

Shouldst Thou See My Maiden Fair

(Wenn du bei mei'm Schaetzel Kommst)

A Beautiful Song Introduced in the Famous Operetta

"THE DUKE OF LUXENBURG"

Allegretto.

Shouldst thou see my maid en fair,
Wenn du bei mei'm Schaetzel kommst,

Say, I fond-ly greet her; If she ask How
sag', ich lass sie grü-ßen, wenn sie fra-gen!

goes it there? Say, On both his feet, dear!
wie mir's geht, sag', Auf bei-den Fü-ßen!

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p poco a poco rall.

Should she ask if well I keep, Say, I died in
Wenn sie fra-gen ob ich krank, sag', ich sei ge-

slow-ly. If she then he-gin to weep,
Wann sie an zu wein-fangt:

f Allegro. *p poco rall.*

Say, I'll come to-mor-row, Say, I'll come to-mor-row.
sag', ich ka-me mor-gen, sag', ich ka-me mor-gen!

Shouldst Thou See My Maiden Fair. 2 pp-2 p.

What War Means to Women

I do not wish ever again to live in a country where there is war. I did wish it once—as people often desire things of which they imagine a great deal that is romantic, and know very little that is real. It does not matter how you look at it, war is a dreadful thing; when you are near it—when you can smell the awful reek of the battle smoke, as it were—it is more than dreadful only; it is the worst thing imaginable.

Theoretically, it may appear to be a very fine thing to be a refugee, to live without means of communication with those you care about, to listen to the echo of awful deeds, and to breathe the atmosphere of death. When these things are stripped of their idealism, however, they are very grim, very hard, and very heart-breaking. Every war is hard on the women; it is harder still on children. It is hard on homes—on culture—on civilization as a whole. Though the world may stride onward to the tune of a battle march, it has many a bad fall by the way.

From the very first you have to do without comforts. We do not know how much we depend on the small decencies of life until they are taken away from us. War means, at the very least, an instant advance in the price of even the simplest commodities. It may come to mean that these commodities cannot be obtained at any price. It is not necessary to suf-

fer starvation in order to know the meaning of want.

To be hustled from place to place, lacking either comfort or sense of security; to eat what may come first without knowing if you will get anything at all the next day; to dread every messenger, and yet have feverishly for news every moment; these are some of the things which make the everyday life of women in war. There may be very much that is infinitely worse. Setting aside altogether all thought of barbarity or "atrocities," women and children in wartime have to suffer a very great deal. I have seen them suffer a great deal, and suffer in a way that one was forced to deplore, and yet was not able to remedy, for it takes a great amount of suffering to make a scandal. Much of the suffering is neither more nor less than inevitable. It is inevitable that there should be refugees, that women should be more or less forcibly removed from their homes, that food supplies should be short, and that politeness should be in abeyance.

War, like a wet sponge across the face of life, it removes impressions, divides friends, loosens bonds which have lasted a lifetime. Most of us are unable to stand a complete uprooting of all the familiar things. It uncovers us; we cannot so rapidly adapt ourselves to altered conditions as to fall on our feet when we tumble suddenly. We generally take a little while to pick ourselves up—and we are more or less badly bruised.

It is significant of all countries where war has been that the people divide time into two periods—things happened "before the war," or "after the war." Life has been cut abruptly in two; and it is questionable if any decent adjustment of the pieces has been made—can ever possibly be made in some cases. It is quite certain that if a war lasts for a year, the social disturbance following it will subsist for six years longer; in some ways that disturbance will never die. All countries are fair when you visit them of your own free will, all I dare say, are bad when your company is forced upon them. Refugees are not popular. They do not bring grist to the mill. No matter how warmly people may sympathize with your side of the dispute, they do not care to receive you in thousands, and possibly have the chance to offer you hospitality for a time! These things tear the veil away from friendship; no mere acquaintance is able to stand the wear of them. Disillusion is generally the result of enforced visits of this sort; sympathy is not a bank which will bear a very protracted "run."

Disillusion, too, follows the return home of the refugee. She has dreamed of the moment of reunion; she returns to find a desolation. War has destroyed the gods of home; no single thing is the same as it was before the upheaval—not even the nature of the people concerned in it. The change in the whole scheme of things is very complete; even without material loss, the sense of loss is evident. Victory? The newspapers may declare it, the generals gloat over it—to the women who have suffered, whose homes have been wrecked, and whose lives are shattered; it may as

well be defeat. There seems no very great difference between the two.

There is no very great difference to the non-combatant. It is possible even that the homes and women of the losing side may be the better off. There is a moral obligation to take all possible care of them; an account of your actions in this particular will certainly be required of you. But your own people? Perhaps it is considered enough that they are on the winning side. A woman may have seen her home demolished, her children's lives spoiled, her men ruined—and she will have to smile to hide her heartbreak! If she does not smile, she is a coward; she whines; she is unable to rise to meet the great issues of her own world. Perhaps their lives are broadened by the ordeal; perhaps it widens their sympathies and their outlook, makes them less conventional. But how if convention is all that they possess? What if, the outlook being widened, they can see nothing but confusion ahead? That is what happens to most women when the strict boundaries of their lives are removed—that is what happens in war—Svith

But women's lives, when all is said, are made of small issues, which in their turn produce the great ones. To the average woman, at any rate, the destruction of her own little fireside hearth will mean a great deal more than the destruction of a town. If she is forced to lose the threads of her domestic life, she cannot console herself with remembrance of big vic-

FAILURE THE RULE IN LITERATURE AND STAGE

[Ivanhoe in Winnipeg Telegram.]

There is a mist of enchantment enfolding the actor and the author. The young man or woman dreaming over the pages of a magazine on one of these stormy days, when the farmhouse on the prairie is cut off from the rest of the world, gazes upon the photographs of stage favorites or of popular novelists and sighs for the happiness of such a life. But all that glitters is not gold, and even the actress or the novelist does not find life one glad sweet song. Only the other day I was reading a newspaper dispatch which told the sad news that this has been one of the most disastrous theatre seasons on record, and at the present moment fifty companies are broken and stranded in Chicago. And if we could look into all those homes where authors, short-story writers, essayists and novelists are sweating out their brains trying to make a bare living, I am sure that some of the glamor would fade away

from the literary life for those who sigh after the unattainable. There are men now writing novels, and girls writing poems, in our western land who are imagining that fame is coming their way. Pleasant are the anticipations of success, but they usually pave the way to a series of heart-breaks. In letters and in art generally, where one succeeds a thousand fail.

The vast majority of books are total failures considered from the monetary point of view. Serious work, such as volumes of sermons, essays, philosophical treatises, and such like, published at the risk of the author, which means that he has to spend several hundred dollars, pay that much to the publisher for printing the book, and afterwards he has to pay the publisher so much percentage on every copy that is sold. An author of the serious sort of book is extremely lucky to find a publisher who is venturesome enough to accept the risk and allow him a royalty on the sales.

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Now let us turn to the novel where the big successes are made, for the only kind of book (aside from editions of classics) which sells at all briskly is the story. How about the success of the candidates for immortality in this class? A writer in the New York Sun states that "there were published last year in the United States more than 1,400 novels; there were thirty so-called successes. For five years past the average number of novels published has been 1,090, and the average number of big sellers has remained constant at about thirty." So that if there were thirty well-known publishers, such as a promising author would be likely to go to, there might be one success apiece—provided each took something over thirty chances.

"That is, the chance stated in percentage is 3 per cent. Now, it is said that the chances at roulette are one in 26, or nearly 4 per cent, and as for

poker, they are probably higher. On the doctrine of chance, then, it is a highly speculative venture to attempt to produce successful books."

Do not let us forget the vast number of rejected manuscripts, stories doomed never to see the light of day. The amount of energy that goes to waste in America in one year in writing manuscripts which are never published is awful to think upon. This same investigator tells us that a publisher accepts only between three and ten per cent. of the novels offered to

him by hopeful authors. "Perhaps 3 would be nearer the average, but take per cent. as the mean. Now, if every book accepted had an equal chance of being a seller, the percentage of chances could easily be worked out. If 3 per cent. of novels published are sellers and 5 per cent. of manuscripts offered are published, you have only to compute 3 per cent. of 5 per cent. to get your mathematical chance, which is fifteen in 10,000; that is, of every 750 manuscripts offered one is a seller."—Ivanhoe.

WILD BUFFALO ADVENTURE

Gallant Young German Officers in Africa—His Horrible Injuries.

As already briefly reported, Lieutenant Graetz, the gallant young officer of the German army who made himself famous two years ago by his adventurous motor car trip through Africa, and who himself terribly mangled, writes the Berlin correspondent of a London exchange.

The Bangweulu Lake, the exploration of which was one of the chief objects of Lieutenant Graetz's journey, has a very sinister reputation among the natives. It is surrounded by thick and impenetrable rushes, and up to the present no white man has sailed its waters. The natives who have ventured upon its waters in their frail canoes have ever returned. Lieutenant Graetz's own description of his encounter with this mysterious lake, deep in the heart of the Dark Continent, reads more like a chapter from one of Rider Haggard's romances than a story of real life. In his letter, which has just reached home, Lieutenant Graetz says:

"On September 3 the sun rose blood red over the dark chain of the Muchemwa Mountains. We left our tent and stood watching the mist melting from the surface of the Chambesi. At our feet, in a small bay, lay the motor boat, glistening under a covering of dew, slowly evaporating in the sun's rays. At 6.40 the black boys laid their oars in the rowlocks, for we had many shallow channels to navigate and were hampering our supply of petrol. Suddenly we on the bank stood still as if petrified. Buffalo! Not more than fifty paces from us, close to the edge of the river bank, stood three mighty animals watching us with wondering eyes. The first I laid my cheek to the butt of the Mauser rifle. Bang! The first buffalo threw a somersault, and then dashing up the bank galloped from our sight into the bushes. The other two followed him. Intermittently through the undergrowth we caught sight of their shaggy forms as they followed the course of the stream, but there were only two of them. What had happened to the third? Perhaps he still kept company with his fellows or perhaps he had left them—the surest sign that he was severely wounded.

"meanwhile the cook could light the kitchen fire, and we would have breakfast. I sent some of the boys to continue the search for the buffalo, promising the 'baksheesh' to the one who first discovered him, and I and Fiere, my French companion, stretched ourselves out for a short rest. Suddenly we were startled by a shout of 'buffalo!' 'buffalo!' James, the cook, came running to tell us that the 'boys' had found the wounded animal in high grass. We sprang to our feet excitedly. So much luck we had not expected.

Charge of the Buffalo.

"Suddenly the high grass parted right in front of me, and the animal dashed out, making straight for the spot where I stood. I fired and at the same time I think I heard the report of Fiere's rifle. Then I sprang to one side to escape the rush of the maddened animal, caught my foot in the long grass and fell. It was my salvation. If I had remained upright I should have been impaled on the sharp points of the buffalo's wide sweeping horns. Snorting with fury the animal nose under me as I lay on the ground, evidently trying to toss me. I sprang to my feet and clung with all my strength to the horns of the animal. In the vain hope that, severely wounded as he was, he might give way before my own strength, or that Fiere might get in a second shot. It all happened in a few seconds; the buffalo tried to shake me off, and as he flung his huge head from side to side the point of his left horn pierced its way deep into my right cheek. I cried out with pain and then felt myself suddenly hurled upwards into the air—my consciousness left me.

"I awoke, covered in blood, on the river bank, supported by two long howling 'boys' with the motor boat at my feet. 'Where is Fiere?' The others are bringing him; he 'will die soon, too.' 'And the buffalo?' 'Dead!' A thick fog of blood was flowing continually from my mouth and the right side of my face. The 'boys' lifted me into the boat, and with every movement the blood flowed faster. 'Quick! the medicine chest!' 'Sew, sew.' Terrible necessity taught me to sew. A jagged, irregular hole as large as my hand gaped in my right cheek; my under lip hung loosely quivering. Under the horrified gaze of the 'boys' I labored the bent needle into my flesh

and cobbled the loose rags together. Horrible injuries. 'The pain was excruciating. Heaven helped me to keep my senses! The lower jaw was broken in two places—near the ear and near the lip—and from this crushed mass a long splinter of bone with three teeth hung loosely in the nerves and flesh and gums. The whole outer flesh of the lower jaw was sprayed loose. Teeth, roots and bones lay white and shimmering through the hole in my cheek. My tongue, pierced by the point of the buffalo's horns, was half torn from its foundations. I spat continuously splinters of bone and tooth.

"In the meantime the tent had been erected and a bed prepared for Fiere, from whom James cut the clothes with a pair of scissors. He had recovered consciousness, and softly, his pale lips formed the words, 'tres mauvais.' He had been three times pierced and tossed. The left breast muscle hung loose; heart and lungs were untouched. In the left side, between heart and hip was a great tear. This wound was immediately sewed together. Fiere was washed, bandaged and put to bed. He breathed regularly and seemed to sleep. Towards morning a short, troubled sleep gave me temporary relief from my agony. With the grey light of dawn I awoke to my new tortures. Everything was deadly still. I clapped my hands for the 'boys' to open the tent, and crossed over to Fiere's bed. The first light of day fell on a pale, sunken face. It was death.

Lieutenant Graetz then describes his painful journey on an improvised stretcher to the nearest post of civilization, his meeting with the English physician, Dr. G. F. Randall, who marched day and night to bring him relief, and the operations under difficult circumstances, which have left him with an altered face. As soon as he had fully recovered the undaunted young officer continued his journey westward.

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