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What Happened to Ireland.

The Two Sides of Terror—By an Oxford Undergraduate.

(Review of Reviews)

Ireland lies to-day in the shadow of a great Fear which seems to enter into the soul of everything which happens there, stifling all enterprise, stultifying trade, and suffocating speech.

A few days ago I returned from a month's visit. I had not been there since Christmas last, but even in that short passage of time the state of things had grown appreciably worse. When I returned to England in January and people asked "What is Ireland like?" I felt I could honestly say "As bad as you think." To-day I can reply to the same query "Worse than you could imagine."

In Dublin—it is I suppose but natural—the fear though ever present seemed rather remote and except for the rushing lorries and armoured cars, the Curfew and the attendant curfewing of theatres, dances, etc., it did not strike one as being at all personal. One felt always that about one lay a great city in which one had many friends even if one had also many enemies, and this consciousness of company was a great comfort. In the small town in County Tipperary where I spent a week it was, however, very different. Here the smallness of the place caused the Fear to appear nearer and more concentrated, until in one's loneliness it came to have a personal meaning and seemed to envelope the place like a pall.

As the result of my three weeks' sojourn in Dublin I gathered little that I had not discovered after the first few days. One had, for instance, to be very careful in crossing the streets, for the lorries carrying military, auxiliary and "Black and Tans" are subject to no traffic regulations and give one but little time for hesitation. All day they drive through the city at terrifying speed with rifles levelled and revolvers cocked in readiness for any emergency. The auxiliaries and "Black and Tans" use for the most part ordinary open tenders and the military great tall lorries with wire netting round the tops. It has been said that it took the Boers to put the British Army in that, the Germans to put them in tanks and the I.R.A. to put them in fast-coops. One of the worst features is a dreadful picture in the danger to the peaceful citizen of being hit by either side in the constant exchange of shots and bomb-throwings which goes on throughout the city. Then, of course, there are the "hold-ups," in which whole districts are surrounded, or perhaps only a passing tram, but in either case peaceful men and women are subjected to a thorough search for firearms or papers and though most people have not the former, they have the latter, and it is at least uncomfortable to have one's private correspondence read in the street. It is the innocent who suffer.

Thus it is that the people of the Irish capital seeing their city falling into decay go about their daily business with a great dread and sorrow at their hearts and such of them as are young enough to hope, live in expectation of better times in the knowledge that they could hardly be worse. In the country, however, all is as I have already stated very different. Tipperary, which I visited, is one of the

Martial Law areas and the dread so undeniably in the big cities is very real here. The Government is represented by its three forces: the Military, the Auxiliaries and the "Black and Tans," the first being as unusually respected for their discipline and honest dealing as the other two are loathed for their lamentable lack of both. Sinn Féin operates with "flying columns" which are as dreaded by the country people as any of the other three. Everywhere in the Terror. Men go to bed at night in fear of what the night will bring, and awake to a day of which they may never see the close. Any one's house is liable to be entered at any time by either side, and without trial or warning the owner dragged from his bed and shot. The instances of this are far too numerous to be quoted here, but two of which I have personal knowledge will serve:—

Some two months ago outside the town of which I speak, the bodies of two men were found riddled with bullets in a field on the estate of a large landowner, whose family have lived there for many generations. Attached to the bodies was the tag now too familiar: "Fired, Covered, Executed. Spies. Beware. I.R.A." So truthfully familiar is violent death to the Irish people that the incident, as one of many such, received but little attention.

That night, however, a body of eight or nine "Black and Tans" left the barracks, and having shot two men in the town in circumstances of horrible



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MUTT AND JEFF

HIT ME, JEFF—WE'RE IN LUCK! THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE WANTS TO SEE US BOY, AND 'CARP' HAS GIVEN HIS COBSENT! 'CARP' WANTS US TO MAKE IT A SNAPPY BOAT—



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brutality, the one before his wife, the other in his bed, proceeded along the mile of road which separated the house of the man on whose land the alleged spies were shot from the town, and having notified the sleeping household of their arrival by firing a shot through the bedroom window of the owner's eldest daughter, gained admittance and demanded that X (giving the name of the old family coachman, who also acted as a steward on the estate) be given over to them.

Hearing his name called and knowing (such is the state of the country) what that signified, the old man proceeded to escape down the back stairs, where he heard a man who had discovered his vacant room shout at the son of the house that unless the coachman was immediately produced, they would shoot the young man where he stood. The coachman having heard the threat, hastened back to offer himself that he might save his young master's life. As soon as he appeared one of the party of Black and Tans called out "Put it into him there!" but the others dragged him downstairs and out into the night.

His experience was an awful one. Brought, some fifty yards down the drive this man of over sixty (whose only crime was that he was steward on the land upon which the alleged spies were "executed") was fired at more or less simultaneously by six of the Black and Tans. A bullet entered either side without doing any vital damage and throwing him to the ground. The other four shots missed. Then a man leaped over him, and holding his revolver just above his mouth, fired, but owing presumably to his inebriated condition (for they were all very drunk) the bullet passed into the ground beside his ear without doing any damage. Thinking him dead, the Black and Tans prepared to move away, but one, complaining that he had a shot fired again point blank, blowing off two fingers of his right hand. Then they left him for dead. The old coachman, inconceivable though it may seem, had all the time remained conscious, stimulating death, and to his nerve he owed his life to-day. For though at first his life and then his mind were despaired of, he recovered.

Then there is the other side of the picture. The I.R.A. have levied what amounts to a war tax upon every householder in the country. At any moment an Irish citizen is liable to be called on by armed men who demand a certain sum calculated on the valuation of the land. Refusals to comply with this demand are few, but then Sinn Féin acts swiftly. One such case was that of a small farmer in the South, who was approached, and asked for £8 as "Maudlin Tax." He refused, saying he never asked them to fight for him, and they left. Two days afterwards a body of five men appeared and in broad daylight put the man against the wall of his own house, riddled him with bullets before the very eyes of his wife and four children, drove two of his cattle worth £15 apiece and left, having attached a card to his body to the effect that such a fate awaited all "traitors." To-day the man's wife is in an asylum—she was 31 years of age.

Such cases as these two are of course in no way remarkable. They are merely typical of the state of Ireland to-day. On both sides the revolver rules and no man may call his life and property his own. Those who suffer most are the innocent victims of this Terror, who take no part in its brutality.

Novel Fever Cure.

Ensign Bohm, of the Salvation Army, who is in charge of the Hospital at Toeren, the Dutch Indies, says that some time ago a policeman brought in five persons suffering from fever. They had been under the treatment of a native "quack," who had driven short pins into their bodies and faces in order to revive their strength and keep away the fever. One of the patients, a woman, had ten such pins in her body, and only six could be extracted. The other patients had received milder treatment, having eight, six and four pins driven in.

When Is the Gun Set?

Strange as it may seem, this is a point which has taken some settling. Was the actual setting when the sun's lower edge or upper edge touched the horizon?

Experience has shown how necessary it was to have the point determined beyond question. That celebrated meteorologist,

Ralph Abernethy, for example, once saw the sun's crimson ball about one-third below the horizon, and it took no less than half an hour in all for it to sink its own breadth, whereas on the equator he had seen it sink the same distance in a couple of minutes.

Instances such as these have been taken into full consideration, and, fortunately, a clear understanding has now been arrived at among scientists on this important matter.

Sunset, they have decided, is the moment when the upper edge of the sun reaches the horizon.

At the same time, due account has to be taken of the state of the atmosphere, the height above sea-level from which the setting sun is observed, and the nature of the horizon, whether it is bounded by hills or other lofty obstructions.

Household Notes.

Flour sacks make good dish towels. Sandpaper will help sharpen scissors. Cold-boiled fish makes excellent croquettes. Left-over cereals may be used in griddle cakes. Figs and raisins chopped make a good pie filling.

The fillet of veal is the upper thick part of the leg. Almost any standard make of preserve jar is good. Cheap dishes, above all, should be made interesting. Radishes can be boiled and served with cream sauce. A casserole is a household necessity to the frugal. Coconut may be used in hot breads and pancakes.

—By Bud Fisher.

IN PLAIN WORDS, JEFF WAS GONNA DOUBLE-CROSS MUTT.

BUT YOU AND I ARE FRIENDS AND WE CAN 'PULL OUR PUNCHES AND TAP EACH OTHER VERY GENTLY. NO USE MURDERING EACH OTHER JUST TO PLEASE THE PRESIDENT! SLIP ON YOUR GLOVES—THEY'RE WAITING FOR US.



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WHAT ARE YOU DOING? ER—NOTHING!



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SEVE! SAP IS FRESH! BLUE!



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SEVE! SAP IS FRESH! BLUE!



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SEVE! SAP IS FRESH! BLUE!



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SEVE! SAP IS FRESH! BLUE!



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