

"GUNGA DINS" OF THE BALKAN BATTLEFIELD.



In his sunny clime,  
Where I used to spend my time  
A-cervin' of 'er majesty, the Queen,  
Of all them black-faced crew,  
The finest man I knew  
Was our regimental bhisti, Gunga Din.

ish army after its crushing defeat at  
Lule Burgas. Weary, dejected,  
wounded and starved, the soldiers  
streamed across the barren plain to-  
ward Constantinople, falling by thou-  
sands to rise no more.

"E lifted up my load,  
An' 'e plugged me where I bled,  
An' 'e give me 'art a pint of water  
—green;  
It was crawlin', an' it stunk!  
But of all the drinks I've drunk,  
I'm gratefullest for one from Gunga Din.

The picture shows a Turkish soldier  
lying on the ground. The water boy  
is carrying a water cart instead of carrying  
a bag, but is otherwise much the same.  
The photograph was taken during the  
heart-breaking retreat of the Turk-

"A bullet come an' drilled the beg-  
ger clean, and that was the end of  
Gunga Din."

The Turkish Gunga Dins have had  
to face more than bullets. Every-  
where the roads and fields have been  
strewn with cholera victims, writhing  
in agony and begging piteously for a  
drop of water, and threatening in-  
fection of water, which helped them.  
In the distance the picture shows horse-  
men, feeling from the pestilence, as  
from the Bulgarian army. And in  
the face of bullets, cholera, cold and  
utter exhaustion, the water boys have  
done their work.

Though I've belted you an' flayed you,  
By the livin' God that made you,  
You're a better man than I am,  
Gunga Din.

along the line of its implications. It is  
the truth of the superpersonal quality in  
all personal experience. Let me see  
whether I can manage to unfold this to  
you in a few words.

We are told by those who are able to  
speak authoritatively in such matters  
that nature always has some utilitarian  
end in view when she produces a beau-  
tiful thing; it is a contrivance for the  
securing of some ulterior object. Is  
it any different with the human con-  
science and the finest and most exquisite  
developments of human feeling? Well,  
certainly if so it is well concealed. A  
volcano shows no pity; an earthquake  
has no sensibilities; the smiling blue  
sea will suffocate you without a sign  
of either knowing or caring. It was  
such a still calm night, as poets sing  
about when the Titanic went down; and  
the majestic firmament exhibited no emo-  
tion; no star trembled at the spectacle  
of human anguish. When the Messina dis-  
aster swept a quarter of a million people  
into eternity amid scenes of horror in-  
describable there was not the faintest  
indication that this, the most gigantic  
and terrifying catastrophe in history,  
caused the earth to shiver or a hair's  
breadth from her place among the  
spheres or altered one iota the steady,  
irresistible, passionless operation of cos-  
mic law. Such facts not only make us  
feel how pitifully small we are in contrast  
with the vastness and awfulness of the  
material forces which hold us in their  
grip, but compel us to feel likewise that  
our notions of right and wrong, good and  
evil, noble and ignoble do not interpret  
them. We are like children playing in a  
forest, and calling one tree home, and  
another church, another school, and so on,  
and conjuring up a whole world of spir-  
itual relations which are really non-  
existent as far as the forest is con-  
cerned; they only exist in the minds of  
the children. Plainly there is something  
going on in this tremendous universe of  
which we form a part, something of un-  
speakable grandeur and worth, or we  
ourselves, with our ideals of the beautiful  
and good, could never have appeared;  
but it is equally obvious that it is im-  
possible to interpret that something by  
our own puny, limited standards as to  
what is desirable or undesirable.

NOISIEST PERSON IN THE WORLD NOW COOING  
TO THE DOVE OF PEACE.  
WHO JEAN JAURES IS—AND WHY.

Imagine a huge, short-legged, large-  
bodied man, fat, white and soft; a man  
who never talks, but bellows of low  
forehead and heavy, unkempt beard.  
There you have Jean Jaures, the  
leading French Socialist, and one of the  
six leading Socialists in Europe, the man  
who wrote the manifesto issued by the  
International Socialist Congress at Basel,  
Switzerland, calling on all Socialists to  
resist any measures their governments  
might take to spread the Balkan war  
over Europe.

Jean Jaures is an orator, the greatest  
France has heard since Leon Gambetta  
swayed multitudes.

Jaures can and does talk louder and  
longer than any other living man. A  
speech belted in tones of thunder last-  
ing but five or six hours is only "a word  
or two" in Jaures' mind. He lives on  
talk, and has probably made more  
speeches and shouted more words than  
any other orator the world has ever  
known.

When not orating to crowds of work-  
ing people and unemployed, he dictates  
long speeches for his paper, "Humanite."  
Most of his orations begin with the of-  
ficial song of the French Socialist party:

"Stand up, ye damned ones of the earth,  
Ye galley slaves of hunger, stand!  
For reason thunders in its crater,  
And the eruption is at hand."

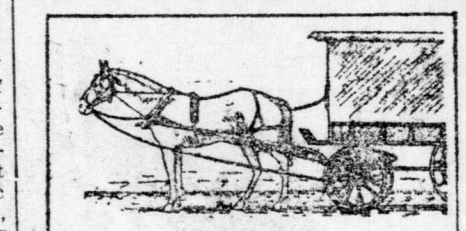
He has long been opposed to interna-  
tional warfare, and time and again has  
shouted this to his audiences:  
"If they insist on making us heroes,  
we'll send our bullets into the backs of  
our own generals!"

Jaures was born of well-to-do parents  
at Castres, southern France, in 1859. He  
was well educated. He was elected to  
the Chamber of Deputies as a Conserva-  
tive when 36 years old. He was defeated  
and turned Radical, and then Socialist,  
and as a Socialist was returned to the  
chamber, where he has since risen to be  
the chief orator and one of the real  
leaders.

Though he had little money when he  
began public life, Jaures now has his  
own automobiles, city and country resi-  
dences, and "lives large," as he puts it.

NO HORSE CAN WALK AWAY IF  
HE IS TIED LIKE THIS.

The average horse weight offers  
very little obstruction to a horse that  
really wants to walk away. A way out  
of the trouble is easily found, however.



If the hitching strap is attached to  
the wheel, with the line just long  
enough to allow the horse's head to be  
held naturally when the strap is on  
the edge of the wheel nearest to him.

Then if the horse takes a step fur-  
ther the wheel turns and pulls its head  
down. It will be found that a horse  
can move but a few feet before it  
stops of its own accord if hitched in  
this way.

The young man was figuring out  
ways and means. "They say two can  
live as cheaply as one." "Do not delude  
yourself, Ferdinand," said the girl.  
"For one thing, I shall positively have  
a separate car."—Louisville Courier-  
Journal.

Duh!—"Do you know what Phatson  
specialized in at college?" Keene.  
"Judging from his appearance, it was  
gastronomy."—Judge.



JEAN JAURES.

While he himself has often declared  
he knows "no God and no king," he had  
his own children baptized by a priest  
with water brought from the River Jor-  
dan, and had his daughter educated in  
a convent.

On the platform he bitterly denounces  
royalty, but when the King and Queen of  
Italy visited Paris, Jaures paid them  
his respects, and did it with the Duchess  
of Aosta on one arm and the Countess  
Guicardini on the other.

When Jaures orates to the working  
people his beard is wet with the tears  
he sheds; his big body groans with the  
anguish he endures for the "galley  
slaves"; he gestures wildly and screams  
like a madman; his audience works itself  
with him in his frenzy; would vent de-  
light over the fact that the Legisla-  
ture had passed Game Laws.

Father one day loses patience and  
passes his opinion:  
He combed his Hair straight back,  
like a Sea Lion, and in Zero Weather  
wore a peculiar type of Low Shoe,  
with a Hard-boiled Egg in the Toe.

His overcoat was of Horse Blanket  
material, with a Surcingle, and the  
Hat needed a Hair Cut and a Shave.  
When he topped off his Mardi Gras  
Combination with a pair of Yellow  
Gloves that sounded like a Cry for  
Help and went teetering down the  
Street, his Faith would vent De-  
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**FREE**  
**\$325.00 PIANO**  
**AND**  
**\$100.00 CASH**  
**GIVEN AWAY**  
In this Great Puzzle Contest  
**VALUE \$325.00**

**1st Prize—MAGNIFICENT UPRIGHT PIANO AND STOOL TO MATCH. VALUE \$325.00**  
(It is on view any business day from 9 to 5 at our factory)  
**2nd Prize.....\$25.00 in Cash**  
**3rd Prize.....15.00 in Cash**  
**4th Prize.....10.00 in Cash**  
**5th to 9th, 5 Prizes of \$5 Each, 25.00 in Cash**  
**and 25 Prizes of \$1.00 Each, 25.00 in Cash**  
**TOTAL CASH PRIZES.....\$100.00**

**CONDITIONS**  
1. This contest is absolutely free. You are not asked to spend a cent of your money or buy anything to enter.  
2. Children under 12 years of age will not be permitted to enter.  
3. No employee of ours or relation of employee will be allowed to compete.  
4. The prizes in this contest will be awarded to correct answers according to handwriting and general neatness. Be neat and you may win a good prize.  
5. Judging will be done by three gentlemen having absolutely no connection with this firm. Their decision is to be accepted as final.  
6. There is a simple condition to be fulfilled which we ask of all contestants. As soon as your answers are received, we will write advising you if it is correct and telling you of this condition.

**DO NOT DELAY, GET YOUR ANSWER IN TO-DAY.**  
**NATIONAL PRODUCTS LIMITED, Dept. 355 Toronto, Canada**

**THE PUZZLE**  
**RENTALWAGES**  
**SARERF**  
**ARAIGAN**  
**ckahewatnsaS**

The jumbled letters given above represent the names of Four Great Canadian Rivers. To help yourself, we have underlined the first letter in each name. The first is St. Lawrence. Now guess the rest and send us in your solution of all four names in your very neatest and best handwriting.

**PERFECTION**  
**SMOKELESS**  
**OIL HEATER**

**Efficient.** Will heat a good sized room even in the coldest weather.  
**Economical.** Burns nine hours on one gallon of oil.  
**Ornamental.** Nickel trimmings; plain steel or enameled turquoise-blue drums.  
**Portable.** Easily carried from room to room; weighs only eleven pounds; handle doesn't get hot.

**Doesn't Smoke**  
**Doesn't Leak**  
**Easily Cleaned**  
**and Re-wicked**  
**Inexpensive**  
**Lasts for years**

**At Dealers Everywhere**

**London** **Toronto** **Montreal**  
**St. John** **Halifax** **Winnipeg**

**Old Dutch Cleanser**

Chases Dirt  
Cures Skin  
Removes Grease  
Keeps Skin Soft

It is a pure, hygienic, cleanser entirely free from acids, caustics and alkali. Avoid dangerous chemical cleansers—Old Dutch is a mechanical cleanser. Its fine particles quickly loosen and remove all "grease and burn" without leaving a scratch on the surface. Use it on the floors, wood-work and metal work all over the house.

**Safest for Food Utensils**  
**Old Dutch Cleanser**

—is a pure, hygienic, cleanser entirely free from acids, caustics and alkali. Avoid dangerous chemical cleansers—Old Dutch is a mechanical cleanser. Its fine particles quickly loosen and remove all "grease and burn" without leaving a scratch on the surface. Use it on the floors, wood-work and metal work all over the house.

**Many other uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-can**  
**10¢**

Tommy (at the opera).—"It is true that Lulu Larson is two-faced!" Artie (studying Lulu through his glass).—"Well, she is probably not what she appears to be on the surface, but I don't think she is as bad as she is painted."—Fuck.

**When Appetite Fails**  
**And Digestion Is Bad**

There Is Danger Ahead for the Man That Neglects Nature's Warning.

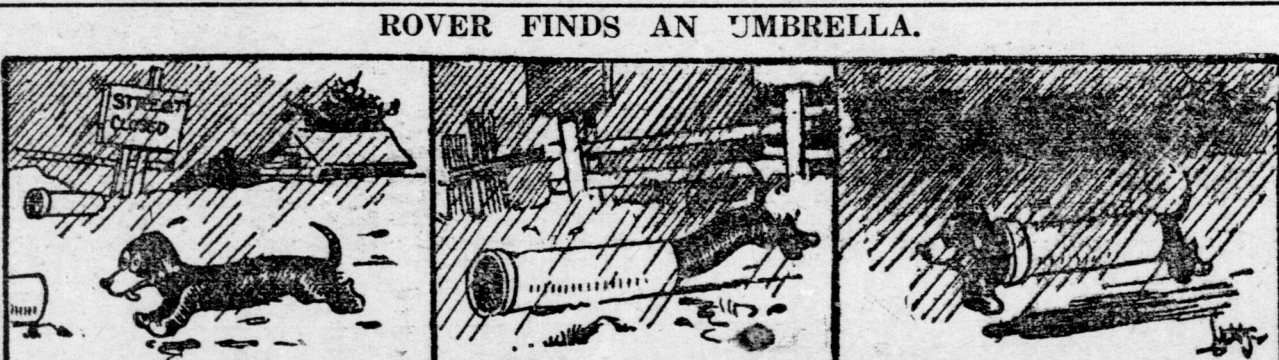
Dyspepsia Tendencies Are Serious and Should Be Treated Accordingly.

There is a strong moral in the statement of James Schrum, of Pleasant street, Dartmouth, N. S. Like thousands of people, he was failing in health because his stomach and digestive organs were out of repair. His vitality was slipping away; he was losing ground every day. He could not have held on much longer. I was wasting away simply because no remedy I used gave tone and strength to my stomach. The vital forces of my system seemed dead. I was advised to try Dr. Hamilton's Pills. What hidden weakness they searched out I didn't know, but in a miraculous way they have made a new man of me. My stomach troubles are cured, rich blood now runs through my veins—clear skin and unmistakable evidences of health and vigor I feel every day. Dr. Hamilton's Pills have certainly mastered the secret of curing the sickly, enervated man and I strongly urge everyone in failing or lost health to use this grand remedy."

Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut are purely vegetable—25¢ per box, five for \$1, all druggists and storekeepers, or postpaid from The Catarthorone Company, Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Ont.



Turkish women preparing bandages and splints for the wounded in a Constantinople hospital. The war has resulted in a general discarding of the veil, for the first time in history.



ROVER FINDS AN UMBRELLA.

**The Super-Personal Purpose;**  
**Sermon by Rev. R. J. Campbell**  
(Preached in the City Temple, London, England.)

"If thou see the oppression of the poor,  
And violent perverting of judgment and  
justice in a province, marvel not at the  
matter; for he that is higher than the  
highest regardeth; and there be higher  
than they."—Eccles. v. 8.

The true bearing of this aphorism only  
becomes apparent when we take into  
consideration the background of the  
thoughts and feelings of the man who  
wrote it, and endeavor to see with his  
eyes the strange ups and downs of  
human lot. Unless we are careful to do  
this we shall mistake its purport. For  
to a modern Christian the general sense  
of the saying would seem to be that God  
is silently watching the infliction of  
wrong by one human being upon another,  
and in the end—probably in the world to  
come—will recompense both; the op-  
pressor will then have to suffer, and his  
victim will receive a full equivalent  
for all the pain he has now been  
forced unjustly to endure. From this  
point of view my text is a sort of anti-  
cipation of the main idea of the parable  
of Dives and Lazarus. "Son, we are  
not exactly told that the rich man of  
St. Luke's picture had wronged the beg-  
gar at his gate, the inference is that he  
must have done so. Probably we are  
meant to understand that he had obtained  
his riches by force and fraud and by  
grinding the faces of the poor; so after  
death he is shown in the Dives and Laz-  
arus story, while the person he has robbed  
and spurned is made happy in the possession  
of more than enough to compensate him  
for the injustice to which he had been  
subjected on earth.

But this explanation does not alto-  
gether meet the case. I suspect that it  
does not quite do so even in respect to  
the New Testament parable I have just  
cited—though that is a question into  
which we must not enter now. One has  
to remember that to this Old Testament  
writer

Belief in a Future State  
was not what it afterwards became to the  
man who wrote the New. Therefore, it  
could not be the poetic justice described  
in the Dives and Lazarus story to which  
he was looking forward. It must have  
been something rather different, as we  
shall see if we scrutinize his words and  
their assumptions. Apparently he lived  
at a time when, as has so often been the  
case in Oriental countries and to some  
extent in Christendom also, justice could  
be bought and sold; persons in lowly  
positions could not look for any remedy  
from their rulers when greed and extor-  
tion went hand in hand with the power  
of life and death. Until recently in such  
countries as Turkey and Persia, and  
before the French and British occupation  
respectively—in Morocco and Egypt, it  
did not pay the poorer classes to be in-  
dustrious; no sooner did a man succeed in  
growing a little more dates and corn  
than his neighbors, or in amassing a  
little money by honest trading, than his  
store would be seized on the ground that  
he could afford to pay more taxes; or if  
he were suspected of hoarding posses-  
sions in secret, he would be clapped into  
prison on some unjust charge in order  
to make him disgorge his gains to the  
corrupt functionary who coveted them.

It is a system whose instruments are  
cruelty and wickedness, a system in  
which rapacity and violence take the  
place of righteousness and peace. And  
what this man says about it is most ex-  
pressive and surprising; it is not at all  
what we should expect. He does not say  
that God is watching over the oppressor  
and the oppressed in order later to re-  
ward both according to their deeds; that  
is a meaning conventionally read into the  
text which is not actually there. What  
he does say is that it is no use marveling  
at the injustice inflicted by man upon  
man, for God knows all about it, and yet  
for his own inscrutable ends allows it to  
go on. This is really what the utterance  
means, though we are so accustomed to  
the Christian point of view that we are  
not prepared for it, and therefore look for

**IF YOU OVERSLEEP, BLAME IT ON THE CLOCK.**

**LETS SEE MY TRAIN LEAVES AT 5 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING SO I MUST GET UP AT FOUR**

**FOUR O'CLOCK IS AWFULLY EARLY—THIS MEANS MONEY, SO I MUST GET THAT TRAIN**

**THERE, I'VE SET THE ALARM AT FOUR O'CLOCK**

**HUM—THIS IS THE THIRD TIME I'VE THOUGHT I HEARD THE ALARM AND IT'S ONLY TWO**

**GREAT SCOTT, 9 O'CLOCK! AND I'VE LOST THE TRAIN—THE BLAME CLOCK NEVER WENT OFF**