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ALLIES PLAN NEW TACTICS TO OVERWHELM DARDANELLES

Bulgarian Troops Start Border War on Serbians

ENEMY AIRMEN BROUGHT DOWN NEAR RHEIMS

They Dropped Bombs on the City, But Did No Damage

RUSSIA WARNS ITALY

Must Not Press Claims Which Might Mean Later Conflict

Special to The Toronto World.

LONDON, April 3.—The prolonged lull on the western front was unbroken yesterday. The official German report mentions three small attacks by French and Belgian forces, which were repulsed.

A German aeroplane was brought down near Rheims after dropping bombs on the city. The two aviators were taken prisoners.

Russia and Italy.

The attitude of Russia concerning Italy's territorial aspirations is defined in a semi-official announcement from Petrograd, which assumes special significance because of Italy's warlike preparations and the efforts to adjust the boundary question with Austria. Russia in effect expresses sympathy with Italy's desire to obtain the territory about the head of the Adriatic inhabited chiefly by people of Italian stock, which would include the provinces of Trent and Trieste. Russia would not oppose still further expansion, but warns Italy not to press her claims to a point which might bring on another conflict later. At the same time, it is said that the imperialistic attitude towards the Adriatic attributed to Russia is absurd.

Report Is Denied.

The British Embassy at Rome denies a report that Lord Rosebery or any other person is going to Rome on a special mission for Great Britain.

Vienna reports assert that the recent fighting in Bukowina has been more important than the official communications have shown. It is said the Russians, who sent reinforcements in the hope of gaining a decisive victory in Bukowina, have been defeated and forced to retreat.

The British steamer Lockwood was torpedoed last night off the coast of Devonshire, Eng. This is the sixth ship whose loss by torpedo or mine has been reported in the last two days. The crew of the Lockwood was saved.

Gen. Joffre, the French commander, is quoted as predicting that the war will soon come to an end to the advantage of the allies.

Decision Is Near.

The fluctuating struggle in the Carpathians seems to be nearing its decision, according to despatches reaching London. By successive rushes amid ice and snow Russian troops are said to have carried a series of Austrian lines, and, in the view of British observers, they bid fair soon to break thru in force between the Lupkow and the Uzsok Passes.

In the west conditions bordering on stagnation prevail. The allies are keeping the Germans in the dark as to when and where the big thrust will come, and in the meantime they are speculating as to whether the invaders of France will risk a serious offensive, while the situation in the east remains precarious.

SLASHED THROAT AND JUMPED BRIDGE

Body of Unknown Man is Found in Moore Park Ravine

With two gashes in his throat an unknown man, about 70 years of age, was found dead Saturday morning lying across the Belt Line tracks under the Moore avenue bridge, Moore Park. His body was removed to the morgue where an inquest will be held.

On the bridge above where the man was found there was blood marks extending some distance along the street. In the man's pockets $45 and a pocket knife covered with blood were found.

The dead man was 5 feet 10 inches in height. He had gray hair, heavy whiskers and mustache, and was wearing a light gray coat and vest, striped pants and a brown cap.

Bulgarian Troops Occupy Serbian Border Territory

Frontier Patrols Were Overwhelmed According to Official Despatch From Nish.

PARIS, April 3, 1.15 p.m.—Hostilities between Serbian troops and Bulgarian irregulars have broken out along the border. An official statement issued at Nish, Serbia, as forwarded to the Havas Agency, says that the Bulgarians overwhelmed the Serbian frontier patrols and occupied Serbian territory.

The statement follows:

"Last night at about 2 a.m. Bulgarian irregulars wearing muddy uniforms attacked in large numbers our outposts at Valandovo. Our frontier guards, overwhelmed by superior numbers, were forced to give ground, and retreated in the direction of the railway station at St. Rumitsa.

"At 5 a.m. the Bulgarians occupied all the heights on the left bank of the Vardar. The losses on both sides were serious.

"Wounded soldiers state that Bulgarian bands manoeuvred and fought under the direction of Bulgarian officers. The number of troops engaged was slightly more than a regiment.

"Neighboring frontier posts immediately sent reinforcements. The result of the battle is still unknown and details are lacking."

EASTER BLIZZARD ALONG THE COAST

Philadelphia Tied Up by the Heaviest Snow Storm of Season

SHOPPING WAS STOPPED

Business Paralyzed on What is Usually a Banner Day

PHILADELPHIA, April 3.—The storm which struck the middle Atlantic states early today became almost a blizzard, worse than any storm of the past winter in this section. Accompanied by a high wind, the snow at first melted as it fell, but later it stuck and at 2 p.m. more than six inches was on the ground. Wire communications with points south and with all New Jersey seashore resorts was interrupted. Steam railroad traffic here was snowed up and local street car service was seriously interrupted during the storm.

This resulted in a partial paralysis of business on what is usually one of the biggest shopping days of the spring season. With the coming of the storm the Easter plans of most people went to pieces. Steam and electric trains, instead of being filled with holiday crowds bound for the seashore points to spend Easter, left here with comparatively few passengers.

According to the weather bureau, the fall of snow broke all records for April.

NEW ORDER COVERS ALL DRY CANTEENS

Militia Department Will Establish Them for All Canadian Units

MANAGEMENT CHANGES

Instructions Issued Yesterday Make Commanding Officer Responsible

"Dry canteens" for every military unit in Canada are to be established by the department of militia forthwith. Official notice was received at Exhibition Camp on Saturday afternoon from Major-Gen. Hughes.

The notification was immediately promulgated in an order of the day, issued by authority of Col. Logie.

The notice stated that it was an advance copy of a general order which would be issued by the department. It announced that a dry canteen would be established for each unit of the Canadian expeditionary force,

and also for each unit of the active militia during the period of training.

Under Officer Commanding.

These canteens are to be organized, administered and carried on under the supervision and the direction of the officer commanding each unit and a committee appointed by him. The canteens are to be inspected daily.

The canteens are to be maintained solely for the use and benefit of the units, and are not on any account to be sublet or handed over to any other person or persons, and are to be managed by a member of the unit.

Garrison, regimental or corps regulations for such canteen, also the times for opening and closing the same, will be published in regimental or corps orders.

REV. ALEX GILRAY IS LAID TO REST

Last Tributes Paid to Former Pastor of College Street Presbyterian

HIS CAREER WAS IDEAL

For Forty Years He Had Sacrificed Himself for Others

Rev. Alex Gilray's forty years' pastorate of College Street Presbyterian Church attained an eloquent, impressive and memorable climax when the sincere tribute of respect was paid to his memory at his funeral on Saturday afternoon. The church was thronged before the service commenced. It was preceded by a short service for the family at the home 367 Palmerston Boulevard by Rev. J. A. Turnbull, D.D., and Rev. J. Mitchell of London, Ont.

Rev. A. L. Leggie, acting moderator of Toronto presbytery, conducted the service at the church. The members of the presbytry occupied the centre seats fronting the pulpit. The general assembly officers present included Rev. A. S. Grant, D.D. and Rev. Dr. Somerville, Rev. Alex. McMullan, Rev. R. P. Mackay and Rev. R. Douglas Fraser. Rev. J. A. Macdonald, D.D., who had been a member of the congregation since boyhood, was present.

The floral tributes included a wreath from the international executive of the Christian Endeavor Society at Boston.

Brief addresses were made by Rev. Alex. McMullan, who declared that Dr. Gilray's most impressive sermon was the inspiring memory his life had left to those who had known of his intense enthusiasm for the welfare of others. This was the secret of his passionate support of the Young People's Christian Endeavor Societies.

An Ideal Career.

Rev. R. P. Mackay, general foreign mission secretary, pointed out that Dr. Gilray's career was ideal from the missionary standpoint. As a Knox College student he had 40 years ago organized his own congregation, of which he had been the first and only pastor.

Owing to the large number who availed themselves of the privilege of paying a farewell look at their late pastor and friend, it was 3.30 before the funeral cortege left for Mount Pleasant Cemetery, where the service was conducted by the officers of the Presbytery.

About thirty official members of the College street church acted as pall bearers.

DIED OF MENINGITIS.

Private William Houghton of Lucknow Succumbed at London, Ont.

LONDON, Ont., April 3. — Private William Houghton, of the 33rd Battalion, in training here for the third contingent, died this morning at Victoria Hospital of cerebro-spinal meningitis.

He had been ill about three weeks. He came from Lucknow to London to enlist, and his next of kin is Miss Mabel Houghton of Lucknow.

EX-PRESIDENT'S SON KILLED.

PARIS, April 3.—The family of Claude Casimir-Perrier, son of the former president of France, has been informed that he was killed in battle and was buried near Rheims. He was a lieutenant in the 105th Infantry Regiment and was reported missing on Jan. 29. Previously his relatives had been informed that he had been severely wounded and taken prisoner.

BIG FACTORY CLOSED.

OSKOSH, Wis., April 3.—The Paine Company of Oskosh, operating a sash and door factory, sawmill and veneer plant, which is said to be among the largest enterprises of its kind in the world, was today placed in the hands of receivers by Judge Burnell in circuit court. It is stated that the company has assets largely in excess of its liabilities. The proposition is in reality a refunding one.

BULGARS FLED AFTER TAKING TWO BIG GUNS

Bombarded the Railway Station at Strumilsa, on the Border

COMMUNICATIONS CUT

Serbian Troops Are Closely Pursuing the Invading Army

Special to The Toronto World.

PARIS, April 3.—An official despatch from Ghevheli, Serbia, to Salonika, forwarded to the Havas Agency, confirms the statement that Bulgarian bands crossed the Serbian border. They are said to have captured from the Serbian frontier guards two cannon, with which they bombarded the railway station at Strumilsa. Railway and telegraph communications were cut. After heavy fighting, this message says the Bulgarians were repulsed and fled, closely pursued by Serbian troops.

ALLEGED SPIES SENT TO PRISON

Schmidt and Stephens Given Three Months at Port Arthur

FACE OTHER CHARGES

Will Be Tried for Espionage When Their Terms Expire

Special to The Toronto World.

PORT ARTHUR, Ont., April 3.—Carl Schmidt and Gustoff Stephens, arrested on suspicion of being German spies, pleaded guilty today to carrying loaded revolvers and were sentenced to three months' imprisonment. After completing their time they will be charged with espionage. It is stated here Schmidt has offered to assist the authorities in getting full information regarding the source from which they were employed in the United States and sent across the border at Detroit. The mens were arrested after acting in a suspicious manner along the Canadian Pacific lines.

EASTER SUNDAY WITH THE TROOPS

Soldiers Will Parade to Special Services in the Morning

THE BISHOP TO PREACH

Roman Catholics Will Attend St. Michael's Cathedral in a Body

For the first time in its history, Roman Catholic troops on active service will attend the Easter morning High Mass at St. Michael's Cathedral. There are nearly 500 of them in training at the Exhibition Park Camp in the various units of the second contingent.

Their observance of the religious ceremonies have included during the past week the distribution to their friends, including many of their Protestant comrades and officers of the Y. M. C. A. field department, of portions of the holy palms, which they received last Sunday. They will take the palms with them to the front as emblems of good fortune.

Easter will be celebrated by the Toronto portion of the third contingent with a special musical church service at the Armories, University avenue, Sunday morning. The band of the 109th Regiment will be in attendance. Rev. Canon Dixon, honorary captain and assistant chapiain, will preach, and Rev. Dr. Gilmour will conduct the service.

Bishop to Preach.

Right Rev. Dr. Sweeny, Bishop of Toronto, will preach the Easter morning sermon for the second contingent in the Transportation Building at the Exhibition Grounds. Easter hymns and music will be rendered by the contingent brass band, under Lieut. Slatter, and a large choir of members from different units.

Radical Change is Coming In Dardanelles Operations

Decided Alteration in Tactics as Prelude to New Attack, Which Will Prove Overwhelming For Allies.

Special Cable to The Toronto World.

LONDON, April 3.—A radical change in the operations of the allied fleet at the Dardanelles is forecasted by the correspondent of The Star, who has been for some time at the straits.

In a despatch from Athens, he says that the check received by the allies at the narrows has been sufficiently grave to make necessary a decided alteration of tactics. The present pause he characterizes as a prelude to a new attack, in what is confidently expected, he says, will prove overwhelming for us. The loss of three warships was by no means unexpected, the correspondent continues, and tho it entails a delay, it should not cause disquietude. He asserts there are other means at hand for accomplishing what a direct frontal attack failed to achieve. He believes it not improbable that time will show the attack was justified by the injury done to the Turkish defenses. It is his opinion that the Turks will find it extremely difficult if not impossible to replace the big guns put out of commission.

GERMANS NEED NEW ZEPPELIN FLEET

Summer Descent on London by Many Airships is Planned

AN "OBSERVER'S" VIEW

New Air Vessels Will Be Able to Carry Two Tons of Explosives.

LONDON, April 3.—A "Neutral Observer," writing in The Times of his latest visit to Germany, says:

"The Germans are utterly disappointed with their Zeppelins. London, they repeat, must be bombarded. Not all, but a majority of the Germans, are glad to hear of the killing of English citizens, no matter whether they are women or soldiers, but London is the place they aim at and want to destroy.

"It is fully realized now that the German army will never be able to enter London because they understand at last the impossibility of landing an army. At the end of 1912 Germany possessed more than thirty airships of different models. What this exact number is at present, nobody outside the highest military circles knows for certain. I had the other day an interesting conversation with a business man, who holds a patent for the manufacture of a special article necessary for Zeppelins. He said:

"'Even I do not know the exact number and present strength of Germany's air fleet, but I cannot believe that it has increased since the beginning of the war. On the contrary, I am of the opinion that we have just been able to replace our losses, which have been much greater than were expected. But the coming six months will enable us to build fifteen to eighteen Zeppelins of a greatly improved model, better armed and able to carry more than two tons of explosives.

Against London.

"'This air fleet is most likely being built for the purpose of reaching London. That city will not be approached by one or two airships, but by many, and quite regardless of possible losses. If we have not yet made an attempt on London, it is because our Zeppelins needed special improvement, as shown by experiments during the war. It is also of highest importance to the leaders of the aerial expedition to have before they start, an exact knowledge of the meteorological conditions. It has hampered us greatly that the English authorities have not sent out any news about the meteorological conditions since the war began.

"'If the war lasts another year I should not advise you to remain in London, and if you do, remember my warning. But, personally, I do not think there will be any Zeppelin raids in London before late in the summer.'"

THE CRUCIFIXION.

"The Crucifixion" as given by the choir of St. Mary Magdalene on Monday evening, under the direction of A. E. Redsell, choirmaster and organist, was splendidly sung by the two principals, T. Harland Fudge, tenor, Ruthven McDonald, bass, and the male choir. The choir is more evenly balanced than last year and appeared with more effectiveness in their part of the dramatic "Fling Wide the Gates," likewise the "Appeal of the Crucified" was delightfully given. The work of T. Harland Fudge was much appreciated; the dramatic "King Ever Glorious" was well controlled, splendid tone coloring and expression predominating. Ruthven McDonald carried his share of the work in his usual style, his resonant bass showing up well in the recitatives and the appealing solo "The Agony." The mezzo-voce effects of both artists and the splendid uniformity of tone in the duet "So Thou Liftest Thy Divine Petition" was commented upon. Mr. Duke at the organ played with precision.

HUGE IRON BOAT TAKES TO WATER

Ontario Number Two is Heaviest Vessel Launched in Lake Ontario

LARGE CROWD PRESENT

Mrs. Hugh Calderwell Performed Christening Ceremony

At a signal given by the firing of a small cannon by William Newman, naval architect, Mrs. Hugh Calderwood, wife of the consulting naval architect for the Ontario Car Ferry Co., let fall the bottle of champagne which was suspended by the tri-colored ribbons, and at the same time a workman cut the ropes which held the boat to the dock, and Ontario No. 2, the heaviest boat every launched in Lake Ontario, gracefully slipped sideways into the water on Saturday afternoon, amid the cheers of 5000 people who were present, the shrieks of whistles and the pipes and drums of St. Andrew's Boy Scouts Band. There was hardly a stir in the water as the huge iron vessel took the water for the first time at the side of the wharf of Polson's Iron Works.

The new boat is 318 feet in length, 54 feet wide and a depth of 206 feet. It has a strength of 4500 horse-power and is capable of carrying at one time 30 loaded cars and 1000 passengers and will run between Cobourg and Charlotte.

At the present time the boat looks like a mighty mass of iron and when it is completed in July still another deck will have been added, which will be used exclusively for the 800 first-class passengers. The lower deck will be used by 200 second-class passengers and the car traffic.

Many Guests.

After the ceremony Mrs. Calderwood was presented with a magnificent bouquet of roses by Mrs. J. B. Miller, wife of the president of the Polson Iron Works. Among those present were: Mayor Church, Aldermen Meredith and Ryding, Captain H. H. Miller, Frank Somers, W. K. George, F. M. Grey George Ross, Inspector of Post Offices.

After the launching some 200 or 300 guests were entertained by the company to a lunch in the offices.

SERBIAN TROOPS RUSHED TO FRONT

Reinforcements Sent to Repel the Attack by Bulgarians

LOSSES INSIGNIFICANT

Raiders Were Put to Rout and Fled to Own Territory

Special to The Toronto World.

LONDON, April 3. — The Central News says that in the fighting along the Serbo-Bulgarian frontier, the casualties were insignificant. The raiders fled to Bulgarian territory after being put to rout. An official telegram from Nish to the Serbian legation here says the Bulgarian invaders captured 10 Serbian guns. They are said to be fighting under regular officers, and it is expected that they are regular Bulgarian troops. Serbian reinforcements are arriving on the scene of battle. The fighting continues, the Serbian legation is informed, and there have been considerable losses on both sides.

NICKEL DEBATE DID NOT BRING ANYTHING NEW

No Conclusion Reached by the Government as to Export

AFTER RUSSIAN TRADE

Sir George Foster Thinks Canada Will Get Lot of Business

By a Staff Reporter.

OTTAWA, Ont., April 3.—The nickel question came up in the house this morning when the estimates of the trade and commerce department were under consideration. Sir Geo. Foster said that personally he would like to see all Canadian nickel refined in Canada, not only for economic reasons, but also because it would enable the Dominion Government to exercise an effective control over the finished product. The government, however he said, had not been able to see its way clear either to prohibit the export of nickel matt or to nationalize the nickel refining industry.

The subject came up when bounties were under discussion. Mr. Oliver asked whether the production of crude petroleum was increasing or decreasing.

The minister said that the question could be best answered by a reference to the bounties paid by the Dominion Government. In 1905 a bounty had been paid upon twenty-three million gallons, but in 1914 only upon seven million gallons. There was some prospect, he was unable to say how definite it might be, of an increase in the output of the Northwest. He was unable to say whether the production of lead was increasing or declining, as the amount of bounty paid depended rather upon the price of lead in the market than upon the quantity produced. In 1899 the Dominion Government had paid a bounty upon four hundred and fifty million pounds of lead, while in 1913 a bounty had been paid upon only twenty-three million pounds. On the other hand, the price of lead was much higher now than it was some years ago.

Misleading Statistics.

In this connection Sir George said that the statistics respecting the metal production of Canada were in one respect quite misleading. The returns showed, for example, that nickel to a certain value was produced each year in Canada, but the value thus given was the price of the refined and finished product and not the price of the metal as it left Canada. In short, we were including in the value of our raw product the skill and labor added to it in a foreign country.

This gave Mr. Turriff, the Liberal member for Assiniboia his opening. Why was the labor of refining done in Great Britain or United States? Canada had 85 per cent. of all the nickel deposits in the world. The metal was practically found nowhere else except in New Caledonia, where the business had been nationalized by the French Government. We had the whole situation in our own hands, yet we contented ourselves with mining and roasting the ore and permitted all the refining to be done in other countries. The subject, he said, had attracted widespread attention and had been dealt with to some extent by the Ontario legislature. Had the Dominion Government any policy on the subject? Was it prepared to prohibit the export of crude nickel and build up a truly national industry in Canada?

Arrangement Made.

Sir George Foster said he did not pretend to have any information on the general subject which was not available to the members of the house. Personally, the made-in-Canada propaganda was one that always appealed to him. The agitation, however, which had been carried on of late was not as he understood it based so much on economic as upon military grounds. It was argued that the government should take no chances on Canadian nickel going to the enemy. In this connection he desired to state that an arrangement had been arrived at between the British and Canadian Govern-

(Continued on Page 2, Column 3.)

WOULD END WAR.

Labor Men Will Meet to Devise Ways and Means.

NEW YORK, April 3.—A conference of international labor leaders will be held in this city on April 15, to choose delegates to an international congress of labor to devise ways and means of bringing the European war to an end. It was announced today by labor men here. The congress will be held in a European city.

GOVERNMENT CONTROL.

All Motor Plants in Scotland Have Been Taken Over.

GLASGOW, April 3.—All motor manufacturing plants in Scotland have been placed under government control, in pursuance of the government's plans to accelerate the supplying of war material.

These plants will in the future be run night and day in the production of motor lorries for the transport department.

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Proportionate values are being offered in the Sheet Music Department. Detailed list mailed on request.

Early Buyers Get First Choice.

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15 King Street East TORONTO

QUEEN'S WILL HAVE WOMEN'S RESIDENCE

Alumnae Association of Kingston University Holds Its Annual Meeting

OFFICERS ARE ELECTED

Daughter of Col. and Mrs. Belton Married to Dr. Smith of Toronto

Special to The Toronto World.

KINGSTON, Ont., April 3.—At the annual meeting of Queen's University Alumnae Association it was announced that $2000 in cash had been subscribed for a women's residence for the college. Dr. James Douglas of New York, one of the first graduates of the university, gave $200.

The members received the announcement of the election of Dr. Victoria Reid of Toronto to Queen's University Council with vigorous applause. The meeting raised $100 for Queen's Stationary Hospital at the front. These officers were elected:

President, Mrs. J. A. Cooper, Toronto; first vice-president, Mrs. H. A. Lavell, Kingston, Ont.; second vice-president, Mrs. S. S. Burns, Brockville, Ont.; third vice-president, Miss W. Gordon, Kingston; secretary, Miss Jessie Muir, Ottawa; treasurer, Miss M. E. Redden, Kingston. Councillors—Mrs. Newland, Kingston, Ont.; Miss E. Henderson, Kingston; Miss M. L. Macdonell, Toronto; Miss Macintosh, Madoc, Ont.; Mrs. F. Reigh, Toronto; Miss A. Howson, Gananoque, Ont.; Miss McHowan, Kingston; Miss K. Skinner, Levana Society.

Marries Toronto Man.

A pretty wedding took place this morning at ten o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. C. W. Belton, when their daughter Dorothy was married to Dr. Earl Annarad Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Smith of Toronto, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Dr. W. Jordan, assisted by Rev. S. J. McCompton, pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church. In the unavoidable absence of her father in Winnipeg, the bride was given away by her brother, Roy Belton. Miss Jean Smith of Toronto, sister of the groom, was bridesmaid. Dr. Arthur Rosswell of New York was groomsman. Dr. and Mrs. Smith left on a honeymoon trip to western points, and will afterwards reside at Horning's Mills.

The remains of the late George W. Gaden, a former Kingstonian, arrived in the city at noon today from Toronto. The funeral took place from the G.T.R. station, the remains being placed in the vault at Cataraqui. The Masonic Order had charge of the funeral arrangements.

John Simpson, aged 86 years, a veteran market gardener of Cataraqui, is dead. He served as justice of the peace, and also acted as clerk of the Township of Kingston for many years.

H. & C. BLACHFORD

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TORONTO'S LEADING SHOE HOUSE HAVE REMOVED TO

286-288 YONGE ST.

(Opp. Wilton Ave.)

All the latest Spring Styles in Boots, Shoes and Hosiery for men, women and children are now in stock.

NICKEL DEBATE DID NOT BRING ANYTHING NEW

(Continued From Page 1.)

ments to control the ultimate destination of all nickel exported from the Dominion. He regretted that he was not able to state the terms of that arrangement to the house, but the country could rest assured that it was an arrangement entirely satisfactory to the British Government.

Mr. Turriff said that the minister had not stated the position of the government on the subject from an economic standpoint. Was it fair that labor should be employed in foreign countries to refine a valuable metal, of which we had the monopoly?

Sir George Foster: I think most of the labor is done in Canada. Not a great deal of labor, I imagine, is employed in refining the metal; the cost at that end is mainly the cost of equipment. I am glad, however, to find the member for Assiniboia (Mr. Turriff) eager to have anything made in Canada. We can hitch up together and plow the same furrow so far as that is concerned, at least until my team-mate changes his views and tries to get away from me.

Hon. Frank Oliver said it was the minister who was trying to get away from the member for Assiniboia. Mr. Oliver said that he and other members had presented many petitions to the house praying for legislation to prohibit the export of nickel from Canada. These petitions followed in form those presented to the house by the member for South York (Mr. W. F. Maclean). Had the government no answer to give these petitioners?

No Conclusion Reached.

Sir George said that he had not the petitions before him, but he understood that they represented to the government that the best way to control disposition of nickel was to keep it in the country and under the immediate supervision of the Dominion Government. He could only say that, as yet, no conclusion had been reached respecting either the export of nickel or the desirability of the government going into the business of refining.

During the progress of his estimates, Sir George gave some interesting information to the house respecting the present and future work of the trade and commerce department. The war, he said, of course had greatly disturbed business and hampered the work of our trade commissioners. Our agent at Hamburg, Mr. Just, had been interned until February, when he was exchanged for a German consul who had been interned in South Africa. During his stay in Hamburg Mr. Just had been accorded considerable personal liberty, had been allowed to read the newspapers and meet a number of people, and yet he did not learn until he got to Rotterdam that any Canadian troops had arrived in England. This illustrated the rigid censorship in Germany.

After Russian Trade.

Sir George said that Mr. Just would soon proceed to Russia and Siberia, and upon his return would organize a propaganda to capture the Russian trade. There were great openings for trade, not only in European Russia but also in Siberia, a country much resembling our Canadian West, and rapidly filling up with people. There railway construction was under way already, and our manufacturers were doing some business in Russia, especially in agricultural implements. After the war is over he anticipated a great development in our Russian trade.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier quite agreed with this, and thought the time would soon come to organize a steamship service between Prince Rupert and Vladivostock.

The lumber business in Canada, the minister stated, had been greatly depressed, especially on the Pacific Coast. Building operations in the northwest had almost ceased, and many British Columbia mills were closed. For the benefit of the British Columbia lumbermen he was sending an agent to visit China, Japan, India, South Africa and Great Britain. China was almost a treeless country, and should furnish an inexhaustible market for Canadian lumber.

Prospects Not Bright.

Asked about the South American trade the minister admitted that the prospects were not very bright. The war not only disorganized steamship service, but banking and financial conditions existed which made trade with the South American countres almost out of the question. The U. S. was up against much the same difficulty. South America had had her supply of money shut off by the war and all her credits were greatly disorganized, especially as nearly all the South American countries had declared a moratorium. Then, too, the Germans had established a system of long credits which had proved embarrassing. With the German trade cut off he thought this feature could be eliminated. However, before much could be done in the way of trade with South America banks would have to be established and also a direct steamship service.

HAMILTON INVITES SOLDIERS TO VISIT

Civic Officials Desire to Entertain Boys of Nineteenth Battalion for One Day

TROOPS GATHERING

Company is Formed to Operate Street Jitney Service—Hamilton Happenings

By a Staff Reporter.

HAMILTON, Ont., April 3.—The invitation to the officers and men of the 19th Battalion, now stationed at Toronto, to come to Hamilton for a day previous to their leaving for England or France, Col. J. L. McLaren, who is in charge of the regiment, is in favor of having the regiment pay a visit to Hamilton, and it is thought that the invitation will be accepted. As the boats will be running in a few days it is proposed to bring the soldiers over that way and arrangements will be made to feed the men at the armories for the day.

The 19th is said to be the finest regiment raised in Canada since the war broke out and as there are many Hamilton men in it, the regiment would certainly get a great reception if it visited here in a body.

Troops Mobilizing.

Mobilization of the various units composing the 36th Regiment of the third Canadian contingent has started and now there are over 500 men stationed at the armories in this city. The companies from Dundas, Brantford and St. Catharines have arrived and are now comfortably situated in their quarters. It is expected that the remaining units will arrive on Monday or Tuesday and by the middle of next week the organization of the regiment is expected to be completed.

Col. Ashton and Major Cressy, commanding officers of the regiment, are hightly pleased with the arrangements made here for the accommodation of the men. The sleeping quarters are the best that could be provided and splendid arrangements have been made for the feeding of the men in a large tent, situated between the buildings. The Y. M.C.A. officials have offered to take care of the canteen and Lieut.-Colonel Ashton has asked for two marquee tents from the divisional office for the purpose. These tents will be placed in the court yard along with the mess tents. It is the intention of the Y.M. C.A. officials to provide entertainments for the soldiers.

The officers have been quartered in the Towers, on the Tuckett estate at the corner of King and Queen streets, and are more than pleased with the accommodations provided for them. The men have not yet been given any real training, but have been given long route marches and drilling at Victoria morning and afternoon.

Jitneys Are Busy.

The establishing of a jitney automobile service is meeting with much success and since the first jitney service car started less than two weeks ago, it appears to have met with the approval of the people. There are now over twelve cars in operation and it is expected that many more will be added within a few days.

A company has been formed locally and has been capitalized at $40,000. It is the intention of the men behind the new company to issue 4,000 shares at $10 each.

The fact that the civic officials believe that the jitney service will lower the receipts of the street railway company, receipts of the street railway company has caused several of the aldermen to wonder what can be done in the way of making the jitney companies pay a revenue to the city on their receipts, the same as is being done by the street railway company. This question was brought up at the property and license committee, but it was the general opinion of the members that it was too early to consider such a proposition. A committee, however, was appointed to ascertain what steps are being taken in other cities where the jitney service has started to obtain a per centage of the receipts.

Casualties.

Almost every day word is received in this city of Hamilton men being killed or wounded while in action against the Germans in France. This week's casualty lists contained the names of two Hamilton men who were killed and of one being injured.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Campaign, 410 Barton street, received word that Pte. Jack Turnbull, who had resided with them previous to his enlistment had been killed while at the front. He was a member of the 91st Canadian Highlanders regiment of the first Canadian contingent. He came to Hamilton three years ago from Simcoe and was employed at the Canadian Westinghouse concern prior to his enlistment.

Mrs. Hardy, 37 Harvey street, has received word that her brother, Pte. Gaynor, has been killed in action. Pte. Gaynor came from India with a crack regiment, which was used to strengthen the Princess Patricias. He had 21 years of military experience and was a fine soldier. Mrs. Hardy has another brother on the firing line.

Pte. Robert MacFarlane, son of Mr. and Mrs. John MacFarlane, 52 St. Matthews avenue, has been seriously injured in the foot and is now in a French hospital. Pte. MacFarlane was a former member of E Company, 91st Canadian Highlanders, and when war broke out he enlisted with the quota from that regiment.

Appointed Auditor.

W. H. Davis of this city has been appointed as Hamilton's permanent auditor. The appointment was made by the city council, after the recommendation of the board of control that Fred. Todd, of Toronto, be given the position, and a later recommendation that A. F. Dowie, also a Hamilton man, be selected. While Mr. Davis did not place his application for the position until Tuesday, only a few of the members of the council opposed him. He will receive $2,500 per year, with an annual increase.

Colquhoun a Prisoner.

Lieut. Gouriay Colquhoun, of this city, who was reported as having been killed while fighting with the Princess Patricia regiment in the trenches, has been located in a German hospital at Metz, where he is a prisoner of war. This information has been forwarded to Mrs. Colquhoun, mother of Lieut. Colquhoun, by Red Cross officials and the adjutant-general.

Don't Pay More Till You've Seen These Materials!

$13.50

Suit or O'Coat to Your Order

You'll be amazed at the beautiful tweeds and worsteds and overcoatings at this price. Every garment fully guaranteed. Remember the new address:

Crawfords Limited

Open Evenings 315 Yonge St. Above Wilton

OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS Write for Samples, Self - Measurement Form, Chart, and Style Book.

DANCING—PAVLOWA ACADEMY

"Very Exclusive Patronage."

Each Evening, 8 to 12

A BIG FEATURE EVERY THURSDAY EVENING.

A MODERN ACADEMY OFFERING THE PASTIME UNDER SUPERIOR CONDITIONS.

PAVLOWA SCHOOL OF DANCING.

Class meets each evening at 7.30. Private lessons by appointment. Big advantages are found here for beginners. Phone P. 1691 or P. 4466.

You Will Be Delighted

with the beautiful work we are turning out on

Fine Laces, Centre Pieces, Doylies, Tray Covers, Curtains, Table Cloths, And General Household Work

From the plainest to the fanciest piece of embroidery.

THE DESIGNS STAND OUT

in a manner which satisfies the most critical.

NEW METHOD LAUNDRY, LTD.,

CORNER QUEEN AND RIVER STREETS

PHONE M. 7486. VISITORS WELCOME.

MERCANTILE CO. IN LIQUIDATION

NEW YORK, April 3.—(Special.)—The International Mercantile Marine Co., organized by J. P. Morgan & Co., and controlling a great fleet of steamships plying between the United States and Europe, was placed in the hands of a receiver today by the federal court.

The receiver named was P. A. S. Franklin, vice-president of the company. Action against the company was taken by the New York Trust Co., trustee of its $52,744,000 4½ per cent. collateral trust bonds, interest in which has been defaulted.

The proceedings are understood to be friendly.

Mr. Franklin was placed under a $50,000 bond and empowered to continue the business of the company.

OFF LUNDY ISLE ESTON WAS SUNK

LONDON, April 3.—It was learned here today that the British steamer Eston, until recently known as the "South Point," was sunk off Lundy Island on the Devonshire Coast, on March 25, and not off Cape Finisterre in Spain, as was erroneously reported in a despatch received here from Lisbon, where the surviving members of the crew were landed.

The report that this ship had been sunk off the Spanish coast indicated a very wide range for the German submarines. There has been nothing to show as yet that they are operating further afield than the waters of the British Isles.

ONLY 25 CENTS

THE READERS

of our paper have surely felt the lack of an outward sign which gives expression of their

Unlimited Patriotism and Feeling of Unity

and which is ingeniously practical in its use as well as highly tasteful and artistic in its execution.

We have succeeded in meeting this demand by our

Unity Fobs and Unity Brooches

showing in an eternally durable antique silver finish in busts of our beloved King and his Allies.

King George of England | Poincare President of France
King Albert of Belgium | Czar Nicholas of Russia

as symbolizing the glorious virtues of our ENGLISH, FRENCH, BELGIAN AND RUSSIAN fighters, whose brave deeds we have to admire inactively from this far shore.

THIS COUPON and 25 CENTS authorizes you to receive one of these patriotic

WAR SOUVENIRS

and for additional 5c we will mail it free to your address.

AGENTS, RETAILERS, ASSOCIATIONS and arrangers of Charity Bazaars and other patriotic assemblies will receive special prices in the interests of furthering their noble purposes.

.....CUT OFF HERE.....

SEND THIS COUPON AND 25 CENTS PER ARTICLE

Consolidated Mfgs., Ltd. Dept. E.

171 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

For Enclosed.....cents (Stamps or Coin) please send to

Name .....

No. and Street..... Post-Office.....

.....Pieces of UNITY FOBS.....Pieces of UNITY BROOCHES.

For Postage 5c Extra.

DUNDAS WOMAN'S PATRIOTIC GIFT

Miss Grafton Presents Four Hundred Sovereigns and Purses to Soldiers

JOINING CONTINGENT

Company of Seventy-seventh is Pronounced Very Fine Body of Men

By a Staff Reporter.

DUNDAS, April 3.—Miss Grafton of Dundas is a patriotic-spirited woman who believes in giving practical expression to the empire-wide slogan that those who stay at home should do something for those who go to fight for their country and flag. Miss Grafton has given every soldier who enlisted in Dundas a sovereign and a coin purse. Over 40 men have gone from the Valley Town.

The third Canadian contingent company of the 77th Wentworth Regiment have left for Hamilton, where they will mobilize with the 36th Regiment third Canadian overseas division. The men left on Thursday morning and arrived in Hamilton before noon. The company included 110 men and three officers, and it is stated by prominent military men that the men from the 77th are one of the finest Canadian companies organized for overseas service.

Other Local News.

Col. J. J. Grafton is slowly recovering from the injuries which he sustained by being thrown from his rig last Saturday, but it will be several days before he will be able to leave his home.

The orchestra organized among the high school students to assist on the program during the recent art exhibition made such a good impression on its hearers that the members have decided to continue as an organization and will be known as the Dundas High School Orchestra.

Under the direction of R. W. Karch, the children of the Methodist Sunday School are preparing a cantata entitled "A Summer Day," to be presented in the Music Hall, on Thursday, April 8 in aid of the church building fund. The company consists of 40 young people, and will be assisted by Thornton's Orchestra.

The Retail Merchants' Association, at its regular monthly meeting, appointed a committee to secure advice on the legality of advertising delinquent accounts for sale and the prosecution of delinquent debtors for fraud and obtaining goods under false pretences.

A meeting of Dundas Conservatives was held last night for the purpose of reorganizing the Dundas Conservative Association.

The mystery in connection with the finding of two human skulls on the Guest property in Ancaster has been cleared up. The skulls were the property of the late Mr. Guest, who for many years was a close student of phrenology. After his death they were evidently buried at the spot where they were found by a son of the present tenant.

DEATHS.

STANELAND—On Thursday, April 1, 1915, at Toronto, Samuel, beloved husband of Agnes Shaw Staneland, in his 69th year.

Service Monday, April 5, at 2 p.m., at A. W. Miles' funeral chapel, 396 College street. Interment in St. James' Cemetery. 67

DANCING AND CABARET

Every Night, 10.30 to 1 o'Clock.

WILLIAMS CAFE

Yonge Street, corner Queen.

Miss Evelyne Hill and Mr. Frank Bastien of New York give exhibitions in latest Society Dances. Howard Russell sings. Also special entertainers. Meron's Orchestra. After Theatre Supper, 50c. Also service a la Carte. Large hardwood floor for dancing. Phone M. 5030. 67

DANCING.

Pavlowa Academy, the Best Place to Enjoy the Popular Pastime—Many Reasons Why You Should Select Pavlowa—The Class in Canada.

The orchestra at Pavlowa Academy, under the direction of Mr. Boyle, has no equal for modern dance music. The music at Pavlowa is a big feature, and it is attracting many people to the balconies who do not dance. All the very latest pieces are heard here, some for the first time in this city.

There are many reasons why you should dance at Pavlowa Academy, but one of the best reasons is the excellent ventilation and fine construction of the building, which allows such large air space. Good ventilation in a building where dances are held is very important, and it is doubtful if there is a building in this country equal to Pavlowa Academy in this respect.

Another feature at Pavlowa is the patronage, some of the very best people in this city attend this academy, and it is certainly can be counted as one of the high-class amusement places.

The new system used here is far superior to the old way, and the people like it much better. That the European plan has come to stay there can be no doubt.

For those wishing to learn the modern dances the Pavlowa School is an excellent place to go. There is class instruction every evening. The class meets at 7.30. Private lessons may be arranged for by telephone. Beginners will find many advantages in this school.

BURNED TO DEATH.

MONTREAL, April 3.—While trying to light her stove with tar paper, Mrs. A. Lauzon's dress caught fire and she was so seriously burned that she died from the effects yesterday at her home, 2013 Cardinal street. Her husband is a janitor of the court house annex.

A Monthly Income For Your Widow

A new privilege applicable to all Imperial Life policies permits the assured to specify that the proceeds of his insurance shall, on maturity be payable in monthly, quarter-yearly, half-yearly or yearly instalments for 20 years certain, and so long thereafter as the beneficiary named shall live.

While in the calculation of the instalments a definite rate of interest is guaranteed, such payments in the case of participating policies will be increased by sharing in the interest which the Company earns in excess of this guaranteed rate.

Therefore, by means of an Imperial policy you can provide a definite, dependable, regular income to care for your widow as long as she lives, and for your children until all of them are at least old enough to be self-supporting.

But this is only one of the many advantages of this valuable new privilege. Many others are explained in our booklet "Safeguard Your Legacy." Write for a copy to-day. It's very interesting, and—it's free.

THE IMPERIAL LIFE

Assurance Company of Canada

HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

Branches and Agents in all important centres

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CANADA WILL DO HER ALLOTTED TASK

Greatest Period of Seeding ever Given to Production of Grain Assured.

INCREASED AVERAGES

Wheat Provinces Will Show Far Better Results Than Before.

Within the next few weeks the farmers in Canada will be engaged upon the work of seeding the greatest acreage which has ever been given over to the production of grain in the history of the Dominion. While statistics portraying the actual increase in area will not be given until the federal authorities at Ottawa compile in the late spring the reports from their correspondents on work done, the findings of investigations which have already been completed point clearly to the conclusion that the additions thruout the western provinces, at least, will be very considerable in extent. Officials of the Canadian Northern recently finished a survey of fall plowing along the lines of the company in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. The figures which were sent in, of course, deal with C. N. R. only, but they may be taken as an indication of the manner in which the farmers west of the Great Lakes have responded to the call for a greater production of foodstuffs in Canada. Five hundred and thirty-nine agents contributed to the report in order that it would be thoroly representative of the territory served.

Increase Average 40 p.c.

Altogether, along the Canadian Northern lines in the prairie provinces the increase may be averaged at forty per cent. The figures give a total acreage plowed last fall of 6,181,376 acres. This is an increase of 1,766,108 acres over the preceding year. Figured at 21.35 bushels to the acre—the flat average of the yield in western provinces in1914 for wheat, oats and barley—the grain yield from fall-plowed lands along the Canadian Northern in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta would be 132,157,813.88 bushels. On the yield basis of last year the increased acreage would produce 37,759,389.04 bushels. But 1914 was an off year for grain production in the west and that average will probably be exceeded in 1915.

The largest acreage for any one station was reported from Star City, in the black loam district in Northern Saskatchewan. It was given as 110,000 and the increase over last year as 40 per cent. Naisberry, close to Star City, reported 75,000 acres. Melfort, nearly on the same line, claimed an increase of 100 per cent.

Rosthern reported an increase of 200 per cent. over last year. Duck Lake's 50,000 acres is an increase of 75 per cent. To the north, Hafford, on the new line connecting the cities of Prince Albert and North Battleford, reported 72,000 acres, an area 95 per cent. greater than in 1913. To the south, in the Saskatchewan, Delisle, on the Saskatoon-Calgary line, reported 88,000 acres, which is an increase of 30 per cent. Marshall, on the main line toward the Alberta boundary, returned 50,000 acres. In Alberta, the town of Hanna reported 40,000 acres, an increase of 20 per cent. Stettler, in the central portion of the province, gave 30,000, an increase of 20 per cent. Craigmyle, close to Calgary, reported 40,000 acres, and Delia, the next station, 47,000, which is an increase of 200 per cent. Two towns on the same line, closer to the Saskatchewan-Alberta line—Cereal and Chinook—report 15,000 acres each. In the former the increase is given at 1400 per cent., while at the latter place there was no fall plowing done in 1913.

Canada Doing Her Part.

Even in the older-settled parts of the west, there are gratifying increases. At Morris, in Manitoba, the acreage is given at 30,000, and the increase 35 per cent. At Gladstone there are 20,000 acres, which represent a 25 per cent. increase. At Spirling, in the Carman subdivision, the agent reports 40,000, which is an increase of 15 per cent. At Dunrea in the Hartney district the figures jump to 70,000, which represents an increase of 70 per cent. Kipling reports 75,000, an increase of 90 per cent. As these are the conspicuous returns only it is apparent that Canada is doing her allotted part of the task which is at present confronting the empire.

RICHEST WOMAN DEAD.

Miss Mary Garrett Left a Fortune of Twenty Million Dollars.

BALTIMORE, April 3.—Miss Mary Garrett, only daughter of the late John W. Garrett, died suddenly last night at the Deanery, Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania, where she had been living for several years.

Miss Garrett was one of the best known women philanthropists in this country. She was considered the richest woman in Maryland, her fortune having been estimated as ranging between $15,000,000 and $20,000,000.

WORK HAS STARTED.

Second Section of Bloor Street Viaduct is Well Under Way.

The Dominion Bridge Company, the successful tenderers for the second section of the Bloor street viaduct, have started work on their contract. Construction camps have been erected and the work of grading and excavating preparatory to the putting in of the foundations is proceeding.

OPENING OF NAVIGATION.

Commencing Thursday, April 1st, the steamer "Dauhousie City," of the Niagara, St. Catharines Line, resumes passenger and freight service between Toronto and Port Dauhousie, where connection is made with the company's fast electric line for St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Welland and Port Colborne. The service is daily except Sunday, leaving city wharf, west side Yonge street, at 8.00 p.m., leaving Port Dalhousie 8.30 a.m.

DEATHS.

CARROLL—On April 3rd, James, at his residence, 179 Borden street, in his 61th year.

Funeral notice later.

Adams

Open a "Charge Account" for Anything You Need in the Home

Out-of-Town Residents Should Have Our Large Illustrated Catalogue No. 33

New Rugs to Supply Spring Refurnishing Needs Economically

For Special Selling Monday

"Regina" Vacuum Cleaners, $12.50

Sold on Easy Terms

Two fine lots of rugs, known as "manufacturers' overmakes," that came to us under regular cost in return for placing large orders with the makers. Just as good in every way and handsome as regular lines, and so low in price Monday that there should be a rush to buy them when the big price reductions are noted:—

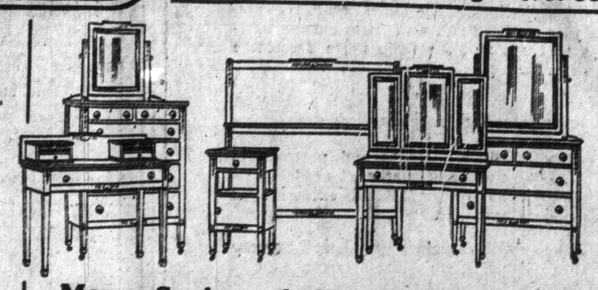
English Axminster Art Square

100 only, fine quality, seamless, in a good assortment of choice designs, including Oriental and conventional patterns, also plain centres, suitable for parlors, living-rooms, dining-rooms, etc., in rose, greens, blues, champagnes, etc., in the following sizes:—

7.6 x 9.0, reg. $30, Monday only 22.50 — 9.0 x 12.0, reg. $50, Monday only 36.50
9.0 x 9.0, reg. $40, Monday only 29.50 — 10.6 x 12.0, reg. $60, Monday only 42.50
9.0 x 10.6, reg. $45, Monday only 31.50 — 10.6 x 12.6, reg. $75, Monday only 57.50

Brussels Rugs In floral and Oriental patterns, in tans, reds, greens, blues and rose, suitable for bedrooms, dining-rooms, living-rooms, etc., in the following sizes and special prices for Monday:—

6.9 x 7.6, reg. price $15, Monday only 11.25 — 9.0 x 10.6, reg. price $28, Monday only 21.50
9.0 x 9.0, reg. price $24, Monday only 17.50 — 9.0 x 12.0, reg. price $32, Monday only 24.25
11.3 x 12.0, reg. price $40, Monday only 28.50



Money Savings of a Worth-while Sort on

Bedroom Suites

At $69.75—5-piece suite, similar to illustration above, consisting of dresser, chiffonier, bed, dressing table and stand, all in best quality white enamel—cases fitted with British bevel mirrors, wood trimmings, best quality locks, well finished throughout. Regular price $95.00.

At $59.50—4-piece suite, consisting of dresser, chiffonier, dressing table and stand, in choice dull mahogany—cases have best British bevel shaped mirrors, brass trimmings and locks, good interior construction, etc. Regular price $82.00.

Davenports $29.75

Extra massive frames, made of selected oak, in fumed, golden or early English finish, all have upholstered spring seats, covered with brown or black leatherette; can be had in full size Davenport 7 feet over all, or 5 feet 6 inches over all, both making a complete double bed when open, and are equipped with separate bed spring and mattress, pillow rests and mattress holders. These sell regularly for $42.50. Special on Monday at..... 29.75

These Popular Specialties:

Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets

"Caloric" Fireless Cookers

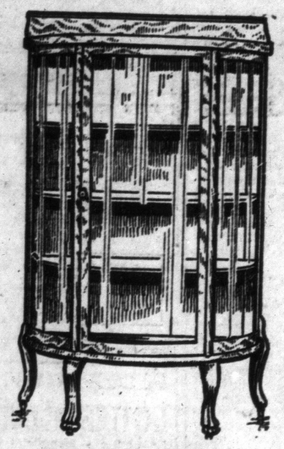
Pullman Davenport Beds

"White" Sewing Machines

Can be bought in Toronto only in the Adams Store

Dining Room Suites

A collection of sample suites, including six period styles, made of solid mahogany or quartered oak, fumed and golden finish, including such popular styles as Sheraton, Jacobean, Colonial, Art Craft, etc.; all have first-class construction, and interior work is of the best; best British bevel mirrors, easy running drawer guides, good locks and trimmings to match the different periods. One Art Craft design includes 72-inch buffet, with cane panelled doors and back, pedestal table, double door china cabinet and 5 diners and arm chair, upholstered back and seat in genuine leather. Regular prices range up to $260.00. Your choice on Monday for, per suite 197.00

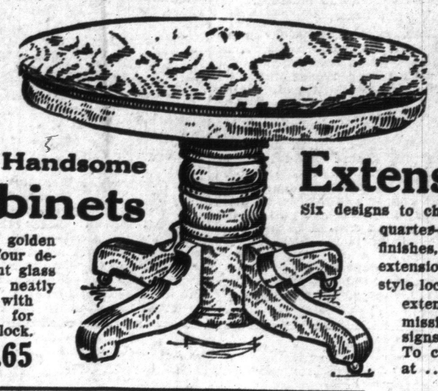


Buffets $24.65

Regular Prices Range up to $35.00

Made of selected quarter-cut oak, fumed and golden finish, eight designs to choose from, with 46 and 48-inch cases, all fully equipped with cutlery drawers, linen drawers, cupboards, etc., with best quality locks, brass and wood trimmings; this lot includes mission, Colonial and Sheraton designs. Regular prices up to $35.00. Special on Monday for 24.65

Tables and chairs can be had to match at proportionate prices.



$26.50 For Massive Pedestal

Extension Tables

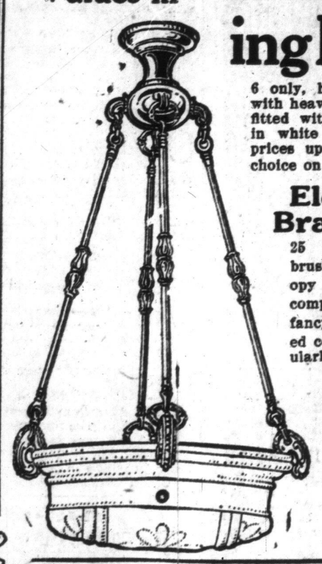
Six designs to choose from, made of selected quarter-cut oak, fumed and golden finishes, 45 and 48-inch tops, full 8-foot extensions, some equipped with duo style locks, and others have automatic extending tops; this lot comprises mission, colonial and claw foot designs. Regular prices up to $37.00. To clear on Monday at 26.50

$18.65 For Handsome

China Cabinets

Made of selected quartered oak, golden and fumed finishes, choice of four designs, one as illustrated, with bent glass ends and door, heavy plank top, neatly shaped legs and claw feet, fitted with four display shelves, grooved for plates, wooden trimmings and lock. Regularly worth $29.00. Clearing on Monday at ... 18.65

Unusual Values in Indirect Lighting Fixtures



6 only, high-grade, sample designs, with heavy brass canopy and hangers, fitted with 14, 16 and 18-inch bowls, in white opalescent glass. Regular prices up to $32.50. Your choice on Monday at 26.75

Electric Brackets

25 only, with brush brass canopy and holder, complete with fancy globes, wired complete. Regularly $1.50. Monday special for ... ... .95

$45 Fixtures Selling for $33.75

15 only, assorted high-class fixtures, in brush brass, Roman gold, Butler's silver, brush brass and black, etc., fitted with 4 and 5 lights, complete with globes, wired and put up. Regular prices up to $45.00. Special on Monday for 33.75

$25 Portieres $17.95

Made from high-grade French linen velour, deep lustrous pile, in a good range of shades, including myrtle or Nile green, blue, brown, tan, old rose or red, lined with English mercerized armures in neat floral or conventional designs, poplins, repps, brocades, tapestries, etc., in shades of dark, medium or light greens, old rose, champagne, bisque, brown, etc., finished with heavy silk cord edge. Made to order for any size arch up to 6 feet wide by 7 feet high, including measuring and hanging. Regular price $25.00 per pair. Special on Monday at, per pair 17.95

Scrim and Marquisette Curtains

Best quality, trimmed with cluny, torchon or imitation filet insertions, with hemstitched or lace edges, also novelty applique effects and drawnwork, in Arab, ecru, ivory or white, 36 to 42 inches wide by 2½ yards long. Regular prices up to $8.00 per pair. Monday, at per pair 5.95

Parlor Suites $48.75

Regular up to $69.50

A collection of sample suites, in solid mahogany and birch-mahogany frames, some with panel, some with spindle, and others with upholstered backs, in a choice selection of coverings in high-grade silk damasks, moires and tapestries—eight styles to select from. Regular prices up to $69.50. Your choice on Monday at.... 48.75

Choice of Others at $33.95—Worth up to $50

Birch-mahogany frames, highly polished, panel backs, upholstered spring seats, covered with high-grade silk moires and tapestries—settee, arm chair and rocker to match. Regularly $50.00. Clearing on Monday for ... 33.95

Brass Bed Outfit

Including Bed, Spring and Mattress, for $24.65

In bright or combination satin finish, best quality English lacquer, absolutely guaranteed, 2-inch continuous posts with heavy husks, high head end, full drop extension foot, each containing upright fillers, complete with all iron frame spring, fitted with celebrated ideal link fabric, absolutely guaranteed and pure layer felt mattress, built, not stuffed, full thickness and weight and covered in finest art sateen ticking. Regular price $35.00. Special on Monday at, per outfit 24.65

Regular Price is $35.00

No Extra Charge for Credit

The Adams Furniture Company, Limited, City Hall Square

Ladies' Coats

Marked changes

In the style lines of the ladies' coats this season just seem to add that little extra smartness to them and the little more dressiness to them that you will appreciate.

Shown in novelty plaids, Scotch tweeds, homespuns, corduroys, gabardines and serges.

Shades, colors and patterns in the "Fairweathers" assortments as different and exclusive as you'll want them.

With values the best at every price, we quote between

18.50 and 50.00

New Neckwear

Styles just seem to need the little touches of "brightness" that these bits of novelty will give to any garment this season. Exquisitely made and designed neckwear.

35c to $3.50

Fairweathers Limited

84, 86 Yonge St., Toronto

Montreal Winnipeg

Society

CONDUCTED BY Mrs EDMUND PHILLIPS

T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Princess Patricia and members of the Royal suite were present at the impressive memorial service for the late Colonel Farquhar in St. Bartholomew's Church, Ottawa.

* * *

Col. Sterling Ryerson, commissioner of the Red Cross, sailed by the Lusitania on Saturday for England on a two months' tour of observation. Mrs. Sterling Ryerson and Miss Laura Ryerson leave on the 6th inst. for Atlantic City.

* * *

The Lord Bishop of Ontario and Mrs. Lennox Mills, who have been in Mount Clemens, Mich., were in town, the guests of the Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. Cody, Jarvis street.

* * *

Mrs. Arnold Ivey is going to New York after Easter.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Waldie and Mr. and Mrs. A. H. C. Proctor left on Thursday for New York.

* * *

Mrs. Reynolds, who has been staying with her daughter, Mrs. Ellwood Moore, in Edmonton, left on Saturday for California.

* * *

Mrs. Norman Gianelli is returning home to spend the Easter holidays, on leave from his regiment in Ottawa.

* * *

The marriage took place recently in St. George's Church, New York, of Capt. Clifford Payne, R.N.R., youngest son of the late Mr. Henry Fremont Payne of the Department of Indian Railways, and Bedford, England, to Kate, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Picker-Innes, Hamilton.

* * *

Mr. William D. Wilson has issued invitations to the marriage of his daughter, Lila Florence, to Mr. Thomas Wilbur Best, on Saturday afternoon, April 24, at 3 o'clock, in the Bloor Street Presbyterian Church, and to a reception afterwards at 291 St. George street.

* * *

The marriage took place very quietly, on account of the war, in the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Westminster, London, of Captain Richard R. G. Van Cutsem, 4th Battalion, the Prince of Wales' Leinster Regiment, son of the late M. Edouard Van Cutsem, Chateau Bleckenvyler, Marle Alter, Belgium, to Mary, twin daughter of Sir John Arnott and Lady Arnott, 12 Merrion Square, Dublin.

* * *

Viscount Ednam, the Earl of Dudley's eldest son, is the first of a number of peers' heirs to come of age this year, his 21st birthday being last week. There were no celebrations at any of the Dudley seats, as the young Viscount, who has been serving in the Worcestershire Yeomanry, has now been gazetted to the 10th Hussars. Witley Court, the Worcestershire seat of the family, which cost £890,000 and had another £500,000 spent on it, has delightful Italian gardens and some of the finest fountains in England. The first Earl of Dudley made a great fortune as goldsmith to the court in the days of James I. and Charles I., and spent a lot of it buying property round Dudley, which covers great coalfields.

* * *

Miss McKee's Luncheon.

Miss McKee, Walmer road, who is to be one of the bridesmaids at Miss Dora Howe's wedding, gave a luncheon for her on Tuesday, when covers were laid for twelve. The polished table was decorated with sweet peas, marguerites, and forget-me-nots, lilly-of-the-valley. Those present were Miss Livingstone, Mrs. Lyman Howe, Mrs. Graves, Mrs. Victor Lewis, Miss Evelyn Taylor, Miss Marguerite Cotton, Miss Gladys Parry, Miss Edith Snelgrove, and Miss Trent.

* * *

Mrs. J. W. Henry, Fermanagh ave., announces the engagement of her daughter, Lucy Barbara, to Mr. William Macdonald Adams, Phm. D. The marriage will take place towards the end of April.

* * *

The president and board of governors of the American Club were the hosts last night of a very enjoyable musicale and Cinderella dance in their spacious club in Wellington street, where the beautifully lighted rooms were filled with the most lovely pictures, the walls draped with the Union Jack and the American flag between the marble pillars, with tall palms and scarlet and white tulips in every available place. A buffet supper was served in the large dining-room upstairs at small tables, all the club servants being in white, scarlet and white tulips and palms decorating the tables. Those contributing to the program were: Miss Harris, Miss Smith, Miss Johnston, Miss Mackay, Mr. Elder, and a large orchestra. All the men from the Exhibition camp were in khaki, and the nurses in the bright blue uniforms, with brass buttons, made a very striking and unusual effect, mixed with the conventional evening dress of the other guests. Those receiving were the president and Mrs. Asa Raymond Minard, the latter wearing black satin, the corsage of black chiffon over white lace, and diamond ornaments; Mr. Deane (past president), Mrs. Deane, rose crepe de chine and lace, with neck-lace and ornaments of pink coral; Mr. M. E. Robins, Mrs. Robins, very pretty in white satin, with tunic of beautiful gold-embroidered tulle, diamond ornaments; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Edward Potter, the latter in rose, and with black lace; Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Littlefield the latter in rose poplin and real lace; Mr. H. E. Tremain, Mrs. Tremain, embroidered chiffon, with hem of pale green satin and a coral sash; Mr. P. T. Sowden, Mrs. Sowden, white tulle and lace, with corsage of black velvet, with real lace; Mr. O. W. Waller, Mrs. Waller, in dark blue chiffon velvet, with white tulle on the corsage; Mr. W. J. Webster Mrs. Webster, white satin, draped with fine black lace, and pearl ornaments. Mr. Bosworth was most attentive to the guests, among whom were: Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Moss, the latter very handsome in an exquisite gown of gold brocaded velvet, with sapphire and diamond ornaments; Mrs. McLaren, in rose and white crepe de chine; Mr. Lovell, Mrs. Lovell, yellow satin and lace; Mr. and Mrs. Davis, the latter in pale blue, with white lace; Mr. McKinnon, Mrs. McKinnon, white satin, with very handsome crystal over-dress; Miss Wade, very pretty in pink chiffon over pale blue satin; Col. McKay, Mr. McNeil, Mrs. McNeil, in royal blue and silver brocade; Mrs. Ahearn, a handsome jet and tulle gown, the corsage over white; Mr. Harston, Mrs. Harston, white lace over satin, with necklace of pearls and diamonds; Lt.-Col. Elliot, Lt.-Col. Fotheringham, Lt.-Col. Poussette (Winnipeg), Major Collins, Major E. M. Harris, Major MacLean, Capt. H. C. Osborne, Capt. W. Black, Capt. F. Clark, Capt. Hamber, Capt. Parmilee, Mr. Ellis, Mr. N. J. Barton, Mr. J. V. Brown, Mr. Robt. G. Hargreaves, Mr. N. J. McLean, Mr. W. H. Robinson, Mr. Geo. T. Denison, Mr. MacKinnon, Mr. Claude Aldons, H. S. Chambers, Dr. Arthur Day, Mr. and Mrs. Whitney, Dr. and Mrs. Droher, Hon. I. B. Lucas and Mrs. Lucas, the Mayor of Toronto, the president and Mrs. Falconer of the university, Dr. and Mrs. J. A. MacDonald, Mr. A. G. Richmond, Mr. W. M. Fatt, Mr. Homer Smith.

* * *

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught, attended by her lady-in-waiting, Miss Dorothy York, Lord Richard Nevill and Captain P. Legh, A.D.C., was present in the ballroom of the Chateau Laurier on the occasion of the meeting of the Queen Mary's Needlework Guild, when several dainty little garments made by Her Majesty were on view. Lady Williams-Taylor, president of the guild, presided and interesting reports were read. H. R. H. gave a short address highly commending the various works being done by Canadian women. She spoke in the highest terms of the Red Cross, Belgian Relief, Daughters of the Empire, etc., but considered the time inopportune at present to commence any new work in Ottawa, as the existing societies already covered the ground.

* * *

Mrs. Arnold Ivey gave a very smart tea Tuesday afternoon for Miss Evelyn Taylor, who was looking very pretty in sand-colored rajah, trimmed with turquoise blue, and a French hat of tan and violet with pink roses, and a corsage bouquet of violets and pink roses, given her by the hostess, who was wearing a handsome gown of black satin and jet with midnight blue and diamond ornaments. Mrs. Charles Lowndes was in charge of the tea table, Miss Margaret Ivey and two of her young friends assisting. The table covered with a beautiful lace cloth, was centred with a silver high-heeled slipper, 22 inches long, filled with exquisite sweet peas in shades of pink, mauve and white, surrounded with silver vases of lilies. Mrs. Ivey only invited Miss Taylor's friends and some of the April brides.

* * *

Mr. Archibald Browne announces an exhibition of paintings, sketches in oil and pastel of the last two years, at his studio gallery, 54 Adelaide street east, from Saturday, 3rd April, until Saturday, 17th April, inclusive, from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

* * *

Presentation to Dr. Anderson.

Dr. Anderson who has been practising in Niagara for the last forty years recently had a birthday surprise, when a deputation waited on him with an appreciation in the shape of an illuminated address of six or seven pages, between each page being a new $100 dollar note. Mrs. Anderson who is also a great favorite in Niagara was not forgotten, received a cheque and a gold watch-bracelet.

* * *

Some interesting letters have been received from Mrs. Code (Ottawa), who was made a lieutenant in the Canadian militia, and is assisting Colonel Hodgetts in London, being considered one of the most valuable. She advises that all parcels should be addressed to the warehouse in Tooley street, as tho they do their best it is difficult to attend to personal parcels, as there are 3000 men in camp, and some of the regiments have been disbanded. She points out that many people put Dr. Hodgetts, instead of Lt.-Col. Hodgetts on their letters, and address her as Lieut. Code, which is against military etiquette, the title of Lieut. never being used in England.

* * *

On Wednesday evening next, a rendition of Haydn's Oratorio, "THE CREATION," will be given in St. Paul's Methodist Church, Avenue Road. The choir of the church will be slightly augmented for the occasion. The soloists will be: Mrs. Eileen Millett Low, Mr. James E. Fiddes, and Mr. Charles Rigby; assisted by Mrs. Donald Stevenson, Miss Ada Fellowes, Miss Dorothy Philips, Mr. Wm. Atley, and Mr. Wm. Redpath. The service will be under the direction of the organist and choirmaster, Mr. G. H. Knight, Mus. Bac.

GRAY HAIR

Dr. Tremain's Natural Hair Restorative will positively restore gray hair to natural color, and keep it so. IT IS NOT A DYE, and will not injure the scalp. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price one dollar. On sale at Bond Bros., Drug Store, 453 Yonge street, corner Madison and Dupont streets; also sent postpaid. Address Tremain Supply Co., Dept. W., Toronto, Ont.

2467

Flowers For Easter

Remember that Easter is the time of "Flower Giving," and that Flowers bring Cheer.

Dunlop's

96 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, CANADA,

have their price list ready, and it will be sent on application. Remember your friends in other cities. We can attend to it for you. All the newest novel arrangements.

Week of April 12

Afternoon and Evening

IDEAL HOME AND ELECTRIC SHOW

Admission 25 Cents

Patriotic Auspices

A spectacular display—Illustrating the New Housekeeping — Interesting to every householder—Electricity in war and peace—Novel effects — Free moving pictures, exhibition dancing and lectures—War exhibits — A multitude of other attractions—Music afternoon and evening.

ARENA

consist of two kitchens, one of which will be the ideal, and will be in point of furniture, devices, fixtures, decorations, appointments, and lay-out the last word in science, practice and scholarship. The other will be a revelation in that it will show how nearly the "ideal" can be approximated with a modest outlay.

Some idea of the comprehensiveness of the Ideal Home Show is suggested by the following divisions of the exhibits: (1) Construction and sanitation; (2) Furnishing and decoration; (3) Heating and lighting; (4) Hygiene and cleaning; (5) Music and recreation; (6) Food and cookery; (7) The garden.

Fixtures and furniture of the various popular and classic schools and periods will be shown. The esthetic will be pleasingly balanced with the utilitarian. Practically every up-to-the-minute time-and-labor saving device that modern inventive genius has devised for the home will be shown and demonstrated.

The annual exhibition of the Women's Art Association will be held in conjunction with the show and will be an unusually attractive side fixture. Numerous special features and attractions are being arranged including a model nursery; a formal garden; lectures on topics pertaining to good housekeeping, moving pictures, exhibition dancing, etc. A feature to which unusual interest will be attached will be the war and patriotic exhibits. The most comprehensive display of relics of the great world war as yet seen locally and a model operating room of a base hospital are but two of a number of these.

The Ideal Home Show will be held under the auspices of the Local Council of Women, the Daughters of the Empire, the Women's Patriotic League, the C. H. E. Housewives' League, Rosary Hall and the Women's Art Association of Canada.

ACTRESS TELLS SECRET

A Well-Known Actress Tells How She Darkened Her Gray Hair and Promoted Its Growth With a Simple Home-Made Mixture.

Miss Blanche Rose, a well-known actress, who darkened her gray hair with a simple preparation which she mixed at home, in a recent interview at Chicago, Ill., made the following statement: "Any lady or gentleman can darken their gray hair and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To half a pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the required shade. This will make a gray-haired person look 20 years younger. It is also fine to promote the growth of hair, relieves itching and scalp humors and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair."

RUNNING THE HOME ON SCHEDULE TIME

Household System One of the Things That Will Feature Ideal Home Show.

HOUSEKEEPING is the biggest business in the world. To it, directly or indirectly, all other businesses are tributary, subsidiary. Surely such a business (and all the more so because it is almost purely consumptive) should be efficiently conducted—conducted according to the scientific principal employed in lesser businesses, such as, for instance, the modern factory. There has probably been far more waste of energy and time in home management and maintenance than in all other business put together.

But haphazard, rule of thumb housekeeping is rapidly being supplanted by the new art and science of good housekeeping—that is to say, efficient and esthetic housekeeping.

The adoption of efficiency methods bear immediate fruit in the conservation of time and energy. This admits of more time being spent on the social amenities and social service, on reading and recreation, on the cultivation, and therefore, addition of that subtle indefinite something we term "charm" to the home atmosphere.

But, specifically, what is this efficient housekeeping—this new art and science?

With the object of graphically and concretely answering that question, the co-operation of the various leading women's clubs, associations and leagues has been enlisted as has also the co-operation of the departments of household science and of architecture of the university, and of the departments of public health of the provincial and municipal governments, and of numerous other organizations interested in the promotion of the art and science of good housekeeping.

The interesting and illuminating suggestions and contributions are being collated and arranged in correlated exhibits for the Ideal Home Show, which will be held in the Arena Gardens from the 12th to the 17th of April.

What is the ideal home, and of what does it consist? The best that the art and science of the Dominion has to suggest by way of an answer will be shown at the Ideal Home Show. There practically every point of every phase of good housekeeping will be graphically depicted.

One of the most interesting of the "efficiency" exhibit on display will

Settle the Question Now! Order To-day

Lawrence's "Quality" BREAD

There is no heroism in standing for poor bread. The city of Toronto is said to have the best bread of any city in Canada, and this reputation is due to Lawrence's "Quality" Bread. You get a big 3-pound loaf for 12 cents, 17 tickets for one dollar. Order a trial loaf by phone.

Phone College 321
Order a Loaf To-day

SOCIETY AT THE CAPITAL

Hon. W. T. White and Mrs. White are spending the Easter holidays in Atlantic City, Mrs. White having returned from a visit to Toronto a few days ago.

* * *

Professor C. A. Chant of Toronto University was in town recently and lectured before the Royal Astronomical Society. While in the capital he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fergus McDiarmid.

* * *

Sir John Willison of Toronto was another recent visitor to the capital and addressed the Canadian Club at luncheon at the Chateau Laurier on March 27.

* * *

Mrs. J. W. Garvin of Toronto, known to the press as Katharine Hale, was also a visitor of the past week and was the guest of the Women's Canadian Club at luncheon on Saturday.

* * *

The Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Borden has gone to Grand Pre, N. S., having been called to the bedside of his mother, who has since passed away. Sir George E. Foster is acting-premier during Sir Robert's absence. Sir George spent Friday the 26th in Toronto and will again visit that city during the present week.

* * *

Mrs. Gordon Richardson and her small daughter have arrived from Indian Head, Sask., to stay a short time with Mrs. Richardson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis K. Jones. Mr. Richardson has been transferred to St. Catharines as manager of the Bank of Montreal and has left for that city and later will be joined by Mrs. Richardson.

* * *

Hon. J. D. and Mrs. Hazen are spending Easter at their home in St. John, N. B.

* * *

Mr. Morley Donaldson, vice-president of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and his sister, Mrs. E. Remon, spent a few days in the capital at the Chateau Laurier last week en route to their home in Winnipeg, after making a trip to Florida and San Francisco.

* * *

Hon. Martin and Mrs. Burrell are on their way home from San Francisco where they visited the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

* * *

The engagement has been announced of Miss Elsie Himsworth, only daughter of the late William Himsworth, Esq., I. S. O., and Mrs. Himsworth, to Edmund de Gaspe, only son of the late Augustus Power, K. C., I. S. O., and Mrs. Power, the marriage to take place quietly during the first week in April.

* * *

Among visitors to the capital brought here by the general meeting of the Queen Mary's Needlework Guild are: Miss Catharine Welland Merritt of St. Catharines, Lady Mackenzie, Mrs. Arthur VanKoughnet, Mrs. Septimus Denison of Toronto, Mrs. William Allan and Mrs. Augustus Nanton of Winnipeg, Lady Williams-Taylor and Miss Brenda Williams-Taylor, Lady Graham, Mrs. Bury, Mrs. John Turnbull, Mrs. Stephen White, Mrs. MacIntosh, Mrs. Davis and Miss Elizabeth Brown of Montreal.

* * *

Several luncheons were given during the week by various hostesses, among them being Madame Landry, who entertained in honor of Madame Baillarge of Quebec; Mrs. J. Douglas Hazen, whose guest of honor was Madame T. Chase Casgrain and Mrs. A. E. Marty, who entertained especially for Mrs. J. W. Garvin of Toronto.

* * *

Miss Jean Labatt of London, Ont., is the guest of Col. and Mrs. Percy Sherwood in Daly avenue.

* * *

Lieut. Frank Ahearn and Lieut. Jack McLachlan left last week to sail for England to join the contingent now there.

* * *

Madame Louis Coderre entertained at two very charming luncheons during the week, one in special honor of Mrs. T. Chase Casgrain and the other for several sessional visitors in the capital at present.

* * *

The meeting of the Queen Mary's Needlework Guild took place at the Chateau Laurier and was graced by the presence of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught, attended by Miss Dorothy Yorke and Lord Richard Nevill. After the meeting, which was largely attended by the wives of the various cabinet ministers and other prominent hostesses of the capital, Lady Fredericks-Williams of Montreal entertained at tea in the tea-room in the Chateau Laurier.

Lowest Prices
In Canada on Karn Pianos

KARN-MORRIS PIANO

3 Years Without Interest

$280

$10 Cash and $6 Monthly

This is but one example of our values. We sell Karn-Morris Pianos at lower prices than they are sold for anywhere in Canada.

$500 REWARD

to anyone who can prove that we charge interest or add our interest to our price. Over 2000 satisfied customers in Toronto. There's a reason.

W. LONG

ONE PRICE AND NO INTEREST.

264-266 Queen West

DANCING

Pavlowa Academy

"Most Exclusive Patronage."

Each Evening 8 to 12. European Plan

CUP CONTEST EVERY MONDAY NIGHT.
BLOCK PARTY EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT.

The best modern dance music in Canada. Excellent ventilation and a nice dancing surface. The largest building in the Dominion devoted to dancing.

PAVLOWA SCHOOL OF MODERN DANCING.

Class meets every evening at 7.30. Private lessons by appointment.
Phone P. 1691 or P. 4499.

Educational Educational.

Boys prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College and Business.

CALENDAR SENT ON APPLICATION
Reopens after Easter Vacation Apr. 13, 1915.
Rev. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., Headmaster.

7.A11

Amusements

MASSEY HALL Tuesday, Apr. 6

THOMAS

EGAN

Great Irish Tenor

SEATS NOW ON SALE

Prices, 50c, 75c, $1.00.
Balcony front, $1.50
Steinway Piano used.

RIDE—RIDE—RIDE

JOIN THE

EQUESTRIAN CLUB

Enjoyable - Beneficial - Inexpensive.
For particulars Phone Junction 5849.
7A11

THE FIELD OF ART

BY IRENE B. WRENSHALL.

IN A despatch to The Times it is stated that in the now deserted studio of the German sculptor, Benzel, in the Boulevard Argo, Paris, the official receiver has made an extraordinary find, this being no fewer than thirty-eight busts of the kaiser. Benzil is the sculptor who two years ago questioned the right of the salon jury to refuse the kaiser's bust in view of the tension in Franco-German relations.

It is believed here that the thirty-eight busts were intended to take the place of the busts of the republic in the markets, public buildings, Hotel de Ville, etc., when the kaiser should make his triumphal entry into Paris.

♣ ♣ ♣

ONE OF the attractions at the twilight musicale given by the Women's Art Association on Wednesday afternoon, was the exhibition of pictures by Miss L. O. Adams and Miss Samuel. The sketches, which included mostly landscapes, both at home and abroad, were very crisply handled, and came in for a great deal of admiration from the large number present.

♣ ♣ ♣

MR J. COLIN FORBES has taken a studio at 107 King street west, which was formerly occupied by Kennedy's Photo Gallery, and is there finishing several portraits.

♣ ♣ ♣

THE American Art News in speaking of the annual spring academy exhibition, New York, says that "In A Curtain Call," Arthur Crisp presents another of his clever "Stage Studies."

MASSAGE

Massage, electricity, Swedish movements, and facial massage. Patients treated at their residences if desired. Miss Howells, 432 Jarvis street, Telephone, North 3746. 7tf

Mr. and Mrs. David Pottinger are spending a short time in Toronto and will return in time for the Easter holidays accompanied by their son and daughter, who are at school in Toronto.

Religious Services

SPIRITUAL SCIENCE SERVICE

FORUM BUILDING, YONGE STREET, corner of Gerrard St., Sunday, April 5, at 7.45 p.m. Prof. Wyldes will deliver a lecture, "How to Prevent Being Buried Alive." Spiritual Clairvoyance of absorbing interest also presented. The intelligent public is invited. A silver collection at the door.

St. Paul's Methodist Church

Avenue Road.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7th, 1915, at 8 p.m.

Haydn's Oratorio 'THE CREATION'

will be sung by the choir of 60 Voices. Principals: Sopranos, Eileen Millett Low, Dorothy Philips; Tenor, Jas. E. Fiddes; Baritone, Charles Rigby; Organist and Choirmaster, G. H. Knight, Mus. Bac. Silver collection of 10c and upwards.

ST. BARNABAS CHURCH

Halton St., 1st south of Arthur, off Dundas St.

Rev. L. B. Vaughan, Rector.

EASTER DAY.

Holy Communion, 7 a.m., 8 a.m., 11 a.m.
Evensong, 7 p.m. Easter Music.
All Seats Free.

WEDDINGS

GOLDEN WEDDING.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander MacKenzie, 65 Crescent road, celebrated their golden wedding on Monday last by holding a reception in the evening, when the hostess wore her wedding gown of fifty years ago, green and Crimson shot silk, trimmed with real lace and a corsage bouquet of Tea roses. Mr. and Mrs. MacKenzie stood beneath a bell of daffodils to receive their guests in the bow window of the drawing-room, over one hundred being present during the evening. The house was beautifully decorated with daffodils, orchids and ferns from the greenhouses at Benvenuto, Sir William and Lady MacKenzie being out of town were not present at the reception. Mrs. MacKenzie at her wedding so many years ago made the wedding cake, and again made the one which centred the table, decorated with orange blossoms from Florida; the cake was surrounded with silver vases of daffodils. Mr. and Mrs. MacKenzie's family of nine sons and daughters was unbroken and were all present. Thirty in all, including the grandchildren, the sons and daughters were: Dr. and Mrs. A. A. MacKenzie, Mr. and Mrs. A. MacKenzie and their children, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. MacKenzie, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. MacKenzie, Mr. L. E. MacKenzie, Mr. R. MacKenzie, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. MacKenzie, and their children, Mrs. W. C. Arnold and her daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Beauchamp. The family gave Mrs. MacKenzie a diamond ring and a pearl ring, and their father a gold and platinum watch chain and a diamond scarf pin, among other beautiful and numerous presents.

Pimples, Blotches, and all Skin Eruptions Quickly Disappear After Using

"ALEXIS" Blood Purifier

Composed of ten different kinds of herbs. Clears the complexion, invigorates and tones the system, cures indigestion, constipation, scrofula, eczema, blood poison, old ulcers, bad legs, biliousness, dizziness, etc. Does not cause any disagreeable effects, improves the general health and builds the system.

Price 25c per box, "ALEXIS." For sale at 47 McCaul Street. Main 3209.

Beer is a Temperance Drink

Beer, ale, and stout are low in alcoholic strength. They are mild and wholesome, a person would have to drink them to gluttonous excess before he could become intoxicated by them.

As Mr. David Lloyd George, The Chancellor of the Exchequer in England says:

"Beer in alcoholic strength is just a little above ginger ale."

Throughout the world, and throughout the history of the world, mankind has demanded some stimulant property in its liquid food--even the tea drinker wants it. The desire is material and innocent.

It is not to be crushed as essentially evil, but rather to be guided in such a manner as will eliminate the chances of abuse.

We should, therefore, encourage the use of a beverage which, while providing the desired stimulant, will provide it in such a diluted form as will remove the danger of excess--a beverage which will at the same time contain healthful properties.

Cosgraves Mild Chill-Proof Pale Ale, Half-and-Half, XXX Porter, and Golden Gate Beer (draught) fulfill these conditions.

They contain nourishment, they facilitate the digestion of other nutriment; they have tonic properties. The alcohol in the Cosgrave beverages is present in only just sufficient quantity to entitle them to rank as alcoholic beverages at all.

Cosgraves Beers, therefore, are preeminently the temperance drinks.

Ask for Cosgraves at any hotel, or telephone your dealer for home use.

THE BLOOD IS THE STREAM OF LIFE

Pure Blood is Absolutely Necessary to Health.

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" PURIFIES

These Wonderful Tablets, Made of Fruit Juices, Are the Best of All Tonics to Purify and Enrich the Blood.

Pure, rich blood can flow only in a clean body. Now, a clean body is one in which the waste matter is regularly and naturally eliminated from the system. The blood cannot be pure when the skin action is weak, when the stomach does not digest the food property, when the bowels do not move regularly, when the kidneys are strained or overworked.

Pure blood is the result of perfect health and harmony of stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys and skin.

"Fruit-a-tives," by their wonderful action on all these organs, keeps the whole system as clean as Nature intended our bodies to be clean.

"Fruit-a-tives" tones up, invigorates, strengthens, purifies, cleans and gives pure, rich, clear blood that is, in truth, the stream of life.

"Fruit-a-tives" is sold by all dealers at 50c a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c, or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.

DID NOT GO, THO STORM WAS CURTAIN

Prinz Eitel Screened From Enemies, Remained at Anchor

WIRES TAKEN DOWN

Communication Was Cut and Good Opportunity for Escape

WASHINGTON, April 3.—Screened from her enemies by a howling gale that drove a blinding snowstorm over the Virginia Capes, the German auxiliary cruiser, Prinz Eitel Friedrich, today had her first real opportunity to dash to sea since she took refuge in the neutral waters of Hampton Roads, three weeks ago, altho it still remained a mystery whether she would accept the opportunity or intern.

Moreover, a curtain was drawn between the outside world and the theatre of possible operations, for the storm which swirled from Hatteras northward had ripped down telephone and telegraph wires until early today Newport News, Norfolk, the Virginia Capes and the surrounding country were entirely cut off from communication, except by wireless, which was entirely in the hands of the navy department. And in the interest of American neutrality the navy department drew the curtain tight.

At last midnight the Prinz Eitel Friedrich was still at her wharf, and at 2.30 a.m. today, the last hour at which communication was maintained between Newport News and Atlanta, nothing unusual at the Eitel's anchorage had been reported.

Official despatches to the navy department sent from Norfolk last night and received this morning said there was no change in the situation. Secretary Daniels today sent messages to Rear Admiral Beatty, commanding the Norfolk navy yard, and Rear Admiral Helm, on the Alabama, for reports.

JOFFRE PREDICTS WAR SOON TO END

French Commander Looks for Speedy Termination and Victory

PARIS, April 3.—General Joffre has predicted a speedy termination of the war in victory for the allies, according to a despatch from Dundirk, published today in The Eclair. The dispatch from Dundirk reads as follows:

"General Joffre, the French commander-in-chief, in the course of a visit to Belgian headquarters to decorate certain Belgian officers with the legion of honor, told King Albert and premier De Broqueville that the war soon would come to an end to the advantage of the allies."

EASTER HOLIDAY FARES CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Return tickets will be issued between all stations in Canada, Fort William and east, also to Detroit, Sault Ste Marie, Mich.; Niagara Falls and Buffalo, N.Y., as follows:

Single fare tickets good going Friday, April 2nd, return limit April 2nd, 1915. Fare and one-third tickets good going April 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th. Return limit, April 6th, 1915.

Particulars from any Canadian Pacific ticket agent, or write M. G. Murphy, district passenger agent, Toronto, Ont. ed-7

PROHIBITION CAMPAIGN.

ST. JOHN, N.B., April 3.—A ten-day province-wide campaign has been started to have the provincial government close the liquor saloons during the war.

MEXICO IS QUIET FOR A FEW DAYS

Villa and Angele Have Gone West to Prepare for Fighting

WASHINGTON, April 3.—Advices from Mexico to the department today were summarized as follows:

"The department is informed that Generals Villa and Angele have gone west from Onterey, which is reported quiet. Carranza forces from Laredo and surrounding towns are said to be concentrated at Lampazos. Advices dated April 1, from the west coast, state that Carranza forces are advancing in the direction of Guadalajara and that Jose M. Addis, an Indian subject, has been imprisoned for three weeks, apparently by the Carranzistas at Manzanillo. Conditions are quiet at Guaymas and Mazatlan.

BRANTFORD TANNERY TOTALLY DESTROYED

BRANTFORD, April 3—Fire broke out during the night in the Thornton Tannery and got a big start before a citizen passing saw smoke and turned in an alarm. Considerable damage was done to the building and to wool stored therein, but the hides escaped. Loss not yet estimated, but is covered by insurance. This is the third fire since the plant was wiped out with a loss of $70,000, and a fire inquest may be called to investigate into the causes of the frequent fires there.

STEAMER IN DISTRESS.

NEW YORK, April 3.—Agents in this city for the Royal West Indies Company steamship Prinz Mauritz received information today that a wireless message had been received here, evidently sent by a British cruiser, saying the steamer was distress off Cape Hatteras. A subsequent message reported that the steamers Algonquin, City of Macon and a tank ship had gone to assistance of the steamer.

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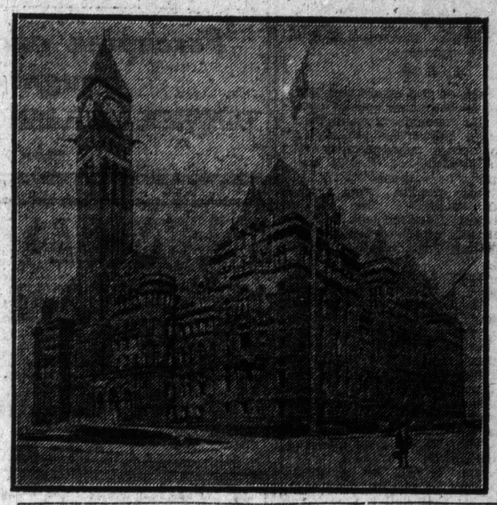

UNDER this heading will be found an alphabetical list of reputable business, professional and educational lines in the City of Toronto.

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The list will be augmented from week to week as requests come in from other merchants to be represented.

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ON PARLIAMENT HILL

By TOM KING

OTTAWA, April 3.—(Special).—Frank Carvell, the energetic member for Charleton, N. B., has gone home for his convention and the public accounts committee has adjourned until next week. A number of witnesses have been subpoenaed to appear on Wednesday and others on Friday next. From this it might be inferred that the session is to go on indefinitely.

On the other hand it is common talk that prorogation may come almost any day next week. Mr. Carvell is in much the same position as Von Kluk at the gate of Paris with the bulk of the German army somewhere else. Elated by his successes at Hintonburg and Ottawa, General Carvell is ready to charge the heights of Valcartier. But the rank and file of the Opposition are packing their trunks, securing their berths and getting ready to return to their respective constituencies. Most of the Liberal members want to go home and are saying so emphatically. The government is speeding the parting guest and the members on both sides, with an election not far away, desire to get home and look after their fences.

The one outstanding fact seems to be that the government will not, under any circumstances, place itself in the position of burking an investigation. If the Liberals say they have any testimony to produce before the public accounts committee the house will be kept in session until their case is presented. But the Opposition — two, three or half a dozen members excepted—is no less eager than the government to wind up the session.

* * *

Mr. E. M. Macdonald, who is one of the boots committee would like to prepare an elaborate minority report and have the boot scandal fully debated on the floor of the house, but he is likely to yield to the almost universal pressure for immediate prorogation.

* * *

THERE is less talk about the election and it is a fair surmise that the Conservative members and the Conservative newspapers have been advised to talk about something else. It is felt that the session should be brought to an end as quickly and quietly as possible. What next may happen, the Opposition and the public generally will learn in due course. It is not altogether unlikely that the election may yet be held early in June.

* * *

THE government has taken a bold step in deciding to lease, or if necessary expropriate, the Grand Trunk Pacific line connecting the National Transcontinental with the head of navigation and the Grand Trunk terminals and elevators at Fort William. This line is the key to the situation. With it the government would probably run at a profit that portion of the big railway between Superior Junction and Winnipeg. It will find the balance a heavy burden to carry, but no one can deny that the great railway must be operated. The Grand Trunk Pacific either cannot or will not operate the road which belongs to the government and represents a principal investment of $150,000,000.

It was argued by Sir Wilfred Laurier, Hon. Geo. P. Graham and other Liberal members that the Grand Trunk Pacific has a good legal defence for its failure to lease and operate the line between Winnipeg and Moncton. They said that the stations, shops and terminal facilities at the City of Quebec were not completed and even harked back to the trifling changes in curves and gradients made by Chief Commissioner Leonard after the present government came into power. But no one is greatly interested in the legal questions thus presented. It is a condition, not a theory, that confronts us. The road is there ready to operate and the company is unwilling to operate it.

The government is, therefore, in the position of a man who has built an expensive plant expecting to lease it. If the tenant will not sign the lease and refuses to occupy the premises then there is nothing to do but to lease it to somebody else or occupy it himself. He cannot stand idly by and let his property go to pieces. Nobody claims that the Grand Trunk Pacific or any other company will take the property off our hands. What, then, can we do except get together some equipment and operate the road ourselves?

* * *

HON. FRANK OLIVER complained that a transcontinental system was being destroyed, which had been designed to give competitive freight rates to the farmers of the west. The obvious reply was promptly furnished by Solicitor-General Meighen. If the road is to be of any service it must be operated, the government proposed to operate it; not as a matter of choice, but as a matter of necessity. If the Grand Trunk Pacific or any other company would take the line and work it, well and good. If not, the only alternative was government operation. To let the rail rust, the sleepers rot and trees grow on the right-of-way will advantage nobody.

* * *

Will the senate throw out the bill? It may do so because the line cannot be operated without taking over the Lake Superior branch and should the government take over and operate the system the fact is brought home that the great transcontinental railway scheme which was to be Sir Wilfrid Laurier's monument, has utterly broken down. The breakdown is inevitable and the end is clearly in sight, but the Liberals would like to have the actual event itself postponed until after the coming election.

* * *

THE senate, it is also supposed, will throw out the bill, if it passes the house which confers the franchise upon the Canadian volunteers at home and abroad. The bill is on the order paper of the house as a government measure, and it may go thru the house with little or no opposition. Yet even the Conservative members are by no means unanimous in its support. It is quite possible that it might have some difficulty in getting thru the house were it not for the general impression that the senate can be counted upon to kill it.

It stands in something the same position as the bill for the relief of the depositors of the Farmers Bank, but in the case of the latter measure Liberal senators refused to over-ride the house unless a certain number of Conservative senators co-operated.

Of course everyone favors the principle of the bill, but some members profess to believe that the bill in its present form is unworkable. Naturally it is up to the government to perfect the plan presented if it is really open to criticism.

* * *

IN THE case of the other two bills reported by the same special committee, the government gave them precedence on the order paper, but declined to accept responsibility for them. The minister of justice said that they must be disposed of by the house on their merits, and quite apart from politics. The house promptly rejected the salient feature of the first bill which extended the hours of polling from 8 a.m. until 6 p.m.

Judge Doherty admitted that with the law as it now stands a great number of people, especially artisans, trainmen and commercial travelers, were disfranchised and declared that some way should be found to correct this injustice. The bill he did not think went far enough, nor did the amendment proposed by Mr. Macdonnell (South Toronto), which merely extended the time of polling by one hour in the cities of Toronto and Montreal. From Hansard we take the following colloquy:

Mr. Doherty: It will be a great benefit it seems to me, to provide a time, which we may call a free time, for the voter when he can poll his vote, and thus obviate the necessity of conveying him to the poll.

Mr. Pardee: It is only once in four years he is called upon to vote and he is not very seriously inconvenienced.

Mr. Dorothy: I know; but what I am pointing out is that the section as proposed does not fulfil the purpose for which it is intended so far as the cities are concerned.

Mr. W. F. Maclean: It is for you to assume the responsibility of doing that.

Mr. Doherty: It is for the house; I cannot impose my power upon the house; it is essentially a matter for parliament to pronounce upon. I do not think it would be fair for me, even if I could, to impose my will upon the members of the house.

* * *

THE minister of justice assumed the same detached attitude when the bill to amend the Controverted Elections Act was under consideration. The soldiers' vote bill was drafted by the same special committee. That committee composed of four Conservatives and three Liberals were unanimous in recommending certain amendments to the Elections Act, and were almost equally unanimous in giving them no support on the floor of the house. The Soldiers' Vote Bill they did not recommend, but merely presented a tentative scheme in the shape of the bill which now stands in Judge Doherty's name on the order paper.

It would be good politics, no doubt, to have the bill opposed by Liberals in the house and defeated by Liberals in the senate. Possibly the Liberals are aware of that fact, and there will be a good deal of finesse and maneouvering attempted before the fate of the measure is finally determined.

For some reason it is apparently not as popular with parliament as it is with the people. The idea is excellent, but some parliamentarians profess to see difficulties in the way of its practical application. It is not at all to the taste of the opposition. Perhaps the senate with sardonic humor may put on a rider providing that the law shall not come into effect until after the next election.

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Signs

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A LARGE assortment of high-class Runabouts, Cannopes, Pony Buggies, manufactured by the Conboy Carriage Co., Limited, at their factory, Queen east and Don bridge. ed7

A SPLENDID OFFER to gentlemen, tradesmen and farmers: Three lovely drivers, comprising seal brown mare, Daisy, 6 years, 15.2, blocky, weight 1,100; brown cob, 14 hands, 5 years, he is a wonder and a splendid road cob, can road 12 miles an hour; also a grand road gelding, 15.3, 7 years old, he is also a good road horse, can road 12 miles an hour, weight 1,150, brown. These three drivers will be sold rock bottom, sound, and any lady or gentleman can send a vet. to examine; they will be sold on a full guarantee; prices to a good home: mare $135, cob $125, gelding $90; the gentleman to whom they belong is going in for a motor car; also their harness, nearly new, buggies, robes, cutters and sunaries; this is the greatest snap ever offered and should be seen at once; any of the three can be driven by a lady with safety; they will be shipped and blanketed free, or if any lady or gentleman sends check they will be sent on to them; inspection is strongly invited and dealers strictly ignored. Apply Manager, 107 Brunswick avenue, College car from station. 71

Chiropractors.

CHIROPRACTIC—The most successful metnod, locating the cause of disease; those acquainted with the science will recognize the advantage of having the usual palpation by hand verified by the X-ray, free to patients; if you have tried other methods and they have failed, try chiropractic; investigation costs nothing, will most likely be able to refer you to somebody nearby that has been helped that was as bad or worse than you; the only chiropractor's office in Canada having an X-ray equipment. Doctor George W. Doxsee, Palmer graduate, Ryrie building, Yonge street, corner Shuter. Lady attendant.

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PIANOS—However beautiful your home, here's an instrument that will lend it distinction; it's a quarter grand by Chickering of Boston, who have been making pianos since 1823, and whose reputation is world-wide; has a magnificent polished mahogany case, and is a superb specimen of the great Boston piano makers' art; just this one piano left, offered for a limited period at only $675.

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What About a Farm

If you are interested in the "Back-to-the-Land" movement, and are contemplating the purchase of a farm, we are desirous of placing the services of our Farm Lands Department at your disposal.

We have a very complete list of high-class farms throughout Ontario, and believe we can satisfy the wants of all.

To those wishing to sell their farms we invite you to list them with us.

Farm Lands Department
The Dovercourt Land, Building & Savings Company, Limited
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82-88 King St. E., Toronto

WEEK'S WAR SUMMARY

By W. H. STEWART

The "unchanging east" is still the more active theatre of the war. While operations linger at the gates of Constantinople, the Russians have been cleaning up the situation on the Polish and Carpathian fronts in order to be in a position to dictate the direction of the spring campaign. Cossacks are being massed somewhere in Galicia so as to spring forward at the word of command upon the level lands of Hungary. Whether the Russians will advance immediately upon Cracow remains unknown. They have surmounted the last mountain chain between Galicia and Hungary, and are able to look southward with an unobstructed vision.

Winding Up Campaign.

The final stage of Russia's winter campaign is directed to the driving out of the Germans from North Poland and the Beskid mountains. The Teuton is fighting more stubbornly than the Austrian, but the combats all end in the same manner, with the Russians as victors. So far as the eastern front is concerned the spring bears evil omens for the German kaiser and his Austro-Hungarian emperor. The Russians have called to the colors this year's recruits, 465,000 strong, and these will soon be able to fill the great gaps that will be made in their armies in the fighting about to begin once more with tremendous fury.

Russians Surprise of War.

The heroic bearing and invincibility of the Russian soldier, like the silent victory of the British navy, has been one of the greatest surprises of the war.

The hint from Petrograd that next summer's campaign of Russia will be carried on in Hungary seems to indicate that the direct blows against Germany will be deferred till next year. It is hardly probable, some people maintain, even if Austria is crushed in a six months' campaign, that Germany can be crushed in the few remaining weeks before late autumn and winter sets in, so on this theory the allies, providing that they are victorious this year, will leave the administering of the finishing blow to Germany till 1916. This appears to be the united plan of the allied general staffs. By that time Germany is expected to be nearing exhaustion from the British blockade, and the wastage of war on the battlefield. On this theory, the Russians will at present direct their chief attention to Austria-Hungary, and be content with warding off the German blows delivered at tremendous sacrifice of men. Of course a complete collapse of Austria would enable the Russians to turn their attention all the sooner to Germany. Perhaps the early stage of the summer campaign will drive the Germans out of France and Belgium, and enable the invasion of Germany to begin before August arrives.

Russians Re-equip Troops.

In the meantime the Russian armies are being equipped for the coming warm weather campaign, and from reports which are let thru from Petrograd it is to be surmised that they will put several new and powerful armies in the field. This increase of forces will materially increase their formidability. It is expected that the maximum strength of Germany, Australia, and Turkey will have developed about June.

Win Victory Every Day.

Since the fall of Peremysl the Russian armies operating on the Niemen river and the Carpathian mountain front, have been registering a victory a day. As previously asserted in these columns, the capture of the Galician stronghold lost the enemy three campaigns. It has also taken the motive out of his drives towards Warsaw and towards the lines of the strategic railways from Petrograd to east Poland. It has shaken the nerve of the enemy, and he may now become desperate, even as Napoleon became desperate after the failure of his grand attempt to pierce Wellington's centre, and seize the road to Brusseis at Waterloo. After this discomfiture, his brilliant cavalry charges slowly surged themselves away on the unshaken British squares till the Old Guard was finally overwhelmed in a final attempt to snatch a victory in the hour of defeat. While pressing the enemy in the Carpathian passes the Russians have also attacked with renewed vigor on the Niemen front, and have gained several local victories, ending in the hurried running away of the last German army corps, the crack 21st, with the Russians in obstinate pursuit.

Burst Thru Uzsok Pass.

In the Carpathians the Russians have burst thru Uzsok Pass, and are debouching their armies on the plains of Hungary. In one week's fighting they have taken 33,000 prisoners. Height after height in the Beskid range has been stormed, the hardy Russian soldiers climbing precipices in the teeth of the fierce fire of the Austrian and German defenders, and turning them out with the bayonet. Nothing seems capable of stopping the Muscovite advance. Disheartened and shattered with Russians gaining the prestige of victory it is hardly to be expected that the enemy will make other than a half-hearted stand against the invaders. Germany is gravely concerned, and is sending troops to bolster up the Austrian cause. The Germans can hardly fail but be affected by the very necessity of having to defend Austrian soil, but too much stress should not be laid on this feature of the campaign, for as a rule the average German soldier does not know where he is fighting. But it is upon new formations that the Germans will more and more have to rely, and the quality of these must be uncertain.

Near Armament Works.

The Russian progress, if it continues upon Hungary, will shortly put them in possession of certain important armament works. These will be of value to the Russians, and of serious loss to the Austrians and Germans. As the Germans seized the Belgian arms factory at Liege, and turned it to their own use, so the Russians may be expected to seize enemy arms factories anywhere, and turn them to their own use, too.

Turkish Campaign Lingers.

Next in interest to the Russian progress against the Germans and Austrians comes the campaign against Constantinople and Turkey. Officialdom has been silent about what has been done in this sphere this week, except for the report from Russia of the beginning of a bombardment of the Bosphorus by the Russian fleet last Sunday. The resumption of this operation was held up by foggy weather, and the Russian fleet visited four Turkish ports in Asia Minor, and subjected them to a bombardment, which was reported as quite effective.

The allied fleet at the Dardanelles has been sweeping up mines in the strait and waiting for the land forces to assemble.

Constantinople Vulnerable.

The extreme vulnerability of Constantinople to attack from the Mediterranean Sea has long been noted by strategists. It is estimated that it would require a garrison of at least half a million men to hold the city. The question is, have the Turks that many effectives. It is estimated that about 30,000 Germans are serving in the Turkish army and manning the forts on the Dardanelles and in the Bosphorus. As the Germans are likely to experience difficulty with the Turkish troops under their command, it is not improbable that they have tolerated only a certain proportion of Moslems to Christians in the forces, so that, in case of an unprising, they could speedily suppress it. The Germans have also complete control of the Turkish fleet. When the war broke out all the German reservists in the Balkans, in Asia Minor, Palestine, Syria, and Egypt, were directed to report at Constantinople. In July two German transports laden with heavy guns and ammunition arrived at Constantinople and discharged their cargoes. Between twenty and thirty thousand camel loads of ammunition were also landed at Beirut and carried into the interior where it was hidden in the desert sands.

May Resist Senaciously.

Germany has immense interests in Asia Minor and its occupation by the allies would be a tremendous blow to her prestige and her treasure chest. The great Bagdad railway is near completion and as a prize of war would pass into the hands of the allies if they are successful. The speed of their progress will be measured by the efficiency of the Turkish armies. After the Balkan war these were in extremely bad shape and the question to be settled is whether the Germans have been able to infuse a new spirit into them. The chances are that they have not. But it is hardly to be expected that the Kaiser will relinquish his prize without a tenacious resistance.

Downhill Road to Rhine.

The chief success registered by the allied arms in the west was the capture of Hartmanns-Weilerkopf in Alsace by the French. This height gives them a straight road downhill to the Rhine, twenty miles distant. Otherwise the fighting has been confined to mine explosions, artillery firing and aerial raids, in which Bruges, Hoboken, Mulhein, Neuenburg, and Vigneulles, were bombarded and German submarines, areoplane hangars, barracks, and railway stations were hit. Zeebrugge was bombarded by moonlight by a British naval squadron.

On the sea the chief events have been the sinking of British and neutral ships by German submarines. One of these pirate crafts torpedoed the Falaba, a West African liner, before all her passengers and crew had left her and 114 persons were drowned, including an American citizen. The newspapers of the civilized world are at one in denouncing this piratic method of warfare.

Earl Kitchener's new army is said to be landed in France and casualties of 60,000 a week in June and July said to be provided for. Reckoning the wastage on the usual basis of ten per cent., a month this would indicate that Britain will have 2,400,000 men in action.

Prohibition For Britain.

It is prohibition for the British Isles? Owing to the over-indulgence of dockyard hands and ship building mechanics in strong drink Lloyd George is authority for the statement that the shipment of war materials has been gravely held up and the refusal of the workmen to work more than four days a week is gravely diminishing their efficiency. The drink habit may grow in the new army and on the persons left at home. Public temper is in no position to trifle with the problem and Earl Kitchener may be able to swing cabinet and parliament round to a teetotal decree in the near future. This was one of the first recommendations of Earl Kitchener when he assumed the portfolio of minister of war.

Good certificates of efficiency have been given the Canadian troops at the front by Sir Max Aitken, Sir John French, and General Alderson and the country is awaiting the news of brave deeds against the enemy.

SERVICE.

The key note of efficiency in the Modern Hotel is service to the guests. Year by year, patrons demand more in the way of accommodation and convenience and the Manager of a good Hotel today has to be on the look-out for every new improvement which will save time or expense in serving the guests of the House.

The Isabella Private Hotel, located at the corner of Isabella and Sherbourne streets, is one of the best examples in Toronto of this idea. No expense has been spared in any department to expedite service or that will make for safety and convenience.

The building is fitted with the latest type of Passenger Elevator and with Automatic Dumb Waiter Service and all rooms are connected with the office by a Private Telephone System and Switchboard.

In addition to the Private Telephones installed in the rooms, a Bell Telephone is installed in a booth on each floor. This gives prompt and satisfactory Bell service and from the Standpoint of the Hotel Company, cuts down the rental expense by 50 to 75 per cent and eliminates all bookkeeping of Guests' Telephone Tolls.

The Electric Wiring throughout the building has been installed with the idea of absolute safety and convenience to the guests, and the fixtures have been selected to harmonize with the decorations of the rooms and corridors, making the whole installation one of beauty.

Each Room Door is fitted with a Burglar Alarm Lock connected to the Office and the Janitor's quarters so that any interference or tampering is at once known and can be investigated. This is the only installation of its kind in Canada and has proved a great success.

Special attention has been given to the ventilation of the kitchen to ensure that no odors may arise in the building. This is amply taken care of by a Canadian Sirocco Fan installed in the kitchen.

The Entire Electrical Equipment of this building was engineered and installed by the Lintz-Porter Company, 27 Yonge St. Arcade, Toronto, and is one of the many successful installations made by this company throughout Ontario.

Will Oil Well Now Drilling Open a Great Rich Field and Pour Out MILLIONS?

This big oil corporation is pushing new development in good faith and offers a part of its unissued stock at the old special offer while this new well is being completed—A crisis in the oil fields has offered some great opportunities to The Uncle Sam Oil Company, which is able to go ahead and continue development. The well now drilling should strike the big production at between 2,500 and 2,700 feet. It is about 2,000 feet deep at this hour. Ten to fifteen days will tell the tale—4,000 barrel well within five miles. There is a certain degree of chance in every investment. If this Company does not open a big rich pool at this present location it will move to some other of its properties, and keep drilling until it does secure some of the fortune making production.

Kansas City, Kas., March 29, 1915.

To the Investing Public:

A few weeks ago the Uncle Sam Oil Co. inserted a page advertisement in this newspaper and a few other reliable newspapers in the United States, including the two big, reliable newspapers in Kansas City, Missouri—right at home.

We realize that in the district at home where the Company is selling oil in Kansas, Missouri and Oklahoma, investors will naturally become greatly interested in the Company. However, the fact that The Uncle Sam Oil Company is the only real bona fide Independent, producing, pipe line, refining and marketing concern in the Middle West that has ever, in any manner, drawn the fire of the great oil monopoly, has caused independent citizens from all over the United States to back the Uncle Sam Oil Company with their moral and financial support.

The authorized capital of the Company is three hundred million shares. About two hundred and fifty million shares of this stock is issued and owned by 14,000 stockholders representing every Congressional District in the United States.

There is at the present time about fifty million shares of stock issued. By order of the Board of Directors at their last regular meeting, the President of the Company was authorized to offer this stock to the independent public.

There is a Crisis in the oil fields at the present time, largely brought about by the Oil and Gas Trust, that is seeking to drive out of the Oklahoma oil fields every producer that might reach a financial strength that would in any way interfere or jeopardize the monopoly of the Oil and Gas Trust. The great Osage Nation Oil and Gas fields are owned by the Osage Indian Tribe as a tribal property. There is a lease that will soon expire on 680,000 acres on the east side of this reservation. It is the purpose of the Oil and Gas monopoly to maintain panic conditions in the oil fields until this great property can be grabbed.

There are over three million acres of Indian lands that are under the direct control of the Interior Department. The Oil and Gas monopoly in the past has been able to secure over 90 per cent. of the production from all of these Indian lands.

The Uncle Sam Oil Company was organized by Kansas at the time of the Kansas oil war. It came as the outgrowth of a sentiment firmly rooted in the State of Kansas that the Oil and Gas Trust was not the only concern that had a right to produce and market oil in the United States.

The Uncle Sam Oil Company has made steady gains from the start. It has met with the most vicious persecution, but has continually increased its assets and fought its way through persecution to prosperity. It has saved the people of Kansas several million dollars by the competition it has built up and brought about with the Trust. This same big saving to the general public has reached into the States of Colorado, Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri and Oklahoma and adjoining States.

If the Oil Trust could have destroyed The Uncle Sam Oil Company five or six years ago it would have made a saving to the Trust of many millions of dollars up to the present date. The fact that The Uncle Sam Oil Company has been built up by the people, and has written in its charter a provision that keeps the control of the Company from going to the Trust, and the magnitude upon which The Uncle Sam Oil Company is building, has from the start alarmed the great oil monopoly, which heretofore has been able to destroy all competition. The Uncle Sam Oil Company, however, has built solidly, has operated steadily on a conservative basis. It does not attempt to borrow any money from big financial concerns, as it knows that the big financial concerns can be dominated by the Trust.

For new capital it relies on the strength of its present properties and the 14,000 stockholders and the thousands of independent investors who can invest from $20.00 to $750.00 in a good cause.

There are scores of big stockholders in the Company who believe that in time The Uncle Sam Oil Company will open some great oil production, and eventually win out on a big basis. Many of these stockholders own from a quarter of a million to one million shares of the stock. THE PAR VALUE OF STOCK IS $1.00 PER SHARE. The Company has an oil refinery at West Tulsa, Oklahoma, capacity 1,100 barrels per day. It can easily be increased double in ninety days' time. It has another oil refinery at Cherryvale, Kansas, capacity 1,400 barrels per day. It can also be doubled or trebled in capacity in a few months' time. It also has a paraffine plant at Atchison, Kansas, and a third refinery and grease plant in Kansas City, Kansas.

This Company now owns and operates 121 oil and gas wells. Around these wells are several thousand acres of leases and 1,100 acres of deeded lands, where hundreds of additional wells can be drilled as the Company gains in strength. The Company has about 225 miles of pipe line, including one main pipe line that extends 151 miles right through the very heart of the Oklahoma oil fields. THIS MAIN PIPE LINE CONNECTS 117 OF OUR OIL WELLS, INCLUDING NEARLY ALL OUR BIG LEASES, AND DEEDED LANDS WITH OUR TULSA AND CHERRYVALE REFINERIES.

Under the present Crisis conditions in the Oklahoma oil fields, with the new capital we can buy up valuable oil properties at from 20 cents to 25 cents on the dollar of their actual value to our stockholders.

There are millions of dollars seeking investment in the United States. Some of the greatest fortunes ever made in this country have been made in oil. It is true that a lot of people have lost money in oil stocks, but that has been where a few small investors have undertaken to go into the oil business on a small basis. The Uncle Sam Oil Company is operating on a big basis and in time is determined to put its distributing stations, to sell its products direct to the people, in every principal trade centre in the Middle Western states. At the present time it has the capacity to refine and market nearly 3,000 barrels per day without increasing its pay rolls and general office expense over 10 per cent.

The Company has demonstrated its ability to protect itself against all of the powerful influences of the Oil Monopoly conspirators using the subsidized press, and dishonest state and federal officials in high places, and has successfully fought its way through the Federal Court to the Supreme Court of the United States, and won one of its greatest victories only a few months ago by a decision in its favor in the Supreme Court of the United States, exempting the pipe lines of The Uncle Sam Oil Company from the common carrier liabilities.

The plan of the little crooks in the hire of the Oil Trust was to make the pipe lines of The Uncle Sam Oil Company common carriers, and then have the so-called independent producers operating in disguise for the Oil Trust force The Uncle Sam Oil Company to pipe their oil to the exclusion from the production of our own wells and depriving our own refineries from our own production so we could not have operated them and sold our own oil to the public in competition with the Oil Monopoly.

The winning of this great victory has practically caused the Oil Monopoly to give up hopes of ever stopping the final great success of The Uncle Sam Oil Company.

There are scores of valuable oil properties and thousands of acres of undeveloped oil and gas leases that The Uncle Sam Oil Company should own. There is one-sixth of the stock still unissued. Fourteen thousand stockholders—loyal, patriotic citizens of the United States—own the other five-sixths. The Company is now drilling a very important test well on one of its big properties in the Ranch Creek district in Pawnee County, Oklahoma. That well is now drilled to a depth of about 2,000 feet. While you read over this notice the drilers will have drilled a few feet deeper. To show you what even one small lease might produce, I have enclosed in this notice a newspaper report published in regard to the great Boston oil pool, the heart of which is not over five miles from where The Uncle Sam Oil Company is drilling its present test well.

The following news report was published about a year ago in the Tulsa and Kansas City papers. It is as follows:

"WORLD'S GREAT OIL FIELD.

"One Hundred and Sixty Acre Lease Near Cleveland Produces 25,000 Barrels a Day.

"Tulsa, Ok., Nov. 18.—The bringing in last week of three monster wells with an aggregate production of 10,600 barrels on a lease in the Osage country, near Cleveland, has proven the property to be the greatest producer of high grade oil ever found in the world. The total production of the property is now 25,000 barrels and there is yet room for eighteen more wells, which makes it possible for a production of 50,000 or 60,000 barrels.

"The lease consists of 160 acres and was sold for $2500 a little more than a year ago. It could not be bought now under $3,000,000, and very likely the owners would not part with it at this high figure."

The great Cushing oil district is southwest of part of our leases. The rich Boston Oil Pool is northeast. There will be many other rich oil pools discovered. We may strike it rich in a few days and it may be a few years, but The Uncle Sam Oil Company is big enough now to finally fight its way through to splendid success.

Bear in mind that one rich oil pool can soon pour out several million barrels of crude. We have the pipe line. We have the refineries, and the Sales Department to refine and market nearly 3000 barrels per day right now. We could soon increase this capacity to 6000 barrels per day and sell our production in the wealthy farming district of the Middle West, where oil is cash.

The present stockholders that have been loyal to the Company own their stock at less than this advertised price, but have helped to pioneer the Company until its success is now assured.

We realize the stock should now bring about five cents per share, but we can invest new capital where it can easily incease from five to twenty times. We are determined to buy up many big properties right along our completed pipe line. We value our combined properties, including our trade name and established business, and our exempted pipe line, at FOUR MILLION DOLLARS. There is issued and outstanding about $600,000.00 of bonds and notes owned by loyal stockholders, on which the interest has always been promptly paid.

We have several leases that may develop rich pools, which could easily produce enough oil to soon pay the stockholders an amount equal to all of the stock at the present advertised offer to you. As we have the refineries and marketing facilities we can put the oil into cash. We are continually offered new properties to develop. One rich lease can produce enough crude oil to pay the stockholders three million dollars or a total amount equal to more than the entire three hundred million shares under the present offer. Fifty million shares of this stock is still unissued, and from its sale we can certainly develop on our present properties and secure new properties and develop them that should make the combined assets of The Uncle Sam Oil Company in a few years pay good returns on a value of thirty million dollars. In other words, this proposition will figure out and give you a good chance to make big money on the purchase of this stock. While a little extra good luck might start the Company on such a big basis that in ten to fifteen years this very stock that you can secure today on a basis of $750.00 for 100,000 shares, might be worth $100,000.00, or one dollar per share.

There will be scores of citizens who will read over this advertisement that will see this big opportunity and immediately take advantage of this special offer. You better put yourself on the side of right and start your check for $750.00 and secure 100,000 shares that may go to $100,000.00 in ten years, by forwarding your order forthwith.

No man can say what the next ten or fifteen days will develop at this location. The Uncle Sam Oil Company is drilling the well in good faith and it will be completed whether you buy any of this stock or not. We have other wells we want to drill. There are many properties we want to purchase. We offer you this opportunity to join with our band of loyal stockholders by remitting from $10.00 to $750.00 under the special allotment offer which follows.

If this well is a dry hole the stock will not be offered any cheaper. If it is a great oil well, all the stock now offered will soon be grabbed up if not greatly advanced or withdrawn. The cause of The Uncle Sam Oil Company is just. It is making a fight against brute power of criminal money. It has been built up on the free soil of Kansas with the same sentiment that backed old John Brown in his fight on the black slave power in abolition days. The oil and gas monopoly is the black slave power in our country today. We ask you to consider principle as well as financial gain and join with our great organization to build The Uncle Sam Oil Company to the very mountain heights of success, so that its Red, White and Blue oil wagons and automobile trucks can cover the principal trade centres of Kansas and the Middle West. We already have big distributing stations in Kansas City, Kansas, Topeka, Hutchinson, Leavenworth, Atchison, Winfield, Wellington, Pittsburg, Wichita, and a score of other important trade centres in Kansas and Oklahoma, and also at Joplin, Missouri. We have land purchased for distributing stations at Omaha, Nebraska, and several other Nebraska points. Also Council Bluffs, Iowa.

The great Cushingoil fields now producing about a quarter of a million barrels of high-grade oil per day is within fourteen to twenty miles of our completed pipe line.

If two hundred substantial citizens will remit $750.00 each for 100,000 shares each, the Company will be able to pay down $100,000.00 on some of these big producing properties and extend our pipe line to them and then meet future payments direct from the sale of the oil.

The Uncle Sam Oil Company cannot be stopped in its present growth, but with an additional $200,000.00 of new capital now can accomplish greater results than it could with a million dollars of new capital a few months or a few years ago. Therefore, there is a reason why this Company can offer you a real opportunity in the purchase of this stock. Many people believe that in the next ten to twenty years The Uncle Sam Oil Company will become the great producing and marketing concern of the Middle West.

Why not let reason rule and secure a good block of this stock while you can get it? Do not wait until we drill in a great producer and open a fortune making oil pool, and then expect to secure the stock at even twenty times this special offer. You do not know what the drill will develop in the next ten to fifteen days at this important location where The Uncle Sam Oil Company drill is going deeper each hour. There are so-called wise business men who a few years ago would not have taken the Boston oil pool lease as a gift.

The report on the Boston oil pool shows what has been accomplished on one small lease. We are drilling within five miles of this rich production, in a district where our geologist reports an anticlinal and contends that it is an extension of this Boston oil pool.

If we do not strike it big at this location we will commence developing some other of our many properties. We may hit it big at this location, but it will be too late then for you to secure this stock. Better take hold with us now. If we can even develop one eighty acres, one-half as good as the rich Boston oil pool, it will start The Uncle Sam Oil Company on the road to big success, and you will be proud of your good judgment in making the investment.

In Conclusion.

If you do not intend to become an investor in good faith we do not want you to take up the time of our office force by requesting additional information. Our advice to you is, attach your cheque to the special allotment offer that follows and secure your stock before THIS IMPORTANT TEST WELL IS COMPLETED. However, if you want some additional information write and tell us so and we will forward you a more detailed statement—but this is the best offer you will get on the stock, and wide-awake investors know this company is an established and safe concern, and the stock will be sold. It is absolutely legitimate to offer this stock to the public in general, after explaining in this brief way the purposes and plans of the company.

Do not be deceived by the subsidized press that run the big ads for the oil monopoly, but rally under the Uncle Sam flag to help build up a real practical, gigantic competitor of the Oil and Gas monopoly. Also remember we have a completed property in the Cherryvale and Tulsa district. We already have 121 producing oil and gas wells connected with two refineries in two states by 151 miles of main pipe line. We may have from a 300 to a 3,000-barrel well at the new location within the next ten to fifteen days. This notice will only appear in a few leading and substantial newspapers, but will reach over ten million citizens of the United States at once.

The independent public will remit for this stock under this offer and the big development of The Uncle Sam Oil Company will continue to drive ahead. Do not delay. The company is gaining, and if you act at once you can secure the stock at this old offer. Do not hesitate until your oportunity has passed under this offer, but make your cheque or draft payable to The Uncle Sam Oil Company, and write your name and address plainly at the bottom of the following order blank. Cut out this order blank and put an X opposite the number of the shares you are remitting for and forward your remittance by cheque, draft, express money order or postoffice money order promptly to the company and the stock will be promptly issued and forwarded to you.

The Company is controlled by a board of directors consisting of twenty-one large stockholders. It makes a sworn report each year to the United States Internal Revenue collector, and issues prompt reports nearly every month to the stockholders, giving them general information in regard to the company. Every dollar received is deposited in the name of the company and is paid out by check of the company signed by our chief accountant, and three general officers. The stock is non-assessable, and the cash payment together with your agreement to remain loyal to the company is accepted by the company as full payment, if the Company approves you as a stockholder. It wants none but loyal, patriotic, liberty-loving citizens as its stockholders, and therefore reserves the right to reject any subscription to its stock. If you should not be approved your money will be promptly returned to you. If you are approved your stock will be issued full paid in consideration of your payment and your agreement to remain loyal to the Company which agreement is contained in the certificate of stock. Special offer is as follows:

SPECIAL STOCK OFFER

To the Uncle Sam Oil Company, Kansas City, Kansas.

Find $..... remittance for stock as advertised per

X opposite the amount designated below:

☐ 1,000 Shares	$10	☐ 25,000 Shares	$225
☐ 2,500 Shares	$25	☐ 50,000 Shares	$400
☐ 5,000 Shares	$50	☐ 75,000, Shares	$600
☐ 10,000 Shares	$100	☐ 100,000 Shares	$750

.....
(Name of Remitter)

.....
(Street, City and State Address)

Respectfully submitted

The UNCLE SAM OIL CO.

By H. H. TUCKER, JR., Pres.

(Address all letters to the Company)

KANSAS CITY, KANSAS

NEW HOOK FOR HOLDING LIVE MINNOWS.

A minnow hook that holds the live minnow in a naural swimming position and permits it to move freely is one of the latest feature in fishing equipment. The minnow is held securely, but without being injured, in a snap holder which grips the back fin. The fish-hooks, three in number, are attached to the holder in such a way as to be partly concealed by the minnow's body.

A new tungsten electric lamp has a 2-ft. filament coiled in a spiral.

To Folks Who Dally With Corns

To you who pare corns—

You who use liquids—

Or other old-time ways.

You've amply proved that using such things is merely dallying with a corn.

For your own sake, prove the right way. Millions of people have found it. Half the corns that grow are ended by this wondrous **Blue-jay** plaster.

The corn pain ceases the moment you apply it. Then the B & B wax—a famous chemist's invention—gently undermines the corn. In 48 hours the whole corn comes out, without any pain or soreness.

Ask your friends. Scores of them have proved that **Blue-jay** makes it folly to have corns.

Blue-jay
Plasters

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists
Samples Mailed Free

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

TRYING TO STARVE MONTENEGRO OUT

Austria-Hungary Endeavoring to Cut Communication With Outside World

ROME, April 3. — Despatches received here from Cettinje, the capital of Montenegro, indicate that Austria-Hungary is endeavoring to cut off Montenegro from all communication with the outside world and thus starve her.

The dual monarchy is described as surrounding this small state with overwhelming forces of Croats on the mountains, in addition to a garrison of 40,000 men at Cattaro, which prevents any communication with Herzegovina and the Adriatic.

Against about 100,000 Austrians Montenegro can oppose only 15,000 men, with limited artillery. Something like 70,000 people from villages in Bosnia, burned by Austrian troops, have taken refuge in Montenegro.

LUSITANIA HELD UP BY HEAVY FOG

NEW YORK, April 3. — The liner Lusitania, due to sail at 10 o'clock today for Liverpool was held up at her dock by thick weather and a heavy snowstorm, thru which objects 500 yards away could not be seen. With all passengers, baggage and cargo aboard, the vessel lay at her dock awaiting abatement of the storm. Her officers said she would be held so long as the storm lasted—till tomorrow, if necessary.

WHERE GERMANS ARE SAID TO BE

Various Armies Located by Correspondent of a London Newspaper

THE KAISER AT DINANT

Crown Prince at Etain With Army Corps as a Reserve

LONDON, April 3.—(4 p.m.). — The Evening News has received a despatch from its correspondent at Copenhagen, giving what purports to be the locations of the various German armies in the west.

According to this despatch, Emperor William is at Dinant, in Belgium, with General Von Falkenhayn, chief of staff; General Von Behler is at Dixmude, in Belgium, with four army corps; the Crown Prince of Wurtemburg is at Maulde, near Lille, with three army corps; the Crown Prince of Bavaria, with three corps, is at or near Cambrai, in the department of Nord, France; General Von Heeringen is at LaFere, northwest of Laon, in the department of Aisne, with four corps; Gen. Von Kluk, who has been wounded, has three corps near Laon; Gen. Von Buelow is at Vouziers, to the northeast of Chalons, with four corps; Gen. Von Einem is between Buzany and St. Enay, to the north of the Argonne, with three corps, and two more corps in reserve, while the German crown prince is at Etain, near Verdun, with the fifth corps and two more corps in reserve.

Further to the south is Gen. Von Falkenhausen's line from St. Mihiel to Muhlhausen, with one corps and several brigades in reserve.

SHIPPING MEATS TO THE BELGIANS

Six Million Pounds Will Be Sent From the United States This Month

Special to The Toronto World.

NEW YORK, April 3.—The commission for relief in Belgium announced today that it had placed contracts within the last few days for six million pounds of bacon, fat backs, lard and pickled beef for shipment to the non-combatants in Belgium.

It is stated this represents the capacity of eight train loads of 30 carloads each, all for shipment on ships of the commission during April. It is the second and in the aggregate the largest consignment of meats sent to Belgium since the beginning of the war. An equal amount is to be shipped in May.

FIFTEEN THOUSAND LETTERS SENT IN

Lloyd George's Appeal for Prohibition Opinions Has Good Response

LONDON, April 3.—The first morning mail to reach Chancellor of the Exchequer Lloyd George today brought about 15,000 letters, virtually all dealing with the abstinence from drinking in England. This number indicates that the day's total of letters will be in excess of 25,000.

These communications were received by the chancellor in answer to the full-page appeal appearing in the newspapers of yesterday urging citizens to write him in favor of absolute prohibition.

Home Treatment For Catarrh

You ought not to neglect your Catarrh another day. It is pulling you down pretty fast; it is making you an easy victim for every Grippe and Tonsilitis epidemic that comes along. Don't blame it on Providence when you come down with Pneumonia later in the season, or get a terrible bronchial cough, which may develop at just the merest trifle into Consumption. It is your own fault if you let Catarrh carry you on the downward path which leads to incurable disease.

A method of home treatment for Catarrh has been discovered which has cured hundreds and hundreds of Catarrh sufferers, right in their own homes. You can use it and nobody need know anything about the matter until you are perfectly rid of the horrible, nasty mucus which you have now either to hawk out of your throat, or blow through your nostrils. It is bad enough to see and hear a person go through this process. It must be infinitely worse to have such a trouble, attended, as it so often is, by an intolerable odor.

Do you want to find out all about what you can do for yourself in this Home Treatment for Catarrh? Write today to Catarrh Specialist Sproule, 319 Trade Building, Boston, Mass. He will tell you things about Catarrh you never knew before, and best of all, he will tell you how hundreds and hundreds of Catarrh victims in this country and Canada have cured themselves. Here's a cured friend who writes: "No more hawking and spitting of that stringy mucus—no more being sick at my stomach from swallowing it—no more cough and sore throat—no more filthy handkerchiefs—no more dull headaches and closed nostrils—I am rid of Catarrh."

Write and find out all about it TODAY—Send a letter, or a postcard will do quite as well. Just say—"Please tell me about your Home Treatment for Catarrh." This Home Treatment is new and different from all others, but, best of all, you may use it right at home, a little while—and then one fine morning you wake up to find yourself rid of Catarrh for all time. Write TODAY and learn about this wonderfully successful Home Treatment for Catarrh.

CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE,
319 Trade Building, BOSTON, MASS.

ONE SHELL KILLED NINE SOLDIERS

Letter From Major O. S. Watkins Describes Conditions in French Village

PEOPLE NOT AFRAID

Go About Ordinary Tasks as if the War Was Far From Them

Major O. S. Watkins, in a letter received from him from a point in north France, says: "In the village from which I write, a shell burst, killing 9 soldiers and the village prist. Most of the inhabitants have returned to their homes, and are going about their ordinary tasks as if war was far from them, apparently heedless of the enemy, which, as the crow flies, is not more than a mile or so away, and not greatly disturbed even when shells burst in the main square of this little town.

In the nearest available village to the firing line will be found the field ambulance and such companies as are held in reserve. It is from this point that the wagons are sent out at night with rations, and it is from this point that the ambulance wagons fly to and fro between the "regimental aid posts," bringing in their suffering loads of sick and wounded men. We dwell in comparative safety, but always within sound of rifle fire and machine guns in the trenches. Over us from time to time shriek the shells from our own big guns, winging their way to spread destruction and death in the enemy's lines. In our midst occasionally the Germans burst their shrapnel or their "coal boxes."

COUNCIL TO MEET NEXT WEDNESDAY

Members Have Two Days Longer to Study the Business

For the first time since the beginning of the year the mayor, controllers and aldermen are having a short rest, owing to the regular meeting of council falling on Easter Monday. On Thursday the mayor and controllers spent a busy day in an effort to decide what to do about the new Wilton avenue incinerator, but after a lengthy debate the matter was shelved for a week. The board is now having a rest until Tuesday, when it will again be on the job to listen to deputations with troubles to unload.

In the meantime the regular bi-monthly meeting of council has been adjourned until 2.30 on Wednesday, which means that the aldermen will have a couple of days longer wherein to study the report of the board of control, and thus "charge" themselves with a number of live issues for the usual lengthy debate.

WILL ENFORCE RULE ON STOREKEEPERS

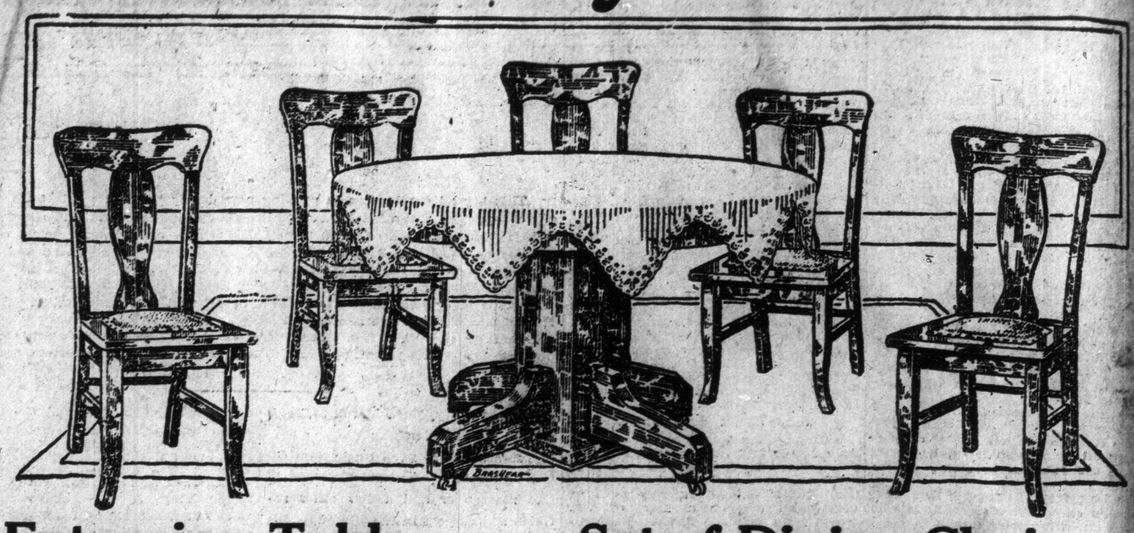
"All Sweepings Must Be Moistened" is Order of Health Department

Last year the medical health department issued an order that all sweepings from stores and other buildings should be moistened. The order has not been enforced very rigidly, but Dr. Hastings says he is going to pay more attention to this matter, pointing out that it is the dust from buildings that contains the germs and not the dust on the streets, which is clarified by the sun, wind and rain.

MAGNOLIA HOTEL BURNED.

PASS CHRISTIAN, Miss., April 3.—The Mongolia Hotel here, well-known to tourists, was burned today with a loss of $50,000.

$2 CASH Delivers Any of These



Extension Table

of solid quartered oak, fumed or golden finish, 42-inch top, full 6-foot extension, round or square pedestal barrel, with spreading claw or plain feet. Reg. $29. Special **17.75**

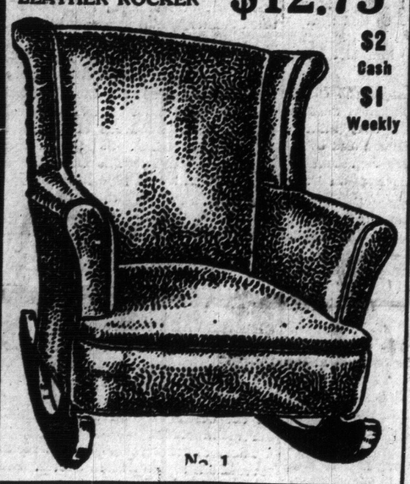
Terms $2 Cash, $1 Weekly

Set of Dining Chairs

5 small, 1 arm chair, to match, made with neatly shaped panel backs, and claw feet, the full box seats, and upholstered in genuine leather. Regular $29. Special **17.75**

Terms $2 Cash, $1 Weekly

MASSIVE LEATHER ROCKER **$12.75**



$2 Cash $1 Weekly

No. 1

Rocker or Chair No. 1 — Massive all-over upholstered, brown Spanish Rexene leather, with springs in seat and back. Extra high back, heavy roll arms and head rest.

$12.75

Rocker or Chair No. 2 — Large all-over upholstered rocker in heavy black dull Rexene leather, comfortable deep spring seat.

$6.75

COMFORTABLE LEATHER ROCKER **$6.75**

$2 CASH $1 WEEKLY

No. 2

Freight paid and same terms and prices given 100 miles from Toronto.

BURROUGHES
"OUT OF THE HIGH RENT DISTRICT"

The Big Store at Corner of Queen and Bathurst.

BRITISH STEAMER WAS TORPEDOED

Lockwood Was Hit Off Devonshire Coast on Friday Night

CHASED SEVERAL MILES

Crew of Twenty-five Managed to Escape in Life-boats

LONDON, April 3, 12 noon. — The British steamer Lockwood was torpedoed by a German submarine Friday night off Start Point, in Devonshire. The members of the crew were saved.

A German submarine pursued the Lockwood for several miles before being able to get a position from which she could discharge her torpedo. The projectile struck the steamer abaft the engine-room, but the crew of 25 found time to lower a life-boat. Later they were picked up by a trawler and brought into port.

The steamer Lockwood was owned in London. Built in 1896, she was of 677 net tons and 236 feet long.

How You May Reduce Your Weight

Overstoutness is a very unwelcome condition, especially in the present day, when slender figures are so fashionable, and every reader of this paper has noticed the tendency of some people to put on an excessive amount of fat.

If you happen to be one of those whose weight is more than it should be, don't try to starve yourself; eat all you want; but go to your druggist and get oil of orilene in capsule form and take one with each meal.

Oil of orilene increases the oxygen-carrying power of the blood and dissolves the fatty tissue, in many cases at nearly the rate of one lb. per day. Be sure to get oil of orilene in capsule form. It is sold only in original sealed packages. Any good druggist has it, or a large size box will be sent on receipt of $1.00. Address D. J. Little Drug Co., Box 1240, Montreal, Canada.

MR. FUDGE IN DEMAND.

T. Harland Fudge, tenor, is much in demand. On Monday he sang the "Crucifixion" at St. Mary Magdalene's; on Easter Sunday morning he is engaged to sing the duet, "O, Saviour of the World," from Moore's "Darkest Hour," also numbers from the "Crucifixion" at Trinity Methodist Church; in the evening he is to appear at College Street Presbyterian Church in the "Crucifixion," and the trio "Ti Prego, O Padre"; also has booked several local and out of town dates.

FOUND DEAD IN ROOM.

Miss Gladys McConnell was found dead in her room at 24 Wolseley street Saturday morning by other inmates of the house. She was 28 years of age. Her body was removed to the morgue, where an inquest will be held.

FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength—from any druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

SCREENS "EUREKA" FLY SCREENS
Made to fit your window. Easily placed in position. Removable for winter.
Write for prices, or call at your nearest Hardware Dealer.
2 Glen Morris Ave. CANADIAN SCREEN CO. 34 Yonge Street. College 3409.

SNOW, WIND, RAIN FOR EASTER DAY

But the Storm is Not Expected to Hit Toronto

WASHINGTON, April 3.—Easter finery in the eastern part of the country is threatened with disaster by snow, wind, rain and cold. A cyclonic storm today swept north along the Atlantic coast. From Florida to Maine the weather forecaster here predicted snow and gales. Only a single hope for Easter parades was held forth, and that was expressed in a tentative prediction that the snow and rain might be followed by "clearing" weather Sunday afternoon.

So widespread was the disturbance that storm warnings were displayed along the Atlantic coast from Wilmington, N.C., to Eastport, Me. Temperatures down to freezing were predicted in the entire country east of the Mississippi. In the northwest states and the west plateau region, the forecaster said Easter wearing apparel might be displayed.

DAVID S. CRATER DEAD.

NEW YORK, April 3.—David S. Crater, secretary of state of New Jersey, dropped dead this afternoon on Broadway, this city. He was 60 years old. Heart failure was the cause of death.

BOMB FOUND IN GARDEN.

PARIS, April 3.—A bomb, which failed to explode, was found in the garden of the Greek legation at Sofia, Bulgaria, close to the minister's private office, according to a Havas despatch from Athens. An investigation is being made by the police.

In aid of the Belgian Soldiers in the Trenches. STANLEY ADAMS presents his 3-act farce (with music).
"D. D. D."
At the NEW ODDFELLOWS HALL, 229 College Street, near Spadina.
Mon., Tues., Wed., April 26, 27, 28.
Reserved Seats $1.00, Admission 50 cts.

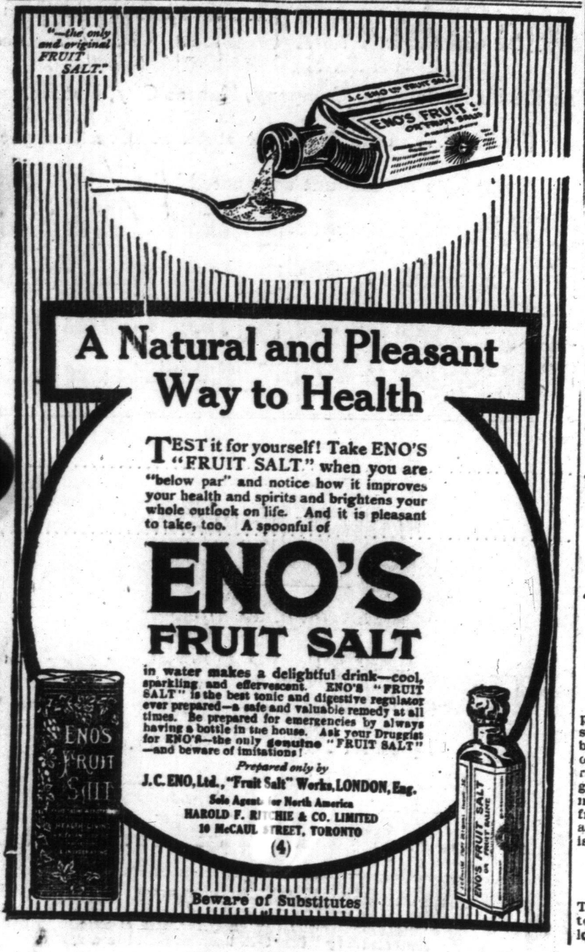
PHONE MAIN 2149.
DR. W. H. COLBORNE
Specialist in the Extraction of Teeth
Room 601, Kent Building, Yonge and Richmond Sts
Toronto, Can.

NOT GOING TO ROME.

ROME, April 2, via Paris, April 3.—A statement has been issued by the British embassy officially denying a report which has been current here that Lord Rosebery is coming to Rome on a special mission for his government, or that any other person has been selected to undertake such a mission.

COL. WADEMORE DEAD.

VANCOUVER, B.C., April 3.—Col. Robinson L. Wademore, formerly district officer commanding military district number eleven, and a veteran of the northwest rebellion, died here this morning.



A Natural and Pleasant Way to Health

TEST it for yourself! Take ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" when you are "below par" and notice how it improves your health and spirits and brightens your whole outlook on life. And it is pleasant to take, too. A spoonful of

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

in water makes a delightful drink—cool, sparkling and effervescent. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is the best tonic and digestive regulator ever prepared—a safe and valuable remedy at all times. Be prepared for emergencies by always having a bottle in the house. Ask your Druggist for ENO'S—the only genuine "FRUIT SALT"—and beware of imitations!

Prepared only by
J. C. ENO, Ltd., "Fruit Salt" Works, LONDON, Eng.
Sole Agents for North America
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO. LIMITED
10 McCAUL STREET, TORONTO
(4)

Beware of Substitutes

When Relatives Quarrel

The next message was easy. It was but a "sister" and he somehow "wound" was just the soldier to t

Jimmy Camp grams for the P. P. R. He is no he had just ta long run to the that the family living with rela and in the exc leave their addr ties.

"Say, mister, that poor girl w telegram, and ri have made eve cry," said Jimmy she said, she she looked—and long sad night for them. She and young—you father, for whe "killed in action "He was all we mother," and cl

And such are which nobody s than the little m ed to this work companies. The they have inst party" before t tape rifles in th is at times lik companies show be far as is po all rigmarole.

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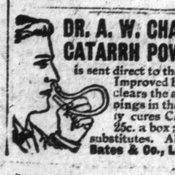

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH POWDER 25c.
is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. 25c. a box; blower free. Accept no substitutes. All dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

1915

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hairs
de with neatly
17.75

$6.75
$2
CASH
$1
WEEKLY

The Big Store at Corner of Queen and Bathurst.

FLY SCREENS
indow. Easily placed
movable for winter.
vare Dealer.
Street. College 3499.

Belgian Soldiers in the
LEY ADAMS presents
with music).
. D. D."
ODDFELLOWS HALL
Street, near Spadina
Wed., April 26, 27, 28,
$1.00, Admission 50 cts.

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DEMORE DEAD.
B.C., April 3.—Col.
demore, formerly de-
manding military
leven, and a veteran
rebellion, died here

CHASE'S POWDER 25c
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Co., Limited, Toronto.

SPECIAL FEATURES
WOMEN'S PAGES

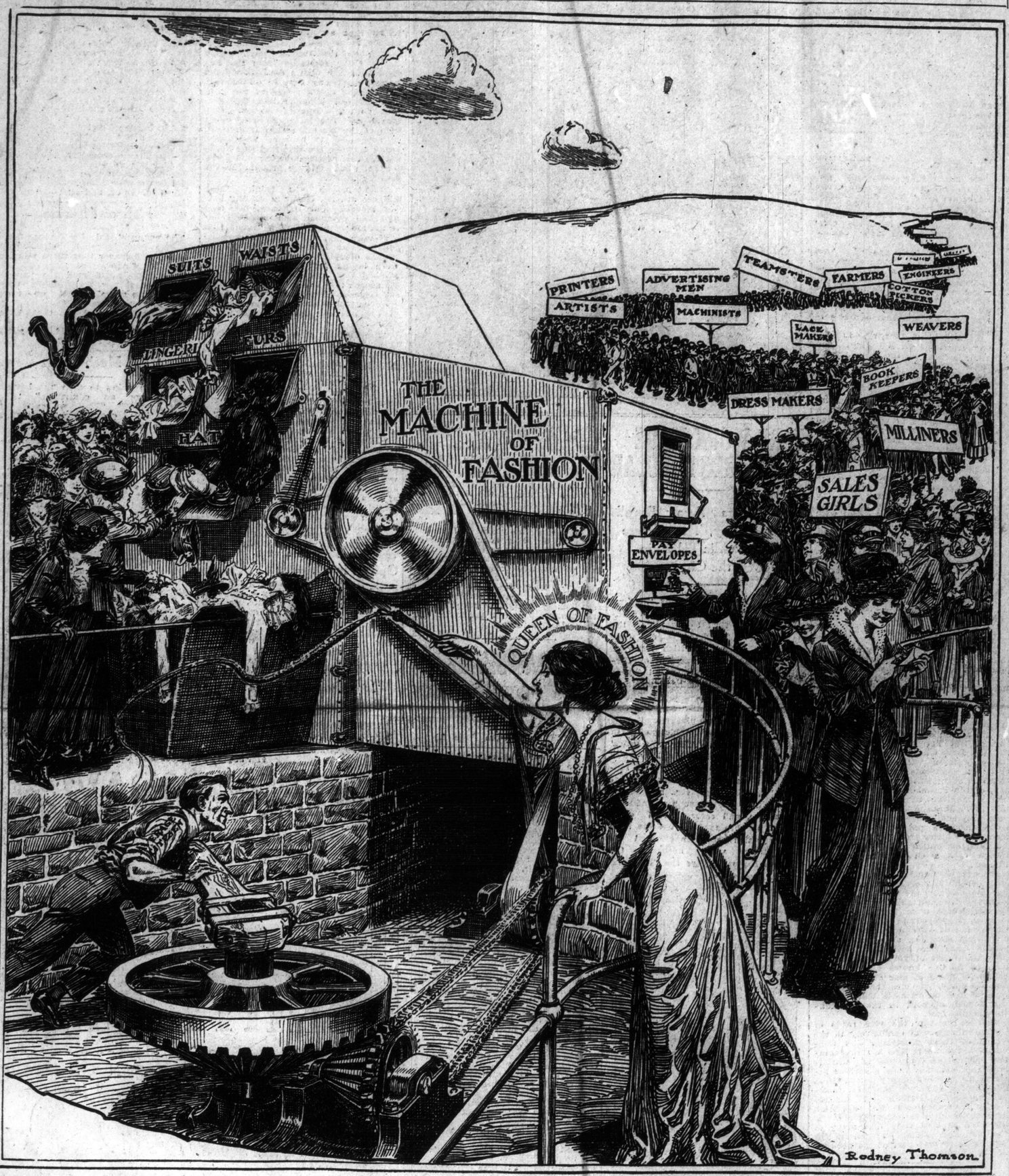
The Toronto Sunday World

Sunday, April 4, 1915

CLUBS, MOTOR
STAGE, MUSIC

HIS PERPETUAL GRIND - - - *Drawn by Rodney Thomson*

Queen of Fashion---"Keep Grinding, Sir. Consider What Would Happen if THIS End of the Machine Stopped Working."



WHEN A YELLOW MESSAGE COMES

Telegraph Messengers' Experiences Delivering Wires Where a Telegram Means But One Thing.

RELATIVES HEAR OF CASUALTIES

BILLY MURPHY turned and walked slowly down the steps. With a distant look he folded his receipt book and put it in his pocket. His face was sad, but he managed to force from his lips—"but my heart's right there." Then he jumped on his wheel and pedalled off.

Billy had never been of a morose nature, in fact, he was noted for his cheery Irish face, but there was one phase of his job as a telegraph messenger that invariably drew a tear down his ruddy cheek. This particular day the number of Toronto men on the casualty lists had been exceptionally large, so Billy was still working when supper time came around—but he didn't seem to mind that very much. Many times before he had been compelled to work late, and had felt irritable about it, but he was now doing something he knew he could do better than anybody else.

He had one more telegram to deliver. In days of peace the delivering of the little yellow envelope was never anything extraordinary, but in days of war—well, he knew just what the few terse words in that yellow envelope would mean, the loss or wounding of a father or son.

Somehow a telegram always carries with it a degree of uncertainty. Thousands of times has Billy had telegrams torn open in front of him. Many times they brought sorrow, but then again, just as often they meant pleasure and happiness, while more often than all they were just every day messages of business. But now all was changed, it was a sad monotony. He set out on his rounds carrying his messages of sorrow, determined to get what he had been told to get, the signature of some member of the family to be sent back to the government at Ottawa. He has learned one thing, he must get the signature before the telegram is read, so it is with a cheerup, but not fresh, "Telegram, no answer, madam, will you please sign here," that he greets the opening door.

It was a little house in the east-end that he visited last on this particular evening. He banged on the door and listened, suddenly the prattle of several young children at their play, ceased, and as footsteps came nearer the door he wondered how long it would be before a joyful laugh would come from that house again. It was only Billy's trained eye that could detect the slight whitening of the woman's face as she wiped her soapsuddy arms on her apron, and looked at the badge on his hat—G. N. W. A look of hopeless resignation is something that the hardest heart cannot stand, and it was hard for Billy as he held the book to be signed by a quivering hand, and watched the woman turn blindly toward her five wee tots with her message of death tightly clasped—unopened.

When Relatives Move

The next message that Billy delivered was easy, for he knew that it was but a "slight gunshot wound," and he somehow felt that the "gunshot wound" was just serious enough for the soldier to be invalided home.

Jimmy Campbell delivers telegrams for the head office of the C. P. R. He is not inclined to talk, but he had just taken a message on a long run to the west-end, only to find that the family he wanted were now living with relatives up Yonge street, and in the excitement had failed to leave their address with the authorities.

"Say, mister, if you could have seen that poor girl when she snatched that telegram, and ripped it open, it would have made even a newspaper man cry," said Jimmy. "It wasn't just what she said, she didn't say much, but she looked—and I could just see the long sad night that tonight will be for them. She was awful pretty, too, and young—you could tell it was her father, for when she saw the words, "killed in action," she just whispered: "He was all we had. How can I tell mother," and closed the door.

And such are the results of war which nobody sees in more real form than the little messenger boys assigned to this work by the big telegraph companies. Their work is hard, for they have instructions to "find the party" before they come back. Red tape rules in time of trouble, and it is at times like this that our big companies show real sympathy, and as far as is possible they eliminate all rigmarole.

Companies' Concession

Perhaps it is that the experience of its messengers is reflected back thru succeeding ranks until it reaches the ruling heads of the telegraph companies, and is the instigating spirit for the numerous concessions being made to soldiers and their relatives. A special reduced rate of five cents a word has been made for messages to soldiers at the front. But here, again, the demands of authority detract considerably from the concession, for the addresses themselves consume a small fortune in transit. Name in full, rank, regiment, and "Canadian Expeditionary force," must all be on the paper at five cents per, but this is quite reasonable, and also quite necessary if the search for "one in a million" is to be successful. Even the five-cent messages are too great a luxury for some relatives, and both of our telegraph companies will now transmit three messages from relatives to wounded combatants free of charge, provided that the messages are first transmitted to the militia department, who will arrange for their further free transmission.

But even the capabilities of the telegraph companies are limited, for once again red tape intrudes with its rude hand—the censor must do his work. The London office and all the big telegraph offices are under the charge of this unwelcome gentleman, who is responsible for the biggest congestion of messages ever known in the telegraph business, and has made it almost impossible for the companies to deliver messages with the same despatch that they did in times of peace.

But this is a side of the work that does not affect the messenger boy with his receipt book and bicycle, for whatever may be the rates and the delays one message is given precedence over all others, and it reads like this:

"The department of the adjutant-general sincerely regret to inform Mrs. ——— that her husband has been killed in action in Northern France. Will forward other particulars when they arrive."

The Loan Shark at Work in Toronto

BY CYRIL GREY.

OF all the sharks which phy in the sea of business life none are more rapacious or degraded than those which prey upon the weak or the defenceless. There is no redeeming feature about them or their business, and yet they carry on their nefarious work in every large city of Canada today. Toronto, in these stressful times, has no less than three of these parasitical bodies which prey in an extensive fashion upon those whom the war has hit hard, and who are suffering thru circumstances thrust upon them when the pall of thunder smoke rolled across the world. It came with an unusual degree of pleasure a few weeks ago to see one of these creatures receive a judgment in the courts giving him his just deserts. To save his hide he fled the country and will never return. As soon as he steps upon a Canadian platform the long legal arm will be stretched out to grasp him for the cells.

The loan shark is today in his element. He feeds fat upon the hundreds who cannot avoid his grip and the trail of suffering he leaves behind is an abomination in the community. In spite of legislation aimed to check his practices, there are yet devious ways in which summary justice can be avoided. Their greatest strength lies in the fact that their clients desire secrecy, a secrecy prompted by a sense of humiliation and shame at reduced circumstances. The shark himself loves the darkness because his deeds are evil, but he operates under the guise of respectability.

Until a few weeks ago, on one of the main business streets of the city, stood a large pretentious building with a great sign blazoned across the front of it. The windows were broad and clean; the offices were airy. Brass lacquer work glittered above the mahogany-finished desks. Neat stenographers flitted about, and in the main office sat a stout prosperous-looking proprietor. His hair was slightly gray and his face was broad and philanthropic. A close observer might have noticed a hard quality in his keen gray eye, and felt that his lips pinched a little too tightly together, but, on the whole, he had the appearance of a capable and reasonable business man.

Timid old ladies coming here seeking assistance with eyes misty with tears of pride at their destitution might surely expect honorable treatment of him. When one's heart is sore at being forced to seek generous treatment in time of need the face of the money-lender is not scanned too closely. Feeble old men could surely come here seeking temporary loans on easy terms, or frail little widows with troops of half-grown children be assured of kindly reception. All these things might have been expected from the first glimpse of his face at the wicket. But they could not see his soul. If they could have they would have shuddered, for the soul of the loan shark is the coldest, most remorseless entity on the globe.

The sign on the front windows advertised the fact that this concern dealt in loans, discounted second mortgages and served as agent for vendor or purchaser. It did not state that every one who came in would leave with his nails trimmed to the quick, that mortgages would be discounted at 40 per cent., and that the company would act for both vendor and purchaser and milk them both. Yet all these things occurred in their day's work. aa

A Boarding House Tragedy

One day a worn boarding house proprietor of fifty-five, who had struggled for years to keep a growing family clothed and nourished, and to put the eldest boy thru the last stages of his higher education, placed her work-weary arms on the table and buried her face in them. She was thru; defeat had come upon her and the place was not paying. Scalding tears forced themselves thru her wrinkled worn fingers as she realized that she must give up. There was only one thing to do, and that was to sell the place. In looking about for a good medium she saw the prosperous front of the down-town building and ventured inside.

The handsome grey-haired substantial proprietor listened to her tale and promised to help her. He could handle the deal with satisfaction, he thought. Laying his fine white hand on her shoulder he urged self-control and calmness. His tongue was filled with soft and soothing phrases, but his eye was grey and hard, and the lines had set in about his mouth. Already the shark was tasting his prey.

The widow had counted on receiving four hundred dollars for the balance of her lease, and the sale of the good will. She claimed that her customers were regular and easily satisfied, and that the sum named should be easily realized. However, she would take what she could get.

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EVADING DUTY AN ART ON BORDER

Smuggling Schemes Recently Discovered Show Marvellous Ingenuity—Autos Into Canada Free.

SOME CANADIANS ADEPT SMUGGLERS

A few days ago a little smuggling trick was discovered on one of the ferries crossing the Detroit river that has started the authorities thinking. Securely fastened within the spare tire of a motor that made successive trips across from the Canadian to the American side of the river was found enough opium to put a burlesque audience to sleep. It was said that the opium had been bought in Toronto—they only said that—and that this smuggling had been going on for a long time. All of which simply bears out a customs official's statement that when it comes to slick smuggling, no one has anything on our friend the laundryman, for who ever heard of an opium smuggling stunt that didn't have at least a dozen Chinese behind it.

But nevertheless, there are a few things that the Chinaman never tries to smuggle. Diamonds and automobiles for instance. Smuggling is a little game that can be played any old way. Perhaps it is Canadians who will smuggle goods into America, or into Canada, some don't care very much which way they do it. Americans are equally handy at it and play the game both coming and going, but as we said before, it takes born, working overtime, to come within even long range of the Chinaman.

The smuggler is about the slippiest, smoothest and trickiest thing ever invented. But he has one failing that is his undoing, he is very much like a woman who has bought a new hat at a bargain counter and makes up her mind not to tell anybody of her manoeuvering, but somehow or other it always comes out in the end. A smuggler suffers from a sort of false, sometimes real pride, which sooner or later catches him asleep.

Smuggling Autos In

A little party of smuggling enthusiasts in Toronto had a beautiful plan that was netting them quite a respectable 'wad' on the side every summer until one of their number got "extra confiding" and under an oath of "for the love of Mike keep it dark" related a little story something like this.

"Gee, we've got the shiniest little stunt to beat the Tories out of about 10,000 bones this summer that you ever heard. It's a dirty shame that thirty-five per cent. on autos is onto us—and we don't need to pay it.

"You know when a fellow brings a car into Toronto from the other side, they make him stick up deposit, and if he takes the car back within three months he gets it returned. Well, it's a cinch to get the 800 plunks to put up on the car when you only need to keep it here a couple of days and then ship her back on the Niagara boat across the lake. When the poor customs boobs see the car safely on the boat they are satisfied and give us back our money. Well, when we get safely on the lake, we suddenly decides we want to take another trip thru Ontario, so we just tip the mate to put her off at Niagara-on-the-Lake. Cinch, eh? Gee, it's a shame, it's so easy. Now don't forget, keep it dark."

Three weeks later in some mysterious manner the 'poor custom's boobs' had the laugh on the other fellow, and it was a real loud Haw, Haw, too.

"It is not a very hard job to get away with little hauls and beat your country out of small amounts" said one Toronto customs official, "and we don't inconvenience travellers out of reason when there is no sign of organized smuggling. Travellers in the summer go over to Buffalo and Rochester to buy boots and shoes. We watch them pretty carefully because Toronto dealers who pay the duty on all the shoes they import really complained of the large number.

Wide Skirts Will Hide Silk

"These wide skirts the women are wearing now will make silk smuggling much easier. You don't know how much silk a woman can make look like a skirt, one or two of them have been caught and goodness knows how many have got by because we havn't a woman searcher, unless we have pretty clear evidence we can do little. I think silk underskirts on the Niagara boats will be very popular this season."

And talking about underskirts reminds us of a little tale of a woman, an actress this time, who every year came to visit Toronto exhibition and while here found it convenient to buy enough table linen to last her and her friends until the following fall. She was quietly enjoying a "Made in Canada" novel at Suspension Bridge, when into the car walked the rummaging official. What an insult it was when the official spying her brand new damask in her valise told her what her duty was. She didn't care what her duty was, she had taken linen into the United States for ten years, and she wasn't going to stop now. She wouldn't have bought it if she had thought customs officials were so insulting to an American citizen. Friend husband in the meantime became amazingly interested in another "Made in Canada" novel, and failed to realize the catastrophe that overhung his bank roll, until with an appealing glance madam begged for aid to save

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Wild, Savage Hordes Plague Constantinople

Selim Djevad Bey Tells of Violence Committed by Ramshackle Army of Turkomans, Kurds and Tartars Brought to Defend City—Germans in Fear of Lives.

Selim Djevad Bey, formerly proprietor of the oldest daily newspaper in Constantinople, is now a refugee at Cambridge, Mass. He is sixty years of age and for thirty-five years he was engaged in the newspaper business in Constantinople. For the last ten years he was owner of the Constantinople daily called "Sabah." It cost Djevad Bey and his family $10,000 to get away from Constantinople. The sufferings brought on the city by the war are described below.

BY SELIM DJEVAD BEY.

THE Anglo-French fleet will eventually force the Dardanelles; no Turk in Constantinople disputes that. Even the ranking army and navy officials will admit that very gravely, but of course privately. It is also true that the allies will have to pay dearly for such a victory. But even a costly victory is worth winning, because it is a foregone conclusion that the Turk's power of endurance will be shattered with the entrance of the allied fleet into the Sea of Marmora.

The military importance of the forcing the Dardanelles is insignificant when compared with its political consequences.

I firmly believe that upon entering the Sea of Marmora the allied fleet will see nothing but white flags floating from every housetop in the capital of the Turk. It must be held in mind that this is not the Turk's war; for that reason, so far as he is concerned, he does not care to bet a cigaret who wins. Only he knows one thing, and that is he is sick and tired, very tired indeed, of wars.

During the last few years the Ottoman has fought so many wars with so many different nationalities that he cannot even keep in mind who was his friend yesterday and who is his enemy today. He is beginning to realize that he is being made to fight according to the whim and rancor of his Germanized leaders.

Prussian and Turk Alike

In order to be able to understand and appreciate Turkey's part in this war one must know the Turk personally. The foreigners can never understand the Ottomans intimately, even if they lived in Turkey all their lives. The Turk the Europeans know in our country is the up to date Turk, who himself is considered a total stranger by the true Ottomans. For that reason England, France and Russia have failed and Germany has succeeded in putting the animal trainer's ring in the Turk's nose. For it is no joke if I say that the Prussian and the Turk have the same characteristics.

Both races have the common facial characteristic of being stupid when it is a question of choice between honor and nationalism, and they are very alert when their antagonists are weak. But the Turk is sick of his Prussian companion. It must be admitted that there are things which are liable to cause acute indigestion to even a Turk's stomach.

It is true, the Turk's mind works at the speed of his araba (buffalo cart), while the mind of his friend, the Prussian, works at the speed of a western express train, but even the mind of the average Ottoman family arrives at some conclusion. To this conclusion he has now arrived, that the Prussian has, during the last twelve of fifteen years, been playing him as the organ grinder's monkey.

The Turk now realizes that his heavy wheeled buffalo cart is traveling down an incline, and he cannot stop it, and when he arrives at the plains once more he is going to get off his vehicle and have some reckoning with the person who started him on that perilous journey.

Germans Skipping Out

It is needless to say that the Prussian is already aware of the rising temper of the old Turk. For that reason those Prussians who are fortunate enough are already on their way back to th fatherland.

Even if the Turk is persuaded to deal leniently with the Prussian officers whose rule is now supreme in Constantinople, the Christian elements cannot be prevailed upon to spare the universally hated Prussian. I do hope that my predictions will not be fulfilled, but the present temper of the population of the capital is very high.

Had the native Levantine and Anatolian armies been stationed at Constantinople the present regime and its Prussian heads would have been exterminated long before this. But they sent the Constantinople army to the Caucasus, and brought over a ramshackle army from the eastern and southern provinces of Anatolia, composed of Turkomans, Kurds, Moslem Syrians, and Tartars. Even the commanders of these troops cannot understand each other's language.

For the last eight months these troops have been a plague upon the city. The violence committed by these recent inhabitants of the jungle cannot be described. Especially during the last three months the city of Constantinople has been turned into a veritable hell on earth.

The wild tribal hordes wander from place to place and live on the inhabitants as they go. These hordes do not receive regular rations as a modern army should. They enter any house, demand food, and if it is not forthcoming they do not stop at anything.

When they want a meal they march to a certain street and by twos and threes they enter houses at random. The terror stricken hosts must furnish food for the uninvited guests. Most of the inhabitants of the city have not enough for themselves, but what does the savage in uniform care for the misery of the citizen? They must be fed first! Are they not soldiers? Are they not defending the Vatan (the fatherland)?

If they visited these homes only once or twice, perhaps, it would not be so bad; but no sooner is one batch of men fed than another bunch of intruders make their appearance. They do not even understand the language of Constantinople. There is no use in reasoning with them, in telling them that only a few minutes before you served food to a bunch of soldiers; if you succeed in making them understand that you have no food the intruders search the house, and if they cannot find food they carry whatever they wish along with them.

The Turkish army is camping in the heart of the city and both Moslems and Christians are suffering equally. The native resident Turks are now on more friendly terms with their Christian fellow citizens because they realize that the days of Moslem rule in Constantinople are numbered.

Cost $10,000 to Get Away

Every one who is able to do so is leaving the city, and today most of the population of the city consists of poor people who cannot leave their homes. Many mansions of the wealthy, Moslem and Christian, have been abandoned with all their furnishings. Soldiers apply the axe to the doors, and the once magnificent homes are now filthy barracks.

I know many people of small means who would gladly spend their savings of a lifetime if they could only get away from the city. It cost me about $10,000 to get away with my family. Many German officers are reaping a harvest in the trade of permitting those who so desire to leave the city. Even then able bodied men cannot leave the city.

I believe the highways of Asia Minor are safer than the streets of Constantinople. But, above all, the poor Armenians are suffering most. The Greeks have again demonstrated their stern qualities. They are not submitting to indignities so easily as the rest of the population of our unfortunate city.

In the middle of January, in the Phanar district, Greeks met the Smyrna regiment on the main avenue and after three hours of pitched battle they routed the Turks; nine of the German officers, who had led the Turks against the Phanar Greeks, fell prisoners into the hands of the Phanariots. Next day a Moslem delegation composed of men and women visited the Phanar district and requested the Greeks to surrender the German officers into their hands. It appears that the wily Phanar Greeks were very much pleased with this arrangement. They surrendered the German officers into the hands of the Moslem mob, and it is a safe conclusion that the mob has dealt with them as a truly Moslem mob knows how to deal with those foreigners who have forced us into this horrible war of the Prussians.

Street fights and even pitched battles with the soldiers are common everyday occurrences. The native Constantinople army officers are in sympathy with the population of the city, but they are helpless. The supreme command is in the hands of a handful of Young Turks who receive their orders from the Prussians.

City Is Sacked

They have robbed the city of everything. They even entered my printing plant and removed the boilers and engines. The only objection I made to such an act was to ask the commanding officer what they intended to do with the machinery. The Prussian officer in charge slapped my face in answer.

I am a man of 60 and could not retaliate. But not so with my friend Ibrahim Bey, whose house a Prussian offiver entered with five Turks in order to confiscate the Bey's mattresses. An insulting remark on the part of the Prussian officer before the female members of his family having infuriated Ibrahim Bey and his two sons, they shot every one of the would-be confiscators and insulters of women. The bitter irony of it! Ibrahim Bey and his entire family have taken refuge with a Greek family in the Phanar.

Besides persecution, hunger, violence, crime and occasional massacres by one side or the other, we are suffering from an abhorrent and pestilential curse upon the city, white slavery. Representing themselves as the agents of various benevolent and charitable societies, an element of a reptile class has been and is shipping thousands of young Jewish women to no one knows where. These commercializers of vice are Austrians and Germans, who are taking advantage of the unfortunate condition of the Jewish element in the Constantinople province.

Before the war the vice trade of Constantinople was exclusively in the hands of these Austrians and Germans. Five years ago a representative committee composed of Christians and Moslems made a serious attempt to expel this population from our capital, but upon the joint intervention of the German and Austro-Hungarian consulates the agitation against them was discontinued. It appeared at that time that many of the men and women engaged in this vice trade formed part of the network of the German spy system.

A Plaint From Paris

Mr. Atkins, loqol:—
I'm lyin' 'ere in the 'orspital
In a swanky, great otel,
With painted ceilin's and gilded walls,
And everythin' awful swell.
There's velvet curtains an' droopin' palms;
But I'd give the bloomin' load
For 'alf an 'our in "The Golden Pig."
What's down in the Mile End Road.

We're nourishel like lords and fightin' cocks
On chicken and soup and such,
And made-up dishes with fancy names
As I don't fancy much.
An' some of 'em brings us real champagne
To moisten our fevered lips:
But I'd give a lot—and welcome too—
For a plate of fish and chips.

I've got a duchess to wash me face
And flutter around me bed.
To see as I gets me beauty sleep,
And bandage me wounded 'ead.
But I'd change 'er any day to 'ear
The girl as I used to court,
Sing out, as she slapped me on the back,
"Why, 'Arry' Buck up, old sport!"
—Dorothy Rose, in London Opinion.

Captain Knollys

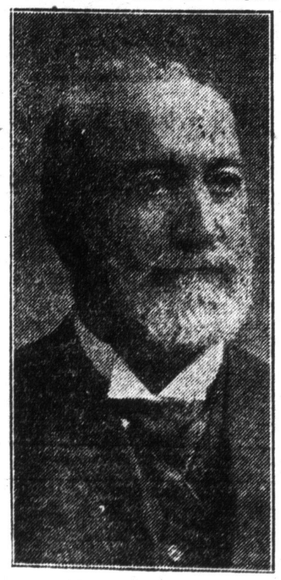
In his dug-out a captain called Knollys
Used to dine upon tea and hot rollys.
From their trenches the sight
Drew the Huns one bright night,
But they soon fell back riddled with hollys.

"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY"

HARD WORK MADE BILLIARDS POPULAR

Fifty Years Ago, Recalls Samuel May, There Were Two Public Tables in the City.

MR. SAMUEL MAY was the first to make a billiard table in Canada and first to establish the manufacture of billiard tables, cues and ivory balls in British America. Mr. May has been a resident of Toronto for fifty-five years. In the year 1860 he commenced business here acting as sales agent for Michael Phelan of New York, who at that time was the greatest billiard player and the most popular billiard table maker in the United States. After two years' experience in this line, Mr. May was impressed with the necessity of a factory in Canada for the manufacture of tables, balls, cues, etc., and forthwith decided to start such an industry in Toronto, and early in 1864 commenced to ship tables from the little factory which was then situated on King street west, adjoining the "Revere House" where the "Iroquois" which, as is well known, was ultimately accomplished.



Samuel May, the father of billiard playing in Canada.

Mr. May is one of the oldest living members of the Canadian Manufacturers Association, the National Club, the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, the Granite Club and the Liederkranz. He is also a member of the Royal Canadian Institute. He is also a past vice-president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, holding that office during the years 1887 to 1889, inclusive. Mr. May is an enthusiastic Canadian. He was one of the first to own a motorboat on the Toronto Bay, and, with native pride, he christened her "The Beaver." Mr. May has consistently turned down all offers of amalgamations, consolidations or absorptions by foreign interests, and has steadfastly stood first and last a Canadian manufacturer.

THE LOAN SHARK AT WORK HERE

(Continued From Page 1.)

A week later she was summoned to receive the proceeds of her sale. One hundred dollars was put into her hands. Sale had been difficult, stated the benevolent manager. The market was loaded with boarding houses for sale, and he had been forced to take what he could get. He coughed apologetically, and stated that he had been forced to accept a smaller fee than usual, and the widow with her eyes wide in terror of the future, was guided gently to the door. The manager entered an item of three hundred dollars in his ledger, and closed the account.

The Branch on the Dark Street

This firm boasted two branches. The one described was rich and prosperous in its appointments, and with its inviting appearance was designed to cater to those who felt the indignities of fortune with bitter spirits. Back on one of the darker byways, however, stood another and a lesser institution. There was nothing brave in the showing it made. A simple grimy sign gave notice to the public that here they could find temporary relief from the pressure of their difficulties. The place was dull and drab, but it had the secrecy desired, and it worked with those who live on the lower levels of life, whose lives are always in contact with the grindstone, and who have become accustomed to penury and want. It was the back-door entrance of the great web spread to catch the weaklings of the times. The white-fingered clerk on Main street would scorn to consider the five and ten-dollar loans which hands reached out to clutch in this dive. So the game went on.

It sometimes happens that the vampires over-reach themselves. There is a case on record which occurred also within the past few weeks before the chief of the concern left the country hurriedly with his ill-gotten gains packed in a black sack. One of his clients was a collector considering the disposal of a list of clients. In the barter the loan shark gained possession of the list and made it his own. The agent left the office raging. Next day he was back to continue negotiations, but he had one idea in mind. Finding an excuse for the proprietor to absent himself he grabbed all the papers in the interval and fled to an attorney's office. In this way he obtained a master hold, and forced the man to surrender a cheque which he was unjustly retaining.

It is said that when a ship springs aleak, and is battered into an unmanageble hulk by the seas, when cholera breaks forth, or any great calamity appears, a black fin may be seen circling in the waters. This is followed by another and another until the leering eyes of the monsters of prey may be seen by the panic-stricken passengers.

It is much the same when calamity overtakes a nation, or when hard times settle down upon a community. This is the time when the vampires gather, and they take their blood toll freely. Thruout the winter of industrial discontent that Toronto has been weathering these parasites have been driving the widow and the poor unfortunate to the wall. They still operate and their wiles are many. There is the brave store front for one class, and there is the back street entrance for the other. But the shark is at work.

EVADING DUTY IS A FINE ART

(Continued From Page 1.)

her costly purchase. Once again that an embarrased husband had to come to the aid of a well meaning wife.

Smuggling by men professionals in small quantities goes on all the time. Tobacco, shoes, clothing, medicine, and a hundred other little things are brought over by travelers, and by employes on trains and boats, but it would take an army of officials to stop it.

The Chinese Are Wiliest

But Bret Harte was not far wrong when he wrote that verse:

"For ways that are dark, and for tricks that are vain, the heathen Chinee is peculiar."

'Out on the Pacific coast, where most of the steamers from the Far East land, the opium smugglers have become so tricky that in addition to the regular customs agents the government has supplemented the service with a corps of expert ship searchers. The latter go over every inch of the incoming ship from stern to bow, deck to bottom, and even crawl between the skin and side hunting for tins of the dope, for you know it's not allowed to be brought into the country at all.

"And maybe you think those Chinese are not clever at finding hiding places! For instance, not long ago the customs men received information from a foreign agent that a certain ship, due to arrive at Vancouver, was loaded with some 6000 pounds of opium. Of course the men were laying for that ship when it reached port, but the most painstaking search failed to disclose the slightest evidence of the drug. The searchers even looked down the smokestacks of the steamer, but they found no opium.

"The customs men were just about to give up and leave the ship when one of them was seized with a bright idea. He noticed a big tank which held drinking water for passengers and crew during the voyage. Mounting the iron ladder running up its side, he climbed to the top, lifted the lid and looked in. It was so dark inside that he couldn't see anything at all, but he was not satisfied.

"Climbing down, he borrowed a pocket electric flashlight. He threw the light into the tank, and there, floating around on the surface of the water the folks had been drinking during the entire voyage, were scores of tins of opium, all hermetically sealed and just as good as ever. These contain as measured about three feet in length and about two feet in diameter, and they held enough of the forbidden drug to put the whole city of Toronto to sleep for a week.

Opium in a Pulley

"On another occasion when the customs men were searching a ship for opium with but poor results, or with rather no results at all, one of the searchers, wandered about the deck, stumbled against a huge pulley block resting on a raised hatchway. Immediately the block fell to the deck with a great clatter, and the searcher had to make a quick jump to escape being struck.

"Then he began to think. He remembered that a pulley block ought to weigh two or three hundred pounds, that he had stumbled against this particular one very lightly, and that, all things considered, it had no business falling. An investigation brought about surprising results. That pulley block was a fake. Instead of being of iron, it was of tin, cleverly painted. It was hollow and when cut open was found to contain tins of opium.

"On another ship the customs men found that Chinamen had constructed a fake drain pipe, running thru two decks, and this was crammed full of opium—many thousand dollars worth.

'But aside from the Chinese and their opium smuggling, 75 per cent of the captures made by the customs men are thru the little habit smugglers have of taking too much. If every smuggler kept his mouth shut the work of the customs men would be heart breaking. But they never do; it isn't human nature, and the customs men exclaim, 'Thank goodness.'"

Spring Poems

The efforts of the best spring poets in The Sunday World's contest will be found on a page in the Magazine Section.

The Dear Old Landlord

Old scenes depart,
Old friends are gone,
My weary heart
Drags on alone;
Fond joys pass out
And leave regret,
But you, Old Scout,
YOU don't forget.

As sure as smirks
The summer sun,
You're on the works
On April One.
When sounds my bell,
In strident chime,
A child could tell
It's YOU—on time.

Oh, Broken Vow!
Oh, Hope deferred!
Some way—somehow—
You're ne'er deterred.
And you so blight
My ancient stall
I dread your sight,
Your voice, and all.

Half of Pleasure

The youngest girl of a Toronto family was recently much distressed at dessert to discover that there was ice cream for dinner.

"Oh, papa," exclaimed the youngster, reproachfully, "why didn't they tell me this morning that we were going to have ice cream?"

"What difference would that have made?"

"Lots!" sighed the child. "I could have expected it all day."

Too Much Effort

"We are going to give up having Johnny get an education." 'For what reason?" "Well, we can't get him sterilized every morning in time to go to school."

ENGLISH WORKERS NEVER BETTER OFF SAYS JOHN BURNS

JOHN BURNS declared to a friend the other day that his new job as chairman of the government committee for the relief of distress arising out of the war, is far too much of a sinecure to be altogether to his liking. "There isn't half enough work in it to suit me," said he, "tho in a way, too, of course, I am glad that I am not busier." "Honest John" added that never in all his forty years of experience had he known the English working-class so prosperous. "Everybody has work," said he, "and, generally speaking, at good pay, too. There isn't any distress. It is my business to find any if it exists, and I know."

The above statement is confirmed by the experience of the Prince of Wales' Fund, which now totals some £5,000,000. There is almost no distress for it to relieve. In all it has spent less than £40,000 in the six months of the war in relieving want. About one million pounds have been spent in improving matters for the families of soldiers, before the increased government allowance came into force, and a tidy sum, too, has been devoted to aiding the Belgian refugees. Accordingly, there is a huge balance left for the relief of the poverty which is expected during the readjustment at the end of the war, when hundreds of thousands of discharged soldiers may be thrown on the labor market. Burns is working hard in anticipation of that time, which he privately thinks is not so far off as most people imagine.

There's a Reason

Young Adolphus de Milvuns was out driving his own car. He was a scorcher, and believed in going straight ahead. It was in the heart of Yorkshire.

Suddenly a terrified clucking under the wheels told him some accident had happened. He pulled up and glanced back. Two fowls lay dead in his track, while another two were fleeing, screeching, back to home and safety.

"That'll be 14 shillings, please," remarked a burly man in corduroys, who appeared on the scene promptly; "that's three-and-six apiece for the four."

"Four!" gasped Adolphus. 'But I only killed two."

"That's right," agreed the fowls' owner; "but them other two will never lay a blessed egg after this."

"I'm sorry," said the motorist, as he handed over the money. 'Due to the fright, I suppose?"

The countryman shook his head as he slammed the silver into his pocket. "Partly fright," he agreed slowly; "but mainly I reckon it's because they ain't hens!"

Reward of Merit

Aunt Ethel—Well, Beatrice, were you very brave at the dentist's?

Beatrice—Yes, auntie, I was.

Aunt Ethel—Then there's the half dollar I promised you. And now tell me what he did to you.

Beatrice—He pulled out two of Willie's teeth!

Superfine Tableware by Celebrated Canadian Silversmiths in Honor of Canada, Her Mighty Provinces and "Our Heroes"

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GOOD UNTIL USED

RED MEN OF WEST HAVE FOUR TIMES AVERAGE WEALTH

Capita Wealth of Canada Is $1400 a Year — Alberta Indian Children and Women Each Own Property Worth $5000.

ORDINARY FAMILY IS WORTH 40 THOUSAND

By MAX McD.

IT will be rather a surprise to most people to be told that aboriginal Red Men of the United States and Canada are the wealthiest people per capita in the world. The average wealth of the people of the world is about $10; for the United States and Canada combined, about $1400.

But a tribe of Osage Indians in Oklahoma and the Blackfeet tribe in Alberta, have these figures pushed away into the background. The Osages are worth per capita more than 660 times, and the Blackfeet more than 500 times, as much as the average citizen of the world, and six and four times respectively as much as the average citizen of the United States and Canada.

The Osages number about 1600 souls, and every one of them—man, woman and child—is worth $8612 in land and cash and has a comfortable income besides. The words "every one" are used advisedly, for all the worldly goods of these people are held in common. Their possessions, reinforced by a present capitalization of their income, make every one of the tribe worth, it is estimated, about $50,000. Their wealth at hand consists of $8,000,000 in cash held by the government, and 1,500,000 acres of land, most of which they lease.

It was thru the sale of their land in Kansas several years ago that the Osages were started on the highway to their great wealth. For this land they received from the government a sum total of $8,000,000, which the government has since held for them in trust, paying to them quarterly, the interest amounting annually to $400,000 or $222 for each man, woman and child. Of the 1,500,000 acres of land which they have retained, they lease 600,000 acres for grazing, at an annual rental of $120,000, which, added to the interest on their money at Washington, makes a revenue of a little more than $300 each, or over $1500 a year for each family of five or more. One family of fifteen, for instance, would receive $4,500 a year without having to do a tap of work.

At $5 an acre—a small valuation for land in that section, the Osage grounds are worth $7,500,000, or $4166 per capita. This, added to the $4444 in cash, makes a total of $8610 owned by each individual from the increment.

There are 2329 Blackfeet settled on three reserves in Southern Alberta. They belong to the great Algonquin linguistic stock. One of these reserves has an area of 349,326 acres and is the largest in the Dominion of Canada. The total value of Blackfeet land is $10,000,000, and the value is increasing at the rate of a dollar per acre per year. Besides their vast reserves, the Blackfeet have stock amounting to half a million dollars; their buildings are worth $150,000; implements and vehicles represent nearly $100,000; public properties are set down at $90,000; while household and general effects bring the total of real and personal property held by the 2328 Blackfeet up to $11,645,000 or $5000 per capita. In addition to this they have an annual income of nearly $500 per capita.

The Sarcees, a small band of 200 Indians, whose reserve of 69,120 acres touches the City of Calgary in Southern Alberta, have wealth, mostly in land, amounting to a trifle more per capita than the Blackfeet, but the land is so small that it can scarcely be spoken of as a tribe or nation. These Indians belong to the Athabascan race which are spread out between Alaska and Mexico, the Beavers in the north and the Navajoes and Apaches in the south, being branches of this tribe.

In the Blackfeet nation there are a great many children. The records of the government agents show only 609 out of 2329 over the age of 21 years. If the wealth of the tribe were committed to these, as it actually is, each would be worth $19,121. Unlike the Osages, the real and personal property of the Blackfeet is not held in common, but is given to the heads of families. Allowing eight children to a family, which is a moderate estimate, the head of every troop on the reserves of the Blackfeet would control $40,000.

Would Throw Money Away

Fortunately for the Red Men, their vast estates and personal property are held in trust by the government and cannot be squandered. If the Indian had control of his wealth he would spend it on fancy biscuits, gaudy handkerchiefs, and fire-water. The fact that their revenue enables them to live in idleness has resulted in abuses in many quarters. Intoxication is said to be on the increase and many of the Osages and Blackfeet are described as having retrograded to primitive conditions.

The wildest of the Osages live in the southwest corner of their reserve in Oklahoma, where they are said to observe closely the customs of their forefathers. They burn their dead at the stake, go almost naked all summer, and eat dead dog, a custom harily to be reconciled with one's conception of the richest people on earth.

The Blackfeet were once a powerful confederacy which held by force of arms for a century all the territory from the Missouri on the south to the Red Deer on the north, and from the Rockies east to the Cypress Hills. The protection of their vast territory against invasion imposed upon these Indians a life of almost constant warfare with the numerous enemies that surrounded them on all sides, and developed in them a proud and imperious spirit which, after more than 30 years of reservation life, is still the prominent characteristic of the Blackfeet.

These Alberta Indians are 60 per cent, pagan, and comprise 28 per cent. of all the pagan Indians of the province, and 15 per cent. of those of the Dominion of Canada, including the Eskimos. They were the last band in Canada to accept treaty from the government and settle on a reserve. Till they were actually prevented by the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, they continued the barbarous practises connected with the Sun Dance. It is only within the last few years that they have made any advance toward civilization.

SHE GIVES 5000 CORK LEGS

The women of Austria are giving no lack of support to their country's waning cause, and one of these, Countess Manon von Dumreich, has given to the Austrian military 5000 artificial legs.

HORSE NOTES

SEASONED livery horses brought up to $562 a pair in New York last week.

Uhlan, 1.58, the fastest trotter in the world, is now at Durlands, New York where his owner, C. K. Billings intends using him for Park riding.

Sir Clifford Sifton's Show Horses will be sold at Van Tassell & Kearney's, New York, on the afternoon of Wednesday, April 28th. To date we have no list of those to be sold, but they will probably include The Wasp, Hercules, Ironsides, Sky Scraper, Confidence, Cleveland, Elmhurst, Sunday Morning. We hear Sir Clifford Sifton intends keeping a goodly number of the more useful hunters such as Dorchester, Paddy, Empyrean, Laddie, Ravello, Glenwood, St. Olaf, etc.

RUNNING MEETINGS IN 1915.

Bowie, Md.	April 1-14
Havre de Grace, Md.	April 15-30
Lexington, Ky.	April 22-May 5
Hewletts, L. I.	May 1
Baltimore, Md.	May 1-24
Meadow Brook, L. I.	May 8
Louisville, Ky.	May 8-June 5
Belmont Park Terminal	May 15 and 19
Belmont Park L. I.	May 20-June 9
Toronto, Canada	May 22-29
Montreal, Canada	May 31-June 15
Piping Rock, L. I.	June 2 and 5
Latonia, Ky.	June 8-July 5
Jamaica, L. I.	June 10-25
Ottawa, Canada	June 16-22
Brookline, Mass.	June 17-19
Hamilton, Canada	June 25-July 2
Fort Erie, Canada	July 3-10
Aqueduct, L. I.	June 26-July 13
Yonkers, N. Y.	July 14-31
Windsor, Canada	July 14-21
Hamilton, Canada	July 24-31
Saratoga, N. Y.	Aug. 2-31
Fort Erie, Canada	Aug. 4-11
Windsor, Canada	Aug. 14-21
Ottawa, Canada	Aug. 24-31
Belmont Park, L. I.	Sept. 1-14
Montreal, Canada	Sept. 2417
Toronto, Canada	Sept. 18-25

The Breeding Bureau of the Jockey Club will give $800 in prizes at the New York State Fair next year for the best yearlings got by its thorobred stallions. Several other prizes of $50 each are to be awarded this season at county fairs for the best foals of 1915 by Breeding Bureau stallions.

Esmond T. O'Brien having taken up the matter of holding a horse show at Durland's Riding Academy, New York, this spring, the committee in charge is making up for lost time in completing arrangements for the exhibition on the evenings of Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursdya, April 19, 20, 21. Prize lists have been made up and will be out and ready for distribution this week and the list of judges will be announced, Mr. Durland says, before entries close, so that all exhibitors may know before making their nomination just who is going to award the prizes.

The members of the committee are Judge Morgan J. O'Brien, G. Mifflin Wharton, William Ziegler, Jr.; Alfred B. Maclay, J. G. Milburn, Reginald C. Vanderbilt, Barron G. Collier, Esmond T. O'Brien, J. M. Willets, O. J. Gude, W. H. Vanderpoel and Willam Durland. They will select the judges and be responsible for all details of the show.

Profits of tre exhibition will go to swell the war relief fund. Many of the przes for the show having been donated by horse fanciers, the expenses promise to be lighter than usual, so that a snug sum is likely to accrue to this worthy charity as a result of the exhibition.

About thirty-five classes for harness horses, saddle horses, jumpers and poloponies will make up the program, which in the main is to be like that of last year. The only classes cut out are those for fours and tandemns under 15.1 hands, which failed to fill in 1914. In place of these there will be a class for polo ponies, to be srown with mallet and ball. A big entry list is counted on in this class, and if it is large enough the field will be divided into lightweights and heavyweights.

For reasons not explained the committee has considered the question of barring all horses owned by dealers. There is no getting around the fact that New York sales stables are sheltering some grand harness and saddle horses this spring, but to shut them out might do more harm than to let some of them win.

Van Tassell & Kearney have just finished to order another very fine carriage for horse show work. This one is a Stanhope phaeton, as light as it issmart, for William Ziegler, Jr. Mr. Ziegler had it built to order after the judges at one of the summer shows last season had withheld a blue ribbon on the ground that his carriage was not correct in design as to one of its minor details.

The London Live Stock Journal says that since the outbreak of the war large numbers of hackneys have been purchased by the English government, and that many of the type so eagerly sought as artillery horses, namely, a low set, active horse, about 15.2 hands high, with substance enough to pull weight, are the get of hackney sires. Arthur E. Evans, a widely known buyer for the War Office, has gone on record in The Journal to the effect that practically all the riding cobs and gunners he has purchased are of hackney blood.

Flying Fox, winner of the Derby in 1899, and the record high-priced horse, cost Monsieur E. Blanc 39,375 pounds, but at the end of his fourth season at the stud the horse had brought back to his owner 46,000 gns. M. Blanc, Whitney and Mr. S. B. Joel in the biddings for the "Fox" in 1900, has made ample return for his stupendous outlay, and therefore, from a patriotic point of view, the pity of it all is that Flying Fox was ever allowed to leave these shores. And the most remarkable thing about the raising and selling of Flying Fox, the most talked-of horse since Ormonde carried all before him, is that he was descended from a fiddle-headed Irish mare valued at 20 pounds.

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The range measures 42 inches wide, has good roomy ovens (baking and broiling), five-burner gas top, and is handsomely finished in Moffat special rustproof, baked enamel. Easy to keep clean and will never tarnish or discolor.

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Before you buy your gas range make it a point to see this new Moffat Range for yourself. Everybody who sees it is delighted with it. You are cordially invited to attend a special demonstration at any of the following Moffat Stores next Saturday afternoon:

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Westwood Bros., 635 Queen West, Adelaide 1518.
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Geo. Mathewson, 734 Queen East, Gerrard 2347.
Belyea Bros., 1002 Bathurst Street, Hillcrest 2054.
Noden, Hallett, and Johnson, 1650 Dundas Street, Junction 386.
Geo. Alexander, 851 Bloor Street, College 5141.
Adams Furniture Co., City Hall Square, Main 862.
Curtis-Wilson Furniture Co., 347 Yonge Street, Main 6947.

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The clean-cut style of the "Minister Myles" $5.00 shoe will appeal to every man who likes and knows good footwear.

Carefully, honestly made —

The Minister Myles $5.00 Shoe

has plenty of "snap" and style to it, and such a quality of leather that you'll wonder how it can be sold at this price. Well, candidly—neither ourselves nor the dealers who sell this Shoe are going to make a long profit on it. But between us, we do manage to give you a wonderful Shoe.

Minister Myles Shoe Company, Limited

109 Simcoe St., Toronto — Telephone Adel. 950

Also makers of the high-grade Footwear sold under the brands: Bersseford, Altro, at $6.00 upward; Vassar and Miss Canada, at $4.50 upward.

Toronto Women Who Have Made Good In the World of Work :-:

MISS IDA MAY WILLS TELLS OF WORK AS CUSTOM BROKER

IF YOU are in and out of the customs house, down where the big shipments of freight come in, you will meet each day among the customs brokers, one woman who in the last five years has proved that customs brokerage is a business to which a woman may be particularly adapted. She has built up a business for herself which can be described as gilt edged. Miss Wills who enjoys this unique distinction, was not brought up in the business world, nor has she any business heredity to fall back on. But she has proved in her successful career in business that the qualities of initiative, adaptability and perseverance, are much more important to business success than the mere training in a business college.

Miss Wills started her career after having been educated in a girl' college as a bookkeeper with a wholesale company. It was a matter of surprise to all who knew her, and her tact of business training, that she should be given a post hitherto occupied by a man. But events proved that the choice was a wise one, and Miss Wills advanced to be business manager.

On the amalgamation of her company with another, she accepted the position of assistant manager of the S. C. Wells Co. Drug House, and again rose to the position of manager of the company. Here again amalgamation with another business occurred. Miss Wills came to the point where she was forced to choose between her Canada and the United States as a place of residence. Had she stayed on at their desire she would have had to become manager of the American house. She decided to remain in Canada and take up work of her own, and severed her connection with the drug business which she had managed for eight years.

"I decided to go into business for myself," Miss Wills said. 'And I thought that customs work was something that a woman could handle easily. I had become accustomed while I was manager of the drug business, to looking after all the shipments of freight, etc. I knew the customs people well, as well as most of the business people, and so was able to go about among them as among old friends, to solicit my brokerage business."

"People seem to think there is a mystery about the customs work," she went on. But it is straight ahead business that is intensely interesting, as there is something new coming up all the time."

"My work for my customers is something like this. We declare their papers, made out forms, take affidavits as to the contents of shipments and pay the duty. I also do a great deal of distributing work with large shipments of foreign goods. We do a general forwarding business and distribution to different points, that is to say I have my agents in all the other cities, like Montreal, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver, etc., and by these the shipments are cleared, and we get out the papers here in Toronto. You see we do business all over Canada. A great deal of American stuff also is consigned to me here, I then reship it off, or put it into storage, as a great many firms have no office here, and it is very convenient for them to have their business done for them."

"I am glad to say that all my business is gilt edged," Miss Wills continued. "I have a very fine clientele. That's the only kind of business that I seek. I don't look for 'catch business' or 'curb work,' and I don't want it. It is a slow thing to work up—customs brokerage—but when you are once established the growth is steady and sure. If you are given one piece of work from a firm, you become their broker. After that you need to do no more soliciting for their business. It all comes right in to you. My business has steadily grown. It comes very slowly but very steadily, with lots of ups and downs, and plenty of anxiety, but it stays with you. It is a good paying business when it gets up. The margin is small, but it soon counts up. No, it is not done on a percentage basis. There is a certain fee charged for each piece of work, just as in law. For simple clearing business the fee is small, but where there is a good deal of work attached, as in foreign shipments, the fee is correspondingly larger. It pays the business men to have their customs work done for them, as it is much cheaper in the end than to have all the bother of looking after it from their own offices."

"Every part of the year is a busy time for some of the lines. You see we clear all kinds of merchandise, from machinery to soup."

"One of the most pleasant parts of the business," smiled the customs broker, "is that the people are so very appreciative. If you give them good service they do appreciate it. You feel that you make real friends of clients and customs people alike. But there is plenty of hard work about it. You must put yourself last. You can't have any appointments outside of the business. You can't count on any afternoon off. You can't even count on your lunch hour sometimes." "In fact," she went on, laughing, "for two years when I first started up this business, I did not recognize my lunch hour as a regular thing at all. You see our busiest time is from eleven to half past three. There are the entries coming in every moment, and you must do your banking. Before the war the customs used to accept your guarantee up to a certain amount for entries, and you could use an unmarked cheque on your bank. But at the time of the business panic they stopped all that. Now you must have a marked cheque or currency. This means a lot more work to the broker. More detail to be looked after, and more work for the office staff. It means that the broker must keep more ready cash by her to cover her entries with the customs."

In her office in one of the big buildings on Wellington street, Miss Wills is right in the heart of her work, and is to be found at every hour of the day, early and late, looking after her manifold responsibilities.

For there is something quite as responsible as looking after other people's business and seeing that there are no errors. Her office staff is busy with bookkeeping, making out forms, and looking after the petty details of the business. One of these has been with Miss Wills since she started in as a broker.

Miss Wills, a customs broker, who has built up a big business.

Health the Secret, Even if Beauty Is Only "Skin Deep"

By LUCREZIA BORI

Primma Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.

LUCREZIA BORI

IF you really want to be attractive you must be more or less a slave to beauty. Personal magnetism has its undeniable value, but "the first impression" counts for much, and beauty goes a long way toward creating a favorable impression.

When seeking to improve your appearance always bear in mind that health and beauty go hand in hand.

You know well that it is possible to cover imperfections in the skin temporarily with cosmetics, but if you desire your beauty to be even "skin deep" you must be healthy underneath the skin.

You may cause horrid expressions to mar the placid countenance of Cousin Phoebe or David's mother as they notice your jars of cold cream and the different toilet appliances. They may even tell you that it is "wicked" and vain for a woman to try to deceive people into thinking that she is prettier than nature originally made her. Continue to think in your own way, for it is your duty to your friends to look as well as you can at all times.

"Surface Beauty" Care

Do you think that I mean for you to be a "painted and powdered" lady of the type that causes every one to stare and wonder how thick the layer is which coats her skin. Study yourself in the mirror—it tells the truth—and find out whether your eyes are bright, your lips of a healthy red, your eyebrows well arched, your hair lustrous and luxuriant, your cheeks rosy, and your skin clear. If not, there is something wrong with your health, and you should begin immediately to correct its faults, as well as to improve the surface skin.

You are well aware of the fact that the surface of machinery requires oiling and polishing to keep it in a perfect condition, and your skin, nails, hair, eyes and teeth need surface attention even more.

If your system needs toning up consult your family physician and follow his advice to the letter. The surface you can improve yourself.

The face should be scrubbed thoroly with a complexion brush at least twice a week, and steamed once every week or ten days. It is absolutely necessary to keep the pores free from dust, so that the impurities of the skin can find a way to escape.

The use of face powder has a tendency to clog the pores, and for this reason the skin must be kept perfectly clean.

Four Excellent Recipes

After washing the face, if the skin feels tight, apply this lotion:

Powdered borax	¼ ounce.
Glycerin	½ ounce.
Camphor water	1 pint.

This lotion will make the skin firm and pliable. When this has dried into the skin coat the face with a good cold cream, and massage it with brisk rotary motions to stimulate the tissues as well as strengthen them.

The following recipe is an excellent skin food:

Sweet oil of almonds	2 ounces.
Orange flower water	2 ounces.
White wax	2 drams.
Oil of sweet orange	1 dram.
Spermacetti	2 drams

The hair should be brushed well each night before retiring, and should be sunned for at least a half-hour each day. It is impossible to have healthy hair without allowing the air to circulate thru it.

Massage the scalp three or four times a week with a reliable hair tonic, for the roots must receive nourishment. This tonic is one of the best for this purpose:

Tincture of cantharides	1 dram.
Tincture of capsicum	½ dram.
Tincture of nux vomica	2 drams.
Cocoa oil	¾ ounce.
Alcohol	2½ ounces.

Rub this tonic into the divisions made along the scalp with the finger tips.

To keep the eyes clear and bright use this lotion morning and night, bathing them in an eye cup:

Boracic acid	1 ounce.
Boiling water	1 pint.

Place the boracic acid in a basin and over it pour the water. Allow the powder to dissolve before bottling the lotion.

The nails and teeth should be given daily care. The teeth particularly should be cleansed after each meal.

PURE essence of fine soap in flakes---and most economical of all washing preparations---

LUX

dissolves readily in hot water, forming a smooth, cream-like lather that cannot injure the filmiest fabrics or the daintiest hands. LUX preserves the original softness and fleeciness of all woollen garments. Try LUX.

At all grocers 10c.

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ON THE WIRES -o- -o- -o- By Michelson

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A LOT of wonderful music travels thru those ears of the telephone, and no one but Providence knows what all the music says. No, even Central doesn't know ALL. But one thing is certain, the burden of the song these feminine voices sing is wonderfully close to HIM and HIM again. HE is on the wire. He is tangled up in these wires to the extent that no sleuth of science will ever figure out. He needn't say that SHE begins it. It is quite plain that she doesn't ALWAYS. The point is that HE is most frequently the tangled one. For she far outclasses him as an artist in wire talk.

Coquetry is to not be defeated by any machine that may ever be invented.

HOW THE WOMAN WITH HER OWN BUSINESS GOT IT

Men Work With An Eye to Being Proprietor and Fit Themselves Accordingly —Few Women Do.

ANOTHER solution was offered recently to the time-honored question, "Why don't business women receive pay equal to that of men doing the same work?"

Because women don't plan for business proprietorship.

The grocery boy, the shipping clerk, the necktie salesman, the bookkeeper, the traveling salesman all have, in the majority of cases, the goal of a "business of my own," which keeps them striving for better efficiency and greater results each day. It keeps them on the alert not only to perform their own work well, but to observe the details around them—to learn everything about the business so that frequently they are perfectly able to fill any job in the organization after they have been employed for a few years.

It's a purely selfishly interested motive that makes the live young employe try to perfect himself in every department. He is girding himself for the day when he will have to manage his own business, and he prepares to profit by the experience and mistakes of his present employer.

The average young business woman, with no such object in view, is often quite satisfied if she does well her daily work. Not having the impetus of business proprietorship before her, she sees no necessity for learning the details of affairs around her. She doesn't concern herself with the trials of business beyond her own desk. Consequently, she is not quite ready to jump into executive posts and higher salary, as is the man who has subconsciously prepared himself for the job ahead.

Of course, this is not universally true. There are exceptional women. But why doesn't every woman who goes to business have some sort of plan, no matter how tentative, to create an independent business of her own eventually? That goal would assure absolute independence to the woman to whom economic independence is the greatest consideration. It would save the capable woman the humiliation of being told by a prospective employer that she is too old for the job. Most of all, it would make a more efficient and better paid worker today than is the woman who looks on her work merely as a temporary makeshift until she marries.

A not uncommon tragedy in the army of business women is the woman of numerous and splendid ideas who has not developed the courage and ability to execute her plans herself. She passes them on to a mere man who plunges head foremost into the plan, makes a brilliant success of it and in a most human-naturedly way keeps all the glory for himself. Result: An embittered business woman who sees a success stolen from her.

Were she to honestly analyze the situation, she might see that the risk she refused to take has brought its reward to some one courageous enough to take the plunge. Business success is not necessarily the reward of copy-book virtues. It comes often as a result of exceptional daring, and business daring is one of the qualities that women, as a whole, have not yet annexed. When a woman does grow courageous enough to embark on a business—and plan for a business proprietorship as a man does—she will have taken one more step toward the equal-pay millennium.

Waterproof aprons are useful sometimes and may be made from an old raincoat.

Children should have individual laundry bags and be taught to put all soiled clothing in them as soon as taken off.

Do not throw away tissue paper which often comes from the store around articles in boxes. It is useful, especially in the kitchen, to wipe off the range.

Put pans to soak for a few minutes after food has been removed from them. Then they can be cleaned easily. If they are allowed to stand until dry it will take much longer.

If a pan is blackened or burned rub it with a piece of stale bread dipped in salt. Then wash it in hot water and a little washing soda.

If white clothes look slightly yellow after being washed one tablespoonful of kerosene, turpentine or peroxide of hydrogen added to the rinsing water will aid in whitening them.

Mrs. Wiseneighbour Says:--

"I should have told you the other day, when I was speaking of 'Eddy's' Washboards, that it is just as necessary to have an Indurated Fibreware Tub to hold your clothes if you want to make a success of washday."

Mrs. Newlywed Says:--

"I've heard of Eddy's Indurated Fibreware. What's the difference between fibre and woodenware?"

"Fibreware is made from compressed fibre, baked at extreme heat. All in one solid piece, it cannot warp or fall apart. No chance of splinters. Wears much longer, looks better, and is light to carry. The latter point you should always take into consideration," concludes Mrs. Wiseneighbour.

ed7

Eight Vegetable Recipes To Vary Monotonous Menus

By ANNE MARIE LLOYD

Celery a la Creme

WASH and trim two heads of celery, removing the outside stringy stalks. Place the celery in a pan of cold water and bring to the boiling point. Boil for five minutes, then drain and add to the celery enough milk and water to cover. Simmer gently until the celery is tender, adding also one small onion sliced and some sprigs of parsley, marjoram and thyme. Dish the celery and thicken the milk with the flour; add one ounce of butter, some salt and pepper, and pour over the celery. Sprinkle with a little chopped parsley and serve very hot.

Leeks au Gratin

WASH half a dozen leeks quite free from grit. Boil until tender in plenty of salted water for half an hour. Drain thoroly. Prepare a half-pint of white sauce. Place the leeks in a gratin or pie dish, season them, and coat each with white sauce. Sprinkle the top with cheese and browned crumbs and brown in the oven.

Leek are most wholesome, and are more delicate in flavor than onions.

Carrots and Turnips in White Sauce

CUT two carrots into small strips and a turnip into small cubes. Boil these together for 15 to 20 minutes in salted water. Drain and stir them into a half-pint of white sauce. Dish in a hot tureen and sprinkle with a little chopped parsley.

Browned Turnips

PEEL and cut a half-dozen small turnips into squares and boil these in some salted water until tender, without being broken at all. Heat one ounce of butter, and when quite hot add a half-teaspoonful of sugar. Fry the turnips until nicely browned. Sprinkle with pepper and salt and serve them in a hot tureen with roast mutton.

Parsnip Croquettes

MASH three boiled parsnips when they are parboiled, by passing them thru a sieve. Season with salt and pepper, add one tablespoonful of flour and an egg. Form into flat cakes and coat with egg and crumbs. Fry in deep fat and drain. Dish and garnish with parsley.

Potato Chips

PEEL and cut a half-dozen potatoes into chips and place them in cold water. Heat some fat until smoking. Dry the chips and place them in the frying basket. Lower them gently and slowly into the fat, and fry until the fat is chilled. Remove the basket and reheat the fat, then lower the chips in a second time, and fry until a golden brown and nicely crisped.

Scalloped Onions

BOIL three large onions until just tender, drain them and slice them thinly in rings. Butter thickly some scallop-shells and sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Place a layer of sliced onion in the shells, sprinkle with crumbs, and so on until the shells are well piled up, the last layer to be breadcrumbs. On these place some pieces of butter. Put into the oven for about 20 minutes until nicely browned on top. Serve hot in the shells.

Potato Souffle

MASH half a pound of potatoes, add salt and pepper and a beaten egg, also one ounce of butter and a tablespoonful of milk and chopped parsley. Place the mixture in a greased basin and steam for an hour. Turn out and serve hot.

PURITY IN PLACE OF PIMPLES

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Secrets of Health and Happiness

A Host of Ills Vanish When Tonsils are Removed

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins).

(Copyright, 1914, News paper Feature Service.)

DR. HIRSHBERG

WHAT are the tonsils for? Nobody knows. A ton of soil collects in them. A Sargossa sea of bacteria and germs work around in their meshes. Nearly 300,000 New York school children this year were not allowed to return to school until these pillars of the red pit called the throat were shelled out. Perhaps the other 600,000 New York children would be all the better off if their tonsils were also removed.

There are 15 large vent-pipes, or "crypts," in these tough sponges of the mouth. A legion of lesser openings abound in the meshes as pockets for decaying food, animalculae, and a whole botanical and zoological garden of iniquitous debris. If the tonsils really work, weave, spin or otherwise exert some physiologic power, it is duplicated elsewhere in other tissues, and the injury it does as an abiding place of various enemies to health make it a nuisance—a veritable Pandora's box of evils.

A Germ-House

The tonsil is maintained by some to be an auxiliary factory for the creation of an internal fluid or "hormone," that it also makes a few white blood corpuscles, and that the germs which use its pockets and crevices as happy hunting grounds, act as vaccines to repel the germs of some other disease.

Be all this as it may, the mystic disappearance of fevers, joint pains, muscle aches, neuralgias, ear infections, head noises, and all sorts of afflictions, which follow the removal of the tonsils, make the trivial operation one of the safest and most popular of indoor medical sports.

St. Vitus dance, acute kidney disorders, Bright's disease, inflamed, enlarged and stiff joints, neuritis, heart infections, appendicitis, enlarged glands of the neck, throat and elsewhere, erysipelas, and the scores of different diseases faked under the fanciful name "rheumatism" have all been traced to and often remedied by excision of the tonsils.

Even goitres and other maladies of the thyroid gland are attributable to tonsilitis. Furthermore, Dr. Ben Witt Key and other ophthalmologists have convicted the tonsils of numerous eye inflammations.

The Voice Improved

It will amaze many sceptical persons to hear that the affliction called "arthritis deformans," also stupidly called "rheumatoid arthritis," where the joints of one or more parts of the anatomy are locked as rigidly together as are the plates of a battleship, is often loosened up and greatly relieved by dissection of the tonsils.

Voices that deteriorate, rough, coarse vocalization in singers who formerly had pure tones, bronchitis, laryngitis, coughs, deafness, and over-expanded, dilated lungs are often improved in a happy manner after "shelling out" the tonsils.

If any physician or surgeon tells you the tonsils may be burned out, guillotined, chopped off, treated locally or can be otherwise given medical treatment as a substitute for "enunciation" or peeling it out by a skilled surgeon, set him down either as a fossil "sot" in his ways or as one who has something to sell irrespective of benefit to be given.

Answers to Health Questions

M. R., Toronto—Q—I am a victim of chromic poisoning, being a lithographer and engaged in etching on zinc. Is there any danger of it injuring my general health? My hands and arms are continually breaking out and blistering from its use. Doctors here give "idosyncrasy" as an explanation which explains as much to me as "rheumatism" does to you. What can you advise?

A—You should change your department and occupation if possible, or the chrome will seriously injure you. It is the same as phosphorus poisoning. Any one who has an "idiosyncrasy" to a mineral or drug, is "peculiarly susceptible" to its effects.

"Oblige, No. 1., Toronto—A—Go to the Toronto General Hospital and have a Wasserman blood test made. You need not be ashamed of such ulcer marks. Simple bruises often have the same thing. The patch on the chin is from the same malady.

W. A. S., Toronto—Q—I eat a great quantity of cheese. Is this good for me?

A—Cheese can only be eaten by those who indulge in active exercise or vigorous work. It requires considerable exercise to utilize it.

Mrs. H. M., Toronto—Q—After eating gas forms on my stomach. What can I do to stop this?

A—You should eat more fresh fruits, green vegetables without much starch, oatmeal, shredded wheat, cereals, salads, fish, poultry, clear soups and custards, and drink three quarts of distilled water daily—two glasses half an hour before each meal. Take 7 grains of oxide of magnesia before meals and six charcoal tablets after.

"Canada," Toronto—Q—Our little girl is 3½ years old and her hands, arms, feet and legs are always cold. She has not eaten a good meal for over a year and only eats a little when we threaten to whip her. What can we do for her?

A—The child should be in the sunlight and fresh air more and in bed by half after six in the evening. She does not get enough rest and sleep. She should not be allowed to eat between meals.

A Sufferer, Toronto—Q—What will rid my toes of soft corns?

A—Paint the corns each night with 10 grains of salicylic acid and one ounce of collodion.

G. L., Toronto—Q—What can I do with a varicose ulcer on my leg?

A—The electric dry-air oven which raises the heat within a long sylindrical oven into which your leg is placed, to 300 degrees, has been successfully used to heal leg ulcers. This heat is easily borne by human flesh and may be comfortably maintained for 20 minutes every day. Ulcers on the soles of the feet, ankles, palm of the hands, shinbone and many other places have been healed this way.

M. A. C., Toronto—Q—Do you advise the use of any eye cream to strengthen the eyes?

2—DoD you approve of the puse of an eye-cup every morning?

3—What do you think of using salt water for the eyes?

4—I want to thank you for your helpful articles, I have many of them for future reference.

A—1—No, I do not advise you to use the eye cream. Glasses are absolutely necessary and nothing can take the place of them.

2—It is very good with boric acid water.

3—It is not at all helpful.

4—Thank you. Many, many happy years are in store for you.

Miss F. C., Toronto—Q—1—Are there two kinds of colitis?

2—Is there always diarrhoea?

3—What is the best thing to effect a cure?

4—Would special muscular abdominal exercises cure permanently?

5—Would removing the appendix be beneficial?

A—1—There are many different kinds.

2—With mucous and dysentery, yes.

3—Drink a glassful of milk, boiled half an hour, every four hours; take a Bulgaria tablet with your meals and take 10 grains of bismuth after eating.

4—This may cure if persevered in.

5—Possibly it would be beneficial.

Mrs. J. S., Toronto—Q—Is the continual use of bromide for insomnia and extreme nervousness injurious to one's health?

A—It is not injurious in any way, if not taken to excess. Two twenty-grain doses may be taken with safety each night.

"Sweet Tooth," Toronto—Q—1—What is a good way to keep from eating too much candy?

2—Are raisins good for the nerves?

A—1—Eat more green vegetables, fresh fruits, pastries, oatmeal, cereals, custards, ice-cream, cakes and puddings, and drink three quarts of distilled water daily, lots of fresh milk and cream. Eat every few hours and be in the fresh air and sunlight. Willpower, practiced in addition to this, will help.

2—Raisins are slightly laxative and not especially good for the nerves.

Mac, Toronto—Q—Kindly give remedy for blackheads on the face.

A—Avoid all greasy, oily and hot foods, sweets, pastries, candies, starches and sour things. Massage the skin clear with a Turkish towel and ice-cold water. Do not use soap or hot water on your face, but wash with ice-cold water and cleanse with a good peroxide cream. Rub in well at night sulphur and glycerine, each 1 dram; benzoated lard, 1 ounce, with rose oil.

Dr. Hirshberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He will not undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest, letters will be answered personally, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirshberg, care of The Sunday World.

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Is the Brought-up-by-Rule Child Really Happy?

By WINIFRED BLACK

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Winifred Black

THE chubby little girl raised her serious brown eyes to her mother's face.

"But, mamma," she said, "is it right for me to play when I have not finished the doll's dress?"

And the chubby little girl's mother was very proud, and told us how hard she had worked to make the little girl thoro and conscientious and painstaking and exact.

And we all looked at each other and at her and smiled, and said: "Wonderful!"

I suppose the rest all meant what they said. But I didn't mean a syllable of it, not one syllable.

The little girl was plump and rosy and well fed and well dressed. She looked as if she had her meals on the very stroke of the hour, and not a thing that wasn't hygienic to eat at them.

I don't believe that little girl had ever been hungry or cold or lost or frightened or lonesome or really absolutely happy or really quite natural for one single minute in her straight, brought-up-by-rule style.

What She Misses.

She's never tasted candy in her life, or a cookie or a doughnut. And she's never run away from home for a whole half a block, and felt like a free, wild creature, just because the wind was blowing and nobody was holding her by the hand.

I don't suppose she ever hunted a nest of eggs and found them in a great, dark, fragrant barn in all her life, and nobody ever put her in a swing and ran under the swing until, "Whoosh!" she flew high, high among the green leaves like a bird.

And did she ever slip off somewhere and go barefoot, and feel the soft dust, "squish-squash, squish-squash," under her toes?

And will the bluebirds ever call to her from the apple tree? And will the meadow lark say, "We're wai-ting, we're wai-ting?" And will she run out to be with them and forget to come back in time for supper?

And will she ever get muddy and dirty and tired and naughty, and creep right into her mother's arms and be forgiven?

Never! Never! Never!

Poor little orderly, obedient, conscientious, raised-by-letter and brought-up-by-rule little girl. She'll never know what it really is to live!

I suppose she'll grow up to be competent and efficient and self-controlled and reasonable. But, oh! I'd hate to be her little girl, if she ever has one.

Sweets of Forgiveness.

How will she ever know how to understand?

How will she ever manage a real child? But, then, I don't suppose she'll ever have one.

Children are better now than they used to be, they say, more obedient, more reasonable, better looked after in every way.

I suppos they are —I really do suppose they are.

But, oh, I'm glad I was little in the days when you could be naughty once in a while, just for fun, and when all the gardens were not laid out in such prim, straight up-and-down paths to walk in.

Do you know the time I love to think of, when I remember my mother?

Not the times when I did just as I should and she knew it, but when I did sometimes a little that I shouldn't do and she knew it, and looked at me reproachfully, and laughed, and held out her arms, and I ran and threw myself into them, and we laughed and cried a little together.

For, oh, it is sweet to forgive and sweet to be forgiven!

The young colt there in the meadow, how he kicks up his heels and runs for very pleasure.

Some day he will wear a harness and pull a heavy load. I'd like to keep him free in the pasture a little while longer, wouldn't you?

Are Women Really Funnier Than Men on the Stage?

By MARIE DRESSLER

ARE women funnier than men on the stage?" repeated Miss Marie Dressler, with a slight hesitancy, during an intermission between acts of "A Mix-Up," at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, New York. "That really is a very difficult question to answer, for immediately one begins to recall the women comediennes on the contemporaneous stage in order to compare them with the men comedians, I find it hard to name even half a dozen.

"It is said by the psychologists that the essential element of humor and fun is incongruity, and the greater the incongruity the more ridiculous and funny the situation. Now this is just the situation that is, I may say, automatically created when a woman acts in a ridiculous manner on the stage. We are so accustomed to associating dignity with a woman, especially in a fully developed woman, that when she casts off her dignity for the occasion she becomes incongruous with preconceived ideas.

"Many women have attained the title of comediennes, not because they were funny in themselves, but because the situation of the comdy or farce placed them in a ridiculous position. Without the situation they would be lost. It is not easy for a woman to relax, and, as they say, 'make a fool of herself.'

"A man will do it for the enjoyment of the moment much more quickly and easily than a women. How many public men of the most serious mien in their business life would hesitate to get down on his knees in the nursery that his son might play horsey-back? I have seen pictures of even the great Napoleon acting in that manner. And yet one cannot for a moment see the mother in such a position. This proves as true in the life of the stage as the life of the home.

"I really believe that many of the laughs I get from my antics would be lost if they were done by a man. It would be in many cases just what was expected of him, and, as I said, it is the unexpected and incongruous that creates the laugh.

"That does not answer your tquestion directly, does it?" and Miss Dressler smiled sweetly and with dignity, quite out of keeping with her "comedienne" expression. "But then, as a comedienne myself, I cannot commit myself too precisely. I might be accused of bias."

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CALLING THE BRUSH AND PAINTPOT TO HOUSEWIFE'S AID

In Spring Her Fancy Turns to Thoughts of the Home Beautiful—What Can Be Done.

PAINT AND paint brush should be as close friends of the housewife as are needle and thread. Perhaps it is the unconscious psychology exercised on women by good paint advertising, or perhaps it is because they are skilful at it that they enjoy odd bits of painting about the house. The can of "ready mixed" covers a multitude of sins of commission from heels, hands, knocks, scrapings and rough treatment generally.

There is the baby buggy or wicker, stained and dirty from long use. A small can of stain and a couple of coats of black on the springs and wheels will make it withstand the still harder test of spring showers. Then baby's iron crib looks as tho it has incipient measles where baby has dented off the enamel with the stock of its toy gun. Two coats, or better, three of white paint and enamel will cover up the blisters and make the crib as sanitary and pleasing as when new.

On close inspection the gas stove and its pipes appear rustily dingy and down-in-the-mouth, as it were. Ah, just the thing! A small can of special stove paint in black will make the stove gleam happily again and remove its unkempt air. Perhaps, too, the radiators are spotted and shineless. It is only the work of a half hour to paint them with special silver or gold radiator paint, so that they will look well even tho out of commission so soon.

The kitchen is an important field for the use of paintbrush and paint. Frequently unsightly plumbing can, as suggested, be made attractive by the various lacquer paints. The pantry shelves need never be hard to clean if they are treated to one or two coats of white enamel. Table drawers also can be painted, which will prevent them from absorbing grease and getting so dirty. The legs and front of the ordinary kitchen table will look better and stay clean longer if given a coat of paint harmonizing with the other colors in the room. Wooden salt boxes, strips on which to hang utensils, the space between shelves in many closets, can all be made brighter and more sanitary by a liberal use of paint.

Under the head of paint must be included the great variety of stains combined with varnish, or various other wood finishes. These are particularly useful in "touching up" floors, woodwork, certain pieces of furniture, and in staining soiled wicker and basket work. Perhaps it is a favorite rocker which has been kicked and knocked until the finish is spoiled. It is not very difficult to touch it up or to refinish it entirely, first sandpapering it to remove the old varnish, and then handling it as if it were an entirely new pieces. Tabourets, small tables, stools, all these can be made to wear longer and appear like new if treated to the magic of the paint brush.

All woods with exposed pores absorb moisture and grease. Water enters the pores, causes them to swell and thus become disfigured. The more impervious the wood surface can be made the easier it is to keep it clean, and the longer the wood will last. Paint, varnish and stain, whose base should always be the best linseed oil, fill the pores of the wood, coating and rendering it impervious. And paint is not hard to clean. It is the open, untreated woodwork which looks dingy, absorbs grease and is hard to care for.

Since the war began the individual earnings of the London drivers of taxi-cabs have decreased 20 per cent.

Advice to Perplexed Girls

Annie Laurie's Answers to Letters From Sunday World Readers Who Seek Help in Settling Their Love Problems.

A LONG letter has come to me from one who signs herself "A True-hearted Girl," and asks me to publish it in full. She has been reading some of the letters from the girls whose sweethearts are away at the front, and who write to ask me if they should remain true to them, or let their fancies wander to some other one who is at home.

"I have a sweetheart myself at war with the Q. O. R., she writes, "and it is my place to be straightforward and true to him, altho I am not engaged to him." And she says that every girl who is untrue to a soldier sweetheart at the front has a "stone instead of a heart."

What do you think, yourself?

Annie Laurie.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am a young man, and I am thinking of getting engaged to a girl of my own age. But my parents object to me getting engaged to this girl, because they think she isn't rich enough for me to marry, and another thing, because her father drinks. I don't think that would make any difference, still they want me to turn her down. But I love her, and couldn't turn her down for anything. Please give me your advice, and I'll be so grateful to you. I am twenty-one past.

J. B. L., In Distress.

DEAR J. B. L., In Distress: You are certainly old enough to know whether you truly love her or not—that is, if you are really a sensible man in everything else. Are you making enough money to support a wife? And yet, my dear young man, your parents may be the better judges after all. If I were you, I would ask them if there is any other season save the one you have given why they do not want you to marry this girl you love. Perhaps there is some other reason which will put a different light upon it all.

Annie Laurie.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am a young man 28 years old, and love a young lady living in Detroit, so, of course I do not see her very often, and of late I have not heard from her, until the other day she wrote a letter, which did not seem to be as loving as the other ones she has written.

I know a young lady in the city who, I think, is really in love with me, but there is another fellow, who, I think is very fond of her and she of him. But I think if I only knew the way to go about it, I could win her love for always. Dear Annie Laurie, I wish you could tell me what to do for the best.

Lonely Artie.

GOODNESS me, Lonely Artie, which of these two girls do you really and truly love—or are you just foolish yourself by playing at love with both of them? Really, I fear you do not know your own mind, so any advice to you would be useless.

Annie Laurie.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am thirty years old, and am in love with a soldier who is now at the front, and who is ten years my junior. Before he left he asked me to wait for him, and I promised I would, as I love him. I've believed him true until the other day I received a letter from him to another girl which had been put in the wrong envelope, and in which he called me an old fat aunty. Please tell me what I should do, as I've not had much experience in that line, and anyhow, I should like to get married.

Fanny M.

WELL, well, my dear, what else is there for you to do but take the hint? Perhaps your boy soldier lover put that letter in the wrong envelope intentionally. Don't think of him again—forget him and, next time choose someone nearer your age. Don't you think that would be best?

Annie Laurie.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am a very nice looking girl, and am spoken about as being nice and mild. I have many admirers, but one especially who seems to stick to me thru thick and thin. I have grown to like him very much, and he apparently likes me, as he does everything to prove it to me. He is an exceptionally good boy, and well brought up.

Now, at different times I have been asked by some of my other boy friends to go to shows, dances, etc., and in a very nice way I tell them I can't accept their invitations. Is this proper for me to do, that is, have but one friend who loves me very much, and whom I love also? We are both only nineteen years old, and have gone to high school together.

Shamrock.

IT is very sweet of you, and very thoughtful not to go out with anyone but him—still, if I were you, I would not give up everyone until I was quite sure that he wished me to marry him. Until then, my dear, why don't you go out with your other friends once in a while?

Annie Laurie.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I met a young lady a year ago with whom I am deeply in love, but I never said anything to her, as I thought possibly she would think I had not known her long enough. Now, she has been acting strange lately, and I don't know what to make of it. I have said over the 'phone that I would tell her something important when I saw her next. Do you think I should tell her or should I wait a while longer? Kindly give me your advice. I don't care how strong it is, or what you say, just say what you think.

A Reader.

In the very next time you call? There is don't you ask her to marry you F you really and truly love her, why nothing silly and foolish in your letter at all—love that is sensible could never be foolish. So ask her to marry you and I hope she says yes, and that you will both be very happy.

Annie Laurie.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am seventeen years old, and have been keeping company with a young man two years my senior. He takes me to the skating rink and to the theatre, and told me the other night he loved me. And then he kissed me. Should I let him do that? I think an awful lot of him and wouldn't like to hurt his feelings, but yet I don't like him to kiss me. What should I do?

F. B.

WELL, F. B., why should you permit any boy to kiss you? You should never kiss anyone or let anyone kiss you to whom you are not engaged to be married. Don't you know that, my dear, without my telling you?

Annie Laurie.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am a young girl twenty-seven years old. I have been keeping company with a gentleman friend for about five years. He tried hard to steal a kiss the other night and I objected, and told him never to come back again. I love him dearly, and miss him very much. Do you think it would be all right if I sent him a letter with a kiss in it and ask him to come back?

He passes the house every day and looks very sad and broken-hearted. I know he loves me dearly.

Shelburne Blonde.

YOU HAD the right idea, my dear Shelburne Blonde, when you refused to kiss him, but don't you think you went just a little bit too far to forbid him coming to see you? He has learned his lesson now, so why continue to be unjust? By all means write him a nice note. Don't put a kiss in it, but ask him to come to see you again. Then, when he has come, don't mention the subject at all, just leave such favors for the time when he asks you to marry him.

Annie Laurie.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I have reached the mature age of twenty-five, and am considered good looking, I dress nicely and pay every attention to my personal appearance. I have many girl friends, who love and admire me, and yet—not a male friend of my acquaintance has ever shown the slightest inclination for my company. Lately it has been brought home to me that there must be something wrong. The girls in the office where I work, of much less appearance and considerably lower intelligence, are asked out to theatres and dances, while I am ignored. What can be the matter? I have wondered lately until my heart has ached, not that I care for anyone particularly, but do you understand what I mean, Annie Laurie? My girl friends think there is no one like me, and admire my teeth and eyes and hair —this is not boasting you know, but just to show you that I am not without some attraction, which makes it all the harder for me to understand. One thing I must tell you—I never flirted in my life. I don't know how to, and from what I see other girls do, I am afraid I do not encourage men enough, nor do I want to. I feel above it, tho all the same, when I see my girl friends taken about, and have lots of attention paid them, it makes me feel as if I am the only one alone, and you know I am no longer young in the sense. Dear Annie Laurie, can you think of any way to help me?

Hopeless.

WHAT a sweet letter you have written to me "Hopeless." The fine girl you are at heart shows in every line. Don't worry about being "no longer young," you are not above the age at which the average girl marries. And let me tell you that when the time comes for a man to choose a wife, he does not remember the girls with whom he has flirted—they are the girls he does not want. He wants a quiet, simple, attractive, fine girl like you.

But, while you should not change even one of your ideas, why don't you make up your mind to be a little more friendly with men you know than you have ever been before? Why don't you invite the very finest man you know to take dinner at your house? You may be sure that he would be glad and happy to come. From then on make it your particular duty to yourself to be as friendly to the really worth while men you know as you wish them to be to you. If you will just keep this in mind, I don't think you will ever feel really lonesome or hopeless any more.

Annie Laurie.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

Is it proper for a young man to kiss a young girl when leaving in the evening, if they are not engaged?

Red.

IT CERTAINLY is not proper for a young man to kiss a young girl to whom he is not engaged.

Annie Laurie.

Miss Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest from young women readers of this paper, and will reply to them in these columns. They should be addressed to her, care of The Sunday World.

Annie Laurie

How Girls View Them

One writer says that a freckle "is a wild flower the sun has placed on their cheeks." That is a pretty thought, but many girls will continue to regard the freckle as a

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THE MAN WHO NEVER SLEPT

Striking Cure by Dr. Cassell's Tablets recalled

One-time Victim of Nerve Failure and Sleeplessness writes again.

Says he never felt better in his life

Confirms his Amazing Cure by

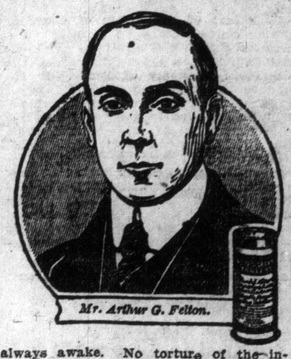
DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS

A recent letter from Mr. Arthur G. Felton, the man who hardly ever slept, recalls the story of a cure by Dr. Cassell's Tablets, which last year aroused great interest all over Great Britain. Here was no ordinary insomnia, but practically unwinking wakefulness night after night, with no hope of relief, till, in the end, came Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and then the blessed rest of natural and refreshing sleep.

Now, writing from 6, Chipstead Villas, Chipstead-road, Coulsdon, Surrey, England, Mr. Felton says:—"I am delighted to tell you I feel very fit—never better in my whole life."

The story as originally given was so extraordinary, the cure so remarkable, that we feel justified in publishing it again that sufferers from sleeplessness and nerve failure in Canada may know how great is the curative power of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Here is the story:—

"Dr. Cassell's Tablets freed me from the terrible affliction of sleeplessness and nerve failure," said Mr. Felton, "when the best treatment could not give me even temporary relief. In 1905, as a result of an accident, an operation had to be performed, after which I suffered from Neurasthenia, and ultimately entire Nerve Failure. I was taken into a special Institution, only to be turned out after months of treatment as hopelessly incurable. I had claimed compensation for my accident, and even the Insurance Company declared that I should never work again. I could just get about with the greatest difficulty, dragging my right foot along the ground, and my right hand hung helpless. Then came sleeplessness. Do what I would, or take what I would, I hardly ever slept night or day. For five years altogether I never could have slept more than a few minutes at a time, for I heard every hour strike every night. Often I wished I could die. Sleeping draughts of opium, and injections of morphine had no effect whatever—I was



Mr. Arthur G. Felton.

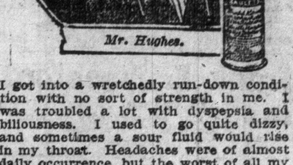
always awake. No torture of the inquisition could equal mine; but somehow I lived through it. Relief came at last with Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and oh! how grateful I was—how blessed the man who could devise such a remedy! Almost from the first dose I improved: I began to get a little sleep, then to sleep right through the night, and that gift of sleep was more to me than all else that life can hold. That was only a year ago, and now I am a strong, healthy man again."

The foregoing is no isolated case. Dr. Cassell's Tablets are a genuine remedy for Nerve Weakness, or bodily weakness in old or young, and reports constantly coming to hand prove their power to cure even long-standing or severe cases.

UTTERLY RUN DOWN

from Neuralgia and Dyspepsia.

Mr. C. Hughes, 18 Lees street, Lodge-road, Birmingham, England, said:—"I think it is only right to tell you what a lot of good I derived from taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets. About two years ago



Mr. Hughes.

I got into a wretchedly run-down condition with no sort of strength in me. I was troubled a lot with dyspepsia and biliousness. I used to go quite dizzy, and sometimes a sour fluid would rise in my throat. Headaches were of almost daily occurrence, but the worst of all my troubles was neuralgia. This used to cause me positive agony, and nothing I could find did any goood at all. My nerves seemed to be thoroughly weakened and altogether I was just as weak and run-down as I well could be. Often I could not do more than three days' work at a time, and then I would be off for perhaps a week. I can't tell you how weak I felt; and what made matters worse was that I never got a proper night's sleep. I was told the trouble was nervous breakdown, but though I had medicine, and also attended an institution, I did not improve in the least.

"I was almost hopeless of ever being cured, when I got my first supply of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. They did me good, so I persevered, and the result is that I am now well and strong again, and in regular work."

BRITAIN'S GREATEST REMEDY
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Each of these cures is a personal story, the accuracy of which is beyond doubt. They are given freely and gratefully with a view to pointing a way of relief to all who suffer. Try Dr. Cassell's Tablets to-day and know at first hand their remarkable power to renew health and fitness. Take them for Nervous Breakdown, Nerve Failure, Infantile Weakness, Neurasthenia, Sleeplessness, Anaemia, Kidney Trouble, Dyspepsia, Stomach Disorder, Wasting, Palpitation, and they are specially valuable for nursing mothers and girls approaching womanhood. All druggists and storekeepers throughout the Dominion sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 50 cents. People in outlying districts should keep Dr. Cassell's Tablets by them in case of emergency. A free sample will be sent on receipt of 5 cents for mailing and packing, by the sole agents for Canada, H. F. Ritchie and Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul street, Toronto, Ont.

MAKING THE HOUSE A HOME

A Pleasant Reading Room and a Simple Way of Caring for Books

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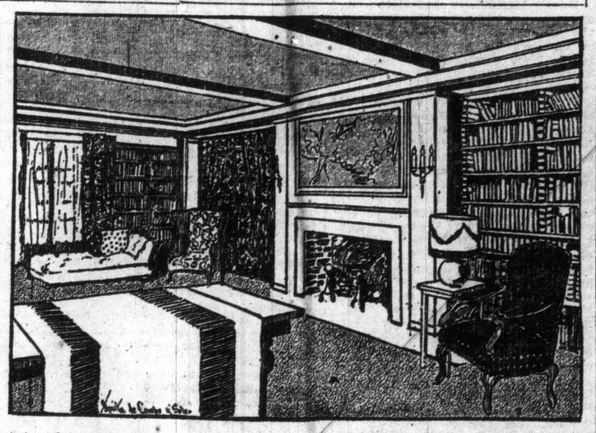
BY MISS DE CAMPI.



TO the lover of books, either man or woman, the housing of those books is a matter for supreme consideration. Anyone who specializes on any particular subject soon finds that whatever bookcase he or she may have is absolutely inadequate to the requirements, for the books grow and multiply, and overrun their confines with surprising rapidity. One is soon utterly dismayed at the largeness of the overflow.

An improvised method devised by a local literary man was to make an adjustable bookcase, extending clear around the room by means of a series of shelves laid upon bricks. Where the books were tall, the shelf was placed with either end resting upn four, five, or even six bricks, as the case may be.

This scheme so appealed to some fraternity students that they made a like arrangement in the living-room of their fraternity house and invited me to see it. The room is pictured in the accompanying illustration. It is an absolutely masculine type of room, particularly in point of its being entirely devoid of the least bit of bric-a-brac.

The shelves are not built in, but simply measured, sawed off, and laid on the bricks, without defacing the side wall by as much as a two penny nail. These are, as may be readily seen, easily adjustable, and when the boys move, their landlady will be much edified to find the paper behind the books in a perfectly good state of preservation.

The whole fraternity agreed upon one point, that as this room was to be their reception room, as well as living and loafing room, it must combine dignity with comfort, and they were quite unanimous in their decision to have nothing that would give the effect of clutter, rather than of the repose and quietude necessary for reading and studying. The pennants and other college emblems, trophies, and so on were banished to the side walls of the gymnasium, or relegated to private rooms.

The keynote of the color scheme of the room was easily found in a branch of autumn oak leaves, which seemed to be the room's sole superfluous ornament. All of the colors of these autumn tints were repeated in subdued tones in the various furnishings of the room. The inside curtains were of purplish brown stamped velour. The sofa was drawn across the window, with boyish indifference to the architectural lines of the window frame, but sensible insistence on having good daylight to read by while lounging. It was upholstered in mulberry velveteen, faded in color, and the great tufted rug that almost completely covered the floor was of gray, the color of the chestnut bur.

In one corner was a big chair upholstered in foliage tapestry, and another chair repeated the velveteen of the sofa. Still another was of the deepest crimson. The bricks were brown.

An occasional vivid note of primary red fairly chuckled from the book bindings, adding life that was almost laughter to the room. Several of the chairs were cunningly devised single folding beds that could be opened out and used by the boys on occasions when guests had the use of their bedrooms.

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MR. REDFERNE HOLLINSHEAD Tenor
MR. FRANK E. BLACHFORD Violinist
TORONTO STRING QUARTETTE
MR. WALTER COLES Accompanist
MR. M. M. STEVENSON Organist
Tickets (reserved) $1.00 at Bell's Booking opens Thursday, April 8.

MUSIC

By FRAULEIN VAN

EGAN AN ARTIST FOR THE PEOPLE

Great Irish Tenor Will Sing Famous Arias and Heart-Melting Ballads of the Emerald Isle.

The appearance of Thomas Egan, the great Irish tenor, at Massey Hall on Tuesday night promises to be a "peoples' concert" in the truest sense of the word. Recognizing the fact that the people like to hear a great voice like his in the songs they know best themselves, the Irish singer has chosen a program which ranges all the way from the heart-compelling ballads of the Emerald Isle to favorite arias from the best known of the Italian operas. The assisting artists with Egan will be Mme. Lillian Breton, dramatic soprano, and Arthur Fischer, pianist and accompanist. The program is as follows:

By Thomas Egan—Aria, Prayer, "Le Cid," Massenet. Songs—"Loch Lomond," Roisin Dhu (sung in Gaelic), Myrra, Cluisam; "O'Donnell Aboo," arranged by Moffat; "Boys of Kilkenny," "Cruiskeen Lawn," (Old Irish air). "The Gander of Glendalough, Eileen Alanna," Thomas. Mr. Egan will include among his encores "Mother Machree, I Hear You Calling Me" and "Billy O'Rourke."

By Mme. Breton—"Un bel di," Mme. Butterfly, "The Rosary," "I Know Where I'm Going," "Swanee River," "Lilfanroy" Forster.

Mr. Egan and Mme. Breton will be heard together in the duet from "Trovatore," Verdi, and Mr. Fisher will play an arrangement by himself of old Irish airs.

THREE-ACT FARCE FOR BELGIAN FUND

Stanley Adams Gives His "D.D. D." in Aid of Soldiers in the Trenches.

"D. D. D.", Stanley Adams' three-act farce will make its bow to a Toronto audience on April 26, 27 and 28 in the new Oddfellows' Hall on College street. The performances will be under the patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Hendrie, and under the auspices of the Belgian Relief Committee of the Women's Patriotic League, in aid of the Belgian soldiers in the trenches. "D. D. D." was written in Canada and had its initial production in Canada. Mrs. Arthur Hills, who is well known in Toronto, was in the first performance, and she has kindly consented to play her old role, "Dear Aunt Evangeline." The rest of the parts are in very capable hands: Edith St. George, Leila Auger, Annie Allen and Marjorie Gray, W. Ward Price, Harold Rich, Douglas Gray and Stanley Adams. Mr. Adams is quite enthusiastic over the work being done at rehearsals and looks to "D. D. D." doing good business for the fund. Anyone who wants a good long laugh is advised to secure tickets early for the farce. There will be a number of musical pieces introduced during the performance and N. Fraser Allan will be on hand with his famous mandolin and guitar orchestra.

CHAMBER MUSIC AT CANADIAN ACADEMY

Beethoven, Schubert, Wolf and MacDowell Make Up Program for Last Concert of Series.

The last of the series of chamber music concerts will be given by the Academy String Quartet on Wednesday, April 17, in the recital hall of the Canadian Academy of Music. In response to many requests, Schubert's great quartet, "Death and the Maiden" will be included in the program. The other members are the "Harp" quartet, Beethoven; Italian Serenade, Wolf; and an excerpt from MacDowell's Italian suite, arranged for string quartet by Luigi von Kunits. The Schoenberg Quartet, which, on account of its ultra modernity of style, has aroused so much discussion in the musical world, will be given at a special concert later on in the season.

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The Adanac Quartet, composed of Redferne Hollinshead, George Dixon, Arthur Blight and Ruthven McDonald, has under consideration a number of very important offers from American managers which may terminate in a tour of the United States before the season closes. The quartet is also contemplating a trip to Europe as soon as conditions there become normal. Important engagements for the month of April are Owen Sound on the 7th, St. Thomas on the 8th, and St. Catharines on the 15th. On April 22nd the quartet will give its second recital in the new Oddfellow's Temple when the Canadian Academy String Quartet will assist. Glees madigals and part songs selected from the programs of the great Meister Glee Singers of England, operatic excerpts and selections from the best modern composers will make up the program. Hundreds were unable to gain admission to the first concert given by these popular singers, and judging from the interest already aroused an overflow audience is assured for this occasion.

* * *

Agnes Adie, pupil of Atherton Furlong, gave a most successful and artistic recital at Forester's Hall on Thursday evening. In a program comprising songs and operatic arias the young singer proved her possession of a pure soprano voice of lovely mellow quality, much temperament and good delivery. A charming manner entirely free from the usual stiffness of the debutante served to emphasize the favorable impression made by her singing and to provoke prophesies of a fine future. In such numbers as the Mascagni 'Ave Maria," "Ocean Thou Mighty Monster," from 'Oberon," "Je dis rien na Nepouvante," Bizet, and "Air of Salome," Massenet, she revealed much refinement, musical feeling and splendid possibilities in tonal coloring. Enjoyable assistance was given by Beatrice Prest, violinist; Gustave Arlidge, tenor; Thomas F. Colgan, baritone, and Adelaide Perie Chelew, accompanist.

* * *

Miss Bauchop's pianoforte pupils from the Canadian Academy of Music and Glen Mawr Ladies' School, gave a very interesting recital on Saturday afternoon at "Deancroft," with Mrs. A. E. Gooderham as hostess. Clean technique, correct phrasing and good expression were general characteristics of the work accomplished by pupils who performed, including Anna May Hees, Isobel Knox, George Royce, Eileen MacLaughlin, Kathleen Skey, Josephine Eaton, Victoria Gooderham, Eileen Smith, Lois Dunlop, Betty Hodgins, Marjorie Bongard and Marjorie Frazer.

* * *

Margaret Fleury, a brilliant young soprano, who has been in Paris for several years, and who, on account of the war is staying at her home in Aurora, gave a very enjoyable recital there a short time ago. She sang arias from "Herodiade," "Butterfly," 'Carmen," "Tosca" and "Manon." Madge Williamson, the clever pupil of Professor Hambourg who has been touring the west with such success, played with conspicuous artistry the Moszkowski Valse Brilliante, and was forced to respond to several encores. Mr. Hollinshead gave a noble interpretation of the great aria from 'Manon," and in the scene from Act 1, of the same opera, with Miss Fleury, both singers scored a great triumph. Mrs. H. M. Blight was the accompanist. Miss Fleury expects to return to Paris shortly, and will make her debut at the Opera Comique.

Chicago despatches say that the National Grand Opera Company of Canada went into bankruptcy in that city on March 15. Financial disaster overtook this company in Denver last spring, and it was afterwards financed by Dunstan Collins and Jesse E. Baker of Chicago. Unexpired contracts are held by several well known singers.

* * *

Mme. Donalda, the Canadian prima donna, has been made a life member of the Canadian Red Cross Society in recognition of her services in organizing a big concert for the benefit of the society.

* * *

Vera Barstow, the talented violinist, played in Boston last week at a concert given by the Musical 'Art Club.

* * *

Ethel Leginska's talks to women are being syndicated largely thruout the United States. The first article is entitled "Why are There More Great Men Than There Are Great Women?"

* * *

It is reported that the students of the Royal College of Music, London, recently sang in chorus Lissauer's "Hymn of Hate," the words and music of which had appeared in a London newspaper a few days before. Sir Walter Barrett conducted the choir. Sir Hubert Parry, director of the college, when referring to the incident said: "Sir Walter asked the students to sing the hymn with plenty of snarl to express honestly the intentions of the composer, but they laughed too much to snarl. However, when they came to the word 'England' they rolled it out in fine style, and Lissauer would have been delighted to hear its reverberating note. What do I think of the music? Well, the man who wrote it certainly knew his business. The music carries out the idea intended, and is unquestionably better than the poetry, and I felt like sending Lissaeur a telegram telling him how much we had enjoyed his work, and what infinite amusement it had afforded us, but I did not see how I was going to insure the telegram reaching him."

* * *

Alicia Adelaide Needham is selling autographed copies of her songs to raise money to buy comforts for the Irish troops at the front.

* * *

A concert of exceptional merit was given by the choir of Hope Methodist Church, when the program of solos, readings and choral numbers was received with hearty appreciation. The outstanding choral selections were Lohr's "Slumber Song," and Coleridge-Taylor's 'Lee Shore." Cyril Moss proved himself to be a clever director. His choir is well balanced and produced a clear, round tone in all its sections. Percy D. Ham, Miss Harrington and Mrs. Pickard contributed to the success of the concert by giving several well-chosen selections.

* * *

Boris Hambourg, 'cellist, played in Pittsburg last Thursday, after which he joined his brothers, Mark and Jan Hambourg, for Easter week in New York, where Mark Hambourg is to play for the Bohemian Club on April 5, and at an important private musicale on April 6. The three brothers will then play at Windsor Hall, Montreal, on April 12 and at Quebec on the 14th. Mark Hambourg sails for England on April 17, but will return again in June in order to open his master-school for pianists on July 1. This school is situated on Lake Kesara, one of the ideal spots in the State of Maine.

* * *

A vocal recital by pupils of David Dick Slater is announced for Saturday evening April 10.

* * *

The Conservatory of Music Hall was filled to overflowing when the Chromatic Club of Buffalo came over to Toronto as guests of the Women's Musical Club and gave one of the most delightful programs that has been given anywhere in the city this season. Lillian Stewart Hawley, pianist, played the Schumann Faschingschwank aus Wien, and the Chopin Ballade in G; Mrs. Harriett Welch-Spire sang an air from the opera, "Lucile," Gretry, and songs by Widor, Aubert, Debussy and Vidal; Mrs. James H. Millhouse, 'cellist, played the Adagio, Gabriel-Marie, Nocturne, Topper and Tarantelle, Lindner, and Mrs. Rebecca Cutter Howe sang a group of songs by Pierne, Faure, Beach, Lie and Mallinson. It is needless to say that everyone was encored over and over again and generous response was given to demands. An informal reception was held after the program closed, when the president of the Chromatic Club gave an interesting account of the work being done in Buffalo by the club, which has a membership of over six hundred.

* * *

Mrs. Albert Ham arranged the program for the twilight musicale last Wednesday afternoon which proved to be one of the best yet given this season. The Macdowell-Ham Barcarolle, a piano quintet, played by Mrs. Gordon Jennings, first violin; Ruby Denison, second violin; T. R. Loudon, viola; Lois Winlow, 'cello, and Marion Armour, piano, opened the program. Then followed two songs by Drummond, sung by Marion Hawley; Chopin's "Berceuse" and Moszkowski's "Caprice Espagnol," played by Viggo Kihl; four songs by Winifred Hicks-Lyne; a trio for violins and 'cello by Vida Coatsworth, Mrs. Jennings and Miss Winlow; songs by Mrs. Alex. Rogers; Weber's Concertstuck, by Viggo Kihl, assisted by his pupil, Mona Bates. It was altogether a delightful program.

* * *

Erland Misener, a pupil of Frank Blachford, has recently become associated with the Riverdale Academy of Music, and in addition to his violin class will conduct the Academy orchestra. Mr. Misener has arranged a very practical and systematic course of study, and thru this organization hopes to cultivate and disseminate good music.

* * *

Arthur Blight intends giving a series of four Saturday evening recitals by his pupils in Foresters' Hall. The dates are April 17 and 24, and May 1 and 8. Programs will be announced later.

* * *

Delbert R. Piette, the well known piano teacher, is preparing to give a pupil's recital in Forester's Hall at an early date. During the past year three of Mr. Piette's pupils hve won scholarships at the various musical institutions, and several others have won prizes in public competition.

* * *

The third of a special weekly series of lectures will be delivered in the new recital hall of the Toronto Conservatory of Music on Tuesday afternoon, April 6, at 4.30 o'clock, by Healey Willan, F.R.C.O., the subject being "The Influence of Plain Song Upon Modern Song Writing." The fourth of this series will be delivered by Mr. Frank S. Welsman, the subject being "Hints to Piano Students Regarding Principles of Practising." These lectures are free to pupils of the institution, and the public generally.

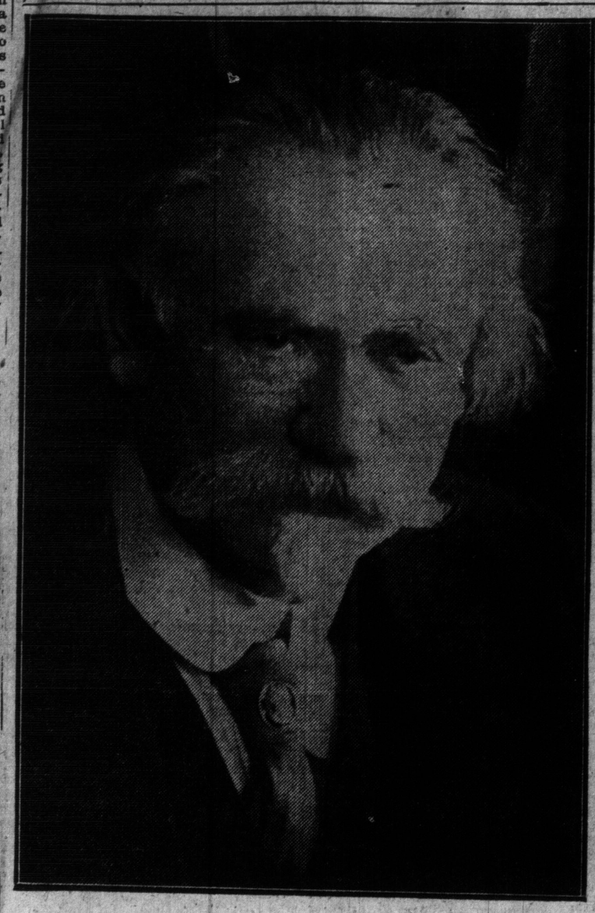
* * *

The three Hambourg brothers, Mark, Jan and Boris, played in Ottawa before sold-out houses last week. On Tuesday evening the three played together, and on Thursday evening Mark Hambourg gave a short program for the Musical Club. Both concerts were in the nature of ovations for all concerned, including Mrs. A. D. Cartwright, the accompanist. The artists were lavishly entertained by prominent citizens, including Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, Dr. Charles A. E. Harriss, Mrs. A. D. Cartwright, Mrs. Ewart, Mrs. Dale Harris and Mrs. Lyon Biggar, and on Thursday the Messrs. Hambourg entertained the committee of the Women's Musical Club at luncheon at the Chateau Laurier.

* * *

Appropriate musical services for Easter Sunday have been arranged for by Ernest D. Gray, A.A.G.O., organist and choirmaster, Northern Church, North Rosedale. Excerpts from Gounod's "Redemption," as well as miscellaneous numbers by Turner, Reed, Granier and others, will be given. Edwin McKinley, the newly appointed tenor soloist, will sing at the evening service.

-o- PROF. MICHAEL HAMBOURG -o-



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EDGAR FOWLSTON GIVES RECITAL

Toronto Baritone Creates Favorable Impression in Exacting Program.

Edgar B. Fowlston, baritone, a member of the faculty of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, gave a very fine recital last Tuesday evening in the music hall. The compositions chosen included airs from Richard Coeur de Lion, Gretry; Dinorah, Meyerbeer; Herodiade, Massenet; Alexander's Feast, Handel, and songs by Rachmaninoff, Trchaikowsky, Loewe, Widor, Elgar, three Shaksperian songs by Quilter, and a group of traditional airs. Mr. Fowlston's voice is of a noble quality and unusual sonority, and his interpretative ability is refined and discriminating. Gladys Seward gave a brilliant performance of the Valse Caprice, Tschaikowsky, and three Caprices by Arensky, and Ada Twohy played the song accompaniments with her usual skill. The audience was most enthusiastic. The recital was under the patronage of Lady Falconbridge, Lady Moss, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. A. E. Kemp, Miss Brouse, Mrs. Leonard Boyd and Mrs. Arthur VanKoughnet.

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MUSIC

Rosa Goldberg, pupil of W. O. Forsyth, is giving a recital in the assembly hall of the Central Y. M. C. A. on Saturday evening, April 10. She will have the assistance of Austin Douglas, pupil of Arthur Blight.

* * *

David Dick Slater has been commissioned by Farnum Barton to compose a musical setting of the lyric "Dead Mountain Flowers," for his production of Tennyson's play, "The Falcon," which takes place in the Princess Theatre on April 5, 6 and 7. The song is published with violin obligato by Hawkes and Harris, of London, England, and Toronto, and may be obtained from all music dealers.

* * *

"The Seven Last Words of Christ" was sung with fine spirit and devotional feeling at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes last Sunday evening by a chorus of seventy-five voices accompanied by an orchestra of twenty instruments, under the leadership of Rev. Father Finn of Chicago. The plaintive solo for soprano, at the beginning of the cantata, was beautifully sung by Evaleen Donoghue, who later sang with good effect with full orchestral accompaniment. Arthur George, baritone, was heard to splendid advantage in "O My God, Why Hast Thou Forsaken Me?" and G Lister was at his best in the solos for tenor. Ruth Waite sang several times during the evening, always with great beauty of tone, her best effort being, perhaps, the "Stabat Mater Dolorosa." The choruses were all sung with precision and neat attack. Leroy Kurtzeborn, a boy soprano, sang the "Agnes Dei" and the "Benedictus" most reverently and with flutelike purity of tone. The unaccompanied numbers were all exceptionally well sung.

CHICAGO OPERA CO. ISSUES STATEMENT

Sufficient Funds Guaranteed to Cover Possible Deficits for Two Years.

In an official statement signed by Harold F. McCormick it is announced that a guarantee fund of $110,000 per year for two years has been raised to cover future possible deficits of the Chicago Grand Opera Company. Cleofonte Campanini remains as general director, and Bernhard Ulrich as busines manager of the new organization. It is intresting to know what the executive and office forces of such an organization are paid. Andreas Dippel, general manager, has a salary of $22,500; Bernhard Ulrich, business manager, $8000; F. H. Chandler, secretary, $5000; Max Hirsch, transit agent, $1875; Julius Dalber, secretary to the general manager, $3300, making a total of $40,785 for the season. Add to this the salaries of the musical staff, the largest of which is paid to Cleofonte Campanini as general musical director, and which amounts to over $30,000 for the season of twenty weeks, office force, janitors, etc., the company before paying the salaries of the artists and chorus, had to pay about $125,000 to its personnel.

It is also interesting to compare the salaries of a few of the well known artists: Charles Dalmores received $40,000 for 50 performances; George Hamlin, $1500 for five performances; John McCormack, $1,200 per week for 10 weeks; Riccardo Martin, $1650 for three performances; Gustav Huberdeau, $5800 for 20 weeks; Henri Scott, $2500 for five months; Olive Fremstad, $4000 for four performances; Alma Gluck, $250 for one performance; Johanna Gadski, $4000 for six performances; Mary Garden, $50,000 for 50 performances; Frieda Hempel, $3200 for four performances; Lillian Nordica, $2000 for two performances; Helen Stanley, $5000 for five months; Luiza Tetrazzini, $56,000 for 28 performances; Maggie Teyte, $10,000 for 25 performances; Margaret Keyes, $3000 for 20 weeks; Ernestine Schumann-Heink, $5000 for five performances.

GOOD PROGRAM AT CONSERVATORY

Well-Known Local Artists to Appear in Concert at an Early Date.

A concert of unusual interest, unusual as to the number of first class artists taking part, will be given in the Toronto Conservatory of Music on Thursday, April 15. Irene Symons, dramatic soprano, will sing two groups of operatic and other numbers by Meyerbeer, Gounod, Hue, Puccini, etc., and with Redferns Hollinshead will sing the celebrated duet of the "Miserere Scene" from "Il Trovatore." The Gounod-Bach "Ave Maria," will be accompanied by F. E. Blachford, violinist; Leo Smith, 'cellist; Walter Coles, pianist, and M. M. Stevenson, organist, and the "Robert toi que jaime," will be accompanied by the piano and organ only. Mr. Hollinshead will sing a group of three numbers, including Coleridge-Taylor's "Onaway, Awake," from "Hiawatha," and will also give the notable recitative and aria from the "Persian Garden," "Ah, Moon of My Delight." Frank T. Blachford will contribute numbers by Debussy, Branscombe and Kreisler, and the Toronto String Quartet, which has had such a successful season, will appear in two well-selected groups: "Andante," Rauchenecker; "Fairy Tale," Komzak; "Interludium" and "Mazurka," Glazounov.

NEWS OF THE WOMEN'S CLUBS

"WOMAN IS NOT UNDEVELOPT MAN BUT DIVERSE"

CONDUCTED BY MISS M. L. HART

CONTRIBUTIONS are asked by the London Hospital, in which hundreds of men wounded on the firing line are now lying. In addition to Belgian, British and French the usual relief work amongst the poor must go on. Assistance earnestly requested and appreciated. Contributions may be sent to Gybbon Le Touzel, Athelma apartments, Grosvenor street, Toronto.

* * *

The officers of the lately formed chapter of the I.O.D.E., known as the John G. Howard Chapter, are as follows: Honorary regent, Lady Moss; regent, Mrs. F. W. Hudson; first vice-regent, Mrs. McLean Reynolds; second vice-regent, Mrs. Alexander Johnston; treasurer, Mrs. Wilson Armitage; secretary, Mrs. Henry Dodgson; standard-bearer, Mrs. J. F. Logan. The motto adopted by the chapter is that of the Howard family: "Virtue Alone is Invincible."

* * *

Under the auspices of the Canadian Red Cross Society, the Weston branch is planning an Easter festival, to be held in the Weston High School, on Wednesday, April 7. By the courtesy of the board, the whole of the school will be utilized for an elaborate program of song, music, science and vaudeville, now in preparation by the entertainment committee, which will be provided entirely by voluntary effort.

* * *

Mrs. John Small, thru whose effort a branch of the Dramatic League has been formed under the auspices of the University Women's Club, has accepted the appointment of temporary secretary. One hundred members have registered.

* * *

The Heliconian Club has commenced Red Cross work for the University of Toronto Base Hospital. Meetings will be held every Thursday at 2 p.m., commencing this week, when a trained nurse will be present to give instruction in the making of bandages and supplies.

* * *

The Daughters of the Empire, says The Daily Echo, Halifax, N.S., are very busy preparing for the general meeting of the order, which takes place here late in May. Delegates are expected in Halifax from all over Canada, and the three or four days they are here will be very full, as besides the business meetings there are sure to be many social events arranged in honor of the visitors. The Daughters of the Empire have done splendid work here, since the Halifax chapters were formed about four or five years ago, and have taken a leading place in all philanthropic and charitable work for the city. Last years the general meeting was held in Toronto, and Mrs. Leonard Murray was the Halifax delegate.

* * *

A new branch of the Equal Franchise League has just been formed in Regina. The meeting at which the branch was formed was called by the entire W.C.T.U. of the city, and Mrs. W. W. Andrews presided. She explained at the outset that the W.C.T.U. had called the meeting because it has been committed to the suffrage cause from its very start, but that the meeting was not to extend the work of the W.C.T.U. but to give opportunity for the formation of a new body which would work solely for the vote.

* * *

Red Cross work is being carried on in St. Paul's Church, Bloor street, between 2 and 5 o'clock, and will be continued next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at the same time.

* * *

University Extension Department of the Canadian Business Women's Club met in the faculty of education building Wednesday evening.

* * *

At the executive meeting of the Toronto Women's Liberal Association Monday morning a committee, composed of Mrs. D. A. Dunlap, the acting president; Mrs. D. McClelland, Mrs. J. Wesley Bundy, Mrs. E. A. McCulloch, Mrs. Harris McPhedran, Mrs. E. W. Wright and Mrs. R. R. Cromarty, was appointed to direct the sewing circles of the association in the work which it has undertaken to do in connection with the University Base Hospital. The executive wishes to draw the attention of all convenors of sewing circles to the fact that this work for the University Hospital should be undertaken at once and pushed forward with the greatest activity in order to have as much done as possible before the supplies are sent away, which will be at an early date.

* * *

Fifty tables were arranged in the new office building at Grosvenor and Yonge streets on Saturday afternoon for the tea and musicale in aid of the University Base Hospital. Murray-Kays kindly lent all the decorations for both the floors, and spacious rooms were fitted out upstairs with lounges and chairs. A musical program was contributed by well known artists and everything done to help swell the fund for the hospital. The tea and sale were under the auspices of the Women's Conservative Club.

* * *

On Tuesday, April 15, under the auspices of Rosary Hall Association, an Allies' Tea will be given the Ideal Home Show in the Arena at which many attractive novelties will be in order. Among the dainties procurable will be English plum-cake, Canadian bread and butter, Scotch short-cake, Tipperary sandwiches, Russian tea, and French rolls. Patriotic music will be given and pretty girls with suggestive patriotic touches added to their pretty white gowns will wait upon all comers.

* * *

"Canadiana" will be the principal topic at the annual meeting of the Ontario Library Association to be held in the Public Library, College street, on Easter Monday at eight o'clock. So many of our brightest girls are engaged at the libraries that this notice is of special interest to this page.

On Saturday the Women's Patriotic League, carried on an extensive sale of the "King Albert" and "Princess Mary" books with a view to an extension of the funds of the league. The centres at which the books were for sale were: Eaton's, Murray-Kay's, Tyrrell's, Mr. J. A. Solomon's, 2054 East Queen street; Rippon Manufacturing Company, 485 West Bloor street. The following societies will have days at the Ideal Home Show which is being held in the Arena Gardens from April 12-17 under the auspices of the Local Council of Women, the Women's Art Association, Daughters of the Empire, the C.H.E. Housewives' League, Rosary Hall and in the Womens' Patriotic League.

* * *

On Tuesday Mr. J. S. Woodsworth of Winnipeg, was the speaker at the Toronto Women's Press Club, when a number of the conditions regarding the immigrants of the west were laid before the members in a most interesting and enlightening way. Miss Elly Weaver was hostess.

* * *

At the annual meeting of the Toronto Women's Press Club, held on Wednesday evening, the following officers were elected: President, Miss Mary Houston; vice-president, Mrs. Forsythe Grant; secretary, Miss Marjorie Dyas; treasurer, Miss Mabel Crews.

* * *

At a meeting held at Glen Mawr school on Tuesday an old girls' association was formed of ex-pupils of the school, to be called "The Glen Mawr Old Girls' Association." The following officers were elected: Honorary president, Miss Veates; president, Mrs. F. N. G. Starr; honorary vice-president, Miss Stewart; first vice-president, Miss Acton Burrows; second vice-president, Miss May Denison; honorary secretary, Fraulein Rahtjen; secretary, Miss Margaret Ball, telephone Hillcrest 2227; treasurer, Miss Jean Ross. The committee will be elected later. While the objects of the association will be varied, at present it will concentrate on patriotic work. Meetings for work will be held on Mondays and Fridays, April 2, 5, 9 and 12 at 10 o'clock a. m. at Glen Mawr, after that on Friday afternoons. Work will be done for the Cniversity Hospital. It is hoped all who have attended Glen Mawr either under Miss Veats or Miss Stewart, will become members, and that there will be a good attendance at the working meetings.

Strawberry Days.

STRAWBERRY days!
That season, when like youth, all things are new,
The earth is green, the air is fair and pure;
Days of promise when the skies are blue.

Strawberry days are those when birds sing sweet,
And all the fields lie golden in the sun
When happy-hearted youth expectan waits
The blossoms white, the scarlet fruit to come.

Yet, when the spring has flown, and we walk
No more the old, loved and remembered ways,
Life still shall hold much sweetness, when we dream
The fairest dream of all—Strawberry Days!

—Mrs. E. Hesse,
156 Morley avenue.

EXPLOITATION of IMMIGRANT SHOULD BE in the DIRECTION Of GIVING him ENGLISH TONGUE

ILLUSTRATIVE of the indifference to the welfare of the immigrant, by those established on the soil, is the story told by Mr. J. S. Woodsworth of Winnipeg, in speaking before the Social Science Club at the Margaret Eaton School on Wednesday, when Mrs. Sidney Small presided. "A hundred Italians in a certain western town in Ontario," said Mr. Woodsworth, "approached the mayor and asked that they be taught the English tongue. Their petition was turned down."

There were evidently no modifications of the verdict, no excuse for the bald ungracious refusal. The people who had come to make their home in a new country, and who thruout life would be immeasurably handicapped because of their ignorance of the language in which for the future they were to earn their living and that of their children, were at once shut out from intercourse with those with whom their lot would for the future be cast, simply because the man whom they approached was the wrong man in the place.

Would any one who rightly considered the matter have decided in the final way in which this particular head of a municipality seems to have done? It is scarcely possible. If there were no immediate way in view by which the Italians could have been given what they requested, the promise might have been made of something for the future. The blunt refusal, however, would in all likelihood deter the strangers from any request at a later date.

Yet the official in question was no worse in regard to immigrants than are many others similarly situated. It seems to be taken for granted that the duty of teaching goes no further back than the children, and if something is done in their direction, even ever so little, then it is thought that a great deal is accomplished.

All this is a mistake. An immigrant of the right sort, as was pointed out by Mr. Woodsworth, is the greatest asset the country possesses. To quote the lecturer "the future of the country is with the immigrant." What kind of a future is there to anticipate if it is to be composed of a people who either have no knowledge or a very inperfect intercourse with the English tongue? A certain section of the community is forever crying out because the French desire to retain their own beautiful language in addition to acquiring a fluent or at least a working knowledge of English. These very same members of the community are doubtless very often amongst those who make no effort to assist the newcomer to learn English, a thing he is more often than not most anxious to do.

A solution is easy. If the school houses everywhere became social centres, if they were even opened up at night for th use of all who would attend, adults in crowds would be gathered in every large city. The difficulty of course is a financial one. Who would pay the teachers? Let every town and centre pay for its own, for the people within its gates. The money spent is employing teachers would be money well spent, and the returns would soon come in with compound interest. As is well known the people from many countries of Europe have a facility for acquiring languages of which we westerners know nothing. A chance is all they need. Exploitation of the immigrant along the line of contrast, in which he takes the place of the undesirable in many instances, is a policy that ought to be improved upon. Give him a liberal opportunity to learn English and in a few years the qualities he will develop would astonish many who at present will allow him few if any good points.

WEST ALGOMA LOCAL COUNCIL CELEBRATE COMING OF AGE

NEARLY two hundred and fifty women, including delegates and representatives from the forty affiliated societies, convened on Saturday afternoon, March 27, in the spacious rooms of the Fort William Y. M. C. A., for the twenty-first annual meeting of the West Algoma Local Council of Women. The chair was taken by the retiring president, Mrs. W. A. Dowler.

In presenting her annual address Mrs. Dowler said in part: "During the meeting today, my official relationship as your president becomes severed. The cares of office, therefore, rest more lightly as responsibility is about over. Before, however, leaving the position which I have occupied for the year that is past, I wish to assure the women who compose the local council and the affiliated societies, that I have at all times fully appreciated the honor and special courtesy which was extended to me in my unanimous election, while a comparatively new member of the organization, to the high office of the president of the West Algoma Local Council of Women." The speaker enumerated some of the special features of the society, including a resume of the monthly programs of the past year. The peculiarity of the society, however, lies in the fact that it has no object or ideal of its own, and that its executive has no inherent right in themselves to do anything of their own initiative. It is a federation of societies and associations bound together for the furtherance of the "Golden Rule." It has no power over the organizations which constitute it, beyond that of suggestion and sympathy; and no society entering it loses any of its independence, or becomes committed to anything which the local council may propose. Mrs. Dowler then demonstrated the inner workings of the council in an able manner, dwelling on the somewhat intricate procedure occasioned in presenting a proposition from any society to the council. When this procedure has been completed, the local council is not then speaking as a single body or society of women, but as the representative of all the societies affiliated with it, and has behind it substantially the womanhood of the district. In conclusion the president explained fully the duties of the presidents of all affiliated societies. "There is nothing which will make the local council and women's societies generally more effective than loyal co-operation among the officers themselves. Envy, jealousy, wire-pulling, cliques and kindred drawbacks must be unknown, and an absolute democracy prevail, if women's organizations are to reach their greatest usefulness."

LEAGUE OF EMPIRE BELIEVES IN TRAVEL AND INTERCOURSE

ON Monday, April 5th, the Ontario Educational Association will open its 54th annual meeting which will continue for the three days following. The evening sessions will be held in Convocation Hall and other meetings in different buildings all announced in the official program.

The evening address on Monday will be given by J. W. Robertson, L.L.D. on "Education for Occupation in Ontario," and should prove of great interest. A reception will be given by Principal Hutton and other officers on behalf of the league of the empire, an association having special interests and work in connection with teachers in Canada and in every part of the British Empire.

Another gathering in connection with the league will be on Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock when the Canadian branch will hold its annual meeting in Room 51. At this meeting Principal Hutton will occupy the chair and all members of the Ontario Educational Association are invited to attend. One of the objects of the league is to establish closer connections between teachers abroad and in the motherland, and to do this one of the plans followed is to make it possible for an interchange of teachers in the different parts of the empire. This not only gives the teachers knowledge of one another but gives opportunity for travel otherwise impossible under general conditions.

The league in England has established headquarters in London to which teachers from the colonies may go and at once find themselves at home with facilities for becoming acquainted with their confreres and with everything afforded them that may help to make their stay pleasant and profitable. It is probable that information on these and other points will be given out at the meeting on Wednesday at which a good attendance would be found encouraging.

PLEBISCITE TO DETERMINE VOTE

WOMAN suffrage and its situation in the west is shown in the following from The Albertan, Calgary:

Womanhood suffrage in the municipality of Calgary now depends on the result of a plebiscite to be taken at the next annual municipal election. The bill of amendments to the charter of the city of Calgary, which has been recommended by the municipal laws committee of the legislature, provides that a plebiscite must be taken by the city to determine whether the franchise shall be extended to include practically all persons over twenty-one years of age who have resided in the city for a certain period. The women of Calgary are already possessed of the broadest municipal franchise rights of any city in the Dominion, and this should have considerable effect in determining the result of the plebiscite. Every woman who owns property, or is a householder in Calgary now, may vote on this plebiscite regardless of her occupation or nationality, if she takes the trouble to see that her name is on the voters' list now being compiled.

Under the present charter, between 1600 and 2000 women are entitled to vote at the municipal elections. If the plebiscite carries, practically the entire adult female population will be enfranchised. The difference is vastly significant to women. At present the female vote is only about fifteen per cent. of the total vote; under the proposed amendment the female vote would be at least forty per cent of the total vote.

In the past, women of this city have displayed keenest interest in moral issues and legislation governing health and sanitation, education and domestic economy. The female population is almost a unit on these matters. There is practically an unanimity of opinion among women from one end of the city to the other on the moral issues. With the proposed franchise extension, the voting power of women would be increased from 15 to 40 per cent.—a very important and significant consideration. At present the woman's vote is merely sufficient to turn the balance in a closely-contested issue. With the extended franchise, the woman's vote would be a definite assured power. The women of the city could control the morality of the community, in so far as that control rests with a legislative body. A municipality controls its own police force and the enforcement of all laws, criminal and civil. A municipality controls all municipal legislation regulating health and sanitation, market facilities, etc., within its borders. These are very important factors in the safety and comfort of the public—particularly of the woman public.

It seems likely that every voting woman in Calgary, bearing this significant fact in mind, will support an amendment to the city charter whereby the voting power of her sex will be so vastly increased. It is incumbent on the various woman's organizations, which aim to improve moral, economic and social conditions in this city, to see that every woman who is assessed for property or is a householder, shall vote on this plebiscite, and the first step toward this end—the enrolment of every woman on the voters' list—must be taken immediately. This registration is most important. It should be looked after at once by every woman who professes loyalty to the city and the country, and who has the slightest interest in the welfare of her sex in the community.

He Qualified

"Tommy Atkins" pleaded exemption from church parade on the ground that he was an agnostic. The sergeant-major assumed an expression of innocent interest.

"Don't you believe in the Ten Commandments?" he mildly asked the bold freethinker.

"Not one, sir," was the reply.

"What! Not the rule about keeping the Sabbath?"

"No, sir."

"Ah, well, you're the very man I've been looking for to scrub out the canteen."

HOT WATER BREAKFASTS.

All people eat less for breakfast in summer than in winter. They require less food because they require less heat elements. Few people, however, refuse hot coffee and eggs and hot buttered toast for breakfast even in summer. Many people, also, like to minimize effort to the greatest extent possible. With an electric breakfast set—toaster, percolator and egg boiler—work is simplified, effort saved and breakfast is hot and delicious.

HOUSECLEANING

WOODWORK

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RONUK

the English Wax Polish and Cleanser for furniture, floors and linoleum is easy to apply; it gives a soft, durable gloss and your woodwork will be both clean and bright. 73

On sale at all stores 10c. to $1.00.

"If I could only get well"

IF you are sick the most important thing in all the world to you is how to get well.

What you need is physical strength, a new supply of rich, red blood and the vigor and stamina which flow from perfect health.

These you can find in Wincarnis.

For over thirty years Wincarnis has been famous in England. Over ten thousand physicians have recommended Wincarnis—in writing.

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Are you "Nervy?"
—Try WINCARNIS for a week and watch the result. It will tone up and regulate your entire nervous system, giving you new life and vitality.

Are you "Run Down!"
—If so, you are "run down"—every organ in your body needs the new vigor and vitality that WINCARNIS can give you.

BUY A BOTTLE OF WINCARNIS TO-DAY

If you cannot obtain Wincarnis from your dealer, write to our Canadian Agent, Mr. F. S. BALL, 67 Portland St., Toronto. (1)

Was Personally Attended by Dr. A. W. Chase

Before He Became Famous as the Author of Dr. Chase's Receipt Book.

Here is a letter from an aged gentleman who consulted Dr. Chase, long before his Receipt Book attained a world - wide circulation or his family medicines became known to the ends of the earth.

MR. O. D. BARNES.

Like most people of advanced years his kidneys were the first organs to break down and when doctors failed to help him he remembered the physician who cured him of pleurisy in his younger days.

Mr. O. D. Barnes, R.F.D. 1, Byron, Mich., writes:—"About fifty years ago, when living in Ann Arbor, Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous Receipt Book author, was called on to treat me for pleurisy. Ever since that I have used and recommended Dr. Chase's Medicines, and have two of his Receipt Books in the house.

"Some time ago a cold settled in the kidneys, causing backache, frequent urination, dizziness, and affected the eyesight. My appetite failed and I could not sleep nights. Two doctors failed to do me any lasting good, so I started using Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Nerve Food. The results have been highly satisfactory to me. Appetite improved, I gained in weight, sleep and rest well, and feel strong and well. My kidneys resumed their natural functions, and I believe that my cure was due to Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Nerve Food. I am 78 years old, superintend work on my farm, and can turn in and do some work myself."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One pill a dose. 25 cents a box. All dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

MOTORING

TRUCK SERVICE TO BE PAPER SUBJECT

Alvan Macauley Will Speak on Possibility for Standard Policy at Detroit Meeting.

DETROIT, April 3.—At the motor truck convention to be held May 5 and 6 at Detroit by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce there will be a paper on "Can Manufacturers Have a Standard Service Policy?" by Alvan Macauley, vice-president and general manager of the Packard Motor Car Company, and also a member of the Commercial Vehicle Committee of the N.A.C.C. He has consented to prepare and deliver this paper, which will treat of the co-operation of the manufacturer and dealer with the truck users to insure the most satisfactory and economical operation of the vehicles.

This is one of the most important subjects to come before the meeting, and it is intended to present for discussion a form embodying the provisions of a service policy that has been in successful use by the Packard Company during the last year, and to have the convention recommend the form, with such modifications as may be agreed upon, for adoption as a standard.

Other Questions.

A dozen or fifteen other papers on questions to which the manufacturers of commercial vehicles have been seeking solutions for the last year or two are provided for on the program that is being prepared by the Commercial Vehicle Committee. These will be written by leaders in the industry. Four or five will be delivered at each of three sessions, and the reading will be followed by a general discussion of each paper, led by other makers who are known to have given the subjects much thought.

That the greatest and most lasting good may result from the convention efforts are to be made to crystallize opions on the different subjects and pass resolutions favoring the adoption of standards of practice that will become general.

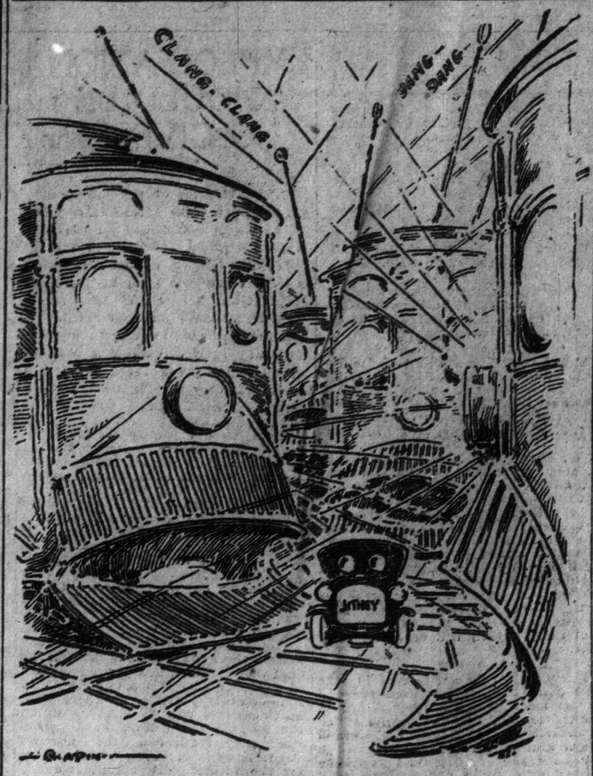
SOME TIRE ORDER

The purchasing department of the Ford Motor Company, on March 19, made a sizeable purchase of tire for Ford cars. One can crowd quite a number of automobile tires into a freight car, and 127 carloads of tires make a rather fair order.

U. S. TRUCK EXPORTS SHOW BIG INCREASE

Nearly Eleven Million Dollars' Worth of Trucks Exported in Seven Months.

WASHINGTON, April 3.—In the seven months ending with January, the United States exported 3972 commercial motor vehicles valued at $10,999,442. This is an increase of 311 per cent. over the same period a year ago, when only 426 trucks worth $714,291 were sent abroad, as computed by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce for January. Foreign purchases of passenger cars fell off from 13,562 worth $12,540,593, in the seven months ended with January, 1914, to 6940, valued at $5,808,099 in the corresponding period just passed. This is a decrease of 53 per cent. There was an aggregate gain for the year in all classes of motor vehicles for the respective periods of $3,546,687, altho the actual numbers of cars exported was less by 3113. These figures reflect the greater value of motor trucks as compared with passenger cars. While individuals in foreign countries are attracted by the low-priced American passenger cars, as compared with European machines, the foreign governments have sought the best and highest-priced American-made trucks.



BREAKING INTO THE BIG LEAGUE.

—From The St. Louis Republic.

Cars and Roads

Discussing the various phases of the motor car problem before the Automobile Club of Rochester last evening, Francis M. Hugo, United States secretary of state, declared that the greatest misconception concerning the whole question of motor traction is due largely to the failure to remember the fact that the motor car has come to stay; that motor traction is rapidly supplaning all other forms of conveyance; that it is concurrently revolutionizing country life, and that nothing can stop it.

"The idea that motorists are the privileged rich," said Mr. Hugo, "and that the public does not motor and is therefore, not interested in motor cars, is no longer the fact. Today the public on the road is the motoring public, and in any city street the number of motor cars is greatly in excess of all the other forms of conveyances combined. It is this fact which governs the whole question because the country is beginning to live on motor cars. Moreover, the sections which have the best roads and ordinances are profiting at the expense of those benighted places that penalize motoring in the name of legality."

Good Road Forces

Mr. Hugo spoke of the motor clubs as good road forces and of the good influences that do work and accomplish results thru organized efforts. He also dwelt upon the number of complaints received from motorists against fellow automobilists for violating the rules of the road or neglecting to observe its courtesies.

"While there is no suggestions that such misconduct is indulged in by the majority of drivers," said Mr. Hugo, "nevertheless, so long as it can be asserted of any considerable minority there need be no surprise that the police are not disposed to think that the motor car can be safely left to its own devices. Anything that the automobile association can do to purge the flock of these tainted sheep will be of great servicec to the cause, altho it is difficult to see how the state under existing laws could do much."

A Little Spring Tonic

Now's the time to get ready for summer. Look to your storage battery. Test it with a hydrometer if you have one. If not, come to us and we'll explain its use. We'll also tell you other practical ways to keep your battery in good health.

STORAGE BATTERY **Willard**

Used by 55% of the builders of electrically equipped cars.

WHERE YOU CAN GET EXPERT BATTERY SERVICE

TORONTO, Ont.—Canadian Storage Battery Co., Ltd., 117-119 Simcoe St.
HAMILTON, Ont.—Toronto & Hamilton Electric Co., 99-103 McNab St.
MONTREAL, Que.—Fehr Bros., 172 Bleury St.
QUEBEC, Que.—Louis Lavoie, 123½ de la Reine St.

WILLARD AGENTS & SERVICE STATION

CANADIAN STORAGE BATTERY CO. LIMITED

117-119 Simcoe Street
TORONTO

FOR AUTOMOBILE OWNERS

The Burrowes Manufacturing Company, 607-611 King St. West, Toronto, manufacture automobile sheet metal parts, such as mud guards, mud pans, hoods, gasoline tanks, etc. They supply latest metal fenders to order and make repairs to radiators, mud guards, lamps, tanks, etc., at a nominal price of sixty cents per hour. New running boards are supplied on short time orders. Old radiators fitted with new cellular or honey-comb cores, are equal to new and cost much less. Underground gasoline tanks any size, style or shape, are installed with pumping equipment at low cost. Motor cycle and soda fountain repairs are given special attention. If you have any sheet metal work in aluminum, copper, brass, galvanized iron, tin, etc., it would pay you to let this company quote you special prices.

MOVIES OF LINCOLN HIGHWAY.

Moving picture films are to be taken of the Lincoln Highway from start to finish and arrangements have been made to use a Stutz car for the work. A professional moving picture operator is to be employed and everything of interest along the route from the east to the west is to be filmed. The trip will start April 5. It is estimated that not less than 7000 feet of film will be required. H. C. Osterman, consul-at-large, is to be in charge of the work, and the pictures are to be displayed all over America to advertise the highway and the touring possibilities at a time when thousands upon thousands of motor cars are to be driven cross country to the expositions.

Goodyear Tests

Because of the enormous work it has to do—the strains it must withstand, the bumps and jars that must leave it unaffected, cotton fabric for tires is subjected to minute and exhaustive tests by standard tire makers, before it is accepted and passed as O.K., for entering the structure of a tire.

Here is an account of a fabric test in the Bowmanville, Ont. factory of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited.

"First the threads per inch are counted, the width measured, the column bow measured (which shows how near the warp and filling thread are at right angles to each other), the selvage noted to see if it is slack enough, broken threads, weak threads, holes and oil spots are watched for, and the uniformity of weaving is criticised. Then the total length and weight of the fabric is checked up with the invoice, and the ounces per square yard are figured from our own measurements. Before the rolls are passed on into the factory, we find the strength, guage, twist, crimp, and per cent. of moisture.

"Pieces of fabric are returned to us from the bias cutters and are tested all over again to see how they have been affected in the calenders. The resulting records form our library and upon this library we build our specifications and select our future supply."

General Motor Trade News Of Detroit and Other Centres

Many Speedways to Be Built —Big Orders for Pleasure Cars From Europe—Good Roads Work Booms.

Special to Sunday World.

DETROIT, April 3.—The Brooklands track of London, the great English speedway, had a concrete surface originally, but William R. McCulla, former engineer at the Packard Motor Car Company, and now with the Knox Motors Company of Springfield, Massachussets, and one of the committee who passed upon the Brooklands track, says that contractors at that time knew little of concrete work. A cheap grade of concrete was used, and it cracked badly especially on the turns. The patching was with a kind of concrete mixed with macadam, and the track is now a mixture of many kinds of materials and there is probability that the course will be resurfaced with concrete and banked differently, as the present speedway is a one-man track and dangerous for such races as are run at Indianapolis.

The Indianapolis Motor Speedway drew approximately 150,000 people to its grounds in 1914 at an average price per person of $5, making a total of $750,000. For two weeks prior to the race of May 30 a charge of 25 cents was made at the gate to watch practice and this brought an additional $66,000, while concessions at the race paid $25,000 more, making the total receipts for the one race $841,000. It is believed that the race of this year will bring receipts of not less than $1,000,000.

W. L. Wilson of Rochester, New York, purchaser of the DeLage car with which Rene Thomas won the last 500-mile race at Indianapolis, has ordered smaller cylinders for the machine to conform with the racing rules of this year, and it is reported from Indianapolis that the work of rebuilding the car will be done at the Packard Motor Car Company's plant. Since his purchase of the car, Mr. Wilson has entered it repeatedly in races, but has won nothing.

A. O. Duck of the Puritan Machine Company, Detroit, purchased the Krit assets, auctioned by the Winternitz Company, after the failure and Krit replacements and repairs will be added to the long list already in control of the Puritan Company.

George M. Graham, designing engineer for the Massnick-Phipps Manufacturing Company, Detroit, manufacturers of the Perkins four and eight-cylinder motors, has taken charge of the purchasing in conjunction with the enrineering end. Mr. Graham's broad acquaintance with the trade, and his many years experience in the manufacture of the complete cars and parts makes him a valuable man in the position he will fill.

At the motor truck convention, to be held May 5 and 6, at Detroit, by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, where will be a paper on "Can Manufacturers Have a Standard Service Policy?" by Alvan Macauley, vice-president and general manager of the Packard Motor Car Company, and also a member of the Commercial Vehicle Committee of the N. A. C. C. He has consented to prepare and deliver this paper, which will treat of the co-operation of the manufacturer and dealer with the truck user to insure the most satisfactory and economical operation of the vehicle.

The pleasure cars and motor trucks registered in January in the State of Michigan numbered more than the total registration for 1911. The records of 1911 show 27,796 cars registered and January, 1915, registrations numbered 28,013, this being for privately owned cars only. While the lists show 117 makes of cars now manufactured, Michigan lists show 148 makes in use, indicating the continuation of many lines now extinct as a manufacturing proposition. The indications are that 112,000 cars will be registered this year.

It has been suggested that the state department at Washington make efforts to secure a leave of absence for George Boillot and Jules Goux to enable these two great French drivers, now in the war of Europe, to return to America to compete in the Indianapolis 500-mile race and other contests of the circuit, but the importers of the Peugeot car in New York refuse to take any such step.

In another year, according to A. G. Batcheider, chairman of the executive committee of the American Automobile Association, it is not at all unlikely that the American Automobile Association will come back to some kind of competitive tour, providing it is found possible to secure some sort of a representative entry list. Touring authorities generally concede that the A. A. A. officials are right in not attempting to organize a tour, transcontinental or otherwise, for 1915, as most tourists will head for the Pacific Coast and accommodations all along the transcontinental routes and especially in the west, would never be able to accommodate an organized tour of any magnitude.

Barney Oldfield is said to be negotiating with the English agents of the Mercedes Company for the purchase of the 300-inch Mercedes car driven by Lautenschlager, winner of the Grand Prize race at Lyons last year. The New York importers say that Oldfield is likely to get the car at the figure offered, $7500.

Providing Detroit constructs a speedway fast enough to break records made on the Indianapolis motor speedway, the owners of the Hoosier speedway will make immediate arrangements to reconstruct the banks of that course, raising them considerably and so increasing the speed as to make the Indianapolis course the fastest in the country.

A. C. Newby, one of the owners and directors of the Indianapolis motor spedway, when told that the proposition to give a $100,000 purse for a 1000-mile race to be contested by teams representing the makers who had won the race in the past, had caused a smile, said: "They laughed at us when we built the track. They laughed again when we announced the $50,000 purse, and we are quite content to let them laugh now. When the race has been run it will be our time to laugh." It is probable that this great 1000-mile contest will not be run until 1917 or 1918, when there should be from six to seven teams of five men each to compete.

Jules Goux, the great racing driver, who is back of the wheel of the car of the military governor of Belfort on the Franco-German frontier, has written the Indianapolis speedway officials that he would like to come over to race this year as he did the last two years, but his work is too important and he has not the heart to ask for release. France must come first with the grat Goux.

Minneapolis now has another speedway project, and this time the State of Minnesota is interested, it being proposed thru a bill introduced in the state legislature to appropriate $200,000 for the construction of a permanent speedway at the Minnesota State Fair grounds, where very successful meets have been held yearly. The construction, maintenance and complete responsibility of the track will be in the hands of the State Agricultural Society.

C. H. Blomstrom, the veteran Detroit manufacturer, is about to place a new model front drive car on the market. This car unlike his former drive is not friction driven, and this car like the other is a revolution in motor car building. The new Blomstrom is beautiful in appearance, and owing to its construction, impossible to skid on the slipperiest pavement.

J. C. Perrin, chief engineer of the former Lozier Motor Company, has joined the engineering force of the Continental Motor Manufacturing Company of Detroit and Muskegon. Mr. Perrin joined the Lozier forces at the time bicycles were made, and later designed the Lozier automobiles.

The Pontiac Chassis Company recently organized by F. A. Palmer, with much Pontiac capital interested has taken the factory building of the old Flanders Manufacturing Company group, which was formerly occupied by the Studebaker Corporation, and known by that company as plant 14. The Chassis Company will manufacture chassis for car assemblers all over the country.

J. Albert Schmitt of Berlin, interested in the formation of the Clinton Motor Car Company to manufacture a light car he has designed, has dropped connections with the Berlin-Overland Sales Company and the Windsor Factories and Real Estate Company, and Schmitt Brothers are going ahead with the car, and will manufacture on a large scale in some plant on the Canadian side, and as near Detroit as possible.

The speedway at Sheepshead Bay, New York, has been incorporated for $2,500,000 under the New York state laws as the Sheepshead Bay Speedway Corporation.

William E. Metzger, president of the Auto Parts Manufacturing Company, and chairman of the traffic committee of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, is in charge of the local arrangements for the convention of all motor vehicle interests of the United States to be held under the auspices of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce at the Statler Hotel, Detroit, May 5 and 6.

Export business of the Fisher Electrical Works, Detroit, was given an impetus by an order received this week for ten of the starting and lighting systems for South Africa, the order coming thru the New York office of the company.

Robert W. Perkins, of the Massnick-Phipps Manufactruing Company, Detroit, manufacturers of the Perkins four and eight-cylinder motors, has announced an increase of the working force of the company to 500 men to enable the production of 50 to 100 motors per day. The company has taken the Wahl Motor Company plant of 30,000 square feet, giving a total of 65,000 square feet with its plant at Champlain and Meldrum.

A. T. Stanton, a salesman of wide experience in the foreign field, has been added to the Dodge Brothers' force. Mr. Stanton, while a resident of London, England, was connected with Bradbury and Company, the well-known motorcycle manufacturers and general engineers, for whom he acted as traveling representative, appointing agents in England and in all parts of Europe. Pending the cessation of hostilities in Europe, Mr. Stanton will be attached to the Cleveland headquarters of Dodge Brothers.

There has been a very noticeable increase in the working force at the big plant of the Packard Motor Car Company, and the daily production of motor trucks and pleasure cars has been taken by this company, and starting with Sunday last, men have been added by the thousands to the working force.

The Remy Electric Company has broken ground for its new Detroit plant, and the work is the start of a big factory in Detroit into which the company is to move from Anderson, Indiana. The work started is on the engineering and testing laboratories, and is to be followed shortly by more extensive factory buildings to house the entire manufacturing work of the company. The new plant is located near the Packard Motor Car Company plant.

Koemath Company, Detroit, of which E. T. Birdsall is the head, has just announced a 1000-pound delivery wagon to list at $750. This is a 15 horse-power motor, unit power plant, three-speed selective type transmission, centre control and is of 98-inch wheelbase and 56-inch tread. It is fully equipped.

Work is progressing rapidly at the plant of the Lozier Motor Company, and during the past week five carloads of Loziers, including a number of runabouts, were shipped to Pacific coast dealers, and two carloads went to New England dealers.

William H. Martz, Detroit, owner of a Ford car, is the holder of the Victorian Cross of Motoria, according to Motor Age, which publishes a complete list of the holders of license number one in every state of the Union where licenses are issued.

The Hupp Motor Car Company, according to C. H. Dunlap, general export manager of the company last week made three different shipments of 100 cars each to the Hupmobile dealers in London, and the general indication for foreign business is particularly bright with the Hupp Company.

John Fitch, a farmer living near Ludington, Mich., recently developed a four-wheel drive motor truck that promises to be an important development in the commercial car field, and he recently brought this invention to Detroit. The makers are reported to have received it with favor.

America's last beach racing carnival has been abandoned as the cotton carnival committee of the Galveston Commercial Association has decided not to promote the annual meet again.

J. I. Handley, John Guy Monihan and Thomas Marshall, the main officials of the Marion Car Company of Indianapolis, are removing to Jackson, Michigan, where the Marion car is to be manufactured by the Mutual Motors company, the new organization of which Mr. Handley is the head. This company will also manufacture the Imperial car in the Imperial factory, which has been acquired and a third car, the name of which will not be announced for some time.

Nearly 500 men are now at work at the Paige-Detroit Motor Car company plant and very shortly the product will be 1000 cars per month, sales at the end of the first week in March having been 70 per cent. greater than last year at the same time.

Instead of leaving Hat Springs Arkansas, for the Pacific Coast, on an extensive trip, Walter Wilmot, manager of the Detroit automobile shows, will return to Minneapolis and then make a trip to Detroit to attend the great motor truck convention of May 5 and 6, at the Hotel Statler, making the California trip later.

In memory of Colonel Albert A. Pope, who is called the father of good roads, there has been inaugurated a movement among auto tradesmen and good roads crusaders. It is proposed to build a mile on the Lincoln Highway. The Lincoln Highway Women's Auxiliary, headed by Mrs. Lee C. Boardman of the New York Women's Press club, is raising a subscription, and New Brunswick, New Jersey, has set aside a mile stretch for the purpose. The Pope memorial mile will cost $10,000.

S. A. Miles, manager of the New York and Chicago shows, and reported to be manager of the New York speedway at Sheepshead Bay, has left New York for a two-months' tour to the Pacific Coast by way of New Orleans. After visiting the California expositions he will make a tour of Alaska, returning to his summer home at Christmas Cove, Maine, via Canada.

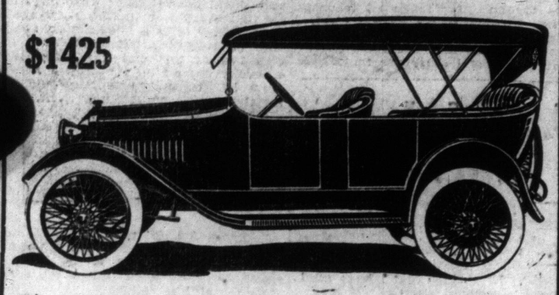
There is every prospect that over three thousand people will attennd the conference of governors at Chattanooga, April 3, to discuss the Dixie Highway plans. It is said that the interest in this road from Chicago to Miami is being taken all along the route, and that there are excellent prospects that the project will be a huge success.

Russia possesses 25 per cent. of the world's stock of horses. We don't mind our Ally ruling the mane to this extent.

The Germans have seized practically all the stocks of braces in Belgium. To keep their—er— courage up?

KEETON SUPREMACY

$1425



—is even more pronounced in 1915 Model KEETON Motor Car.

The KEETON has been styled by motor car authorities as the "1915 Sensation," and rightly so, for it represents a combination of Grace, Power, Durability, Convenience and Aristrocratic Distinctiveness at a price that eliminates successful comparison.

MADE IN CANADA, the DUTY thus saved, has helped to make possible the incorporation of the many "High-Priced-Car" features which you will find built into the KEETON.

KEETON owners will tell you how the KEETON wire wheels SAVE tire expense—that the cost of operation of a KEETON is lower than any other car of its size—KEETON owners will tell you this.

EQUIPMENT EXTRAORDINARY

Stewart power pump, non-skid tires on rear, extra wire wheel with tire, illuminated dash.

We invite your most critical examination of the KEETON on the floor and on the road.

Keeton Motors, Limited — Brantford, Can.

ENQUIRIES FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS AND DEMONSTRATION SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO

VIRTUE MOTOR SALES CO.
531 Yonge Street, Toronto

Have You a Car For Sale?

If so, list it with us, we'll sell it. Cars for sale—Garage space, $5.00 per month.

GERRARD GARAGE
COR. BOLTON and GERRARD
Phone Gerrard 1190

The World's Greatest Automobile Trade-Mark

The "Triangle on the Radiator" is probably the best-known of all automobile trade-marks.

It stands for more in the estimation of the public than does any other insignia on a motor-car.

Thousands of buyers ask no other evidence than the Hudson Triangle.

They know its record for quality, prestige, perfect automobile satisfaction.

The Car Behind the Trade-Mark

The Triangle has become great *because of the car behind it.*

From the Triangle on the Radiator to the electric tail light every atom of the car has been through the crucible of the Hudson Engineering Board.

Only accident or misuse can prevent a Hudson owner getting 100% pleasure and service from his car. In the hands of tens of thousands of users, the world over, its supremacy is demonstrated daily.

The Company Behind the Trade-Mark

Success is the best guarantee of value.

Inferiority always fails. The dazzling white light of competition reveals every defect, pitilessly tears the veil from every subterfuge.

The Hudson Motor Car Company is as famous as the Hudson Car. Its marvelous success has come from giving the public what it wants at the price it wants.

Every Hudson owner is a Hudson salesman because he finds in his car exactly what the Company says is there.

The "Triangle on the Radiator" is the signature of the Hudson Motor Car Company. Buyers accept it as a bond guaranteeing in their car everything needed to make it as good an automobile as the world's best engineering skill can produce.

Come—see the HUDSON Six-40 and Six-54. The cars that have swept competition aside like cobwebs. At $2100, (f.o.b. Toronto), and up these cars with the famous "Triangle on the Radiator" are outselling everything on the market.

Dominion Automobile Co.
Limited
Cor. Bay and Temperance Streets

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MOTORCYCLING
By A. N. B.

T. M. C. News.

The big theatre party will be held on Friday, April 9, at the Gayety Theatre. Tickets are 50 cents each, and all members desiring to be present on this interesting occasion should register their names with any member of the social committee. It is expected that all the elite of the club will be present, in fact at the time of writing most of them have signified such intention. Better get in on this quick.

A special meeting of the club was held on Wednesday last to deal with the matter of appointing a committee in reference to the proposed amalgamation with the Queen City Club. Various opinions were expressed during the lengthy discussion which took place, but a committee of ten, with full power to act, was finally appointed. Further developments may be expected shortly.

Hill climbing activities have already commenced. On Sunday morning a select party journeyed to the acclivity at Roxborough street east, which was in delicious condition, being coated with about six inches of slime. All were successful in making the climb, altho the combination of gradient, mud, and hairpin bends brought everyone on to low gear. Charlie Hughes' new Henderson four, had a beautiful purr, and Fred Phillips' new five h.p. three-speed Indian also ran very smoothly, seeming to have lots of power. In the afternoon the gang went over to the sand hill on Bloor street, where lots of fun was experienced. Now that the weather is getting better, and until the opening of the regular touring season, informal runs of this description will be held every Sunday.

Quite a number of the boys were noticed on Good Friday mounted on 1915 Excelsiors. Percy McBride delivered twenty of the big fellows last week, in time for the holiday.

On Saturday, May 8, an interesting touring event will be staged in the form of a run to the Goodyear Tire factory at Bowmanville. The members will start from the clubrooms at 1 p.m., and on arrival at Bowmanville will be shown thru the Goodyear Tire factory, where the various processes, which lie between the raw material and the finished product will be demonstrated and explained. Afterwards a supper will be served at the Goodyear Company's club. The regular tour for the Sunday following is to Whitby, so it is proposed to stay overnight in Bowmanville, and ride over to meet the Toronto party on Sunday morning. The run will be one of the most instructive and enjoyable of the season, and Tourmaster Hueston is anxious for every member to travel down to Bowmanville. If there's no one left to go Sunday, why all right.

Will members kindly make as little noise as possible round the club, and if convenient, travel along College in preference to going up Brunswick avenue. This for the benefit of someone lying sick in the neighborhood of the clubrooms.

A regular meeting of the club on Wednesday next. Important business on hand. Please be there. This means you.

If an irresistible Douglas struck an immovable Jew, what would become of "Rudge" Warden? Also, is it or is it not a gentlemanly act to strike a pedestrian of the Hebrew persuasion in the seat of the pants with your front wheel?

The pool table is running overtime, and several of the boys prove to be "sharks" of the deepest blue. "Rudge" Warden can find the pockets almost every time, but with the wrong ball. "Bill" Porter, after being shown which end of the cue to use, started right in and was high man the first game.

We hear Hughie McCrossen considers tandem riding "pawsitively dangerous," and is thinking of introducing a measure in the legislature to render it illegal.

Ask Jake Scheib if he can climb a flight of steps with his home-made machine from a standing start. It's only a little engine, but oh, you low gear.

Shorty Newport has been having trouble with a swollen throat. Better there than in the head, Shorty.

"Gus" Edwards, celebrated musician, says he will not produce the "Anvil Chorus" this summer, that classic selection having been abolished from his repertoire.

We understand Charlie Hughes is taking a course of treatment from an car specialist, in order to detect the guilty cylinder in case of a "miss" on his new short coupled Henderson four.

Is it true that President Jones is tuning his "improved Matchless" in a dark cellar, and that some of the "knuts" will be astonished when he gets it on the road?

Some of the T. M. C. boys created a lot of interest last Sunday when they took to climbing the "Heights" out on the Humber Valley Surveys. Just after you turn off Jane street, at Bloor and this side of the bridge, by the Old Mill, the boys have discovered a track up the side of the hill where the water has made a groove in the early spring and the way some of them went up it was good to see. The path resembles the toboggan slides in High Park, but with a better approach. One of the new short-coupled Henderson's was on the job and performed very creditably. Tommy Smith had a 1915 three-speed Excelsior and did some fancy stunts, and Herb Greenwood, with his trusty Triumph took the grade without any trouble. The performances drew quite a crowd of motorists and it is likely the attempts will be continued today.

Will the person who said Joe Downey learned to play pool six months ago please make himself known at the next meeting.

Wilf. Morrison is the latest Henderson bug—says he'd sooner ride one than eat.

President Jones has a few extra kinks on his machine and says he'll show a few of them this summer.

There's a rumor going round about Tommy Smith. The story goes that he was seen on College street a week ago Friday with a blonde. Will Tommy please explain?

There has been many enquiries as to who is the agent for the Cyclone and when the first carload will be shipped.

The boys are sorry to learn that Dick Hueston is not feeling very well of late. Better take a trip to Kingston, Dick. A little heart balm will surely help your case.

The pool table is providing lots of excitement for the boys and as a result of a game played a few nights ago, Harold Pratt has challenged Joe Downey to a series of nine games on a neutral table.

F. A. M. Membership Contest.

April 1 the Federation of American Motorcyclists launched its annual nation-wide campaign for new members. The contest will extend over three months—April, May and June, and every motorcycle club affiliated with the F. A. M. is eligible to compete for the prizes, which consist of fifteen Old Sol motorcycle lamps with Universal brackets and one Old Sol electric lighting system. To the club securing the largest number of new members during any of these three months will be awarded five Old Sol motorcycle lamps with brackets. And then as a grand prize, a complete electric lighting system will be given to the club affiliating the largest number of riders during the entire three months' period.

No club will be eligible for more than one of the monthly prizes, but all F. A. M. clubs are eligible for the grand prize—the electric lighting system.

It is the understanding that the clubs winning these motorcycle lamps and the lighting system will in turn hold some sort of competitive events whereby the lamps will be awarded to individual members of the club. Thus every rider who takes part in the campaign to secure new members for the F. A. M. stands a chance of winning one of these lighting outfits for his own machine.

Shepherds Use Two-Wheeler.

The motorcycle, with sidecar, is proving very valuable on the large sheep ranches of the west. With the aid of the two-wheeler, a shepherd can easily keep his flock together, and the side-car serves as an ambulance for any of the lambs which may be injured or tired out.

O'Connell Wins Phoenix-Tucson.

An Arizona rider, Joe O'Connell, was winner in the recent annual Phoenix-Tucson motorcycle road race—time, 3:13.30. This set a new record for the course, the fastest previous time having been made by E. G. Baker, when he covered the distance from Tuscon to Phoenix in 3.20. Lorenzo Boldo finished second in 3.25 and Bill Gerig came in third, completing the course in 3:26.30.

Silences Valves.

With motors of older vintage, with non-adjustable valve mechanisms, power is lost because of wear in the tappets and push rods which results in the valves being only partially opened. Also the action of the valves is noisy. In a case like this, both faults can be corrected at the same time by drilling a hole in either the tappet or the rod and inserting in it a piece of fibre shaped with a shoulder to take care of the wear.

Improvised Terminal Nut.

When the terminal nut of a spark plug has been lost so that the cable clip will not hold in place, the fault can be remedied as follows: Place the clip in position, and put on a small copper or brass washer; then wind fine bare copper wire into the threads of the terminal screw tight up against the washer to hold the latter firmly against the clip.

MOTORING

THE BRAVERY OF PIOU PIOU JEAN

The Story of a French Infantryman's Adventures and Narrow Escape.

Reconnoitring, a company of French infantry brought down a German motorcyclist. The German's military career was ended, but the motorcycle, a brand new twin-cylinder N.S.U., only needed another rider to go into service again. The company returned to quarters with two men laboriously pushing the machine, for not a man among them knew sufficient of motorcycles to relieve the compression or disconnect the motor. It lay about for a couple of days, tinkered with by everybdy, of use to nobody. Then the captain inquired if any man knew how to ride a motorcycle. There was silence for a while, then slowly, as if afraid of his own temerity, Jean Stella stepped forward and offered his services.

"If a Chap Can Ride a Bicycle."

In the few minutes which had intervened between the captain's appeal and Jean's application, the latter had had time to weigh up all the advantages and disadvantages of a motorcyclist's lot compared with that of an infantryman. But in the first place he found it necessary to overcome the scruple that he was not a motorcyclist. He was a skilled cyclist; he was looked upon as a champion in his sunny village overlooking the Mediterranean; but he had never owned a motorcycle and all his practical knowledge had been obtained when he helped a friend to take down and assemble a single-cylinder engine. "Bah," he concluded, "if a chap can ride a bicycle, he can keep right side up on a motorcycle." If the truth must be told, a spirit of covetousness finally decided Jean. He had reflected that as a motorcyclist he would have to leave his rifle behind, and a rifle had proved itself a mighty handy weapon on more than one occasion. But the machine was so smart, its paint had received no scratches, its enamel had lost none of its lustre, that Jean could not help reflecting on the impression he would create when he went back to the village. Of course they would let him keep the machine when the war was over.

The Great Adventure.

As a motorcyclist Jean found that life had a new charm. In a few hours he was at home on the machine; in a few days he considered himself an expert. The pleasure of delivering messages over roads free from the enemy, where the throttle could be pushed open until the machine whistled over the road at a 50-mile-an-hour clip, and where there was nobody to hold up a reproving hand, was not of long duration. At the end of September the situation became lively; the Germans were attacking in force, and Jean received an urgent message to carry to the colonel half-a-dozen miles away. He was informed that, whatever happened, the message must not be found on him.

He was off like the wind, first down the main road, over which he could travel at more than 40 miles an hour, then along a country lane in order to make a detour to avoid a dangerous zone, then over a good road in what he considered to be the direction of the village in which his message should be delivered. He was almost thru a wood when a ditch practically the full width of the road caused him to throttle down, apply his brakes, and at the same time swing to the left in order to lessen the effect of the drop. The ditch had been dug specially for motorists and motorcyclists, and as soon as Jean slackened speed a shower of bullets whistled around him. Untouched, he opened the throttle, jerked up the spark lever, bent low over his handlebars, and raced for the open. A second later a machine gun opened fire. The motorcyclist was hit on the legs and the hands. The rider was flung from his machine into the ditch, and from there rolled down into a cornfield. The motorcycle bounded ahead for a few yards, mounted a bank, was caught in the lower branches of a tree, where it burst into flames, the hidden Germans meanwhile continuing to fire on it.

Crawling cautiously, Jean made his way along the edge of a wood in the direction of the village in which his message had to be delivered. The wood gave him protection for a distance of 400 yards away from the enemy's lines. With this obstacle between him and the Germans, and darkness beginning to settle on the land, he considered it safe to walk across an open field. But as soon as he rose to his feet he dropped. He had been hit below the knee, and one leg, tho giving him no pain, was useless. He wriggled himself over the ground, and as he advanced came in contact with dead and dying men, Germans, with here and there a Frenchman, lying singly or in groups of two or three. He had stumbled on to ground where fighting had been severe and losses heavy.

As he was moving along in this laborious manner, the sound of approaching troops was heard. He lay still, partly raised on his elbow, hoping that the soldiers might be French. But a sharp word of command convinced him that they were not friends. Not until then did he remember his order, which lay at the bottom of his pocket, under his handkerchief. He pulled it out, tried in vain to read it, then stuffed it in his mouth and endeavored to gulp it down.

"Kamarade."

He was unable to do so until he had raised himself on his elbows. As the pulp passed down his throat with a disagreeable choking sensation, he felt relieved. The Germans approached, passed close to the wounded motorcyclist, who lay motionless with wide-open eyes, afraid to close them. They passed him by without paying any attention to him. They had not got out of earshot when a straggling German soldier came by, going from group to group and looking at each man. He approached Jean and uttered the word "Kamarade" in a tone of compassion. They looked at one another; then the German knelt down, took the Frenchman's bloodstained hand, and pointed to another Frenchman who lay near by, with an ugly bullet wound in the head. He rose to go, then, kneeling again, opened a bottle and offered Jean a drink of brandy.

The next morning he was picked up by a German ambulance party and carried a prisoner to hospital. But he was not to remain long in captivity. A week later the allies advanced and the Germans beat a hasty retreat, leaving their wounded behind. Jean was removed to the south with other convalescents. In a few weeks he will return, as a motorcyclist, he hopes; but he is afraid he will not be the owner of a machine when the war is over.—English Motorcycling.

-o- TORONTO CYCLISTS OFF TO WAR -o-

On the left, "Scotty" Wilson, who has joined the Second Division Ammunition Corps, is the motor-paced champion of Canada, and winner of many gruelling races. "Smiling" Joe Golden, who has enlisted in the Eaton Machine Gun Battery, is well known as a bicycle rider and holds the Canadian quarter-mile record. He has also made some fast time on motorcycles.

W. L. Chilman has been appointed manager of the Detroit branch of the Regal Motor Car company.

Climbed Mount Hood.

Two members of the Portland M. C. broke all previous records by reaching Government Camp, Mount Hood, on the night of March 4. This is three weeks earlier than the best record made before. T. Johannsen and H. Lystul, on Indians, left Portland Thursday morning and returned Friday night at midnight, after struggling thru mud the entire distance.

Sunday World Garage Directory

THE CADILLAC MOTOR LIVERY
J. H. FLEMING, Manager
High-Class Touring Cars and thorough, up-to-date service, with careful drivers.
Phone Day or Night—Main 4972
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Patronized by the Duke of Connaught and the Royal Household.

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VULCANIZING A SPECIALTY—As Tire Repairers We Have No Superiors—WHY WORRY, LEAVE YOUR REPAIRS WITH US—Charges Moderate and Service Good. FREE AIR FOR ALL. Tires and Accessories in Stock. PHONE COLLEGE 5118.

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139 PEARS AVE.
REPAIRS ANY MAKE OF CARS. PRICES RIGHT
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How much better would your car look with New Up-to-date Fenders.
Repairs & Radiators, Fenders, Etc.
BURROWES AUTO WORKS
611 King Street West

FORD STARTER

Throw away your crank! Start Sandbo from the seat with a "Two Compression" starter. Differs from all others. Positively guaranteed to start.
GEO. W. MacNEILL CO., 85 Richmond St. W.
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We Make Auto Repairs PROMPTLY
Thoroughly efficient mechanics. Reasonable charges. Best equipped machine shop in the city.
Provincial Motors Livery
4-12 MERCER STREET
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THIS GIANT 'BANDEROS' SMOKES ON FOREVER

This Russell Truck Has Run Over 200,000 Miles and is Still Going Strong

WHAT MAKES IT SMOKE?

The Gigantic "Banderos" Cigar on the Truck Roof emits a continuous trail of smoke, making a most realistic appearance! Watch for it on the street. It remained for the "United" to at last find a profitable use for the engine exhaust.

JOSE LOVERAS BANDEROS, 5c STRAIGHT

UNITED CIGAR STORES, LIMITED

STAR

Matinee Daily THE HOME OF REAL BURLESQUE

EDDIE DALE

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY MATINEE, APRIL 5

THE CHARMING WIDOWS

TOP JUST to keep the top spinning all the time, we pass you the smoothest Burlesque Show seen in Toronto for many moons, week of April 5th.

Just girls and plenty of them—all spruced up in flashy attire and there with the model figures. Give everything else the vamoose next week. If you're a live one and know you're still above the soil, why, hit the trail for the Star. If you've got the blues, why, this bunch will drive them into exile. EDDIE DALE, the lad with the funny vapor expressions, will have your numeral, and HARRY PETERSON, who is with this troupe is not a native of every city he plays in, but a real TORONTO boy, and ELSIE MEADOWS is a swell looker and a live wire at that. PRINCESS KA, SIMONE DE BERYLL and EMIL AGOUST are clever artists with real goods, while PAULINE PALMER is the girl with the winsome smile and classy shape. Twenty other bon-bons will look like candy, so cheer up, there's a big laugh boon coming to the Star.

Don't stand around like a wooden Indian, but get busy and hob-knob with this bunch. The Charming Widows Burlesque Girls are the persimmons for personal beauty, and the rustle of their skirts will sound good to your listeners. This troupe of toggers ride rings around anything in burlesque. Stop making a catalogue of your troubles, give them the forget sign and brush everything else aside and extend the friendly smile to this bunch.

RETURNS OF THE JOHNSON-WILLARD FIGHT AT HAVANA WILL BE GIVEN MONDAY AFTERNOON

Next Week—BLUTCH COOPER'S "BEAUTY, YOUTH AND FOLLY"

-o- "IN OLD KENTUCKY" -o-

Sally McCombs, who will be seen as "Madge, the Jockey," in the famous blue grass state drama, the offering at the Grand, opening with a special matinee Easter Monday.

SHAW AND SHAKSPERE.

Arnold Daly is one of Shaw's staunchest admirers and defenders. In response to the oft-repeated cry that Shaw claims to be greater than Shakspere, which, by the way, is untrue, Mr. Daly submits the following, made from titles of Shakspere's plays, and discovered by a reporter on The London Chronicle.

MacBeth
Julius CaEsar
Comedy of ErRors
Merchant of VeNice
Antony and CleopAtra
Two Gentlemen of VeRona
Merry Wives of WinDsor

Troilus and CresSida
Timon of AtHens
Antony and CleopAtra
All's Well That End's Well

"SEPTEMBER MORN" RETURNS NEXT WEEK

Popular Musical Comedy to Play Another Engagement at the Grand.

Possibly one of the best and most unique productions that has been presented this season is "September Morn," which made a decided hit here earlier in the season, and which returns to the Grand next week. It is a musical comedy, which has, since its first production in Chicago, been received most favorably thruout the country, and has been considered by critics generally, one of the best travelling organizations ever sent out to play the moderate priced theatres. The title is the familiar one, which made the painting of that name so famous, and which created such a furore in art circles and thruout the world. The comedy, however, merely bears the name "September Morn," while its tone is absolutely free from any of the suggestive controversies that have arisen from time to time. The story of the comedy is a most mirthful and amusing one, replete with complicating situations, and ludicrous moments, and thruout the entire presentation there are a great many catchy and tuneful songs, also musical numbers of the whistling kind, and of the character that linger. The scenic and costume effects are decidedly pretty and attractive, and add to the general attractiveness of the comedy. More than fifty people are introduced, who present a varied program of dancing and singing numbers. There are a number of well known comedians and singers in the cast, principally, Frank Minor, Lou Kelso, Maude Potter, William Cameron, Arling Bolling, Kathryn Bowen, Clarence Nordstrom and Edgar Murray.

HACKETT MAKING GOOD.

James K. Hackett has been making use of part of his inherited million dollars to pay debts from which, some years ago, he was legally released by bankruptcy proceedings. His doing so is regarded as somewhat gauche; but it seems that there is precedent for this sort of honesty. Lew Dockstader, the burnt cork mime, did likewise when the failure of an ambitious venture compelled him to seek relief in bankruptcy. So did Richard Carle, who paid the $30,000 indebtedness of the Carle-Marks Corporation after its failure.

"THE SPOILERS" TO SHOW AT THE STRAND

AT tremendous cost and after much negotiation, Manager Schlesinger has made arrangements whereby "The Spoilers," with William Farnum and Kathlyn Williams in the two principal roles, will be presented at the Strand Theatre during entire week of April 12. "The Spoilers" is a photo-play version of Rex Beach's splendid novel of the same name. It is nine reels long, and the interest in it never flags for an instant. It was shown in Toronto some two months ago to a private audience, composed of the leading theatrical managers, dramatic critics, ministers of religion and others. And this very competent and critical audience was unanimous in its verdict that, in all the essentials, which go to make the ideal photo-play, "The Spoilers" reached a height not far off perfection. Its delineation of life in Alaska is vivid and realistic to the uttermost. It graphically depicts the march of civilization to a cold, barren country that takes its place in history as the scene of the last of the great gold strikes. Some of the scenes are nothing short of superb. And, altogether, the appeal is powerful, the action copious, the characterization vigorous, and the story enthralling.

New War Play.

Gail Kane, whose beauty first won her an engagement by Charles Frohman in "Decorating Clementine," is returning—after playing for Cohan & Harris the last threen seasons—to the same management in the leading part of "The Hyphen." Announced as accepted only the other day, this new Justus Miles Forman play is being rushed to rehearsal. It is another of the increasing number of "war plays."

STAR THIS WEEK

HARRY PETERSON, A TORONTO BOY, WITH THE CHARMING WIDOWS.

WINTER GARDEN

MARGARET DUANE, SONG STAR AT LOEW'S WINTER GARDEN THIS WEEK.

GAYETY

BLUTCH COOPER'S GLOBE TROTTERS

An Excellent Cast AND A Clever, Charming Chorus

Next Week—The "Gay New Yorkers" with Mollie Williams—Next Week

THE STAGE

-o- ENGLISH SPY, AGAINST GERMAN -o-

ONE OF THE TENSE MOMENTS IN "THE WHITE FEATHER," COMING TO THE ALEXANDRA.

MIDNIGHTS REVUES BOLSTER BUSINESS IN N. Y. RESTAURANTS

Cabaret Proprietors Fall Into Line—Anything to Ward Off Depression That Has Hit Stage.

'ALICE IN WONDERLAND' MAKES PLEASING PLAY

BY BRETT PAGE.

NEW YORK, April 3.—The latest thing is the "midnight revue." Ziegfeld's "Midnight Frolic" atop the New Amsterdam Theatre—charging two dollars for the hour performance—started the ball a-rolling. Then Maxim's Restaurant struck a streak of poor business and produced "Keep Moving." Running for forty minutes, it packed the restaurant—there was no admission charge.

That set the other cabaret proprietors to thinking and scheming. Now eleven restaurants along Broadway are playing or are about to play midnight revues.

A very different thing from the cabaret, the "midnight revue" is an expensive and pretentious theatrical offering. There are girls, of course, plenty of girls and comedians that are funny, and alleged plots and pretty costumes—all the sort of thing we usually associate with the really-truly play-houses. Indeed, it is another amusement for the tired business man and another worry for the tired theatrical manager.

Some of the other restaurants have wildly gripped less expensive straws to save themselves and attract business. Many are adopting the London "Club" scheme. To every one who has the price and the thirst they issue a card entitling the "member" to admission to the "club-room"—which is the restaurant itself—after hours. As a member he can buy all the drinks after hours he wishes, and has the money to buy.

As a matter of cold hard fact "The Great White Way" has been struck by the same depression—tho to a less marked degree—that has hit the show business of other sections of the country. Restaurant keepers, theatrical managers and all are doing everything they can to make us forget the high cost of high living.

"Alice In Wonderland" Pleasing Play.

There has been no more strangely pleasing play seen in New York in a long time than "Alice In Wonderland," Alice Gerstenberg's dramatization of Lewis Carroll's always delightful "Alice In Wonderland" and "Thru the Looking Glass." Brought to the Booth Theatre by the Player's Producing Company of the Fine Arts Theatre, Chicago, the novelty is well cast, happily produced, and charmingly memory stirring.

First, there is the Rev. Lewis Carroll's study, and the looking glass, then Alice falls asleep. The Red Queen calls to her, and in her dream she answers, climbing thru the looking glass that now is soft and yielding. Up go the lights and there is the room reversed—exactly as you would see it in the looking glass—and Alice has to answer questions, and run hard to stay in the same place, but she gets so tired she stops and finds herself in the hall of doors drowning in the lake of her own tears. Under the sea she meets the gryphon and the mock turtle; then she finds in a garden taking tea with the hatter, the March hare, and the dormouse. Then in the duchess' garden she goes to hold the baby that turned into a pig, and to play croquet with the flamingoes and the queen of hearts; then into the court of the queen, to testify against the knave who stole the tarts. But the tarts are found and so she wakes, after crowning herself a queen, to the call to dinner.

Exquisitely sweet and charming, the play makes you feel that it was not Alice, but you who had the dream. Indeed, when you come out into Broadway so early the motor cars have not yet arrived—you have to rub your eyes to make sure you haven't dreamed it after all.

Barrie Fails To Make Hit.

The long awaited J. M. Barrie revue, "Rosy Rapture," does not meet the expectations of London. A combination of child-like humor and subtle travesty, it "goes over the heads" of the audience. Preceded by Barrie's curtain-raiser, "The New World," which is pretty in sentiment, but rather talky—this new contribution to the craze for revues lags woefully, even with Gaby Deslys and Jack Norworth making personal successes.

The impression around Broadway has been that Barrie—the inimitably whimsical Barrie—intended to shoot shafts of ridicule at the prevalent craze for revues, and the manner of presenting them. How far short of the mark "Rosy Rapture" fell is shown by the wise move of the management in not opening the gallery. In London, don't cher know, they sometimes hiss shows off the stage. "Rosy Rapture" is but one more proof of the truth of the old saw: "Every shoe-

AT THE GAYETY

ETTA JOERNS WITH THE GLOBE TROTTERS THIS WEEK.

A TORONTO ACTRESS

Miss Dora Mavor, formerly of the Ben Greet Company, who is appearing with Mr. Farnum Barton and associate players at the Princess Theatre this week.

NOTICE

See the Huge Display "Ad" for the Grand Opera House on Last Page of Illustrated Section

10 A.M. - CONTINUOUS - 11 P.M.

THE Strand PALACE OF ARTISTIC PHOTO PLAYS

MATS. 5c-10c EVGS. 5-10-15c

LEON SCHLESINGER MANAGER

MONDAY — TUESDAY — WEDNESDAY

SPECIAL EASTER FEATURE

WILLIAM FARNUM

IN WILSON BARRETT'S SUBLIME and IMMORTAL PLAY

"THE SIGN OF THE CROSS"

5—STUPENDOUS ACTS—5

GEO. ADE'S FUNNY FABLE

"THE DIVINE SPARK"

MUSIC BY LUIGI ROMANELLI AND HIS SYMPHONY SIX

THURSDAY — FRIDAY — SATURDAY

VARIETY SHOW

EDNA FLUGRATH & CHAS. ROCK

IN A TIMELY THREE ACT DRAMA

"TWO LITTLE BRITONS"

An English Cast—Made in London, England

SID CHAPLIN in

"GUSSLE'S DAY OF REST"

TWO ACT KEYSTONE COMEDY

STRAND WAR SERIES

SCENES FROM THE FRONT

COMING! COMING! COMING!

ENTIRE WEEK APRIL 12th

WILLIAM FARNUM and KATHLYN WILLIAMS in REX BEACH'S MASTERPIECE

"THE SPOILERS"

9—WONDERFUL ACTS—9

Shea's.

ROL COOPER Megrue the author of the two Broadway successes, "Under Cover" and "It Pays to Advertise," has written a comedy playlet entitled "The Same Old Thing," in which Eva Condon and Jack Devereaux will appear as the headline attraction at Shea's this week. Mr. Megrue is a dramatist of more than ordinary ability, and in Miss Condon and Mr. Devereaux, supported by a capable cast, his most recent efforts may be sure of an adequate presentation. If you have ever heard that marvel of the singing world, Claire Rochester, you will be anxious to hear her again. Miss Rochester, a southern girl, has a phenomenal soprano-baritone voice of exceptional range and clarity, both on the lower notes and the upper register.

A musical novelty that would be a feature on any bill is that presented by Dunbar's Bellringers and Singers. The act, billed as the special feature is a unique musical offering that comes particularly well recommended. Kauffman Brothers are a pair of clever comedians with excellent voices. To throw specially prepared bells and have them come bounding back is a difficult feat, but when Moran and Wiser take ordinary hats and throw them as boomerangs, the skill required must be seen to be appreciated. Morrissey and Hackett in song and satire, are very amusing, while the Five Satsutas are sensational Jap tumblers. The Camille Trio are comedy bar artists, and with feature film attractions complete the bill.

In Germany it is forbidden to use starch except in bread. No wonder the Germans are hard put to it to maintain a firm front.

In view of their tremendous output of fiction it is not surprising that the Germans should be running short of "cereals."

SHEA'S THEATRE

MATINEES DAILY 25c WEEK OF EVENINGS 25-50-75c.

MONDAY, APRIL 5

"THE HOME OF VAUDEVILLE"

HEADLINE ATTRACTION

First Appearance Here in Vaudeville of

EVA CONDON AND JACK DEVEREAUX

In Rol Cooper Megrue's Comedy Sketch

"THE SAME OLD THING"

KAUFMAN BROTHERS Musical Nonsense

MORAN and WISER Boomerang Hat Throwers

MORRISSEY & HACKETT Song and Satire

THE FIVE SATSUTAS Sensational Jap Tumblers

THE CAMILLE TRIO Comedy Bar Artists

'MUTUAL' 'KEYSTONE' 'KAY BEE' Film Features

SPECIAL EXTRA ATTRACTION

The Beautiful Southern Girl

CLAIRE ROCHESTER

Phenomenal Soprano-Baritone

ALEXANDRA EASTER WEEK

A BIG NOVELTY FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON

MISS PERCY HASWELL Will Present

THE AMAZING PLAY OF ASTONISHING SURPRISES

MAM'ZELLE

ABOUNDS IN RARE, STRANGE SITUATIONS AND COMPLICATIONS

SEVERAL SPECIAL VAUDEVILLE FEATURES

MATS. EASTER MON. SATURDAY 25c.-50c. NIGHTS 25c to 75c. ALL SEATS THURS. MAT. 25c

MAIL ORDERS NOW FOR $1.50 SEATS BOX OFFICE SALE OPENS NEXT WED.

WEEK APRIL 12 WILLIAM A. BRADY (Ltd.) Presents

THE SENSATIONAL SECRET SERVICE DRAMATIC SUCCESS OF TWO CONTINENTS CONCERNING THE WAR, BUT NO COMBAT, NO SHOOTING—JUST LAUGHS AND THRILLS.

THE WHITE FEATHER

By LECHMERE WORRAL and J. E. HAROLD TERRY

TREMENDOUS SUCCESS AT ROYALTY THEATRE, LONDON AND THE COMEDY THEATRE, NEW YORK

THE WISE WILL BUY SEATS EARLY RUSH WILL BE ENORMOUS

MARGARET ANGLIN'S NEW PLAY. Miss Margaret Anglin is soon to appear in the role of a demure amateur vocalist from the south who goes to New York to become a great artist. After tribulations she triumphs. The name of the piece is, "The Desert Island," and Paul Kester is the author.

-o- "SIGN OF THE CROSS"—STRAND -o-

A STRIKING SCENE AT THE STRAND, WITH WILLIAM FARNUM AS MARCUS SUPERBUS, MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY OF THIS WEEK.

CITY HALL SQUARE. 3 SHOWS DAILY 3

HIPPODROME

MATS 10-15c EVGS 10-25 AND 1PM to 11PM 15c

WEEK MONDAY, APRIL 5

CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE

HEADLINE ATTRACTION

An Elaborately Picturesque Musical Novelty

'BELLES OF SEVILLE'

With a Clever Cast of Eight Talented Musicians

PESCE & TERMINI — A Musical Treat

MARSHALL & CRUMBY — "The Boys From Dixie"

SPECIAL FILM FEATURE

And the More She Runs the Farther Away She Goes

"RUNAWAY JUNE"

Is Now in Bermuda and There Is No Telling Where She Will Stop

Willard Hutchinson & Co. — "The Leap Year Leap"

Jim-HARKINS-Marion — Singing, Talking Melange

SULTZER & WATER

"THE HIGHBALL ARTISTS"

SPECIAL EXTRA ATTRACTION

BUCKLEY'S ANIMALS

A Novelty Group of Trained, Wild and Domestic Animals, Introducing

THE WRESTLING BEAR

"Mutual," "Keystone," Kay Bee" Film Features

At the Theatres

"Mam'zelle" Alexandra

THIS week Miss Haswell and her company will present at the Alexandra Theatre, one of the greatest dramatic novelties ever staged, "Mam'zelle" is a comedy from the French. It is chock full of surprises of the most amazing kind, and the audience is kept wondering what is going to happen next, and as something is continually happening, the astonishment is never at an end. As the success of the play depends a great deal upon the strange and novel denouements, that are worked out by the different characters, it would be taking away from the enjoyment of those who attend a performance, if the plot is told in advance. "Mam'zelle" is a play that must be seen to be appreciated. It is one of those comedies owing to the many unique complications and situations which follow each other so quickly, that is impossible to describe. As the whole is constructed around the aspirations of a young woman to become an actress, a great deal of the action takes place in a theatre, which adds to the novelty, as a theatre is shown within a theatre. The first act takes place in a suite of a fashionable down-town hotel. The first scene of the second act is the lobby of the theatre; the second scene, the stage of the theatre, and the third act reverts again to an apartment in an hotel. In the second act a number of specialties will be introduced by M'lle Santi, Tandy McKenzie, Charles Fletcher and others. The usual matinees will be given on Thursday and Saturday with an extra performance on Easter Monday afternoon.

"Waterloo" Princess

EASTER Monday night's performance of "Waterloo" which is to be presented at the Princess Theatre for the first half of this week with Wednesday matinee, promises to be one of the most brilliant social functions of the season. Practically all of the boxes and large sections of both ground floor and balcony have been sold and the demand for reservations promises a gratifying result for the war funds and charities to which the proceeds are to be devoted. The revival at this time of the celebrated play to which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and the late Sir Henry Irving contributed their consummate artistic talents, is significant in a patrotic sense because it will reproduce the historic sentiments of a British valor as they existed a century ago when the arms of Britain were crowned with victory in one of the world's decisive battles. No other piece of stage portraiture can excel that of "Corp. Gregory Brewster," the aged veteran of the Duke of Wellington's army, as an example of British regimental pride. The dying moments of the old soldier in his little cottage when the events of the memorable conflict are heard from his faltering lips for the last time, form a soul-stirring message to which no British audience can listen unmoved. Mr. Barton is sparing no expense or pains to stage the piece according to what the original Irving prompt book calls for in the way of requirements. He will act the role of Corp. Brewster, himself, and the supporting company includes Mr. Basil Morgan, Miss Nellie Jefferis, Miss Dora Mavor, Miss Mary Halbhaus, Capt. L. C. Larking, and Mr. Whitfield Aston. Lord Tennyson's poetic costume piece "The Falcon" is to precede "Waterloo" and will be interpreted by the same company. It is an episodical piece based on a quiet Italian theme and is sure to be welcomed as an innovation in local theatricals. Special musical features are to be introduced during the course of the evening.

"In Old Kentucky" Grand

THAT stirring and spirited drama, "In old Kentucky," written by C. T. Dazey, seems destined to live forever in the affections of playgoers. Seasons come with new plays and seasons go with new plays, but "In Old Kentucky," the wizard-play of the day, which comes to the Grand this week, opening with a special matinee Easter Monday, never retires from public view. Its success is unique in the annals of the stage, and its appeal is unending. The love of little Madge Brierly, the simple mountain maid, for her more aristocratic sweetheart, Frank Layson, and the endeavors she makes to win him fortune, and even to save his life, have the same grip on human hearts as of old—and audiences thrill and delight at the various incidents of the drama the same today as they did more than a decade ago, when the piece was first produced. "In Old Kentucky" is a well constructed play with numerous spirited episodes, all of which fall easily into the thread of the plot and serve to whet the appetite of the spectator for more, and maintain attention to it to the final fall of the curtain. There are many scenic and spectacular features in the performance. The exploding of the bomb, the saving of the race horse from the burning stable, and the famous picaninny band, and the music, singing and dancing of the little Ethiopians, invariably furish abundant merriment. "Madge Brierly," the central figure in the story, is a winsome character, and a difficult role to play successfully. Miss Mildred Johnson, her third season with the company, will play the part here. When "In Old Kentucky" went into the Boston Theatre for an extended run last March, the play received unstinted praise from every dramatic writer in the city. In fact, the recent "In Old Kentucky" engagement at the Boston Theatre was a sensation from the fact that the piece was given for a long run there almost twenty years before, and the manner in which the play "came back" aroused unusual notice. The big Boston Theatre production, the most pretentious ever provided for the play, will be seen here.

Loew's Winter Garden

AMONG the great array of an all-star bill of vaudeville features booked in for this week at Loew's Yonge Street Theatre and Winter Garden, are the great Yodlers and Comedians, Wilson Bros., who will be remembered as creating quite a hit in their last visit here, in their singing and talking sketch entitled "Go Out."

Another feature act is one that is offered by the Russell Bros. It will be a Corkological Conglemeration consisting of five hilarious singers and dancers.

Patricola and Ruby Meyers will present their turn called "The Dancing Fool," and the mysterious Mr. Russell will offer his new idea in sketches by Harold Selman. Other feature acts will complete the bill.

Hippodrome

THE Belles of Seville," an elaborately staged, high-class miniature musical comedy with eight talented singers and dancers, will headline the bill at the Hippodrome this week. Every attention has been given to the scenic investiture of the offering and with handsome costuming, clever singing and dancing maids and amusing comedians, the playlet should meet with an excellent reception. Buckley's animals, billed as the special extra attraction, are credited with being the best trained quadrupeds—both wild and domestic—that have ever appeared here. Buckley has gained a wonderful control over his odd pets and has taught them a number of extremely difficult feats. George Randolph Chester's thrilling "movie" serial has reached that stage where it is next to impossible to await its finish. With the runaway bride in more hazardous positions every week and the interest growing more and more intense, the picture is proving itself a great attraction. The Three Valdares, another feature of next week's bill, is a clever comedy cycling act, while Willard Hutchinson and Company will offer their amusing comedy playlet, "The Leap-Year Leap." The sketch is said to be very funny and the situations and comedy clean and wholesome. Pesce and Termini have a musical offering that is said to be very good, while an act that comes well recommended is that of Marshall and Crumby, two singing comedians with many new songs. Jim and Marion Harkins have a singing, talking and dancing melange, while the feature film attractions include those two clever comedians, "Fatty" and "Mabel" in a new series of laugh-provoking stunts.

Star

EDDIE DALE, a clever Irish comedian whose quaint, quiet and yet extremely effective methods of fun making have made him a big favorite, is the principal comedian with "The Charming Widows," the new burlesque show which will come to the Star Theatre for a week's engagement. Mr. Dale is surrounded by a company of classy singers, dancers, and fun makers, and the result is a decidedly lively brand of entertainment. There is no let up in the merriment from the time the curtain rises on the first act until it fall at the end of the show. The players include Sam Carleton, Hebrew comedian, a newcomer to burlesque; Bobby Ferns, negro comedian; Elsie Meadows, prima donna; Pauline Palmer, comedienne; May Lorimer, soubrette; Harry Peterson and Jimmy Cooper. The first part is called "A Day in Nice," and the plot concerns the laughable adventures of a number of Americans who are visiting the gay French watering place. The action is frequently interrupted to allow the introduction of singing and dancing numbers in which the principals and a chorus of twenty pretty and vivacious girls participate. One of the interesting songs presents the girls in startling "muff costumes." In addition to vaudeville numbers there will be two big features. The first is "Ma-Cherie," by Emile Agoust and Mlle. Simone de Beryll and a company of 14 dancers. This is a big pantomime dancing act on the Apache order, but with new variations and many thrills. The second feature is the Princess Ka, in "The Mystery of the Nile." The dance is founded on an episode in ancient Egypt, and concerns a mysterious young woman, whose dancing causes a furore among the nobles. Her identity, however, remains a mystery, and she was christened "Ka," which in the Egyptian language means "The Unknown, the Inexplicable." The modern Princess Ka is also a sensational dancer, and her act has caused talk all long the circuit.

With "The Charming Widows" comes a Toronto boy, who has made his debut as an actor last season. Leaving his position at the post-office on Adelaide street, Mr. Peterson has made quite a success, and has been well received in all the towns he has played, he is admired for his personality, and has a fine baritone voice. Peterson plays the part of a Frenchman, and is glad to be coming home once again, where a great welcome awaits him.

Gayety

WITH A cast embracing all nationalities, and secured from all parts of this, and foreign countries, the Globe Trotters will endeavor to entertain the patrons of the Gayety next week. And if all reports are true, the patrons of this house will not be disappointed. Leo Kendal and Eddie Collins, the two principal funmakers, as Julius Bockbere and Michael Murphy respectively, are too well known in this city to require comment. It is needless to say that they will keep their audiences in continuous roars of laughter. They have been supplied with an excellent book, especially written for them. Miss Etta Joerns, the prima donna with the company, is a recent acquisition to burlesque, and is bound to delight all who may behold her. She is a very beautiful and accomplished young lady, and is the possessor of a marvelous voice, which proves a delight to all who hear her sing. She has been supplied with special music which is particularly suited to her. Frankie Rice, the soubrette, is a dainty bundle of effervescence, pretty and petite, and a pleasure to behold. Assisting the above are: Edith Mirfield, Frank Hunter, Madge Darrel, Billie Moore, Florence Davenport, Don Trent and Bob Algiers. An accomplished chorus will introduce many new novelties and dances.

CLAIRE ROCHESTER

The wonderful Claire Rochester, the beautiful southern girl with the phenomenal soprano - baritone voice, who will be a special feature of Shea's all-star bill. Easter week.

"Sign of the Cross" Strand

EASTER week will be a week of big attractions at the Strand Theatre. For Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday the feature photo-play will be Wilson Barrett's sublime and immortal drama, "The Sign of the Cross," in five superb and spectacular acts, with William Farnum in the principal part. This is a Famous Players' production, and around William Farnum has been gathered a company of consummate actors, including such prime "movie" favorites as Rosina Henley—who plays the part of Mercia, the Christian maid, to William Farnum's Marcus Superbus—Ethel Gray Terry, Sheridan Block, Morgan Thorpe, and others. The construction of the production is the last word in sumptuousness. The numbers that throng the scenes are literally huge. The appeal to the emotions and sympathies is potent and continuous. The photo-play version is, of course, more elaborate in detail than it was possible for the original play to be. The great Roman gardens, palaces, baths and forums, with all their opulence of costume and settings, make it a faithful mirror of the days it depicts—the days of decadent Rome in that evil era when Nero held sway.

The noble theme and the skilful handling of "The Sign of the Cross," combined with its intense and innate reverence for sacred things, have evoked the unstinted admiration of writers of every school and ministers of all churches. Marcus Superbus is a Roman patrician, with all the Roman patrician's masterful force and power. He is won over by Mercia to the creed of Christianity, and determines to share with her the Christian martyr's doom. His soul is quickened by the breath of her spirit and kindled into something of that spirit's likeness. The triumphant calm of the last moments of the woman and the man, the serenity of their faith, the strength of their love, result in an appeal that can only be described as overwhelming—an appeal too deep for words.

George Ade's fables have achieved a well-deserved popularity with the patrons of the Strand Theatre. And the one which will complete the bill for the first part of the week is on "The Divine Spark," and is one of the funniest yet.

For Thursday, Friday and Saturday the feature will be another of those timely and patriotic photo-plays which habitues of the Strand appreciate so highly in this time of war. It is called "Two Little Britons," and is in three fine acts, with Edna Flugarth and Charles Stock in the two leading parts. The plot turns on the cleverness with which two English children—a boy and a girl of fascinating personality—foil the machinations of a German spy. These two children are at school in Brussels, and they overhear the spy, who is professor of German at their school, plotting with his confederates to blow up the Liege forts. After hairbreadth escapes from the Germans, the two children succeed in arriving at Liege in the very nick of time to save the forts from being blown up. "If these forts had been destroyed now, nothing could have stopped Germany's advance. In the name of civilization I thank you two little Britons," are the words of the grateful governor of Liege. The photo-play is crammed with incident, and is as charming as it is interesting.

During the latter half of the week also the program will include a fine instalment of the "Strand War Series" and two particularly funny comedies. Luigi Romanelli and his symphony six will give several high-class concerts, with specially appropriate Easter music, daily thruout the week.

Miss Nora Bayes has been granted a divorce from Harry Clark.

"Town Topics" is the title of a new revue. Ned Weyburn is to stage it—and it will be without a "male chorus."

PRINCESS THEATRE

EASTER MONDAY EVENING, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY WITH WEDNESDAY MATINEE

Under Distinguished Patronage

MR. FARNUM BARTON and ASSOCIATE PLAYERS

Present CONAN DOYLE'S

"WATERLOO"

And Lord Tennyson's

"THE FALCON"

IN AID OF WAR FUNDS AND CHARITIES

Seats Now Selling—$1.50, $1.00, 75c and 50c.

A NEW PICTURE OF MISS PERCY HASWELL, WHO IS DELIGHTING LARGE AUDIENCES AT THE ALEXANDRA THEATRE. SHE IS SINGULARLY SUCCESSFUL IN CHOOSING HER PLAYS AND THORO IN THEIR PRODUCTION.

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Kaiser Uses Movies to Further Teutonic Lies

Has Succeeded in Coralling Sympathies of Turks Largely Thru the Use of Faked Motion Pictures.

There are in Constantinople some 135 moving-picture houses, which are being used as special missions to bring converts into the fold of "der Kaiser und Gott." The use of the moving picture for this purpose has been one of the kaiser's methods of winning over the sympathies of the ignorant Kurds and Moslems. A writer from Constantinople, in describing some of the pictures and methods used by the Germans to hold Turkish sympathy wends the following:

"The purpose of the picture house is to prove in concrete form the great German victories on land and sea. The ignorant Kurd and Arab soldiers cannot be expected to distinguish between the genuine act and the studio fought battles. I do not dare tell of some of the outrageously ridiculous films that they have been handing out to the unsuspecting hordes. One of the films exhibited had this introduction:

"His Majesty the Padishah of the Alamans, conversing with Moslem Softas (clergymen), receiving Holy Knowledge from the Holy Moslem Koran."

Of course we all knew that the German kaiser had never worn a fez and the Softas of the film were the cheap moving picture actors, many of whom we knew by their names.

During one of these performances a young Armenian high school boy shouted, "Take off your upturned mustache, Memed Ali, and watch for your tray; you may fall over." This Memed Ali was formerly a waiter at a coffee house who was being represented in the film as the "victorious German general addressing a group of French officers in Paris."

A NEW MAGAZINE FOR THE MOVIE FANS

We have just received a copy of issue number two of The Movie Magazine, the latest publication in the sphere of moving pictures, and which calls itself "A national motion picture magazine published in the photoplay capital of the world." It is a magazine that should be equally interesting to both the fan and the professional. It is well printed on fine paper, and contains some fine pictures and well written editorials and articles. It is a welcome addition to the field.

THREE LASKY RELEASES IN APRIL.

The Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company will release three feature productions of unusual importance during April. On the first of the month Rita Jolivet, in "The Unafraid," with House Peters, will be shown for the first time; on April 12, Blanch Sweet will make her second Lasky appearance in "The Captive," and on April 22, Victor Moore will make his photo-dramatic debut under Lasky management in the picturization of "Snobs."

UNIVERSAL FILMS ALWAYS LEAD

BACK AGAIN
PHILLIP SMALLEY and LOIS WEBER
Special Feature Programs in Regular Service

Your Next Visit to a Movie—Go to One Showing UNIVERSAL—You Will See the Difference.

CANADIAN UNIVERSAL FILM CO., Limited
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Phone or write us and we will let you know the houses using Universal Films in your neighborhood.

MADISON Theatre
BLOOR and BATHURST STS. Sheldon System of Ventilation
MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY
EDITH TALIAFERRO in "YOUNG ROMANCE"
A Drama of Romantic Youth
"RUNAWAY JUNE"—Episode No. 8
THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY
WILLIAM FARNUM in Wilson Barrett's
"THE SIGN OF THE CROSS"
High-Class Orchestra Music—Evenings, 10c, 15c; Saturday Matinee, 10c. Open Evenings, 7 p.m.

The Model Theatre
181 DANFORTH AVENUE
Toronto's Finest Motion Picture House, Showing Only the Best Feature Films. 600 Large, Comfortable Chairs.
Mon. and Tues.—"THE BLACK BOX," No. 3—"ORIENTAL ROMANCE."
Wed. and Thurs.—"THE THREADS OF FATE"—"THREE BAD MEN AND A GIRL."
Fri.—"RUNAWAY JUNE," No. 7,—"CHANGED LIVES," in 3 Parts, featuring ANNA LITTLE
Sat.—"THE HAUNTED HEARTS," and Other Good Features.
Positively the Only House in Toronto Projecting Pictures on a Gold Fibre Mirroroide Screen, Guaranteeing the Brightest, the Clearest, the Best Pictures in Toronto. High-Class Orchestral Music. Open Evenings at 7 p.m. Last Show Starts at 9.15 p.m. Matinees Saturday at 2 to 5 p.m.

VICTORIA THEATRE
651½ YONGE STREET
Mon. and Tues.—"RUNAWAY JUNE," Episode No. 6—"IN THE HANDS OF FATE," a 3-Reel Made-in-Canada Film—Strand War Series—"ITALY'S POWER."
Wed. & Thurs. — George Kleine's "The Lion of Venice"
Fri. and Sat.—"20 MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY," Episode No. 19—A Keystone Comedy and Other Special Features.
SPECIAL MATINEE MONDAY 2 P. M. TO 5.30 P.M.
Music by Wurlitzer Orchestra, Played by an Expert Musician.

RED MILL THEATRE 183 YONGE STREET OPP. EATON'S
Mon., Tues. and Wed.—Special Features—"THE BLACK BOX," Episode No. 4.

CRYSTAL PALACE THEATRE 141 YONGE STREET
Mon., Tues. and Wed.—"The Fakir's Ring"—Special Features.

KUM C Theatre 1288 QUEEN ST. W.
"MARY PICKFORD WEEK"
Mon.—"Such a Little Queen" Wed. "The Eagle's Mate"
Tues.—"Behind the Scenes" Thurs.—"Cinderella"
Fri. and Sat.—"Mistress Nell"

PEOPLE'S THEATRE 332 Queen St. W.
Mon., Tues. & Wed.—H. B. WARNER in "THE GHOST BREAKER."
Thurs., Fri. & Sat.—THE BLACK BOX, Episode No. 3

KING GEORGE Theatre Cor. BLOOR and BATHURST
Mon. and Tues.—"THE MASTER KEY," Episode No. 9.
Wed. and Thurs.—"THE BLACK BOX," Episode No. 2.
Fri. and Sat.—"THE JUNGLE WILDS"—THE MADCAP QUEEN OF GREHSHOFFEN."

MOTION PICTURES

A Visit to a Good Movie Show Is an Evening Enjoyably Spent Here You See the Best on Earth

A Mary Pickford Week and Serials Galore at a Dozen of the Most Enterprising Theatres in the City.

MADISON

Edith Taliaferro

Edith Taliaferro, in "Young Romance," a drama of romantic youth, will make her screen debut at the Madison Theatre on the first half of this week. Miss Taliaferro takes the part of Nellie Nolan, the heroine of this very unusual story, presides over the notion counter in a department store. But, nevertheless, romance flourishes in her soul, and she devotes all her spare moments to reading novels in which "high society" and foreign nobility figure prominently. One day, in a fit of June madness, she determines to spend the entire $100 she has saved by living like a "real lady" for the one glorious week of her vacation. By judicious buying at second-hand stores she accumulates a suitable wardrobe, and betakes herself to a fashionable Maine seaside resort where she poses as a Fifth avenue heiress.

In the same big department store there works one, Tom Clancy, who, likewise, is of a romantic turn of mind and who, lured on by dreams of adventure and fortune, goes for his vacation to the same town and under much the same false colors.

For the last half of the week William Farnum will be seen in Wilson Barrett's great play, "The Sign of the Cross."

THE MODEL

"The Threads of Fate"

On Monday and Tuesday, at the Model Theatre, Toronto's finest moving picture house, the third instalment of "The Black Box" will be the feature. This serial story is getting more exciting as it progresses and those that have not started to follow its unfolding mystery should start right away. On Wednesday and Thursday "The Threads of Fate," "Runaway June," number 7; "Three Bad Men and a Girl," along with an extra special comedy number, will compose the program. On Friday the headliner of a good program will be the three-part feature with Anna Little, "Changed Lives." While on Saturday "The Haunted Hearts" will be at the head of a high-class program carefully chosen.

THE PEOPLES

"The Black Box," No. 3

Followers of "The Black Box" will have a chance to see the third instalment of the serial picture at the People's Theatre, 332 Queen street west, on any of the last three days of this week, along with many other interesting and humorous pictures. For the first half of the week H. B. Warner will be seen in his great big success, "The Ghost Breaker." This picture is one of the biggest hits that has been in Toronto for many a day.

KING GEORGE

Under New Management.

Monday and Tuesday at the King George Theatre the ninth episode of "The Master Key" will be shown. This theatre is now under entirely new management and special programs of remarkable excellence are being shown. The serial story, "The Black Box," episode number 2, will be featured on Wednesday and Thursday, while a very fine and varied program, headed by "Jungle Wilds" and "The Mad Cap Queen of Grehshoffen," will be shown on Friday and Saturday.

KUM C.

Mary Pickford Week.

A special review of Mary Pickford pictures will be shown at the Kum C Theatre this week and anybody who has failed to see the work of this wonderful little Toronto actress should not miss this chance to pick out one or two or all of the pictures and see them. On Monday "Such a Little Queen," one of her earliest hits, will be shown; Tuesday, "Behind the Scenes"; Wednesday, "The Eagle's Mate"; Thursday, "Cinderella," and on Friday and Saturday her latest big hit, "Mistress Nell." Every one of these pictures is typical of the little star and is full of the lovable personality that has taken the world by storm.

THE VICTORIA

Special Matinee on Monday.

Starting with a special matinee on Monday, at which will be shown a remarkably fine and varied program the Victoria Theatre this week will give its patrons a generous treat. For Monday and Tuesday the sixth episode of "Runaway June" will be shown as well as the Made-in-Canada feature, "In the Hands of Fate," and Strand war series, which vividly illustrates the military and naval power of Italy, which at any time may be thrown onto the side of the allies. On Wednesday and Thursday George Kleine's "The Lion of Venice," one of the prettiest pictures ever filmed, in which the beautiful Canal of Venice was especially closed for the first time in history. On Friday and Saturday a roaring Keystone comedy will be featured as well as the nineteenth episode of "The Twenty Million Dollar Mystery."

A Picture of Your Favorite Player

Are you interested in any particular actor or actress that you would like to know more about? The Movie Editor of The Sunday World will do his best to give you what you want and every week will try and print a picture of a favorite star or actor. Who do you want? The player having the largest number of requests will be given first choice. Send in your full name and address with each request just to show that you are really interested. It will not be used. Address Movie Editor, Toronto Sunday World.

CENSOR FILMS THAT GIVE AID TO GERMANS

LONDON—The report of the British board of film censors for last year has just been filed. It contains the information that they viewed 6,000 films which measured 6,881,614 feet. The examiners took exception to a number of pictures on various objections, as follows:

Horrifying murders and suicides.
Horrors of warfare.
Movements of allied troops that might furnish information to Germany.
Subjects relating to "race suicide."
Sacred subjects treated irreverently.
Drunken scenes.
Vulgarity or impropriety of deportment or costuming.
Cruelty to animals.
Cruelty to children.
Indecent dancing.

In the majority of these cases the objectionable portions of the pictures were either entirely eliminaed or re-photographed, eventuating all but 18 absolute rejections.

THE RED MILL

"The Fakirs Ring," a magnificent mystery drama, that thrills and interests from beginning to end is the name of the extra special feature at the Crystal Palace, Yonge street, the first half of this week. At the Red Mill Theatre a program of big special features has been arranged which is well up to the standard that has made this little theatre famous in Toronto for the last ten years. The fourth instalment of the "Black Box," will also be shown here for the first time in Toronto.

SMALLEY'S REJOIN BIG "U" PROGRAM

The producing end of the Universal Company will be greatly enrighted by the addition of "The Smalleys," as the combination of Phillips, Smalley and Lois Weber is known. The makers of such remarkable films as "The Hypocrites" and other masterpieces, started work April 1, and will produce a succession of three to five reel photoplays written by themselves, or from well known novels. This combination of the big "U" and the Smalleys has been "up their sleeves" for some time now, but the talented couple wanted a good holiday and tookit. Before joining the Bosworth concern they were with the Universal and their releases were always looked forward to by lovers of good pictures, and their return will be widely heralded and warmly received. Lois Weber is working on the first story in her delightful Hollywood home and Phillips is busy getting his cast together.

The inimitable Frank Daniels of comic opera fame, was initiated into the mysteries of motion picture production, and acting for the camera at the Vitagraph Studios last week when he began work in the four-part comedy "My Uncle Bob," written expressly for the popular comedian by Paul West. The theme of "My Uncle Bob" is that of mistaken identity, in which Mr. Daniels is seen as an escaped jailbird, and in which he is given opportunity to "put over" in his own peculiar style the subtle mannerisms that have caused countless audiences to laugh. "My Uncle Bob" is being produced under the direction of Jay Williams.

In celebrating Miss Muriel Ostriche's advent to the Vitagraph ranks, Maurice Costello and Van Dyke Brooke, originated a vaudeville turn in "one." Mr. Costello explained that, because of a decided hoarseness, he would be unable to sing, but he would give an imitation of a Tipperary clog. After three minutes of dancing:—

Mr. Costello—"I hear they are not satisfied with the 'chickens' of the Vitagraph Company."

Mr. Brooke—"How is that?"

Mr. Costello—"Why! they don't think they are big enough."

Mr. Brooke—"Not big enough! How do you make that out?"

Mr. Costello—"Well! didn't they bring in an Ostriche?"

Florence Tempest, who is playing in Comedy-Star films, is at present negotiating a return to vaudeville, where for years "Tempest and Sunshine" have been headliners. If she does go back, she will be the busiest girl in the world, with her movie work in the mornings, and the vaudeville engagement afternoon and evening.

WHAT IS KITCHENER LIKE?

"What is Lord Kitchener like, anyway. Ever see him?" a man recently asked Frank Farrington. They were seated in this English actor's dressing room in the New Rochelle studios, chatting with the questioner's sister and a newspaper man.

"I'll show you," said Farrington, taking a mustache from a collection of his and fastening it to his upper lip. Leaning close to the glass, he gave his face a few swift applications of make-up. Then, adjusting a soft hat to his head, he strode the length of the room.

"Is there a bed here?" he demanded in a deep, clear voice, the carrying quality of which seemed to proceed from a peculiar twist given the lips in speaking. The newspaper man recognized the inquiry as the question immediately asked by the famous field marshal when he first entered the war office last August and answered, "No, my Lord," as the doorkeeper had on that occasion.

"Get one!" snapped Farrington.

"Why!" the girl exclaimed. "I remember that man. I was at the Grand Central station when he arrived in New York three or four years ago. I always wondered who he was.

"That was Kitchener," said the newspaper man. "I was there that day to interview him. He was making a trip around the world."

MIDNIGHT MATINEE AT MISSOULA, MONT.

In Missoula, Montana, they started a midnight matinee at the Empress Theatre, that created more discussion than anything that has happened in that city in many a day. Ray Gagley, the manager of the Empress, is the one who is responsible for the inovation. When the directors of the Missoula Amusement Company, who control the Empress Theatre, were told that there was to be such a thing as a midnight matinee, they thought that their manager had gotten "softening of the brain." They said, "Listen, Ray, you could shoot a cannon up Higgins avenue at 12 o'clock without hitting anyone"; but Ray did not believe the directors were right. He maintained that the reason people went home Saturday nights was because there was nothing else for them to do. They packed the Empress with the midnight matinee to see Lew Fields in "Old Dutch," and the midnight matinee on Saturday nights, at the Empress Theatre, Missoula, Montana, is bound to become a permanent feature.

LONDON CANNOT SEE HARM IN PLAYS CROMWELL SAW

With what emotions, we wonder, would Oliver Cromwell behold the London of 1915? In the year 1642 times were calamitous in England. She was "threatened with a cloud of blood, by a civil warre. To avert the wrath of God, both houses of parliament joined in a grave ordinance which decreed the suppression of public stageplays.

"Whereas publike Sports does not well agree with publike Calamaties, nor publike Stage-Plays with the Seasons of Humiliation, this being an Exercise of sad and pious Solemnity, and the other being Spectacles of Pleasure, too commonly expressing lascivious Mirth and levitie: It is therefore thought fit, and Ordeined by the Lords and Commons in this Parliament Assembled; that while these sad Causes and set times of Humiliation doe continue, publike Stageplayes shall cease, and bee forborne. Instead of which, are recommended to the people of this Land, the prontable and seasonable Considerations of Repentance, Reconciliation, and peace with God, which probably may produce outward peace and prosperity, and bring againe Times of Joy and Gladnesse to these Nations."

London today is still far enough from the mood of 1642 to enjoy a dozen remarkable spectacles besides numerous variety offerings.

England has acquired a somewhat different attitude toward the wrath of God.

FLICKERINGS

Lew Fields, who is now at the Garrick Theatre, Chicago, in "The High Cost of Loving," has just made arrangements with the World Film Corporation to pose for a series of comedies.

An active campaign against crooked exhibitors has been started in Chicago. All the exchanges are falling in line, and there is no limit and no amount of money that will be spared to prosecute, to the fullest extent, every crooked exhibitor in the territory.

Six cameras were employed at the same time recently during the production of the big battle scenes in "Sons of Toil," a story of the Pennsylvania coal regions, to be released by Domino on the Mutual Program. The fight was staged in a canyon at Inceville, where the Kay-Bee, Broncho and Domino films are made, and while a camera was stationed at either end of the road, along which the activities took place, two were set in motion on either side of the adjoining hills. The result is that some splendid distance "shots" of the combat are seen.

Mr. Morgan Belmont, son of Mr. August Belmont, well known finacier, recently showed at the World Film Studio, at Fort Lee, some pictures taken in Alaska during his recent hunting trip.

BEHIND THE SCREEN

CONDUCTED BY ED. H. ROBINS

A LOCAL photoplay author, who has written a number of acceptable plays, writes me an interesting letter this week, which I am having re-printed here because it contains, in my opinion, food for much thought. I am withholding the name of this Toronto resident because he evidently wishes me to do so, as he sent me a personal note with this letter, but, as will be noticed, signed his criticism with a nom de plume. Followers of the moving pictures will agree with "The Man in Front" because much he says is true:

SOME FAULTS OF THE PHOTOPLAY.

The large number of exhibitors of the Film Photoplay shows conclusively the popularity of the entertainment, and it also shows what an enormous business has been built up in making these films. As an entertainment these places usually give their patrons full value for the nimble nickle or dime, and immense fortunes have been built up by the promotors of the photoplay. One reads in the papers of the splendid salaries paid to leading men or women in the movie drama, or that the salary paid to some stage manager or producer exceeds that paid to an ambassador. Yet the high-priced stage manager is often extremely careless of detail, and one wonders how with his experience, he can fail to detect glaring errors that constantly show up upon the screen. It is quite a common thing, in fact it crops up in nearly every film, to see an actor or actress sit at a table and dash off a letter by two scratches across the paper, and a third scratch for the signature, yet in a second we are shown a letter of six or seven lines containing perhaps fifty or sixty words, that he is supposed to have written. Another offence, is carelessness in make-up. Wigs that show the actor's own hair beneath at the back of the head, beards that terminate in a hard line upon the face, and who ever saw a man's beard grow that way in nature. Ladies who personate elderly dames are content to put on a gray wig and a pair of glasses and pay no attention to lining up their faces, and one sometimes sees a girl talking to her mother, that looks fully as young as she does.

In a recent film shown here by one of the big companies, the king and his suite went to the ocean shore to review a fleet of fishermen's boats, and altho the characters were all dressed in Elizabethan costumes, there came sailing by a number of modern sailing yachts and a gasoline launch or two. In another considerably advertised feature film, "the heroine" is trapped into a meeting with the "bad man" in a deserted cottage at the cross roads at night, yet we see this girl crossing the fields on her way to this place in the bright sunlight, and the conspirators who intend to seize her are seen creeping from bush to bush in the bright light of day, and when they get to the cottage they light a lamp, but the light is so bright in there that the flame of the kerosene lamp does not show at all. I am aware that moving pictures cannot be made in the dark, but I have seen night scenes shown upon the screen that looked like night instead of bright sunlight.

In another film recently shown here, one of the scenes represented the Temple of Isis, with a large figure of the god at the left of the picture, and all of the characters present make their obeisance to this idol. A few dancing girls were introduced which, of course, are supposed to dance before the altar of the god, but did they? No, they ignored the figure of Isis and danced to the audience; that is, they gave a weak imitation of Gertrude Hoffman's Hindoo snake dance, which had no place in the Temple of Isis in Egypt. Another film showed a king in all his royal robes seated upon the throne, and on each side of him were two supers in scale armor and tin helmets carrying wooden spears, and when his majesty descended from the throne, the supers followed him out, and one could see the bone buttons in the buttonholes of the doublets on which the scale armor was sewn, and their tin helmets showed dents that looked as if they had been in deadly conflict sometime in the wardrobe trunk. Now these are very small things, and I could point out a number of others, but it would only tire your readers, but they go to show that the high-priced stage director is not always watching the small details that go to make up good pictures, such as the man who pours in the nickles and dimes is entitled to, for it is the revenue from these nickles and dimes that pay these fat salaries.

Yours with apologies for trespassing on your space,

"The Man in Front."

As I have written many times before, the moving picture has reached a high degree of perfection. Attention to detail is becoming more and more essential. The director who could see very little necessity and remedy all faults is a gem. It is much more difficult to be "detail perfect" on the screen than it is on the stage. Once the film is exposed nothing can alter the picture that is made except a "re-take," and oftentimes such a course is impossible. All producing companies strive for effects that are perfect. Many succeed where others fail, but I have yet to see anywhere on the screen an absolutely perfect picture.

But "The Man in Front" in his criticism forgets many things. He forgets that minus the voice the facial expression is all important. Girls dancing with their backs to the camera would not be able to register properly. On the stage any deviation from the rules of realism is excused by what is known as "stage license." On the screen the same condition might be designated as "camera license." Not much can be gained from a back view. Hence actors and actresses are often placed in unnatural, ungraceful positions because of the necessity of the audience gathering every expression.

"The Man in Front" forgets, also, that nearly all pictures are taken in the sunlight and then tinted to represent night, the fault of which he writes in his letter above rests in the dark room, not with the director. And "The Man in Front" evidently doesn't know that pictures can be made in the dark that is, with the aid of the radium flare on the darkest night, a wonderful effect can be secured. But I quite agreed with him in the main. Carelessness should not be tolerated. The moving picture industry is too big to be handled in anything but an artistic, painstaking manner. But oftentimes it is necessary to change one's plans at the last minute and unavoidable mistakes occur. I shall look forward with a great deal of pleasure to the time when a really perfect picture is filmed.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Helen Johnstone:—(1), Miss Hall's address is not known by me, but if you will write the Motion Picture World they can tell you. (2), it probably took the producers of "The Master Key" a week to make each reel. (3), Mr. Leonard was very good in this picture. (4), which picture do doy mean. (5), I do not know what you mean by your last question.

L. F. D. C.:—A written description will do.

C. A. F.:—(1), It all depends upon value of scenario. If it is of exceptional worth the author ought to receive $25 a reel (2), all companies do not pay the same rate. (3), the company will buy a good comedy photo-play if it is of two reels. (4), one hundred scenes is quite too many for a one-reel comedy. (5), comedy photo-plays should receive a bigger price than dramatic plays, because of the former's scarcity. (6), each company has a scenario writer and reader. Moving picture actors often write photo-plays. (7), the producing company always reserves the right to add or subtract any scene they see fit. (8), all such scenes as you suggest would lend atmosphere even if not necessary to the plot and are therefore desirable.

K. M. Andrus:—Address Maurice Costello, care of Vitograph Company, Flatbush, Brooklyn, New York.

"Vic":—You are quite correct in what you say in your letter to me. For a boy of sixteen you have quite a mentality judging from your letter even if you did mispell a word or two. Shall be very glad to answer any question you care to ask me, providing, of course, I am able to do so.

Sybil:—There is such a school, but your attendance there would not help you to get a position, as it is a school for scenario writing only. Being an athlete might help you in the pictures. See either directors at the studio.

Norman Davis:—See either Mr. McKnight or Mr. Edwards at the local studio.

R. Macdonald:—It would be impossible to make any arrangement for you, for any particular day. You could not have a try-out the way you desire.

"Tommy's" Dilemma

A British "Tommy" had captured a German prisoner. He was a sorry specimen, bedraggled, mud-stained and hungry. Somewhat dubious of the regulation procedure, the captor approached a superior officer and displayed his prize.

'Wot shall I do wiv 'im?" asked the soldier.

"Oh, take him to the rear! I'll 'phone the colonel that you're coming," replied the officer.

"Tommy" marched off as directed. In due course he reached the colonel's quarters, but unaccompanied.

"Where's your prisoner? Has he escaped?"

"No, sir!"

"Well, what have you done with him?"

"Well, it was like this, sir. As we was marchin' along, the prisoner started talkin' about 'is Fatherland, 'is father, 'is mother, 'is sisters and sweetheart. 'E started blubberin' and I started blubberin'—

'Yes! Yes! But what's that got to do with it?" broke in the colonel, somewhat impatiently.

"Well, 'e talked and talked, and the more 'e talked the more 'e cried and the more I cried. In fact, 'e so got on my nerves that I up wiv my rifle and shot the blighter!"

A Makeshift

A little boy of 5 was invited to a children's party. The next day he was giving an account of the fun, and said that each of the little visitors had contributed either a song, a recitation or music for the pleasure of the rest.

"Oh, poor little Jack!" said his mother, "how very unfortunate you could do nothing!"

"Yes, I could, mother," replied the young hopeful. 'I stood up and said my prayers!"

CHAPLIN IN VAUDEVILLE.

Mr. Chaplin is considering an offer to give up the movies and go into the varieties—at the customary $1000 weekly, of course. His predecessor in popular favor, John Bunny, is already tired of his experiment in kind. The venture has not been as prosperous as was expected; the millions who flocked to see the pictured Bunny for a jitney or a dime did not display eagerness to pay a quarter or more to observe him "in person," as the ads had it. He is going to fill some Chautaugua dates, and then return to the films—perhaps, it is said, as the head of a concern of his own.

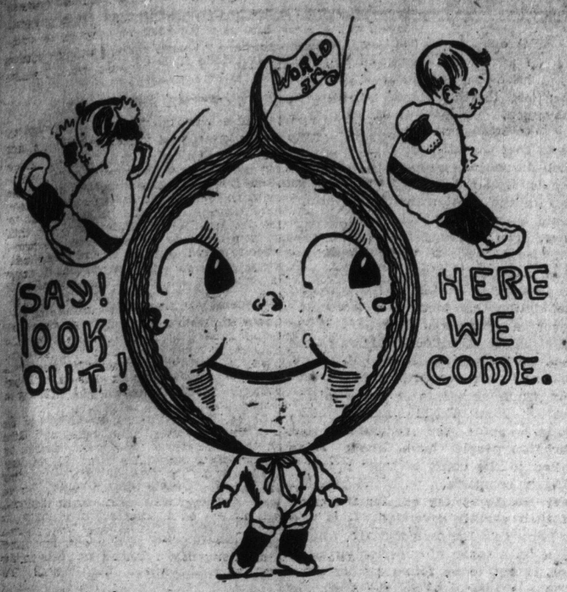
The Vitagraph Company have broken into the serial game and have secured Ralph W. Ince to produce "The Goddess." The book is written by Gouverneur Morriss.

Kalem have inaugurated a series of "curtain call" films of their stars which can be fastened to the end of the film in which the said star appears and which is sold to the exhibitor at cost.

German soldiers have been put on half-pay. This would seem to mean that they are about to retire.

THE SMILING FACE CLUB

Directed By C. A. Macphie



SMILERS, EVERY ONE

Smile awhile
And while
You smile
Another smiles,
And soon
There's miles
And miles
Of smiles:
And Life's
Worth while
Because you smile.

That is our motto: No matter what happens, just SMILE.

Who is ever any better for crying? NOBODY; so why should we cry? If mother or father asks you to do a thing, why pout? You only feel badly afterward. Do it with a SMILING face; then everyone is happy. If you smile, why! mother SMILES, father SMILES, baby SMILES; and soon if you look hard enough at Puss, you will see that she is SMILING also.

There is nothing in the world like a SMILE.

Anyone may join this club; big people as well as little people; for (just whisper it) sometimes a big person needs to smile, just as much as a little person does.

All you have to do is to remember the above; send in your name to C. A. Macphie, Sunday World office, Toronto, then we send you an S.F.C. button. The number of letters we receive is so great that some weeks we haven't room for all the names. But keep on looking and you will see your name soon.

Ruth Alexander, 709 Gladstone ave.
Dorothy Allan, 25 Nassau street.
Adeline Atherton, 50 Rainsford road.
Hannah Argent, Clinton, Ont.
Zelma, Bernica, Reta, Reith, Jack and Vernon Aitchison, 13 Galt avenue.
Leonard and Kenneth Ainsworth and Violet Hopton, 248 Fairview ave.
Florence Ayling, 11 Brock street, Belleville, Ont.
Arnold Brooks, Carrying Place, R. F. D. No. 1, Murray, Ont.
Ethel Ball, 3 Rosethorn avenue.
Margaret Black, 220 Shaw street.
Margaret Printice, 20 Highfield road.
Anna Lunga, 220 Shaw street.
Edith Courtenay, 934 Queen street w.
Minnie Kersten, 494 Clinton street.
Hilda Toms, 55 Hounslowheath road.
Angie Chargois, 29 Bellevue place.
Goe Bofinger, Waterloo, Ont.
Annie, Martin, Florence Brennan and Winnie Finnigan, Lady Grey Hospital, Ottawa, Ont.
Sollie, Max, Sam, Amie and Beckie Mandel, 75 Brunswick avenue.
Amie Ronaldson, Ella Trimmings, Mildred Booth, Laura Sewell, Mary Grey, Kathleen Bridgett, 433 Clendenan avenue.
Dale, Earl and Mae Blair, 80 Beaconsfield avenue.
Dorothy Bailey, 106 Earlscourt ave.
Helen and Jean Buehanan, 355 Huron street.
Thos. T. Brennan, 35 Bushell avenue.
Elizabeth Stenson, 4 Abbott avenue.
Marguerite Syme, 69 Barker avenue, West Toronto.
Winifred Ward, 212 Howland avenue.
Dal, Bryce Crombie and Bruce Henderson, 220 Geneva street, St. Catharines.
Mach Carmichael, 39 Roxborough st. west.
Roy Lomas, 176 Bleecker street.
Edwin Carey, 993 Logan avenue.
Audrey, Beatrice and Margaret Clark, 666 Jones avenue.
Cecil Comish, 37 Cameron street.
Violet Chambers, 139 Clinton street.
Martha Cranston, 9 Brunswick ave.
Kathleen Cantelon, 406 Delaware ave.
Miss Edith Coopsey, 219 Silver Birch avenue.
Jean Delmage, Queen's Hotel, Harriston.
Pearl Drake, 41 Bulwer street.
Delval D'Eepard, 15 Cowan avenue.
Herbert Daly, 158 Walmer road.
Miss G. E. Drake, Mount Dennis P.O., Ont.
Charles Farr, Jr., 38 Thorold avenue.
Bill, Jessie, Angus and Mary Frazer, 604 Wellington street west.
Sybil and Ethel Ford, 76 St. Matthew street, Montreal, P.Q.
Ethel French, 49 Hamilton avenue, Ottawa, Ont.
Grace Pritchard, Lumina Lister and Gladys, Elsie, Clarence and Albert Furniss, 9 Skipper avenue.
Haze, Beatrice, Arthur and Gladys Firth, 14 Dermott place.
Edna and Arthur Fryer, 27 Victoria Park, Balmy Beach.
Merle Ferguson, R. R. No. 2, Fontypool, Ont.
Gertrude, Irene and Robert Goodings, 339 Danforth avenue.
Harold Geale, 127 Lawton avenue.
Mrs. A. J. and J. L. Gillies, R. M. No. 1, King, Ont.
Eric Hutchins, Mimico, Ont.
Muriel Hogg, 224 Popular Plains road.
Cecil, Albert, Gertie, Olive, and Mr. and Mrs. Hill, 139 Hazelwood ave.
Margaret Horn and Ruth Singer, 56 Markham street, above St. Clair.
Edna, Beatrice, Gladys, Russell Haines, 330 St. Clarens avenue.
Charlie and Harold Hale, 70 Lindsay avenue.
Bert Clayton, Margaret Dinsmore, Rosa Brooker, Ernie and Jack Coxon, Jessie McClure, Wilfred Marnet, Lexford McDonald, Cecil Knight, Ida and Eric Knight, Olive Wetheridge, Leanor Henry Bernice Newson, Lilian Hathway, Clifford Hutchuson, Esther Abbott, Henry Hunt, Edie Piggott, Ralph Hurst, Gordon Henry, 500 Indian Grove, West Toronto.
Mary Jennings, 42 Norway avenue, Hamilton, Ont.
Ola Jamieson, 739 Bathurst street.
J. Kelly, 140 Dovercourt road.
Helen G. Kearey, Bradford, Ont.
May Lawrence, 217 Sumach street.
Wilfrid Cantelon, 406 Delaware ave.
Jessie, Annie, Elsie, Iowne, Florence and Violet Madill, 362 Davenport road.
Alice Marshall, 236 Gladstone avenue.
Eleanor Meagher, 21 Fairview Blvd.
Edward Manning and Elsie Hixon, 23 Nanton avenue, Rosedale.
George, Arthur, Viola, Enowilia, Buster, Gertrude, Freddie and Ariey Merritt, 139 Cumberland street.
Victoria Macdonald, Puslinch, Ont.
Bennie, Edward and Michael Marshman, 144 Caledonia road.
Mrs. F. Mack, 144 Jarvis street.
Ethelbert McCrie, 60 Muir avenue.
Elsie Marley, 274 Jones avenue.
Clifford Marshall, 79 Vermont avenue
Anna McCrorie, 42 Carlton street.
Teddy and Irene Mansell, 15 Lansdowne Mansions, City.
Gwendolien and Norman Maxey, 440 Balliol street.
Arthur, Alice, Harry, Walter, Edith and Amy Manock, 87 Earlscourt avenue.
Evelyn McMullen, R R No 2, Janetville, Ont.
Ethel, May and Eliza, Thomas, Molly and William Notley, 317 Bartlett avenue.
Violet Pepper, 294 Margueretta street
Edna and Naomi Piggott, Ross street, Barrie, Ont. ETA
Ivy and Lily Perrin, 61 Caledonia Park.
Willie, Madeline, Gordon and Irene Plummer, 1425 Dufferin street.
Madeline Powell, 449 Quebec avenue.
Ernest and William Pearse, 52 Amherst avenue, Fairbank, Toronto.
Willie, Jack, Bella, Gladys and Hellen Papernich, 15 Cecil street.
Arthur, Jean, Ena, Geoffrey and Ruby Routcliffe, 417 Erie Terrice.
Winnifred, Mary, Gertrude, Camilla and Francis Roche, 1226 Gerrard street.
Edith Robinson, 172 Emerson avenue.
Burnard and Lawrence Roper, 232 Robert street.
Jack Rodden, 96 Mutual street.
Fred Smith, 18 Niagara street.
Given Sykes, 112 Madison avenue.
Ivy Staples, 29 Taylor street.
Erice Sharp, 73 Vermont avenue.
Wallace, Ormond, Herbert and Walton Staples, 172 Manning avenue.
Gladys Smith, 369 Richmond street.
Martha, Lenora, Lillian, Helen, and Pellatt Smelser, Orillia P.O., Ont., C/o Jean Smelser.

Dear SMILERS: Please send us a SMILING FACE BUTTON. We are twins and are six years old. Please put this little piece in the SMILING FACE Page:

There was a little man and he had a little gun.
His bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;
And he shot a duck right thru the head, head, head.
He took it home to his wife, Joan,
And told her a fire to make, make, make,
While he went to shoot the drake.

Sent in by:
Carleton and Carlyle Cober,
58 Salem avenue,
Toronto.

--- ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS AND GOOD, KIND, DEAR DOG MUTT --- JOHN'S EASTER LILY AND THE SMILING BUNNY AND WHAT HAPPENS

In Johnnie's church, I don't know why,
The people all looked sad;
They RARELY laughed and if they SMILED
They never looked QUITE glad.

Well; all the kids on EASTER tDAY
Were told, my dears, you see,
To bring an offering to the church,
As pretty as could be.

Now: John a flower had my, yes,
A LILY grand and tall;
It had a table to itself,
Away out in the hall.

When Sunday came John said to Tom:
"I'LL carry it you know
And put it on the pulpit high,
Where it will really show."

But Tommy said: "Be careful do,
Its heavy you can see,"
John said: "Oh! My! that's nothing Tom,
I'M strong as strong can be."

So off John started, Yes he did;
To see him pant and puff—
You'd say: "That boy is truly made
Of first-rate A1 stuff."

He reached the church, the pulpit too,
Some people, yes, are there,
And up the steps he marches—My!
While all the people stare.

He lifts the lily—"PANT! GASP! PUFF!"
And dear WHAT HAPPENS NOW?
WHY DOWN IT DROPS—SNIP! SNAP!
BANG! CRASH!
He really can't tell how.

"Oh! Wow!—I've nothing else!—Boo! Hoo!"
He roars out loud, you know;
The people roll their eyes and say:
"Such howls IN CHURCH!—Oh!! Oh!!!"

So off John started, yes he did,
To see him pant and puff
You'd say, "That boy is truly made
Of first-rate, A1 stuff."

Poor Pa comes rushing up the aisle,
He tears his hair and cries:
"The people, nearly all, are here,
My sakes! Where are your eyes."

Well: Mutt good dog, stood looking in,
And great was his distress;
He showed more brains than Pa or all,
I really must confess.

For when he saw John's heathen plight,
He galloped home you see,
And grabbed John's SMILING BUNNY up
As quicky as could be.

Then back once more, as quick as wink,
AND UP THE AISLE, MY DEAR;
Your heart would tremble in your boots,
And stand quite still with fear.

Then me! Oh my! What's this? Oh! Oh!
Right on the pulpit grand,
He lifts that SMILING BUNNY up
Beside young Johnnie's hand.

And then my dear what happens next?
They see that SMILE you know,
Then ROUND IT SPREADS THRU ALL THE CHURCH;
'Twas odd, but it was so.

Then Mr. Kind stood up and said:
"This Bunny makes you SMILE,
And on this bright New-Easter morn,
I think THAT'S WELL WORTH WHILE.

For tho' a lily is so sweet,
I think this Bunny too,
(If he can make sad faces SMILE),
Is quite as sweet, don't you?"

They left the Bunny there—Why! Yes!
Then out they went my dear,
And Johnnie's face as he looked back,
Had not the slightest tear.

Well! All that week and all that year,
And ever since they say,
That church has been the brighter for—
The Bunny's SMILE that day.

C. A. MACPHIE.

QUESTION MARK TELLS TURVEY WHY A BUNNY IS SO DEAR--AN EASTER STORY.

NOW I HOPE YOU ARE LISTENING.

Well, my dear, I told you before that Jake Fox could not be trusted. Oh! My! he was SUCH a talker. He was always going to do this, that, and the other thing and do you suppose he ever did do this, that, or the other thing—NO.

One morning he came to my house in a balloon, Yes, my dear, in a BALLOON.

It was funny to see him arriving. First he caught on the gate-post, then on the wash-line and finally got tangled on the pump handle.

When I came out I said. "That is rather a skittish balloon you have."

Yes, SKITTISH was the word I used, and, whether it was because he did not like the word or because he was just naturally full of tricks, I don't know, anyway, he asked me to go for a ride in it with him.

"Wait till I get the others," cried I, and I thought he winked rather oddly to himself as I walked off. By and bye I returned with Old Goose, the little Princess and myself, then we all got in and off we sailed.

My! It was SUPERALAGLORIOUS at first. Yes, my dear, AT FIRST; but soon the thing began to wobble. Yes; my dear, WOBBLE.

"Say!" exclaimed Old Goose: "What's the idea of this?"

"No idea at all," said Jake Fox, "except to give you an idea of the country from all sides of your head." The little Princess looked at Old Goose, Old Goose looked at me, I looked at Jake Fox and he looked over the side and grinned. Yes, my dear, GRINNED.

"Funny doing I would say," said Old Goose looking at me.

"Funny indeed!" said I looking at Jake Fox and with that guess what Jake Fox did. Why! he bent down under the seat, grabbed up an old umbrella which was under it, and over the side he went. Yes, my dear, right over the side.

We were not very far from the ground (only a house or two high) and we could see that he landed safe and sound—but what about us? Yes, my dear, what about US?

Well! we floated and floated and floated round and over and about, wringing our hands and wiping our eyes and noses too, till by and bye we found ourselves just over the woods. Yes, my dear, over the woods.

Soon we came to a great tall tree and as I looked down I could see something, yes a tiny little something, with its paw shading its eyes, gazing up at us from the foot of the tree.

Say! is he not a Dear?

"Well!" suddenly exclaimed Old Goose: "I do declare if that is not little Bunny Rabbit back again. See; at the foot of this tree!"

"Why" cried I: "So it is," and sure enough, the tiny little something was BUNNY RABBIT.

"Ho!" called he: "Is that you QUESTION MARK??"

"Yes," cried I.

"Are you in trouble again poor old dear?" called he.

"Yes! Yes!" cried I, with sobs in my voice.

"Well never mind QUESTION MARK old dear," called he: "You wait there; I'll be back in a moment," and with that he scuttled off into the ferns.

In a few minutes he returned with Fred Bear, Jim Wildcat and a few others, all carrying large armfuls of moss. This they piled on the ground in a great large heap, then Bunny Rabbit called out: "Question Mark, old dear, try a jump—DO."

I looked at Old Goose, he looked at me, we looked at each other and then he said, while the tears rolled out of his eyes: "He called you FIRST old chap."

Well; what could I do but do it? so I did—I JUMPED. Yes, my dear, I JUMPED——and landed SAFE and SOUND on the great large bank of moss while little Bunny Rabbit hugged and kissed me for joy.

"Now!" I called to Old Goose: "Take the little Princess and come along; I am here, the moss is here, we are all here."

Then Old Goose picked up the little Princess and THEY too landed safe and sound on the great large bank of moss. So my dear anyone should know (or at least anyone with any sense should know) why a Bunny is so dear.

Turvey's Ma said yesterday: "I wonder why that child does not want the rabbits caged up"

C. A. MACPHIE.

Poems and Stories From Little Readers Of the Smilers' Page

Dear SMILERS:
We want to join the SMILING FACE CLUB. So, would you please send us each a button.

We're only little boys,
But if you'll let us join,
When we grow up big men,
We'll be making lots of coin.

We'll buy The SUNDAY WORLD,
And tell each man we meet,
If he wants one, the same,
He'll get it down the street.

The best stores sell this paper—
And the boys upon the street—
My papa buys THIS PAPER,
And he's the best man you meet.
—Donald Warde.

From Murray and Donald Warde, Bracebridge, Ont. Age 8 and 10.

Dear SMILERS:
Smiles.
How many SMILES there would be,
If people only knew,
That they feel better every time,
Their faces smiled anew.

How many smiles there would be,
If people simply thought,
Their look is fairer when they smile,
Than when they're smiling not.

How many smiles there could be,
If folks would only say:
"Good morning, neighbor, let me give
A helping hand today"?

How many SMILES there will be,
My friend, when you and I,
Have learned to practice what we wish?
These other folks would try.
The Boy Who Laughs.

I know a funny little boy,
The happiest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Altho his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan;
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny bone?

There's sunshine when he speaks,
His laugh is something grand;
It's ripples overrun his cheeks,
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The schoolroom for a joke he takes;
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout and moan and sigh.

Sent in by John, Sidney and Etty Blumson, 49 Willow avenue, Balmy Beach, Toronto, Ont.

THE EFFECT OF A S. F. C. BUTTON

There once lived a little girl named Alice. She lived in a nice comfortable home, and had many pretty toys, but still she was mostly always pouting. When The TORONTO SUNDAY WORLD would come she would pout because there was not enough in it to amuse her. "I can't see why they can't have a whole page to suit me," she used to say. The next Sunday she saw her mother tear a leaf out of the paper somewhere. "Oh, well," thought Alice, "it is only some of her old secrets." It happened on that day that another little girl named Clara came to play with her. They went out in the garden to play. This gave Alice's mother a chance to write a letter, which she addressed to The Toronto Sunday World.

Next day, when Alice came in to lunch, there was a parcel waiting for her. When she opened it she found it was a button with a SMILING FACE on it. Of course she pinned it on her dress at once, but she did not understand what it was for, but after lunch her mother explained it to her. Ever since then, whenever she wants to pout she looks at her button and SMILES instead.

Your SMILER,
Catherine McNally,
14 New street, Hamilton.
(Age 11 years.)

Dear SMILERS:
Every week we get The Sunday World, and I always look for the Smiling Face page. I read it, and I am very interested in it. My name is Edna Jarret, and I am 12 years old. I am now going to start to save the page, and put the verse and stories in a little book, and I would like you to send me a S. F. C. button, so I can be a member. This is a little verse which I am going to write, and would like to see it in The Sunday World:

I have a lot of dollies—
A nice doll buggy, too;
And I am very fond
Of playing with them, too.

My dolls are always SMILING,
Like those on the SMILING page.
For it's better to SMILE than cry,
For those that live with you.
Your SMILER,
Edna G. Jarrett,
304 Wilson street, Hamilton.

Dear SMILERS:
I would like to join the SMILING FACE Club. Please put this in The Sunday WORLD, because I love The Sunday World.

My cousin lives at 182 Campbell, and when she heard I was getting one she wanted one, too.

Happy as a bird, am I,
Happy as a bee;
Happy as a butterfly,
Happy as can be.

Please excuse the writing, as I was in a hurry.

Albert Warner,
178 Campbell avenue.

Please send me and my cousin (age six) a button. (Age 13.)

TOMMY'S FIRST SNOW FIGHT.

Tommy was a little English boy, who had just come to Canada. One day, as he was coming out of school, it started snowing. Tommy thought that something grand; so Tommy went home and told his mother that "he had a holiday." So his mother said, "Are you quite sure, dear?" Tommy said, "Yes, mother." So she said all right. And he went out after dinner to play, and started at throwing snowballs. Tommy said to one of his playmates, "Have a snow fight boys. Of course they said yes. So they started, and, of course, Tommy was beaten, and he said their would be no more fights for him.

(Age 10 years.) James Smart.

We get The Sunday World every week, and read the SMILING FACE Club stories. I can't help smiling. So I thought I would be a member if you would let me. Will you please send me a S. F. C. button, and put this little story in?

Once upon a time there were two girls, one of the girl's name was Maud, and the other was May. They lived across the street from each other. One day Maud got very angry because May would not lend her roller skates. They would not speak to each other at all. Maud's mother asked Maud why she did not play with May, and she told her all about it. May's mother asked May the same question, and May told her mother that she had done wrong to her chum. So Maud's mother sent for two S. F. C. buttons, and gave one to each. That very night as the two girls were ready for bed they both looked out the window and SMILED at each other.

Sent in by Betha Fee, 224 Bleecker Street. Age 11.

SUNDAY MORNING

Editorial Page of The Toronto Sunday World

APRIL FOURTH

The World Window

This is a National War

Among the best known of British authorities on the art of war is Henry Spenser Wilkinson, Chichele professor of military history at Oxford University and also on the staff of The London Morning Post. In an address delivered at a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute on January 25, and published in the March number of United Empire, the journal of the institute, he discussed the war in various of its aspects. As regards its general nature, he pointed out that it differs from any other in which Britain has been engaged during many years past in that it is a national war—that is a struggle for existence between nations. Nothing like it has been seen for many years. In modern times, the first war of the same class was that between France in the revolution and her neighbors, whose desire it was to destroy the new France that had been constituted thru, and during the revolution. The next came when Napoleon attempted to dominate the whole of Europe and the threatened nations rose in their might to recover their freedom.

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Nature of National War

Upon these wars theorists, according to Professor Wilkinson, have based their doctrine of the nature of national war. In brief, such a war is a struggle for existence where each side aims at the overthrow of the other side. This involves three stages. First, the crushing of the enemy's armies in the field; second, the occupation of his capital if his capital is the seat of political influence; third, the defeat of his principal allies, if he has any; thereupon the successful, state or states, can dictate their terms of peace. A national war, therefore, requires that each nation engaged shall exert itself to the utmost of its power or, in other words, endeavor to turn into resources for war all the resources it possesses—its men, its wealth, its ships and its intelligence. That is exactly what Britain is doing to an extent it has never done before. For, as Professor Wilkinson proceeded to point out, Britain, as an inland state depends on victory at sea for her defence and has never yet been able, alone, to defeat a continental state on land.

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Futility of German Diplomacy

These considerations reveal the extraordinary futility that has been the distinguishing characteristic of German diplomacy. Some years ago, Professor Wilkinson spoke of the probability of a British war with the German Empire, giving reasons why he deemed it probable. He then thought that it would be exceedingly difficult for British policy so to steer itself as to secure allies because the basis of a solid alliance is that each of the parties believes that its own self-defence absolutely requires its co-operation with the others. Yet this is precisely what has happened. German policy has performed, in Professor Wilkinson's words, the miraculous feat of securing an alliance with Britain, on these ideal terms, of two of the great powers of Europe. "Germany has so managed her diplomacy that England, France and Russia are, each of them, convinced that the self-defence of each is vital to all of them. These are the ideal conditions of an alliance and the German Government has relieved us from the greatest of all these anxieties with which a few years ago, persons who thought war with Germany probable, were most oppressed."

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Tragedy of Prussian Militarism

These very significant comments of Professor Wilkinson on the nature of this war provide a forecast of the great tragedy of Prussian militarism. When, as the allies are confident, this latest attempt at world domination finally ends in disaster and defeat, the world will be presented with the spectacle of an empire grown great and waxed mighty in little more than forty years, itself forging the weapon that was to lay it low. All the years of patient preparation in the way of perfecting its military machine, laying its strategic railways, developing its notorious spy system and securing bases of supply in the ends of the earth, have all gone for naught. Not only this, but their ruthless and barbarous methods of war; the tearing up of treaties as mere "scraps of paper" and the absolute disregard of all law, human or divine, have placed the German people under an international ban. They stand alone without a friend, even among their allies. Over them hangs the shadow of impending doom—a doom which their government has brought upon them by its blunders and its crimes.

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Hopes and Crimes That Failed

In everything except material efficiency Germany has gone wrong. Germans, even the most learned of their professors, could not understand wherein the strength of the British Empire lay, or the hold that Britains rule had gained in the hearts of the native races. They regarded the empire as a colossus with feet of clay that would tumble to pieces at the first stroke of war. Never were would-be world dominators more deceived—more self-deceived. Engrossed in the vision of their own superiority, they could not imagine any strength or any virtue except those with which they endowed themselves. Even yet, after months of growing disillusionment, they seem still to cherish the hope that from some where beneath the folds of the Union Jack will come a blow that will divert part of Britain's force from the European field. There seems, indeed, to be no end to German capacity for self-deception. Regarding all other European peoples as decadent and timorous beings that bluster and outrage would bring at once to their knees, the modern Huns have gone from crime to crime without even the poor satisfaction of inspiring fear.

AN OFF SEASON

Willie: "The ice's too thin for safe skatin', an' the water's too cold for comfortable swimmin'."

The Plight of Belgium

Among the nations that have suffered from the mad ambition of the Germans to achieve world domination, none has had to bear so great a weight of woe as Belgium. All but a small district in the extreme southwest is under the heel of invaders and the material loss of the Belgian people, capable of replacement must far exceed the indemnity imposed by Bismarck on France in 1871. Nor can money measure the value of the priceless cathedrals, churches and historic buildings shattered and destroyed by the modern Huns. No country in Europe contained so many artistic masterpieces within so small an area. Belgium, too, was a veritable hive of industry and her intensive system of cultivation led the world in that department of agriculture.

Between 1831, when Belgium recovered her separate statehood, and 1914, when the storm of war burst across her frontier, the Belgians had created many large and important industries. They had covered the country with a network of railways and light railways and developed its coal and iron resources to a remarkable degree. The collieries produced twenty-three million tons annually and employed more than 100,000 workmen. In 1912 the iron industry turned out 1,975,890 tons of steel of the value of $56,000,000 and had more than 30,000 employees. Other great establishments continually expanding were concerned with zinc, soda, glass, particularly plate glass, and chemicals.

But the Germans have literally sacked Belgium. Many of the manufactories have been destroyed. All the valuable machinery has been sent to Germany. The horses and the cattle, numbering in 1912, nearly a million and a half have disappeared, the carefully cultivated fields have been cut up by line after line of trenches, or torn up with shell fire. Of the Belgian population—nearly 8,000,000 souls, a considerable proportion has sought refuge in Holland, France and Britain. Those who remained are dependent on the charity of neutral nations for the eking out of a bare existence. The invasion of Belgium and the horrors which have accompanied it, is one of the greatest crimes in history, but the Belgian people have saved their souls thru the heroism of their self-sacrifice on the altar of honor and national patriotism.

Universities and the War

From no section of the British peoples has a more splendid response come to the call of arms at this supreme crisis of the empire's history than from the under-graduates of the universities of the imperial states. So great has it been that many of these institutions of learning and science are confronted with losses of revenue so serious in extent as to require government and legislative aid. Quite recently, Mr. Asquith, the imperial premier, himself one of the most distinguished Oxford graduates of his time, submitted a bill in the House of Commons granting authority to the two leading English universities to pledge the future in order to meet the necessities of the present. This measure not only relieves the immediate financial difficulties of the colleges, but is an expression of the determination of the British people to carry the war to a successful issue and of confidence in final victory.

In commending the bill to the favorable consideration of the house, the prime minister mentioned during the course of his powerful speech that out of 89 Oxford "Blues," men who had represented their alma mater in the inter-university contests, no less than 80 were serving in some capacity in the King's forces. This means that practically every one at liberty has volunteered. Oxford and Cambridge are practically deserted by the wearers of cap and gown. Many of the colleges have been turned into hospitals. They have given a fine example of loyalty and patriotic devotion and this is all the more valuable now that these ancient seats of learning on the Isis and the Cam have opened their doors to the working classes thru both residence and extension lectures.

During the debate, the Right Hon. Walter Long, one of the opposition leaders and a member of the last unionist administration, paid a notable tribute to the Liberal prime minister: "From the bottom of my heart," he said, "I congratulate the universities on having their cause championed by one whom Oxford men all claim as a common possession and of whom they have abundant reason to be proud, not only on account of his record at the university, but for the great part he has played and is playing in the history of his country." Mr. Asquith, too, is a self-made man. He had no initial advantages, but earned thru scholarship the right to enter Balliol College where he was one of the favorite students of the late Dr. Jowett, then master. The present premier's career at Balliol was brilliant in the extreme. His ability has descended to his sons, the two elder of whom have closely paralleled his record at Oxford.

A War of Principles

Two vital principles are struggling for supremacy in this war. Shall government be of the people, by the people, for the people or in a single word democratic, or shall it be centred in one man who believes himself divinely appointed to govern, not only his own nation, but every other nation that stands between him and his ambition. The Kaiser exemplifies the true spirit of autocracy and has done so ever since he ascended the throne, more than a quarter of a century ago. Eight years after his accession, he said at Frankfort: "I call to mind the moment when my grantfather, as King (of Prussia) by the grace of God, took the crown in one hand and the imperial sword in the other and gave honor to God alone, and from Him took the crown." The first German emperor followed in this, the example of Napoleon who crowned himself emperor of France.

The Kaiser acknowledges no dependence on parliaments or responsibility to the people. His place it is to rule—the duty of his people and still more of his army is blind unreasoning obedience to his commands. "There is but one law," he is reported to have said, "and that is my will." So the struggle in Europe and in every continent to which this war extends, is straightly between lawless tyranny and lawful liberty, between one man rule and parliamentary government, between democracy and autocracy. This is the supreme outstanding and, inescapable issue in this, the greatest of wars. It cannot be shirked or evaded by any lover of freedom and there is no room for apathy or indifference. He who is able and does not fight for liberty is against liberty.

CRUSTS AND CRUMBS

By Albert Ernest Stafford

TWO old friends and very faithful readers of "Crusts and Crumbs" have passed away recently. One does not lightly intrude private bereavements on public attention, but my correspondence sometimes suggests that the attitude of mind which such discussions as we here indulge in begets, is not calculated to prepare one for the great transition. Nothing could be more mistaken than such a view. The certainty that comes with knowledge, with a wider consciousness, a broader mind, with developed faculties, rids one of all the fear and trepidation that beset the mere believer in forms and dogmas. It is only among so-called orthodox people that the fear of death is to be found. In fact it is regarded by many orthodox people as a sign of virtue to fear death. John Ruskin among other writers notes the reluctance that christian people have about being called to the court of their heavenly king in comparison with the pleasure they feel in setting out for the court of their earthly sovereign. It is well to know that the fear of death, whether it be a token of superior virtue or not, is not to be found among those who are instructed in the truths of occultism. For them there is no death—what seems so is transition. "As a man throweth away old garments and putteth on new, even so the dweller in the body, having quitted its old mortal frames, entereth into others which are new."

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MRS. PLAYLE, whose death occured on March 22, often spoke of the satisfaction she had in being able to reconcile the familiar Christian scriptures with the actual experiences of life. For many people the scriptures are not, as they are interpreted, of any help or guidance in life at all. But when they are read aright and understood it is seen that they harmonize with all other sacred scriptures, for human kind have a common experience, a common instruction, and One Master. Suffering from a painful disease she knew that every consequence had its certain cause, and that in the eternal justice of things the loving All-Father had not visited her with wrath or vengeance, but had made the suffering which came to her out of her own previous acts, a means by which she could gain strength, patience, endurance, resolution and wisdom for the future. Faith and hope are weak words for those who know and have experienced the transmutations of the law in their own being. William Hague Evans, who died on the 23rd, was one of the few remarkable men one meets on the journey of life. His modest demeanor and simple existence, perhaps, gave him the natural and desirable protection from intrusion which men of his character like to have, tho on account of his retiring disposition he did not get the appreciation or the sympathy he might have expected. He had a fine brave heart, and kept up the fight till the last, when weakened by several accidents, he was no longer able to undertake his daily journey to the city centre. I had many occasions in the last twelve months, when his failing health had reduced his strength, and illness had rendered his body fragile, to observe the indomitable will power with which he bore up in the face of many difficulties. Nor was his alert mind less remarkable. He had on occasion served on the grand juries and never failed to use his influence for reform in the reports made. As late as November 24 last he wrote me in connection with an effort he made to have a recommendation against gambling in various forms, from betting on horses to stock speculation, adopted for the protection of young bank clerks and others, who are led on by the example set by their seniors in society. In the same communication, Mr. Evans spoke of the war and his views are a clear exposition of the law of Karma. "Possibly had a more rigid enforcement of the law of righteousness in years past prevailed among nations," he wrote, "the horrors of the present war situation in Europe might have been prevented. There is nothing truer, I think, than the prayer with which the Anglican churches commence their services every Sunday, which says: 'Almighty and most merciful Father, we have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done; and there is no health in us.' How true this is of every nation! The whole body politic is sick and needs a remedy, and there seemed to be no other way of restoring an equilibrium except nature's method of inflicting the punishment we had brought upon ourselves. Perhaps it is not too late now to implore Divine help to assist us as the prominent members of the board of trade have decided upon doing. Had their earnest appeals been put into practice long ago by themselves the calamity that is now upon us might have been avoided, and the necessity for Divine assistance averted. It is to be hoped when the war is over, in the readjustment of economic conditions, that a more equitable basis will be arrived at, which will give the toilers, wage-earners, and all those who produce, create and make the wealth of a nation by their labor a more just and fair proportion of the wealth they create than has hitherto been meted out to them." I do not think I ever realized before reading this letter that in repeating the "General Confession" it was not my own individual sins, but our collective social sins, our political sins, our economic and national sins, for which I was acknowledging my responsibility. In this sense we can all, surely, say with truth, "There is no health in us!"

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A CONSTANT reader and critic of "Crusts and Crumbs," Mr. Evans was a pleasant fellow-student, and he often commented on the kindred interests that drew us together. My remarks on diaries at the beginning of the year led him to dig up a diary he kept in 1868, when he was in New York, and he thought one of the interesting entries was his account of having heard Charles Dickens read there during his tour. He had, in fact, as I have said, an alert mind, and he maintained to the last a vivid interest in all his usual possessions. Mr. Evans was a native of Scarborough, in Yorkshire, where he was born in 1843. He came to Canada with his mother and a younger brother in 1857, joining an elder brother who had preceded him a few years, and was living with an uncle at Bowmanville, engaged in the carriage business. Here he learned the art and mystery of carriage and decorative painting with his uncle. During the year 1865, while the civil war in the United States was in progress he went to New York City to live, and for four years was employed in one of the largest carriage factories there, and witnessed some of the most stirring events that took place during the closing months of the rebellion. After a residence of about three years in Rock Island, Ills., circumstances brought him back to Canada, and settling again at Bowmanville for about six years, he removed to Toronto, where for a short time he and his brother-in-law acted as manufacturing agents for an English firm of magneticon appliances. Finally he bought out a small fancy goods store on Yonge street, opposite Elm street, and soon converted it into a book and stationery business. He remained here for twenty-two years, making a specialty of metaphysical and occult literature. In 1908 he moved to 483 College street. I fancy he always regretted the peach tree, whose fruit he was so proud of in the garden behind the Yonge street store. In politics Mr. Evans was an independent, but was always interested in the political situation, and never failed to use his vote as he thought best, for the interests of the country, and in support of reform movements that would tend to better the conditions of the public generally. He was a member of the old provincial socialist party and supported principles, when opportunity offered. He was a member of the single tax association, a knight of labor when that body was in existence in Canada; assisted in the formation of the retail merchant's association; gave his support to the third party when that was formed under the leadership of Dalton McCarthy; and, while resident in New York was corresponding secretary of the cloak makers' union of that city. He joined the burial reform association when it was organized in Toronto, and he was a strong advocate of cremation, desiring himself to have his remains disposed of in this way. He was also a member of the fraternal society, the Woodmen of the World.

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THERE is a range and breadth of experience in these biographical details which few can appreciate. The diligent mind is able to extract what it needs in the way of experience from any set of circumstances or conditions in life. But here is a career, which may appear commonplace enough to some, but which in comparison with the opportunities of a few centuries ago offered a golden store of knowledge. Mr. Evans fully availed himself of his opportunities, with the result that he had great breadth of mind and view, great patience and largeness of soul, great grasp of the deep things of life. What I want to say is that in what most people would regard as a commonplace existence he was able to rise far above the commonplace and see it, and all that he had to do with in it, as part of the universe of God, with the mind of God at play about him, and in him and thru him truly realizing that in God he lived and moved, and had his being. No greater thing can come to a man who lives thus, whatever his contemporaries may think of him. He is of those who control themselves. When they die they do not sleep. We shall not all sleep, St. Paul reminds us in that much misunderstood passage, but we shall all be changed. A trumpet call sounds, and the strong men step out and confidently, in a true anastasis, from the flesh and blood which cannot inherit the Kingdom of Heaven, clothed like Psyche, the butterfly, in a more glorious body, and into a brighter region than ours. I have not space now to say more of W. H. Evans, but there is more to be said, and I will leave it till next week.

SPORTING **The Toronto Sunday World** SECTION

35TH YEAR—PAGES 1 TO 4 TORONTO SUNDAY MORNING APRIL 4 1915 —PRICE FIVE CENTS

Wheelmen and Ontario Soccerites Hold Important Meetings on Saturday

In the Wake of the News
by RING W. LARDNER
Bill to Steve

(Copyright, 1915: By Ring W. Lardner.)

TAMPA, April 3.—Steve: Well Steve dont be supprised when you see in the papers some of these days where I got a devorce from Gussy and Im going to get 1 just as soon is I get a hold of enough money to pay for the attys feaze and they wont be no truble a bout me geting 1 when I tell the jury what she pulled and no wonder theys a lot of devorces if women got no more sence then do what she done. I aint leaveing her see Im sore at her accept I dont speak to her when wear a lone to gather but when the time comes I will fix her and leave her see what I think of her and that will be in the cort room where evry body can hear it.

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WELL Steve I will tell you how it come off and see if you blame me for geting sore but I know you wont and no body else. The 1st. day we was down here Bresnahan called us all to gather and says he wouldent stand for no body smokeing cigrets and I says you smoke them your self dont you and he says Yes but I can quit cant I and I says well may be you can quit but I cant quit. So he says well you can ether quit smokeing cigrets or quit playing ball on this club if you ever started. So I says is that so and he dident have no come back. So a hole lot of the boys was scared of loseing there job and they quit smokeing cigrets and if they want to be yellow all right but I guess they aint no danger of me looseing my job because honest Steve its a crime for a man like I to be compeating against the recrutes Bresnahans got and its just like makeing candy for a baby so of corse I kept on smokeing cigrets when ever I felt like it only not when Bresnahan was a round not because I was a scared of him but I knowed som of the rest of the boys would feel like rummys if they seen me smokeing when they couldent. So evry thing was going a long O. K. till we was in to supper last night and the floor walker showed I and Gussy to the same table where Bresnahan was seting and after his supper was all over Bresnahan says a cigret would go pretty good now and Gussy says why dont you smoke 1 and he just laughed and I was giveing her the wink to shut up and say no more but she kept right on and she says to me Bill why dont you give Mr. Bresnahan a cigret if he aint got none and I says I aint got none nether and she says why you just opened up a new packige up stares before we come down and then Bresnahan buted in and says to me have you been smokeing cigrets and I says only 1 because I for got my self and bought a packige but I hadent no more then got 1 cigret out of it lit then I remembered my self and throwed it a way and throwed the packige a way and Bresnahan says Well it will cost you $10.00 dollars for for getting your self and that will help you remember your self after this and then he got up and went a way from the table.

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WELL Steve I was so sore I couldent hardley talk but finely I says to Gussy your a fine wife why dont you go over to Paris where the wars at and get a job is a spy and she beggin to blubber so we had to get up and leave the dinning rm. and I hadent et only ½ my dish of prunes and we went up stares and I give her the balling out of her life and I says to her I was going to give you $10.00 to buy a new hat for your self but now its your falt I got find $10.00 and you can go with out your hat and she says I would rather go bear head it then ware a $10.00 hat and besides if you was to try and suppurate your self from $10.00 dollars to give it to me you would drop dead so I says Well I would rather drop dead then live with you and she dident have no more to say so I dident say nothing nether but this morning I went up and seen a atty and I told him what come off and he says well what do you want to do a bout it and I says I want to get a devorce thats what I want to do and he says on what grounds and I says not on no grounds but in a cort room some wheres and he says I dident have no cause for devorce and soked me $10.00 dollars more for telling me that and I was a sucker for ever going to a atty here but should ought to of waited till I get back to Chicago but you can bet every nickle you got that I will get a devorce some time and soke Gussys old man for allimoney to and marrying me under falts pretenses. What do you think of a woman like that that spills evry thing she knows and we aint been here much more than a wk. and shes all ready costed me $20.00 dollars $10.00 for attys feaze and $10.00 that Bresnahan find me and of corse he aint got it yet but will take it out of my 1st pay day but if he does I will jump to the federals because they cant no mgr. take my money and get a way with it but if shes going to cost me $20.00 per wk. out side of her bord and close you can see my finnish and I cant hardley wait till I get where theys good attys and get rid of her and a mans a sucker to marry unlest you knowed the girl all there life and know shes got more sence then tell on you smokeing cigrets. Besides I was having a better time when I was a batchler and dident have no wife and then the girls wasnt afrade to write to me and call me up. The best way Steve is be sure you know the girl 1st. and then dont marry them unlest you dont want to have no more fun. They take the hart right out of a man.

Respy.

BILL.

Special General Meeting of O. R. F. U. To Organize Western Intermediate Series

A special general meeting of the O.R.F.U. was held in the King Edward Hotel on Saturday afternoon for the purpose of organizing the intermediate series in Western Ontario. President Jack McAllister of Hamilton was in the chair. Secretary Hughie Gall had endeavored to line up the high school clubs of Western Ontario in the intermediate O.R.F.U. The objections which had been made were that the high school teams were too light to compete in O.R.F.U. company. Representatives were present from Woodstock Collegiate Institute, Woodstock College and several other Western Ontario men.

Letters were read from Windsor, Chatham and other towns which had been interested in the effort to bring the high school teams under the O.R.F.U. The main question to be answered was one of classification. The general opinion was that the game played by these schools would be greatly improved by having an amalgamation effected with the O.R.F.U.

It was proposed to bring in the interscholastic league, which is composed of Stratford, Galt and Guelph. Western University in a letter to the secretary recommended that two sections be started, one of which should include the teams which played last year, and the other section should include the teams which were entering the league this year. An intercollegiate section in the junior O. R. F. U. was declared by most of the communications to be the best course to take.

Hugh Gall was of the opinion that if the Western Ontario Collegiate Institute could be brought into the fold of the O. R. F. U. the city collegiate institutes could be brought along also. He thought that the junior rating of the O.R.F.U. was too high.

Woodstock College furnished the main difficulty of classification. The feeling was that this college did not wish to play with town teams, and it was realized that the team was too good for the collegiate institute teams.

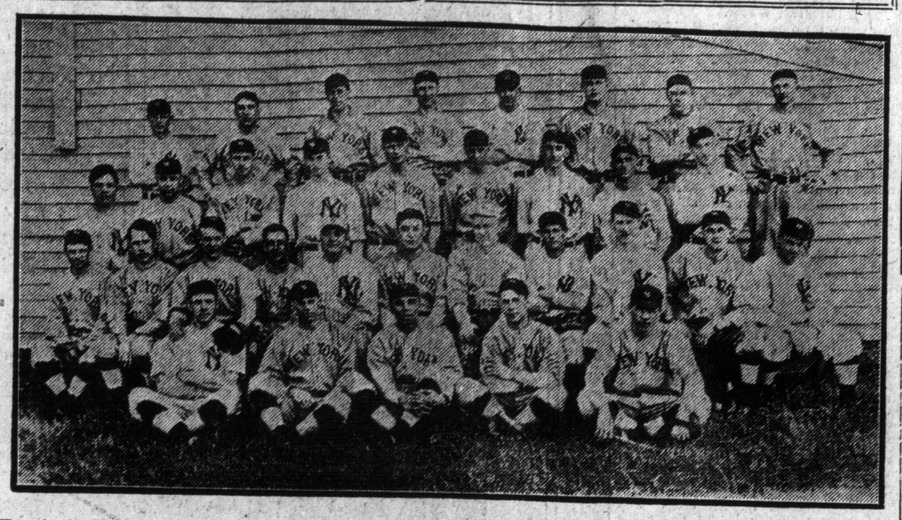
For the collegiate teams the men had to be bonafide students with a limit of two teachers on the team.

President McAllister wanted an intermediate series to be created.

J. DeGruchy moved that the junior section of the O.R.F.U. be divided in 2 two classes, the first of which should be composed of high school students, and that the other section have an age limit of 21 years. The team winning the interscholastic section should play off with the other section for the junior O.R.F.U. championship.

The intermediate O.R.F.U. would be composed of the teams which played in junior company last year

WILD BILL DONOVAN AND HIS CHARGES FOR 1915 STRUGGLE



Here is the Yankee team that will represent New York in the American League race for 1915. "Wild Bill" Donovan, the old Tiger pitcher, is the boss of the collection of players, and the famous hurler has hopes of landing his charges well up in front. The players as shown in the picture are:—Top row, left to right: Truesdale, Peckinpaugh, Brown, Pieh, Caldwell, Sweeney, Keating and Cook. Second row: Duggan (trainer), Cree, Fisher, Schwert, Pipp, Cole, Kelly, Lewis and McHale. Third row: Daley, Warhop, Maisel, Hartzell, Farrell (coach), Donovan (manager), Joe Kelly (scout and former manager of the Leafs), Aragon, King, Pickering and High. Bottom row: Nunemaker, Mullin, Tamm, Boone and Baumann.

TORONTO KENNEL SHOW CONCLUDED

Most Successful in Twelve Years — Gratifying Entry List in All Classes

One of the most successful shows ever held in the twelve years' history of the Toronto Kennel Club was concluded in the old Y.M.C.A., Yonge and McGill streets, Saturday night. Canines of every type were on exhibition, ranging in height from six inches to that of the big St. Bernard. It was not until a late hour Saturday night that the judging was finished and the ribbons distributed, after which the exhibitors, who were mostly women, left for their homes in the different parts of the country with their winners and non-winners. The following is a summary of the Saturday winners:

Bull Terriers.

—Class 104—Puppy Dogs.—

1—Mrs. Wadsworth, Inferno Tourist; breeders, Miles and Coles; by Inferno Douglas—Inferno Firefly.

2—Miles and Coles, Inferno Slick; breeders, Miles and Coles; by Inferno Buster—Inferno Lass.

3—Edward McGinnis, Hamilton Nipper; breeder, Mrs. W. Lane; by Inferno Buster—Princess Nordica.

—Class 105—Novice, Dogs—

1—Mrs. Wadsworth, Inferno Tourist; breeders, Miles and Coles; by Inferno Douglas—Inferno Firefly.

2—Miles and Coles, Inferno Oakland; breeders, Miles and Coles; by Inferno Buster—Inferno Queen.

3—Mrs. Abercromby, Inferno Prince; breeders, Miles and Coles; by Inferno Buster—Inferno Lass.

—Class 106—Limit, Dogs, Under 30 lbs.—

1—Miles and Coles, Inferno Slick.

2—Edward McGinnis, Hamilton Nipper.

—Class 106—Limit, Dogs, 30 lbs. and Over—

1—Miles and Coles, Inferno Buster; breeder, Mrs. Mumford; by Bloomsbury Ceeky—Adalisque.

2—Elkeim Kennels, J. R. Mickle, owner; Blazer Prince, 15339; breeder, Wm. French; by Brockton Blazer—Bell.

3—David J. Fleming, Inferno You Know; breeders, Miles and Coles; by Inferno King—Inferno Lass.

Reserve—W. E. Bailey, Sheridan Blazer; breeder, Wm. French; by Brockton Blazer—Bell.

—Class 108—Open, Dogs—

1—G. F. McFarland, Ch. Glenedyth Imperator; breeder, Mrs. W. Lane; by Inferno King—Ch. Princess Patricia.

2—Elkeim Kennels, Blazer Prince.

3—David J. Fleming, Inferno You Know.

—Class 109—Puppy, Bitches—

1—Mrs. W. Lane, Princess Panzarita, 15329; breeder, Mrs. W. Lane; by Inferno Buster—Princess Nordica.

2—Elkeim Kennels, Sombrero Lass, 15339; breeder, Roy Nordheimer; by Ch. Sound End Sombrero—Glenedyth Katherine.

3—Miles and Coles, Inferno Gipsy; breeder, Miles and Coles; by Inferno Buster—Inferno Lass.

—Class 110—Novice, Bitches—

1—Miles and Coles, Inferno Gipsy.

2—F. A. Rawlin, Miss Shirley Blazer, 15618; breeder, Wm. French; by Brockton Blazer—Bell.

3—F. J. Bennett, Flossie.

—Class 111—Limit, Bitches, Under 30 lbs—

1—Mrs. W. Lane, Princess Panzarita.

2—Elkeim Kennels, Sombrero Lass.

—Class 112—Limit, Bitches, 30 lbs and Over—

1—Miles and Coles, Inferno Firefly; breeders, Miles and Coles; by Inferno Buster—Inferno Lass.

2—F. J. Bennett, Flossie.

—Class 113—Open, Bitches—

1—G. F. McFarland, Ch. Princess Patricia; breeder, John Mills; by Ch. Inferno—Inferno Lass; N.F.S.

2—Mrs. W. Lane, Princess Nordica, 13934; breeder, John Miles; by Ch. Inferno—Inferno Lass.

3—Miles and Coles, Inferno Queen, 13319; breeders, Miles and Coles; by Ch. Inferno—Inferno Lass, N.F.S.

—Class 114—Canadian Bred, Dogs and Bitches—

1—G. F. McFarland, Ch. Glenedyth Imperator.

2—Mrs. W. Lane, Princess Nordica.

Bowie Races Off

BOWIE, Md., April 3.—Owing to a heavy snowstorm here today the races were called off.

WILLARD, THE LAST HOPE

In noontide in Havana, Easter Monday, should find the referee of the big fight clocking ten over the horizontalized six feet and seven inches of white hope, as Jess Willard, what then? Who would come forward with even a remote hope of restoring the title to the white race?

Why, who but Little Old Nobody. The only safe bet as a "hope" would be either Father Time or some gentleman with a complexion like the penumbra of an eclipse, say Sam Langford or possibly Sam McVey.

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Look 'Em Over.

AMONG the present crop of "hopes," the existence of a live one has yet to be detected. Here are a few of them and their prospects:

GUNBOAT SMITH—Blew up following collisions with Sam Langford, George Carpentier and Jack Dillon.

JACK DILLON — Has the fighting spirit and skill. Might beat Johnson, about A.D. 1935, with the assistance of a confederate. F. Time.

G. CARPENTIER — Has all the fighting he wants tackling some of the kaiser's heavyweight snipers. Otherwise he might have a chance in 1950.

CARL MORRIS—Outpointed by almost everybody, including Tom McMahon.

TOM McMAHON—Outpointed Carl Morris and Jess Willard. However, he is recommended to remain away from Jack Dillon.

♠ ♠ ♠

Langford, Heir-Apparent.

THUS there's no immediate danger to Johnson from the white hopes. Jack refuses to tackle John Barleycorn, so the situation is left open to Father Time and the heir-apparent to the crown in the black dynasty, Sam Langford.

Jack Johnson will never fight Sam Langford unless the latter has been crippled or the champion needs the money badly.

This brings the situation down to the point where we must believe that unless Jess Willard beats Jack Johnson, the black title holder will retire undefeated for the championship.

It's not only a possibility, but it will be a record—if established.

PRESIDENT TENER FAVORS POST-SERIES

World Champions Against All-Star Team at Panama Exposition Next Fall

PHILADELPHIA, April 3.—John K. Tener, president of the National League, is in favor of giving baseball followers of the Pacific coast an opportunity to see the team winning the world's championship next fall in a post-season series against an all-star team of the defeated league at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Mr. Tener so expressed himself here today upon his return from the exposition, where he participated in the dedication of the Penna building.

President Tener said he believed such a series would be financially successful and that to participate in it would be a prize well worth winning for every ball player in the National and American Leagues.

LEAFS GET A SHORTSTOP.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., April 3.—Joe Pepe, shortstop of the New Haven team, in the Eastern Association for several years, has been sold to the Toronto Club of the International League, it was announced today. He will join the team at Washington, D.C., tomorrow.

WHIST LEAGUE HOLD ANNUAL ELECTIONS

J. F. Connolly, Honorary President—A. J. Mount of Chicago a Guest

At the election of officers of the Canadian Whist League, held at the King Edward Hotel, Saturday morning, J. F. Connolly of Toronto was unanimously elected honorary president for 1915. J. A. Connors of London was elected as president; Geo. B. Ball, Toronto, first vice-president; Peter Kennedy, Lindsay, second vice-president, and Geo. Duthie, Toronto, third vice-president. J. J. Higgins and J. T. Crawford were re-elected as treasurer and secretary respectively.

On the executive all of last year's members were re-elected, with the exception of J. H. Patterson, who takes the place of W. T. Allen.

A. J. Mouat of Chicago, president of the American Whist League, was a guest to the club during Saturday.

The following are the results of Friday night and Saturday morning games:

Friday.

—Mixed Pairs.—

Crane and Mrs. Bennett, X 7½.
Bell and Miss Macintosh, X 7.
Aldrich and Mrs. Fry, X 5½.
Landerkin and Mrs. Cooper, X 5.
Beardslee and Mrs. Bright, X ½.

Saturday Morning.

—Mitchell Game.—

North and South:
Mrs. Bennett and Mrs. Bright, X 7¼.
Crane and Mrs. Fry, X 5¼.
J. F. Connolly and Carter, X 4¼.
Connor and Beharriell, X 3¼.
Miss Cooke and Macintosh, X 2¼.
Dr. Irwin and Dr. Connolly, X1¼.
East and West:
Ledger and Hillyar, X 6¾.
Frost and Mouat, X 4¾.
Lens and Beardslee, X 4¼.
Macdonell and Graydon, X 3¾.
Doggerell and Hall, X 2¾.
Aldrich and Brown, X ¾.

WINNIPEG LACROSSE ASSOCIATION.

WINNIPEG, April 3.—Abbie Coo was re-elected president of the Winnipeg Amateur Lacrosse Association. The annual meeting was one of the biggest gatherings of the kind ever held here, and the prospects for a lacrosse revival in Winnipeg are very bright.

GIRL ATHLETES ASK PERMISSION TO RUN

NEW YORK, April 3.—Many girl athletes, it was learned today, are making applications to the Amateur Athletic Union headquarters in this city for permission to register there and to take part in the Boston and other Marathon races to be held this spring. They argued that if girl swimmers were allowed to register, the same privilege should be given to the runners, but they were informed that the athletic authorities would not sanction the participation of women in running events.

Juarez Results

JUAREZ, Mexico, April 3.—The races here today resulted as follows:

FIRST RACE—Four-year-olds and up, selling, purse $225, five furlongs:

1. The Shrimp, 103 (Clark), 6 to 1, 2 to 1 and even.
2. Golf Ball, 101 (Garner), 6 to 1, 2 to 1 and even.
3. Kitty Stanfield, 102 (Carter), 4 to 1, 3 to 2 and 3 to 5.

Time 1.00. Ooma, Eva Padwick, Chas. Goetz, Bad Prospect, Russ Sand and Beaumont also ran.

Y. P. S. C. E.

A special meeting of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will be held in College Street Presbyterian Church, corner College and Bathurst streets, Monday evening at 8 o'clock in memory of the late Dr. Alex Gilray. Rev. W. A. McTaggart will address the meeting, along with other prominent C. E. workers.

JACK WELSH ARRIVED AT HAVANA TO REFEREE HEAVYWEIGHT FIGHT

Immediately Went Into Conference With Promoters — Johnson and Willard Are Getting in Final Touches—Johnson Insists on Preliminary Bout With Sam McVey Great Demand for Seat Reservations—Camp Gossip

HAVANA, April 3.—Jack Welsh, who will referee the fight next Monday between Jack Johnson and Jess Willard for the world's heavyweight championship, landed in Havana at an early hour this morning. Accompanied by the members of his party, he came over from Key West last night.

No sooner was the referee ashore than he started upon a series of conferences with the fight promoters. At these meetings Welsh's ideas and plans were discussed with both principals, and he secured interpretations of the rules from each side. Armed with this information, the referee will then prepare his own system of refereeing the fight. It is probable that he will call a conference for Sunday for final explanations and ratification.

Weather conditions today were the best for training purposes that have prevailed for a week. It was clear and cool and both Johnson and Willard were on the road early for their final runs.

They sprinted alternately, with a mile or so of steady running. Tomorrow and Monday the men will do little more than trot and walk. Both plan a heavy exhibition schedule this afternoon before the half-holiday crowds. A feature of Johnson's work will be a six-round bout with Sam McVey. The promoters have given up their idea of trying to stop the champion from doing this for fear of possible injury to himself. They have cautioned him, however, to go easy and have been given a promise to that effect.

The line formed in front of the ticket windows this morning before the box office was opened. Many of the late arrivals who made no seat reservations before coming to Havana are surprised at the demand for tickets. They complain that many of the best seats already have been sold, and explain that they expected to get ringside seats as late as Sunday.

There has been little change in the betting situation. Johnson money is plentiful, but the backers of the colored man are holding out for even money. Willard adherents contend that they should get at least 8 to 5. There have been some clever attempts on the part of the Johnson crowd to secure wagers at even money. The fight followers in the hotels were startled at midnight last night by a report that Willard had become a 6 to 5 favorite. There was at once a wild scramble to ascertain the truth of this rumor and it was finally discovered that a wager at these odds, involving a small sum, had been posted by some particularly enthusiastic admirers of the white giant.

This bout between Johnson and McVey is advertised to take place in the stadium on Saturday. Jack Curley, Harry Frazee and others are urging the negro to cancel it, for fear of injury to himself forty-eight hours before he is scheduled to go into the ing and battle with Jess Willard for the world's heavyweight championship.

Johnson is stubborn. He says he will carry out this program, and that he is anxious to find out just how good he is. Every man financially interested in the fight is exerting his influence on Johnson today.

A large force of clerks was at work the best part of last night in the alloting and distributing of tickets. No less than 1000 complimentary seats will be given out. Out of more than seventy press representatives who will be about the ring, more than thirty are from the United States.

The ring, it was decided today, is to be about 19 feet inside the ropes, with a two-foot extension outside. Threatening weather today again interfered in a measure with the training work of the two men. Heavy rains last night left the roads wet and slippery, and as a result the early morning work was short and slow.

The promoters are rapidly completing the final arrangements for the fight. With the expected arrival of Referee Jack Welsh, all directly concerned in the contest will be on hand. Including principals and officials, there will be twenty persons in and about the ring during the battle. This number will be made up of the two pugilists, the two referees, their two timekeepers, the eight seconds, the four physicians, the stakeholder and the announcer.

In case of a shower or a downpour, by the erection of a temporary protection over the ring, provision has been made for four posts, one at each corner of the ring, supporting a light overhead framework, with a tarpaulin canopy, ready to be stretched over the fighters if necessity arises. This would give protection to the men and the floor only. If it rains, all the spectators, including Cuban Government officials, wealthy sportsmen and tourists must watch the fight from unsheltered positions.

Veteran sports in Havana today are marveling at the great changes in the conduct of prize fighting since the days of the early championship contests. Everything is now planned in advance, and the program moves as smoothly as in any modern business enterprise. The fighters train in fine quarters, each with a large staff of helpers, and admiring crowds watch them work at so much per head. The crude and rigorous regime of former days has been abandoned in favor of an up-to-date and pleasant diet.

For example, Willard's camp is in the most expensive hotel in Havana, where he has a large suite of rooms, with windows and a balcony overlooking a broad boulevard. There is a striking view of the ocean. Willard eats his meals in a palm garden among the other guests. His average dinner includes soup, chicken, salad, preserved fruits, cake and distilled water.

Jack Johnson lives a little farther out of Havana, on the same shore road. He has rented a large private apartment, breezy, and with a good view, beautifully furnished, and with service supplied. His meals are prepared by the Cuban cook, except when the champion desires to do this himself. Johnson has great pride in his culinary ability, and claims to be almost as good a chef as he is pugilist. Johnson's average bill of fare, for breakfast, for example, is as follows: Fruit, cereal, bacon and eggs, chops, biscuits, jam and bottled water.

SUNDAY ENTRIES

AT HAVANA.

HAVANA, Cuba, April 3.—Entries for tomorrow are:

FIRST RACE—Five furlongs, purse $300, three-year-olds and up, selling:

Andromeda	94	Frill	99
Calithumpian	103	L. Neeoskaleo	*104
Mortgyle	*113	Runway	114
Massalo	114		

SECOND RACE—Five furlongs, purse $300, three-year-olds and up, selling:

Rustic Maid	98	Minda	105
Francis	115	Chilton Trance	116
Ynca	116	Spohn	118

THIRD RACE—Five furlongs, purse $300, three-year-olds and up, selling:

Idiola	*98	Shrewsbury	*100
Jack Harrison	*100	Unity	*100
Laurel Park	103	Martre	*110
Lohengrin	*112	Malika	117

FOURTH RACE—Five furlongs, purse $200, three-year-olds and up, selling:

Sack Cloth	*109	Our Ren	*111
Jabot	*111	Lamb's Tail	*111
Spring Mass	114	Belfast	116
Phil Connor	116	Moncrief	119

FIFTH RACE—Six furlongs, purse $300, three-year-olds and up, selling:

Sar. Jon	*105	King Radford	108
Muskmelon	*109	Euterpe	109
Inferno Queen	114	Commack	116
Loan Shark	116	Transport	109

SIXTH RACE—One mile, purse $300, three-year-olds and up, selling:

Proctor	98	Racy	96
Patty Regan	*103	Fairly	105
Water Lad	107	Aplaster	111
Mockler	112		

*Apprentice allowance of five pounds claimed.

Weather cloudy; track heavy.

AT JUAREZ.

JUAREZ, April 3.—The entries for tomorrow are:

FIRST RACE—Selling, three-year-olds and up, six furlongs:

Virgie Dot	*93	Avocado	93
Bunny	93	Little Abe	100
Skinny B	103	Inquieta	*105
Fort Johnson	*107	Ceos	109
Galar	109	Geo. Oxnard	110
Mike Donlin	112	Finnigan	112
Zim	112	Commendation	112
Mandadero	112		

SECOND RACE—Selling, three-year-olds and up, one mile:

Alcos	*96	Stolen Ante	95
Breezer	91	Marie Coghill	102
Lady Mint	103	Melts	105
Capt. Druse	105	High Street	105
Black Mate	105	No Quarter	109
Swede Sam	109	The Cinder	109
Prince Conrad	109		

THIRD RACE—Alamos Handicap, three-year-olds and up, 5½ furlongs:

Mex	94	King Worth	103
Roadmaster	103	Seneca	105
Kootenay	114		

FOURTH RACE—Three-year-olds and up, handicap, one mile:

Mud Sill	90	Durin	90
Beulah S	97	Be	98
Transact	98	Executor	112
John Reardon	116	Rash	116

FIFTH RACE—Selling, three-year-olds and up, one mile:

John Spohn	*96	Single Toe	*98
Mary Emily	98	Freda Johnson	*99
Thomas Hare	*101	Caronome	*102
Lone Man	105	Orbiculation	110

SIXTH RACE—Selling, three-year-olds and up, 5½ furlongs:

Josefina Zare	85	Marie O'Brien	*98
Birdman	*100	Yuba	102
Ann Tilly	104	Kiva	*103
Florence Roberts	102	Doc Allen	105
Wild Bear	*107	La Casadora	108
Delaney	109	Orimar Lad	110

SEVENTH RACE—Selling, four-year-olds and up, 1¼ miles:

Fort Sumter	*98	Cordie F.	*100
Barnard	103	Marshal Light	105
Spindle	103	Voladay Jr.	108
Dalstean	111		

*Apprentice allowance 5 lbs. claimed.

Weather clear; track fast.

Havana Results

HAVANA, Cuba, April 3.—The races here today resulted as follows:

FIRST RACE—Three-year-olds and up, selling, purse $300, 5½ furlongs:

1. Mortgyle, 116 (Obert), 5 to 2, 4 to 5 and 2 to 5.
2. Golden Lassie, 96 (Lindsey), 6 to 1, 2 to 1 and even.
3. Massalo, 113 (W. Gargan), 7 to 2, 7 to 5 and 7 to 10.

Time, 1.30. Virginia Hite, Bulgar, Little Neoskaleta, Fred Levy and Albert White also ran.

SECOND RACE—Three-year-olds and up, selling, purse $300, 5½ furlongs:

1. Spring Mass, 111 (Waldron), 3 to 5.
2. Moncrief, 116 (Hanover), 6 to 1, 2 to 1 and even.
3. Ajax, 110 (Obert), 6 to 1, 3 to 5 and 7 to 10.

Time 1.28. Wolf's Baths, Jabot and Phil Connor also ran.

THIRD RACE—Three-year-olds and up, selling, purse $300, five furlongs:

1. Klepper, 105 (Jones), 6 to 1, 2 to 1 and even.
2. Beda, 106 (W. Gargan), 10 to 1, 4 to 1 and 2 to 1.
3. Gitana, 113 (J. Bauer), 7 to 10, 2 to 5 and out.

Time 1.20. General Warren, Lamb's Tail, Uncle Ed. and Black Chief also ran.

KEEP THE SPARROWS.

Editor World: I have read with some interest the ideas of beautifying Toronto, and would like to put in a plea for the dear little sparrows, that instead of destroying them as T. O. Mc. suggests we get them nice little bird houses. Dear Editor, just think how we would miss the dear plucky little fellows who stay with us through our long winters, and saying they drive away the other birds is a great mistake. We have lots of other birds in our garden and the robins chase the sparrows away and eat their bread crumbs and anyone who has a garden will tell you how much good they do eating up the grubs. M. L. K.

April 2nd.

DOINGS OF THE SOCCER WORLD

FIRST DIVISION LEADERS BEATEN

Burnley in at Home From Blackburn Rovers—Hearts in a Draw

Direct Cable to The Sunday World.

LONDON, April 3.—The football games in Great Britain today resulted as follows:

English League.
—Division I.—

Aston Villa 6, Liverpool 2.
Bradford City 3, Notts County 1.
Burnley 3, Blackburn R. 2.
Chelsea 3, Sunderland 0.
Everton 0, Sheffield W. 1.
Manchester City 4, West Brom. A. 0.
Newcastle U. 2, Manchester U. 0.
Sheffield U. 3, Bradford 2.
Tottenham H. 4, Bolton W. 2.
—Division II.—
Barnsley 2, Fulham 2.
Bristol City 1, Arsenal 1.
Bury 3, Clapton O. 0.
Glossop 0, Wolverhampton 2.
Grimsby Town 5, Lincoln City 1.
Huddersfield T. 0, Derby County 0.
Leicester F. 5, Stockport C. 4.
Nottingham F. 1, Hull City 0.
Preston N.E. 2, Leeds City 0.

Southern League.

Gillingham 4, Southampton 3.
Brighton 2, Reading 0.
Cardiff City 1, Croydon C. 0.
Exeter City 1, Bristol R. 0.
Luton Town 3, Millwall A. 2.
Portsmouth 1, Queen's Pk. R. 1.
Swindon Town 4, Southend U. 0.
Crystal Palace 2, Plymouth A. 1.
West Ham U. 2, Watford 0.
Norwich City 0, Northampton 1.

Scottish League.

Aberdeen 0, Hearts 0
Celtic 3, Airdrieanians 0.
Raith Rovers 0, Ayr United 0.
Clyde 0, Motherwell 0.
Dumbarton 1, Kilmarnock 0.
Dundee 3, Queen's Park 0.
Falkirk 2, St. Mirren 0.
Hamilton A. 4, Rangers 3.
Hibernians 4, Third Lanark 2.
Partick Thistle 1, Morton 5.

KINGSTON MAN GIVEN WAR OFFICE POST

Pte. Wilkinson Promoted to Sergeant—Many Medical Men Volunteer.

Special to The Toronto World.

KINGSTON, April 3rd.—Dr. C. K. Robinson called at the armories today and volunteered in response to the appeal of the British war office for Canadian physicians and surgeons, to serve in the army hospitals.

Col. Septimus Denison, brigadier of the Fourth Brigade, made an inspection of the 21st Battalion today.

Bugler Parry, 14, is the youngest member of C Battery. He came to Canada from Cardiff, Wales.

Dean Connell of Queen's Medical College, and Lt.-Col. H. R. Duff, have received applications from several medical men for service with the Royal Army Medical Corps.

Relatives of Lieut. Calvin Day, who is at the front, received a letter from him today, in which he stated that while acting as a scout he had been lucky enough to locate one of the enemy's batteries. Six hours after he reported the position to headquarters the Canadian batteries turned their fire on the German battery and wiped it out.

Pte. Arthur Wilkinson, son of Mrs. H. J. Wilkinson, who went to England with the first contingent, has been promoted to the rank of sergeant, and given a position in the British war office.

BASKETBALL.

When Mr. Guy Long, ex-president of the Ontario Basketball Association, saw the City Playgrounds' Junior O.B.A. team defeat Hamilton in Hamilton, he remarked that the Toronto team was the best junior aggregation he had ever seen, and that they are fast enough to go up higher right now. He summarized their ability in glowing terms. They are heavy, fast, good scorers, strong on defence and have team play, he commented.

Two years ago the junior title came to this city for the first time in years, and last year Hamilton carried off the silverware, but now that last year's winners are eliminated it looks as if the coveted trophy is about to find a resting place in this city for a year at least.

The first of the finals takes place on Wednesday night, with Brantford, on the Royal Templars' floor, corner of Queen and Dovercourt.

HONOR THE JUNIORS.

The Varsity Junior O.H.A. hockey champions have been awarded their "Ts."

Bailey Fisher is New President

WINNIPEG, April 3.—E. Bailey Fisher was elected president of the National Football Association at the annual meeting last night. The prospects for the year were reported encouraging.

SOCCER FIXTURES IN OLD MONTREAL

MONTREAL, April 3.—The dates for the cup matches and league matches were settled by the P.Q.F.A. board at their special meeting as follows:

April 24—Rosemount Shield game.
May 1, 8 and 15—Leagues.
May 22 — Connaught Cup, first round.
May 24—Toronto visits Montreal.
May 29—Leagues.
June 3—England vs. Ireland (International).
June 5 — Connaught Cup, second round.
June 12—Leagues.
June 19—Connaught Cup, third round.
June 26—Leagues.
July 1—Ottawa visits Montreal and Montreal visits Toronto.
July 3—Connaught Cup, semi-finals.
July 10—Leagues.
July 17—Connaught Cup, final.
July 24, 31 and Aug. 7—Leagues.
Aug. 14—Quebec Cup, first round.
Aug. 21—Leagues.
Aug. 28—Quebec Cup, second round.
Sept. 4—Leagues.
Sept. 6—(Labor Day)—England vs. Scotland (International).
Sept. 11—Quebec Cup, third round.
Sept. 18—Leagues.
Sept. 25—Quebec Cup, semi-finals.
Oct. 2—Leagues.
Oct. 4 (Thanksgiving Day).—Scotland vs. Ireland and annual road race.
Oct. 9—Quebec Cup, final.
Oct. 16, 23 and 30—Leagues.

Easter Monday Soccer Games

LONDON, April 3.—The football games scheduled in Great Britain for Easter Monday are as follows:

English League.
—Division I.—

Bradford v. Manchester U.
Burnley v. Chelsea.
Liverpool v. Blackburn R.
Manchester City v. Oldham A.
Middlesbro v. Sheffield W.
Notts County v. Aston Villa.
Sheffield U. v. Sunderland.
West Brom A. v. Newcastle U.
—Division II.—
Arsenal v. Barnsley.
Birmingham v. Preston N.E.
Blackpool v. Stockport C.
Bristol City v. Huddersfield T.
Clapton O. v. Glossop.
Derby County v. Leicester F.
Grimsby Town v. Bury.
Hull City v. Fulham.
Lincoln City v. Nottingham F.
Wolverhampton v. Leeds City.

Southern League.

Crystal Palace v. Gillingham.
Norwich City v. Brighton.
Cardiff City v. West Ham U.
Exeter City v. Plymouth A.
Luton Town v. Watford.
Northampton v. Portsmouth.
Southampton v. Swindon T.
Reading v. Southend U.
Croydon C. v. Queen's Park R.
Millwall A. v. Bristol R.

THISTLE FOOTBALL CLUB HELD ANNUAL DANCE

The Thistle F.C. held their annual supper and dance in Oddfellows' Hall, Bathurst street, on Friday. The attendance broke all records for this annual function, no less than 150 couples being present. Amongst the clubs represented were: Ulster U., Caledonians, Wychwood and Hearts of Midlothian. The T. and D. F. A. were represented by Messrs. Guthrie (president) and Spencer (secretary). A sumptuous supper was served in the banquet hall, to which everyone did full justice, after which dancing was kept up till the wee, sma' hours. The general opinion voted it the best ever. The success of the affair was mainly due to the untiring efforts of Messrs. M. B. Morgan (president) and D. Lumsden (secretary), supported by a very able committee of ladies and gentlemen.

FRED P. TOMS JOINS McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO.'S STAFF.

Fred P. Toms has joined the sales staff of the Toronto office, McLaughlin Motor Car Co., corner of Church and Richmond streets. Mr. Toms is one of the best known and most successful automobile salesmen in the City of Toronto, having had many years' experience with various makes.

ULSTER UNITED OPEN WITH WIN

Defeat Hiawatha on Eaton's Field in Second Division Fixture.

Ulster defeated Hiawatha on Good Friday in a Second Division T. & D. game at Eaton's field by 2 to 0. The teams:

Ulster (2)—Reid, Savage, Marshall, Campbell, Carroll, Adgey, W. Reid, Walker, Allan, Forsythe, Elliott.

Hiawatha (0)—Boshier, Nicol, McShelvie, H. Williams, George, Lawson, Fagan, Ingarfield, Tipper, Bremer, Taylor.

Referee—T. Clark.

Allan started the ball rolling for Ulster, but George secured and passed out to Taylor, who ran down and forced a corner. This he placed behind. Ulster now got going and Reid got a corner which was cleared easily. Forsythe secured the ball and ran down the left. He sent in a nice shot which entered the net, but the whistle had gone previously for offside against Allan. From the free kick Tipper got going, ubt Savage cleared with a nice kick. A spell of even play followed until Reid got away on the right for Ulster to force a corner, which was placed perfectly. Adgey just missing with a low shot. Taylor secured from the goal-kick and made a beautiful run down the left, but his final shot lacked steam and Reid cleared easily. Adgey, for Ulster, put in the best shot of the game, the ball just skimming the bar, a lucky escape for Hiawatha. Ulster now pressed hotly, but wild shooting spoiled their good work in front of the goal. Hiawatha broke away and Tipper shot high over with only Reid to beat. Allan made a beautiful run down the centre from the goal-kick and missed the post by inches with a fast shot. Half time was now called with the score sheet blank.

Bremer restarted for Hiawatha and hands against Savage looked dangerous for Ulster, but Reid cleared his lines well. Ulster now got going in good style and forced several corners, but they could not get the ball past Boshier, who was playing a good game. Carroll had to leave the field for trainer's attention, having twisted his knee. Despite their being a man short Ulster still pressed and only the good work of McShelvie and Boshier kept them out. George now got the ball and passed well out to Fagan, but offside against Ingarfield spoiled the movement. Carroll now returned and Ulster still pressed, but could not score. Hiawatha woke up and pressed hotly for a few minutes, but Savage and Marshall were very safe at back. From a fine return from the former Allan secured and ran right thru to open the score for Ulster. Shortly after this a penalty was given against Nicol for hands, from which Forsythe put his side two up. A spell of even play followed to the end, which arrived with Ulster winners by 2 to 0.

BLOCKADE PROTEST TO BE DISREGARDED

Britain and France, Backed by Russia, Not to Relax Grip.

Special Cable to The Toronto World.

LONDON, April 3rd. — America's protest concerning the allied blockade of Germany arrived today. It is a document of great length and is now being deciphered for the United States embassy. It will possibly reach the foreign office tomorrow. Its contents are concealed, but it is understood that it is considerably more than simply pro forma, placing on record America's dissent from the principles of the blockade, being a strong representation against the Anglo-French action. In no authoritative quarter in London, however, can anything be learned to indicate that the American protest will be anything but futile. Both nations concerned in the blockade, with the strongest Russian backing, are insistent in their right to adopt any measure they please, whether they transgress upon previous international law or not. The sinking of the Falaba is most opportune as illustrating the Anglo-French point of view, and if the American protest is as severe as indicated in certain quarters, it is likely to arouse bitter comment in the press here and among the public generally. The account of the Falaba incident particularly has aroused greater passion against Germany than at any time since the war began. No one here is now interested in the protection of neutral commerce if such protection conflicts with the carrying out of any means whatsoever of smashing Germany.

THE sustained popularity and success of 20th Century Brand garments is the work of the allies—style, fit, fabric, and tailoring.

New styles for Spring, 1915, now ready for your commendation.

Ask for Booklet—it's free.

20th CENTURY BRAND REGD.

TAILORED BY Lowndes TORONTO

Agents in Every City and Town in Canada

The Lowndes Company, Limited

142-144 West Front Street, Toronto

GENERAL HUGHES LIVELY WITNESS

Great Majority of Soldiers' Boots Satisfactory, He Asserted.

CLASH WITH MURPHY

Minister Not Impressed by Gen. Alderson's Criticism of Footwear.

OTTAWA, April 3rd.—General Sam Hughes provided the boot committee with a lively hour this morning by his manner of answering questions put to him, and he entered into a lively altercation with Hon. Charles Murphy.

In defending the Canadian boot, the minister of militia said he would prefer it with all its defects to the British boot. With hobnails in the soles, a steel support across the toes and a wider last, he thought the Canadian production was better for all-round usage.

In a letter from Salisbury Plain, Col. Currie had told him that the great majority of the boots served to the Canadians had given satisfaction.

Col. Currie had sent him samples of British boots served out to his men which had given away in two weeks.

"No matter what General Alderson says," said General Hughes, "the majority of the Canadian boys would have sooner gone to the front with their Canadian boots."

Shooting Too Good.

He had ordered an enquiry regarding boots which had gone bad at St. Johns, Que., and he found that green leather had been used.

"Some of these boots were undoubtedly bad," said the general. "They were not up to the standard and there was poor leather in the soles. I have no hesitation in saying that if any contractor put bad leather in the sole of the boots he should be put just as far as the law will allow."

"Would you shoot him?" asked Hon. Charles Murphy.

"Shooting would be too good for him," was the reply.

Lively Exchanges.

General Hughes said that he started an investigation when the complaints were first made and found that the number of poor boots was very small.

"Now, are you serious?" questioned Hon. Charles Murphy.

"That is an impertinent question to ask whether I am serious. I am on oath," hotly retorted the minister.

"I won't stand being called impertinent. You are impertinent," shouted back Hon. Charles Murphy.

"Well, I won't stand that kind of a question," came back General Hughes, thumping the table with his hand. "I will show you to be a downright pettifogger."

"I ask him to withdraw, Mr. Chairman," shouted Hon. Charles Murphy.

"And I ask him to apologize," returned General Hughes.

PRINZ EITEL AT SEA?

NEW YORK, April 3.—Insistent reports were current here and in Philadelphia today that the German auxiliary cruiser Prinze Eitel Friedrich had slipped out to sea from her dock at Newport News, Va., during the storm last night. These reports could not be verified.

Soccer Salaries Are Cut in England

LONDON, April 3.—With the exception of a few players, who were lucky to obtain contracts until April 30, 1916, calling for twenty dollars a week, all the English soccer professionals have had their salaries reduced for the next football season, commencing on September 1.

The Football Association has made an important change in its rules, fixing the maximum salary at fifteen dollars a week for all players. Previously the rule read twenty dollars a week, or $1,040 per annum. In addition to this reduction, salaries during the summer months have been forbidden, resulting in the players' salaries being cut in half, as payment will only be made in future for the season—from September 1 to April 30—or thirty-five weeks, at fifteen dollars ($525), instead of fifty-two weeks at twenty dollars ($1,040).

Owing to the effects of the war the gate receipts have fallen off to an alarming extent. The majority of the clubs are from $5,000 to $30,000 in arrears, as compared with last year.

Listless Fixture Goes to Diamond E

Eaton's field on Good Friday by the score of 2 to 1. It was a very slow game. Barrett scored the only goal in the first half for Diamond E., Tetterington added another midway thru the second half and shortly before time was called Fraser scored for the Imperials. The best for Diamond E. were McMurray, Stewart and Thompson, while Stevens, Lever, Collins and Taylor were best for British Imperial. The teams:

Diamond E. (2)—McLeary, McMurray, Wilson, Geddes, Stewart, T. King, Thompson, Barrett, Thernohan, Tetterington, W. King.

British Imperial (1)—Steens, Lever, Earnshaw, Partridge, Ferguson, Brown, Harper, Collins, Goldsworthy, Fraser, Taylor.

Referee—Osborn.

SOLDIER'S UNIFORM FOUND.

ST. THOMAS, April 3.—The complete uniform of a private soldier was found in a corner on Ross street, this city, yesterday. It is supposed to have been discarded by a deserter from London.

ASQUITH BACK IN LONDON.

LONDON, April 3, 5.10 p.m.—Premier Asquith, who has been taking a holiday in the country, returned to London today to attend to business at the foreign office, whose affairs he is administering temporarily in the absence of Sir Edward Grey, the foreign minister.

Tobacco Habit Easily Conquered

A New Yorker of wide experience has written a book telling how the tobacco or snuff habit may be easily and completely banished in three days with delightful benefit. The author, Edward J. Woods, 546 R. Station E, New York City, will mail his book free.

The health improves wonderfully after the nicotine poison is out of the system. Calmness, tranquil sleep, clear eyes, normal appetite, good digestion, manly vigor, strong memory and a general gain in efficiency are among the many benefits reported. Get rid of that nervous feeling; no more heed of pipe, cigar, cigarette, snuff or chewing tobacco to pacify that morbid craving and desire.

LE PRETRE FOREST SCENE OF ADVANCE

French Carry Line of Trenches and Take Hundred Prisoners.

GERMAN POST FALLS

Attempt to Destroy Bridges at Nieuport Meets With No Success.

Special Cable to The Toronto World.

PARIS, April 3rd.—A line of German trenches in the western part of the forest of Le Pretre was captured by French infantry today and 100 prisoners were taken. To hold their new ground the French infantry had to repel a violent German attack.

Another success achieved was the capture of a German post near Ponta-Mousson and the repulse of three violent counter-attacks by the French soldiery.

German batteries got close enough to Fort Donaumont, north of Verdun, to hit it with eight-inch shells on Monday. The French artillery at once replied and silenced the enemy's batteries.

Artillery actions and mine warfare have succeeded the French infantry offensive in the Champagne region. The French war office reports gaining the advantage in this species of warfare.

The bridges thrown across the Nieuport Canal by the allies continue to be the object of a German bombardment. The French official statement says that this firing has been without result.

From the sea to the Aisne cannonading has been intermittent.

Tenacious and stubborn fighting is reported from the Argonne, without either side securing the advantage.

French officers have counted the bodies of 700 German dead on the battlefield at Hartmanns-Weilerkopf.

ALD. PLATT NOMINATED LIBERAL CANDIDATE

West Hastings to Be Contested for Dominion House — Waterworks Tied Up.

Special to The Toronto World.

BELLEVILLE, April 3rd. — A portion of Front street was today without water service owing to the fact that Walter Jones of Trenton, whilst driving an automobile, collided with a hydrant, breaking it off at the curb. Considerable damage was done to the car. A new hydrant was placed in position after considerable trouble.

At a convention of the Liberal Association for West Hastings, as constituted for the Dominion riding in this city, this afternoon, Ald. Platt was selected as a candidate for the next election. W. A. Buchanan, M.P., of Medicine Hat, was the principal speaker. The nominee asked for a few days in which to give his decision. E. T. Marsh of Trenton, president, presided. W. Hubbel, who was the candidate against E. G. Porter K.C., M.P., at the last election, was elected

BRITISH REVENUE SHOWS EXPANSION

Capacity for Enduring Strain of War is Enormous.

OUTLAY IS GIGANTIC

War Cost is Already Nearing Two Billion Dollars.

LONDON, April 3rd.—(10.30 p.m.)—The capacity of Great Britain in meeting the financial burdens imposed by the war is indicated in the treasury returns of the fiscal year just ended. The returns show that the revenue for the year amounted to £226,694,000 ($1,133,470,400), an increase of nearly £28,500,000 ($142,500,000) over the previous year.

Last year's budget anticipated an expenditure slightly over £207,000,000 ($1,035,000,000). The actual expenditure has been just under £560,500,000 ($2,802,500,000), the war accounting for the entire £353,500,000 ($1,767,500,000) increase.

To meet this £296,000,000 ($1,480,000,000) was raised by war loan issues. At the end of the year the balance in hand in the treasury amounted to £83,450,952 ($417,254,760).

VON HINDENBURG'S PLANS COLLAPSED

PETROGRAD, April 3rd.—The Germans have abandoned the siege of the Polish fortress of Ossowetz, it was announced in a semi-official statement given out here today. After several weeks of batering away at long range the enemy found further progress out of the question and yesterday began withdrawing his siege guns toward the Prussian border.

The German retirement at this point indiates the collapse of Von Hindenburg's whole campaign against the Warsaw-Petrograd railway, according to the war office. The Germans who massed for another attack on Przasnyz are also reported retiring upon the border.

PILES CURED at HOME by New Absorption Method

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. M. Summers, Box S65, Windsor, Ont.

Spring Clothing on CREDIT

Men and women, if you were disappointed in not having a new suit for Easter because you had not the cash to purchase, don't go any longer without the clothing you need for spring. You don't have to have much cash to buy here—just a small deposit and then our easy terms of

$1.00 A WEEK

If you are a wage earner, don't forget, these terms will clothe your whole family.

Women's Suits, Coats, Dresses, Waists, Skirts, Boots and Shoes.

Men's and Boys' Suits, Overcoats, Spring Toppers, Boots and Shoes.

GLASS BROS

229 SPADINA AVE.

PLAYERS WASTE TIME ON ROAD

Malachi Kittridge Says They Should Study While Away From Home—Recalls the Old-Timers.

CLEVELAND, April 3.—That the ball player of today does not make the most of his opportunities is the opinion of Malachi Kittredge, the old time catcher now engaged in business in Cleveland.

"The big league ball player," says Kittredge, "has the easiest job there is. He does not even have to pack his uniform. That is done for him at the clubhouse. His hand baggage is taken to the train for him. He rides in a lower berth. Arriving at another town, he is met by a taxicab while his baggage is taken to the hotel in a wagon. He does not even have to write his name on the hotel register. He finds his room and a good one with bath reserved for him.

"He has nothing to do except to report at the grounds at 2 p.m., practice and then take part in the game. His evenings are his own as are his mornings except at home when some clubs have practice sessions. He has more idle time upon his hands than a man engaged in any other profession, yet he fails to take advantage of it by fitting himself for some other profession or business to take up when his baseball playing days are over.

"The average player when on the road mornings, takes walks, plays cards or sits around the hotel lobbies fanning. Evenings, you can find him either at some theatre or playing pool, billiards or cards. If he were to devote some of his time to study, he would be preparing himself for the future. Of course, he cannot study too much and run the risk of injuring his eyes, but an hour a day would not hurt him and when he quits baseball, he would find himself well advanced on some other profession."

Then Kit shifted the topic of conversation. He does not relish the oft-printed story that the old-time baseball player was a rough neck, nor to be compared to the college bred player of today.

"I guess they forget about the famous old White Sox," says Kittredge. "Of that team, John K. Tener became governor of Pennsylvania and president of the National League; Anson was county clerk of Cook County, which means Chicago; Mark Baldwin is a famous surgeon in Pittsburg; Ad Gumbert was sheriff of Pittsburg; Hutchinson, the great pitcher, is a railroad official out west; Walter Wilmot is a banker in Minneapolis, and Clark Griffith is pretty well up in the baseball game.

"And the White Sox didn't have them all, either. Take your Cleveland team here. Chief Zimmer did well in business. So did Jim McAleer. Patsy Tebeau has been successful in business in St. Louis; Cy Young acquired a small fortune, well invested, while George Tebeau and Jesse Burkett have stuck to the game as magnates and done well. In fact, I think if you would investigate you would find that the majority of the old-timers have done well since quitting the game, indicating that they were not the rowdies the later day writers would have the public believe."

STREET'S GOING DIDN'T BOTHER JOE CANTILLON

Washington Manager Willing to Assist Disgruntled Catcher to Jump Club.

Ed. Sweeney, the Highlanders' crack catcher, tells a good one. It's at Gabby Street's expense. Washington and Detroit were tied up in a stiff battle in Detroit back in 1909, when the Tigers were champions," states the husky one. "Gabby had a great day. He had walloped George Mullin for three hits and pegged out five Tigers on the base lines. He went up in the ninth with the tying run on third and one down. Gabby soaked the ball on a line to Mullin, who speared it with his gloved hand. A double play followed and that ended the game.

"Joe Cantillon rode Street the instant Gabby got back to the bench. And maybe Gabby didn't flare up! He told his manager what he thought of him, and beating it to the hotel, got a quick dinner and packed up. Coming down in the rotunda about 8 o'clock, with his mind fully made up that he was going to quit the club, Gabby butted into Cantillon.

"'Come here, Gabby,' said the manager. His voice was kind, and Gabby thought Joe was weakening and was going to apologize for the call he gave him at the park.

"'What does this mean? Why did you come downstairs with your baggage?' asked Cantillon.

"'Well, Joe, you see you sort of made me mad this afternoon,' replied Street, 'and I had about made up my mind to quit the club.'

"'Is that so?' was Cantillon's rejoinder. 'Well, old sport, wait until morning. I'm going to chase a bunch of the others, so you all can go on a party ticket and save some money.'"

DR. SOPER
DR. WHITE

SPECIALISTS
In the following Diseases:
Piles, Eczema, Asthma, Catarrh, Diabetes
Dyspepsia, Epilepsy, Rheumatism, Skin Diseases, Kidney Affections
AND
Blood, Nerve and Bladder Diseases.
Call or send history for free advice. Medicine furnished in tablet form. Hours—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 2 to 6 p.m. Sundays—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.
Consultation Free
DRS. SOPER & WHITE
25 Toronto St., Toronto, Ont.

MISS MOLLA BJURSTEDT OF SWEDEN

Miss Molla Bjurstedt of Sweden, who won the National Indoor Tennis Championship of America, when she defeated Miss Marie Wagner. In view of the fact that Miss Bjurstedt won the Olympic singles at Stockholm and has taken several titles in continental hard court competitions, her victory over Miss Wagner practically gives her the world's championship in that variety of tennis.

FORMER PILOTS WHO WILL WORK IN RANKS

Eleven of Them Will Take Orders on the Diamond This Season.

Eleven former big league managers will work in the ranks this year, acting as privates, after having met with varying degrees of success in piloting teams in the big rings. Some of them tried for several years to grab off pennants, while others were helmsmen for only brief periods. Some came close to realizing their ambitions; others of the squad never got their clubs out of the second division.

Napoleon Lajoie is the most famous of this brigade of former big leaders who are now content to let someone else do the bossing, to take orders where formerly they issued them. Five years Lajoie strove to capture the bunting for Cleveland. Except in 1909 he had his club right up in the race and battling for the pennant.

With him on the Athletic roster is Harry Davis, another former Nap manager. Davis' career as leader was brief, being restricted to less than one season.

The St. Louis American League Club is the only other outfit that has two ex-managers among the list of privates. They are Bobby Wallace, who ran the Browns for two years, and Jimmy Austin, who had charge of the team after Stovall resigned and before Rickey assumed the reins.

The other seven former pilots who are now acting in subordinate positions are sprinkled among as many teams. Johnny Evers, erstwhile manager of the Cubs, is merely the Braves' second baseman, but he is being richly rewarded for his work. Charley Dooin, who was knocked out of a championship or so by accidents and desertions at Philadelphia, is now catching for the Reds.

Billy Sullivan, who had his troubles in piloting the White Sox, has to be content with a coaching job at Minneapolis this season, while Jim McGuire, another one of the crop of former Cleveland managers, is coaching the Detroit recruits. Roger Peckinpaugh, under whose guidance the Yankees did so well after Frank Chance quit his job last year, is short stopping for the Yanks, and not at all anxious to be manager.

In the Federal League are found three former club leaders who will draw their pay this year merely as players. Bill Bradley, with Brooklyn last campaign, is taking his orders from George Stovall, manager of the Newark Feds. Hal Chase, who enjoyed a disastrous season as manager of the Yankees, is satisfied with the first base position with the Buffalo Feds, while Mordecai Brown, deposed as manager of the Sloufeds, is a member of Joe Tinker's pitching staff at Chicago.

BUFFALO, $2.70 RETURN.

Niagara Falls, Ont., $2.25 Return, Saturday, April 10.

The Toronto Bowling Club is running an excursion to Niagara Falls and Buffalo, via Grand Trunk Railway, on Saturday, April 10, leaving Toronto 8.10 a.m. Return fare to Niagara Falls, Ont., $2.25 and Buffalo $2.70. Tickets are valid to return on all regular trains up to and including Monday, April 12, 1915.

Secure your tickets at city ticket office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets, phone Main 4209.

ed7 A9

TWO VACANCIES.

There are a couple of vacancies in the Western City Senior Ball League. Teams must be of senior calibre. Apply at 93 Olive avenue. Phone Hill. 2648.

Economy and Scotland Woolen Mills Service Go Hand in Hand

Scotland Woolen Mills Limited
NO MORE $15 NO LESS

Competition Is the Life of Trade Look Elsewhere Before You Come to Us

The Sign of the Originators of One-price Custom Tailoring

The institution that started the "pot a-boiling" is the one to expect the most in value from in fixed-price $15 made-to-measure tailoring, and the economical tendencies of the times make it all the more important that you come to **the original store at 139 Yonge Street**—under the big signs. If you have ideas of your own concerning the suit you want this spring, we are waiting to show you just the class of goods you are thinking about—imported from Britain, made to your measure, any style, and willl not fade, shine or lose their shape. See the windows Monday morning.

Our mail-order department is for your benefit if you can't come to the store. Send for samples, self-measure form, fashions and tape measure—FREE. One price only $15 to measure. . . . . .

The Advantage of Size

A visitor asked me the other day how we can possibly expect to combine individual service with expensive British woolens for $15. For answer I took him into the plant on Richmond street, where we tailor our clothes to measure. He saw for himself what the economy of size means; the tremendous possibilities in six floors devoted exclusively to turning out orders; the enormous stock we carry; and the system on which we work. And that man went away with the realization that a very small margin of profit is enough to warrant the most particular service so long as it can be coupled with a correspondingly large turnover.

Gideon Miller
PRESIDENT

One Price to Every Man

Scotland Woolen Mills Limited
NO MORE $15 NO LESS

Yonge Street Arcade Building

Head office at Toronto. Branches at Hamilton, Brantford, Woodstock, St. Catharines, London, Berlin, St. Thomas, Guelph, Chatham, Midland, Windsor, Collingwood, Sudbury, Sault Ste. Marie, Fort William, North Bay, Winnipeg, Brandon, Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, Swift Current, Edmonton, Oshawa, Cobourg, Port Hope, Acton West, Brighton, Belleville, Campbellford, Peterboro, Kingston, Ottawa, Detroit, Mich.; Akron, Ohio; Youngstown, Ohio; and Havana, Cuba.

We Don't Charge for 'Extras'

QUIET WEEK AT ATHENAEUM CLUB

Star Bowlers Went to A.B.C. Tournament — Averages and League Records.

League bowling at the Athenaeum Bowling Club has been kind of quiet during the past week, largely due to the A.B.C. tournament at Peoria, taking away most of the clubs' best bowlers. Only one game was pulled off in the A League, Brokers taking the odd game from the Princes. Ernie Heuchan of the winners was high man with 617. In the B League Registry Office, Adanacs and Canada Oil each won from Diamonds, T.M.C.C. and Orioles respectively. Sam Beamish of the Registry was high man with 550 count. Sam discarded his yellow tie and came back to his best form. Next week's tidbits are in the A League Eatons and Ontario Press, Swift Canadians and Beverleys and Voddens and T.M.C.C., and in the B League Swift Canadian and Adanacs, and the two crack teams, Registry Office and Allies. The following is the standing of the A and B Leagues, also the ten high average men in both leagues:

A League.

	Won.	Lost.
Athenaeums	11	4
T.M.C.C.	8	4
Eatons	8	4
Voddens	9	6
Ontario Press	10	8
Brokers	9	9
Swift Canadian	9	9
Beverleys	5	7
Sellers Gough	0	6
Widmers	0	9

B League.

	Won.	Lost.
Adanacs	11	4
Registry Office	10	5
Wanitas	12	6
Swift Canadian	9	6
Allies	9	6
T.M.C.C.	8	7
Orioles	7	8
Canadian Oil	8	10
Diamonds	7	11
Ontario Press	0	18

Ten High Average Men in A League.

Schleman, Athenaeums	200
A. Sutherland, Athenaeums	195
McGrath, Voddens	194
Wells, Beverleys	194
Johnston, Athenaeums	193
Gallow, Voddens	190
Nelson, Eatons	190
Sherwood, Swift Canadians	190
Vodden, Voddens	189
Penoyer, Voddens	188

Ten High Average Men in B League.

Earlie, Allies	178
Coker, Allies	178
Pollock, Registry Office	177
Murphy, Adanacs	172
Ross, Canadian Oil	172
Houston, Swift Canadian	171
Jolly, Canadian Oil	170
Dowler, Allies	170
Oliver, Registry Office	170
Johnson, Registry Office	170

RECORDS OF THE T. B. C. LEAGUES

Following is the standing of the leagues at the Toronto Bowling Club for the past week, and the schedule for games next week:

T. B. C. Five-Pin League.

	Won	Lost
Canalites	3	0
Paragons	3	0
Reallites	4	2
Norways	4	2
Colonials	4	2
Olympics	2	1
Flying Post	2	1
Millionaires	3	3
Stanleys	2	4
Senators	2	4
All Stars	1	5
Sewer Pipes	0	6

Business Men's League.

	Won	Lost
City Hall	12	0
Boyd Storage	11	1
The World	7	2
Wm. Davies Co.	6	3
Bigley Mfg Co.	6	3
G. A. Stitt & Co.	5	7
J. Curry Co.	3	9
Liggetts Drugs	4	8
Acton Pub. Co.	0	9
Johnston Concrete	0	12

T. B. C. Two-Man League.

	Won	Lost
Wm. Davies Co.	6	3
The World	6	3
The Boyds	4	2
The News	2	1
Nationals	2	3
Ideals	4	5
Manhattans	4	5
The Bebes	4	5
Bigley Mfg Co.	3	6
Bankers	2	6

Balmy Beach Five-Pin League Final.

	Won	Lost
Luxos	24	15
Rexos	21	18
Realty	17	22
Finance	16	23

This week's games are:

Business Men's League.

Mon.—Boyd Storage vs. Bigley Mfg.

Tues.—City Hall vs. G. A. Stitt & Co.

Wed.—Liggets vs. Acton Pub. Co.

Thurs.—J. Curry Co. vs. Wm. Davies Co.

Sat.—Toronto World vs. Johnson Concrete.

Five Pin League.

Mon.—Rexallites vs. Colonials.

Tue.—Senators vs. Flying Post.

Wed.—Stanleys vs. Canalites.

Thur.—Olympics vs. All Stars.

Fri.—Norways vs. Sewer Pipes.

Sat.—Paragons vs. Millionaires.

Afternoon Two-Man League.

Mon.—Nationals vs. Bebes.

Tue.—Bankers vs. News.

Wed.—World vs. Manhattans.

Thur.—Wm. Davies Co. vs. Boyds.

Fri.—Ideals vs. Bigley Mfg. Co.

Games called promptly at 4.15 daily.

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A sample of my remedy has cured cases of Falling Sickness, or Epilepsy. Prompt relief guaranteed. I PAY EXPRESSAGE on FREE TRIAL BOTTLE. If you cut out and RETURN advertisement Sworn statement and hundreds testimonials on file. Give age and FULL P.O. address.

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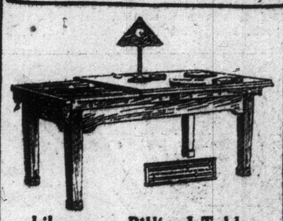
WHERE TO LUNCH

Krausmann's Grill, King and Church streets. Music, 6 to 8 and 10 to 11.30 p.m. Sundays sacred music, 6 to 8 p.m. Private banquets catered for. ed7

LATIMER WINS CHAMPIONSHIP.

W. Latimer, Toronto, was again winner of the Dominion off-hand championship with the record score of 253; J. Madill, Toronto, second; A. J. Knot, Omo, third. Riflemen from all over Canada competed in this match, which is held under the auspices of the Dominion Rifle Association every year. The match was shot over Newtonbrook Rifle Range on Good Friday. Thirty shots at 200 yards, on standard American target.



Library or Billiard Table

Give your children a chance to stay at home and enjoy themselves. Buy a home table and they will spend all their spare time in the healthful pleasure of a game of Billiards.

Wouldn't this table look nice in your living rooms? We build them 3 x 6 and 3½ x 7.

This table can be supplied with either round or square legs as desired, and would make a very valuable addition to your home, and would certainly be a great pleasure and benefit to yourself and your friends.

Call and see it at our show rooms, 103-104 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

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DR C.W. WALKER
SPECIALIST
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CONSULTN FREE. 10-8.30
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SANTAL MIDY CAPSULES
CATARRH OF THE BLADDER Relieved in 24 Hours
Each Capsule bears the name MIDY
Beware of counterfeits

ADAMS FURNITURE ANNUAL BOWLING

Big Tournament at the Athenaeum Alleys—R. S. Coryell in Charge

The Adams Furniture Company's great annual bowling tournament took place Thursday evening, April 1, at the Athenaeum bowling alleys, Adelaide street. The big boss, Mr. C. S. Coryell, while not present in person, was with the boys in spirit, and thru Mr. R. S. Coryell, who is next in command of the Adams contingent, his orders for a battle royal were very successfully carried out. Never were men better equipped and the rations were of a nature that made the men fit. Promptly at 5 o'clock the command was given, "Forward, the Light Brigade! and not a blooming man dismayed."

Friends to the right of them,
Friends to the left of them,
The headpin in front of them
The spectators wondered;
Bawled out they shot like h—
Boldly they bowled and well,
Into it short of breath,
Into the pins who could tell?
Blowed? at the hundred.

Corporal Tom Sharpe in his kilts was awarded the Iron Cross for sharp shooting snipes. The brigade dug themselves in for a good time, and to Major-General Berry, the instigator and promotor of the tournament, a hearty vote of thanks was in order.

—Class A.A.—

	1	2	3	T'l.
Henderson	186	203	155—	544
Young	175	124	208—	507
Stephenson	168	201	136—	505
Berry	199	147	149—	495
Wilson	131	190	154—	475
W. R. Coryell	141	125	152—	418
Riggs	120	140	153—	413
LaBrun	153	106	103—	362
Pike	87	124	145—	356
Lord	123	114	114—	351

—Class A.—

Morgan	173	178	167—	518
Childs	141	173	156—	470
English	203	140	117—	460
Jenner	109	173	158—	440
Little	134	145	148—	427
Thomas	159	128	127—	414
Montgomery	136	164	109—	409
Southgate	116	128	132—	376
Thompson	135	132	79—	346
Bissell	108	108	116—	332

—Class B.—

	1	2	3	T'l.
Coutie	103	209	114—	426
Barker	165	123	135—	423
Armstrong	132	124	121—	377
H. Clarke	135	96	133—	364
C. F. Coryell	114	137	113—	364
Robb	101	129	122—	352
Sharpe	109	130	107—	346
McCuaig	101	120	123—	344
McDonough	120	96	128—	344
R. S. Coryell	107	122	111—	340
Swaun	117	105	100—	322
Davy	52	81	74—	207

—Class C.—

	1	2	3	T'l.
Perks	167	151	104—	422
J. Smith	133	150	113—	396
McHattie	131	109	92—	382
Goddard	99	119	158—	376
Johnson	120	125	128—	373
Grant	109	107	114—	330
Mingeaud	103	100	111—	319
J. Henderson	122	106	70—	298
N. Snyder	82	118	95—	295
Herringshaw	106	80	109—	295
Harcourt	113	71	108—	292

—Class D.—

Poole	145	97	88—	330
David	92	105	124—	321
Colclough	70	116	125—	311
Jordan	114	95	96—	305
Sheridan	105	80	113—	298
Crittenden	80	107	110—	297
A. McQueen	101	79	102—	282
Awde	120	87	75—	282
Campbell	73	86	110—	269
Gosnell	88	90	84—	262
Turnbull	77	84	87—	248
Lane	81	101	64—	246
McMillan	71	86	81—	238
Murray	70	81	85—	236
F. Clarke	57	76	68—	201
Robertson	32	105	52—	189
Rickman	67	50	56—	173

ROGERS' FIVE-PIN LEAGUE AT THE T. B. C. ALLEYS.

This league was formed on "St. Patrick's Day evening" at the National Club, during the annual banquet assembly of the office staff of Elias Rogers Co. It consists of eight three-men teams; the four main yard offices of the company forming four teams, while the head office staff have four teams, one each from collecting depart., accounting dept., sales dept. and the executive. The yards' office staff teams are known as North, South, East and West. Alleys 1, 2, 3 and 4 of the Toronto Bowling Club are occupied by this league on Thursday evenings till the contest series are completed. The second game of the series was run off last Thursday evening, and following is present standing of each team:

Teams.	Won.	Lost.
South	4	2
West	4	2
Sales	4	2
Executive	4	2
Collect	3	3
Account	3	3
North	1	5
East	1	5

How It Looks to Us :-: :-: :-: :-: By Lou Skuce

John Lavan Gives Rickey Surprise

When Manager Rickey recalled Johnny Lavan from the Athletics a year ago, he predicted that the Michigan boy would probably hit less than .200 during his first season with the Browns. But Lavan "crossed" the manager by coming thru with a .262 mark, outhitting all the shortstops in the league.

Rickey will be satisfied if the doctor hits .250 all season, but the Grand Rapids whirlwind has higher ambitions than a .250 swat notch. He expects to do as well, if not better than a year ago.

ON ROSEDALE ALLEYS

The interest of the tenpin bowlers keeps up at Rosedale alleys. On Monday night the prize roll-off resulted in a victory for Freddie Wood, the popular captain of the Canadians, who hung up a new record for the alleys when he knocked them down to the tune of 670 for three games.

On Tuesday night the Rosedale League opened up its second series, when a double-header was staged. York Springs met Pethick's Pets, and succeeded in winning the odd game, but not without a struggle, the first game being won by the narrow margin of ten pins, and the final game resulted in the Bractaria boys hanging up a record for a single game, when they rolled 940. Hayward and G. Pethick showed good form for the losers, while Abbey, Stotts and Spink were in good form for the winners.

The game between Maitlands and Canadians resulted in a victory for the latter, they getting the odd game after an exciting tho not a very brilliant struggle. Joe Foley and R. Wood, for the winners, and Jack Truax, for the losers, were the only men who rolled to form.

On Wednesday night the Olympics succeeded in taking the odd game from McLaughlins, the last game having the most exciting finish that has been served up on the alleys this season. McLaughlins had the lead when Jimmy Egan, the Olympics' anchor man, toed the line for his last attempt, and by getting three strikes in a row he succeeded in giving his team a victory by the narrow margin of five pins.

The records of the dozen leading men who have taken part in at least six games are as follows:

Name—Club.	Ave.
Egan, Olympics	187
F. Wood, Canadians	178
Abbey, York Springs	173
T. O'Connor, Olympics	172
Foley, Canadians	171
Spink, York Springs	168
Helston, McLaughlins	167
Bigley, Olympics	166
Truax, Maitlands	166
Abel, McLaughlins	165
Armstrong, Maitlands	164
F. Pethick, Pets	163

—Standing of the League.—

	Won.	Lost.
York Springs	2	1
Canadians	2	1
Olympics	2	1
Pethick's Pets	1	2
Maitlands	1	2
J. J. McLaughlins	1	2

DANCE TO HEALTH.

The influence of the modern dancing upon health no doubt is very beneficial where hygienic conditions environ it, says an eminent authority.

The amount of exercise obtained during a one-step or a fox trot, provided it is not too long, undoubtedly does a great service to many fashionable women, as such an individual is often a stranger to exercise, therefore a dance which compels her to breathe more deeply causes the blood to circulate more freely, and this is just what she needs to promote health.

But be careful not to make the dance too long. Five minutes is plenty long enough, with a short rest between each dance.

If you wish to enjoy and profit by the pastime avoid small stuffy places with low ceilings and bad ventilation. Endeavor if possible to select a large, modern building, with hygienic surroundings, where a large volume of air space is obtainable, the larger the building the better. Were it possible to dance out of doors, dancing certainly would be considered as the best exercise known for old and young, as it brings gently into action nearly all the muscles of the body.

However, in many of the larger cities some very fine buildings where the hygienic conditions are really good are now devoted to this popular pastime.

An exercise which is found to be a satisfying pleasure and amusement will be the one which proves most beneficial. This is true, for the reason that happiness and a good laugh is the best tonic, and when coupled with an exercise is a powerful stimulus.

The advice to women is to dance and dance often, for under hygienic surroundings the pastime promotes health, grace and beauty.

AMERICAN LEAGUE BATSMEN EASY

Slim Sallee, one of the stars of the St. Louis Cardinals hurling staff, considers it much easier to fool American league batsmen than those in the National.

"After the National league says I'm no good any more, I'll get a job in the American league and guarantee to win half of my games," says Sallee. "American league batters, I have noticed, swing when the count is two balls and no strikes or even three balls and no strikes.

"When you have a batter hitting for you with two balls and even three balls then you are going to be able to save your arm."

NEW YORK BOWLING TOURNAMENT MONDAY

NEW YORK, April 3.—Postponement until Monday night of the national bowling tournament, which was to have been begun in the Grand Central Palace tonight, was announced today. Two weeks of steady bowling will be required to complete the schedule, and 97 5-men teams, 240 3-men teams and 470 individual bowlers will take part.

SNOW AT WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, April 3.—Washington v Philadelphia (National) game postponed, snow.

ROYAL TEMPLARS' RUN.

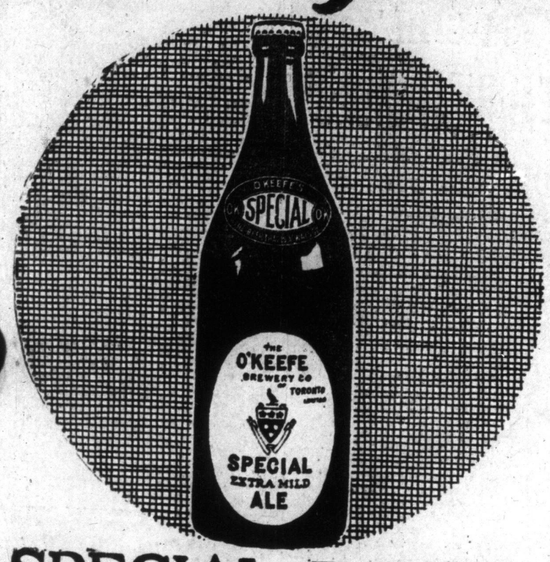
Royal Templars A.A.C., corner Dovercourt road and Queen street, held their first small meet of the season from their club rooms Good Friday morning. The biggest event was a 2½-mile road race. The finish:

1. C. Robertson (1 min.), 14 min. 45 secs.
2. Stuart Stamp (3 min.), 17 mins.
3. C. Barns (scr.), 14 mins. 45 secs.
4. A. Walas (3 min.), 18 min. 30 secs.

VERMONT LEAGUE.

A meeting of Vermont League will be held in West-End Y. M. C. A., on Tuesday April 6, at 8 p.m. sharp. Representatives of teams are requested to be on time.

O'Keefe's



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The Original Cabaret

ANTI-TIPPING CAFE.

Orchestra, Evenings. Open till 12 p.m.

SPECIAL

Easter Sunday Dinner

SUNDAY, APRIL 4th, 1915.

50 CENTS

Served from 1.00 to 9.00 p.m.

Olives. Celery. Pickled Beets.

SOUPS.

Chicken a la Reine. Consomme Petit Pois.

FISH.

Baked Lake Trout a la Allemande.
Fried Whitefish.
Pomme Duchesse, Sauce Tartare.

ENTREE.

Lobster a la Berdelaise.
Lamb Fries a la Monaco.

ROAST.

Prime Ribs of Beef au jus.
Roast Chicken with Dressing.

VEGETABLES.

Boiled, Mashed and Browned Potatoes.
Corn Fritters.

SALAD.

Chiffonade Salad.

DESSERT.

Baked Cabinet Pudding, Wine Sauce.
Apple Pie. Boston Cream Pie.
Raspberry Jelly, Whipped Cream.
Steamed Fruit Pudding, Brandy Sauce.
Canadian Cheese.
Tea. Coffee. Milk or Buttermilk.

All pastry, etc., baked on the premises. Special courtesy shown Ladies and Children. We cater for After-Theatre Suppers.

Special Saturday Lunch, 50c, served from 12 to 3 p.m.

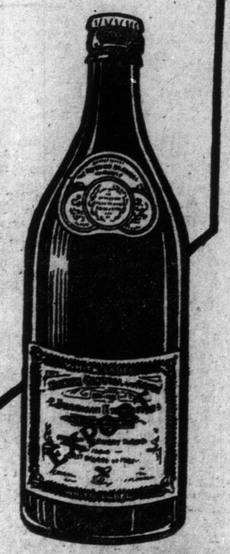
Miss Gertrude Gardiner, Buffalo, Mezzo Contralto, and Miss Annie Taylor, Coloratura Soprano, are some of the artists who will take part in the Cabaret. Harvey Cowan's Orchestra will furnish music for DANCING. Mr. and Mrs. Hedman, from New York, will give an exhibition of the latest dances from 10 to 12 p.m.

Our automobile will call for two or more patrons of our restaurant between 1 and 8 p.m. daily for a nominal charge of 25c for each person from their home to the Cafe. Phone Main 7340.

WHITE LABEL ALE

OF ALL the "Made-in-Canada" malt beverages there is one brand that gives *complete satisfaction* WHEREVER it is broached. You can tell its popularity by noticing the class of people who drink it.

Order from your dealer's. Sold at hotels everywhere.



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HOBBERLIN'S

High-grade Tailoring

MONDAY

HOBBERLIN

SPECIALS

In Made-to-Measure

NEW SEASON SUITS

AND TOP COATS

$15

Some very special values at fifteen dollars. Select from the widest assortment of materials shown by any house in Canada—and be assured of a smart, shapely and in season suit or coat—Canada's greatest fifteen dollar suit.

$20

This line embraces a wide range of new spring weaves, and include blacks, blues and greys, for suits or overcoats. Among these are goods that had sold regularly at $25, $30 and $35.

'Let it be a Hobberlin'

Store Opens 8 a.m.
Closes 9 p.m.

151 Yonge

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1915

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MAGAZINE SECTION

The Toronto Sunday World

Sunday, April 4, 1915

MAGAZINE SECTION

EASTER the Fulfilment of SPRING

WHEN the chimes of Easter send forth their joyous resurrection peal there is an answering shout from all the spirits of Spring. The aspiring note of religion, reiterating its faith in the promise of a New Life, is in full harmony with the recurring miracle of an awakened earth. Youth comes into its own. Youth knows that Nature will keep its word, that bud and blossom will prove a fulfilment. Thus the impressive ceremonials of religion, the unfoldings of Nature and the gayeties of newly garbed humanity unite in expressing a justified confidence, a realized hope.

The calendar may not always mark the same date at Easter. Visible Spring may vary by the chances of latitude and the mysteries of season. But Easter has become the shining mark, the melodious signal of an awakened consciousness, a fresh realization of an eternal recurrence. That Woman should particularly emphasize Spring is as reasonable as that all art, all poetry, should choose her to symbolize it.

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THAT BOOK OF LOMBARDI'S

Being the Really Remarkable Tale of Adventures in Tar Black Mid Air and in an Out of the Way Country Place.

In Connection With an Aviation Adventure of Lieut. Spug Kennedy and Birdman Branigan.

By THOMAS O'HALLORAN

BIRDMAN BRANIGAN of the Flying Corps had left an arm at the front. On the well recognized principle that the power of a lost limb is bequeathed to some other member, the tongue of him was that much richer in colorful twist and reminiscence.

"What I'm about to relate," says he to me, "bein' that the tellin' of it will not prejudice the military operations agin' the inimy, has to do with the famous ixpert, Lombiardi, who had written a book about war, laudin' war, mind ye, on general principles, before there was the war. He called war a biological necessity, or some foreign term like that, meanin' that we, the human race, could not do without it and wouldn't be happy till we got it. I'll tell ye what happened to him when Aviation Lieut. Kennedy and meself descended unexpected on his temporary domicile.

"'Tis necessary to remember that this ixpert had never so much as smelled a battle. He had never got the stench from the No Man's Land between the trenches. He had never dodged a bomb while watchin' the antilike manoeuvres of what ye know are flesh and blood, but as far as appearances go might be just unhuman landscape. He had never dug into the earth's intestines alive to postpone the time when the same earth would cover him up dead. He had never grown callous about women or forgotten how to cry, as fightin' men do. But he had written a book about war.

"Understand, I'm not much of a reader meself, at least I wasn't before I was hobbled for life by my last fall, bein' more interested in aerial navigation than in absorbin' hot air from between the covers of books, and more concerned about flyin' in a biplane than about flights of the imagination. I'd rather look at life down a spiral of clouds than have my brain clouded with a lot of misty words. But I had read enough of Lombardi to get a pretty good idea of the man and what he stood for.

"And this is about how he sized up in my humble estimation: I figured him as the kind that wouldn't put his fists up in a fair and square fight —but he'd put pizen in a well. He'd stand in front of a lookin' glass and tell himself how much brains he had concealed under his dome —and beat up his wife regular every Saturday night. He'd draw a diagram provin' he was one of the Lord's anointed instruments —and take a penny from a blind man's tin. By algebra and logarthms he'd convince himself that he had a double-sized heart —when in fact it was his liver that was beatin' ag'in his ribs. I'm free to confess it was a hard picture of him I'd drawn in my mind, but could any portrait be unjust of a man who'd set millions to hackin' each other in the name of God or destiny, or whatever he called it?

"Of course ye'll say that no man alone, and especially no man's books, could do as much of the devil's own work. Maybe no and maybe yes. A measly little torpedo can blow up a dreadnought, can't it, now? Well, anyhow, the more I had seen of war the more I'd naturally hate any one who had the nerve to tell the world that war was a boon to humanity.

"It's only them that sits in soft arm chairs that sees any boon in it. I'm not denyin' that it has its good sides for all that. It brings out the finest of man and race, but so does an earthquake, for that matter, and so does every calamity, but we don't go around invitin' earthquakes and floods and eruptions of Vesuvius, do we now? I think not.

"Ye know, then, what I thought of Lombardi, tho I wasn't thinkin' of him at all, at all, when, in the dusk of evenin' Kennedy and meself seats ourselves in our cute little biplane which we had christened the Thrush, for a neighborly reconnaissance of the inimy's trenches.

"We had put some of their howitzers out of commission that afternoon, and we were curious to see just how much they were takin' it to heart. So when the word comes from division headquarters for us to take a peep, we tuned up and made ready with most cheerful alacrity.

"I was the pilot in the back seat and Spug Kennedy —I'll call him that for friendship's sake, tho he had "Lieutenant" as handle to his name — was the observer in the front seat, with a rifle in the crook of his left arm and binoculars in his right first. We carried a few bombs for emergencies, which, like the poor, were always with us.

"'Up she goes!' Spug gave the word. 'We'll return anon.'

"With a laugh he waved his hand with the glasses to the boys that were seein' us off. Spug was always as happy goin' up as if he were takin' a ride in a jauntin' car. I got busy immediately with the engine and levers. Everythin' responded swate and reasonable. The earth fell down in the general direction of the antipodes and soon we were flirtin' with the bars of red and gold shootin' up from the sun, a fallin' bail of fire in the west.

"When the indicator showed that we had climbed two thousand feet, Spug gave the word to circle round, extendin' our circles gradually south towards the inimy's lines. Seme of the same inimy's ships had been buzzin' over our trenches an hour or so previous, but our guns had winged one of them and she had limped back home beyond the river quicker'n she had risen. The others had profited by the example and the skies were now clear of them. We weren't afraid of any of their type, even if they did come up after us now. The Thrush had a little on all of them in the way of speed and ease of handlin'. Anyhow, we weren't afraid.

"As we approached the inimy's lines his concealed angle guns began to spout and pop at us, but a little rise of two thousand feet more and we laughed at them. The Thrush was surely a sweet bird on the wing. All ye had to do was to press a button and she'd do the rest.

"Spug Kennedy was lookin' thru his glasses for the location of the howitzer battery we had put out of commission. Our observation balloon had marked the shots that had done the work and the battery was silenced from that time on, but its position behind a wooded rise of ground was out of the ken of the balloon observer, and it was up to us to verify the extent of the disaster and find out what the inimy was doin' to repair it.

"We scouted around without success for more than an hour, seein' more than we come to see, but not seein' that. Meanwhile the sun had disappeared and a big black giant was walkin' with tremenjous strides over the land, blottin' out with the bulk and shadow of him the squares of the checkerboard on which the game of war was played and the criss-cross trenches that marked the moves of the players.

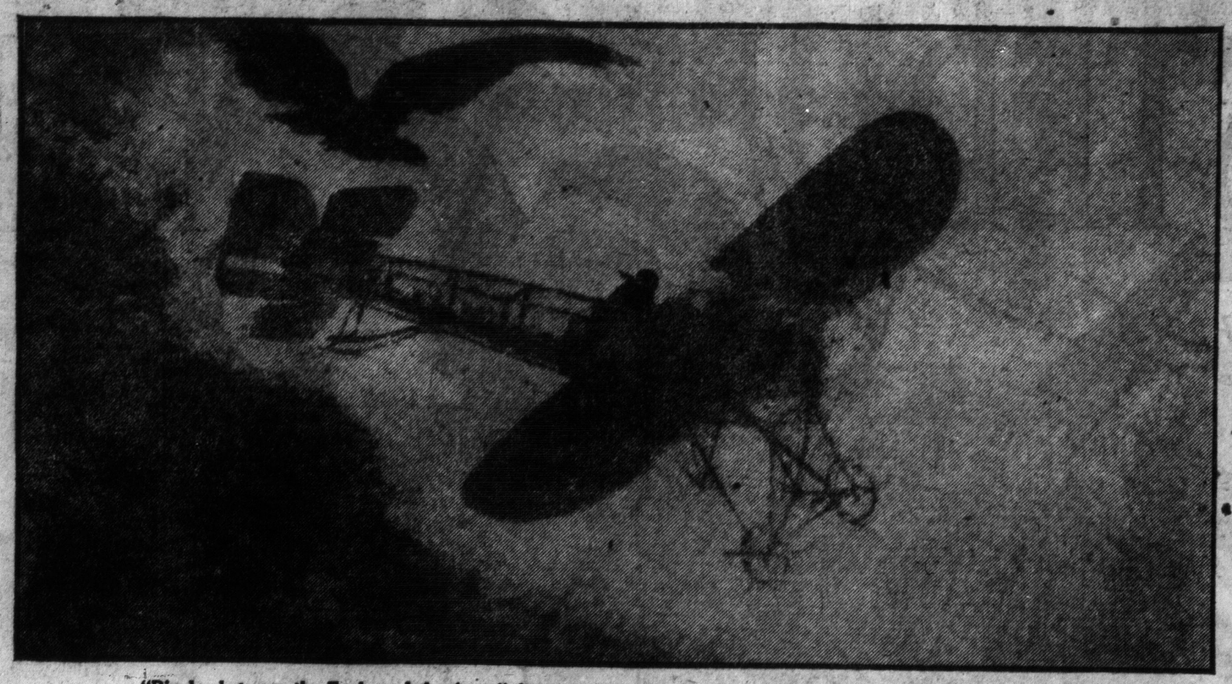
"'It's gettin' dark,' I shouted to the big shoulders in front of me, my words fightin' thru the wind we were ploughin' out of a dead calm.

"'Divil a bit I care,' came back from Spug. 'I'm goin' to locate that battery if we've got to stay up till mornin'.' Which was all foolishness, ye'll mind, but that was Spug's peculiar temperament.

"All of a sudden we heard a sound comin' along the air currents like the sound of an approachin' railroad engine when ye put yer ears to the rails. We had our muffler in, but even at that we knew that to hear that sound meant somethin' more powerful in the flyin' line than any of the inimy's ships that had been around before. It had gradually been cloudin' to the east, and it was from the east the sound came.

"'There's an Albatross in the offing, Branigan. Heave to!' shouts Spug.

"Ye should have seen the Thrush come about, as I climbed her up to an air lane another two thousand feet. An Albatross, ye remember, bein' three times as big as the Thrush, armored and mountin' machine guns. In the dim light we watched that cloud bank in the east as ye watch a curtain go up on a play. At that we weren't averse to eggin' the actor with a bomb or two if we could get a nice little gallery seat above when the Albatross came on the stage.



"Rivalry between the Eagle and the Aero," from a painting by Leon Printemps in the Paris salon.

"And that's why we didn't scurry with our tail between our legs back to where we could shut off the engine and volpiane to harbor in our own lines. We hadn't seen an Albatross before, but we had heard about them ad nausea, as they say, and all about what they could do. It surely would take some wind out of their sails if our little Thrush could put one of them out of commission, sort of unbeknownst to them.

"When the curtain of cloud opened and the pound of the railroad engine on the tracks became more like the gentle murmur of a boiler factory in full blast, we saw three of the bloomin' Albatrosses steamin', or rather gasolenin' in our direction. Not one, mind ye, but three, and in a funny sort of way I found meself admirin' them as the hummin' bird must admire the eagle.

"'Higher!' shouts Spug. 'They may not have seen us. The darker it gets the better,' says he, 'God knows what divil's business they're on and it's our duty to do our damnedest.'

'Twas afterward I learned the business that brought them wingin' across the peaceful evenin' sky. And the devil's business it was, when you consider the women and childer that paid for it. But that was afterward.

"We mounted up the stairs to the stars, if there had been any stars shinin', but the clouds had come up heavy out of the east and there was no moon that would be comin' to silver 'em. It was growin' darker every minute. The Albatrosses were about five miles away when we first sighted them, and about 3000 feet below us as we made them out nearer, ugly lookin' shadows in the shades o' night.

"We might have known that they carried searchlights, but I didn't think of that until they began gropin' out in the skies with their pointin' accusin' fingers of fire, and circlin' around like lightnin' bugs, now flashin' here, now there.

"We had this advantage, that tho they might pick us out, for we were aware now that they knew we were on the job, in doin' so they would disclose their positions to us, and havin' a strategic upper hand in our greater height, we might be lucky enough to land a bomb, as ye'd drop a bouquet from a balcony box. Even now we could have gone to earth with only a small chance of gettin' hurt, if Spug Kennedy didn't have the heart of an eagle. As for meself, well there are glorious compensations in war, even if 'twas Lombardi who said so

"Well, we must have played hide and seek in circlin' and manoeuvrin' for position for as much as half an hour, and by this time ye couldn't see the propeller in front of ye. There was not much said between Spug and me outside of his battle orders. He was watchin' the searchlights and the searchlights was tryin' to keep up with us. Of a sudden our planes were lit up like the inside of a tent when a candle's burnin'.

"'They's found us and vicey versey,' says Spug, and lets drop a bomb over the side in the general direction of the shaft of light that was hittin' us from directly beneath. It was like droppin' a ball down a chute. Of course it called for quick work, but that's what Spug Kennedy was waitin' for.

"It must have hit the petrol tank, for when the explosion came we felt like we were flyin' over an active volcano. I think maybe that it was a volcano for the poor divils that were blown to smithereens with it.

"'Mark off one Albatross,' sings Spug, as if checkin' up accounts with particular emphasis on the number, Spug surely had what you might call an insatiable appetite. As if one Albatross wasn't glory enough for our little Thrush.

"I figured that for a long time we had been hoverin' over, far over the inimy's lines, and it did seem remarkable, now that I came to think of it, that we had not been bothered by searchlights from the land. Most likely 'twas that they knew the Albatrosses were due to pass at this hour on their way to a raid and didn't want to invite our force's attention to them more than was necessary, allowin' at the same time that the little Thrush they saw peepin' at them before dark would flutter away harmless at sight of the devil birds from the east.

"But almost simultaneously with the explosion of the Albatross the whole sky was a bonfire from a multitude of searchlights, and we knew that the brave little Thrush was as plain to the earth as it was to the lookouts of the remaining two Albatrosses and that vengeance was the word.

"It was vengeance surely that brought the two monsters mountin' up to us. Whatever the work the squadron had set out to perform, they were evidently in no mood to let the impudent interruption go without punishment. There were only two courses open for us now; one was to circle around and take our chances on gettin' another of them before we were nuked by their machine guns and the other was to make a run for it.

"'Higher!' shouted Spug, and then I knew that we were goin' to stick. As I said before, Spug had an insatiable appetite.

"But the lights concentrated on the Thrush and avoided the mountin' Albatrosses. Only the persistent pound of their powerful engines gave us the slightest idea how near they were gettin' to us. We didn't know that we were flanked till we saw a spurt of flame to the right of us and another to the left of us, followed by a rippin' along the seat back that separated me from Spug.

"'They've got our range! Full speed ahead!' ordered Spug, and I squirted in the juice.

"I don't think we ever paused to thank God it was not the engine or us that stopped those bullets instead of the seat back. I only knew that we had to get out of that light and away from those guns. And the Thrush seemed to know it, too. I cut out the muffler and made a dash for the dark.

"As I told ye before I wasn't thinkin' about our book friend, Lombardi, not for a moment, but as I've figured it since, accordin' to his cold-blooded formulas, the situation in which Spug Kennedy and meself found ourselves would have been analyzed by him something like this:

"On the general principle that in war ye shouldn't set out to do a thing that ye hadn't prepared twenty-five years to do we should never have stayed up after dark without havin' provided for an elaborate system of colored signals to fix for us the location of our aviation camp,

"On the general principle that ye should have naught to do with an inimy in overwhelmin' numbers we should have dropped to earth at the first indication of the approach of the Albatrosses.

"And on the general principle that the destruction of one Albatross was of greater military importance than the preservation of the Thrush and our own skins it was a matter of complete indifference whatever happened to Spug Kennedy and Andy Branigan.

"Strange as it may seem, the last of these general principles made no more appeal to us than the others. To have done what we had may not have been war, accordin' to the books, but it was magnificent. And what we were doin' now, in tryin' to avoid the inevitable fate, may not have been magnificent, but it was war, as we conceived it. We were makin' a run for our lives —and that's all there was to it. With the lights of the inimy beatin' on us and them two monsters bent on rakin' us fore and aft and broadside, we didn't have a chance in the world unless we got out of the luminous circle. We didn't know where we were goin', but we were on our way.

"Are ye all right, Spug?' I shouted at the top of my lungs.

"'Fine as silk,' responds Spug, and his voice was drifted past my ears by the rushin' wind. I think we're losin' 'em. I just made out some flushes away in the rear of us. Keep 'er goin', Branigan.'

"For about five minutes I had only two thoughts that I can seem to remember. One was as to keepin' her goin'. I knew I had enough gas to keep her goin' for a couple of hours. The other thought I had was connected with Spug's remark about losin' 'em. Sure, if we were losin' them we were at the same time in the way of losin' ourselves. I glanced over the side and there was not as much as a pin point of light to guide us either as to our course or a landin' place. But Spug said, 'Keep her goin',' and I did.

"Ten minutes more and I begin to think again. No longer could I hear the sound of the railroad engine when I lay me ear on the track. Evidently the same thought struck Spug at the same time, for the wind dashed up his words against my ear drums.

"'We've got to figure out where we are,' he yells.

"'Right-o,' shouts I back, 'but how?'

The night was as black as tar, and thru the mist, as I said before, there was not a light of friend or inimy to be seen below. Unlike the Albatross type, we were not outfitted for night flyin', which was a specialty of the inimy, with their colored fireworks signals from the land, their searchlights and their delicate instruments. We had nary a pocket flashlight to our name, and I was just trustin' to God that I was keepin' the Thrush high in the heavens, for I couldn't even see the indicator of the baragraph. Maybe Lombardi was right at that, about preparin' twenty-five years —or was it fifty?—in advance of what ye do.

"'Look at the compass. Get the general direction!' howled Spug with the wind.

"We had a gyroscope compass, fitted in to the seat back of the observer. At least we thought we had, till I groped with my gloved hand along the place it was supposed to be.

"'Hell!' I shouted forward. 'It's gone! They hit it when they opened up on us.'

"Not a word from Spug, but I knew he was thinkin' hard and deep. Here we were travelin' thru space at the rate of ninety miles an hour and not even knowin' the direction in which we were goin'. We might be goin' straight ahead or we might be goin' in circles, as far as we knew. We hadn't enough gas in the tank to stay up till daylight. The chances, if we tried to land on a risk, without so much as a lantern to guide us, were all against us.

"If ye're born to be an airman, ye feel much better a mile up than ye do flirtin' with a landin' place ye can't see. And there was always the chance that the mist would clear away and that we'd pick out some lights and a soft place to drop, even if it were inside the inimy's territory. Meanwhile, tho we had escaped the pursuin' Albatrosses, we were pursued by doubt.

"'We've got to see it thru,' says Spug finally. 'Keep 'er goin', Branigan, and maybe we'll land in Tipperary.' Ye couldn't make that boy worry if ye pushed him down the ugly mouth of a howitzer.

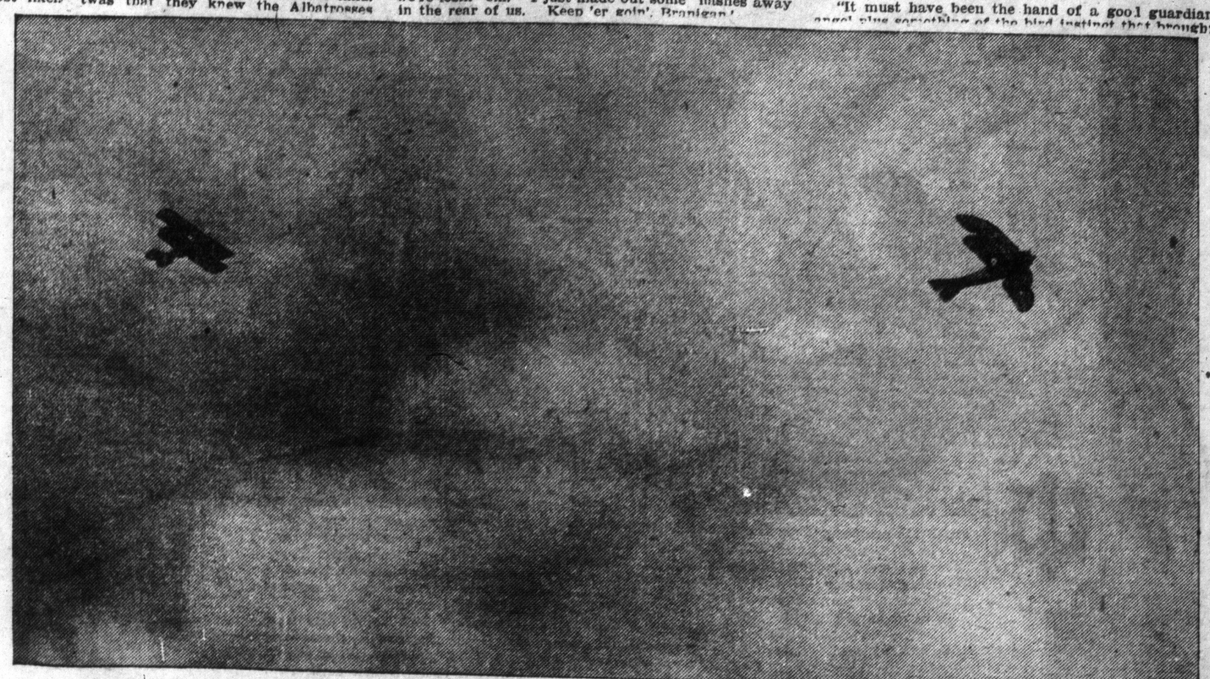
"Well, that's all I'm goin' to tell ye about about this part of the story. I kept her goin' and the drizzle kept a-goin' and the gasolene kept a-goin' and the engine kept a-goin' —till it went dead. Then we started to volpiane into a bottomless pit.

"'Good-by, Spug,' says I, with a tear, it may be, in what was left of me voice.

"'Good-by nothin',' sang back Spug. 'I've got an engagement down below with the sweetest girl.'

"As we glided down I could imagine them diggin' out of the wreck of the Thrush two little tin identification tags that would be all the mortal remains of Spug and me. As I recollect it I sort of toyed with this idea till I got to be feelin' that me whole body was a flattened out piece of tin with some letters printed on it. Well, as it's me that's telain' ye the story, ye know that no such thing happened at all, at all.

"It must have been the hand of a good guardian angel, plus something of the bird instinct that brought



A duel in the air; an actual photograph of a French biplane in pursuit of the enemy in mid air, snapshotted by the observer in a French machine flying below.

the Thrush, wheels runnin', onto a slope of velvet lawn or meadow soggy with the rain and as gentle a droppin' off place as ever was provided for the like of us. Our landin' was as noiseless as the drop of a feather on a field of plush.

"While there's life there's ambition, suggested Spug when the wheels had run to the end of the momentum, without even barkin' a tree. But, faith, there was little ambition in the limbs of either of us as we scrambled out onto the thrice welcome turf.

"We looked at each other long and intently and felt of each other's arms in a clumsy kind of a helpless way. Then we started to gaze around to get a line on the topography of the country.

"As our eyes became accustomed to the surroundings it was plain we were in no populous centre of civilization. On all sides of us stretched the velvet carpet of the lawn or meadow, and in the distance I soon was able to make out dense woods that were as black as ink, enclosin' us on all sides. There were no lights of human habitations.

"'Let's reconnoitre a bit,' says I, and we started in no certain direction, our legs draggin' after us like the tailpiece of the big guns when they're going into action.

"We hadn't gone more than a hundred painful yards when we halted in our tracks. Out of the woods there loomed the big pile of a stone house. Ye must remember we were sensible enough to fetch our artillery along with us. Spug had his rifle and we both had pistols at our sides.

"We studied the house for a couple of minutes. It was a pretentious kind of dwellin', I should say, tho not what ye'd call a baron's castle.

"'From me knowledge of architecture,' remarks Spug quietly, 'and judgin' by the giniral contour of the establishment, I am fain to be thinkin' that we are in the inimy's country. So let us be raisonable in our approach.'

"There was no sign of light or human in the front of the house, for a certainty, nor in the back, to which we next pulled our feet. We had turned to investigate some smaller buildin's in the rear that might have been a barn and a garage when from one of them come forth an old man with a dim lookin' lantern.

"I knew he was old by the teeterin' wabble and motion of him. Spug and I forgot all about our achin' legs and before the old duck knew what had happened to him he was between two hobgoblins and all he could do was to let out a croak like the dyin' gasp of a stuck pig. I lifted his lantern and got the look of terror in his seamed old countenance. Sure, there was nothin' to fear from this laddybuck, if it weren't that he die on our hands from sheer fright.

"I tried some soothin' words on him, to reassure him we were but human and seekin' for information, but he only shook his old gray head in a helpless kind of way and muttered something I couldn't make out.

"'He's a furriner,' remarks Spug with marvelous intilligence.

"Then the old man began to motion with his lantern in the direction of the house and mutter some more. I couldn't make head or tail of it, till I heard him say over and over again somethin' that sounded like 'bombardment,' but gradually took on the general conformation of 'Lombardi.'

"I repeated the word and the old duck positively grew animated with the joy of makin' me understand, and kept on sayin', 'Lombardi, Lombardi,' nodding toward the house.

"'It sounds like some kind of cheese,' says Spug. 'But we're hungry at that, and as long as we can't do anythin' better, let's try what kind it is.'

"So arm in arm the three of us went to see what I took to be the back entrance of the house. Sure, we could not run into anythin' worse than bein' taken prisoner by overwhelmin' numbers, we bein' without gasolene or a compass and not knowin' where we were. As we went along I kept repeatin' that word 'Lombardi' and scratchin' me head and pullin' the wool of me memory, wonderin' where I had heard it before.

"We followed the old man into the house and down a corridor of shadows lit up by the weird good for nothin' lantern. There wasn't the sign of another light anywhere within no more than without, nor a sound but our footsteps.

"Our guide made a noise like wantin' to open a door, and we let him fumble with the knob, us standin' either side of him.

"'Lombardi,' he cackled as he opened, and Spug and I had our fingers on the triggers as our eyes blinked in the light of an imminse room.

"'Now, what the divil does he mean by Lombardi?' I kept puzzlin' inside meself.

"Lookin' down a long line of books in shelves on the walls, I saw a table lit up more than the rest of the room. And from the back of the table I saw rise a man that, judgin' by the peaceable looks of him, was not the one to trouble Spug and me or give us any occasion to use our artillery in the gentle art of self-defence. He was in a long kind of dressin' gown, with a cord around the waist of it, and even in this that bulged him out he looked thin and gaunt-like. He had a pointed dark beard and wore eyeglasses with heavy rims. His dome was as bald as the tip of a cartridge. His bony hands clutched on to the table edge as he stood there with a look of amazement on his face that was the funniest expression I ever saw. I wanted to laugh, but when I glanced at the appearance of Spug and applied the impression I got from him to meself I didn't blame the whiskered chap.

"What would ye think, now, if ye were a peaceable gintleman, sittin' at a library table, readin' or writin' or somethin', and the first thing ye knew the door was opened and in stepped two big, rough-lookin' bruisers, with wet and oily leather clothes all hunched upon them, and leather visors pulled down over their face, with goggles for eyes? And one of them with a rifle on his arm and an automatic in his hand and the other—that's meself—with another automatic and holdin' onto a half-witted old man with a toothless grin of terror and a lantern in his hand? What would ye think, now?

"Him not makin' any sign of an advance by way of hospitable welcome, and us thinkin' of the possible presence of bells or telephones that might be handy to the whiskered chap, we moved in solid formation to the table.

"It was Spug who found his tongue first.

"'Do you speak the well-known language in which I'm addressin' ye?' he asked, pushin' back the flaps of his headgear.

"The studious-lookin' gentleman nodded affirmation, still standin' gazin' open-mouthed at us.

"'Then before we discuss anythin' else,' says Spug, 'will ye kindly inform me to whom I have the honor of spakin' to?'

"'Prof. Lombardi,' he murmured low, tho I thought there was a mite of pride in the way he said it. Then I seemed to remember somethin' associated with the name, and still I didn't.

"'What section of the world is this?' Spug came at him next.

"Readily enough he told us the forest we were in, and by the name of it we knew at once that we were a hundred miles at least in the inimy's preserves. Spug and I looked at each other and if there was brazen darin' in his eyes, I tried to reflect it back to him strong.

"'And who else beside yerself, professor, may be occupyin' the primises?' was the next question.

"He seemed to hesitate about answerin' this and shot a quare look at the old lantern bearer.

"'I am the only one,' he finally said slowly, and this old servant. We are in the middle of the forest, miles from any settlement. No one comes here.'

"'Then,' says Spug, 'I'll tell ye what we want. We're birdmen, as ye may have noticed. We had a bet with an aigle as to which could fly the faster and the longer. We beat the aigle all to pieces, and we want to go back to the startin' place to collict the bet. In the meantime we are hungry and thirsty. We need a tankful of gasolene, and we'd be much obliged for that pocket compass I see in

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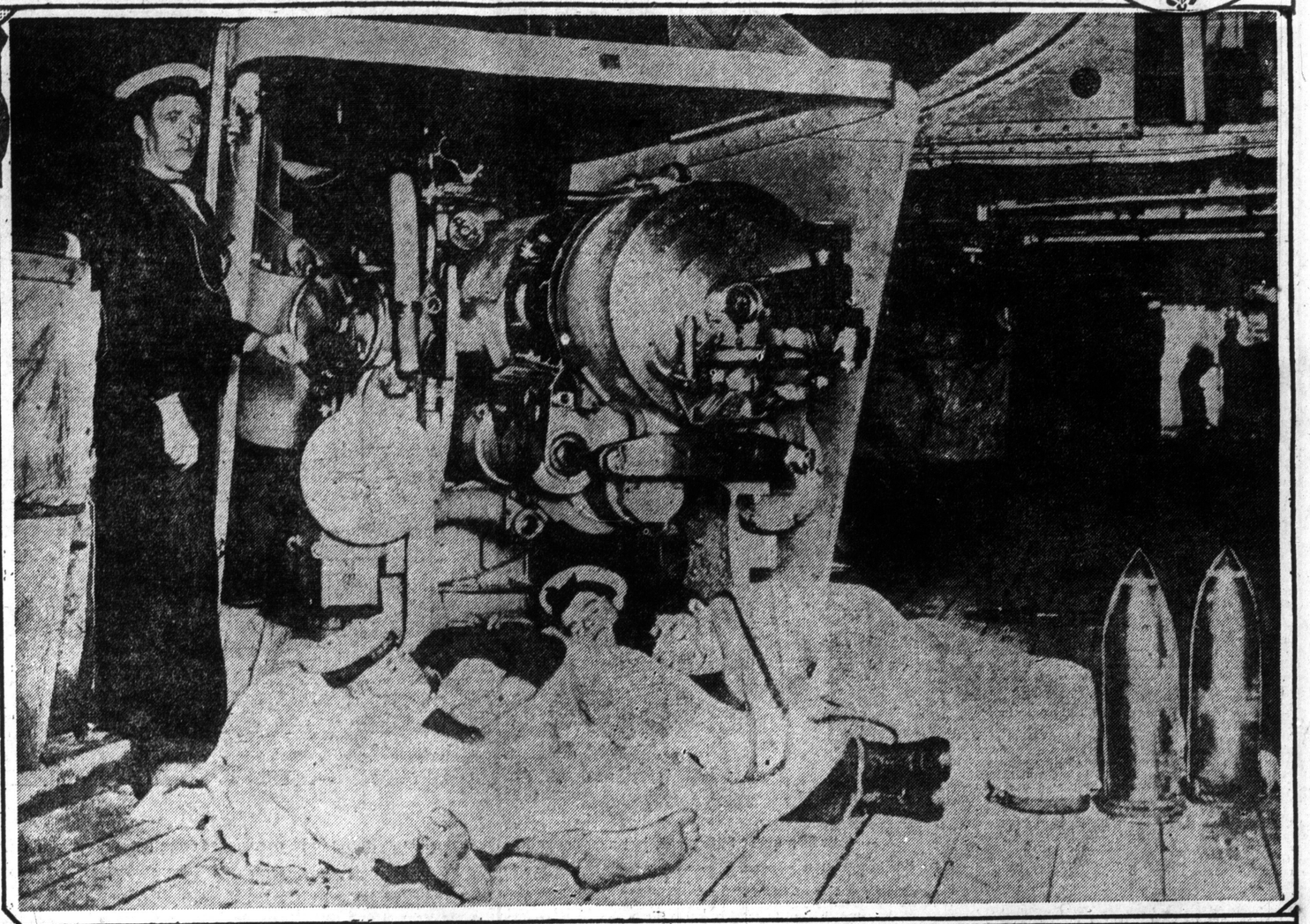
HUMAN SIDE of BRITAIN'S MONSTER SEA FIGHTERS



Sailors sleeping at their guns on a British battleship in the North Sea.

Former Officer Sketches the Intimate Life of the Men Who Are Lying in Wait for Kaiser's Battleships--- System of Maintaining Discipline Greatly Altered During Last Ten Years---Navy Governed by Act of Parliament.

AN INTIMATE sketch of English naval life is contained in the book "The British Navy From Within," by an author who signs himself "Ex-Royal Navy." The volume is about to be published by the George H. Doran Company.

Nothing in the navy has so altered during the past ten years as the system of maintaining discipline. Discipline—the art of forming the manners, a state of subjection, method of government, correction and external mortification—is the one great thing on which the whole life and fighting efficiency of the navy rests. Without it the service could not be carried on, a man-of-war would be unable to perform its duties and those belonging to our fighting ships would be in a perpetual state of quarrel and disorder. The very bedrock of naval discipline is the prompt obedience to all external marks of respect to superiors in rank.

The navy, with the exception of such marines who are on shore in barracks in the United Kingdom, is governed by act of parliament, which act remains in force until it is repealed. The first part of this act is the articles of war, and this has to be posted up in some conspicuous place in every ship and read publicly to everyone on board once every three months. The time chosen is invariably immediately after morning divisions, 9 a.m. After prayers have been read the "disperse" is sounded, followed by "officer's call," and the pipe "Clear lower deck; every one aft." Then the captain mounts the bridge or some suitable place where he can see the assembled officers and men. The order is given "Off caps!" and he reads out the "articles" of war." The bulk of the articles after laying down the offence end up with: "Shall suffer death or such other punishment as is hereinafter mentioned."

By the act bluejackets and marines cannot be arrested for debt unless the debt was contracted before the debtor joined His Majesty's service; in fact, the whole government of the navy is contained in the naval discipline act, the court-martial being the great tribunal, its finding final, the sentence taking effect from the moment it is read, tho the admiralty itself may remit portions of a sentence or quash illegal sentences.

In the everyday life of the service, however, it is the "summary punishments," which the act allows the admiralty to issue from time to time, by which order is maintained. For these "summary punishments" there are two "courts"; the inferior is presided over by the commander or senior lieutenant, and the superior is presided over by the captain. The commander sees whatever defaulters there are every day at either 8 a.m. or 11 a.m., and the great bulk of these are for trivial offences against the good order of the ship. The punishments may vary from "one day's leave stopped" to "fourteen days No. 10," which is the limit of the commander's power of punishment. Should a man have committed an offence which in the commander's opinion deserves a severer punishment than the maximum he himself may award the offender is placed in "captain's report" and is removed to the superior court.

Captains as a rule see their defaulters and "request men" once a week, viz, on Tuesday afternoon, and he has power to award punishment up to ninety days detention.

What "Detention Has Done"

The naval discipline act dates back to 1866; it was amended by the naval discipline act of 1884, and again amended some five years ago. The last amendments were not large, and consisted of the introduction of two words and the alteration of one. The addition was "should be liable to imprisonment 'or detention.'" Prior to this addition all men who committed offences against naval discipline of a sufficiently serious nature to deserve in the opinion of the captain or a court-martial a punishment more severe than "cells" was ordered imprisoned and was sent to a civil prison—either Lewes or Bodmin—where he served his sentence among criminals punished for offences against the civil law. In 1908, detention was thought a more fitting method of punishment, and now at each naval port there are detention barracks where offenders may be sent for any period up to ninety days. They are under the control of naval police and instructors, and the work they perform during their period of punishment is drill and instruction which fits them for their profession. This was an enormous stride ahead and has resulted in infinite good to the youngsters—for they are mostly youngsters—who commit offences.

Prior to September, 1912, the captain of a ship had power summarily to disrate any petty officer under his command to the rating of able seaman. For many years the petty officers themselves had asked that they might be placed on the same footing as non-commissioned officers in the army in this respect, and have the right of trial by court-martial before disrating could take place. On September 27, 1912, this request was granted and a long felt grievance removed.

The same year saw a complete rearrangement of the petty punishments for trivial offences. The movement that led to all these changes was originally started by enlightened naval officers introducing punishments of their own, entirely different in their nature and effect from those prescribed by law. While this was quite illegal, the beneficial results were beyond dispute. The standard punishment of the navy for all petty offences prior to September, 1912, was what was known as "10 A." Its main features were: "Grog to be stopped, eat meals under a sentry's charge, after half an hour for dinner, stand for the remainder of the time on the upper deck in the place appointed, extra work in watch below, to be deprived of smoking, and to be under a sentry's charge during smoking hours, if in harbor, to stand on the upper deck in the place appointed from 9 to 10 p.m." Practically every part of this punishment is of a degrading nature, especially the "standing on the upper deck in the place appointed," which really resolved itself into putting men into a corner facing the paintwork. This punishment was introduced at a time when the moral and intellectual outlook of our seamen was anything but what it is today, and may have been quite suited to those of a past generation. But it had long outlived its usefulness and was at last consigned to oblivion. The punishment that took its place was extra drill and instruction.

The St. Vincent and Nelson Schools Contrasted

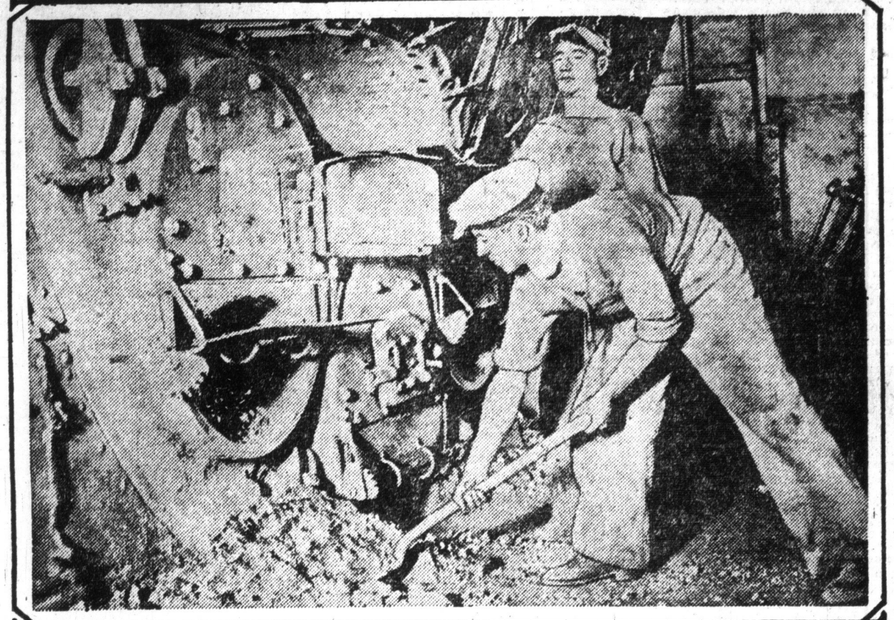
These changes were only the outward and visible signs of a much greater and far reaching movement. The navy has always enjoyed two great schools of disciplinary thought, who may be called the St. Vincent and Nelsonian schools. St. Vincent was one of those austere men who thought that all discipline must rest on fear; the only way to instil that fear was by punishment, and in his day punishment rose to a severity never before known. Contemporary with St. Vincent was Nelson, who hated punishment in every shape and form, and whose contention was that true discipline could have only one basis, and that was mutual respect between officers and men. He further contended that the true test of discipline in a fighting force was the way men comported themselves in battle, and certainly by the glorious victories he himself achieved he established the practical value of his own theories. Curiously enough, however, the St. Vincent type of discipline prevailed right up to the end of the last century and beyond; then the growing standard of intelligence of the lower deck caused every officer to think and gradually the Nelsonian spirit began to gain ground.

Many people express surprise that a modern ship of war, with its comparatively small number of guns and the very latest mechincal appliances for the superseding of manual labor, should carry such an enormous number of hands—anything from 750 to 1000. Further, that the nearer perfect they get from the machine point of view the more hands do they carry. This rapidly growing increase in the number of men carried is one of the great problems the admiralty has to solve, and was in the process of doing so when the war broke out. The difficulty is connected with the engine-room and speed. The old Majestic class of battleship, with their 14,900 tons displacement and 17½ knots speed, carried only 750 hands, but in guns four 12 inch, twelve 6 inch, sixteen 12 pounders, four 3 pounders and two machine guns. The Queen Mary, with her eight 13.5 inch, sixteen 4 inch and four 3 pounders, carries 1000 officers and men, but her speed is 28 knots. The layman will probably be surprised to learn what each extra knot of speed means in boiler power, and hence increased personnel to meet it. Going back only a few years, we find that whereas the Lancasters with their 23 knots speed demanded only 27,000 horse-power, the Indomitables with 26 knots demanded 41,000 horse-power, the Queen Mary, 28 knots, demands 75,000 horse-power; that is, an increase of 48,000 horse-power for an increase in speed of five knots.

Demand for Speed Has Filled "Below Decks"

If the horse-power was the only thing it would not matter, but this question of speed in coal driven ships is altering the whole personnel of our navy, as the following figures will show. For the year 1906-07 the total lower deck ratings, not counting coastguards or marines, was 89,351. Of these 43,617 were seamen ratings, that is, men of the executive branch who fight the guns, while 32,894 were stokehold and engine-room ratings, men who drive the engines and feed the boilers. For the year 1913-14 the total lower deck personnel, again excluding coastguards and marines, was 102,718; of these 43,512 were seamen class, and 44,777 engine-room and stokehold ratings. This was the first time in the history of the navy that the engineers department was numerically stronger than the executive, and this was all brought about by the increased demand for speed in our ships.

With an increase of speed there must be an increase of boiler space and bunker space for coal, with the consequent increase of ratings to handle this coal and keep those supplied who are feeding the furnaces. A very high authority has declared that if we could substitute oil for coal, even with the present type of engine, it would reduce the present engine and boiler room personnel quite 25 per cent., while if internal combustion engines took the place of the present type, a reduction of quite 60 per cent. in the personnel would follow. During the past few years we have been building a number of small ships entirely oil driven, and also five battleships known as the Queen Elizabeths, which will use oil only. This policy at once shows its effect on the personnel, for while the total has gone up to 104,487 for the year 1914-15, the engine room ratings show a small reduction, from 44,777 to 44,746, while the seamen ratings have increased from 43,512 to 44,947.



Keeping up steam on a British battleship in the North Sea.

How Work Is Divided

Having dealt with the general, let us now turn to the particular and place our modern ship's company, dealing with the very latest type of dreadnoughts, viz the Iron Duke class. In the first place a ship of this class carries roughly sixty officers (the Iron Duke, being commander in chief's flagship, carries eight-seven.) Of the remainder, roughly one-third are seamen and signal ratings, of what the navy calls the executive branch. A very fair proportion of these are expert gunnery and torpedo ratings, and these would occupy all the responsible positions at the guns, torpedo tubes, magazines and shell room, the unskilled portion of the executive branch being utilized in the less important gun positions, handling rooms and ammunition passages, and so rapid is the fire of our modern guns that a fairly large personnel is required in these positions to keep the guns supplied with ammunition.

Altho the number and nature of the guns largely dominates the question of what number of executive ratings should be carried, it does not entirely do so, because the working of the ship in ordinary times has also to be considered. The manning of boats, the working of cables, the general work of the ship outside the engine room and boiler room are all carried out by the executive branch, beyond which it has to be remembered that when at sea men cannot be worked continually every day, so that there must be enough to divide into two watches, each watch sufficiently large to work the ship.

The next part of the ship's company is that which is officially called the engineer branch. These are the stoker and engine room ratings, who absorb roughly one-third of the crew. Their work is concerned exclusively with their own department, and so laborious is it that they are divided into three watches, and even then when there is much steaming to be done at high speed seamen have to be sent below to help trim coal.

We now come to the other classes, and of these the marines are the largest single unit, a battleship detachment numbering about seventy. These have their own special duties, the two most important being the carrying out of sentry duty in various parts of the ship and acting as officers' servants. They also as a body have their own special guns to man; outside this their work consists largely of cleaning ship, and when 900 men are confined in the small space of a battleship the amount of cleaning necessary is wonderful.

The Mechanics on Board

We now come to what is known as the artisan branch and this includes carpenters, shipwrights, blacksmiths, plumbers, painters, coopers, armorers and electric artificers. Their duties are largely explained by their names. The armorers attend to all defects in guns, while the electrical artificers are responsible for the lighting and electric gun circuits thruout the ship, and, by the way, an exceptionally busy life the artisan branch leads in a modern ship of war.

The next is the medical branch. Every ship is fitted with a specially equipped "sick berth," which is really the ship's hospital, and all minor cases of sickness are attended to here, the more severe ones being sent to one or other of the naval hospitals as opportunity offers. In the event of war the sick berth would be supplemented by an "operating theatre," fitted up below the water line, the doctors and their staff, the sick berth stewards, carrying out this work. The sick berth stewards are all properly qualified medical and surgical assistants, having to qualify at our naval hospitals before they can rise above the rank of "attendant."

The next and by no means the least important is the accountant branch. This comprises writers, ships' stewards and ships' cooks; all three are under the direct supervision of the accountant officers. The "writers," so called, attend to all office work, pay accounts and general accountancy under the paymasters. They hold responsible and confidential positions, as all documents pass thru their hands.

The ship's steward and his staff have control of all foodstuffs' clothing, soap and tobacco and "implements," these latter including all the articles used by the messes connected with their victualling. The name "ship's steward" is really a misnomer, as they are in no sense of the word 'stewards," but the responsible victualling officials of the ship.

The ship's cooks of course attend to the cooking and preparation of the ship's company's dinners. In addition to these there are officers' cooks and officers' stewards, who are non-continuous service men and therefore largely civilian.

Last we have the ship's police, small as regards number, but wielding a great deal of power, a great deal too much, many people think; in fact that only two years ago the admiralty called atention to this in a special letter to the fleet, in which they said:

"The ship's police are to be used entirely as police and care is to be taken that they are not given powers they were never intended to possess."

Taking them as a body, however, they administer their somewhat difficult duties with tact and forbearance and very little proved complaint can be lodged against them today.

The internal economy of a ship or a fleet is run on very similar lines all over the world wherever a ship of war may be. Let us take a typical daily duty routine during summer when a ship is in harbor:

A. M.

4.30—Call boatswain's mates and ship's police.

4.45—All hands lash up and stow hammocks

4.50—Up all hammocks.

5—Cooks.

5.05—Hands to cocoa and wash.

5.35—Hands fall in, scrub decks, lower and clean duty boats.

6.15—Hands to bathe.

6.40—Watch below clean mess decks; watch on deck clean wood and brass work.

7.50—Band call. Cooks.

8—Hoist colors. Breakfast. Hands to clean.

8.30—Commander's defaulters.

8.45—Both watches fall in.

9.10—Divisions for inspection.

11.45—Clear up decks. Cooks.

12—Dinner.

P. M.

1.15—Clean guns.

1.25—Both watches fall in.

3.45—Clear up decks for evening quarters.

4—Quarters.

4.30—Tea. Shift into night clothing.

5.30—Hands to bathe.

7.30—Supper.

9—Officer's rounds.

10—Pipe down.

That is the kind of routine followed in every ship of war— in H. M. navy. After divisions at 9.10 the hands are told off—some for instruction, others to do the ordinary ship jobs that always want doing, and the same applies to the afternoon. In harbor it is also the proud custom to pipe "Liberty men to clean" and let these go on shore at 1 p.m.

Certain Days for Certain Duties

When a fleet is together there are certain days set aside for certain things, all of which are carried out by order of the "Flag" and timed from that ship. Monday forenoon, for example, is set aside for general exercise. As soon as the disperse from divisions is sounded every eye is focussed on the flagship to see what signal she will hoist, for no single soul in the fleet knows what order the admiral in command will give. Standing on the upper bridge of the flagship is that officer, and by his side his chief of staff and perhaps his flag lieutenant. It is reported to him that every ship is ready for exercise, and then he gives an order to his flag lieutenant. It may be "Clear for action," 'Out torpedo nets," "Out all wire hawsers," or a dozen different things. The ready signalman bends on the flags to the halyards and up they go to the masthead. So far not a soul in the fleet moves, but directly the signal is hoisted ship after ship hoists the answering pennant to show that they understand the signal. Again it is reported to the admiral that every ship has answered—and, by the way, if this is not done in a matter of seconds the laggard ship knows all about it—then the order is given "haul down," and the very moment that that signal begins to move in a downward direction the bugles of every ship blare forth and men rush away to complete their alloted task. The struggle is now for the post of honor—"first ship"; the completion of the evolution being signified by hoisting the finishing pennant on each ship as she finishes. So great is the competition to be first ship that those concerned will resort to all kinds of stratagems to "steal a march" on their competitors. Theoretically every ship is supposed to be in a quite normal and unprepared condition until the signal noting what evolution is to take place is hauled down. Actually there is hardly a ship in the fleet but has prepared for practically every emergency; all the hawsers and tackle connected with "out boom defence," which means torpedo nets, are laid along. The booms themselves have been lifted out of their "crutches" and are kept in place by a spun yarn which will break as soon as a strain is placed on it. And so with every possible evolution. Then should the admiral order the signal, "Out all boats; pull round the fleet," there is wild confusion and much profanity, and the ship which has made no preparation whatever is likely to be "first ship," for all the other preparations have got to be undone before a start can be made to get the boats out.

Wednesday forenoon is usually de-

Continued on Page Seven.

Abaft The Funnel

By RUDYARD KIPLING

Letters on Leave

"It was a queer little place, just near enough to the main line of traffic to be overlooked from morning until night."

TO Lieut. John McHail,
151st (Kumharsen) P. N. I.,
Hakaiti, via Tharanda Assam.

Dear Old Man: Your handwriting is worse than ever, but as far as I can see among the loops and fishhooks you are lonesome and want to be comforted with a letter. I knew you wouldn't write to me unless you needed something. You don't tell me that you have left your regiment, but from what you say about "my battalion," "my men," and so forth, it seems as if you were raising military police for the benefit of the Chins. If that's the case I congratulate you. The pay is good. Ouless writes to me from some new fort something or other saying he has struggled into a billet of Rs. 700 (Military Police), and instead of being chased by writers as he used to be is ravaging the country round Shillong in search of a wife. I am very sorry for the Mrs. Ouless of the future.

That doesn't matter. You prabably know more about the boys yonder than I do. If you'll only send me from time to time some records of their movement's I'll try to tell you of things on this side of the watter. You say, "You don't now what it is to hear from town." I say, "You don't know what it is to hear from the dehat." Now and again men drift in with news, but I don't like hot weather khubber. It's all of the domestic occurrence kind. Old Hat Constable came to see me the other day. You remember the click in his throat before he begins to speak. He sat still, clicking at quarter-hour intervals, and after each click he's say: "D'you remember Mistress So-and-So? Well, she's dead o' typhoid at Naogong." When it wasn't "Mistress So-an'-So" it was a man. I stood four clicks and four deaths and then I asked him to spare me the rest. You seem to have had a bad season taking it all round; and the women seem to have suffered most. Is that so?

We don't die in London. We go out of town, and we make as much fuss about it as if we were going to the Neva. Now I understand why the transport is the first thing to break down when our army takes the field. The Englishman is cumbrous in his movements and very particular about his baskets and hampers and trunks—not less than seven of each—for a fifty-mile journey. Leave season began some weeks ago, and there is a burrachoop along the streets that you could shovel with a spade. All the people that say they are everybody have gone—quite 200 miles away. Some of 'em are even on the Continent—and the clubs are full of strange folk. I found a Reform man at the Savage a week ago. He didn't say what his business was, but he was dusty and looked hungry. I suppose he had come in for food and shelter.

Like the rest, I'm on leave, too. I converted myself into a government secretary, awarded myself one month on full pay, with the chance of an extension, and went off. Then it rained and hailed and rained again, and I ran up and down this tiny country in trains trying to find a dry place. After ten days I came back to town, having been stopped by the sea four times. I was rather like a kitten at the bottom of a bucket chasing its own tail. So I'm sitting here under a gray, muggy sky wondering what sort of time they are having at Simla. It's August now. The rains would be nearly over, all the theatricals would be in full swing and Jakko Hill would be just paradise. You're probably pink with prickly heat. Sit down quietly under the punkah and think of Umballa station, hot as an oven at 4 in the morning. Think of the dak-gharry slobbering in the wet and the first little cold wind that comes round the first corner after the tonga is clear of Kalka. There's a wind you and I know well. It's blowing over the grass at Dugshai this very moment, and there's a smell of hot fir trees all along and along from Solon to Simla, and some happy man if flying up that road with fragments of a tonga bar in his eye, his pet terrier under his arm, his thick clothes on the back seat and the certainty of a month's pure joy in front of him. Instead of which you're being stewed in Hakaiti, and I'm sitting in a second-hand atmosphere above a sausage shop watching three sparrows playing in a dirty green tree and pretending that it's summer. I have a view of very many streets and a river. Except the advertisements on the walls, there isn't one speck of color as far as my eye can reach. The very cat, who is an amiable beast, comes off black under my hand, and I dare not open the window for fear of smuts. And this is better than a soaked and sobbled country, with the corn shocks standing like plover's eggs in green moss and the coats lying flat in moist lumps. We haven't had any summer, and yesterday I smelt the raw touch of the winter. Just one little whiff to show that the year had turned; "Oh, what a happy land is England!"

I cannot understand the white man at home. You remember when we went out together and landed at the Apollo Bunder with all our sorrows before us, and went to Watson's Hotel and saw the snake charmers? You said: "It'll take me all my lifetime to distinguish one nigger from another." That was eight years ago. Now you don't call them niggers any more, and you're supposed—quite wrongly — to have an insight into native character, or else you would never have been allowed to recruit for the Kumharsens. I feel as I felt at Watson's. They are so dealthly alike, especially the more educated. They all seem to read the same books, and the same newspapers telling 'em what to admire in the same books, and they all quote the same passages from the same books, and they write books on books about somebody else's books, and they are penetrated to their boot heels with a sense of the awful seriousness of their own views of the moment. Above that they seem to be, most curiously and beyond the right of ordinary people, divorced from the knowledge or fear of death. Of course every man conceives that every man except himself is bound to die (you remember how Hallatt spoke the night before he went out), but these men appear to be like children in that respect.

I can't explain exactly, but it gives an air of unreality to their most earnest earnestnesses and when a young man of views and culture and aspirations is in earnest the trumpets of Jericho are silent beside him. Because they have everything done for them they know how everything ought to be done; and they are perfectly certain that wood pavements, policemen, shops and gas light come in the regular course of nature. Your can guess with these convictions how thoroly and cocksurely they handle little trifles like colonial administration, the wants of the army, municipal sewage, housing of the poor, and so forth. Every third common need of average men is, in their mouths, a tendency or a movement or a federation affecting the world. It never seems to occur to 'em that the human instinct of getting as much as possible for money paid or, failing money, for threats and fawnings, is about as old as Cain, and the burden of their bat is: "Me an' a few mates o' mine are going to make a new world."

As long as men only write and talk they must think that way, I suppose. It's compensation for playing with little things. And that reminds me. Do you know the university smile? You don't by that name, but sometimes young civilians wear it for a very short time when they first come out. Something—I wonder if it's our brutal chaff, or a billiard cue, or which?—takes it out of their faces, and when they next differ with you they do so without smiling. But that smile flourishes in London. I've met it again and again. It expresses tempered grief, sorrow at your complete inability to march with the march of prigress at the universities and a chastened contempt. There is one man who wears it as a garment. He is frivolously young—not more than 35 or 40—and all these years no one has removed that smile. He knows everything about everything on this earth, and above all, he knows all about men under any and every condition of life. He knows all about the aggressive militarism of you and your friends; he isn't quite sure of the necessity of an army; he is certain that colonial expansion is nonsense, and he is more than certain that the whole step of all our empire must be regulated by the knowledge and foresight of the workingman. Then he smiles—smiles like a seraph with an M. A. degree. What can you do with a man like that? He has never seen an unmade road in his life; I think he believes that wheat grows on a tree and that beef is dug from a mine. He has never been forty miles from a railway, and he has been called upon to issue an order to anybody except his well-fed servants. Isn't it wondrous? And there are battalions and brigades of these men in town removed from the fear of want, living until they are 70 or 80, sheltered, fed, drained and administered, expending their vast leisure in talking and writing.

But the real fun begins much lower down the line. I've been associating generally and very particularly with the men who say that they are the only men in the world who work, and they call themselves the workingman. Now the workingman in America is a nice person. He says he is a man and behaves accordingly. That is to say, he has some notion that he is part and parcel of a great country. At least, he talks that way. But in this town you can see thousands of men meeting publicly on Sundays to cry aloud that everybody may hear that they are poor, downtrodden helots —in fact, "the pore workin'man." At their clubs and pubs the talk is the same. It's the utter want of self-respect that revolts. My friend, the tobacconist has a cousin, who is, apparently, sound in mind and limb, aged 23, clear-eyed and upstanding. He is a "skibbo" by trade—a painter of sorts. He married at 20 and he has two children. He can spend three-quarters of an hour talking about his downtrodden condition. He works under another Raj-mistri, who has saved money and started a little shop of his own. He hates that Raj-mistri; he loathes the police; and his views on the lives and customs of the aristocracy are strange. He approves of every form of lawlessness, and he knows that everybody who holds authority is sure to be making a good thing out of it. Of himself as a citizen he never thinks. Of himself as an Ishmael he thinks a good deal. He is entitled to eight hours work a day and some time off—said time to be paid for; he is entitled to free education for his children —and he doesn't want no bloomin' clergyman to teach 'em; he is entitled to houses especially built for himself because he pays the bulk of the taxes of the country. He is not going to emigrate, not he; he reserves to himself the right of multiplying as much as he pleases; the streets must be policed for him while he demonstrates, immediately under my window, by the way, for ten consecutive hours, and I am probably a thief because my clothes are better than his. The proposition is a very simple one. He has no duties to the state, no personal responsibility of any kind, and he'd soonner see his children dead than soldiers of the Queen. The government owes him everything because he is a pore workin'man. When the Guards tried their board school mutiny at the Wellington barracks my friend was jubilant. "What did I tell you?" he said. "You see the very soldiers won't stand for it."

"What's it?"

"Bein' treated like machines instead of flesh and blood. 'Course they won't."

The popular evening paper wrote that the Guards, with perfect justice, had rebelled against being treated like machines instead of flesh and blood. Then I thought of a certain regiment that lay in Mian Mir for three years and dropped 400 men out of a thousand. It died of fever and cholera. There were no pretty nursemaids to work within the streets because there were no streets. I saw how the Guards amused themselves and how their sergeants smoked in uniform. I pitied the Guards with their cruel sentry goes, their three nights out of bed and their unlimited supply of love and liquor.

Another man, not a workingman, told me that the Guards' riot—it's impossible, as you know, to call this kick up of the fatted flunkies of the army a mutiny —was only "a schoolboy's prank," and he could not see that if it was what he said it was the Guards were no regiment and should have been wiped out decently and quietly. There again the futility of a sheltered people cropped up. You mustn't treat a man like a machine in this country, but you can't get any work out of a man till he has learned to work like a machine. D—— has just come home for a few months from the charge of a mountain battery on the frontier. He used to begin work at 8, and he was thankful if he got off at 6; most of the time on his feet. When he went to the Black Mountains he was extensively engaged for nearly sixteen hours a day, and that on food at which the "pore workin'man" would have turned up his state lifted nose. D—— on the subject of labor as understood by the white man in his own home is worth hearing. The coarse —considerably coarse! But D—— doesn't know all the hopeless misery of the business. When the small pig, oyster, furniture, carpet, builder or general shopman works his way out of the ruck he turns round and makes his old friends and employes sweat. He knows how near he can go to flaying 'em alive before they kick, and in this matter he is neither better nor worse than a bunnia or a havildar of our own blessed country. It's the small employer of labor that skins his servant, exactly as the forty-pound householder works her one white servant to the bone and goes to drop pennies into the plate to convert the heathen in the east.

Just at present, as you have read, the person who calls himself the pore workin'man—the man I saw kicking fallen men in the mud by the docks last winter—has discovered a real fine, new original notion; and he is working it for all he is worth. He calls it the solidarity of labor bundobast; but it's caste—four thousand years old, caste of Menu — with old shett's mahajuns, guildtolls, excommunication and all the rest of it. All things considered, there isn't anything much older than caste—it began with the second generation of man on earth—but to read the "advanced" papers on the subject you'd imagine it was a revelation from heaven. The real fun will begin—as it has begun and ended many times before—when the caste of skilled labor—that's the pore workin'man—are pushed and knocked about by the lower and unrecognized castes, who will form castes of their own and outcaste on the decision of their own punchayats. How these castes will scuffle and fight among themselves, and how astonished the Englishman will be!

He is naturally lawless because he is a fighting animal; and his amazingly sheltered condition has made him inconsequent. I don't like inconsequent lawlessness. I've seen it down at Bow street, at the docks, by the G. P. O. and elsewhere. His chief home, of course, is in that queer place called the House of Commons, but no one goes there who isn't forced by business. It's shut up at present, and the persons who belong to it are loose all over the face of the country. I don't think—but I won't swear—that any of them are spitting at policemen. One man appears to have been poaching, others are advocating various forms of murder and outrage—and nobody seems to care. The residue talk—just heavens, how they talk, and what wonderful fictions they tell! And they firmly believe, being ignorant of the mechanism of government, that they administer the country. In addition, certain of their newspapers have elaborately worked up a famine in Ireland that could be engineered by two Deputy Commissioners and four average Stunts into a "woe" and a "calamity" that is going to overshadow the peace of the nation—even the empire. I suppose they have their own sense of proportion, but they manage to keep it to themselves very successfully. What do you, who have seen half a countryside in deadly fear of its life, suppose that this people would do if they were chukkered and gubraowed? If they really knew what the fear of death and the dread of injury implied? If they died very swiftly, indeed, and could not count their futils lives enduring beyond next sundown? Some of the men from your—I mean our —part of the world say that they would be afraid and break and scatter and run. But there is no room in the island to run. The sea catches you, midwaist, at the third step. I am curious to see if the cholera, of which these people stand in the most lively dread, gets a firm foothold in London. In that case I have a notion that there will be scenes and panics. They live too well here, and have too much to make life worth clinging to—clubs, and shop fronts, and gas, and theatres and so forth—things that they affect to despise, and whereon and whereby they live like leeches. But I have written enough. It doesn't exhaust the subject; but you won't be grateful for other epistles. De Vitre of the Poona Irregular Moguls will have it that they are a tiddy-iddy people. He says that all their visible use is to produce loans for the colonies and men to be used up in developing India. I honestly believe that the average Englishman would faint if you told him it was lawful to use up human life for any purpose whatever. He believes that it has to be developed and made beautiful for the possessor, and in that belief talkatively perpetrates cruelties that would make Torquemada jump in his grave. Go to Alipur if you want to see. I am off to foreign parts—forty miles away—to catch fish for my friend the charcat; also to shoot a little bird if I have luck.

Yours,
Rudyard Kipling.

* * *

II.

TO Captain J. McHail,
151st (Kumharsen), P. N. I.,
Hakaiti via Tharanda.

Captain Sahib Bahadur! The last Pi gives me news of your step and I'm more pleased about it than many. You've been "cavalry quick in your promotion. Eight years and your company! Allahu! But it must have been that long, lean horse head of yours that looks so wise and says so little that has imposed upon the authorities. My best congratulations. Let out your belt two holes, and be happy, as I am not.

Did I tell you in my last about going to Woking in search of a grave? The dust and the grime and the gray and the sausage shop told on my spirits to such an extent that I solemnly took a train and went grave hunting thru the Necropolis—locally called the Necropolis. I wanted an eligible, entirely detached site in a commanding position, 6x2 and bricked thru-out. I found it, but the only drawback was that I must go back to town to the head office to buy it. One doesn't go to town to haggle for tomb space, so I deferred the matter and went fishing. All the same, there are very nice graves at Woking, and I shall keep my eye on one of 'em.

Since that date I seem to have been in four or five places, because there are labels on the bag. One of the places was Plymouth, where I found half a regiment at field exercises on the Hoe. They were practising the attack in three lines with the mixed rush at the end, even as it is laid down in the drill book, and they charged subduedly across the Hoe. The people laughed. I was much more inclined to cry. Except the Major, there didn't seem to be anything more than 20 years old in the regiment; and oh! but it was pink and white and chubby and undersized, just made to die succulently of disease. I fancied that some of our battalions out with you were more or less young and exposed, but a home battalion is a creche, and it scares one to watch it. Eminent and distinguished generals get up after dinner—I've listened to two of 'em—and explain that tho the home battalion can only be regarded as a feeder to the foreign, yet all our battalions can be regarded as efficient; and if they aren't efficient we shall find in our military reserve the nucleus—how I loathe that lying word —of the Lord knows what, but the speeches always end with allusions to the spirit of the English, their glorious past, and the certainty that when the hour of need comes the nation will "emerge victorious." If (sic) the engineer of the Hungerford Bridge told the Southeastern Railway that because a main girder had stood for thirty years without need of renewal it was therefore sure to stand for another fifty, he would probably get the sack. Our military authorities don't get the sack. They are allowed to make speeches in public. Some day, if we live long enough, we shall see the glories of the past and the "sublime instinct of an ancient people" without one complete army corps pitted against a few unsentimental long range guns and some efficiently organized troops. Then the band will begin to play, and it will not play "Rule Britannia" until it has played some funny tunes first.

Do you remember Tighe? He was in the Decan Lancers and retired because he got married. He is in Ireland now, and I met him the other day, idle, unhappy and dying for some work to do. Mrs. Tighe is equally miserable. She wants to go back to Poona instead of administering a big barrack of a house somewhere at the back of a fog. I quote Tighe here. He has, you may remember, a pretty tongue about him, and he was describing to me at length how a home regiment behaves when it is solemnly turned out for a week or a month training under canvas:

"About 4 in the mornin', me dear boy, they begin pitchin' their tents for the next day—four hours to pitch it, and the tent ropes a howlin' tangle when all's said and sworn. Then they tie their horses with strings to their big toes and go to bed in hollows and caves in the earth till the rain falls and the tents are flooded, and then, me dear boy, the men and the horses and the ropes and the vegetation of the country cuddle each other till the morning for company's sake. The next day it all begins again. Just when they are beginning to understand how to camp they are all put back into their boxes, and half of 'em have lung disease."

But what is the use of snarling and grumbling? The matter will adjust itself later on, and the one nation on earth that talks and thinks most of the sanctity of human life will be a little astonished at the waste of life for which it will be responsible. In those days, my captain, the man who can command seasoned troops and have made the best use of those troops will be sought after and petted and will rise to honor. Remember the Hakaiti when next you measure the naked recruit.

Let us revisit calmer scenes. I've been down for three perfect days to the seaside. Don't you remember what a really fine day means? A milk white sea, as smooth as glass, with blue white heat haze hanging over it, one little wave talking to itself on the sand, warm shingle, four bathing machines, cliff in the background, and half the babies in Christendom paddling and yelling. It was a queer little place, just near enough to the main line of traffic to be overlooked from morning till night. There was a baby—an Ollendorfian baby—with whim I fell madly in love. She lived down at the bottom of a great white sunbonnet; talked French and English in a clear, bell-like voice, and of such I fervently hope will the Kingdom of Heaven be. When she found that my French wasn't equal to hers she condescendingly talked English and bade me build her houses of stones and draw cats for her thru half the day. After I had done everything that she ordered she went off to talk to some one else. The beach belonged to that baby, and every soul on it was her servant, for I know that we rose with shouts when she paddled into three inches of water and sat down, gasping: "Mon Dieu! Je suis mort!" I know you like the little ones, so I don't apologize for yarning about them. She had a sister, aged 7½—a lovely child, without a scrap of self-consciousness, and enormous eyes. Here comes a real tragedy. The girl—and her name was Violet—had fallen wildly in love with a little fellow of 9. They used to walk up the single street of the village with their arms around each other's neck. Naturally, she did all the little wooings, and Hugh submitted quietly. Then devotion began to pall, and he didn't care to paddle with Violet. Hereupon, as far as I can gather, she smote him on the head and threw him against a wall. Anyhow, it was very sweet and natural, and Hugh told me about it when I came down. "She's so unruly," he said. "I didn't hit her back, but I was very angry." Of course, Violet repented, but Hugh grew suspicious, and at the psychological moment there came down from town a destroyer of delights and a separator of companions in the shape of a tricycle. Also there were many little boys on the beach—rude, shouting, romping little chaps who said: "Come along!" "Hullo!" and used the wicked word "beastly!" Among these Hugh became a person of importance and began to realize that he was a man who could say "beastly" and "Come on!" with the best of 'em. He preferred to run about with the little boys on wars of expedition, and he wriggled away when Violet put her arm around his waist. Violet was hurt and angry and I think she slapped Hugh. Relations were strained when I arrived, because one morning Violet, after asking permission, invited Hugh to come to lunch. And that bad, Spanish eyed boy deliberately filled his bucket with the cold sea water and dashed it over Violet's pink ankles. (Joking apart, this seems to be about the best way of refusing an invitation that civilization can invent. Try it on your Colonel.) She was madly angry for a moment and then she said, 'Let me carry you up the beach, 'cause of the shingles in your toes." This was divine, but it didn't move Hugh, and Violet went off to her mother. She sat down with her chin in her hand, looking out at the sea for a long time very sorrowfully. Then she said, and it was her first experience: "I know that Hugh cares more for his horrid bicycle than he does for me, and if he said he didn't I wouldn't believe him.

Up to date Hugh has said nothing. He is running about playing with the bold, bad little boys, and Violet is sitting on a breakwater, trying to find out why things are as they are. It's a nice tale, and tales are scarce these days. Have you noticed how small and elemental is the stock of them at the world's disposal? Men foregathered at that little seaside place, and manlike exchanged stories. They were all the same stories. One had heard 'em in the east with eastern variations, and in the west with western extravagances tacked on. Only one thing seemed new, and it was merely of an ill conditioned horse: "No, sir; he's not ill in a manner of speaking, but he's so to speak generally unfriendly with his innards as a usual thing."

I entrust this to you as a sacred gift. See that it takes root in the land. "Unfriendly with his innards as a usual thing." Remember. It's better than labored explanations in the rains. And I fancy it's raw.

And now. But I had nearly forgotten. We're a nation of grumblers and that's why other people call Anglo-Indians bores. I write feelingly because M——, just home on long leave, has for the second time sat on my devoted head for two hours simply and solely for the purpose of swearing at the accountant-general. He has given me the whole history of his pay, prospects and promotion twice over, and in case I should misunderstand wants me to dine with him and hear it all for the third time. If M—— would leave the A.-G. alone he is a delightful man, as we all know; but he's loose in London now, button holing English friends and quoting leave and pay codes to them. He wants to see a member of parliament about something or other, and I believe spends his nights rolled up in a rezai on the stairs of the India office waiting to catch a secretary. I love the India office. They are so beautifully casual and lazy, and their rooms look out over the Green Park, and they are never tired of admiring the view. Now and then a man comes in to report himself, and the secretaries and the under secretaries and the chaprassies play battledore and shuttlecock with him until they are tired.

Some time since, when I was better, more serious and earnest than I am now, I preached a jehad up and down those echoing corridors and suggested the abolition of the India office and the purchase of a four-pound-ten American revolving bookcase to hold all the documents on India that were of public value or could be comprehended by the public. Now I am more frivolous because I am dropping gently into the grave at Woking; and yet I believe in the bookcase. India is bowed down with too much duftar as it is, and the house of correction, revision, division and supervision cannot do her much good. I saw a committee or a council file in the other day. Only one desirable tale came to me out of that office. If you've heard it before stop me. It began with a cutting from an obscure Welsh paper I think. A man—a gardener—went mad, announced that Lord Cross was the Messiah and burned himself alive on a pile of garden trefuse. That's the first part. I never could get at the second, but I am credibly informed that the work of the India office stood still for three weeks, while the entire staff took council how to break the news to the secretary of state. I believe it still remains unbroken.

* * * * * * * * * *

Decidedly, leave in England is a disappointing thing. I've wandered into two stations since I wrote the last. Nothing but the labels on the bag remain —oh, and a memory of a weighing in at an east-end fishing club. That was an experience. I foregathered with a man on the top of a bus, and we became great friends because we both agreed that gorge tackle for pike was only permissible in very weedy streams. He repeated his views, which were my views, nearly ten times, and in the evening invited me to this weighing in, at, we'll say, rooms of the Lea and Chertsey Piscatorial Anglers Benevolent Brotherhood. We assembled in a room at the top of a public house, the walls ornamented with stuffed fish and water birds, and the anglers came in by twos and threes, and I was introduced to all of 'em as "the gen'leman I met just now." This seemed to be good enough for all practical purposes. There were ten and five shilling prizes, and the affable and energetic clerk of the scales behaved as tho he were weighing in for the Lucknow races. The take of the day was one pound fifteen ounces of dace and roach, about twenty fingerlings, and the winner, who is in charge of a railway book stall, described minutely how he caught each fish. As a matter of fact roach fishing in the Lea and Thames is a fine art. Then there were drinks—modest little drinks—and they called upon me for a sentiment. You know how things go at the sergeants' messes and at the lodges. In a moment of brilliant inspiration I gave "free fishing in the parks" and brought down the whole house. Sah! free fishing for coarse fish in the Serpentine and the Green Park water would hurt nobody and do a great deal of good to many. The stocking of the water—but what does this interest you? The Englishman moves slowly. He is just beginning to understand that it is not sufficient to set apart a certain amount of land for lung of London and to turn people into it with "There, get along and play," unless he gives 'em something to play with. Thirty years hence he will almost allow cafes and hired bands in Hyde Park.

To return for a moment to the fish club. I got away at 11, and in darkness and despair had to make my way west for leagues and leagues across London. I was on the Mile End road at midnight and there lost myself, and learned something more about the policeman. He is haughty in the east and always afraid that he is being chaffed. I honestly only wanted sailing directions to get homeward. One policeman said: "Get along. You know your way as well as I do." And yet another: "You go back to the country where you comed from. You ain't doin' no good 'ere!" It was so deadly true that I couldn't answer back, and there wasn't an expensive cab handy to prove my virtue and respectability. Next time I visit the Lea and Chertsey Affabilities I'll find out something about trains. Meantime I keep holiday dolefully. There is not anybody to play with me. They have all gone away to their own places. Even the infant, who is generally the idlest man in the world, writes me that he is helping to steer a ten ton yacht in Scottish seas. When she heels over too much the infant is driven to the O. P. side and she rights herself. The infant's host says: "Isn't this bracing? Isn't this delightful?" And the infant, who lives in dread of a chill bringing back his Indian fever, has to say "Ye-es," and pretend to despise overcoats.

Wallah! This is a cheerful world.

Rudyard Kipling.

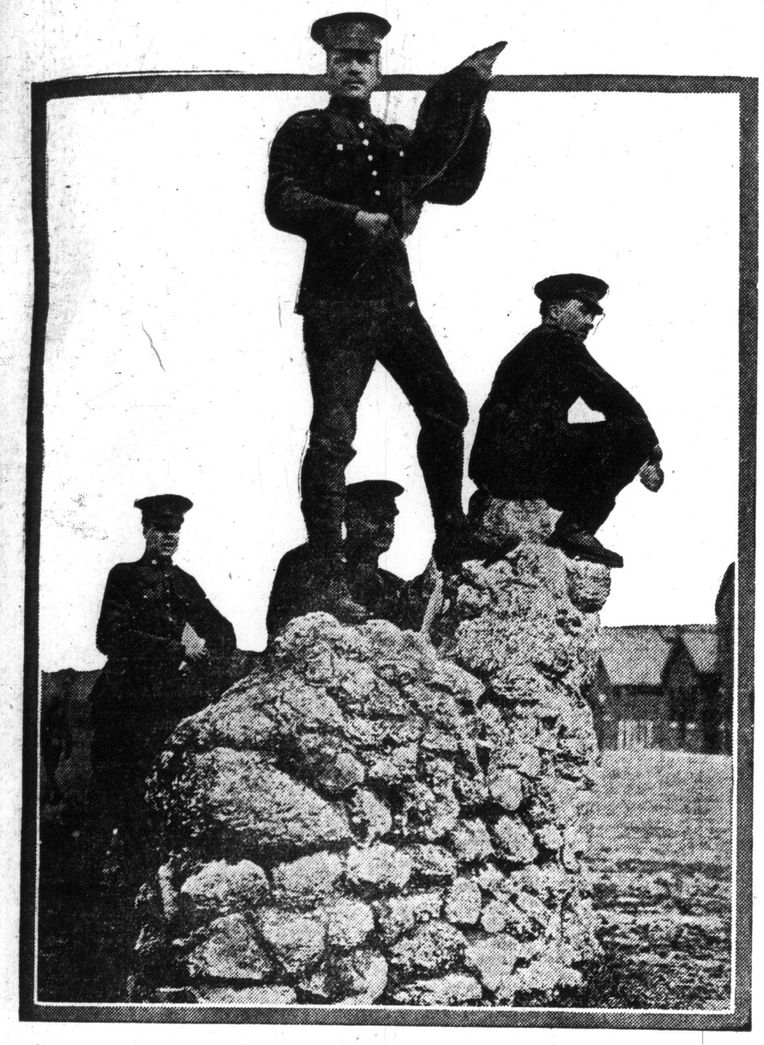
Seventh of a Series of Little Known Stories By the Famous Author Appearing Each Sunday, Which Represent His Earlier Style.

2ND PICTURE SECTION

The Toronto Sunday World

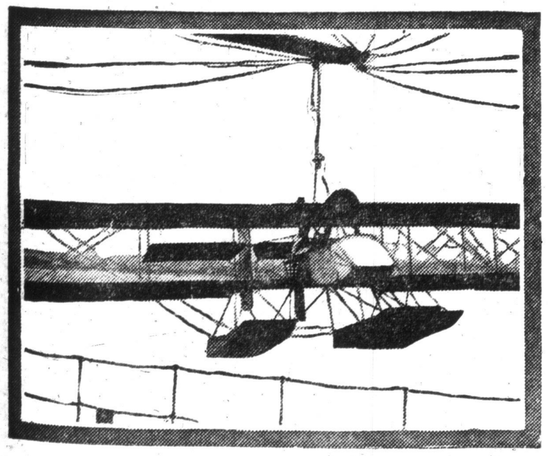
ILLUSTRATING WORLD EVENTS

Sunday, April 4, 1915

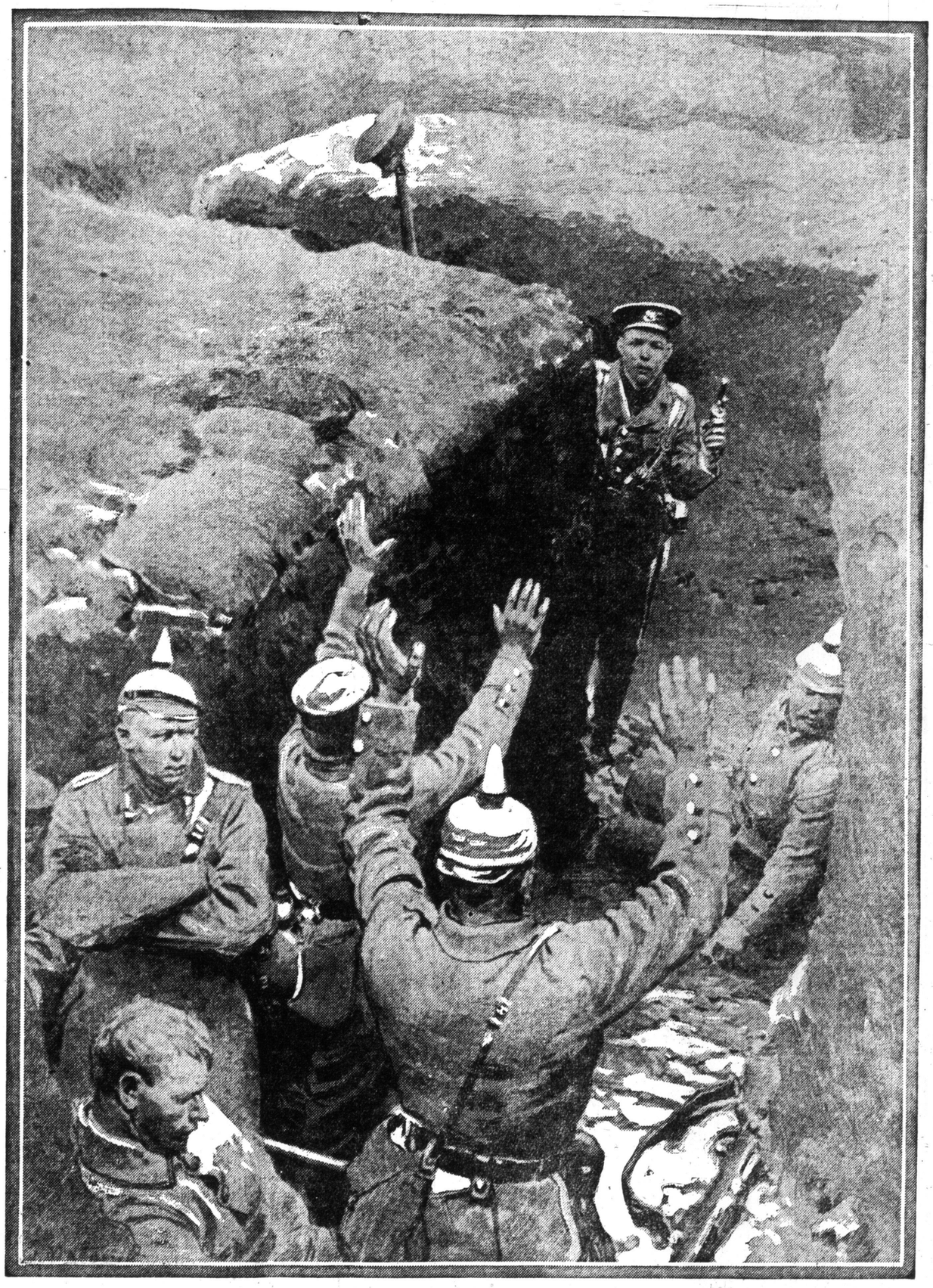


First photo of second Canadian contingent in England—Signallers of the new arrivals at practise—Censor will not permit name of regiment or place.

A signalling device used by the French that is a flash lamp by night and a huge heliograph by day.



Hoisting a hydroplane after a flight over the Dardanelles from the sea to the deck of a battleship.



How Lieut. Leach, V.C., and Sgt. Hogan, V.C., recaptured a trench from the Germans.

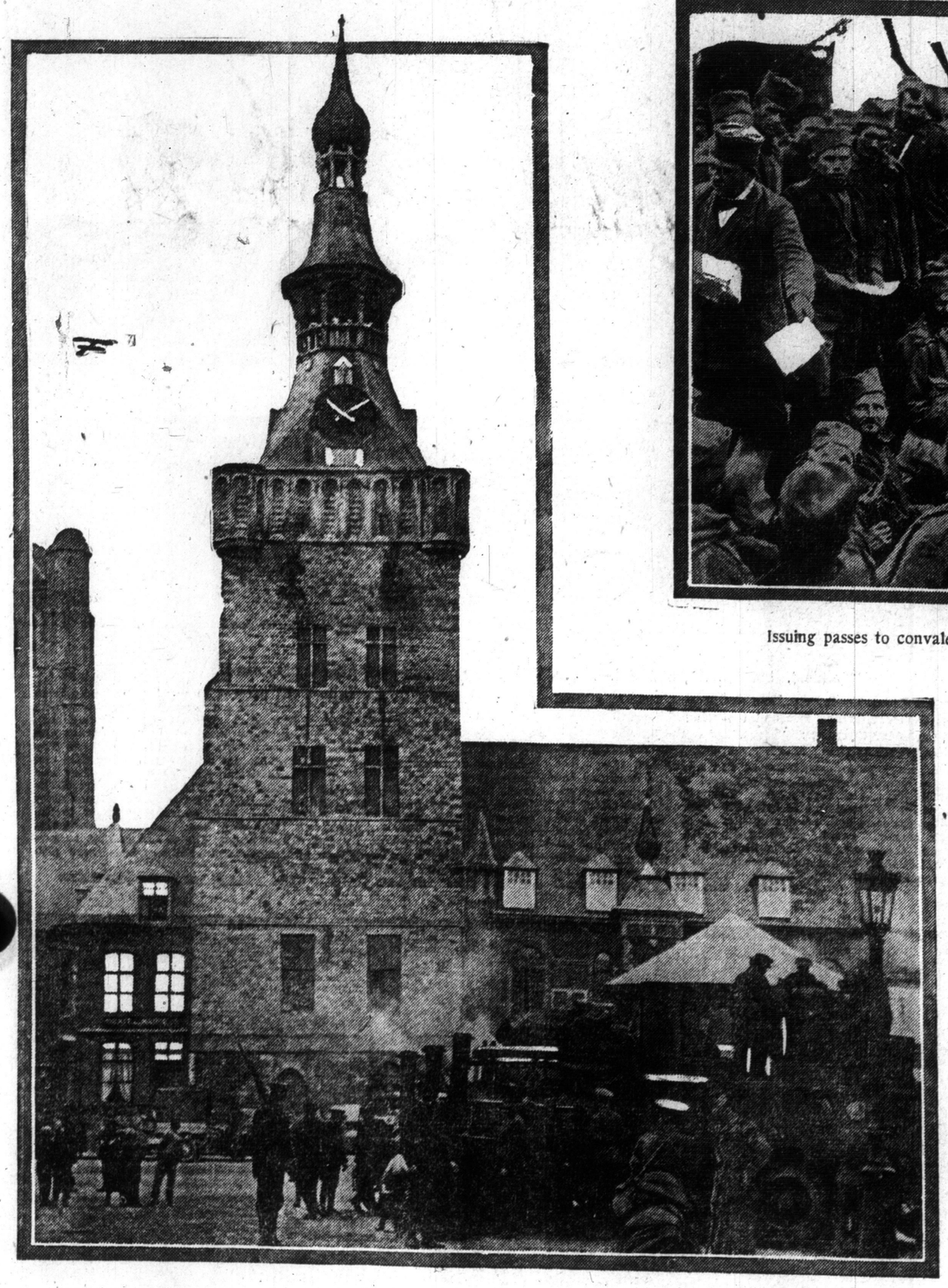
The story of how Lieut. Leach, V.C., and Sgt. Hogan, V.C., recaptured a trench from the Germans, killing two and capturing sixteen, was given recently in The Manchester Guardian: "Lieut. Leach and Sgt. Hogan left the supporting trench with ten men about three o'clock in the afternoon. They crawled along the communicating trench and established themselves at a point where the trench that had been captured by the Germans the same morning turned sharply at right angles. Leach and Hogan then advanced. The aim of the two men was to drive the Germans back along the narrow trench to the opposite end, the cul-de-sac. Leach and Hogan commenced from their corner. Leach, being armed with a revolver, could reach his hand round the corner and shoot along the sections without exposing his body, whilst the German soldiers, armed only with rifles, could not fire without exposing part of their bodies. Whilst Leach was shooting along the section Hogan watched the parapet to ward off attacks from above as the Germans might crawl over from the section and shoot them down from above or take them in the rear. When the section had been cleared by the two men they took up their stand at the next corner and repeated the manoeuvre. Leach had now to fire with his left hand. As they advanced section by section Hogan put his hat on the end of his rifle and raised it above the parapet to indicate to the English how far they had made progress so that they (the English) would not sweep the part of the trench that had been retaken with their fire. This went on, corner after corner being captured, until the two men were approaching near to the Germans, when they heard one of their own men who had been taken prisoner in the morning call out, "Don't shoot; the Germans wish to surrender." Sixteen surrendered and twenty wounded Germans were also captured, making thirty-six prisoners in all.

DRAWN BY F. MATANIA FOR THE SPHERE AND THE TORONTO SUNDAY WORLD FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED.

The Top Hat Brigade at drill—Members of the Temple, London's legal centre, in training for home defense.

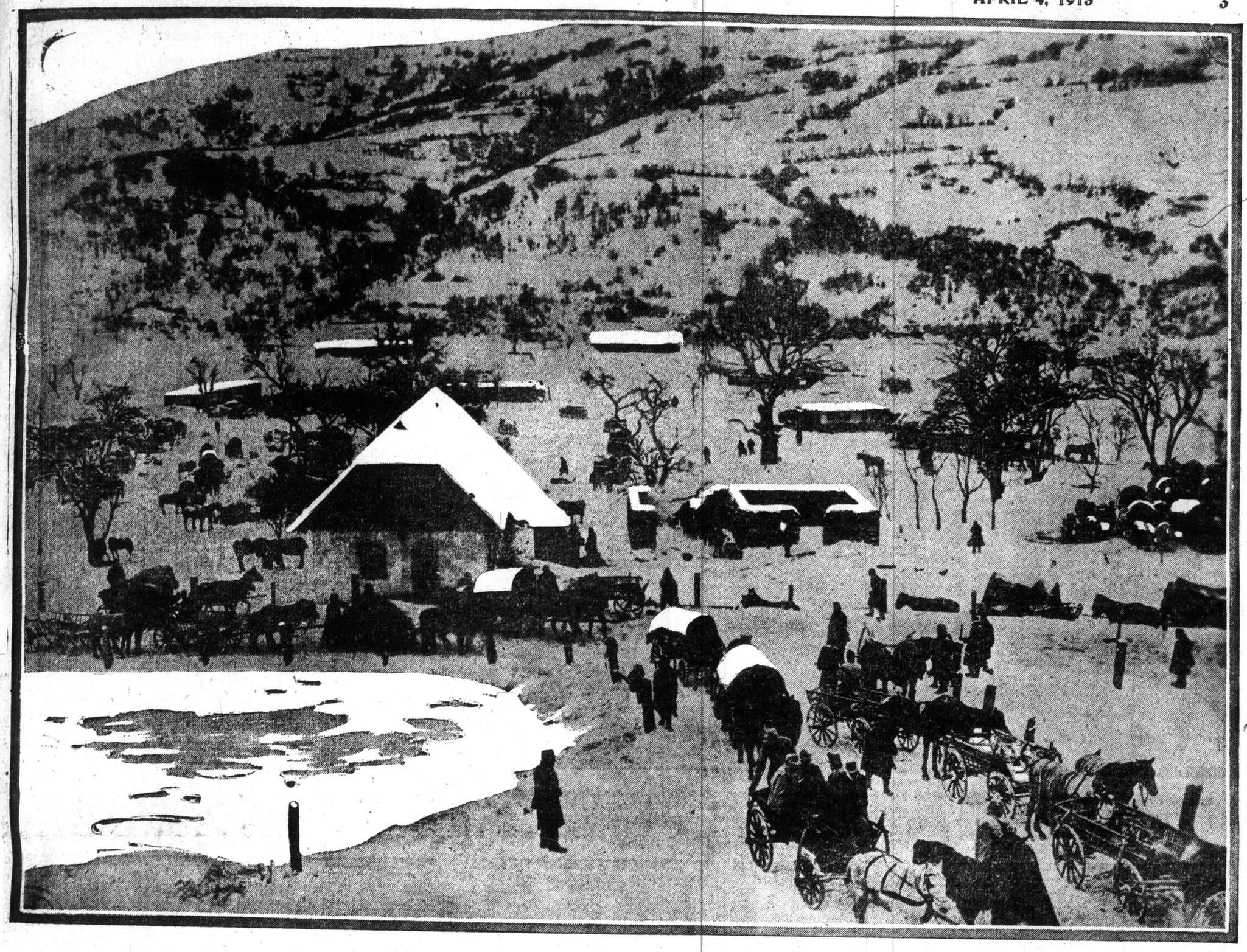
An interesting procession entering Nish, the war capital of Servia—It includes slightly wounded Servian soldiers as well as peasants in picturesque costumes coming into Nish for war training.

Issuing passes to convalescent Servian soldiers, to enable them to leave Nish for their homes for a few weeks' leave.



A British traction engine party resting on the way thru Bailleul (between Ypres and Armentieres). This is the locomotive of one of numerous war trains that rumble along French roads carrying huge stores of supplies to British field bases.

Captured German soldier dancing to music played by his Russian captors—The German soldiers long ago lost fear of being taken by the Russians and many of them are ready to dance with joy when given a chance to hand over their arms.



A remarkable scene of winter war in the Carpathean Mountains—An Austrian baggage wagon at a supply base.

Generals Joffre and Castelman looking at a war map.

Photo shows wounded soldiers gathered at the base hospital for removal to general hospital after the fight at Neuve Chapelle. This photo is a study; British Tommies, Indians, Australians, Turcos and Germans can be picked out in the group of wounded men—It is the first Neuve Chapelle photo to reach Canada.

Splendid opportunities for individual displays of heroism keep constantly arising along the battle front and the Canadian and British take full advantage of them—The incident here illustrated occurred at La Boutillerie or a village near it, the censor's pencil left the exact location vague. The Germans held the place, and had posted in the main street, a machine gun that effectually barred approach. When night fell an officer and two men of the British ranks crawled up into the shadows of the houses, and springing suddenly upon the men around the gun, felled half the number. In three minutes the two men were lumbering off with the gun while the officer held the rest of the Germans at bay. The three got back safely tho rockets lit up the village. Fifteen minutes later a battalion of Britishers, their path cleared of the gun, came tearing into the village and made a clean sweep of the Germans, gaining a distinct advantage.

DRAWN FOR THE SUNDAY WORLD BY M. OLISLEAGER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED.

Colonel Gorrell, C.R.A.M.C., in charge, visiting wounded soldiers in one of the wards of the Duchess of Connaught Hospital at Cliveden, the beautiful Thames-side residence of Major Astor, who has lent the institution to the Canadian Red Cross Society for reception of wounded and sick Canadian soldiers. All those who are working in it are Canadians. The two men seen in the background are convalescent from wounds received in battle and will shortly be again in the firing line.

The two main wards in the Duchess of Connaught Canadian Red Cross Hospital at Cliveden. The wards shown here are situated in the covered tennis courts which were recently erected by Major Astor at a great cost.

The BLACK BOX

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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SYNOPSIS.

Sanford Quest, master criminologist of the world, finds that in bringing to justice Macdougal, the murderer of Lord Ashleigh's daughter, he has just entered a life-and-death contest with a mysterious master criminal. Engaged by Professor Ashleigh, Lord Ashleigh's brother, to recover the stolen skeleton of an anthropoid ape, hurried to Mrs. Rheinholdt's reception, where her diamonds have been torn from her throat by a pair of hands without arms or body, a black box later appears from nowhere in his rooms and a note contained in it, signed by the armless hands, sarcastically suggests that the Rheinholdt diamonds and the skeleton may be hidden together. While Laura, Quest's secretary, shadowsCraig, the professor's valet, Quest and Lenora, his assistant, find the skeleton in a hut in the professor's garden, and discover there an inhuman creature, half monkey and half man. As the professor explains, the hut is set afire and the monkey-man and skeleton are destroyed in the flames. In Quest's rooms the Rheinholdt diamonds suddenly reappear, enclosed in a second black box with a note signed by the threatening hands.

FOURTH INSTALMENT

AN OLD GRUDGE

CHAPTER X.

SANFORD QUEST was smoking his after-breakfast cigar with a relish somewhat affected by the measure of his perplexities. Early tho it was, Lenora was already in her place, bending over her desk, and Laurn, who had just arrived, was busy divesting herself of her coat and hat. Quest watched the latter impatiently.

"Well?" he asked.

Laura came forward, straightening her hair with her hands.

"No go," she answered. "I spent the evening in the club and I talked with two men who knew Craig, but I couldn't get on to anything. From all I could hear of the man, respectability is his middle name."

"That's the professor's own idea," Quest remarked grimly. "I merely ventured to drop a hint that Craig might not be quite so immaculate as he seemed, and I never saw a man so horrified in my life. He assured me that Craig was seldom out of his sight, that he hadn't a friend in the world, nor a single vicious taste."

"We're fairly up against it, boss," Laura sighed. "The best thing we can do is to get on another job. The Rheinholdt woman has got her jewels back, or will have at noon today. I bet she won't worry about the thief. Then the professor's moldy old skeleton was returned to him, even if it was burnt up afterwards. I should take on something fresh."

"Can't be done," Quest replied shortly. "Look here, girls, your average intellects are often apt to hit upon the truth, when a man who see too far ahead goes wrong. Rule Craig out. Any other possible person occur to you? Speak out Lenora. You've something on your mind, I can see."

The girl swung around in her chair. There was a vague look of trouble upon her face.

"I'm afraid you'll laugh at me," she began tentatively.

"Won't hurt if I do," Quest replied.

"I can't help thinking of Macdougal," Lenora continued falteringly. "He has never been recaptured. I don't know whether he's dead or alive. He had a perfect passion for jewels. If he is alive, he would be desperate and would attempt anything."

Quest smoked in silence for a moment.

"I guess the return of the jewels squelches the Macdougal theory," he remarked. "He wouldn't be likely to part with the stuff when he's once got his hands on it. However, I always meant, when we had a momen's spare time, to look into that fellow's whereabouts. We'll take it on straight away. Can't do any harm."

"I know the section boss on the railway at the spot where he disappeared," Laura announced.

"Then just take the train down to Mountways—that's the nearest spot—and get busy with him," Quest directed. "Try and persuade him to loan us the gang's handcar to go down the line. Lenora and I will come on in the automobile."

"Take you longer," Lenora remarked, as she moved off to put on her jacket. "The cars do it in a quarter of an hour."

"Can't help that," Quest replied. "Mrs. Rheinholdt's coming here to identify her jewels at twelve o'clock, and I can't run any risk of there being no train back. You'd better be making good with the section boss. Take plenty of bills with you."

"Sure! That's easy enough," Laura promised him. "I'll be waiting for you."

She hurried off and Quest commenced his own preparations. From his safe he took one of the small black lumps of explosive to which he had once before owed his life, and fitted it carefully in a small case with a coil of wire and an electric lighter. He looked at his revolver and recharged it. Finally he rang the bell for his confidential valet.

"Ross," he asked, "who is there else here today besides you?"

"No one today, sir."

"Just as well, perhaps," Quest observed. "Listen, Ross. I am going out for an hour or two, but I shall be back at midday. Remember that. Mrs. Rheinholdt and Inspector French are to be here at twelve o'clock. If by any chance I should be a few moments late, ask them to wait. And, Ross, a young woman from the Salvation Army will call too. You can give her this check."

Ross Brown, who was Quest's secretary-valet and general factotum, accepted the slip of paper and placed it in an envelope.

"There are no other instructions, sir?" he inquired.

"None," Quest replied. "You'll look out for the wireless, and you had better switch the thru cable and telegraph communication on to headquarters. Come along, Lenora."

They left the house, entered the waiting automobile, and drove rapidly towards the confines of the city. Quest was unusually thoughtful. Lenora, on the other hand, seemed to have lost a great deal of her usual self-composure. She seldom sat still for more than a moment or two together. She was obviously nervous and excited.

"What's got hold of you, Lenora?" Quest asked her once. "You seem all fidgets."

She glanced at him apologetically.

"I can't help it," she confessed. "If you knew of the many sleepless nights I have had, of how I have racked my brain wondering what could have become of James, you wouldn't really wonder that I am excited now that there is some chance of really finding out. Often I have been too terrified to sleep."

"We very likely shan't find out a thing," Quest reminded her. "French and his lot have had a try and come to grief."

"Inspector French isn't like you, Mr. Quest," Lenora ventured.

Quest laughed bitterly.

"Just now, at any rate, we don't seem to be any great shakes," he remarked. "However, I'm glad we're on this job. Much better to find out what has become of the fellow really, if we can."

Lenora's voice suddenly grew steady. She turned round in her place and faced her companion.

"Mr. Quest," she said, "I like my work with you. You saved me from despair. Sometimes it seems to me that life now opens out an entirely new vista. Yet since this matter has been mentioned between us, let me tell you one thing. I have known no rest, night or day, since we heard of — of James' escape. I live in terror. If I have concealed it, it has been at the expense of my nerves and my strength. I think that very soon I could have gone on no longer."

Quest's only reply was a little nod. Yet, notwithstanding his imperturbability of expression, that little nod was wonderfully sympathetic. Lenora leaned back in her place well satisfied. She felt that she was understood.

By Quest's directions the automobile was brought to a standstill at a point where it skirted the main railway line, and close to the section house which he had appointed for his rendezvous with Laura. She had apparently seen their approach, and she came out to meet them at once, accompanied by a short, thick-set man whom she introduced as Mr. Horan.

"This is Mr. Horan, the section boss," she explained.

Mr. Horan shook hands.

"Say, I've heard of you, Mr. Quest," he announced. "The young lady tells me you are some interested in that prisoner they lost off the cars near here."

"That's so," Quest admitted. "We'd like to go to the spot if we could."

"That's dead easy," the boss replied. "I'll take you along in the handcar. I've been expecting you, Mr. Quest, some time ago."

"How's that?" the criminologist asked.

Mr. Horan expelled a fragment of chewing tobacco and held out his hand for the cigar which Quest was offering.

"They've been going the wrong way to work, these New York police," he declared. "Just because there was a train on the other track moving slowly, they got it into their heads that Macdougal had boarded it and was back in New York somewnere. That ain't my theory. If I were looking for James Macdougal, I'd search the hillsides there. I'll show you what I mean when we get alongside."

"You may be right," Quest admitted. "Anyway, we'll start on the job."

The section boss turned round and whistled. From a little side track two men jumped on to a handcar, and brought it round to where they were standing. A few yards away the man who was propelling it—a great red-headed Irishman—suddenly ceased his efforts. Leaning over his pole he gazed at Quest. A sudden ferocity darkened his coarse face. He gripped his mate by the arm.

"See that bloke there?" he asked, pointing at Quest.

"The guy with the linen collar?" the other answered. "I see him."

"That's Quest, the detective," the Irishman went on hoarsely. "That's the man who got me five years in the pen, the beast! That's the man I've been looking for. You're my mate, Jim, eh?"

"I guess so," the other grunted. "Are you going to try and do him in?"

"Now then, you fellows," Horan shouted. "What are you hanging about there for, Red Gallagher? Bring the carriage up. You fellows can have a smoke for an hour. I'm going to take her down the line for a bit."

The two men obeyed and disappeared in the direction of the section house. Quest looked after them curiously.

"That's a big fellow," he remarked. "What did you call him? Red Gallagher? I seem to have seen him before."

"He was the most troublesome fellow on the line once, altho he was the biggest worker," the boss replied. "He got five years in the penitentiary and that seems to have taken the spirit out of him."

"I believe I was in the case," Quest observed carelessly.

"That's so! Now then, young ladies," Mr. Horan advised, "hold tight, and here goes!"

They ambled down the line for about half a mile. Then Horan brought them to a standstill.

"This is the spot," he declared. "Now, if you want my impressions you are welcome to them. All the search has been made on the right-hand side here and in New York. I've had my eye on that hill for a long time. My impression is that he hid there."

"I'll take your advice," Quest decided. "We'll spread out and take a little exercise in hill climbing."

"Good luck to you!" the boss exclaimed. "You'll excuse my waiting? It ain't a quarter of a mile back by the road, and I'm going a bit further on, inspecting."

Quest slipped something into his hand and the little party left the track, crossed the road, scrambled down a bank and spread out. In front of them was a slope some hundreds of feet high, closely overgrown with dwarf trees and mountain shrubs. It was waste land, uncultivated and uninhabited. Quest made a careful search of the shrubs and the ground close to the spot which Horan had indicated. He pointed out to his two companions the spot where the grass was beaten down and a few yards further off where a twig had been broken off from some overhanging trees, as tho a man had pushed his way thru.

"This may have been done by the police search," he remarked, "or it may not. Don't spread out too far, girls, and go slowly. If we find any trace of James Macdougal on this hillside, we are going to find it within fifty yards of this spot."

They searched carefully and deliberately for more than half an hour. Then Laura suddenly called out. They looked around to find only her head visible. She scrambled up, muddy and with wet leaves clinging to her skirt.

"Say, that guy of a section boss told me to look out for caves. I've been in one, sure enough! Only just saved myself."

They hurried to where she was. Quest peered into the declivity down which she had slipped. Suddenly he gave vent to a little exclamation. At the same time Laura called out. An inch or two of tweed was clearly visible thru the strewn leaves. Quest, flat on his stomach, crawled a little way down, took out his electric torch from his pocket and brushed the stuff away. Then he clambered to his feet.

"Our search is over," he declared gravely, "and your troubles, Lenora. That is Macdougal's body. He may have slipped in as you did, Laura, or he may have crept there to hide, and starved. Anyhow, it is he."

Lenora's face sank into her hands for a moment. Quest stood on one side while Laura passed her arm around the other girl's waist. Presently he returned.

"We can do no more," he pointed out, "we must send for help to bring the body up."

"I shall stay here, please," Lenora begged. "Don't think I'm foolish, please. I can't pretend I am sorry, but I'll stay till someone comes and takes —it away."

"She is quite right," Laura declared, "and I will stay with her."

Quest glanced at his watch.

"That's all right," he declared. "I'll have to get, but I'll send someone along. Cheer up, Lenora," he added kindly. "Look after her, Laura."

"You bet!" that young woman declared somewhat brusquely.

Quest hastened along the road to the spot where he had left the car. The chauffeur, who saw him coming, started up and climbed to his seat. Quest took his place.

"Drive to the office," he ordered.

The man slipped in his clutch. They were in the act of gliding off when there was a tremendous report. They stopped short. The man jumped down and looked at the back tire.

"Blowout," he remarked laconically.

Quest frowned.

"How long will it take?"

"Four minutes," the man replied. "I've got another wheel ready. That's the queerest blowout I ever saw, though."

The two men leaned over the tire. Suddenly Quest's expression changed. His hand stole into his hip pocket.

"Tom," he explained, "that wasn't a blowout at all. Look here!"

He pointed to the small level hole. Almost at once he stood back and the sunshine flashed upon the revolver clutched in his right hand.

"That was a bullet," he continued. "Someone fired at that tire. Tom, there's trouble about."

The man looked nervously around.

"That's a rifle bullet, sure," he muttered.

The car was drawn up by the side of the road, a few yards past the section house. A little way further up was the tool shed, and beyond, the tower house. There was no one in sight at either of these places. On the other side of the road were clumps of bushes, any one of which would prove sufficient for a man in hiding.

"Get on the wheel as quick as you can," Quest directed. "Here, I'll give you a hand."

He stooped down to unfasten the straps which fastened the spare wheel. It was one of his rare lapses, realized a moment too late. Almost in his ears came the hoarse cry:

"Hands up, guvnor! Hands up this second or I'll blow you to hell!"

Quest glanced over his shoulder and looked into the face of Red Gallagher raised a little above the level of the road. He had evidently been hiding at the foot of the perpendicular bank whchi divided the road from the track level. A very ugly little revolver was pointed directly at Quest's heart.

"My mate's got you covered on the other side of the road, too. Hands up, both of you, or we'll make a quick job of it."

Quest shrugged his shoulders, threw his revolver into the road and obeyed. As he did so, the other man stole out from behind a bush and sprang for the chauffeur, who under cover of the car was stealing off. There was a brief struggle, then the dull thud of the railway man's rifle falling on the chauffeur's head. He rolled over and lay in the road.

"Pitch him off amongst the bushes," Red Gallagher ordered. "You don't want anyone who comes by to see. Now lend me a hand with this chap."

"What do you propose to do with me?" Quest asked.

"You'll know soon enough," Red Gallagher answered. "A matter of five minutes' talk, to start with. You see that handcar house?"

"Perfectly well," Quest assented. "My eyesight is quite normal."

"Get there then. I'm a yard behind you and my revolver's pointing for the middle of your back."

Quest looked at it anxiously.

"You have the air, my red friend," he remarked, "of being unaccustomed to those delicate weapons. Do keep your fingers off the trigger. I will walk to the handcar house and talk to you with pleasure."

He sprang lightly down from the road, crossed the few intervening yards and stepped into the handcar house.

Gallagher and his mate followed close behind. Quest paused on the threshold.

"It's a filthy dirty hole," he remarked. "Can't we have our little chat out here? Is it money you want?"

Gallagher glanced around. Then with an ugly push of the shoulder he sent Quest reeling into the shed. His great form blocked up the doorway.

"No," he cried fiercely, "it's not money I want this time. Quest, you brute, you dirty bloodhound! You sent me to the pen for five years—you with your cursed prying into other people's affairs. Don't you remember me, eh? Red Gallagher?"

"Of course I do," Quest replied coolly. "You garroted and robbed an old man and had the spree of your life. The old man happened to be a friend of mine, so I took the trouble to see that you paid for it. Well?"

"Five years of hell, that's what I had," the man continued, his eyes flashing, his face twitching with anger. "Well, you're going to have a little bit more than five years. This shed's been burnt down twice, sparks from passing engines. It's going to be burnt down for the third time."

"Going to make a bonfire of me, eh?" Quest remarked.

"You can sneer, my fine friend," the man growled. "You've had a good many comfortable years of wearing fine clothes and smoking twenty-five cent cigars, swaggering about and hunting poor guys that never did you any harm. This is where we are going to get a bit of our own back. See here! We are locking this door—like that. It's a lonely bit of the line. The man in the tower never takes his eyes off the signals and there ain't a soul in sight. Me and my mates are off to the section house. Two minutes will see us there and back. We're going to bring a can of oil and an armful of waste. Can you tell what for, eh? We're going to burn the place to a cinder in less than three minutes, and if you're alive when the walls come down, we'll try a little rifle practice at you, see?"

"Sounds remarkably unpleasant," Quest admitted. "You'd better hurry or the boss will be back."

Gallagher finally slammed the door. Quest heard the heavy footsteps of the two men as they turned towards the section house. He drew a little case from his pocket.

"Just as well, perhaps," he said softly to himself," that I perfected this instrument. It's rather close quarters here."

He opened what seemed to be a little mahogany box, looked at the ball of black substance inside, closed it up, placed it against the far wall, untwisted the coil, stood back near the door and then pressed the button. The result was extraordinary. The whole of the far wall was blown out and for some distance in front the ground was furrowed up by the explosion. Quest replaced the instrument in his pocket, sprang through the opening and ran for the tower house. Behind him on its way to New York he could see a freight train coming along. He could hear, too, Red Gallagher's roar of anger. It was less than fifty yards, yet as soon as he reached the shelter of the tower the thunder of the freight sounded in Quest's ears. He glanced around. Red Gallagher and his mate were racing almost side by side towards him. He rushed up the narrow stairs into the signal room, tearing open his coat to show his official badge.

"Stop the freight," he shouted to the operator. "Quick. I'm Sanford Quest, detective—special powers from the chief commissioner."

The man moved to the signal. Another voice thundered in his ears. He turned swiftly round. The Irishman's red head had appeared at the top of the staircase.

"Drop that signal or I'll blow you into bits," he shouted.

The operator hesitated, dazed.

"Walk towards me," Gallagher shouted. "Look here, you guy, this will show you whether I'm in earnest or not!"

A bullet passed within a few inches of the operator's head. He came slowly across the room. Below they could hear the roar of the freight.

"This ain't your job," the Irishman continued savagely. "We want the cop, and we're going to have him."

Quest had stolen a yard or two nearer during this brief colloquy. Gallagher's mate from behind shouted out a warning just a second too late. With a sudden kick, Quest sent the revolver flying across the room, and before the Irishman could recover, he struck him full in the face. Notwithstanding his huge size and strength, Gallagher reeled. The operator, who had just began to realize what was happening, flung himself bodily against the two thugs. A shot from the tangled mass of struggling limbs whistled past Quest's head as he sprang to the window which overlooked the track. The freight had already almost passed. Quest steadied himself for a supreme effort, crawled out on to the little steel bridge and poised himself for a moment. The last car was just beneath. The gap between it and the previous one was slipping by. He set his teeth and jumped on to the smooth top. For several seconds he struggled madly to keep his balance. He felt himself slipping every minute down to the ground which was spinning by. Then his right heel caught a bare ledge, scarcely an inch high. It checked his fall. He set his teeth, carefully stretched out his hand and gripped the back of the car. Then his knees touched something—a chain. He caught it with his other hand. He lay there, crouching, gripping whatever he could, his finger nails breaking, an intolerable pain in his knee, death spinning on either side of him.

Back behind the tower Red Gallagher and his mate bent with horrified faces over the body of the signalman.

"What the hell did you want to plug him for?" the latter muttered. "He ain't in the show at all. You've done us, Red, he's cooked!"

Red Gallagher staggered to his feet. Already the horror of the murderer was in his face as he glanced furtively around.

"I never meant to drop him," he muttered. "I got mad at seeing Quest get off. That man's a devil."

"What are we going to do?" the other demanded hoarsely. "It's a quiet spot this, but there'll be someone round before long. There goes the damned signals already," he exclaimed as the gong sounded in the tower.

"There's the auto," Gallagher shouted. "Come on, come on, man! I can fix the wheel. If we've got to swing for this job, we'll have something of our own back first."

They crawled to the side of the road. Gallagher's rough, hairy fingers were still trembling, but they knew their job. In a few minutes the wheel was fixed. Clumsily but successfully, the great Irishman turned the car round away from the city.

"She's a hummer," he muttered. "I'll make her go when we get the hang of it. Sit tight."

They drove clumsily off, gathering speed at every yard. Behind, in the shadow of the tower, the signalman lay dead. Quest, half way to New York, stretched flat on his stomach, was struggling for life with knees and hands and feet.

♣ ♣ ♣

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. Rheinholdt welcomed the inspector with a beaming smile as he stepped out of his office and approached her automobile.

"How nice of you to be so punctual, Mr. French," she exclaimed, making room for him by her side. "Will you tell the man to drive to Mr. Quest's house in Georgia square?"

The inspector obeyed and took his place in the luxurious limousine.

"How beautifully punctual we are!" she continued, glancing at the clock. "Inspector, I am so excited at the idea of getting my jewels back. Isn't Mr. Quest a wonderful man?"

"He's a clever chap, all right," the inspector admitted. "All the same, I'm rather sorry he wasn't able to lay his hands on the thief."

"That's your point of view, of course," Mrs. Rheinholdt remarked. "I can think of nothing but having my diamonds back. I feel I ought to go and thank the professor for recommending Mr. Quest."

The inspector made no reply. Mrs. Rheinholdt was suddenly aware that she was becoming a little tactless.

"Of course," she sighed, "it is disappointing not to be able to lay your hands upon the thief. That is where I suppose you must find the interference of an amateur like Mr. Quest a little troublesome sometimes. He gets back the property which is what the private individual wants, but he doesn't secure the thief, which is, of course, the real end of the case from your point of view."

"It's a queer affair about these pearls," the inspector remarked. "Quest hasn't told me the whole story yet. Here we are on the stroke of time!"

The car drew up outside Quest's house. The inspector assisted his companion to alight and rang the bell at the front door. There was a somewhat prolonged pause. He rang again.

"Never knew this to happen before," he remarked. "That sort of secretary-valet of Mr. Quest's—Ross Brown I think he calls him—is always on the spot." They waited for some time. There was still no answer to their summons. The inspector placed his ear to the keyhole. There was not a sound to be heard. He drew back, a little puzzled. At that moment his attention was caught by the fluttering of a little piece of white material caught in the door. He pulled it out. It was a fragment of white embroidery, and on it were several small stains. The inspector looked at them and looked at his fingers. His face grew suddenly grave.

"Seems to me," he muttered, "that there has been some trouble here. I shall have to take a liberty. If you'll excuse me, Mrs. Rheinholdt, I think it would be better if you waited in the car until I send out for you."

"You don't think the jewels have been stolen again?" she gasped.

The inspector made no reply. He had drawn from his pocket a little pass key and was fitting it into the lock. The door swung open. Once more they were both conscious of that peculiar silence, which seemed to have in it some un-namable quality. He moved to the foot of the stairs and shouted:

"Hello! Anyone there?"

There was no reply. He opened the doors of

Continued on Page 7.

Anna Little, leading woman in the magnificent picture version of "The Black Box"—She plays the part of Sanford Quest's woman-detective.

THE PICTURE VERSION OF "THE BLACK BOX" MAY BE SEEN AT THE FOLLOWING THEATRES:

In Toronto

Red Mill, 182 Yonge street; Model, 181 Danforth; Teck, Queen and Broadview; Park, Bloor and Lansdowne; Gem, 248 Broadview avenue; People's, 232 Queen west; Bloor Palace, 1008 Bloor west; Rose, Queen and Dovercourt road; Prince George, Dundas and Brock; Belmont, 1217 St. Clair; King George, Bloor and Bathurst; La Leta, Pape and Gerrard.

In Ontario

Alliston, Lamb's Theatre; Aylmer, Star; Barrie, Dreamland; Belleville, Palace; Berlin, Roma, Star; Bracebridge, Crystal; Brantford, Colonial; Brockville, Brock; Burlington, Crystal; Carleton Place, Johnson Brothers; Chapleau, Chapleau Amusement; Chatham, Classic; Cobalt, Bijou, Grand; Collingwood, Empire; Cornwall, Crystal; Dundas, Opera House; Durham, Star; Eganville, Star; Exeter, Dome; Goderich, Lyric; Guelph, Apollo; Hamilton, Empire, Red Mill; Harriston, Apollo, Ingersoll, Mason; Kingston, Ideal Lindsay, Academy; London, Empire, Opera House; Unique; Mattawa, Beaulieu; Midland, Duncan; Napanee, Wonderland; New Liskeard, Opera House; Niagara Falls, Victoria; North Bay, Crystal; Oakville, Lou Price; Orangeville, Dufferin; Orillia, Crystal; Oshawa, Crystal; Ottawa, Empire, Francais, Flower, Rex, Strand; Paris, Gem; Parry Sound, Royal; Pembroke, Rowland; Penetang, Bijou; Perth, Royal; Peterboro, Red Mill; Petrolea, Grand; Picton, Cook; Port Colborne, Dreamland; Port Hope, Crystal; Port Rowan, U-Kum; "Soo," Lyceum; St Catharines, Grand Opera House; St. Mary's, Pleasant Hour, St. Thomas, Royal; Stratford, Princess; Strathroy, Lyceum; Sturgeon Falls, Opera House; Sudbury, Opera House, Pastime; Timmins, Royal; Tillsonburg, Royal; Wallaceburg, Temple; Welland, Grand; Windsor, Windsor, Wyandotte.

Spring Signs at Easter

Growing Favor for "Old-Fashioned" Hats and Gowns, Wide Variations in Collars, with Promises of the "Hour-Glass" Figure.

Some Spring Features

"Old Fashioned" Hats.
Poke Bonnets.
Hip-Length Jackets.
Flaring Skirts.
Chiffon Petticoats.
Shirrings and Pleatings.

Dance Frock of White Charmeuse, with Chiffon Bodice, and Detached Clusters of Pink Roses on Skirt and Shoulder.

Small Hat of White Satin, Wreathed with Closely Placed White Daisies—Black Military Veil.

Black and White Foulard Afternoon Gown, with Ruches of Same Material, and Sub-Sleeves of Net.

Princess Gown of White Satin and Lace.

By SUSANNE LATOUR

WITH caressing fingers you take your Easter frock from the closet and lift the pretty hat from its box, for on this day you wear your best and, usually, it has never been worn before.

The Easter service, with its music and flowers, further awakens you to the joy of living and you join the after-church promenade with a mind keenly alert to all the signs of spring.

Have you ever noticed that no one seems to look shabby at Easter time? The frock may not be new, but it has been remodelled or enriched with little trimming-touches which make it more up-to-date. The hat, however, will be shining with spring freshness, for while the winter hat may be made to do service in the early spring, it will not be worn after Easter.

The straw hat is one of the invariable signs of spring, wherever there is a winter of frost.

I can't imagine how any normal girl could resist buying one of the wide-brimmed, low-trimmed hats of natural colored straw, chiffon, crepe de chine or taffeta, in the palest of pastel tints, ornamented with flowers, ribbon and lace.

Lovely Hats and Frocks.

They are the loveliest confections that the millinery world has presented since the Victorian era, and foolish is she who does not grasp the opportunity to wear one of these dainty Dresden china hats.

A fascinating old-fashioned hat inspires dreams of a prim, hedged-in garden with a sun dial, whose presiding spirit is a lovely maiden frocked in taffeta and wearing the counterpart of this hat. It is of Leghorn with a slightly drooping brim, faced with nattier blue taffeta.

Roses of the palest pink and yellow wreath the low crown and blue ribbon is interwoven among the blossoms. The ends of the ribbon are tied beneath the brim, at the back and hang below the waist.

The Watteau or platteau hat has returned with other quaint styles. This crownless bit of headgear is of Milan, hemp or Leghorn straw, trimmed with multi-colored flowers, ribbon or velvet ribbon. In many instances a wreath of small French flowers is used to trim the extreme edge of the brim and a band of ribbon is drawn across the top, where the crown should be, and tied beneath the brim to hang in long streamers down the back.

Other models have the trimming entirely beneath the brim, and are worn tip-tilted over the nose.

And Pokes, Too!

The jaunty narrow-brimmed sailor promises to be a reigning favorite to wear with the street costume. These sometimes have crowns and facings of satin or taffeta and are sparsely trimmed with a band of velvet or grosgrain ribbon, tied in a flat bow at the back, front or side, or a frill.

Black and white combinations are decidedly well liked in millinery and the smartest large sailor I have seen this season is alternately striped with black and white and is trimmed with two slender, black quills, posed at opposite angles.

There are poke bonnets galore in every conceivable form. They have narrow brims or wide brims; high or low crowns, and are trimmed simply or are laden with flowers, feathers or lace frills.

"As sweet as a rose" is a darling little Victorian bonnet of palest pink taffeta trimmed with tint mauve, blue and pink flowers intermingled with foliage. Taffeta strings tie beneath the chin, slightly to one side and, if you long to look like great-grandmother's miniature, you should wear this hat with a short-waisted, full-skirted frock of pink, blue or yellow taffeta.

This is a season of silk and flowers. Almost every other frock is of faille or taffeta and there is no costume complete without a flower tucked in somewhere among the folds. There is a preference for flowered materials and we see roses, tulips, violets, pinks, and even the lowly daisies and sunflowers, everywhere.

Those who closely follow the signposts along the Road of Fashion will find them a bit misleading this spring, for designers seem to disagree as to the silhouette.

When Designers Disagree.

Never have fashions been more interesting, for each French designer presents a different line. There are two silhouettes which are struggling for supremacy—one is combined of a snugly fitted bodice and a wide-flaring skirt, while the other boasts of straight lines which break somewhere between the waist line and the ankles.

The long tunic continues to appear in many forms and there is no denying the smartness of the pleated skirt.

Eton and bolero jackets and the coat of hip length are the favorite models for tailored suits.

Unquestionably the tight skirt is gone, but not every new design is reminiscent of the hoop-skirt. The full skirt is adorable for silk frocks, but for models developed of worsted materials the voluminous skirt becomes a clumsy, unattractive feature.

There are modified conceptions of the flaring skirt which permit a freedom of motion and yet allow us to preserve the slender silhouette. Women are not so enthusiastic about hiding their lithe, graceful figures beneath yards of material. Some of them sacrificed too much to lose the unwelcome weight.

I find the afternoon frocks perfect in every detail. They are fashioned of soft, clingy failles, poplins, crepes or chiffon in all silk or silk and worsted mixtures, and are of a simplicity of design that permits their being worn on the street or indoors.

Many of the smartest models have sleeves and yokes of transparent materials and the long sleeves are usually mousquetaire.

Likewise Some Frills.

The collars are high or low as personal taste may demand, and the skirts are trimmed with bias folds of the material, shirrings, pleatings or soutache braiding.

Another sign of spring is the return of the frilly petticoat, for who would consider wearing summer frocks without these foundations of lace or embroidery?

Some of the frocks are daringly short and it is considered smart to allow the lace flounce of the petticoat to extend several inches below the hem. A fad of the moment is to wear a chiffon petticoat, simply hemmed at the lower edge, with street frocks. It is allowed to hang below the overskirt and veils the ankles in a chic manner. The spring has surely brought many changes.

Not the least among them is the "nipped-in-waist," for the corsetless figure is no longer considered smart. The corset-makers have taken from one to two inches away from the waist and have added it above. In length the new models are practically the same as those worn last season.

There are rumors afloat that later in the year we will witness the return of the "hour-glass" figure, and, like our mothers and grandmothers, will be boasting of waists which measure but 17 or 18 inches.

At Easter there are innumerable signs of spring if we but take the trouble to read them.

Why the BIRD'S SONG Changes

IT is generally assumed that a bird sings because he is happy, but science goes deeper for an explanation of the why and wherefore of the bird's song. Nature's optimistic joy in constructive progress is expressed in the singing of the male birds who charm their mates to further their wooing, and continue after eggs are laid to encourage the fulfilment of hatching.

The song stops when the little birds come out of the shell. The nightingale, for weeks during the period of nest-building and hatching, charms his mate and human ears near him with the beautiful music of his love song. But as soon as the little nightingales come from the eggs the song changes to a sort of guttural croak, implying anxiety and sense of responsibility.

If the nest and contents were destroyed the nightingale would at once resume his beautiful song to inspire his mate to help him build another nest and start all over again the loving work of being fruitful and multiplying.

Where Does DUST Come From?

THIS question is probably asked every day (mentally) by those who try to get rid of dust, indoors and on the street. There are always in the air minute particles of earth floating about which are not visible to the eye. These are stirred up by the wind and because of their lightness.

When these particles consolidate the weight causes them to settle in a given place. This will be apparent in a room no one enters and where the dirt or dust has not been carried by any person.

The visible dust that accumulates outdoors is the result of the wind stirring up heavier particles than is in the invisible dust. Rain mixes part of this with the soil and the organic matter helps as a fertilizer. Other parts of dust are oxidized and consumed by the air through the heat of the sun. Dust is continually changing from one form to another.

Making a Changeless Ink

IN shops where it is damp or chemical fumes are present it is usually difficult to cause labels to stick to bottles or cans. An ink for use on such containers is made as follows: Sheilac, 20 grammes; dissolve it in a hot solution of borax containing 30 grammes of borax to 400 cubic centimeters of water; filter while hot and add a solution made of aniline black 8 grammes, tannin 0.2 gramme, picric acid 0.1 gramme and ammonia 15 grammes, in water 10 grammes.

It will be found that this ink works nicely and resists the usual chemical and corrosive fumes.

Things You will be Interested to Read About

How MICROBES Become LIFE SAVERS

A SICKENING odor comes from the field. You see the carrion birds circling above and slowly alighting, one by one. It is not necessary to be informed that there is something dead there. You may walk over to investigate or you may not, but you notify the nearest sanitary official that a nuisance exists and do not rest until it is abated.

The dead organism is everywhere offensive, be it vegetable or animal. It shocks the eye and disgusts the nostrils. We rightly associate it with pestilence and insist that it be burned or buried out of sight. It is the principal occasion for the whole big, complex problem of sanitation.

Very few of us, however, stop to consider the tremendous part which putrefaction plays in the maintenance of life upon the globe. So far from being the result of death, as is commonly supposed, it is distinctly a life process. Without it, indeed, plants and animals would quickly die of starvation.

The microscope reveals the fact that the dead body in the field, or any other organism that is putrefying, swarms with billions of living things, the things which science calls bacteria. They are the simplest and smallest of plants, mere tiny rods of protoplasm with a dense surface and a granule or two of liquid holding space within.

It is their growth which actuates that breaking down of their medium that is known as putrefaction. The evil smells attendant are due entirely to the chemical changes caused by this activity. Sir Ray Lancaster recently asserted, indeed, that every bad smell in the world, except those made by the chemist, is produced directly thru bacterial agency.

Bacteria do not eat their food. That is to say, they do not take it into them. On the contrary, they get into it. The chemical processes which they institute are very akin to those of digestion, in fact, breaking down the tissues of the dead body and resolving them into their component elements. Bacterial digestion is really carried on outside of the bacterium.

This is the secret of the stupendous part which they play in the economy of life. It is thus explained by the scientist:

There is just so much carbonic acid and nitrogen in the world. It is amply sufficient to sustain the vegetable life which depends upon it, provided, of course, no considerable proportion of it is permanently withdrawn from the available supply. This means that after any amount of these essential elements have played their part in sustaining the life of the individual, it must be returned to the general store for the use of others.

It so happens that when carbonic acid and nitrogen are taken into an organism, they are locked up with the fats, the sugars and the albumens, and when thus fixed, are unavailable for the nourishment of plants.

In every living thing, therefore, these elements are withdrawn from the available supply, and should the organism persist unchanged after death, every dead plant and animal would by so much deplete our store of assimilable carbonic acid and nitrogen.

There would be but one result. There could be no other. The fields would cease to yield in time. All green vegetation would gradually die. Herbivorous animals would follow and finally man, deprived of food, would perish.

The nauseating odors of putrefaction are but emanations from a vast natural chemical laboratory in which inconceivable myriads of minute creatures are reclaiming life food from waste and restoring it to the use of living things. The bacterium stands between the world and starvation.

Vacuum Cleaners Groom Horses

VACUUM cleaners, which have the usefulness of curry combs, with the additional advantage of suction to draw into a receptacle the dust, scale and dandruff removed from the animal's coat, have been adopted for grooming the horses of New York Citys' park department. The cleaner is driven by an electric motor and is so light as to be easily carried from place to place. For greater convenience, however, they are mounted on hand trucks.

It has been found that besides doing the work in a much more thoro and sanitary manner than is possible with the ordinary curry comb, the cleaners are far more rapid. The men, using the vacuum cleaner, can care for several times the number of horses they formerly could curry in the old way.

MEASURING the QUICKNESS of WIRELES WAVES

AN interesting paper was read recently before the Academic des Sciences in Paris, describing experiments undertaken to determine the velocity of propagation of the waves used in wireless telegraphy. A station A1 emits a signal, to which another station A2 replied by a second signal. At the station A1 one notes the time T1 which elapses between the departure of the first signal and the return of the second.

In the second station A2 the time T2 is noted between the reception of the first signal and the emission of the second. Obviously T1 is greater than T2, and their differences T1—T2 is the time taken for a signal to pass from the station A1 to the station A2 and back again. Three experiments were made: from Paris to Toulon, Paris to Toul and Paris to Washington.

The method employed to measure time enabled one to measure precisely an interval of one hundred-thousandth part of a second. It was found that wireless telegraph waves are propagated along the surface of the earth with a velocity slightly inferior to that of light.

A Mountain of SALT

A MOUNTAIN of rock salt 300 feet in height and nearly a mile in diameter is described by Prof. E. F. Gautier, as occurring near Jelfa, Algeria. Two others hills of this character are known in Algeria, both being near Biskra, and in all cases the salt is surrounded by Triassic maris and clays.

A curious feature of the Jelfa hill is the fact that, in spite of the very soluble character of the material composing it, it stands up in high relief from the surrounding clay, and contains no valleys or other signs of erosion. It does, however, contain a number of sinkholes, as in a limestone country.

When the brief corrential rains of winter occur the water sinks almost at once into these cavities and soaks thru the permeable salt, emerging at the margin of the hill in salt springs. The same showers falling on impermeable clays and maris produce a maximum of mechanical erosion, so that these substances are worn away, leaving the salt in high relief.

BACTERIOLOGY in the BIBLE

THAT the men of the Bible times had some knowledge of the relation between the rat and the flea, and suspected the latter of being an agent in the dissemination of the plague, is the rather startling deduction of no less an authority than Sir Havelock Charles.

The "merod" of Bible times was a creature concerning which there has been much speculation. The term is not a translation. It is simply transferred from the Hebrew. Sir Havelock maintains that it designates the flea, and cites examples in which the ancients associated it with the plague.

For instance, there is a verse in Deuteronomy which reads: "The Lord will smite thee with the botch of Egypt, and with the emerods, and with the scab, and with the itch whereof thou canst not be healed."

Furthermore, the association between the emerod and the rat was pretty clearly indicated in the trespass offering with which the Philistines accompanied the Ark of the Covenant upon returning it to Israel. This offering consisted of five golden emerods and five golden mice.

There is, indeed, an admirable demonstration of modern bacteriology in the bit of history which has to do with the capture of the ark and its return. It will be remembered that, after the fateful battle in which the Philistines routed Israel, that sacred relic was taken to Dagon and deposited in the temple there. Almost immediately, according to the Bible, "the Lord smote them with emerods."

A tremendous mortality resulted.

Frightened by the calamity, which they ascribed to the ark, the Philistines removed the relic to Gath, where the plague soon broke out with appalling violence.

It was then resolved to return the ark, with a trespass offering of five golden emerods and five golden mice, an offering which seems to indicate on the part of the Philistines an idea of the agency thru which the plague had been disseminated.

But the ark had been in Bath-shemish, in Israel, only a short time, when the people "looked into it," and again there was a plague epidemic, which resulted in more than 50,000 deaths.

Now the buildings of ancient times were invariably infested with rats, and there is no reason to suppose that the temple at Dagon was any exception in this respect.

Many of these were infected with the plague in the first great epidemic, and no doubt fleas from them found harbor in the ark. It afforded a peculiarly favorable shelter to the insects, for, it will be remembered, it was covered with badger skins. The plague was thus carried to Gath, and afterward introduced into Bath-shemish.

At any rate, Sir Havelock Charles points out, this hypothesis, which in no sense discredits the venerable story of Holy Writ, is quite in harmony with the most advanced bacteriology of today.

It will be observed that the indictment against the flea is a very ancient one indeed.

Why BIRDS COME BACK in SPRING

THE habit of birds in migrating south when winter comes on is influenced by the need of finding a sufficient supply of food. As food grows scarce when winter approaches in the farthest northern places where birds live they naturally turn to the south, where, their instinct tells them, food will be plentiful. The return of the birds in the spring to their accustomed haunts in the north is one of the evidences of their possession of an instinct which is also strong in man.

The environment in which a bird or human being is brought up generally becomes a permanent part of its nature. Ornithologists have not yet made it clear just what enables the bird to find its way back and forth to the same spot every year, and our knowledge is confined to the fact of what the "homing instinct" does.

After they mate and build their first nest and bring up their first family, birds cherish a fondness for that spot much the same as the attachment that man feels for his early home. The spring migration of birds is their joyful return home after a temporary sojourn abroad to secure the means of livelihood.

The Beginnings of the Postage Stamp

THE USE of postage stamps has become so common and the stamp itself such a necessity, that it seems as tho the custom must be older than it is. It was in 1834 that an Englishman, James Chalmers, invented the gummed stamp for sticking on letters.

The idea was not immediately adopted, and when, in 1840, the British government passed the one penny postage bill, stamped envelopes were furnished for use. These did not take with the public, who preferred Chalmer's adhesive stamp, which was soon substituted. In America the first stamps were introduced in 1847.

Notwithstanding the prejudices against licking postage stamps which has developed of late years, it appears that people have always preferred this method of using them.

-:- THE BLACK BOX -:-

(Continued From Page 5)

the two rooms on the right hand side, where Quest, when he was engaged in any widespread affair, kept a stenographer and a telegraph operator. Both rooms were empty. Then he turned towards Quest's study on the left hand side. French was a man of iron nerve. He had served his time in the roughest quarters of New York. He had found himself face to face with every sort of crime, yet as he opened that door he seemed to feel some premonition of what was to come. He stepped across the threshold. No power on earth could have kept back the cry which broke from his lips.

The curtains of the window which looked out onto the street were drawn, and the light was none too good. It was sufficient for him, however, to see without difficulty the details of a ghastly tragedy. A few feet away from the door was stretched the body of the secretary-valet. On the other side of the room, lying as tho she had slipped from the sofa, her head fallen on one side in hideous fashion, was the body of Miss Quigg, the Salvation Army young woman. French set his teeth and drew back the curtains. In the clearer light the disorder of the room was fully revealed. There had been a terrible struggle. Between whom? How?

There was suddenly a piercing shriek. The inspector turned quickly around. Mrs. Rheinholdt, who had disregarded his advice, was standing on the threshold.

"Inspector!" she cried. "What has happened? Oh, my God!"

She covered her face with her hands. French gripped her by the arm. At that moment there was the sound of an automobile stopping outside.

"Keep quiet for a moment," the inspector whispered in her ear. 'Pull yourself together, madam. Go to the other end of the room. Don't look. Stay there for a few moments and then get home as quick as you can."

She obeyed him mutely, pressing her hands to her eyes, shivering in every limb. French stood back inside the room. He heard the front door open, he heard Quest's voice outside.

"Where the devil are you, Ross?"

There was no reply.

The door was pushed open. Quest entered, followed by the professor and Craig. The inspector stood watching their faces. Quest came to a standstill before he had passed the threshold. He looked upon the floor and he looked across to the sofa. Then he looked at French.

'My God!" he muttered.

The professor pushed past. He had looked around the room, and gazed at the two bodies with an expression of blank and absolute terror. Then he fell back into Craig's arms.

"The poor girl!" he cried. "Horrible! Horrible! Horrible!"

Craig led him for a moment on one side. The professor was overcome and almost hysterical. Quest and French were left face to face.

"Know anything about this?" Quest asked quickly.

"Not a thing," the inspector replied. "We arrived, Mrs. Rheinholdt and I, at five minutes past twelve. There was no answer to our ring. I used my pass key and entered. This is what I found."

Quest stood over the body of his valet for a moment. The man was obviously dead. The inspector took his handkerchief and covered up the head. A few feet away was a heavy paperweight.

"Killed by a blow from behind," French remarked grimly, "with that little affair. Look here!"

They glanced down at the girl. Quest's eyebrows came together quickly. There were two blue marks upon her throat where a man's thumbs might have been.

"The hands again," he muttered.

The inspector nodded.

"Can you make anything of it?"

"Not yet," Quest confessed. "I must think."

The inspector glanced at him curiously.

"Where on earth have you been to?" he demanded.

"Been to?" Quest repeated.

"Look in the mirror" French suggested.

Quest glanced at him. His collar had given way, his tie was torn, a button and some of the cloth had been wrenched from his coat, his trousers were torn and he was covered with dust.

"I'll tell you about my trouble a little later on," he replied. "Say, can't you keep those girls out?"

They were too late. Laura and Lenora were already upon the threshold. Quest swung round towards them.

"Girls," he said, "there has been some trouble here. Go and wait upstairs, Lenora, or sit in the hall. Laura, you had better telephone to the police station, and for a doctor. That's right, isn't it, inspector?"

"Yes!" the latter assented thoughtfully.

Lenora, white to the lips, staggered a few feet back into the hall. Laura set her teeth and lingered.

"Is that Ross?" she asked.

"It's his body," Quest replied. "He's been murdered here, he and the Salvation Army girl who was to come this morning for her check."

Laura turned away half dazed.

"I'd have trusted Ross with my life," Quest continued, "but he must have been alone in the house when the girl came. Do you suppose it was the usual sort of trouble?"

Inspector French stooped down and picked up the paper-weight. Across it was stamped the name of Sanford Quest?"

"This yours, Quest?"

"Of course it is," Quest answered. "Everything in the room is mine."

"The girl would fight to defend herself," the inspector remarked slowly; "but she could never strike a man such a blow as your valet died from."

Once more he stopped and picked up a small clock. It had stopped at eleven-fifteen. He looked at it thoughtfully.

"Quest," he went on, "I'll have to ask you a question."

"Why not?" Quest replied, looking up quickly.

"Where were you at eleven-fifteen?"

"On tower No. 10 of the New York Central, scrapping for my life," Quest answered grimly. "I've reason to remember it."

Something in the inspector's steady gaze seemed to inspire the criminologist with a new idea. He came a step forward, a little frown upon his forehead.

"Say, French," he exclaimed, "you don't—you don't suspect me of this?"

French was unmoved. He looked Quest in the eyes.

"I don't know," he said.

(To Be Continued.)

Human Side of Britain's Monster Sea Fighters

(Continued From Page 3)

voted to "landing party." Sometimes the men land and go thru company and battalion drill, at others they go to small arm drill on the upper deck, for the shore equipment is brought up from the storeroom below, and the men don this so as to make quite sure that should a landing party be required for active service everything is all ready.

"Hands Make and Mend Clothes" Means a Day Off

Thursday afternoon has been from time immemorial the navy's early closing day. At 1 p.m. on Thursday. Instead of clearing up decks as usual, preparatory to both watches falling in, the pipe goes, "Hands make and mend clothes," which means that the afternoon is for the men to do as they like.

Friday forenoon has always been devoted to "general quarters," in other words, prepare for action. After divisions the bugle sounds "exercise action," and every soul at once makes away to the station he would occupy should an enemy be within sight. Seamen and marines man the guns. Stokers not below in the stokeholds and engine room form fire parties and stretcher parties. Men not required at the guns repair to shell rooms and magazines. The doctors and their staff prepare the operating theatre. Artisans go to shell hoists and magazine passages. The guns are cast loose and loaded—dummy charges the exact weight of the real cordite charges being used—projectiles, and a further supply of charges are all placed in passages and boats, and as each unit is ready for action, the officer in charge repairs to the bridge and reports, "Foremost turret cleared away, sir," or whatever the case may be. When the last officer has reported his particular part ready, then the evolution is completed and the time taken.

"Clear for action" is the test above all others of a ship's efficiency for war with the single exception of good shooting, as the first broadside fired might have a very big effect in the decision of an action, for if the British navy believes that "thrice blest is he who has his quarrel just," it also believes "and more so he who gets his blow in fust!"

One other evolution transcends even "Exercise action," and that is "Stations clear for battle." In every ship of war there is a large quantity of woodwork, largely composed of light bulkheads, which go to make up officers' cabins, etc. Before going into action all this would be unshipped and thrown overboard. So that there should be no mistake and confusion as to which had to go, "Stations clear for battle" is exercised periodically. On these occasions the carpenter and his mates go round and mark every piece of woodwork which would be jettisoned, and it is explained to the men, each of whom has his particular bit, how this woodwork would be unshipped. It is also generally understood that before going into a modern action all boats would be lowered and left behind, all of which is to reduce the danger from splinters and fire, the modern explosive shell being of a very highly inflammable nature.

Every Saturday every ship of war is given over to what the sailor calls the weekly water carnival. Decks are scrubbed; when wooden are holystoned. Then come the steam hoses, and everything is washtd down, after which deck cloths are laid down, bright work polished, and the ship made spick and span for Sunday's inspection.

-o- THAT BOOK OF LOMBARDI'S -o-

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2)

the cabinet beside of ye.' Spug had the eyes of an eagle, ye remimber. 'So it's up to ye, professor, to get the birds food and drink, and a tankful of gasolene, from what I take it is yer garage in the back yard.

"'Ye will kindly give instructions to this old man to that effect, and I shall go with him to see that your orders are carried out. If there's any treachery, somebody's goin' to pay dear for it. Meanwhile, me fellow bird here will remain with ye. Mr. Branigan, ye will kindly shoot the professor at the first sign of treachery.'

"I nodded solemnly. The professor talked for a few minutes with the servant in a guttural tongue, and when the old lad displayed symptoms of returning intilligence Spug and him went out of the room together.

"'Sit down,' says I to the professor, and he sank back into his seat, while I glanced around at me luxurious environment, always keepin' a watchful eye on the prof. and a finger on the automatic I had stowed in my coat pocket.

"To show me carelessness of danger, perhaps it was, I fingered a book on the table, a big red volume with gold trimmin's. It must have jumped out at me because it was in my own language sittin' beside others that had queer pothooks on them. I looked at the name on the cover, and the name of the writer—and then I looked up at the writer himself.

"It came to me in a flash. I was in the presence of Prof. Lombardi, the goggle-eyed son of a sea serpent who had written the book they were all a-sayin' had set me and Spug and millions of others hackin' each other to pieces for some damn fool thing he called biological necissity.

"The blood and the torture of it all cried in me ears against this cold-blooded man, who, sittin' within a few feet of me in a comfortable armchair, had told the world that such must be, and made the world believe it!

"I think he must have felt in the soul of him, if he had a soul, the hate and loathing that were in me heart and mountin' in waves to me head. He crouched back in his chair as I pushed me face across the table at him.

"'Did ye write this book?' I grated at him, holdin' of it in front of his glasses.

"'Yes,' he answered me, and some life seemed to put new springs into the thin frame of him, 'yes, I wrote that book.'

"'The hell ye did!' says I, and I thumbed the pages with my dirty fingers. I think now that by the actions of me he must have concluded I was escaped from some lunatic asylum for birds. 'The hell ye did!' I repeated, still thumbin' over the book and glarin' at him. "Then will ye be so kind, Prof. Lombardi, now, to read for me what ye wrote?' My thumb stopped at a page and I jammed it into some printin', and thrust the book at him. 'Read where I'm pointin'!'

"Half in terror, I should imagine, and half with the intention of humorin' me, he began to read. As I remember it, it ran somethin' like this:

"'Those misdirected men who try to put a stop to war are not only fit for the foolish house, but they are the most immoral people in all the world, for they are fightin' ag'in' the laws and purposes of nature —'

"'Enough for the prisint — stop now!' I yelled at him. 'And listen to me, ye laddybuck! D'ye think it is accordin' to the laws of nature for me and me friend Spug to go gallavantin' around the air tryin' to kill other fellows like me and Spug because they happen to be born in another country and wear a different kind of uniform? D'ye see anythin' natural about that? Answer me, now!'

"He hemmed and hawd a bit and then he started to explain, 'According to the lessons of history, and the experience of the past —' or some such poppycock as that, he managed to say, when I thrust me face up against his and said:

"'D'ye mean to insinuate, professor, that me and me friend, Spug, the finest boy that ever breathed the breath of life, are natural born cutthroats and murderers? Say that we are —and I'll brain ye!'

"'No-o, I am sure —you —are —not,' he said, and I think his teeth were chatterin'.

"'All right, then,' I growled, and I grabbed the book from him and turned at a different bunch of printin'. 'Now, read that!' I commanded, and pushed it under his goggles.

"'War is what connect up the best there is in man with the divine system of the universe —'

"Or words to that effect, he reads.

"I grabbed the book from him and slammed it hard on the table, and the noise of it raised him a foot from his chair. 'D'ye mean to tellme,' I came at him, 'that God wants me and Spug Kennedy to cut the bowels out of the poor chaps that He made just the same as He made Spug and me, even if we can't talk the same lingo? If ye say such things about my God and Spug's God I'll be damned if I don't rip ye open right here and now. Are ye applyin' them remarks to our God? Answer me, or by the eternal—'

"'No, I didn't mean—that—in a—personal—sense,' says he, shakin' like a leaf.

"'Well, there's no sense that's not personal sense,' I shot back at him. 'Now read that!' and I flung the pages over some more.

"He could hardly get out the words, but they sounded somethin' like this, as I recollict:

"'War is a good thing in itself, for the weak have not the same right to live as the powerful—'

"That was as much as I could stand. 'Ye cowld blooded son of the devil!' I exploded. 'My own mother is weak and old, my sisters are weak with innocence—and ye'll tell me they have no rights, as much as the most powerful! Damn ye! Of all the miserable weaklings I've ever come across ye're the weakest toad of them all, and ye've got the least right to live, accordin' to yer own words.' I stood towerin' over him and he shrunk away from me as if I were the Lord on Judgment Day. Faith, I must have stabbed him with the daggers of me wrath.

"At this moment in comes Spug Kennedy escortin' the old servant carryin' with tremblin' hands a tray with food and bottles. I was tremblin' all over meself, tremblin' with rage, me that had gone thru hell on account of this poor, miserable figure in the chair and the likes of him, and never trembled a bit before.

"Spug was caperin' cheerful and chipper. 'We're safe from unpleasant interruption, I'm convinced,' he announced. 'Furthermore, I've got the tank full of gas, and I'll forthwith appropriate the compass, with the professor's kind permission,' which he did just the same without. 'And now it's about time that we were puttin' somethin' into our own tanks.'

"The servant laid the tray on the table. The food surely was as inviting as heaven to Lazarus, but I was not to be diverted.

"'Professor,' I ordered, "tell the old one to get me a long piece of rope and get it for me with haste and expedition.' There was no hesitation in the professor, followin' the way I said it.

"'What d'ye want the rope for, Branigan?' asked Spug.

"'I'm goin' to truss up a snake and give it a taste of its own pizen,' says I, and the professor turned as pale as the bread on the tray, back of his dark beard.

"Spug looked at me squarely and looked hard at the professor, and shook his head, not gettin' the drift of it. I was boilin' over so I couldn't have explained the whole of it to him, if he wanted to know. But he had his mind's eye on the foodies.

"'Pitch in, Branigan,' says he; 'we couldn't be better off if we were in our own camp. We've got petrol enough to take us back there, and a compass to guide us, and we'll trust to the luck that has stood by us tonight. When we've had our fill, you'll take a couple of hours sleep, whilst I keep the professor company. Then you can entertain him while I nap till the break of day. Then off we go, like larks in the mornin'. Pitch in, me lad.'

"'When I'm t'rough me job,' says I, as the old fellow came back with the length of stout rope. I grabbed it from his shakin' hands and made a rush at the professor, who was watchin' me with terror in his eyes. When he saw me comin' he lets out a tremendous howl that would wake the dead, and he tried to run around the other side of the table, upsettin' a chair as he sprawled out helpless on the floor. Spug, on the other side, had him up and clutched in his huge arms tin a jiffy, while the old servant stood there wringin' of his hands and peekin' apprenhensive towards the door he had left open.

"'What do you want to do with the professor?' asked Spug, curious.

"'I'm going' to tie him up and bring him along with us in the Thrush, to show him what war really is. He's the man who wrote a book about it, ye know, Spug. He said it was necissary for the good of mankind.'

"'The divil ye say!' exclaims Spug, and turned the professor around in his arms to get a better look at him.

"There was the noise of a screamin' at the door and we all turned to see a fresh lookin' girl of about 14, with a golden hair and rosy cheeks, who trailed a long white nightdress as she fluttered over the floor like the Thrush when she's about to rise from the ground.

"When she sees the professor held in the arms of one ugly giant, and me, another, standin' beside him, with a rope in me hands, she lets out another scream and throws her arms around the neck of the professor.. There was nothin' for Spug to do, him bein' a gentleman, first and foremost, but to let go his holt, and stand there like a fool—me likewise another fool.

"They wept on each other's shoulders in the most pitiful way, and the heart of me was touched by the endearin' words and moans of them. And that damned old he servant just stood there and blubbered to a fare ye well.

"I bethought me now of the quare hesitation of the professor when he told Spug there was nobody in the house but him and the servant. I didn't blame any man for keepin' such youth and innocence out of the way of two rough soldiers, and lyin' or stealin' or killin' to do it. But sure we wouldn't have harmed a hair of her head. Spug Kennedy or me. Not for the world.

"The professor raised his head from the girl's embrace, and there was somethin' halfway human in his look that I hadn't seen before.

"'Men,' he says to Spug and me, him holdin' tight to the girl, whose head was buried in the folds of his dressin' gown, 'have pity on me and this girl. She is my niece. Her father—my only brother—has been killed in battle. Her two brothers also. Her mother has died from the grief of it. So you see,' addressin' me particular, his voice breakin', 'I do know somethin' of war; I am not without a heart, as you think. I'm the only one this girl has left to care for her, to protect her. That is why I am here in this quiet retreat, away from the world and everybody, so that she can try to forget. Have pity on us. If not on me, on her.'

"I felt somethin' droppin' down in the general direction of me toes—and I think it was the hate in me. I looked down after it, like as if I was embarrassed about somethin', I think; then I looked at Spug, who hadn't worked up anythin' of the rage that possessed me agin' the professor. Spug looked back at me kind of foolish.

"I seen now that the professor did know somethin' about the war, even if he had written in a book that it was for the good of humanity, and that kind of truck. Maybe he had a heart after all. Maybe he could suffer too, like the millions of others had suffered and were sufferin' every day. But, damn it all, that didn't make what he had said about it right!

"I don't know what made me think of it. It came like a kind of inspiration to me. I walked to the table, lay down the rope, and took up the book. Then I considered a bit.

"'Professor,' I says, finally, 'I wish ye'd sit down at the table and take yer pen in yer fist. Then write inside this book somewhere the followin' words, signin' yer name, accordin' to law and custom—right here now, in this space—put it down—these words:

"'I don't believe a damn"—excuse me, girl—"word of what is in this book. I wrote because I didn't know any better. I know a hell"—excuse me, girl—"of a lot different now.'"

"He gave me one square look, long and intint—and then he did it, damme if he didn't. If ye don't believe it I'll show ye the book. I've got it in my trunk.

"'Girl, acushla,' I says, turnin' to the child, 'run right up to yer little bed now. There won't be any more noise to wake ye, and there won't be any more trouble at all.' She didn't know what I was sayin', of course, but the professor explained it all to her. There was a sweet smile of happiness and thanks on her face that reminded me of some one—well, ye know how it is when ye're far away from home.

"I think we were all a bit mushy as we watched the old servant go out with the girl. Spug's words brought me down to earth.

"Hell, Branigan, get somethin' inside year belt. It's a long way to go,' and he grinned at me, the devil.

"Well, it was a long way, but I'll tell ye about that some other time."

The Poets that Bloom In the Spring

Vernal Versifiers EXALTED by the Emotions Attendant Upon the Turning of the Year, Express the Poetry in Their Souls and Make Cold Type Thrill With Spring's Exultant Warmth---Some Verses Breathe the Spirit of War, Others Murmur of Nature's Beauty, But All Are Fresh as Daisies.

THE Sunday World's Spring Poem Contest was almost too successful—the great majority of the 450 poems received could not be printed; and much of the unprinted verse had merit. Not very often was flagrant violation of the rules of poetry found. Very ordinary treatment of commonplace thoughts characterized few of the effusions.

The best of the contributions of the last week are printed below, as well as the prize takers. The prizes were $5, $3 and $2, and three extra prizes of $1. None of these prizes signifies the intrinsic value of the winner's poetry, it merely is measure and recognition of the poetic value of the writer's contribution.

One of the poems submitted, that of Frances Snow, Victoria College, was very scholarly. Its academic style was so far removed from the popular nature of the other poems that it was thought best to keep it out of the competition, giving mention of its classical tone and technique.

The spring lyrics revealed many splendid singers. The Sunday World will be glad to use future verse in its feature columns. But we think we have exhausted the spring poem springs; anyway no more, thank you.

Ode To Spring

OH, thou dainty Springtide,
Harbinger of life,
Flooding dale and hillside
With thy pure delight!

As the dawn thou creepeth,
Silently and slow,
Full beneath thy glances,
Nature's realm doth glow.

Cloud and sunshine chasing,
Shadows o'er the earth,
Forest choirs chanting,
Praises for thy birth.
—Kate H. Bell, 116 Beech ave.

Springtime Memories

BY babbling stream, with basking trout,
That idly watch the Mayfly rise,
There hope was born and ling'ring doubt
Had fled, when I gazed in her eyes
Ah! how time flies, but God above,
Is great indeed, and vain regret,
Of empty years, and my lost love,
Gives much to learn, much to forget.
The days of youth, out from the past
Like misty shadows come and go,
The dreams I would forever last
Are gone, as sunshine melts the snow,
Thou hast, oh Spring, thy measure full
Of sorrow, pain and misery,
Yet I can find a treasure full
Of happiness in memory.
—S. C. Cain, 911A Yonge street.

FIRST PLACE

The Coming of Spring

WHEN winter, knowing that his work is done,
And all his labor will be duly blest,
And that his race is well and truly run,
Folds his dun garments round and sinks to rest,
Spring, timid, and with waiting pale and wan,
Peeps shyly round a cloud of gray and rose
To see that 'neath the curtain of the dawn
Old Winter is in deep and sound repose.

He sleeps! She tiptoes gently from her place,
She stands where Winter was and now is not,
Now smiles and blushes mantle all her face,
And Winter's discipline is quite forgot.
Now slowly Spring begins her fairy dance,
And buds, and blades, which wake to breathe and live
Where e'er the touch of her dear footsteps chance,
Mute testimony of her presence give.

The naked branches, gay and all forlorn,
She touches with her dainty finger tips,
And lo! the sweetest draping ever worn
In softly fragrant breezes sways and dips.
The dance grows gayer; lifting her young eyes,
She murmurs softly while her hands upraise;
She coos an invitation to the skies;
The birds come swiftly with their songs of praise.

Now, swifter yet she moves in merry whirls,
The grass grows green beneath the dancing feet;
The streamlet o'er its pebbles leaps and purls,
And all the earth grows bright, and warm, and sweet.
With arms spread wide and face all rosy bright,
She laughs and dances like a maddened thing,
In one ecstatic riot of delight
All nature bursts into the chorus "Spring."
—Mrs. P. M. Campbell, Box 462 Cobourg.
(Reprinted from The Sunday World of March 28.)

The Promise of Spring

LONG tho it lingered in coming,
Lingered in frost and snow,
There never yet dawned a springtime,
When the flowers forgot to grow,
When many flowers did not open,
Or violets did not greet
The message borne on the whisper
Of the south wind, low and sweet.

And never yet came a springtime,
Tho pale was its dawn, and cold,
That heralded not a summer
Of crimson, and green and gold;
Crimson of glorious roses,
Dipped in exquisite dye,
Green of the feathery grasses,
Gold of the Evening sky.

And what, if the summer's fading
Brings only the winter's rain?
For the world's eternal promise
Is that Spring shall come again.
For, as in life's darkest corners,
The purest hopes may abide;
So, under the skirts of winter
Do the spring's first snowdrops hide.
—Gladys V. Williams, 165 Marlboro ave.

Spring

A HUSH on the hillsides, the birds
Upon the wing,
The scent of the earth sun-warmed
And moist. That's spring!

The song of the birds, and the songs
The cool winds sing,
And the lilt of the trembling branch
And bloom. That's spring!

A light in the heart of man, that breaks
With joyous ring
Into Hope, new born of the bud
And leaf. That's spring.
—Gertrude M. Bell,
King street, Weston, Ont.

SECOND PLACE

Spring Thoughts

HAVE you ever seen another
Such a spring,
When husbands were so stingy
In the spring;
When your heart's most fond elation
for a "Parisienne" creation,
Was met with grim determination—
"We must go on humbler rations,
For this spring?"

"Oh, what is woman's beauty, unadorned
In the spring?"
She sadly wails: but her husband's voice prevails—
"In the spring;
Now that we're on the war path, and have to pay the stamp tax,
You can't have clothes while this hacks away my pile of green-backs,
Not a thing!"

To this woman's fretting soul,
In the spring,
Came the notice of The World's prize contest
On "The Spring";
Came a thought most truly rare—she might make some money there—
Be once more the lady fair, send those clouds of dark despair
On the wing.

Came the dreams of woman's heaven
In the spring—
Visions of the heart's desires
For the spring—
A skirt with seven yards in, a hat they dress the Guards in,
And shoes with colored cloth in, a veil with points and spots in,
A la one-nine 15.

And so it is that she is writing
On "The Spring,"
To get the wherewithal to buy fine feathers
For the spring;
Waiting for an inspiration (tho it's bent on hesitation),
With maternal expectation for a poetical quotation—
On "The Spring."
—Miss R. Evelyn Coulson, 31 Hillsview avenue, Toronto.
(Reprinted from The Sunday World of March 21.)

Spring Blossoms

DAINTY little blossoms,
Hiding in the grass,
You are like a charming,
Winsome little lass.

Creeping thru the meadows,
All in pink and white,
Dewdrops in your eyelids,
Drying with the light.

You are very modest,
In your sweet, moist bed,
From the gaze of passers
You would hide your head.

Thus the little maiden,
Shyly hides her eyes,
With her tiny fingers,
When someone she spies.

Charming little maiden,
Standing in the sun,
You are like the blossoms,
Dainty little one.
—May Brown, Seagrave, Ont.

Spring Memories

JUST a farmhouse garden,
Back in my old 'Shire,
But to visit it in springtime
Is always my desire.

The daffodils and ribbon-grass,
Are growing side by side,
And here you'll see "Sweet William" take
A "Wallflower" for his bride.

The daisies in their little bed,
Beneath the hawthorn tree,
Know they will grace a May Queen's head
Ere they much older be.

And by that path of cockle shells,
I heard a primrose whisper,
That just at dusk, as evening fell
A bluebell stooped and kissed her.

I've learnt to love your maple trees,
In this Canadian clime,
Yet that old farmhouse garden, dear,
Still grips this heart of mine.
Florence Bell,
Kew Beach School.

Spring

WINTER! thy hoary head is bended low
In meek submission to the gentle spring,
Who swayeth o'er the land her magic wand,
And makes the sodden world a lovely thing.

Mystic as the zephyr winds that blow;
Elusive like some haunting, phantom thing;
Spirit of poetry, music and love—
We hail thee with delight, thou lovely spring.
—Marguerite McNerney, 691 King street west.

Spring Comes Singing

SINGING down the sheltered valleys,
And laughing o'er the hill;
Painting the earth with greenness;
Bidding the winds be still;
Calling the birds to their nesting;
Urging the flowers to rise;
Spring comes dancing among us,
With laughter in her eyes.

Singing down the sheltered roadways,
And laughing o'er the trees;
Teaching the birds their sweetness;
Waking the lazy bees;
Calling the world to it's mating,
Urging new life to arise;
Spring comes dancing among us,
With love-light in her eyes.
—Dorothy S. Doubble, 33 Bellefair Ave.

THIRD PLACE

Signs of Spring

THE SAP is runnin' from the tree,
The crow is cawin' loud,
The sky is dancin' bright and blue
And scattering every cloud;
The bumble bees are buzzin' round,
The air is like a dream,
We'll soon be catchin' catfish
In the old mill stream.

The blackbird's pourin' forth his song,
The frog is croak.n' gay,
The robin flies from tree to tree
And pipes his merry lay;
The speckled hen is cacklin' long,
The sun sets pink and cream,
We'll soon be catchin' catfish
In the old mill str.am.

The grass is springin' fresh and green,
The tree buds burstin' out,
The blue bells and the daisies
Are poppin' all about;
The brook is tumblin' o'er the rocks
With spray of silvery gleam;
We're pulling out the catfish
From the old mill stream.
—Miss Eula Rose, Wellandport, Ont.

A Spring Greeting

IT IS springtime in the trenches,
And his "Haughtiness" he thinks
That everyone but him has run to seed.
So we'll fight and go on fighting
Till his empire's smashed to bits,
And we've crushed "him" and his blood and iron creed;
For we're to hold a meeting,
And we hope to hold it soon,
But soon or late we're ready to begin.
Mr. High-and-Mighty-Kaiser, you'll be sorry, you'll be wiser,
When we meet you at the fountain in Berlin.

He said that in the springtime
"He" hoped to clear the board,
And he booked himself a front seat in the sun.
"He" wants to give us culture,
But we're going to give him—well,
We're going to show him how the trick is done,
We feel intoxicated, now the spring is in our blood,
And every man is feeling fit and trim;
So clear the way and step it,
Or we'll some of us be late
For the Allies springtime cleaning in Berlin.
—C. B. Dickens,
46 West Gore street, Stratford.

Voice of Spring

HARK ye! for the rapture song hath struck the ear,
And the voices 'unseen have sounded—
The echoes have cried it aloud to the mere,
And from mountain to mount they have bounded.

Oh, hark ye and hark to the song of the lark;
The clouds have arrested their passing;
And the fox on the hill at the voice keepeth still,
And the sheep in the meadows are massing.

Every flower of the dell adds its note to the swell,
In a voiceless, but sweet-scented manner;
And the bird's joyous note from a tremulous throat,
Is wafted abroad like a banner.

The green of the grass, and the blue of the sky;
The buds on the bushes are peeping;
And the sun casts a gleam on the slow-moving stream,
As thru pasture and wood it goes creeping.

Then hark ye, and hark in the dawn or the dark,
To palpitant earth's resurrection;
For the voices of day, and the voices of night,
Do but echo the lark's benediction.

—Evan Graham, 23 Kippendavie avenue.

THESE THREE ARE NOTEWORTHY

Spring, 1915

HOUR after hour the trenches spouted death;
Shrieks, cheers and groans, rose mingling like a gale,
The ashen pallor of the dawn about to glow
Saw men go down before the leaden hail.
The rising sun shone faintly, glowing red
Upon the upturned faces of the dead.

Unknown, the cause—a sudden hush,
Fell like the silence of the dead;
And then a lilting, throbbing song,
Sank down from overhead.
And war-mad men somehow forgot to fire,
And watched the skylark as it mounted higher.

All love of conquest—lust of blood,
For one short moment by that song were quenched
As tho where cursing foemen once lay hid
God's angels were entrenched.
Oh, heaven bless'd skylark, what a song to sing,
To blood-stained warriors—just a song of Spring.

The mangled corpses never watched you soar,
Skylark, did their spirits hear you sing
As they passed by you on their upward flight
To God's eternal Spring?
Oh, Prince of Peace, how long, how long
Before the world shall join the skylark's song?
—Maudie Wynne, 913 Yonge street.

Spring, 1915

THERE'S always a song in the Heart of the World,
When the glad Spring days come in;
But the song this year has lost its cheer
In the roar of a battle's din.

And the poor, old world, with a sad, sad heart,
Sees her son's go forth to slay,
And she cannot sing her song of Spring,
For the Heart of the World must pray!

When we hear the lark, with its gay, sweet note,
As it soars on joyous wing,
Then the aircraft dread, with toll of dead,
Overshadows the tiny thing.

And we hear the tears of widows, newmade,
In the drip of the soft, Spring rain,
And we see, in the red of the robin's breast,
The blood of our Heroe's slain!

Oh! we must be brave and we must take cheer,
In the promise of Peace to be,
For we know, tho Winter be rough and drear,
Spring will trip in, merrily!

We must cheer the poor, and the sad and lone,
So the Heart of the World may sing,
And weigh against the boom of guns,
The song of a bird, in Spring!
—Miss H. Estelle Scott, Perth, Ont.

Spring

SPRING peeps in at the window
With laughter in her eye,
Blue as the cloudless sky;
In green she's drest,
With a primrose at her breast.

Spring walks out in the garden,
Sowing with fingers light
Crocuses blue and white,
And here and there
A snowdrop pure and fair.

Spring smiles over the landscape,
The snow all melts away,
The sun shines warm and gay;
At her sweet will
Nods the tall daffodil.
—Elma Cerise Dawe, 240 Montrose ave.

A Springtime Idyll

OH! I met you in the sprihgtime,
In the fragrance of the May;
When the silver-throated songbirds
Thrilled tht land with music gay;
When the purple-tinted lilac
Filled the air with perfume sweet;
And anemones and violets
Formed a carpet 'neath our feet.

When I met you in the sunlight,
In that peaceful country lane,
How my heart responded gladly
To the robin's sweet refrain;
For you seemed a woodland flower,
In your gown of pink and white;
And your blue eyes, shyly smiling,
Thrilled my soul with pure delight.

And anon we strolled together,
'Neath the blossom-laden trees;
While we talked about the weather,
And the flowers and the bees;
Till at last in crimson glory
Came the passing of the day;
And I knew that Love had found me
'Mongst the blossoms of the May.
—Anna Smith,
257 Bold street, Hamilton.

Springtide

FROM out the south, a spirit mild,
Has rolled away the stone,
That captive held by Frost King wild,
The spring, in earth-cave lone.

With sunny garments floating free,
From mould and twig and moss,
She now holds laughing revelry,
While winds the branches toss.

The bursting buds, her warm breath feel;
The birds, sweet music trill
Their happy love-notes to reveal,
The earth with joy to fill.

The brook renews its babbling lay
O'er pebbles brown and white;
Its foam-flecked waters making way,
To swell the river's might.

All nature's harmony so grand
Fills earth with joy and peace,
And scatters blessings o'er the land
To bid our sorrows cease.
—Mrs. Jno. Connoly, Lock Box 659, North Bay.

The Birth of Spring

AURORA rose from a star-hung east
Where the dark pines break the light;
And the first soft ray of coming day
Steals up to the sombre night.

A south breeze kissed by a tropic sun—
Perfumed and teeming warm—
A cheery note from the robin's throat,
Came sweetly upon the morn.

"Spring has come: sweet pregnant Spring!"
And the echoes roll it on—
"Old mother earth has given birth
To a fair and dragrant dawn."

High in the clear and the cloudless sky,
The wild geese seek the north;
Over the hill and the rushing rill,
Their harsh cries issue forth.

"Spring!"—And the wind-flower parks its head;
The wee buds burst to sight;
A pungent smell from field and dell,
A riot of verdures bright.

"Spring has come: life bringing Spring!"
The lone crow seeks a mate,
A huge green world lies all unfuried
With nature's bounties great.
—Jack Renault,
Box 203, Delhi, Ont.

Spring Thoughts

WHEN the willows start to yellow,
By the noisy, gurgling brook.
And the bullfrog tunes his bass notes
In the sun-kissed marshland nook;
When the sappy maple sweetens,
And the young buds, peeping forth,
Bring the swiftly flitting swallow,
To the warm and greening north;

When the blackbirds' nuptial scoldings,
Mingled with the robins' mirth,
And the pink and juicy fish worm
Wriggles from the fresh turned earth—
Then is when you feel so comfy,
And contented all the day—
Just to lie and watch the shadows
With the golden sunbeams play.

'Cause your thoughts are all so peaceful,
You're as lazy as can be;
And you whistle to the cat-bird
In the gnarled, old hemlock tree.
Or you puff white smoke ring fancies
To the clear stream's rippling sound—
Gee! It's great to be with nature
When spring's "poppin" all around!
—L. B. Birdsall, Delhi, Ont.

Young Spring

YOUNG spring is here; mad young spring:
From over the hills of far-away she came with dancing feet one day—
O'er the downs by the sea, where the winds blow free, and white crested billows play;
Then on thru the wood on the hillside steep, with a gladsome call to the buds asleep;
She sped on her madcap joyous way—young spring.

Young spring is here, glad young spring;
There's a whispering and a stirring in the branches of the trees,
And a shy first kiss of welcome on the soft lips of the breeze,
A haze all blue and tender, spreads from lowland to the hill,
And green the moss is springing on the banks beside the rill.

There are violets peeping coyly from their brown and earthy beds,
And daffodils sway proudly and nod their golden heads;
And the willows by the river are new, dressed in tender leaves,
And the swallows twitter loudly in their rest be'ow the leaves,
For spring is here: glad spring.
—Mrs. H. P. Rimmer, 978 Logan avenue.

From the Old Folks

STRANGE that in the springtime,
When the days are warm and bright,
We forget what we have suffered
In the winter's lonely night.

We forget the old, old sorrows,
The numb horror of the frost;
For a while forget the longing
For the things that we have lost.

Tho the poets say that springtime,
Is for youth, and love, and flowers,
We, the aged, will let them claim it,
But we know that it is ours.

How can youth enjoy the springtime,
When it has not met the years?
Empty words are "love" and "welcome,"
To a heart untouched by tears.

Spring to youth is just a symbol,
Of warm days the first forerunner,
Youthful hearts go out to greet it,
For it heralds golden summer.
—Doris Kelly,
25 Dixon avenue.

This Is Spring

THE earth from sleep in snowy sheen,
Emerges brown, then turns to green;
And soon as by magician's hand,
Bright flowers are scattered o'er the land.
And far and wide their fragrance fling.
For this—why this is spring!

The changing skies of gray and blue,
Let rain and sunlight filter thru;
And winds that blew so bleak and chill,
Are now subdued—their bluster still,
While only gentle zephyrs sing,
For this—why this is spring!

The trees that long looked dead and bare,
Bedeck themselves in raiment fair,
And branch and bough in green leaves dressed,
Give shelter to the songster's nest,
Whence all day long gay carols ring,
For this—why this is spring!

The pulse that beat in measured time,
Is leaping now to swifter chime;
And cold hearts glow with youth's warm fire,
That would to unscaled he ghts aspire,
And all love's sweetest offerings bring,
For this—why this is spring!
—Margaret E. Fairfield, Oakville, Ont.

Quite So

THE editor sat in his office chair,
And cursed the poets, in his despair;
For many moons he'd read their verse,
And daily it was growing worse.

Says he, "It's queer how five bucks cash,
For the one who can write the springiest trash,
Will cause such a waste of real good ink,
And make my love for poets shrink."

Many different versions of spring there were,
But the editor never turned a hair;
With scornful look, and rapid eye,
He read each one, then cast it by.

As he neared the bottom of the heap,
Said he, "Who sows must also reap—
The seed I sowed was ten good "bones,"
And what I reap is naught but groans."

His noble task at last was o'er,
Just as the foreman came thru the door.
"It's a hero you are," said the printer's boss—
"The least you should get is an iron cross."
—Percy Adams, 197 Vine avenue.

A Song of Spring

SING, O Sing, of joyous Spring,
New visions fair and bright;
Charms of Woodland, Vale and Dale,
Unfolding to our sight.
Blow, blow, ye zephyrs, blow!
All nature is aglow.

The twittering of the Birds,
Swells into joyous Song;
Sweet Piping! Melody pure!
Can this to Earth belong?
Trill, trill, ye warblers, trill!
The air with rapture fill!

Dainty redolent Flow'rets,
Lie carpeting the ground;
Above, the shimmering leaves
Do everywhere abound.
Their brilliant tints and hues,
A loveliness diffuse.

The lard, new-clad with verdure,
Enhance the distant view
Of Forest glade—What beauty!
The Sunlight glinting thru!
Shine, Shine, glittering shees—
On Spring's enchanting scene.
—Philip W. Moore, 29 Major street.

COMIC The Toronto Sunday World SECTION

SUNDAY, APRIL 4, 1915.

Boots!

By Rudolph Dirks

Originator of the Katzenjammer Kids

The Idea Was Clever, But the Cat Spoiled Everything

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RESOLVED THAT

THIS PROVES MY JUDGMENT IS N'T FIT TO EAT. SOME PEOPLE INSIST UPON PICKING OUT THE WRONG THING TO DO THEN DOING THAT THING WRONG, AFTER WHICH THEY WONDER WHY IT DID N'T TURN OUT RIGHT. YOU CAN'T GET THE RIGHT RESULT UNLESS YOU DO THE RIGHT THING. THE INDUSTRIOUS BOY WITH THE BANK BOOK IN HIS POCKET WHO SMILES AND HUSTLES AND IS HONEST AND TAKES GOOD CARE OF HIS WEALTH IS IS GOING TO BE RICH AND HAPPY BOTH SOME DAY YOU CANT STOP HIM. THE CORNER LOAFER BOY WHO SHIRKS HIS WORK AND BELIEVES THAT ALL SUCCESSES ARE THE RESULT OF A PULL, HE IS STEERED FOR AN OLD AGE IN LIFE'S SCRAP HEAP. YOU CANT STOP HIM. UNLESS YOU HEAD HIM AROUND THE OTHER WAY HE IS GONE. I AM GOING TO TRY TO USE BETTER JUDGMENT

R. F. Outcault

THAT SON-IN-LAW OF PA'S!

That Son-in-Law of Pa's
A Rescue—and Revenge

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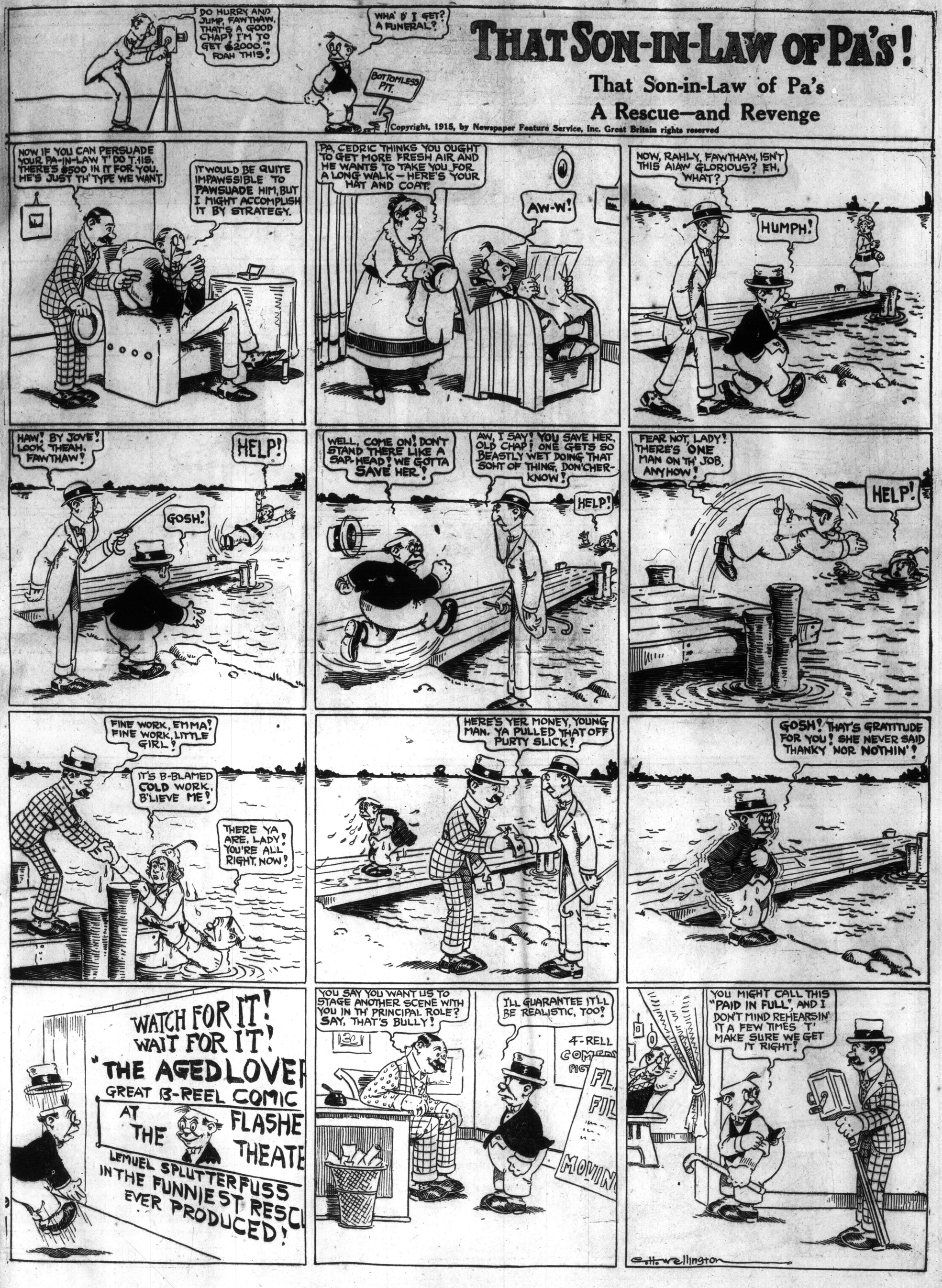

Polly---Great Little Diplomat---the Baron

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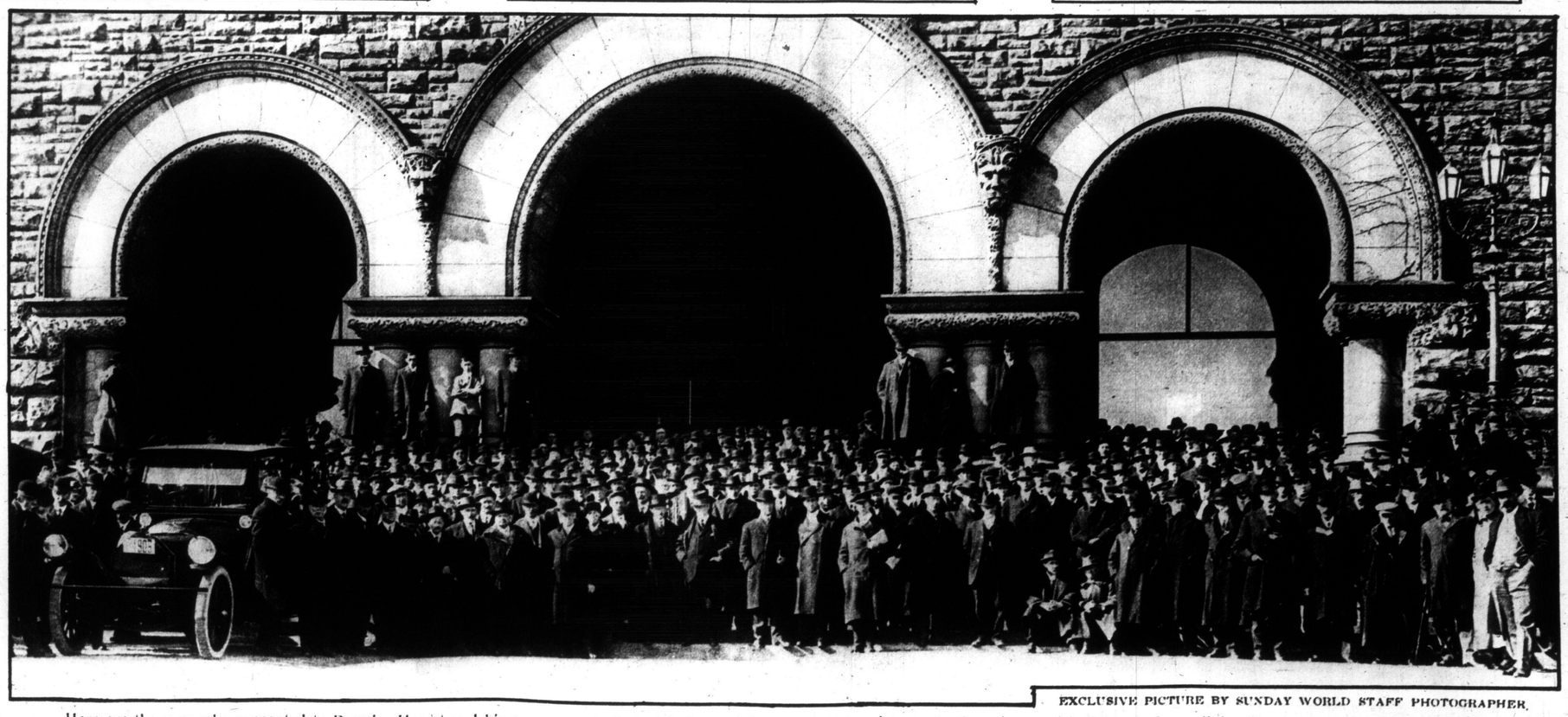
The Toronto Sunday World

A DASHING DEED IN FRANCE---THE HYDRO RADIAL DELEGATION

DRAWN BY CHRISTOPHER CLARK FOR THE SPHERE AND THE TORONTO SUNDAY WORLD FROM PERSONAL DESCRIPTION GIVEN BY AN OFFICER WHO WAS PRESENT.

The Buffs charging thru the abattis of felled trees toward the German troops in the storming of the Chateau de Flandres at Radinghem.

It is only now that certain brilliant deeds which took place in the earlier days of the war have come to light in full detail. The storming of the Chateau de Flandres by the Buffs is one of these. It is only now that we are able to give in detail the particulars of this brilliant episode which took place in October last. Both the details for the above drawing and the notes which accompany it have been gathered from an officer who witnessed the action. The Chateau de Flandres is a big country mansion adjacent to the Village of Radinghem, in Northern France, a little to the west of Lille. The Chateau was held by a numerous body of Germans when an order was given to carry the Chateau by storm. The task of working up to the edge of the park which surrounds the chateau was successfully accomplished, and the final dash was made with extraordinary vigor on the part of the Buffs. Sword and revolver in hand the officers led the men at a sprinting pace up to the very doors of the building which was soon cleared of Germans and the enemy's force in the park was thrust back.



EXCLUSIVE PICTURE BY SUNDAY WORLD STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER.

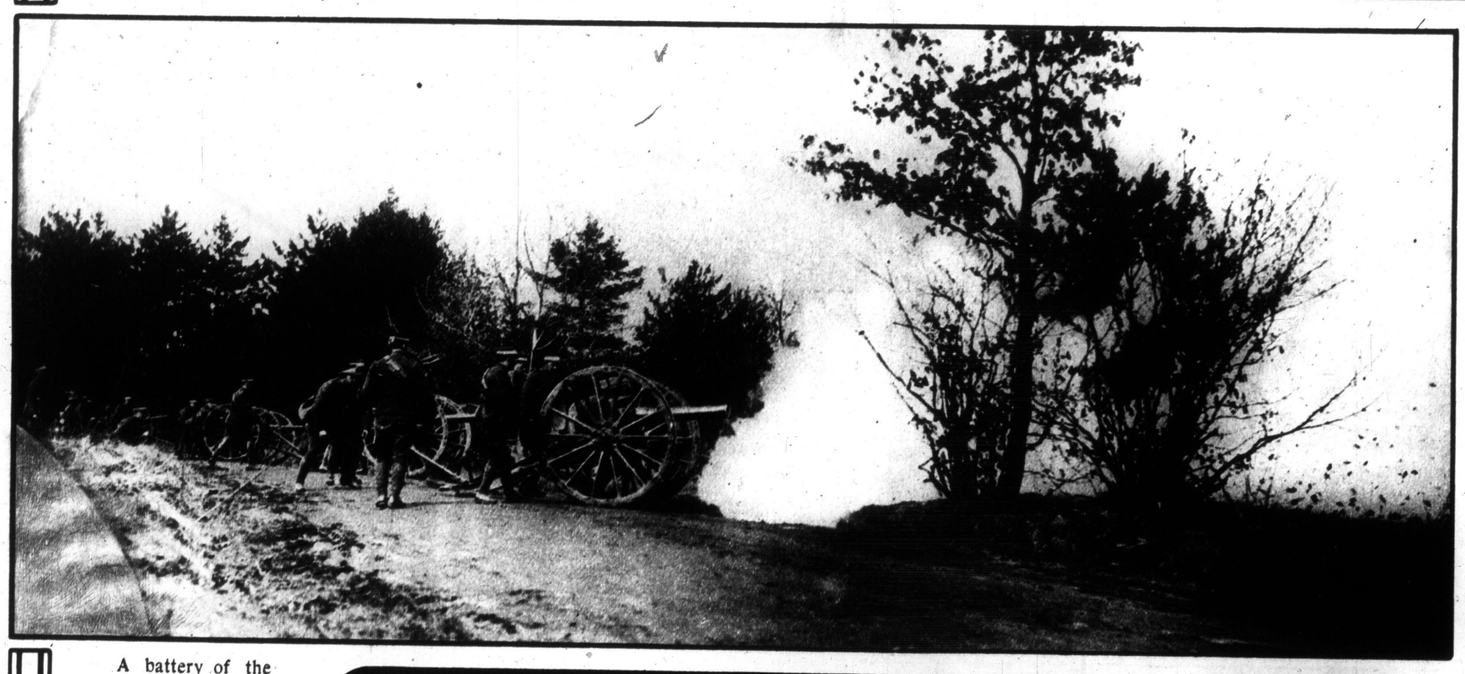
Here are the men who presented to Premier Hearst and his government Ontario's demand for provincial assistance to the scheme of building hydro-radials—it was one of the largest delegations that ever entered Queen's Park, and the individual standing of its members was further evidence of the spread of public ownership feeling in this province.

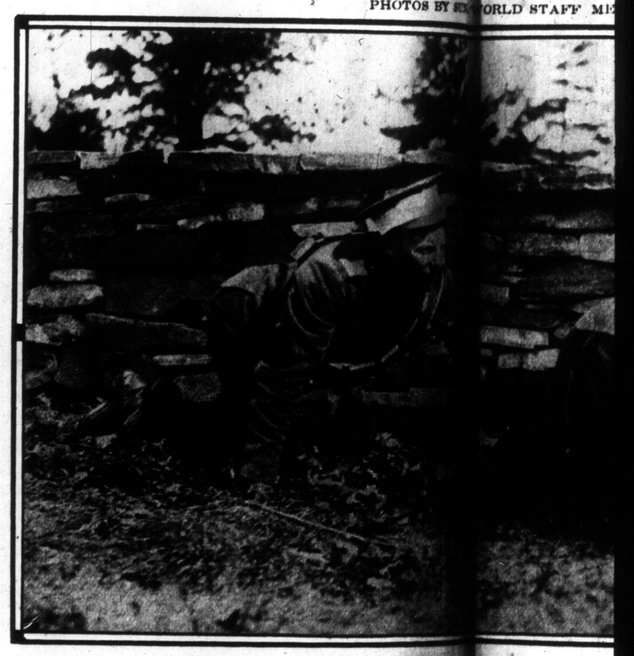
WAR WITHOUT BULLETS AS PRACTISED BY TORONTO BATTALIONS ON TH HILLS

A couple of sharpshooters picking off unwary enemy soldiers—The scheme of the bulletless battle here illustrated was that a rear guard of infantry and guns on the east side of the Humber River should endeavor to prevent the crossing of a battalion and guns.

Hard work this, just like the gun men will get in— Hauling field art

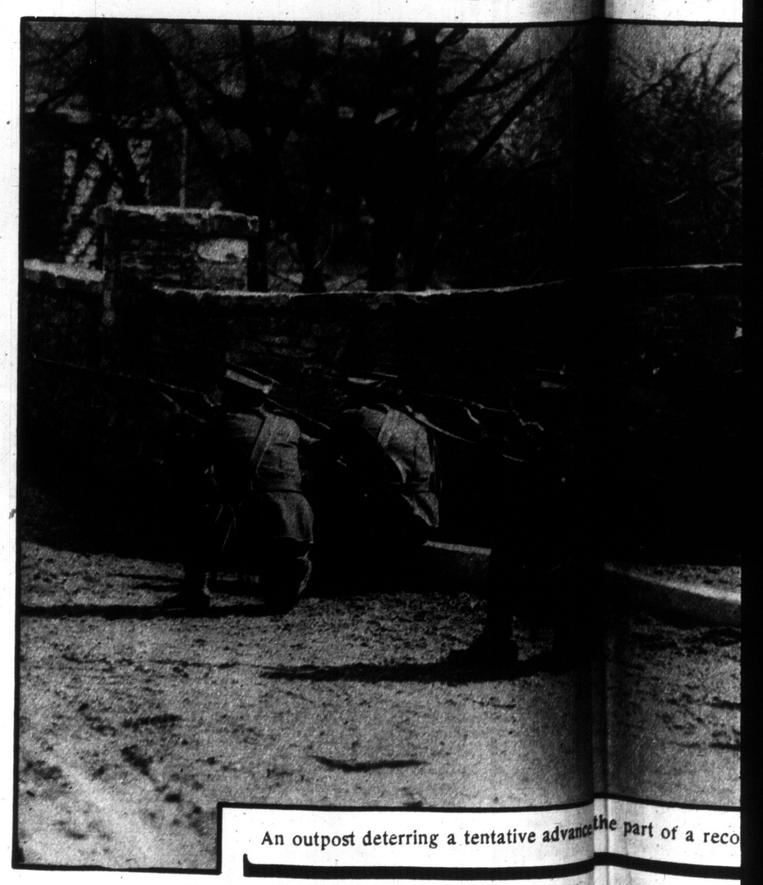
PHOTOS BY STAFF WORLD STAFF MA





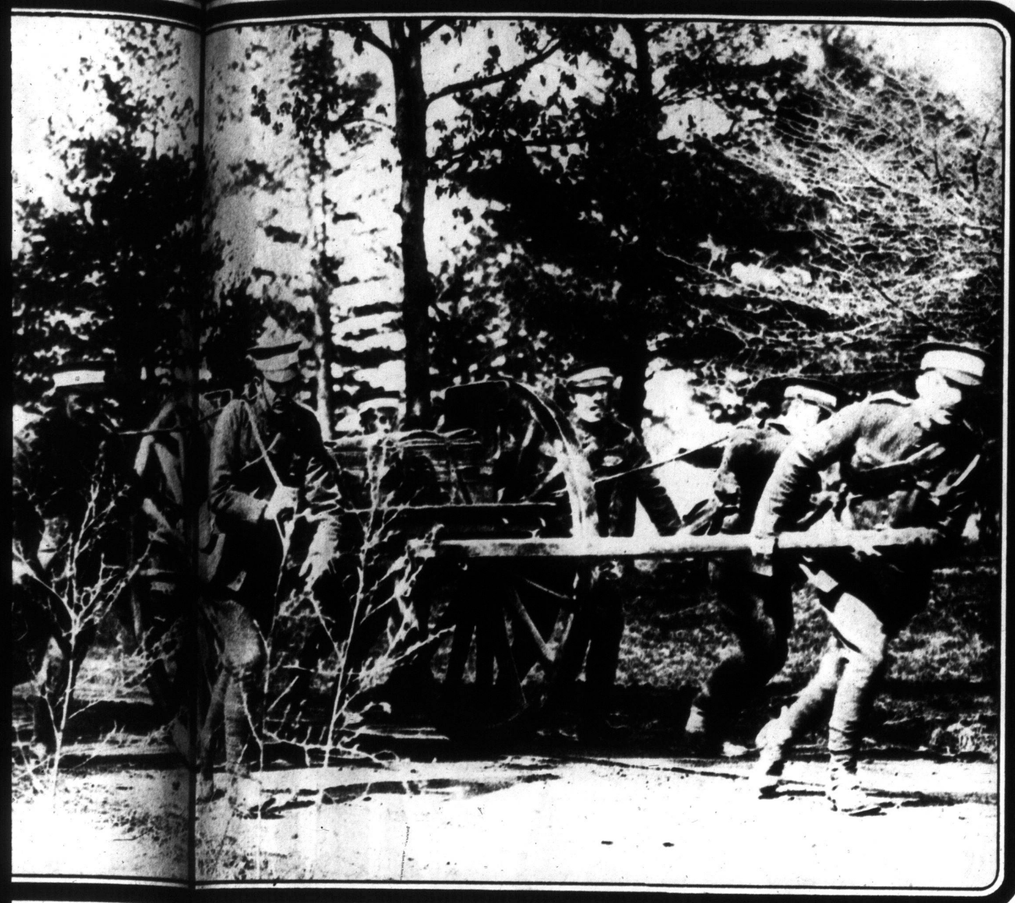
A battery of the attacking army blazing away at the guns on the east side of the river in a merry artillery duel.

A close-up view of two of the guns hurling shell into the enemy's rear guard on e east side of the river and covering the 20th Battalion's attempt to cross.



An outpost deterring a tentative advance the part of a reco

ON THE HILLS OF THE HUMBER---FIRING SHAM SHELLS WITH WAR- LIKE PRECISION



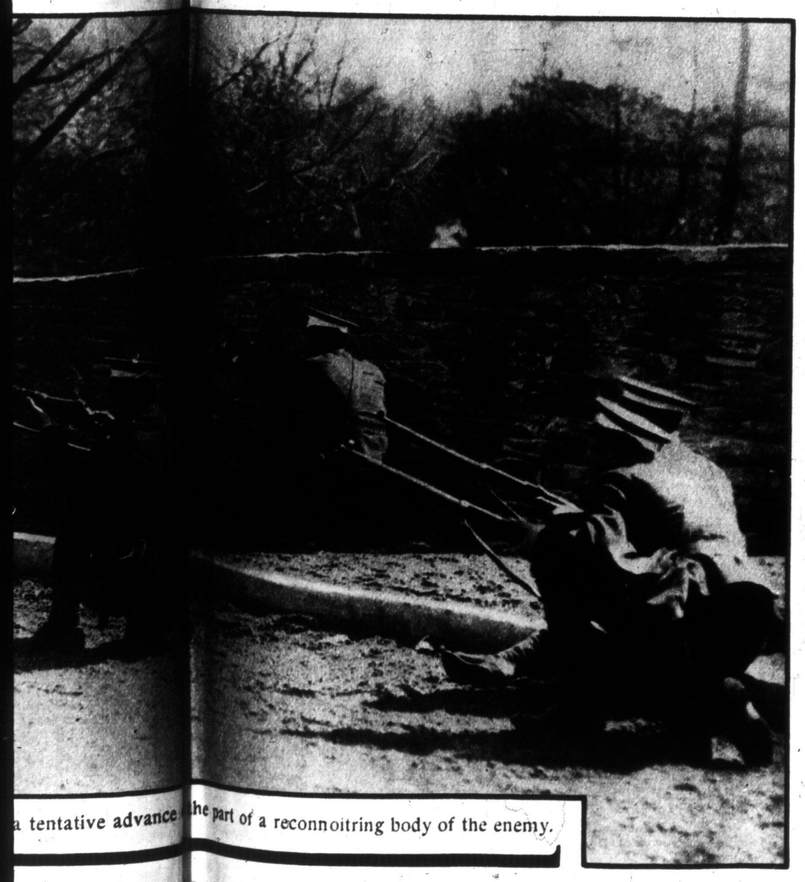
gun men will get in w... Hauling field artillery into a commanding position.

PHOTOS BY SUN... WORLD STAFF MEN.

A gun and ammunition supply well masked from possible aviators.

g scouts creeping up ... enemy to get a line on their positions.

Reinforcements, with the noon sun shining on the horses' well kept coats, rolling down Bloor street to help the rear guard keep back the attacking force on the west side of the river.



a tentative advance ... part of a reconnoitring body of the enemy.

A sniper clearing his bit of country to give a signaller a chance to gain an eminence.

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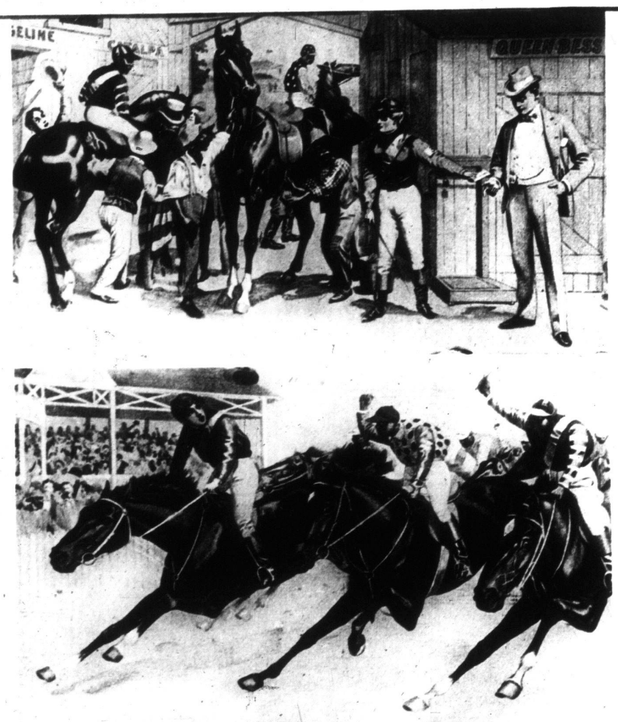

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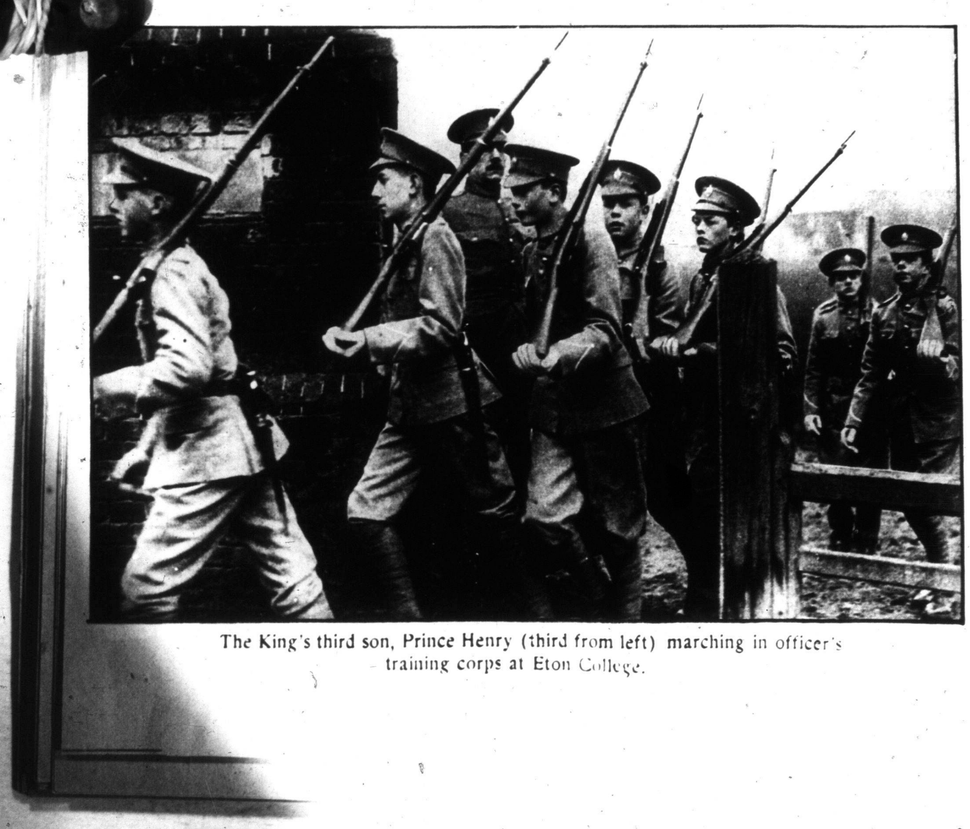
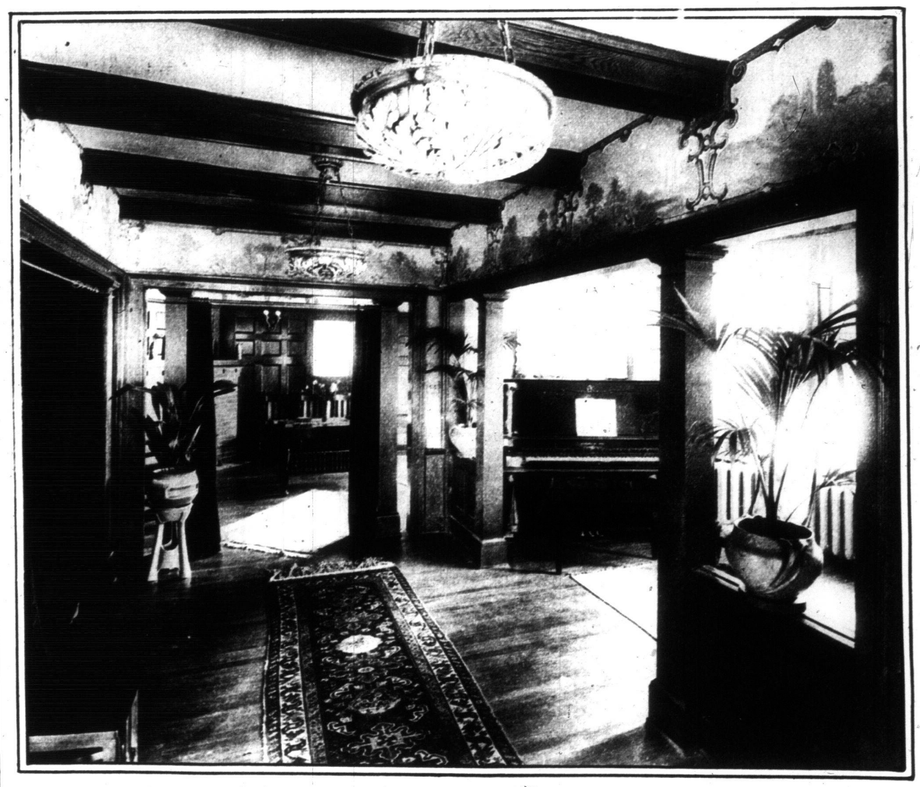
A French cavalryman on outpost duty near the graves of comrades.



The King's third son, Prince Henry (third from left) marching in officer's training corps at Eton College.



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"IN OLD KENTUCKY."

THAT RECORD-breaker of the amusement world—"In Old Kentucky"—the success of which is the marvel of present-day theatrical circles, comes again to the Grand this week. A simple story of Kentucky life, graphically told, this play is one of those rare offerings of the stage that leaves an impress upon the mind that time cannot eradicate. One who has seen the play will never forget brave little Madge Brierly, the flower of the mountain, who loves Frank Layson, the aristocrat from down in the "Blue-Grass," and who sacrifices much to save the life and fortune of her sweetheart. Then there is the gallant Colonel, sweet and delightful Aunt Alathea, Lorey, the moonshiner, whose life is devoted to carrying out one of those Kentucky feuds that result in bloodshed; then there is the faithful old colored servant, Uncle Neb, who has trained the little pickaninnies around the stable-yard to make capital music as a brass band; then there is fleet-footed "Queen Bess" (the fastest mare in Old Kentucky), and countless other features in this wholesome, breezy tale of the Sunny South. "In Old Kentucky's" appeal is general and lasting. No more successful play has ever been put forth or one that has continued in public favor longer. C. T. Dazey wrote "In Old Kentucky," and the late Jacob Litt produced it. Since its original presentation, the play has always remained under the same management, and a high standard of excellence has always been maintained.

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"I do."

"And why do you object?"

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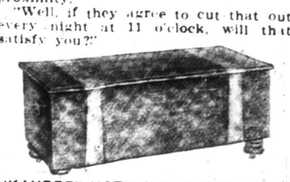
"Well, if they agree to cut that out every night at 11 o'clock, will that satisfy you?"



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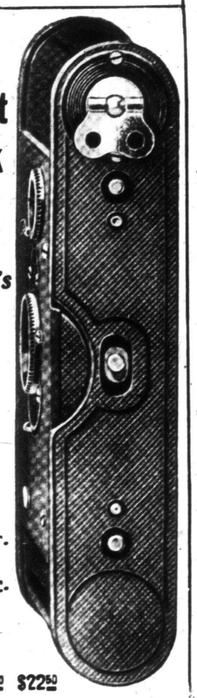

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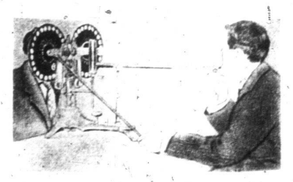

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