

Job Hunting by Women is Amusing in England Canadian Girl Seeking Employment Was Able To See The Funny Side of Her Search

London, Jan. 4.—After I had exhausted all my letters of introduction to people in high places—letters which I had counted upon as an "open sesame" to a desirable berth in the business world—and found myself still on the outer edge, I came to the conclusion that there is no royal road to the field of labor. Then I decided to descend upon the business world without credentials, trusting to my ability and lucky stars.

Accordingly I obtained the address of a woman's co-operative bureau. These institutions are maintained by the British Government for the purpose of assisting working women to find employment for which they are adapted. I may say that a Canadian woman seeking employment in London is very kindly treated, for whenever it became known that I was a Canadian, extra efforts were put forth to assist me.

Having ascertained that I was experienced in office work, the manageress of the employment bureau gave me a card to one of the chief clerks in a British Government office. It was with some difficulty I found this dingy, unpretentious building, situated in what I had taken to be a lane, but which proved to be a sort of discouraged street boasting a name.

At the Portals. A youth who seemed to fill the position of porter, clerk and confidential man, gave me a form to fill in. I soon found, however, that the filling of this form required a brief sketch of my life up to the moment I entered the door and it took some little time before I could give a satisfactory account of myself. This brief synopsis of my career was then handed to a girl, who disappeared with it into the inner sanctum. Finally a tall, thin man with a courteous manner received me.

"What experience have you had?" he asked. "Five years in Canadian Government offices."

"What salary would you expect?" After a brief mental calculation, to cover by living expenses of thirteen dollars a week, I replied: "Fifteen dollars a week."

He offered me half of that amount—it appears expert stenographers in London receive about two pounds a week. But this would not begin to pay my expenses, and I told him so, suggesting however, that if the hours were not too long, I might make up the required amount by taking extra work.

"How many hours a day would I be expected to put in?" I asked. "A Woman's Last Word. We require you to work fifty-four hours a week," he told me. "That would average ten hours a day."

"Nine," I modestly corrected. He commenced figuring on a piece of paper—then after some little time he looked up and said triumphantly, "Ten hours a day."

Up until I entered a day of confusing array of doors I had labored under the impression that six times nine was fifty-four but it seems I had been undervaluing the value of that number, and this knowledge gave me a shiver. I suppose I looked puzzled, for the man, seeing my hesitation, turned to a stenographer and said:

"How many hours a day do you work here?" "Nine," was the prompt reply. Out came the pencil again, and after more laborious figuring, he reluctantly admitted that we were right.

I merely stated that I should be obliged to seek employment which offered greater remuneration. Then I thanked him and withdrew. Before going any further, I would suggest to the Canadian woman who is planning a trip to London to be near her soldier man, and who hopes to maintain herself while here, that she tuck a snug little roll of bank notes about her so that while seeking suitable employment, she may not be distressed by the mere buying of the wool too close to the door.

For board is lamentably high, not to even hint at the almost irresistible temptation of the London shops. At the same time bring all the references and recommendations which are possibly be inveigled out of influential friends, for references in England stand next to money in value.

Another Chance. Next day, when I returned to the employment bureau and put my case before the manageress, she informed me that eight dollars a week was all I could hope to receive for office work, and that the only work for which a woman was receiving a man's pay was that of bus conductor. I was given the address of a motor training school and set out once more on the quest for a livelihood.

After spending almost the entire morning locating this garage my efforts were rewarded, and when I asked in the office where I should go to apply for a position on a bus, he pointed to a door leading into a long hall, on either side of which were rooms with classes in session.

At the end of this hall stood a group of girls, and in their midst a full-fledged woman conductor in a navy blue uniform, trimmed with white braids—skirt to the knees—wearing long boots. Eager questions were being put to her as to her experiences.

"It has its interesting side and aint bad when you gets used to it," she was saying. "How about the dark nights in a fog?" I put in, having noted that the buses are scarcely lighted at all, so that it must be difficult on the dark nights for conductors to see what amount is being passed to them for fare. She admits that the nights were rather bad, adding that many times she had discovered people trying to cheat her.

An' you 'av to 've your wits about you," she confessed. But taking it all around she seemed quite satisfied with her work, and especially the pay.

"THOSE FRESH COLONIALS." "Are people ever impertinent to you?" "Not often—only those fresh colonial soldiers—an' I soon puts them in their places," she boasted.

Shortly I came before the woman who receives applicants. "You are an American," she said. "A Canadian," I corrected. "I knew you were from America!"—triumphantly. "Have you any references?"

I replied that I had not. "What a pity. You must have two references from prominent people who have known you for three years."

I replied that I might send back to Canada for them, but it would take some time before they arrived. "Did you bring your birth certificate with you?" was her next demand.

Why I had been so remiss as not to come armed with a birth certificate I could not say—but decided to try a little "American" humor on her, and asked: "Am I not ample proof of that event?"

But she didn't see it and explained that I might be under age (21), or over age (35), and in either case would be ineligible for the position. Still she must have seen in me the makings of a desirable bus conductor, for scribbling a few words on a piece of paper, she told me to take it to Scotland Yard. If they would grant me a special permit to act as a conductor, without a birth certificate, she would gladly accept me.

She decided my talents would be wasted taking tickets from the riding British public, for she stated that if Scotland Yard approved of me I might be made cashier to the bus company.

"But I am not familiar enough with your money system to accept such a responsible position," I objected. "Should I not have to count it very speedily?"

"Two or three hundred pounds would pass through your hands in an hour," she calmly stated; after which I would pass through the policeman's hands, was my mental comment. I thanked her, saying that I feared the penny but fare was as much as I could cope with just then.

AT SCOTLAND YARD I must admit that it was with some trepidation that I accosted the iron gates of Scotland Yard next morning in fact found myself delving into my past, lest unwittingly I should reveal some dark secret to the hawk-eyed Sherlock Holmes' of that famous institution.

When I approached the wicket indicated on my slip of paper, a pale faced man with a jet black moustache sat writing. I waited a moment then gave a timid little cough, which seemed to make no impression. However, when he finally did turn his piercing eyes upon me every hairpin in the back of my head quivered—the was the reincarnation of the original Sherlock.

I handed him the paper and explained my mission. "How am I to know whether you have reached the age of twenty-one?" he demanded sharply. (Though apparently unintentional, it was undeniably flattering.) I affirmed that I was over twenty-one.

"Have you no references either?" he asked in a voice so stern I could almost feel the click of handcuffs on my wrists. Suddenly I remembered the names of two people then in England, who had known me for years in Canada, and I was quick to tell him this.

My questioner then called "Charlie," who proved to be the antithesis of "Sherlock," resembling rather a nice, prosperous grocer. I must admit I hailed the advent of Charlie with a feeling of relief.



BRIG-Gen. ST. PIERRE HUGHES, brother of the former minister of militia, who was included in the King's New Year's honors, being invested with the D. S. G. Gen. Hughes fought in the Northwest Rebellion, and prior to the war was warden of the Kingston penitentiary.

request for an impression of my thumb. "That is all," replied the photographer and I was released. After all this trouble when I arrived home I found I did not possess the address of one of the two people in England I had counted on for a reference and decided then and there to send to Canada for these much valued recommendations.

Regarding Ammunition Work. Having heard a great deal regarding the making of munitions as being remunerative work, I wrote to the Ministry of Munitions begging an interview, and by return mail received a form to fill in as to my educational, mechanical experience, etc.

An accompanying letter informed me that for women of some education there is a special course which, when finished, entitles a student to work on aeroplane or other very skilled work which requires great accuracy. This course lasts nine weeks, working eight hours a day, the last six weeks of which a pound a week is paid.

After the nine weeks course is completed a student working on a ten or twelve hours' shift is entitled to two pounds a week or more. It is not absolutely necessary to take the above course. One may go straight into a munition factory as an inexperienced worker and receive a training there, but until she becomes efficient wages are very low.

While considering the possibilities of my taking the munitions course, I consult my home bank to find it is fast melting away. To-morrow I shall start out afresh and endeavor to obtain employment which will cover my immediate expenses.

MIDDLEPORT. (FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.) The Rev. Mr. Mills was called to Hamilton to see his mother who is very sick at the hospital. The school meeting passed off quietly. Mr. Ham Hager being appointed secretary and Mr. Calvin Hager and John A. Douglas trustees for the coming year.

Mr. and Mrs. Romain Neff, of Pt. Colborne, visited Christmas week with Mr. and Mrs. R. Book and Mr. and Mrs. R. Dougherty's.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Deagle and children, Mr. and Mrs. R. Dougherty, spent Christmas day in Hamilton the guests of Mr. and Mrs. David Axon.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morrell and children spent Christmas at Mr. Frank Sherer's.

Mr. William Peddie spent Christmas in Brantford.

Mr. and Mrs. John Naylor spent Christmas at Mr. Dunsdons.

Mrs. Fearman is at Springfield visiting her daughter, Mrs. Victor Martyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Axon, of Clinton, spent Christmas at the home of Mr. Pressie.

Mr. Penner took charge of the services in the Methodist Church on Sunday evening and was to give a lecture on the following Tuesday evening on "Pioneering in the West."

DREADNAUGHT LAUNCHED. Kobe, Japan, Jan. 5.—In the presence of Prince Higashi Fushimi, the superdreadnaught USS was launched at the Kawasaki shipyard. When a chain was severed with a commemorative silver axe the warship slid into the sea amid the booming of guns and cheers.

FOODS THAT EXPLODE

Many Persons Do Not Know How Combustible Are Some of the Everyday Necessities of Life

Many mysterious explosives which at one time baffled the ingenuity of our keenest detectives have been recently explained by the cold, methodical researches of our chemists, who, it will be remembered, also warned the government not to let Germany have cotton to manufacture gun-cotton.

The men of science have not been able to wipe out the miseries that have been caused to the thousands of persons who have been convicted or condemned of arson, or other similar crimes, without a cause; but they have certainly succeeded in teaching the police to be very careful before they blame any household or manufacturer or servant for an explosion. And the key to their researches has been always the same—dust.

Every now and then a candy factory gets blown up in spite of the vigilance of the government inspectors, the watchfulness of the insurance companies, and the zeal of the police. In fact, many explosions occur not long ago in Boston. It originated in a room where marshmallows were being made. These sweets are coated with finely-pulverized sugar, and the hot and dry air on a summer's day became laden with sugar dust, with the result that the mixture ignited, a lot of workers were injured, and the origin of the buildings were set on fire.

It is nothing new to hear also of explosions of starch in starch mills, and of the rice in rice mills, and in each instance the blame is to be attributed to the innocent-looking commodities, and not to the malice of carelessness employees. Oatmeal, too, has been known to go off with dire results, and a great breakfast commodity will not long ago was badly wrecked owing to some maize dust getting mixed with air.

Spice dust in spice mills has wrought similar damage, and all linoleum is now manufactured under special precaution against fire because said experience has shown how easily cork dust and the cement used in linoleum manufacture will ignite, or even take fire of their own accord.

Soap is another domestic suspect. It has even set fire to a ship in the mouth of the Thames. Only a few years ago there was a great explosion in a soap factory engaged in the production of a finely powdered soap. "Some enemy hath done this thing," muttered the proprietor; but "Your soap powder was dry, and so it got freely distributed through the air, when it exploded with more violence and greater heat than flour or starch."

Zinc has been known to cause explosions. The story is often told how a workman was once handling a quantity of finely powdered metallic zinc when he got a speck of lint, and, to save the lint, threw a shovel full into a flaming furnace. There was a terrific explosion. The blade of his shovel was driven into the roof of the building, and he got half killed.

Malt mills are also not immune from perils of explosions. In fact, detectives nowadays when they are faced with explosions, the origin of which they cannot fathom, are always instructed by their superiors to remember human agency may not be the cause, but—dust.—Pearson's Weekly.

Model Army Headquarters of Germans Falls to Russians, 800 Buildings Erected

Petrograd.—So swift and unexpected was the German retreat to the Stokhod that in many places not only trenches but regimental divisions and army corps headquarters were left intact for the advancing Russians. Behind the lines in the territory of Charoyensk, near instances, Brussloff's men found the enemy army headquarters installed in a regular town it had built on the ruins of a shell-smashed village, a substantial town named Kaiserstadt, consisting of more than 800 buildings.

Kaiserstadt had several well made and well drained streets, Regiments' streets, Wienerstrasse, and Kriegstrasse, for instance. It had a square called Franz Josef's platz. Some houses were of simple log, but many were quite up to modern town architectural standards, with balconies, gable roofs, and liberal stucco moulding. Several were in Viennese or beer house style.

Gay flower beds lined the streets and masses of blossoms clustered in window boxes on every side. There was hardly a house that did not have its vegetable garden behind, with skilled soldier gardeners' attentions visible in their constant visits.

A big circular building like a riding school houses the officers' club, a signboard over the door announcing—"Cafe-restaurant, music fine kitchen, large selection of wines, private dining rooms." The Russians found a large stock of wines and beer here. Adjoining the town were cemeteries with flower beds among the graves. Over the entrance gate of one is a board inscribed: "Fallen heroes know no hate." A chapel was situated in each cemetery. The graves were marked with the nationality of the man buried there, when his name was not known; Russians, Magyars, Jews, and Germans. At all the cross roads in the vicinity of Kaiserstadt were boards stating the direction and distance of neighboring points.

This front town had been vigilantly defended by anti-aircraft guns and had suffered little from air bombs. Its capture heartened the Russians greatly, for its permanence showed clearly how incredulous the Germans were of a Russian advance that would thrust them back into the depths of Galicia in a few weeks.

FAVORED REGISTRATION. By Courier Leased Wire. Winnipeg, Jan. 5.—The Winnipeg Stone Cutters Union, at a largely attended meeting last night, favored national registration, and the action of the executive of the Trades and Labor Congress generally.

MATTER OF CHOICE. By Courier Leased Wire. Edmonton, Alta., Jan. 5.—The Edmonton Trades and Labor Council after a warlike discussion, decided to leave the question of filling out the replies to the National Service League cards to the individual conscience, so far as organized labor in Edmonton is concerned.

A Cuban announcement that he had a "cure" for leprosy caused a test at Havana, with results showing that the disease is checked.

TOWNS BUILT ON THE BATTLE LINES

Telling How to Actually Cure This Painful Malady

Telling How to Actually Cure This Painful Malady. This article is for the man or woman who is suffering from rheumatism who wants to be cured, not merely relieved—but actually cured. The most rheumatic sufferer can hope for in rubbing something on the tender, aching joint, is a little relief or no relief at all. If you want something that will go right to the root of the trouble in the blood take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They will make new rich blood which drives out the poisonous acid and cures rheumatism.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The truth of these statements has been proved in thousands of cases throughout Canada, and the following cure is a striking instance. Mrs. F. M. Simpson, R. R. No. 1, Blenheim, Ont., says: "For a long time I was getting weaker and actually crippled with rheumatism. The trouble first located in my ankle—which was much swollen. I thought it might be a sprain, but the doctor said it was rheumatism and advised me to go to bed so that the trouble would not be aggravated. I did as directed, but instead of getting better it spread first to my right knee, then to my left knee, and then to my arms. The limbs were much swollen, and I moved them with great difficulty. I seemed to get weak in other respects and fell off in weight from 155 to 110 pounds. I had no appetite and seemed to lose interest in everything. One day while reading a paper I came across the name of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I decided to try them and sent for three boxes. By the time these had gone I had certainly begun to improve, and with help was able to get about. The trouble of the pills I was first able to go about with the use of a crutch, which later I discarded for a cane, and then through the use of the pills I was able to throw aside the cane as well, and go about as briskly as I had ever done. I feel that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has been a blessing to me, and I strongly recommend them to other similar sufferers."

YOU CAN PRODUCE THESE PILLS THROUGH ANY DEALER IN MEDICINE OR GET THEM BY MAIL AT 50 CENTS A BOX OR SIX BOXES FOR \$2.50 FROM THE DR. WILLIAMS MEDICINE CO., BROCKVILLE, ONT.

CANNOT PAY. By Courier Leased Wire. Victoria, Jan. 5.—The government has been notified by the Pacific Great Eastern Railway Company that it will be unable to meet the payment of interest on the bonds guaranteed by the province and due on the 15th. The payment amounts to approximately \$320,000, and will have to be met by the province. This will be third interest payment on guaranteed bonds, which the province will have to meet, other payments of \$316,016 each having fallen due January 1 and July 1 last year.

BANK CLEARINGS. By Courier Leased Wire. Winnipeg, Jan. 5.—Bank clearings for the week ending yesterday are \$38,634,043; same week last year, \$44,004,131, and for 1914 \$25,066,915.

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Here's Holiday Sense!

The day of Yuletide trinkets—that never are used, is gone forever. Now it's practical giving—but, of course, it must not be commonplace. Broadbent would suggest for the men some of the following Jaeger specialties:

Jaeger Underwear, Jaeger Sweater Coats, Jaeger Dressing Gowns or House Coats, Jaeger Sox, Jaeger Rugs, Jaeger Wool Taffeta Shirts.

Then you'll find nothing more acceptable than the special "Ely Ties" that we have selected for Christmas—not sold elsewhere in Brantford. There's not a pattern that the best dressed man in Brantford would not be proud to wear.

THAT'S SAFETY FIRST FOR YOU. Our store is laden with the kind of goods that men are known to like—May we show "YOU"?

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