled with tired feelings, head-ache, back-ache, bearing-down, dizziness, constipation, catarrhal conditions, pain in the sides, regularly or irregularly, bloating, sense of fullness, displacement of internal organs, nervousness, desire to cry, palpitation, hot flashes, dark rings under the eyes, or a loss of interest in life, write to me to-day. Address: Mrs. M. Bennett, Box 5, Windsor, Ont.

QUITE NECESSARY. (Baltimore/American)

"Are diplomatic posts strictly necessary?"

"Of course; they're used for international hitches."

"Now, Robbie, you mustn't tell any body that you saw me kissing your sister."

"Aw, that's what they all say!"—Life.

From Industrial Agent To Flight Commander

Interesting descriptions of incidents in the lives of flying men in England are given in letters to friends written by Acting Flight Commander Graham Waters Curtis, for many years Industrial Agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Montreal, who is now a flying instructor in England. The school in which he teaches is a vast expanse of country close to a beautiful seaside resort. He writes: "The view from the air is superb, and we often fly out over the sea, and dive down near the British warships, and wave to the sailors. When diving we only travel at the rate of about 175 miles an hour! I am kept very busy instructing, and am turning out a lot of expert pilots. The school I am connected with is one in which flyers finish their course of training. A lot of chaps from Borden come to us to get final lessons, and then they are sent to France. We do all kinds of fancy performance—loop the loop, roll, make spinning nose dives, side slips, and vertical turns."

He describes how "little excitements" happen when one aeroplanist gets into the "wash, or slip-stream of air" made by a preceding navigator. The letters indicate that Acting Flight Commander Curtis is a lucky master of the high school in which he soars. He says: "We have a lot of machines, but very few deaths, considering everything. None of my pupils has been killed yet."

Acting Flight Commander Curtis has lately been recommended by his commanding officer for a Staff Postmaster, and expects to be sent to France at any time. He joined the Royal Flying Corps on November 15th, 1916.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Dying Villages.

But it is the American village that most betrays the impulse of our civilization, a civilization that perpetually overreaches itself, only to be obliged to surrender again and again to nature everything it has gained. How many thousands of villages, frost bitten, palatial, full of a morbid, bloodless death-in-life villages that have lost, if they ever possess the secret of self-perpetuation. He scattered across the continent! Even in California I used to find them on long cross-country walks. Villages often enough not half a century old, but in a state of essential decay. Communities that have come into being on the flood tide of an enterprise too rapidly worked out, they all signify some lost cause of a material kind that has left humanity high and dry; like the neutral areas in an old painting where the color, incompletely mixed and of perishable quality, has evaporated with time.—Seven Arts.

Hung Up.

"Well," said the far west mayor to the English tourist, "I dunno how you manage these affairs over there, but out here, when some of our boys get tied up in that telephone company, I was telling 'em about they became mighty crusty!"

"Oh!"

"Yes; they didn't like the way the receiver was handlin' the business no-how."

"Indeed!" commented the earnest listener; "then, may I ask what they did?"

"Sartly; I was goin' to tell 'em. They hung up the receiver!"

WINTER WEATHER HARD ON LITTLE ONES

Our Canadian winters are extremely hard on the health of little ones. The weather is often so severe that the mother cannot take the little one out for an airing. The consequence is that baby is confined to overheated, badly ventilated rooms; takes colds and becomes cross and peevish. Baby's Own Tablets should be given to keep the little one healthy. They regulate the stomach and bowels and prevent or cure colds. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. crsh rtatd hrdl mfw y z z z

"AIR-POCKETS"

Trained Aviators These Days Laugh at Them.

The Royal Flying Corps instructors at the School of Military Aeronautics declare that the "air-pockets," about which so much was said and written three years ago, have "gone out of fashion." The aviator who goes to the front from out of training camps to-day no longer dreads "air-pockets," or any other eccentricities of the upper strata. He knows his elements just as the sailor learns to know the sea—with this great difference: There is nothing of the rule-of-thumb method in the aviator's training.

By scientific application to the study of aerodynamics, the young aviator, strange as it may seem, quickly learns infinitely more about the air currents and clouds than do the grey beards of science. The first flyers used to talk of "holes in the air," into which the aeroplane would fall. The cadet learns that these are really downward currents and swirls. "Air-pockets," said one instructor, "yes, the air is still swirling them, if that is what you want to call them. I know they are there—just as the man at the wheel knows when his automobile goes over the last bump in the road." Therein lies the secret of the safety of flying to-day—the trained man knows what causes air currents and knows when and where to expect them. And in any case they are no longer a menace, because the swift aeroplane of to-day has such speed and power that it rides easily through the strongest air currents. So thorough, and complete is the cadet's grounding in meteorology (one thing, for example, the cadet soon learns that running into gusts of wind is as bumpy as driving a cart over a culvert), that within the short space of a few months he gains wonderful proficiency.

The U. S. house of representatives contains an immense American flag, but the largest one in the world is suspended from the top of the postoffice department building and drops 200 feet in the inner court.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Dying Villages.

But it is the American village that most betrays the impulse of our civilization, a civilization that perpetually overreaches itself, only to be obliged to surrender again and again to nature everything it has gained. How many thousands of villages, frost bitten, palatial, full of a morbid, bloodless death-in-life villages that have lost, if they ever possess the secret of self-perpetuation. He scattered across the continent! Even in California I used to find them on long cross-country walks. Villages often enough not half a century old, but in a state of essential decay. Communities that have come into being on the flood tide of an enterprise too rapidly worked out, they all signify some lost cause of a material kind that has left humanity high and dry; like the neutral areas in an old painting where the color, incompletely mixed and of perishable quality, has evaporated with time.—Seven Arts.

Hung Up.

"Well," said the far west mayor to the English tourist, "I dunno how you manage these affairs over there, but out here, when some of our boys get tied up in that telephone company, I was telling 'em about they became mighty crusty!"

"Oh!"

"Yes; they didn't like the way the receiver was handlin' the business no-how."

"Indeed!" commented the earnest listener; "then, may I ask what they did?"

"Sartly; I was goin' to tell 'em. They hung up the receiver!"

WINTER WEATHER HARD ON LITTLE ONES

Our Canadian winters are extremely hard on the health of little ones. The weather is often so severe that the mother cannot take the little one out for an airing. The consequence is that baby is confined to overheated, badly ventilated rooms; takes colds and becomes cross and peevish. Baby's Own Tablets should be given to keep the little one healthy. They regulate the stomach and bowels and prevent or cure colds. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. crsh rtatd hrdl mfw y z z z

"AIR-POCKETS"

Trained Aviators These Days Laugh at Them.

The Royal Flying Corps instructors at the School of Military Aeronautics declare that the "air-pockets," about which so much was said and written three years ago, have "gone out of fashion." The aviator who goes to the front from out of training camps to-day no longer dreads "air-pockets," or any other eccentricities of the upper strata. He knows his elements just as the sailor learns to know the sea—with this great difference: There is nothing of the rule-of-thumb method in the aviator's training.

By scientific application to the study of aerodynamics, the young aviator, strange as it may seem, quickly learns infinitely more about the air currents and clouds than do the grey beards of science. The first flyers used to talk of "holes in the air," into which the aeroplane would fall. The cadet learns that these are really downward currents and swirls. "Air-pockets," said one instructor, "yes, the air is still swirling them, if that is what you want to call them. I know they are there—just as the man at the wheel knows when his automobile goes over the last bump in the road." Therein lies the secret of the safety of flying to-day—the trained man knows what causes air currents and knows when and where to expect them. And in any case they are no longer a menace, because the swift aeroplane of to-day has such speed and power that it rides easily through the strongest air currents. So thorough, and complete is the cadet's grounding in meteorology (one thing, for example, the cadet soon learns that running into gusts of wind is as bumpy as driving a cart over a culvert), that within the short space of a few months he gains wonderful proficiency.

The U. S. house of representatives contains an immense American flag, but the largest one in the world is suspended from the top of the postoffice department building and drops 200 feet in the inner court.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Dying Villages.

But it is the American village that most betrays the impulse of our civilization, a civilization that perpetually overreaches itself, only to be obliged to surrender again and again to nature everything it has gained. How many thousands of villages, frost bitten, palatial, full of a morbid, bloodless death-in-life villages that have lost, if they ever possess the secret of self-perpetuation. He scattered across the continent! Even in California I used to find them on long cross-country walks. Villages often enough not half a century old, but in a state of essential decay. Communities that have come into being on the flood tide of an enterprise too rapidly worked out, they all signify some lost cause of a material kind that has left humanity high and dry; like the neutral areas in an old painting where the color, incompletely mixed and of perishable quality, has evaporated with time.—Seven Arts.

Hung Up.

"Well," said the far west mayor to the English tourist, "I dunno how you manage these affairs over there, but out here, when some of our boys get tied up in that telephone company, I was telling 'em about they became mighty crusty!"

"Oh!"

"Yes; they didn't like the way the receiver was handlin' the business no-how."

"Indeed!" commented the earnest listener; "then, may I ask what they did?"

"Sartly; I was goin' to tell 'em. They hung up the receiver!"

WINTER WEATHER HARD ON LITTLE ONES

Our Canadian winters are extremely hard on the health of little ones. The weather is often so severe that the mother cannot take the little one out for an airing. The consequence is that baby is confined to overheated, badly ventilated rooms; takes colds and becomes cross and peevish. Baby's Own Tablets should be given to keep the little one healthy. They regulate the stomach and bowels and prevent or cure colds. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. crsh rtatd hrdl mfw y z z z

"AIR-POCKETS"

Trained Aviators These Days Laugh at Them.

The Royal Flying Corps instructors at the School of Military Aeronautics declare that the "air-pockets," about which so much was said and written three years ago, have "gone out of fashion." The aviator who goes to the front from out of training camps to-day no longer dreads "air-pockets," or any other eccentricities of the upper strata. He knows his elements just as the sailor learns to know the sea—with this great difference: There is nothing of the rule-of-thumb method in the aviator's training.

By scientific application to the study of aerodynamics, the young aviator, strange as it may seem, quickly learns infinitely more about the air currents and clouds than do the grey beards of science. The first flyers used to talk of "holes in the air," into which the aeroplane would fall. The cadet learns that these are really downward currents and swirls. "Air-pockets," said one instructor, "yes, the air is still swirling them, if that is what you want to call them. I know they are there—just as the man at the wheel knows when his automobile goes over the last bump in the road." Therein lies the secret of the safety of flying to-day—the trained man knows what causes air currents and knows when and where to expect them. And in any case they are no longer a menace, because the swift aeroplane of to-day has such speed and power that it rides easily through the strongest air currents. So thorough, and complete is the cadet's grounding in meteorology (one thing, for example, the cadet soon learns that running into gusts of wind is as bumpy as driving a cart over a culvert), that within the short space of a few months he gains wonderful proficiency.

The U. S. house of representatives contains an immense American flag, but the largest one in the world is suspended from the top of the postoffice department building and drops 200 feet in the inner court.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Dying Villages.

But it is the American village that most betrays the impulse of our civilization, a civilization that perpetually overreaches itself, only to be obliged to surrender again and again to nature everything it has gained. How many thousands of villages, frost bitten, palatial, full of a morbid, bloodless death-in-life villages that have lost, if they ever possess the secret of self-perpetuation. He scattered across the continent! Even in California I used to find them on long cross-country walks. Villages often enough not half a century old, but in a state of essential decay. Communities that have come into being on the flood tide of an enterprise too rapidly worked out, they all signify some lost cause of a material kind that has left humanity high and dry; like the neutral areas in an old painting where the color, incompletely mixed and of perishable quality, has evaporated with time.—Seven Arts.

Hung Up.

"Well," said the far west mayor to the English tourist, "I dunno how you manage these affairs over there, but out here, when some of our boys get tied up in that telephone company, I was telling 'em about they became mighty crusty!"

"Oh!"

"Yes; they didn't like the way the receiver was handlin' the business no-how."

"Indeed!" commented the earnest listener; "then, may I ask what they did?"

"Sartly; I was goin' to tell 'em. They hung up the receiver!"

WINTER WEATHER HARD ON LITTLE ONES

Our Canadian winters are extremely hard on the health of little ones. The weather is often so severe that the mother cannot take the little one out for an airing. The consequence is that baby is confined to overheated, badly ventilated rooms; takes colds and becomes cross and peevish. Baby's Own Tablets should be given to keep the little one healthy. They regulate the stomach and bowels and prevent or cure colds. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. crsh rtatd hrdl mfw y z z z

"AIR-POCKETS"

Trained Aviators These Days Laugh at Them.

The Royal Flying Corps instructors at the School of Military Aeronautics declare that the "air-pockets," about which so much was said and written three years ago, have "gone out of fashion." The aviator who goes to the front from out of training camps to-day no longer dreads "air-pockets," or any other eccentricities of the upper strata. He knows his elements just as the sailor learns to know the sea—with this great difference: There is nothing of the rule-of-thumb method in the aviator's training.

shift the temperature is effected by an ordinary electric candle power incandescent lamp that is fixed on and off by another electric contact thermometer. The school strictly enforces the rule that there must never be more than two people in this inner room at one time.

The clock, which stands five feet high, has three separate dials that register the hours, minutes, and seconds. It is inclosed in an airtight glass jar, inside of which are delicate instruments for measuring temperature, atmospheric pressure and moisture. A small amount of chloride of lime, which is an efficient desiccating material, is kept always in the jar to absorb the moisture.

By the aid of a set of dry batteries the clock automatically winds itself every seven minutes. The movement is adjusted slow or fast by pumping air in or out of the glass container. Observations are made from the outside through double glass windows through the separating walls and by means of a small electric lamp placed over the dials.

Not only can this wonderful piece of clock mechanism be adjusted to show less than a three second annual variation, but it is also possible to make electric connections with other similar clocks elsewhere. With this as a master clock the others can be made to keep the same accurate time.—Youth's Companion.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Dying Villages.

But it is the American village that most betrays the impulse of our civilization, a civilization that perpetually overreaches itself, only to be obliged to surrender again and again to nature everything it has gained. How many thousands of villages, frost bitten, palatial, full of a morbid, bloodless death-in-life villages that have lost, if they ever possess the secret of self-perpetuation. He scattered across the continent! Even in California I used to find them on long cross-country walks. Villages often enough not half a century old, but in a state of essential decay. Communities that have come into being on the flood tide of an enterprise too rapidly worked out, they all signify some lost cause of a material kind that has left humanity high and dry; like the neutral areas in an old painting where the color, incompletely mixed and of perishable quality, has evaporated with time.—Seven Arts.

Hung Up.

"Well," said the far west mayor to the English tourist, "I dunno how you manage these affairs over there, but out here, when some of our boys get tied up in that telephone company, I was telling 'em about they became mighty crusty!"

"Oh!"

"Yes; they didn't like the way the receiver was handlin' the business no-how."

"Indeed!" commented the earnest listener; "then, may I ask what they did?"

"Sartly; I was goin' to tell 'em. They hung up the receiver!"

WINTER WEATHER HARD ON LITTLE ONES

Our Canadian winters are extremely hard on the health of little ones. The weather is often so severe that the mother cannot take the little one out for an airing. The consequence is that baby is confined to overheated, badly ventilated rooms; takes colds and becomes cross and peevish. Baby's Own Tablets should be given to keep the little one healthy. They regulate the stomach and bowels and prevent or cure colds. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. crsh rtatd hrdl mfw y z z z

"AIR-POCKETS"

Trained Aviators These Days Laugh at Them.

The Royal Flying Corps instructors at the School of Military Aeronautics declare that the "air-pockets," about which so much was said and written three years ago, have "gone out of fashion." The aviator who goes to the front from out of training camps to-day no longer dreads "air-pockets," or any other eccentricities of the upper strata. He knows his elements just as the sailor learns to know the sea—with this great difference: There is nothing of the rule-of-thumb method in the aviator's training.

By scientific application to the study of aerodynamics, the young aviator, strange as it may seem, quickly learns infinitely more about the air currents and clouds than do the grey beards of science. The first flyers used to talk of "holes in the air," into which the aeroplane would fall. The cadet learns that these are really downward currents and swirls. "Air-pockets," said one instructor, "yes, the air is still swirling them, if that is what you want to call them. I know they are there—just as the man at the wheel knows when his automobile goes over the last bump in the road." Therein lies the secret of the safety of flying to-day—the trained man knows what causes air currents and knows when and where to expect them. And in any case they are no longer a menace, because the swift aeroplane of to-day has such speed and power that it rides easily through the strongest air currents. So thorough, and complete is the cadet's grounding in meteorology (one thing, for example, the cadet soon learns that running into gusts of wind is as bumpy as driving a cart over a culvert), that within the short space of a few months he gains wonderful proficiency.

The U. S. house of representatives contains an immense American flag, but the largest one in the world is suspended from the top of the postoffice department building and drops 200 feet in the inner court.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Dying Villages.

But it is the American village that most betrays the impulse of our civilization, a civilization that perpetually overreaches itself, only to be obliged to surrender again and again to nature everything it has gained. How many thousands of villages, frost bitten, palatial, full of a morbid, bloodless death-in-life villages that have lost, if they ever possess the secret of self-perpetuation. He scattered across the continent! Even in California I used to find them on long cross-country walks. Villages often enough not half a century old, but in a state of essential decay. Communities that have come into being on the flood tide of an enterprise too rapidly worked out, they all signify some lost cause of a material kind that has left humanity high and dry; like the neutral areas in an old painting where the color, incompletely mixed and of perishable quality, has evaporated with time.—Seven Arts.

Hung Up.

"Well," said the far west mayor to the English tourist, "I dunno how you manage these affairs over there, but out here, when some of our boys get tied up in that telephone company, I was telling 'em about they became mighty crusty!"

"Oh!"

"Yes; they didn't like the way the receiver was handlin' the business no-how."

"Indeed!" commented the earnest listener; "then, may I ask what they did?"

"Sartly; I was goin' to tell 'em. They hung up the receiver!"

WINTER WEATHER HARD ON LITTLE ONES

Our Canadian winters are extremely hard on the health of little ones. The weather is often so severe that the mother cannot take the little one out for an airing. The consequence is that baby is confined to overheated, badly ventilated rooms; takes colds and becomes cross and peevish. Baby's Own Tablets should be given to keep the little one healthy. They regulate the stomach and bowels and prevent or cure colds. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. crsh rtatd hrdl mfw y z z z

"AIR-POCKETS"

Trained Aviators These Days Laugh at Them.

The Royal Flying Corps instructors at the School of Military Aeronautics declare that the "air-pockets," about which so much was said and written three years ago, have "gone out of fashion." The aviator who goes to the front from out