

Brusiloff Has Reputation of Being the Boldest of the Generals of the Czar

GENERAL ALEXANDER BRUSILOFF, who now commands the Russian armies operating against the Austrians in Volhynia and Galicia, has done notable work since the outbreak of the war. It is said of him that he is the coolest, boldest, and most unsparring of the Czar's generals. He is described as a thin, fastidious, squeamish, physically delicate man, though unshrinking in battle.

Brusiloff likes frontal attacks. He says they are less costly than the favorite flanking assaults. The proportion of losses in frontal attacks is



GENERAL BRUSILOFF.

greater, he contends, but the absolute loss, considering the larger number of men engaged, is greater in flank attacks.

Personally Brusiloff is fearless. He frequently shows himself to his troops, says nothing and rides slowly and deliberately between the trenches. It is said that nobody ever heard Brusiloff praise or blame a minor officer, but he is less sparing of criticism of his higher commanders. He is sixty-three years of age, and has been decorated for his achievements by the Czar.

The Dead Soldier's Letter.

A sad, pathetic letter, revealing the privations from which the poorer Germans in some districts are suffering, was brought to Great Britain by a sergeant home on furlough from the Western front. It was written in September last by a woman living in Silesia to her husband, a German soldier, and discovered upon his body after the battle of Loos. The whole epistle is marked by a simple sincerity and affection for her husband and children that makes it extremely touching. "I was so glad to get your letter and Franz's card," says the wife. "He was so pleased that you did not forget his birthday. He has shown his card to the teacher and children at school."

"I have not enough, for 5 cents per child does not go far. Other wives get something from the works, but I get nothing. But where can I go for help? Everything is so dear that it is impossible to live. You have to spend all your money and get nothing for it. It only the accused war would stop. Not a word of peace. Now we ought to be buying in for winter, and I have nothing. A hundredweight of potatoes cost \$1.08, butter is 53 cents, and pork is absolutely unobtainable. I know that you are very weary. I have buried little Wilhelm; that cost me \$5.52. It is a blow. You have two little angels to pray for you. God knows best. We can do nothing except what He wills. God will protect you as He has done in the past. With the present scarcity life is impossible."

Soldiers' Superstitions.

The soldiers of the Kaiser are very superstitious, from the men in the ranks up to the Crown Prince. Wilhelm's eldest son carries a horseshoe with him on all his motor trips, and spends most of the day in his motor car. The horseshoe is attached to one of the doors of the car, and when being photographed in his motor car the Prince always insists on the photographer "taking" the side of the car with the horseshoe. The soldiers of Wurtemberg pin their faith upon a little bag containing the dry pollen of flowers, which, they believe, has the power of warding off the bullets. The Saxons sew into the lining of their waistcoats the wings of a bat, and think themselves to be invincible. The Bavarians hold on tenaciously to a still more bizarre custom. Before going into battle each soldier finds a birch tree, cut his skin and let a few drops of blood fall upon the tree. This ceremony, they assert, assures recovery, no matter what the nature of the wound, when the leaves begin to grow again.

Fly Caused Explosion.

Of all the new explosives the most difficult to handle is iodide of nitrogen. It has to be made in alcohol. When allowed to dry it appears as a brown powder, and so unstable is this powder that a touch with a feather will set it off. The experiment has been tried of leaving a few grains upon a table mixed with a few grains of sugar. The first bluebottle that flew on the table and began to crawl among the grains caused an explosion.

General P. A. Roques Has a Special Reputation For Aeronautic Work

WHEN General Gallieni, hero of the battle of the Marne, resigned his post as Minister of War for France a short time ago he was succeeded by General Pierre A. Roques, best known for his work as an expert in aeronautics.

General Roques was trained as an engineer, having entered the Polytechnic school after his regular course in the war college. He was graduated in 1877 at the age of twenty-one and two years later was assigned to the engineers as a first lieutenant. Later he served in Algiers and Dahomey, and for distin-



GENERAL ROQUES.

guished services was made a Lieutenant colonel.

After several years spent in the office of the War Ministry he took charge in 1901 of important public works in Madagascar. Here he so thoroughly established his reputation that when the post of director of engineer corps at the Ministry of War became vacant in 1905 he was appointed, with the rank of brigadier general. Three years later he attained the rank of general of division.

From 1910 to 1912 he served as permanent inspector general of aeronautics at a time when the military importance of aviation was beginning to be realized. It is said that the efficiency shown by this arm of the French service during the war is due largely to the fine organization built up by General Roques.

When the present war broke out General Roques was in command of an army corps at Limoges, where he again showed great brilliancy as a leader. He was given command of the first army in January of last year and for his services was recently decorated with the grand cross of the Legion of Honor and with the military cross.

General Roques, as one of his first official acts, has decided that chevrons shall be worn by all soldiers who have served at the front one year or more or have been wounded in action. One chevron on the left sleeve will indicate a year's service, and each additional six months will be designated by another chevron. For each wound received in the armed service a chevron will be worn on the right sleeve.

The Minister also has revived the aiguillette, or shoulder tag, to recall gallant actions of regiments in the field. Officers and men present when a regiment is cited will wear, attached to the left shoulder and hanging around the arm, the aiguillette braided in red and green, the colors of the war cross. It will be considered part of the regulation uniform of regiments thus cited.

Ancient Smyrna.

Smyrna, where a revolt is reported to have taken place against German influence, is by far the greatest city of Asia Minor. It has the further distinction of having preserved an unbroken record from the dawn of history to the present time. Its favorable situation between Lydia and the West raised it as early as the seventh century (B.C.) to the height of splendor and power. A Greek city, it lost its place afterwards by foreign conquest, for three hundred years. Its historical and literary associations are remarkable. It is mentioned by Pindar that Alexander the Great conceived the idea of restoring it, and Lysimachus enlarged and fortified it.

Locating Big Guns.

A battery of guns is seldom placed along the skyline, for there it is an easy mark. Generally the guns are concealed some distance down the incline in front of the skyline, unless the guns are howitzers, in which case they can be best served from behind the ridge. The idea of placing the guns in front of the ridge is that the rising ground behind them serves as an effective screen, as the guns themselves are painted to represent earth and foliage.

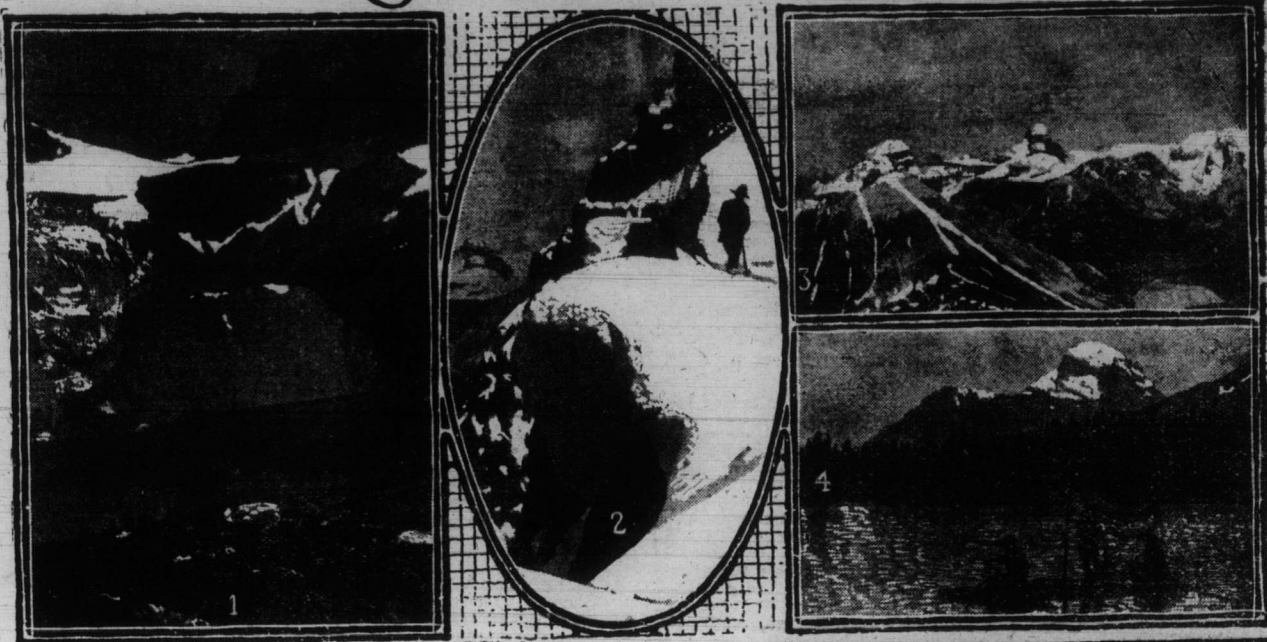
Czarina as Nurse.

The Czarina of Russia has been acting as a nurse in one of the military hospitals at Petrograd since the beginning of the war, and is being assisted by her daughters.

Portugal's Population.

Portugal, with the Azores and Madeira Island, has a population of 5,957,985 and an area of 35,490 square miles.

WONDERWORLD of the PTARMIGAN VALLEY



(1) Lone Tree Lake and Wall of Jericho in Ptarmigan Valley. (2) Snow Cornice on Ptarmigan, showing Douglas in distance. (3) Black and White Douglas. (4) Mt. Black Douglas. (5) Looking down Corral Creek from Ptarmigan Lake, showing Mount Temple. (6) Lone Tree Lake and Lake Myosotis and the base of Ptarmigan Peak.

AWAY yonder in the wonder world of the Canadian Pacific Rockies—the wonder world that yet awaits full exploration—there is a valley where the Ptarmigan live and breed and die, where the mother hen clucks to her chirping brood and where she warns them of the danger of strange two-legged animals known as men, but from whom she is powerless to protect them.

So the wise men who give places their names, have marked this particular region as Ptarmigan Valley, and its guardian peak as Ptarmigan Mountain. In this wild Alpine area, thus named after a bird, will be found one of the thousand beauty spots of our Canadian Switzerland, including every type of scenery that belongs to a mountain area: turbulent rivers, fed by countless glacial tributaries, leaping in headlong flight to the lower levels and the ultimate sea; alpine meadows carpeted with a profusion of flowers, canyons, deep, forested retreats opening into expansive valleys, cliffs, peaks, rocky ramparts, snow cornices and ice fields making the avalanches that reverberate like a Flanders bombardment. There are lakes, beautiful beyond compare, deep-hearted pools, waterfalls of all heights, musk traps and rock strewn trails, and glacial boulders stranded far from their northern habitat in the mysterious north of a mysterious ice age.

There are moreover signs of wild life on every hand. The Ptarmigan is everywhere, standing stupidly in one's way, deer and bear tracks freshly made on the snow, goat paths that point the way to summits, marmots that whistle, gophers that invade tent and ladder as impudently as porcupine, while an occasional bunny or a flying eagle add variety to the mountain zoo.

Let us hit the trail together for this Canadian Garden of the Gods, where nature may be viewed in all her sublimity and variety, and where life who made the hills has placed circles and

ranges of mighty summits rivaling each other in towering heights through and beyond the fleecy clouds.

It will be at Lake Louise station that pack ponies will be diamond-hitched and saddle ponies mounted. Heading northward, little but lively Corral Creek blocks the way and demands the first of scores of wading processes with the water dashing over feet and leggings. But water doesn't count on the trail, whether in wet feet or a down-pour from the sky, for warmth and dryness are at the end of the trail. And such a glorious trail it is, like an unfolding panorama with new scenes at every turn, a succession of God's canvases in the great gallery of the open air.

It is all uphill for the first league or two. At each succeeding altitude a turn in the saddle held the eye spell-bound with the scene to the south where, like soldiers on parade, thirty miles of giant peaks lined up and made a beautiful vision: the Ten Peaks, Lordly Temple, Aberdeen, Lefroy dominating Lake Louise, Victoria's Glacier, glistening white. We are high enough to even catch an entrancing glimpse of Lake Louise. It is truly an upheaved world where "hills peep o'er hills and alps on alps arise."

Now it is facing forward as a new world stands revealed. Yonder is a speck of white in an immensity of space. Thanks be, it is a tent and a curl of smoke. How the heart of the trail-hitter warms to the sight! Shelter, food, warmth, a balsam bough-bed, mugs of tea, rashers of bacon, palls of prunes, squares of Bann bread, what more could mortal ask?

The next day, and a red letter day it will prove to be. The early morning sun ushers in a day of wondrous charm that makes every nerve tingle with the glow of life. Radiating valleys on every hand invite exploration, shimmering summits look down upon us as giants upon pygmies, cascades and rapids sing their song of the wild,

and the world of men and war seems to belong to another planet. Off we start on another trail, thrilling at every turn with the sensation of the first sight of nature marvels. We make for One Tree Pass, where the footmarks of what have been a giant brula were freshly made. Do not the very names of Merin Lake and Merin Castle sound seductive? And little Lake Myosotis is a miniature Lake Louise and no less beautiful, dammed up in a basin formed by the tilting of the strata, the overflow in a trickling stream making the birth of a river. Yonder rise the Walls of Jericho, forbidding in their black and frowning mass. Through the Stoky Valley we make a detour, catching a glimpse of massive Hector to the west, with Cathedral Peak asserting its lordliness of height.

Tramping through fallen timber, over

treacherous scree, fording streams on bridges of a single log, and at times being mired in a hidden muskeg, are mere incidents in the day's fun. The happy hours fly quickly until, as the day hurries to its close, we hurried to another camp on the Red Deer, under the lee of the Black and White Douglas peaks, towering over 11,000 feet above sea level and curious Mount Molar filling the sky canvass with its tooth-like summit. Here were more lakes, more Niagara, more flower-strewn vales, more litteral ups and downs, for a trail is rarely content to work on the level.

So the happy days sped away until the last one came, the last camp fire was enjoyed, and the final bit of saddle travel as the return journey was made, and a most delightful trip came to an end.

These Modern Days.

"They have money, haven't they?" "I don't know; haven't seen them for about a year."—Judge.

His Lost Cash.

"Experience is a good asset." "I'd much prefer the bank roll I exchanged for mine."—Boston Transcript.

Dangerous.

"What makes Carol so disliked?" "She got the most votes for being popular."—Chicago News.

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Her Second Big War.

An old woman who has defied the Germans in two wars is described in a letter from the front. The writer says: "Just outside the village there lives all alone an old lady of seventy, who is assisted at times by a half-witted brother. I never met such a wonderful old woman in my life. She has lived there in her 17th century shell-battered farm all her life, and did not budge for the Germans in 1870, nor yet in 1914. She described to me with much vivacity how, when the Germans were barricaded in the village a few yards away, and were being driven out in fierce street fighting by our Guards, she got under the kitchen table to escape the machine-gun bullets that came in through the window. The Germans have appropriated most of her cattle, but she still goes out twice a day to milk the one cow that remains."

OPPORTUNITIES.

Opportunities are very sensitive things. If you slight them on their first visit you seldom see them again.—Ruskin.

When You Feel It Coming

—When that old Headache sends its warning that you are going to suffer—take ZUTOO. When you feel a cold coming on take ZUTOO. At the first sign of a pain—at the first feeling of sickness—take ZUTOO. You will be all right in 20 minutes if it's a headache, or the next morning if it is a cold. Pain all gone, and the whole body refreshed. Don't wait—don't take chances. Get ZUTOO Tablets to-day—and have them ready to take at the first sign of a Headache or cold and TAKE THEM. 25c a box—at dealers or by mail postpaid B.N. Robinson & Co. Regd., Coaticook, Q.

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Appius Claudius.

Appius Claudius, surnamed Caecus (the blind), was a Roman statesman who lived during the third century before the Christian era. He was a Roman censor, 312 to 308, and consul, 307 to 296. He commenced the Appian way and completed the Appian aqueduct. From his Roman jurisprudence, oratory, grammar and Latin prose date their beginning. He abolished the limitation of the full right of citizenship to landed proprietors. In his old age he is said to have become blind, whence his cognomen "Caecus." He was the author of works in both prose and verse, of which almost nothing is known.

Anthony Trollope's First Earnings.

A literary man recalls Anthony Trollope's little gloat over the first fruits of his pen. "I send you a copy of 'The Warden,'" he wrote to Lord Houghton in 1866, "which Mr. Longman assures me is the last of the first edition. There were, I think, only 750 printed, and they have been over ten years in hand. But I regard the book with affection, as I made £9 2s. 6d. by the first year's sales, having previously written and published for years without any such golden result. Since then I have improved even upon that." Trollope, of course, "improved upon that" in no uncertain fashion.—Westminster Gazette.

Many of Them Do.

"Did you say he lived in New York day in and day out?" "No, day in and night out."—Judge.

Sort Defined.

"Is that boy a chip of the old block?" "Why, no. He's only a little shaver."—Baltimore American.

Magnets.

A steel horseshoe magnet can hold in suspension a weight up to twenty times its own.