

Good Word for Russians

Spoken by John R. Mott.

Who Asks for Patience

IN his various missions to Russia before and after the revolution, Dr. John R. Mott has had special poise of observation, has looked on the country and its people with the eyes of a statesman and of a lover of liberty and of mankind. Hence the sympathy and understanding which fill his heart and mind when he contemplates the Russian problem, and which touched his lips with moving eloquence in his addresses delivered recently in several Canadian cities. He made a passionate plea for patience with the Russian masses—for faith that they will work out their own salvation. The process may be slow, painful, blundering, but the great natural virtues of the race will in the end triumph over trials and difficulties such as have beset no other nation in history. What other country, he asked, has been in the throes of a great war, a political revolution, a social revolution, and a religious revolution at the same time?

Dr. Mott's message is one that should ring through all the Allied Chancelleries. He has been a personal witness of the mischief



DR. JOHN R. MOTT

wrought by German propaganda in every part of the Russian Empire. It ought to be the business of the Allies to provide the antidote for this poison. Counter-propaganda in Russia is as imperative a war necessity as the strengthening of the armies on the West front. In this hour of Russia's need and probation the Allies ought not to withdraw the hand of brotherhood, but ought to maintain a tolerant attitude toward excesses and extravagances produced by the first intoxicating draught of freedom. These are reactions from a despotism to which she will never return. It is reassuring to hear from Dr. Mott that the Bolsheviks are a comparatively small faction, unrepresentative of the real Russia—the Holy Russia—and that he firmly believes the solid qualities of the race will assert themselves in a rational regime, under which Russia will take her place proudly among the family of free nations. He predicts that she will reveal idealistic powers that will astonish the world. The lesson for the Allies is not to be misled by superficial and ephemeral phenomena into losing so precious an asset as Russia's friendship, but to look beyond these at the struggling soul of the people with its marvellous potentialities for good.

"Movies" for Dutch Soldiers.

A traveling moving picture show, in the form of a specially built automobile, is the latest acquisition of Netherlands soldiers. It has been invented with a view to bringing cheer into the monotonous and hard life of the troops engaged in guarding the frontiers in the winter. A cyclist theatrical company was already in existence, pedalling from one detachment to the other to give its performances.

The new movie car resembles an ordinary military freight automobile. Arrived on the spot where the performance is to be given, the automobile is stationed in front of the hall, into which electric power is conveyed by means of a long wire that is carried with all other requisites in the car. All that has to be seen to locally is the provision of a suitable hall. The staff comprises driver, electrician, pianist, and movie operator, for whom comfortable accommodation is provided in the car.

Etiquette.

A knight of old threw his right-hand gauntlet upon the floor or ground, and anyone who picked it up was understood to accept the challenge, and then there was a fight.

A lady in olden time could choose a champion, and, casting her glove upon the ground, demand the ordeal of battle. This custom is illustrated by Sir Walter Scott, when Rebecca, the Jewess, named Wilfred of Ivanhoe as her defender against the accusations of the Templars.

At the present day, in Europe, where old ideas rule, when a King or Queen is crowned, a knight casts down his glove as champion of his sovereign. Of course, no one takes it up. How amazed the knight would be if his challenge were accepted.

American Indians subscribed over \$10,000,000 to the Liberty Loan, and more than \$40,000,000 to the Red Cross campaign.

WORLD'S RUBBER SUPPLY.

Finest Grade is Now Obtained From Cultivated Plantations.

Nature and industrial science have been closely co-operating during the last four years in one big industry at least. As a consequence, the price of rubber has not been increased by the trend to war-time prices. The reverse has been the case. For 1917 prices were lower than those of 1913. This great change has come about in the rubber-producing business. In 1913 as much rubber was produced from the uncultivated forests as from the plantations. In 1916 we find that three times as much was obtained from scientific culture as from the forest.

All rubber plantation schemes are assuredly not wildcat ventures. The finest grade of rubber on the market to-day comes from these plantations.

In handling the rubber sap from the forest, from 16 to 18 per cent. is lost, largely on account of impurities. In the carefully harvested domestic varieties, the proportion of loss need not be higher than one per cent. The plantations and better industrial methods form a combination chiefly responsible for the decreased price. During the past year crude rubber fell as low as 40 cents a pound.

This fact is of the greatest importance, it goes without saying, to the automobile industry. Automobile tires require the best grades of new rubber. Scrap rubber is used in all other branches of the rubber-manufacturing industry. Rubber hose, matings, and shoes do not require the same degree of purity. Pneumatic tires must be very elastic. Also they must be very strong. They have a terrific and constant pressure to withstand. Only the lowest grades of pneumatic tires can be made from scrapped material.

Rubber is a medium that is not always consumed by use. Like gold, it can be melted and used over again and again. Of course it is unlike gold in that it does not retain its original merits, but deteriorates after each melting.

No rubber is used in its pure state. It is always mixed with other chemicals. Rubber obtains strength, life, and elasticity from sulphur. Science has decreed just how much of this compound should be added. An over supply will shorten the life of the fabric. In the less expensive grades asphalt and mineral rubber compounds are adulterants that are added. This gives bulk.

Some few years ago the rubber world was electrified by the discovery of a large supply of mineral rubber in Utah. Much praise was sounded of the merits of this "rubber," and, for a time, there were high hopes that it would be found to be the long-sought rubber substitute.

The question of substitutes may rest for a while now. The output from the plantation is to be thanked for this happy condition of affairs.

It takes about seven years before a rubber tree is ready for tapping. There is no fixed length of life for the tree. So the time between planting and bearing is not unduly long.

The best old rubber is that obtained from inner tubes and casings. As has been stated, this almost invariably is taken from the crude product. The scraps of all sorts bought up by junk men are sent to factories to be reclaimed. The quantity of rubber used in the pneumatic tire industry is relatively small compared to that demanded in the rest of the rubber trade. It is well that most industries can make use of the scrap. Otherwise the day would now have arrived when the rubber tire for automobiles would probably be a thing of the past.—Illustrated World.

Live Coward or Dead Hero?

War is a stupendous tragedy! It scorches the soul! When you think of your loved ones being seared in its flames, you are torn by contending emotions. Grief surges within and at times almost overcomes you. But there are worse things than war.

There is slavery. There is dishonor. There is loss of self-respect. Some say it is better to be a live coward than a dead hero. But I doubt it!

A live coward is minus self-respect?

He has lost his soul! He has sold his birthright! He knows in his own heart that he is a hypocrite! Always pretending! Without an honest thought! Forever under a cloud! Always skulking here, there, everywhere. His memory, his record, his deeds are always taunting him. He cannot get away from his own self-condemnation.

I do not know, but it seems to me that death would be a great heart-satisfying relief to such as he. The coward may live. He may breathe and walk and talk, but his soul is withered. He has already sacrificed his life. He has traded living for existing. His human entity is gone. He must hide his real self. He must pretend to be a man, and always know that he is a miserable pretense. Either you are a man or you are a cipher. And you do not have to wear a uniform to be the former. You do not have to rush to the "front." Do the work for which you are best fitted. Serve the nation in the most effective way you can.

Austria Takes Church Bells.

A second requisition of church bells has taken place in Austria to the sorrow of the Catholic population of that country. A limited number of bells had been spared, thanks to the vigorous representations of the Episcopal Church authorities. But the Government came to the conclusion that further requisitioning was necessary, with the result that the church has had to sacrifice many more of its familiar and cherished bells to the never-satisfied Moloch of war.

The first submarine boat was tested in Plymouth Harbor in 1774.

Secret of the "75" Gun

Is Still Held by French.

Germans Fail to Steal It

EVERY reader of the magazines and newspapers in every country in the world knows that the most successful gun the war has developed is the 75-millimeter field piece used by the French armies since October, 1915. Every military man knows approximately the constitution and appearance of the weapon; in these particulars it does not seem radically different from our own three-inch field pieces, nor, indeed, could a layman pick out any virtues which lift it above the British, Italian, German, and Austrian "heavies."

But in the difference that really exists lies the reason why Paris, Calais, and the whole west coast of Northern France is not now conquered territory! It is a wonder gun, a mystery gun; it is the gun that the frantic German General Staff has singled out with a bloody question mark.

Wherein lies its superiority? The answer sounds ridiculously simple. The "75" can fire 30 aimed shots a minute; the best Krupp or Skoda product can deliver five or six. There is the "edge," a simple matter of five to one!

Not only are the Teutons' weapons inferior in this respect, but the best United States three-inch field piece can fire on an average but six aimed shots a minute. And even this small total is sufficient to surpass the ability of the British and Italians.

The French own the secret, and from present indications they would surrender Verdun rather than breathe the key to the mystery across the barbed wire to the east of their first-line trenches.

Here lies the marvelous part of it all. The Germans, with all their fiendish mechanical ingenuity, have plenty of opportunity to examine this gun at home in their Krupp laboratories! When first the French loosed a rain of shrapnel from the mouths of the first increment of "75s," the Germans knew they had encountered a new type of weapon.

On the twenty-sixth day after the debut made by these guns, eight of them were captured by the mass attack of a division of picked German troops, who penetrated one sector of the Allies' line, carried off their prizes, and then retired, not even striving to hold the ground they had taken.

Four thousand German troops perished to attain this one object, but for the nonce it was considered worth while sacrifice. The world had not yet produced a work of genius which the German mind could not equal or surpass—at least, that was the Germans' belief.

Months passed. Finally the Krupp laboratories at Essen-on-Ruhr announced that they had achieved a gun identical to the dreaded "75." A great heartening of the whole Teuton army was evidenced at this announcement by a general advance.

But the gun did not come up to the French "75." When escorted out to a practice range the weapon, although it was manned by the finest demonstrators available, coughed only five times—and five times only—in one minute of firing at pell-mell speed!

The affair was analyzed and re-analyzed. The greatest ordnance experts of Austria, Germany, and Turkey took up the problem. It was perhaps realized that a hasty and satisfactory solution meant a chance for the triumph of the Central powers, and that failure spelled undoubted defeat. Yet they had failed! To-day, twenty-six months after the first tilt at duplication was started, the Germans can fire only five or six shots a minute from their best light field piece of this type.

But what is of the greatest interest to us is that the French, because of their love for America, for which it is hard to find a parallel in the annals of history, have furnished all their batteries on French soil with their unbeatable "75s"! This is a concession which they have not made either to the British or to the Italians, and it is certain to mean a saving, in a year's campaign, of many thousand American lives.

Before going into the trenches, the boys over there were given many weeks of practice with the "75" under the direction of expert French and English gunners. Reports have it that they are now out-shooting the Germans at every stage of the grim game with this mysterious gun.

Nothing Can Beat Work.

Dr. Frank Crane, the famous editorial writer, has written an article called "If I Were Twenty-One" for the American Magazine in which he says:

"It is quite important to find the best thing to do. It is more important to find something to do. If I were a young artist, I would paint soap advertisements, if that were all the opportunity offered, until I got ahead enough to indulge in the painting of madonnas and landscapes. If I were a young musician, I would rather play in a street band than not at all. If I were a young writer, I would do back work, if necessary, until I became able to write the Great American Novel. 'I would go to work. Nothing in all this world I have found is so good as work.'"

Alcohol From Seaweed.

The Hamburger Fremdenblatt states that a long-contemplated plan is now to be realized, namely, the installation of a factory for the utilization of seaweed (seetang) and various freshwater plants, which are found in Germany in great quantities in the river marshes. Both alcohol and fodder are to be extracted from these plants.

A MECHANICAL OWL.

Night-roaming Aeroplane to Fight Zeppelins.

Night flying has become a military necessity for reconnoitring and bombing as well as for attacking zeppelins, which always bomb at night. Extraordinary demands are made on the skill of the pilot. A landing at night can be safely made only if the ground is illuminated or guiding beacons are employed. Were it not for the fact that the average night sky is not pitch black and is even slightly luminous, night flying would be even more dangerous than it is. Yet on those nights when overhanging clouds cut off even this faint luminosity, when everything is wrapped in inky blackness, it may be necessary to send an aviator aloft.

Recently the French had to convert the night plane into something like an owl, so that it can fly even on pitch dark nights. Like an owl, the machine, with which they have experimented, is very slow—an old-fashioned Ferman "pusher" which would fall a ready prey to a fast enemy machine in daylight. But how does it find its way? By illuminating devices, of course. They may not be heavy because the machine cannot carry much additional weight. There are three luminous eyes in the form of searchlights mounted on the lower plane. As the owl swoops down on its prey, they flare up and enable the pilot to single out the target.

But sometimes the searchlights are inadequate. Greater efficiency is often demanded. And so we find that the machine carries as well eight illuminating rockets, four to the side. They are mounted nearly horizontally between the wings and are no doubt discharged by electrical devices. The mere pushing of an electric button is enough. Rushing out with a hiss, far out in front of the machine, each emits a dazzling flare, which, suspended from a small parachute lights up a large area through which a machine may pass. The flare lasts long enough to enable the aviator to make an emergency landing if need be; for the lights of an airplane are difficult to pick up.

By means of rockets it has become impossible to sight a zeppelin in an inky sky. At night a zeppelin is detected only by its propellers. It is practically invisible. But, if the rockets be aimed in the direction of the betraying noise, by swinging the entire machine, there seems no reason why it should not throw real light on the zeppelin's intentions.

These owl machines seem especially intended to mother small avions de chasse, which, because of their speed, climbing and manoeuvring ability, can attack an illuminated zeppelin.

Bribes for Brides.

News reaches us from Wyoming that the mayor of one of its leading towns has offered a reward of six pounds to every couple under the age of 21 who seek the matrimonial altar during his term of office. This tempting offer is put forward to encourage youthful marriages and incidentally increase the scanty population of that Southern State.

A strange incident occurred in a small town in Manitoba: A registrar of marriages in a small town in Manitoba:

"To the handsomest couple appearing before me for a marriage license during the next calendar year a suite of bedroom furniture will be presented with my sincerest regards. Partiality will not be shown to the rich or influential."

It might be mentioned that the gentleman from whom this tempting offer emanates was responsible for the issuing of marriage licenses, and doubtless found the investment a profitable one.

A similar case was that of a registrar of marriages in the North of England who a few years back offered a huge turkey, a plum pudding, and a dozen mince pies to the youngest couple who wedded during the festive season.

The municipal authorities of a French town hit upon a curious inducement to tardy couples to seek the altar. They publicly announced that all persons who married within a certain period should be exempt from local taxes for the space of five years, and this announcement was evidently so alluring that an epidemic of marriages set in at once in the town in question.—Tit-Bits.

Where Wives Are Silent.

The little Greek island of Fano, near Corfu, has become known to the Entente fleets and armies as a place where women are forbidden to talk. The island has normally a population of 1,824 persons, but most of the men are in the United States, where they work as waiters.

The custom of the island for many years has been for the young men to marry the girl they love best and then, after a brief honeymoon, go to America to make their fortunes, returning in a few years to their bride. During this period of the absence of the husband it has become a custom for their wives, women traditional for their beauty, never to talk to men. It is the business of the older women to watch over the young wives, and when strange men approach, as has happened frequently since the war, they are met with a shower of stones.

New Barbed-Wire Fence.

The latest barbed-wire fence which the French have designed to check the advance of the enemy, employs a series of immense barrel hoops, on which barbed wire is strung. The hoops are securely fastened to a wooden fence-form—six hoops to a section of fence—so that it is possible for each entanglement section to roll over and over like a string of lopsided pushballs joined together to form a solid unit.

When the sections are to be set up, they are dragged out under cover of darkness and so arranged that the natural land formations of the vicinity conceal them from advancing troops.

The Fair One With the Golden Locks

By RYLAND BELL

I first fell in love with Gwendolin Winchester's hair. We hear much of golden hair, but I have never seen but one head of hair the real color of gold. That was Miss Winchester's. She wore it as loose as any hair can be dressed. Indeed, it resembled a balloon in its shape.

Having fallen in love with the young lady's hair, I proceeded to fall in love with the girl herself. We boarded in the same house; consequently I saw her often. But she kept very much to herself, and none of us became familiar with her. Sometimes she would sit with me after dinner for a short while, but none of the other boarders was so honored. At such times, especially when we sat side by side, I noticed a dampness in the air which seemed to come from my companion. I once asked her how she made each individual hair stand out by itself, and she said that she washed it very often. There was a great deal of dust floating about, and it got into her hair. This was the cause of the frequent washings.

After giving her a number of invitations I finally succeeded in inducing Miss Winchester to go to the theater with me. When at the raising of the curtain she took off her hat and displayed her wealth of hair many persons turned their eyes upon it admiringly. It seemed to me that not only its hue was golden, but that in one or two places it had a golden sparkle. I asked her if she ever used a gold powder. She looked at me in a startled way and said:

"No. What makes you think so?" "Because there is a place in your hair which sparkles as though you had put gold powder on it."

She put her hand up and asked me where was the spot I referred to and was not satisfied till I directed her to it.

Miss Winchester held a position of some sort, but she told none of us where or what it was. She went out about 8 o'clock in the morning and returned at 4. On her return she went into her room and locked the door. I understood that she wished to rest till dinner. I could not understand why, if she needed rest, she took the trouble to wash her hair so often. Women usually make a great ado about washing their hair, and when they do are usually to be seen sitting about with it hanging loose. Miss Winchester would wash her hair between 4 and 5 o'clock and come down to dinner with it done up at half past 6. I once asked her how she dried it so rapidly and she said by fanning it. This added to my wonder that she should take so much trouble after a day's work.

I asked the young lady on several occasions to give me a lock of her beautiful hair, but she always declined. One evening when we were sitting together a lock came loose. My business requires me to carry a small pair of scissors in my vest pocket, and I surreptitiously cut off the strand without her being aware of what I had done.

When I went to my room I held the strand near the gas jet to examine it. On it I noticed a particle of a substance that reflected the light. Among my knickknacks I kept a magnifying glass—not a scientific instrument, but such as could be carried in the pocket. I brought it to bear on the particle and saw that it was either stone or metal. I judged that it was metal, since one of its minute facets reflected the light. Moreover, moving the light about on the lock I detected other particles, though most of them were much smaller than the first.

I don't know what prompted me to do so—idle curiosity, I suppose—but I put the lock in a glass of water and stirred it to separate the particles. They settled to the bottom of the glass. I poured most of the water off, and the rest of it, including the particles, I poured on to a sheet of white paper. This I held over the gas jet till the water had evaporated and the particles stood out on the white paper infinitely small bits of yellow sand or metal. Fishing a little horseshoe magnet out from among my other trinkets, I picked one of the particles up with it. I then knew that it was metal.

I said nothing to any one about the matter. Indeed, I thought very little of it till one afternoon, being in a building, I saw Miss Winchester coming out of an office on the door of which, under the firm name, was the word "Assayers." Assayers may be expected to handle gold dust, and a suspicion at once came to me that the particles I had found in Miss Winchester's hair were golden. I had preserved them and made a further examination to find that my surmise was right. I ceased my attentions to Miss Winchester, but I dreaded to have it discovered that she was carrying away gold dust that did not belong to her in her hair and, asked for a private interview with her, told her what I had seen and how it had revealed what she had stolen.

She was dreadfully cut up; begged me to keep her secret, and I agreed to do so on her solemn promise to abstain in future.

I never met Miss Winchester again. Somehow after that when I came near a girl with golden locks I could not avoid looking to see if there were scintillations of gold dust.

SUBROGATE COURT

Probate of the will of James Patterson, Augusta, farmer, has been granted to John Fretwell. F. J. French, Prescott, solicitor.

Probate of the will of J. W. Bass, Augusta, has been granted to Harper O. Bass, Augusta, and W. A. Lewis, Brockville. Lewis & Fitzpatrick, solicitors.

Oak Leaf

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Green drove to Seely's Bay Friday evening and returned Saturday afternoon.

Dr. Arthur and Mr. M. J. Johnson left for Kingston where they will spend a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Whaley spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Godkin.

Miss C. Miller spent the week-end with Miss Marjorie Godkin.

District Lodge meeting will be held in No. 2 Lodge rooms on Tuesday evening.

Mr. Brock Green is confined to his bed by illness.

Mr. O. K. Nunn has purchased a new Victrola.

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No. 560 for Ottawa, 5.50 a. m.
No. 568, for Ottawa, 2.30 p. m.—change at Smith's Falls.
No. 564, for Smith's Falls, 6.20 p. m.

Arrivals

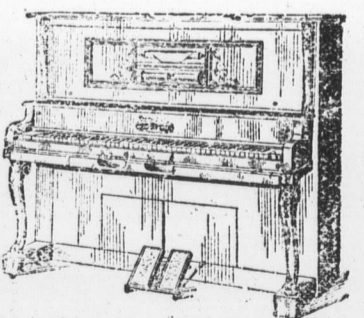
No. 561, from Smith's Falls, 11.20 a. m.
No. 567, from Ottawa, 1.10 p. m.—change at Smith's Falls.
No. 565, from Ottawa, 10.15 p. m.

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