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## Same Old Hun.

(By H. H. Windsor, in the December Popular Mechanics Magazine.

When the Hun went into Belgium and France more than four years ago he threw to the winds every code of conduct which a nation, to be considered civilised, must cherish. It is useless to recite those atrocities now. They are known to all the world. And now comes out of France and Belgium the same depraved, uncivilized Hun. One would think mere policy alone would lead him in his last days, like some wicked old octogenarian, to at least avoid the outward appearance of his former crimes. But no; apparently once a Hun, always a Hun, and in these evidences of Hunism let the whole world take to heart the lesson that future peace and safety can never be accomplished with the extermination of the Hun.

Day after day, as the Huns are driven out of those French and Belgian cities they have occupied these last four years, the allies enter to find either a mass of ruins where the Hun had time to plant his bombs and fire traps, or a city stripped of everything of value that could be removed; and letting that, the pitiful ruins and remnants of things holy or beautiful. Priceless paintings rent and sword-cut, built-in articles hacked and chopped, statues robbed of all beauty; even the church fares no better; altars are overthrown, and organs are piles of kindling wood. Gratitude is not found in the Hun vocabulary, nor character. Only the other day a German officer who had been quartered for three years in one house, where the family, though French, had given him the best it had, on leaving to that left a time bomb which in the middle of the night blew the house to fragments, killing every one in it, including the chilren. Such is the Hun. It is the same barbarous Hun now being driven out of France and Belgium that went in four years ago. It is this same barbarous savage who, in the hope to lessen his own approaching doom, now asks an interallied agreement to discontinue the bombing of cities and offers to lessen some of these atrocities he can no longer practice because of failing strength. The Hague agreement as to submarines, and Zeppelins, and poison gas, and bombing hospitals and the Red Cross and noncombatant cities, has been a joke to the Hun these four years and more; only now when the allies have almost throttled the submarine and already have supremacy in the air do we hear a wail from the Hun. It was quite all right to bomb London and Paris, said the Hun, but to bomb Berlin and Munich might endanger some innocent people.

To the man who fights with his fists, the one he best understands and respects is the bigger man with larger fists. The expert swordsman bows to him who is more expert with the steel blade than himself. The Hun is so brutalized by nature he has no moral sense of reason to appeal to. There is only one possible argument he understands, and that is the thing in which he placed his faith. Let us speak, then, long and loud, in the language he comprehends. For every city he has devastated let a German city of like importance go up in smoke and lie in ruins; for every slave he has taken from Belgium and France let two male Huns go there to serve. Let the indemnity include the cost of every article of value which in a steady stream has filled the returning troop trains for four years; and let that awful scourge of the air, by thousands, fly to the remotest corners of Hunism and drop their messengers of death on every hand. For every shell of poison gas which has come out of Germany let scores be returned from the clouds until there shall remain no spot in all the central empire where safety shall be found, nor any place where man may sleep except in fear.

To this language only will the Hun listen, and in such words alone can he be made to understand that "kultur" will not be tolerated in the world. A peace made to-day could be scarcely more than one of convenience, a release from prison on ball; a parole on promised good behaviour. A Hun promise is worth little; but from a broken Hun, the great surgeon of humanity and civilization may, in time, construct a human Hun.


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## Nfld. Scotch Cured Herring.

The slackening of the demand for Newfoundland Scotch cured herring within the past few weeks has naturally weakened the market for this commodity somewhat, and within the past few weeks importers and merchants in New York have been quoting on a lower basis. While most factors are holding for $27 for fancy quality, spring or winter herring, it is noted that the $30 quotation has disappeared entirely, and the inside price is now reported to be $24 for large fulls. The range of the market, according to the size of the fish and the quality thereof (herrings of the 1918 pack—either spring or winter), is reported by merchants as follows: Large fulls, $24 and $27; medium, $22 and $24; matfuls, $22 and $24; matties, $21 and $23. Supplies of Newfoundland Scotch cured herring are now held within comparatively small compass, and there will be no important additions until the first lots of fall pack herring begin to come into market late in December or early in the New Year. In the meantime, it may be expected that the market will witness only a normal activity, for there is not a sufficient quality of Scotch cured herring available to make it a big factor in the herring trade during the remainder of the season. In view of the shortage and the high cost of cold storage, losses in broken packages, etc., it is safe to assume that merchants here will not be able to sell at a much lower figure than is now being quoted. There have been some supplies of Norwegian cured herring from Newfoundland offering in the local trade, some factors holding as high as $18 per barrel. In the absence of Scotch cure, it is probable that there will be a good demand for this grade during the remainder of the season.—N. Y. Fishing Gazette, Nov. 9.

## Household Notes

In using oil of peppermint in flavoring take a tiny bit up on the end of a toothpick and it will not be too strong.

Macaroni has a very high food value and mixed with cheese, oysters or dried beef makes a perfect meal all by itself.

Winter squash is delicious cut in squares and baked in the oven, or steamed, then scooped out of the shell with a spoon.

When a recipe calls for a few drops of onion juice a turn or two of a raw onion on a grater will supply those few drops.

A delicious salad is made of cubed potatoes, apples, celery, capers and hard boiled eggs. Marinate with French dressing.

An excellent salad is made of cabbages and beets with French dressing; the cabbage should be shaved and the beets thinly sliced.

When chilling anything, such as dessert in a dish of cracked ice, a little common salt sprinkled on the ice quickens the process.

Sour milk griddle cakes are made with 1 cup each of buckwheat and graham flour, 2 cups of sour milk and 1 teaspoonful each of salt and soda.

Once a month choose leg of lamb for the weekly meat—in a family of four or five persons it will furnish nearly all the meat allowable for the week.

Delicious puffs can be made of boiled hominy or rice, preferably hot. 1 cupful of rice, ½ teaspoonful of salt, 1 tablespoonful of fat and 2 egg yolks beaten till thick; lastly fold in the beaten whites. Bake in a quick oven.


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## Kelly's Honor.

There died the other day a 'longshoreman whose name should be kept in memory wherever men love honor—Gordon Kelly, of Vancouver, President of the Pacific District of the Internatiaonl 'Longshoremen's Association.

A word from Kelly at any time while he held office would have tied up shipping on all the Pacific coast from Alaska to Mexico. Not a shipload of munitions or other war supplies for the Allies would have moved from harbor, and there were scores of vessels ready to take on cargo and thousands of cargo waiting to be loaded. An agent of Count von Bernstorff approached Kelly in 1916. A bribe of a million dollars was offered the president to bring on a strike of the 'longshoremen. A poor man; a million dollars; little chance of detection. How many men would dare face the temptation? Kelly faced it. There was no strike. He reported the incident to the Secret Service. He might have become wealthy and concealed his dishonor from the world. He chose to keep his honor and remain poor. It is not Labor alone which should keep the name of Gordon Kelly in memory.—Sydney Record.

## Items of Interest.

GATHERED FROM EVERYWHERE.

Haig commanded through the dark days, and he commands in the day of victory to which the British armies so mightily contributed. In the cricketing phrase, "he carried out his bat."

Soon there will be a rush to the presses of the country, and a few days after peace is declared we shall read: "Agents Wanted—To sell a complete history of the recent war."

Lieut. Krupp von Bohlen and Halbach, the head of the Krupp works, and his wife, Bertha, daughter of the founder of the works, have been arrested by the revolutionists.

A young lady clerk employed by the Canadian Smallwares' Co., in London, Ont., sold a package of tooth paste without affixing the necessary war tax stamp, the consequences was that the proprietor was obliged to pay a fine of $100 in the police court.

The Consolidated Whaling Corporation's combined fleets in Pacific waters are reported to have taken 978 whales from the commencement of this year's whaling season. It is stated that the catch this year is the best since 1911, which was a record year.

British airplanes landed at Galates, a suburb of Constantinople, two days after the signing of the Turkish armistice (October 31.) The first Allied officer to reach European Turkish soil was Flight Commander Henry Wiser, a Canadian, and a graduate of Yale in 1912.

The general British view appears to be summarised in the question whether the cost of rehabilitation of Europe should be borne by the victims of devastation or by its authors, and in the declaration that the German armies should be deprived of all arms in the interests of Germany herself, thus making internal fighting less possible when the armies are repatriated.

The Vancouver Province states that it has information that Count von Bernstorff, former German Ambassador to the United States, offered Gordon Kelly a bribe of one million dollars to finance a 'longshoremen's strike. "Von Bernstorff," the Province says, "through an agent two years ago approached Kelly with a flat offer of a million dollars to finance a strike which would prevent the shipment of munitions out of American ports. Kelly reported the offer to the Secret Service."

## Dried Fish.

There has been practically no change in the dried fish business since last reports, the trade generally accepting the verdict of producers that there is relatively little available and that curing new stocks has been hampered considerably by the weather. There have been some lots of soft Labrador available, and there is talk of new developments in the export trade in this grade. Newfoundland codfish, particularly, has been taking the attention of the trade in New York of late, and sales of Porto Rico codfish in 448-lb. casks are reported to have been made here at $70 for large and $68 for medium. Some holders of Gaspe are asking high prices for limited stocks, and it is understood that the market, while not up to the level of the outside quotation of $19 is advancing and has already reached $18.50, according to merchants. The scarcity appears to be general throughout the East, and there is comparatively little dried fish from other parts to be expected. It is known, however, that New York merchants have taken advantage of the opportunity to purchase Behring Sea codfish and that there is considerable Japanese codfish already ordered and now in transit. With improved weather conditions it is probable that there will be more liberal supplies of dried fish available, but there is little likelihood of a decline in prices, at least for the present.—N.Y. Fishing Gazette.

## "Joss."

(By Lewis R. Freeman, in the December Popular Mechanics Magazine.)

There had been a distressing accident in the afternoon and the shadow of it brooded deep over the ward room that evening. It was one of those swift little sea tragedies which cut into the even course of Grand Fleet life every now and then as the beam of a suddnly opened and closed searchlight slashes the darkness of a winter night.

The survivors had been picked up and were returning to the ship in a drifter. They were in a good deal of a shiver from their half hour's immersion when they came aboard, but otherwise none the worse for the experince. Hot baths and supper put them quite to rights, and presently they drifted in to the ward room and pulled up by the fire.

Something started them all to talking about "Joss," and though every one of them who tried to define it in words floundered helplessly, yet the stories they told were all illustrative and inculcative of the fatalistic doctrine of "You'll get yours when the time comes, whatever you may do to avoid it, but not a second before." I can well understand, as I heard a young but highly experienced officer declare, that "a 'Jossistic' philosophy of life is the only one under which a man can compose himself for regular sleep in a sweeper, mine-layer, or any other kind of a craft where you're playing cross tag between kingdom come and high explosives." If Joss has made no appointment for you, you are all right even if your ship blows up or the heavens fall; but if he has, you'll jump into the air or dive into the sea to keep it. To what lengths he will go in this particular respect is attested by an incident told by the ward-room fire that night. It was a young lieutenant recently come to us from a mine sweeper, who spun the yarn, and I have since verified it in every particular.

"Speaking of Joss," he said, "reminds me of the way the cards were stacked against poor old K——, the skipper of the first mine sweeper I was in. She was one of the new sloops, built especially for the job, and about as near mine-proof as a ship of that kind can be. K—— used to say that he reckoned he was as safe in her as he was at home in bed. 'Now that we have these nets rigged fore and aft to catch us before we strike anything hard,' he said, 'I can't see that we're running much more risk than the lady in pink tights when she loses her grip on the flying trapeze at the top of the circus tent. If we come down on the ship it will mean only a bit of a jig-a-jig in the net; if we miss the ship a hard slap from the water is the worst to be feared.'

"I remember distinctly that it was the very next run after that Joss stepped in. I was aft at the time, and below, so that the shock of an exploding mine we had run into was my first intimation of anything wrong. I was thrown against the side of my cabin with an awful bang, for the jar seemed many times sharper than I had felt in either of two smaller sweepers in which I had been mined. There things had eventuated just about as K—— had forecast they would—just about, but not quite. Just as he had anticipated, too, he himself was thrown cleanly into the air and deposited lightly in one of the nets that had been spread for that purpose. I started forward and when I reached the wrecked foc's'l', her skipper was clambering across the net. Just in time, I saw that his legs were dragging limply behind the trunk he was dragging up the side of the net by clawing with his hands. We lifted him out as carefully as we could and laid him on the deck. He was still conscious, but went into a swoon from which he never came out, just after he had managed to tell me that something small and hard had plugged him while he was in the air. 'It's right here,' he said, in a failing voice, laying a weak hand on his abdomen. He was dead before they could carry him below, and it was not until after we had returned to port—slowly but under our own steam—that we learned, as the result of a post mortem, that the head of a rivet had pierced his body at about the diaphragm and rested against his spinal column. For sheer Joss, could you beat it? Poor old K—— and that rivet head had an appointment to foregather up there in the air, 20 or 30 feet above the bridge of his new mine sweeper, and because neither of them were able to get up there on their own, Joss sends that little packet of Hun T.N.T., along to provide the necessary motive power. If either of them had been the hundreth of a second behind or ahead of time, they would have missed the connection. But they were there to the dot—Joss never slips up on his schedules."

## The Government of Europe.

(From the Toronto Star.)

Serious as the problem of reconstruction will be here and in the Allied countries, it is not to be compared with that which will arise in the disorganized parts of Europe—in Russia, in Austria-Hungary, in Poland, and in the Balkan Peninsula. In many of these places new Governments will have to be established—we mean Governments radically different from the old, with new functions and with territorial jurisdiction not yet defined. We may obtain a faint idea of the work to be done by recalling the history of the framing of the new constitution of the United States or of our own confederation. But these things were done in countries already enjoying orderly government and not ravaged by war. A large part of Europe will have to be rebuilt, politically and economically. The claims of various nationalities in Austria-Hungary will have to be considered, and territorial adjustments made as nearly as possible in accordance with justice and national and racial sentiment. The Peace Conference will have a tremenlous work on its hands. The question is not one merely of settling what reparation Germany is to make, what territory she is to give up, and what safeguards are to be erected against German treachery or ambition. That is important, but it is only the beginning. It is the clearing of the ground for constructive work. The old Europe, east of France, will be gone, and a new Europe must be built on its ruins. It is doubtful whether all this can be done in the few weeks or months in which the terms of peace will be settled. The Allies may have to create some permanent organization to continue the work. Take the case, for instance, of Austria-Hungary. When certain regions are allotted to the German-Austrians, to the Magyars, to the Slavs, how shall we guard against one quarrelling with the other and breaking the settlement made at the Peace Conference? It looks as if a League of Nations or some similar organization will be absolutely necessary for the orderly government of a large part of Europe.

To make at little expense a delicious cream soup combine bits of left-over vegetables press through a fine strainer and add to a thin white sauce.


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## Mapping the Sky.

Few of us possess an intimate knowledge of the significance of cloud effects. A cloud-map would, therefore, be unintelligible to any but a meteorological student. But there have been cloud-maps printed for over thirty years, the first one, consisting of some 300 cloud pictures, being published by a German student.

Cloud-maps are, naturally, a far more intricate and difficult study than a straightforward geographical atlas. They were first intended merely as a meteorological asset, but since the advent of the airmen, have now become a vital side-issue in the work of our Royal Air Force.

A certain professor, who has been experimenting with cloud phenomena in Aberdeen, has proved so successful that his photographs and sketches are to be produced in the form of a cloud atlas. This map is intended to replace the International Cloud Atlas, executed by German professors and published in Paris before the war.

## War and the Sugar Bowl.

It cannot be too often emphasized that candy makers, sugar manufacturers and public eating places are admirably supporting the Food Board policy of saving sugar, but there are thousands of "slackers" in private homes. There must be, because there is so much hoarding. No doubt much of it is done without serious reflection. The home allowance should be 2 pounds a month for each one in the family. There is ample sugar coming into the Dominion but it comes in measured quantities only—that is all that is permitted under an international arrangement. Housewives can use corn syrup and glucose. They are the best patriots who do what the country wants doing.—Canada Food Board.


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