

New Austrian Emperor Read Prayer in Public At Peace Demonstration

THE Vienna correspondent of an Amsterdam paper sends an impressive account of a solemn peace service held in St. Stephen's recently, the Austrian Emperor and Empress Zita kneeling amid high officials and the sobbing congregation which crowded the edifice, imploring peace.

Cardinal Piffli officiated, and at the elevation of the host Emperor Charles in a loud voice read the prayer as follows:

"Almighty God, who hast promised us that the patient shall taste abundant peace, Thou knowest what patience we observed toward our enemies until righteous self-defence compelled us to draw the sword.

"In the midst of this war, thus forced upon us, we recognize the blessings of peace. We beseech Thee, knowing our impotence, yet trusting Thee, although we have often spurned Thy grace, Lord, oh, give peace to our land.

"The ruler and people of Austria, kneeling this day before Thy holy



EMPEROR CHARLES OF AUSTRIA

throne, promise to build a church dedicated to Our Lady the Queen of Peace, where a solemn service will be held every year to commemorate peace day and a requiem mass on All Souls' Day for Austria's fallen warriors. O Lord, bless this undertaking and grant us peace in our days.

Such events as this great service are signs that indicate how close is the debacle of the Central Powers. Yet Canadians will be struck with the universal irony of the prayer. The Patient Hapsburg, forsooth!

In 1909 the patient Hapsburg, by means of documents forged by an employee of the Austro-Hungarian Legation at Belgrade, invented a "conspiracy" of Serbo-Croatians, aided by the Serbian Government, against Austria-Hungary. The truth was exposed in the famous Friedjung trial. It never would have been exposed, divers Croats and Serbs would have been shot, Serbia would have been invaded and gobbled up, if Russia had not yielded to the German ultimatum, which forced Russia to accept the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria and to leave Serbia in the lurch.

In 1913 the patient Hapsburg proposed to make war on Serbia, as was officially stated in the Italian Parliament in 1915.

The patience of the Hapsburg toward Serbia, his long-awaited prey, in 1914 is known to the world.

Two Zeppelin Stories.

Two more stories from a recent zeppelin raid. When the worst was over, a resident went out into the town to see what damage had been done. In the darkness he heard a group of women talking loudly, and judging them a clue not to be neglected, he followed them along an entry into the back yard of a house. The debate never ceased, but he was unable to get the hang of it until one of the women—the most eloquent—appealed directly to him. "Ere," she said, "do you call it fair? 'T' bomb dropped in our yard, an' a bobby's gone and took it away—never even give me a receipt for it. It's a bomb."

The next-door neighbor of a railway guard noticed that that official had a look of intense weariness, and gently sought to find out the cause. "It's like this," said the guard. "I hadn't been long asleep when the buzzer went, and up jumps the missis, makes the tea, and gives me my breakfast. I got to the station before I found out that the buzzer was for an air raid in the middle of the night."

A Barometer of Health.

The tongue quickly betrays all disturbances in the economy of the body. In health it is clean, moderately red in color, and moist. When it is furred or "coated" it indicates fever, some impurity in the mouth, or trouble with the digestive organs. If fever be the cause the temperature of the body will be above the normal, 98½ degrees Fahrenheit. It is easy to determine if bad teeth are at fault, points out the Family Doctor. If these be all right, seek for the source of the trouble in the stomach. Constipation will produce a bad breath and a furred tongue. With nervous diseases a dry tongue is a sign of nervous depression; and a pale, flabby tongue indicates an anemic condition.

Waterproof tents, bags, and rugs are made from camel's hair, which is plucked out in the spring.

Mrs. Malaprop in an Air-raid

HAT the redoubtable Mrs. Malaprop, with her charming array of misused terms, did not pass with Sheridan, is evidenced by a recent account appearing in Tit-Bits, purporting to be a recital of the incidents of an air-raid as it would be done by that gay and affable lady. She has lost none of her ease at inept expression, even though the shock of the zeppelin's visit was disturbing, and though, it may be surmised, most of her nerves were considerably unstrung. We gather a full realization of this deadly instance of Teuton frightfulness when we hear the dear lady remark:

"I am not, my dear Lydia, congenitally nervous, but ever since this terrible catechism has overwhelmed Europe I have been a prey to torpid apprehensions. Thinking that dissection was, after all, the better part of valor, I consulted the place-names in a gazetteer and removed my household penances—pardon this classical illusion—to a quiet provisional town fifty miles from the busy metropolis. Here, I facilitated myself, no zeppelins were likely to perpetuate their murderous deeds. My conclusions have proved sadly farinaceous. I have just precipitated in a zeppelin raid that may be hysterical in days to come. As I do not wish to be paralyzed by the censor, I refrain from giving exquisite geographical details, and will content myself with a general perversion of the alarming experience I have had.

"I had retired to bed about ten o'clock on Saturday night, when I was thrown into a state of permutation by the sound of some powerful meemierism traveling through the air. I had just raised a pious partition that this might not be a hostile airship, when my solidity was broken in upon by a loud tabu on my bedroom door. With frenzy eligible in her face, my maid Jane entered. Imperiled as she was in white robes hastily snatched from her bedclothes, she looked like Casabianca predicting the fall of ancient Troy. She declared that a zeppelin of compendious size was cruising overhead.

"I hastily dressed, and illuminated every peep of light in the house. Then, in darkness, and trembling with aggravation, we slipped out to the front porch to await possible devilements. We could easily make out the general outline of a giant airship, cynical in shape, with blunted ends. Beneath the huge body we could dimly descry the gorgonzolas that hold the wicked evaders. One of their terrible missives fell near our house, exploding with a deafening discussion and a dazzling polytechnical display. Lydia dear, must have been edible in London itself. I rushed with Jane—both of us on the verge of asterisks—to the seller beneath the kitchen. Five times in all we heard bombs explode with ear-splitting fumigations. Then the door-bell was rung perennially by a special constable, who cautioned us for leaving the front door open. He told us that the chief damage done was wrought on a three-story temperament that had been struck by a defamatory bomb. The local fire-brigade had been moralized to deal with this confabulation.

"Plucking up courage, we posted ourselves at an upper window, from which we had a pantomimic view of the heavens. The spectacle was one that roused my marital spirit. Shells were bursting around the monster, and cavalcades of little stars streamed like meters down the sky. Some of our gallant little monograms, too, had appeared on the scene, and were flying above the zeppelin at an amazing attitude. The enemy, realizing that the situation was vicarious, was seeking to escape, but his object was frustrated. Suddenly an anonymous cheer from the onlookers announced a hit. With astonishing felicity, tongues of flame began to leap from the monster's body, and within a few minutes the great vessel was in a hopelessly inebriate condition—its stem being broken. It fell from the skies, as Shakespeare says, 'like Luther, never to rise again.'

"In the morning I visited the scene along with hundreds of others in quest of mementos. The field where the wreck fell was strewn with half-insinuated material that was being sifted by a savage corps of military. I was lucky in securing a fairly large piece of that light metal albumen, which I have ordered to be made into two immature drinking-cups. One of these I shall send you, dear Lydia, as an intangible remembrance of our escape."

Cockatoo Island.

In the new Government dock on Cockatoo Island Sydney Harbor possesses a unique ship berth. It is hewn out of solid rock. The formation of the island was originally quite unsuitable for a dockyard, as the rock rose sheer from the water to a height of fifty to seventy feet. This was gradually cut back, first to permit the building of graving docks and later to make room for building slips and shops near water-level. The work has been continued until at present two-thirds of the total area of thirty-three acres has been brought to a practically uniform level of about fifteen feet above high tide.

A Valuable Cow.

"Beauty Maid," a four-year-old cow belonging to A. Boyle, of "The Firs," just outside Woodstock, holds the record for the whole of Canada in the matter of butter yield. Under Government test from January 28, 1916, to January 24, 1917, she gave 14,852 pounds of milk, which yielded 872 pounds of butter fat. The butter equivalent of this was 1,090 pounds in a year. The next best record for a four-year-old cow is slightly under 1,000.

KAISER DECIDED IT.

Butted Shortening of Lines Would Weaken Moral Position.

I think I am now at liberty to tell you something few people in the world would be able to tell you. C. W. Barron, who formerly had the confidence of certain Teutonic authorities, writes in The Boston Post. In the latter part of last year there was an important conference of German military leaders on their Western frontier. The General Staff had figured out that if the German defences were removed from the line of the Somme to the heights of the Meuse, 400,000 men could be transferred elsewhere or held in reserve. This conference was presided over by the Emperor. Von Hindenburg was brought up from the southeastern front for his opinion, while another great German general advocated the plan of the General Staff.

Von Hindenburg said: "We do not need 400,000 men in the southeast or elsewhere." The reply was: "Unless you retire now, you will not be able to get the 400,000 men when you do need them. Why not shorten your lines and thereby increase your reserves?"

The Kaiser decided the conference with the declaration: "Four hundred thousand men are of less importance to us than the maintenance of popular support, which would be weakened by any drawing in of our lines." The Prussians have clamored for the last weapon of defence—ruthless submarine warfare—to strike terror to old England. The zeppelins failed. The promised indemnity from Paris failed. The attempt on the Channel ports failed. The attempt to weaken the union of the Allies failed. The Roumanian wheat supplies were burned and the Roumanian oil wells were dynamited ahead of the German invaders. The proposals for a peace dictated by Germany failed.

And now the German submarines attack the world's commerce, not as an effective weapon of offence or defence, but to satisfy German sentiment and keep the Hohenzollerns in power.

The Russian Hymn.

It was the strains of Rouget de Lisle's "Marseillaise" that ushered in the revolution in Russia, but the "Marseillaise" though sung the world over, is the French national song, and Russia will want one of her own. Probably the opinion of Mme. Folia Letvinne, the great Russian singer, on the matter is sound. She advises that the music of the "Boje Tsaria Khrani" shall continue to be the great national air, because, she says, nothing could better express the mysticism, the idealism, and the immensity of Russia. As for the words, of course they will have to be changed, but, and here Madame Letvinne is undoubtedly right: "Do not ask one of our Russian professionals to find new words, wait: let them spring naturally from the lips of a moujik fighting for his country; then, and not till then, our new hymn will be born."

Only a few weeks ago Madame Letvinne was singing the "Boje Tsaria Khrani" in the Russian sector on the French front. "I will sing the new song with great joy when it comes," she says; "but," she adds, "I cannot forget that I was singer to the Russian Imperial Court, and that the Tsar of yesterday was ever the artist's true friend." No one will think any the less of Madame Letvinne for remembering these things.

Italy's Unique Soldiers.

Italy has some of the most efficient and most picturesque soldiers in the world. They are divided into four classes, the Bersaglieri, the Alpini, the carabinieri, and the navy. Recently the men of the third category were called to the colors. This means that the Alpine troops of the first category, made up of first-choice men for the regular army, and the second category, men assigned to the regular army, but with "unlimited leave," have been exhausted, and now those men are to be drilled who, exempt for various reasons from active service, are to be assigned to the national militia for home defense.

The Bersaglieri are light infantry of great mobility. They are always seen on the run, and their picturesque costume, with low-crowned, plumed hat, is a feature of almost every Italian landscape.

The Alpini are specially trained to maneuver among the northern mountains, and their target practice consists in sharpshooting across the vast open spaces, where the atmospheric conditions would confuse the soldier of the lowlands. As to the carabinieri, experts have said that that of Italy is the finest in the world.

Besides these unique corps, there are the famous Carabinieri or national police.

A Slav Prophet.

A correspondent, in a letter to the Manchester Guardian, in England, records an interesting statement made by Stepiak, the great Russian revolutionary, which is worth quoting. When he first met Stepiak, in 1889, the writer says, he asked what real prospect there was of any revolution in Russia. The reply was: "A great European war will be our chance. It will show the bureaucracy to be quite incapable of managing the affairs of the nation in a crisis." This prediction, the correspondent points out, was partly verified by the events in 1905, when Russia took her "necessary first step towards freedom." It has certainly been fully realized in 1917.

Persian Bread.

The Persian native bread to-day is very little different from that used a thousand years ago. The Persian oven is built of smooth masonry-work in the ground, and is usually about the size of a barrel; many of them have been used for a century. The dough is formed into thin sheets about a foot long and two feet wide and slapped against the side of the oven. It bakes in a few minutes.

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Be Cheerful.

A splendid slogan is: "Be cheerful!" We sometimes forget that the attitude of mind is to a large extent a matter of choice. By overlooking faults in others and searching for good points, a big start is made on the road to "Cheerfulness."

Cheerfulness is not the result of outside influences. You have known people who suffered adversities of many sorts, including poverty, and whose faces radiated happiness and contentment. You have known, too, many persons whose life seemed sheltered from trouble and discomforts, and yet who seemed to have lost the capacity of cheerfulness, but were nothing more or less than discontented grouches.

It is more pleasant to be cheerful than discontented and grouchy, so why not keep the slogan in mind: "Be Cheerful!" The very robins these days are singing: "Cheer up, cheer up, cheerily."

Three hundred miles more of railway trackage is asked for from Canada for the west front, and 200 hundred miles of G.T.P. track west of Edmonton where it parallels the C.N.R. will at once be pulled up and sent.

QUEER HUMAN NATURE.

How the Significance of Words May Change With the Years.

How the same word may have a different significance for the same man at different stages of his life is given in the following from the New York Post, as adapted and expanded from the French in the Paris Figaro:

Life.—At twenty: Days that are coming. At fifty: Days that are going.

The Heart.—At twenty: An organ whose frequent palpitations are due to strong emotion. At fifty: An organ whose frequent palpitations are due to indigestion.

The Truth.—At twenty: Something to be flaunted in the face of the whole world. At fifty: Something it is not always politic to tell.

Poetry.—At twenty: Something you read with eagerness and enthusiasm. At fifty: Something to quote.

Time.—At twenty: You imagine you never have enough of it. Therefore are always in a hurry. At fifty: You know you never have enough of it. Therefore never hurry.

A Muffler.—At twenty: A protection for one's dress shirt. At fifty: A protection for what is under one's dress shirt.

The Hair.—At twenty: You shake it back off your forehead. At fifty: Comb it carefully down across your forehead.

Key.—At twenty: A contrivance used to open things with. At fifty: A contrivance used to shut things with.

Wouldn't Need It.

Ethel was going to a party at a neighbor's house where she had already caught tantalizing glimpses of unlimited quantities of cake, fruit and fees. At the last mother inconsiderately held her back for final instructions. "Now, remember, darling, to say 'Yes, please,' and 'No, thank you.'"

"Oh, yes, mother," Ethel said. "I shall always say 'Yes, please,' but I don't think I shall have to say 'No, thank you.'"

Woman.

A woman may be a fool—a sleepy fool, an agitated fool, a too awfully noxious fool—and she may even be simply stupid. But she is never dense. She's never made of wood through and through, as some men are. There is in woman, always somewhere, a spring. Whatever men don't know about women (and it may be a lot or it may be very little), men and even fathers do know that much. And that is why so many men are afraid of them.—Conrad.

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