

## The Dignity of Death.

A Tribute to Elbert Hubbard.

When the Lusitania went down the civilized world cried aloud in amazement and dismay. From that hour there has been but one continuous wail of mankind. Everywhere you hear the same demand for retribution, for vengeance, for recompense. The President of the United States has "kept his head" and gone straight forward, discharging to the best of his ability, the onerous duties of his office and the responsibilities imposed upon him by virtue of his position in the centre of affairs. Others have indulged in cheap appeals for recognition, cries for warfare and jingo utterances of the assault, upon the greatness of these United States.

We desire to offset the heat and turmoil and temper of overwrought misanthropy with a few remarks upon the wonderful grandeur of the event. Out of these seething waters, in the midst of a calm sea, when the Lusitania went down, there has flowed back to the utterances of the event. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt first removes his libel and fixes it upon the person of a young woman standing near, and before he turns to look for another belt with which to preserve his own dear existence on earth, he says to his valet:

"Let us help save the kiddies." Charles Frohman said to an actress who stood by him and heard his last words:

"Why, death is the most beautiful adventure that life offers." Elbert Hubbard has given us no "last words," except that in an apparent anticipation of his advent into the unknown realms he remarks in the most recent of his lectures that "Death alone can open the doors of the hall of fame."

The writer awakened one morning after the dread event herein mentioned, and, looking out over a world of beauty, was impressed with the awful solitude and silence, left by the absence of those who had gone down on the Lusitania. The realization came to us that not so much the loss of life, the absence of human forms, as

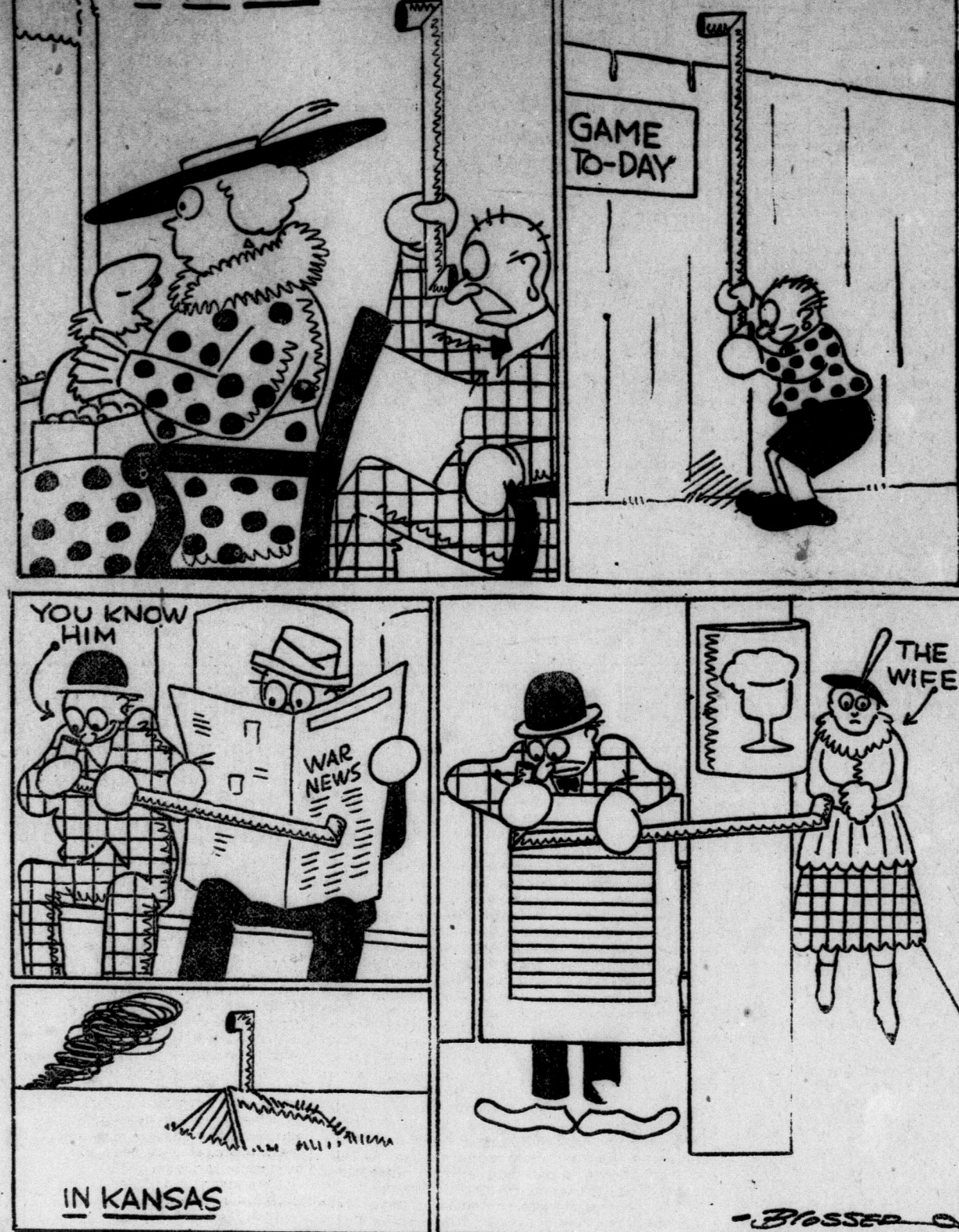
the stillness of voices whose words had inspired this world of ours would be felt in future years. Elbert Hubbard, for example, has done much to ennoble mankind and to bring out the thoughts of minds kindred to his own. Hubbard, like all strong characters, often too pronounced in his utterances for his own good, has said and done many things that tended to his undoing. He has been criticized, ridiculed and calumniated. A part, we admit, has been justified. A still greater part has been the result of mean enviousness due to the feeble faith of men in one another, and misguided or ignorant impressions of what the man has stood for.

Elbert Hubbard has helped, far more than his traducers have ever done, to stimulate his hearers and his followers with words of cheer and hope and desire for the better. His great axiom was the power of "Initiative." His life was an expression of the force of the word and the deed itself in his capacity to express "Initiative."

Death has thrown across the lives of these men, and many others who went down into the silence with calm faces and sealed lips, a glory and dignity that all their previous lives had lacked. It was a secure or express. Over the gruesome scene of the scene and the horror of the event there floats a veil of beauty and of light due to the transcendent grandeur of death itself. As the beloved Stevenson, in his "Mill of the Mill," welcomes his unknown guest, and bade him good greeting, when he found that Death had come to pay that solemn personal visit, which Elbert Hubbard has so fully put into form in one of his earlier editions—the beautiful brochure, hand-printed and daintily bound, and, looking out over a world of beauty, was impressed with the awful solitude and silence, left by the absence of those who had gone down on the Lusitania. The realization came to us that not so much the loss of life, the absence of human forms, as

## Some Day the Periscope May Be In General Use!

AT THE SHOW



Advertiser Illustrations

## French Capital in War Time

[London News.]

Thought the subject of every conversation in this country at the present moment is the war, it is quite evident, even to the most casual French observer now actually visiting England, that the war is very far from affecting the masses of the British people in the same degree as it affects the life of the citizens of the French nation.

I am amazed at seeing men of all ages going backwards and forwards in the city, and the raising of a million or two of men scarcely perceptible among the men in all departments. In Paris, during the last nine months, I have seen no strong or valid men in the streets, which are indeed comparatively empty; and neither in the country districts nor in the larger towns of the French provinces does one see any men except very old or very young ones.

The most necessary articles of food are largely increased in price throughout France. Meat has almost doubled in price in Paris—the prime portions of veal, mutton and beef being almost unobtainable. There is a dearth of cattle, but because the butchers are away at the war.

French women have largely supplemented the men in all departments. Since the beginning of the war they have undertaken all the agricultural work of the nation, but there is a dearth of men who can perform any more than she can kill cattle. It is that of the furniture remover. During the last few weeks, having had to make a "move," and to transport a part of my furniture to my small cottage near Paris, I have been brought into direct contact with this class of worker.

I went to no fewer than ten well-known furniture removers before I could find one to undertake the work. They all told me that owing to the dearth of men they could now manage only the very lightest of removals, and that the disposal of a piano was out of the question. And these were those particular firms that had been able to remain open because the women of the family had taken on the business of the firm, and were organizing what removals.

I was right in the middle of the gallant stand of the Camucks, but escaped heaven alone knows how, with a bullet through my hat. "It is a terrible blow to our division, but saved the war four months, our signal corps came through with only one casualty, a chap got a decent wound through the arm. We suffered a terrible shelling of Jack Johnson's now famous day, sent 22 shells in fourteen minutes.

"There is no mercy on either side, no quarter; it will last for months yet, because the Germans have been able to fight left in them yet. Although they have lost over a couple of millions of men, they have lots left yet. Don't make any rash bets as to the end of this business.

"I sent you a deaf and dumb postcard the other day. "We are resting up now, but all ready any time to pop back into it. Our officers are all fine, brave men, none better, but their losses were far too many. The Highlanders surpassed themselves, and went into a Berserker rage, giving no quarter to those devils. It said a party of 80 Germans and one officer came up to surrender and were all shot down; we cannot trust them any more; this sort of spirit is the same on both sides, because they have lost over a couple of millions of men, they have lots left yet. Don't make any rash bets as to the end of this business.

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## Hand That Sometimes Rocks Cradle Can Also Wield a Cleaver

Thousands of mothers say Baby's Own Tablets are the only medicine they would give their little ones. Among them is Mrs. Howard Hodgkins, St. Catharines, Ont., who says: "I am a user of Baby's Own Tablets and think them the best medicine in the world for little ones." Once a mother has used them she will use no other medicine because she feels the Tablets are absolutely safe and knows they never fail to banish all the simple ailments of little ones. They are sold by medicine dealers, or by mail at 25c a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription ointment—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of ointment—double strength—from Cairncross & Lawrence Drug Company, or any druggist, and apply a little of it at night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength ointment, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

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look fresh and new. But the prices of the ingredients required for the process of dry cleaning, as well as of dyeing, are almost prohibitive.

Coal is another item which is almost prohibitive in price. The best coal costs 5 francs and 5.50 a sack—which means that the price of a thousand kilos, corresponding to about one ton, is £24.

Even in its lighter aspect Paris life has been completely altered by the war. I find in London that women interested in the new fashions ask me if it is true that skirts are all made full and flounced and short, and measure seven yards round. I answer that if the couturiers so order them, French women do not wear them. As a matter of fact the new modes have not been devised as a mere freak of fancy, but are the serious and practical result of serious conditions. The smart society women who lead the fashions have had their motors commandeered by the war, and for reasons of economy and charity have taken the tubs and the sole means of transport within Paris. They soon found that hobbles skirts were not practicable for getting about, and so they ordered fuller skirts and flounces. The severity of hat trimmings has the same source.

Perhaps one of the influences of the war felt so keenly by the French is the difficulty of obtaining money. When work was stopped one realized that wages must stop; but today in France there are hundreds of rich people possessing fortunes in their banks, who are very liable to die in hunger, if the war lasts much longer—for no dividends of any kind are paid either in commercial or industrial enterprises, nor can be paid until after the war is over. Neither can they obtain any advance upon their shares, or sell them.

MAPLETON, June 4.—Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Coulton, of the Mapleton, and Mrs. J. Fowler, of St. Thomas, spent Sunday with Mrs. J. Thomson.

Mrs. A. Hoover has returned after visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. Courtney of Mooretown.

Mrs. D. D. White and Miss Maple White have been visiting friends at Yarmouth Centre.

Mr. and Mrs. Scofield and daughter of Avon, spent Sunday at J. Warwick's.

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Finch and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brown spent Sunday with Mrs. H. A. Closes, of New Sarum.

Dr. Leathers and H. Leathers, of Indianapolis, are the guests of the former's son, Paul Leathers.

J. Brodie and G. McCauley have purchased new cars.

Miss Jean McGregor, of Maple Leaf, spent Sunday with Mrs. J. Bray.

Miss Ruby Barona, of Belmont, spent the week-end with Miss Cecilia Warwick.

The Kings Mill and Mapleton women's institute met with Mrs. D. Campbell yesterday, when a generous number of towels and handkerchiefs were donated for the soldiers.

KERWOOD, June 4.—Mrs. Craig and little daughter, Ruby, of Detroit are visiting Mrs. W. R. Smith.

Mrs. Forbes, of Detroit, is visiting her brother, Frank Wright.

Mrs. Waddell and daughter, Fern, spent Sunday in London.

Miss Edith Hughes spent the week-end in Talbotville.

NORTH BRUCE, June 4.—Community services were held in North Bruce Presbyterian Church on Sunday.

Rev. Messrs. Mann, of Port Elgin, and Messrs. Hill and Cairns, of Saugeen, and North Bruce congregations as elders.

Mrs. J. H. Sawers is also attending the General Assembly.

Mrs. Jacobs, of Winnipeg, who has been visiting friends in Bruce for the past six months, returned to her home this week.

Mrs. (Dr.) C. W. Sawers, Napier, and Miss daughter, Ruth, are visiting at the manse, Queen's Hill, for a few weeks.

Charles Salmon is visiting friends in and around Lucknow this week.

Miss Isabel MacKinnon, Paisley, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Peter Thompson, of Saugeen.

MELBOURNE, June 4.—Mr. and Mrs. David Gentleman, of Inwood, were the guests of Mr. Gentleman's mother recently.

Mrs. D. McDougall has returned from a visit with relatives in Detroit.

Master Frank Brown is recovering from a recent illness.

Wm. Dobie and Mr. Henry, of Glenora, were the guests of Mrs. G. Davis this week.

C. Mullins is much improved in health.

Mrs. J. McDougall spent Friday in London.

Miss Annie Black has returned from a short visit in Alvinston.

DRESDEN, June 4.—Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Burgess spent Sunday at Newbury.

Rev. Norman Lindsay is attending the general assembly at Kingston this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sandy McVean were in Toronto last week.

Rev. A. C. Tiffin is attending the Methodist conference at St. Mary's.

Mrs. E. Ingalls and little daughter, Chatham, spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Coleman Walker.

## Dodging Shells of the British.

With the German Army in France, March 30.—We scoured the long straight road. Now and then the automobile's wheels went into rut that had been left by an artillery wagon. We shot high out of our seats. After a long time to a little brick house—the ruin of a little brick house—through which a shell had passed. It had once been a roadside tavern.

"Get out here," said the officer of the general staff who accompanied us. We fled out hurriedly and stood behind the little brick house. The chauffeurs turned their cars around and fled back down the road. Two hundred and fifty yards farther on a British shell crashed into the village of Aubers. We heard the smash of falling masonry. A cloud of dust arose. We were seeing and hearing the artillery duel which was the continuation of the battle of Neuve Chapelle. That village, now held by the British, was five-eighths of a mile farther along the road.

"We cannot go any farther," said Capt. Kilewer. "It would be too dangerous."

A protest rose. It would be quite simple, someone said, to walk on 250 yards and enter the next village. We were, in fact, in the outskirts of that village at this very moment. The road—this is but an approximation, of course—cost 12,000 in killed and wounded of Kitchener's new army, according to British report. It gave one an idea of the cost in life of the new trench warfare.

Watching shells fall into the village palled after a time. There was always the chance that some Briton would find that little brick house through which we had struck home. But one of the English guns seemed to come.

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Someone said it had been occupied by a sisterhood. We took our sandwiches inside the little house, where we would not be annoyed by the possibility of arrows. But he didn't throw any. After a very long time he bailed away, having circled directly over us half a dozen times.

"The English fliers have some way of communicating with their lines that we have not yet discovered," said one officer. "It is not by wireless. There is no wireless apparatus on the planes that we have brought down. Maybe what we have observed is merely coincidence."

Maybe so. Still, it is a fact that shells were seen near the farm house. One instinctively looked up to see them in their flight. The sound they make isn't a scream exactly. It is something between a whistle and the complaining of a rusty ratchet, greatly magnified. Two fell behind us. They had crossed the road down which we were to go on our journey to the next point of interest—still waiting. It was as though one were playing for very high stakes. One thought of the possibility of the loss. The fliers came back, accompanied by the shrapnel bursts. Capt. Kell, of the general staff, watched the planes with frank interest. He is a flier himself.

"A very good man," was his verdict. "He flies well. You will notice that he does not try to dodge the shrapnel. He has no use. The best thing one can do is to keep right on." Kell has escaped the shrapnel, personally. Once or twice, of course, but he has missed a machine so that he had to come down. Several times shells have exploded "just under my tail," as he explained. The sensation which resulted was precisely that of hitting a large ball on a road with an automobile driven at high speed.

Just jarring," said Kell, judicially.

Race Against Bursting Shells. We started in another direction. Here and there we saw interesting things. At one place men were building heavy log defences for guns and heaping earth upon them, so that at a little distance they were hardly distinguishable from the back of a mound of the naked fields. The logs were presumably for protection against shrapnel. They would hardly serve against a shell. The men on an ammunition train could be seen from the front.

grinned at us cheerfully. In a concealed battery men were at work as methodically as the men in the trench handling steam drills. Obviously the morale of the men was all that could be asked.

In one little village there was a group of men about a very excellent little band, which was giving its afternoon concert. Music is unquestionably an aid to courage. One questions the wisdom of the British and American army authorities in ruling that tunes do not noticeably soothe the military breast. In the little villages through which our cars ran, and in the front of the doors of the cottages in which they were living a pseudo domestic life, and stiffened into a strained pose—muscles rigid, hands thrust stiffly at the sides—which is so unusual a salute to American eyes. The autos were hidden behind a mess of brick and stone that had been built that way, and we entered the trenches. When we came out we found the officers sitting on the road with an air of earnest interest.

"You have been gone two hours," said one. "In that time the English have thrown 22 shells across the road here. We must take into La Bassee."

It didn't mean anything particular to us. Shells were still just peas. We have not learned that they can bite. We were in the first car with Capt. Kilewer and another officer of the staff. The chauffeur threw the left-hand into a burning fury, and that road like a Vanderbilt racer. The twenty-third shell came. Later on we noted that a shell heard near at hand produced a violent vibration, a whirr, like a grinding dynamo. The English had the range of the road exactly. The shell struck 50 feet to the left of the car and exploded. It must have crossed the road about shoulder high and not more than ten yards behind the car, when the angle of fire is considered. If we were in the first car that fifty yards of road at low speed is a fifth of a second saved us.

"Are you killed?" asked Capt. Kilewer, turning.

We assured him we were not. A bit flustered, perhaps. Breathing somewhat wheezily. But quite alive. Later we found that a burning shell was very dangerous in a radius of 50 feet. Capt. Kilewer's question was explained.

"We didn't even duck," we said. "We told him we were not. But just after we had uttered this little boast a mud shell came down upon us. The pellets rapped us upon the head. They stung our ears and we were in the bottom of the car before we realized that we were being bombarded merely with mud, thrown up by the bursting shell.

We do not apologize for dodging. We think we were justified.

CODY'S CORNERS. CODY'S CORNERS, June 2.—