

## SOON WILL BE SOLDIERS RECRUITS IN THE RANKS

Spring Crop of Warriors is Large—  
Tommy Atkins' Troubles With  
His Trousers.

They don't care whether motorman rings the gong or not.

The soldiers of the King have the right of way of the trolley tracks if they want it. Street cars can cut thru most everything, but they mustn't monkey with a military parade.

Nearly every night of the week in Toronto at the present time there is a parade of one of the various regiments. It's the spring drill season. The people like it, for it is one of the big attractions of the city. No city in America can make as good a display of soldiery as Toronto can for a garrison parade or furnish a better excuse for the youngsters playing hooky from Sunday school. The nightly parades are a matter of course, and horses here disdain to take fright at the brass bands as horses do, with just cause, in Hamilton.

### Making Men of Mars.

There are 2500 volunteers in Toronto. That means one warrior for every 100 inhabitants. The soldiers are made at the armories when the building isn't in the horse show business. While it is pleasant to watch the parades after the soldiers



Who Wouldn't Be a Soldier?

have been made into soldiers, it is nevertheless interesting to know something of the process of manufacture. The ordinary citizen enjoying the parade does not know what these chaps went thru before they first came out in uniform to give the populace pleasure.

The recruit stage is no laughing matter. One would think it dead easy to get the greivies thru all the drill motions the youngsters learned at school, but there is no laughing about it. In their early training they have been at different schools. They have conflicting ideas as to which is right and which is left, and these have to be straightened out. For two months the recruiting classes have been in full swing, and they are larger this spring than ever.

These fellows would never work that way if they were paid for it, but there is the natural love of country, and the anticipation of garrison garments, urging them to do their best, altho the drill sergeant never seems to think so.

**Wearing Worries.**

The worries of learning the drill, however, are a minor matter compared with those of getting into the uniform when it is attained. Toronto has far more soldiers than there are uniforms provided by the military department. The department apparently has an idea that one uniform should be sufficient for two men. So it would in some cases if the cloth had been more judiciously distributed. All the recruits are over strength. That means that some of the men have to provide their own uniforms, a fact which accounts for some of the soldiers having uniforms to fit them when they go into the Mars business.

After a recruit has stood as much preliminary drill as it is deemed safe to give him or he might quit, he is taken to the orderly room, where, if necessary, he is straightened out to the colonel regarding his age, and stretches himself to reach the height limit. He has been sworn to lung enough to be sworn in, and soon he is a soldier.

Then the non-com, (the man who has been thru it all), takes him with the others to the company room, where they keep the fighting furniture and the recruitals. He gets his. For the first time he comes face to face with the problem of his life—how to look like what he thought he would like to look in that uniform. He is the possessor of a pair of military pants.

**Military Pants.**

It requires a lot of ardent military spirit to reconcile the budding warrior to those pants. They might look alright to wear coming back from a war, when a man is glad to be able to wear any old pair of pants to get home, but to turn out in for a spring parade on the down-town streets when you want the girls from the store to have ocular evidence that you are a unit in the imposing spectacle, they are not the pants you would have chosen had your wishes been consulted. Pants are a necessity, however, in military parade and it is your own fault that you did not get around earlier and get a look in on some other parts that would fit you. It is a mystery where the government tailors get their ideas for military pants, but there is good reason to suspect that they watch carefully the comic supplements and get as near to the patterns as they can. The pants of the private are made on the same general idea as military trousers, but the same care is not taken. An observant person can tell the front from the back because there are more buttons on the front. This is the surest means of locating the right way to put them on. It is hard for some new to get ready-made pants to fit them and military pants are very ready-made.

**Memory of Other Days.**

When the new soldier gets his pants he feels that he has got what he has been going thru hours of marking time three nights a week for during the previous month or two. If he estimated those pants at their real value he wouldn't take them. The alluring stripe down the side of the

leg has lured him into committing himself to a pair of pants that were never really meant for him.

He takes them home at once. There is no place like home for that pair of pants. Until he tries them on he doesn't really realize what he has undertaken to do for the empire. His opinion of the man who said he guessed they would fit him alright is that that fellow must have been used to guessing how many beans there were in the jar. He has, however, sworn his allegiance to the King and that includes wearing those pants. He sees mother about it. Mother is the doctor who has had similar cases to attend to for him in days gone by, when she used to transcribe father's



Is Still Mamma's Boy.

discarded trousers into the future soldier's Sunday school breeches. In those days he didn't think mother was doing the right thing and he tried to discourage the practice, but now it is different. Mother always did things for the best. These were not the best pair of pants she could do anything for, but what she was able to do in other days perhaps she could do now.

### Some Difficulties.

He goes downstairs to those pants. A fellow can go downstairs to anything he likes when he is amongst his own folks. Unkind relatives giggle and mother is moved to sympathetic mirth. She candidly agrees with him that the pants do not seem to fit him in the plaid, but she should and there is too much of them where there is no necessity for it. They are not the pants you're mother used to make. She had some peculiar ideas of styles in pants when she used to be in the business, but she couldn't even dream of anything like the covers you got from the non-com. at the armories. She opines that to mould them into shape would be a more suitable job for a tailor, but after a while the quality of the goods she thinks perhaps he had better take them to a blacksmith. The legs are nearly mated all right, and if one of them were shortened a little, and the other lengthened a little, they could be made ready to march in, but the seat—that is the seat of war. Mother says she could let it out a bit at the top and take it in a little at the bottom, but that would disturb the geometry at the front. The front fits all right if the back is pulled in and vice versa, but doing that either way puts the legs out of sympathy. After a while the old lady tackles the reconstruction. Nothing but motherly love would implicate any woman in an attempt to make these pants suit a soldier. She succeeds in inflicting some alteration that are meant for the best, and if they don't then fit the fellow she intends them for, she has put them into such a shape that they won't fit anybody else if he takes them back.

### Buttonhole All Right.

The recruit confesses that the pants are somewhat of a disappointment. They don't look like some of the others, but he didn't know what the other fellows had to go thru. Some of them had long-service badgers before they got a pair of government pants to fit them.

After viewing the pants he looks over the tunic with some misgiving. It seemed to fit him all right when he tried it on at the armories. The fellow who had it on before wore it three years, and it fitted him all right, but he must have been on better terms with it. Something like the pants, it needed discipline to make it fit all the places it should fit at the same time. The buttonholes seemed to fit all right, but the buttons would have to be moved. After a while, however, it can be rigged up sufficiently to be worn as uncomfortably as the

purifying. Yet it is a germicide so certain that it publishes an every bottle an offer of \$1,000 for a disease germ that it cannot kill. The reason is that germs are vegetables; and Liquezone—like an excess of oxygen—is deadly to vegetable matter.

There lies the great value of Liquezone. It is the only way known to kill germs in the body without killing the tissue, too. Any drug that kills germs is a poison, and it cannot be taken internally. Every physician knows that medicine is almost helpless in any germ disease.

These are the known germ diseases. All that medicine can do for these troubles is to help Nature overcome the germs, and such results are indirect and uncertain. Liquezone attacks the germs, wherever they are. And when the germs which cause a disease are destroyed, the disease must end, and forever. That is inevitable.

Asthma—Anemia—Hay Fever—Influenza—Kidney—Disinfectant—La Grippe—Leucorrhea—Liver—Troubles—Malaria—Neuralgia—Many Heart Troubles—Piles—Pneumonia—Pleurisy—Quinsy—Rheumatism—Scrofula—Syphilis—Skin Diseases—Stomach Troubles—Throat Troubles—Tuberculosis—Eczema—Erysipelas

Liquezone has, for more than 20 years, been the constant subject of scientific and chemical research. It is not made by compounding drugs, nor with alcohol. Its virtues are derived solely from gas—largely oxygen gas—by a process requiring immense apparatus and 14 days' time. The result is a liquid that does what oxygen does. It is a nerve food and blood food—the most helpful thing in the world to you. Its effects are exhilarating, vitalizing.

**We Paid \$100,000**

For the American rights to Liquezone. We did this after testing the product for two years, through physicians and hospitals, after proving, in thousands of different cases, that Liquezone destroys the cause of any germ disease.

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## THERE'S no Plea That Will Sell Tea like Superior "Cup Draw."

# "SALADA"

Cannot infuse poorly. The quality won't allow it to.

Sold only in sealed lead packets. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c per lb. By all Grocers. HIGHEST AWARD, ST. LOUIS, 1904.

designers of the millitman's tunic probably intended it to be.

### The Natty Helmet.

The forage cap is the easiest proposition to tackle in the soldier's clothes business, and the hardest is the helmet. Only those who have been thru know what it means to have anything to do with that helmet. The reason they call it helmet is because that is what it is. It would never have been chosen for the service only the man who said it was suitable headgear happened to get one that fitted his head. Few cases of that kind have happened since. The helmet is worn for divine service because any man who has to wear it needs to go to church often. As a rule the helmet is too large, this perhaps, being intended to hide the clothes that don't fit you. What it is too small it feels like the juggling ball looks in the soda-water fountain. The regulations do not call for wearing the helmet often. It is occasional, just to test the endurance of the men. As a rule it is worn on inspection, so that you can't see who is inspecting you, but you know he can't see you. It does just as it likes, even if you have got it strapped on. It doesn't fall off, but keeps you think it is going to. It compels a man to walk erect while engaged in a balancing act. If the helmet seems to fit it is because the man wearing it is clever.

By the time a man gets into the uniform he has earned it all. It doesn't look so bad amongst a lot of others like it, but as an individual effort it isn't anything like the picture on the calendar. After a while it fits more into his shape. After a while the little defects are removed, until, when the helmet is removed, he is smartly clad, ready with the rest of them for a visit to some favored outside town for two or three days of solid (and some liquid) enjoyment, parades and the church parades, and feel good when the trolley cars have to wait.

### Quincy Adams Sawyer.

"Quincy Adams Sawyer," a dramatization in four acts by Justin Adams of the New England story of the same title, written by Charles Felton Olden, will be given its first presentation in this city at the Grand during the week of May 22. The piece is clean, wholesome and abounds in good humor. The scene is laid at Mason's Corner, a country town of Massachusetts, where Quincy Adams Sawyer, a wealthy Bostonian, comes to build up his health. The girls admire him, and some of the country boys become jealous and plan to run him out of town. But Mr. Sawyer conducts himself in such a way that he finally wins the love and respect of the whole community.

"Quincy Adams Sawyer," as it appears on the stage, is divided into four acts and five scenes. The first act shows the interior of Benoni Fill's grocery store the day after the concert in the schoolhouse, and brings together the principal characters, who talk over the events of the evening before and have a good deal of fun at Professor Stout's expense, the professor showing his irritation at the admiration expressed for the whistling of the new bearded at Deacon Mason's. While the talk is at its height, Quincy stops at the store with Huddy Mason, and Stout seizes the opportunity to try to arouse the jealousy of Zekiel Pettengill. Failing in that, he brings about a fight between Sawyer and Bod Wood, the village bully, and with the defeat of Wood the act comes to an end.

**Too Suggestive.**

From The Cleveland Leader.

Henry Hyde: You ought to be in the workhouse.

Roofless Rufus: I know it, boss, but I just can't bear de idea!

Henry Hyde: You shouldn't be so proud.

Roofless Rufus: 'Taint pride, boss, it's the name o' de place I can't stand.

**Statue to Victor Hugo.**

Rome, May 6.—The unveiling of the statue of Victor Hugo, presented by the Franco-Italian League of Paris to the City of Rome, occurred this morning at the Villa Borghese, in the presence of King Victor Emmanuel, the French delegates, the French ambassador, the ministers of foreign affairs and public instruction, and other distinguished guests. The statue is of Carrara marble and is eight feet high.

**Colloquy between an average poet and Finerty of "The Fugitive Blacksmith," by Charles D. Stewart, in The Century.**

Aeschylus, the "Father of Greek Tragedy," who died in 458 B. C., aged 69, is said to have been killed while sunning himself in a field from having his bald head mistaken for a rock by an eagle, soaring with a turtle, which was dropped on the supposed rock in order to shatter its shell. It had been foretold (according to legend) that the poet was not to die until a house should fall on him.

**Old Aeschylus, with cloak and staff, beneath the waning star, engaged with themes of gods and men, went out upon the desert fen, where self and silence are—**

**Finerty.**

Now, let me catch yer namin'. If I understand yer talk, ye're tellin' me that Aeschylus went out to take a walk.

**Poet.**

—To meet his soul in privacy. It was a votive tour.

To court the Muse and let his mind o'erlord the manless moor.

To list the gods and haply hear some chorus of the whole.

Accord response antiphonal unto his listening soul.

**Finerty.**

I think I have yer namin'; whin I don't I'll tip th' wink.

He went out on a vacant place an' thought he'd take a think.

**Poet.**

His tragedies three-score and ten, a noble theme he still would pen.

Of gods and men, the march of Fate, the cause of Freedom and the State; And so he sate him in the fen To meditate—

**Finerty.**

Just wait now an' be seein' if I catch on what ye say.

This Aeschylus, ye're tellin', was th' b'y that wrote a play.

I saw a thragedy meself an' bate it if ye will.

They had a felly nearly kilt inside a roillin' mill.

**Poet.**

An eagle winging buoyantly abreast the burning dawn.

Soared 'mid the heights of matin fire, With turtle plucked from out the mire, And scanned the moor in deep desire Of rock to break it on.

**Finerty.**

Hould on, now. Have I got it like ye're thyrin' fr to tell?

Th' eagle was a lookin' fr some way t' crack th' shell.

An' so he'd drop it half a mile an' break it all apart.

Bedad, whod think an eagle was a bird that is so smart?

**Poet.**

The poet's head, all bald and bare, bright in the morning shone;

Unto the eagle high in air it seemed a rounded stone.

With fateful poise and plummet aim, like discsus fently sped,

The turtle hurtling downward came, and smote the poet dead.

**Finerty.**

That was too bad. We little know Th' ind we'll come to here below.

**Poet.**

And so the end—more tragic end, Than Aeschylus had ever penned.

**Finerty.**

An' was th' turtle kilt, d'ye know?

**—his friend W.**

**—when they have to style he's been u**

## Nine Nations

Now Use Liquezone. Won't You Try It--Free?

Millions of people, of nine different nations, are constant users of Liquezone. Some are using it to get well; some to keep well. Some to cure germ diseases; some as a tonic. No medicine was ever so widely employed. These users are everywhere; your neighbors and friends are among them. And half the people you meet—wherever you are—know some-one whom Liquezone has cured.

If you need help, please ask some of these users what Liquezone does. Don't blindly take medicine for what medicine cannot do. Drugs never kill germs. For your own sake, ask about Liquezone; then let us buy you a full-size bottle to try.

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Fevers—Gall Stones—Women's Diseases  
Gout—Gout—Tumors—Ulcers  
Gonorrhea—Gleet—Varicose

All diseases that begin with fever—all inflammation—all catarrh—all contagious diseases—all the results of impure or poisoned blood.

In nervous debility Liquezone acts as a vitalizer, accomplishing what no drug can do.

**50c. Bottle Free.**

If you need Liquezone and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on a local druggist for a full-sized bottle, and we will pay the druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift, made to convince you, to show you what Liquezone is, and what it can do. In justice to yourself, please, accept it to-day, for it places you under no obligation whatever.

Liquezone costs 50c and \$1.

**CUT OUT THIS COUPON**

For this offer may not appear again. Fill out the blanks and mail it to the Liquezone Company, 438-464 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

My disease is.....

I have never tried Liquezone, but I will supply me a 50c bottle free if I will take it.

359 Give full address—write plainly.

Any physician or hospital not yet using Liquezone will be gladly supplied for a test.

### LORD RUSSELL AS PROMPTER.

A Time When the Great Irishman Helped Willard in His Line.

Mr. E. E. Willard's house at Bantstead commands a distant view of Epsom Downs, and the road along which the annual pageant and mixed vehicles makes its gay way to the Derby. When he is at home in the season, Mr. Willard drives across on Derby Day in a dog-cart just big enough for himself and a friend. His last trip in that way was when King Edward's (then the Prince of Wales) entry won the derby for the first time. The crowd, always great, was uncommonly large, and after the races the crush of retreating vehicles of all kinds was almost too great for the control of the police. Mr. Willard and friend, in their dog-cart, naturally had to be wary of the heavy drags, coaches, wagnettes, etc., that principally made up the stream, and were finally brought to a full stop where their road lead into the main stream. The policeman seemed incapable of making a break to give the cross line a chance and the small horse and dog-cart could not be used to force a way. After an interminable wait, Mr. Willard was on the point of pulling out and seeking a round-about way, when a full voice with the faintest tinge of an Irish flavor called out behind him: "Wait a bit, Willard! I'll see you thru." Mr. Willard looked back and received a friendly nod from Lord Russell, chief justice, who sat on the box of his private "Omnibus" behind a pair of superb black horses. "Pull aside a little and let me come up," Lord Russell came up smartly and then called out to the policeman, "Hey there, Bobbie!" The policeman turned, "Come here to me!" The policeman approached while engaged in a round-about way, when a full voice with the faintest tinge of an Irish flavor called out behind him: "Wait a bit, Willard! I'll see you thru." Mr. Willard looked back and received a friendly nod from Lord Russell, chief justice, who sat on the box of his private "Omnibus" behind a pair of superb black horses. 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