

## 1290 MERCHANT SHIPS SUNK IN WAR

Figures are Given by Japanese Speaker to Show That His Country Has Suffered Little

(Associated Press)  
Tokio, Jan. 6.—A total of 1,290 merchant vessels with an aggregate tonnage of 2,910,000 have been sunk since the outbreak of the war, according to Baron Kenjiro Deen, minister of communications, who spoke before the Japan Trade Association of war and shipping.

"Despite the heavy losses suffered by some of the Entente countries," he said, "Japan's loss has been comparatively slight. So far, only six Japanese steamers, with an aggregate tonnage of 26,000, have been sunk by the enemy while three more of 12,000 tons are missing, making a total of nine ships and 38,000 tons. Since the outbreak of the war, Japan's maritime trade to foreign countries has greatly developed, and the tonnage of 'tramp' steamers, now trading to America, Australia, India, etc., is put at 800,000. This shows a five-fold increase since the outbreak of the war."



CANADIAN NURSE WEBS  
CANADIAN OFFICER

Miss Jean McTavish, daughter of Dr. McTavish, who has just been married in England to Capt. H. B. Van Wyck, adjutant of No. 4 General Hospital, Orpington, England. Miss McTavish went overseas early in the war as a Canadian nursing sister, and while performing her duty as such met the Canadian officer and the couple fell in love at first sight.

## SIDE TALKS

RUTH CAMERON

WE were speaking of conversational awkwardness the other night, apropos of the plan (which I confided to you) of a course in social conversation.

Someone spoke of the monologist who never gives you a chance, and then someone else quoted Margaret Ossoli's characterization of Carl Hurlingham.

"He does not converse, only harangues."

The kind of person I mind \*the most is the one who asks a question and then doesn't give you a chance to answer it."

That is an exasperating type of person, isn't it?

We've all met her—I think it is usually a woman.

Of course, there are different species of the type.

The Flutter-Minded Woman.

There is the sprightly, intensely interested in everything, flutter-minded woman, who asks you a question and then, before you have a chance to answer it, asks you another.

I was in a gathering with a woman of this type the other night. We were discussing the presidential election. She asked a man who has a reputation for knowing a good deal about political conditions what the democratic party in the South stood for. His eye lit up, he leaned forward, here was a subject to his liking. "That isn't a big question," he said, and was about to go on, at

length when she broke in: "Isn't it? There is so much to know about. There's the tariff and free trade. I'm dying to have someone explain all about that. Which do you believe in?"

He Didn't Try to Tell Her

The look on that man's face was a study. He gave a vague answer and fell into a kind of flabbergasted silence.

Then there is the type who asks formal questions for politeness' sake and either break in on your answer or show by their preoccupied air and vacant eye that they are not listening to you.

And then there is the type who are so full of their own affairs that they ask you a question about yours and then, before you can answer tell you about theirs.

She Doesn't Care What Happens To Your Little Girl

For instance, "How is your little girl?" Did you know mine has had the measles? Yes—she and then follows a long description of the measles, and a complete forgetfulness of her interest in your little girl who may have had the scarlet fever for all she knows.

To be asked a question and not given a chance to answer it gives one an uncomfortable feeling, a sense of interrupted functioning. If one isn't going to wait for an answer, better not ask a question at all.

## OUR DAILY PATTERN SERVICE

Valuable Suggestions for the Handy Homemaker—  
Order Any Pattern Through the Courier.  
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### GIRL'S PLAID DRESS.

By Anabel Worthington.



The strong tendency for original effects in frocks for growing girls shows decidedly in this one, No. 8078, a model that should please the most capricious daughter.

The box plait running the full length of the centre front is a notable feature.

Either side of it three tucks are introduced in the waist only—these are stitched to the waistline only, but pressed into position all the way to the lower edge of the dress.

The collar developed in contrasting goods is of a very attractive cut and the full length sleeve has a natty cuff to match. The skirt is a full plaited model joined to the waist body at side, fronts and back, leaving the centre box plait in the dress free, to prove its merit in giving the "straight line front" that is so much the rage in models for senior girls and women. The side belts, button trimmed, are decorative features that have given fashion value.

Wool plaid, wool checked material, serge, gabardine, wool poplin and like weaves are very desirable with the union of silk, satin or white broadcloth for collar and cuffs. The pattern shows in picture every point to be covered, so that the girl who wants such a dress will find copying the design no great effort.

The dress pattern No. 8078 cuts in sizes 6 to 12 years. To make in size 8 requires 3 1/2 yards 36 inch material and 3/4 yard 27 inch contrasting goods.

To obtain the pattern, send 10 cents to the office of this publication.



323 Colborne Street  
BELL 90 - MACHINE 46

## FAMOUS ARTIST DIED TOO SOON

Harpignies Desired to See Enemy Driven From France Before his Death

"I shall be there," Harpignies, the dean of French painters, would say when his friends spoke of celebrating his 100th birthday, and the certainty with which he handled his brush to the last minute seemed to confirm his words. He died three years too soon, and without realizing his other hope, to see the enemy driven from his country, a hope dear to every Frenchman, but above all to one like him, born in Valenciennes, in country now held by the Germans.

His long life of 97 years allowed tradition to gather around him, and many a story is told of his love for the green fairy, absinthe, and of his gallantry toward the fair sex, says a Paris correspondent of The New York Sun. His vigorous old age would prove a stumbling block in any such legend. Harpignies, however, years ago he was seen in his favorite cafe with his favorite green aperitif before him. Suddenly he ordered also a cup of camomile tea and poured his absinthe into it, explaining that he had a touch of gripe and the doctor had ordered him to drink camomile.

Poor Art, But Good Cognac

"You may find poor painting sometimes in my place, but never poor cognac," he would say, and he once told an interviewer who had asked the secret of his painting. "I treat myself with absinthe and good old brandy (a special kind of brandy). But most of all, I like the kind of legend he himself liked to propagate. To his intimate friends he declared: "All that is not really true. I am strong by nature and come of a strong stock. When I say a young man 'Good day,' I say, 'Good day, old man! and that is all my secret.'"

That, fellowship with youth, and steady work. "In the morning, before my easel, I search and seek, in the afternoon, across the fields, I develop my studies, taking notes and sketches, and in the evening, among old friends, without a word, I indulge in talking about art and music. I am a happy man! Happy!"

Harpignies resembled Corot in his start in life and in character. Just as Corot left the paternal draper's counter, pursued by the paternal malice, to follow the bent of his genius, so Harpignies, without a word, in his pocket, quit the refinery where his father had hoped to see him succeed as master.

"My father could never get over his son being such a dunce. Every year at the distribution of prizes at school would make me sit near him, and every time the name of Vallon (afterward the 'father of the Constitution') was read out he would pinch my arm. 'Prize for Latin—Vallon. Do you hear that, you little good-for-nothing, pinch.' History and geography—Vallon (another pinch). Recitation—Vallon. (pinch). Confound that Vallon, he never knew what I paid for his successes!"

Honored When Over 50.

He worked for years without recognition, but slowly his reputation grew and the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor adorned his button-hole, but not until he was over 50.

"Father," he said, "was not as obstinate as M. Corot. He recognized that he had been mistaken. 'My word,' he said one day to me after I had begun to be some one, 'painting is better than the refinery. And those words were the greatest joy of my life.'"

His first pictures to be accepted by the Salon were "View of Capri" and "A Hollow Road in Valenciennes." This was in 1853, when he was 34. He had exhibited every year since; that is, for over sixty years, and obtained an honor medal in 1897 and the Grand Prize in 1900.

His long life enabled him in a way to anticipate the judgment of posterity, for in his case posterity had commenced before he died. He could feel sure without presumption that that judgment would be and could feel proud of it. When the Académie des Beaux-Arts inscribed his name on the list of its members, "I have no wish to detract from my comrade, Bussone. He is only Bussone. I am not vain, but I know that I am Harpignies."

He was buried where he died, at his country home at Saint-Privé (Valenciennes). Many artists and friends were there to pay a last homage to the great landscape painter.

Leon Bonnat, director of the School of Fine Arts, and member of the institute, pronounced the funeral oration. "A great painter has just died," he began. "Harpignies is no more. The 'Old Oak' as his friends used to call him, has fallen at the age of 97. We were arranging a celebration for his centenary. His robust constitution and his powerful old age made us expect to see him reach the advanced age. Fate has robbed us of that joy."

"He worked to the last day, and his pictures, always marked by his strong originality, are not inferior to those of his youth and of his riper years."

"He was passionately devoted to music, and to the very limit of his long existence he kept around him a chosen band of young musicians, with whom he sometimes joined in interpreting the great masters in whom he delighted, 'his gods,' as he called them."



THE GIANT DRAGON-FLY.

Once upon a time there was a little old woman a foot high who lived in a wood. She had green eyes and wore a green cloak, but she was so old that her fairy blood had begun to grow thin and her fairy eyesight to fail. As for her wings, it was many and many a long day since they had been strong enough to bear her weight.

"I need a good pair of eyes," she grumbled, "and I need a strong pair of wings. And if I had them I'd be happy."

Now an owl who lived in a tree near by heard her grumbling and answered:

"Yonder dragon-fly," he said, "has almost the best eyesight in the insect world and the speed of his wings is wonderful."

"And he's not much bigger than my foot," said the little old fairy with a sniff.

"Well?" said the owl, looking pretty wise.

"Well?" said the little old fairy with a gasp. "I—I could do it, couldn't I, for I am a fairy?"

That minute when the owl spoke she guessed what he meant.

So the little old fairy in the green cloak fixed a cobweb upon the end of her cane, and captured a dragon-fly. And, do you know, after a while he wasn't sorry he'd been captured. She fed him milk and honey.

"Dragon-fly," he began to grow, and anything he wanted. She made him flutter about like a bird in some wonderful pool of scented water that he liked.

That dragon-fly began to grow. He grew to twice his size. He grew to thrice his size. He grew as big as the little fairy and he grew even bigger. Then the little old fairy in the green cloak offered him his freedom.

"Dragon-fly," she said, for she was a kind old fairy, "you may go if you choose, but I need your sharp eyes and your splendid wings and the speed with which you travel. That is why I have fed you upon fairy milk and honey to make you grow. Now I offer you your freedom."

"And if I stay?" asked the dragon-fly, who remembered that fairy milk and honey.

"If you stay," said the little old fairy, "you will be my airplane. You shall bathe in the perfumed pool and live forever on the fairy milk and honey. It is for you to say."

The dragon-fly didn't hesitate a second. He wanted that milk and honey and, besides, he liked the fairy. And ever after that you could see the little old fairy in the green cloak flying around in the fairy forest on the back of her airplane.



Rippling Rhymes

GIVERS AND TAKERS

We know how cheerful givers look good, in heaven's eyes, when they distribute livers, and coin and shoes and pies. Methinks the cheerful takers deserve, as well, some praise, and I shall hand them acres of eulogistic lays. I took old William Bickle, who's up against it, a beautiful old pickle, the finest one I had. I heard old Bill Bickle, "I need some bread and butter, and you bring trash like this!" It shocked me beyond measure—my tender heart still bleeds; such talk takes all the pleasure from doing kindly deeds. To-day I took a ramble where poor folk live in huts, and gave old Gaffer Gamble a pound of birds.

hazel nuts. The poor old man embraced me, and thanked me o'er and o'er, and when I left he chased me to thank me yet some more. He said he'd long be sighing such treasures to obtain; for weeks he had been trying to steal some, but in vain. And now at last he had 'em and he could die in peace, and sleep with Father Adam, as slick as axle grease. I am a great believer in kindly deeds and words, and giver and receiver should both be gay as birds.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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## AFTER THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES

Are over, you will find your floors, furniture, etc., need touching up. At small expense you can remove all traces of wear and tear.

**Tile Like**  
A varnish and stain which dries with a high gloss. Fine for floors, furniture, etc.,  
15 to 80c a can

**Moormael**  
Finest high gloss pure white enamel. Will not turn yellow.  
30c to \$2.00 a can

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## PICTURE FRAMES

Many people have received among their Christmas Gifts, beautiful photographs. Let us frame them before they are soiled. We have some very suitable mouldings.

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Both Phones 569. Colborne St.

Hemstitching. Picot Edging. Scalloping. Pleating. Buttons Covered.  
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## A Genuine Rupture Cure Sent on Trial to Prove It

## Don't Wear a Truss Any Longer

Even Soldiers from the Trenches of Europe Write to Tell How the Wonderful Brooks Appliance Cured Their Ruptures, Sound and Well. Sent on Trial to Prove It.

From the battle front in Europe comes a letter written by Private John Carr, whose home address is No. 2 Shaw View, Elixton, telling of his complete cure of rupture from wearing the Brooks Appliance.

April 18th, 1915.

C. E. Brooks,

Dear Sir:

I received your letter by first post this morning. I beg to thank you for your Appliance which was an instrumental in the way it cured me of my rupture.

I have now been in Kitcheners' army seven months, and I have gone through all the training, and I have never felt anything a n d n o t a bit of trouble. I remember when I passed the doctor he remarked "There is nothing wrong with you, and he sounded me all over, and I again thank you for the same, and I give my consent to use my letter as a testimonial to anyone as I have been cured. Hoping you and your firm much success.

Yours truly,

John Carr.

Wouldn't Take \$100 for Appliance

Cranworth, Ont.

Dear Mr. Brooks—I am pleased to write you and let you know your Appliance has done for me. I think I am all right now, as I am able to tell the first sign of it since last fall. I can now run, jump and lift all I like and I would not take \$100 for it if I could not get another. I do not wear it except when at work. Your appliance is just as good as ever. You can use this letter as you like for the benefit of others.

Yours sincerely,

GEO. KENNEDY.

REMEMBER

I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are in no need of a truss after twenty-two years of torture.

Yours truly,

G. E. LEMAY.

If you have tried most everything else, and none of them has cured you, I have my greatest success. I send you free my illustrated book on Rupture and Appliance, showing you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instrumental in the way it cured me of my rupture. Remember, I have no salves, no harness, no lies.

Make up your mind right now that you will never pay out another dollar for trusses. They are expensive, uncomfortable and actually harmful. And when you once try a Brooks Appliance you will never be persuaded to ever again wear a truss.

I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try my Appliance or not.

And here is a letter from a mother who is thankful because a Brooks Appliance cured her boy so he could go out and serve his country.

2 Orchard Road, Richmond, Surrey.

April 11th, 1915.

Mr. C. E. Brooks,

Dear Sir:

A line to thank you for what your Appliance has done for my son. After wearing it from December to the following September I can say he is quite cured, and is now serving his country in France at his shoeing smith. You can make what use you like of these, my thanks.

I am, yours,

Mrs. E. H. Hutt.

(Mrs. E. Whittle.)

Child Cured in 3 Months

Brantford, Ont., Feb. 19, 1914.

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Mr. Brooks—Just a line to let you know your Appliance has completely cured our little boy and we are very well pleased with it. We had not known that I ever had a rupture, and since he has had it off the rupture has not showed at all.

Yours truly,

MRS. G. SUDDABY.

Rupture Thoroughly Healed

Ingersoll, Ont., Feb. 6, 1914.

Mr. C. E. Brooks,

Perth, Centre, N. B., April 26, 1914.

Dear Sir—I received your letter regarding the Appliance you sent me. It was a complete success and now I don't know that I ever had a rupture, and since he has had it off the rupture has not showed at all.

Very truly yours,

REV. H. A. SISON.

Cured Me Completely

Perth, Centre, N. B., April 26, 1914.

Mr. C. E. Brooks,

Perth, Centre, N. B., April 26, 1914.

Dear Sir—I received your letter regarding the Appliance you