

HE SAW THE BOLSHEVISTS AT CLOSE QUARTERS

And British Labor Leader Has no
Illusions About Them

NEWS OF GREAT BRITAIN

**Employers and Disbanded Soldiers
—Housing Problem Acute—
Want German Indemnity Paid
Before German Goods Get New
Foothold**

(A letter from London from our own
Correspondent.)

London, Sept. 28.—Colonel John Ward, the burly Labor member for Stoke on Trent, has brought back from the Russian front some gruesome stories of Bolshevik excesses. Some of our theoretical revolutionists, who were working hard in munition factories when others were fighting, have developed a mild affection for Bolsheviks. They should hear John Ward talk about his friends, and he is not the man to be bamboozled by fairy tales. Lenin and Trotsky have, in fact, created the most scientific form of terrorism the world has ever known. Most revolutions have been based, professionally at any rate, upon the championship of "the rights of man." The Russian system is founded on the executioner's rule. Each man lives under the terror of being denounced by a colleague as lukewarm or anti-Bolshevik. Their ferocity is kept up to standard in this war, and woe to anyone who gives even a colorable excuse for the suspicion that he sighs for other rule than Lenin's.

Work By Royal Proclamation.

Employers do not object to find work for disabled soldiers and sailors. They are anxious to assist them. The air is heavy, but they naturally look with amazement at a fresh intervention on the part of the government in regard to the conduct of their business. Control they have had to accept. Often for the sake of other people, but now the government coolly issues a royal proclamation ordering employers to find work for disabled ex-service men in the proportion of five per cent of their staff, an arbitrary limit which might actually lead to the reduction of such men employed by a firm. What next? One wonders. Shall we be told in another proclamation that five per cent of women must also be engaged? If this business or workshop? If this proclamation is not withdrawn or modified, employers will continue to employ the most capable of the deserving disabled soldiers and sailors. Should this not reach the required five per cent must those with little or no knowledge of the work be taken on? Proclamations of this kind are an astonishing departure. A better plan could be devised.

In the Hop Gardens.

Hop picking, the poor man's way of getting a summer holiday, has just begun in the Kentish fields. The air is heavy and drowsy with the scent of hops, and the vines are heavily loaded. For the next few weeks campers-out will practically live in the open air; men, women and countless small children filling the hop growers' bags with the valuable crop. Hop growers are always going to be "ruined" according to their own account, but the weather and not tariffs is their only menace. Families return to town after a fortnight or three weeks in the fields bronzed and lusty. During the war, land girls and other volunteers had to do much of the picking owing to the shortage of casual workers, but this year there are plenty of people to gather in the crops at an enhanced price.

The Anzac Touch.

This week I met an old friend, formerly an actor, now a kilted battalion commander, who told me he meant to stick to the army so long as the army would stick to him. The call of the footlights, once very strong within him, has not survived the thunder of the guns. He looks the picture of open-air vigor and soldierly bearing, and the last thing anyone would guess is that he ever dreamed on the London stage. I ironically rebuked him for having one tunic pocket button undone. He said he had been "saluted by Australians." He was still rather overworked by his kilted battalion, and there followed a good army tale that was new, at any rate to me. A tall thin, somber-looking Anzac was leaning up against the side of something in the approved manner of down-under, chewing the cud of thought and tobacco. He completely ignored the passage of a little jock off a very small hero, but well be-ribboned with fighting honors. "Why don't you salute me?" angrily demanded the kilted officer. The Anzac languidly expectorated sideways, and in accents of sorrow than of anger, ejaculated, "Op it kild!" The ex-actor swore it was

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true, and happened to an officer in the
Gordons.
Housing Embarrassments.

I am told that one reason why the housing problem does not solve itself quite so hopefully as most social vexations are wont to do is because there is no prospect of furnishing a house when you get one. At many of our once most popular east coast resorts the congestion has this summer been "summut awful." And the fact that so many people found it difficult, if not impossible, to get reasonable accommodation was not sugar-coated by the other fact that there are so many houses standing empty. When the east coast became an unhealthy area during the war, there was a general exodus. Only the veteran seaside boardinghouse keeper in most cases gallantly "stuck it out." And there are now at most of the east coast resorts big houses for which there would be a great and eager demand, but for the fact that none of the people who would gladly take them over could hope to make the investment pay at present prices for furnishing. The same applies to many big houses in the west end, which have been vacated by their former tenants, who have hoped incidentally to make congestion worse by going into small houses in the suburbs or into a flat in town. Once we can burst the bubble of inflated prices anywhere, the rest will follow.

Where is the Indemnity?

Now that trade is beginning to flow from Germany it is extremely urgent that the question of the German indemnity should be settled. When that liability begins to be paid Germany's excessive "cheapness" will not last long. The French are becoming seriously disturbed at the absence of any sign in Germany that the gigantic debt owing to the Allies is to be liquidated. When the position was reversed France devoted all her energies to paying off the indemnity, and complaints were heard from Germany that the payment was being made too quickly. Now we cannot see the smallest trace of a contribution to Allied war costs, and goods are being exported as though no such thing as an indemnity existed. The Germans must not be allowed to slip out of their obligations, and there is no time to lose in fixing the dates and methods by which the first instalments will be made.

Sadness Among the Flappers.

Sad times have befallen the Whitehall "flappers." My duties have taken me a good deal to government departments, and I could not but be struck with the change which had come over the social atmosphere of the government offices. Instead of gloomy, dry-as-dust offices, one entered a bright and animated social centre. Each office might have been the annex of a tennis club or a smart restaurant. Certainly the only thing done in most of the offices between three and five was the drinking of champagne. The staffs of the departments of the survival of the fittest! But now Whitehall as a social centre has been completely spoilt. Sir Auckland Geddes has "let the lid" as these vivacious young ladies would say, by banning low neck blouses and flashy dresses, and gossip in the corridors. These regulations are tending to make the government service quite "dowdy." Soon good looks will be taken out of all, the prosaic test of competence at work may be restored.

BOMB WRECKED HOUSE; 3 DEAD

**Suspect Black Handers Responsible
—House Blown to Pieces**

Batavia, N. Y., Sept. 29.—Black-handers are believed to be responsible for the wrecking by a bomb of the two-story dwelling of Carl Trimarchi, in this city early today, killing three persons and injuring four. The house was literally blown to pieces and one of the Trimarchi children was thrown into the street by the force of the explosion. The Battaghi family lived upstairs and the Trimarchi family down stairs. The bodies of the former were found in the debris in the cellar. The neighbors claim that they heard two revolver shots. A man was seen running away from the scene shortly after the shots were heard. Trimarchi is a restaurant keeper. He recently has received three black hand letters.

WATCH CLOTHING MEN

Washington, Sept. 29.—Reports of excessive profits by manufacturers and wholesale dealers of clothing are being investigated by the Department of Justice. Attorney General Palmer said today that prosecutions would be instituted wherever just cause was shown. He stated that the amendments requested by President Wilson, making the Food Control act applicable to clothing and providing a criminal penalty for hoarding and profiteering.

Mr. Palmer will meet a committee representing the Association of State Attorneys General here on Oct. 6 to decide how the law enforcement agencies of the Federal and State Governments can cooperate in punishing hoarders and profiteers.

Despite dissatisfaction said to have been voiced by union leaders on the Pacific Coast with the progress which the campaign to reduce the cost of living has made, the Attorney General and his associates believe that substantial good has been accomplished. Not only has the upward trend of prices been checked, Mr. Palmer said, but reductions are being effected in many lines of food stuffs, of which the consumer will get the advantage later.

Herbert Hoover has written Mr. Palmer declaring that the campaign already is proving of value and urging that speculation by traders who had no offices and merely bought to boost the price, be stopped.

HIGH HEELS AND HEALTH.
High heels prevail in spite of the promise of something wise in building into popular favor, says an Exchange. Yet, we quote a well-known doctor:—"No woman pretends that she is comfortable wearing high heels nor can she hope to be graceful when wearing them, for the body is thrown out of poise, and the action of the feet is restricted. More the eventual injury to her health. For in the effort to preserve her equilibrium the shoulders are thrown forward, depressing the chest; breathing is interfered with, and that means poorer blood and a final decrease in vitality. This comes gradually, but it is inevitable when a woman persists in wearing very high heels. Her heels should conform to the arch of her instep."

WAR HERO NOW GAINS 24 POUNDS

**After the Strain of Service at
Front, Came Home Almost
a Nervous Wreck—Praises
Tanlac.**

Here is another instance of the remarkable reconstructive powers of Mr. Tanlac. William J. McCullum of 114 Broad street, St. John, N. B., who spent three and a half years at the front in France and Belgium, wounded five times, gassed and shell-shocked and finally invalided home, states that Tanlac has put him in shape to where he is not only beginning to feel like himself again, but that he has also gained twenty-four pounds in weight, besides.

Mr. McCullum is a veteran of two wars. He holds a medal for service in the great European war and also a four bar medal for gallantry in the Boer war. "I can hardly realize just what Tanlac has been worth to me," said Mr. McCullum, in an interview, recently, "in restoring my health and putting me on my feet. When I got home from the war I was simply a nervous wreck and neither food nor medicine seemed to do me any good. I was so nervous and shaky I could hardly hold a cup of tea to my mouth and if my wife happened to drop a fork or knife at the table I would nearly jump out of my chair. In this excited condition my food could not digest, but would sour and form gas on my stomach, causing severe indigestion and a desperate condition. I would toss and roll most of the night, getting only about two hours restful sleep, and would sometimes have to get up and walk the floor. My condition was distressing in the extreme and seemed to be getting worse all the time. Finally someone suggested that I try Tanlac and I got a bottle, having little idea it would do me any good, but it has not only helped me, it has made me feel like a new man. I now have an appetite like a bear and eat just anything set before me without the least effect from it. I have been built up and strengthened until by nervousness is practically gone. I can sleep all night long like a log and my wife has a job waking me up in the mornings. I am now able to do a full day's work and Tanlac gets all the credit for me being on my feet. My nerves have steadied down until I can stand all sorts of noise and sudden jars. When I first began taking Tanlac I could not hold a glass steadily enough to take a drink of water, but now I can shave myself. I am praising Tanlac to all the boys, especially those suffering like I was, take a 'tip' from me—get Tanlac, for I fully believe I would still be a nervous wreck if I had not taken it myself." Tanlac is sold in St. John by Ross Drug Company and F. W. Munro under the personal direction of a special Tanlac representative.—(Adv't.)

FOR WEATHER SHARPS.

A sign of continued rain is when the smoke from the chimneys hovers low around the housetops. When it ascends straight in the air this indicates clearing weather.

A foggy morning is usually the forerunner of a clear afternoon.

A thunderstorm in winter (usually in January or February) is always followed by clear cold weather. It is not, as many think, the breaking up of winter.

People living near the seashore say a storm is brewing when the air is salty, caused by the wind blowing from the east.

The old Indian sign of a dry month was when the ends of the new moon were nearly horizontal, and one of them resembled a hook on which the Indian could hang his powder horn.

And the advice of the old weather sage is "never go out during April month without being accompanied by your umbrella."

And then, for the special benefit of those who never can remember anything they read in prose, but do have a fancy for retaining a few material in the hands of the expert:

"Red in the morning the sailor's warning. Red at night the sailor's delight."

"When you see a mackerel sky, 'Twill not be many hours dry."

"When the seagulls inland fly, Know ye that a storm is nigh."

"A ring around the moon Means a storm is coming soon."

"When it rains before seven 'Twill clear before eleven."

As For Figures
"Figures won't lie." They're not supposed to," answered Annanias, "they're simply raw material in the hands of the expert."

Delicate Children

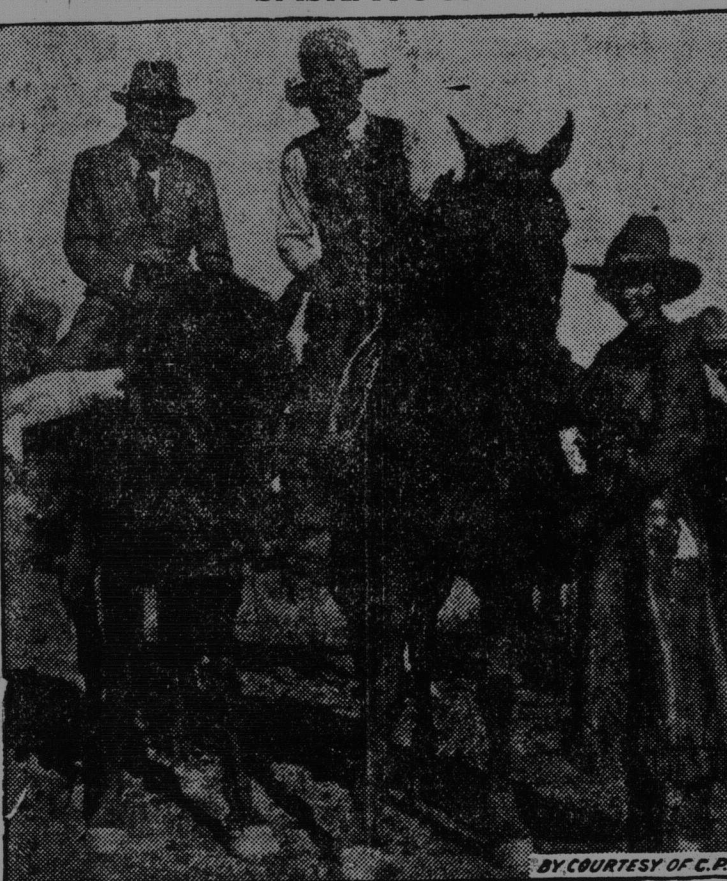
There is nothing that will build up frail, sickly children like

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The Well-Known Cod Liver and Iron Tonic—Without Oil
You can just see them gain.
Money returned if it fails.
Get it at leading drug stores.

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THE PRINCE RIDES A BRONCHO AT SASKATOON



BY COURTESY OF C.P.R.

QUITE A FAD NOW



This is the autoped, or scooter, which has been quite a fashionable fad in London this summer. It can reach a speed of 27 miles an hour.

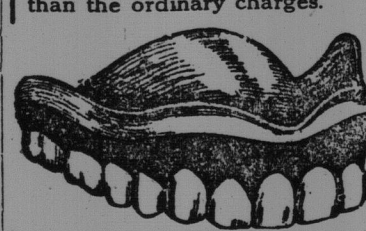
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On Health**

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**WANTS PERMANENT
THANKSGIVING**

Isaac E. Pedlow, M. P. for South River, whose bill to make Thanksgiving a day the second Monday in November to coincide with Armistice Day, Nov. 11, has been given second reading in the House of Commons.

The Playful Grizzly
The Outlook—We quoted lately from Mr. Enos A. Mills' book about "The Grizzly." Here are two new incidents which show a distinct sense of humor, or at least of fun, in the grizzly's makeup.

In the southwest corner of Yellowstone Park a number of boys were bathing in a stream, when a young grizzly came along and for a moment stood watching their pranks. Then he slipped quietly behind some trees upon the bank of the stream. When the boys approached this spot, with a wild "Woof, woof," he leaped into the water among them. This caused great excitement and merriment, plainly just what he desired. As he swam hurriedly away, he looked back over his shoulder with satisfaction.

Another amusing incident also happened in the Yellowstone. As the stage arrived at the Cannon Hotel one of the passengers, who had been having much to say concerning bears, put on his raincoat and got down on all fours, proceeding to impersonate a bear. While this demonstration was on a grizzly arrived. He made a rush at the man and chased him up a tree, amid laughter and excitement. The bear made no attempt to harm any one, and plainly enjoyed this prank merely as a prank.

The room was full of little girls in pink pinnies and pigtails. They sat in rows at wooden desks, as quiet as mice. Over them presided a sweet-faced damsel, stern withal.

The lesson concerned coins of the realm, and they had been through the entire range, from farthings to sovereigns.

One little miss, however, was singularly inattentive. Her gaze was fixed upon a playful sparrow on the window-sill, and she had no thoughts for coins. Suddenly the teacher pointed upon her. Placing half-a-crown on the pupil's desk, she demanded:

"What's that?"

"Eads!" came the instantaneous reply.

RAMSAY'S FLOOR WAX

**Keeps Hardwood Floors beautiful
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS**

HOW TO BEAT OUR OLD ENEMY SPANISH 'FLU

**Dr. Boucher, The City Health
Officer of Boston, Issues a List of
Instructions to Follow**

Although Dr. Boucher, the Medical Officer of Health assures the people that there is no evidence of serious danger regarding the Spanish influenza in the city, the Department of Health issued the following information this morning regarding the precautions to be taken against influenza:

Influenza is a contagious disease which is transmitted from one person to another by the secretions of the respiratory tract. Infection by the atmosphere is not to be feared, but projected bubbles of saliva and dusts may carry it. Persons who are slightly sick as well as those who are seriously ill may transmit the disease; it is therefore necessary to prevent them from coming in contact with others without necessity.

Persons apparently in good health may infect other; it is therefore necessary to prevent as much as possible dissemination of infecting matter by spitting, coughing and sneezing.

Avoid spitting on floors or sneezing or coughing towards others without covering the nose or mouth.

Avoid using common towels, drinking cups or other utensils.

Public offices should provide cuspidors placed in conspicuous places filled with Javel water every morning and emptied every evening, then cleaned with a fresh solution and filled again for the following day.

Houses and public offices should be kept dry and warm to a temperature of sixty degrees while in use.

Floors should be kept always clean; in public offices they should be cleaned every day with a solution of one to three per cent of creolin.

All public offices should be thoroughly aired at night and early in the morning before business hours.

Persons employed in public buildings who feel sick or who present symptoms of cold should get from their employment leave to stay at home; if the permission is refused they should take the above mentioned precautions in order to avoid infecting their neighbors.

Avoid all kinds of abuses, especially of tobacco, which, through the irritation of the mucous membrane, open a door to infection.

Persons feeling sick should stay at home and call a doctor.

Gargles and nasal douches may be very useful but should not be used without a prescription and under the direction of a physician.

Sick persons should be placed in a room well exposed to sun-light, where members of the family should not enter without necessity; soiled linen and clothes should be disinfected with Javel water.

Physicians should regularly report their cases of influenza to avoid being liable to legal constraints from the part of the department of health; it is also their duty as good citizens.

The following precautions should be taken:
Drink much water.
Eat easily digestible meals.
Wash your hands with soap before meals and after having attended a sick person.

Keep your hands or your fingers or any other object in your mouth.
Avoid going without necessity where there is a case of disease.

Avoid overwork and go to bed early.

**JUNGLES ARE ALWAYS
TEEMING WITH LIFE.**
One may as well try to describe with justice the crime of an active volcano as to describe the jungle of Malay.

From without one sees a dense forest of very irregular height and of the most vivid green imaginable. Here and there towering above the others one sees immense trees 100 feet high or more. From without the jungle looks impenetrable, and so it is, except by well-defined tracks or by hacking one's way through, as I have done, for 150 miles.

Within the jungle all is gloom, except on high where one can see a misty light that filters up through the delicate foliage. All the trees shoot straight up, there being practically no horizontal branches from them. In fact, there are

no trees that resemble the oak or other short-trunked trees.

The ground is nearly always damp or even slushy in places, and infested with land leeches that crawl up one's clothing and gorge themselves on your blood. The atmosphere is steamy, but cooler than out in the open. I taken the temperature just after sunset. The thermometer was at 75 degrees; but on placing the thermometer in the sun it has rapidly reached 145 degrees.

Early in the morning the jungle sounds with the cries of the monkeys just waking up. About 9.30 there is the ordinary day noise of birds and the steady hum of insects prevail. The frequent tap of woodpeckers, the creak of huge tree frogs and the call of the peacock and other pleasant re-echo through the jungle. Every now and then one hears a familiar cock-a-doodle-doo and the clucking of a hen and imagines one must be near a farm; until it is realized that it is only the jungle fowl, the ancestor of all domestic poultry.

Toward sunset, about 6 o'clock, there suddenly bursts out a perfectly deafening din of buzzing and shrieking insects. It is no exaggeration to state that the noise of the insect life at sunset makes it practically impossible to hear oneself speak. This continues until about 10 o'clock, when darkness has set in, and the insects die away considerably. Throughout the night one hears all kinds of queer noises that were absent during the day. With luck you may hear the growl and roar of a tiger, hunting some poor animal. Frequently one hears a great commotion among the birds and monkeys that had been sleeping in some tall tree as their slumber is disturbed by a snake that has climbed up and caught one of them. A common sound is the desolate shriek of a jungle fowl caught by some wildcat. Occasionally one's sleep is disturbed by a loud clashing of trees and the trumpeting of a herd of elephants. In fact, the jungle tremors with life and death day and night.—G. Carver Wells, in Oregon Journal.

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Toward sunset, about 6 o'clock, there suddenly bursts out a perfectly deafening din of buzzing and shrieking insects. It is no exaggeration to state that the noise of the insect life at sunset makes it practically impossible to hear oneself speak. This continues until about 10 o'clock, when darkness has set in, and the insects die away considerably. Throughout the night one hears all kinds of queer noises that were absent during the day. With luck you may hear the growl and roar of a tiger, hunting some poor animal. Frequently one hears a great commotion among the birds and monkeys that had been sleeping in some tall tree as their slumber is disturbed by a snake that has climbed up and caught one of them. A common sound is the desolate shriek of a jungle fowl caught by some wildcat. Occasionally one's sleep is disturbed by a loud clashing of trees and the trump