

A Word With Subscribers

It is a popular misconception that in times of War a newspaper makes money. As a matter of fact, any newspaper which tries to do its duty by its subscribers, loses money during war time. This is true of The Daily and Semi-Weekly Mail. Both of these papers, in spite of their tremendous increase in circulation, are not making any profit out of the war. This being the case, we have to ask our subscribers who are in arrears to be good enough to REMIT. If we are properly doing our duty toward you as a subscriber, we have to ask that you will carry out your duty to us by remitting promptly any amount that may be owing to us.

If you want to help us make our paper better, send us your subscription in advance. We assure you that we will spend it in improving our news service.

Accounts are now being sent out, and we will be very much indebted to you if you will give the same your prompt attention.

The Mail Printing Company

THE LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD

(By Francis Hastings Doyle.)

Right on our flank the crimson sun
Went down;
The deep sea rolled around in dark
Repose;
When, like the wild shriek from some
Captured town,
A cry of women rose.

The stout ship Birkenhead lay hard
And fast,
Caught without hope upon a hidden
Rock;
Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when
Through them passed
The spirit of that shock.

And ever like base cowards, who
Leave their ranks,
In danger's hour, before the rush of
Steel,
Drifted away disorderly the planks
From underneath her keel.

So calm the air, so calm and still
The flood,
That low down in its blue translucent
Glass
We saw the great fierce fish, that
Thirst for blood,
Pass slowly, then repass.

They tarried, the waves tarried, for
Their prey,
The sea turned out clear smile like
Things asleep
Those dark shapes in the azure silent
Lay,
As quiet as the deep.

Then, amidst oath, and prayer, and
Rush, and wreck,
Faint screams, faint questions wait-
ing no reply,
Our Colonel gave the word, and on
The deck
Formed us in line to die.

To die! 'twas hard, while the sleek
Ocean glowed
Beneath a sky as fair as summer
Flowers—
All to the boats! cried one—he was,
Thank God,
No officer of ours.

Our English hearts beat true—we
Would not stir;
That base appeal we heard, but heed-
ed not;
On land and sea, we had our Colors,
Sir,
To keep without a spot.

They shall not say in England, that
We fought
With shameful strength, unhonored
Life to seek;
Into mean safety, mean deserters,
Brought
By trampling down the weak.

So we made women with their child-
ren go,
The oars ply back again, and yet
Again;
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning
Ship sank low,
Still under steadfast men.

—What follows, why recall?—The
Brave who died,

SHEEP FOR BREEDING

Some Things to Observe in Founding
the Farm Flock

In starting a farm flock of sheep it is important that the farmer should have an ideal before him as to the kind of sheep he wants. We cannot say that there is any best breed, for each breed has its own merits and deficiencies. The mutton-producing sheep are divided into two classes—the long-wools and the Downs. Of the former we have the Leicester, Cotswolds, and Lincoln; of the latter the Shropshires, Oxford Down, Southdowns, and Hampshire Down. Both these classes of sheep have their merits. The long-wools are larger, yield a larger clip of wool, and are possibly slightly more prolific than the Downs. On the other hand, however, neither their mutton nor their wool is quite so good quality, and they are not so hardy. This latter fact is due to the nature of their fleeces, writes Donald Ewing in Farmer Magazine. Being long and open, they "part" down the centre of their back when wet. This allows the rain to penetrate to the skin of the sheep, so that they are wet through after every rain, and cold and catarrh are more or less prevalent among them during the fall and spring. Against this the wool of the Down breeds is close and tight, and even a very heavy rain does not penetrate it. After a drenching fall rain they will get up from under the fence or tree where they have found shelter, shake themselves, and be as dry and comfortable as before the rain. Added to this is the fact that the Downs yield a fine quality of mutton and wool slightly more valuable than the long-wools. Still, as we said before, we cannot claim that there is any "best" breed. Every prospective sheep-raiser must choose for himself, following his own preferences.

Selecting Sheep

Having chosen the breed, it is important that certain well-defined principles be followed in selecting the individuals. We are not dealing here with the raising of breeding stock, but of sheep-raising in a commercial way. At the same time, when selecting the foundation for the flock, it is better to get pure-breds or good grades, conforming very well to breed type, rather than cross-breds or mongrels. It lends character and value to our lambs if they conform fairly well to some recognized breed type. Aside from breed type, there are certain characters we must have.

First, we want constitution. This is indicated by a good heart-girth, bright eye, wide muzzle, and pink skin. This last I regard as rather important. If we will part the wool so that we can see the skin, we will notice a decided difference in different sheep. Some will be decidedly bluish in tinge, while others are quite pink. We should avoid bluish or pale skins, and choose a good, pink skin as indicating a good constitution and good circulation.

Then we must look for flesh-producing qualities. As the best meat is found along the back and loin, and in the hindquarters, we must look for a strong, broad back and loin, and for deep hindquarters, carrying the flesh well down toward the hock. In fact, the same general form which indicates meat form in the steer also indicates it in the sheep. The general form should be blocky and square with good top and underlines, not too long legs, and that general roundness and smoothness, as indicated by feeling the animal over, which shows quality in the sheep as well as in the steer.

The wool, though of minor importance, is still important, and we must see to it so far as we can that the sheep we are selecting to form our breeding flock have reasonably good wool-producing characteristics.

Pearls of Great Price

There was exhibited at a Court Jeweller's in Bond Street a striking collection of pearls. One magnificent rope is valued at no less than \$300,000; while for a single pear-shaped drop pearl, perfectly symmetrical, \$70,000 was asked. But probably the most exquisite article in the collection was a single necklace of gems of extraordinary hue, the matching and graduation being superb. The cost of this article was \$190,000.

If one of the stones were lost it would be impossible to replace it with an exact duplicate. Black and pink pearls also found a place in the exhibition; whilst a passing reference must be made to a pair of button-shaped ear rings valued at \$40,000.

Illicit Distilling in the Highlands

Smuggling appears still to continue in the Highlands. The Excise officers recently discovered in the district of Kintail a new smuggling still and head hidden in a cairn between the fishing village of Bundaloch and Camushnuie.

MOTHER BRITAIN AND HER SONS

We are coming, mother, coming—we are coming home to fight, To defend the empire's honor, to uphold the empire's right; From the plains of Manitoba, from the diggings of the Rand, We are coming, Mother Britain, coming home to lend a hand, From the islands and the highlands far across the seven seas; Look where'er the sun is shining and your flag is in the breeze. We'll prove our breed in your hour of need, and teach the bally Huns, Who strike at Britain, they must reckon with her sons.

We are coming, mother, coming—save a good place at the front, Where the battle wages fiercest, let your children bear the brunt; 'Tis a long way from Australia, and we've earned the right to stand In the first ranks, Mother Britain, have your orders when we land. From the islands and the highlands, On a hundred ships we hasten to your side to prove our worth. From the outposts of the earth, We've come to stick through thin or thick, and woe betide the ones Who dare to smite the mother-might, forgetting of the sons.

We are coming, Mother Britain, we are coming to your aid, There's a debt we owe our fathers, and we mean to see it paid, From the jungles of Rhodesia, from the snows of Saskatoon, We are coming, Mother Britain, and we hope to see you soon. From the islands and the highlands, just as fast as we can speed, We are hastening to serve you in the hour of your need, For, whatever peril calls abroad for loyal hearts and guns, We'll show the foe, that weal or woe, we're Mother Britain's sons. —Herbert Kaufman.

EVENING SMILES

WHEN MONEY IS TIGHT

The cost of foodstuffs soars apace;
It is a pity;
And yet men somehow find enough
To feed the kitty.
—Columbia State.

To get cheap food and meat each
day
A man will dicker;
And yet he somehow finds enough
To buy good liquor.
—Cincinnati Enquirer

To furnish shoes for wife and kids
A man's purse jars;
And yet he never lacks the price
To buy cigars.
—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

A man will go to every play
That haunts his section
And grumbles if he has to pay
A church collection.
—Nebraska State Journal.

To find the coin for friend wife's hats
Men dig and scratch—
It's easier buying tickets for
Some boxing match.

HIS CHOICE

From the Philadelphia Ledger
"What doctor do you prefer, allo-
path or homeopath?"
"It makes no difference; all paths
lead to the grave."

EXPLANATION

"My dear," said the young hus-
band, "did you speak to the milk-
man about there being no cream on
the milk?"

"Yes; I told him about it this
morning, and he explained it satis-
factorily. I think it quite a credit
to him, too."

"What did he say?"
"He said he always filled the jug
so full that there was no room
on top for cream."—N. Y. Globe.

THE TYRANNY OF TEARS

At the "sacrifice luncheon" at the
suffrage headquarters in New York
Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw said:
"The new type of woman, the suf-
frage woman, uses only one weapon—
the weapon of reason and logic."
But the old type of woman had
for motto—
"If at first you don't succeed, cry,
cry again."

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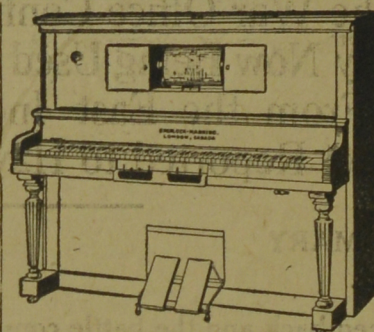
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