

DOGS OF ST. BERNARD ARE VERY SAGACIOUS ANIMALS AND HAVE SAVED MANY WAYFARERS

The one thousand birthday anniversary of St. Bernard, founder of the hospices of Grand and Petit Saint Bernard in the Alps mountains was recently celebrated at Chateau de Menthon, on the shores of Lake Annecy, where the saint was born in 923.

The chief attraction of these fetes is undoubtedly the setting in which they took place—the chateau of Menthon, dominating the lake, commanding the neck of the Thones and the teeth of the Lanfon and Veyrier peak its keep and towers rising above the confused mass of chestnut trees. Tradition declares that the keep dates from the tenth century and that the saint's room, today an oratory, remains unchanged, in spite of the numerous additions and restorations that make of the castle a finished example of that architecture of the crusade period perfected by contact with the orient.

It was from this room or cell that Saint Bernard escaped on the eve of his marriage, the bars having been removed by divine intervention. In fact, the life St. Bernard de Menthon was one of the greatest romance, many thrilling scenes having been added to it by chroniclers. His father an ambitious nobleman, desiring the ascension of his family, affianced Bernard, who had been educated in Paris to Marguerite de Miolans, without consulting the youth. The castle of the Miolans, seat of this powerful family, still stands, towering above valley of the Isere near Saint Pierre d'Albigny.

Bernard did not dare to face the frown of his terrible father. The ceremony was to have taken place at the castle of Menthon and the Miolans and their relatives were there. Then, on the very eve of the wedding, the unhappy and unwilling bridegroom, who had dedicated himself to the service of God, leaped out of the window, of which the bars had been miraculously removed, landed safe and sound in the underbrush, and fled.

Such an insult might well have caused warfare between the Menthons and the Miolans had not fair Marguerite sympathized with the fugitive and asked her father for permission to enter a convent.

Bernard's father and mother, in the meantime, searched high and low for the lad, but failed to discover his whereabouts. He had gone, however, to Aoste, in Italy, where by his virtue and intelligence, he received recognition which was sufficient compensation for his loss of noble rank. He became an archdeacon, and it was in this quality that he took possession of the Saint Bernard hospices, which he established as refuges for pilgrims.

These two celebrated passes, one at 2,560 meters' altitude, the other at 2,100, which are crossed today by motor cars during the summer months and which link Valais and Savoy with Italy, have always been much travelled, even when the passage was most stormy and difficult.

Though Hannibal, in spite of the legend to that effect, did not make use of them, at any rate, the Romans established a post at Grand Saint Bernard which for a long time was called Mont Joux, after a statue of Jupiter. The barbarian invasion went through here, as well as those of the Huns and Saracens. Charlemagne utilized them in his war against the Lombards. Each host left its stragglers in the mountains, which as time

went by, became the haunt of brigands who preyed upon the pilgrims crossing the floods to venerate the tomb of Saint Peter at Rome or some other famous relic.

But the summer pleasure seekers must be distinguished from these who make the journey by necessity when snow lies deep in the pass, whom the holy men take in and warm, and, in many cases, rescue with their famous dogs.

Their dogs? How could one fail to mention them? This celebrated canine race, a cross between the wild dogs of the Pyrenees and a domesticated species, is known all over the world. "Very large and powerful—one of the largest known dogs,—the Saint Bernard is generally fawn-colored or chestnut, with white spots and rough thick hair; the head is large, the eyes soft and intelligent the paws enormous and the tail heavy and curling up like a Newfoundland's."

One of these dogs, Barry, who rescued twenty wayfarers lost in the snow had his biography written by a Swiss savant, M. Gondault. One incident of his career may be cited, the rescue of a child whose mother had been killed by an avalanche.

"Barry, having found the little boy unconscious in a snowbank, licked the face and hands, until, from the warm gentle friction of his tongue, the breath of life returned to the child. The dog then lay down and tried to get the little one on his back and the child, roused from his icy slumber, tried weakly to help himself. After a long time he succeeded in getting astride of Barry, his little arms wrapped about the dog's strong neck and they rode in triumph to the hospice."

Barry met a tragic end, which well displays the ingratitude of man. One stormy day, he found a soldier asleep in the snow. The latter, awakened by Barry's caresses, took alarm at the sight of the enormous beast, throttled him and killed him, then made his way to the hospice.

A marble tablet at the hospice recalls the passage of Bonaparte in 1800 and in the chapel stands the monument of Gen. Desaix, killed at Marengo, erected by the emperor who had the general's body brought to the hospice in 1805.

LOOKING TO THE LORDS

London, Feb. 10—A good deal of the tradition of Old England lingers with the British Labor party in its day of success. The opposition declares the party socialistic and tied to the Marxist programs, but it is a far cry from Marx teachings to British Labor deeds. Are lords to be taboo? Not at all. New ones are to be created lest the supply runs out, although of this there is little likelihood. Believed already to be slated for a peerage is Mr. Oswald Mosley, if he can be induced to join the Labor party. He was elected to parliament as a Conservative, but his outlook is so radical his joining the Labor party would surprise nobody.

Mr. Mosley is said to be "brilliant, quick-minded and broad thinking. Moreover, he is interesting because he married a daughter of the Marquis Curzon of Kedleston. Should he sit in the House of Lords as the first peer created by Labor he would be able to exchange significant glances with that haughty Pooh-Bah, his father-in-law.

FIRPO WANTS NO COLOR LINE

Buenos Aires, Feb. 11—Luis Angel Firpo wants to clean up Harry Wills and others of the lesser lights on the heavyweight horizon before wiping out Jack Dempsey.

Luis Angel made this announcement yesterday, declaring that he desired his prospective defeat of Dempsey to eliminate all question as to who is champion.

"I want to dispose of the question of the color line, and win the championship as soon as possible," Firpo allowed.

Mexican winters apparently aren't severe enough to cool the revolutionary spirit.

One touch of spring makes the wide world dig.

Seed catalogs have begun to peck at the shell.



For coughs take half a teaspoon of Minard's internally in molasses. For sore throat and chest heat and rub well into affected parts. For cold in head heat and inhale.



QUITE LIKE HOME.

(Boston Transcript.)

A Westerner was making his first trip across the Atlantic. He came on deck while a hurricane was blowing and on being advised by the captain to go below he said: "I guess not. I'm up here to see how one of your terrific gales compare with one of our Kansas cyclones. This is a mere zephyr to what I've seen out our way." A big wave just then broke over the deck sweeping the speaker aft. They picked him up with a broken leg, a twisted shoulder and a sprained wrist. When he came to he said to the captain feebly, "Captain that reminded me of home, only it was a blamed sight wetter."

VICTORIA, B. C. AROUSED OVER EVILS OF THE MODERN DANCE

Victoria, B. C., Feb. 9—So sensational and daring have dancing styles in vogue among high school and college students in Victoria become that professional teachers of dancing have thrown up their hands at trying to bring about a change by example and moral suasion and believe that the time has now come for public action.

One professor of dancing after observing the dancing of the younger set at a recent social affair appealed to the School Board today in an effort to bring about a change. She stated that parents are not satisfied with the way the younger generation is carrying on, but are helpless. She proposes that dancing classes be held in the high school gymnasium after school hours to teach students moral dance steps and proper behaviour so that they will know how to deport themselves discreetly in public and not bring blushes to faces of adults when they dance in a hall.

Parents Protest.

"The protest of the parents is against not only the steps used but the absolute laxity of their position while dancing," she says in a written statement to the School Board regarding the outer habits of the young people.

Parents said that the whole dancing had got beyond them. The young girls are not considered stylish unless they wear the flimsiest of silk garments and few as possible. One man proposed the introduction here of the wire dancing guard in use in

some places in the East to hold the couple a distance of six inches apart so as to do away with the cheek-to-cheek and neck-to-neck hugging. Another said that at a recent dance at a fashionable hotel the young men and girls were so intertwined that it was impossible for those watching to tell which limbs belonged to which. The motions they went through in time with the music were said to be shocking.

Private Parties.

One woman said that what is seen in the hotels and public dance halls is nothing to what goes on at private parties in some fashionable homes. She said that all idea of dancing seemed to be eliminated and the evening is spent in sort of mauling or hugg ducts with the various couples often not moving more than a few feet during a whole dance.

BUTTONS IN EVIDENCE.

Paris—Buttons have achieved fame, beauty and the recognition of the chic. In long rows they ornament the tailored frock now so popular; and while they do not incline toward bright colors, they do take unto themselves distinctive buttons are one sort.

Barns are fewer nowadays but a heatless garage is just as cold.

Spareribs. Winter's prettiest flower.

Dad—Why were you kept in after school, Johnny?

Johnny—You oughtta know, dad—you worked them darn sums!

BELONGS TO NOTABLE FAMILY OF MINISTERS

(Telegraph-Journal)

Rev. F. S. Porter was the preacher at yesterday's morning service in the Gernain street Baptist church where he had been pastor for six years. His message was in the nature of a farewell to his former friends and many of the congregation took the opportunity of extending to him good wishes for his success in his future home in Oklahoma. Mr. Porter has resigned as field secretary of the Bible Society in the Maritime Provinces to accept the call to the Oklahoma church and will leave on Tuesday for his new home. His pastorate of the Gernain street church ended in 1916 when he went to serve overseas as chaplain in the Great War.

With the departure of Mr. Porter the Baptist denomination of the Maritime Province loses the last member of a notable family of ministers. Mr. Porter's grandfather, father and two uncles as well as himself all served the denomination ably and devotedly as ministers and for the last 80 years there has been a Rev. Mr. Porter of that family in the Baptist ministry in the Maritime Provinces.

Influenza is Spreading; Are You Protected?

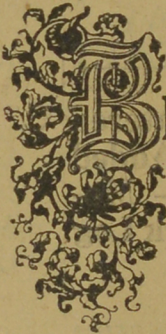
Thousands Use Medicated Air.

Groppy colds are easily stopped by a pleasant vapor remedy that fills the nose, throat, and air passages in the head with the healing balsams of the pine woods; it has a soothing cleansing effect on the breathing organs that gives almost instantaneous results.

In using Catarrhoxone, you don't take drugs into the stomach; you let the purifying vapor of Catarrhoxone spread through the air passages, and by this simple means you destroy the germs and quickly rid yourself of coughs, colds, bronchitis or grippe. Get the dollar outfit, \$1.00; smaller size, 50c. At all druggists or by mail from the Dr. Hamilton Pill Co., Montreal.

"Printing Is The Inseparable Companion of Achievement"

A REMINDER



BEAR IN MIND that our Printing is made to compete in satisfaction, not in price.

Facilities include most efficient and latest devices in labor saving machines, ample cylinder and job press rooms, and well linotype equipped---Ready always to handle any quantity or kind of work.

Efficient management and proper facilities enable us to take advantage of every favorable turn of the market, low hour cost and large volume, reduce our expense to a minimum---Low cost is afforded without loss of quality.

Heart Was So Bad Had to Sit Up in Bed

Mrs. O. E. Fitzgerald, 106 Ross St., St. Thomas, Ont., writes: "In the Fall of 1921, I was taken ill with my heart, but I did not pay much attention to it. I kept on with my household duties, but seemed to become worse and worse, and finally had to call in a doctor. He said I was all run down and was a nervous wreck. I had a severe pain in my chest which would move over to my heart and it became so bad I could not lie down, as when I did I had such a smothering feeling I would have to sit up in bed till it passed away.

I tried several remedies, but with no good results. Finally, I was induced to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I took 7 boxes, and I am now as well as I was 30 years ago, and I am now 65 years old."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box at all druggists or dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.