

KAISERWOCKY

TWAS Marnen, and the tommy ats
Did wyeen seate in their trench;
All belgumed were the tinney-hats,
And blank-blank potsdam french.

"Beware the Camouflage, my son!
The Cootie's bite, the Barbwire's scratch,
The Ausgespiel's place in the sun;
Verbote the redcrost patch!"

He took his kruppy in his hands;
Long time a blightly foe he sought,
Some scrappy papered Soixante-quinze,
All polluted in its thought.

And as he cultured his moustache,
The Camouflage rethins through the wood,
And francaised o'er with rougetnoir,
Alsaced him where he stood.

Einzwei! Einzwei! And high and dry
He kield that camouflagic gun;
Then prussly monced his eye
And tauded to Pop when done.

"And hast thou kield the Camouflage?
Come to my lefty arm, my boy!
Dertag is won—"tis au verdun!"
He vorkucked in his joy.

"Twas persching, and the tommy ats
Were nonans landing from their trench,
All sammied were the tinney-hats,
The Kamrads deutchly blench.

—New York Evening Post.

THE SPADEFOOT

One of the commonest but least known of toads is the spadefoot. Few people know that denizen of the garden, because he spends most of his two years of life underground and seldom appears in the open except at night. Only a dark, damp day will draw him out of the ground before sunset, and even then he obtrudes only his round, sleepy head, with eyes closed looking more like a dirty red pebble than a living creature. The eyes, having vertical pupils like those of a cat, see best in the dark and are of little use by day. But

the spadefoot troops forth in great numbers in the springtime and, like other toads, takes to the ponds to breed. Although it is a trifle smaller than the common toad, it is said during the breeding time to make more noise than a bull-frog. For observation at home, the hardy tadpoles of the spadefoot toad are most interesting. As the under surface is transparent, the beating of the heart, the long intestinal coil and nearly the whole physiology of the animal can be seen without the necessity of dissecting the creature or magnifying the parts. In a few weeks after the eggs hatch—and that is usually the day after they are laid—the hind legs push gradually through the skin and are followed by the fore legs; the tail is absorbed when the tadpoles are about five weeks old. The pollywog eats nothing during the few days when its tail is being dissolved by blood and lymph and phagocytes, for the tail thus taken into the body serves to nourish the little creature while it is losing its round, sucking mouth and acquiring a new large one with teeth in the upper jaw and while otherwise it is getting ready for the wonderfully different life on land that it is soon to lead. The subura jacket is exchanged for a brown, leathery coat, which is worn until the reddish coat of the adult is finally assumed. Most of the tadpoles are content to wait until their tails are gone before they seek the new world, but a few—about one in seven—are so extremely eager for terrestrial life that they set out tails and all. The name spadefoot is derived from small, bony protuberances on the hind feet that are thought to serve as spades when the toad burrows. A few strokes with his hind feet, and back he slides into the earth as if he were sinking in quicksand. The eggs of the spadefoot are laid, like those of frogs, in jelly-like clusters or masses, and not in the polka-dot strings that are characteristic of most toads.

The Youth's Companion.

HINDENBURG NOW REPORTED VERY ILL

Geneva, Switzerland, May 27.—Field Marshal von Hindenburg, chief of the German General Staff, is in a hospital at Strassburg suffering from typhoid fever, according to reports from that city. These reports state that the report of von Hindenburg's death is incorrect, but that his condition is critical. Typhoid fever is said to be spreading rapidly in the German army.

Of late there have been various reports of the death of Field Marshal von Hindenburg. Some of these reports were given on the authority of German prisoners on the western front.

A Quick Relief for Headache

A headache is frequently caused by badly digested food, the gases and acids resulting therefrom are absorbed by the blood which in turn irritates the nerves and causes painful symptoms called headache, neuritis, rheumatism, etc. 15 to 30 drops of Mother Selig's Syrup will correct faulty digestion and afford relief.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES

Home Beauty that means Home Economy

Old Furniture—like old friends—has a charm all its own. So if you have a table, dresser, bureau, bookcase or old chairs handed down from great grandmother's day—cherish them; and protect and restore them to their former beauty, with



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C. K. GREENLAW, ST. ANDREWS.

THE GUEST OF QUESNAY

By BOOTH TARKINGTON
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CHAPTER VII

"MR. HARMAN," I said as she took the chair vacated by the eldly young lady, "you remember my woodland dildos, I fear?"

She smiled in a pleasant, comprehending way, but neither directly replied nor made any return speech whatever. Instead she let her forearms rest on the broad railing of the marble balustrade, and leaning forward, gazed out over the shining and mysterious slopes below.

"Mr. Quesnay," I hazarded, "is he an old, new friend of your cousins?" I think he was not above the horizon when I went to Capri two years ago."

"He wants Elizabeth," she returned, adding quietly, "as you've seen." And when I had verified this assumption with a monosyllable she continued, "He's an 'available,' but I should hate to have it happen. He's hard."

"He doesn't seem very hard toward her," I murmured, looking down into the garden where Mr. Ingle just then happened to be adjusting a scarf about his shoulders.

"He's led a detestable life," said Mrs. Harman, "among detestable people."

"He seems to me much of a type with these others," I said.

"Oh, they keep their surfaces about the same."

"It made me wish I had a little more surface tonight," I laughed. "I'd have fitted better. Miss Ward is different at different times. When we are alone together she always has the air of excusing or at least explaining these people to me, but this evening I've had the disquieting thought that perhaps she also explained me to them."

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. Harman, turning to me quickly. "Didn't you see? She was making up to Mr. Ingle for this morning. It came out that she'd ridden over at daylight to see you. Anne Elliott discovered it in some way and told him."

"I suppose she finished her investigations. You told her all you could?"

"Almost."

"I suppose you wouldn't trust me with the reservation?" she asked, smiling.

"I would trust you with anything," I answered seriously.

"You didn't gratify that child?" she said, half laughing. Then, to my surprise, her tone changed suddenly, and she began again in a hurried low voice, "You didn't tell her"—and stopped there, breathless and troubled, letting me see that I had been right after all. This was what she wanted to talk about.

"I didn't tell her that young Saffron is mad—no—if that is what you mean."

"I'm glad you didn't," she said slowly.

"In the first place, I wouldn't have told her even if it were true," I returned, "and in the second I can't tell her, though you have some reason to think it is," I added.

"I?" she said. "Why?"

"His speaking to you as he did, a thing on the face of it inexcusable."

"Why did he call me 'Mme. d'Armand'?" she interposed.

I explained something of the mental processes of Amelie, and she listened till I had finished, then bade me continue.

"That's all," I said blankly, but with a second thought caught her meaning. "Oh, about young Saffron, you mean?"

"Yes."

"I know him pretty well," I said, "without really knowing anything about him; but what is stranger, I believe he doesn't really know a great deal about himself. My idea is that probably through some great illness he lost not his faculty of memory, but his memories, or at least most of them. That's all, except that there's something about the young man that draws

DANGER TO SYSTEM UNLESS ACTION IS TAKEN

Ignorance alone can excuse neglect of the health when all indications point to kidney trouble. Everyone should know that from the hour the kidneys fail to remove the poisons from the blood stream, these poisons are accumulating ready to cause sickness, pain and suffering.

How are you to know that the system is in danger from poisoning? One or more of the following symptoms should leave no doubt in your mind. If you are the victim of backache, pains in the back or sides, or lumbar, be sure nature is calling for better kidney action. Take Gin Pills.

At the first twinges of Rheumatism, swollen ankles and joints, or any other manifestation of uric acid poisoning, take Gin Pills. Dozens of Testimonials prove Gin Pills to be the sovereign remedy.

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Gin Pills are sold by all dealers—50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50. A free sample will be sent if you address your request to The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto; or if you live in the United States, address Na-Dru-Co Inc., 202 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

one to him. I couldn't tell you how much I like him nor how sorry I am that he offended you."

"He didn't offend me," she murmured, almost whispered.

"He didn't mean to," I said warmly. "I am glad you understand that."

"I saw him today," she said gently. "This afternoon when I went for my walk he was waiting where the paths intersect."

Some hasty ejaculation, I do not know what, came from me, but she lifted her hand.

"Wait," she said quietly. "As soon as he saw me he came straight toward me."

"Oh, but this won't do at all!" I broke out. "It's too bad."

"Wait," she leaned forward. "He said he must know if he had offended me."

"You told him?"

"I told him 'No!'" And it seemed to me that her voice, which up to this point had been low, but very steady, shook upon the monosyllable. "He walked with me a little way—perhaps it was longer."

"Trust me that it shouldn't happen again!" I exclaimed. "I'll see that Keredec knows of this at once. He will."

"No, no," she interrupted quickly. "That is just what I want you not to do. Will you promise me?"

"I'll promise anything you ask me. But didn't he frighten you?"

"He didn't frighten me—not as you mean. He was very quiet and—"

She broke off unexpectedly with a little pitying cry and turned to me, lifting both hands appealingly. "And, oh, doesn't he make one sorry for him?"

That was just it. She had gone straight to the heart of his mystery; his strangeness was the strange pathos that invested him; the "singularity" of "that other monsieur" was solved for me at last.

When she had spoken she rose, advanced a step and stood looking over the valley again, her skirts pressing the balustrade. One of the moths in my life when I have wished to be a figure painter came then as she raised her arms, the sleeves, of some dimly textured, falling back from them with the gesture, and clasped her hands lightly behind her neck, the graceful angle of her chin uplifted to the full rain of moonshine.

She stood in profile to me. There were some jasmine flowers at her breast. I could see them rise and fall with more than deep breathing.

"I haven't had my life. It's gone!" It was almost as if I heard his voice close at hand with all the passion of regret and protest that rang in the words when they broke from him in the forest. And by some miraculous conjecture within the moment I seemed not only to hear his voice, but actually to see him, a figure dressed in white, far below us and small with the distance, standing out in the moonlight in the middle of the tree-bordered avenue leading to the chateau gates.

I rose and leaned over the railing. There was no doubt about the reality of the figure in white, though it was too far away to be identified with certainty, and as I rubbed my eyes for

clearer sight it turned and disappeared into the shadows of the orderly grove where I had stood one day to watch Louise Harman ascend the slopes of Quesnay.

But I told myself sensibly that more than one man on the coast of Normandy might be wearing white flannels that evening and, turning to my companion, found that she had moved some steps away from me and was gazing eastward to the sea. I concluded that she had not seen the figure.

The round moon was white and at its smallest, high overhead, when at midnight I stepped out of the phaeon in which Miss Elizabeth sent me back to Mme. Brossard's.

When my lamp was extinguished I set my door ajar, moved my bed out from the wall to catch whatever breeze might stir, "composed myself for the night," as it used to be written, and lay looking out upon the quiet garden, where a thin white haze was rising. Just as I had begun to drowse the gallery steps creaked and the noble form of Keredec emerged upon my field of vision. From the absence of the sound of footsteps I supposed him to be either barefooted or in his stocking. His visible costume consisted of a sleeping jacket tucked into a pair of trousers, while his tousled hair and beard and generally tousled and rumpled look were those of one who had been lying down temporarily.

"And, oh, doesn't he make one sorry for him?"

At the chateau, having a mind to offer some sort of apology, I looked anxiously about for the subject of our rather disquieting conversation, but she was not to be seen until the party assembled at the table, set under an awning on the terrace.

Mrs. Harman had not appeared at all, having gone to call upon some one at Dives, I was told, and, a servant informing me, on inquiry, that Miss Elliott had retired to her room, I was thrust upon my own devices indeed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AMERICAN ARMY NOW 2,000,000

Washington, May 26.—Full strength of the army, including national guard, national guard, and regulars now is 2,000,000. Chairman Dent, of the House Military Committee, announced yesterday in his report on the army appropriation bill.

While it has been generally rumored that we had no airplanes with our army in France, the fact is that we have between 1,300 and 1,400 of them, at least 200 of which are fighting machines," the report says.

More than 200,000 Americans will be sent abroad during May, and that number probably will be much exceeded next month, members of the Senate Military Committee were told Saturday at their weekly conference with Secretary Baker and his assistants.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

HALIFAX RIOT

Halifax, N.S., May 27.—The arrest of two British sailors who refused to pay for a cake of soap in a five and ten cent store here on Saturday, caused a riot, with damage well over \$5,000 being done by the enraged crowd in the downtown section.

Soldiers, sailors, and civilians took part in the riot. No one was seriously injured during the melee. The Police Court was wrecked and most of the windows in the City Hall were smashed. One of the sailors escaped from the police and managed to enlist the support of a large crowd.

The crowd forced their way into the wagon shed. From this they took the police patrol wagon, which they ran down the hill to a wharf, hurling it into the harbor. An automobile belonging to a Halifax man now overseas and a policeman's motor cycle were also taken out and battered up badly. These have since been recovered. When the rioters endeavored to lead away a horse stabled there, one of the police fired several blank cartridges in the air, and the crowd ran, leaving the police in possession of the shed.

The gang next turned its attention to the city engineer's office on the West side of the building. A bale of hay, soaked with gasoline, was thrown burning into the office. Fire fighting apparatus was rushed to the scene, but the engine hose was cut by the rioters before it could be connected with a hydrant. The firemen, however, were able to extinguish the blaze with chemicals. The police, meanwhile, had sent in a call to the military for assistance, and a detachment of two hundred soldiers was sent to the City Hall. This was about 10:30 o'clock. The arrival of the soldiers cooled the ardor of most of the rioters, but stones were thrown spasmodically and the shouting and din continued. Finally the police decided to release the arrested sailors and sailors. Shortly after their release the mob began to disperse. The arrival of a strong naval picket improved the situation and by midnight all was quiet.

Halifax, May 27.—James Smith, of Newfoundland, able seaman in the Canadian naval service, whose arrest by two police officers precipitated the riot at the City Hall on Saturday night, appeared before Stipendiary Magistrate Fielding this morning and pleaded guilty to the three charges preferred against him by the police.

On the charge of being drunk on the street and of using abusive language, Smith was fined \$4 and \$3, respectively. The third charge was that he unlawfully resisted, the policeman, arresting him. The magistrate said that this was an indictable offence, and gave Smith the choice of being tried summarily or of electing to be tried in the Supreme Court. Smith then entered a plea of guilty, which was allowed to stand, the stipendiary reserving sentence until to-morrow.

In the course of the evidence, Smith claimed that the police used bad language towards him and struck him, while the policeman said that Smith kicked one of them in the leg and struck at both of them. Smith appeared in court with a black eye and a bruised face.

As the court room was badly wrecked by the rioters on Saturday, the magistrate presided over an improvised court in the corridor of the police station.

PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT GOING ON MISSION TO JAPAN

Washington, May 24.—Prince Arthur of Connaught, first cousin of King George of England, who is on a special mission from the King to the Emperor of Japan, came to Washington to-day and paid a call of courtesy on President Wilson.

In the party at the station to welcome the royal visitor was the Earl of Reading, British ambassador, the staff of the Embassy, and representatives of the British naval and military missions.

Beckenridge Long, third assistant Secretary of State was on the train, having met the prince at New York.

TO LEAVE RUSSIA

London, May 26.—According to information received from the German embassy at Moscow, says an Exchange Telegraph dispatch from that city under date of May 18, the members of the Romanoff dynasty now in Kiev have been accorded facilities to leave Russia by way of Germany. Grand Duke Nicholas, the dispatch says, will go to Montenegro, and the Dowager Empress to Copenhagen.

MUST RETAIN PACIFIC ISLANDS

Melbourne, May 26.—Acting Premier Watt, in an address said that Premier Hughes and Hon. Joseph Cook, Australia's representatives in the Imperial Conference, would tell the Allied statesmen that withdrawal from the Pacific Islands would mean danger, even ruin to Australia, and therefore the Empire or the Allies must retain the Islands.

PREDICAMENT OF THE ENEMY

Eager Lady—"But what if your engine stops in the air—what happens? Can't you get down?"

Aviator—"That's just what happens, mum. There's two Germans up over in France now with their engines stopped. They can't get down, so they're starving to death."—California Pictorial.