

Some Amusing Anecdotes

Told by American Admiral

Who Admires the British

ADMIRAL SIMS, of the United States navy, likes nothing better than pointing out the differences between "Britishers" and Americans.

Comprising in himself a delightful combination of the best traits of both peoples—his laughing grey eyes first saw the light of day in Canada—he is admirably qualified to indulge in his favorite pastime.

Admiral Sims was asked the other day to tell me in a nutshell what is the main difference between the average Briton and the average American.

"Well," he said, "I think the fellow who put it this way was about right: An Englishman walks into a drawing-room as if he owned it. An American walks in as if he didn't care a (—) who owned it."

"The German has a holy reverence for rules and regulations," said Sims. "One of our Yankee destroyers took a U-boat crew prisoner. Among them was a particularly square-headed, lantern-jawed German, ob-



ADMIRAL SIMS AND HIS SON.

viously a country bumpkin before he degenerated into a pirate. A midshipman thought he'd rag the Boche a bit—particularly as he discovered he could talk English—and said to him:

"Say, Fritz, I guess we're not going to do a thing to you. You're going to be tarred, feathered, shot, hamstrung, and pitched over the side of the boat. That's all."

"Fritz was not especially daunted by this program, but evinced sufficient interest in it to inquire:

"Did you say I was to be drowned in de water, also, yes?"

"You've got me the first time, kid," said the midy.

"Vell, all right," said Fritz, resignedly, "vat-ever is der rule!"

The American reputation in Europe for wit and humor has been enhanced there by the crop of good stories concerned with her negro troops in France. Admiral Sims tells these:

"The night before a negro battalion was to go over the top an officer, addressing a coon who was almost scared white, said:—

"Sam, what would you do if you saw the whole blamed German cavalry coming right at you this very minute?"

"Boss," replied the black man, between knee-quakes, "I'd sure spread the news through France!"

The admiral tells of another "coon," who took a batch of Hun prisoners in a trench. One of the Germans, in pitiable accents, begged the negro to let him off with his life.

"Please, please spare me!" he moaned. "I haf a wife und five children got."

"You're mistaken, Mistah Fritz," said Rastus. "You ain't got no wife and five children. What you'se got is a widow and five orphans!"

The admiral defines the outstanding difference between the metropolises of Britain and America as follows: "In London nobody cares what you're doing; in New York everybody wonders whom you're doing."

Christ of the Andes.

The "Christ of the Andes" is a large monument standing 14,500 feet above sea level on the Argentine-Chilean frontier, erected to commemorate a peace treaty between the two countries and dedicated March 13, 1904.

Above the base of the monument is a granite sphere weighing fourteen tons, resting on a granite column, and on the sphere is outlined a map of the world. The figure of Christ is of bronze, twenty-six feet in height, while a cross in the left hand is five feet higher. The right hand is outstretched in blessing. On a tablet at the base is the following inscription: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the foot of Christ, the Redeemer."

An inventor has equipped a parachute with hand-operated propellers on the theory that a user can guide his descent thereby.

TEST THE WEATHER.

How Every Man Can Be His Own Prophet.

Adam may or may not have tried his hand at weather prediction, but it is written that as far back as the time of Noah that gentleman prophesied a long, wet spell, and, unlike a lot of later weather prophets, he had such faith in his own prognostications that he took measures to meet the situation. Further than that, subsequent events proved that Noah was a 100 per cent. prophet.

Many of his successors, however, showing a lower batting average, it became increasingly apparent as time went on that in view of the frequency with which the prognostications failed, the subject should be placed on a scientific basis in order to obtain accuracy in the results, or at least to spread a sort of halo of learning and philosophy about it, and thus minimize the curse, as it were, of possible errors. So weather bureaus were instituted, which same have been in more or less successful operation now for many years, with attendants on the Government payroll, and everything. Entirely apart from scientific weather observations, however, home-made weather forecasting has persisted as a pleasing pastime all these years, and on this very day there is a set of rules governing it, more or less recognized by all amateur weather prophets. For the benefit of those who may be unfamiliar with these rules, the New York Sun has obligingly made a compilation of them and they are set forth as follows:—

When standing on high ground and the horizon is unobstructed from all quarters, if the sky is absolutely cloudless, look for a storm within forty-eight hours.

If it starts to rain after seven o'clock in the morning it will continue to do so all day, and very often it is the indication of a three days' rain.

When it is raining and it brightens and darkens alternately you can count on an all-day rain, with a chance of clearing at sundown.

When the rain ceases and the clouds are still massed in heavy blankets one sure sign of clear weather is the patch of blue sky that shows through the rift large enough to make a pair of "sailor's breeches."

Another sign of continued rain is when the smoke from the chimney hovers low around the house-tops. When it ascends straight into the air this indicates clearing weather.

A foggy morning is usually the forerunner of a clear afternoon.

A thunderstorm in winter (usually in January or February) is always followed by clear, cold weather. It is not, as many think, the breaking up of winter.

People living near the seashore say a storm is "brewing" when the air is salty, caused by the wind blowing from the east.

A red or copper-colored sun or moon indicates great heat. A silvery moon denotes clear, cool weather.

The old Indian sign of a dry month was when the ends of the new moon were nearly horizontal and one of them resembled a hook on which the Indian could hang his powder-horn.

Many people troubled with rheumatism and neuralgia usually are excellent barometers and can predict changeable weather by "feeling it in their bones."

And the advice of the old weather sage is "never go out during April month without being accompanied by your umbrella."

And then, for the special benefit of those who never can remember anything they read in prose, but do have a faculty for retaining jingles, the following important formulas are set out in verse:—

Red in the morning the sailor's warning;
Red at night the sailor's delight.

When you see a mackerel sky,
'Twill not be many hours dry.

When the seagulls inland fly
Know ye that a storm is nigh.

A ring around the moon
Means a storm is coming soon.

When it rains before seven
'Twill clear before eleven.

Mexico's Floating Gardens.

The so-called floating gardens of Mexico do not live up to their name, for they have never been known to float, but they do supply the capital of Mexico with a large part of its flowers and vegetables.

To get to these stationary floating gardens you hire a canal boat, and are shoved and poled along the Viga Canal as part of a boat parade, which cannot be escaped because it is perpetual. The gardens are far up the canal. They are square patches of island covered to overflowing, some with flowers of every hue and others with homely vegetables. They are literally the garden spots of Mexico.

Though the gardens do not float, they have their unusual points. They did not just happen like most islands, but are home-made by the gardeners or their predecessors. Masses of water hyacinths and other water plants were thrown into the water, and on top of that a layer of earth. The hyacinth roots floated down to the canal bed and moored the garden, and the gardeners immediately went to work.

Products of these patches can be seen traveling back up the canal to the market of Mexico City. Some boats going to town are loaded with human freight, but the majority in the returning parade are piled high with sweet peas, lilacs, poppies, and other gorgeous blossoms, or with radishes, turnips, and the odoriferous onion.

Rene Fonck.

Before Rene Fonck, the famous French aviator, left Paris recently for America, he was guest of honor at a luncheon at which Ambassador Sharp, who presided, said: "I would not be a bit surprised to learn that Capt. Fonck, after receiving a great welcome in the United States, was returning to France by airplane."

An Aristocratic

Bolshevik

WELL deserved, in the opinion of all who know the people's commissary for foreign affairs at

Petrograd, was the tribute paid to him by Kerensky on the eve of his own fall: "If Tchicherin were with me now, I could defy that agronomer!" The "agronome" was Lenin.

Tchicherin had already gone over to him. This same Tchicherin is the most mystical idealist in the whole Soviet republic, says the Socialist Avanti, and there is justification for the assertion of the Paris Humanite (also Socialist) that he is the ablest diplomatist in Europe.

Tchicherin is acknowledged as a man of genius even by his severe critics in the Temps and he has the additional advantages of wealth and aristocratic origin. The grandfather of the Bolshevik Foreign Minister was one of the famous statesmen of the reign of Nicholas I. Another of his ancestors was a confidential adviser of the great Catherine. For a period of over two hundred years this family has contributed ambassadors, governors, generals, ladies-in-waiting and exalted bureaucrats to the service of the Romanoff dynasty.

The Tchicherins have also played their parts in all the revolutions and conspiracies of the past five reigns. They have been territorial magnates for generations, and the great-grandfather of this Bolshevik Foreign Minister was noted in his day for the immense number of serfs upon his innumerable fields.

The present commissary Tchicherin, who was born not far from Moscow about forty-two years ago, increases all the journalists who meet him with his culture, his sincerity and his ability. Nearly every character-sketch of him in the foreign press is a personal eulogy. Much is made of his good humor and his humility. He will receive a correspondent of the London Mail with apologies for being in his pyjamas, seeing that the solitary pair of trousers he has left are undergoing repairs in the shop of a "comrade."

As the son of one of the wealthiest and most prominent men in Moscow, Tchicherin received the education of a youth of fashion. His early manhood was spent in that quarter of the town called the Byvli Gorod, the family mansion being on one of the big boulevards. He went, naturally, to the great university founded by one of his ancestors, and, although there were thousands of students, he was distinguished among them all for his poetical personal appearance and his skill on various musical instruments.

He was reared in the orthodox communion by a pious mother long on terms of intimacy with the mother of the late czar. A Swiss newspaper, reciting these particulars, adds that the young Tchicherin early manifested the thirst for knowledge in every field which remains one of his conspicuous traits. He nearly compromised his health by his long vigils at the great university library at Moscow.

Yielding to the entreaties of his parents, says the Italian Socialist organ, Tchicherin in his early twenties entered the Russian diplomatic service. He had acquired the languages of central Europe and was fairly well acquainted with the practice of chancellery at Petrograd. He became first secretary of the embassy in Berlin. The peculiar melancholy and mysticism of his nature, which he had suppressed at his father's command, reasserted itself. Then, we learn from the London News, he took to Socialism in its extreme form, devouring the writings of Karl Marx and Engels, and accepting Karl Kautsky as an oracle. When it became generally known at the Imperial German court that the secretary of the Russian embassy was a regular attendant at Socialist mass-meetings in Berlin and Munich, the Wilhelmstrasse made representations at the Nevsky Prospekt. The elder Tchicherin, who had become mayor of Moscow, made a hurried trip to Berlin and remonstrated with his son in vain. The young man gave up his post after a stormy scene with his father, the details of which got into the Vorwarts at the time. The theory of his relatives was that Tchicherin had lost his reason, a notion which derived some confirmation from the eccentricities of speech and deportment to which he had always been prone.

For several years after this episode, Tchicherin wandered about Europe, living upon an allowance made him by his mother, who in her day had been a great heiress as well as a famous beauty. Her son now formed one of the great colonies of political refugees which lend color to the Swiss towns of Berne and Gieneth. Tchicherin wrote brilliantly for all the leading revolutionary gazettes published in Switzerland. His pamphlets have been circulated by the thousands in his native country. He seems not to have run across Trotsky until after that agitator took up his own abode in Paris, but Lenin, always on the lookout for young men of promise, sought his acquaintance while Tchicherin was still in the diplomatic service. The two became intimate friends. They lived in the same house at Zimmerwald before the great war.

Hun U-Boat Losses.

Germany lost 198 submarines during the war, according to statistics on this branch of the German naval service published in the Berlin Vossische Zeitung. This number included seven submarines interned in foreign ports and fourteen destroyed by their own crews.

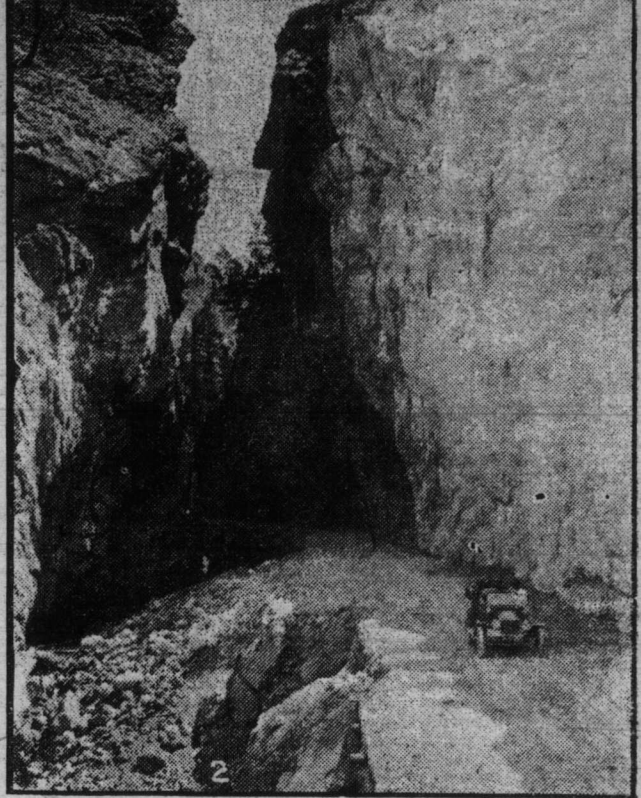
More than 3,000 sailors lost their lives in the submarine sinkings, the statistics show, while several thousand others lost their reason and had to be committed to lunatic asylums.

Highway of the Great Divide



Between Banff, the popular summer resort in the Canadian Pacific Rockies and Lake Windermere, the head waters of the great Columbia River, lies an Alpine ridge of spectacular beauty, forming part of the Great Divide. This ridge is penetrated by two comparatively easy passes, the Simpson, and the Vermilion, which lead into the Valley of the Kootenay River, a region abounding in game on account of its being well south of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Between the Kootenay River and the Columbia River is a small range of mountains through which the Sinclair Pass and Canyon provide an easy road. When the first surveys were made for an automobile road between Banff and Windermere it was planned to use the Simpson Pass, named after Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, who made this crossing in 1841. But the route over the Vermilion was found to be easier and at the same time more beautiful, and construction of the Highway of the Great Divide was commenced from opposite Castle Mountain in this direction. At the same time the road from Windermere through the Sinclair Canyon was also commenced and at the time of the outbreak of war a gap of only thirty miles separated the two roads. War put an end to construction, and a great washout destroyed several miles of the western end, so that the project seemed to have been abandoned. Now, however, the Dominion Government has made an arrangement with the British Columbia Government by which the route of the road comes under the jurisdiction of the Dominion Parks, and a substantial appropriation has been allotted to finish the work. In this way there is every prospect of the early completion of what will be the most wonderful automobile road

in Canada, opening up an Alpine region of entrancing beauty. It will be possible to motor from Calgary to Windermere between sunrise and sunset through a hundred miles of the most glorious scenery in North America. A good automobile road runs south to Fort Steele and Cranbrook, and from Cranbrook there are excellent roads to Spokane, or eastwards through the Crow's Nest Pass, and back to Calgary. The Good Roads Association of Alberta is enthusiastic over the prospect as this will mean the advent of many tourists from all over America. The new road will also be of great benefit to the Upper Columbia Valley which has many attractions for settlers on account of the fertility of the soil and suitability for mixed farming. This valley is served by the Kootenay Central Railway, a recently constructed branch of the Canadian Pacific.

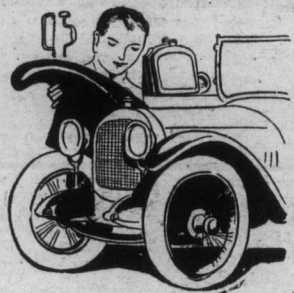


(1) Sinclair Pass, Highway of the Great Divide.
(2) Sinclair Canyon, Highway of the Great Divide.

"The professor seems to be a man of rare gifts," remarked Mrs. Naybor.
"He is," agreed the professor's wife.
"He hasn't given me one since we were married."—San Francisco Chronicle.

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