

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Lloyd George has fairly earned and richly deserves the title of the "Great Awakener." If Great Britain is roused to a realization of the fact that she must put forth every effort and even put aside a few traditions if she is to triumph in the present war, it will be due in no small measure to the clarion calls of the minister of munitions.

He doesn't mince things in the least. He lays no healing unction to British self-complacency. He doesn't utter a syllable in support of the ancient doctrine that the British Empire is bound somehow to muddle through. On the contrary, he holds bluntly up before the country the possibility of a disastrous defeat—of destruction of all that is dear to the British heart if the British patriotism does not rise to the occasion.

Whatever others may think about what Great Britain has already done in the present war, the little Welshman does not think she has done enough. He pays a tribute to France in the preface of a volume of his speeches just published and says that that heroic nation cannot be expected to bear more of the burden. And what he thinks of the part Russia has played is sufficiently set forth in the statement that "for over twelve months, despite deficiencies in equipment, Russia has absorbed the energies of half of the German and four-fifths of the Austrian forces."

Great Britain must bear the weight that has fallen from the Russian shoulders as a result of the retreat of the Russian forces. She must arm, manufacture, enlist, "fight as never before or face the chances of defeat." Thus frankly does the "Great Awakener" speak and on this theory does he work.

Kitchener is on the side of the truth when he says that the Turk has been a fairer, cleaner fighter than his German master. Left to themselves, petrolied of the insectivorous German lieutenant, the Turks would not have stooped to the abysmal levels to which the Germans have degraded "military science." The average Turk (not the upstart Salonica Ottoman, whose whole world swings between dissipation and sedition) would rather have peace than war, and prefers to let what he considers well enough alone. He dreams upon a page of the Koran, inhales his cigarette and is as backward in civilization as in his chirography. Suddenly the German comes to him and tells him that to save the holy of holies of Islam he must commit the most abominable iniquities. The German berates and castigates, with an incontinent fury, the laggard who does not keep pace with the tutelage.

The latest book of Von der Goltz upon warfare gives recipes for extracting the last agonies of effort from exhausted troops; yet this preceptor of the Turks is reckoned a humanitarian among his colleagues. Dreadful as are the measures to which the Germans have had recourse against their foes, their callous attitude toward their own allies is not less censurable. It is not surprising that the Turks, their duller eyes open and their slowest wits at work, at last begin to rue the compact that they made, and actually to fear their own fate should Germany conquer by their aid.

"Black Watch" Irish? The Black Watch are fighting so well in France that even the Germans praise them. Wonderful fighters, the Irish!

The speaker was W. Bourke Cockran. He continued:

"When I think of the valor of the Black Watch regiment I recall the story of Pat McCann.

"Pat came home one night with a black eye, a broken nose, and a split lip; a front tooth was gone as well.

"Tim Sullivan don't it, he told his wife, as he began to bathe his wounds in a basin of water.

"Shame on ye! Bridget chier. 'A big fellow like you to be licked by a little, hard-drinkin' cockroach like Tim Sullivan! Why, he—

"Whist," said Pat from the basin, softly, "Don't shpake evil of the dead!"—New York Sun.

Two Reasons.

The Optimist—"Don't bet on a sure thing. It isn't fair to the other fellow.

The Pessimist—"Besides which you are generally apt to lose.

The last word is the favorite with all women.

When the shrill voice of the peacock is heard, a change of weather is probable.

The bellows of the organ in Seville Cathedral are worked see-saw by a man walking up and down a long plank.

Every year over five million beds and eight million meals are provided by the shelters and homes of the Salvation Army in Britain.

British inn-keepers have the right to detain the luggage of their guests until their bills have been paid; boarding-house keepers may not do this.

About the Household

Dainty Dishes.

Finnan Haddie.—Wash a thick haddie and cover it with cold water. Put flesh side down for half an hour. Drain and cover again with cold water. Drain and cover with very hot but not boiling water, and let stand for half an hour. Drain and dry. Rub it well with a cut lemon, dot with butter and broil for twenty minutes. Place hot on dish, dot with butter again and pour over it one cupful of hot cream. Serve at once with baked potatoes.

Bread and Potato Fritters.—Light and savory fritters may be made with breadcrumbs and grated raw potatoes. Grate two thick slices of bread to fine crumbs, mix with one tablespoon finely minced onion, salt and pepper to taste, and add one cup boiling milk. While mixture is cooling pare and grate six large potatoes and beat them into bread crumb mixture. Add two well-beaten eggs. Drop by spoonfuls into frying pan in which there is plenty of boiling fat and fry brown on both sides. Serve hot.

Potato Chowder.—Parboil and slice six fine potatoes; fry half a pound of sweet salt pork (chopped), and when it begins to crisp add a minced onion and cook to a light brown. Pack in layers in a soup kettle, sprinkling each layer with pepper and minced parsley. Add the hot fat; cover with a pint of boiling water and simmer 30 minutes. Turn into a collander and drain the liquor back into the kettle. Have ready a pint of hot milk into which has been stirred a tablespoonful of butter, rolled in flour; add to the liquor, cook one minute, return the potatoes to the kettle and serve.

A novelty sandwich consists in the fact that after the sandwich is made it is pressed closely together and then dipped in a thin batter made in the proportion to one beaten egg to a half cup of milk. If the filling of the sandwich is a savory mixture of egg, fish, cheese, meat or fowl, a pinch each of pepper and salt should be added to the batter. If, however, the sandwich has a sweet filling, the batter should be slightly sweetened and flavored with a teaspoonful of sherry. Cook the moistened sandwich on a hot, well-greased griddle, browning first on one side and then on the other. A shallow iron frying pan will answer the same purpose, and olive oil will be found an excellent substitute for butter.

Fowl With Sour Cream Gravy.—Cut chicken or fowl as for fricassee and cook slowly till tender. Do not add salt until nearly done. When perfectly tender remove to platter on which is spread buttered toast or crisp baking powder biscuits, split, and make sour cream gravy as follows: One and one-half cups chicken broth, three-fourths cup sour cream and one and one-half tablespoons each of butter and flour. Rub butter and flour together, add to broth and let boil. Thin with sour cream, reheat and season to taste with salt and pepper as needed. Do not let this boil, as it is liable to separate. If fried chicken is desired, dredge meat with flour and fry in butter, chicken fat, or lard until brown. Delicious.

Irish Stew.—Free two pounds neck of lean mutton or veal from fat, divide into meat cubes of uniform size, about one inch long, and put in to cook with enough water to cover. Let stew until tender. About an hour should be enough if meat was reasonably tender to begin with. Have ready in another pot two carrots, cut into small dice, and two fair-sized onions, sliced thin. They should be cooked ten minutes to take off crude flavor. Drain and add to meat, with pepper and salt to taste. Cover and simmer one-half hour. Then add two good-sized potatoes, cut into cubes and parboiled, and two stalks of celery, also diced. Simmer steadily another half-hour, covered. Put one tablespoon butter into frying pan and when hot stir in one tablespoon of flour. Cook, but do not let darken, and add to stew a little before serving. Take up meat with split spoon, lay it neatly in centre of heated platter and lay vegetables about it.

Household Hints.

Cold water, ammonia, and a little white soap will remove machine grease.

Powdered French chalk sprinkled over stale bread is an excellent cleaner for wall paper.

Should fresh paint be upset on the floor, pour vinegar over it and wipe up at once with a soft cloth.

Silk, if burned, gives off a disagreeable smell, similar to that of burned feathers, whereas cotton or artificial silk are practically odorless.

Do not throw away one bit of the celery. Wash the undesirable parts and boil them with the soup bones. It will give the soup a delicious flavor.

Cucumbers are cooled under running water if they have not been on ice or if stood stem down in iced water for a little while they become suitable for salad.

If afraid to use poison for rats, soak a rag with kerosene, put a piece of camphor gum in it and stuff the rat hole. Mr. Rat will call at that entrance no more.

Do not use scouring powders or soaps on your bathtub; a cloth dipped in kerosene oil or turpentine will remove all soil, when the tub can be polished with a little whiting. Any-

thing gritty, it should be remembered, ruins the enamel of bathtubs.

Save the water in which the fresh green peas have been boiled. It makes an excellent foundation for soup stock or gravies. It is of such a delicate flavor that some people like it served in bouillon cups with salt, pepper and a bit of butter.

A quick way to clean currants when making cakes is to put the fruit into a colander with a sprinkling of flour, and rub round a few times with your hand. It is surprising how quickly the stalks are separated and come through the small holes.

Get some bitter apple from the chemist, crush it, and sprinkle it amongst the clothes. You will find it the finest thing on record for keeping moths away from everything and one can use garments at a minute's notice, as there is no smell left by bitter apple.

Time saving is one of the chief problems of the busy woman, and it concerns especially the housewife who does her own cooking. Here, for example, is how one woman saves time. When she makes pie crust she makes double the quantity needed at the moment, as pie crust rolled in a damp napkin and put in the refrigerator will keep perfectly for several days. Then she plans in the menus for the next few days to use that crust. A dessert or a fruit tart for the first night, a meat pie for dinner the second night, turnovers for luncheon the following day and if any crust remains it can be used in desserts, meat patties or cheese straws. By using the pastry in such a variety of ways she avoids the impression of sameness yet manages to lighten her work materially.

A way to make old carpets look and wear like linoleum: Take any old piece of carpet and tack it, wrong side up, to the floor where it is to remain. Now mix a thick paste of flour and water, cook it thoroughly and apply evenly to the wrong side of the carpet. This paste acts as a filling and makes a good surface on which to apply one finishing coat of paint. Let the paste dry thoroughly, then apply one thick coat of paint. A light lead will not show the dirt.

BELLS IN GAME OF WAR.

That of Vienna Cathedral, Cast From Turkish Cannon.

The great bell of the Cathedral of St. Stephen, Vienna, cast from captured Turkish cannons more than two centuries ago, is to return to war as an Austrian "skoda," a 42-centimeter mortar, big calibre shells, or shrapnel. The church has given this treasure to be melted up as part of the war metal collection.

Here is another of the reversions, to former times that the war has demanded the bell commanded the town, when the conqueror melted down bells for ammunition or the conquered saw his cannon cast into bells. Bells have had a great part in war, they have summoned soldiers to arms, and they have rung over triumph and defeat. The old bells of Chester Cathedral rang the victory of Trafalgar and the death of Nelson, "after every peal a single booming note of grief." Another old English bell, cracked under the strain of Waterloo rejoicing, was recast and re-inscribed, "I rang the downfall of Bonaparte and broke."

Some of the famous French bells were melted down for gun metal in the revolution. Many of the bells of Belgium, renowned as a land of bells and where the finest products of the art in its prime, have already met the fate of the tocsin of St. Stephen. Old "Roland," the bell of Ghent, that sounded only victory, and the 600-year-old "Horrida," of Antwerp, proclaimed neither their city's danger nor fall.

The Great Growler, "die grosse Brummerin" of St. Stephen, weighs only 17 tons, not much when it is remembered that if Russia, too, was to melt up her bells she could find in Moscow one that weighs 180 tons and another 128 tons. Old St. Stephen's bell in times past could have made a small battery of artillery. To-day it would furnish only a third of the material of a 42-centimeter mortar, and as the shell used in this monster gun is five feet long and weighs three-quarters of a ton, it would not even go far as ammunition. "These shells," it is said, "kill everyone within 150 yards and many further off; rifle barrels melt as if struck by lightning; men who disappear in such explosions 'are reported as missing, as there is no proof of their death.' The old bell comes down to woeeful business from the tower where it has so long pealed only peace.

Makes Artificial Cotton.

A returned Chinese, desirous of promoting home industry, says the Far East has established an artificial cotton factory in the French Concession at Hankow. It is said he uses rice straw prepared with some chemical solution, which instantly turns it into fine white cotton fibre. By making it undergo further chemical action, it can be turned into paper. Those who are interested in this trade can apply, and for a fee of \$5 he guarantees to teach them the art of manufacturing artificial cotton within nine days.

SURVIVORS OF HESPERIAN JUST AFTER THEY LANDED



The above snapshot of a group of Hesperian survivors was taken just after their landing at Queenstown, by Sir Stanley Harrington, Trafalgar, Cork, who sent a copy to Mr. John W. Price, Toronto, another survivor of the wreck, who, although not in the picture, was an interested spectator at the time it was taken.

THE SUNDAY LESSON

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.
OCTOBER 17.

Lesson III. — Elisha Heals Naaman the Syrian, 2 Kings 5. Golden Text: Exodus 15. 26.

1. The Little Maiden of Israel (Verses 1-4).

Verse 1. But he was a leper—His leprosy, as yet, evidently was not of a malignant kind. Had he been a Jew he would not have been permitted to mingle with his fellows, much less command an army (see Lev. chapters 13 and 14).

2. A little maiden—She must have been so attractive as to suggest to some soldier of the marauding band that she would be a welcome gift to the captain of the host, who in turn would be glad to present her to his wife.

3. The prophet that is in Samaria—Elisha's name had gone abroad so that it was not necessary to mention his name.

4. One went in—Doubtless one of the close friends of Naaman, who in rendering a service to his master Naaman would doubtless serve the king.

II. The Letter of the Syrian King (Verses 5-7).

5. Go now—The king would let no time be lost in putting "the prophet" to the test.

I will send a letter—The relations of the two kings evidently were friendly.

Ten talents of silver—The accompanying gift, which, according to Oriental custom, is always indispensable on such occasions. The silver was worth about \$18,750 in our money. Gold had a value of ten times that of silver. The "piece" or "shekel" was worth about ten dollars. The six thousand pieces amounted to about \$60,000, making the total gold and silver gift about \$80,000. The ten changes of raiment were also very costly. See Gen. 45. 22; 2 Chron. 9. 24.

7. He rent his clothes—The king of Israel seemed to have less faith than the king of Syria. But he may well have trembled, as leprosy was an incurable disease, and hence the request of the Syrian king seemed to be nothing more or less than an attempt to provoke war.

III. The Message of Elisha (Verses 8-10, 14).

8. He sent to the king—The news of the message from the Syrian king was soon abroad and created fear. When Elisha hears of it he assures the king of Israel that God is still potent through his prophets and that, therefore, no cause for alarm exists.

9. Stood at the door of the house of Elisha—This indeed was a kindly service which came to the unpretentious house of the humble prophet.

10. Seven times—The usual sacred number.

14. According to the saying of the man of God—To wash in the Jordan seemed to be an inconsequential matter. Naaman was looking for "some great thing." He was willing to obey, however, even to the seventh time. For, doubtless, no sign of healing appeared until he had done all that he had been commanded to do.

A leather cannon was used at Edinburgh in 1778 and found to answer. Madge—So you feel better since you gave up dancing and devoted yourself to Red Cross work? Marjorie—Indeed I do, dear. I've had my name in the papers nine times.

The Conception of Home

It Is An Influence Not Only for the Body But Also for the Soul.

"And they said unto him, Where is Sarah, thy wife? and he said, Behold she is in the tent."—Gen. xviii, 9.

These words relate to a touching incident in ancient rural home life—the patriarch Abraham is host, entertaining three strangers, while his wife, Sarah, is within the tent preparing everything for the comfort of her husband and his guests. The simple and cordial hospitality, the ease and quiet that seem to have pervaded the patriarchal home are redolent of a bygone civilization. In all the gain of the modern world, in its material culture, science, money, power, pleasure, liberty, we have lost something—the flavor of true home life.

The conception of home is rather vague to-day. To many it is but a shelter for creature comforts. But the true home is more than mere walls bare or richly decorated. It is an influence, an atmosphere, a spirit, a breath of love, a vibration of tenderness.

A Wave of Sympathy.

A series of heart beats, an oasis in the wilderness, not only for the body but also for the soul.

The true home should cater to the soul. It should be an intellectual and cultural center. Emerson has said that a grammar and a piano ushered civilization into the hut of the Western pioneer. So a few books, an English anthology of poetry or prose, a Browning, perhaps; a Bible, or some

pure fiction, a picture or two, a Beethoven or some scene from a favorite opera, a few flowers and some mementos of friends or places create an environment that is restful and inspiring.

The home is the school for life. It is a microcosm. There are found all the evils of the world in their native, nascent state—selfishness, pettiness, envy, greed, avarice. These must be overcome in the home or they will grow and rise up and conquer man in the world.

The home is the citadel of humanity from which to attack all the inimical forces of society. The home is

The Bulwark of the State. Whatever is done to purify and strengthen its influence on the physical, intellectual and moral being of man is a service to the nation.

Let men make the laws of the land, build its enterprises on land and sea, fill its armies and navies; those who make the home are the true arbiters of the world's destinies.

The three messengers of God who partook of Abraham's hospitality realized his great mission in the world and the potent influence thereon of his pure and inspiring home. They sensed the secret of that domestic love and peace and power. And therefore they asked, "Where is Sarah, thy wife?" And he, understanding their query, replied, "She is in the tent," meaning thereby, "She is the mistress of my home and my life."—Joseph Silverman.

WHY THE BANKER AND FARMER SHOULD BUILD UP THE HOME TOWN

TEAM WORK IS NEEDED AMONGST THE BUSINESS MEN

Strong Plea for a Movement to be Inaugurated by Bankers and Business Men for the Bridging of the Gulf Between the Town People and the Farmer.

(By J. R. Moorehead, in the Banker-Farmer.)

There are at least twice as many people living in our smaller cities, towns and villages as live in our fifty great cities. The home market of our farming population living about these smaller cities and towns is just twice as great as the city markets. Yet we hear much that would lead one to believe that all of the people in this country to be fed by the producers on the farm are to be found in the great centres where the high cost of living seems now, more than ever, the one great thing talked about, and to be considered. Yet, the home market of the farmer is his largest and best market, right at his door where he can bring his produce every working day in the year and sell it to the consumer direct, without the intervention of any middleman whatsoever, and secure therefor every cent without any profit of commission to any middleman whatsoever.

In these nine states, Wisconsin, Missouri, Iowa, Indiana, Michigan, New York, Illinois, Ohio and Pennsylvania, 6,956 towns have lost population, notwithstanding the fact that the population of the whole country increased in the decade covered, 21 per cent. Out of the 78 county seats in these nine states, 217, or nearly 23 per cent. of them, have lost population, though the county seat is in many ways the centre of most of the activities of the county unit along the line of politics, courts, collection of taxes and in other directions. And, strange to say, this tendency of the decline of the towns is greatest in the richest and most thickly settled part of the states.

What does this mean to you and to me, and to all of the forty million people living in these towns? It means this, a continued loss of business; it means depreciation in property values in these towns; it means a depreciation in farm land value, for the better the town the higher the value there is to the land because of its proximity to the town; it means less deposits in your banks; it means that you will have less money to lend to the farmer and to the business man; it means the boys are not going to stay in the towns; it means that the boy is not going to stay on the farm unless the town affords some attraction; it means economic ruin to many of our best interests; it means increased problems for the country and states in matters of handling our social and political problems in our great cities; it means concentration of business of every kind in the great centres; it means the downfall of the small business man and the small banker; it means socialism.

What are we as bankers and business men, going to do about it? What does your home town most need? First of all, it needs team work, co-operation, first amongst bankers and business men, and second, by all of these and the farming communities about us. There are too many bankers and business men in these towns who are disloyal to each other—a lack of confidence exists. Competition and business rivalry have tended to make enemies of us, rather than friends and co-workers. The local drygoods man cannot supply the wants of the banker's wife and family because his stock is not fine enough, hence they trade by mail or visit the department store. Let me remind you, a one that "a town that is good enough to live in is good enough to spend your money in." If you cannot spend your money where you make it you are sucking the life blood out of our town and you ought to move. The lumberman and the hardware merchant and their families are just as often guilty of the same practice, and then they wonder why the town does not improve, and their business prosper. What inducement, let us ask, for example, is there for the local dry goods store to carry in stock goods fine enough for the banker's, the lumberman's, and the hardware merchant's family? None whatever. This being often the case, how can the banker expect the merchant, whose note he holds, to meet his obligations if there is taken away from him the only means whereby he may be able to meet them—his profits on goods sold to his neighbors.

The whole question is summed up in and stated in the following from one who was at one time the editor of a country newspaper, in this state, when he said: "If you spend your money where you get it, you will be able to get it where you spend it."

The second great movement that should be inaugurated by the bankers and business men is that of bridging the gulf which exists between the town people and the farmer. It might be to the advantage of perhaps one person in ten thousand in this country to have this gulf made wider, but no more. There are many of our farmers, and some living in towns, who have been educated to believe that the home merchant is a thief and a robber, and that the local banker is no less guilty of sharp practices than the loan shark of our cities. Thousands of them do not even give the home merchants a chance to supply their wants. (No wonder the home merchant does not carry the stock in size and quality to meet the demands of some of our communities. How can he? and why should he?) They send the money away when they have the cash, and the home merchant is only of use and benefit when the crops fail and when the price is so low that they hold for a higher, and in the meantime the merchant becomes the banker, in that he lends his goods without interest and often borrows the money from you in order to perform this service. Our farmer friends, our neighbors—best friends—have become estranged from us, and the imaginary line between the country and the town is a barrier to the prosperity and the co-operation, and to the good of all. In solving this problem we will not have to work upon all of our farmer friends and our neighbors, most of them are loyal to us and to their own town, but it is our duty to co-operate to stifle every movement working to augment this effort to take the trade of the farmer away from his home town. We should enlist every influence to join with us. There is a great quartet of interest in this country, which, if they could be brought together, and in the end they will when conditions become ripe, would wonder for the good of all. I refer to the bankers and the business men of the towns, the farm press and the country paper.

The movement inaugurated by the bankers, looking to co-operation with other interests in the upbuilding and increasing of efficiency of the farm, is the great movement of the day. It will not succeed at the expense of the millions of people and particularly merchants and bankers located in the towns and smaller cities. They are vitally interested and should become a part and parcel of a great joint movement that will increase the productive ability of our farmers. You cannot hope to accomplish this increase by in any way crippling that great body of our people who are the nearest to, and the only ones to whom the farmers as a class go to, and depend upon for assistance and co-operation in times of extremity. It is the problem of to-day, that of feeding this nation, which is already a consuming rather than a producing one. To this cause the merchants and business men of the towns pledge their earnest support. There are more than a million of them. They ask in return reciprocity on the part of our neighbors and farmers in order that peace, happiness and prosperity may be the portion of all alike.

Our fourth great aim should be, in order to preserve ourselves, our communities and those about us, to become community builders. Community builders to the extent of blotting out the corporate limits, extending the influence of the commercial club and the business organizations to cover the country surrounding. It has been my privilege the most of my life to live in a community which to a large extent has accomplished this thing. We have found out by co-operation on the part of the bankers and the business men that the farming community about us was in hearty sympathy with every effort to meet conditions in and out of town, and where I have lived, and what we as merchants and bankers have done is being repeated throughout the country. Many towns have become awakened to the situation; they are inviting co-operation; they are seeking light; they are spending money; they are doing everything that is possible in their power to promote the feeling of friendship, and co-operation with all classes.

WOOD AND WATER.

Wood Cell Is Composed of Crystals Like Grains of Sugar or Salt.

All wood contains more or less water; even the driest wood known contains two or three pounds of water to every hundred pounds of weight. Absolutely dry wood is unknown, for the heat needed to obtain it would dissolve the wood and convert it into gas and charcoal. An eminent Swiss authority on the characteristics of wood believes that a sufficiently powerful microscope could be made, would show that the ultimate wood cell is composed of crystals like grains of sugar or salt, and that thin films of water hold the crystals apart, yet bind them into a mass. A good microscope shows the wood cell and reveals its spiral bandages and its openings and cavities, but no instrument yet made reveals the ultimate crystals that, as many believe, do exist, and that would explain why water cannot be expelled from wood without destroying the wood itself.

One-third of the sufferers from gout in hospitals are painters.

A man isn't known so well by the company he keeps as by the line of talk he hands the next door neighbors.