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HUN ATROCITIES IN RUSSIAN POLAND

WORSE THAN THOSE COMMIT-
TED IN BELGIUM.

Sacred Picture of Virgin and Child
in Holiest Sanctuary Torn
Down.

The Rt. Hon. W. F. Bailey, C.B., one of the Irish Land Commissioners, tells in the Fortnightly Review, a most appalling story of what the German invasion of Poland means to the Polish people.

The story is far more terrible than the story of Belgium, and half of the whole story will never be told to Europe. It is the story of how a Christian nation invaded another Christian country, defiled its sanctuaries and its women, made a mock of its faith, hunted women and children to the death, and set going such an exodus of sorrow-stricken people as the world has never seen before.

Mr. Bailey begins his story thus: "A cheap German postcard, purchased in Berlin for ten pennings, was brought to me a few days ago. It bore the inscription, 'The famous picture of the Virgin and Child captured from Czenstochowa by our gallant army. At the top of the card is inserted a portrait of the Kaiser, surmounted by the Imperial Crown of Germany. We can realize the anguish of the Polish peasant as we look on this card—he who has made pilgrimage to Czenstochowa, 'the Holy Place' of Poland."

Mr. Bailey gives a picture of Czenstochowa—the Holy Place of Poland—on the occasion of one of these pilgrimages, and it is important to realize what these mean in the life of the Polish peasantry to understand the barbarity of the deed by which this famous picture, "the Heart of the Heart of Poland," became the Kaiser's share of loot, and was sold on post-cards in Berlin for a penny!

Poland's Holy Place.

"Let us see it on a winter's morning with a great pilgrimage arriving to visit the shrine of Poland's Virgin and Child. Round the Holy Place—the small church which enshrines the relic which is revered by the Eastern and Western faith alike—a fact to be remembered—round the home of the oldest picture probably in the Christian world, a surging crowd collects. Amongst the scarcely breathing throng there is a sudden movement, a ripple of intense excitement, then absolute stillness, for the music ceases. A tiny bell tinkles. The heavy curtains part asunder, and the picture becomes visible.

"Just at first nothing can be seen but a small, almost black square set in a splendid frame of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, topazes, and pearls, with a background of beaten gold. "Only a little square, black and battered by age! But as one looks more intently the shadowy countenances of a soft-faced Byzantine Virgin and Child seem to emerge clear and awe-filling.

"To-day the portrait of its Virgin and Child forms part of the Polish loot of the Kaiser of Germany, and postcard copies of 'The Heart of the Heart of Poland' are being sold in Berlin for a penny!"

"Czenstochowa stands to the southwest of Russian Poland just over the frontier, within striking distance of the German army of invasion. And, knowing the veneration with which the Poles regard this church and picture, the Kaiser published, through his secret agents, a statement to the effect that this Virgin and Child had appeared to him in a vision, and with tears commanded him to rescue their shrine from the Russians. He went on to inform the Poles that such was his intention, and advised them in forcible terms to render him such assistance as he might require. Among

the many bribes he offered for Polish support was money and many rare jewels and fresh decorations—in German taste—for the shrine.

"But the Poles tore this proclamation into shreds, and the Kaiser promptly received a reply stating that he might betake himself and his statement to the devil, from whom both he and it had come, for neither was the people of Poland, nor our religions are for sale."

The Kaiser's Sacrilege.

"Furious at this answer, when the German army arrived in Czenstochowa the usual atrocities and outrages were perpetrated. The church was desecrated and its picture was wrenched from its frame and dispatched to Germany. And, finally, to the dazed horror of the citizens and all Poles, a vulgar portrait of the Kaiser in uniform was raised above the dismantled altar, lights were placed before it, and the wretched people were daily driven in by the brutal German soldiers to kneel before the picture of the man whom they regard as the devil incarnate.

"Presumably the Kaiser thought by this means to terrorize the Poles. They regarded their virgin and Child as all-powerful—he would prove to them that he was stronger. But he little understood the Slavonic character. This incident, by which he hoped to cow a spirited people into submission, has undoubtedly caused the Poles to stiffen their backs, and has had the result of bringing Polish Catholics and the followers of the Russian Orthodox faith to a better understanding.

"According to the most recent information from Poland," adds Mr. Bailey, "it appears that the Germans have begun to realize their error in desecrating the shrine of Czenstochowa, and that a replica of the famous picture has replaced the portrait of the Kaiser, which for a time was hung over the high altar. But the peasants of Poland now regard the German Emperor as the representative of Satan, if not Satan himself, in human form.

Does this story explain why the Kaiser has not shown himself in public in Poland?

MAKING THE ENEMY DANCE.

A Highlander Tells An Interesting Story.

Speaking of his experiences during the recent fighting a private of the Highland Light Infantry tells an interesting story. He says—Now that shells are as plentiful as blackberries we are making it hot for the Germans. We fairly make them dance and howl with pain when our guns get full tilt at them, and if only we can keep it up there won't be much fight in the Germans when the time comes for asking them to get a move on towards Berlin, with the Allies hammering their heels just to see that they don't let too much grass grow under their feet. Nothing would please us better than that the Kaiser should order another advance towards Calais. The dancing of the Germans now will be nothing to what it will be then, for it won't be anything like what it was a year ago, and we shall lay the Germans alive with our shell fire.

In the recent fighting the moral effect of our shell fire on the enemy was marked. The prisoners we took would not cease expressing their surprise at the way our artillery fire drowned theirs, and one chap told me that the German army is now without hope of pulling through, since they began to feel the weight of our shells on them. It was terrible to see them cut up. They came with a great rush at first in one of their counter-attacks, but when they got their first taste of what our artillery could do, their whole line seemed to sizzle up like burning bacon. Their losses were appalling. At one point we caught them in the open in their favorite close formation. They came charging at us with their battle-cry—"Hoch! der Kaiser!"—and thought they were going to get it all their own way. Suddenly our artillery dropped one shell into them, a sort of trial ball, and then there was a cats and dogs downpour of shells. Line after line of the attacking force disappeared, whole companies and even battalions seemed to be blotted off the face of the earth as fast as they came forward, and the ground over which our men subsequently advanced was like a shambles. Dead and dying were everywhere, and all that was left of the enemy was in terror-stricken flight, only to be mopped up by our gunfire a little further on.

The Vicar's Nephew; or The Orphan's Vindication

CHAPTER II.—(Cont'd.)

After supper he said good-night, and carried his books upstairs, telling the Vicar that he had lessons to prepare for Monday's school. His room was small and low, but he liked it better than any other in the house, because it had windows facing east and west, so that he could see the sun both rise and set. When he had locked his door he took the cage from its hiding-place and set it on the western window-sill.

"All right, you little fool!" he grumbled to the terrified bird as it shrank up against the bars. "Keep your hair on! It's me he'll pitch into, not you."

He put into the cage a bit of water-cress which he had slipped inside his jacket at bedtime. But the mavis would only flutter desperately and beat its wings against the bars. Jack sat down on the sill beside it, turning his back to the sunset, and considered what to do next.

His first idea had been to keep the bird and tame it. Certainly a thrush would be a second-rate kind of pet; he would have much preferred, for instance, a starling, which could be taught to swear, and to blaspheme against bishops and against green-handled knives and daisy-seeds and sea fishermen. But a thrush would be better than nothing; and if he was going to get into trouble for its sake, it was only fair that he should have some fun out of the transaction. On the other hand, wild creatures do not always take kindly to captivity; and for that matter, uncle would be angry enough to kill the bird for sheer spite if ever he should happen to find out. Had he not drowned Molly's pet kitten last winter, to punish her for getting her frock dirty? Jack's eyes darkened at the memory; he hated the Vicar with the silent, poisonous hate that remembers and bides its time; and in his long and heavy scorn against his enemy this was a big item. Until lately his attitude towards Molly had been one of Olympian indifference; what had he to do with a mere girl, who was afraid of the dark and couldn't do so much as throw a stone straight? But the day when he had come home from school and found her in the toolhouse, blind and sick with crying because Fiddles was dead, and the engine of warfare, and should stick to them. One was mauling, or "jaw"; the other, sheer coercion. This latter, though disagreeable, seemed to him the more logical weapon. It would have saved trouble to have tried to tame the bird; but he was not going to end with it. Indeed, the Vicar would have been surprised could he have learned how much more keenly the boy resented his part in his punishment. It was a numerous thrashing he had incurred into Jack a certain respect for a person who can hit hard; and had had his relations with his uncle begun and ended with the cane, there would have been no more of it. But the moralising filled him with scorn, and the occasional attempts at friendliness with fierce disgust.

Aunt Sarah he simply despised. She poor woman could never be guilty of any brutality towards him; it is doubtful whether she had uttered a harsh word to any one in all her ineffectual, well-meaning days. Her ambitions went no further than to see around her smiling faces of contented servants and children, looking up in happy submission to their dear king; and her one grief, besides that of childlessness, was that the faces, though smiling, were not so happy as they should be. She was a chronic case of disobedience and revolt, was to her an utterly unsolvable problem. She was always kind to him—it was not in her to be otherwise; and she was a good deal more than a living soul that had been caged and now was free.

He opened his eyes at last and looked around him, solemnly afraid. The room startled him with its dim light, a whirling of swift wings, and a leaning upon the sill, following with his eyes a moving black spot, small and smaller, that darted straight towards the glen.

He crossed the room and sat down on his bed, holding on to the foot-rail. He seemed to have gone all shaky inside, and there was a tightening in his throat. When he shut his eyes the tree-tops came back, and the yellow haze, and the sunset faded. A living soul that had been caged and now was free.

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CHAPTER III.

As far back as Jack's earliest memories went, he had always liked animals and plants and rough grey rocks and yellow foam.

They had, indeed, been all there was to like. Human beings, especially grown-up ones, had hitherto played in his conception of life a singularly small and contemptible part. They were inevitable, of course, and sometimes useful; but neither interesting nor pleasant, and generally much to be avoided. Within the last three years a new element had been creeping into his relation with the adults of his world; he had begun to see in them natural, as it were, hereditary enemies. Anything brutal or stupid, any petty meanness or filthy interference on their part, seemed to him

a matter of course, coming from creatures by nature illogical, spiteful, and incompetent, and his standpoint having once become fixed, many wise and necessary restrictions were lumped together with the others in careless contempt. He never troubled himself about the reasons of a prohibition; if a thing was forbidden, it was presumably just because there was no sensible ground of objection to it.

Of men and women in any other capacity than that of despised authority he had little knowledge. After the loss of the black-browed mother whom he could dimly remember, he and Molly had spent four years in the care of their grandmother and a crocheting maid-aunt. These two ladies had regarded the children as visitations of Providence, whom, for their sins, they must at regular intervals feed and wash, and two recognized boys were ever more heroically scrubbed than Jack. But cold water and rough towels, excellent as they were, had not satisfied all the soul's needs of the growing boy; and as quite a small child he had sat up in his bed in the dark, to address, to the anthropomorphic Thing which he had been taught to worship, a bitter reproach: "It's not fair. What did you make me for, if you weren't going to let anybody want me?"

The sailor father had wanted him, at any rate; it had been good to know that there was one person in the world who did not think it a disgrace for a boy to be a sailor, and to have black eyes like his mother's, even though that person was nearly always at sea. But then had come a night of rough weather and heavy signals all along the coast; last winter, to punish her for getting her frock dirty? Jack's eyes darkened at the memory; he hated the Vicar with the silent, poisonous hate that remembers and bides its time; and in his long and heavy scorn against his enemy this was a big item. Until lately his attitude towards Molly had been one of Olympian indifference; what had he to do with a mere girl, who was afraid of the dark and couldn't do so much as throw a stone straight? But the day when he had come home from school and found her in the toolhouse, blind and sick with crying because Fiddles was dead, and the engine of warfare, and should stick to them. One was mauling, or "jaw"; the other, sheer coercion. This latter, though disagreeable, seemed to him the more logical weapon. It would have saved trouble to have tried to tame the bird; but he was not going to end with it. Indeed, the Vicar would have been surprised could he have learned how much more keenly the boy resented his part in his punishment. It was a numerous thrashing he had incurred into Jack a certain respect for a person who can hit hard; and had had his relations with his uncle begun and ended with the cane, there would have been no more of it. But the moralising filled him with scorn, and the occasional attempts at friendliness with fierce disgust.

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THE BRITISH BULLDOG.
An Article That Will Interest All Animal Lovers.

In one sense the British bulldog, as we know him to-day, is a modern dog, and in another sense the breed is one of the oldest in the world. Most dog-fanciers, who are not blinded by prejudice in favor of one particular breed, are agreed that the Old English mastiff and the bulldog are descended from the same stock. Certain it is that the bulldog of fifty years ago was a very different dog from the bulldog of to-day. The bulldog was probably invented in this way. The village butcher of many years ago would use a dog to assist him in capturing and holding the particular animal that he needed for meat. In time the business of capturing a bull for food was developed into the sport of bull-baiting, and breeders of dogs developed their dogs on the lines required. Thus, the nose of the bulldog is in the middle of his face, so that he can hang on to his prey and breathe at the same time. No other dog can do this. The bulldog is built to "stand his ground." The hindfeet are turned slightly outwards (thus turning the hocks slightly inwards) to enable the dog to get a good grip on the ground before he leaps on his prey. You will notice that a human prize-fighter unconsciously turns one foot in the same way, and for the same reason. The Old English mastiff and the bulldog have this point in common. A thoroughbred dog of either breed has a reliable temper—a good temper. But a cross-bred dog is nearly always "awkward" as regards temper, and about the worst dog in the world for a child to play with.

The French bulldog is quite a different dog, although it is thought by some fanciers to be an offshoot of the British bulldog. The national dog of France is the poodle, which has the reputation of being the cleverest dog in the world. Fanciers will tell you that you can make a poodle do anything except love you. The Borzoi, or wolf-hound, is the national dog of Russia. A Borzoi is not unlike our greyhound, but with a rough coat. The breed is one of the favorites of Queen Alexandra, who also has a fancy for the national dogs of Japan, the little black and white toy spaniels.

Brave little Belgium has its national dog the griffon, a very sporty little dog, loved in this country as a toy dog, although the griffon is really as game as any terrier. The Italian greyhound, Italy's dog, is similar in appearance to the English whippet or miniature greyhound. Queen Victoria was very fond of Italian greyhounds, and owned several excellent specimens of the breed. Germany's national dog is, of course, the dachshund, familiar to most of us as "the dog that is sold by the yard."

The Pleasures of Youth.
A public school teacher once put this question to her pupils: "Which would you rather have—three bags with two apples in each bag, or two bags with three apples in each bag?" "Three bags with two apples in each bag," was the surprising answer given by one lad, while the rest of the class was struggling with the problem. "Why, Harry?" "Because there'd be one more bag to bust!"

In normal times England and Wales has about 50,000 police, of which London claims over 19,000. Scotland has 5,616, and Ireland nearly 12,000. The cost of police protection to England and Wales, including London, is four and a half million pounds yearly.

(To be continued.)

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FRENCH SCHOOL FOR GRENADE MEN

DESCRIPTION OF A VISIT TO AN
ARMY SCHOOL.

Some Bombs Are Explosive and Some Scatter Burning Liquid All Around.

The latest evidence of the superior knowledge with which the ordinary soldier must be equipped is given by Ralph Pulitzer, in the New York World, in his account of a visit to a French school of bomb-throwing, where hundreds of men who must go down to the front trenches are taught the difficult art of making bombs explosive to their own. The class is held in a peaceful field in a sheltered valley, and there is a uniform instructor present who explains elaborately to his class of some 200 pious the seven different types of hand-grenades and how each is fired. The first, a heavy variety that could not be thrown over 20 metres, is exploded by means of a metal pin attached by a thong to the thrower's wrist and thrust into a hole in the bomb before it is thrown. As the missile leaves the thrower's hand the quick withdrawal of the pin gives the spark which ignites a five-second fuse. The second is pear-shaped with a spring that the grasp of the thrower releases, igniting a fuse of the same length as the first. Of the rest, we read:

The third bomb was a can of white tin attached by two wires to a white deal handle. A nail was stuck into a hole in the can. The nail was hammered in by a sharp rap against the ground. The nail, driven in, started the fuse.

The fourth bomb was black and round and was started by scratching the tip of a stiffly projecting bit of ignitable fuse against a black band of rasy material wound round the thumb of the left hand.

The fifth bomb was lighted in a very similar manner against the side of an ordinary safety-match box. These five were regular grenades.

Incendiary Bombs.

The sixth and seventh were incendiary grenades to set fire to wooden obstructions, etc. The one, in exploding, scattered the burning liquid to a distance of a few yards, the other set fire only to the spot where it burst.

The eighth was an asphyxiating bomb. I cannot, however, be too careful in emphasizing the fact that this so-called "asphyxiating" bomb was not poisonous, like the German asphyxiating gases, but merely irritated the eyes, nostrils, and throat, so that when thrown into a German bomb-proof it would force out the occupants. It left no ill after-effects.

The "class" withdrew to a distance of 200 feet; only the sergeant of engineers and Mr. Pulitzer remained in the trench. The former stood in a portion of the trench slightly widened for his purpose; the latter ventured no nearer than the door of the neighboring bomb-proof. The engineer picked up bomb number one. Says the observer:

Having seen the departure of the bomb, I ungracefully tumbled into the bomb-proof, with the engineer a close second. There was an appreciable pause. Then came an explosion, the violence of which astonished me. I could distinctly feel the ground shake. After giving the fragments which had been hurled our way plenty of time to come down on the roof, we stepped out into the trench again. He next picked up bomb number three with the deal handle, hammered the nail home with one sharp rap against the edge of the trench, and sent the bomb hurtling through the air.

Hit Dummy Trench.

The mechanism of the first bomb, as explained, was put in operation the instant he hammered the nail in. As it thus got a running start on us, we had only barely time to get under cover before the explosion took place.

After watching the way these three bombs were started and thrown, I now wanted to watch the rest of them exploded. So we moved out of the trench up to the top of a little rise about 50 yards to the right. The soldiers were all kept at their original distances of 200 yards behind the trench.

From my new position I got an excellent view of the engineer whirling his arm and letting fly; of the heavy black objects rushing through the air; of the accuracy with which they hit the dummy trench; of the lazy manner in which they rolled only two or three feet along the ground before coming to rest, and of the tremendous inertia with which each lay apparently as dead and cold as a piece of coal dropped by some passing coal-cart, while the second of time which possibly elapsed seemed like a minute at the least. Then came an amazingly instantaneous burst of lead-colored smoke, covering a circle some 40 yards in diameter, accompanied by an explosion of surprising violence. I could see no flash of fire at all.

There's the Rat.

Mrs. Exe—Your maid is to family. You should make her keep her place.

Mrs. Wye—If I made her keep her place she'd quit her job.