

# BLUE RIBBON TEA

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50

## THREW GIFT BOOK TO EARTH AS HIS PLANE CRASHED DOWN

Details Of Heroic Death Of Wm. Dougal, Former Newspaper Reporter, Thus Made Known

Strange things have been recorded on the battlefields of France and Belgium, but no more absorbing, though tragic, incident has been told than the following facts in connection with the heroic death in action of William Dougal, former newspaper reporter at the head of the lakes, who lost his life while fighting German planes over the enemy lines. Citizens of both cities will remember the bright young Scotch-Canadian who did a "news



Wm. Dougal, R. A. F.

## FORT WILLIAM THIN PEOPLE

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beat" for the old Port Arthur Chronicle; young Dougal was popular with young and old alike in both cities. He left here with a local battalion but like so many other young soldiers from Canada flying proved more fascinating than infantry work and he

transferred to the royal air force.

The following letter written to his brother here, Locomotive Engineer J. H. Dougal, 26 Roy block, Victoria avenue, needs no explanation. The story therein contained is complete and any attempt at embellishing would but mar its strength:

80 Leslie Terrace, Aberdeen.  
My Dear Brother: I write to tell you the news of dear Willie's death in action. We have got the news through Jackie. You know, John, Jackie is a Christian Scientist, and belongs to that church in London. On Wednesday evening, her mother was at service in church and saw on the church notice board particulars of a "Science and Health and Key to the Scriptures" book which had been picked up on the battlefield, and on the fly leaf it said: "To My Darling Boy, with all my Love.—JACKIE."

Jackie gave Willie that book the last night he was in England. Jackie's mother knew this, so went and got more particulars from the church officer. She learned that this book had been thrown or dropped out by an airman who was engaged in a duel and was afterwards picked up by a German soldier. The church officer told Jackie's mother where to go to get all the information. She went to the other party and was given a letter, a copy of which I enclose:

### The Letter

Germany.  
Dear Sir or Madam: I am stationed with my regiment at Bedbury, near Cologne. Recently I came into possession of a copy of a "Science and Health" book, which should be of great personal value to someone if they could be traced. It was picked up on the battlefield some months (or maybe years) ago by a German soldier. From the German soldier's tale—he is now demobilized and residing in Bedbury—he was a witness to a fight between two airplanes, one piloted by a Britisher. This one was shot down, the pilot being killed. Just before the crash, the book was thrown out and subsequently salvaged. Inside, on the fly-leaf, is a short paragraph inscribed in German to the effect that the owner was accorded a solemnized burial in the cemetery at Fere au Droyoir. There is also an inscription in English, as follows: "To My Darling Boy; with all my Love, JACKIE."

The boys here to whom it was first given are very anxious that it should be returned to the nearest relative of the owner. I am writing at the express desire of them to ask you to endeavor to trace the owner. I am a very humble student of Christian Science myself and know that nothing is impossible with God. Can you help us in this matter? The book was bought from you, as it bears your mark. Yours sincerely, C. W. ROBERTS.

That is the copy of Corporal Roberts' letter. Jackie has his address and has written him, and he is to send the book to Jackie. Now, John, isn't that wonderful? Dear Willie had thrown out the little book, knowing it

would be picked up. He feared his machine going down would catch fire, and thus dropped the book. We are all happy to know he was accorded a proper burial, but, oh John, you can understand how we all feel. A year ago today, Jackie and he were here together for my wedding, and we are just dwelling on a year ago. We are very thankful for this news, but you know we are very sad. I am, your loving sister, PEG.

## THE APPRENTICE

By DOUGALL MacQUARRIE

"There, Bartley—now you are an accomplished cook!"

Nellie Borden untied the apron her husband wore, rolled back his sleeves and placed in the kitchen sink a basin of warm water.

"They do look really fine," spoke Bartley, as his eye rested upon a great yellow crock piled to the brim with glossy, well browned doughnuts. "How they will taste is another question."

"And I have spoiled my supper devouring samples," observed Nellie, "I can vouch for the appetizing flavor and perfect cookery. And now I send you out on your adventure a proficient chef de cuisine."

There was a practical end to what looked like domestic byplay to a casual observer. Bartley Borden had been set on fire with stories of a marvelous gold find across the Canadian border.

He and Nellie had been married just a year and were lovers still. Nellie shared with Wesley a vivid imagination. The hope of enrichment made her ambitions. "You can't lose anything but time, Bartley," she said.

Hence, for a half a dozen evenings Bartley became his wife's apprentice. He was very proud of his first batch of biscuits, immoderately buoyant when he perfected a mouth-watering omelette, but when he conquered the doughnut feature of the program he felt that he had, indeed, acquired an absolute accomplishment. The crock of goodies was still exuding a fresh, delicious flavor when his five fellow adventurers entered the kitchen en masse.

"We start at midnight—horses, stores, everything, all ready," announced Greg Dorsett, the leader of the party. "Hello—what you got there, Bart; some of Mrs. Borden's prime doughnuts?"

"No, some of Mr. Borden's especial triumph in cookery," corrected Nellie—"mixing, kneading, cooking, Bartley did it all. Thy one."

All hands accepted the invitation. They tried two, and three, and five.