

Animals on Firing Line Are Beloved by Fighters As Friends in Distress

AMONG all the innocent victims of the war none deserve more pity than the animals who find themselves suddenly in the midst of all the horrors of war.

One source of thankfulness is that such a society as the Blue Cross is at work, and through this agency alone a vast amount of suffering has been saved to the horses engaged in serving man in the firing line. A visit to one of the establishments of the society has been described, and it would appear to be most humanely managed. Here the wounded and sick horses are brought, and if these are judged to be beyond rescue they are at once put out of their misery. If, however, they can be cured they are skilfully handled by experienced men.

One of the animals described was a black mule with a gray muzzle belonging to our Indian troops. This animal limped painfully, having been shot in the leg, until he could be hoisted on to a wagon sent for him, and it is said he appeared most grateful when the rest of the painful journey to the home was accomplished with as little suffering as possible. When the horses arrived at the home they were placed in two lines to have their wounds dressed. Many of them had bullets still in them, and these were, when possible, removed, and in all cases the wounds were carefully dressed. The saving of such a method in the number of horses' lives is very great, and, considering the terrible wastage of modern war, such an institution is valuable if only from the human point of view, while to anyone who knows from experience the sound of the cry of a wounded horse it is pleasant to know that our dumb helpers are saved as much as possible from the consequences of war.

The animals left in the deserted villages through which the tide of war has passed had extraordinary experiences. Some of the dogs have been found fastened to kennels and left by the inhabitants, where they have spent several days without food or drink. Our soldiers put them out of their pain as quickly as possible, while in several instances the captives have been adopted by our men.

It is strange how soon animals get used even to terrific shell-firing. This is seen in such places as Shoburness, where the testing of large guns is frequent. New horses being brought there to be trained show every symptom of fear, while the animals who have been there for some time graze unconcernedly under the muzzles of the big guns, even at the moment these are being fired without stopping for an instant. And it is said by those in the trenches that the cows which are kept by both sides for the sake of fresh milk are milked every day under fire, the cows seeming in no way disturbed by the falling shells unless they are hit; these animals are constantly under rifle fire, while in the fields round animals are feeding in many cases as if they were in a land of perfect peace.

Amusing tales are sometimes heard of the farmyard animals close to the rival armies. One officer records an instance of some hens which his servant set out to catch for his supper. The hens actually laid eggs in their fright, but managed to escape into the neighboring field, where his man did not dare follow them. And another case of animals under fire, or rather insects, was told by Lord Roberts on one occasion when he was leading the 9th Lancers. Passing a compound in the Northern Provinces in India, a soldier thoughtlessly poked his lance into a wild bees' nest. The angry bees immediately swarmed round him and his companions, and Lord Roberts saw his men scattered in wild confusion, as though an enemy was in pursuit, though none were known to be in that neighborhood. He afterwards found that the Highlanders complained that their dress had not proved suitable for such an encounter.

Wild animals suffer in many ways from the presence of troops in their neighborhood, for they have not even the poor protection of one side or the other. In this way it is said that wild boars and bears are hastily leaving their haunts in the East of Europe and making across country in every direction, appearing in places they have never before visited. The Carpathians, which have hitherto been one of the finest sporting countries left in Europe, will suffer extremely in this respect from the present conflict which has raged over so much of the range. In Russia wild animals are leaving their haunts; but in this case some of them at least are profiting from the present disturbances, for multitudes of wolves are leaving their fastnesses and, losing their fear of the guns by degrees, are appearing in the neighborhood of the troops as soon as the noise of battle lessens, and are to be found devouring the dead, and even those who have been severely wounded.

And amid much that is lovable in the Russian soldier there are few more pleasing traits than his love for his horse. A writer gives a prayer said to be regularly used by the Russians before going into action for the welfare of his animal. He prays "for the humble beast who with us bears the burden and heat of the day and offers his guileless life for the well-being of their common country" that it may be saved from suffering and given, if its life cannot be spared, at least a speedy death. Such a prayer may seem primitive to us in the West, but at least it gives us a feeling of tenderness for our Allies in the East who even at such a moment think of and care for their innocent friends.

Only Youthful Princess Blocks German Ambition In the Country of Dikes

ONLY two lives, those of the reigning Queen and her seven-year-old daughter, Princess Juliana, bar the way in the natural order of things to the accession to the throne of the Netherlands by a German prince. It is true that, so far as health and age are concerned, those lives may be described as "first class," but the potential slenderness of the thread was illustrated not long ago in the Hague woods, where the royal automobile carrying Queen Wilhelmina and the little Princess was the victim of a collision that might under less fortunate circumstances have cost the lives of both.

This question of the succession gave Dutchmen some concern before the war, and much more now. Several well known public men have drawn public attention to the matter in the last few days, and what looks like a strong agitation, enjoying widespread sympathy, has been started for a revision of the Constitution declaring null and void all potential rights of succession of foreign princes, leaving the choice of a new sovereign, in such an unhelped-for and unexpected circumstance as the failure of all direct heirs to the



PRINCESS JULIANA

throne, entirely to the States General or Parliament of the country. For every Dutchman, practically without exception, whatever be his sympathies in the present war, would regard the accession of a German prince as a calamity.

In the House of Orange, Holland is blessed with a dynasty, the throne, and Holland alone by such strong ties that no one at home or abroad would dream of suggesting that the council chambers of the Crown are accessible to other than purely Dutch interests. But if that house were left without living issue, the next claimants to the throne would be found among the collateral princely houses of Saxe-Weimar and Reuss-Kostritz, followed or accompanied by those of Saxe-Mainingen, Hohenzollern, another branch of Reuss-Kostritz, both equally foreign to the Netherlands.

Professor J. A. Van Hamel, a distinguished authority on law, declares in the *Amsterdammer*: "This game of interests with German royal relations on foreign thrones, must teach us that small powers should beware if they do not desire to see, in their highest government circles, a foreign aim that might be pernicious to them put in place of their national interests. It is the fact sufficiently reckoned with that, according to the present constitutional regulation of the succession to the throne, the successive princes called to the throne after Princess Juliana are all of German families, mostly officers in the German army, naturally all attached heart and soul and bound to the German policy. Monarchical coupling of this country to another, by a prince who could hardly be anything but an imperial prince-son, and who might be admonished from abroad to bear himself 'like a good German,' of whom, moreover, nothing is known here save that he has not the slightest relations with this country, would be a very serious matter for the coming times.

As regards the exact form that the proposed constitutional revision should take, Professor D. P. D. Fabius, yet another writer on the subject, argues in favor of simply putting all possible claimants besides Princess Juliana out of court, of binding the country in no way to any house or person outside the offspring of Wilhelmina, and thus in case of the necessity occurring leaving the States General an unquestionably free choice in the matter. On the other hand, Professor H. Louis Israels, a well-known publicist, wants to take a cue from the American Constitution, which itself borrowed so much from Dutch political law, in its prescription that only a born American can be elected head of the State. He would have the rule laid down that only those who were born and had remained Hollanders would be right of inheritance succeed to the throne of the Netherlands.

A PRACTICAL JOKER. Anecdotes Concerning the Late Sir Francis Burnand.

The quality of the humor Sir Francis Burnand, the former editor of "Punch" who died recently in London, did not exclude a certain love of jokes which, on one occasion, led to a very diverting evening. Sir Francis' colleague, Mr. Linley Sambourne, and Mrs. Sambourne, had in some way or other, got the impression that they were going to meet Sir Henry (then Mr.) Stanley, at a dinner party at Sir Francis Burnand's house. Mr. Stanley was, as a matter of fact, not in England at the time, but Sir Francis did not undeceive them, and persuaded Mr. Alfred Watson, the famous critic, to impersonate the explorer. Sir William Gilbert was one of the guests, and the whole party prepared to enjoy themselves. Things might have remained tolerably easy for Mr. Watson had it not been for Sir William—though Mrs. Sambourne did show persistent and annoying interest in Mr. Stanley's adventures. But Sir William was quite deliberate.

"I have read your book, Mr. Stanley," he said, "with the greatest possible interest, and I had a long discussion the other day as to the proper way of pronouncing Mt. Agamoy. Will you tell us?" Mr. Watson got out of that difficulty as best he could, but Sir William Gilbert had not done with him. "Do tell us," he said, "that excellent story about the centipede in the boot," and the rest of the party joined in the request. Watson felt himself in a desperately tight corner, because he had not the shadow of an idea what the story was about. But he was a resourceful man, and turned the corner with, "I am not sure that it is a story that I could very well tell in the presence of ladies."

The kudos for the idea of the famous Tenniel cartoon, "Dropping the Pilot," Sir Francis Burnand gave entirely to Gilbert a Beckett. "I do not remember," wrote Burnand, "any other instance of the suggested subject for the cartoon being at once unanimously accepted without argument, contradiction, or discussion. It was an inspiration." When, in 1906, the editor of Punch retired, Sir F. Gilbert published a parody on "Dropping the Pilot," in which the figure of Burnand is shown descending the ladder, while Mr. Punch leans over the bulwarks with a face of sorrow, and Toby sets up a dismal howl.

Saint Quentin.

There is much historical interest attached to the little town of Saint Quentin, in Northern France, in whose immediate neighborhood desperate struggles have recently taken place. The Romans called it Augusta Veromanduorum, and during the centuries that the empire held sway over Gaul it was an important strategic point, standing as it did at the meeting-place of five great military roads. As to its name, it is derived from that of Gaius Quintinus, a "preacher of Christianity," who journeyed to Saint Quentin in the third century from Italy and was there martyred.

Centuries afterwards it was thrice ravaged by the Normans, and so constant was the menace from this quarter that towards the close of the ninth century the town was surrounded by a wall.

In 1420 the Burgundians, in the course of their ever-recurring conflict with the kings of France, took possession of the city and remained in possession until 1471. Then in 1557 it was taken by the Spaniards, Saint Quentin remained in Spanish hands until 1559, and in 1560 was assigned to the dowry of Mary Stuart.

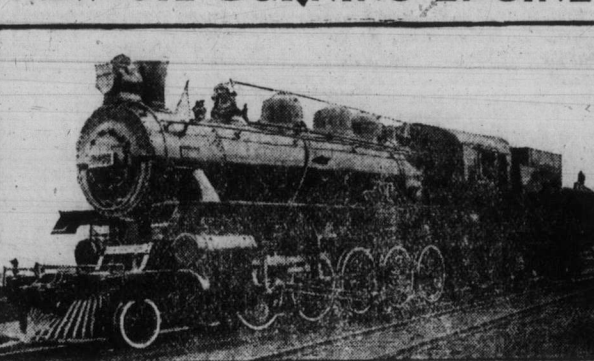
During the reign of Louis the Fourteenth Saint Quentin was looked upon as a place of no little importance, and Louis erected elaborate fortifications for its defence. These were, however, demolished between 1810 and 1820, and with this demolition ended the long history of Saint Quentin as a strong place.

Amulets and Mascots.
"In respect to belief in magic, witchcraft, and the use of amulets and mascots, the war has occasioned a retrograde movement of two hundred years, and shown that the coating of refinement was very superficial," said Mr. Edward Lovett in a recent lecture at the Horniman Museum, Forest Hill. He attributed to the introduction of motoring, with its dangers, a revival in the belief in charms before the war. As to the effect of the war, he instanced that a child's caul, esteemed a safeguard against drowning, which a little over two years ago could have been bought for two shillings, recently sold for two pounds ten shillings—the increased price being due to the submarine. Nearly every man now fighting carried a mascot, usually beneath the clothing. In the case of the Russians, French, and Belgians these were generally of a religious character; the others were charms of substitution—the small image to divert the evil eye; the charms of inoculation, such as fragments of enemy shell and symbolic amulets. Referring to the wooden statue of Hindenburg raised by the Germans and the driving into it of nails, he said it is remarkable that the Germans, great students of folk-lore, should be doing in such a case that which, according to folk-lore, was certain to bring the subjects to a disastrous end.

Peat in Dominion.
From 140,000 acres of peat recently discovered in one district in Canada it is estimated that 115,000,000 tons of fuel could be procured. Deposits of peat in Montreal and Ontario districts are said to be capable of yielding 50,000,000 tons.

"Indian Red."
Dogwood was the source of the "Indian red" with which the warriors at one period dyed their eagle feathers and buckskin clothes. They procured the dye from the roots of the tree.

NEW OIL-BURNING ENGINE



A NEW Decapod locomotive, just turned out by the Angus Shops for the Canadian Pacific Railway, has been inspected at Montreal by Lord Shaghnessy and a number of interested railway officials.

What strikes one most about this wonderful engine is the comfort and safety under which the engineer drives his train, and the ease with which so many tons of machinery can be operated from the luxurious shelter of a protected and cushioned cab. The locomotive engineer is not a machine but a human being, his cab is to some extent his home, and up-to-date railway managements are recognizing this by providing him with pleasant quarters. There is no doubt sound policy in this, for the less disturbed he is by weather, or other physical conditions, the more care he can devote to the locomotive and the train itself. Under the severe climatic conditions which sometimes beset the mountain divisions, this naturally conduces to safety, and so far as the locomotive engineer is concerned Safety First and Comfort First go hand in hand.

The interior of the cab, which is roomy and well ventilated, has spring cushioned seats which can be moved on a slide, while the sliding arm-rest on the window is also comfortably cushioned. A cost cupboard with swinging pegs takes care of the surplus clothing. The windows are double sashed with storm windows for winter and are constructed with small panes for the summer, so they are more easily and quickly replaced and occasion less discomfort if broken. A wind deflector enables the engineer to see the track without hurting his eyes, while a wind deflector on the roof of the cab stops the back draught and keeps the cab free from dust. The cab itself has double ventilators and is pleasantly warmed in winter through having the insulation on the boiler head made in panels which can be easily lifted out. The roof is painted a cool green, and cool green shades cover the lights, while the eyes are further protected by a deflector on the fire door which eliminates the

glare. The water gauge is protected with a screen in case of the glass breaking, and, indeed, every possible device that human ingenuity has so far invented has been provided for the safety and comfort of "the man behind the gun."

A great improvement is the power reverse gear worked by air, as easy to work as the handle of a sewing machine, which eliminates the old heavy hand lever and reduces the physical strain upon the engineer.

So far as the exterior of the locomotive is concerned, this has been designed so that repairs can be made without the men having frequently to go inside or under the engine. One of the old worries of the engine crew is removed by a new type of air strainer, drawing cool air into the pump which requires little or no attention. A noticeable feature of the exterior is the Laird crosshead, an old type revived because it ensures such excellent lubrication and is easy to maintain. A safety strap is applied to the guide bar to prevent it from dropping. The guide is self-centering and maintains alignment better than the ordinary guide, while the leading driving wheel is flexible with one-inch extra sideplay and is provided with wedge play to ensure proper guiding. The engine truck is provided with side resistance produced by a sliding inclined plane, and here again the safety of the engineer is considered in the safety clamp which prevents the tank from sliding forward on to the cab in case of collision.

Twenty-five such Decapods are under order for the Canadian Pacific Railway, and will be in service on the mountain division. Maximum power for minimum weight is the keynote of their construction. The locomotive itself weighs 125 tons, the tender 82.5 tons, loaded, while the tank capacity is 2,200 gallons of oil and 7,000 gallons of water.

Notwithstanding high prices of materials, the Canadian Pacific has continually added to its cars and engines, having built 1,500 cars last year and another 2,000 under construction at the present time.

FAMILY DOCTOR'S GOOD ADVICE

To Go On Taking "Fruit-a-lives"
Because They Did Her Good

ROCHESTER, P. Q., JAN. 14th, 1915.
"I suffered for many years with terrible indigestion and constipation. I had frequent dizzy spells and became greatly run down. A neighbor advised me to try 'Fruit-a-lives'. I did so and to the surprise of my doctor, I began to improve, and he advised me to go on with 'Fruit-a-lives'."

I consider that I owe my life to "Fruit-a-lives" and I want to say to those who suffer from indigestion, constipation or headaches—"try Fruit-a-lives" and you will get well." CORINE GAUDREAU.
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

The fellow who thinks he knows it all should have his attention called to the remark by an eminent professor that it is impossible for one man to know more than the one-seven-billionth of all the knowledge in the world.

THE PUREBRED CLYDESDALE STALLION



CASHIEL LAD

Inspected and enrolled under the Stallion Act of Ontario, Certificate No. 1924, dated to December 31, 1917, will be permitted to serve a limited number of Mares during the season of 1917 at his Owner's Stable, Carleton Place.

CASHIEL LAD (Reg. 12775) is a handsome horse of true Clydesdale type, a bright bay in color, with strip on face and legs white, foaled April 30th, 1911, bred by Ed. M. Meyer, of Cashiel, Ont. Sir Gray Sprig, imp. 7290; grand sire Gay Edward, imp. 5342. Dam, Lavina; 10617, by Letham Boy, imp. 5388; grand dam Maud of Bethesda, 10614, and so on for many generations.

W. A. NICHOLS,
Owner.

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Make your home speak the pride that is within you. Plant grass and flowers. Trim up the vines and shrubbery. Paint your house with

Low Brothers HIGH STANDARD LIQUID PAINT

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