

BEIRUT DELIVERED AND THE END OF TURKISH OPPRESSION APPROCHES

(New York Sun.)

Beirut, occupied by the French, lies on the coast of Syria, where French protection historically extends. After the massacres of Christians in 1860, Napoleon III occupied the country for some months in order to shelter the Syrians from Turkish fury. Quite naturally therefore the part of re-entering and succoring this stricken land falls to French troops and warships.

The route from Beirut to Damascus, a rough journey of some fifty miles through the Lebanon range, now lies in the Allies' hands. Owing to the collapse of the Turks and Germans opposing the advance, the Allies have good prospects of going on unchecked. The redemption of this whole coast from Turkish oppression will constitute a mighty end in itself, apart from its effect on the general outcome of the war.

Fortunately, the old British policy of maintaining the Ottoman in his dominions has gone definitely to pieces; an ill-starred policy which prepared Turkey a tool for the Prussian hand. This eventually was the cause of the isolation and downfall of our Russian ally. So thoroughly discredited is this one time policy that no danger exists of its resurrection. The lands south of Alexandretta will never fall back into Turkish clutches. The dispossession of their bad master is already half accomplished as a matter of space, and more than half, in all probability, as a matter of time. The end of the Turkish night upon these shores approaches.

TRAINING THEM ALL TO HELP KEEP HOUSE

(Chicago News)

"The ice man called today and I bought a book," said the handsome Mrs. Jellybean to her amiable husband. "I just leave the book on the back porch when I am not at home and he fills the refrigerator with ice and tears the right amount of coupons out of the book and goes on about his business."

"Fine!" commented Jellybean. "These days the housewife is too busy with food conservation business Red Cross fetes, tea fights and movies to stick around home all day waiting for the ice man to come, and it is no more than right that the ice man should take up part of the woman's burden and see that the refrigerator is kept frosty and cool and the viands sweet."

"And I have instructed the grocery boy when he comes to put the fruit and the butter in the refrigerator for me," continued the handsome Mrs. Jellybean. "And the butcher unwraps the meat and puts it on the ice."

"And the milkman puts the milk in the refrigerator too."

"Of course I am at home when the milkman comes, but I am never up, and there is no reason why the milkman shouldn't put the milk in the refrigerator."

"Of course not," said Jellybean. "It is no trouble for him to do that and I think he should be instructed to open and close the door as softly as possible lest he should disturb us in our early morning slumbers. We don't care how much noise the butcher boy and the grocery boy and the daytime callers make, but we should insist that the milkman go about his duties quietly and in an orderly manner."

"By the way, have the grocery boy and the butcher boy and the butter man and the milkman all been instructed as to the exact part of the refrigerator which they are to deposit their various wares?"

"The ice man knows where to put the ice, but do the rest of them know where to put the groceries and meat and the other comestibles?"

"Some people put the meat as near the ice as possible, while others prefer their fruit nearest the ice. There might be some jostling among the tradesmen as to which should have the place of honor for their wares. And some people pour off the top of the milk for cream. Couldn't the milkman do that? And the fruit keeps better if any soft spots are pared away. Why couldn't the fruit man do that? It is very important."

"And if you are not home why could not the butcher's boy put the meat on to cook if necessary? He would thereby set a fine example for the grocery boy, who could peel a few potatoes and place them on the stove alongside the meat. Such co-operation would be a wonderful boon to the housekeeper in these stirring days."

"You're horrid!" said the handsome Mrs. Jellybean. "And if you think you are funny you're making a terrible mistake."

When the boys come home from the war and begin to tell of their wounds, we hopefully expect the woman who boasts of her "operation" to curl up and hold her peace.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Hitchcock*

FLOWERS FOR ALL OF THEM IN FRANCE

Two little French girls down the road ahead of us had been picking late flowers in some field and now they were homeward bound to give them to their mother. Sandy and I watched them as they went dancing along singing some song they had learned at school. France is loaded with flowers and little girls who always seem to be singing.

Suddenly we saw them stop and one little girl pointed to the side of the road. For a half minute they seemed to be arguing some point and then they both turned off the white ribbon road and were lost to view. Soon, however, we saw them again—but now they had no flowers in their hands.

We were walking some distance behind them and as we approached the point where the little girls had turned

ONE DOSE RELIEVES A COLD—NO QUININE

Take "Pape's Cold Compound" every two hours until you have taken three doses, then all gripe misery goes and your cold will be broken. It promptly opens your clogged-up nostrils and the air passages of the head; stops nasty discharge or nose running; relieves the headache, dullness, feverishness, sore throat, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.

Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing and sniffing. Ease your throbbing head—nothing else in the world gives such prompt relief as "Pape's Cold Compound," which costs only a few cents at any drug store.

from the road we wondered where they had been and what they had done with their flowers. We saw now

To the right was the grave of a French soldier, marked out with a rustic fence of white barked saplings with a wooden cross at the head. And where the heart would have been lay two great bouquets of flowers.

"Well, what do you think of that?"

Sandy said slow. "They didn't know who that soldier was but they gave him their flowers. Wasn't that nice? Say, France is just sprinkled with graves, ain't she?"

Under Cover

"I see the kaiser took to the cellar during a recent air bombardment."

"I thought that was about his size. Most kings of history, even the worthless ones, have been willing to take a chance on being shot at. That has always been considered part of a king's job."

I nodded yes and then Sandy went on: "Mostly French and British graves so far, but I guess it won't be very long until there'll be thousands of American graves, too. Just think of that, Danny—Say do you suppose American graves will have flowers, too?"

And I thought of how I had stood in a beautiful cemetery on the brow of a wooded hill on Decoration day and with other soldiers watched a score of little French children scatter flowers on the graves of American boys. Then I thought of these two little girls who had placed their flowers on the grave of this unknown hero.

So I told Sandy there'd always be flowers for every one of America's dead in France.

IT REALLY DOES

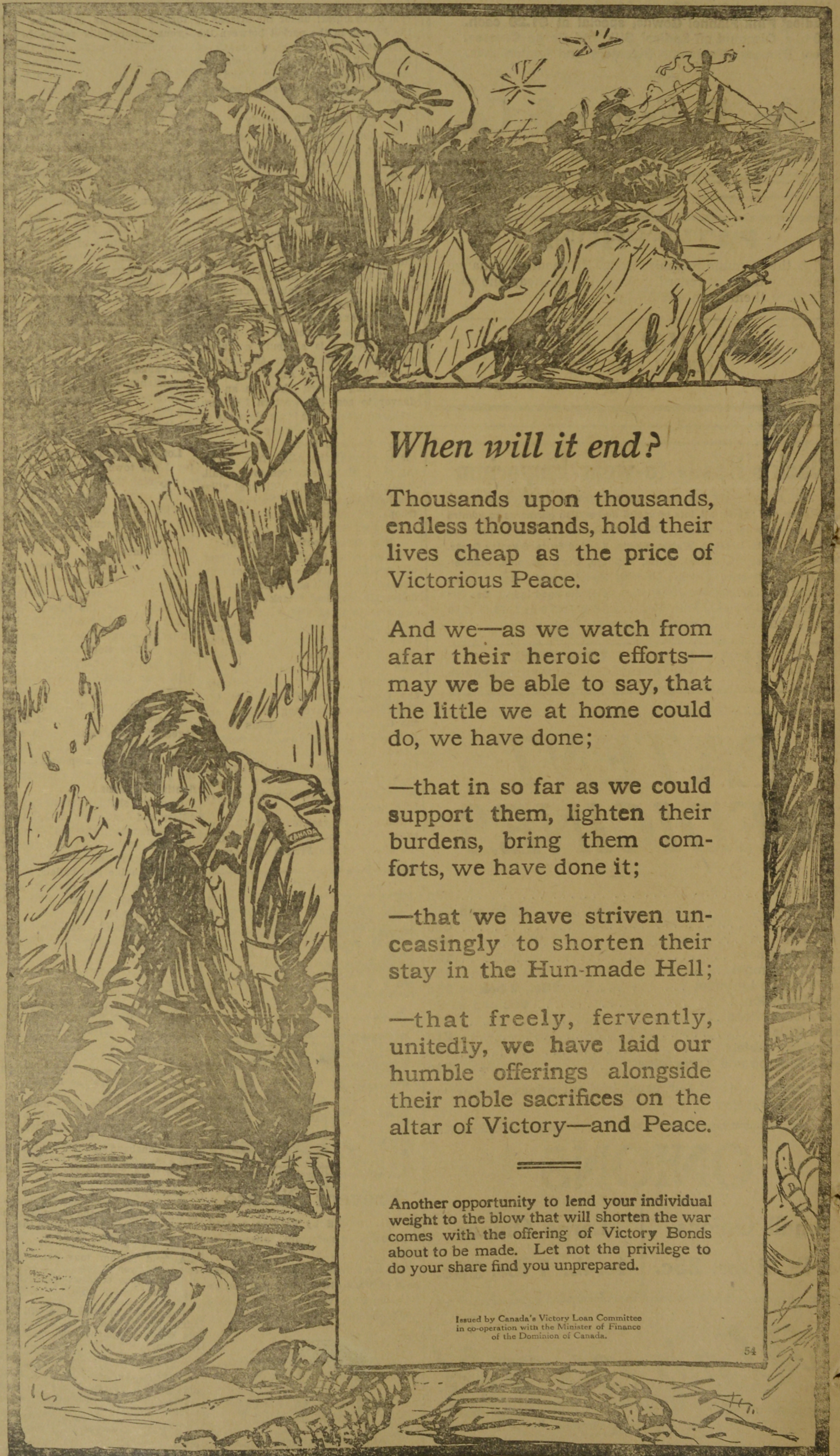
end pain, prevent festering and heal. This is why those who have once used Zam-Buk will never use any other ointment.

Miss Viola Hubley, of Upper Goshen, N.B., writes: "My sister had sores on her foot that commenced like boils and then discharged. She suffered such intense pain that she could not wear her shoes and had to remain in the house. We commenced using Zam-Buk and the pain soon disappeared. Then the sores stopped discharging and before long the places were entirely healed over. We shall never be without Zam-Buk again."

For eczema, blood-poisoning and piles, cuts and burns Zam-Buk is equally good. All dealers, 50c box.

Zam-Buk

The Hun wants peace—and he wants what he wants when he wants it.



When will it end?

Thousands upon thousands, endless thousands, hold their lives cheap as the price of Victorious Peace.

And we—as we watch from afar their heroic efforts—may we be able to say, that the little we at home could do, we have done;

—that in so far as we could support them, lighten their burdens, bring them comforts, we have done it;

—that we have striven unceasingly to shorten their stay in the Hun-made Hell;

—that freely, fervently, unitedly, we have laid our humble offerings alongside their noble sacrifices on the altar of Victory—and Peace.

Another opportunity to lend your individual weight to the blow that will shorten the war comes with the offering of Victory Bonds about to be made. Let not the privilege to do your share find you unprepared.

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee in co-operation with the Minister of Finance of the Dominion of Canada.

NO GIRL NEED HAVE A BLOTCHED FACE

Whether it be in capturing the heart of man, or making her way through the world by the toil of her hands, a charming and pretty face gives any girl a big advantage. Poor complexion and rough, sallow skin are caused by blood disorders. The cure is simple. Just use Dr. Hamilton's Pills—a reliable family remedy that has for years been the foremost blood remedy in America. That soft glow will return to the cheeks, the eyes will brighten, appetite will improve, strength and endurance will come because sound health has been established. Get a 25c. box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills today. Sold everywhere.

EARLY PULLETS MAKE THE BEST WINTER LAYERS

For profitable early winter egg production the early hatched pullet is three times better than the late pullet four times better than the yearling hen and thirty times better than the "aged" hen.

Early pullets are best for winter eggs. This has been demonstrated many times. The Poultry Division Experimental Farm, has collected figures for several years and when three months (November, December and January) only are taken into consideration the relative profitability of the four ages is as noted above. If the six winter months were considered the contrast would not be so striking for the hens and the late pullets were just beginning to lay when the experiment closed. However if eggs alone are to be considered we cannot afford to feed birds until towards spring before they produce. Even if desired for breeding it is a question if, with the high price of feed we had not better rely upon the well matured pullet for hatching eggs next spring rather than feed hens that will not produce or only at a loss. Certainly there is no excuse whatever for keeping in our poultry houses late pullets whose eggs cost more than they are worth and birds that are absolutely useless as breeders.

This summary is of results that extend over four years and are taken from several of the farms of the system so that the figures will indicate fairly well what may be expected for these three months.

These figures show that early pullets (hatched before May 1st) produced eggs at a cost of feed of 18.3 cents. The late pullets (hatched after May 15th) at a cost of 56 cents. The year old hens at a cost of 78. cents and for every dozen eggs laid by the hens in the aged class the cost of feed was \$5.73.

Again these facts should be emphasized (1) that for profitable egg production birds should lay before February. (2) Early well matured pullets are the only birds that may be expected to do this. (3) Late pullets as a rule will not pay to keep. (4) For eggs hens are not profitable. (5) If we have a good flock of early pullets, for the time being depend upon them for breeding. (6) It is a national loss to keep birds that eat a dollars worth of feed to produce fifty cents worth of eggs.

Strong For It

"I think my boy will do well in the army."

"Why?"

"I see the scheme is to carry on."

"Yes?"

"And he always was great at carrying on."

Gosh daggett! you made an awful mess of that patriotic potato transaction.

These be happy days for the old ladies of both sexes who know a sure cure for the gripple.