

### HOPELESS TANGLE OVER TRIAL OF FORMER GERMAN EMPEROR

(Continued from page 8)  
boards. Is it symptomatic? Or have the increased railway fares anything to say in the matter.

#### Rats in Piccadilly.

As one result of the suburban rat hunt the West End is now subjected to a veritable plague of rats. They have migrated from the suburbs to the West End, and in the neighborhood of Piccadilly the extent of the invasion assumes very serious proportions. The hotels and restaurants are suffering much from the plague, and so are many of the

shops and private houses. Even new flats are not immune from the pest. The police state that after the night life of the circus dies away the rats are all over the place in the early hours. This rather suggests that next time there is a big rat crusade the neighboring areas will have in self-defence to join in. But there are real difficulties in the way of a rat hunt in Piccadilly, unless the Dick Whittington tradition can be revived. A general investment in cats might have some effect, though the usual pampered West End cat would be no match for some of the monster rats now on the prowl. The curious thing is that specimens of the old black rat, the original rat inhabitant of this country, which was supposed to have been almost killed off by the hordes of invading brown rats

from Eastern Europe, are now quite common. It suggests a black rat renaissance.

#### Connie Ediss Back Again.

Miss Connie Ediss is back in London after three years' absence, due to being caught on tour the other side of the world by the war. She was rapturously welcomed home again at the Criterion, where she appeared in a new farce with the irrepressible Mr. Cyril Maude. "Lord Richard in the Pantry" is the title of this diverting piece, in which Miss Ediss as a Cockney cook falls in love with Mr. Maude as Lord Richard disguised as the butler. Naturally, the fun is fast and furious, and most agreeably healthy and clean, through innumerable comic situations. The farce is adapted from Martin Bwayne's novel. Miss Ediss talks Cockney with all the old charm, and acts delightfully; while Mr. Maude as the titled butler is simply perfect. A very agreeable play to watch after a pleasant dinner party. The curtain falls at the end on a very unexpected denouement. Contrary to the expectations of the pit, the fears of the stalls, and the hopes of the gallery, Mr. Maude does not marry Miss Ediss. He declares his passion for the wealthy widow, mistress of the household where they are both employed, and as the curtain falls the cook sees the butler kissing their mistress, and Miss Ediss ejaculates, "Lor love a duck!"

#### London Thrills.

A friend tells me that he has discovered how to get better thrills than the cinema can furnish without the stuffy atmosphere or the necessity of paying for admission. For some time he has been living almost next door to a big central London fire station. In the evening after dinner he fills his pipe and mounts guard at the window. At intervals during the night the bells tinkle in the brigade office, the red lights over the swing doors light up, he hears sudden thuds, as the burly firemen slide down the pole from their rooms, a mad scamper of feet, and, in about two minutes or a minute and a half, open fly the doors. Then with a shout that the cinema can-

not at present get at all, and a realistic roar that is equally impossible in a film, the motor fire engine rushes forth swaying and rocking, the red lights sparkling on the firemen's brass helmets of pure Greek design, the men clinging to the machine as it swerves round the corner while they struggle into their tunics, and away she goes into the unknown hazard! It certainly has its points. Sometimes curiosity moves him to sally forth and inquire of the station attendant. Then he gets the real professional touch. "Aye! A pretty good blaze yon! You could toast a nice bit of bread there! Oh! about four miles off! No! Police wouldn't let you near! No thanks! Never smoke 'em! Good-night!"

#### Dash It!

These memory systems are certainly very wonderful devices. There can be no doubt about the excellent effect of their training on the average mentality. I traveled homeward the other night on the district railway with a gentleman who is a very enthusiastic disciple of one well-known system. He is a parliamentarian and no doubt wanted to cure that absent-mindedness which is proverbially the fault of politicians.

### The Progressive School

If our courses had not been the kind that you should have, we would not, within two months after establishing our school, have been forced to acquire larger premises to accommodate the large number of young people wishing to take Modern training.

Modern training pays. Get it now.

MODERN BUSINESS COLLEGE  
Corner Mill and Union Sts.  
St. John, N. B.

Fair America.  
The ability to behave reasonably in public vehicles is some test of real citizenship. Somehow the amenities of the train, the tram, or the bus bring out the true character. Your social hog is never more hogish than when he or she finds himself or herself up against the communal interest. The profiteer is deservedly detested as guilty of the grossest and vulgar crime—hoarding of goods at the general expense, and the traveler, whether in a continental train or a suburban tram, who endeavors to be more comfortable than others at the expense of the comfort of others, is guilty of the same anti-social vice. Applying this criticism to the amenities of the London traffic just now, after careful observation over a long period, one is driven to a strong indictment of the middle-class people. Time and again I have seen Best End charwomen behave with charming consideration, particularly to old folks and wounded men. A crippled service friend tells me that he hates getting on a bus in the Mayfair neighborhood, simply because Mayfair will insist on standing to make him be seated. But heaven help the old or the infirm who come up against the crowds of richly clad and usually over-dressed urban dames who are "out shopping."

And apparently these women, whose instincts are almost carnivorously selfish, are ubiquitous. This week I was on top of a bus coming down the Strand. At the Savoy a fashionably-dressed fat American woman of about thirty-five, who ought to have been in her automobile, shouted out, "Make him stop for me, say, make him stop right here!" Someone asked the conductor to stop the bus. Not until the bus was absolutely still did that lady attempt to move from her seat right in front of the top of the bus. Naturally the bus started again before she got further than the top of the stairs. And then she slung the conductor in choice American.

#### Russian Refugees in London.

It is estimated that there are now nearly as many Russian refugees in London as there were at one time in Belgium. They are in various quarters of the city, but are mostly of a good class, some belonging to noble houses. All are practically penniless, and pathetically beg you to give them something to do. They tell the most harrowing tales of their adventures and hairbreadth escapes. Rarely do you come to one who has any belongings or who is wearing clothes that fit him. The men seem peculiarly sad and broken, but the women take things more philosophically, and give the impression of being grateful for their lives. Although some of them have been here only a few weeks they make a good attempt to speak English. They seem to have no plans. Their homes have been burned, their property confiscated, and the majority of their relatives shot. Various enterprises are being arranged to give them a little temporary help. But their plight is all the more desperate because of their class.

#### Furs and Feathers.

It used to be understood as a canon of feminine good taste that no really well-dressed or discerning lady would wear at one and the same time furs and feathers. And there was certainly much to be said for the rule because the combination of fur and feather is, I believe,

an anomaly unknown to nature. But one cannot avoid noticing nowadays that many ladies who are apparently "in the swim" of fashion, and whose means would presuppose a certain standard of taste, are wearing both ornaments. At first one was disposed to label these women by the convenient term "proletarians." That designation is made to cover a multitude of vulgarities and social solecisms nowadays. But in some of the most correct and smart fashion periodicals illustrated plates are to be seen which seem to hold a candle to this particular Mephistopheles. So perhaps it is "quite all right."

### Is After Eating You Have Pain, Stomach Needs Aid

Specialists who have devoted their lives to the treatment of stomach ailments now tell us that many people who complain about their stomachs have no stomach ailment at all.

You may suffer from bloating gas, sourness and other unpleasant symptoms. If so your best course is to tone up the bowels with a reliable vegetable remedy like Dr. Hamilton's Pills. This old-time family medicine is a wonderful corrector of all digestive and stomach disorders.

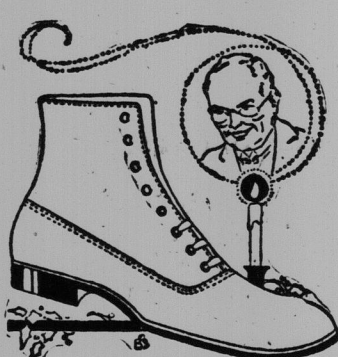
There is no mystery about the quick effect you get from Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They simply supply the additional aid required by the system to enable it to do its work correctly.

You'll enjoy your meals, digest everything you eat, look better, feel better, be free from headaches, constipation and indigestion, all these benefits come to all that use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Every man or woman with a stomach ill is advised to spend five or ten cents on a box of this wonderful vegetable remedy.

### Headquarters for Reliable Footwear

Can you think of any gift more personal, more practical and expressive of your regard for a dear one than Footwear—no indeed. There is someone on your Christmas list who will welcome shoes.

#### THE USEFUL GIFT.



These Will Make GRANDDAD Smile.

For him, these comfort shoes or a pair of warm Slippers will carry a message of deepest consideration.

We have several styles in Comfort Shoes and House Slippers from which to choose.



For MOTHER Who Deserves so Much.

Truly, she has shoes, but give her a pair that's a little finer than she would select for herself and watch her face beam with pleasure. Mother, think who she is.

Pretty Buckles for her Evening Slippers.

Within Your Family Circle there are several to whom such a Thoughtful Gift would be Most Welcome

## Our 41st Annual Announcement

### GREETINGS!

Do Your Christmas Shopping Early

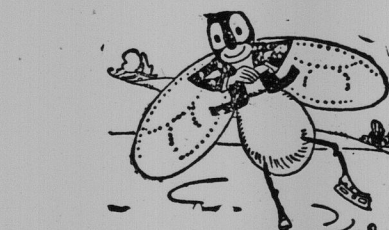
We can solve the problem of the great question today—

What Shall I Give Such a One for Christmas?

BROTHER is a Little "Terror" on Shoes.

Christmas ought to come once a month for Brother, as far as shoes are concerned.

We have some, though, that will stand the banging he will give them.



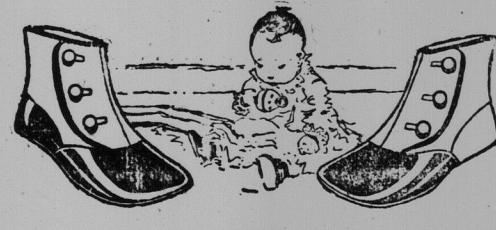
We attach Skates with your purchase of Hockey Boots. "We Sharpen Skates."

The FRIEND Out of Town, would surely appreciate something in the Footwear line. A pair of Felt Slippers are always accepted by the Lady or Gentleman for travelling purposes.



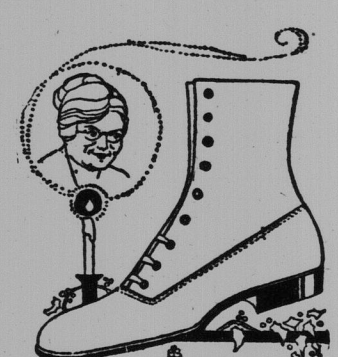
SISTER Will be Pleased With These.

Perhaps it's vanity — perhaps, but whatever it is, no daughter of Eve is too young to thoroughly appreciate "Nice Shiny Shoes," Boudoir Slippers or Dancing Pumps.



"The Most IMPORTANT OF ALL."

and we'll venture that if some of the Christmas morning Goo, Goo's could be translated, my, but I'm glad someone thought of Shoes instead of Rattles and Teething Rings, would be the opinion expressed.



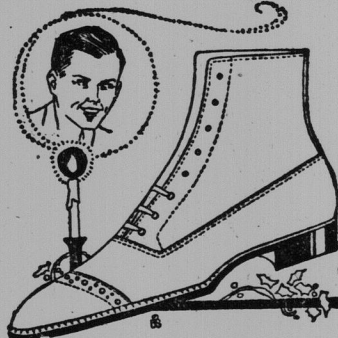
For GRANDMOTHER, Everybody's Friend.

Dear old soul, how grateful she is for the slightest sincere attention!

And how she would appreciate anything so thoughtful as Comfort Slippers.

Real common sense Boots and Rubbers or Overshoes.

"Creepers Attached."



Surely You Won't Forget DADDY.

"Never mind me," he says, but he's camouflaging his feelings.

He'll praise your practical choice if you give him Shoes or House Slippers.

How about his Curling Boots?

"The Stores With the Christmas Spirit"

# WATERBURY & RISING, LIMITED

King Street

Union Street

Main Street