

Have Your Photograph Taken—To-Day.

THE HOLLOWAY STUDIO, LTD.

Corner Bates' Hill and Henry Street.

Phone 768.

The Silent Briton.

An American Tribute.

(By Herbert Kaufman, in the London Times.)

The following article has been sent to us as a record of the impressions of a distinguished American journalist who was in London at the outbreak of the war. It is a remarkable tribute to the temper of the British people at a time of national crisis.

War! Seven nations simultaneously battling for existence; Europe trembling under the tramp of 12,000,000 soldiers; war by Dreadnought and submarine; war by Zeppelin and aeroplane; the combined armies of Genghis Khan, Timur, Xerxes, Hannibal, Caesar, Saladin, and Napoleon pyramized by contrast with the hostile hosts; war at a cost of \$12,000,000 per day; the proudest of centuries threatened by the most appalling ruin that ever scarred the memory of man; the delicately-adjusted and exquisitely organized machinery of production vandalized for 3,000,000 square miles; the commerce of the universe in chaos; art and science, agriculture and industry, halted by the bayonet; civilization with a sword point at her heart; the Bank Act suspended; the Stock Exchanges of the world closed; the calculations of the five races dislocated; bewilderment from Canton, U. S. A., to Canton, China; and this, the biggest piece of news that ever broke since the Deluge, is calmly tucked away in the heart of the London morning papers, while page one, as per wont, is devoted to the necessities of sundry anonymous ladies and gentlemen in quest of loans, lodgers, and lovers, the latest additions to Madame Tussaud's Exhibition; intelligence of steamships, and undertakers' advertisements!

Magnificent! One reads the temper of a people in the attitude of its Press. What may humanity not expect from a hand capable of such calm and poise in the most dread hour of its history? The self-possession of London is incredible—and Britain is as London is.

Let foemen beware of a nation whose women do not wall, and whose men do not cheer at the call to arms. The Semite, and therefore emotional Xerxes, failed to comprehend the significance of Sparta's deliberate never as formidable as when pertumescing. The Lacedaemonian was never so formidable as when perturbed and unincensed to face his gods in befitting elegance.

And beneath all this seeming disregard of potentialities, which deceiveth more than an alien observer, I sense a Spartan resignation on the part of London.

To me she is working to the last hour to order her affairs—availing herself of every opportunity to protect—so far as lies within the power of her citizens—the welfare of the non-combatant population.

And what may appeal to many as an underestimation of the struggle upon which Britain has entered is rather the sober and far-sighted intent of the community to support King and country, as and when needed, with a patriotism too deep for surface display.

I stood in the throng before Buckingham Palace when the King's Proclamation was read to the people. I moved from point to point in the crowd, listened, and watched.

Only a witness of the scene could understand the British heart that night. There were mothers and wives, and daughters, and sisters in the press to whom the portentous words were sentences of desolation. Not a tear peeped from the cheek of a child or a greyhead. Instantly there were born a thousand new soldiers, who there received summonses to the most desperate conflict upon which the Empire would ever embark. Their vision veiled the veils of the horizon, and disclosed the ominous German millions, and there was at least one gun in those silent ranks for each of their hearts. And they must have remembered the women whom they were to marry, and their minds must have caressed the wives they would leave behind, and they must have thought of the families dependent upon their earnings and protection. But what they spoke to their souls only God heard.

There were but few cheers. Even the boys and the occasional boogian, feebly mafficking here and there, were soon silent. Perhaps they could not interpret the reverent and solemn spirit of their elders, but something deeper than their ken laid its spell upon their tongues and stilled them to respect all of the unknown.

When their Majesties appeared all heads were uncovered. "God Save the King" sobbed through the night as though cathedral arches spread about us, and the notes were those of an anthem.

In little groups the people dispersed. Save for an occasional low voice floating back to the empty square, the masses along the Mall were noiseless shadows in a dim picture.

And when all were gone and the scarlet-unicked sentries alone remained before the Palace, a strangely white moon seemed to sail straight to the centre of the vast space, and its light fell as if in augury upon the austere head of the old Queen sitting guard over her royal capital.

As was London that night, so is London this morning. The aspect of the city is unaltered. Save for the Press bulletins, and the cries of the paper sellers, one meets with no sign of perturbation or excitement. For a Regimental march through the streets attended by no greater crowds than one usually finds in the wake of parading soldiers.

The unaltered price tickets in the shop windows proclaim the absence of business panic. The Strand maintains its accustomed appearance and seeks to lend assurance to the moment by calmly proceeding with its scheduled repairs. It seems to say to the passer-by, "Steady, my friend. Why worry needlessly? Time alone controls affairs. All things are adjusted to my vast experience. For a thousand years I have borne the tread of regiments, and always the Tomorrows of London are greater than her Yesterdays. Take example from me, and attend to your allotted tasks, as I now proceed with mine." The faces of the recruits interest me tremendously. Youth predominates in the ranks, but it is youth rapidly maturing with an appreciation of the responsibility ahead. I am surprised at the number of undisciplined volunteers and cannot but contrast the personnel of the new levies with some of the Dutch and Belgian soldiers whom I saw earlier in the year. The French of the Mid Corps, too, average much better physically. But let it be remembered that this is a struggle in which intelligence will play no small part, and the English boys are of a finer intellectual type—they are clean-cut and wholesome youngsters. Their clear complexions and coats of tan bespeak an out-of-door training which will enable them to withstand far more stress and fatigue than their Continental fellows, whose looser habits but too frequently cancel their capacity of endurance.

Despite the spectacular episode at Liege, there will be little of the picturesque and colourful in the approaching campaigns.

Personal heroism, the heroism of individual brain and boldness, will obtain little opportunity. The range of the weapons and modern tactics have set the struggle upon a basis of mathematics. The handling of millions of men will necessitate management much akin to the broad principles in practice with huge industrial organizations. Never before have the qualities which make for a successful business career meant so much in producing valuable soldiers.

System, as contrasted with red tape, simplicity of method, clear-headed calculation will count equally with ordnance.

This is to be a war in which Death will keep tally on automatic adding machines. Past military experiences will furnish slight guidance. It demands new rules and new tools. The ability to handle Titanic organizations with economy of action and energy will largely decide its outcome.

The gravity of mistakes will be in geometrical proportion to the number of combatants involved.

The calmest nation will prove the most competent. Deliberation and self-control will magnify efficiency. Those least likely to lose their heads are best qualified to win their cause.

I do not fear for Britain's future. A people possessed of such adamant patience, or stubbornness—call it what you will—that they can afford to wait for their war news until the death notices and legal advertisements on the front pages have been carefully perused can hardly be expected to fall before any crisis.

College Education.
By GEORGE FITCH,
Author of "At Good Old S'wash."

A college education is a parlor game to knowledge. There is a widespread belief that the only way to acquire wisdom is to climb aboard a college and ride for years. This is a great mistake. The college system attains great speed between termini and transports the passengers from a state of heathen darkness regarding Latin, political economy and clothes to a state of erudition in great comfort. But the walking is also good.

The journey takes considerably longer when performed on foot, but large numbers of citizens have hooped the distance with great success. Abraham Lincoln did not get near enough to a college in his youth to apply for the janitorship thereof, yet at the age of twenty-three he was a lawyer and legislator and was extending kindly assistance to struggling young possessors of college degrees.

However, it is a great advantage to attend college and to travel through the wilderness of accumulated wisdom with able conductors and courteous attendants. It enables a young man to acquire in four years what would otherwise take him from ten

years to a lifetime to obtain, and in these modern days it is also good for father, because it keeps him using last year's automobile, which is good enough for any one. A college education is a fine thing for a young man who desires to become a lawyer, minister, statesman, author, doctor, scholar, philanthropist, great baseball player or a general all-round good citizen. However, a great many college educations are entirely wasted.

The young man who proposes to become a modern high-pressure business man does not need education. What he mostly needs is a course under some good missionary. This will not help him become a millionaire, but it may prevent him from doing so by borrowing some other man's railroad and forgetting to return it.

R. DEVA'S FEMALE PILLS Reliable medicine for all Female Complaints. \$5 a bottle of three for \$10, at drug stores. Mailed to any address on receipt of price. THE SCIENCE OF THE FEMALE PILLS, 20, St. Catharines, Ontario.

PHOSPHONOL FOR MEN Restores Vitality for Nerve and Brain; increases "grey matter"; a Tonic will build you up. \$4 a box, or two for \$8, at drug stores, or by mail on receipt of price. THE SCIENCE OF THE FEMALE PILLS, 20, St. Catharines, Ontario.

THE PROGRAMME for the WEEK-END at THE NICKEL.

THE LUBIN CO'Y PRESENT IN TWO PARTS—
"THE SEA ETERNAL."

This is a wonderful story of the sea coast. Corson, the miserly fish dealer, of Rorey's Point, sees an opportunity to get rid of his business rival, John Mason. Noticing his friendship for the pretty wife of John Toppley, he succeeds in circulating scandalous reports about them; they are sighted crossing the bay in a storm and are given up for lost—then, this is a powerful story, featuring Arthur V. Johnson.

The Pathe All-Star Cast in a Two-Part Production—"THE DEPTH OF HATE."

The story deals with the bitter hatred of a lodgekeeper's wife, who believes that her daughter has been killed by remorse. Her lover deserts her for the beautiful woman who owns the estate on which the lodge is located. Powerful realism here.

THE ACTRESS AND HER JEWELS—THE CONSTABLE'S DAUGHTER—THE BARBER'S CURE.
 (Three rattling, good, laughable farce comedies.)

By Request, DeWitt C. Cairns sings Tosti's "Good-Bye." Professor P. J. McCarthy at the Piano; Joseph F. Ross, Master of Effects.

EXTRA PICTURES FOR THE CHILDREN AT THE BUMPER MATINEE SATURDAY.

5 PICTURES. 5 PICTURES.

The Crescent Picture Palace.

Big Week-End Bill—Friday and Saturday.

"The End of The Trail-2 Reels.

A stirring Mexican feature, produced by Lincoln J. Carter and acted by the famous Powers Picture Play Co.

THE BOOB'S HONEYMOON—Another of the Boob Comedy series, featuring Bob Leonard, the Boob. **RARE SPECIMENS**—A rare butterfly is sent to some naturalists; the specimen escapes. Imagine the fun before it is captured.

THEIR ONLY CHILD is a famous McManus cartoon.

ALL ON ACCOUNT OF AN EGG is a very funny reel.

MISS ALICE CLARK sings two of Moore's melodies: (a) "Has sorrow thy young days shaded"; (b) "Believe me if all those endearing young charms."
 On Monday, an Eclair 3 Reel Feature—"WHY"—a dream.

OUR VERY SPECIAL OFFER!

Stylish Rainproof Coats

For Ladies. Special Price: **\$4.20.**

Perfect Cut. Worth \$6.00. See Window.

Just Opened
 Large & Varied Assortment of Ladies' **RAGLAN RAINPROOF COATS,** Travellers Samples.

Prices from **\$5.00 to \$10.00** each.

S. MILLEY

Perfect in Quality and Style.

BLACK DIAMOND LINE!

PASSENGER RATES INCLUDING MEALS AND BERTHS TO AND FROM MONTREAL AND INTERMEDIATE PORTS.

	FIRST CLASS.		Return.	THIRD CLASS.	
	One Way.	Return.		One Way.	Return.
Montreal to or from St. John's	\$30 to \$35	\$50 to \$55	\$50 to \$55	\$15.00	\$25.00
Quebec to or from St. John's	\$30 to \$35	\$50 to \$55	\$50 to \$55	\$15.00	\$25.00
Charlottetown to St. John's	\$15.00	\$8.00
Charlottetown to St. John's and return to Sydney	\$8.00
Sydney to St. John's	\$12.00
Children under two years of age, between Montreal & St. John's	\$5.00	\$4.00	\$10.00

HARVEY & CO., LTD., Agents Black Diamond Line.

Come up to DEVINE'S on the Corner of Water and Adelaide Streets.

BIG TEN DAYS SALE

All Goods Marked Down.

Great time to BUY Men's Shirts, Overalls, Caps, Etc.

J.M. Devine
 THE RIGHT HOUSE

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY.

THERAPION No. 1
THERAPION No. 2
THERAPION No. 3

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY OF RAY TO FARE WELL IN THE FUTURE. THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY OF RAY TO FARE WELL IN THE FUTURE. THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY OF RAY TO FARE WELL IN THE FUTURE.