

## WRIST WATCHES NOT EFFEMINATE

Early Prejudice Against  
Use Dying Out  
Stoutest Fighting Men En-  
thusiastic Wearers

Many Other Manly Profes-  
sions Take to Them

(By James Henry Weidon, in the  
New York Sun)

With men who wear wrist watches  
take not too much for granted. They  
generally have something up their  
sleeves.

The trinket which now may be  
seen so often where the arms leave  
off and the hands begin was once  
the subject of prejudice. It was the  
symbol of pink teas, of tango lizards  
of counts who had crossed the seas  
intent on marrying the daughters of  
Porkopolis for their money.

Now times have changed and even  
the finest of the suggestion of Police  
Commissioner Woods has been accepted.  
may be forced to put on leather  
bracelets and tick boxes interested  
in the same.

They might do worse, for al-  
though a wrist watch has to shoot  
his cuffs as often as William Jen-  
nings Bryan and other orators do  
when in full delivery, he can gener-  
ally shoot something else, such as  
the wild beasts of the jungle, when  
occasion demand it. The wrist-  
watcher is often the dead shot, and  
the dead-game sport (and I have  
known many such).

Once I was talking with one of  
those gentleman rankers of old Eng-  
land, who by this time is probably  
somewhere in France, for he was al-  
ways looking for trouble where it  
was tickest. He had been away for  
about three years in the jungles of  
Africa at that time and was giving  
a little account of himself.

Among his frank admissions was  
the story of holding of a band of  
Ashantees for six days single handed  
while he kept busy with two rifles  
and a revolver. Also he had got  
away with a few tons of ivory in  
the African jungles and had slain  
six more bull elephants than the law  
allows. Incidentally he had shot  
a lion which was charging him, and  
had a hand to hand clinch with a  
gorilla.

He had done things like that be-  
fore, this harum scarum offscouring  
of a high-born British family. There  
was nothing at which he ever stop-  
ped, being mostly composed of iron  
nerve and steel muscles. He had a  
soft, caressing way when he talked,  
and when he dropped back into civil-  
ization he continued to wear the  
wrist watch with its grimy leather  
band which he had taken with him  
through so many adventures in the  
equatorial wilds.

"Bally effeminate," he observed,  
"this tickbug, eh? Maybe wrong, old  
man, but deucedly convenient to  
sneak down at and time the two-  
horned rhino that happens to be  
charging a chap, eh what?"

These days even the bad men, the  
cattle rustlers of the far west, are  
taking as naturally to wrist watches  
as they do to busting broncos or  
branding steers.

To realize how far the cult of the  
wrist watch is spreading, just take a  
walk through a cantonment or watch

## YOUR SICK CHILD IS CONSTIPATED! LOOK AT TONGUE

If Cross, Feverish or Bilious give  
"California Syrup of Figs."

No matter what ails your child, a  
gentle, thorough laxative should al-  
ways be the first treatment given.  
If your little one is out of sorts,  
half-sick, isn't resting, eating and  
acting naturally—look. Mother! see  
if tongue is coated. This is a sure  
sign that its little stomach, liver and  
bowels are clogged with waste. When  
cross, irritable, feverish, stomach  
sour, breath bad or has stomach-  
ache, diarrhoea, sore throat, full of  
cold, give a teaspoonful of "Cal-  
ifornia Syrup of Figs," and in a few  
hours all the constipated poison, un-  
digested food and sour bile gently  
moves out of its little bowels with-  
out griping, and you have a well,  
playful child again.

Mothers can rest easy after giving  
this harmless "fruit laxative," be-  
cause it never fails to cleanse the  
little one's liver and bowels and  
sweeten the stomach, and they dear-  
ly love its pleasant taste. Full di-  
rections for babies, children of all  
ages and for grown-ups printed on  
each bottle.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups.  
Ask your druggist for a fifty cent  
bottle of "California Syrup of Figs";  
then see that it is made by the "Cal-  
ifornia Fig Syrup Company."

the soldiers foregathering in Broad-  
way. Did you ever notice how many  
of the best marksmen, with their re-  
cords on their collars in the form of  
special buttons showing their quali-  
fications, are also cuff shooters. The  
country is full of warriors who are  
boldly wearing wrist watches, and  
(God save the mark:) some of them  
have handkerchiefs tucked up their  
sleeves as well.

The fashion of wearing wrist  
watches was well established in the  
armies of the allies early in the war  
Nowadays a wrist watch is regarded  
as part of the necessary equipment  
of an officer either in the land or sea  
forces. If one observes war pictures  
closely one is likely to detect on the  
wrists of soldiers in the trenches,  
either while they are firing rifles or  
sending up bombs and hand grenades  
small, round ornaments. These show  
at a glance that spry Tommy Atkins  
and the bearded poilu alike are giv-  
ing to having their time handy under  
their sleeves. Often you will see the  
little round patch also on the wrists  
of the gun pointers as well as on the  
arms of soldiers of the sea.

Originally it is said, officers in the  
British service carried the horologi-  
cal devices in such convenient form  
so that they would never miss their  
5-o'clock tea. Frequently gallant lieut-  
enants playing dead in No Man's  
Land would note on their wrist  
watches that tiffin was nigh and with  
murmured apologies rise quickly and  
beat their way to the bomb-proof  
amid a rain of bullets, often only just  
on time for tea.

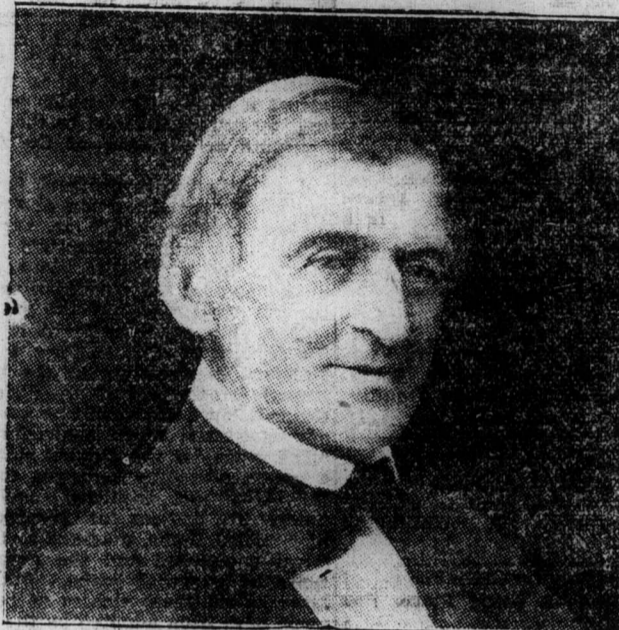
Despite all the denunciations  
which have been leveled at it, the  
wrist watch has come to stay, for it  
has been used in the parades of the  
National Guard, in the march of the  
Selected the other day, and no doubt  
it will be seen on the wrists of Sam-

# Emerson Said

*"The World will make a  
beaten path to his doors"*

--- and he was right

Emerson, the great mathematician and  
philosopher, said something about the  
world making a beaten path to the door of  
a man who might make a better mouse  
trap or anything else. Emerson was right.  
All the world asks "greater value." Wherever that  
greater value is offered people will come. The great-  
est value in men's clothes in the Dominion of Canada  
to-day is offered in the



EMERSON—one of the World's Greatest Philosophers.

## Tip Top Tailors'

### One-Price Suits and Overcoats MADE TO MEASURE AT \$16

Thousands of the well-dressed men of Brantford  
and elsewhere have found this out. The reason  
for the Tip Top Tailors' "better value" is the result of a bet-  
ter and definite plan. We have only one price. We have an  
outlet through a chain of stores from coast to coast. We buy  
our woollens direct from the mills. We sell on extremely close margins. We do  
not lose any money on charge accounts, because we do not have any. Come to-  
morrow and learn why you cannot duplicate the Tip-Top Tailors' \$16 made-to-  
measure suits and overcoats anywhere unless you pay from \$10 to \$15 more.

Why wear ready-made clothes for which you will have to pay even higher prices  
when you can have a suit made to your individual measure, carrying out any prefer-  
ences you may have, for \$16.00, with a guarantee of perfect satisfaction or money back.

### MAIL ORDERS

Our patented self-measure-  
ment form, style book, and  
samples of cloth enables us  
to guarantee perfect fit by  
mail. Write to-day—address  
mail orders to Tip Top  
Wholesale Tailoring Plant,  
256 Richmond St., W., Tor-  
onto.

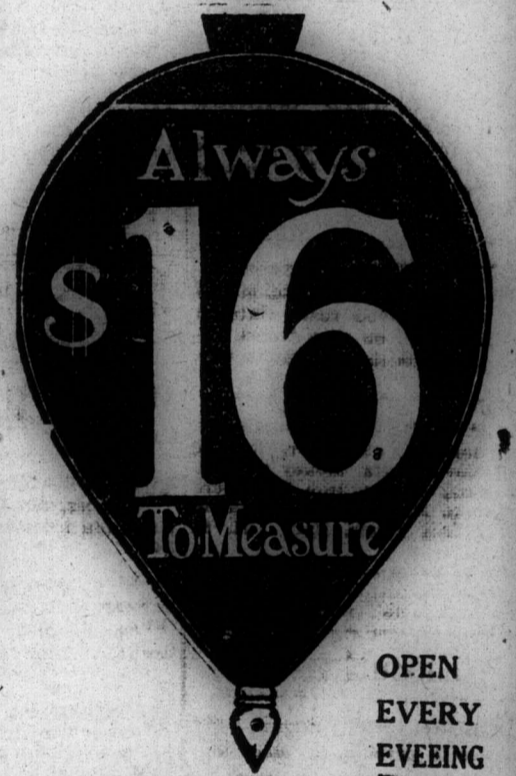
THE LARGEST EXCLUSIVE \$16 TAILORS IN CANADA

## TIP TOP TAILORS

A CHAIN OF STORES FROM COAST TO COAST

68 Colborne St., Brantford

Every Garment Made to Measure



## BRIDGE COLLAPSE RECALLS ROMANCE OF NORTHWEST



Telegraph Wire Left by Overland Pioneers Was Used by Indians to Build This Remarkable Structure.

The suspension bridge constructed by the Hagwilget Indians across the  
Bulkley River in Central British Columbia has collapsed and now floats  
in the waters of Hagwilget Canyon, held by the cables on which it was  
suspended for more than twenty years. The news will be received with  
regret by engineers in all parts of the world. This frail structure was  
regarded as a remarkable example of Indian skill in bridge building and  
had been a subject of comment in many engineering magazines, while it  
was also regarded as one of the many features of interest seen from the  
trains of the Grand Trunk Pacific line. Conceived in the mind of a native  
and built by his fellow tribesmen, the true principles of the modern suspen-  
sion bridge were carried into the construction work. The bridge was the  
third attempt to get a permanent crossing over the Bulkley River, the first  
two bridges having been swept away by high water. When the Indians  
built this bridge they had no modern tools, nor did they have nails, spikes  
or bolts, wooden splines and telegraph wire being used at joints. The  
bridge had a span of 146 feet and was 19 feet wide.

Interwoven with the story of the Indian bridge is a romance of the  
Northwest. The telegraph wire used in its construction was discovered  
by the Indians at a point some eight hundred miles west of Edmonton and  
200 miles inland from the Pacific Coast, where it had been hidden for many  
years. This is how it happened: Between the date of the unsuccessful  
and the day of the successful attempts to lay a submarine cable which  
would connect New York and London, a man was put forth for an over-  
land telegraph line from New York to St. Petersburg. The close of the  
Civil War found the country full of men of mettle. Some of the old cam-  
paigners were selected and sent to work.

In the meantime, while these heroic explorers were working away in  
the wilderness, London and New York were coupled up by the sub-  
marine cable. Instantly, all interest in the overland disappeared, as the  
need of the line no longer existed. Away out on the Northern corner of  
this continent there is a line of fifty-year-old telegraph poles. It is easy  
to understand and appreciate the disappointment of these brave fellows  
who had fought the good fight in sun and rain for over a year and a half,  
only to be told to quit. And that is how they happened to leave the  
telegraph wire used in the bridge in a cache on the river, along whose  
banks the Grand Trunk Pacific transcontinental trains are now travelling.  
When this enthusiastic band of workers went home, the "silent  
places" fell asleep again, and the younger generation forgot. After forty  
years more of unbroken sleep, other telegraph builders blazed the trail,  
planting poles and stringing wires. What was regarded as a worthless  
wilderness was hailed as the new Empire of the North, teeming with  
natural riches. This time they succeeded, for the men were on the payroll  
of the Grand Trunk Pacific Telegraph Company, and the wires follow the  
right-of-way of Canada's new line. This modern successor of the over-  
land has become an important factor in handling the telegraph business  
of a large section of the continent.

ties for years to come. Nobody can  
guess that it is one of the most  
compact conveniences of modern  
times. For the soldier and the mar-  
ine, the continual shooting of the  
cuff so that they may get a view of  
the timepieces is of the greatest val-  
ue as a callisthenic exercise. It teach-  
es a man the use of all his hands.  
Prejudice and provincialism al-  
ways die slowly however, for the  
other day when I was walking  
Broadway with a member of the  
Royal Flying Corps who plainly wore  
his wrist dial snickers were heard on  
every side.

"Pipe the guy with the wrist  
tick!" remarked one wastrel woul-  
d. "Keeps tabs on his pulse so he won't  
get fussed."

Here was this daring aviator who  
had sped into the bluest empyrean,  
who knew no limit of his courage  
even in the sky, and yet to the grace-  
less and ignorant he was merely the  
top, the aerial jack-a-dandy.

The Blue Devil who came to our  
shores recently after his brilliant ex-  
ploits in the air also wore a wrist  
watch. Santo-Dumont was among  
those who started the fashion. The  
wrist watch goes high in the air with  
the Lafayette Escadrille, and the  
steady arms which it adorns bring  
down many a flying Boche. And yet  
there are folks who would make the  
aviator go digging down into a garb  
buckled and sealed about him in  
quest of a conventional watch be-  
cause stupid custom has drained

that watches should be stowed in the  
waistcoat pockets!

The wrist watch has been very  
slow in coming into its rightful place  
in the United States. It is about 15  
years since it appeared. At first it was  
considered a piece of jewelry which  
could only be worn upon a feminine  
wrist. The bracelet in gold and the  
timepiece were often combined. There  
are, of course, some many individ-  
uals who wear bracelets even without  
the pretext that they need them as  
watch settings. The old Roman leg-  
ionaries and the fierce Numidians  
wore the bracelets high on the upper  
arm so that they could flex their  
bulging biceps against them.

As a rule the foreigners who were  
in the habit of wearing their watches  
that way had either to wear them  
high up on the arms and furtively  
read the dials through flaps cut for  
the purpose in their upper sleeves  
or go without exact knowledge of the  
time. Sometimes unfortunate  
counts and princes narrowly escaped  
mobbing in the streets, and they re-  
turned to their native lands with the  
idea that it was a capital offense for  
a man to carry anything up his  
sleeve but a knife. Many escaped  
bodily injury by never shooting their  
cuffs until they were in the shadow.  
The estimable wrist watch went  
through many tribulations in this  
country. When women wore it at  
first it was considered outre and  
masculine; then when men wore one

it became a badge of effeminacy.  
Sometimes a cowboy or lumberjack  
happening into a city from a long  
distance would run amuck with his  
shooting irons, and in the upward  
aiming of the same reveal that he  
had a watch on his wrist, and thus  
did good missionary work.

Once there was a man who found  
that civilization palled upon him. He  
went to a far country where the sky  
is blue and the mesas tower red into  
the fleecy clouds. Isaac was tired of  
his name and desired a title which  
would fit him, just as the habit of  
mental agility fixed upon Kelland's  
hero the sobriquet "Sudden Jim."  
He thought that he would like to be  
called "Tough Ike."

He hurried himself into a cowboy  
camp, shot holes into the surround-  
ing atmosphere, ate a few live coals  
from the fire, pulled a cactus up by  
the roots and used that spiny and  
prickly plant for a seat, and finally  
thrust his hand into the kettle where  
the Mexican beans were cooking in  
sizzling water and drew it forth. The  
group about the fire watching court-  
eously to see how far the newcomer  
would go before taking trigger,  
caught the glint of an object cling-  
ing to the brawny right arm of the  
stranger, and forthwith nicknamed  
him "Wrist Watch Ames."

Happily there are days coming in  
which men will yield more and more  
in this matter of prejudice. In nearly  
every community citizens may wear

wrist watches without being the lar-  
gests of abuse. It is never safe any-  
way to judge the men of any age by  
the little vanities of the day. Some  
of the most daring officers of the  
British navy donned high silk hats  
when they were leading boarding  
parties after opposing craft had been  
grappled stern and bow. Many an ex-  
quisite of the reign of Charles I.  
proved the gallant soldier. Lace and  
frills and bright ornaments, chains  
of gold and necklaces of precious  
stones never really curbed the high  
courage of a man with fighting  
blood.

The Merovingian kings went into  
the thickest of the fray of yore  
wearing rich turks and with jeweled  
bosses at their breasts. If there had  
been such a device in his day I doubt  
not that Clovis would have worn a  
wrist watch, and also he would have  
shattered the brain case of any per-  
son taking exception thereto.

These are observations for the  
purpose of showing that even so  
hardy and sturdy a race as the  
Dutch, of New York is not likely to  
degenerate if hard necessity and new  
regulations compel them to take to  
wrist watches. A worse fate than this  
might befall them. Explorers both  
of the deep tropical jungles and of  
the Arctic wilds wear these so-call-  
ed baubles and neither class would  
object to being found dead in the  
woods with them on. Aviators, stee-  
plejacks, cowboys, lumberjacks and

Children Cry  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
CASTORIA