

Come, Let Mother See!

When the child droops, won't play or is restless, pale and grumpy, look to see if the tongue is white, the breath feverish, the stomach sour. Then hurry, mother, but don't worry! Give Cascarets, the harmless candy cathartic. Children take Cascarets without coaxing—only 10 cents a box!



TO MOTHERS! Nothing else "works" the nasty bile, the sour fermentations and constipation poison so gently but so thoroughly from the little stomach, liver and bowels like harmless Cascarets. While children usually fight against laxatives and cathartics, they gladly eat a candy Cascaret. Cascarets never gripe the bowels, never sicken, never disappoint the worried mother. Each 10 cent box of Cascarets contains directions for dose for children aged one year old and upwards.

POETIC JUSTICE IN THE ENDING OF THE WAR AT MONS AND SEDAN

Both Places the Names of Terrible Memories—Mons the Beginning of England's Sacrifice, the Graveyard of the "Old Contemptibles"; Sedan a Place Figurative of France's Fall from the First Position in Europe.

(New York Times.)

There was a poetic justice in the place of the war's end. It ended at one extremity of the battle line, with the British entry into Mons; at the other with the French and American entry into Sedan. It may be said that the war ended in a figure of speech. Mons was not a city to the British, Sedan was not a city to the French. Both were the names of terrible memories. Mons was the beginning of the desolation of English homes; the graveyard of the "Old Contemptibles" begins at Mons. Sedan was not a city, it was the fall of France from the first position in Europe; after it she crouched for more than forty years in the threatening shadow of the German. When the British marched into Mons and the French into Sedan, the war ended; it seems as if it could not do otherwise than end. It was the dramatic climax of the play, the downfall of the criminal at the scene of his crime, the triumph of the wronged at the place of wrong. In a large sense, the German victories at Sedan and Mons were equally battles in this war. This war did not begin in 1914, it began in 1870. The Germans then began their sloop upon the world. The years between 1871 and 1914 were merely the years of a truce. The rest of mankind supposed them to be years of peace, but they were not. Germany was using them in preparation for the resumption of hostilities. It was a long truce, because Germany needed much preparation for their resumption on so large a scale.

What we have regarded as the war of 1870-71 was not a war so much as a campaign, the first campaign in the war for Weltmacht oder Niedergang. That war has now been fought out, not to Weltmacht, but to Niedergang, and the British are in Mons and the French in Sedan.

Because the British had regarded these years as years of peace instead of truce, Britain had no military force but General French's "contemptible little army." When the Germans, being ready at last, ended the truce and resumed the war, Britain gallantly flung that little army into the breach, and the German giant fell on it at Mons. Then began that long crucifixion which ended only when Joffre saved the world at the Marne; and England was under a pall of sorrow that has never lifted. There is a glory round her face today, but through it shines, and will ever shine, her tears for the heroic dead. No, the war could not have ended before the British entered Mons.

There was a race between the Americans and the French to enter Sedan first. If the Americans won, it was that they might return Yorktown to the French at Sedan. But for the French there might have been no Yorktown for the Americans, and but for the Americans there might have been no Sedan for the French. Thus, for the Americans too the war ended in a figure of speech. Rochambeau and Washington raced for Sedan; if Washington won the race, it was to return a gift.

HEAVY LOSSES

(Continued from page 3.)

ures are employed, and perfect storage provided.

The decay of potatoes in storage may be caused by a number of organisms, while each organism may have its own particular form of attack; still it is gratifying to know that the remedial measures are the same in each case.

The following suggestions regarding the storage of potatoes, if followed carefully, will practically eliminate the losses from decay of potatoes in storage.

1. Spray your potatoes frequently and carefully during the summer with Bordeaux mixture.
2. Delay digging your potatoes, if possible until the tops are dead and dry.
3. Avoid covering potatoes, after they are dug, with the tops, to protect them from sun or frost.
4. Carefully examine all potatoes to be stored, and remove immature, broken, cracked, chipped, sunbitten, frost-bitten or diseased tubers.
5. Never store your potatoes while wet.
6. Have the tubers free from dirt. If dirty, the soil fills up the spaces between the tubers and prevents the circulation of air.
7. Provide a dry cellar with abundant ventilation where the temperature can be between 34 degrees and 40 degrees F.
8. Keep the storage room cool as possible directly after the product is stored.
9. Fill your bins gradually; by so doing, the potatoes that are put in first have lost their heat before they are covered by another layer.
10. Carefully sort your stored potatoes at intervals during storage, and remove all tubers showing signs of disease or decay.

There are plenty of things to talk about besides war, but the trouble is we never can think what they are.

One doesn't buy a tin lizzie for the sake of the tin.

We wish to officially announce that Joan of Arc was not the wife of Jonah.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.



A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, \$1; No. 2, 50¢; No. 3, 25¢ per bottle. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor).

make some men ashamed of themselves.

"Before the war my wife and two girls wouldn't lay a hand to any job that was out of their own sphere of usefulness. They were willing to keep house and compound butter and such things, but they drew the line at what they considered man's work. Two years ago the help was mighty scarce and I had a field of alfalfa that needed mowing the worst way. It seemed impossible to hire men at any price and I appealed to the women.

"I don't suppose any man could be more eloquent than I was. I pointed out that tooling a mowing machine was in reality a soft snap. All a woman had to do was to sit on a handsomely painted iron seat, drive a pair of prancing chargers and pull a lever at stated intervals. The machinery did the rest.

"With tears streaming down my toll worn features, I demonstrated that the alfalfa would be ruined if it wasn't mowed right away. My wife who was the spokesman for the bunch, couldn't be moved. She said that we lived in the United States, not Germany, and she didn't believe in having women work in the field. It didn't seem the right thing in a country that boasted of its bulwarks and palladiums. Better that all the alfalfa on the place should spoil than to have passers-by see women at work in the baking sun on a man's job.

"If we consented to do this, Henry," said she, in the fall you would be asking us to go and shuck corn and whack up cordwood and butcher hogs.

Then she quoted a thrilling narrative about an Arab who allowed his camel to put its head inside his tent and the first thing he knew the camel had edged its whole carcass in, while the Arab was outdoors among the fresh air. I knew in my heart that the women were right in the stand they took but nevertheless I felt aggrieved and downtrodden and thought there ought to be a law.

"Well, you should have seen those women when war developed into a condition from being a theory. They forgot all about the camel and the Arab and just sailed in to any work that needed doing. My daughters who used to study music and art in their spare time, now have uniforms like the one worn by that gasoline girl, and they tackle any old job on the farm with a patriotic enthusiasm that makes me feel like throwing my hat over the barn whenever I look at them.

"When normal conditions are restored I expect they'll resurrect the Arab and his camel and I'll indorse whatever they do."

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HISTORIC SCENE, SURRENDER OF GERMAN FLEET, TO BE PAINTED

London, Nov. 21.—The historic scene in Admiral Sir David Beatty's cabin on the Queen Elizabeth, when the German delegates arranged for the surrender of the German fleet, is to be placed on canvas by Sir John Lavery, of the Royal Academy. Sir John made a special visit to the Grand Fleet at the request of the British Admiralty to make the preliminary sketches for the painting. He was present in the Admiral's cabin during the whole of the conference and painted a finished study of the scene, which will serve as a basis for the big canvas which he hopes to complete in the next few months.

There will be fifteen figures in the painting, including Admiral Beatty, Vice-Admiral Sir Montague Browning, Rear Admiral Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt and the five German delegates.

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"Can you tell me of a good home made furniture polish?" inquired Mrs. Newlywed.

"A good polish can be made from eight ounces of sweet oil, four ounces of turpentine and two ounces of ammonia. Apply with a soft cloth and polish with a woollen cloth," answered Mrs. Neighbor.

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Minard's Liniment Co., Limited
Yarmouth, N.S.

WARTIME NEWS REPORTED FROM JAY CORNER

(Chicago News)

Henry Beckwith who has a big farm north of town brought in some chickens, for which he received a fabulous sum. Then he drove his car up in front of the filling station and tooted his horn. A girl in overalls came out and supplied the car with gas and oil. She was quick in her movements and pleasant in her manner, and Henry smiled approval as he paid her the money.

"The women are mighty good sports said he when I climbed into the front seat for a ride home. "In our hours of ease they may be uncertain coy and hard to please, as the poet says, but when some emergency comes along they take hold in a way that ought to