

SUBSIDIZED BREAD NOW BEING SOLD THROUGH BRITAIN

British People Are Pleased
With the Change and Do
Not Worry About
Economics

London, Oct. 12.—The Times says: "The subsidized 9-penny loaf is now on sale in all the baker's shops and purchases, particularly in the poorer districts, warmly welcomed the reduction of 2d a quarter or more on the price they have for many months been compelled to pay for their bread. It cannot be said that many customers gave a thought to the overthrow of economic doctrine represented in their saved pennies or to the £40,000,000 a year which it is estimated that the subsidy will cost the state if wheat prices remain at their present level. What they did realize was the reduction in cost meant something like a shilling a week—in some cases more—in the weekly bread bill. The economics involved they left to the theorists."

In ordinary times it is probable that no person would be more strongly opposed to a state subsidy to keep down food prices than the present food controller, but Lord Rhonda and the government were faced with the fact that the quarter loaf at a shilling was causing serious unrest, and a subsidy offered the only means by which a reduction could be effected. The price of wheat is a matter over which the government could not exercise any full control. They had to pay the price asked by the United States and the Argentine. Nothing could be gained by cutting down the baker's margin of profit, for expert opinion was against the idea that there has been "profiteering" in the sale of bread. In order to reduce the price of the loaf, therefore, it was necessary to go to the state for assistance. One view of the subsidy is that it gives back some of the excess profits, upon which taxation has laid a heavy hand, to the people who provide them. The tax is collected from employers and business operators, but in some measure at any rate it is collected from the consumer.

It is the present aim of the food controller to get the quarter loaf sold at 9d. We understand that there is no special desire that it shall be sold at a lower rate. If it gives the baker too large a profit the price of flour might be slightly raised, and this would lessen the burden on the treasury. It is not questioned by bakers as a body that the arrangements made will give them a satisfactory return, and in fact there is some misgivings as to whether the margin allowed may not tempt some retailers to cut the selling price with a view to doing more business. In the current issue of the "Bakers' Record" it is declared to be highly probable that the exceptions to the maximum price will be many, while "those who are courageous enough to exact a small additional sum for delivery are in doubt as to whether it will be universal."

The Spalding Co-operative society yesterday sold bread at 8 1/2d the quarter, giving no credit. With regard to the danger that the cheaper loaf may lead to an increased consumption, retailers in the poorer districts agree that the reduction in price may lead to more bread being eaten. One baker yesterday said that, in his opinion, there was little doubt that bread tickets must come sooner or later. Food economy campaigns, he said, might do much to make the public realize the need for rationing, but there was always people who could unscrupulously exceed any voluntary ration; and it was not fair that they should be allowed to do so. If a ration consumption limit was necessary, then the best thing to do was to have a ticket system as soon as possible. Posters being sent out by the ministry of food to circulate bear the following statement: "If you wish to get sugar after December 30 the head of your household must apply for a sugar card before October 6."

OLD SOLDIERS RETURNING
Petrograd, Oct. 12.—The demobilization of superfluous troops attached to the Russian army has begun. The classes called for the years 1885-86, which include the men 43 to 44 years old are the first to be relieved from duty. The men are being sent to their home villages in special trains, committees at the various towns on the way assisting in their return.



LLOYD GEORGE AT EISTEDDFOD

Mr. Lloyd George drew a moral from the Eisteddfod which he addressed at Birkenhead September 6. The first condition of the work of this ancient institution, he said, was that all differences should be sunk and thus it has a lesson for the tremendous hour of fate, the lesson of national unity in the greatest enterprise this country had ever embarked upon. The photo shows Mr. Lloyd George addressing the meeting.

THE OLD SPIRIT STILL

(By C. David Stelling)

We had foregathered at the club—Carruthers, Heal-Kennedy and myself—for the first time in three years. And for three whole hours we had talked each other's heads off. It was certainly an occasion. For a couple of years prior to the beginning of war, we had been practically inseparable. Then by some accident of fortune, we had drifted into different regiments. Heal-Kennedy went to Antwerp and later to Gallipoli (where he earned his first two wound stripes) and later still to the Somme (where he earned his third). Carruthers had spent eighteen soul-killing months on the coast, the English coast, mind you, before he had his chance transferred into the gunners and was now a captain, unwounded, but wearing the mauve-white-mauve ribbon that indicates conspicuous gallantry in the field. Myself, I had spent a few humdrum months in the trenches and returned with an undistinguished injury, which crocked me permanently for active work and left me with two stars and office work. So naturally we all disagreed most cordially and enthusiastically on every subject connected with the war that was alleged to be going on in Europe. We discussed the western front and the eastern, the current political crisis in Austria, the blockade, the strategic inferiority of Field Marshal Haig to Major Heal-Kennedy, Captain Carruthers, and Lieutenant myself,

respectively, and a host of other topics, military, literary and political.

Finally we reached the subject of patriotism. We were all of us by way of being veterans; not "old contemptibles" for by trade we were, in order of seniority, barrister, member of parliament and dramatic author, but we all of us dated back to August, 1914, and looked back with a sort of retrospective licking of the lips to the good old times, when drill and its concomitant inconveniences were joyously born because of the enthusiasm and feeling of high adventure that attached to those early days. Carruthers said that this sort of thing no longer existed. There was no glamor now in being made into a soldier; it was merely a machine-like process. The drill sergeants turned out men in the same mechanical way as the blue-cotton girls turned out munitions. And there was no more clan about a modern Tommy-in-the-making than there was about an old-fashioned Mills bomb. I was inclined to agree with him, knowing nothing at all about the subject, as I had been 12 months in an office.

Heal-Kennedy was eloquently opposed to this theory. And he, he protested, knew, or at any rate ought to know, considering that he'd spent the last few months assisting at the finishing-off process before his men went out in drafts to France. "The men were the same today as they had always been. Did we expect to hear them sing 'Rule Britannia' and beat big drums? (Fortissimo duet of 'Heaven forbid!') Then what on earth did we think that we knew about it? And so on. It wasn't the people who did their job who 'mafficked.' In the Boer war the 'maffickers' were the people who stayed at home. Even though we did have conscription, that didn't mean that men were forced to go against their will, but only that they had in most cases waited until the unfairness and irregularities that were attendant upon the haphazard methods of the voluntary system—or rather unsystem—were abolished by some legal measure. (I have mentioned that H-K was a lawyer.) And once they were in, they were every bit as keen soldiers as the men who had, like ourselves, been swept away by the first fine, careless rapture of patriotic enthusiasm.

We demurred, advancing various arguments that tended to show what 'dam' fine fellows we ourselves were, but the major stuck to his guns. We were still on the argument when the head waitress, dainty, dapper and dictatorial, reminded us over our last ginger ale, that it was eight and time for 'lights out.' We parted at the entrance and I strolled homeward via the Strand. It was as I came through Trafalgar square that I was first conscious of an unaccustomed noise in my ears. It was undistinguishable at first. Then I began to recognize the tramp of marching men and the sound of men's voices, of soldiers' voices. For a moment I thought I was suffering from a delusion, that our late conversation had carried my mind back to the autumn of '14, when territorial battalions used to march through London singing their favorite marching songs. But as I neared Charing Cross I desisted in the distance the familiar sight of a swinging lamp that approached me. It was the lamp that preceded a battalion on night march. Then the inarticulate noise resolved itself into the tune (with adjustments) of "My Little Grey Horse in the West," and the words they sang ran, so far as I was able to gather, somewhat as follows:

There are holes in the toes of my socks,
And my boots haven't got any heels,
My kitbag has bust and my belt's red with rust.

And 'un' fed up with rissoles for meals,
I've not slept since last Monday week,
And my clothes are all covered with dirt;

But I shouldn't much care, if I could
but repair
All the holes in my little grey shirt.

As a poem it doesn't cut much ice, but hear it sung by a body of marching men, with the gusto that makes you realize what a delightful hobby it is for them to be able to "grouse," and you will appreciate a tiny fraction of that entirely indefinable thing, the spirit of the British army. They swung



"Let Me Help You Carry the Burden, Mother"

"If Canada fails in October, we must curtail many of our activities."

Sir ARTHUR STANLEY,
Chairman, Executive Committee,
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\$220,000 spent on equipment of King George Hospital (1,850 beds) and \$130,000 a year contributed to cost of its maintenance.
\$225,000 spent on building and equipping Netley Red Cross Hospital (1,000 beds); and
\$625,000 spent on maintenance.
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past me into the station, still singing. A company in the middle of the line was letting itself go to the tune of "Sister Susie." A platoon in the rear boasted a soloist of its own, a stalwart fellow with a raucous voice and an occasional sense of tune. As he came past me he was howling out, "Love Me and the World Is Mine" to the evident sympathetic delight of his companions. And before the whole battalion had passed through the gate, way into the station square came the inevitable query, "Are we downhearted?" followed by the not less inevitable reply from a hundred voices: "No-o-o-o!"

The melody of familiar noises was as sweet music to my ears. I had not heard them since before I had left for France. It was the old spirit of the first and many subsequent expeditionary forces, expressing itself in the old familiar way. Perhaps it wasn't patriotism as the German understands the term. For these men who were leaving for the front did not go forth with their country's name on their lips. Here was no vaunting, no "Such boasting as the Gentiles use, Or lesser breeds without the law."

No clamant cant or high-sounding blasphemy, but the old undaunted, undaunted spirit was there, the spirit that let amateur soldiers of London town rout the "Invincible" Prussian Guard.

The next morning I wired my apologies to Heal-Kennedy. He had been right after all.

NO FRATERNIZING NOW
Petrograd, Oct. 11.—Austro-German troops are renewing their attempts to fraternize with the Russians, but so far every effort has met with failure, according to a statement issued by the war office, based on reports from the front. The general situation is quiet although some of the armies, as well as some of the Cossack units, still met with some suspicion toward the commanding staff. The question of peace is said to agitate the great mass of the Russian soldiers.

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