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TH ROLAND IN "Neglected Wife"

News of the world Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday Mrs. Williams and Wallace Reid

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RUTH CAMERON

AN ENDLESS CHAIN ACT

I'm doing one good deed' one may sometimes do half a dozen.

There are some people to be sure, so lacking in decency that they can accept a kindness in one breath and in the next refuse to do one.

But these are the exception. The average decent human being is disposed to pass on a kind act. Shame forbids him to take with the right hand and withhold with the left.

If you will pardon me I will use a personal illustration. One of the kindest things ever Done For Me.

One day early this summer someone did one of the kindest things I ever had done for me. I had ordered an oil stove for our summer cottage. It had not come and I had nothing to use but a little ornery alcohol stove that leaked. I was desperate. I saw an oil stove in a barn apparently not in use. I immediately inquired who the owner was, searched her out, introduced myself, explained my need and asked if I might rent it for a few days.

"Why yes," she said, after a moment's thought. "You may have it though you needn't talk about rent. I was going to send the chauffeur down for it to-day to use hot afternoons so that we can let our coal fire out, but I think you need it more than I do."

Many People Wouldn't Lend What They Weren't Using

Now how many women would have done that? A Mighty few. I think

SUBTERRANEAN CITIES ON THE FRENCH FRONT

Army Lives in Comparative Comfort Under Ground, Shell Proof

French Front, Aug. 16.—(Correspondence)—Dozens of divisions of the French army now sleep underground in comparative comfort, even in the front lines when the Germans are hurling tens of thousands of tons of shells on the ground above them, thanks to the work of the companies of excavators formed since the beginning of the war.

The men chosen to construct these shelters, which have preserved so many thousands of lives, are soldiers whose ages varies between forty-five and fifty and who would have been unfit to take part in the active operations of modern battles, where quickness of movement and litheness of limb are absolute necessities. No matter what the nature of the soil, whether hard rock, quicksand, chalk or marshy land, these veterans have overcome all the difficulties and have succeeded in constructing formidable bomb-proof shelters all along the line of the front from the North Sea to the Swiss frontier until at the present moment any fighting unit arriving at almost any part of the line finds a habitable dug-out awaiting it.

The correspondent of The Associated Press has seen and been inside dozens of these subterranean cities—for such they may be termed—at many places, and, even where all the natural conditions are difficult, has found the shelters commodious, well-drained and well ventilated. In some

NEW TRAINS FOR OLD



A train is usually at the back; but the tea-gown on the right prefers two, and has one at either side. The other is of cyclamen-pink chiffon, with a patterned coat of black georgette.

Courier Daily Recipe Column

Split Pea Soup

Soak 1 pint of split peas in water over night and put them over the fire in the morning with 1-2 pound of salt pork, a couple of stalks of celery, a sliced onion and 2 quarts of cold water. Boil slowly for 2 hours and rub through a colander. Put the mixture rubbed through on the stove, add to it a tablespoonful each of butter and flour, rubbed together, and season to taste with salt and pepper.

Potato Soup

Boil 3 potatoes, mash fine, add a piece of butter the size of an egg. Boil 1 quart of milk. Stir into it the mashed potato. Season with salt and pepper. Beat 1 or 2 eggs, put into the tureen, pour upon them the hot milk and potato.

Clam Soup

Three slices salt pork cut in little cubes, put in kettle, try brown, then slice 2 onions into the pork; cook tender; take 6 potatoes, peel, slice thin, put them in, also 1 quart hot water; let the potatoes get almost done, then take a pint of clams, drain the juice and put it in with the above; chop the clams and put them in; season with pepper and salt to taste; break some butter crackers into it, put in 2 quarts rich milk, let it come to a boil, then put in a piece of butter size of an egg; serve hot.

White Soup

One quart of chicken or veal stock; let it simmer with 2 tablespoonfuls of rice until dissolved; season with salt, white pepper and celery salt; strain and add 1 large cup of cream; just before serving, add the well-beaten yolks of 2 eggs.

Tomato Soup

Put in a saucepan 1-2 pound can tomatoes or 1-2 pound fresh tomatoes prepared as for cooking, with 1 onion, 1 carrot minced, some thyme; let cook 1 hour; sift the whole through a strainer; add 2 quarts of stock, salt and pepper; mix 1 teaspoonful of cornstarch in little cold water; 1 tablespoonful butter; let the whole cook 1-2 hour; when ready to serve add 1-2 tablespoonfuls cooked rice.

Strength in Summer comes to the man or woman whose daily diet consists of cereals and fruits. Meat and potatoes are a heavy load on the digestive organs. The ideal summer diet is Shredded Wheat Biscuit, a food that is 100 per cent. whole wheat and prepared in a digestible form. For breakfast with sliced bananas or berries, with milk or cream.

BOCHE A COMMON TERM AT FRONT

French Version of "Bonehead"; Originally a Wooden Sphere

Columbus Dispatch: The term "Boche," as applied to the German soldiers, isn't a complimentary one, nor anything new. It is an old term in France, and means "thick-headed." It is about equivalent to our American term of "bonehead."

In fact, the word comes from the Italian "Bocchi," and means a round ball of exceptionally hard wood used in playing top pins. But just how it came to be applied to the German soldiers we do not know.

As a general rule, nicknames given to soldiers are not unkindly. The French soldier is a "Pelle," which means hairy, because in the early French wars the soldiers had no opportunity to shave, or have their hair cut, and when they returned from the army, they had a rough, hairy, untidy appearance. But there was nothing unkindly in calling them "hollu."

The English are called "Tommyes," because a notorious popular British soldier was made immortal in verse and given the name "Tommy Atkins." During our Civil War the Union troops were called "Yanks," as an abbreviation of the word "Yankees," and the Confederates were called "Johnny Rebs," from rebel. But never was there bitterness of sarcasm in the terms.

But now we have the German soldiers generally called "Boches," or "Boneheads," and certainly not as a term of endearment. The appellation "Hun," which one sees in print frequently, also is a term of reproach and means that the German's present warfare and tactics savor of the barbarity of the Huns, who, under Attila, came near overrunning Europe and destroying civilization. There were many of the Huns left in the region that has since become Germany, but the German people, as a people, are not descendants of the Huns.

Good Night

By Charles Stedman

MR. MORNING-GLORY'S KISS. Rose-Mr. Morning-glory loved Miss Hollyhock from the day she peeped over the garden fence, but the distance between them was so great that he had never been able to tell her how he felt.

For Mr. Morning-glory grew in a shady corner of the garden while Miss Hollyhock had her home at the other end of the walk. All the bees and butterflies stopped to kiss her as they passed. Even Mr. Sun sought her pretty pink cheeks before bidding any of the other flowers good-morning.

"I wouldn't be so shy if I were you," chirped Bluebird as he perched on a bough above the garden wall.

"But what can I do save smile at you?" asked Morning-glory.

"Oh, of course, nothing as long as you're content to lie on the ground. Wake up! Shake yourself! 'Faint heart never won fair lady,' say the saying goes. Run along the ground until you reach the fence. Climb it, and by holding on tight you can creep along the fence until you reach her side," chirped Bluebird as he spread his blue wings and flew away.

Morning-glory looked around. Miss Hollyhock nodded her head with a happy smile. Morning-glory doffed his purple cap. His great flower best against his wife.

"What a beautiful flower she is!" he cried to himself, and he wondered if after all Bluebird wasn't right. "Paint her red—"Morning-glory stopped. "I wonder if that's the reason why the flowers all wink at each other, because they think I'm too weak and afraid to try my luck with Miss Hollyhock? If I thought so I'd—" Morning-glory listened. Surely he heard Miss Daisy talking to Miss Rose.

"He's the slowest thing in the garden. He'll never waken to the fact that she loves him," exclaimed Miss Daisy.

"Yes, and think how he could protect her from the rough breezes if he only would," replied Miss Rose, and the two flowers sighed.

"If I could help her," whispered Morning-glory to himself, and he decided to try Bluebird's suggestion. He crept through the grasses until he neared the fence. He must not be bold about it, so he hid until the sun went down, then he hurried on up the fence.

When Day drew her curtain from the doorway Mr. Sun rolled out of his bed, and with a happy laugh kissed Miss Hollyhock right on her pink cheek. Morning-glory's face turned pale. Mr. Sun spied him and laughed.

"Don't you wish you were me?" he called as he went over the garden wall.

Morning-glory ran along the fence as quickly as he could and gave a gentle tug at Miss Hollyhock's dress. She looked down on his purple head.

"I'm so glad you're come!" she whispered and Morning-glory, happy for words, twined his arms around her slender stem and raised his face to hers.

That night a heavy wind beat the flowers of the garden so roughly that when morning came they all dropped their heads—all save Miss Hollyhock for Morning-glory had twined himself so tightly to her stem that she never felt the wind.

Miss Hollyhock raised her face to be kissed just as Mr. Sun bounded out of his bed, and he kissed her. "Well it's about time," he cried. "Waiting never gets you anything. It's the fellow who tumbles out of bed early and goes after what he wants who gets there." Laughed Mr. Sun, and he kissed them both.

If you should go into grandma's garden to-day you may see Morning-glory still clinging to Hollyhock, and if you follow his long stem you wonder how he travelled so far.

Morning-glory knows, but he never told Miss Hollyhock what the Bluebird had said.

ROMANOFFS MOVING

Petrograd, Aug. 15.—Former Emperor Nicholas and his family are being transferred to another point. They were removed in an ordinary train instead of in the gorgeous imperial train on which Nicholas was brought to the palace. The former emperor appeared to be very much depressed. Former Empress Alexandra seemed to be pleased at the prospect of a change. The provisionally government to-day formally refused to reveal the destination of the former imperial family. N. Y. Nekrasoff, vice premier, said that the removal of Nicholas was decided on after a series of secret sessions of the council of ministers late last night. The motives of the ministry, he said, are political and military. It was decided to get Nicholas out of the way before circumstances arose making it difficult. When the former emperor reaches his destination the facts will be announced.

TOOK IT COOLLY

Portsmouth, England, Aug. 16.—As an example of coolness in danger, Admiral Sir Stanley Colville recently told of the conduct of the captain and lieutenant of a British submarine who, upon discovering that a floating mine had become attached to the submarine's rudder, calmly sat down to breakfast and while they ate evolved a successful plan for removing it. The submarine was proceeding through the Dardanelles when the discovery was made that it was towing the mine. The crew knew nothing of it until they were set at work relieving the mine of its dangerous attachment.

A STEADY JOB

London, Aug. 16.—Wartime tasks have so burdened some of the town clerks that one, at least, has protested, asserting that he now works from 9 o'clock in the morning until 11 o'clock at night, and that if the war-time duties add to his already multifarious duties, he will have to quit.

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(By L. M. Montgomery)

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