

Some French Superstitions

THE soldier who does not know, in his own experience, of a case where a man who lit his cigarette "third off a match" and promptly went to his death, is a rarity. Third off a match, going up the line when warned to leave, passing a horseshoe on the road, being in the same platoon as one's brother or father, speaking one's regimental number in the trenches or being a determined souvenir hunter—these were the principal superstitions of soldiers in France. And superstition, even to the supposedly hard-headed young business men who joined up, became, after a few days in the line, just as much a part of a soldier's equipment as his rifle. The superstition was not the blind and terrified sort observed by savages. It was good-humored, even cynical; but was rigidly observed nevertheless.

Matches were often, nay, usually scarce among the fighting troops. And soldiers smoke gregariously. That is, when one soldier pulls out a packet of cigarettes, however stealthily, at least two or three of his comrades discover the act and share a smoke with the owner. Then the match is lit. Even if the lighter of the match is not superstitious, and attempts to give a light to a third man, some one of the party is bound to bend forward sharply and blow it out.

The legends of death and calamity following the unlucky third man on a match are as numerous as there were troops in France. Every man has a story to illustrate the dire consequence of that breach of a malign fate's decree. And strangely enough, many actual examples are available. The soldier, of course, in a war where death comes screaming and rushing through the air, blindly striking out for victims and so often blindly catching them, comes to believe in a peculiar sort of spirit, a fate with a sense of humor perverted by too much handling of human life. The soldier sees around him every day death under so many queer and shocking circumstances and so many fine and lovable men getting killed, that gradually he comes to sort out the deaths of the splendid fellows as evidences of the mocking gestures of that sardonic fate. Hence, the superstitions, which are a sort of offering from the war-stained human mind to the malign spirit.

The writer sat at the foot of a dug-out stairway, on the Ecurie front. Up at the top, the morning sun shone, and a sentry whistled and hummed to himself. Two signallers sat on the stairway repairing a telephone box. A man came along the dugout and ascended the stairway. As he passed the signallers, one of them was in the act of passing his chum a cigarette. The man who was ascending stopped with a "What ho!" and helped himself to a cigarette. The second signaller lit a match, and before thinking, all three lit up from it, and the man who was ascending lighting his last.

The signaller who was holding the match jerked his hand back, but too late. The third cigarette was aglow, and the man who was ascending lighting his last.

"You will bum cigarettes, eh?" warned the signaller, laughing.

"You'd better throw that tag away, or you're a goner!"

"Nothing doing!" said the man and continued his way up the stair-

way. It was a quiet, sunny morning. But about fifteen minutes later, there was a muffled bang outside. The sentry put his head in the entrance and shouted:

"Stretchers bear on the double!"

The man who had lit his cigarette third had been killed by a rifle grenade while sitting in the sun on the fire step.

Another most common superstition surrounds the phrase, "got his number." Every article in the army, from a can of bully beef to a shell has got a number stamped on it. The soldier has a number stamped on him, on all his books and documents. Numbers begin to have a peculiar significance for soldiers. To the idea that a bullet or shell is numbered to correspond to a soldier's number and that that bullet or shell is the one designed for that particular soldier is only a short step. He imagines the grim fate so arranging it that a shell with his number on it is fired from the German gun at him. Hence, when a shell shrieks and crashes close to a soldier, he scrambles to his feet exclaiming: "That one didn't have my number on it, but pretty darn near it."

And in case the numbers are running serially, the soldier hastily seeks a deep and distant shell hole. The particularly sad case of the soldier being killed on the eve of his departure to "Blighty" on leave has given rise to the superstition that a soldier warned for leave should promptly ensconce himself in the safest place available and stay there till he departs. At the battle of Passchendaele, leave warrants for three of the officers of a Toronto battalion were in the orderly room. The officers decided to wait till after the battle to go on leave. All three officers were killed that day.

The colonel of another Toronto battalion had his leave warrant in his pocket when he fell with a machine gun bullet in his heart, leading his men in a big raid at Vimy in March, 1917.

Lucky coins, images, buttons, love-letters, inscribed testaments, all manner of trinkets were the possessions of our soldiers as charms against the attentions of the soldiers' especial hoodoo.

Death of Animals on Icebergs.

In the Province of Bengal, India, 26,486 animals died of contagious diseases during the year 1917-18, as against 8,415 in the previous year.

The Bolshevik Way.

Russia, under the Bolsheviks, becomes more and more swamped with its steadily depreciating currency of ruble notes printed in quantity and issued without the financial guarantee of a trustworthy treasury. The system, it appears, is part and parcel of Lenin's determination to make money valueless as a medium of exchange, and so introduce the Bolshevik idea that whatever a person needs shall be paid for in work. One form of work, in short, is to be bartered for another form of work, but quite naturally people who have hitherto bought things with money still cling to the notion that money is valuable. And so the printing presses are kept busy, printing ever more and more ruble notes, and day by day the ruble notes become more and more like pieces of waste paper. Eventually, thinks Mr. Lenin, people will be convinced that money is worthless, and everybody will agree to the cumbersome method of buying one product of labor with another product of labor. Already, so he is reported to have said with considerable satisfaction, the hundred-ruble note is "almost valueless."

Lord Reading Made Hit As British Ambassador In the United States

VISCOUNT BRYCE, probably the most popular foreign ambassador who ever served at Washington, and when the American people think of an ideal ambassador they think of the author of the "American Commonwealth." But not even Ambassador Bryce's coming or going was the occasion of such an outburst of respect and admiration as that which has marked the departure of Lord Reading. In the general chorus of praise that has gone up from the American press there is not a dissenting voice. Indeed, there is not the slightest doubt that if such methods were in vogue a petition praying for his speedy return could be circulated and signed by practically every leading American in the country. His mission has been a "brilliant, unqualified success," as one paper describes it, and this is a typical comment.

There is hardly a modern parallel for it. Two disadvantages had to be met and overcome by Lord Reading. In the first place, he was known to be one of the greatest lawyers in Great Britain, the greatest with the exception of Sir Edward Carson. This fact might well have created the impression that he had been chosen for his ability to "put some thing over" and would have the natural tendency of making the Americans with whom he came in contact rather wary and reserved. In the next place he had had no diplomatic

experience, surely a grave disability at a time when the most delicate negotiations were on foot. The fact that Lord Reading is a Jew may also have had some influence, for while this would aid him among the Jews, and would be particularly valuable in financial negotiations, it might not prove an asset with others, not quite free from anti-Jewish prejudices. Yet here in Lord Reading in the last days of his departure, banqueting by the Pilgrims, the American Bar Association and as many other bodies as he can accept invitations from, escorted to his boat by a distinguished company, his rooms flooded with gifts, and newspapers displaying almost ill-temper that he is leaving the United States.

Lord Reading has done his part in winning the war, and he has done it well. In the first two years of the struggle, besides being Lord Chief Justice of England, he was the principle financial adviser to Lloyd George, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and is credited with having devised those methods of financing that have resulted in the British Empire emerging from the war in a sounder economic position than any other belligerent or neutral, with the exception of the United States, which bore only a tithe of her burden. In 1916 he was sent to the United States to negotiate loans for the British and French Governments. This was a difficult task. There was pro-German propaganda to be overcome, and the military position of Germany at that time made lenders chary, while the money market conditions were generally unfavorable. Yet Lord Reading succeeded. The next year he returned again as British High Commissioner, and on the death of Sir Cecil Spring Rice was given the additional honor and burden of the American Ambassadorship.

But so greatly was his counsel in demand that last fall he was summoned home to consult with the British Government on the peace terms, and for several weeks he was busy in Paris as a member of the commission for the feeding of the European neutral and enemy nations. A short time ago he again returned to the United States, but simply to close his desk and say good-bye. He was urged by the British Government to continue the post, and the American Government, it is hinted, made similar representations, but Lord Reading's health cannot face the continued strain, and he returns to resume the duties as Lord Chief Justice. It may be, indeed, that he will be one of the international court that will try the Kaiser. This would set the crown upon one of the most remarkable of contemporary careers.

Fact appears to lie at the bottom of Lord Reading's success at Washington. This, in fact, is the secret, with it an extraordinary degree. It is especially desirable in the British representative at Washington, for

while he is on a slightly different footing from all other ambassadors, his privileged position makes it all the more necessary that he shall live up to a higher standard than is demanded of others. A "break" on the part of some ambassadors might be excused on the ground that they were unfamiliar with certain American prejudices or conditions. It would not thus be forgiven in a British ambassador. Moreover, personal relations enter into Washington diplomacy to a greater extent than in any other great capital. It is one of Lord Reading's gifts that he has been able in a remarkably short space of time to get on terms of friendship and intimacy with the leading men in American public life. Maybe the fact that he is a great lawyer, and thus has been able to make use of the legal transmission in a country where every lawyer is a politician, has helped him greatly. Anyway, he will be a hard man to follow at Washington.

Most Active Volcano.

The most active volcano in the world is Mount Sangay. It is 17,196 feet high, situated on the eastern chain of the Andes, South America. It has been in constant eruption since 1727.

Admiral Kolchak.

News comes slowly out of Russia, but what there is of it seems to show that the next Russian name prominent in the thought of the world will be that of Admiral Alexander Vassilievitch Kolchak, head of the Omsk Government. Admiral Kolchak after the abdication of the Tsar, supported the Provisional Government of Prince Lvov, and was nearly lost when that Government was overthrown by the revolution. Kolchak was then at Sebastopol, where the sailors of the Russian fleet mutinied in response to the demands

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and promises of Kerezhny, and the admiral was arrested on his own flagship. Refusing to surrender his sword, he threw it into the sea, and indignantly withdrew to his cabin. A guard was posted outside the door, and the fate of the imprisoned officer became a serious question. The sailor revolted, but was finally persuaded by the Bolshevik leaders that Kolchak should be executed. The decision was reversed by the

sonar appeal of Rear Admiral J. H. Glennon of the United States Navy, who was in Russia as part of the members of the Ellin Root embassy, and arrived at Sebastopol just in time to prevent the execution. Kolchak was permitted to return with the American officer to Petrograd, and shortly afterward became the head of the anti-Bolshevik movement when another provisional government was set up at Omsk.

MEETINGS IN INTEREST OF POTATO GROWING

The New Brunswick Department of Agriculture have arranged a series of meetings to which everyone interested in Potato Growing is cordially invited to attend.

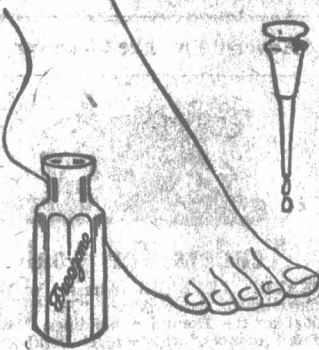
Mr. George M. Saunders, who is recognized as one of Canada's foremost authorities on Spraying and Spray Materials, will address each meeting. He has information that will mean dollars saved to every potato grower. The local District Representative will also attend the meetings. All are evening meetings beginning promptly at 8 o'clock.

Fredericton Junction	July 7th
Andover	" 8th
Salmonburst	" 9th
Arthurette	" 10th
Grand Falls	" 11th
Woodstock	" 12th
Hartland	" 14th
Bath	" 15th
Centreville	" 16th

Hon. J. F. TWEEDDALE
Minister

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Don't hurt a bit! Drop a little Frezzone on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it right out. Yes, magic!

A tiny bottle of Frezzone costs but a few cents at any drug store, but is sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, white sores or irritations. Frezzone is the sensational discovery of a Cincinnati genius. It is wonderful.

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If you don't see the "Bayer Cross" on the tablets, you are not getting Aspirin—only an acid imitation.

Genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" are now made in Canada by a Canadian Company. No German interest whatever, all rights being purchased from the United States Government.

During the war, Aspirin tablets were sold as Aspirin in pill boxes and various other containers. The "Bayer Cross" is your only way of knowing that you are getting genuine Aspirin, and that safe by millions for Headache, Neuralgia, Cold, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuritis, and for Pain generally.

Handy little boxes of 10 tablets—also larger sized "Bayer" packages—can be had at drug stores.

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LEMONS WHITEN AND BEAUTIFY THE SKIN

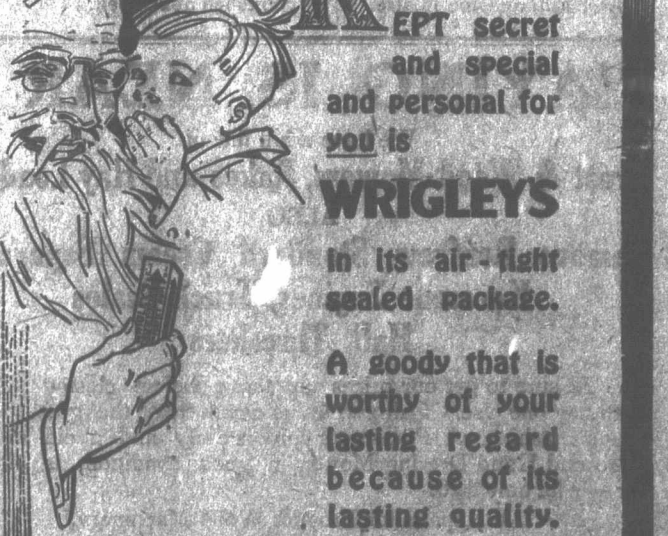
Make this beauty lotion cheaply for your face, neck, arms and hands.

At the cost of a small jar of ordinary cold cream, one can prepare a full quarter pint of the most wonderful lemon skin softener and complexion beautifier, by squeezing the juice of two fresh lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white. Care should be taken to strain the juice through a fine cloth so no lemon pulp gets in, then this lotion will keep fresh for months. Every woman knows that lemon juice is used to bleach and remove such blemishes as freckles, sallowness and tan, and in the skin's softener, whitener and beautifier.

Just try it! Get three ounces of orchard white at any drug store and two lemons from the grocer and make up a quarter pint of this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion and massage it daily into the face, neck, arms and hands. It is marvelous to smoothen rough, red hands.

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