

PONTARLIER TO PARIS

"COMMENT c'est Rigolo!" It was at Pontarlier, on the French side of the Franco-Swiss border. The inspector which announced my passage through all the countries of the Central Alliance. In Germany such an array of enemy testaments would have landed me in considerable difficulties. With a wave of his hand the inspector passed me on to the man who passed the O. K. labels on to my baggage. It was courtesy due an ally. By this I knew I was in France!

Also by the bread in the station restaurant and the butter. It is easy enough to say you don't care about what you eat when you can get everything to eat you want. But when butter has been tasting for a year of camel-hair rugs and fairly beating with goatiness, and bread has been consistently mulatto and stony-soggy for a similar term, you have to meet some real fluffy, crusty French white bread and some real sweet butter that is like Caesar's wife before you will give any guarantees as to your behavior. Luckily French people have an exquisite gift of intuitive sympathy. The proprietress patted me on the shoulder and murmured: "Do not hurry, monsieur, there is plenty more where that came from. Plenty more! It is what I have not yet got to believe. Even now I find myself doing disappearing magic with the butter balls and sugar cubes of perfectly well-stocked households; I find myself pocketing rolls against a time of scarcity, or in any event, to give the beggars who linger in the street of a Balkan capital and prefer good wheat bread remnants to depreciated paper currency."

My travelling companion, a Consul from some little German city, gasped, as soon as he had a "freie Bahn." "I don't care what it costs, so long as it lasts." The fact of the matter was that the whole lunch cost much less than at any similar American lunch-room. That by the way is the food situation of France in a nutshell. You can eat cheaper and better on the Avenue de l'Opera than you can on Broadway.

At Pontarlier we had ourselves locked into our first-class coupe at the cost of a franc to the obliging conductor, and hoped that, in spite of the broken window panes, which let in the untimely April snow, we would be able to sleep through to Dijon without disturbance. Night fell and all around us, rushing past in the darkness, was the gentle land of France. It gave me a strange thrill to be for the first time in almost a year among friends where you could think and say what you felt and have the right hand of fellowship thrust out at you. Suddenly my pleasing reflections were interrupted as the train pulled up at a little way station by a tremendous hullabaloo and hubbub, stamping of feet, profanity, and, finally, angry pounding on the door of our compartment. Sacrebleus, non-dieu, and other emphatic expressions emphasized a very ardent desire to get in. I pulled up the blind and faced what seemed a countless mob of pollus in gray-blue.

"We are locked in, gentlemen," I protested; "otherwise nothing would afford me greater pleasure than your company."

The conductor was thereupon dragged forth from hiding and made to open the door.

"But gentlemen," objected the Consul from Sackerehausen, "this is a first-class compartment."

A mighty roar went up, as though the whole democracy of France had suddenly been made articulate with one throat.

"But there are no more classes in France!"

Then they came pouring into our compartment, tramping on our feet, poking grimy elbows into our eyes, sitting on our laps, dirty, muddy, filthy, but full of good humor and gawky and politeness. A woman, with two little tots of children, almost too sleepy to hold their heads up, by some mischance was swept in along with them. Instantly, as if by magic, seats were vacated, hands were reached out to lift up the little ones and settle them comfortably, and from somewhere sweetmeats produced for their delectation. Then a grizzled old veteran just out of the trenches, settling back into his place and beginning to fill his pipe, after having asked permission of madame, gave utterance to the keystone phrase of contemporary France.

"Aha!" said he, "enfin, nous sommes chez nous."

It is what the whole of the French people says to-day, "at home," in its own country, free, after a forty years' menace, to call its soul its own. "Nous sommes chez nous."

Most of the men *permissionsaires*, either going from the trenches on leave or returning to them. It was easy enough to tell the two categories apart, I assure you. Opposite me, and next to one of the little girls, sat a young Alpine chasseur. He couldn't have been more than nineteen, at the most. He was going back to the trenches. The lights of home were still reflected in his eyes. He kept looking all the time at his little neighbor. He fairly devoured her with his eyes. He made no secret of what he held in his heart. That is the touching French frankness. To the young soldier boy this little tot at his side symbolized the home he had just left and might not see again. After a time he reached out his hand and began stroking her hair softly, and did not cease until we had to get out and change cars. Later I saw him sitting disconsolate in the

vast confusion of the station, staring at the floor in front of him, unwilling to be consoled by his comrades' banter.

Somewhere a bit further along our route we suffered another inundation, this time of conscripts, for it was conscript day, when all the youth of France has to present itself for service. This was a different mob, a mile of all qualities and degrees of youngsters, country louts, mechanics, clerks, and rich men's sons, all, I am sorry to say, a bit tipsy. "That is the custom," a soldier told me. "It is their last chance." The conscripts were a good deal less polite and civil than the pollus. They sang noisy patriotic songs and put their elbows through the one broken window. Our lady passenger turned on them and scolded them vigorously. "What would the American gentlemen report of them to their countrymen, if they behaved so rudely?" The only effect of this exhortation was to bring a deluge of apologies on us and numerous demands to shake our hands, since we were now allies, and plenty of "Vive l'Amérique!" They might have been a crowd of young Americans off on a celebration; but decidedly, there were distinct intellectual differences, as well.

Two of these young fellows got into an argument, and nearly into a fight. They had to be separated by main force. There was nothing so strange in this. But the cause of their quarrel was a heated discussion of the comparative merits of the monarchical and republican principles. "France," said the young royalist, "is a masterpiece! Individually the French are better off than the Boches. Therefore, it is the monarchy which has made Germany. How great could not France be again if she would only behold all her little kings and choose again a real master!" I do not remember the young republican's answer. At any rate, it led to personalities, the monarchist saying that his adversary was like all the other believers in democracy, a potential office-seeker; the reply was the lie direct. Somebody struck up a patriotic air, tactfully turning the issue. "I hope," said madame to me, "you won't judge France by these boys. It is their conscription day, you know. That's why they make so much noise."

"Laissez," growled the old veteran; "let them make so much noise as they want now. They will be quiet enough out there."

My last vignette of this overnight ride from Pontarlier to Paris is of the corridor of our train, after we had changed. All the cars were full; standing room only. We crowded pell-mell into the rear car. A young lady suddenly popped up from somewhere and jammed in with us. She did not object to the discomfort of being locked up with a lot of dirty, smelly, grimy pollus. That is the amazing thing—how the women of France feel themselves at home in the midst of these wild surroundings. I offered her the top of my dress-suit, which she finally accepted with reluctance. I myself crouched down on my hat-box, although the danger was great that I might thereby transform the hat inside into a *chapou-clac*. I had never used it, anyway, except once, to receive an Ambassador in, together with some other embassy employees. That array of ancient and honorable high hats, the Ambassador's later confessed, was the most startling and terrifying skyline of his career.

The train moved out of the station. All of us settled down to slumber as best we could. I don't know how long I'd been dozing when I awoke, and looked up and around me. It was a picture for Rembrandt. Under the dim light were a crowd of crouching, swaying figures in gray-blue—unmasked by sleep. And what was the secret they had been hiding behind smiles and gawky and *Gaillarde*? Weariness, utter weariness! It was embodied in the figure of the old, grizzled trooper, who, with his helmet over his head, unshaven face, looked like a *landwehr* of the Protestant wars. He had the art, as did most of the men, of sleeping on his feet, of recovering his balance without waking every time slumber almost keeled him over. His mouth was slightly opened, his lower jaw hanging down a bit, with an effect utterly pathetic, helpless, and weary. Another man was leaning up against the side of the car, his forehead against his upturned arm, in a very contorted of weariness. I regarded this dim, swaying mass of figures with amazement, like a vision, a dream. It was symbolic of Europe. Europe dead-weary, in mute appeal for the word of release, permission to lie down and rest and be at peace.—H. G. A., in *The New York Evening Post*.

SOME COOL DRINKS FOR THE HOT DAYS OF SUMMER

Chocolate Syrup. Melt four squares of unsweetened chocolate in a small double boiler. Add one and a half cups of granulated sugar, one-eighth teaspoonful of salt and stir until smooth. Then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, one and a half cups of boiling water. Bring to the boiling point and boil five minutes. Cool, add one teaspoonful of vanilla. Serve, diluted to taste with ice-water.

Chocolate Egg and Milk Shake. Put two tablespoonfuls of finely crushed ice in a tumbler, add two and a half tablespoonfuls of chocolate syrup, one egg and two thirds of a cup of milk. Shake thoroughly and strain; add a few grains of nutmeg or cinnamon.

Lemon Pop. The ingredients are half a yeast cake, two pounds of granulated sugar, two ounces of ginger root, crushed, eight quarts of boiling water, two ounces of cream of tartar, the juice of seven lemons. Place ginger root, crushed, in a large pot, add sugar and boiling water, lemon juice and cream of tartar. Let stand until lukewarm; then add yeast dissolved in half a cup of water, stir well. Cover and let stand eight hours in a warm room; strain through a flannel bag and then bottle. Set bottles in a cool place and put on ice as required for use.

Raspberry Vinegar. To two quarts of raspberries, put a pint of vinegar. Let them lie together two or three days, then mash them up and put them in a bag to strain. To every pint when strained, put a pound of best sugar. Boil twenty minutes and skim it. Bottle it when cold.

Lemon Syrup. One pound of loaf or crushed sugar to every pint of lemon juice. Let it stand twenty-four hours, or till the sugar is dissolved, stirring it very often with a silver spoon. When dissolved, wring a flannel bag very dry in hot water, strain the syrup and bottle it. This will keep almost any length of time.

Current Syrup. Boil current juice five minutes with loaf or crushed sugar—a pound of sugar to a pint of juice. Stir it constantly while cooling, and when cold, bottle it. A spoonful or two in a tumbler of water makes a refreshing beverage.

English Ginger Beer. Pour four quarts of boiling water upon an ounce of cream of tartar, a pound of clean brown sugar, and two fresh lemons, sliced thin. When lukewarm stir in half a pint of good potato yeast and stand in a warm room for twenty-four hours, and then bottle. It improves by keeping several weeks, unless the weather is very hot.

Lemonade. The ingredients are the rind of two lemons and the juice of four, half a pound of sugar, and one quart of boiling water. Grate the rind of two of the lemons and put it with the sugar in a jug add the lemon juice and pour the boiling water over the whole. When the sugar is dissolved, strain through a piece of muslin or cheesecloth. When cold the lemonade is ready for use diluted to taste.

Fruit Juices. Take the fruit juice which is being prepared for jelly or preserves and pour it hot and unweetened into hot jars or bottles, partially seal, place in a kettle of hot water; bring it to the boil, and boil thirty minutes with the lid on the kettle. Remove the bottles and cork tightly, covering the cork with paraffine. These juices are delicious not only in drinks of various kinds in the summer, but in pudding sauces, in combination with other fruit juices, and if desired they can be made into jelly later on.

Rhubarb Punch. The ingredients are one cup of sugar, boiled with half a cup of water for three minutes, three cups of rhubarb juice (made by the recipe above) one cup of pineapple cut in small pieces, two cups of lemon juice. Mix all together chill and serve. A pint of tea may be added if desired.

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CANADIAN FISH CROSS SEA

Lt. B. C. Hilliam, of the Army Service Corps and one of the food Control Committee, of Montreal, is in the city over the week-end staying at the King Edward Hotel. Yesterday a cable was received telling of the safe arrival in England of the first big shipment of fish, the new ration for the soldiers in France and England. The shipment consisted of over 3,000,000 pounds of Canadian frozen fish, cod, haddock, white fish, and soles. The fish is now being distributed in England.

The idea was originated by Major Hugh A. Green, who is in the British War Office and on the British Board of Trade, who conceived the idea of giving the soldiers fish as a change from beef. A trial order of a million and a half pounds of frozen fish was first sent for, which resulted in the establishing of this regular business. Lt. Hilliam terms this the most colossal thing ever attempted in this line, which should seem much to Canada and to fisheries. Already cod storage plants are being erected, and every preparation being made to handle the 7,000,000 pounds which will be shipped each month.

The coming of the fish to England will be a welcome addition to the bill of fare, since there are now two meatless days in the week there.—Toronto Telegram, Aug. 4.

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