

USE "CASCARETS" FOR
LIVER AND BOWELS
WHEN CONSTIPATEDWhen Bilious, Headachy, Sick, For
Stomach, Bad Breath, Bad
Colds.

Get a 10-cent box.
Take a Cascaret tonight to cleanse your liver, stomach and bowels and you will surely feel great by morning. You men and women who have headache, coated tongue, a bad cold, are bilious, nervous, upset, bothered with a sick, gassy, disordered stomach, or have headache and feel all worn out. Are you keeping your bowels clean with Cascarets—or merely forcing a passageway every few days with salts, cathartic pills or castor oil?

Cascarets immediately cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour, undigested and fermenting food and foul gases; take the excess bile from the liver and carry off the constipated waste matter and poison from the bowels.

Remember, a Cascaret tonight will straighten you out by morning. A 10-cent box from your druggist means healthy bowel action, a clear head and cheerfulness for months. Don't forget the children.

MUTUAL FILM COMPANY
SIGNS CHARLIE CHAPLIN

New York, March 2.—Charlie Chaplin has at last really been signed. The Mutual Film Company has him. The contract was executed early yesterday morning in its offices. The figures are staggering. One almost hates to mention the amount that the Mutual president says it will pay to Mr. Chaplin. But it may as well be done. It is over \$670,000. In detail he is said to receive \$10,000 a week for fifty-two weeks, and in addition a bonus of \$150,000. Figure it up for yourself.

The comedian is going right to work in a new studio in Los Angeles, Cal. One two-part comedy will be produced each week.

"We can afford to pay Mr. Chaplin this sum because the public wants him and will pay for him," said Mr. Friender.

"Money is a serious matter, and I have to keep my mind off it," said Charley. "It would get in the way of my work. I don't want people to think that life is all a joke to me. But I do enjoy working on the sunny side of it."

Of course there were "movies" taken of Charley signing the new contract. You may see them one of these days, gentle reader.

All of this takes Mr. Chaplin out of the ken of the Essanay company, his previous managers, who are said to have made a lot of money out of him.

London, March 2.—The authorities do not take seriously the vague reports coming out of Berlin, that Germany has new types of submarines that carry six-inch guns. It is impossible, experts say, to fire a heavy calibre gun from a submarine without damaging the delicate structure of the craft.

But no matter what character of submarine Germany may try, Great Britain, who has not been idle, looks ahead with perfect equanimity and confidence in her ability to keep them off as she has done in the last six months.

No sailings of transatlantic or any St. George's Channel or English Channel steamers have been postponed because of the German threats to inaugurate their new submarine policy.

The Power
To Accomplish

is largely within one's own control—keeping fit by right living and eating.

The pure food—

Grape-Nuts

(Made in Canada)

made of whole wheat and malted barley, supplies all the nutriment of the grains, including their vital mineral salts—phosphate of potash, etc. These mineral elements, lacking in the usual diet of many persons, are imperative for keeping body and brain healthy and vigorous.

Grape-Nuts comes fresh and crisp—ready to eat direct from the package with cream or good milk. As a daily ration along with other food, Grape-Nuts has worked wonders for thousands.

"There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ont.

HOW PARIS RECEIVES NEWS
OF GREAT WORLD STRUGGLEThe Official Communique is Issued Afternoon and Evening
—(The Retreat From Mons and the Battle
of the Marne)

(By Henry Dodge, in Harper's Weekly.)

"Artillery actions in the Vosges and in Artois. Comparative calm on the rest of the front."

Not very detailed news, but there have been many days since the war began when Paris has received no more than this. Sometimes when the infantry have been active it is a little longer, with more detail, but one never sees the big type, the three-column wide stories or the scare heads of the American journals. Just the words "Official Communique,—th day of the war," and a few terse sentences issued by the chief censor. But at least you know that it is true. When the censorship was established M. Messimy, then Minister of War, in a letter to Arthur Meyer, the editor of Le Gaulois, gave assurance that though the official bulletin "might not be all the news, it would invariably be true news," and there has never been a moment since then when the confidence of the Parisian in the ministry's reports has been shaken.

We, in America, who are surfeited with war news, and skim over detailed stories from all the theatres of war at our breakfast table, can hardly realize now eagerly Paris awaits and devours her daily crust. In the American and Canadian papers the official report is tucked away on an inside page and few of us trouble to read it. We get too much news. In Paris it is practically the only fresh news of the campaign on the western front. The man in the street reads it and it alone, and then throws his paper away.

Issued Twice Daily.

The Communique is issued at three o'clock in the afternoon, and in the evening. The afternoon news is posted in front of all newspaper offices and public buildings and in the windows of many restaurants and stores, and it is always surrounded by an interested though undemonstrative crowd. Often "Nothing to report" will provoke quite as lively a discussion as the taking of a trench or the destruction of a Zeppelin.

It is the open sesame to conversation for the home-going crowd in the late afternoon. The guard in the subway looks at the front page over your shoulder as he punches your ticket, and comments upon the news. The handsome old lady in the tobacco shop no longer volunteers the time-honored remarks on the weather, but says instead, "Always the same thing. These stupid artillery duels put us no nearer to Berlin."

And the soldier on his furlough who borrows your paper in the cafe, though he shrugs his shoulders at the statement that there has been no infantry action, is nevertheless resigned, if not optimistic.

"What would you, monsieur, these devils of Boches are underground like rabbits. But wait a little. Our Papa Joffre knows which way the wind blows. We shall see."

The communique is not always the dull, prosaic story of artillery duels in Paris—days whose news will never be forgotten. There was the day of miracles in September, 1914, when the Franco-British troops, after their dogged retreat from Mons almost to the gates of Paris, took up the offensive and began that gigantic struggle which we know as the Battle of the Marne. The report of that day's work was meagre, but can you imagine how a city which had prepared for a siege and perhaps a sacking, would receive the brief report that it had been saved?

Something to Think About.

There was the dark day in January, 1915—the Kaiser's birthday—when after a four months deadlock along the Aisne the Germans crossed the river again near Soissons and though they left thousands upon the frozen ground won back a part of what they had lost in September. That day's news gave Paris a bit to think about.

The best news that Paris has heard since the battle of the Marne she heard last autumn, when Joffre decided to try the strength of the German line in Artois and Champagne. On Saturday night, Sept. 25, I dined with several newspaper men at a little restaurant patronized largely by journalists. The talk was all of the imminent offensive. For days the French artillery had been pounding away over the heads of the infantry at the enemy's position beyond the barren No Man's Land that lay between the lines.

All Paris knew that the infantry was

only waiting the word—that all this artillery preparation had but one object, the paving of the way for an advance. Every man of the little group felt that we were on the eve of a great piece of news—the news for which Paris is always eager—an attack with the bayonet by their adored infantry.

Many Rumors.

All day rumors had been creeping in from no one knows where—unofficial news that gained strength as it ran—that the advance had been made and that the German first line positions had been taken by storm. And we at dinner discussed them, certain, with superstitious certainty of a "hunch," that the big news would be out that night.

A little before ten we started for the Ministère de l'Instruction Publique, where the chief censor has his offices, and where all official news is first given out to the press.

The streets were almost dark. The entrance to the ministry was quite dark, so dark that we almost walked into a carriage waiting at the curb. One little light burned over the doorway leading to the censor's offices.

The courtyard of every public building in Paris has always in these days its quota of waiting staff cars. Where they are going, whence they come and on what mission no one ever knows, but somehow they always give one a feeling of security. Things are being done, quietly but quickly. An officer hurries from some doorway and without a glance to right or left takes his place. The chauffeur cranks up, jumps to his seat and the huge gray car glides through a dingy archway into the crowded boulevard—to the front perhaps. What does it matter? Things are being done, and the army is on the job.

Pressmen Galore.

In the stone porch under the single light were the rear guard of the assembled correspondents, and the hallway inside was packed with them, waiting for news from the armies.

It was a cosmopolitan crowd. There were besides the representatives of all the Paris papers, a most heterogeneous assortment of newspaper men from almost every neutral and allied European country—Russian, English, Italian, Spanish, Swiss, Swedish, American. And every man was earnestly saying the same thing to his neighbor in all gradations of good or bad French—the scholarly, impeccable French of the Parisian, the broad, labored French accent that means a Britisher the world over, and the sibilant, exotic-sounding French of the Spaniard. All the "tips" were the same—the advance had begun.

The Chief Censor.

There came the throb of a motor or a big grey limousine swung into the courtyard. The Chief Censor stepped out and walked hurriedly into the building. Talking ceased and the crowd expectantly turned their faces towards the mysterious leather doors—official looking swinging doors flanked on either side by red-braided, white-belted gendarmes.

For a moment no one moved, and then the doors were thrown open and we filed silently into the ante-chamber of the Chief Censor's office and took our places. The door of an inner room opened noiselessly and closed again behind someone who held a sheaf of typewritten sheets in his hand.

"Gentlemen, the Communique is published," was all he said, but his smile told us far more. The sheets were passed around and the news was out.

The British troops had successfully attacked Loos and Huloch and gained a footing in the enemy's trenches at several points. The French in Champagne had stormed the German front between the Aisne and the Suippe and had occupied their first line of trenches along the whole front attacked! And at the end of the page were the heartening words, "Our progress continues."

After days of ceaseless artillery preparation Papa Joffre had let loose his infantry. The news was brief, but it was what Paris had been waiting for. The next two days told us of prisoners of guns captured, of second and third line trenches taken, but it was enough for Paris that night that the long expected attack was succeeding.

Suspense was Over.

The news was too important for any display of excitement among the newspaper men. The suspense of days was over; the news was out; the expected had happened.

For them that was the important point. They hurried out with their reports in their hands. I ran to the Central Telegraph Bureau, where the despatches were sent to New York, London, Rome and every corner of the globe. All telegraphic messages sent out of France must bear the vise of the police, or the stamp of a ministerial official, but as our typewritten sheets already bore the stamp of the Ministry of War it was only necessary to write an address and push them through the wicket like an ordinary telegram.

A Great Day.

The press had the news, but I had

yet to see it received by the people. A few of us stopped at a moving picture theatre on the boulevard, just in time for the last film of the evening. As the lights came up at the end, and before we could leave out seats, a man appeared on the little stage and held up his hand. He was holding a sheet of paper and every man and woman in the house felt instinctively what was coming. Then, in a breathless silence we heard for a second time the few concise, glorious paragraphs that told of one of France's great days. At the closing words, "our progress continues," a storm of hand clapping and "bravos" burst forth from pit and gallery. There was no hysteria, no shouting, no ebullition of that proverbial Latin frenzy which, before this war, we were too ready to associate with a French crowd. There was just genuine, proud, heartfelt applause.

Voices from all over the house were calling "La Marseillaise!" and when the poor, improvised war-time orchestra struck up the opening bars of that miracle of songs, the house stood to a man and sang it as I have never heard it sung before, in victory or in defeat. Then they filed quietly into the street. "Good news," said every man to his neighbor.

Are Good Losers.

Perhaps the lack of hysterical excitement was only natural. Perhaps they were thinking of the awful cost of such good news as this. An offensive always costs dearly, and maybe many in that theatre crowd had lost sons or husbands in Papa Joffre's experiment that day.

That is how Paris receives her good news—with a splendid confidence, a sane and beautiful enthusiasm. Next to being good losers, which the French have shown themselves to be, there is nothing so admirable as to be good winners.

FARMERS AND DAIRYMEN
CONCLUDED CONVENTIONHon. J. A. Murray, Minister of Agricultural Addressed Association Last Night—
R. P. Steeves Director of Elementary Agricultural Education Also Heard—Interesting Talk on Hog Raising Given by Prof. Barton of MacDonald College.

The Farmers' and Dairymen's Association of New Brunswick concluded its fortieth annual meeting last night. The new president is George S. Fisher of Chatham. In his absence, the new elected vice-president, A. J. Gaudet of Memramcook, took the chair. The concluding session had as speakers Hon. J. A. Murray, minister of agriculture for New Brunswick; R. P. Steeves, director of elementary agricultural education in New Brunswick, and Prof. Barton of MacDonald College.

OFFICERS ELECTED.

Officers were elected as follows. President, Geo. S. Fisher, Chatham. Vice-President, A. J. Gaudet, Memramcook.

Treasurer, H. H. Smith, Hovt. Recording Sec., Chas. W. Shaw, Victoria.

Corresponding Sec., A. R. Wetmore, Clifton.

County vice-presidents: Albert, J. R. Paisley, Beaver Brook. Carleton, Dr. McIntosh, Hartland. Charlotte, Stanley Wilson, Rolling Dam.

Gloucester, S. Dunas, Grand Anse. Kent, Premilley Johnson, St. Paul. Kings, Leslie Wood, Carter's Point. Madawaska, G. A. Bernier, Edmundston.

Northumberland, A. J. Dickson, Chatham.

Queens, Isaac Baird, Chipman. Restigouche, John McKinnon, Eel River.

St. John, Alex. Johnston, Upper Loch Lomond.

Sunbury, H. L. Dibblee, Hovt.

Victoria, Donald Innes, Tobique.

Westmorland, Frank Fawcett, Sackville.

York, W. H. Moore, Scotch Lake.

Vice-President-elect Gaudet took the chair in the absence of the president-elect.

On the motion of S. L. Peters, a vote of thanks was tendered the retiring president, J. T. Prescott.

R. P. STEEVES.

Mr. R. P. Steeves, director of elementary agricultural education, then addressed the convention. He dealt with the importance of agricultural education in the rural schools as a means of keeping young people on the farms. It was in such schools that the importance of agriculture was to be taught.

HON. J. A. MURRAY.

Hon. J. A. Murray, minister of agriculture and acting premier, was then heard. His absence had been enforced as he had been called to

Ottawa on important public business. He had been particularly pleased to hear Mr. Steeves' address, for the importance of rural schools was generally recognized.

Hon. Mr. Murray stated that he was pleased to learn that this had been the most successful session of the Association ever held. In the past the Association had done great work and the fact that a successful convention had again been held was a subject for congratulation.

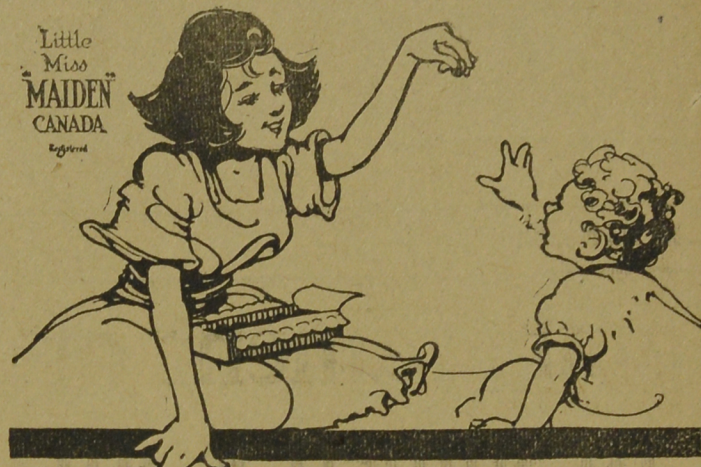
During the day the Association had been favored with addresses on live-stock by one of the best authorities in Canada. Live-stock and dairymen were two of the most important matters before the public. He had noticed that the convention had passed a resolution favoring the establishment of a central dairy school in connection with the Agricultural School at Truro. Such he thought, was the correct policy and was that on which he had decided. New Brunswick however, had been in the forefront in dairy education. It had been only within the past few years that such education had been attempted and he could say without fear of contradiction that New Brunswick had made more progress than any other province during a similar time.

Hon. Mr. Murray also referred to the request of the Association for a French speaker during at least one session at future conventions. He would be pleased to accede to the wishes of the Association. (Applause).

Hon. Mr. Murray also referred to the fact that during the year five of the officials of his department had heard the call of country and enlisted. He regretted that the Association again had met with the shadow of war hanging over the land, but foretold a final triumph for the forces of liberty and right.

PTOF. BARTON.

Prof. Barton of MacDonald College, then was heard in connection with the live-stock situation. He was particularly pleased to see that the hog had been given the post of honor at the close of the program. In practically all lines of live-stock there was a boom on but in spite of that Canada (Continued on page six)



The Life of a Child

is full of perils — all children love chocolate, but great care must be taken in the selection of such confectionery. Parents may rest assured that absolutely nothing but the best cocoa beans, sugar and milk are used in the manufacture of this famous, dainty confection. — Let them eat plenty.

COWAN'S
MAPLE BUDS
A dainty Solid Chocolate

A-25

-shear facts

Shear facts are important facts in your appearance—hand tailored, made-to-measure clothes are cut from the cloth one at a time—by a shears in the hands of a clever cutter—from the "plans and specifications" of your own body.

Quite naturally, clothes so made have very distinct advantages—personality, is a very apparent characteristic of them—they truly and accurately fit you.

When you let us tailor a suit to your measure you get the advantage of shear cutting, hand tailoring, attractive designing, fine fabrics and real fit.

ART CLOTHES
COOK BROS. & CO. ALLEN LIMITED

Fred B. Edgecombe Co., Ltd.

