

## SLEEP IN A REAL BED FEELS GOOD

Sight of One After Four Months Made Frenchman Excited.

### SOLDIER AND HIS WIFE

Happiness and Devotion to Each Other His Dearest Recollections.

Extract from a French soldier's letter to his English wife.

For the dead, we put their names on a piece of paper and put it in a bottle and place the bottle in the earth over the body, leaving just the neck out, so that after the war their relatives can find them.

There, of course, is often no time to do this, and the "forest," too, it would be almost impossible to find anybody.

The food still comes. We get more than ever as it is so cold now. We get at four o'clock in the morning, coffee at eight o'clock, tea at ten o'clock, soup, meat, vegetables, and coffee at four o'clock in the afternoon, again soup, meat, vegetables, and at tea or eleven o'clock at night not wine or ten twice. So, you see, we get plenty, but it is cold, cold, cold!

Tonight I am quite warm. We found a house. There is a little stove and some coal, and we can do our own cooking, so I am writing you tonight on a proper table. We have put some wood against the door and windows. I shut my eyes, and while I am sitting in a real chair I can almost imagine I am in our own dear little home. But the shells shake the place—it is not true, it is not true! But I am thankful for the comfort.

Officers Maddy Brave.

Today we have fallen back for five days' rest, and I am cooking for my captain in a house.

I am very excited, because last night I slept in a real bed. Yes, yes; over four months I have not seen one. You can tell I was pleased to stay here in the house for a while, if only.

TO REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT EASILY AND QUICKLY

If you are over-weight the cause of your over-stoutness is lack of oxygen-carrying power in the blood and faulty assimilation of food. Too little is being made into the harder tissue of muscle and too much into little globules of fat. Therefore you should correct the mal-assimilation and increase the oxygen-carrying power of the blood. To do this, go to any good druggist and get out of capsule, only sold in original packages and in capsule form, and take one capsule after each meal, three or four times a day, and you will be reduced to what it should be on all parts of the body. The effect of oil of orange in capsule form is to remove the weight reducer and it is perfectly safe.

Any druggist can supply you, or a large one will be sent on receipt of the address D. J. Little Drug Co., Box 1240, Montreal, Can.

## TORTURED BY CONSTIPATION

"Fruit-a-lives" Cured Paralyzed Bowels and Digestion

St. Boniface de Shawinigan, Que. Feb. 24, 1914.

"It is a pleasure to me to inform you that after suffering from Chronic Constipation for 2 1/2 years, I have been cured by 'Fruit-a-lives' while I was a student at Berthier College. I became so ill I was forced to leave the college. Severe pains across the intestines continually tortured me and it came to a point when I could not stoop down at all, and my Digestion became paralyzed. Some one advised me to take 'Fruit-a-lives' and at once I felt a great improvement. After I had taken four or five boxes, I realized that I was completely cured and what made me glad, also, was that they were acting gently, causing no pain whatever to the bowels. All those who suffer with Chronic Constipation should follow my example and take 'Fruit-a-lives' for they are the medicine that cures."

MAGLOIRE PAQUIN.

"Fruit-a-lives" are sold by all dealers at 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c, or sent postpaid on receipt of price by 'Fruit-a-lives' Limited, Ottawa.

Our captain can stay longer without being wounded again.

This is the third time he is wounded. You know, all our officers are maddly brave. They go forward always before us, so of course they are not long to fall.

I have been speaking to the woman who will not leave her house, and who is next door. She has her husband in hospital; he is going to have his leg off. But she is thankful that he is safe. She said she prefers it than to know he will go back in the trench again; she is now sure to have him back again with her.

I am still alive. Our last day of rest is gone, and with it the house I occupied. I am back in the trenches again. I have been speaking with a comrade next me. He sees the happiness your letters give me, and he feels ashamed. He says he used to grumble at his wife and even often hit her when he was drunk, so sometimes he says, "If only I had loved her like she deserved! I used not even say 'thank you' to her when she did little things for me; but if I come back I will be a different man. I will show her how good I can be to her!"

Thank God, my dear wife, we were never like this, and I have only the happy recollections of our happiness and devotion to each other.

BARACA CLUB CONCERT.

On Wednesday evening about 200 employees and friends of the Baraca Club held the first concert held under the auspices of the City Dairies Athletic Association. A splendid program had been arranged.

J. Rose occupied the chair, and short addresses were given by C. C. Morry (president of the company) and Mrs. Dr. Skinner-Gordon.

## MILLIONS OF DEAD POISON THE LIVING

Europe a Vast Burial Ground—San Francisco Orders All Bodies Removed From Cities.

### COMMUNAL MAUSOLEUMS

BY VANCE THOMPSON  
In The San Francisco Press.

THE DEAD have been ordered out of San Francisco.

A law recently passed decrees that all bodies buried within the city limits must be removed, I believe within fourteen months.

No wiser law was ever enacted. There is not one excuse for permitting the dead to poison the home of the living. New York City is dotted over with cemeteries from the dingy and ancient graveyards that lie hidden in the streets and alleys of the lower town to the huge squares where the dead are "parked" on the heights of Upper Broadway. Only last year did the legislators take a hand. They passed a law forbidding the establishment of new cemeteries in Greater New York and the "adjacent" counties—Westchester, Richmond, Nassau and Rockland. In the meantime the old cemeteries are being rapidly filled. The problem, "What to do with the Dead," will have to be faced ere long.

The latest statistics are to the effect that every 24 hours, world over, 50,000 people die. They confirm the old theory that there is a death every second. Day in and day out, every time the second hand ticks some one dies. (It is a more cheerful corollary to that every second one is born.) And the dead crowd the living. They lie thick in the cities. They throng the valleys and pre-empt the hills. They sell upon the fairest sights, and for them the most beautiful landscapes are reserved. And obscurely they mingle with the flowing streams and the running waves.

And we drink the dead.

What will Europe be after this war? The earth is sown with the dead; thru the rotting earth the dead hands reach up to pull the living down—dead pestilential hands.

A Valley of Dead.

In a corner of Northeastern France, there is a valley. When I saw it a few months ago the trenches spread a network across it and many of the trenches were already filled. A valley in the sunlight, and it was there they put the British dead. Thousands upon thousands of them; men of the Connaught Rangers and the Dublin Fusiliers, men from Kent and Essex and Yorkshire, Gordon Highlanders, I do not know how many are there now.

The day I was there the dead arrived in long processions. A priest, his robes revealing the khaki beneath, said: "The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away." Best Trumpets sounded the "Last Post." Somewhere a dog howled. The living presented arms, about-turned and went away. French peasants shovelled in the clouds of earth over matter

that was already running darkly back to the mineral kingdom.

And there the dead lie. They lie under a thicket of small wooden crosses, with rudely painted names. Officers and the men, they lie in death; and among them lies "Ethel Fairney, of the Red Cross," a girl who died in vain.

This valley in France is typical of Europe. How many dead think you have been stuffed into the ground? A half million? A million? It is hard to get precise figures. You may be sure that more than you dare estimate have been put to earth—soldiers and civilians, and the lean, starved corpses of Belgium. And each one of those uncounted dead as he darkens underground, is planning his revenge upon the living. As he lies there he has already begun to poison the springs of life. He is taking his vengeance on those who slew him, on the innocent, and on those who are not yet born.

Did it need this war—this monstrous thing born of hate and arrogance and greed—to teach us the simple fact that the dead are potent for evil?

What goes out of a man when he dies? I know not; but what he leaves behind is knowledge, the inheritance of the material part of the material part of the man. He leaves behind him the things that he has done, the things that he has said, the things that he has thought. He leaves behind him the things that he has done, the things that he has said, the things that he has thought.

West Ahead of East.

As I have intimated, the West is ahead of the East, in this melancholy matter of dealing with what the dead leave behind them when they go elsewhere. They have, at least, in some places, evicted the dead from the house of the living. And it was in the West that there arose the system of communal mausoleums, which is the second best solution of the problem. (I say second best, for all sane thinkers admit that the best way to dispose of the corpses that fall in right and left of us—one a second—is to burn them wholly with fire.)

Those Western reformers saw that a law of horrors inequality lay over the dead. The rich man lay in a marble and bronze mausoleum. He was shielded from the elements, and the worms. The poor man was left to the elements. So to give the boon of equality to the dead, they began in a co-operative way, to build communal mausoleums.

The plan was exactly that of the home-building associations, which are so efficient in the West. They paid in their funds little by little. In time the mausoleum was built; and the thousand members of the association each had a crypt in the mighty building, where his desecrated body, wrapped in a leaden shroud might lie to rot. This idea spread very rapidly.

Today there are 150 such organizations, and they have virtually completed all their mausoleums. The first mausoleum in the West, I am informed, were those of Buffalo and Syracuse. A New York "community" has been formed and a mausoleum is to be built on Staten Island, on twelve hundred members have combined to make this place of the dead a possible fact. A crypt in the mausoleum costs about \$200, and is a permanent thing; and for a member who is content to give to his ashes the facilities of immortality of a funeral urn, then the cost is much less. The plan is a good one—the evidence lies in the fact that it is spreading rapidly over the country. These communal mausoleums have even a measure of their own devoted to their interests; even the smaller towns in the West have taken up the work, and it is bound to grow.

Science Condemns Burial.

It is a new kind of social work, and it requires a moment's thought to see the immediate advantage. There is no question that ground burial is a reversal to a lower form of civilization. The Greeks and the Romans had got far beyond it and it was brought back again by bad theology—or a bad interpretation of Oriental belief. Modern science has condemned it. What seems most certain is that respect for the dead should condemn it once and for all. No man who knows what goes on in the grave would ever sentence a body to be kissed to imprisonment therein. Fire is the right solvent, but the mausoleum is not without justification. It has as well an element of permanency (in an impermanent world) which is lost in the rapid destruction of the flames. The body is laid away in a crypt with desiccating chemicals, which in a short while will absorb the 90 per cent of moisture of which the body is composed, and is left as a dry mineral effigy of the man who was. And that will remain for thousands of years.

It is a step in the right direction, this West-born plan of communal mausoleums. It gives those who lack wealth a chance to preserve the bodies of their dead in safety and splendor akin to that of General Grant, who lies in state by the river. And there is no reason why a mausoleum of this kind should not be built to meet the needs even of the poorest. The law should permit it; in fact the law should demand it. A world where the dead are kept together—for future explorers of our antiquities—the mineral remains of the dead should be obliged to place them in properly sterilized mausoleums. And for the rest of us—those of us who are not making collections of worn-out garments—there should wait the swift beneficent tomb of fire.

Earth burial is due to false sentiment and false theology. It should have no place in a civilized community. Look abroad, if you don't believe it. For years to come Europe will poison the air. The dead are creeping darkly through all the rivers and streams—taking their vengeance.

Another very important reason why Mausoleum Burial is a great improvement over Cemetery Ground Burial, is on account of the great annual expenses in the way of up-keep, such as summer decorations, and in the way of flowers and shrubbery, also winter decorations and labor in connection with the above, all of which could not be purchased for less than \$25 per plot per annum, in any well run cemetery. This expenditure of \$25 annually, with 6 per cent compound interest, would amount in fifty years to \$7755.35. Is this not another excellent monetary reason why mausoleum compartments should not be purchased in preference to cemetery ground plots?

In Mausoleum burial no further outlay of money is necessary, and this amount of \$25 per annum is above mentioned for summer and winter decorations for ground plot cemeteries, is no doubt a very small amount compared with most of the burial plots in ground cemeteries where families go to great expense

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WIDOW - THREE CHILDREN - aged 10, 12, and 14. Desires home for rent and child's school. Write to Mrs. J. H. Smith, Box 123, Toronto.

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GERMAN HOGS THE KIND THAT CAUSE TROUBLE

LONDON, March 24.—In Belgium the Germans have given the civilian population one million hogs to fatten for the war.

WOMAN - GOOD COOK AND MANAGER. Desires home for rent and child's school. Write to Mrs. J. H. Smith, Box 123, Toronto.

HOUSEKEEPER - Desires home for rent and child's school. Write to Mrs. J. H. Smith, Box 123, Toronto.

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These advertisements from recent issues of daily newspapers tell heart-breaking stories. Called by death in the worktime of life—uninsured—the husbands of these women left widows to work or starve.

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