

## INTERESTING ARTICLE BY A TRAVELLER IN ASIA MINOR

An interesting account of further travels in Asia Minor is contributed by W. J. C. to "Blackwoods." The title of the country are still of the most primitive description—

A klan on the great highways bears some slight resemblance in arrangement to an old English coach inn. The building lies against the road with an archway through it large enough for covered vehicles to reach the yard and stabling behind. From a balcony a rough staircase leads up to a balcony off which the rooms open. Such a klan was the one I entered at Chakalla.

A manservant unlocked the door of a room for me with a flourish, for it was the best room in the inn. Floors, walls, and ceiling were of unvarnished wood. For blinds the windows were screened by lengths of dirty white cotton nailed along the top. Dust lay thick on the floor and rickety table, the only article in the room except a red earthenware pitcher. On the walls were smeared of blood, where gorged and lethargic tahkta bits—horrible insect to British housewives—had perished under the hands of enraged owners of the blood. But there were also projecting nails, upon which things might be hung, and that is not a bad test of a klan. With a lamp alight, my bed set up, and food cooking upon the stove, the room appeared quite snug.

At Marsovan, one of the ancient towns of the interior, there is established a flourishing American mission. "Here is the largest American Mission in Asia Minor. The Mission is something more than the mind usually connects with the word. Within the walls of the old compound are Anatolia College, a large girls' school, a hospital, schools for the deaf and dumb, a flour mill, workshops, and the Mission houses, to say nothing of college and private gardens, and the little burying ground, where for fifty years the Mission has laid its dead. Some eight hundred souls in all, forty or so of whom are Americans, live inside the compound.

"The Mission houses form what may almost be called an American village—township will not do, for it has the picturesque of a village. The houses are red-roofed—the older ones grown with lichen—two alike ones grown on the same frontage; some were built on the slope to get the eastern view, others for the western. There are narrow cobbled passages and alleys passing under old quince-trees, and cherry and white mulberry and walnut and each house has its garden.

### FRENCH SOLDIER

Writes a Beautiful Letter Just before Getting Killed.

Professor Eastman of the British Columbia University, whose speech at the recent banquet of the Vagabonds' Club at the Hotel Vancouver will be remembered by who heard it, has given the Vancouver World a copy of a remarkable letter written by a French non-commissioned officer of Touraine. The letter states:

"I have just seen a church ruined by shells, full of wounded, of dying, of dead. I saw Frenchmen and Germans aiding each other to dress their wounds. I gave them all a drink from my flask. I pressed their hands. Oh, what handclaps I received from the wounded Germans. In their tragic situation, all of whatever nationality, could measure all the horror of war. Before such a scene the wildest militarists could not help blushing for their ideals. Adieu, my friend, write you in a day of great sadness. Yesterday, in the trench from which I am writing, we were subjected to a terrible bombardment. Shells, large and small, rained like hail about us. The inevitable happened. In my section I had one man killed and five wounded. The dead soldier was married and father of a little girl. When the tempest was over, as the shadows were falling, I had him buried at the foot of our trenches. With my whole heart I suffered for and with those he loved. Adieu, my dear friend, I support you full of energy and I support you desirably every fatigue. If by chance I should never return, I count upon you to comfort the hearts that love me, and I know that in your thoughts your labors and your life I shall be present more constantly than ever. Sad to relate, the writer of this fine letter, a letter that could only have been written by a Frenchman—will never return. He himself was killed the very day after he had written the words given above.

### THIS TOWN

Has Become the Most Popular Behind the Firing Line in France.

The most popular town in France, it is said, so far as the opinion of the British soldier goes, is Bethune. Located not far behind the lines, it has become the great resort for officers and soldiers who can get only a day or two of leave.

Bethune escaped the horrors of actual warfare in the early days of the fighting across France, although a small body of German troops actually entered the town on one occasion. In the months that followed, the sound of the guns was frequently heard and occasionally shells fell within the municipal limits, but never with serious results.

And in the sense that it is enclosed by high walls, and has a North Gate, Town Gate and West Gate, it is a walled village.

You pass at a step from the dirt and squalor of the native streets into the cleanliness and brightness and flowers of the compound.

But there is no impression of village calm in this American settlement. They breakfast at 7 or earlier, and at 8 o'clock the long day's duties begin. They are always short handed, and in the hospital work literally on the run. I was the doctor's guest and the sound and sight of running feet upon the long hospital balcony after eight o'clock became familiar to me.

The writer believes that Asia Minor has a future as a holiday resort.

"When better conditions are established and railways make travelling easy, people will go to Amasia and say that they have never seen anything to equal it. It has a slight resemblance to Dianant, but with the physical features of that town magnified out of comparison.

"With a population of 60,000, this old city, once the capital of Pontus, stretches for more than a mile along both banks of the Yeshil Irmak, called in old times the Iris river. The gorge is perhaps a mile in width, enclosed by precipices that on the east are said to rise over three thousand feet, and on the west to about a third that height. Small lateral ravines run out of the gorge into the heart of the rocks. On the western side is a fine old castle, crowning a crag one thousand feet above the town. More than twenty bridges span the river, which runs between gardens and trees and quaint old overhanging houses and mosques, and thronged eastern streets. There are scores of great water wheels raising water for irrigation, and they slowly tipped buckets make a pervading sound like the ticking of gigantic clocks.

"Between the cliffs the gorge is packed with houses and gardens terraced on the slopes and ravines. There are old Seljukian mosques, columns and monuments. There is Roman work and Mithridatic work. And looking down on all from the western precipice are the five great rock-heaven Tombs of the Kings. They were old in the time of Strabo, who was born here, and they remain now as unchanged as when they were cut. I had heard much about Amasia, but no one had overstated its charms."

The town centres round a hill and a square, from which radiate a few narrow streets and boulevards. At the foot of the hill runs the now famous La Basse canal. Around the square there are bright shops, cheerful cafes, picturesque restaurants and an amiable rustic population—all of which will be remembered with tender feelings by thousands of British soldiers who have spent days of comparative ease and luxury there.

The needs of the soldier are few and his pleasures simple. Bethune supplies all he wants. It has good lodging-places, capable barbers and warm baths for whom the man from "the Pressman" makes a pervading sound like the ticking of gigantic clocks.

Before the war Bethune was a dull little place, centre of a farming district. Tourists and strangers were uncommon and automobiles were rare enough to be regarded as a curiosity. The town was as quiet as a church-yard except on weekly market days and occasional church fete days. Automobiles of all varieties now crowd the narrow streets and overflow onto the sidewalks; the square is a mass of military men, horses and motor lorries; at the street corners, khaki-clad policemen stand directing the traffic; the pavements are crowded with soldiers of every rank and variety.

### BERLIN MAKES GOOD SHOWING

Came Out With a Clean Sweep and Elected Three Laborites.

There was not a great deal of excitement in Berlin on New Year's Day; perhaps the fact that His Worship Mayor Hett had been re-elected by acclamation made the contest somewhat quieter than it would otherwise have been. Mayor Hett stands in pretty well with organized labor, and if there had been opposition to his election it is almost certain he would have had the support of organized labor behind him.

However, the labor forces were very much in evidence, and did some perhaps quiet but conscientious work, with the result that every Laborite who contested for municipal honors was elected. Ald. Gallagher of the Pressman's union, a past president, and delegate to the Trades and Labor Council was re-elected with the second highest vote recorded by any of the candidates. C. C. Hahn, of the Journeyman Tailors, was also returned by a substantial majority, while John Reid, of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, who had of Carpenter on the Park Board last year, was successful in his initial attempt to win an aldermanic seat.

This means that three Labor men, all delegates to the central labor

body, will be members of the municipal Council during 1916, which makes a pretty good showing. The local laborites are perfectly satisfied that they could have done even better if more union men had entered the contest.

Naturally one and all are well pleased at the good showing that has been made, and the satisfactory manner in which things were cleaned up. The boys got everything in sight, and it was a case in which every vote was made to count.

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**Old World Notes**

A remarkable escape was recently experienced by the crew of a Norwegian steamer. The men reached Yarmouth a few days ago, where they related their experiences. It appears that the steamer was a small one and during a storm turned turtle. The crew managed to get on her keel, and clung there till one of the lifeboats, which had broken away from its davits, drifted alongside. One by one they dropped down the vessel's side into it. Only one man was lost, and he went down when the vessel capsized.

The Salvation Army has benefitted under the will of the late E. M. Owen, a Manchester and Java merchant, to the extent of three-quarters of a million dollars. The bequest came as a great surprise. It is understood that no conditions attach to the bequest and that the signature of General Booth will suffice as a receipt. Mr. Owen, who was a bachelor and sev-

enty-two years of age when he died, came of an Irish military family. He went to Java when nineteen years old and devoted himself to developing trade in that country where he lived for twenty-five years. On the Manchester Royal Exchange he was known as the "King of Java."

An experiment in thrift will be the result of conferences that have taken place between the Steel Smelters' Society and that industry's employers. The employers have agreed to deduct a percentage of the workmen's wages and to invest the money on behalf of the individual workman in a Government loan or some form of State security. The idea of investing in Government bonds is not very popular with workmen, partly because of the difficulty of keeping the paper security in safety. Many employers are also in favor of collecting their workers' income tax by weekly deductions.

A turkey made of white nuts and stuffed like the genuine Christmas bird, and a plum pudding in which the ubiquitous nut was substituted for

suet, were among the dishes exhibited at the London Vegetarian Association's Reunion and Exhibition of Food for War-time, held at the Memorial Hall recently. The first prize menu comprised—Royal soup; walnut roast, potatoes, creamed celery and Brussels sprouts, and Christmas pudding. A poor man's dinner, costing 1s. for four persons, consisted of brown onion soup; lentil roast with sage and onion stuffing, and apple sauce; date pudding.

A new name for German measles is being sought by the Alresford Board of Guardians. Recently they received a letter from the Local Government Board making the notification of measles and German measles compulsory. One member suggested that it might be advisable to remove the word "German" and call the milder form of disease by some other name. In medical books it was stated that this disease was easily dispersed with a little iron tonic, and therefore he thought they might call it something like "Fleet measles." Another member said he understood German measles was a low kind of disease.

Many wounded soldiers in the English hospitals have come to the conclusion that the scars of battle are expensive things. A man with a large circle of relatives and friends who arrives in Great Britain for treatment is overwhelmed with letters asking how he is progressing. Every letter asks a reply, and the expense of stamps has to be met or much disappointment caused by unacknowledged letters. A. D. C. M. states that if he had won the Victoria Cross he would have been financially ruined by the cost of replying to letters. It is suggested that people writing to soldiers in hospital who desire replies should enclose stamped addressed envelopes.

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# The Issue of Prohibition

## Was Decided June, 1914

It is only 18 months since the Provincial elections of June, 1914, showed conclusively that the majority of the voters were opposed to the policy of the Liberal party and wished to retain the license system.

Now the Citizens' Committee of One Hundred, claiming to be a non-partisan organization, announces its purpose of having Total Prohibition by July of this year—notwithstanding the expressed will of the people.

It purposes to accomplish this by circulating petitions among non-voters and among those of the voters who are not already debarred from expressing their view because they are away fighting for liberty.

## Would the Soldiers Sign Such a Petition?

Imagine if such a petition were circulated among the men in our training camps. Do you think for one moment that, having made the supreme sacrifice to ensure our liberties, they would uphold this measure designed to make Abstinence compulsory?

The Committee of One Hundred knows that these men would never countenance its propaganda, and so proposes to obtain a catch verdict while the fighting men are out of the way.

## The Governing Bodies of the Empire Seek Unity at All Costs ---The Prohibition Issue Brings Factional Warfare

Every effort of our people is being bent at this time to the one great object—winning the War. To this end, it has been resolved to hold no elections, to lay aside all minor issues, to unite opposing factions—to repulse the common enemy.

And this is the time The Committee of One Hundred chooses to bring forward prohibition plans, to foster political strife, to set friend against friend and break down the ties that bind parties.

Had there been a Dominion election, it was resolved that the soldiers, whether at home or abroad, would be given the opportunity to vote. There was to be no attempt to change the policy of the country without these men who are fighting for us voicing their wishes.

## No Such Drastic Step Should be Taken Without Reference to Our Fighters

It is grossly unfair to the thousands who have already gone to War, and to the other thousands who will have gone before the Committee of One Hundred present their petitions, to sign away the liberty of the individual. The very fact of taking the King's uniform proves a man's highest regard for the principles of liberty, and there can be no doubt that compulsory abstinence is diametrically opposed to the principles for which they have shown themselves willing to die.

# THINK Before YOU Sign

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