

The stories these people tell of the brutality of the German soldiers are so revolting as to be almost unbelievable.

Among the refugees are people of all classes of society, cultivated and ignorant, rich and poor—but now, all are poor. Only old people, women and children, and the disabled are sent back to France; all the boys over sixteen, and the able-bodied men of military age are detained by the Germans.

During all these long, dreary months, these poor French people have been kept in complete ignorance about the war. When the refugee trains arrive in Switzerland, one of the first things the Swiss do is to distribute French newspapers in the cars. The poor creatures weep with joy when they see the papers, and the pictures of the French soldiers.

Two refugee trains arrive in Geneva every day, each train bringing about 500 people. Their condition varies a good deal, depending on the particular section of the country they come from. The party that came from Longwy a few days ago were in a terrible state. There were seventy old people so ill and exhausted that they had to be conveyed to Annemasse in ambulances.

A great surprise waited the last train of refugees that reached Geneva just before Christmas. Instead of being hustled right out to Annemasse, they were taken to a hall and given a Christmas treat. There was a gorgeous Christmas tree, all a glitter with candles and spangles, and for every person there was a present. The children of Plainpalais—a certain section of Geneva—gave all their Christmas toys to the little French children. And in addition, they gave them bags of cakes and biscuits—the bags they made themselves, and the cakes they bought with the pennies they had saved.

It is no wonder these people look pinched and starved when one considers the famine prices charged for food. In Canadian coinage the prices would be equivalent to one dollar a pound for butter, eighty cents a pint for oil, six cents a pound for potatoes. Eggs cost fifteen cents apiece. Milk was not obtainable at all.

The rules and regulations laid down by the Germans were very strict, and for the least infraction there was severe punishment.

Some of the refugees bring their cats and dogs with them, and occasionally one sees a goat.

One old lady in Geneva, who is a great lover of animals, goes to every refugee train with a large basket filled with food for the cats and dogs.

And talking about dogs makes me think of the story told me by one of the ladies who assists in the work at the Red Cross Agency for Prisoners of War.

She says people write to the Agency about all sorts of things that the Agency has nothing whatever to do with. This story is an illustration. It is about a dog—a dog that belonged to an old German lady from Hanover. When the war broke out she was in Paris, and in her haste to get away she forgot her pet dog. She wrote to the Prisoners' Agency in Geneva, telling them of her sad loss, and requesting them to find her dog for her. She said she would come to Geneva and get it.

One of the Red Cross officials happened to be going to Paris about this time, and he good naturedly undertook to look up the dog.

He brought it back with him and notified the old lady.

Weeks went by and no answer came. Meanwhile the dog lived at the Agency. It was such a frisky little dog, so affectionate and responsive, that every one became greatly attached to it, especially the man who had brought it from Paris. He didn't want to part with it at all.

But one day a letter came—a letter from the old lady. She said she had started for Geneva but the frontier was closed, and she couldn't get into Switzerland. Would they please send her dog to Germany?

That was impossible at the time, so the dog continued to lead a merry existence at the Agency. It was like a little bit of joy running around loose in the middle of tragedy.

Then one day, a gentleman who was

going to Berlin offered to take the dog there with him.

There was much lamentation over the loss of the Agency pet. But it's an ill wind, etc., and the old lady was made supremely happy when she got her dog back. She made a special trip to Berlin on purpose to get it.

But I think if that dog could express its feelings in words it would say: "I don't like Germany as well as I used to. I don't like these war-time meals. And I think living in an apartment, and being an old lady's pet is a pretty dull business, anyway. I wish I were back in Geneva at the Agency, where everybody made such a fuss over me, and I had such a jolly time, and got such good things to eat."

Smiles.

Sufferer.—"This insomnia's gettin' worse. Can't even sleep when it's time to get up."—Judge.

A Highlander with bagpipes entered the street and commenced his plaintive lay, at the same time marching up and down in time-honored fashion. "Why does he move about all the time he plays?" asked Johnny of his father. "I don't know," answered the lad's father, wearily; "unless it is to prevent me getting the range with the ink-pot."

Want Too Much.—"Politics isn't what it used to be," remarked Senator Sorghum.

"Doesn't the crowd listen to you?" "Yes. They used to be satisfied to shake hands and listen to a brass band. Now they pay so much attention to my remarks that I've got to be careful what I say."—Washington Star.

His Progress.—"Last Christmas, before their marriage, she gave him a book entitled, 'A Perfect Gentleman.'"

"Well?" "This Christmas she gave him 'Wild Animals I Have Known.'"—Life.

Measles.

An epidemic of measles is abroad in various parts of Canada, and deaths, because of the disease, have been reported from various points, hence the following, gathered from a talk with Dr. H. W. Hill, Director of the Institute of Public Health, London, Ont., may be, at this time, of special interest.

In the first place, children do not "have to have" measles. They only have the disease because exposed to the germs which cause it. Moreover, the younger the child the more likely he is to die of the effects. As a matter of fact, measles should not be permitted to run rampant. The disease should be checked so effectually that before long it will be as extinct as the dodo, and considered quite discreditable to have it in a family at all.

The way to do this is to isolate every child who shows symptoms, and report at once to the nearest Health Officer. Then steps can be taken immediately to prevent the spread of the disease.

As a rule the mortality due to measles runs higher than that due to Scarlet fever. In observations taken in London last year, in connection with the Institute of Public Health, it was found that the deaths caused by measles were 50 per cent. more.

The symptoms are, at first, much like those of a heavy cold—red eyes, snuffling, rising temperature and sore throat. When these are evident, examine the child's mouth. If red spots are found there, running to a white head with a bluish tip, (these are known professionally as "Koplik spots") measles are under way, and the rash appears three or four days later.

When a child is exposed to measles, don't expect the disease to develop right away. Between the time the germs enter the body and the time when the first symptoms, just described, appear, there is an interval of about ten days during which the child is perfectly well, and will not give the disease to others. But as soon as he is sick, he is dangerous, and should be isolated at once. Don't wait until the rash comes to take precautions. Begin at once with the very first signs of illness.



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