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A NEW YEAR THOUGHT

Business men who succeed, nowadays, tell the truth and walk the moral chalk-line. Booze, "damaged goods," late hours, tyrannical methods and indifference to the welfare of employees and public, spell quick bankruptcy. The modern business man is a public servant. And the bigger the business, the more the health, happiness and prosperity of the workers are considered.—Elbert Hubbard.

SECOND SECTION—Pages 9 to 16

ALWAYS, it seems, the ways of man and the things he does are amazing; and could mankind see a composite picture of himself and his acts, he might indeed—like the old woman in her new red petticoat crossing the bridge and beholding her reflection in the stream—exclaim, "Can this be I?"

Each year adds its contribution to the queer, the odd, the astounding, to the chronicle of man and his am-

fits, stores and horses were packed into freight cars. The train pulled out of the station and, running at a high rate of speed, whizzed through Senalis and on into the French lines—where French soldiers galore removed any lingering suspicions the Germans may have had that they were not real prisoners.

The reading public has been much interested in Britain's Indian soldiers. An amazing incident of their utter recklessness and contempt for danger



They Poured Boiling Water on the German Soldiers in the Street

ing actions. And not even so momentous a year as 1914—making as it does the outbreak of the greatest war in history—is free from the strange, the unique, the peculiar.

Indeed, quite to the contrary, it seems unusually prolific in the matter of queer events which could not have happened but for the European war. Even a few of them tend to show what strange, strange things can occur when man is at war with his brother.

A Yankee Bluff

Take the case of Marius Boiron, formerly chief inspector of the Paris police detective force, but in September a Lieutenant-Colonel on the staff of the general then commanding the northern section of the Paris fortifications. Single handed and alone Boiron captured ninety German prisoners (including eight officers and six surgeons) and a complete field hospital, field kitchen and fifteen horses. All of which is certainly unique and even smacks of the impossible.

Yet Mr. Boiron did that very thing. And he did it on sheer Yankee bluffing. He was on a tour of inspection when the cry was raised, "The Germans are coming! The Germans are coming!"

And down the street came a carriage with a Prussian hussar on the box. Within, were two officers. Did M. Boiron turn and flee in his high-powered car. Not he! On the contrary, M. Boiron threw out his chest, assumed his most dictatorial manner and boldly signaled the coachman to stop.

Then he stepped up to the door, flung it open and firmly but politely informed the two officers that they were under arrest. He sternly demanded their business in Senalis.

They replied, in halting French, that they were in search of a place in which to put some wounded German and French soldiers, whom they had left behind at Monte-Pilloy, a little village five miles to the east of Senalis. Without so much as an instant's hesitation the doughty Boiron ordered the two officers to climb into his car and lead him to Monte-Pilloy.

Sheer Nerve Did It

There they found thirty-six Germans of the commissariat, eight officers, six army surgeons, forty German soldiers and a few Frenchmen. As cool as the proverbial cucumber, Boiron commanded them to follow him to a railroad station a half-mile distant where he told them, a military train was waiting to convey them to Senalis, in which town he stated—without so much as the quiver of an eyelash—his brigade was waiting up under arms.

As a matter of fact there was a sanitary train at the station but not so much as one soldier of a French brigade within miles of Senalis—which fact Boiron understood perfectly.

Arrived at the station, Boiron discreetly took the railroad employees and the corporal of the small guard there into his confidence. The prisoners were disarmed and escorted to the first-class carriages, while their out-

Precious Beyond Price Are Good Resolutions: Valuable Beyond Price Are Good Feelings

Western Standard

A Happy New Year to One and All

CALGARY, ALBERTA, JANUARY 2, 1915

Pages 9 to 16—SECOND SECTION

QUEER EVENTS of 1914

A Few of the Things, Strange and Amazing, Which Have Happened During the Past Year. The Great War Has Been Replete With Events Quite Out of the Ordinary—Side-Lights on Human Nature As Portrayed in the Daily Press—Incidents Which Tend to Show That This Is Indeed a Strange, Strange World.

deaths on the battlefield. An Irish soldier, while marching through a Belgian village, stopped a moment to buy a picture postcard to send to his little daughter. He was in the shop but a moment or two; yet, when he came out, he ran smack into a company of pursuing Germans and was killed.

An English sergeant, while on the march, stopped to pick up a German helmet lying by the roadside. He had promised to send one to his little boy. While in the very act of stooping for it, a German shell exploded within a foot of him and blew him to pieces.

Another soldier, an Englishman also, crossed a bridge with his comrades, helped destroy the bridge to block pursuers and then discovered that he had left his warm, thick coat on the other side of the river. He plunged in to the stream, swam across, secured his coat and had nearly regained the bank in safety when he was hit by a bullet and sank never to rise to the surface again.

From time immemorial—or at least since woman first wore a hat—the hatpin has been her acknowledged weapon of defense. But, last August, the women workers in the Belgian national arms factory at Herstal, on the outskirts of Liege, abandoned their hatpins and substituted buckets and tubs of scalding water to repel the German invader.

They Aimed Straight.

All their manfofs, of course, were with the Belgian army, but the women determined that the German soldiers should not capture the factory. Now, the Germans, it seemed, wanted that very factory. So the battle began. The women fought, then, off with revolvers and other arms until their ammunition gave out. Then they barricaded the door, went to the upstairs windows and poured boiling water upon the soldiers in the street below. It was reported that about

2,000 German soldiers can testify to the fact that a tub of scalding water is an even more effective weapon than a hatpin, for that number of Teutons were badly scalded before the factory was taken.

Letter Was Delivered
When the English ship "Pathfinder" was blown up a letter from a stoker to his wife was hurled overboard. Two



Just to Prove His Citizenship.

weeks later the crew of a trawler found the letter afloat, rescued it and mailed it. The wife received the letter and her husband, the stoker, was one of those saved from the sinking vessel.

But the "queer events of 1914" are not to be found only in the war zone. At the recent election in Cincinnati,

Ohio, a naturalized citizen created quite a stir at the polls when he appeared carrying a door to a large china closet and exhibited it to the officials in charge. On it was pasted his naturalization paper. Being unable to remove the paper without defacing it, he had brought it along, door and all, just to prove his citizenship.

A wedding ring, in part, was the cause of a strange accident to an elderly woman of Trenton, N. J. While standing on a chair draping a curtain, she lost her balance and threw out her hand to try and stop her fall. Her wedding ring caught upon the burner of a gas-jet and for quite a while she hung, suspended by the ring, before she could release herself. Her finger was so badly torn that it had to be amputated.

The right sort of man will go to almost any lengths, of course, to provide for his family. But a poorly dressed, haggard man in New York several months ago surely was driven to the last extremity. He entered an employment bureau in search of work and stated that he had extracted several gold fillings from his teeth and pawned them in order to buy a little something for his wife and three children who were starving.

Obviously, the new dances must be mentioned. A Chicago man, the report runs, had an engagement to attend a tango party one evening. He sent his trousers out to be pressed; but, according to his claim, when the tailor sent them back they were so tight that he could not wear them. So he sued the tailor for \$150, claiming damages of ten dollars for the trousers and the balance for "one evening's tangoing."

Got the Rat

Anyone who can create real excitement on Broadway is, according to the New York viewpoint, "going some." Yet, last November, a big rat did that

very thing. He came from nowhere onto Broadway at Forty-third street just about dusk and headed straight up "the Great White Way." A few leaps, and all Broadway was at his heels—which may go to show how provincial Broadway is, after all. Though he was being chased, he in turn was chasing others—the women. They fled before, not after him.

Suddenly, at Forty-fifth street, appeared a woman carrying a huge muff. She gave one look, one scream,



Firmly But Politely Informed the Two Officers That They Were Under Arrest.

one frantic clutch at her skirts, one record-breaking jump and fairly flew. Also, she dropped her muff. Whereupon Mr. Rat decided that the muff was precisely what he wanted. So he dived into it and, like the ostrich, fancied himself hidden. But a man—not even a gunman—fell upon the muff; several policemen made valiant use of their nightsticks and even a "whitewasher" brought his broom into play. That, of course, finished Mr. Rat. Also, it just about finished the muff. And Broadway again settled down into its customary calm.

A young Lochinvar out of the West—Omaha, Neb., to be exact—while in

Chicago on a trip saw an eighteen-year-old dame playing an attractive part at a local theatre. He found out who she was, obtained an introduction, proposed, was accepted and married—all within twenty-four hours after he had first seen her.

Turning to the other side of the shield, a New York man was lead by a dream to file suit against his wife for an annulment of his marriage to her seven years before. He stated on the witness stand that he had dreamed



of meeting his wife in Paris who introduced another man to him as her husband. When he questioned his wife about his dream, her replies made him suspicious; so he went to Paris, looked up the records and found that his wife had married another man there a dozen years ago; and the first husband was still living.

A Narrow Escape.

With death stalking wide along the battle lines, narrow escapes from it must be so numerous as scarcely to excite even comment among the soldiers. But the story of a young English corporal, of the King's Royal Rifles, is indeed extraordinary. A day or two before, while billeted in an empty house, he found a small crucifix. A strange impulse compelled him to put it in his haversack. Then, he promptly forgot all about it.

A few days later, while on the firing line, he was hit on the knee by an almost spent bullet. When taken to the hospital it was discovered that another spent bullet had passed clear through his haversack but had been deflected from his body by the crucifix. The force of the bullet had broken off one of the arms of the crucifix.

Three Bullets in One Minute
Another English soldier certainly had a lucky escape. Within one minute he was hit by three bullets, and yet escaped without serious injury. One of them flattened itself against five rounds of ammunition in his belt; the second struck the magazine of his rifle and glanced off into the earth; and the third passed through his cap without disturbing so much as a hair of his head.

When the English-warship "Cressy" was sunk by German submarines, one of her officers had both legs broken, both feet crushed and was badly injured about the head. Moreover, he went down with his ship and was sucked under the water by the sinking vessel. But he came to the surface again and was picked up by rescuers from another ship. Hours later, as he regained consciousness, his first words were, "Are we down-hearted? No!"—the famous greeting that has been so popular among English soldiers on the line of battle.

German Art

So far, throughout the war, the question of art has been a prominent one; with the Allies claiming that the Germans were utterly unappreciative of it else they would never have destroyed cathedrals and art galleries. Be that as it may, the fact remains that during the early days of the bloody campaign on the Aisne, German officers and soldiers showed a decided appreciation of the cow as depicted with brush, chalk or pencil on the walls of buildings, bridges and other available places. Everywhere, sketches or her majesty, the cow, were to be seen. They were crude but—compromising.

At first, the French thought they were drawings of school children, but presently their suspicion was aroused, so they conducted a thorough investigation. They compared criticisms,

(Continued on Page Sixteen)

