

GENERAL FAILING.

A young man's wife presented him with twins. He growled a little at first but he soon became reconciled—more than reconciled.

A week or so after the twins came he saw from the window a woman wheeling a baby carriage that contained a bouncing babe. He gave a loud sneering laugh at the sight.

"Well, well, doesn't a woman look queer with only one child?" he said.

MY LADY'S PETTICOAT.

My lady's feet in other days
Like little mice stole out and in.
Her petticoat, tradition says,
Was not abbreviated, then.

There is scant cover for the mice
We must admit, in times like these
Her petticoat doth scarce suffice
To cover up my lady's knees.

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COURAGE OF THE SOLDIERS
MET HARDEST TEST OF WAR

Chemistry of Modern War was Too Appalling Not to Inspire
Fear, Says Phillip Gibbs, War Correspondent, Yet Man from
Ribbon Counter and Sporting Aristocrat Alike Stuck to the
Job in a Defiance Born of the Sheer Will to Win—Caesar's
Tenth Legion and the Charge of the Light Brigade Were
Outclassed Over and Over Again.

Not the immortal little band of Spar-
tans at Thermopylae, not Caesar's un-
defeated Tenth Legion, not the gal-
lant six hundred of the Light Brigade
displayed courage equal to that of the
common, ordinary soldier, the most
youthful officer, in the Great War.

It is the verdict of The Man Who
Was There, Phillip Gibbs, supreme
British correspondent who wrote the
most perfect running story of the war
for four years and a half and who
has just come to America to talk
about the soul of it.

The reason I asked Mr. Gibbs to an-
alyze the courage of the soldiers in
the world's Armageddon was because
he has paid to the men of his own
country with whom he was detailed,
quite the finest tribute offered by any-
body to any combatants. Just after
the signing of the armistice, in Mon-
—which he entered with the British
army as he had retreated from it with
that army more than four years ear-
lier—he wrote:

"I saw only two figures in this war,
now that hostilities have ceased; one
was the figure of the regimental offi-
cer, from subaltern to battalion com-
mander, the boys and their elder
brothers who went over the top at
dawn and led their men gallantly,
hiding any fear of death they had,
and who in dirty ditches and dugouts,
in mud and swamps, in fields under
fire, in ruins that were death traps, in
all the filth and misery of this war,
held fast to the pride of manhood and
in the worst hours did not weaken,
and for their country's sake and the
game they played offered up their lives
and all that life means to youth as a
free, cheap gift.

"And the other figure is Tommy,
Poor old Tommy, you have had a
rough time, and you hated it, but, by

the living God, you have been patient
and long suffering and full of grim
and silent courage, not swanking
about the things you have done, not
caring a jot for glory, not getting
much cash; but now you have done
your job and it is well done."

And even no wMr. Gibbs thinks the
"people at home" do not understand
the quality of courage displayed by
the men over there. He summed it
up in one interesting sentence.

"Any man," he told me, "who has
been through this war would consider
the Spartan fights a mere football
match.

"Why, I myself would have been a
Spartan hero," he added, with a de-
precatory smile and a careless move-
ment of the broad shoulders. He
looks, by the way, exactly as I have
always pictured Kipling's artist war
correspondent, Dick Helder, in "The
Light That Failed." Philip Gibbs has
blazing blue eyes, set deep under
thick dark lashes and delicately
arched brows, a lean, high cheek
boned, hard-bitten face, a mouth mo-
bile to every shade of expression and
such admirable proportions that he
gives the illusion of a height he does
not possess.

"People at home," he continued
earnestly "think the courage of the
soldier is a light, breezy thing, a thing
born in him, a flare and flourish such
as they have seen in melodrama. The
courage of the modern soldier is not
at all like that. It cannot be.

"Every man in the armies was afraid
For at least three days a week, on
an average, he was gripped with cold
fear. He did not like the war, nor
glory in it, he hated the shell fire and
the mud and the gas and all the in-
human destruction. But in spite of his
fear he held on, he stuck to his job
in face of the most awful danger and
suffering ever inflicted on man and
that is why his courage is the most
magnificent thing the world has ever
seen. It was defiance born of the
sheer will to win.

"Men fighting in this war had the
impression that they were contending
with something unnatural, inhuman.
The destructive forces were loosed
from such a distance that they did
not seem to come from men. They
were like great unchained forces of
nature, earthquakes, bolts of light-
ning, tornadoes, volcanic eruptions—
phenomena before which men have
always fled in terror, out of which
primitive men shaped, in fear and
trembling, their angry gods. The
chemistry of the war—its gases, high
explosives, death rained from the
sky—was too appalling not to inspire
fear. Only now and then was there
any stimulus of individual combat.
Men had to wait and wait and wait
and take death from an enemy they could
not even see.

"And yet as I have said more than
once, in the midst of all this frightful
destruction I heard more laughter at
the front than I ever heard anywhere
in the world. Men surrounded by the
fires of hell used laughter as a sort
of psychological camouflage. They
snatched every opportunity for a jest,
and the smallest jokes were passed
down the lines and repeated from one
regiment to another. Any kind of
joke would do. It represented the
courage covering their fear."

"And wasn't this courage of which
you speak found among all types and
classes of men?" I asked. "Didn't
it characterize the little ribbon clerks
as well as the colonials and the sport-
ing aristocrats?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Phillip Gibbs. "I
was talking with a general, a Scotch-
man and a Gordon. And I asked him
which men he found fought best. He
answered, 'The Londoners—because
they are fighting on their nerve, they
are fighting on their pride, they are
not fighting on their muscle.'"

"What do you take to be the basis
of this magnificent courage?" I queried.
"Patriotism?"

Mr. Gibbs' expressive face turned
mirthful. "It is dangerous to answer
that question," he said, "but if you
mentioned patriotism to the British
soldier it was the signal for a per-
fectly frightful blast of profanity.
And if you said anything about the
Empire, his language became quite
indescribable!

"Of course," he added more seri-
ously, "deep down in his heart each

soldier did love his country, although
it was the last thing he would admit.
But, as I figured it out, the thing that
kept him going was the sense that he
was playing a game which he must
win, that gas and shrapnel and mud
and bombs and machine guns were
all tricks of his opponent which he
must overcome. He was not going to
let the Boche put anything over on
him."

"What about the courage of women
at the front?" I asked.

"They stuck it magnificently," said
Major Gibbs. "Of course they were
kept away from the trenches, but
they were under bomb fire, many of
them, for weeks at a time. Some of
the women stood this better than the
soldiers. I remember a little French
girl with a braid down her back who
unconcernedly offered to take one of
our officers across the square at
Noyon to the office of the A. P. M.,
when bombs were falling all around
it and the shivers were running down
the backs of us men.

"The German soldiers were brave,
and their machine gunners were hero-
ically brave. I think we ought to
give them this credit both for their
sakes and for ours—for if we had
been fighting cowards, why did it
take us over four years to beat them?"

"There may have been cowards,"
concluded Phillip Gibbs simply, "but I
did not see them. One thing the war
certainly has achieved—it has raised
the world's faith in the average man
—who became the average hero."

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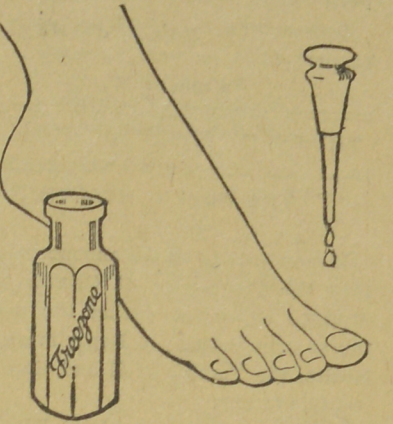


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derful.

FLU ALARMING LONDON.

London, Feb. 26.—Deaths from in-
fluenza increased at an alarming rate
last week, according to official figures
issued today. The total number of
deaths from this cause in 96 great
towns of England and Wales was
3,056 as compared with 1,136 in the
preceding week.

All reform movements are for men;
but of course they need it.

Bolshevism's new name for Russia,
"Sovdeplia," sounds like some sort of
patent dope—and practically it is.

New Head for C.P.R.

Demonstration Farms

IN being able to se-
cure the services
of George H. Hut-
ton, B.S.A., as Super-
intendent of its Agri-
culture and Animal
Industry Branch, the
Canadian Pacific
Railway is to be con-
gratulated in finding
a worthy successor
to Dr. J. G. Ruther-
ford, who has been
appointed to a seat
on the Board of Rail-
way Commissioners
for Canada. Dr.
Rutherford, who has
been a prominent
figure in livestock
circles all over the
continent for many
years, has been head
of this branch for
more than six years,
during which period
he earned the esteem
of farmers, stockmen
and others through-
out the country, and
many farmers in
Western Canada owe
a large measure of
their success to the
advice and assistance
given by him. His
successor, Mr. Hut-
ton, has had considerable experience in Western Canada, and few men are
better informed than he on the agricultural possibilities of Western Can-
ada, and particularly of Alberta. Since 1906 he has been in charge of the
Dominion Government's Experimental Station at Lacombe in Central
Alberta, where his work, especially in connection with livestock, has been
of the utmost value to farmers throughout the province and elsewhere in
the Canadian West.

Mr. Hutton has been connected with farming so long that he does not
remember when he first began. He is a thoroughly practical farmer.
During his boyhood days he did those tasks which usually fall to the lot
of a boy brought up on the farm. Later he went to college where he
obtained his B.S.A. degree in 1900. After operating a farm of his own
in Eastern Canada for about six years, he went West to take charge of the
Government's Experimental Station, which he is now leaving to take up
his appointment with the Canadian Pacific. He is known throughout
Western Canada as one of the foremost agriculturists in the country, and
his activities in connection with the live stock industry may be gathered
from the fact that he is president, vice-president or past president of six
different breeders' associations, besides holding numerous directorships.

Few men have done more than he in promoting mixed farming methods
among the farmers of Central Alberta. This he has done by showing the
immense possibilities of the country and by proving in the practical man-
ner how favorable the conditions are for the raising of live stock and
dairying. Sent to Lacombe to operate the Government Experimental Farm
there with a view to ascertaining and demonstrating the varieties of grains,
grasses, fruits, and vegetables most suitable to local conditions, and the
best methods to employ to secure most economical results, he soon saw
that if there was a great and useful field in this work, there was also a
very valuable one in the live stock industry in all its phases. He accord-
ingly suggested to the Department of Agriculture that the work of the
station should include experimentation with livestock in addition to grains
and other crops, and succeeded in convincing the head of the department
of the merits of this suggestion. From small beginnings, Mr. Hutton and
his assistants have built up at Lacombe the largest flocks and herds of any
experimental station in Canada, with the possible exception of the Central
Farm at Ottawa.

The information gained as a result of the experiments conducted at
Lacombe have been very valuable to farmers throughout Western Canada.
Hog-raising, sheep-farming, beef and milk production are all subjects that
have had most careful attention. During the last three years more than
three thousand hogs have been used on the farm in tests of various breeds
to ascertain which were the most economical pork producers under local
conditions. In a grading-up experiment with sheep now being conducted
more than four hundred ewes are included. An excellent herd of Angus
cattle has also been established, and the foundations laid for a first class
herd of Holsteins. From the sale of live stock, the farm has a revenue
running into many thousands of dollars annually.

Mr. Hutton's work with the Canadian Pacific will be along lines
similar to those along which he has previously been engaged. His new
duties will include the supervision of the system of demonstration farms
operated by this company, at which settlers in Western Canada may re-
ceive advice, based on the experience of many years as to the best farming
methods to employ, thus giving the new settler a chance to avoid many of
the mistakes likely to be made by farmers coming from a country where
different conditions prevail. Probably no other private company where
different conditions prevail. Probably no other private company where
taken so great an interest in getting the farmer started right as has the
Canadian Pacific Railway, and the appointment of a man of Mr. Hutton's
ability and experience to be the head of its Agriculture and Animal Indus-
try Branch indicates that no change in this policy is contemplated.

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