

Sir William Robertson One of Few Who Found Baton in His Knapsack

THE transfer of Field Marshal Viscount French from the western front to Britain has brought with it many staff changes, among them the appointment to the position of Chief of General Staff in Britain of General Sir William Robertson, who was with Viscount French as Chief of Staff at the front.

Sir William Robertson is in many respects one of the most remarkable men in the British army, having done that thing so rare in the army, risen from the ranks.

The field marshal's baton in every private's knapsack is either mythical or a will-o'-the-wisp, because the average recruit fails to find any trace of it in his knapsack. But now and again the recruiting sergeant's op-



SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

timism is vindicated by a "rise from the ranks." The case of Sir Hector Macdonald—fighting Mac—is well known, and the present war has established another record in this direction. Thirty years ago a lad, William Robertson, accepted the Queen's shilling which admitted him to the 16th Lancers.

Young Robertson did not intend to rest content with his lot. His abilities were not lost upon his commanding officers. In the early days of the Boer War he was a captain, and within the succeeding decade he attained the rank of Brigadier-General. He received the D.S.O. in 1896, was created a Companion of the Order of the Bath in 1905, and received the honor of knighthood in 1913. The present war gave Major-General Sir William Robertson, K.C.V.O., another opportunity to display his military genius, and his brilliant services in connection with the British retreat from Mons drew forth high encomiums from Sir John French. Further promotion was inevitable, and recently the announcement that Sir William had been made a Lieutenant-General has brought widespread satisfaction, especially among the "Tomnies."

The main point of interest, however, is the fact that Sir William Robertson is one of only two rankers who have achieved such an eminent position. The other instance was about one hundred years ago. A tanner's apprentice, John Elley, enlisted as a private in the Royal Horse Guards Blue, but when he died in 1839 he was Sir John Elley, K.C.B., and was buried in the Chapel Royal, Windsor.

Bulgaria to Be Catholic.

The Naples Matino asserts that it has been informed King Ferdinand of Bulgaria has communicated with Pope Benedict stating that after the war Bulgaria will become a Catholic country. The newspaper adds that this is an old dream of King Ferdinand's, and that the heads of the Bulgarian Church are not opposed to the measure, provided the Pope is willing to recognize the orthodox Bulgarian prelates.

The national faith of Bulgaria is that of the Orthodox Greek Church, although in 1870, in consequence of its demand for and receipt of religious autonomy, the Bulgarian church was declared by the Patriarch of Constantinople to be outside the Orthodox Communion. The clergy, both orthodox and of other religious faiths are paid by the State. Outside of the orthodox church the Mohammedans are most numerous in Bulgaria.

Door Is Close Shut.

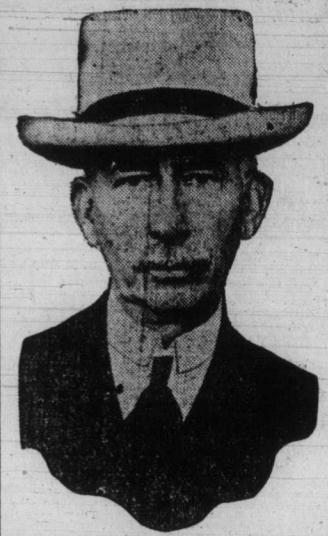
Americans and other neutrals are further restricted from entering Germany under new regulations issued by the German Foreign Office. In order to obtain a visa to his passport, the holder in future will be compelled to proceed personally to the German diplomatic or consular office and provide two photographs for filing, similar to that affixed to the passport, and also show birth or naturalization certificates. The holder of the passport must prove in a satisfactory manner the urgency of his journey, whether of a private or a business nature, and submit his business papers and furnish the names of the persons he purposes visiting.

Col. House Leaves For Europe, But Is Not On Peacemaking Errand

COL. E. M. HOUSE, confidential adviser to President Wilson, has left for Europe on another mission, in which he is acting as an unofficial agent of the President.

When asked to explain his mission, Colonel House said:

"I am going to Europe at the request of the President and the Secretary of State for the purpose of taking information to some of our Ambassadors in order that they may



COLONEL HOUSE.

have more intimate knowledge of this Government's attitude on certain pending international questions of the first importance, and in order to obtain from them their point of view. It is not advisable to bring home at this time any of our Ambassadors from the belligerent countries. It has been found impossible to convey of obtain by cable or correspondence quite the correct atmosphere."

Colonel House desired to have it made entirely clear that he is not going on any mission of peace. He is accompanied by Clifford N. Carver, until recently attached to the American Embassy at London. Mr. Carver resigned that post to become Secretary to Colonel House.

WITH AMBULANCE UNIT.

Canadian Boy Is Serving in Italy With Trevelyan.

One of the most interesting undertakings in connection with the war has been the organization in England of an ambulance unit to serve with the Italian army in Italy. The unit is under the command of Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, one of the leading authorities on modern Italian history. The principal organizers of the unit were Mr. Philip J. Baker, a son of Joseph Allen Baker, M.P., and who commanded the Friends' Ambulance Unit in Flanders, Mr. Geoffrey Young, and Mr. Allen R. Baker. The training camp of the unit was on the beautiful grounds of Sir George Young at Cookham-on-the-Thames. The unit consists of twenty ambulances with their complement of motor trucks, touring cars, and motorcycles. Many of the members of the unit are Cambridge University men, among them being Professor Pigou, a well-known authority on economics. Altogether there are fifty-five officers, interpreters, medical men, drivers, mechanics, orderlies, and cooks. Shortly before its departure for Italy the unit was inspected by the Marchese Imperiali, the Italian Ambassador to Great Britain, who expressed his warmest and heartfelt thanks to the unit for their generous intentions and magnificent work and for the valuable help they were going to bring in relieving the wounded Italian soldiers. The unit, he said, would carry a tangible message of the amity and good-will of the British nation to the Italian nation.

The members of the Ambulance Unit left for the front on August 20 and motored through France to Modane, Switzerland, where the Italian Government sent a train to take them and their ambulances through the St. Cenis Tunnel into Italy. A despatch from Rome states that on their way to the Italian front they were cheered by large crowds assembled in the towns through which they passed. The organization of the unit appears to have touched the Italian heart and their presence at the front helps to increase the good feeling that exists between England and her Italian ally.

Losses at the Dardanelles.

Great Britain's loss of officers and men at the Dardanelles up to December 11 was 112,921. This is the grand total of officers and men, including the naval lists, of killed, wounded, and missing. The number killed was 25,279. In addition to the total of casualties, the number of sick admitted to hospitals was 95,633.

The losses were distributed as follows: Killed—Officers, 1,509; men, 23,670; wounded—officers, 2,969; men, 22,222; missing—officers, 337; men, 12,114.

Christian Names Taxed.

Under the new Dutch Budget, at the registration of a newly-born baby all Christian names, with the exception of one, are to be taxed. Holders of foreign stocks are also heavily taxed.

Certified.

Customer—Are these eggs fresh?
Clerk—They are positively impudent.



"OFFICER?" said Cissy, looking up from her magazine. "did you say officer? Where?"

The train was sliding into Quebec with the light taut breath of a young runner. The morning air was a shiver of diamonds. The passengers had waked, wondered, breakfasted, and were about to alight.

Cissy was the sort of American who got her hats out of Vogue, her views out of the Smart Set, and her

be kinda hard on neutrality. As the red-leaded and be-buffaloed conveyance tinkled off down the street, while dad got busy on the French-named shopfronts, Cissy's head came breathlessly round.

"He didn't go away on the train after all, did he just went through it. He's in the sleigh behind."

Captain Moriarty was a Canadian—

from Ireland, via New York, for adventure. He had spent five hard-riding years in the Northwest

the life out of one. The north pumps it in and uses it up again at top pressure. The long miles melted into memories.

"How can you leave it?" Cissy burst out at last, "this glorious country—how can you go there to the guns and the gas and those awful, awful trenches?"

"How could I stay? The more wonderful it is—child, child, isn't it worth fighting for? But you're neutral. You couldn't understand?"

She touched his arm timidly. He looked so grim.

"Oh, but I do!" she whispered. "My great-grandfather fought under Washington. This ain't my country—but if it were, how I would fight!"

The captain was more afraid than thousands of Germans would have made him. But he charged straight for the guns.



"Officer," said Cissy "Where"

checks out of dad. The hats were small, the views were broad, but the checks were the loudest plaid you ever saw and still growing.

Cissy had set her heart on a white Christmas, a crinkle-treed, sleigh-celled, buffalo-robed Christmas. "Where else were the use of the finest fur coat between here and Madame Polarbear's At Home."

But New York—nice, haughty, society-eyed New York—just wouldn't accommodate.

Cissy had stamped a eighteen-inch-high-booted foot under the shortest skirt you ever saw, short of the bathing beach, and dad got the light.

He also got the way to the nearest ticket office—or rather the chaffeur—and the net result was twin tickets for Canada. Dad and Cissy were all there was to it down home, except servants.



Cap Moriarty was a Canadian from Ireland via New York.

"Where?" said Cissy again, flattening her pretty nose against the cool pane. "I want an officer for Christmas too, please may I?"

As if in answer, the door of the far end of the car opened and the girl in the compartment saw a man stride in. He had hair the color of his tights suit, and you knew from the set of his mouth that his eyes were grey.

"Two button-trinkets on his arm, daddy," said Miss Inquisitive, as the porter hustled the suit cases down the aisle. "no, three. What make is he?"

"Captain, I think. You you're neutral? I don't you forget it!"

"Neutral?" said his daughter, with her first bling of true north air

"seems to me this climate is going to

Mounted Police. Now he is going home; because no matter how far a Briton travels, he's Briton still. And when it comes to a scrap, your Irishman is the grittiest Briton of them all.

His battalion was wintering in Montreal, but Moriarty himself had leave for Christmas and he had run down to the Chateau Frontenac for a little of the sport on ski, toboggan, skate and sleigh, that he so loved.

Incidentally and unconsciously, he had packed a little arrow in his bag, a strange, gold-headed steelbarbed bit of viciousness unknown to military authorities, the mate of which had been slid into the wardrobe trunk of the girl from New York. He didn't know it. And she didn't know it.

But the little French-eyed cupid of Quebec had wired ahead for just that arrangement.

Dad met the captain in the morning—oh yes, such things do happen—and Cissy met him at lunch. It was thrilling to talk to a real soldier. Most of the men she knew had raised a moustache for the Allies—and that was all.

When he proposed tobogganing Cissy hunted up her furriest, fluffiest, fetchingest coat and complied. Incidentally, the French cupid transferred the arrow from the trunk to her eyes—big, dark eyes they were and disastrously eyelashed.

The streets tingled with life. They flowed with color. Everywhere you heard the lilt of Gallic laughter. There were soldiers too, endless groups of them. And every group countered, when one was on the magic company of an officer, meant a salute. Cissy had been bowed to, cringed to, kneeled to, but saluted by real active-service soldiers—never before. It was thrilling.

Tobogganing is the king of winter sports. The Comte d'Anand climaxed speed-daring, swallow-darting adventure. The most popular slide in Quebec starts from under the shadow of the King's Bastion of the Citadel and ends on Dufferin Terrace at the entrance to the Chateau Frontenac tea room. It starts as "pleasant-to-meet-you, glad-you-came"; it goes a quarter of a mile in something under thirty seconds; and when it has landed you breathless and well-acquainted at the door of the tea room—why, after half an hour of such glorious fellowship, you just naturally drift in.

White hands over a dainty teapot—warm fragrance of the subtle Orient in every sip—

"After all, we're one race," said the captain, smiling, "what do you say to snowshoeing to-morrow?"

The day was a perfect pearl, a sun-drenched ecstasy. The south taken

Most of the men she knew had raised a moustache for the allies—and let it go at that.

"Would you take a stake in it if it were offered to you very, very humbly? Just one Canadian heart, dear? We have to move quickly these days. There are no long courtships in war time."

There wasn't a sound in all the white world.

"It isn't true. It couldn't be," said Cissy, awed, "and yet I know I love you."

Out of the end of a feathery, snow-draped bough, the little French cupid laughed. And then he sighed. Far away, a bugle at the Citadel had played "fall in."



"And yet I love you"

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LIGHTNING RODS.

Why They End in a Sharp Point and Not in a Knob.

The reason a lightning rod has a sharp point is because a fine point offers no resistance to the discharge of electricity and in order that a cloud may be emptied of it noiselessly and harmlessly.

The degree of resistance is in proportion to the surface of the object. If the rod were surmounted by a knob, for instance, the discharge would be violent. But many a lightning rod has received an electrical discharge when the people in the building below were calmly unconscious of the fact. Non-corrosive metal is used for the point of the rod, as corrosion makes resistance.

The difference between a point and a ball is shown in discharging a battery. The full charge from a large battery would be received quietly on a metal point, while a moderate charge from a small one would explode violently on a ball.

It is said that a full charge may be passed harmlessly through a person's body if received on the point of a needle, whereas the same charge received on a discharger with a ball or knob on the end would mean instant death.—London Telegraph.

Holland's Windmills.

A man's wealth may be measured by the stocks and bonds he owns in New York, by the cattle he has in Argentina, by the chain of gold eagles his wife wears in Tehuantepec, and so on. But in some parts of Holland the number of windmills a man owns gives the clew to his financial rating. They fight the water, shelter the family, afford an occupation and provide an income for their owners.

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For information that will lead to the discovery or whereabouts of the person or persons suffering from Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Mouth and Throat, Blood Poison, Skin Diseases, Bladder Troubles, Special Ailments, and Chronic or Complicated Complaints who cannot be cured at The Ontario Medical Institute, 263-265 Yonge St., Toronto. Correspondence invited.

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TAKE ZUTOO

German Vaults Emptied.

The Reichsbank of Berlin, Germany, is taking measures to secure all gold deposited in safety deposit vaults since the war began. Circulars have been sent to all banks throughout the empire urging them to serve notice on the renters of space in safety deposit vaults since the outbreak of the war that rent arrangements will be discontinued with the present term unless the patrons sign a declaration that the vault drawers contain no gold. Banks are now sending out notifications to customers and enclosing forms for making declarations of the gold contained in their vault drawers.

Declined With Thanks.

Beggar—Won't you give me a nickel for my starving wife, sir? Pedestrian—Nothing doing. I'm married already.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Just Getting Started.

NEW YORK, Dec. 27.—It was pointed out yesterday that the export of arms and munitions for the Allies is just beginning to attain something of the proportions that may be expected for the next year. A steady growth of the output of the munition factories is expected from now on. While the shipment of arms and ammunition are said to average \$2,500,000 a day, there will be a tremendous increase by the middle of March. By that time the capacity of the factories in this country, under the present orders from the Allies, will have been reached.

Pretty Thin.

"Thin?" replied the man who was talking about a mutual acquaintance. "Well, he's so thin that when he eats macaroni he can only swallow it one piece at a time!"—Pittsburgh Press.