

A COMMANDER IN THE NAVY IS BUSIEST MAN ON THE SHIP

The titles captain and commander in the Royal Navy are very confusing to the "man on the street."

A commander is an officer promoted from a lieutenant of generally 10 to 12 years' seniority, these promotions taking place twice a year, the 30th of June and 31st of December and are by selection. A commander holds that rank from five to seven years and then is promoted to cap-

tain, again by selection. Once a captain he goes up the captain's list, you might say, automatically, as each flag-officer on the admiral's active list retires or dies. The senior-captain gets his promotion to rear-admiral, unless he attains the age of 55 while a captain, when he has to retire. The captain is in supreme command of the ship. He has his own mess and on quarters, except in

flag-ships, where he messes with the admiral and staff, and in destroyers and torpedo boats, where all officers mess together. The commander is the next in command, and his duties are numerous. He organizes the ship's company for their duties. On a ship being placed in commission he sits at a table with the various heads of their departments, and gunnery and torpedo officers, chief of the police, and warrant officers with him, and as each man comes up, chief petty officers, petty officers, seamen stokers, etc. each man receives a card with his name number on the ship's books, mess, hammock, bag, (which he keeps his kit in, his place in action, fire, collision or abandon ship.

The commander has the whole control of the discipline (of course under the authority of his department) and is the only officer, with the exception of the captain, who has the power of punishment. The engineer commander, who carries out the superintendency of his department, has no power to punish his stokers in any way, and all defaulters are brought first before the commander, who either deals with them himself or forwards them to the captain. The commander messes in the ward room, and is ex-officio president of the mess.

The commander is the busiest man on board. His day is never finished. Every signal, official correspondence, anything dealing with the ship or fleet he has to see and initial. He is practically on deck or superintending some drill or exercise from the time the hands fall in at 5.30 in the morning until his final inspection of the ship at 9 p.m. when he has to report to the captain that everything is correct, he previously having received reports from the representatives of the engine-room department, police, gunnery and torpedo officers, the carpenter, and other officers that all their departments are correct for the night.

The average age of a commander is about 33 when promoted. A captain in the Royal Navy of three years is equal in rank to a colonel in the army. A captain in the Royal Navy under three years is the equal of a lieutenant-colonel.

A commander in the Royal Navy is the peer of a lieutenant-colonel, but is junior to that rank.



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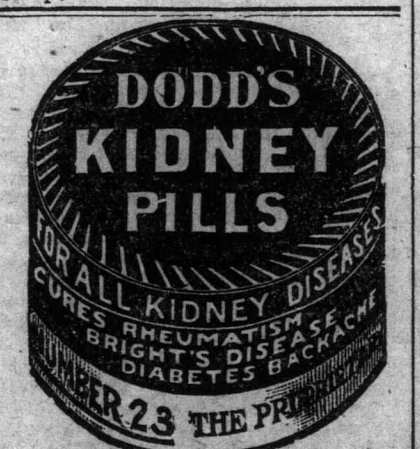
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The old-time mixture of Sage's Tea and Sulphur for darkening gray, streaked and faded hair is grandmother's treatment, and folks are again using it to keep their hair a good, even color, which is quite sensible, as we are living in an age when a youthful appearance is of the greatest advantage.

Nowadays, though, we don't have the troublesome task of gathering the sage and the mussy mixing at home. All drug stores sell the ready-to-use product called "Weyth's Sage and Sulphur Compound" for about 50 cents a bottle. It is a very pure compound, nobody can discover it has been applied. Simply moisten your comb or a soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by moving the gray hair disappears, but what delights the ladies with Weyth's Sage and Sulphur is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also produces that soft lustre and appearance of abundance which is so attractive; besides, prevents dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair.

The Great Northwestern and Canadian Northern Telegraph systems will amalgamate on January 1. Representatives of Toronto complained to the Railway Commission of excessive noise from shunting operations in the different railway yards. Premier Hearst and Hon. W. J. Hanna will co-operate with the military authorities to promote sobriety among the soldiers at Exhibition Camp.



Sir Nigel

By A. Conan Doyle

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"A moi, Anglais, a moi!" cried a voice, and Nigel saw the young rider stagger to his feet, strike round him with his sword, and then fall once more before the rush of his assailant. There was a comradeship among men of gentle blood and bearing which banded them together against all ruffianly or unchivalrous attack. These riders were no soldiers. Their dress and arms, their unthoughtful cries and wild assault, marked them as handi—such men as had slain the Englishman upon the road. Waiting in narrow gorges with a hidden rope across the path, they watched for the lonely horseman as a fowler waits by his bird-trap, trusting that they could overthrow the steed and then slay the rider ere he had recovered from his fall.

Such would have been the fate of the stranger, had he not been seen before him, had Nigel not chanced to be close upon his heels. In an instant Pommer had burst through the group who struck at the prostrate man, and in another two of the robbers had fallen before Nigel's sword. A spear rang on his breastplate, and one blow struck off its head, and a capitol of water dashed over his face. In vain they thrust at the steel-girt man. His sword played round them like lightning, and the fierce horse rumped and swooped above them with pawing iron-shod hoofs and eyes of fire. With cries and shrieks they flew off to right and left amidst the bushes, springing over boulders and dashing down the gorges where no horseman could follow them. The foul crew had gone as swiftly and suddenly as it had come, and save a few trampled bushes, no sign remaining of their passing.

Nigel tethered Pommer to a thorn-bush and then turned his attention to the injured man. The white horse had regained his feet and stood whinnying gently as he looked down on his plaited master. A heavy blow, which had broken his sword, had beaten him down and left a great raw bruise upon his forehead. But a stream of water dashed over his face brought the senses back to the injured man. He was a mere stripling, with the delicate features of a woman, and a pair of great violet eyes which looked up presently with a puzzled stare into Nigel's face.

"Who are you?" he asked. "Ah yes! I call you to mind, you are the young knight who chided me on the great yellow horse. By our Lady of Rocamadour whose vermine is round my neck, I could not have believed that any horse could have kept at the heels of Charlemagne so long. But I will wager you a hundred crowns, Englishman, that I lead you over a five-mile course."

"Nay," said Nigel, "we will wait till you can back a horse ere we talk of racing it. I am Nigel of Tilford, of the family of Loring, a squire by rank and the son of a knight. How are you called, young sir?"

"I also am a squire by rank and the son of a knight. I am Basel de la Roche, Pierre de Gras, whose father writes himself Lord of Grosbois, a free vassal of the noble Count of Toulouse, with the rights of fesse and of furca, the high justice, the middle and the low. He sat up and rubbed his eyes. "Englishman, you have saved my life as I would have saved yours, had I seen such yeeping dogs set upon a man of blood and of coat-armor. But now I am yours, and what is your sweet will?"

"When you are fit to ride, you will come back with me to my people."

"Alas! I fear that you would say so. Had I taken you, Nigel—that is your name, is it not?—had I taken you, I would not have acted thus."

"How then would you have ordered things?" asked Nigel, much taken with the frank and debonaire manner of his captive.

"I would not have taken advantage of such a mischance as has befallen me which has put me in your power. I would give you an award and bestow you in fair fight, so that I might send you to give greeting to my dear lady and show her the deeds which I do for her fair sake."

"Indeed, your words are both good and fair," said Nigel. "By Saint Paul! I cannot call to mind that I have ever met a man who bore himself better than you, since an in my armor and you without, I see not how we can debate the matter."

"Surely, gentle Nigel, you could doff your armor."

"Then have I only my underclothes."

"Nay, there shall be no unfairness there; for I also will very gladly strip to my underclothes."

Nigel looked wistfully at the Frenchman; but he shook his head. "Alas! it may not be," said he. "The last word that Sir Robert said to me were that I was to bring you to his side, for he would have speech with you. Would that I could do what you wish, for I also have a fair lady to whom I would fain send you. What use are you to me, Raoul, since I have gained no honor in the taking of you? How is it with you now?"

The young Frenchman had risen to his feet. "Do not take my sword," he said. "I am yours, rescue or no reason. I think now that I could mount my horse, though indeed my head still rings like a cracked bell."

Nigel had lost all traces of his comrades; but he remembered Sir Robert's words that he should ride upon the sun with the certainty that sooner or later he would strike upon the road. As they jogged along over the undulating hills, the Frenchman shook off his hurt and the two chatted merrily together.

"I had but just come from France," said he, "and I had hoped for an honor in this country, for I have ever heard that the English are very hardy men and excellent people to fight with. My mules and

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Some scattered boulders crept to the height, and from behind them the two young squires could see the long rocky valley beyond. Upon a knoll was a small square building with a battlement round it. Some distance from it towered a great dark castle, as massive as the rocks on which it stood, with one strong keep at the corner, and four long lines of machicolated walls. Above, a great banner flew proudly in the wind, with some device which glowed red in the setting sun. Nigel shaded his eyes and stared with writhed brow.

"It is not the arms of England, nor yet the lilies of France, nor is it the ermine of Brittany," said he. "He who holds this castle fights for his own hand, since his own device flies above it. Surely it is a head gules on an argent field."

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ARE SURR AT ST BER

Large Force Germans S to be Cut O

French Soldi Have Work Way Arou the Enemy.

By Special Wire to the Cos NEW YORK, Dec. 14.—A c The Herald from London this ing says:

"By admissions from Ber seems certain the slender Germa on St. Mihiel is broken. The French have creat erman communication with Me way between St. Mihiel and Mousson, although at a cost o killed and wounded."

"The French have been parti active the last few days in the vre district, as the culmination steady, grinding fight forward the woods south of Apremont, equally grinding advance from forts south of Verdun. This co almost lost sight of in the events of the Flanders and campaigns, would in any other have been ranked among the campaigns."

"It was in October that the G left centre made a sudden dash Franco-German frontier in wh cut a way through the barrier roll back the French on Verdu Toul and compel General Joffe and his effort to outflank the right. The dash resulted in a bank of the Meuse and the occu of St. Mihiel. There the in army was checked, but the great have passed have been filled w most constant fighting to bre arworklike force, projecting French territory."

"From the north, the south a west the French have been bat the German lines. Gradually the trenchments crept up on each until two weeks ago the Germann only a tiny thread of ground fr

Capt. M. A. Colquhoun, writ the Courier from Bustard Can isbury Plains, says in part:

"I have just received a copy Brantford Courier in which I one officer has expressed the that the class of men joining t ond contingent are better than of the first. I have just this I don't think there are any men in the city of Brantford that the class of men joining t ing contingent and I will back that the statement that there has no a man in my command that he up on any charge since I had ord, and I have only had on miss parade through sickness, proud of every man I have got are all playing the game and no doubt they will give a go count of themselves when we the front. We are all anxio there. I don't think the men w offered their services deserve Well, I have been so busy. W

Grandma's