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The 'Pilot' Papers.

"NEVER AGAIN."
"God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over mine and his,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!"

Since the beginning of the war I have been proud of my countrymen. And by that, of course, I mean nothing so silly as my Englishmen. I mean every man of British blood, wherever he may be scattered over land and sea, who has learned what the name of England stands for, and who is prepared to fight and die to maintain it.

For, look you, I am no politician, as that word is commonly accepted. England does not mean to me Tory England, nor Radical England.

It means the land which stands for peace, freedom, good government, anti-slavery—but above all for peace, even if that peace has to be purchased at the price of the bloodiest war of all time. And I am one of those who has worked and written for the universal training of our manhood in order that we may be ready for such a crisis as has now arisen.

That we are not ready in the sense of being trained is, alas, too tragically true. We shall pay for it, and pay dearly, before this war is over. But if we learn our lesson, even thus late, if we realize that we are the pivot on which the world's peace revolves, even the awful horrors of the existing war will not have been too great a price.

Even now I doubt if our young men have realized that you cannot train an army in three months; that you cannot learn to march, to endure the hardships of war, that you cannot live and fight on a war commissariat without a long and a stern preparation. But we shall learn that lesson all right in the next six months.

The Spirit of the Race.
Nor have our people learned on how little they can live in health. So long as they know how to cook, and various nutritive values of easily obtainable foods. If they had we should hear nothing of a food scare. That, too, we shall learn speedily and, I hope finally, this side Christmas. What has not failed us, thank God, is the spirit of the race. We are now ready, whatever we have been hitherto, to demonstrate once more what England means, and must mean, if the world is not to be thrown into the melting pot.

This war will solve a great many problems which have been solved about this time, whether Germany was the immediate provocation or not. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa have to make up their minds once for all whether they are really parts of the Empire, or whether they are to go on indefinitely sharing in all the good results of that Empire, without shouldering its responsibilities. They have to settle whether the British army is their army, whether the British navy is their navy—or not, and to contribute in men and treasure proportionately.

We have to settle whether it is not about time that our ridiculously small group of islands called to its counsels a statement to represent both the "palm" and the "pine" of Kipling's poem. It is all right, or rather it is not all right, to shout about having the men, and the ships, and the money, but the hour has struck at last when each inhabitant of our Empire has to learn his place as a world's peace-maker.

And that is the point at which the rift between them, Britain and her possible allies can dictate a permanent peace, as they could have done to-day if wiser counsels had prevailed.

Right Not Always Right.
I am not much of a believer in the god of battles. Wherever else it may be true, it is not true on the battlefield that Right is Right. Such battle gods as there are fight on the side of the big battalions, as we shall see before this war is over.

But anyhow, we are by way of learning in what appears to be the only possible way, that if we are to remain a nation and an Empire at all, we shall, each man of us, have to take ourselves more seriously. For, at the nod of one man, or half a dozen men, if you prefer it, we find Europe in flames, men and ships confronting

each other in a world's death grip, trade paralyzed, and enough money chucked away to pension off the whole of Europe at the age of 65.

And if I am any judge at all, the one feeling that dominates that part of the world which is ranged against Germany, and Austria is that it shall never occur again. It is not only Mr. Carnegie (who was prepared to give all his wealth in the cause of peace) who says so; it is not only Mr. Arnold White, who wrote an inspired letter to the Press on the subject, but I believe every adult is so impressed with the shame and the horror of this thing that he is prepared to die to prevent its recurrence.

We men of peace, who have pleaded that not only on the kit-bags and knapsacks of our soldiers and sailors, but on the hearts of all thoughtful men should be stamped the words, "Never Again." The menace of the mailed fist must now cease at all costs and for all time.

Freeing a World.
The world must be freed from the terror of a would-be master, from anything and everything which is capable, as now, of breaking up our homes, wrecking our businesses, and plunging us all into a sea of care and pain.

We men of peace, to quote Mr. Carnegie, feel that of all crimes the killing of men by their fellow men is the foulest fiend ever loosed from hell, the deepest disgrace possible to so-called civilization; and we agree with him that "we must not fail to call to account the guilty emperor, king, president, or statesman who has done this thing."

If it were the last word I were ever to write, I would still back up Mr. White's demand that "this war must not end until the German warships are sunk, her fortresses razed to the ground, her army disbanded, and her munitions destroyed." And I am not at all sure that I do not agree with him in his demand that "the military and civil bureaucrats responsible for opening hell's gates" should, on proof, be shot.

Germany has more to fear from the cold anger she has aroused in England and France than many have yet an adequate conception of. For this is not a case of wounded amour propre; it is not a case of "misunderstanding." It is not a case, as in the Japanese War, of a nation being goaded beyond endurance.

No! It is a cold-blooded, premeditated, carefully-planned scheme, to destroy France, and possibly Belgium, to seize the French colonies, to exact a huge war indemnity from an inoffensive people, and then, after a period of "rest" to attack the one Power in the world, our own, which stands as I have said, for a world's peace.

Disregarded Prophecies.
Many people, Lord Roberts and Mr. Robert Blatchford, for instance, have seen it coming. France, certainly, has for years lived the life of a plucky dog chained within fighting distance of a ferocious wolf only too anxious to pick a quarrel. We ourselves, let it be said in all gravity have the sea and nothing but the sea, to thank for our immunity. And even that we have jeopardized by allowing—yes! allowing—the German Navy to attain such unnecessary and such dangerous proportions.

Well, friends, I believe Europe, and especially France and Great Britain, have made up their minds that this thing and this kind of thing has got to stop. We have blazoned on our banners the words, "Never Again." We are only at the beginning of the business.

Thanks to our Navy, which some foolish people would have had much less adequate for the present task, we are in little or no danger of starvation. Nor do I think the risk of serious invasion of these islands is one our military or naval authorities stand in fear of. We may have to live on workhouse diet, but no "patriot" fears that. And an odd ship or so may land, if they are so foolish, a few hundred or a thousand men here to give our home defenders something to do.

The dangers do not lie there. You may yet find that Manchester, besides have to be defended on French and Belgian soil by men who have never yet dreamt of being called up.

Our ladies may get to be glad to cast

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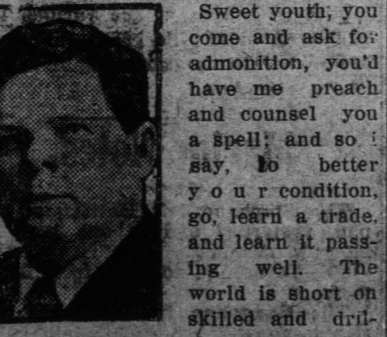
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S. MILLEY

The Boiled Shirts.



Sweet youth, you come and ask for admission, you'd have me preach and counsel you a spell; and so I say, to better your condition, go, learn a trade, and learn it packing well. The world is short on skilled and drilled mechanics, but it is long on trifling human equities; who, facing work, are prone to its and panics, who wear kid gloves and boiled or

scalloped shirts. The man who toils at bench or loom or anvil is worth a gross of those who talk or write; 'twould serve them right to bring some cash from Canville, and put them in, and seal the bunch up tight. The man who takes his tools from out their locker, who swings a sledge or piles the shining saw, is more worth while than any tiresome talker, who boasts the flag, or yet expounds the law. The country awakens with men demanding payment for dazy schemes, the thought of which awakens the country awakens with men in perfectly rampant, and what we need's the man in overalls. Go forth, fair youth, and learn to be a tinker, a plumber, bold, a tailor or a

cook, and men will say you are a peach and clunker, when on the product of your skill they look.

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IN TIMES OF WAR you cannot do without clothes any more than you can in times of peace; but at such a time it is necessary that you economize as much as possible; and in order to keep all our help at work we intend to make up Suits and Overcoats, until further notice, at the smallest possible margin of profit, but must be strictly cash orders. Investigate and get our prices; quality of our work needs no advertising. SPURRELL BROS., 265 Water Street, next door to Parker & Monroe's. aug17,10414

Harvest Hands.

The harvest hand is a man whose duty it is to pile up prosperity with a pitchfork.

He can generally be distinguished by his deep scarlet neck. Most of the world's sunshine is concentrated in the harvest field and after a harvest hand has toiled for two weeks with nothing between him and the sun but a half-acre straw hat that he looks like a lobster who has just had a hot bath.

The harvest hand follows the binder and piles the bundles of wheat and oats into neat little piles. Later on the pitches these piles onto a wagon. Almost anybody can stick a fork into a couple of wheat bundles and boast of being a gully shot. But the second pair of bundles weigh more than the first and the 100th pair weigh twice as much. By afternoon the green young harvest hand is pitching haystacks instead of bundles and by night he is pitching pyramids.

About all the work in the wheat field comes at harvest time. This makes the harvest hand a scarce and valuable institution. He gets from \$2.50 to \$4.00 a day in Kansas with board and a bed in the hay loft thrown in. Thousands of plaid gentlemen who lead lives of leisure far from the reach of a bath tub stroll out into Kansas during the harvest to work a little at these figures. But very few of them get rich at it. After a man has rested doggedly for twenty years he is not of much account in a wheat field where "rest" is the rarest and most unfrequent word in the dictionary.

Many a college boy takes off his dinky hat and pretty frat pin in the summer and goes out to Kansas where he tackles a wheat-planting job and sticks to it until he looks like the wreck of a scare-crow. We can forgive a college boy anything he does in winter for the feast he performs in summer, when the rest of the world is hunting a cool spot near the lemonade bucket.

Fads and Fashions.

The curiously carved wooden beads from the East are among the most artistic.

The neck cord fastening to the simple white blouse is an attractive and new feature.

Snocked dresses are in vogue again for little girls, and nothing could be prettier.

Eggshell crepe nightgowns are being trimmed with flat bands of blue and white stripes.

For most out-of-door sports the simplest white linen or pique costumes are correct.

Small panama hats are trimmed with scarfs of heavy white chiffon or richly colored ribbon.

Crepe de chine blouses have chemisettes, collars and bands of hemstitched Paris muslin.

Gray and white craquelé mesh lace is used with bright-colored taffeta for evening gowns.

White doeskin gloves, hand-stitched with black, are an English fashion just introduced.

Tub skirts now come in striped and plaid colors to harmonize and are combined in the same dress.

An old blue taffeta gown, ruffled almost to the waist and having a ruffled fichu, has much charm.

Girdles have to be knotted fresh at each wearing if they are to produce the effect of carelessness.

Very trim summer coats are made of black and white checks, with raglan sleeves and big pockets.

The long, accordion-pleated tunic promises to be one of fashion's greatest favorites the coming season.

Parasols are bowered and ruffled in a word, one of the most interesting accessories to a woman's costume.

Boys' Jersey Suits.

A SPLENDID VARIETY OF NEW GOODS
Colours: Navy, Brown, Sax, White and Cardinal. Size: To fit from 2 years to 6 years. The correct thing for present wear.

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