

# INFLUENCE OF WAR EXTENDS TO ALL CLASSES OF PEOPLE

Chuck Claimed That the Biggest War That Julius Caesar Ever Saw was Like a Game of Marbles Compared with the Rough House in France—Says Foch Has All the Big Ones Faded—Women Carried Through the Conservation Idea.

(Chicago News)

The influence of the war reaches into every life. I see Chuck Hetherly go past my door, rejoicing in his strength; yet I have the assurance of Dave Grissom that if it were not for the war Chuck would be lying bruised and broken in the hospital at this moment.

Chuck is the most formidable man on the town site. A load of hay looks small beside him. He is skilled in athletic stunts and has a voice that drowns the fire department whistle.

The other day Chuck backed me up against a tree and began to explain that Foch is the greatest soldier the world has ever saw.

"I grant," he said "that Julius H. Caesar was no slouch in his day, but the biggest war he ever saw was a mere game of marbles in the alley compared with the roughhouse in France. Men fought then with bows and arrows and squirtguns. A war wasn't half as damaging as a Thanksgiving football game at an American college. I wouldn't try to rob Jule of one of his laurels, but his greatest admirers must admit that he wasn't in the same class with Foch."

"Oh, yes Napoleon was wearing bells a hundred years or more ago, but the same objection holds good. His wars were matinee affairs compared with the main performance under Foch. Napoleon was a good cross roads general, but he never was among the sky scrapers."

It was here that Dave Grissom butted in. He sidled up without invitation and began: "See here Chuck, Napoleon was the greatest—"

Chuck bestowed one sidelong glance upon him, then mashed his hat down over his face and pushed him off the sidewalk into a mudhole. After which he resumed his discourse as though nothing had happened.

"This man Foch," he went on, "has them all faded. Hannibal and Alexander and Marlborough and Prince Eugene were all selling platters beside him. If you hear any man say a word against Foch, just send him to me, and I'll stand him on his head and make him listen to reason."

I promised to do so, and Chuck went his way to expound his views to some other victim. Dave had painfully crawled from the mud and was standing on the edge of the sidewalk contemplating his ruined hat.

"I didn't think you'd stand for that Dave," I said. "You've always claimed to be a rip snorting fire eater and yet you didn't let out a peep when Chuck spoiled your bonnet and pushed you into the mud."

"There's a time to preach and a time to dance," replied Dave; "there's also a time to make a dent in Chuck Hetherly's head, and when the hour strikes just watch my smoke and be ready with a stretcher to carry his mangled frame to the hospital."

"When I slid into the mud and realized that my millinery was spoiled my first impulse was to strew Chuck over the landscape in small fragments. But the thought came to me, like a flash of lightning that this would afford great comfort to the German kaiser and his generals. It's just what they're working and scheming for, to create dissension and discord in our ranks. We must convince them at all hazards and sacrifices that we are as one man at this crucial time. If I had plastered Chuck all over the

street the news would have reached the kaiser, and he'd have said, 'Aha! Oho! The Americans are fighting among themselves!'

"Just wait until the war is over and see what happens to Chuck Hetherly."

"The conservation ideas never could have been carried through so successfully, but for the women," argued Judge Harris. "Men agree that conservation is necessary to save the world for democracy but they are willing to let others do most of the conserving. I've always put four lumps of sugar in my coffee and when the sugar restrictions went into effect I expected to go ahead on the same basis. The missus wouldn't stand for it. She doled out two sickly lumps for me at each meal and that was the limit. I thought I had sufficient pull with her to get three lumps and tried hard, but there was nothing doing."

"Women are inflexible, uncompromising, in their patriotism," said Rube Holliday, in melancholy tones. "Men, as a rule are glad to be patriotic in a large way but they hate to be bothered with the little things. I like to go to the bank and plank down a hundred bones and buy a new bond, but I hate to buy green thrift stamps at a quarter a throw."

"The way my wife economizes is a caution to tightwads, and sometimes I wish the war was over so we could get back to the old ways. Said old ways may land us in the poorhouse in the end, but they are comfortable."

"Last winter there was a coal shortage at our house and I bought a lot of oak wood and burned it in the furnace in the spring I hired a man to take away the ashes and while he was carrying them out of the cellar he was chump enough to tell my wife that oak ashes made the best lye in the world and the soap made from such lye was incomparable. I don't suppose he meant any harm but we meet as strangers now."

"Of course, my wife commandeered all the ashes and announced that we'd make our own soap in the fall. We made it or at least I made it. I was the fall guy. I did all the manual labor, while Betsy stood around with a book of instructions in her hand and told me what to do next."

"At last the soap was made and we are using it at our house right along. It's the blameworthy stuff you ever saw. It's the color of last year's mud and it's in little blocks. It is so hard you can't dent it with an axe. If you ever rubbed yourself down with a vitrified brick you will know how it feels to use that soap in the bathroom."

"Last Saturday I sneaked home a cake of real soap I bought at the drug store and used it washing my head. My wife came to the bathroom door, sniffing like a bloodhound on the trail. When I opened the door she pointed an accusing finger at me and cried 'Slacker!' I felt like Benedict Arnold. She took away the drugstore soap and hid it somewhere until after the war and I have to use that sandpaper soap."

"We had the best washwoman in the United States. She had washed for us for seven years and our relations were most cordial. When my wife unloaded some of the homemade soap on her and said it had to be used for laundry purposes thereafter the good woman said she'd be hanged if she'd use it. She was willing to sacrifice anything in reason for her country and flag, but she draw the line at washing with vulcanized soap. Much as Betsy treasured her, she let the woman go rather than yield on the soap question. It may be the spirit of Bunker Hill, but it makes home life mighty uncomfortable."

## Never Looked at The Piano

After witnessing the performance of a blind pianist one Irishman remarked to another:

"Be the powers, that's the best music I ever heard with me two ears."

"He does pretty well for a blind man, doesn't he?"

"He does, indeed, but I was just thinking wan thing."

"What's that?"

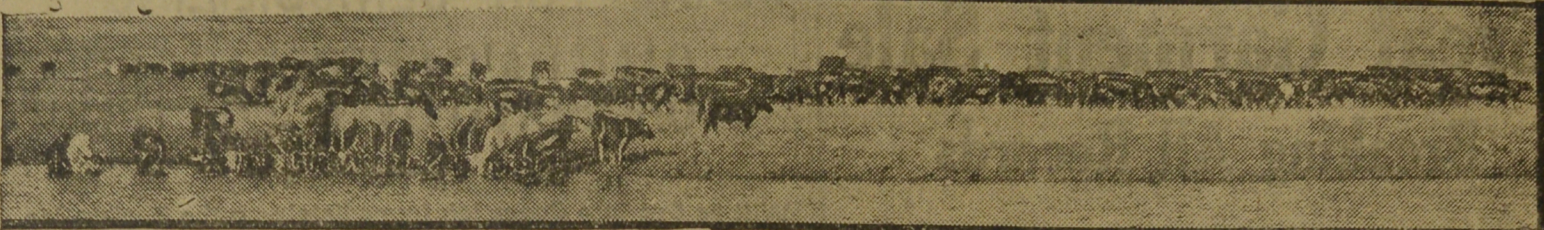
"It wouldn't make any difference to him if he wasn't blind."

"Why not?"

"Well, I was watching him all the evening and he never looks at the piano, anyhow."

When the gossips hear a man slam a door violently on leaving in the morning they make up their minds to run over during the day and call on his wife and find out what it was all about.

## Maintaining Beef Cattle a Public Service

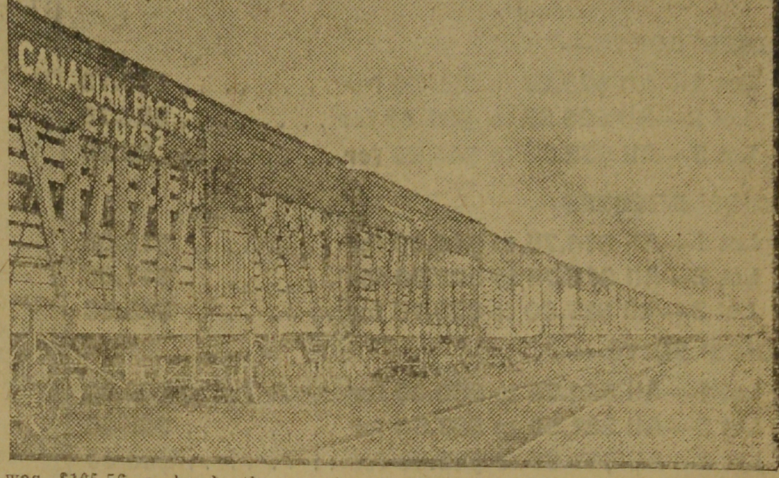


FARMERS who developed their cattle business yesterday are reaping large profits to-day; those who are developing it to-day will be well remunerated in the future. Because the ysee more money in cattle in the next few years than ever there has been in the past, far sighted men are buying stock and holding them. The enormous depletion that has been going on in Europe for the last four years, and which is now taking place on this continent, has already placed good cattle at a premium. The demand will not be modified by the termination of the war. Then will be the time when the herds will have to be built up again. And the building up process will require years. All this points to high prices for a long while to come, which will benefit the man who is devoting himself to the cattle business now.

More than in any other country, perhaps, is there room for the expansion of the live stock industry in Western Canada. Here are still enormous areas of pasture lands practically unused. Here can the most nutritious fodders be grown in sufficient quantity to support many times the number of cattle now being supported. For a number of years the finishing of cattle has been an important phase in the efforts of a comparatively few farmers, who have found it a very paying business. That more and more farmers are beginning to realize how favorable the conditions on the Canadian prairies are to the finishing of cattle is evidenced by the increase in the

numbers of animals brought to maturity. The figures of Saskatchewan, which are now available, convey an idea of what is going on throughout the prairie west of Canada. In 1915, farmers of this province purchased 9,330 head of immature live stock at the Union Stock Yards at Winnipeg for the purpose of finishing; in 1916, 23,245 head were imported; while in 1917 the number increased to 36,323. During this period, from 1915 to 1917 the number of live stock exported from the province rose from 60,378 to 137,357. Despite this doubling of the number of cattle exported in a period of two years a steady increase in the number of cattle remaining on the farms is being maintained.

Two recent instances will show how remunerative the finishing of cattle is proving to Western Canadian farmers. On March 4th last, James Tully, a Manitoba farmer, purchased twenty-five head of cattle weighing on an average 1,040 pounds a head at \$16.10 a hundred pounds. Six months later these steers went over the scales showing an average weight of 1,442 pounds, and were sold for \$14.60. The animals had no special care. When taken to Mr. Tully's farm they were allowed to help themselves to the strawstacks until the grass began to grow. No grain was given to them. They were practically grass fed steers. An average gain of four hundred and two pounds per head was made, and with the increase in price of \$4.50 a hundred pounds, the gross profit on the transaction



was \$105.56 a head, the purchase price being \$105.04 a head, and the selling price \$210.60. The total expenses, including commission at the time of buying, freight to the farm, care on the range, freight to market, feed and care in the market and commission on the sale, was less than \$10, so that the net profit was almost one hundred per cent.

W. R. Davidson, of Senlac, Saskatchewan, has even better results to show on forty head of cattle which he purchased at the Union Stock Yards at Winnipeg a little over a year ago. On these steers he claims to have made a net profit of hundred per cent. Their total cost, including the freight from Winnipeg to Senlac,

a distance of more than two hundred miles, was just over \$82 a head, or nearly \$2,500 for the lot. They were sold last month for \$5,000 at the local station. As was the case with Mr. Tully's cattle these animals were given no grain. During the winter they were fed on bran and straw, and from the spring onwards finished on grass.

Mr. Davidson showed his faith in the business by immediately buying seventy head of two year old steers at Winnipeg. The price he paid worked out at an average of \$69.10 a head, but he expects that his percentage of profit on these animals will be equally as great, is not greater, than on the cattle he has sold this year.

## SOME WARTIME EXPECTATIONS AT JAY CORNER

(Chicago News)

"I have just received a lot of literature from Washington," said Cadmus Martin, as he came out of the post office. "Most of it is about things we ought to do to conserve our resources and help feed the nations. The ideas in themselves are all right, but the officials who originate or indorse them should get together. If they don't there is going to be more kinds of trouble in this country than you could count with an adding machine."

Mr. Martin leaned against the fender of a car at the curb and sorted over his mail.

"Now, this war garden idea is all right," he admitted, "although any man of experience can see that the people who are boosting it wouldn't know a war garden from one of the hanging gardens of Babylon. They even get out a magazine with colored pictures, telling us how to raise cucumbers in our castoff overshoes and how to make beet vines climb a trellis against the wall."

"Now, here's a pamphlet explaining that every family should keep half a dozen hens. These hens will lay nice refreshing eggs and thus reduce our meat bills. Later on they may be killed and eaten, causing a noteworthy saving. Don't you see how such schemes are going to set the whole neighborhoods by the ears and perhaps cause riots and insurrections?"

"I am something of a war gardener myself. I don't believe anybody in Washington can show me new curves in the cultivation of marrowfat peas, string beans or other vegetable wonders. This year my garden sassed simply triumphant. My next door neighbor is Bud Moran. He set out in the spring to have a war garden that would make the kaiser take to the

underbrush, but it was all a new stunt to him. When he found that weeds grow faster than eggplant he became discouraged and let his garden slide. He didn't harvest 5 cent's worth of eatables out of his whole patch."

"It's safe to say that he'll never tinker with another garden, whereas I have already prepared the blue prints for my garden for next year. Bud is anxious to do what he can to help, however, and when he gets one of these circulars saying that every patriotic citizen should keep hens he'll blow himself for a dozen as soon as he can chase himself to the nearest henry."

"Dou you suppose I can have a sumptuous garden if Bud has a colossal aggregation of sacred white hens and roosters next summer? The two don't go together. A hen and a garden can't exist in the same neighborhood. I look into the future and see myself and Bud imparting black eyes and bloody noses to each other, and shudder as I gaze."

"Now, here's another circular telling us that every father of a family should

buy a pig in the spring. He can feed it on the household scraps, and, in the late fall, can slay it and have a great wad of luscious pork for his family. Suppose we all take up that graft. How long do you reckon it will be before the health authorities come along and confiscate our pigs, saying they are filling the air with deadly germs? And how much do you think we'll be fined for maintaining a public nuisance? Oh by ginger, if we take all the advice we get this country will be one huge merry-go-round a year from now."

## NERVOUS AILMENTS

Few people realize that nervous ailments often arise from digestive troubles. The stomach fails, for some reason, to digest food properly. Then the system languishes and the nerves become exhausted in striving to continue their work. Impure blood also causes nerve troubles, but frequently it is in the stomach where the mischief starts. As the nourishment is carried to the nerves by the blood, it will be seen what an important connection exists between the stomach, the nerves and the blood, and how such troubles as nervous headaches, nervous dyspepsia

and insomnia may begin.

In such cases relief is easily obtainable by means of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills replenish the blood with the food elements on which the nerves thrive; at the same time they exercise a tonic influence on the digestive organs, enabling the system to derive nourishment from the food taken. By this perfectly natural process nervous ills are steadily dispelled by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. If you are suffering from nerves, or require a blood-making tonic, give these pills a fair trial, and see how speedily the best of health will be yours.

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