

The Appeal of Khaki

By Jane Osborn.

"I shall shriek—I certainly shall shriek, if I come to another khaki hero." H. B. Shanley mumbled this rather to herself than aloud as she sat before her high piled desk in the editorial offices of "The Purple Book"—all-story, five-cent weekly.

It was P. Truman, the remainder of the editorial staff, laid a gentle hand on his bald head and looked over his shell-rimmed spectacles at his co-tenant on the other side of the room.

He looked just in time to see Miss Shanley dash off her own shell-rimmed spectacles, lean suddenly back in her swivel chair and at the same time emit a stifled yell.

"There, I said I'd do it, and I did. The very next manuscript I turned to began right in the first paragraph with: 'Her head dropped on his khaki shoulder. Good-by, she whispered and pushed him away, and then she said: 'If I thought you were there waiting for me I could fight a thousand Huns.' They are all like that. If the hero isn't in khaki he is in sailor blue and half the heroines are aureses."

"Was that what made you make that funny little shriek noise?" asked Mr. Truman, obviously relieved.

"Certainly! Why shouldn't I?" Every blessed story that comes in is the same. How I am going to get enough possible stories for you to make up the magazine out of here I don't know. They are all alike. The contribs have lost their balance. They think that all they have to do is to bring in a little trench slang, a lot of mush and twaddle about broad khaki shoulders, clinking spurs and that sort of thing and their story is sold."

Mr. Truman suggested that possibly the readers of The Purple Book liked clinking spurs and khaki shoulders; there were a good many men in the camps who read the magazine and they should be catered to.

"To be sure, agreed Miss Shanley, sitting the next large envelope that lay before her and unfolding manuscript mechanically. "But I've found it out. There are only about seven days a soldier can fall in love, and we've used each one of those spots at least five times or over. It's monotonous. There is the man who doesn't know he loves the plain little girl at home till he gets away in the trenches, and there is the girl who doesn't know she loves the awkward, frank-eyed, broad-shouldered hero till he gets away. Then there is the girl who wants to be a suffragette or something and won't marry the man till he's gone and then she gets an idea that she ought to keep the fire burning and she sends for him or something and—"

"Yes, I know," said Truman, who was rather bored than otherwise at his assistant's analyzing tendencies. There were times when she was delightful, really too delightful for his own peace of mind. But in this mood she was trying. "Well, please don't shriek about it next time, you gave me quite a scare. I thought you were having a fit or something."

"I told you I was going to," argued Miss Shanley.

"I thought you were jesting. Suppose instead of doing that you whistled joyously when you come to a hero out of khaki? Really I quite agree with you that we do need some really gripping stories of a non-military nature." Then Mr. Truman went back to his editorial work, and gradually there began to creep over him a pleasurable consciousness. He had had an undercurrent of conviction that his colleague disapproved of him because he had not enlisted; he had feared that it would be necessary as a means of winning her personal esteem for him to don the khaki or sailor blue. But apparently he had been mistaken. She could not have spoken as she had about broad khaki shoulders if she had admired them as much as most young women were reputed to do.

Suddenly Mr. Truman started in his chair so violently that his spectacles fell off from his nose. Miss Shanley had emitted a whistle so piercing and sharp that it had violently agitated his delicately strung nervous organism.

"That," she announced, "was to let you know I'd found the gripping story you were wishing for. It's a thriller and the hero is an Argentine cowboy, and there isn't one reference to war. I'm going to accept it without waiting for you to read it, I'm so sure it is what you are looking for."

"You might tell the young woman service would be content to leave all that wrote it that was appropriate and patriotic flavor out of his stories. I know the hero in khaki and would like to see more in the same vein," smiled Truman, as Miss Shanley halted him. The diminutive stenographer from the news room so that she might at once write her letter of acceptance, and he's going to write one great big

thrilling war story. He's just been waiting till he could write a really great one. You'll take it, won't you Mr. Truman?"

"Yes—unless I'm not here either. You see, I've been thinking of getting into the war myself. There is a mighty strong appeal about that khaki and all that sort of thing," and the associate editor assured him that there was.

Jury Awards Youth Damages of \$2,500

LOST LOWER LIP AND PART OF CHIN

Halleybury, Mar. 10.—Raymond Shilson, thirteen years old, was awarded \$2,500 damages by a jury in Supreme Court here.

The plaintiff was walking across a Northern Ontario Light and Power air line pipe, which was twelve inches in diameter and his chin struck a transmission wire carrying 11,000 volts. As a result his lower lip and the flesh on his chin was burned off. Both feet also were destroyed by the current.

It is an interesting coincidence that W. Allan, who was associated with the plaintiff's counsel, had part of the lower portion of his face shot away while in France. Science has restored his features and it is planned that young Shilson will be taken to a New York specialist for facial grafting.

Judgment was reserved at the time by Mr. Justice Maestri, pending the jury's finding, when counsel for the plaintiff moved for entry of verdict as given. The court reserved decision on the objection raised by defendant's counsel who sought non-suit.

Obituary

MRS. VERA BARLOW

Mrs. H. C. Barlow departed this life at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Montgomery, Lodge-room neighborhood, during the early hours of Thursday morning last. Deceased was more widely known as Vera Montgomery. Her death was not unexpected as she had been so helplessly ill for a year and a half. In June of last year she underwent an operation and has never been conscious since that time, though there did seem to be periods when there appeared to be slight indications that she knew that loving hands were doing all that fond hearts and skilled minds could devise for her. No spirit of murmuring or of resentful restlessness ever found expression in any way by her.

She was in her twenty-sixth year. Her husband and a little son, Maurice, in his third year, are left to mourn her apparently untimely death. Her parents, also a younger brother, Arnold, survive her, and the greatest sympathy of the community goes out to them, each and all, in their hour of heavy sorrow.

Deceased was a great favorite as a school girl among her young friends and throughout her home community was beloved by all.—Tweed News.

Farmer Must Not "Tap" Silo

Bill Provides Prison Penalty for Thus Obtaining "Wet Goods"

Springfield, Ill., Mar. 10.—Woe be unto the farmer who steals out behind the barn and taps the silo before sun up. He is going to be a marked man if he resorts to such a method to get his alcohol after the "great drought."

The prairies of the state abound in silos wherein the fodder is fermented that cattle may have food. Illinois has farseeing statesmen in its halls of legislation and they are on the job. They know that after July 1 when the country goes "dry" because of the national food conservation act, there will be a mad rush for anything that smacks of alcohol.

Representative William P. Holdaway, of Georgetown, is fearful that the tapping of a silo may bring dire consequences in the farming communities and he put in a bill that is going to forestall any such catastrophe. The farmer caught tapping his silo may go to penitentiary and the Holdaway bill stipulates not even civil service would save him. Such are the stipulations of the freak bill of the session.

Few men exhibit their bravery until after the danger is past.

A DINNER WITH GENERAL PAU

Reported for The Ontario by Rev. Geo. Smith, B. D., Montreal, Formerly Pastor of Victoria Avenue Baptist Church, Belleville.

"When thou sittest to eat with a ruler, consider diligently what is before thee; and put a knife to thy throat, if thou be a man given to appetite. Be not desirous of his dainties for they are deceitful meat."

I am certain that King Solomon would never heed to utter this warning proverb to any member or guest of the Montreal Canadian Club, for the meals are served on the principle of "plain living, high thinking," and it makes no difference whether the chief guest is the Archbishop of York, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Harry Lauder, or General Pau (pronounced "Poe"). I know whereof I write for I have dined with all four of these visiting brethren. It is not an infrequent sight to see a Canadian Club-er, blessed with a vigorous appetite, slip slyly into "Chili's" after the "luncheon" and address at the Windsor, and "top off" with a club sandwich and a mug of coffee, in order to "last out" till supper time. Still there is no lack of members—indeed, there is a lengthy waiting list; and the large "rose room" is crowded nearly every Monday during the club season. To be able to see and to hear the heroes of the hour, and the captains of industry, and the leaders in all walks of life—this is sufficient magnet to draw together from five to eight hundred of Montreal's best citizens week by week.

From the moment of General Pau's arrival in Montreal last Sunday morning until his departure for Quebec City on Wednesday the metropolis has been on the qui vive of excitement. This old, grizzled, sturdy, one-armed hero of the noble French army has seemed to personify France and her heroic struggle, and her glorious victory, in a more touching and vivid manner than did the illustrious Marshall Joffre—if that can be possible. There is "something" about this old French general, as he stands quietly beside the plain dinner table, waiting for the deafening applause of that throng of eager Canadians to cease, that makes you irresistibly choke with emotion. On all sides I observed what are termed "hard-headed" business and professional and political Canadians quietly weeping, or momentarily turning their heads away from the old hero in order to clear their throats and "choke back the lump" that would not seem to down.

General Pau's noble face was in itself sufficient to stir our blood "with a warmer glow and a swifter flood." It was relentlessly stern; and yet it was a sternness that comes from long hard years of noble grief and "blood outpoured to save mankind from the sway of the sword." And his eyes seemed to pierce you through and through! They were large and lustrous, and their steady gaze seemed to say, "Sursauz Corda!"—Hearts up! And then that armless socket, covered by the pale blue cloak—it seemed to epitomize the sufferings, wounds and precious blood of three million men, who leapt to their feet at his silver-sweet and iron-strong call, "ready to march and steady to meet the foe" who threatened fair France with wrong and shame and slavery. When you add to that face, and those eyes, and that stigmata of war's horrors, which the aged general wears branded on his body, the further tragedy of the Franco-Prussian War, and the long years of national humiliation, culminating in the awful loss of the past four years, you complete the mysterious "something" that lifts a true Canadian clear out of himself for a brief spell as he partakes of this frugal repast with General Pau.

Very naturally it was himself rather than his speech (which was very brief and simple) that thrilled our hearts, for he spoke in his native tongue and only the native Quebecers could understand him and very few of them were present. Dr. Andre Seligried, one of the members of General Pau's party, interpreted the speech, and added his own personal tribute to the work of the British Empire in the war, and told of the warm spot which all our Canadian boys had found in the hearts of the French people.

I am sure that General Pau was cursing those vain and Godless holders of "the tower of Babel" in the long ago, even as I was; and I am sure he was regretting the fact that he was lacking in the gift of tongues, whilst I was equally regretting my lack in the gift of hearing. And yet, though we did not understand a single word, we seemed to know exactly what the old veteran was saying, and there was a vision

that could be felt as we listened to those clear and sonorous French sounds falling from his lips. He had resumed his seat a couple of moments at least before his audience had recovered their breath and proceeded to give him an ovation that was truly remarkable in its warmth and spontaneity. With all the grace and delicacy of a chevalier General Pau apologized for the fact that he was unable to speak the language of the great majority of his auditors. Realizing that his audience was composed chiefly of Canada's leading business men he appreciated all the more, he declared, their attendance at that function during the busy hours of the day. With sincere humility he accepted, he declared, their homage and ovation as rendered, not to himself, but to his native land of France. With delightful humor he protested that he was not a speech-maker, a politician, or even a merchant, but just a plain old soldier whose long life had been spent for the defence of his country, whether in victory or defeat. As he himself was not a speaker, he declared, he had brought with him a university man, who had visited Canada several times before, and spoke English "like an English lord" (i.e. Mr. Andre Seligfried). Another of his colleagues, he declared, was a manufacturer (i.e. Mr. Leclercq-mott), and he would tell us of the havoc wrought by the cruel Huns upon fair France. He concluded his brief speech by again thanking the Canadian people for their kind welcome and for their oft-repeated admiration for France. He on his side wished to express the most sincere wishes for the future prosperity of Canada, a prosperity which would enable Canada to march side by side, as during the war, with France right to the end, to the benefit of the two great nations which were represented, and for the welfare of humanity at large. That was all—a very brief speech from "a plain old soldier"; and all of that lost to our understanding until revealed sentence by sentence through the interpreter. And yet it was a big "fall"—too big indeed for any thoughtful Canuck to fully appraise and appreciate in that swift passing hour at noon of the clock. And the real "interpreter" after all was the "spirit answering to spirit" through the soul of this battle-scarred hero of France.

We can understand more clearly today how Henry Van Dyke's soul thrilled at the very mention of the name of "France," and something of his own homage has entered our hearts, as expressed in his tremulous words:

"Give us a name to fill the mind With the shining thoughts that lead mankind— The glory of learning, the joy of art— A name that tells of a splendid part In the long, long-toll and the strenuous fight Of the human race to win its way From the ancient darkness into the day Of freedom, brotherhood, equal right— A name like a star, a name of light— I give you, France!"

The crowd in front of the Y.M.C.A. Kiosk in Leicester Square drew hastily back when a big Maori private began throwing his six shooter about. He tossed the gun up to the ceiling and caught it as it fell.

"I can plug a sixpence with this thing across the street," he shouted, picking up the gun when he missed the "catch" and it fell clattering to the floor.

Empire relations should not be endangered by the statement that the man was a New Zealander, for the Y.M.C.A. Officers of that Dominion have also done their bit in looking after "rough" Canadians and the positions might easily have been reversed in this case.

A few minutes before this the excitement began. The Y.M.C.A. patrol officer attached to the Kiosk was making arrangements to send the pair of revolvers where they wanted to go, he suddenly found himself looking into the muzzle of a six-shooter.

"My pal stays right here. Don't you dare to move him," ordered the big fellow.

But when the officer, who happened to be one of the Canadians on the Street Patrol Force, assured him that the more helpless pal wasn't being removed to the "kink" the man put up his gun.

"Just keep that thing out of sight" said the officer when the Maori again began toying with the weapon, "and we'll look after you both."

A taxi-cab soon carried the three

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