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A Community Library.

Deplorable as the great world conflict may be the fact remains that it has drawn the population together mentally as nothing else could ever have done. The draft, Victory Bonds and Red Cross work are all common topics. There is no locality so small that these subjects have not penetrated. Minds that formerly gave hours to idle gossip, perhaps at times for lack of a mere common subject of conversation, have not that opportunity now. People who almost never touched a newspaper are eager for news or pictures because of loved ones who may be heard from.

The general advance of all prices has deprived many people of the publications that they formerly enjoyed. In the cities this is not so lamentable for, by taking a few extra minutes, one may gain any amount of information at the libraries; but in many small places a library is considered a luxury, and people who once passed magazines or newspapers along are selling them now, or sending them away. This method is extremely commendable, but the fact remains that there are thousands of people, particularly in rural districts, who are left mentally starved.

While many of our country towns can not have a large library, there are few that can not have a small one, if the need is recognized. In a little Ontario town a few years ago there was a crying need for just this sort of thing. The library which had been used had fallen into decay, so the energetic inhabitants determined to have a reading-room with at least a few books of common interest. To-day, after only a few years, this ranks as one of the best small libraries in the province.

First came a little afternoon tea in a tiny room, over a paint shop, where the beginning was made. At this, the first public meeting, the project was presented, thoroughly discussed and the committees appointed. From that modest start the interest spread until the room was soon outgrown and a better one secured. A thorough canvass of the township showed that every one was eager to help. Those who could not give books or magazines, donated a chair, a table, or a lamp. Others gave their time and assisted the "house committee" in cleaning, painting the room, or in building the necessary book shelves. The town made a appropriation. Soon hundreds of reference and information books were placed on the shelves and gladly used by the grateful patrons. All ages are catered to, with particular attention to the needs of the boys and girls and the problems of the community.

The small fee charged for membership is inadequate to meet expenses; but the fines imposed for keeping books out overtime augment this fund, and donations from townspeople make up the deficit when any occurs.

There are few small places that have no meeting rooms for Red Cross work or community meetings, and if these were used as reading-rooms or small libraries they would add much to the enjoyment of the inhabitants. In many instances we find that amusements are not satisfactory. Quieter forms of entertainment are required, and there is a thirst for in-

formation of a wider range than has been noticed for many years.

If this experiment is made in a very small way at first, the interest shown will be a great surprise. Many people are well informed but have had no chance to make use of their knowledge, while others are really thirsty for general topics of conversation but have few opportunities, or think they have not the time, to read. Both classes of people find pleasure and a common interest in starting a reading-room or a library that would add to the enjoyment of the general population.

No matter how small the undertaking, a committee should be formed and the work carried on systematically. If only newspapers are donated they must be cared for, then sold, and the money used toward defraying expenses. The possibilities are very broad, but the interest will be almost in direct proportion to the thought that is given to working out the first details of even the smallest trial.

Teach The Boy To Be Tidy.

It is most important in the inculcation of habits of personal neatness that the boy shall have his individual belongings, not to be touched by anyone else. The lad who has to borrow mother's hairbrush and father's collar buttons; sister's manicure scissors and the family whiskbroom hanging on the hall hatrack, will not be as apt to acquire fastidious personal habits of grooming as he would if he felt a strong respect for his own belongings, sacred to the use of no one but himself.

As the twig is bent, so will the tree incline—in the case of a boy. No matter how the man loves order and system when mature years have been reached, he will be helpless to achieve these things in his personal belongings unless the habit has been formed in youth. To the end of his life, no matter how orderly and accurate the processes of his mental endeavor, he will be apt to fling his collars and his neckties about his room, toss away towels in crumpled heaps in his bathroom and be a little bit indifferent to rents in his underclothes and knots in his bootlaces.

All these things are in the power of his mother to determine. Some boys are naturally neater and more fastidious than others, but all boys may be trained to give care to their belongings and to "pick up things" instead of flinging them down for somebody else to put away. The lad of eleven—even of eight—may be taught the essentials of good grooming, not only grooming of the body, but of the wardrobe. Soiled collars, unpressed trousers, ripped gloves and dusty boots should be made as objectionable to the growing boy as they are to the mother who is responsible for his future good habits in these respects; and though "picking up" after a boy is usually easier than eternally remonstrating and arguing with him, habits of personal neatness should be as carefully insisted upon as habits of truthfulness and politeness.

Making The Children Pay.

Just what war-mean to Austrian children is disclosed in a report published in the Arbeiter Zeitung of Vienna. Of children of school age more than one-third are engaged in some kind of work; in some districts all such children are at work. Out of every 100 children from 6 to 8 years of age 18 are at work, from 9 to 10 years 35 are at work; between 11 and 12 years, 50; between 13 and 14, 62. Saddest of all is the fact that two-fifths of these children have been working from the time they were five or six years of age. Another startling fact is that 95 out of every 100 children at work were employed steadily during the school year as well as during holiday periods. Fifty-two weeks each year marks the employment period of three-fourths of the children workers and much of the work is performed at home with the parents. Night work claims about one-fourth of the toilers. Even Vienna sees the crime that is being committed against its own flesh and blood and is considering legislation that will prohibit child labor before the age of twelve except on farms and in the household.

Tonio, The Clown

Wounded, Weaponless, in a War Hospital, He Played His "Little Joke" a Glorious Farce.

By Edna Howell.

They brought him, Tonio, the clown, feet first from the Red Cross train to the big motor ambulance. His was the last stretcher to slide into the deep gray van.

The motor slipped through side streets of tall narrow houses and drew up at a broad door with Technical School written above it. From the bare flagstaff no banner waved least the eye of an enemy's aeroplane should see the scarlet cross on the white ground.

Two hospital orderlies, gray heads, came and solemnly tugged at the stretcher of Tonio. He refused to budge. Carefully they pulled out the three other stretchers. For a breath each stretcher touched the ground before it was eased to the supporting leather straps hung from the shoulders of the bearers. The three wounded opened their eyes, and their laughter mingled with the shouts from above.

Tonio's stretcher would move neither backward nor forward.

The big corporal came, blond and a giant, lifted the slight boyish figure of Tonio in his arms and tenderly laid him down on a waiting stretcher. The sun shot its dazzling white bars on the motionless form whose eyes alone were never still.

He was swathed like a mummy from head to foot in white, his twenty-four wounds still in their field bandages; across his breast lay his Bersagliere hat, the long drooping cock plumes of bottle-green tinged with dark red. At his side lay two monstrous boots, tied together with white cord and caked with yellow mud.

Tonio's bright eyes, round and brown and remarkable for their light, encountered the big corporal. Tonio raised the little finger of his right hand. That and his eyes and nose were all that the field-surgeon had left exposed.

The big corporal flung back his head and the waiting crowd of soldiers looked on in the great laugh that rang out.

Tonio was a genius, one of the world's great artists. It was not so much what he said or did but the way he said it or did it that made him an artist. His hands and his face held and convulsed an audience, the turn of an eyelash perceptible to a crowd. The square long head with the lean lank jaw, the humorous mouth and the twinkling eyes, appealed but it was the man himself who drew. He carried with him an atmosphere as another man on a dark way might carry a torch. He tripped on his way as if to music, flung honest words with a honest mirth as a sun tinged its flowers.

Yet when he was a very young man, unknown, in poverty, the buffoon of a traveling troupe, tragedy had peered a flashing instant behind his white mask. It was the old, old story. Tonio had vowed his eternal revenge for the theft of the mate that had been his since the world began. His best friend had stolen his one ewe lamb. Tonio never knew the particulars though he had found a little slip of crumpled white paper with the words Kansas City written in pencil.

Driven by blind pain, Tonio reached the port, footsore and weary, but they had already flown over the sea. The passage cost him nothing. That day Tonio had only half a lira in the worn little brown purse Rina had given him.

It took him five years to save four hundred lire. They were five years of unbridled abstinence and black caverns, no appreciation of the genius that must have been bubbling up within him like a spring of charged waters. Then his fame leaped forth. His laugh rang round the world. In a night he could earn enough to keep a family for a year.

Yet he left that life, to earn two cents a day and full rations when there was not an advance over the ragged peaks of glacier Alps and when provisions arrived in time, and to offer his life and his all for his country.

The hospital is gay when late-comers arrive. Perhaps at night through the long lanes, flows a state of poignant grief, the wistful longings of lonely wives and old mothers, and the plaints of little children weeping through wards and corridors to tremble by each loved and tortured body. But on the day when the Red Cross train arrived, the corridors and courts become festive and light-hearted.

The orderlies marched with their burden into Room M and the big corporal lifted Tonio as if he were a lightest feather and placed him on a cot with a real mattress and two clean white sheets. After a rapid survey Tonio closed his eyes, opened them and shut them quickly lest the stream should break. As he opened his eyes again, the real bed not only had not vanished into space down a snow-white Alpine gorge but above him leaned a woman.

With shooting pain, as keen as the incredulity in his brain, the one free finger reached out and very softly touched the white gown. She was flesh and blood.

"What do you call yourself?" asked the nurse. His name with all his papers would be long in coming up from the Direction downstairs.

Tonio Taglieno of the 12th Bersagliere. And scusi, Signorina, are not from Kansas City?" he asked in English.

There was a rustle from the cot beside him.

The nurse laughed. One always laughed, not at him but with him. "Oh, no!" she said. "I'm not."

Tonio smiled back at her. "I knew you were an American," he

said, "and I like them all—from San Francisco to New York. But Kansas City—you do not know it?"

Again from the cot beside him there came the creaking of a mattress.

"No, No!" she laughed. "And wounded where?" Her pencil pointed over the tiny notebook. "The 12th Bersagliere. Wounded—" Her still smooth voice paused. "I shall wait for the surgeon," she added, "because wounded all save nose and ears and little finger. Is it not so, Tonio?"

His eyes twinkled back into the cheerful face. The sun shot its bright bars through the long Italian windows, and the winter air was soft from the garden terraces. A deep sigh broke from his lips. Soft as a feather in the air, it seemed to lift itself up into the white hospital walls. His eyes, like dark opals, were fixed on the nurse above him. He saw her blue eyes and a lock of hair that had slipped out from the close-fitting veil and Tonio's glance settled on the red cross. She wore the scarlet symbol on her breast and on her arm and in the centre of the white veil that fell down her shoulders to her waist.

The nurse was now thrusting this uniform, black with trench-dirt, torn with shot, the arms slit by the first into a great white sack. Big boots and gaiters, too, went in to be disinfected. Tonio with his twenty-four wounds watched her easy movements.

He knew no pain. It had vanished in his amazement at white sheets, the joy of a roof and this white smiling creature. The present wiped out unnamable horrors he had seen.

Tonio sighed softly, and dared turn his head and they were lovingly the scene about him.

He saw the orderly rows of white coats and the smiling faces of the men, their faces washed. In one corner a transformation scene was taking place as two elderly black-bearded men became youngsters under the razor's swiftness. A nun with a white-winged bonnet of Saint Vincent de Paul was gliding down the aisle, her soft white skirts seeming whiter far than the longer wings and bearing no harp but a great bowl of broth. A soldier was calling for a pair of socks and a boy with blue eyes from the Vento was pirouetting on a crutch.

(To be continued.)

ORIGIN OF THE INDIAN

Probable That Certain Asiatics Are the Ancestors of Our Indians.

The great anthropologic mystery of the world hitherto has been the origin of the American Indian. Whence did he come?

The idea that he originated as a human variety on this continent was long ago dismissed as utterly improbable. That he arrived as an early immigrant from Asia seemed the plausible theory.

Approximate proof of this latter theory, however, was not obtained until Dr. Alos Hrdlicka, of the United States Bureau of Ethnology, made not long ago a sort of racial exploration of eastern Siberia and Mongolia, where he found scattered people who so closely resembled American Indians as to be virtually indistinguishable from our aborigines physically.

These people have the complexion of Indians, with black straight hair, dark eyes and features to correspond. Many of them, if dressed like our aborigines, would be taken for Indians by the most expert anthropologist. The similarity extends even to habits and customs.

They seem to represent a very ancient race—older than the Mongolians or the present-day Siberians—survivals from a remote antiquity in regions since occupied by other races. Even the Chinese would appear to be relatively newcomers—a rather striking suggestion when one considers that the history of the Chinese is by far the oldest of recorded history.

However, even the history of the Chinese (as distinguished from mere tradition, which is mouth-to-mouth history handed down through generations) extends back not much more than 7000 years. The beginning of it is relatively recent.

Doctor Hrdlicka suggests (by way of surmise, but with reasoned data back of it) that the "Indians" of Siberia and Mongolia may be descended from the Paleolithic folk of southern Europe—the ancient cave-people whose seeming disappearance at an epochal stage of the development of mankind on the earth has been a long-standing puzzle.

Assuming that these Asiatics do really represent the ancestry of our Indians, how long ago was it that their kindred first began to populate America? Shall we say 100,000 years? It seems not an overguess.

It must have been (as Dr. Hrdlicka says) no small people that was able to furnish so great a body of colonists—arriving, of course, in small groups—as would suffice to populate North and South America with their varied stocks of Indians.

But (supposing Doctor Hrdlicka's theory to be correct) how interesting it is to consider that the aborigines of America are likewise to be regarded as the earliest people of Asia, and that by descent they may actually represent the very first families of southern Europe!

FAINTED IN TUB OF BOILING WATER

HUNS TRIED TO BREAK SPIRIT OF BRITISH PRISONERS

German Red Cross Nurse Kicked Crutch From Under a Wounded Man.

It fell to the lot of the writer of these notes to spend eighteen months among the British prisoners who were sent from Germany to Switzerland for internment. During that period he was in constant daily intercourse with them, and so had peculiar opportunities to hear the story that one or another had told of his experiences while in German hands.

In the hope of bringing home something of the calculated cruelties inflicted on our men, the following stories are chosen for publication. They are, alas, only a few out of hundreds like them, and they are not the worst, for the simple reason that many of the indignities inflicted on the prisoners are unprintable.

Case of Aggravated Cruelty.

Descriptions of the journeys from the point of capture to the prison camps and of the filthy cattle trucks already have been published; but an instance of aggravated cruelty may be added. Private E—, who arrived eventually at Chateau d'Oex—had had his leg shattered in the fighting, and had done his pitiful best with a field-dressing before he was captured.

He spent three days with his comrades in a cattle truck without once being allowed to leave it, and therefor had neither food nor any attention to his limb. By some means or other he had improvised a crutch, and when the order was given for the men to leave the trucks and march across the platform to a waiting room, he was able to hobble after them. A woman Red Cross worker, seeing her opportunity, made a quick movement with her foot, and as E— described it, "cried" it under his crutch as he was passing her. He fell heavily on to the broken leg, and he remembers the shouts of delight from the on-lookers at this clever bit of work.

The story told by Corporal P— can be recorded in his own words. A party of men had recently arrived from Germany for internment, and the writer lost no time in visiting the men in their comfortable hospital at Fribourg. P— was obviously one of the worst cases, his deathly pallor and shaking limbs indicated that he had "been through it." On reply to an inquiry as to what had happened, he replied:

"Well, sir, I'm a reprisal; I don't know what for, but that's what they told me. So one winter morning I was fetched out into the compound and tied to a post. They used enough rope to moor a ship; when they finished tying me up I was all rope. My feet were about six inches from the ground. I stayed like that for eight hours—it was bitter cold—and when they untied me I fell down and they carried me in.

Repeated the Torture.

"The doctor came round next morning and said I was quite fit for a further dose, so I had another eight hours at the same game—same post and same rope. Only this time they didn't tie me off the ground; instead they stood me down with my feet in a bucket of water up to the ankles. It was bitter cold.

"After that it was weeks before I could move; but when I was a bit better I got two of my chums to help me—I couldn't move my legs, but I put an arm round the necks of my chums, and they dragged me out into the compound for a bit of fresh air.

"But I never went out again after that once. It was told that if I could not give the proper salute to the German N.C.O.'s I was to keep inside. So I did, until I was brought here on a stretcher."

Apparently no opportunity was lost that could be utilized for breaking the spirit of the captives and deadening their self-respect. This partly explains why they were so often deprived of facilities for washing, and were allowed to get into a verminous condition. The Wittenberg victims had no change of clothing from Oct. 1914 to May, 1915, and during that time had no bath, shave, or hair cut. But at other camps personal cleanliness was made equally impossible, though not for so long a period. One man told how he spent three months without a bath or change of clothing, and had got into a shocking condition. As he described it:

"I was a mass of sores and boils all over, and so weak that I lay down most of the day. One day I was told to come and be tubbed. An orderly took me—I was too tottery to go by myself—and he made me undress and get straight into a bath of boiling water. When he'd got me in, he scrubbed me from head to foot with an ordinary floor scrubbing brush. I fainted three times, and they carried me back to bed."

Poured Water Over Him.

At another hospital in Switzerland which I visited, the following story, punctuated by the wheezes of chronic bronchitis, was told by a N. C. O. of a Scottish regiment. He had been severely wounded in the leg just before capture, but thanks to a splendid physician, the wound healed slowly and he began to make a good recovery. He was still in hospital when,

Use more soup

Put in plenty of vegetables and rice or barley. Even with poor stock delicious soups can be made by adding a dash of

BOVRIL

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without warning, he was ordered to get up and go to work. He refused, not only on the ground of his rank, but also because he could not stand for more than a few moments on his damaged leg. For this refusal he was forced to get up and dress and was taken to the basement of the building and locked in a cellar, four by five feet, with a stone floor. Twice each day a corporal visited him with bread and water and asked him if he would go to work. On his refusal to do so a bucket of water was poured over him until, as he said:

"By the end of two or three days I was pretty well sopped through. And I didn't get much rest, for one thing, the floor was swimming in water; and for another I'm well over six feet tall, so I could only hunch myself up against the wall. But they saw it was no good, and so in the fifth day they put me back into hospital. But I seem to have had a cold on my chest ever since."

The British Fleet in the Dardanelles.

The spirit of these fine lines was surely in the heart of all our men when the British Fleet sailed its victorious way through the Dardanelles to Constantinople. An invisible host of men returned their sad salute.

No Britons will ever make that voyage without thinking of the men who died to make it safe.

When the Fleet goes by
And the engines throbbing slow,
And the brave White Ensigns float
In the dragon's very throat,
Will you waken there below
Dead men of Gallipoli whose fame
Will never die?

When the Fleet goes by
And the frowning forts are dumb,
Will the lads from British leas
And their kin from overseas
Rise as wreaths unseen and come
To greet the sun of victory new risen
in the sky?

When the Fleet goes by
Every man aboard shall turn
And salute across the waves
The land of many graves
Where for evermore shall burn
The shining light of glory where the
bones of heroes lie!

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ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

Proved to be Tobago in the Windward Group of British West Indies.

A glance at a map of South America will show an island of considerable size in the Pacific, some hundreds of miles due west of Valparaiso. It belongs to Chile, and is called Juan Fernandez.

It is commonly understood to have been Robinson Crusoe's island, but that this notion is incorrect may be easily proved by a reference to Defoe's immortal story, which (published in 1719) tells exactly the location of the patch of dry and on which his hero was cast ashore by a hurricane while on a voyage from Brazil to Guiana.

It was not, therefore, in the Pacific Ocean at all. This land was in the Atlantic and near the mouth of the great Orinoco River.

Says Crusoe in his narrative: "The master made an observation as well as he could and found that he was off the north part of Brazil, beyond the Amazon, toward the Orinoco, commonly called the Great River. He began to consult with me what course he should take for the ship was leaky and much disabled."

Later on he says (referring to the island): "I afterward understood that it was occasioned by the great draft and reflux of the mighty River Orinoco, in the mouth of which our island lay, and that the much larger island I saw to the west and north-west was Trinidad."

"I asked Friday a thousand questions, and he told me all he knew. I asked him the names of the several nations of his sort of people, but could get no other than Caribs. I easily understood that these were the Caribbees, which our map places on the part of America that reaches from the mouth of the Orinoco to Guiana and onward."

Defoe knew his geography, and it has been definitely proved that the island of the fictional Crusoe was none other than Tobago, the southernmost of the Windward group of the British West Indies. It is twenty miles distant from Trinidad, and is twenty-six miles long by seven and a half miles in greatest breadth. At the present time it has several thousand inhabitants.

As is well known, Defoe derived the idea for his story from the adventure of a shipwrecked Englishman, Alexander Selkirk, who spent four years and four months in solitude on the island of Juan Fernandez, being finally rescued in 1709. Arriving in London, he was much talked of and written about, his experience inspiring Corneille's verses beginning, "I am monarch of all I survey."

It will be understood, then, that Juan Fernandez is really Selkirk's Island. But it can hardly be said to have been really Crusoe's island, inasmuch as Defoe has placed the latter in an altogether different part of the world.

CAMOUFLAGE IN THE KITCHEN

The Name of a Dish Is No Guide to Its Ingredients.

Always an inviting feature of oxtail soup—and of additional value because the veritable character of the dish is thereby proved—the little round bones with a hole through the middle, the caudal vertebrae of the animal.

At all events it seems so. But, alas! deception is at work. The oxtail furnished those bones walked on two legs. It was, in fact, a chicken, and the bones came from the neck of the fowl denuded of skin and chopped up. The oxtail soup one eats in restaurants is not made from the tail of the animal at all. It is prepared from ordinary beef, and its distinctive flavor is merely a matter of knowing how in cookery. Incidentally it may be said that there is as much mystery in soups as in hash. Soups are often artificially colored.

Chicken croquettes and chicken salads served in restaurants are not made of chicken. They never have been of such material within the memory of the present generation. Pork and veal furnish acceptable substitutes.

Terrapin paws in terrapin stew are most convincing. They prove the proposition, as it were. But all the same, the stew is nearly always made from meat far less costly turtles—"sliders," the boys call them—and the same turtles supply the paws.

What Foch Said.

An amusing story is told about Marshal Foch. When the American journalists were in France they once encountered Foch's chauffeur and plied him with questions. Said one, "I suppose you have often heard the general talk about the war?"

"No," said the chauffeur, "he is a very silent man."

"Surely you have heard him say something about the war?"

"No, monsieur, he rarely talks."

"Do you mean to say," chirped one of the journalists, "that you never heard him say a single word about the war or when it will end?"

"Oh, well, yes. Once when he came out of General Headquarters (here all the journalists took out their notebooks) and was stopping into the car, he said, 'My brave Jacques, when will this terrible war end?'"

A little milk in the buckwheat cakes makes them brown more readily.

CHRISTMAS

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