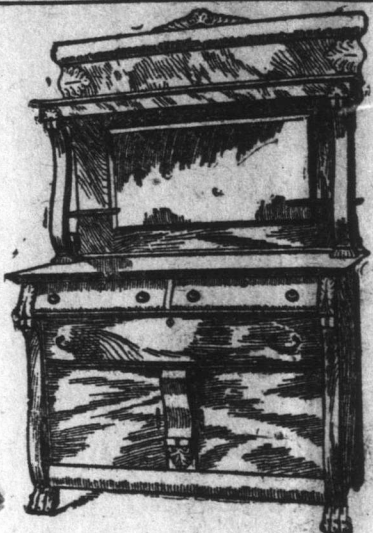


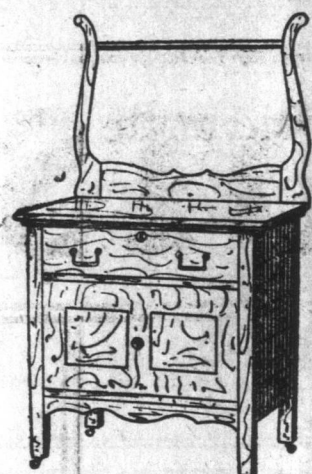
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Jack Ashore.

Leave is Always Popular in the Navy, and Jack Spins it Out as Long as He Can, But Not Always Judiciously.

"It should be remembered that leave is a privilege, and, as such, should not be abused. It should not be looked upon as a right, and it is granted only according to the exigencies of the Service."

This formula is drilled into the ears of all ranks and ratings of the Navy from the time they join as youngsters until the time they leave as greybeards. It applies during times of peace as well as in war.

When leave has been granted, and the day of expiration draws near, the commanding officer's life is not a happy one; it is made one long misery by the flow of scores of telegrams requesting extensions of leave, men reporting sick, or that they have mis-

sed the train, cross-Channel boats from Ireland have been suddenly suspended, etc., etc., and the most exasperating thing about them is that they are usually sent within an hour or two of the time that the men should leave their homes if they are to return punctually to the ship.

The following is a selection from the pile on the C. O.'s desk:

"Request 48 hours' extension. Brother coming home from Front. Have not seen him for ten years.—Stoker Williams."

"Request extension 4 days to get married.—Leading Seaman Murphy."

"Sick. Unable to travel—colly. wobbles—sick certificate follows.—Swindle, Stoker."

"Request 72 hours' extension. Wife just had twins.—Stoker Helper."

"Request extension until Thursday. Sister getting married Wednesday.—Ordinary Seaman Lyster."

And so on, ad lib.

Strange Coincidences.

It is not often that the C. O.'s reply is pleasing to the sender of the telegram!

For instance, take the "brother coming home from the front" stunt. Would any C. O. who knows the "sailor man" give a favourable reply to this request, Not likely!

Really, it is amazing the number of brothers who suddenly bob up from some corner of the earth, or the sister—who cry W. A. A. C.'s—who have unexpectedly been given leave, and whose arrival mysteriously coincides with the date of the "man of the sea" is to return to his ship!

Not granted.

Then there is the "getting married" telegram. This, of course, is pure "camouflage." If a man who has been on leave for ten days has not been able to find time to get married, it is evident that he has no one to blame but himself. It would seem that he allows everything to drift until his leave has almost ended, and then suddenly realises that he's not "tied up," and another telegraph-boy is added to the stream already flowing between the G. P. O. and the ship, and more bad language is reported from the C. O.

Not granted.

The "collywobble" sickness is very prevalent at "returning-from-leave" time. So marvellous the number of people who are suddenly taken ill just at this time, but who forget to forward a "sick certificate" until their attention is drawn to the matter. The telegram says "sick certificate follows"—but it doesn't say when it will do so!

Sickness and Shocks.

Here the C. O. has no option except to take the men's word, but when they do return they are pounced upon by the ship police, and pushed into the sick-bay for a medical inspection. Woe betide them if they are found to be malingering!

The "twin" telegram is assumed to be authentic.

"H'm!" says the C. O. "Granted. He needs it to recover from the shock."

"Like the former 'getting married' telegram, the 'sister getting married' wire is also pure camouflage. There's nothing doing."

Not granted.

After the telegram epidemic comes "absenteeism."

There are some men who have a deep-rooted objection to returning punctually to their leave. They either "nibble" ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, or deliberately overstay it for long periods.

The former usually "get away with it," unless they are habitual offenders, when they are placed in the report, but the latter have to be dealt with by the captain.

Their appearance before the owner brings forth excuses, many and ingenious, but very few are accepted. The following is a typical case:

The captain is seated at a table on the quarter-deck, half-surrounded by the officers, who are prosecutors and witnesses.

The master-at-arms calls "John Smith, Stoker!"

Smith steps up to the table. The order is given "Off caps!" and the ship's corporal, who is standing behind Smith, grabs his cap, and retains it until the order "On caps!" is given, and the man is marched away. This is done to prevent men throwing their caps at the captain should they feel inclined!

"Might be Hung for a Sheep—"

The charge is read. "Did remain absent over leave 56 hours and 30 minutes. Ship under sailing orders."

From the captain:

"What have you got to say?"

"Well, sir, it's like this, sir. The night before I was to come back, sir, I got drunk, sir, and the next morning I overslept myself, sir. Knowin' that I couldn't get back in time, sir, I set to myself, sir, I see. That's done it! I shall be twenty-four hours adrift as it is, so I'll go the bundle, and stretch it some more. That's all, sir."

"H'm! You deliberately broke your leave then, and a second-class man, too. Punished by warrant. Next!"

The remaining offenders are dealt with, but Smith has the doubtful honour of being the last.

our of being the only one who is to be punished by warrant. He is "lined up" about 4 p.m. that day, his warrant is read, and he disappears from the ken of his messmates for 3, 5 or 7 days, as the case may be, into a nice little cell, where he can study the Bible at his leisure—after he has completed his task of oakum-picking. Coupled with this, he forfeits all pay and time for the period he is in cells, also so many days' pay, according to scale, for the number of hours he was absent.—Answers.

The River Rhine

It Has Taken a Unique Place Among Streams in History.

"When we cross the Rhine we will win the war," said the military tactician, stretching his long legs after putting in a day picking apples. Instead of putting in a day of doing nothing as heretofore.

"Well, I guess we'll cross the Rhine easily enough," said an elderly woman nearby, who in order to do her "bit," had also picked apples so that the young blood might go to the front.

"Well," mused the tactician, "you've got to consider what the Rhine is. It's not a small affair like Goose Creek here, you know! Of course, our boys are going to cross it, but the question to me is the manner in which they will cross it."

"By building pontoon bridges, naturally."

"Pontoon bridges, nothing!" He looked disgusted. Guess you don't know much about the Rhine. Pontoon bridges!

The Rhine is the principal river of Germany and one of the most famous rivers in the world. It has a length of about eight hundred miles, rising in the canton of Grisons, Switzerland, and emptying into the North Sea just north of the Hague. It has strategic value at the present time for the armies of Ludendorff, because of the rapid flow of its waters at the section to which Pershing, if he should continue a straight eastern drive, would send his forces. It has also historical interest.

One who has studied causes and effects has written:

"Before the commencement of history, perhaps before the existence of man, where the Rhine now is there was a double chain of volcanoes, which on their extinction left heaps of lava and basalt lying parallel, like two long walls. At the same epoch the gigantic crystallizations formed the primitive mountains. The enormous alluvians of which the secondary mountains consist were dried up. The frightful heap is now cold and has snow accumulated on it, from which two great streams issued. One flowing toward the north, crossed the plains, encountered the sides of the extinguished volcanoes and emptied itself into the ocean; the other, taking its course westward, fell from mountains to mountains, flowed along the side of the block of extinguished volcanoes, which is now Ardèche, and was finally lost in the Mediterranean. The first of these foundations is the Rhine, the second the Rhone."

The first people who took possession of the banks of the Rhine, we're told, were the half savage Celts, who afterwards received the name of Gauls.

In the height of his glory Caesar crossed the Rhine and shortly afterwards took the entire river under his jurisdiction. The river was, in Roman times, a boundary between the province of Gaul and the German tribes, and at a later date and until 1871 was the frontier between Germany and France.

It is a stream of varied aspects. Victor Hugo who wrote what was perhaps the finest article ever written about it, said: "The Rhine is unique; it combines the qualities of every river. Like the Rhone, it is rapid; broad like the Loire; meandered, like the Moselle; serpentine, like the Seine; limpid and green, like the Somme; historical, like the Tiber; royal, like the Danube; mysterious, like the Nile; spangled with gold, like an American river; and like a river of Asia, abounding with phantoms and fables."

In the destinies of Europe the Rhine says Hugo, "has a sort of providential significance. It is the great most which divides the north from the south. The Rhine for thirty ages has been the forms and reflected the shadows of almost all the warriors who filled the old continent with that share which they called the sword. Caesar crossed the Rhine in going to the South; Attila crossed it when descending to the north. It was here that Clovis gained the Battle of Tolbiac; and that Charlemagne and Napoleon figured. For the thinker who is conversant with history two great eagles are perpetually hovering over the Rhine—that of the Roman legions and that of the French regiments. The Rhine bore at one time upon its surface bridges of boats, over which the armies of Italy, Spain and France poured into Germany."

And the same writer adds further in his article that some day "it shall become the grand question of Europe."

This prophecy is now at its fulfillment, for the Rhine is now, or shortly will be, the grand question of entire civilization.

Essence of Ginger Wine can be obtained at Stafford's Drug Stores for 20c. bottle. Postage 5c. extra.—nov25,19

Are You a Monkey?

Animal Traits that Survive After Thousands of Years.

Mr. J. Howard Moore, in a remarkable little book entitled "Savage Survivals" has built up a picture of our development from the lower animals. He also was once a wild animal! In his theme, and he shows that nearly all the instincts which we possess to-day have been handed down to us by ancestors of the jungle, hills, and valleys.

"Fear," he says, "is one of the oldest instincts of this world. It existed long before man, and was inherited by him from pre-human ancestors. Fear first appears somewhere near the worm stage of animal development and is found in all animals above this stage. Fear is the instinct to shrink from danger or enemies. It is the retreating or fleeing instinct. The low set animals, those below the worms are more or less indifferent in the presence of enemies. They act about the same towards enemies as towards friends. But higher animals are more discriminating. The instinct of fear causes them to retreat promptly from the presence of dangerous individuals."

Dogged by Fear.

He gives examples: "Have you ever noticed a bird eating or drinking, or taking its bath? It takes a bite and then looks around. Then it will take another bite, and look again. It is always on the lookout for enemies. It almost sleeps with one eye open. It is pursued always by a phylloxera state of fear. All wild animals have enemies, and they are able to maintain themselves in the world only by constant vigilance."

"Every antelope in South Africa has literally to run for its life every day or two on an average, and it starts or gallops under the influence of alarm many times in a day. Many animals that live in flocks or herds have developed the practice of having certain individuals in the group act as sentinels while the rest are eating."

Fear lies at the root of many of man's least progressive impulses, but man's fear does not compare with the fear shown by wild animals. Curiously, some of our surviving fears are quite unreasonable, being merely the inherited terror of some evil that used to exist in the days of our ancestors. Take the fear which we have of snakes and spiders. It is out of all proportion to circumstances, and is probably inherited largely from the monkey.

The fighting instinct is also an old instinct," says Mr. Moore. "It was presented to man by his pre-human ancestors, who fought and bled and died for millions of years before there were any human beings in the world. According to the Romans, the fighting instinct first shows itself in ants and spiders. It is hence not so old as the fear instinct, for the ants and spiders are somewhat higher than the worms, and came into the world somewhat later."

"As a general rule, it may be said that the fighting instinct is stronger in the higher and more powerful animals, and the fear and instinct in the lower and weaker species. Many species, like the deer, rabbit, mouse and sheep, have adopted a different policy in the struggle for life from other species, such as the lion, wolf and rhinoceros. The rabbit and the mouse run for their lives, as a general thing, because they are better at running than at fighting. They have neither great strength nor very good fighting implements. The lion and rhinoceros, on the other hand, follow the fighting policy, because they are equipped for it."

Daddy Stickbeak.

Although our baser instincts seem to be gradually weakening survivals of the jungle, we cannot claim to have created all our good or innocent habits. Parent-love is strongly developed in practically every living creature. Mother birds will risk their lives for their young, and often take great pains to hide their eggs from possible enemies. Bears, lions, whales—all possess this protective instinct. Below the surface of the sea, the father stickbeak guards the nest of his young.

The British Grand Fleet and the German High Seas Fleet at last came together. The meeting of these two mighty aggregations of seapower had long loomed on the expectation of the world, but though everyone looked forward to it, no one could know the day or the arena of the ocean in which it was fated to happen. But if in these particulars the prevision of men was baffled, it seemed not beyond their imagination to conceive the most striking feature of the encounter. It was pictured as the most sublime, the most awful of ocean dramas as a contest of elemental fury, in which seamanship, heroism, carnage, should have as their stage accessories the clouds and lightnings and explosions of war in its most fearful form. The meeting between these two sea forces might well have been so terrible as to make the vision conjured up in the most spectacular dream of horrors seem poor in ghastliness. But as it turned out, the public imagination was on the wrong flight. The actual meeting was scarcely imaginable. None the less, it was not without its grandeur, not without its note of high tragedy. Never before was beheld such a pageant of ocean as that presented when the British Navy, drawn up in all its might and majesty, received the surrender of the formidable array of warships of the great German Navy.

Bearing on shoulders immense, Atlantean, the load, Well-nigh not to be borne, Of the too vast orb of her fate."

Those who considered the part played by Britain's Navy in this war will be inclined to agree with Swinburne, that

"All our past comes waiving in the wind, And all our future thunders in the sea."

There is no other subject so worthy of the efforts of great artists as this of making that sea-scene, the savage enemy surrendering his great navy to the assembled naval power of Britain, live on the canvass. It will tax the genius of Newbolt, or Kipling, and of other noble singers of the Empire's renown to do justice to this tremendous subject. The British Empire cannot do sufficient honor or render adequate marks of gratitude to the men of the Navy. The words of one of the gifted sons of Britain who fell in this war, Lieutenant Viscount Stuart, son of the Earl and Countess of Castle Stewart, ought now to be recalled:

"Sailors, what of the debt we owe you? Day or night in the peril more? Who so dull that he fails to know you, Sleepless guard of our island shore?—Toronto Mail and Empire."

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Again, it is as natural to play as to fight.

"Play is Nature's schooling," says Mr. Moore. "Young dogs and wolves scuffle and chase each other when they play, because in after life they will be attacking and pursuing other animals a great deal. A kitten likes to play with a spool or a ball. A spool is a 'mouse.' Young goats and sheep run and leap in their play. Their schooling—at least, in the wild life—is to prepare them from getting away from the fish-eating animals which later will chase them. Fishes play by darting and dipping, and monkeys by swinging and rolling in the trees."

Fishes, with birds, supply good examples of the imitative instinct such as is shown by children.

"In a school of fishes, if some of them dart away, the whole school will do the same thing without thinking. It is the same way with birds. They are each geared to do what the rest do, and they do it without thinking."

By thought we are drifting away from the lesser creatures, and by conscience we shall reap the benefit of our emancipation.

The Mistress of the Seas.

The British Grand Fleet and the German High Seas Fleet at last came together. The meeting of these two mighty aggregations of seapower had long loomed on the expectation of the world, but though everyone looked forward to it, no one could know the day or the arena of the ocean in which it was fated to happen. But if in these particulars the prevision of men was baffled, it seemed not beyond their imagination to conceive the most striking feature of the encounter. It was pictured as the most sublime, the most awful of ocean dramas as a contest of elemental fury, in which seamanship, heroism, carnage, should have as their stage accessories the clouds and lightnings and explosions of war in its most fearful form. The meeting between these two sea forces might well have been so terrible as to make the vision conjured up in the most spectacular dream of horrors seem poor in ghastliness. But as it turned out, the public imagination was on the wrong flight. The actual meeting was scarcely imaginable. None the less, it was not without its grandeur, not without its note of high tragedy. Never before was beheld such a pageant of ocean as that presented when the British Navy, drawn up in all its might and majesty, received the surrender of the formidable array of warships of the great German Navy.

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