

The Abnormal Development

of the GIRAFFE is remarkable, but the abnormal development of the demand for SUNLIGHT SOAP is still more remarkable. It is not known how many people have never seen a Giraffe, but it is known that there are millions and millions of careful house-wives all over the world using

SUNLIGHT SOAP.

These housewives no longer dread the advent of wash-day, for, with SUNLIGHT SOAP as their ally, they are assured of a quick despatch of all dirt and uncleanness. SUNLIGHT SOAP saves your clothes.

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NEXT WASH.

**Dark Picture of Constantinople's Plight.**

The Turkish Capital is Without Coal and Supplies of All Kinds Are Getting Scarce—The People Depressed.

A dark picture of the plight of Constantinople and its inhabitants is drawn in a letter from the correspondent of the Nieuws van den Dag, in the Turkish capital.

"Scarcity is gradually beginning to be felt in almost everything," he writes, "and the prescriptions and regulations interfering with our ordinary manner of living are becoming ever more severe and more numerous. The train does, it is true, still run to Europe daily and still arrives daily, albeit some hours late. But, besides the mail and a single passenger, it carries little or nothing away and brings still less. Owing to the way in which Roumania has hitherto maintained its neutrality, nothing is allowed to pass through that country destined for Turkey which can in any sense fall under the head of war contraband; whilst, on the other hand, whole ship and wagon loads of war material is allowed to pass for Serbia or Russia. Neither does the Government at Bucharest permit its own petroleum and other naphtha products to be exported to Turkey.

"Constantinople can get just as little by sea. There remained the eastern route, from and to Anatolia, which is rich in corn and other products and in minerals of all kinds. From there also, however, the supplies are declining daily and will soon have to stop entirely owing to the lack of coal to keep the railway traffic going, whilst it is, of course, impossible to obtain sufficient by means of cart or carrier for a city of over a million inhabitants.

Coal is Scarce.

"If there was a rising dearth before all this, there now appears to be many businesses which have nothing more to sell at any price. No more coal whatever is to be obtained, and this although the rich coal beds of Heraclea are scarcely 130 miles away. Now that the Russians are the absolute masters of the Black Sea practically not a piece of coal and no more petroleum can be imported over the sea. And as regards what is brought by endless trains of camels, mules, and carts which are now passing to and fro between the city and the coal field, this is scarcely sufficient to keep the workshops and the factories of the artillery establishments going and to provision the warships that are still running.

"The three gasworks have therefore also had to come to a stop, so that there is no more street lighting. The electricity works will have to do the same next week, and then the trams will be unable to run. For days there has been not a drop of petroleum to be got in the city. Candles arrive

now and again by parcel post from Austria, and then cost three piastres apiece, a price for which a whole packet could formerly be bought.

"How shall we warm ourselves in the winter if the present condition of things continue a few months longer is still an unsolved riddle.

Sugar and Bread.

"Another necessary in which scarcity is being heavily felt is sugar, which we principally obtain from Austria and in part also from France. This last source is, of course, entirely stopped, and the former is not very fruitful. Still more serious is the bread scarcity, which, despite the measures taken by the authorities, occurs every now and again. It is really strange that we can be short of bread here when they don't know what to do with the millions of hectolires in Anatolia. The reason again lies in the lack of sufficient means of transport, and likewise in the lack of proper organization of the transport; further, in the circumstance that owing to the scarcity of fuel the flour mills cannot work at full power. It has repeatedly happened of late that not enough bread could be baked for the entire population of the city, so that great unrest arose amongst the people, which soon degenerated into disturbances and in the indignation demonstrations (so feared by every Government) of women and children through the streets of Stamboul and in front of the Ministries and the residences of the members of the Government and leading authorities. Recourse was had to a means that has already been adopted more than once in the provinces—that of throwing the burden of the evil on the German scapegoat. Thus it was first whispered, and then said louder and louder by the crowd, that through the war in which the Germans had involved the Empire, the calling up of all means of transport, and so forth, it had now come to pass that there was not enough bread for the people even in the capital. And as the war here, even amongst the Moslem population is still by no means popular, this talk spread at once, and the women's demonstration, behind which were of course the men, assumed a definitely anti-German character. For the present the military scarcity is so far met that the military authorities have liberated railway trucks for the carrying of grain.

"All these difficulties would at once for the greater part be banished if there were free traffic between Turkey and the allied Empire, and the army authorities and the Porte are urging Berlin and Vienna ever more strongly to assure itself of the communication through Serbia. The Dardanelles position remains invincibly strong, but its defences continually demands heavy sacrifices, and that begins to make many a Turk somewhat depressed.

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"The Soul of Anzac."

About the Commander of the Australians and New Zealanders in Gallipoli.

"Lieut.-General Sir W. R. Birdwood has been the soul of Anzac. Not for one single day has he ever quitted his post. Cheery and full of human sympathy, he has spent many hours of each twenty-four inspiring the defenders of the front trenches, and if he does not know every soldier in his force, at least, every soldier in the force believes he's known to his chief."

That was the great praise given by Sir Ian Hamilton to the commander of the Australians and New Zealanders in Gallipoli. It is rarely that such high praise is given in despatches, but in the case of Sir W. R. Birdwood it has been won in the midst of the most terrible fighting the world has ever seen.

One of Kitchener's Men.

Like a good many more men who have come to the front in the war, he is one of Kitchener's men. He was, indeed, for several years Kitchener's right hand man, for he was appointed his military Secretary when in India, Africa and followed his chief to India in the same capacity.

To the army, in fact, he was known as "Secretary Birdwood" until he was appointed to the command of the "dare-devil warriors from the south," to use the words of Sir Ian Hamilton.

And General Birdwood was just the man to lead them. Absolutely fearless, he has escaped death time and time again by a sheer miracle. Last May, for instance, his hat was struck from his head by a bullet, which ploughed a new parting through his hair, severely cutting his scalp and partially stunning him. Despite that, he refused to leave his post, nor did he leave it when his name appeared in the casualty list!

In the Boer war he was very severely wounded, and his high courage and magnificent fighting spirit were mentioned no fewer than five times in despatches. Before being wounded he had several narrow squeaks, his horse being shot under him in a skirmish near Pretoria among other things.

In all our Wars Since 1883.

In the Tirah Campaign of 1897-98, just previous to the Boer War, he was also mentioned in despatches.

The now famous general has been through practically all our little wars since he joined the Royal Scots Fusiliers in 1883.

Most of his life has been spent in India. The Birdwoods, indeed, are famous out there, for generation after generation have served in building up our great Eastern Empire.

As Secretary to Lord Kitchener in India he helped his chief to re-organize the Indian Army and the whole of the military affairs generally, one of the effects of which is now to be seen in the magnificent Indian Expeditionary Force.

General Sir W. R. Birdwood can speak a number of Oriental languages and dialects and, in fact, he was interpreter to Lord Kitchener while in India.

Born in September, 1865, General Birdwood was knighted in the last New Year's Honour List.

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He Was Sitting on It.

Mr. Augustine Birrell, the Secretary for Ireland, has recently returned home from the front where he had many interesting and exciting experiences.

Some time ago, while travelling in a third-class carriage in the north of England, Mr. Birrell found himself in an amusing, although very embarrassing position.

He was only just in time to catch the train and sat down hurriedly next to a little girl in shawl and clogs.

Happening to glance at her a moment or two afterwards, he saw that she appeared very uneasy and was regarding him with no great favour.

Then it was that it dawned upon him that he was sitting upon her newspaper.

"Here, my dear," said Mr. Birrell, pulling the paper from under him and handing it to her. "I'm sorry!"

The little girl did not look quite satisfied; but she said nothing till a few minutes later the train drew up at the station.

"Please, sir," she then inquired meekly, as she rose to get out; "may I have my fried fish? It was in the paper!"

Back to Nature

A hen is not supposed to have much common sense or tact.

But every time she lays an egg she cackles forth the fact.

A rooster is largely feathers, with little intellect to show.

But none the less most roosters have enough good sense to crow.

The mule, the most despised of beasts, has a persistent way.

Of letting people know he's round, by his persistent bray.

The busy little bees they buzz, bulls bellow and cows, moo.

And watch dogs bark and ganders quack and doves and pigeons coo.

The peacock spreads his tail and squawks, pigs squeal and robins sing.

And even serpents know enough to hiss before they sting.

But man, the greatest masterpiece that nature could devise, Will often stop and hesitate before he'll Advertise.

—Exchange.

Huns Can't Play Football.

They Often Mob the Team That Beats Them.

The news that Steve Bloomer, John Cameron, the Tottenham Hotspur man, and several other famous old footballers are among the Englishmen interned in Germany is a reminder that despite their scorn and hatred of everything British, the Huns were, before the war, only too eager to take lessons in football from us.

For that purpose they engaged Bloomer, Cameron, and other celebrated professionals. Plainly envious of the physical benefits of footballing as compared with those of their own national pastimes of duelling and beer swilling, the Germans became "mad" on the game.

The army authorities, from the all-highest Kaiser downwards, encouraged football playing, and even the Crown Prince himself was once photographed in football kit. At that time his special mania was to be "very English."

Too Sluggish for Football.

That the Germans have never proved themselves very adept at our winter game is not the fault of their coaches. Success at football demands a sprightliness of movement and nimbleness of thought not characteristic of the heavily built, sluggish minded sons of the Fatherland as a whole.

The French, the Belgians, and the Scandinavians, are much better footballers than the Germans, and the Danes, perhaps the cracks of the Continent at the game, are streets ahead of them.

And not only are the Germans unable to play football well, but their manners over the game are atrocious. They have no more idea of playing the game in a proper sporting spirit than they have of waging war cleanly and decently.

They can't stand being beaten—and as it has generally been their lot to lose against "foreign" teams, some shameful scenes have taken place on German football grounds.

Certain members of the Sunderland club could a tale unfold in this connection. A few years ago after the season here—the German football season goes on into June, by the way—they accepted an invitation to play a series of matches in Germany.

Without at all exerting themselves they mostly did pretty much as they liked. Their superiority was so galling to the German players and spectators that affairs culminated in the side being badly mobbed after one match. The Englishmen were kicked at, struck at, and blasphemed at, and although surrounded by a hostile crowd, out of which they had literally to fight their way, some of them retaliated good and hard.

Austrians Get Excited.

The Austrians and Hungarians, though more skilled in the arts of the game than their Allies, have equally bad manners over football.

Middlebøe, the Dane who plays for Chelsea, has played football all over the Continent, and the worst crowd he ever came across was at Prague (Bohemia.)

"They were awfully excitable there," he said. "There was almost a riot because one of the home team's players was ordered off the field for being so rough."

An old Scottish international, for several years engaged in teaching Austrians to play football, also had some unpleasant things to say of the customs of his pupils and those who attended the matches.

"When they win they are very great chaps, indeed," he said; "but when they lose they say it's all due to the 'dirty' play of their opponents. I have seen three riots at football matches over there—ugly riots, too. One was after a game between a Hungarian and a German team. The military had to be called out to quell it in the end, for it spread all over the town."

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