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RUSSIANS TAKE 3,000 PRISONERS IN THREE DAYS' BATTLING

Battle of Unexampled Fury is Raging Along Warsaw Front

JOHN M'CORMACK REFUSES TO SING TIPPERARY SONG

"I Hate It," Declares Irish Tenor to Thirty Thousand Listeners

IN KANSAS CITY HALL

Audience Demanded the Song, But Singer Refused to Give It

Below is an extract from The Kansas City Post commenting on the appearance of John McCormack, the Irish tenor, before a huge audience in Convention Hall on January 23:

"Down from the crowded galleries of shouting, laughing, clapping McCormack enthusiasts to the arena floor of the great hall, 30,000 persons in Convention Hall last night sent one call to the great Irish tenor. It was "Tipperary."

He came from behind the curtain four times.

The cries for the song of the British soldier off to war increased, in fervor.

McCormack came out. His face silenced the great audience. They saw annoyance, disgust and other things not reconcilable to the man who could sing "Mother Machree" so tenderly.

Refuses to Sing It.

"Tipperary?" he said. "I don't sing it, I hate the thing."

The audience laughed a little and sat down, not quite sure of itself.

It was an audience that liked Tipperary.

Some knew McCormack had sung it for a graphophone record, and a few remembered that on the program in large type the fact was advertised.

And then everybody tried to think of vague rumors he had heard; that an archbishop had condemned the song as not true to the real Irishman; that Leicester square in London was said to be not quite reputable; that somehow or other one shouldn't allow himself to like the swing and surface gaiety of the little song. It must be wrong somehow, because the great Irish tenor hated it.

McCormack came back. His last number was Macushlah. Tenderly as he had sung the beautiful Ave Maria, with much of the fervor and pathos he had put into The Banks O' Suir and into Life and Death, he sang the Irish melody.

Applause Not Hearty.

The audience clapepd a little after that, not quite so heartily—and went home.

Tomorrow, perhaps, some of the exquisite beauty of I Hear You Calling, and the whimsical charm of Trotting to the Fair, will come back. But the audience went home wondering why so big a man as McCormack, so perfect a tenor, hated Tipperary.

The program was unassuming and simple. Beauty, melody, old familiar ditties, music rich in the old Irish undernote of pain and sadness, predominated, and the audience showed that it liked it all.

But it wanted Tipperary.

BIG FUR THEFTS NOW CLEARED UP

Ten Thousand Dollars Worth Are Recovered in Minneapolis Stores

Canadian Press Despatch.

WINNIPEG, Man., Feb. 6.—The discovery of a large assortment of valuable furs in Minneapolis, valued at about $10,000, stolen at various times and in unexplained ways from Winnipeg fur dealers, is expected to lead to important developments. It is believed here the furs were stolen and smuggled across the border as part of a scheme of operations of a gang of international crooks, who have been working at various points on the boundary line. Thru the work of a private detective agency the furs were traced to pawn shops in New York, Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and other cities, but the greater portion of the loot has been recovered in Minneapolis. A large number of warrants are issued and arrests in Minneapolis are expected to follow.

INFANTRY TO MOBILIZE AT HAMILTON FROM WEST

Efforts Being Made to Have Cavalry Also Gather There, But Without Success

Special to The Toronto World.

HAMILTON, Ont., Feb. 6.—Indications today are that Hamilton will be the place of mobilization of the infantry regiment that is being drawn from this part of the country for the third Canadian overseas contingent. Word to this effect has been received in an unofficial way. Efforts are being put forth to get orders to have the cavalry mobilized here, but success along that line does not seem likely.

KAISER LOST MORE SHIPS THAN STATED

Eight Destroyers and Two Submarines Additional Written off Naval List.

KOLBERG ALSO SUNK

Two Submarines Overdue Three Weeks and Cruiser Given Up as Destroyed.

Special Cable to The Toronto World.

LONDON, Feb. 6.—A Chronicle correspondent near the German frontier sends the following despatch:

"I learn that besides the published German naval losses there are eight destroyers and two submarines written off in the official lists. Two of the destroyers were lost in the channel on Sept. 1, three on the Dogger Bank, and another, the S190, in Asiatic waters. One of the submarines sank off Westende and one near the Dogger Bank. Two others have been missing for over three weeks. The armed auxiliary cruiser Kronprinzessin Cecilie is also scratched off the official table.

"The statement made by German blue jackets captured after the Heligoland naval battle of Jan. 24, that the light cruiser Kolberg sank is confirmed, tho not publicly admitted in German naval circles.

"The report published early in December that the German battleship Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse and armored cruiser Hertha had been lost in the Baltic is incorrect. The armored cruiser Freiderich Karl sank after striking a German mine in the Baltic on Nov. 18. It is known that this vessel has gone to the bottom, but the manner of its loss has never been definitely announced."

PROVINCE CONSIDERS TAXING OF NEWCOMERS

Ontario Government Said to Be Studying Suggestion to Tax Incoming Job Hunters

The friendly relations which exist between the Governments of Ontario and Quebec frequently allow intimations of likely legislation in one to become known by the other. It is understood that Premier Hearst is now considering for Ontario a provincial protective measure to be operative in times of industrial depression, and which has been taken up by Sir Lomer Gouin.

Altho working details of the plan are not available, one of the features would involve the collecting of a certain sum from every newcomer into a province. A man hailing from the west and endeavoring to seek a situation within the confines of Ontario, would be called upon to pay a tax of $25 or more. In this way Quebec and Ontario would keep their industrial ranks fairly well together and quite distinctive.

The suggestion has been made that a similar system would work well in a city like Toronto, which is repeatedly called a dumping-ground for unemployed men from all Ontario. If an industrial census were kept, and floaters wer eaced with the option of paying a stipulated amount or being refused entrance, the problem of labor would not be so serious in Toronto today.

The decision which the government will reach will be welcomed by certain centres which have the matter specially in mind.

RUSSIANS TRY TO OUTFLANK HINDENBURG

Germans Continue Costly Lunges to Break Thru to Warsaw

GREAT BATTLE RAGES

Russians Claim That the Initiative Has Gone to Them

Special Cable to The Toronto World.

LONDON, Feb. 6.—After crossing the Bzura River the Russians are seriously threatening the forces of Gen. Von Hindenburg with an outflanking movement. The Germans are continuing their costly lunges to break thru to Warsaw and another great battle is on, involving perhaps a greater loss of life than any conflict in the war. The issue is still undecided, but the Russians claim that the initiative has passed to them, altho further furious German attacks are expected.

The more complex and strategically the more important struggle in the Carpathians is dragging on without any decisive turn. Broadly speaking it appears that in the western half of the battle region the Russians are making progress, while in the eastern half they appear to have fallen back from the Lupkow and Beskid Passes on prepared positions, where they are attempting to stem the rush of large Austro-German forces.

The Russian counter-blow on the massed assaults of General Von Hindenburg's men is the most interesting development, to British observers, of the struggle in the east.

It overshadows for the moment the operations of the Russians in East Prussia, and is taken in some quarters to indicate that they have ceased playing the role of merely holding their lines to the west of Warsaw and have determined on an effort to expel the invaders.

The western war zone has seen virtually no change during the week, but there are many reports of German preparations for renewed activity in Belgium. The German threat of a submarine blockade may be a factor in this situation, the theory being advanced that the Germans expect the allies to attempt to force them back from the coast, with the idea of destroying their submarine base.

Despatches from Cairo indicate that the Turks who attacked the Suez Canal were merely the advance contingent of three columns which are struggling acros the desert. The main bodies of the invading army should soon be heard from.

GIRL WAS GIVEN ST. GEORGE CROSS

Russian High School Pupil Distinguishes Himself on Firing Line

LEFT LYING ON FIELD

Was Twice Wounded While Fighting Dressed as a Man

Canadian Press Despatch.

PETROGRAD, Feb. 6. — Natalie Tychnini, a high school girl of Kiev, has received the decoration of the Order of St. George for distinguished service at the front. Under a heavy fire at Opatow, in the campaign against the Austrians, the girl carried ammunition to the trenches and attended wounded men. She was wounded twice.

The girl arrived at the front with a detachment of volunteers dressed as a man. After being wounded she was left lying on the field when the Russians retired, and was attended by Austrian Red Cross workers.

When the Russians retook Opatow she was discovered in a hospital there and sent back to Kiev.

WOMAN IS IDENTIFIED.

The woman who was found dead in a room at 214 McCaul street late Friday night was identified at the morgue on Saturday by her husband as Jessie Rose of Regent Park, East Toronto. An inquest will be held.

THE FOOTBALL

RUSSIA DECIDES TO HOLD GROUND

Will Maintain Ground Won in East Galicia and Bukowina

WARSAW NEEDS FOOD

Great Lack of Provisions Prevails There, Say Latest Advices

Canadian Press Despatch

BERLIN, Feb. 6.—(By wireless to Sayville.)—News despatches received in Berlin from Budapest, Hungary, speak of an extensive shifting of troops by the Russians, in East Galicia, and in Bukowina, with the evident intention of maintaining the parts of these provinces occupied by them even at the expense of giving ground elsewhere. A number of Russians who were captured in Bukowina said they had been sent to that region from the vicinity of the Austrian fortress of Przemysl. Another despatch from Ungvar, in northeastern Hungary, tells of a severe defeat suffered by the Russians on the so-called Lupkow Seddle, to the north of the Zemplin country.

Germans and Austro-Hungarians joined in this engagement against the Russians.

A great lack of provisions prevails in Warsaw, according to advices received by The Frankfurter Zetung.

Some million rubles' worth of provisions, a messsage to this newspaper says, has arrived at Archangel, destined for the Polish capital, but it is impossible to say when the food can be delivered.

INJURIES NOT DUE TO GERMAN BULLETS

John Brodensky Told Sad Story to Police, But Was Found Out

John Brodensky, who applied to the Claremont Street Police Station Tuesday night, telling a hard luck story that he was a Belgian and exhibiting several injuries said to have been received as a result of German bullets, was arrested on Friday and appeared in the police court Saturday morning charged with vagrancy. He was remanded for a week.

After he told his story, several morning papers issued appeals for help. He received several amounts of money and an offer of a position. Acting Detective Holmes became suspicious when he saw the injuries and investigated his case. He found out that the injuries were received three years ago in an explosion at Streetsville.

OFFICIAL STATEMENTS

FRENCH

The French War Office gave out a report on the progress of the fighting, which reads as follows:

"No infantry engagement has been reported as having occurred during the day of Feb. 5.

"From Arras to Rheims there were artillery engagements, with results satisfactory to us. There has been no change in the situation in the vicinity of Perthes and Massiges.

"In the Argonne and in the Woevre district, French artillery yesterday dispersed convoys of the enemy and set fire to a convoy train of 25 wagons.

"There has been nothing to report from the rest of the front. We brought down a captive balloon behind the German lines at a point to the northeast of Somme."

GERMAN

BERLIN, Feb. 6.—By Wireless to Sayville.—Army headquarters today issued the following statement.

"Two new French attacks against positions taken by the Germans north of Massiges remained unsuccessful. A French attack in the Argonne also failed.

"Russians yesterday attacked on the east Prussian frontier, and south of the Vistula, against the German front from Humin to the Bzura River. All attacks were repulsed.

"The Germans made 1000 prisoners, and took six machine guns.

"Especially from the British, but also from the French side, the assertion is repeated continuously that the Germans, to commemorate the emperor's birthday, made attacks on a large scale, which were attended thruout with heavy reverses for the Germans. All German official reports of events on the days in question prove that this allegation was invented, with perfidious intent. Of course, such fighting manners cannot touch the emperor's person, but the German army headquarters would not fail to expose their baseness to shame."

SIX MEN KILLED IN A COAL MINE

Explosion Caused by Open Lamp Striking Pocket of Gas

Canadian Press Despatch.

FAYETTEVILLE, W. A., Feb. 6.—Six men were killed and a number injured in a mine explosion here today. Two state mine inspectors arrived before noon, and prepared to make a thoro search for the dead and missing miners. Great crowds collected around the shafts. Soon after the mine inspectors and the remainder of the rescue party went down the shaft, the signal to hoist was given those on top, and in a few minutes three bodies were at the surface. The general manager said progress in the search was being made and he believed the othe rthree bodies would be recovered before nightfall. He declared that only six men had been killed.

WANTS ENQUIRY ON CITY RIFLES

Military Training Association Withdraws Application for Grant

DO OWN FINANCING

Four Hundred Dollars Has Been Contributed for Immediate Requirements

Hot-shot is contained in a letter being sent by the Toronto Military Training Association executive to the board of control. The letter withdraws the application of the association for the grant of $1200 previously applied for and calls for an investigation of the purchase of rifles by the city. The executive has decided to finance the association and has contributed $400 for immediate expenses.

Two Dollars Too Much.

The letter to the board of control says:

"It is true that the city has purchased some rifles at $11.50 each, which can be purchased on the open market at $9.50 each, and which are a disgrace, not only to the intelligence of the board of control and the Toronto City Council, but to the municipality at large, as they are utterly useless for the purpose intended. They are not only useless for drilling purposes, but will only carry and are sighted for 200 yards, and it is beyond comprehension to intelligent men, why or in what manner such a deal was foisted on this municipality, and we think a strict examination should be held to locate the responsible parties, and, if possible seek redress thru the proper channel.

Losing Men.

"One hundred and eighty-four men have left our ranks and joined the second and third contingents. Two of our men have joined the third contingent as officers. Thirty-three of our men have joined the regiments in the city and two are taking an officer's course.

"I do hope that the parties who were responsible in foisting upon the city such a lot of rubbish in the way of rifles will be severely dealt with."

The letter is being sent on behalf of the executive by Secretary-Treasurer, A. E. Jack.

AUSTRIAN

An official statement issued here today says:

"In Poland and western Galicia the situation is unchanged.

"Russian attacks have been renewed at certain places in the Carpathians, but have broken down, with heavy loss to the enemy. Our attacks continue in the forest region. The number of prisoners taken by us in the Carpathians has been increased by 4000."

RUSSIAN GAIN ON THE BZURA WAS GIGANTIC

Three Thousand Prisoners Were Taken in Three-Day Action

CUT DOWN BY SHRAPNEL

Germans Were Forced to Retire, Leaving Hundreds of Dead

Canadian Press Despatch.

PETROGRAD, Feb. 6.—The latest reports from the front in Russian Poland bring some brief details of the important Russian victory on the Zzura River.

While the Germans, with three-quarters of their forces along the Bzura continued to hammer at the Russian line, the Russians seized this opportunity to throw their forces across the Bzura at Kamion, near the junction of the Bzura with the Vistula, and captured the German fortified position at this place. At the same time they drove the Germans across the Bzura at Dalkhova, which is close to Sochaczew.

At Kamion the Russians captured a quantity of steelproof shields. They also secured a number of quick-firing guns from the enemy in this district, and also on the Upper Rawka River, they were successful in capturing a good many German outposts.

Near Bolimow the Germans were unrelenting in their attacks, and the Russians countered with equal ferocity.

Forced to Retire.

The German forces repeatedly made use of motor cars, on which machine guns and quick-firing guns had been set us. A hail of shrapnel from the Russian lines, however, forced them to retire.

Russian military authorities are of the opinion that the desperate move evidenced by the Germans in Russian Poland is a shield for the removal of forces towards the western front, and they compare these attacks with those delivered by Gen. Von Hindenberg.

From Skierniewice southward, to Radom and Kielce, there have been scattering artillery engagements.

Further southward of this line Austro-German forces have attempted to take the offensive at Shernike, which is 16 miles to the southwest of Kielce, and also at a point near Rembov, which is 12 miles further south on the River Nida.

Attack Anticipated.

At Shernike the Russians, anticipating an attack, destroyed the bridge over the Nida and shelled the enemy from the opposite bank, forcing him to retire. At Rembov the Russians also report advance. At Shabno, which is just north of Tarnow, in Galicia, the Austrians made an attempt upon the Russian fortification on the left bank of the Dunajec. They endeavored to approach by means of an elaborate system of trenches, but they were driven out from these shelters at the point of the bayonet.

In the Carpathians, from Dukla Pass to Uzzok, and thence 50 miles directly south to Przemysl, the Russians report a continued advance in which they are pushing the enemy to the south. Three thousand prisoners are reported to have been taken in the various actions of the past three days.

KAISER HAS GONE TO EASTERN ZONE

After Completing His Inspection of Wilhelmshaven Naval Base

Canadian Press Despatch.

LONDON, Feb. 6.—An official announcement received here today from Berlin says that Emperor William, after completing his inspection of the German naval base at Wilhelmshaven, has gone to the eastern war zone by way of Czenstochowa, Russian Poland. A telegram sent by the emperor to the troops which participated in the attack on Herts and Cracow is given in the Berlin despatch as follows:

"Warm congratulations for your fine success, which is to be ascribed to wisdom of the commanding officers as well as to the great bravery of the troops, whose month-long activity in trench warfare could in no wise diminish their attacking power."

BODIES OF GERMANS PILED BREAST HIGH

Terrific Slaughter of Poland's Invaders Made at Goumine.

USED POISON SHELLS

Russians by Counter Attacks Carried Three Lines of Enemy's Trenches.

Special Cable to The Toronto World.

PETROGRAD, Feb. 5.—The correspondent of The Novoe Vremya who witnessed the fierce fighting along the Polish front during the past few days declares that the Germans concentrated the fire of 100 batteries on the Russians positions near Goumine in an effort to smash a way thru their lines. Seventy shells, he said, were dropped simultaneously in one spot.

Three Lines of Trenches Carried.

The attempt of the Germans to turn the Russian flank met with disastrous failure, the latter in a counter attack carrying three lines of trenches near Esorzhimoff. In one place, it is stated, the bodies of the Germans were piled breast high. The Russians captured a number of prisoners and 14 rapid fire guns. In their attempt to force the Russian position, the Germans it is stated, used shells which when exploded liberated poisonous gases, especially irritating to the eyes.

Division of Death.

The failure of the repeated assaults against the Russian position at Geunine, and the appalling loss of life which followed each attempt led the Germans to characterize this leading division as the 'division of death," as it was apparent that few or none survived.

Detachments of the Prussian guard have been sent from Lovich, it is said, with orders to pierce the Russians' line between Goumine and Bolimoff.

SNOWSTORM STALLS ST. THOMAS TRAFFIC

Special to The Toronto World.

ST. THOMAS, Feb. 6.—A big snow and wind storm hit this place about 7 o'clock tonight, blocking railroad traffic on many of the roads.

The London and Port Stanley division of the Pere Marquette is completely tied up, several trains being stalled in a drift at Glanworth. The electric line between St. Thomas and Port Stanley went out of commission at 7.30, and nothing was moved after that, several cars with many passengers being stalled at outlying points.

DAIRYMEN HELPED RED CROSS SOCIETY

Five Thousand Dollars Has Already Been Donated to Canadian and English Funds

Early in October last the Dairymen's Association of western Ontario opened a fund to be known as the Dairymen's Patriotic Fund, identified with the dairy products of the western part of this province. A circular letter sent out by the secretary of the fund to the officers of all dairy manufacturing plants suggested that the patrons be requested to voluntarily contribute the proceeds from one day's milk or cream, or any portion there of, and that employes subscribe one day's pay or any portion there of. No expense whatever has been charged against the fund.

From the total amount received to date one thousand dollars has been set aside for the Canadian Red Cross Society and a cheque for this amount has been received by the treasurer. The society is grateful to the Dairymen's Association for this patriotic example which it trusts will be followed by others.

The sum of four thousand dollars has been cabled to Colonel Hodgetts, the Canadian commissioner of the Red Cross in London, by the Ottawa branch of the society. A further sum of four thousand dollars will be sent by the same branch for the purchase of two other motor ambulances.

Echoes From Parliament Hill

BY TOM KING

Special to The Toronto World.

OTTAWA, Feb. 6.—The opening of parliament is always marked by old world pomp and pageantry. When the session opened in November, their royal highnesses drove in state to Parliament Hill where great crowds viewed the guard of honor and listened to the martial music of the great guns on Nepean Point. But a "coonskin opening" in February, as an irreverent newspaper man once termed it, does not lend itself to outdoor ceremonial. A motor quickly brings the royal party from Rideau Hall, and only a handful of spectators brave the blizzard to witness the military manouvres. On Thursday, however, the sun was shining brightly and no wind was stirring, yet even the most intrepid of our military heroes preferred to witness the pageant from inside.

The senators, old but still gallant, gave up their places to their wives and daughters and fair friends of the social four hundred. The long rows of fair women in evening dress relieved the lover of peace who otherwise would have been appalled at the display of martial grandeur. Nearly every man in the sacred precincts was a son of Mars.

The prime minister was resplendent in a gorgeous uniform with a sword by his side ready for instant action. Major-General Hughes was armed to the teeth and Senator George Taylor, best remembered in annals of the house for his annual birthday barrel of apples, fairly blazed with military harness and accoutrements. One seeing him thus could imagine him distributing bullets or even eating them for breakfast—but, apples? The very thought was unspeakable!

Almost out of sight, huddled bareheaded and standing together behind the bar were two hundred men in plain everyday clothes, representing the people of Canada. One fair debutante would point them out to another as members of the "lower house." They stood on tiptoe to catch a glimpse of the gorgeous spectacle, and then followed Mr. Speaker back to their dingy chamber, where the galleries were entirely deserted. The beauty and chivalry of Canada's capital did not invade the green chamber. They flocked like birds of plumage to the receptions being held by the Speakers of the senate and house, respectively. Truth to tell, the commons did not linger long over their business, but adjourned almost immediately, swarming in to pay their respects at his honor's levee, where Mrs. Sproule and some of the cabinet ladies were in the receiving line.

But in spite of the obvious effort to make the opening a brilliant spectacle, it was evident that the members of parliament were men over whom anxious care was brooding. There were handshakings and greetings, but not the jolly opening-of-school merriment of former years. Coming as they did from every part of the country, they realized how little social or even official Ottawa reflects the changing conditions of Canada. They seemed more than ever before like business men engaged together for the conduct of great business. Hence many on Thursday gathered the impression that the coming session will be quite free from personal and party bickerings. Perhaps the members were unconsciously impressed and stimulated by the cable from London which told of Canada being held up as an example to all the empire for a country where in war-time

"None were for the party, but all were for the state,"

a praise which, tho' even not entirely deserved, will uplift the hearts of men. Our politicians may have been a little surprised to find how they were estimated and valued at the capital of the empire but they were not displeased. You may be sure the man who receives a hero medal, even tho by mistake, would try from that time on to be heroic, and for that matter, it must be admitted that party politics have been largely laid aside. If it were not for the haunting fear of a sudden election this would be purely a war session. Many members on both sides would be glad if they could be assured of a permanent truce until the government had successfully dealt with the enemy abroad. Mr. Asquith's recent speech in the British House quite correctly voices the sentiment which runs thru all the informal discussion now going on in Ottawa among members of parliament.

There are, of course, some big questions to be dealt with. The tariff changes may not commend themselves to the opposition; the export of nickel may result in a somewhat acrimonious discussion not bounded by party lines; complaints will be heard respecting the administration of several departments, and the minister of militia will find hostile critics on both sides of the chamber. Few men can argue long without losing their tempers, and party lines may be tightly drawn before the session is over.

To the bystander it looks as the General Hughes had a good many friends on the Liberal side, and that at present his most outspoken critics were to be found to the right of the speaker. Unless there is a caucus to permit the insurgents to have their day in court some plain speaking may be heard from a number of private members in the ranks of the government. We can grip the situation better after the debate on the address and the budget debate are concluded.

HOLY NAME UNION ELECTED OFFICERS

James O'Hagan of St. Mary's Parish is the New President

Previous to the annual business meeting of the Holy Name Union, in St. John's Chapel, Church street, benediction of the blessed sacrament was given by Rev. Father Pennylegion, the large body of delegates, representing every parish in the city, singing the benediction hymns. At the close of the service the revered spiritual director, V. Rev. Dean Hand, occupied the chair, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, James O'Hagan, St. Mary's Parish; first vice-president, James Delaney, St. Paul's Parish; second vice-president, J. W. Donahar, St. Vincent de Paul's Parish; treasurer, Frank Russell, St. Basil's Parish; corresponding secretary, R. J. Kerr, St. Joseph's Parish; financial secretary, F. R. Boylan, St. Ann's; marshal, P. N. Kennedy, St. Paul's Parish.

The V. Rev. Dean Hand in his address, spoke of the immense influence for good for the society and the virility of the archdiocesan union. He said: "The outstanding features of the year were the summer camp for boys at Clarkson, which was well patronized by boys from all the parishes in the city, and the camp's outfit represented an asset of over $1000 to the society; the support given to the St. Catharines and Berlin demonstrations, and the organization of the branch amongst the Catholic soldiers of the second contingent, and the presentation of over 300 Holy Name buttons to the men."

The complete membership of the union to date is 6687, being an increase of 1103 from the previous year, representing 45 city and suburban parishes, to the opposition; the export of nickel with about 30 junior branches, with a membership of about 2500. Special work of branches were reported from St. Peter's, presentation to Rev. L. Minehan and erection of marble tablet in the church. St. Helen's contributed $100 to the boys' camp and $50 to the Belgian relief fund. St. Paul's assisted in forwardin the erection of the magnificent new parish hall. St. Clare's furnished the new parish house and have undertaken to supply the salary of the church caretaker. St. Anthony's collected $400 for the placing of a marble Holy Name altar in the church and liquidate the debts on the parish hall. Holy Rosary Church assisted as a body in paying the cost of the building of a new parish hall.

The next qquarterly meeting will be held in March, at the Holy name Parish School, Carlaw avenue.

Telephone Maison Boyle Adelaide 2268

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The Greatest Clearing Sale

---OF---

High-Class Coats, Suits and Skirts

Toronto Has Ever Seen.

$15 to $17.50 Women's Coats, $3.95

Made up in fine quality, heavy all-wool coatings in black, Copen and navy, also some fine quality dark gray chinchilla trimmed with silk plush collars and cuffs. Regular prices $15.00 to $17.50. Rush clearance price ... $3.95

$15 to $25 Suits for $5.00

Made up in fine quality, all-wool materials in black, navy, gray and tan, all coats are lined with fine quality silk or satin, mostly imported New York Suits. Regular prices up to $25.00. Rush clearance price $5.00

$15 Afternoon Dresses at $9.95

Made up of fine quality messaline silk in black, navy and Copen, these were exceptional value at $15.00. Rush clearance price $9.95

278 Yonge St. W. R. Boyle Limited — THE STORE WITH THE EXCLUSIVE STYLES Cor. Alice St.

DUNDAS RAISED BIG SUM FOR THE PATRIOTIC FUND

Fire Department Needs New Chemical Truck and Hose, Says Report of Chief.

DUNDAS, Feb. 6.—At a meeting of the Dundas patriotic fund committee held last week, the total subscriptions were reported to amount to $9668. The treasurer was instructed to forward twenty per cent. of the above amount to J. P. Bell of Hamilton towards the Hamilton and Wentworth patriotic fund.

The annual report of the fire department was submitted to the town council this week by Chief W. H. Knowles. The report stated that the total number of fires during the past year necessitating the attendance of the fire department was seven, and that the total loss by fire was $1760. The insurance paid on these fires was $710, leaving a net loss of $1050. The chief recommended the purchase of a combination hose and chemical truck with a capacity of 1200 feet of hose.

The tax collector presented his annual report to the council. The report showed the amount collected during the year to be $50,455.51. The amount on the tax roll was $57,425.28, leaving a balance of uncollected taxes of $6,967.77.

Last evening in the armories, the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the 77th Wentworth Regiment, which is leaving with the third Canadian overseas contingent, gave an informal concert. Mayor Fisher, the councillors and officials of the town, with their wives, were present, and an enjoyable evening was spent. The soldiers provided a splendid concert, which was followed by a banquet.

The public utilities commission has requested the council to take up the question of a better water supply and the matter will be attended to immediately. The commission will shortly present plans to the council for an improved system.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

Owing to the increased popularity of Mr. and Mrs. Mosher, they have decided to run a Tea Dance every Saturday afternoon from 4 to 6 at Dunning's Limited, where unexcelled tea service will be given.

LIMIT CAPACITY ON RADIAL CARS

Hamilton City Council Will Ask Railway Board for an Order

Special to The Toronto World.

HAMILTON, Ont., Feb. 6.—That faction of the city council which has been out for the street railway company with a big club is now proposing to have the special committee of the board of works approach the Ontario Railway Board and demand that the Dominion Power and Transmission Company be forced to limit the number of people riding on its cars. The order, if granted will read exactly like that which Toronto is using, as follows:

"That the carrying capacity of closed cars be limited to 50 per cent. above seating capacity and of open cars to the seating capacity."

The special street railway committee will wait next week on the company and ask for new roadbeds on King West, York street, Margaret, and Main street at once, and will also discuss the above proposal.

Is Nature Starting to Foreclose The Mortgage on Your Health?

If So, "Discharge the Indebtedness by Chiropractic"---Hoffman.

Now, you probably ask yourself what is chiropractic. I will try to tell you as briefly as possible.

If some person has told you that a chiropractor rubs your spine, forget it; they don't. Chiropractic is a scientific system of treating disease by means of physiological adjustment of the spinal column. No medication of any kind, either internal or external, is employed. Whenever there is a diseased condition of the body it will be found that one or more bones of the spinal column—the vertebrae—are more or less displaced, subluxated, or out of alignment. Chiropractic treatment consists of a certain process of spinal manipulation whereby these subluxated vertebrae are placed in re-alignment, thereby permitting normal function of the parts and organs supplied by the nerves involved and compressed by the displaced vertebrae.

All Methods of Practice Recognize the Importance of the Nervous System.

The control of the human machine lies in the nerves. The brain and the spine are the seat of all human power—the storage battery from which emanates the energy that moves the human body and controls all its organs.

The principle of Chiropractic treatment is by no means new, for a similar method of spinal adjustment has been known and successfully practiced in certain sections of Europe for many years, having had its origin in Bohemia a century or so ago. It was introduced in this country about twelve years ago, and its wonderful value as a curative agent, even in its then crude form, was at once recognized by many careful observers. Since then it has been vastly improved upon and developed until today it is thoroughly systematized, and is on a solid basis of an exact, scientific system of physiological adjustment.

No organ, tissue, or part is without a system of minute nerves ramifying to even the most diminutive structures, carrying their life-innervating force to the bones, ligaments, muscles, fat, lungs, stomach, kidneys, bowels, etc.

This nerve force, innervation, or impulse, we shall compare with the electricity which sets in motion, and keeps going, the machinery in a large manufacturing plant. In order thoroughly to grasp the idea contained in this comparison it should be borne in mind that in the great human establishment, everything is complete within the one building, and that the entire works are controlled from the one central station, the brain, and one main cable of distribution, the spinal cord, with its sixty-two branches, the spinal nerves.

The branches referred to, passing out from the main cable to their terminal points, pass between movable bones—vertebrae. This is the point of greatest apprehension for the Chiropractor—the master mechanic—as a branch nerve, leaving the vertebral column at this point, is often pinched between the vetebrae, thus interfering with the normal nerve impulse being transmitted from the central station (the brain) to the nerve terminus, producing discord at that end. If the pressure should be strong enough it would cause loss of function at that point, or paralysis. If the pressure should be light, it would cause fever, irritation, etc.

According to the degree of pressure and the location in the spinal column will depend the degree of disturbance at the nerve terminals.

Interference With Nerve Force Causes Disease.

As we have compared the nerves to the wires carrying electricity from the power house to the machinery in a great factory, we now wish to compare the stomach, heart, lungs, kidneys, bladder, spleen, pancreas, bowels and all the different organs of the body, to the various machines in the factory. When the nerve force going to these organs is interfered with, we have stomach diseases, heart diseases, lung diseases, etc., etc. Or if the muscle tissues are lacking their normal nerve impulse, we have tissue diseases, rheumatism, or skin diseases, and so on.

This will be perfectly clear to you when you stop to consider the comparison. If trouble existed in machinery run by electricity, you would immediately look to the electric current producing the motor power. If the machinery ran slowly, you would consider that the voltage was low, and would at once take steps to correct it; and likewise, if the machinery were working too fast, you would lessen the current.

Now, why not do the same thing with human machinery which is run by nerve force? This is correct reasoning, and Chiropractors are proving it every day.

The life of every organ and part—and of the body entire—is ruled by the nerves.

Every movement of the body—voluntary, or involuntary—is governed by nerve influence. Every ailment, physical or mental, is caused by interference with the nerve impulse.

When the nerve impulse to the heart is interfered with, for instance, there is heart trouble.

How foolish, in such case, to attempt to "doctor" the heart itself!

How much more sensible to begin at the other end—the start of the trouble! How much more natural to remove the cause of the disorder, to permit a normal supply of nervous energy to reach the heart, that the latter may perform its functions as Nature intended. That's the Chiropractic way.

When we fully understand the structure of the spinal cord and the sixty-two nerves emanating from it, as well as that of the series of vertebrae through which the cord passes, we can better appreciate that the slightest displacement of any of the vertebrae must squeeze or pinch some portion of these nerves and disturb the normal functions of some organ or part of the body, producing disease or weakness at that point.

The peculiar alignment of the vertebrae renders them easily liable to displacement through twisting, straining or wrenching the back, or from some abuse of Nature's laws which govern the body—though the patient does not necessarily experience pain in the back or any conscious perception that the spinal column or any of the nerves emanating from same may be affected.

The Chiropractor knows the anatomy of the spine so thoroughly that he has no difficulty in locating the subluxation or mal-alignment—and in correcting the same by means of the peculiar Chiropractic thrust, he brings the vertebrae back to normal position, thus relieving nerve tension.

That's the natural way to cure disease—by removing the cause—and there's no other way that can give permanent results.

It is no longer a theory or a speculation in the mind of the scientific world, as the thousands of remarkable cures due to Chiropractic adjustment during the past few years (mostly of so-called hopeless cases) have firmly established the results of Chiropractic.

If you are feeling tough don't dose your poor old hardworking stomach with some noxious mixture, try Chiropractic, God's pure air and sunshine. The cost of Chiropractic adjustments are practically nil compared with the results they will achieve.

In conclusion, we invite you to consult us, no matter what your ailment is or how long standing. Our advice is absolutely free. Make appointments by 'phone.

DRS. HOFFMAN

394 Roncesvalles Ave. CHIROPRACTORS 893 Bloor St.

Phone Junction 1943 Phone College 7857

Hours of consultation:—10 to 12 a.m., 2 to 7 p.m.

BAPTISTS DEMAND FIGHT TO FINISH

Hot Shot for Neutrals Who Make Almighty Dollar Supreme.

Rev. Dr. McKay of The Canadian Baptist has issued the following vigorous rebuke to the peace-at-any-price apologists for the Germans. Dr. McKay says: "We are for peace, but not for peace at any moment, nor peace at any price. The hour has come for Canadians to buckle on their armor along with the other parts of the empire, and to remain in the conflict until justice has been meted out to those who have begun and continued hellish deeds of militarism. We do not believe the time for peace has yet arrived. Some barriers are yet to be cleared away. And when the time arrives, it must not be a peace at any price, but at a price satisfactory to the allies, who have poured out their blood in the interest of humanity at large. So far as making terms of peace is concerned, we do not think it should or will be left to neutrals, who, to save their own skins, winked at the injustice and cruelties of certain belligerents and were awakened to the fact that they were also necessarily interested in the war only when seized with fear lest their commercial affairs might suffer.

PROMISE NEW SCHOOL FOR JESSE KETCHUM

Trustee C. A. Brown Made Important Statement at Patriotic Concert Given by Pupils.

"I hope your entertainment next year will be held in your new school. The trustees have voted $180,000 towards this and the work should be carried out during the coming summer," said Trustee C. A. Brown, when presenting the prizes to the pupils of the Jesse Ketchum school at a patriotic concert held at the Church of the Redeemer Sunday school Friday night.

The large hall was absolutely crowded and the children gave an excellent account of themselves. The tots from the kintergarden sang beautifully a song about their babie doilies. Capt. Edith Bill, a girl of eight, commanded a regiment of young ladies in drill. The bigger boys gave exhibitions of dumb-bell and gun exercises splendidly. Mrs. Lily L. Howard, an expupil of the school, sang "Land of Hope and Glory," and assisted in singing a quartette number with Miss Peters and H. Cusack and W. Sparks. Perhaps the best thing of the evening was the closing number, when children were dressed to represent Britannia, sailors and soldiers from Britain, Canada, France, Russia, Sweden and Japan, the choir singing the national anthems under the tuition of Miss Peters. Miss C. Pattillo acted as accompanist.

The funds are to be devoted to the Belgian and school funds.

DEATHS.

MURRAY—At her late residence, 61 Highlands avenue, on Friday morning, Feb. 5, Harriet J. Norton, widow of the late Dr. Charles S. Murray.

Funeral Monday, Feb. 8, at 8.30 a.m., to the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes. Interment at St. Michael's Cemetery.

KILLED IN ACTION.

Roger Crook Pepler, who was killed while in action on Jan. 25 with the Princess Patricia Light Infantry, was the son of the late E. P. Pepler of Barrie. He was educated at Upper Canada College and came from Edmonton to enlist. His brother, Lieut. Eric Pepler, is with the Engineers at Salisbury.

Annie Russell, who closed her two week's tour in "His Royal Happiness," has gone south for a rest. It is likely, however, that Miss Russell will produce before the end of the season a play by Paul Kester, entitled "Friend Hannah," which was seen some time ago in London.

"Cure Your Rupture Like I Cured Mine"

Old Sea Captain Cured His Own Rupture After Doctors Said "Operate or Death."

His Remedy and Book Sent Free.

Captain Collings sailed the seas for many years; then he sustained a bad double rupture that soon forced him to not only remain ashore, but kept him bedridden for years. He tried doctor after doctor and truss after truss. No results! Finally, he was assured that he must either submit to a dangerous and abhorrent operation or die. He did neither! He cured himself instead.

"Follow Men and Women, You Don't Have To Be Cut Up, and You Don't Have To Be Tortured By Trusses."

Captain Collings made a study of himself, of his condition—and at last he was rewarded by the finding of the method that so quickly made him a well, strong, vigorous and happy man.

Anyone can use the same method: it's simple, easy, safe and inexpensive. Every ruptured person in the world should have the Captain Collings book, telling all about how he cured himself, and how anyone may follow the same treatment in their own home without any trouble. The book and medicine are FREE. They will be sent prepaid to any rupture sufferer who will fill out the below coupon. But send it right away—now—before you put down this paper.

FREE RUPTURE BOOK AND REMEDY COUPON.

Capt. W. A. Collings (Inc.)
Box 51 Watertown, N. Y.

Please send me your FREE Rupture Remedy and Book without any obligation on my part whatever.

Name .....

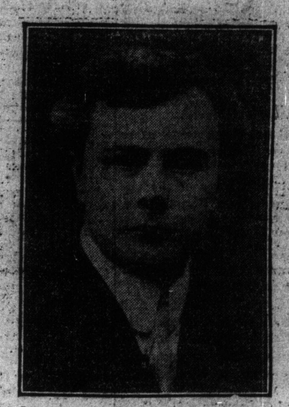
Address .....

.....

JOSEF HOFMANN

The World Famous Pianist

Who will be heard in Massey Hall in the near future



USES ONLY THE

STEINWAY

America's Greatest Piano

In a letter to Steinway & Sons, Hofmann speaks of the "Miniature" Grand in the following terms:

—I congratulate you most heartily on this latest triumph in the art of piano building, for you have certainly achieved what you have striven for in this little Grand, and that is the reproduction of your Concert Grand "en Miniature."

A Complete Line of Steinways Always on View in Our Warerooms.

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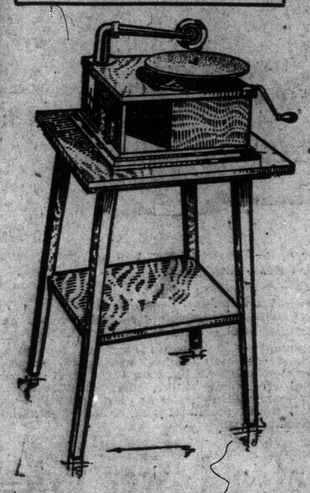
No Home "Be It Ever So Humble" Need Be Without a Talking Machine Now

Think of It
$9.75



One of the largest manufacturers of Talking Machines Discontinues a model from his catalogue. Adams buys entire stock on hand at unprecedented low price.

The makers realizing that there is no money in it for them in producing low priced machines, because practically the same effort is required in making as in the high priced types, decided to take this instrument off their list—***that was our opportunity.***

By making them an offer to take all they had in stock—about 100—we bought them at a figure that enables us to sell them away under any former price for a good talking machine—***this is your opportunity.***

THE "MARVEL"—which is the name of this talking machine—is a wonderfully efficient sound-reproducing instrument and will give you the means for unending pleasure and entertainment during the long winter evenings at home. It has a large size cabinet, 11½ inches square, plays any record and in every way meets the desire for a good talking machine.

You Can Buy One for $1 Down Monday

$1 Weekly Afterwards

As there is no doubt that this announcement will bring a good size rush for these talking machines and while the quantity is large, there will be no future chance to buy one at such an insignificant price, and on such easy terms, we advise those interested to place their order early.

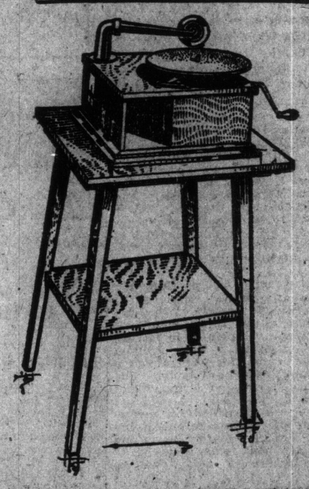
HERE ARE ITS PRINCIPAL POINTS: **Cabinet:** Best quality grained oak. **Cabinet Measurements:** 11½ inches wide, 11½ inches deep and 5 inches high. **Metal Finish:** All exposed metal parts heavily nickel plated with exception of tone-arm and tone-arm bracket, which are Japan finished. **Motor:** One spring drive, durable, even running and silent. Plays any 12-inch record, and can be wound while running. **Motor-control:** Speed regulator operated on graduated dial combined with start and stop device. **Needle Equipment:** 100 medium tone needles. **Tone-arm:** Japan finished tone-arm with ball-and-socket joint. **Reproducer:** Full tone model.

Never Again
Will You Buy a Talking Machine for so Little Money.

Exchange Privilege If so desired purchaser can exchange this instrument, within 60 days from date of purchase, for any style of Columbia Grafonola. Full value of payments made allowed.

Adams
CITY HALL SQUARE

Get One Quick
$9.75



Columbia Records for February

Here are a half-dozen big "hits" from this month's list. 85 cents each: "Tip, Top, Tipperary Mary"—"A Little Bit of Heaven"—"Garry Owen" and "The Campbells Are Coming"—"Cotton Blossom Time"—"The Golden Ring"—"When You Wore a Tulip and I Wore a Big Red Rose."
We sell all records in the complete Columbia Catalogue.

Columbia Records for February

85 cents each, which includes a popular selection on the other side of record: "It's Too Late Now"—"Softly Floating on the Air"—"Love Moon"—"When You're a Long, Long Way from Home"—"Siamese Patrol"—"I Had a Devil of a Time Last Night."
We sell all records in the complete Columbia Catalogue.

THE LION, THE EAGLES AND THE BEAR.

The back of the war is broken. That seems to be the conclusion to be derived from the week's developments. It may take a considerable time to clean up the mess, but there can be no doubt that Germany, to judge by the violence of her squeals, is beginning to feel that there are better tasks than fighting civilization with the world behind it. Premier Asquith permitted himself a decidedly sanguine note in his speech, when he hoped "that at no distant date" the accounts would be in a condition to "draw a line and add," as the teachers used to say at school. When the sum is made up there will be a long tally against Germany, and she appears to be like a man on a spree, reckless about his spendings, and careless who he hits, as long as he can use up the force of the liquor which is in him. Perhaps it was not for nothing that Berlin was built on the Spree, but the kaiser has certainly made an historical debauch of it, and he and his dynasty will be trusted never again in Europe. Germany is squealing in adozen ways. As long there is a way out, a rat will do its best to fight and run, but when it is cornered and there is no way of escape, and it knows the fact, it sets up the most dismal squealing that one may wish to hear. Germany has arrived at the squealing stage. There is no way of escape.

* * *

Nothing but madness can be found in the bluffing proclamation by which the world is informed that the ports of Great Britain are blockaded by the German navy. The English cartoon dealing with this shows a cat watching a mouse hole, while the mouse peeps out and says: "If you don't go away I'll bite you." The cat is not going away in the least. The mouse does not appear anxious to come out of his hole, and so the naval situation does not permit of any bluffing. To destroy all merchant ships on sight would be against all international codes and laws, and the neutral states would not stand for it. Perhaps Germany would like to arouse the world, or what remains unaroused at the present stage, and then make the excuse that she had to yield to force majeur. The plea upon which the determination to sink neutral vessels without warning is based, is that Great Britain ordered or authorized her merchant marine to use neutral flags. This appears to be an unadulterated lie. It is suggested that the United States will ask Great Britain if such be the case. One can imagine the scorn with which Winston Churchill would characterize the German invention, and the indignation with which the suggestion has been received that England is afraid to support her own colors or unable to protect them. Great Britain will pay no attention to the blockade bluff, nor will she institute any counter blockade. The present blockade is sufficiently effective. Germany feels the pinch, and that is all that is required. At the same time the action of Germany leaves Britain's hands entirely free should she desire to adopt any similar means.

* * *

Fighting on the western battlefields has been more active during the week, and the allies have had the best of it. A studied attempt is being made to break thru the southern German lines, not merely with the object of occupying Alsace and Lorraine, but apparently with the design of gaining an entrance to Germany across the Rhine in this region. Whether this can be accomplished or not, the effort certainly keeps the German troops busy, and draws them from other points. German military policy is directed at present to gaining some decisive advantage, either in the east or the west, whereby many great armies might be set free to attack weaker points in the lines of the allies. This game is being met with counter games, and the Germans are not making headway. The furious assaults by Von Hindenburg's troops against the Russians in the field west of Warsaw, which the Germans sadly covet, have all come to nothing but losses of the most deadly character. As many as 30,000 men have been sacrificed in one battle, and with no result. This kind of war must soon wear itself out. Not even volunteer troops will give themselves up for unceasing forlorn hopes, and the German soldiers, whose discipline, as Mr. Cecil Chesterton put it, is merely to make them so much afraid of their officers that they will be less afraid of anything else, are not the men to continue to supply pluck and siprit in the face of useless and unconquering loss. The Germans farther east are in an equally bad way, and the German officers, leading Turkish and guerilla troops, are unable to impress their discipline on the barbaric hordes they have assembled, and if they persist will suffer at the hands of the men they persecute. The attack on the Suez Canal does not appear to be a very serious matter, and the Australian and New Zealand troops, with the gallant Rajput forces from India, render the march on the land of the Pharaohs a kind of anti-climax to the flight of the Israelites out of Egypt.

* * *

Werner Horn got his name into the war by trying to blow up a C. P. R. bridge on the boundary between Maine and Canada. He blew up his thumb, and is in custody for breaking windows—a typical German hero. That he represents the attempt of Germany to embroil the United States and Great Britain is probable, but nothing of the sort is likely to succeed. The United States as a nation are more interested in the commercial end of the war than in the political, which engages their interest as a people. The price of wheat is a much more engrossing factor to the American business man than Germany's bluff blockade, which means nothing at all. Wheat may be a great factor in the condition of business should there be an early close to the war. At present everybody is counting on a prolonged war and the need for surplus wheat from America. The price has been soaring for some weeks on this assumption. If Premier Asquith's "at no distant date" should prove true, and the war be unable, as the English astrologers declare, "to survive the very favorable aspect of the planets in June and July," and should peace negotiations be going on in Berlin before the wheat harvest is reaped, the bears in the wheat pit might have the time of their lives. As the wheat crop means anywhere around three hundred million dollars to Canada there are some people who doubt that an early peace would be desirable.

WILL INSIST ON A FAIR WAGE CLAUSE

Hamilton Labor Council Will Try to Stop Employment of Non-Union Men

HOTEL BUSINESS SLACK

Civic Works Likely to Be Curtailed in Order to Keep the Tax-Rate Down

By a Staff Reporter.

HAMILTON, Feb. 6.—That the Trades and Labor Council will make a determined effort to stop the employment of non-union workmen on the new mountain hospital, on which work will be started shortly, was evidenced last night when it was decided at the annual meeting to request the officials in charge of the submitting of the various contracts and the city officials to see that a fair wage clause is inserted in every contract. The council cannot demand that union men and union wages be paid, but the insertion of the fair wage clause provides for this, as it means that union wages will have to be paid in order that the minimum salary set by the city is given. Some complaints have also reached the council that non-union workmen have been employed on the alteration work being done at the city hospital, and the proper authorities will be requested to remedy this matter immediately.

A delegation from the Trades and Labor Council will wait on the board of control in the near future to urge the necessity of having a fair wage clause inserted in every contract let by the city during the year. Some matters concerning the work of the building inspector will also be discussed, while another effort will be made to have the city appoint a scaffolding inspector, so as to eliminate to a large extent the dangers encountered by workmen thru faulty scaffolds being erected around buildings in the course of construction.

Hotel Receipts Down.

Hotelmen in Hamilton point out that there is little necessity for any further restrictions in the license laws. While there have been no hotels closed, as is the case in Toronto, the local hotelmen claim that the receipts at the present time and for some time past are sixty per cent. lower than they were during the corresponding months last year. It is said that there are more than forty bartenders out of work, so that it looks as if the people were putting on all the restrictions necessary at the present time.

Wants Naturalization.

The first man in Hamilton to apply for imperial naturalization certificates under the new Naturalization Act was Anthony Yarosh, the well-known Polish court interpreter, who made application for certificates to Crown Attorney Washington yesterday. The application will have to be considered at the general sessions of the peace, with Judge Snider presiding, which will not be held until September next. Mr. Yarosh will post his notice in the postoffice, where it will have to remain for three months, according to the new act.

City Will Save Money.

Economy is the watchword in the administration of the city affairs this year, according to Mayor Walters' statements and actions and the actions of the board of control so far. The civic officials are going to take no chances of having a large overdraft at the close of the year, and do not care to have the city go to too great expense in running its affairs. The officials are also trying to keep the tax rate down to twenty mills, but in order to do so they will have to abandon considerable necessary work around the city. It has also been decided that no person in connection with the city will be given any increase in salary except those who will get it according to bylaws, which call for an annual increase until a maximum salary is reached. On the other hand, cuts in salaries are being made and employes let out in order that the city's expenses can be kept down as much as possible. Neither the city nor any of its departments or employes will be allowed to indulge in luxuries at the expense of the municipality, and will have to be content in getting along as best they can on the present equipment.

During the past week the board of control has been busy going over the estimates for 1915 for the various departments, and in some cases thousands of dollars have been chopped off the estimates. This paring will continue until the board is satisfied that not one dollar other than is absolutely necessary will be spent. Many improvements to the city's streets, parks and buildings, which have been made otrer years and which were practically unavoidable, will not be made this year if the present intentions of Mayor Walters and the board of control are carried out.

DANCING

Pavlowa Academy the Most Popular Place — Conditions Here Are the Very Best — Nowhere Can the Pastime Be Better Enjoyed

There is a vast difference in dancing at Pavlowa Academy and most any other place in Toronto — this place has so many advantages over the smaller buildings with low ceilings. One of the features of the Pavlowa Academy is the ventilation. Good ventilation in a building where people are taking any kind of exercise is now very important, and Toronto people who enjoy the pastime of dancing should choose a place well ventilated.

A person who has not been to Pavlowa Academy for some time would now be greatly surprised at the quality of music furnished to the dancers. A great many have remarked lately that the Pavlowa Orchestra is one of the very best, if not the best, in this city. Probably not a place in Canada has better music than Pavlowa Academy.

For those that wish to learn the modern dances, Pavlowa Academy is the place to go. There is a class there every evening at 7.30 and private lessons can be arranged for by appointment any time during the day or evening.

Pavlowa Academy guarantees to teach the fox trot, hesitation, or the one-step in one private lesson.

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

"ALEXIS" Blood Purifiers

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 3200.

PET HORSE OF CAMP ONCE KING'S MOUNT

Bill Bailey, Owned by Major Taschereau, Goes to Front With Canadians

BEST TRAINED IN ARMY

Only Steed on Record Able to Pick Out Master From Crowd

SALISBURY, Eng., Jan. 31.—Bill Bailey is going to war. Altho he deserves an old age pension instead of being ordered to the front, he must accompany the Canadian division. Bill Bailey hasn't enlisted, and he doesn't receive $1.10 per day. All he gets is several meals a day, much attention and much admiration. Bill Bailey is a horse. Be it said that this animal is the most famous among all those to be found in the Royal Canadian Dragoons, Lord Strathcona's Horse, the artillery, or any other unit in which horses are required. And that is saying a great deal, for there are many famous horses in Salisbury Camp. One or two have won and lost money for thousands of people who patronized the "bookies" and the pari-mutuels at the Woodbine and other tracks, and there are many who have done the musical ride before a million or so people at the Canadian National Exhibition. In the words of Sam Vaet, "There is only one thing that can beat Bill Bailey in any way whatsoever, and that is his shadow, if the sun should be in the right direction."

Ridden by King George.

Bill Bailey derives his fame because of the fact that when King George visited Canada in 1902 and 1908, as Prince of Wales, Bill Bailey was his mount. In 1902 this horse was the property of the government, which purchased him some time previously in anticipation of the visit of the Prince of Wales. The following year Bill Bailey was bought by Major Taschereau of Halifax, an officer of the Royal Canadian Dragoons for many years. When the prince attended the tercentenary celebration at Quebec in 1908 Bill Bailey was again requisitioned, but he still remained in the possession of Major Taschereau. The major brought five horses with him to England. They are all of the best, but none can compare with Bill Bailey.

Fine Specimen of Horse.

Bill stands 16½ hands in height and he is as black as charcoal. Altho 21 years of age he will certainly last until he is shot at the front. If he should not meet with a German bullet, judging by the severe strain on horses at the front, he will be shot by Major Taschereau before the war is over. "He is getting pretty old," said the owner. "And even if he should be wounded I think I will kill him outright. No German will get him alive anyway."

At present Bill is comfortably stabled at Shrewton with his regiment. No man is looked after any more carefully than this horse. He gets every attention because he is looked upon by members of the regiment as the greatest horse that ever lived. Despite his age he acts like a young colt. He is driven hard over the muddy Downs every day, and he comes back to Shrewton dripping with mud and lather and his wonderful black fur curled up. But soon the attendant gets busy and Bill's hide is quickly brushed until it glistens. And then he is ready for more work.

Training Splendid.

Bill has almost human intelligence. He does not need a whip or spur. He is human enough to know that both hurt, so he gallops, canters, runs or walks whenever he receives directions. He lies down when ordered and will follow his master anywhere when requested. He would not do these things for anyone but Major Taschereau.

It is said that Col. Victor Williams and Major Taschereau once had an argument on the question of whether a horse would recognize its master—that is, if he were with a group of brother horses Major Taschereau contended that Bill Bailey would recognize him anywhere. Just to prove it they lined up a number of horses, Bill Bailey among them, and a few officers casually walked by them. Major Taschereau was among the officers, but when he came to Bill Bailey the horse threw up his head and trotted after his master.

Horse Cannot Be Scared.

"No doubt about it. Bill has some sense," said the major. "He's almost human. You couldn't scare him with bugles, bands or dynamite because he was trained for the visit of the Prince of Wales, and I have further instructed him on the folly of being scared of anything. He takes no notice even of men, but I think he opens his eyes a little wider than usual if he spies a pretty girl. No one informed his majesty when he reviewed the troops a couple of months ago that Bill Bailey was present. I was away that day and I was very sorry. Captain Ned Williams was riding him. Bill Bailey stood as stiff as a ramrod when the King went by, and I hear his majesty took more than one look at him. I also hear that the Queen gazed a little longer at Bill than the other horses, and that Bill reciprocated by just looking his prettiest and opening his eyes a little wider. He likes the sight of a pretty lady, especially a queen."

Only One "BROMO QUININE"
To get the genuine, call for full name, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. 25c.

LAWRENCE'S HOME-MADE BREAD

The bread that has been a favorite for a score of years. Many a man and many a woman can say: "I have eaten Lawrence's Bread since I was a child, and partly owe my health and stredgth to its splendid quality."

5c FOR 24 OZ. 5c

Lawrence's Bread is not cheaply made, although it is cheap in price. No baker uses better, and, perhaps, not as good, flour as I do, and no baker endeavors to give as fine a product and as much of it as I do at the price. Let that be as it may, you try my bread, and be your own judge. A trial loaf delivered on receipt of a telephone message.

Phone Coll. 321
Order Yours Now

Geo. Lawrence,
Baker.

BURNED TO DEATH IN THE RUDD FIRE

Remains of Robert Groushaw Were Found Among the Ruins

SMOKING IN BASEMENT

Evidently Was Overcome by Smoke Before He Woke Up

While clearing away the debris on Saturday morning at the Rudd Paper Box Company's factory, 376 West Richmond street, which was burned on Jan. 27, Frederick Cripps, 4 Prescott avenue, and John Newton, 702 West King street, found the charred remains of Robert Goushaw, 45 years, 27 Blackburn avenue.

According to Robert McKillop, an employe of the Rudd firm, he heard cries for help when he was making his way to safety during the fire. It is thought that it was cries from Goushaw he heard. When the body was found it was lying head downwards over a pile of paper. It was a habit of the victim to go into the basement every noon hour for a smoke, and it is thought that he was overcome while trying to make his way to a basement window.

Mrs. Pegley, with whom Goushaw boarded, and who is also employed at the factory, became uneasy when Goushaw did not return for a couple of days, and was instrumental in having a search instituted. The firemen searched the ruins for several days but could not locate the body. The job was turned over to Cripps and Newton.

The body was identified by means of a number of receipts found in his pockets. His name was legible on one of them. His body was removed to the morgue, where an inquest will be held.

HAMILTON HYDRO WILL INSURE ITS EMPLOYES

Special to The Toronto World.

HAMILTON, Ont., Feb. 6.—After discussing the Workmen's Compensation Act, the hydro board at this morning's meeting decided to insure 50 men at $1000 each in the General Accident Insurance Company of Canada. The total premium will be in the neighborhood of $700. The board also took the advice of City Clerk Kent and will insure the hydro-electric patrol truck for $1000 against fire and accident to others than workmen.

Telephone Main 4890

LEHIGH VALLEY LV ANTHRACITE

Prompt Delivery.

Conger-Lehigh Coal

"The Coal That Satisfies."

High-grade, clean, hard anthracite coal. Give us a trial order.

CONGER-LEHIGH COAL CO., Limited,
95 Bay Street.

NO LIQUOR FOR HAMILTON TROOPS

License Commissioners Will Issue Strict Orders to That Effect

IF CAMP GOES THERE

No Man in Uniform Will Be Served in Any Hotel

Special to The Toronto World.

HAMILTON, Feb. 6.—If the authorities decide to establish military camp here and it looks very much as tho this has been practically settled, the board of license commissioners will pass a drastic rule regarding men in uniform being served in bars. When the matter of the camp was before the board of control, Controller Morris said that the only objection to the Jockey Club grounds, the only place suitable for a camp according to the officers who made the inspection, was the fact that two hotels were in such close proximity. The Jockey Club Hotel in the county is on the grounds itself, and the Driving Park Hotel is just across the way.

The objection raised by Controller Morris was met today by William Armstrong, chairman of the license board.

"We have only jurisdiction over the Driving Park Hotel," explained Mr. Armstrong, "but if the camp is established here I will guarantee that there will be no difficulty in preventing soldiers in uniform securing liquor in the hotel governed by the local board. In fact the board will go further and prohibit any hotelman in Hamilton serving a uniformed man with liquor."

MAY START ON NEW STATION NEXT MONTH

Visit of Mayor to Ottawa May Result in Early Starting of Works

The probable result of the visit of Mayor Church, Controller Thompson and Ald. Maguire to Ottawa is that the Union Station and viaduct will be commenced about the middle of next month, and the bridge for the eastern entrance to the Exhibition will be ordered soon.

Controller O'Neill, who was acting mayor yesterday, says it will cost about $15,000,000 to build the tubes required as part of the projected rapid transit system.

BROKE IMMIGRATION LAW.

Samuel Galloway, colored, and Mrs. Gertrude Martin were arrested at their boarding house, 24 Wood street, by Detectives Twigg and Taylor Saturday morning on a charge of a breach of the immigration law. Mrs. Martin, it is alleged, is wanted in Minneapolis for deserting her husband, and Galloway is wanted in the States for bringing the woman into Canada. They will most likely be handed over immediately to the immigration authorities to be deported. Galloway is a dining car chef.

FOUR OF FAMILY GO TO THE FRONT

Two Brothers and Sister of Gunner Armstrong Already in Europe

EX-SCOUTS TO MEET

Artillerymen at Camp Won Y.M.C.A. Relay Race

Gunner Ivan Armstrong of the Fourth Brigade, Canadian Field Artillery, with the second contingent at Exhibition Park Camp, has two brothers who have also enlisted for overseas service, Raymond and Frank, while their sister, Miss Muriel Armstrong, has just left Halifax to join the Red Cross staff of nurses, to receive orders at London, England. Miss Armstrong is a graduate of the Western Hospital, Montreal, where she has taken a complete four years' course. The Toronto relatives reside at 345 Gladstone avenue.

A number of the troops who are members of the Sons of England Benefit Society, were the guests of Lodge Commercial, at a smoking concert, held at the S. O. E. Building, East Richmond street, on Saturday night. They have also been invited to attend a war sermon Sunday morning, under Sons of England auspices, by Rev. T. T. Shields, at Jarvis Street Baptist Church. They will parade at the horticultural building at 9.15 and march to the service.

Ex-Boy Scouts.

A call for a meeting of the contingent members who are ex-Boy Scouts and scoutmasters, has been issued. It will be held on Monday night in the firehall.

Good time was made by the winners of the one and a half mile relay race, the 15th Battery team of artillerymen doing the distance in 7 min. 30 sec. The team was composed of E. Lee, R. Rankin, J. Mochrie and H. Sedgwick. The Q.O.R. team of the 19th Batt. was a close second. The race was held in the transportation building and was one of the feature events of the week's Y.M.C.A. series of sports.

The 100 yards sprint (open) was won by F. Hardman, Q.O.R., 19th Batt., in 11 1-5 sec., with H. Morrow second and E. Lee third. H. Sedgwick of the 15th Battery, C.F.A., won the 100 yard restricted event in 11 2-5 sec. J. Mochrie was second and R. Rankin third. In the running high jump, J. Sacks, Q.O.R., 19th Batt., was declared winner. He cleared 4 feet 8 inches. H. Morrow was second and F. Hardman third.

Must Not Wear Spurs.

The Mounted Rifles members have received an order not to wear spurs except when they are on duty. All officers and men have also been ordered to strip their winter caps and shoulders of the corps badges.

Preparations have been made to have the process building used if required to accommodate 2500 more men in case the effort to secure suitable quarters in Hamilton for the new detachments from that city should prove unsuccessful there.

In view of Lieut.-Col. Stewart having withdrawn his resignation as commanding officer of the Home Guards, it appears doubtful whether any further action will be taken until the adjourned meeting is held next Thursday night.

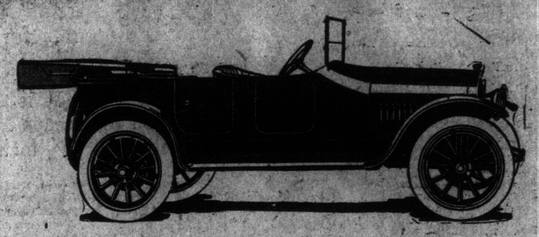
SPECIAL NOTICE.

Don't forget the "Mosher Tea Dance," from 4 to 6 p.m., Saturday, Feb. 13, at Dunning's Limited.

ANNOUNCING

"No Hill Too Steep, No Sand Too Deep" — **Jackson 1915** — "No Hill Too Steep, No Sand Too Deep"

MODEL 44---$1500 DUTY PAID F.O.B. TORONTO



Body—Full streamline body, curved back, flush doors, concealed hinges, crowned fenders.

Power Plant—Long stroke four-cylinder motor, 40 h.p., Auto-Lite electric cranking, lighting and ignition system.

Fuel Supply—Gasoline tank at the rear, vacuum feed.

Control — Steering wheel on left side, control levers in the centre; either front door may be used.

Suspension—Full elliptic springs front and rear, underslung in the rear.

Rear Axle—Floating type; two universal joints.
Wheel Base—115 inches.
Tread—56-inch.
Tires—34 x 4-inch.
Finish—Brewster green; for special colors an additional charge of $25 will be made.
Equipment — One-man rubber top, top hood, two-piece rain vision windshield, speedometer, electric light on instrument board, sight-feed oil gauge, demountable rims, extra rim, tire carrier at rear, foot rail, coat rail, pump, tools and jack, electric lights and electric horn.

Greatest Value Today at a Lower Price

The Jackson "44" embodies all of the distinctive Jackson features—durability, economy of operation and comfort. It has a full stream-line body, with curved back, flush doors, concealed hinges and crowned fenders. The motor is the standard Jackson unit power plant, 40 h.p.—with cylinders cast in pairs and divided aluminum crank case. It is quiet—and will stay quiet in service. The rear axle is the floating type with two universal joints. Both drive and torque are taken by the rear springs, which are underslung on the axle. The reduction of weight gained by the absence of radius rods and torsion rod is a large factor in tire economy.

Established Clientele Endorse Jackson Cars

The Jackson is usually spoken of among experienced motorists as a well-made car, which stands hard and continued driving without trouble. It is this characteristic which we have always built into each model that we have made. Silence is a distinctive feature of the Jackson motor. Heavy shafts—big bearings—and accurately-balanced working parts all combine to make the motor free from noise and vibration.

SEE THE "48"---SIX---
A Comfortable, Roomy Six Cylinder,
PRICE $2150 Duty Paid
F.O.B. Toronto

ALL JACKSON CARS EQUIPPED WITH CURTAIN OPENERS FOR WINTER DRIVING. AFFORDING ALL THE COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE OF A CLOSED CAR.

Jackson Car Company of Ontario
Limited,
Lumsden Building. Main 566.
Garage—338 High Park Ave. Junction 264

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Williams Piano Club

With its big savings, low terms and exclusive privileges is . .

Rapidly Filling Up

This is one of the largest single piano transactions ever made in this country.

We bought 150 pianos and 25 player-pianos—all of one grade, and all from one manufacturer. (There are two styles of each and four finishes, fumed and Mission oak, mahogany and walnut, really making eight styles in all.)

We bought these pianos at special prices. We saved big money in buying them. Many a piano dealer is paying twenty-five dollars to thirty-five dollars more for the same identical pianos. And we are selling them at very special prices.

To facilitate this work we have formed a gigantic club of 175 members, everyone of whom will enjoy advantages and privileges absolutely exclusive to this annual club.

Such a gigantic work means Many Economies. It means a saving in the initial cost of the piano. It means a saving in the freight, in the cartage, in the selling expense. It means a willingness on our part to take a smaller percentage of profit than we can regularly afford to make—in other words, a Club Profit. So, taking all these things into account, it means an attractive Saving to the Individual Buyer or Club Member.

To be exact, it means a clean-cut saving of Ninety-two Dollars and Fifty Cents on pianos to every member of the club— and One Hundred and Seven Dollars and Fifty Cents on player-pianos—to say nothing of the other attractive advantages and privileges the club carries with it that piano buyers do not ordinarily get.

Club Prices and Terms:

Pianos, Value $360 — CLUB PRICE $267.50 — $5 Cash; $1.25 Weekly

Player-Pianos, Value $650 — CLUB PRICE $542.50 — $17.50 Cash; $2.50 Weekly

Open Wednesday and Saturday Evenings during Club

OUT-OF-TOWN RESIDENTS.

We have a very special proposition to make you. Send the coupon to-day.

Sunday World Coupon.

The R. S. Williams & Sons Co.,
145 Yonge St., Toronto.

Gentlemen,—Send me your Special Piano Club Offer.

Name .....

Address .....

The Whole Story

PIANOS—
The regular selling price and actual value of these pianos is $360 each. The Williams Club price is $267.50 each. The club price includes everything. There are No Extras of any kind. The Club price—$267.50—is payable $5.00 when you join the club, then weekly payments of $1.25. Your payments are Less than if you would rent a piano. The piano is delivered immediately. You do not have to wait until the Club is Filled. You get your piano When You Join.

PLAYER-PIANOS—
The regular price of these players is $650. The Williams Club price is $542.50. This is payable, $17.50 when you join and $2.50 a week. The player is delivered at once. The instrument is an 88-note, 1915 model, Colonial design, in mahogany or walnut, equipped with the patented Solo-expression, Tempo-control, Automatic Tracking Device, and other exclusive features for personal expression in playing rolls.

NO EXTRAS—
The Club prices of both pianos and players includes all Club privileges. There are no extras.
No interest to be added. Nothing to be added for drayage, freight, stool—Absolutely No Extras, and the price Includes 210 Weeks' Time in Which to Pay It. If you pay faster than this the piano costs you LESS.

EXCLUSIVE CLUB ADVANTAGES

1—CASH SAVING—On a piano $92.50 cash. On a player-piano $107.50.
2—CLUB PAYMENTS — Reduced weekly terms—$1.25 for pianos, $2.50 for players.
3—NO INTEREST—Club members pay no interest on either pianos or player-pianos.
4—PROTECTIVE INSURANCE—If a Club member dies, with all payments made as due, the heirs receive instrument without any further charge.
5—RELIEF INSURANCE—If a member is taken sick or becomes unemployed the privilege of making half payments is granted.
6—REBATE FEATURES — A Club member can lessen the special Club price still more by paying faster than the Club terms call for.
7—FREE TRIAL—Thirty days free trial.
8—EXCHANGE PRIVILEGES—Club members have the privilege of exchanging their piano or player within one year without loss.
9—GUARANTEED—Every Club piano or player is guaranteed for five years in writing.
10—FREE TUNINGS—Every instrument tuned twice without charge.
11—FREE—Stool to match piano, bench, and six rolls of music for players, and city delivery, FREE.

HOW TO JOIN.

Call and examine the instruments, or write, make the first payment, get your Club Book, with all privileges, and instrument is delivered AT ONCE.

THE R.S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO. LIMITED.
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF QUALITY
145 Yonge Street

SUGGESTS WORKS TO ASSIST UNEMPLOYED

North Earlscourt and Fairbank Association Could Find Plenty of Work

Secretary J. Calder of the North Earlscourt and Fairbank Unemployed Association, submits on behalf of the organization the following suggestions which in their opinion would be of great benefit to the ratepayers and the large number of unemployed residing in the Township of York, north of the city limits. First, lay a trunk sewer along the low lying land, north of Hatherly road, and drain all the township sewers, north of city limits into it without paying rent to the city for connections.

Lay all sewers by day labor, to be spread over 20 years (the real life of a sewer, instead of 10 years as now obtains). Second, lay water mains ready for connections as a relief work.

Third, put down wooden side walks, to be paid for as a local improvement, payment to be spread over the real life of same.

Fourth, grant small loans to owners of lots to erect or improve properties, while they are not otherwise employed, to be paid back with their rates.

Fifth, erect in each district a fire hall and enroll a volunteer fire brigade, etc.

Sixth, street extensions, Bloem to Boon avenues, Boon to Hatherly avenues. Day to Eversfield avenues.

Earlscourt to Ennerdale avenues and Hatherly to Summit avenues and grade the hills and erect brick culverts. Kitchener to Dynevor avenues, Red Hill to Branstone avenues and trestle bridge to connect the two streets.

Branstone to Eglinton, and Ennerdale to Branstone avenues, Red Hill to Dufferin street or straight line to Vaughan road.

Seek an enabling act from legislature to put cost on property benefited to cover a period of 25 years.

The street extensions are urged at the present time because the cost of appropriating the lots necessary will be at their lowest price.

FREE TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS

A New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time.

We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long-standing or recent development, whether it is present as occasional or chronic Asthma, you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with asthma, our method should relieve you promptly.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our own expense, that this new method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and begin the method at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do it Today.

FREE ASTHMA COUPON.

FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., Room 324J, Niagara and Hudson Sts., Buffalo, N.Y.

Send free trial of your method to:

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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, 548 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 need of pipe, cigar, cigarette, snuff or chewing tobacco to pacify that morbid craving and desire.

DEATH OF MINISTER IS MUCH LAMENTED

Rev. Wm. McConnell Devoted Fifty Years of Life to Religious Work

CAME FROM IRELAND

Presbyterian Divine Had Also Seen Service in Southern States During Civil War

In the death of the Rev. Wm. McConnell on Monday, Feb. 1, the Presbyterian Church lost one of its oldest and ablest men. The service at the house Wednesday evening was very largely attended and was conducted by the Reverend Messrs. Wilson, Gilchrist, Wass, Cochrane and Sieveright. Very strong and touching addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Cochrane and Rev. Mr. Sieveright, who had known Mr. McConnell for many years.

The service at Lefroy Thursday morning was also largely attended and was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Wilson and Rev. Mr. McKenzie, the former preaching an impressive sermon. The 14th of John, a favorite chapter of the deceased, was read, and two favorite selections, "The Lord is My Shepherd" and "Unto the Hills Around Do I Lift Up My Longing Eyes," were sung by all. The funeral cortege was met at the cemetery by the Rev. Mr. Perry, Anglican minister, and Rev. Mr. Dodds, an old friend of the deceased.

Native of Ireland.

Rev. Mr. McConnell was born near Newtonhamilton, County Armagh, Ireland, in 1833. His early education was received at a private school, conducted by a Presbyterian clergyman. At ten years of age he began the study of classics and at fifteen was examined by the presbytery of Newry and certified to the entrance examination committee of Belfast College, as being qualified to enter upon his philosophical and theological studies. He graduated from this college, having certificates signed by Drs. Cook, Edgar, Cairns, Wilson, Murphy, Stevely and others.

Upon the completion of his college course, he and a school mate decided to see this new western land, and after a voyage of fifty-seven days they arrived in New Orleans, Louisiana. His first work in the city was as an assistant teacher in Franklin Public School, in which were 1300 pupils. In a short time he was asked to fill the position of teacher of classics and mathematics in Dr. McCauley's Academy.

Called to Pastorate.

In 1853 the Presbytery of Louisiana licensed him to preach the gospel, and in April, 1854, he was ordained and inducted to the pastorate of Fourth Church, New Orleans. After some years' successful work he received and accepted a call to Hohma, Terrebonne parish, and was there when the civil war broke out. About this time occurred the death of his wife, Caroline Goode, sister of General Goode. By this marriage were two children, Sidney, who died in infancy, and a daughter, now Mrs. S. J. Williamson.

Services in War.

In 1862 while in attendance at a meeting of presbytery in New Orleans, the bombardment of Forts Jackson and St. Philip on the river a few miles south could be distinctly heard. The Presbytery hastily adjourned and the greater number of the members left the city, many of them never to return. Mr. McConnell remained at his post, ministering to the wounded and dying, and many a thrilling scene war witnessed of the cruelty and injustice of war. The exposures of these years, however, seriously affected his health, and at the close of the war in 1866 he moved north to Chicago.

Again Receives Call.

Being in attendance at Twenty-eighth street church in that city one Sabbath when their supply, thru illness, was unable to be there, Mr. McConnell was asked to take the service, which he did, and soon after was given a unanimous call to become their pastor.

After some years' pleasant labor there, not having yet regained his strength, he was advised by physicians to go to Canada. In 1869 he was received by the Toronto Presbytery, and the same year inducted to Orangeville. After several years spent there he received a call to the charge of Innisfil, where he preached for about thirty-two years.

His Surviving Family.

Shortly before going to Innisfil he married Florella G. Porter, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Samuel Porter, and by this marriage were seven children, the four eldest being deceased some years ago, and he fifth and only son to reach manhood's estate pre-deceased his father four years. The 2 youngest, Carrie and Meta, and his widow, survive him.

In 1904, having completed fifty years in the ministry, Mr. McConnell retired, and was given a jubilee celebration by the members of his three congregations, and the Barrie Presbytery. For the past eight years the family have resided on Bloor street, Toronto.

His Splendid Character.

Those who knew Mr. McConnell will remember him as a man of strongly magnetic personality.

His natural grace of manner and generous, kindly heart, together with his broad mind and brilliant intellect, made him admired and beloved by all who knew him. One of nature's noblemen, he lived true to the spirit of the Christ-life. He never tried to gain celebrity, and placed little value on worldly honors, but by a life full of kind and loving deeds he has left his memory in the hearts of all. A life of culture and service had developed a rounded character, whose spiritual qualities will extend beyond the bounds of time.

Christian Ideals.

His motto was, "Not the amount of work, but the spirit in which it is done," and he judged men not by what others said, but by what he knew. He never harbored resentment, but met the one who tried to be an enemy with that kindly spirit which forgot an injury as quickly as it was done.

He thought love toward God to be the highest good, and this could engender no jealousy or selfishness or sectarian zeal, but, rather, a large-hearted charity, which would gather all mankind into the present haven of that love.

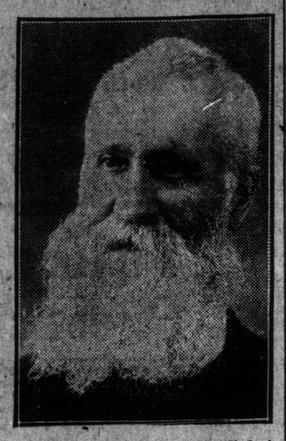
The golden glow of the sunset hours will never fade from the memory of those who were with him during many months, when the life ebbed slowly away.

Showed His Fortitude.

In one of his sermons, from the text, "They shall mount up with wings, as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint," he showed that the climax was reached in the words, "They shall walk, and not faint."

This was fully illustrated in his own declining years, and more particularly in the last fifteen months, where the invincible calm and splendid courage sustained him, as it had thru life, and his brightness and patience, and even interest in life, thru his days of weakness and suffering, were pronounced marvelous by all; and now the house is deeply shadowed by the loss of this dearest of fathers, kindest of husbands, and truest of friends.

FIFTY YEARS A MINISTER



Rev. Wm. McConnell, who died in Toronto recently.

WHAT BRITISH VARSITIES DID

In Cases Where Professors Were of German Nationality

A statement of the action which British universities took in regard to retaining German professors has been received by the University of Toronto. The general procedure followed was to retain the German professors and lecturers if they were naturalized and to permit them to obtain naturalization papers if they had not already done so. Sir Oliver Lodge of the University of Birmingham wrote that there were two Germans and one Frenchman on its staff. The Frenchman is now in the trenches in France. The German professor obtained his naturalization papers with difficulty and the junior member crossed over to Germany and is now bearing arms against the British.

Edinburgh was the storm centre, and apart from the opinion of those in authority the chief factor influencing the university's action was the fear lest the students should cause trouble if they were required to take lectures from Germans. Such an outburst did not occur and opinion was about equally divided both within and outside the university. The press upheld the university court in refusing to allow the appointment of the German recommended by Sir Edward Schafer, but popular sympathy was with the German, and the authorities were severely criticized. In Newcastle the German lecturer has been given leave of absence since Christmas, with two-thirds pay. Special facilities have been granted in several cases in order that the members of the faculties of the various universities might become naturalized during the war.

At Liverpool the German members of the staff resigned. There are several unnaturalized Germans in British universities who have not been dismissed. Information was received from the Universities of Birmingham, Cambridge, Oxford, Leeds, Liverpool, London, Manchester, Sheffield, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

LIEUT.-COL. MACQUEEN'S LECTURE ON CANADA.

Lieut.-Col. Macqueen, in his lecture to be given at Massey Hall, Friday evening, Feb. 12, most interestingly describes Canada historically from the discovery to the present time. The lecture is interspersed with patriotic songs sung by Messrs Reffern Hollinshead and Ruthven Macdonald as never before in Canada. Other artists taking part are Miss Ruby Brock and Richard Foster. Lieut.-Col. Macqueen is the only person giving lectures thru the province on Canada, and wherever he addresses an audience the press is enthusiastic.

WORLD'S GREATEST KIDNEY REMEDY

"Fruit-a-tives" Have Proved Their Value in Thousands of Cases.

WONDERFUL RECORD OF A WONDERFUL CURE

Only Remedy That Acts on All Three of the Organs Responsible for the Formation of Uric Acid in the Blood.

Many people do not realize that the Skin is one of the three great eliminators of waste matter from the body. As a matter of fact, the Skin rids the system of more Urea (or waste matter) than the Kidneys. When there is Kidney Trouble, Pain in the Back and Acrid Urine, it may not be the fault of the kidneys at all, but be due to faulty Skin Action, or Constipation of the bowels.

"Fruit-a-tives" cures weak, sore, aching Kidneys, not only because it strengthens these organs but also because "Fruit-a-tives" opens the bowels, sweetens the stomach and stimulates the action of the skin.

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

CARGOES OF WHEAT PILED UP AT GENOA

Grain Valued at Twelve Million Dollars Is Awaiting Unloading.

PARIS, Feb. 6.—Complaints from Switzerland are reaching here to the effect that cargoes of grain arriving at Genoa are often held up many weeks before they can be transported to their destination. Advices state that no less than forty cargoes, valued at approximately $12,000,000, are now in harbor at that place waiting to be unloaded. Twenty-five of these are from the United States and the remainder from South America. While the greater part of this grain is destined for Italy, four cargoes are to be transhipped to Switzerland.

It is declared that the machinery and other arrangements for handling such cargoes at Genoa are insufficient and that the grain now reaching that port must be warehoused until the middle of March.

You Owe Your Face a Good, Clear Skin

And Stuart's Calcium Wafers in a Very Short Time Will Clear Up Your Complexion Naturally.

Just in a few days one may clear the skin of all manner of blemishes such as pimples, blotches, liver spots, etc, if one will use Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

Don't use pasty lotions and creams to fill up the pores when they are working constantly with the blood to throw off the impurities of your system.

"Before I rid my face of pimples I was not thought to be pretty. But all the change I made was to clean my blood and skin."

Many a face is made with beautiful contour and artistically lined, but when the skin is discolored one cannot see the beauty of the face lines. One notices only the skin blemishes.

It's because pimples and eruptions comes from the inside—from impure blood—and you can't cure them by rubbing stuff on the outside of the face. Purify the blood and the blemishes will disappear.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers will often clear the complexion in a few days' time. That's the wonderful part of it—they act right off—in a hurry. That's because they're made of just the ingredients needed to drive all poisons and impurities from the blood. That's why doctors prescribe them so constantly.

You will speedily enjoy a beautiful complexion if you use these wonderful little Wafers. Your face will become as clear and pure as a rose. Nobody likes to have pimply-faced people around. With Stuart's Calcium Wafers you don't have to wait for months before getting results. Even boils have been cured in a few days' time with these remarkably effective blood cleansers. Your whole system will feel better in a marvelously short time, and my, what a difference in your looks!

You can get Stuart's Calcium Wafers of any druggist at 50 cents a box. A small sample package mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., 175 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

NEUTRALS RESENT GERMAN BLOCKADE

Proclamation Threatening Ships in British Waters is Literally Denounced

MAY RE-ACT ON GERMANY

Is Likely to Cut Off Kaiser's Food Supply From Neutral Nations

Canadian Press Despatch.

STOCKHOLM (Via London), Feb. 6.—Indignation is expressed by the Swedish press because of Germany's proclamation relative to a blockade of the British Isles. The belief is expressed that it will result in the government making a protest to Berlin.

The Dagens Nyheter, which is in close touch with the foreign office, declares England's regulation in regard to neutral shipping in the North Sea caused annoyance, but that it guaranteed traffic would be safe on certain routes. The paper says that while Swedish vessels suffered severely from German mine laying, the latest order "beats the record by declaring the most extensively used waters a closed sea and threatening neutral ships with torpedoes."

The Norse View of It.

CHRISTIANA (Via London), Feb. 6.—The opinion expressed by many here is that Germany is not likely to put her threat of a blockade into force against neutral countries. A director of the Northern Ship Owners' Association stated today that Germany's notification would be received as a friendly caution.

The Morgenbladet, in an editorial, says it considers that there is no reason to suppose Germany intends to paralyze neutral trade, and that the sinking of neutral ships in waters arbitrarily declared to be in the war area is an experiment which Germany hardly is likely to undertake. Neutral powers, adds the paper, certainly will protest against clauses imperilling their countries' neutrality.

French Are Indignant.

PARIS, Feb. 6.—The German admiralty's proclamation including in the war zone the waters surrounding the British Isles has provoked an outburst of indigantion in the French press, altho it is hailed generally as an indication that Germany is beginning to find her situation desperate.

The Journal says the measure will have only two consequences: First, the death of inoffensive sailors, and, second, the paralysis of the sea trade of neutral nations. Consequently, the paper argues, the measure would cut off Germany's food supply for neutral shipping would not expose itself to danger.

MATTERS NOT MINCED FOR OTTAWA PEOPLE

Civic Deputation on Water Problem Hear Plain Talk From Board of Health

Some very plain talk from the provincial board of health was delivered to an Ottawa civic deputation which came to town on Saturday morning advocating a new solution of the city's water difficulties. Fearing that the delegates might be entertaining the notion that the 31 Mile Lake scheme, which was ordered by the board, might be shelved, Dr. J. W. S. McCullough made his position clear and emphatic. Mayor Porter asked permission to build an overland pipe system to the Ottawa River for fire purposes and to lift the burden of insurance from the city.

"I have heard that this is but the thin end of the wedge," declared the chief officer of health, "and we are not going to stand for any permanent river scheme. The lake proposal must be proceeded with."

He denied that there would be difficulty in raising money for the preliminary stages of the big plan, as an expert from Ottawa had told him how financing could be made easy. The $360,000 entailed in the Lemieux Island plan might well be expended in the big project calling for an ultimate expenditure of $8,000,000.

As a concession to the visitors and to see if any temporary plan involving little expense is possible, Dr. McCullough and Provincial Sanitary Engineer Dallyn will visit Ottawa on Tuesday for a personal investigation of the proposed site.

FIVE HUNDRED CASES OF COMFORTS SENT

Red Cross Society Made Big Shipment to Canadian Hospitals and Men

The Canadian Red Cross Society desires to inform the public which has supported it so generously that 500 large cases of comforts of all kinds were shipped Friday afternoon from headquarters in Toronto by the Grand Trunk Railway en route for Halifax, whence they will be taken by the Allan Liner Grampian to Liverpool. On reaching London they will be distributed to the Canadian hospitals in the old land, and the field comforts will be sent to the soldiers in the trenches and at the front. This is the largest consignment sent from Canada since the outbreak of hostilities, and it will shortly be followed by another large amount of goods.

High-Grade Used Cars

FROM $300 UP

SPECIAL SALE

All our used and second hand cars, including Runabouts, five and seven passenger Touring Cars, Coupes and Landaulets.

Three of the Specials

1. Beautiful Electric Closed Car, upholstered and equipped for lady or professional man. A sacrifice at $1025

2. Four cylinder Landaulet. Especially suitable for a livery. Priced for quick sale at $800

3. Four cylinder Russell Cab, in splendid running order. High powered. Room for four passengers. Comfortable and drives easily. Specially priced at $600

All these cars are in good condition, and will be demonstrated to your satisfaction.

RUSSELL MOTOR CAR CO., LIMITED

USED CAR DEPARTMENT

100 RICHMOND ST. W. - TORONTO

SUFFER MORE FROM FROST THAN BULLETS

Hospital Staff Near Firing Line in France Are Kept Very Busy.

By a Staff Reporter.

OTTAWA, Feb. 6.—Lt.-Col. A. T. Shillington, of Ottawa, who has charge of a hospital in France within 25 miles of the firing line, writes that more men are brought there with frost bites than anything else, and many amputations are necessary. He says that the hospital has 600 beds and 200 more are being added in an annex, so that the staff are very busy. The sound of the guns and the bursting shells can be heard at the hospital.

ROUMANIA MAY PROHIBIT EXPORT OF ALL GRAIN

Quantity of Wheat Bought by Germany Still Detained in That Country.

Special Direct Copyrighted Cable to The Toronto World.

BERNE, Switzerland, Feb. 6.—Much uneasiness is felt in Germany about a quantity of grain bought recently in Roumania and still detained there. Representations having been made to Roumania the reply was given that there was not a sufficiency of rolling stock to move it. Germany now offers to send rolling stock to fetch the corn, but it is the impression that Roumania will prohibit the export of all cereals.

NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA

For 11 years---Completely Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets, The Famous All British Medicine.

Pain and Wind So Bad It Nearly Choked Her.

Palpitation, Faintness, and Extreme Nervousness.

Was very Thin and Anaemic.

Now in Splendid Health Through DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS

Those here in Canada suffering from Digestive or Nerve Troubles who read this true story cannot fail to get new hope from its perusal. Mrs. Rogers of 243 Whitehall road, Bristol, England, had suffered from acute dyspepsia for eleven years, ordinary treatment had failed to do her any good, yet Dr. Cassell's Tablets cured her completely. Could more convincing proof of the value of this great British medicine be offered? Mrs. Rogers says: "Dr. Cassell's Tablets have cured me of dyspepsia that nothing I tried could even relieve, and I feel so pleased and grateful that I want to tell every sufferer about this wonderful medicine.

"It is quite eleven years since I first began to be troubled with pains and wind after food, and all that time I was never quite free from dyspepsia. Of course, I was better sometimes, a little better that is, but never for long. Frequently I had frightful attacks of pain in my chest, and wind in such quantities that it almost choked me. My heart would palpitate till I went quite faint. I was very nervous, too, so nervous, in fact, that my husband actually stopped the clock because I could not bear the ticking.

"The result of all this suffering was that I became quite thin and anaemic, and so weak that if I tried to do my housework I simply fainted. I had to pay to have it done for me. Latterly I

Mrs. Rogers.

could not get about the house without support, and I used to turn the broom upside down and use it as a sort of crutch. At night, I always had peppermint by my bedside to relieve the wind.

"Of course, I had treatment. I even attended an institution, but I got no better. They always told me to have my teeth out, and that I did not want to do, but when I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, what a change! They relieved me almost a once, and as I persevered with them all my pain, wind, heartache, and other troubles gradually disappeared, and now I am in splendid health. I can eat any kind of food and am stronger than I have been for years. Certainly, I shall never cease to praise Dr. Cassell's Tablets."

SO BAD COULD NOT WORK Is Now Perfectly Cured.

The value of Dr. Cassell's Tablets to all who have to earn a living is well seen in the following true story. The teller of this story, Mr. Mendham, of 21 Princess road, Old Fletton, Peterboro, England, had long been too ill to work, but now he is in steady employment, made well and strong by Dr. Cassell's Tablets. He says:

"I am glad to be able to testify to the wonderful curative power of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. They cured me when nothing

Mr. Mendham.

else I tried would, and enabled me to keep steadily at work. I had suffered for years from dyspepsia, sleeplessness, and bad nervous attacks. I could do nothing while these attacks were on, and they were so frequent that I was as much away from work as at it. I was always more or less ill, always had severe pain after food, with volumes of wind, and a dizzy sensation that I could not shake off. Headaches, too, were frequent and severe, and sometimes I had shivering turns like ague. I tried all sorts of things and had endless medicine, but it was only when I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets that I got any real benefit. It was really wonderful how they cured me. I got sleep at nights, could eat without suffering, and now I am in splendid health."

LARGEST SALE IN BRITAIN
Popularity Now World-Wide.

The absolute authenticity of the foregoing cases are guaranteed, and no testimonial is ever published by the Dr. Cassell's Co., without full personal enquiry as to its genuineness. Purchasers of Dr. Cassell's Tablets in this country may rest assured that they are getting a really reliable and tested remedy 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 thruout 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. S. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul street, Toronto, Ont.

The Answer

To a Ridiculous Assertion

In their advertisement that appeared in the papers last week-end certain trustees of the Chinese Mission made the statement that the average Chinese laundry in Toronto employs three workers, and the total weekly takings average not more than forty dollars.

Chu Long, a Chinaman, in a letter published in the Toronto Telegram on November 26th last, stated in defence of the Chinamen that "we have to give ten, twelve and fourteen dollars a week and board and room our men."

Using the middle figure of this Chinaman's quotation as a basis, viz., twelve dollars, thirty-six of the forty dollars would be paid out in wages alone, leaving four dollars weekly for board, room, proprietor's profit, rent, license, business tax, fuel, materials, etc. WHO IS LYING?—the Chinaman or the trustees? And numerous other statements in this remarkable announcement are just as ridiculous to any reader of intelligence.

Do these men who sign their names know anything of the INSIDE CONDITIONS of Chinese laundries? Judging from the number of coupons we have received already, the people of Toronto are curious to get the right to see the inside of these places for themselves. DO YOU want to see where the Chinamen work, eat, and sleep? The law forbids them to eat or sleep in the same rooms as they do their work. Where do they live?

Get in and see for yourself—sign and mail the petition coupon and your name with thousands of others will be placed before the Municipal Government of Toronto, asking that these places be thrown open to public inspection. Let the people decide for themselves.

Toronto Canadian Laundrymen

LAUNDRYMEN'S PETITION COUPON
Toronto Canadian Laundrymen,
186 Parliament Street, Toronto.
Name .....
Address .....

Canada's Greatest Piano Is
The
Gerhard Heintzman

The same wonderful skill
The same fine materials, and
The same painstaking methods
that established the reputation of Gerhard Heintzman Pianos during the past Half Century are maintaining it now.

Send for New Catalogue and Special Discount Sheet for the new year.
Terms arranged to suit.

Gerhard Heintzman, Ltd.
41 Queen St. West
Hamilton Salesrooms next to Post Office — Opposite City Hall TORONTO

THE ONLY BRIGHT SPOT IN TORONTO AFTER THE SHOW

The MOSHER 146 BAY ST.

DANCING MUSIC, INSTRUCTION CABARET 6 INSTRUCTORS EVERY EVENING 9 TO 1

Society

CONDUCTED BY MRS EDMUND PHILLIPS

Mrs. Gooderham, Mrs. Bruce and Mrs. Strachan Johnston were some of the people who gave children's parties for the "Golden Age," at the Royal Alexandra on Saturday afternoon.

* * *

Col. H. C. Nanton, C.E., who has been recently transferred from India, where he was Deputy Director General of military works at Simla, to the headquarters staff of the British Expeditionary Forces in France as Colonel and temporary Brigadier General, is a son-in-law of the late Sir Henri Joly de Lotbiniere, Quebec.

* * *

The Canadian opera, "The Golden Age," which the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire are having produced at the Royal Alexandra next week, will be under the patronage of T.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, the Duchess of Connaught, and Princess Patricia, His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Hendrie, Col. and Mrs. R. S. Williams, and under special patronage each evening.

* * *

Miss Irene Cassels is visiting Mrs. Dudley Smith, Ancaster.

* * *

Mr. Stephen Haas was last week staying at the Ritz Carlton, Montreal.

* * *

Miss Ruby Rumsay, Montreal, is in town with her sister, Mrs. Gordon Osler.

* * *

Mrs. Secretan Dunbar, Ottawa, gave a bridge party in honor of her sister, Miss Gertrude Temple, who is her guest.

* * *

Mrs. George Allan has arrived from Winnipeg.

* * *

Miss Constance Bird left on Wednesday for Ottawa.

Miss Kathleen Jephcott and Miss Ida Pearson are at the Kirkfield Inn for a week. Miss Mary Campbell's capable management of the Inn makes it a very popular place for week-end and tobogganing parties.

* * *

Miss Marjorie Rathbun, who has been staying with Miss Isabella Saunders, has returned to Deseronto.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Savoy, Holyoke, Mass., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Eaton for a few days.

* * *

The Hon. Mackenzie King spent the week-end in Hamilton.

* * *

Miss Gertrude Temple is the guest of Mrs. G. S. Maunsell in Ottawa.

* * *

Miss Emma Vanse is visiting Mrs. Sanford, Wesanford, Hamilton.

* * *

Mrs. Rud Marshall and her two children sailed on Saturday for England, to be with Mr Marshall who is in the hospital with pneumonia, Mr. Joel Marshall accompanying them as far as New York.

* * *

A cable message was received on Monday by Mr Telfer from Mrs. Herbert Porter, who sailed for England on January 23, accompanied by her sister, Miss Beatrice Telfer, saying that they had arrived at Queenstown. On leaving New York their destination was Liverpool.

* * *

February Lectures of the Royal Canadian Institute.

The lectures of the Royal Canadian Institute during February will be Saturday, the 6th inst., "The Army Medical Corps," by Col Fotheringham, R.C.A.M.C. Saturday the 13th inst., "Present Day Conditions in Modern Egypt and their Connections with the War," by Prof. Currelly, Royal Canadian Museum. On 20th inst. (in the South Lecture Room of the Medical Building), "Recent Work in the Physiology of Respiration," illustrated by Dr. Bodle, University of Toronto. On the 27th inst., "Recent Work in Physics," illustrated by Dr. McLennan, University of Toronto. All lectures except that of Dr. Brodie will be given in the Physics Building of the University, at 20 o'clock (8 p.m.), and are open to the public.

* * *

Mrs. Harry Bedlington has left for Southern California to spend the remainder of the winter with her son, Mr. Murray R. Bedlington.

* * *

Madame Djane Lavoie-Herz gave a tea in honor of Pablo Casals the great 'cellist, and entertained at lunch Dr. H. C. Perrin head of the McGill University Conservatory of Music, Montreal.

* * *

Miss Maude Arthurs Weir has returned to 12 East Charles street after spending a month in Montreal visiting relations.

* * *

Mrs. Walter Willison and her infant daughter leaves for England next week to visit her husband, who is with the Canadian contingent. The Misses Phyllis and Adele Nordheimer will accompany her, and hope to see their brother, Mr. Roy Nordheimer, before he leaves with the first contingent for the front.

* * *

Mrs. W. T. White has returned to Ottawa, her mother having recovered from her recent attack of pneumonia.

* * *

Miss Betty Greene is spending a month with Lady Sifton in Ottawa. Miss Mollie Maclean will also shortly pay a visit to Lady Sifton.

* * *

Mrs. Cory has received a cable from Capt. Robert Corey, who had left for France with his company of the Canadian contingent.

* * *

Mr. Victor Cawthra is in New York.

Mrs. John Kay and Miss Edith Kay are leaving town today, en route to England.

* * *

Prof. Wrong is leaving for Halifax, Nova Scotia, the middle of the month, where he will address the Historical Society and the Canadian Club.

* * *

Col. Colt, Providence, Rhode Island, is visiting his son, Mr. Roswell Colt, and Mrs. Colt in Montreal.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. William Hope are in town for a few days from Montreal.

* * *

The hon. the speaker will not hold a reception after the opening of the Ontario Legislature this year.

* * *

Sir Hamilton and Lady Gould Adams are expected in Montreal and will stay with Mrs. H. B. Yates this week, en route to Queensland, Australia. Mrs. Crompton accompanied her sister. She will be the guest of Mrs. Blanchard Seton Pemberton while in Canada.

* * *

Mrs. Charles Walker is in Ottawa, staying with Dr. and Mrs. Montizambert.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Gunn and their young son have arrived from Edmonton, and are staying with Mrs. John Wright, en route to England.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Guise, who have spent part of the winter in Ottawa, have left for Vancouver, where they will in future reside.

* * *

Mrs. David Dunlap was the hostess of a luncheon on Tuesday for Mrs. John McMartin, Cornwall.

* * *

Mrs. Morrison has arrived from Quebec and is with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Webster, North street. Captain Morrison leaves today for England.

* * *

Miss Catharine Welland Merritt, who has just returned from a tour of the west establishing the Queen's Needlework Guild, is spending a few days with her cousins, the Misses Merritt, St. George street.

A large number of people called on Major and Mrs. Walter T. Brown, Beverley street, when they received the news that the former would say good-bye to his friends before he left for overseas service. Mrs. Brown wore a gown of pale yellow and pink moire draped with lace, the bolero and girdle of the lace edged with skunk. Mrs. W. D. Felkin, Mrs. Brown's mother, who received with them, wore black satin with overdress of black and white chiffon, and a corsage bouquet of orchids and lilies of the valley. Mrs. Ludgate was in charge of the dining-room, with Mrs. Fred Bishop. The polished table centred with Cluny lace, on which stood a Japanese basket filled with Enchantress carnations, lily of the valley and ferns. Miss Ruth Ludgate, Miss Gladys Kerr, Mr. Norman and Mr. Leslie Harling (in uniform) assisted. An orchestra played thruout the evening.

* * *

The Rusholme Ladies Bowling Club will hold a patriotic card party on Tuesday from 2.30 till 5 o'clock, at the home of Mrs. W. J. Wilson, 10 Westminster avenue.

* * *

On Wednesday afternoon a very successful euchre party was given by Mrs. E. Gynn, at the Howland apartments. The lucky prize winners were: Mrs. Dunn, Mrs. Randell and Mrs. Eaton.

* * *

Many friends of Havergal College were present on Wednesday evening at a musicale given in the college assembly hall. The pupils of Miss Belyea sang delightfully a very varied and exacting program, and many congratulations were given this accomplished and charming teacher.

* * *

Miss Knox received and among the guests present were:

Canon O'Meara and Miss O'Meara, Mr. and Mrs. John Aird, Dr. and Mrs. Ham, Miss Ham, Rev. Prof. and Mrs. Griffith Thomas, Miss Una Saunders, Rev. Prof. and Mrs. Cotton, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Bull, Col. and Mrs. Sandford Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Brown, Dr. and Mrs. Edmund Baldwin, Miss Baldwin.

* * *

The High Jinks Club has issued invitations to its St. Valentine's Dance in the Metropolitan on Monday evening, the 15th inst.

* * *

The young ladies of Our Lady of Lourdes announce another of their euchre parties and dances before Lent, in the newly decorated club rooms, Earl St., on Tuesday evening.

* * *

The Aura Lee Club is holding its annual Valentine Dance on Saturday evening, February 13th.

* * *

Miss Aimee P. Lunn of Bathurst treet left last week for Chicago, where he will be the guest of her sister Mrs. Alfred E. Cowe.

VALENTINES

Flowers express your meaning more than anything else. So send Flowers for your Valentine.

Dunlop's

96 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

have a choice assortment of Violets, Valley, Roses and all the Spring Flowers, Novelty French Bouquets, Baskets and Choicely Arranged Boxes. Prices moderate. Deliveries made everywhere.

The Most Beautiful Hair

is the hair that receives proper care and at the proper time. I can save your hair and make it healthy and strong, and prevent it turning gray if taken in time, and if it is gray I can tint it to its natural shade. If you need additional hair I have the finest selection of human hair goods to choose from at most reasonable prices. Consult

W. T. Pember
Canada's Leading Hair Dealer and Scalp Specialist
129 Yonge St. - Toronto

NEW DANCING STEPS FOR THE SUMMER

H. H. Corsan, Toronto's most noted dancer and instructor, has just returned from New York with the latest steps for the summer dances: Twinkle Waltz, Fox Trot, Lu Lu Fado, Gavotte, etc., also old style dances. Special offer for a short period only (20 lessons), $4.

Attend our assembly each Saturday evening. Best music and latest steps demonstrated; also music for old style dances; Lu Lu Fado High School of Dancing. Two large ballrooms and five social rooms, corner Bathurst and Bloor streets.

The Agricultural and Live Stock Association gave its annual dinner in the banquet hall of the King Edward Wednesday night, when 168 were present, and everything used was grown in Canada—oysters, meat, vegetables, fish, cider, and last but not least, the flowers which were lovely. At the table of honor there were large brown baskets of variegated carnations and silver candelabra, shaded with green and silver, the other tables being centred with bouquets of daffodils, tulips and hyacinths. Those at the large table included the chairman, his honor the lieutenant-governor, the hon. the premier, the Hon. Martin Burrell, Hon. Justice Riddell, Sir Adam Beck, his worship the mayor, the Hon. James Duff, Mr. E. F. B. Johnston, K.C., Sir William Mulock, the Hon. W. C. Sutherland, Mr. Peter White, Mr. Robert Miller, Sir John Willison, Mr. David Jameson, M.L.A., Mr. J. W. Flavelle, Mr. William Smith, Mr. C. C. James, C.M.G., Mr. N. W. Rowell, Mr. Noel Marshall, Mr. D. B. Hanna, Mr. Joe. Oliver, the Hon. Nelson Monteith. The committee in charge consisted of Mr. W. Smith, M.P., Mr. W. J. Ballantyne, Mr. Robert Miller, Mr. W. N. Moore, Mr. George Pepper, Mr. C. C. James, C.M.G.

* * *

Mrs. Russell Smith, with her mother, Mrs. Joseph H. Brent, 40 Dupont street, on Tuesday, for the first time since her marriage.

* * *

Mrs. James H. Lumbers, on Tuesday, for the first time in her new house, 35 Roxborough street east.

* * *

Mrs. J. O. McCarthy and Miss Pearl McCarthy, 34 Leopold street, Friday, from 4 to 6.30 o'clock, and not again this season.

* * *

Mr. Justice Garrow and Mrs. Garrow announce the engagement of their daughter, Mary Beatrice, to Mr. Alan Kenneth MacDougall, son of the late Mr. Alan MacDougall, C. E., and of Mrs. MacDougall.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Mowat announce the engagement of their niece, Christina (Teenie), to Gerald P. Crossing, second son of the Rev. H. M. and Mrs. Crossing, Frome, Somerset, England. The marriage will take place towards the end of February, in Winnipeg.

* * *

Mr. W. G. Furby announces the engagement of his sister Frances, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Furby, to Mr. Sydney A. W. Park, eldest son of Mr. Thomas Park, Nottingham, England. The marriage will take place early in February.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Scott, Montrose avenue, announce the engagement of their daughter, Ethel Florence to Mr. Ralph Edward Sullivan, Porcupine, son of Mr. Thomas Sullivan, Bruce Mines. The marriage will be quietly celebrated on February 13th.

* * *

Mr. George Laing, Wininpeg, formerly Toronto, announces the engagement of her daughter, Alma McDonald, to Mr. Clare S. F. Mitchell. The marriage will take place the middle of February.

* * *

Mr. Robert Snell, Aliston, announces the engagement of his sister, Annie, to Mr. William Milligan. The wedding will take place towards the end of the month.

25 cents the bottle at all Druggists

Good at any time, most beneficial in winter

Campana's Italian Balm has reached the prominence of a national complexion lotion in Canada. It takes the smart out of the cold wintry winds and makes the out-of-doors more pleasant. Prevents rough, reddened or chapped face and hands. It supplies a natural moisture to the skin.

A special sample bottle mailed for 5 cents by the distributors in Canada.

E. G. WEST & CO. 80 George St., Toronto

SOCIETY AT HAMILTON

The Women's Wentworth Historical Society held a Causerie at the home of Mrs. Phin, Wednesday afternoon, the attendance was very large, and the program excellent. Mrs. John Crerar, acting president, presided. Solos were sung by Mrs. Clyde Green, and Mr. McMillan, accompanied to Mrs. C. W. Moodie; Miss Jean Pennington played a violin solo, accompanied by Miss Holen Lowe. Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, Toronto, gave a very interesting talk on "The New Empire." The talk in the tea room, which was decorated with American beauty roses, was presided over by Lady Gibson, Mrs. Crerar, and Mrs. Counsell, assisted by Mrs. Waddle, Mrs. Bertie Smith, Mrs. Campbell Turner, Mrs. Snow, Misses Ethel Calder, Rousseau and Barker. Misses Gladys Gates and Mary McQuestion received the money.

* * *

Miss Doris Jarvis, Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. W. A. Spratt.

* * *

Miss Emma Vaux, Toronto, has been the guest of Mrs. Sanford, at Wesanford.

* * *

Dr. Wilfrid W. Campbell, addressed the Women's Canadian Club, Thursday afternoon on "Canada's Responsibility to the Empire and the Race." The president, Mrs. C. R. McCullough, presided.

* * *

Caxton Chapter I.O.D.E. held their annual meeting, Jan. 30. The membership has increased, and the past year has been the most prosperous and successful in the history of the chapter. The officers for the coming year are: Miss Unsworth, honorary regent; Mrs. T. H. Pratt, honorary vice-regent; Mrs. (Canon) Sutherland, regent; Mrs. Z. A. Hall, Mrs. M. Henderson, vice-regents; Mrs. (Dr.) Naughton, treasurer; Mrs. W. E. Baker, recording secretary; Miss Kate Colquhoun, corresponding secretary; Miss Minnie Jean Nisbet, Echoes secretary; Miss Ella Reynolds, standard bearer; councillors, Mesdames Fanning, Arthur Boyle, Charles Hardy, Voaden, McWaters, MacMurray, W. R. Dunn, Dr. Hess, Arthur McLeod, Alec Donald.

* * *

Miss Roberta Pentecost, Toronto, has been the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Arthur Boyle.

* * *

Mrs. Frank Malloch gave a luncheon at the Tamahaac Club in honor of Mme. Marcella Croft.

* * *

St. Cecilia Chapter I.O.D.E., of which Mrs. Harry Burkholder is regent, gave a card party, Jan. 30, at the residence of Mrs. W. L. Connolly, in aid of their charitable fund. There were thirty tables, and a number of ladies came in at the tea hour.

* * *

Mrs. Dubart L. Wilson, who has been staying in Toronto, to be near her husband, who is in camp at the Exhibition grounds, is reported to be serious ill there.

* * *

On Jan. 29 Mrs. Harry J. McIntyre was at home to her friends to introduce her daughter, Miss Phyllis Constance McIntyre. They received in the charming sun parlor, which was decorated with a profusion of pink roses. The reception hall had vases of white hyacinths and narcissus galore. The drawing room had wine pink roses. The table in the tea room had a handsome cloth of clunny lace and open embroidery. A large glass basket of pink roses, white hyacinths, and ferns stood in the middle, circled with smilax, tied with pink satin ribbon. Around it were grouped five vases of pink sweet peas, and four tall pink candles. Mrs. Harry Zealand and Mrs. F. J. Harris presided over the urns, assisted by Mrs. Townsend, Rochester, N. Y., niece of the hostess, Miss Marion Daly, Toronto, and Miss Evelyn Harris. Mrs. McIntyre received in a handsome pink satin gown with black tulle tunic, cameo ornaments. The sweet young debutante looked lovely in a pale blue satin gown, with white chiffon tunic and garniture of rhinestones. She carried a large sheaf of pink roses.

* * *

Mr. Robert Morris, Toronto, was a week-end guest of Mr. Stuart Rankin.

* * *

Mrs. J. R. Smith entertained the Current Events Club on Thursday evening, Rev. A. R. Birks, Dundas, who was on the continent when war was declared, gave an address.

* * *

Miss Flora Macdonald, Toronto, has been the guest of Mrs. J. J. Scott.

* * *

Sir John and Lady Gibson gave a dinner in honor of Mme. Marcella Croft.

The High Jinks Club has issued invitations to a valentine dance at the Metropolitan, on Monday, the 15th inst.

MASSAGE.

Massage, electricity, Swedish movements, and facial massage. Patients treated at their residences if desired. Miss Howells, 432 Jarvis street, Telephone, North 3745. 7tf

WYONNA CLUB.

The Wyonna Club held its third and most successful dance of the season last week. About 180 people were present, and enjoyed the music of the orchestra. Mr. W. J. Sheppard demonstrated many of the new dances, and added much to the enjoyment of the young people. The energetic committee is to be congratulated on its efficiency. The members of the committee were: Miss N. A. Regan, Miss L. V. Grumbell, Miss M. Connor, Miss H. F. McLeod, Miss O. M. Davey, Mr. S. A. Mossop, Mr. S. W. Starr, Mr. R. H. Fawcett, Mr. F. Connor. Some of those present included Miss McQuarrie, Miss Bartlett, Miss Hughes, Miss Smith, Miss Olton, Miss Hazel Lyons, Miss Hattie Lyons, Miss McConnell, Miss Benjamin, Miss Beemer, Miss Ketchen, Miss Robertson, Miss Richardson, Miss Snyder, Miss Waldron, Miss Dwyer, Miss Beechie, Miss Anderson, Miss Simpson, Miss McAlister, Miss M. Smith, Miss Nearpertil, Miss Leigh, Miss Steele, Miss Morgan, Miss M. Morgan, Miss Helferty, Miss Foley, Miss Wollery, Miss Magill, Miss Sheppard, Miss Verney, Miss Copeland, Miss Plowman, Miss Shermin, Miss Fascoe, Miss Desmond, Miss Hanson, Miss Smith, Miss Stafford, Miss Flo. Verney, Miss Mathews, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Cunningham, Miss Brown, Miss Graptine, Miss Hickey, Miss Vesey, Miss McClure, Miss Boynton, Miss Boyd, Miss Gilmour, Miss McKay, Miss Heffron, Miss Eaton, Miss McDonald, Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Baine, Mr. Monahey, Mr. Howell, Mr. Wayne, Mr. Hanson, Mr. Judge, Mr. Nelson, Mr. Gallant, Mr. Cowan, Mr. Trees, Mr. Potts, Mr. Tootell, Mr. Ingram, Mr. Foley, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Geary, Mr. Davis, Mr. Crittenden, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Turner, Mr. F. Lowe, Mr. Verney, Mr. Cahoon, Mr. Evis, Mr. Murdock, Mr. Stratten, Mr. Sherman, Mr. Creig, Mr. Buckle, Mr. Reeves, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Casey, Mr. Young, Mr. Webb, Mr. McClain, Mr. Osborne, Mr. Dunn, Mr. McQuarrie, Mr. Black, Mr. Greenett, Mr. F. Black, Mr. Lock, Mr. Venator, Mr. Schmitt, Mr. Dwyer, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. McDonnell, Mr. Lechlam, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Madden, Mr. Heardal, Mr. Humpheries, Mr. Cameron, Mr. Sanderson, Mr. Hall, Mr. Kaenigen, Mr. Buchan, Mr. Gibson, Mr. Leake, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Garnet, Mr. McGrath, Mr. Jones, Mr. Howard, Mr. Spalding, Mr. Tesey, Mr. Plewman, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Pearson, Mr. Cooper.

THE VANCOUVER DOLL.

News has come to Vancouver of the fate of the famous doll which was donated to the Belgian relief fund by Mrs. Herbert Kent, and for which many tickets were sold, followed by a drawing held in the presence of a very large gathering at the Georgian Club. It will be remembered that the winner of the handsome prize sent the doll to England to be placed at the disposal of the Queen. She is now in receipt of the following interesting letter: "The Lady in Waiting presents her compliments to Miss ——— and is commanded by the Queen to thank her most gratefully for the perfectly beautiful doll which she has so kindly offered for Her Majesty's acceptance, and to say that Her Majesty is quite delighted with it. She thinks all its clothes quite beautifully made and that it is very kind of the ladies of Vancouver to have presented it for the fund. The Queen would be glad if Miss ——— could kindly let the ladies know that she proposes to present it to the little Belgian princess, which the Queen hopes will give pleasure to the ladies of Vancouver. She is sure that the knowledge that it comes from them will be as much appreciated by the little princess as it is by the Queen."

OAKWOOD GRADUATES' DANCE.

The Oakwood graduates gave a charming dance on Tuesday evening at the Aura Lee clubrooms, Mrs. Wm. Johnston, Mrs. L. J. Price, and Mrs. A. E. Kennedy were the patronesses. Among those present were: Miss Ruth Potter, Miss Lilian Macbeth, Miss Bessie Kennedy, Miss Jean Mearns, Miss V. Mason (Baltimore), Miss Endicott Johnston, Miss Luella McCleary, Miss Nita Shaw, Miss Ada Best, Miss Norma Connelly, Miss Hilda Harrington, Miss Jessie Milne, Miss Marion McCollum, Miss Irene McGuire, Miss N. Reid, Miss Beatrice Bush, Miss Margaret Davies, Miss Cora Hutchinson, Miss Bessie Jackson, Miss Georgia Ham, Miss Hilda Wilks, Miss Madeline Flood, Miss Margaret Muat, Miss Mae Clark, Miss Marguerite Wessels, Miss Marguerite Butler, Miss Ruth Dunn, Miss Olive Skirrow, Miss Edna Duncan, Miss Connie Lambert, Mrs. A. J. Duncan, Miss Marjorie Wilkie, Miss Beatrice Marks, Miss Muriel Hewett, Miss Mildred Smith, Miss Rita Price, Mr. Watson Baird, Mr. P. E. Valleau, Mr. Lanfear Browne, Mr. Harry B. Kennedy, Mr. Harold Halloran, Mr. Paul Raney,

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79 KING ST. WEST

Tailors and Dressmakers

We are showing the LATEST Authentic SPRING MODELS in Tailored Suits and Gowns, which show new lines and new materials for the Spring Season.

Suits and Gowns, suitable for all occasions, from $45 and up. Chic new HAT MODELS, $7.50 and $10.00.

"CHERRY"
High-Class Ladies' Tailor
Will make a special rate of $14.00 on regular $14.00 Ladies' Suits, this includes the making only. We also make a reduction on Findings, regular $2.00, for the balance of season $1.00.
Our finished suits, made and fitted perfectly, which we usually charge $30.00 to $35.00 for, material costs $2.50 and $3.00 per yard, lined silk or satin, for February our price will be $24.00.
Come and see our selection of spring goods. We guarantee all our work.
Open Evenings.
894 BLOOR WEST
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If your bells are not giving satisfaction call MAIN 2069. We instal and repair all kinds of bells and speaking tubes; also plumbing and heating.
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Mr. Harley Shutt, Mr. William De Costa, Mr. William T. Hall, Mr. Carl Frankel, Mr. Keith Russell, Mr. W. E. Martin, Mr. George Pinkerton, Mr. R. Russell, Mr. J. W. Pickup, Mr. Kenneth Meharg, Mr. R. C. D. Tempest, Mr. Colin Stalker, Mr. Chas. Price, Mr. Clarence Price, Mr. Hugh Wilson, Mr. Leon Brayley, Mr. Doug. Creighton, Mr. Ball, Mr. Gordon Williams, Mr. Walter Bark, Mr. Archie Smith, Mr. Joseph Hilley, Mr. William McDonald, Mr. Harold Allardyce, Mr. William Hislop, Mr. Chester Woods, Mr. Leo Phelan, Mr. Harold Babcock, Mr. Val Hornibrook, Mr. Alvin McKenney, Mr. Merwin Dobbin, Mr. William Purdy, Mr. Frank Obert, Mr. Gordon Stephens, Mr. T. Harrison Best.

"Hard Times" Makes Drunkards

During such "nerve-racking" times the high-class man takes liquor to "drown his troubles." This soon results in a serious diseased condition, from which there is no escape but untimely death, unless the virulent poison "stored up" in the system is eliminated.

In the privacy of the home or in one of the fine private rooms of the Neal Institute, 52 College street, the Neal treatment is guaranteed to eliminate the poison, create a loathing for liquor or drugs and restore normal, mental and physical conditions.

For full information call, address or phone, North 2087. Terms of payment can be arranged.

Mr. Charles T. Lyon, J.P., and Mrs. Lyon, 135 Silver Birch avenue, announce the engagement of their daughter, Edith Irene, to Mr. Arthur Douglas Fortier. The marriage will take place very quietly early in February in Kew Beach Presbyterian Church.

* * *

The engagement is announced of Cecilia Gertrude, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gaghan, Dundas, to Mr. William Cornelius Campbell, Burlington. The wedding will take place in St. Augustine's Church, Dundas, on February 16.

DANDRUFF FALLING HAIR

Many persons suffer great discomfort and annoyance from dandruff and falling hair simply because they do not know how to prevent or cure it.

LAVETTINE

is absolutely guaranteed. This scientific antiseptic preparation has proved that it will cure dandruff, falling hair and all scalp diseases if used according to directions. Lavettine MUST do what we say it will or your money will be refunded.

Three Months Treatment Prepaid $1.00

Send for FREE Pamphlet
THE LAVETTINE COMPANY,
302 Shaughnessy Bldg., Montreal

FREE PRIZE TO GIRLS

BEAUTIFUL FRENCH DRESSED DOLL

Sixteen inches tall, eyes open and shut, fully jointed, completely dressed in satin, with lace and ribbon trimming. Beautifully trimmed hat and real shoes and stockings.

Send us your name and address and we will send you 30 sets of St. Patrick, Easter and other Postcards, to sell at 10 cents a set (six beautiful cards in each set). When sold send us the money, and we will send you the doll, all charges prepaid. If you prefer cash commission, send us $2 and keep the other $1 for yourself. Address

HOMER-WARREN CO.
Dept. 32. TORONTO.

U. S. IS NOTIFIED OF GERMAN REPRISAL

Official Note Emphasizes the Danger to Ships of Neutral Nations

PRES WILSON CONSIDERS

Reply to German Position is Expected From White House in Few Hours

Special to The Toronto World.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Feb. 6.—President Wilson received official notification from the German Government today of their intention to blockade all ports in the British Isles, and to destroy all neutral shipping in British waters.

The proclamation conforms in sense to the reports of it in America by wireless, altho the phraseology differs slightly. State department officials indicated that the proclamation as received from Ambassador Gerard will be made public later today. The German Foreign Office has accompanied the proclamation with a long explanatory memorandum, which Ambassador Gerard reported he would send subsequently.

The proclamation itself, however, according to the official text, makes it clear that "all enemy ships" found in the "zone of operations," as the areas are described, will be destroyed, and points out that contingencies may arise which may make it possible to save passengers and crew.

Neutrals in Danger.

As for neutral vessels venturing into the war zone, the proclamation points out the dangers to which they "may be exposed," in view of the misuse of neutral flags by enemy ships, and declares that efforts to strike at belligerent vessels might in some cases unintentionally strike neutral vessels.

Officials here are awaiting the German Foreign Office memorandum before taking any further steps, as they believe that it may explain the points on which there is now some doubt. If the areas prescribed by the proclamation are defined as within the territorial waters of Great Britain and Ireland, a different situation may arise from that which would include extensive portions of the high seas.

Government May Object.

Unless the German memorandum explains the precautions which German naval commanders will make to ascertain whether a ship flying a neutral flag is really a neutral vessel, it is most probable that an expression from the United States Government will follow, pointing out that the destruction of neutral vessels, carrying non-contraband cargoes, or the injury to their passengers, would not meet with the acquiescence of the United States Government.

The rules, however, of international law have been explicit on the requirements of proving that destruction of a prize is an imperative necessity.

In the present case, the possibility of recapture of British ships if convoyed to German ports, it is realized, would not be difficult to prove, so that the main basis for opposition to the German proclamation probably would be if passengers were not taken off before destruction of the ship.

It is said that the German memorandum explains the purposes of the German Admiralty in this respect.

Accordingly, Secretary of State Lansing conferred with President Wilson over the developments, but the attitude of the United States was no more clearly defined than formerly. It was plain that officials intended to wait Ambassador Gerard's transmission of the admiralty memorandum.

INVENTORS ATTENTION

ESTAB. 25 YEARS

Before securing a patent send at once for a FREE copy of our Magazine, NATIONAL PROGRESS and our manuscription, "PLAIN PRACTICAL POINTERS," which contains latest patent laws and valuable information for inventors.

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ESTAB. 25 YEARS

PROTECTIVE PATENTS

MR. BROWN AT HOME.

Grand Recital and Concert in Foresters' Hall, Next Thursday.

An entertainment of unusual merit and attractiveness is to be given in Foresters' Hall, 22 College street, on Thursday evening next. Mr. W. Easson Brown, a pupil of Owen A. Smily, will be the bright particular star. He will be assisted by that organization of national fame, the Adanac Quartet (Blight, Dixon, Hollinshead and Ruthven McDonald) and by Dr. Harvey Robb, the widely known pianist. An admirable program with a due regard for patriotism has been arranged as follows: "Before Action" (Rudyard Kipling, Adanac Quartet. Piano Solo, Dr. Harvey Robb; "The Universal Language" (Owen A. Smily), W. Easson Brown; "When Day Fades," Adanac Quartet; Dialect Sketch, W. Easson Brown; "The Bridge" (Longfellow), Adanac Quartet; Monolog by an Old Instrument, "Mad Carew" and "The English Flag," with music, W. Easson Brown; "Pilgrim's Chorus" from Tannhauser, Adanac Quartet; "Gradfather's Memory" (Owen A. Smily), W. Easson Brown.

Seats, all at 50c, can be reserved at Norheimer's.

CASUALTY LIST IS MORE THAN FOUR THOUSAND

One Hundred and Nine Added to List of British Officers Lost

LONDON, Jan. 25.—During the past two weeks the names of 109 officers have been added to the official British casualty list, bringing the total of British officers killed, wounded and missing up to 4453.

The King's Own Royal Rifles and the Indian contingent appear to have been in severe actions during the fortnight, having a large number of their officers wounded. The table given out as "the officers casualty list, Jan. 12 to 25," includes one Canadian killed.

The list shows that 44 officers were killed, 62 wounded, 3 missing, total 109.

Total since war began is 1210 killed, 2478 wounded and 665 missing.

GEN. MICHEL APPOINTED TO COMMAND OF CAMP

Canadian Press Despatch.

PARIS, Feb. 6.—General Michel, who recently was transferred from the active to the retired list for reasons not stated, The Matin reports, has been appointed to the command of the northern zone of the entrenched camp of Paris, to succeed General Armand Mercier Milon, retired "at his own request."

MINE EXPLOSION KILLS SIX MEN AT CARLISLE, VA.

Of One Hundred Men Entombed, All But Six Got Out Safely

Canadian Press Despatch.

FAYETTEVILLE, W. Va., Feb. 6.—One hundred and sixty-eight men were entombed in the mine of the New River Coal Company at Carlisle, near here, by an explosion today. All but ten succeeded in making their way to the surface. They reported that six of the men in the section where the explosion occurred had been killed, but they knew nothing of the other four. Rescue parties were at once organized to search the workings.

STEAMER DACIA SAILS IN SPITE OF BRITISH RULING

Cotton Cargo for Rotterdam is Likely to Be Seized by British Navy

NORFOLK, Va., Feb. 6.—The steamer Dacia, en route from Galveston to Rotterdam with cotton, is due to arrive here tomorrow morning. She was reported today as having passed Hatteras and on her way up the coast at a ten knot speed. Great Britain has announced the Dacia would be seized. The question of her transfer from German to American registry probably will be settled in a prize court.

CORN FAMINE IMMINENT.

PETROGRAD, Feb. 6.—The Rech has published a despatch from its special correspondent at Odessa, who declares that according to news reaching that city from Turkey, a famine of corn is imminent.

TRAINMEN FOUND GUILTY OF LIBEL

D. J. Carson and D. Foy Remanded a Week for Sentence

APPEAL WILL BE TAKEN

Defendants Were Freed by the Judge on Conspiracy Charge

In the jury assize court on Saturday, Chief Justice Sir Wm. Mulock presiding, H. C. McKellar, a C.P.R. investigator, brought suit against Conductor D. J. Carson, 273 High Park avenue, Toronto, and D. Foy, 30 O'Reilly street, Hamilton, charging them with conspiracy-libel.

Action arose from the fact that a row had started on an evening Hamilton-to-Toronto C.P.R. train Nov. 17 between Geo. McFarline, proprietor of the Rupert House, 346 East Queen street, Toronto, and another man. McKellar interfered, and the conductor and trainman officially reported to Supt. Collins that McKellar was in a drunken condition.

Several witnesses testified as to the sobriety of McKellar up until ten minutes of train time, altho McKellar admitted he had taken a glass of beer before supper. Both Carson and Foy testified that McKellar was under the influence of liquor. Foy stated that he had seen McKellar on the train in the Hamilton station before leaving, altho McKellar said he had boarded the train when it was pulling out. Witness Bisley told the court that he was under the impression that McFarline was McKellar when he gave a statement to Carson, but when he was confronted by McKellar during the C.P.R. investigation he said he found out he was mistaken.

Released on Conspiracy.

Before the counsel addressed the jury Chief Justice Mulock released the defendants on the conspiracy count, stating that the evidence produced did not substantiate the charge.

While the jury were out T. C. Robinette, K.C., counsel for Carson and Foy, remarked to his lordship that he contended that since the word perjury had been used in the charge to the jury that grounds for a new trial were founded, also that parts of the charge were unfair, and in his opinion the testimony of the baggageman should have been put before the jury, also that Carson had not said that McKellar was a spotter. Chief Justice Mulock said: "How do you account for Foy saying that McKellar was in the car before the train started? There is no tittle of evidence that McKellar was drunk. I said McKellar stated that Carson was a spotter."

The jury, after filing in, were sent back again and given an additional charge based upon the criticism of Mr. Robinette.

After being out about an hour the jury brought in a verdict of both men guilty. Sentence was deferred till Feb. 13, and defendants were released on bail of $2000 each.

H. Hartley Dewart, K.C., prosecuted the case for the crown. Mr. Robinette says he will appeal.

HOTELKEEPER FINED FOR TOO LATE SELLING

Peter Wagner of Wellesley in Court at Berlin and Paid Fine of $120

Special to the Toronto World.

BERLIN, Feb. 6.—Peter Wagner of Wellesley was charged with selling liquor after hours in police court this morning. The offence took place on Jan. 2 and 3. He pleaded guilty and thru his counsel asked that the two cases be made one. Magistrate Weir was inclined to accede to the request, but on the advice of Inspector T. F. Cory, who prosecuted, Wagner was fined $50, the minimum in each case, with costs, making $120 in all.

HELD UP A BANK.

ROCHESTER, N.Y., Feb. 6.—A lone masked highwayman entered the Lima Bank, Lima, N.Y., at 11 o'clock today, and at the point of a pistol, held up the assistant cashier. It is reported he secured between $10,000 and $11,000.

Amusements Amusements Amusements

PRINCESS—WEEK BEG. MON. FEB. 15

ENORMOUS ALL-STAR REVIVAL OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS MUSICAL COMEDY

THE PRINCE OF PILSEN

By Pixley & Luders, America's Favorite Author and Composer

With JOHN W. RANSONE The Creator of the Leading Comedy Role in New York and at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London

AND UNUSUAL COMPANY OF 62 NOTABLE METROPOLITAN SINGERS, INCLUDING
DOLLY KELLY REGINA RICHARDS EDWARD T. MORA HENRY COOTE
CLAUDIA RODGERS DOROTHY DELMORE EARLE McHAFFIE GEORGE MYERS
ALLEEN ROONEY GERALDINE DE ROSE ARTHUR LAMBIE FRANK MacEWAN

37 Fascinating - Dancing - Radiant Alluring - Prancing - Glorious GIRLS

- Special Augmented ORCHESTRA

-:- SEATS ON SALE THURSDAY -:-

MARK HAMBOURG

(Illustrious Russian Pianist)

PIANO RECITAL

Programme of Works by Composers of the Allied Nations

MASSEY HALL, THURS., FEB. 11

"Under his fingers the piano weeps, the piano laughs."
—"The Nieuw Courant," The Hague.

Tickets—$1.50, $1.00, 75c, at the Hambourg Conservatory of Music, N. 2341 and at Bell's, M. 2325. Special rate for students. Bell Piano used.

BROADWAY DANCING ACADEMY
—AND—
SOCIAL CLUB LIMITED

New class now forming. All modern dances taught. Class or private instruction. Terms $6.00.

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NOTE.—Largest and best-equipped Social Club in Canada. Assembly Parlors may be engaged for Weddings, At Homes, Dances, etc.

DANCING PAVLOWA ACADEMY

"Very Exclusive Patronage."

EVERY EVENING, 8 TO 12, EUROPEAN PLAN

Instruction for Beginners in modern dancing.

Class Every Evening, 7.30. Private lessons by appointment.

The Fox-Trot, Hesitation or One-Step taught in one private lesson. Special rates to clubs.

PHONE P. 1691, P. 4499.

MASSEY HALL FEB. 12

"CANADA"

Patriotic Lecture

By LIEUT.-COL. F. W. MacQUEEN

in aid of Red Cross and Belgian Relief. Auspices United Empire Loyalists. Tickets 25c and 50c. Seats at box office.

GUARANTEED SAVING IN LIFE INSURANCE

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has been mutualized. Policyholders who took out a non-participating policy are participating in profits now. While waiting for participating tables, policies are yet being sold at the non-participating rate, which cost the policyholder from 35 to 40 per cent. less than the regular participating rate. This information was given by the company's deputy superintendent, Mr. L. Berk, 304 Royal Bank Building, who will be pleased to supply any further information that may be desired.

FORESTERS' HALL

22 College Street.

THURSDAY EVG. NEXT

W. Easson Brown

(Pupil of Owen A. Smily).

in Dramatic Recital, and Adanac Quartette, with Dr. Harvey Robb, pianist, in grand special concert.

All seats reserved, 50c. Plan at Norheimer's.

SCHUBERT CHOIR

H. M. FLETCHER Conductor
MLLE. de TREVILLE
MASSEY HALL, MARCH 9th
Prices—$1.50, $1.00, 75c, 50c.
Plan to Subscribers now open at Massey Hall

GRAND CONCERT

In Aid of
THE RIVERDALE SETTLEMENT
Columbus Hall,
SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 13

All seats reserved, $1.00, 50c.
Tickets at Bell Piano Rooms.

W. Easson Brown, the Varsity champion athlete, who appears in dramatic recital at Foresters' Hall on Thursday evening next, and who entertained the soldiers at the Exhibition last Thursday.

WILL NOT INSURE MEN FROM COUNTY

York County Council Decide to Let the Matter Drop

NEW BRIDGE IS NEEDED

Commission Will Say Whether One Will Be Built at Islington

The report of the committee appointed in connection with the insuring of York County soldiers was submitted at the morning session of the county council on Saturday, and adopted without amendment.

After having made careful investigation the committee decided to take no action regarding the insurance of soldiers.

It was decided to purchase 220 rifles of approved type, with 100 rounds of ammunition per rifle, for the Home Guard and other rifle associations organized in the county. Messrs. G. Ironsides, G. Little and C. L. Wallace were appointed a committee to inspect the different associations.

The question of a new bridge being built over the Mimico Creek at Islington was again introduced by Reeve Silverthorne of Etobicoke.

Earlier in the session the matter had been referred to the warden and the county commissioner, but Mr. Silverthorne wanted some definite decision arrived at by the council. A spirited discussion ensued during which the Reeve of Etobicoke and J. M. Gardhouse of Weston pointed out that a new bridge was an absolute necessity. Several of the members wanted the matter to be left in the hands of the commissioners, who had power to build the bridge if necessary. This course was eventually decided on.

AUSTRIANS REPULSED WITH SERIOUS LOSSES

Montenegrins Retained All Their Advantages, Despite Furious Attacks in Herzegovina

Canadian Press Despatch.

PARIS, Feb. 6.—The legation at Montenegro in Paris today issued an announcement under date of Cettinje, Feb. 5, which reads as follows:

"Austrian forces recently attacked with energy our armies operating in Herzegovina. They were repulsed with serious losses, our troops retaining all their advantages.

"On the same day the Austrians directed a severe artillery fire from the forts at Goradza and Grabovitz and the cruiser anchored in Cattaro Bay against our position at Lovchen."

LECTURE POSTPONED.

The illustrated lecture on "Gardening," to have been given by Sidney Johnston at the meeting of the Ontario vegetable growers in the Labor Temple Saturday afternoon, was postponed on account of Mr. Johnston being snowed in at Beachburg.

Good-bye Dyspepsia

No More Gurgly Brash, "Lump of Lead," Bad Digestion, Heartburn or Stomach Troubles.

Quick Relief. Costs Nothing to Try.

The man who can't help making face at his stomach, the man or woman wit a grouchy digestion, or with downrigh dyspepsia need fret no more over stom ach troubles.

The heaviest, richest dinners, the mos unspeakable quick lunches, all can b taken care of without imposing on t stomach. A scientific digestive can d the digesting, where the stomach eith did not do it before, or did it very im perfectly.

Beauty and Good Digestion Go Hand i Hand. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets Insure Both.

When you take one of Stuart's Dy pepsia Tablets after a meal, the food digested by the tablet even better tha your own stomach can do it.

This is why the use of Stuart's Dy pepsia Tablets has become so univers among those who suffer from any kin of stomach troubles.

Take one of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tal lets after your next meal and if you ar given to belching, sour risings, ferment tion, heavy, lumpy feeling in the ston ach, indigestion, dyspepsia, loss of a petite or any other stomach derang ment, you will find at once a remarkab improvement.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are 'am most wonderful tablets on earth for an kind of stomach trouble.

They enrich the gastric juices, an give the stomach the rest it needs b fore it can again be healthy and strog

Try one after your next meal, no ma ter what you eat. You'll find your a petite return for the meal after and y will feel fine after eating.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are 'o sale at all druggists at 50c a box.

Send coupon below today and we w at once send you by mail a sample o

Free Trial Coupon

F. A. Stuart Co., 201 Stuart Bldg Marshall, Mich., send me at on by return mail, a free trial packag of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....Province.....

Arrange It Now on Terms to Suit

If You Hold Property
You Are Employed
You Are Recommended by any Property Owner or Employer

You can buy whatever you require now, at a great reduction. Call in and arrange for terms to suit your requirements. I have always found that my confidence in customers and their promise to pay is seldom abused.

D. MORRISON, The Credit Clothier.

OVERCOATS 75 more. Regularly up to $16.50. To-night and Saturday 7.50

LADIES' COATS 50 more. Regular $16.50 lines. To-night and Saturday only 7.50

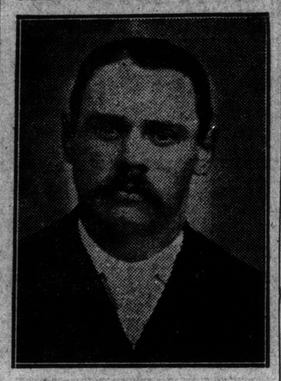
Bargains in Women's Suits—Men's and Boys' Suits and O'Coats. 30 PER CENT OFF ALL FURS.

STORE OPEN EVENINGS

D. MORRISON, 318 Queen West 318

ONLY $1 $2 $3 Per Week and 10% Off Bills Paid in 30 Days

MISSING TWO MONTHS



G. Hilborn, 13 Coady avenue, is anxious to learn the whereabouts of William Sanders of Brown Hill, Ont. Sanders has been missing from his home since December 1. He is about 55 years of age, 5 feet 8 inches in height and had a dark moustache that was turning gray and was slightly bald. He is slightly demented. When he left home he was wearing a black suit, Christie hat and a three-quarter length black overcoat. He has a number of friends in Cannington.

"PRINCE OF PILSEN" AT PRINCESS SOON

Musical Comedy With Good Singing Chorus Returning to Toronto.

"The Prince of Pilsen" will be the attraction at the Princess for the week beginning Monday night, February 15. The company presenting it this season is said to disclose an average of vocal excellence rarely shown. John W. Ransome, the creator of the role of Wagner, Edward T Mora, who has played the prince for years, and Dorothy Delmore, the original Jimmie—the bell-boy, are still members of the cast. To those who have already seen "The Prince of Pilsen," its remarkable success both here and abroad needs no explanation. Frank Pixley provided a humorous, romantic story, deftly ingenious in its complications and picturesquely placed on the shores of the Mediterranean, under the blue skies of the Riviera.

Miss Dolly Kelly, dashing, chic and graceful, will be seen at the gracious widow, and this character is said to have never been more charmingly outlined. Henry Coote in the role of the American lieutenant is a recent acquisition, and his excellent voice is said to add largely to the effect of the performance. Other members of the cast are Regina Richards, Claudia Rodgers, Geraldine De Rose, Earle McHaffie and George Myers. In reviving this musical comedy classic, the organization was equipped with an entire new scenic production and costumes. The special orchestra will be under the direction of Victor Clark.

MORE ARTILLERYMEN JOIN FROM HAMILTON

Thirteen Members Left Hamilton Saturday to Join Second Contingent at Toronto

Special to The Toronto World.

HAMILTON, Ont., Feb. 6.—Another detachment of the 4th Canadian Field Artillery left this city this morning for Toronto to joint the second Canadian overseas contingent. The following Hamilton men comprised the unit.: S. McCormick, T. Bannigan, Hubert Mills, Harold Mills, William Eshelby, Chas. Vivian, W. Richardson, C. D. Searles, P. Breisford, J. C. Smith, J. K. Banks, William Harrison and G. Yuill.

CAPT. MARSHALL BETTER.

Word has been received by Noel Marshall that his son, Capt. K. R. Marshall, of the 48th Highlanders, Toronto, and a member of the first Canadian expeditionary force, who is at present in the London Hospital suffering from an attack of influenza, is in no danger and is progressing favorably. This welcome news was sent Friday to Mr. Marshall by his cousin, General Marshall, of the imperial army.

LENGTHY MEETING OF CITY COUNCIL

Prolonged Discussion Due on Appointment of New Fire Chief

RAILWAY EXTENSIONS

Car Line May Be Built on Bloor Street, West of Lansdowne

Just what the city council will do with the board of control's recommendation that Deputy Chief Noble be made head of the fire department, when it meets Monday, is not known. There is certain to be a long debate, and there will be strong opposition to the appointment as recommended. The concensus of opinion seems to be that the only way to get a thoro reorganization of the department will be to appoint someone outside of the present outfit. The controllers recommend that the clause adopted by last year's council that a fire commissioner be appointed be rescinded.

Monday's meeting promises to be a lengthy and interesting one. The question of a superannuation fund for permanent employes of the city will be discussed. The question of what to do with Catfish Pond will be reopened. The revision of the city's wards will come up. The controllers recommend that application be made to the Dominion Railway Board for the proposed eastern entrance to the Exhibition Grounds. Mayor Church may be given authority to sign a petition asking that the franchise be granted to married women, as it is now extended to widows and spinsters.

Railway Extensions.

A number of matters arising out of Mayor Church's inaugural will be dealt with. Some of these are the extension of the Bloor street car line from Lansdowne avenue to Dundas street; application for a suburban service by the steam roads; the elimination of level crossings in ward six.

The board do not recommend the adoption of Ald. Robbins' motion to change the site of the Wilton avenue incineration.

The motion of Ald. Ball requesting city telephone rates in North Toronto is concurred in. The board do not recommend that council go on record as being opposed to any annexations during the year.

The tenders for the Rosedale section of the viaduct will come up, the board recommending that the contract be awarded to the Dominion Bridge Company, at a price of $298,555.53, without the lower deck.

JUMPED ON CAR FENDER.

W. C. Waite, 48 Mountview avenue, was knocked unconscious by being struck by a Dundas car at the corner of Sterling avenue on Saturday afternoon. He was crossing the road and when he saw the car it was so near him that he could not escape. He jumped on the fender. His injuries were dressed by Drs. Towns and Watson, and he was later removed to his home by Speer's ambulance.

TOMMY SENDS HIS THANKS TO POLICE

Gifts Remind Them of the "Bonnie Empire" They Are Fighting For

Many cards of thanks have been received by the detective office for the gift of tobacco sent by the police for the soldiers. One addressed to Chief Grasett reads as follows:

Fellow-Britishers: Please accept a Tommy's thanks for your most welcome bit of baccy. To be remembered by your gifts gives all an idea of the bonnie empire for which we are fighting. We are having a dreary time at present in the trenches, but live in hopes of a very speedy and victorious end. Yours up the pole.

I remain on the flag,
L. Wright, "D" Co., R.W.F.

GAELIC SOCIETY WANTS LAND FOR HIGHLANDERS

Will Ask Imperial Government to Provide for Survivors of Soldiers

At a largely attended meeting of the Gaelic Society of Canada, held on Saturday evening, it was decided to memorialize the imperial government in favor of granting homesteads of small extent on good land in the Scottish highlands to survivors of Highland soldiers who left their homes for service at the front.

The co-operation of the various Scottish societies thruout Canada will be asked in the movement, the main object of which is to make up to some extent for the drain of the war, by which whole districts in the highlands and islands have been depleted of their young manhood, threatening eventual extinction of the race in its natural habitat.

Dr. Alexander Fraser presided and among the speakers were Rev. Dr. Strachan, J. K. Macdonald, J. A. Paterson, K.C., Rev. Dr. Jas. Murray, Prof. Lowther, J. A. Macintosh and others.

Williams' Sixth Annual Piano Club Rapidly Filling Up

The Easy Payments and Protective Privileges Appeal Strongly at This Time.

Only About 125 Memberships Left---Players a Big Feature.

The great popularity of the Williams Anniversary Piano Club and the strong appeal the Protective and Relief Insurance clause, the easy terms, the money-saving and exchange privileges, have made to the public was most forcibly emphasized during the past week.

There are only about 125 memberships left and the indications are that the club will close in about ten days.

There is every reason in the world why this big Piano Club should be successful, especially at the present time, when the extraordinary privileges and features accorded to club members are considered. A protective insurance clause that gives the family without further charge in case of the death of the member a relief insurance clause that permits of half-payment when sick or unemployed; a reduction of almost $100 in the price, terms of only $5 down and $1.25 a week for pianos, and $2.50 a week for player piano, 30 days' free trial, and a year's exchange privilege are exclusive club concessions that make it possible for many families to purchase an instrument who otherwise could not assume such an obligation. The protection afforded by these special club privileges is so attractive, especially at the present time, that many conservative buyers, appreciating the rare opportunity the club affords, have joined, purchasing the club instrument with the intention of securing a better one some time during the year if possible. The fact that they can do this without the loss of a single cent is a big inducement.

And then, again, this year the Williams Company have included twenty-five 88-note 1915 model Player-Pianos with all of the club privilege and advantages, including no interes and a saving of $107.50 in price. The instrument has all the latest improvements for personal expression and control and is equal to any $650 Player-Piano made. The price of the club piano is $267.50, the price of the club Player-Piano $542.50. For the convenience of their patrons the Williams Company are keeping their warerooms open Wednesday and Saturday evenings during the club event.

Look Here for What You Want

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

The firms, whose cards appear below, will give prompt and careful attention to your wants and endeavor to ensure you the highest degree of satisfaction.

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

Readers should refer to this page for whatever they may require, and in dealing with advertisers it will repay them to mention the fact of the advertisement having been seen in The Sunday World.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS— CRUTCHES, TRUSSES and All ORTHOPEDIC APPLIANCES. Canadian Patent Owners of the Double Slip Socket Legs. DOMINION ARTIFICIAL LIMB CO. 349 College st., Toronto - Phone College 3226

AUCTIONEERS— THE LEADING AUCTIONEERS OF CANADA. CHAS. M. HENDERSON & CO. Established 1350. Tel. M. 2358. 128 KING ST. EAST. Special attention given to sales at residence and Real Estate. Sales every Wednesday and Saturday at our rooms. References—THE PUBLIC.

AUDITING AND ACCOUNTANCY— Have your books written up for the year and statement of your position made. Lowest rates in city. Only best experienced men employed. TORONTO BUREAU OF CREDITS, M. 2776. Suite 414, Ryrie Building, 229 Yonge Street.

AUTO ELECTRIC STARTERS— NORTH-EAST ELECTRIC FORD STARTING LIGHTING SYSTEM. AN ALL WEATHER STARTER. Sole Agent—J. E. de VALADARES, 68 Bond St. (rear)

AUTO HEATERS— The Auto Rad. The Only Satisfactory Automobile Heater. JOHN T. WILSON, LIMITED. 89 Jarvis Street. Phone M. 1142.

AUTO INSTRUCTION— Learn a business where there is a constant demand for your services. We teach you to operate, repair, assemble, adjust, demonstrate and sell automobiles. Day and evening classes. TORONTO AUTOMOBILE SCHOOL. 85 Wellington West - Phone Adelaide 3454

AUTO LAMPS and RADIATORS— REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS. GUIDE MOTOR LAMP CO. 5 Bertl Street (near Queen St.) - Phone M. 5761

AUTO PAINTING— A TRIAL SOLICITED. ESTIMATES FREE. COLLINS, JONES & CO. UP-TO-DATE AUTO PAINTING. Glen Home Place, (rear) 183 GERRARD E. Phone M. 3111

AUTO PAINTING— Our system includes mud and grease removal by steam process; Conboy Seat Covers can be cleaned with gasoline. Mudguard, Body and Top Repairers. CONBOY CARRIAGE COMPANY. Phone Gerrard 820. Queen East and Don.

AUTO TIRES— 36 x 4½ CASINGS—$19.00. ALL SIZES AT CUT RATE PRICES. RIVERDALE GARAGE AND RUBBER CO. GERRARD & HAMILTON STS. - 277 COLLEGE ST.

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AUTOS—USED CARS— Automobiles bought, sold and exchanged. We have snaps in used cars at all times. See us for Automobile bargains. BREAKEY'S USED CAR BROKERAGE. 243 Church St. Percy A. Breakey, Prop. Phone M. 1261.

AUTOMOBILES FOR HIRE— LIMOUSINES, LANDAULETS AND TOURING CARS. BEST EQUIPMENT IN CITY. THE AUTOMOBILE LIVERY CO., LIMITED. PHONES M. 3184 3185 3187 J. J. SKELLEY, PRES. & MAN.

BAD DEBTS— of every kind collected. Agents everywhere. Write or phone for easiest terms and best references in city. TORONTO BUREAU OF CREDITS, M. 2776. Suite 414, Ryrie Building, 229 Yonge Street.

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COLLECTION AGENCY— ACCOUNTS and CLAIMS of every nature collected everywhere. Send for FREE booklet "M" and forms. We make a specialty of collecting for merchants. COMMERCIAL COLLECTION AGENCY. 77 Victoria Street - Phone Main 5898

DANCING— MOSHER INSTITUTE OF DANCING. 146 BAY ST. - Phone Main 1185. Private or Class Instruction. Assemblies every night except Monday.

DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE (THE HISCOTT). Established 23 years. The oldest and most reliable in Canada. Complete and thorough instruction given in all branches of this work to ladies desirous of getting the best tuition obtainable. Good opening and free tuition for a capable, attractive, intelligent and good-tempered young lady, about 23 (with references), wishing to enter a remunerative profession. Applications received by mail or after 2 p.m. daily. Booklet on request. See other advt. Page 9.

FURNITURE BOUGHT and SOLD— ANTIQUE AND MODERN. We carry an exceptionally large stock and invite your inspection. We pay top prices for Modern and Antique Furniture. YOLLES & CO., 682 Yonge Street. Phone 2686.

JEWELRY—DIAMONDS —$1, $2, $3 Week. Absolutely one of the best investments. Every payment made o a diamond is so much money saved. Write or call for catalogue. JACOBS BROS., 15 Toronto Arcade.

MASSAGE AND BEAUTY SCHOOL— The Dominion, 178 Beverley Street, Toronto. The oldest school in Canada teaching professional Manicuring, Hairdressing, Waving, Scalp and Facial Treatments, how to make toilet preparations, Chiropody, Electrolysis, Medical Massage, etc. Day and Night Classes or by illustrated Correspondence Course. Each branch is taught by eminent specialists.

MUSIC ROLLS— Ten thousand, all new and good music. A real snap at 15 CENTS each; any size. THE BOWATER CO., Main 5185. 59 Wilton Ave. (Near Church St.)

OSTEOPATH— Dr. J. C. McCONACHIE, M. A., Member Toronto Osteopathic Association which is Chartered and Incorporated by the Government. Specialist in treatment of CHRONIC DISEASES. 423 RYRIE BLDG. Cor. Yonge and Shuter Sts. Phones:—Office Main 5864, Residence North 5126.

PRIVATE DRESS EXCHANGE— Mrs. Ada May has always a large stock of ladies' and gentlemen's high-class second-hand clothing for sale at great bargains. I am also prepared to pay the highest cash price, for all kinds of clothing, furs, etc. 15 DIVISION ST. (off Spadina Ave.), Phone College 7006

UNDERTAKING— HARRY R. RANKS. Funeral Director and Embalmer. Private Ambulance Service, 466-57 Queen St. W., Phone Adelaide 2024.

WHAT IS CHIROPRACTIC? The most modern Triumph of Science. This great method of specific spinal adjustment, as discovered by Palmer, has solved the problem of the cause of Cancer and Tuberculosis. Visit the man who knows the cause, and learn where your trouble begins in the spine. Absolutely no drugs, operation, nor massage. PRACTOR CHATTOE, 316 Brunswick Ave. Tel. College 1167.

L. H. GIBBINS' FUNERAL.

A large number of members of the Machinists' Union and the Toronto District Trades and Labor Council attended the funeral of the late L. H. Gibbins Saturday afternoon. Mr. Gibbins was for many years business agent of the International Association of Machinists and chairman of the board of business agents at the Labor Temple.

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 PS65, Windsor, Ont.

TWELVE U. S. FIRMS APPLY FOR SITES

During the past six weeks no fewer than twelve United States corporations have made enquiries of the Toronto Harbor Commissioners regarding manufacturing sites in the Ashbridge's Bay industrial district. In view of the fact that during the period of August to December last year no enquiries of any kind were received, this is taken as an indication that confidence is being restored in the manufacturing industries thruout the continent. No applications for information have been received from England, and it is not thought likely that there will be any for some time, owing to the unsettled conditions across the water. The harbor commissioners propose to spend $2,500,000 on the work this year, one million dollars of which will be furnished by the federal government.

CATTLE EMBARGO PLACED ON EIGHT CITIES OF U. S.

Canadian Press Despatch.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—As the result of the discovery of foot and mouth infection in Chicago, Indianapolis, Louisville, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Jersey City, Pittsburg and Columbus, the department of agriculture today instructed its inspectors to close the yards in those cities to interstate shipments of live stock after shipments in transit had been disposed of.

An order prescribing details and declaring whether the yards will be permitted to continue to receive cattle for immediate slaughter will be issued later. As to shipments in transit, the inspectors were instructed to allow the live stock to go forward if they showed no symptoms of the disease, had not been handled in infected pens and were destined for immediate slaughter in quarantined areas where federal inspection of meats is maintained.

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41A Lombard Street, TORONTO, Ont.

WEEK'S WAR SUMMARY

By W. H. STEWART

The week ends with the revelation that Grand Duke Nicholas, commander of the Russian armies, has probably worked a huge deception on the German general staff, for he has greatly astonished the Germans by his vigorous actions before Warsaw in the past few days. It was believed that the bulk of the Russian forces were engaged in an invasion of Hungary and an invasion of East Prussia.

In order to cope with the Russian menace in the Carpathians, the Germans were obliged to collect a large army, estimated at fully a million men to defend Hungary. These men are cut off from the German and Austrian armies in the north by the Carpathians, the passes of which the Russians hold or dominate, and neither can hurry aid from one quarter to another as they were wont in the earlier stages of the campaign. The grand duke gave out information a short time ago that the Cossacks were entrained for a six months' campaign in a country that was adapted to their employment, and the Germans and Austrians naturally believed that it was Hungary which would be invaded. Sure enough this will be done in the proper time, and in proper force to take the pressure of the Serbs.

Grand Duke's Strategy.

But the grand duke has an old score to settle with Von Hindenburg, and he has not given up this intention. Instead of weakening his lines before Warsaw, as the enemy thought, he has kept there a strong force of his best soldiers, and when an attack was made on Von Hindenburg, General Mackenzen with a hundred thousand of his finest troops made an attempt to carry all before him in a grand attack on the Russian positions between the Bzura and the Rawka Rivers. The Russians not only defeated this attempt with the slaughter of 30,000 Germans, including some of the famous Prussian Guards, but counter-attacked and captured three lines of trenches, many prisoners, and guns. The Russans followed up this success by crossing the Bzura River and carrying positions on the flank of Von Hindenburg, who is being held in his lines by strong frontal assaults by the Russians, between him and Warsaw. If the Russians proceed much further on the German flank Von Hindenburg will be thrust on his team ends, and his reputation as a general, already much tarnished, will collapse.

On the western front the prospect is for heavy fighting in the next week or two, for if Von Hindenburg's army is caught in a trap an attempt will probably be made by the kaiser to draw men from the armies in Belgium to send to the assistance of his generals in the east. The allies will strive to prevent this, and will of course take an active offensive to intimidate the Germans. The kaiser will thus be forced to draw on his partially trained troops for succor, and they will not be so effective as his seasoned veterans.

German Threat Belittled.

Judging by the feelings at Potsdam at the terrible menace in Russian, and the menace of Great Britain's armies of three million men, fast preparing to take a powerful hand in the game of war, the German threat to sink all British ships in the English channel and off the French coast is more of an empty bluff than anything else. It is probable that the Germans have more submarines completed, but the British probably have also. As the war has been waged for six months, and therefore time has been given for British shipyards to turn out new vessels, it would not be surprising if a large fleet of light craft suited for running down submarines were soon in commission, besides the thousands of trawlers already commandeered by the admiralty.

Submarines Failures.

Public alarm at the submarine menace in England is mitigated by what may almost be termed amusement. The real story of the maritime war is that the much touted submarine the useful is, after all, pretty much of a failure so far as major operations are concerned. Not a British ship in action or off the coast of Belgium has been sunk, and it was only where an old third-class battleship and some semi-obsolete cruisers were not carefully on the lookout that the submarine has scored. It was confidently predicted by some of its enthusiasts before the war that it would render the dreadnought useless. This was also said of the torpedo boat when it was invented, and, indeed, after every new piece of death-dealing contrivance ever discovered and put together since fighting began, has been hailed as the ender of war or as superseding every other form of offence.

Invasion of Egypt.

The much-advertised, long-talked of invasion of Egypt by the German-Turks has begun. The enemy was defeated in skirmishes at several points on the Suez Canal in the past week, but he is almost certain to renew the attempt in some force before many days have passed. This invasion should not be despised, but, on the other hand, with first-rate troops, it ought easily to be repelled and the bulk of the army find its grave or prison in the wilderness of Moses, Sinai peninsula.

The Canadian Parliament is asked to vote $100,000,0000 as a war credit by Sir Robert Borden, for operations on land and seas for the coming fiscal year.

WESTERN BATTLE FRONT.

The submarine as a commerce destroyer, off Havre. The crews of the two enemy, made its appearance over the week-end and sank five British merchant ships, three small coasting steamers near Liverpool, and two larger vessels, the Icaria and the Toku Maru, off Havre. The crews of the ships sunk in the Irish Sea by the German submarine U21 were given a few moments' warning to leave their ships, and these were then sunk by the expedient of attaching a mine to their bridges.

Had Food for Belgians.

The Toku Maru was laden with a cargo of frozen meats and other foodstuffs for the Belgians. The first intimation her crew had of the attack was the striking of the ship by a torpedo. The vessel floated half an hour before foundering, and the sailors were able to escape in the small boats. Other liners escaped.

The Germans also discharged a torpedo at a British hospital ship.

Fighting with artillery except at La Bassee and the Argonne was the predominant feature of the war on Sunday. German attacks were repulsed at several points.

Food Commandeered.

Germany gives indications of alarm over her metal supply, and the government has commandeered all that is to be had in the country.

The kaiser conferred the iron cross on Dr. Gustave Krupp von Bohlenund Halbach, head of the Krupp works, and on Count von Bernstorff, German ambassador to the United States.

Attempts of the Germans to renew attacks at Bethune and La Bassee on Monday were defeated with heavy slaughter. The Argonne forest is still the arena of heavy fighting and the French armies in that region are resisting the enemy heroically.

In the Vosges the French are slowly pressing the Germans back. An operation of much difficulty has been commenced to capture the hill of Burnhopt le Bas. The Germans were forced to evacuate Cernay, and in turn bombarded it to keep out the French soldiers.

British Defeat Germans.

At La Bassee Monday the British troops defeated a German attack by close fighting with the bayonet, and when that was rendered useless they fought the enemy with their fists. The Princess Patricia's Light Infantry defeated a German Regiment and only had four killed and a number wounded, including Lance-Corporal Bullen of Toronto.

The Canadian contingent has prepared to leave Salisbury Plain for France, on short notice.

French Progress in Champagne.

Continuous progress in the Champagne district on the part of the French has become a serious menace to the German armies stationed between Rheims and the Argonne. The French progress north of Perthes has been wel maintained for several days, and on Wednesday the Germans delivered several counter attacks with the object of stopping this onward march. All these efforts were beaten off, and the French were able to retain their first line positions.

A series of attacks were made Tuesday and Wednesday by the Germans near Bagatelle in the Argonne, to drive the French back, but these availed the enemy nothing but casualties.

Fireboats Used.

Fireboats were used by the enemy on the River Ancre in an attempt to destroy French bridges. The French detected these vessels north of Albert, and stopped them before they came in contact with the crossings. Thursday the French followed up their advantage in this region by demolishing the German blockhouses with their heavy artillery, and dispersing some German convoys, and then the infantry attacked and carried about 300 yards of trenches giving them an increased advantage.

Artillery duels which continued along the Aisne resulted on Wednesday morning in the silencing of many German batteries, the exploding of ammunition caissons, and the driving off of German workmen who were digging trenches and erecting field works.

The Germans have opened in Berlin a course of lectures on economy in eating during the war, preparatory to putting the entire civil population on rations.

A German aeroplane which was reconnoitring over Switzerland on Thursday was fired upon by Swiss soldiers.

Twelve hundred and seventy-nine German judges, lawyers, magistrates and professors have been killed in the war.

In France, Thursday, the Germans delivered three infantry attacks with about one thousand men each in the vicinity of Perthes. Two were violently repulsed and the third by exploding a mine in a trench, succeeded in holding it for a short while. The French counter attack drove the Germans out, and dug new trenches nearby, as the explosion had rendered the old one untenable.

In Alsace the French troops made slight advances southwest of Kolschlag and northwest of Hartmannswellerkopf. A German attack on Uffholz failed utterly on Wednesday.

A German aeroplane scouting at Verdun was brought down by French artillery fire, and the airmen made prisoners.

Fighting has been heavy in the Lys region and around Nieuport in Belgium and 35 trains of wounded Germans passed thru Aix-la-Chapelle to Germany in one day.

Friday's French report reveals further advances in the Champagne district, where the French have captured several positions from the Germans in the past week. The French appear to be prepared for a vigorous offensive at this point when they are fully ready for making it.

The French progress in the Vosges and Alsace is becoming alarming to the Germans. The headquarters of the German commander, south of Altkirk, were destroyed by French aviators, and attacks on the French leading column were defeated with considerable loss. This has induced the German staff to remove their documents and other belongings from Muhlhausen, across the Rhine to Freiberg. Evidently it is feared by the Germans that they will be unable to keep their hold upon Alsace, and they will probably, if hard pressed, a little longer, retreat across the Rhine and resist the passage of that river.

War in Eastern Theatre.

The Russians had a week-end of successes. A column of troops defeated the Turks in the Caucasus by advancing over a mountain ridge in a snowstorm and capturing the Village of Garnees with the entire commander of a division, his staff, and a corps of surgeons. The Turks, who had fled to the hills, made a second attack on the Russian troops next day, but the Russians, not waiting to receive the onrush of the Turks standing, advanced at the double and put the enemy to sudden rout. The Russians also defeated and destroyed the Turkish force, which had occupied Tabriz, in Persia.

Success in Black Sea.

The Russian fleet holds command of the Black Sea. A torpedo-boat boldly raided Trebizond, dispersed the Turkish garrison by its fire, and bombarded the barracks and flour depot. The Russian fleet also hunted out the Turkish cruisers Medjidieh and Breslau from their hiding places near Samsoon, and pursued them till nightfall.

Initial Successes Gained.

Initial successes were gained by the Russians in the first stages of the battle of the Carpathians. Two sharp attacks defeated Austrian forces southwest of Dukla and southwest of the Jasliska, Ballgroad and Ludoviski line. The Austrians lost three lines of trenches at one point and many prisoners and machine guns.

Russian Prestige Grows.

The recent fights in the Carpathians and successes against the Turks have gained Russia tremendous prestige in the Balkans and in the near east generally, and this has stimulated the Germans to renew the offensive near Warsaw. Von Hindenburg's fierce attacks were repulsed in general by the Russians except at one place, where some trenches were lost, to be afterwards regained in a bayonet charge.

Alarm Over Carpathians.

The Russian offensive in the Carpathians on Wednesday assumed such menacing proportions that Von Hindenburg, commanding the German armies before Warsaw, actively resumed the offensive against the Russian lines and delivered some formidable attacks. On Thursday he mustered fifty thousand infantry and made an immense drive, which resulted in the slaughter of four thousand Germans by the Russian artillery, rifles and bayonets. With the average proportion of casualties to the number actually slain as hitherto recorded in this war, the total German losses in this attempt alone must have been close to twenty thousand, or half the effectives engaged.

Well Into Hungary.

South of the Carpathians the Russians are well into Hungary. Instead of waiting for the Austrians to attack them they are pursuing a vigorous offensive in spite of heavy snowfalls and of snow five and six feet deep, which makes marching difficult. The Cossacks are in the van. A glance at the map of Hungary will show that counting Galicia as a part of Hungary as well as Bukowina, the Russians have overrun about one-third of it and hold a larger part of the territory of the enemy than the Germans do in France and Belgium.

Austrians Have Big Army.

The Austrians are believed to have twenty army corps, including Germans in Hungary. This will give them a strength of over a million, for the Austrian army corps on a war footing consists of three divisions. Wholesale surrenders are reported to be taking place and the enemy in this quarter seems about ready to quit fighting. Von Hindenburg before Cracow is unable to shift his armies round so as to help them, for the Russians command the Carpathians.

Tarnow Evacuated.

The Austrian army defending Cracow, ancient capital of Poland, has admitted that the Russians have forced them to evacuate Tarnow, a city forty miles from Cracow, on important railway lines leading to Germany and to Hungary thru the Carpathian Mountains. The town was bombarded so heavily by the Russians that it became untenable for the Austrians.

Bloodiest Battle of All.

Additional reports of Wednesday's battle between the Germans under Gen. Mackenzen and the Russians, between the Bzura and Rawka Rivers, lead to the conclusion that it was one of the bloodiest fights of modern times. The Germans assembled over 100,000 men to drive the Russians from their positions and advanced under a terrific artillery fire from 600 guns, which sprayed the Russians' centres with shrapnel and left a dense and poisonous smoke hovering over the Russian trenches. At close range the Russians got up in their places and advanced to meet the attack. A deadly combat with bayonets ensued and the Russians slowly thrust the enemy backwards.

Fourteen machine guns out of a battery of fifty were captured and the Muscovito hosts succeeded in outflanking the Germans and cutting up their army badly. A force of the famed Prussian Guards was hurried up to stem the tide, but these were badly cut up. The German losses are estimated by Frederick Bennet, an experienced correspondent, at thirty thousand killed alone. A large number of prisoners was captured and the number of wounded must have been enormous. This victory pretty well disposes of Mackenzen's army. Regiments so cut to pieces will be unable to regain their morale for weeks.

Russians Cross Bzura.

Following up this success the Russians crossed the Bzura River in force, carried a strong position on the flank of Von Hindenburg and menaced his whole army. In the meantime he is being held in his present position by strong Russian frontal attacks. The success of the Russians will have the effect of clearing the east side of the Vistula of Germans and make the invasion of East Prussia and Hungary less hampered. The Russians have held to all the passes of the Carpathians except one in the east, where they withdrew to a previously prepared position, but the German general in command of the Austro-German force, suspecting a trap, has declined to advance.

The Russians are said to have decided that the time is ripe for a vigorous offensive everywhere.

FIGHTING IN EGYPT.

The Turks made their first attempt and cross the Suez Canal Tuesday and invade Egypt proper on Monday, and were disastrously defeated, for they were attacked by the British troops just as they attempted to set up their bridging material in position.

Under the fire of the British troops the enemy fled in disorder, leaving all the material behind. This fight took place at Toussoum, 36 miles from Suez. Forty miles south of Port Said on the El-Kantara front the Turks also attacked the British forces at daylight Thursday, and were easily repulsed, with a loss of 16 killed or wounded and 40 prisoners. The British loss was three men wounded.

The British force near Ismailia, on Lake Timsah, on the Suez Canal, also had a skirmish with the Turks on Wednesday, and the Turks fled. The fighting took place in a sandstorm and the shooting of the Turks was bad, both rifles and artillery being poorly handled. The British had six men wounded.

Over Hundred Thousand Turks.

The main body of the Turkish army raised for the invasion of Egypt is at a point within 22 miles of the Suez Canal and consists of 90,000 Turkish soldiers and 20,000 Bedouins. Many German officers and engineers accompany this force. The invaders are weak in artillery. Their largest gun is the Krup five-inch rifle.

The Turkish losses in Egypt so far are estimated at 2400, the British at about 0 killed and wounded.

Britain is said to have 100,000 troops along the Suez Canal and within call at Alexandra. Besides, she has the advantage of commanding the big waterway with her warships.

ARRIVAL OF LUSITANIA.

Messrs. A. F. Webster & Son, general agents for the Cunard Line, report that they have received a cablegram stating that the S. S. Lusitania, which sailed from New York on Jan. 30, arrived safely at Liverpool at 4 a.m. Saturday, Feb. 6. On account of there being over 50 Toronto passengers on this splendid steamer, friends will be pleased to know that this steamer made such a good trip.

I. P. B. S.

Mr. A. R. Hassard, K.C., will give an address to the members of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, on "Bismarck and the Present War," in the I. P. B. S. Hall, 327 Church street, on Monday, 8th inst., at 8 p.m.

IS HE CRAZY?

The owner of a large plantation in Mississippi, where the fine figs grow, is giving away a few five-acre fruit tracts. The only condition is that figs be planted. The owner wants enough figs raised to supply a co-operative canning factory. You can secure five acres and an interest in the canning factory by writing the Eubank Farms Company, 864 Keystone, Pittsburg, Pa., U.S.A. They will plant and care for your trees for $6 per month. Your profit should be $1000 per year. Some think this man is crazy for giving away such valuable land, but there may be method in his madness. Advt. 572.

BERLIN REPORT SAYS FRENCH TORPEDO SUNK

Canadian Press Despatch.

BERLIN, Feb. 6—Reports to the overseas news agency from Paris say that the French torpedo boat 219 has been sunk off Nieuport, Belgium.

It is also reported thru the same source that German aeroplanes have succeeded in throwing some bombs on the French Town of Bailleul, nine miles east of Hazebrouck and near the Belgian frontier.

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 disolves 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, Can.

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CALL at 431 Roncesvalles avenue for special values in vacant or house property. 67

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BY A DEPTH of 325 feet—Only short distance from city; guaranteed high, dry and level; price, $400; terms, $4 down and $4 monthly. Office hours, 9 to 9. Stephens & Co., 136 Victoria St. Main 5984. 71

British Columbia Fruit Lands

SOUTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA fruit ranches, one mile from Elko and three railroads. Splendid for apples, cherries, all small fruits and table supplies, with a market right at your door. The soil is first-class, the climate delightful. Not away in the wilds, but right in civilization. Life is worth living and a good income assured. Price $100 an acre on easy terms. Your net profit the first year from garden produce will pay for the land. Write for folder giving full particulars. J. B. Martin, 612 McIntyre Block, Winnipeg 7-f28

HIGH PARK BARGAIN

60 MOUNTVIEW, solid brick, 8 rooms and sunroom, hot water heating, oak floor and trim, newly decorated, every modern convenience. This is high-class property, and must be sold. See this and make us an offer. Melville, 256 Lansdowne. Park 3529. Exclusive agents.

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COME TO SUNNY SOUTH FLORIDA—$2 cash, $1 monthly per acre gives independent home in centre of orange belt. Three crops yearly, shipping strawberries and vegetables at top prices during frozen north. Also splendid celery land; melons now blooming. Good water, healthy climate. Salesmen wanted. Wagner, Arcadia, Fla.

SONG RECITAL BY DALTON BAKER

Music Hall, Toronto Conservatory of Music, Tuesday evening, Feb. 23rd. Program from the works of famous old and standard modern British composers. Tickets, $1.00. Plan of hall and sale of seats at office of the Conservatory of Music.

Farms Wanted

FARMS WANTED within 30 miles of Toronto. Apply Nicholson & Schoales, 167 Yonge street, Toronto ed. 7

Business Opportunities

WANTED—Information regarding good mining or industrial stock, or good patent for sale. Send description. Northwestern Business Agency, Minneapolis, Minn.

Business Personals

FOR NEW YEAR'S prospects send birthtime and 25c. Professor Stuart, 581 Dufferin. ed-7

Plants, Trees, Etc.

STRAWBERRY PLANTS—100, 70c; 1000 $5. Currants, 10c; gooseberries, 15c; raspberries, 5c; rhubarb, 10c; fruit trees, perennial flowers, roses, dahlias, pansies, etc. Carriage prepaid. Catalogue free. Chas. Provan, Langley Fort, near Vancouver. ed7

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CARPENTER WORK wanted—If you contemplate having any carpenter work done, it would pay you to have it done now. It does not matter how small the job may be, I will be glad to do it for you. Drop me a postal, and I will come and see you. The workmanship will be first-class and the price the most reasonable you have ever had. A. Butcher, 26 McCaul street. ed7

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LIME, CEMENT, ETC.—Crushed Stone at cars, yards, bins or delivered; best quality; lowest prices; prompt service. The Contractors' Supply Company, Limited, Junction 4006, Main 8224, Hillcrest 870, Junction 4147. ed7

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Art

LESSONS IN DRAWING and painting by mail; send for circular. Art Correspondence School, Room 316, 79 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

Hair Dressing

SPECIAL scalp treating for ladies and gentlemen. The most up-to-date methods are used for all diseases at the most reasonable prices. Consultation free. Consult Mme. Estelle or Prof. Crosse, 755 Yonge street, North Apartments, opposite York Theatre. North 1562.

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A TALENTED PERSON may earn as high as $500 a year writing verses for popular songs in spare time. Send samples of your poems. Instructive book FREE. Dugdale Company, Studio 1288, Washington, D. C. 7f28

BE A DETECTIVE; earn $50 to $100 weekly; travel all over the world. Write Dept. 113, United States Detective and Adjusting Agency, Railway Exchange, St. Louis, Mo.

FIREMEN, BAKEMEN, good wages. Experience unnecesary. State age, necessary. Railway, care Box 18, World. 7f28

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START A MAIL ORDER business at home. I did. Took in $124,594.03 last year. Free particulars tell how I'll start you. Address Robinson, 303 Woodruff, Toledo, O.

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MOORING'S MACHINE SHOP, 40 Pearl St. A. 1633. We make auto parts from the best nickel steel. Make and install all kinds of special machinery, and do repairs promptly. ed7

Articles for Sale

EMBROIDERY STAMPING OUTFITS—51 patterns and initials for embroideries with booklet of embroidery lessons, all for 10 cents; catalogue free. Edmond Lambert, Greenville, N.H.

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"HEAVEN AND HELL"—Swedenborg's great work on the life after death; 400 pages; only 25c postpaid. W. I. Law, 486 Euclid avenue, Toronto, Ont.

MOORING'S MACHINE SHOP, 40 Pearl St. Ade. 1633. We have a whole factory outfit for sale, mighty cheap, consisting of 60" x 14' high-pressure steam boiler and feed pump, with all piping and fittings complete; Factory outfit, lathes, drills, chucks, double pipe-threading machines, forges, vises, grinders, anvils, metal cutting machines, a lot of steel, factory trucks, air compressor, well, tanks; 60-ton hydraulic press, complete; quantity of large tanks, platform scales, shafting, pulleys, belting, etc., etc. Must be sold at once. ed7

PRINTING — Cards, envelopes, statements, billheads. Five hundred—one dollar. Barnard, 35 Dundas. Telephone. ed7

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CUT THIS OUT for luck. Send birth date and 10c. for wonderful horoscope of your entire life. Professor Raphael, 499 Lexington avenue, New York. 7f4

MARRY if you are lonely. The Reliable Confidential Successful Club has large number of wealthy, eligible members. Descriptions free. Mrs. Wrubel, Box 26, Oakland, Cal. ed 7 f-11

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WEALTHY CALIFORNIA ranchman, 48, would marry. N-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

WOULD you marry if suited? Best matrimonial paper published; mailed free. The Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio. 7 F 28

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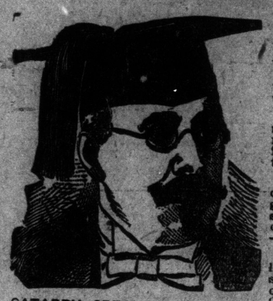

CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE, (Graduate in Medicine and Surgery, Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service).

Take it in hand at once! Drive it out of your system before it ruins your health—your happiness—your very life's welfare itself!

Don't be blind to its dangers, because it works so quietly. Catarrh wrecks more lives than we realize.

Are you making that common, dangerous mistake of thinking Catarrh a trifling ailment? Are you fooling yourself with the idea it's only a stubborn, obstinate head-cold that in time will "cure itself"?

Don't deceive yourself any longer. Catarrh can't cure itself. While you heedlessly neglect it, you're fast becoming a hawking, spitting, foul-breathed nuisance—an object of disgust to everyone you meet. Worse still—Catarrh may get down to your lungs.

Once Catarrh settles on the lungs it's no longer Catarrh—it's Consumption. Consumption comes from neglected Catarrh, and over two million people die every year from Consumption.

CURE YOUR CATARRH NOW—don't let it run on another day. Write to me at once and let me give you the most helpful and valuable

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE

of Catarrh. It shall not cost you a cent, and it's bound to be of wonderful aid to you.

For twenty-five years I've been studying and curing catarrh. Now I offer you without any expense whatever, free consultation and advice on curing your troubles—the benefit of my wide knowledge and experience.

Don't let this chance go by—accept my assistance today! It's promised in genuine sincerity and friendliness. People all over North America who've already received my advice, gladly testify to what it has done for them. I'll cheerfully send you names and addresses of those who have sought my aid. Now they are cured of Catarrh, as they willingly bear witness.

Write to me and see if you can be freed from Catarrh.

Simply answer my questions yes or no, write your full name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out the free medical advice coupon and mail it to me without delay. Address

CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE,
319 TRADE BUILDING, BOSTON. Don't waste any time—delays are dangerous. Do it NOW.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

It entitles readers of this paper to free medical advice on curing Catarrh.

Is your throat raw?
Do you sneeze often?
Is your breath foul?
Are your eyes watery?
Do you take cold easily?
Is your nose stopped up?
Do you have to spit often?
Do crusts form in the nose?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have an unpleasant discharge from your nose?
Does the mucus drop into your throat from the nose?

FULL NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
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THE BARBICAN, LEWES CASTLE

One of the most picturesque sights in the quaint and historical Town of Lewes. Lewes has organized a local emergency committee which has issued a circular to the public telling them how to act in the event of a German invasion by sea or air.

LABOR MEN WANT FLOUR KEPT HERE

Hamilton Trades Council Blames Government for Price of Foodstuffs

WAR PRICES MODERATE

Flour and Sugar Show Increases, But Other Lines Are Not Affected

By a Staff Reporter.

HAMILTON, Feb. 6.—The war has not caused a rise of the price of staple food commodities in Hamilton, according to figures which have been compiled by a man competent to make a comparison. There has been an advance in flour, which can be credited to the war, but outside of that the rise in prices since the war began can be laid to the usual winter advances. Flour, bread, sugar, coffee, bacon, mutton and butter have gone up in price. Dairy products are dearer than in July, but the advance is seasonable. Since the war broke out, flour has advanced from 70 cents per 24-pound bag to $1.00. Bread has been increased two cents a loaf and sugar is from 2 to 2½ dearer.

Meats are generally about 3 cents a pound cheaper than before the war started, and in some cases 4 and 5 cents cheaper than a year ago. Mutton is 3 cents a pound dearer than before the war, but a decline in price is looked for at any time. Bacon is also dearer than before the outbreak of war. The reason for the decline in the price of some meats is due to the fact that the demand is not as great as it was before the war. The following table gives an idea of how prices compare today with the prices of a year ago and with the prices before the war broke out:

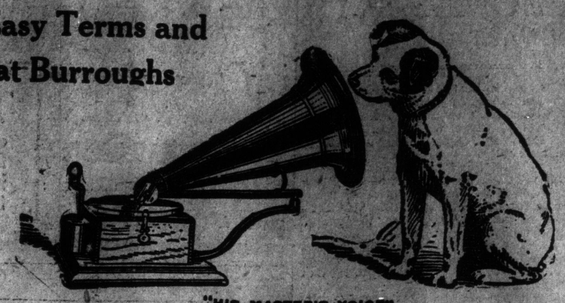
	Feb. 5, '14	July 15, '14	Feb. 5 '15
Bread, small loaf	5c	5c	7c
Bread, large loaf	10c	10c	14c
Sirloin steak	25c	28c	25c
Shoulder roast, beef	20c	18c	15c
Mutton, hind quarters	22c	20c	23c
Pork	23c	20c	20c
Breakfast bacon	26c	23c	28c
Eggs, new laid	55c	25c	40c
Butter, creamery prints	33c	28c	35c
Butter, dairy	30c	25c	30c
Cheese, new	20c	19c	20c
Cheese, old	22c	22c	22c
Flour, per 25 lbs.	75c	75c	$1.00
Prunes	12½c	10c	12½c
Sugar	4¾c	4½c	6½ to 7c
Tea, black	40c	40c	40c
Coffee	40c	40c	45c
Potatoes	$1.10	$1.35	80c to 90c
Milk	9c	8c	8c

In connection with the advance in the price of flour and incidentally the increase of two cents per loaf in the price of bread, the local trades and labor council place the blame on the government, claiming that the government bought up all the flour possible and shipped it out of the country. This, however, was due to the outbreak of the war, and the government sent the flour to England, Russia, France and Belgium to feed the soldiers. The trades and labor council are seriously considering the question of making a protest against the government shipping out any more flour from Canada, or having it pass an act whereby the flour dealers in Canada cannot raise the price because of the shortage. The trades and labor council officials point out that those having retained their flour for the past six or eight months are now reaping a grand benefit and increasing their bank accounts at the expense of the people who are forced to pay the increased price for their bread. While this action on the part of the trades and labor council is being contemplated, such a move may not be made for some time, as it is thought they will wait and see if there is to be any further advance in the price of flour and bread.

The trades and labor council officials also place the blame for the advance in the price of sugar on the government for levying the extra importation tax at the outbreak of the war. When this extra tax was levied the manufacturers added more to it, with the result that the wholesale and retail dealers have also added a little to the price of sugar and finally the people have to pay from 2 to 3 cents a pound more for sugar than at the outbreak of the war.

The trades and labor council will also make an effort to ascertain, if possible, why it is that the price of bread has not advanced in Winnipeg and other large western cities, while in every Ontario city and town the price has been boosted two cents per loaf.

'Victrolas on Easy Terms and *No Interest* at Burroughs

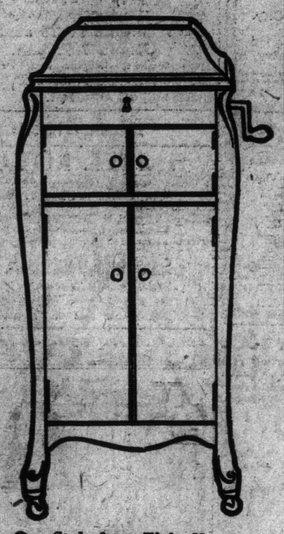


"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

BURROUGHES'

Grand Opening

New Victrola Parlors



One Style from Eight Now on Display

We desire to announce that we have opened a department for the demonstration and sale of **Victor Talking Machines and Victrolas** and cordially invite the public to come and inspect this new department and hear their favorite records. The same generous terms and fair treatment to our patrons that has made Burroughes one of Canada's Greatest Furniture stores will be accorded the customers of this new department. For the convenience of everyone, Victrola department will be open every evening.

Prices Range From

$20 UP TO $300

Terms as Low as $5 Cash

will place a Victrola in your home---No interest. Popular records at popular prices. Remember any priced Victola will play any music you wish to hear---and any Victrola will play any make of disc record.

The F. C. Burroughes Furniture Co. Limited

Corner of Queen and Bathurst Streets

MAIL ORDERS for records or machines will be filled promptly anywhere

For These Long Winter Evenings at Home a

COLUMBIA Grafonola

and some Columbia dance records meet the occasion. You can purchase a Columbia Grafonola for as little as $20.00 —and on easy terms.

Columbia Note the Name

85c up COLUMBIA Double Disc Records *Made in Canada* **85c up**

Go and get the new Columbia Dance Record Lists from one of the following dealers, who sell Columbia Grafonolas and Records:

Adams Furniture Co., City Hall Square.
Burnett Grafonola Co., 9 Queen St. East.
T. Claxton, Limited, 303 Yonge Street.
T. Eaton Co., Music Dept., Fifth Floor.
Gerhard Heintzman, Ltd., 41 Queen St. West.
Murray-Kay, Limited, King St. East.
Murray-Kay, Limited, King st. West.
Toronto Grafonola Co., 141 Yonge Street.
H. W. Wade, 985 Queen St. East.
R. F. Wilks & Co., 11 Bloor St. East.

VAUDEVILLE HUMORIST LEFT PROPERTY HOLDINGS

Marshall P. Wilder Willed Estate Worth Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand to Family.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6.—The will of Marshall P. Wilder, the humorist, who died on Jan. 10 last in St. Paul, disclosed real estate holdings in New York State valued at $250,000 and $17,000 in personal property. The will was filed for probate yesterday. It gives almost the entire estate to his son, Marshall P. Wilder, jr., and his daughter, Grace Isabel Wilder. The residue is to be held in trust, the income to go to the son and daughter for life. Upon reaching the age of 30 each has power to dispose of one-half of the estate by will.

MARK HAMBOURG'S RECITAL.

The definite program for the illustrious Russian pianist's Massey Hall recital on Thursday, February 11, will be as follows: Sonata B Minor, Chopin; Waltz, A Minor, Chopin; Mazurka, B Minor, Chopin; Six Preludes, Chopin, Andante, Spianato, Chopin and Polnaise E Flat, Chopin; Prelude and Fugue (dedicated to Mark Hambourg), Clarence Lucas; Aria Cesar Franck, Lotos-Land, Cyril Scott; Toccatta, Claude Debussy; Chant Kirghise-Pandemonium, Mark Hambourg; Paraphrase on the Waltz, from Eugene Oneguine, Tachaikowsky. Plan and tickets at Bell Piano Company. Following his great success at his New York Recital, February 2, Mark Hambourg has been specially engaged to play the Tschaikowsky B Flat Minor Concerto with orchestra at the Century Theatre, New York, on February 14.

A BEVY OF BEAUTIES IN "THE PRINCE OF PILSEN" AT THE PRINCESS THEATRE WEEK OF FEB. 15

SHIPPING CONGESTION IS BEING RELIEVED

British Embassy Says Delays to Vessels at London and Liverpool Are Abating

Canadian Press Despatch.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—The British embassy today issued this statement: "Congestion at and in the port of London has now greatly abated and only a few ships are now at Gravesend awaiting berth, and delays to which vessels have formerly been subjected need no longer be expected. Labor is sufficient for the necessities end awaiting berth, and delays to less than they were and will be further reduced owing to arrangements being made by a committee representing the principal port authorities of Great Britain.

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The Toronto Sunday World

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1915

Our Brother the Bum

One More Case of the Innocent Bystander in Imminent Peril.

If You Want to Avoid the Panhandler's Touch Never Be a Hustling Young Man With a Smile or a Kindly Old Man---and Never, Never Give Up Your Money When He Says It's the Price of a Drink He Wants, You Are Most Likely Being Fooled---the Science and Psychology of the Trade.

By JAMES P. HAVERSON

THIS is the story of a bum—told in the language of a bum, and expressing the philosophy of his trade or calling. In it is set out the psychology by which he sorts, from the mass of humanity in the street, those who are probable prospects for the price of a bed, a meal or a drink. It is an exposition of the brains behind begging.

Being the story of a bum, it begins as the beggar begins, with, 'Say, Mister, can I speak to you for a minute?" Then follows the plea for the price of a bed, a meal or a drink, garnished by various urgencies of need.

This particular beggar was frowsy, out-at-elbows, unshaven. He was a typical bum, and

"Can I Speak to You a Minute?"

"I've Had a Bit of Hard Luck."

This Smile Was Not for Charity, But for the Glad Rags of the Bum.

I asked him how he begged, when he begged and where and from whom he begged. I learned that there is a distinct philosophy and psychology of begging.

"There's lots of times," said he, "when ye'll do better to ask for a drink, even when it's a meal you want. There is a kind of man, an' you can tell him at sight, who thinks that every beggar wants a drink. It's no use askin' him for the price of a meal. He'd only think you was foolin' him. Tell him you want a drink, and he thinks you see he's too wise to be fooled. Nine times out of ten he'll give up that way.

"Take a young fellow with a smile; he's good, if you can get him stopped. Chances are he'll brush right by and never hear you; but if you get him stopped, he's good for a quarter, maybe a half. A smiling old man is pretty near always good for something, usually not as much as the young one, but he's a surer prospect.

"Some places is better than others. Only a mut'd beg near the Armories just now. You'd think outside a church would be good, but it ain't. When a man's given up to the collection plate, he's dry for the day. There ain't no use begging from women, anywhere, unless at their doors, and then it's only good for grub or clothes, with likely as not a job of work to do before you get that. A woman even hates to stop to drop a penny in a blind man's tin cup. She thinks it makes her noticed and there ain't no show to stop her in the street. Residential districts is good at night, but you always want to ask for the price of a bed. If a man's goin' home to a comfortable bed of his own he sort of haes to think of a guy with no bed to go to."

This is the story as it was meant to have been written. This is the way the editor mapped it out. It looked easy. All there was to do was to go out, find a bum, or let a bum find me. I have always been good bait for bums. Then I would ask the bum about bumming and print the story as he told it. But there was one thing we had overlooked, one calculation we had not made; we had not reckoned with the pride of the bum.

I suppose that in the week I was stopped by a dozen different bums, frowsy, down-at-heels and out-at-elbows, but, when I asked them of their business, they became taciturn and uneasy. Some of them took me, I think, for a plainclothes policeman, others plainly thought I was crazy. They became restive, and when it was suggested that pictures should be made of them in the exercise of their calling, they weighed anchor and made off, full steam ahead and discharging black clouds of reproach and abuse.

A bum, the dictionary has it, is "an idle, dissolute fellow—a loafer." "To bum," says the same authority, "is to live by sponging on others," but this is by no means the whole matter. This takes no account of the pride of bums, of their infinite reluctance to talk of their profession and of the well-nigh impossible task it is to entice them before a camera, nor of their vanity when persuaded to do so. A bum is of no necessary age—there are old bums and young ones. Loafers may be fat or lean, but they are all alike, dyed-in-the-divers and contradictory colors of pride and timidity.

There is, I am now prepared to declare, no trade or calling, the secrets of which are so jealously guarded, as are those of the professional bum. A man may beg at any time, in any place, but talk of his begging, he will not. One beggar I approached, or rather he approached me, declared that it would never do for him to have his picture taken. He had washed dishes, he vowed, in every restaurant kitchen in down-town Toronto, and should his picture appear as a bum, he would be done for. In vain I pointed out that what was wanted of him was merely a deodorized form of panhandling, a sort of moving-picture begging. 'Twas no use. Of all wild animals of street or forest, bums are the wiliest and most wary.

So that this, which was to have been the story of a bum, was in a fair way to turn out merely a bum story. Then I secured the services of the bum whose pictures appear herewith.

I had almost given up. Bum after bum was approached, begged to

Continued on Page 2.

Our Bro. The Bum Reveals The Panhandler's Pride

The Brains Behind Begging—the People Are the Prospects of the Panhandler.

Portrayal.

Continued From Page 1.

serve, but all indignantly refused. At last, in the office of a friend of mine, even while I was bemoaning the hopelessness of securing the services of any good, out-and-out bum, in he came and at last our joint entreaties, coupled with the promise of two perfectly good dollars for as many hours of his valueless time, and with the assurance that nothing remotely resembling work should be required of him, he was brought tentatively to consider the proposition.

First, he feared he would be pinched, but I promised him that he need beg only from those who had agreed in advance to be begged from, and at last when I had assured him that neither his name, nickname nor initials should appear, he consented to act. He departed agreeing to meet up with the camera man on the day following.

The next morning he turned up, but, horrible to relate, he was no longer the bum of yesterday. Gone was all his frowsiness, his ragged overcoat was replaced by a well-brushed dark affair with a velvet collar. His hat, a well-brushed black Christy, was newer and better than my own. About his neck, was a bright silk muffler and there were creases in his trousers.

At Simcoe and Front streets we gathered in Frank Harris, the first of those from whom he was to beg, and then a new difficulty was encountered. The man who was willing that a bum should beg from him, complained that his contract called for a recognizable bum, one that anyone would know was a beggar. This man, he complained, was no bum, and in the picture no one would know who was the beggar and who the begged. At last when the bum, now fearing for the promised two, assured him that he was a bum and had been for years, the timid one took heart and we got ready for the picture. With difficulty Our Brother, the Bum, was persuaded to exchange his proud and shining "dicer" for a cap, borrowed on the spot from a friend whom he had brought with him.

I do not know whether it was force of habit or whether it was the innate honesty of our Brother, the Bum, or whether he thought it was talking movies we were taking, but as he stepped up to Frankie, the bum opened up on his usual spael:

"You see, I have had a bit of hard luck——" he began, in the usual sing-song of the pan-handler, but the click of the camera closed his plaint and the picture was taken.

Next, the party boarded a street car and made for the second appointment at Church and Adelaide streets. There, opposite the old Public Library, was gathered in Jack Davies. He, too, had doubts about the likelihood of distinguishing the bum, but went bravely on with the business. Like the bum, who had been unable to resist the temptation to fuss up for the camera, Jack was possessed of the idea that the matter in hand was one of portraiture rather than portrayal. He persisted in smiling into the camera instead of posing as a benevolent young man about to disburse a dime. It spoiled a plate, but we have run the picture anyway, just to show you Jack's smile.

'For the love' of Mike, look at the bum!" shrieked the photographer and even Our Brother, the Bum, was forced to smile. You may see him grinning in the picture, the one in which Jack really looks as if he were going to give him something.

Once more the procession went on. At Wilton avenue and Jarvis street, we found Dad Davies. In the picture he appears a kindly gentleman smiling sympathetically at the beggar. In reality, he is grinning gorgeously at the brilliant scarf bedecking the neck of Our Brother, the Bum.

In the first of the pictures, we were able to persuade friend bum to wear the cap, somewhat in character with his part in the picture, but, later, his pride came upon him in a great wave so that it was impossible to wean him from the shining "dicer." It was only with difficulty that he was restrained from delaying the proceedings, while he went off to be shaved. Seedy clothes may be an aid to extracting elusive dimes from the benevolent, but they have no place when a man is to have his picture tooken, quoth he in the vernacular.

As the game went on, Our Brother, the Bum, enjoyed himself immensely. The proverbial pride of the playman seized upon him. His smile became chronic and one could

Portraiture.

seb him contemplating a career in the movies. Mary Pickford had made good, and why not he? Visions of rivalry with John Bunny flooded the brain of Our Brother, the Bum. He had achieved, if only for the moment, his "place in the sun"—or the spotlight. But Tragedy dogged close at his heels; soon the last picture was taken and the two dollars transferred. No sooner had he laid hands on cash, than the hospitality, which had been his life's undoing, laid violent hands upon Our Brother, the Bum.

"Come and have a drink," he chirped, but his invitation fell on stoney ground. "Do something useful with it," he was told.

"Pay your room rent," croaked his friend.

The man whom he had brought with him to share the glories of a two-dollar spree had turned on him. That room rent was the finish of Our Brother, the Bum, an extinguisher of roseate dreams. The cold hand of Duty, in the form of his false friend, laid hold upon his arm and Our Brother, the Bum, was led away, looking regretfully and reproachfully back as Joseph might have looked when his brethren sold him into bondage.

Sic transit, Our Brother, the Bum. 'Tis a pig-iron world.

This story, made in Toronto, is the product of co-operation. At the start the Editor called in the writer, the artist and the camera man, and they set out to do the whole thing themselves. At the finish they found that circumstances and "Our Brother, the Bum" had written most of it—the best.

You have stories you would like to see written, send us scenarios of the plots and we will see what we can make of them or what they make of themselves. The Editor.

A GIRL'S FLIGHT IN A ZEPPELIN

A Story Recalled from the Days "Before the War" Which Tells Some of the Secrets of the Big Gas Bags

TWICE had I been cheated out of seeing a Zeppelin passing over my hotel—the first time, last winter, a young woman's singing in my room drowned the warning roar; the second time was only yesterday morning, as I lay in my bed in Freiburg absorbed in reading Chesterton's "Flying Inn."

I felt a curious personal affront on afterwards hearing of my loss, even tho I held the peculiar distinction of being the only person in Freiburg who has missed the sight.

Twice had a Zeppelin eluded me; the thing assumed the features of a flirtation; the monster seemed to say, tauntingly, "If you would see me, you must pursue me to my lair."

"So I will, then," said I, and forthwith rose and donned my clothes, and at 10 a.m. went to see a very intelligent German who has been my last resort for information on all points ever since my residence in Freiburg. Here was a fateful coincidence—one of those heavenly, freakish things which we always expect to happen in well-regulated books but never in real life; it developed that my man was none other than the Freiburg agent of the Zeppelins of both Baden-Baden and Frankfort. I had been deliberately guided to him!

Within an hour, after some long-distance telephoning, he was able to give me exact answers to every question I fired at him.

The Zeppelin would not fly from Baden-Oos for six weeks. The Zeppelin would go up at Frankfort the following day, number of passengers and weather permitting.

Train for Frankfort left Freiburg at 1.33 p.m., arriving at Frankfort at 5.55 p.m.

I immediately calculated with what he called "American-do-it-quickness," and I found I just had time to take a taxi and obtain two extra rolls of photograph films, put off several business appointments, get back to my hotel, pack my bag, eat a quick lunch, and catch the one thirty-three train.

I did all these in rapid sequence, to the astonishment of the conservative German hotel officials, and slightly to my own, and at one-forty I was sitting in the sun-way-carriage catching my breath as the train sped towards Frankfort and the elusive Zeppelin. Of the trip of four and a half hours I shall only tell you one thing: at Heidelberg a nice fat Ohio man and his thin wife got into my carriage, and, as my husband comes from Ohio, I warmed up to the stranger at once and confided to him that I was going to Frankfort to fly.

He looked me over in his nice, plump fatherly way, and said, slowly:—

"I wouldn't if I were you. They couldn't get me to go up in one of those ill-fated Zeppelins if they offered me my weight in gold."

I remembered that remark in the middle of the night.

Arrived in Frankfort I took the train to the office of the Zeppelin. As we were going down the Kaiserstrasse I noticed everyone in the street looking upward, and I looked too. Lo and behold! there was the flirtsome Zeppelin directly over my head—come out to meet me half-way.

There are some sights which the brain does not accept when the eye reports them—this sight was pre-imminently one of them. My eyes saw a gigantic silver cigar gliding high over the roofs of Frankfort, but I didn't believe my eyes—it was unbelieveable.

It was the most appaling sight I had ever disbelieved.

If there had not seemed to be a power—a Something stronger than I pushme from behind, I should never then have carried out my intention of the morning. But I was a helpless manikin in the grip of a giant hand too strong to struggle against, and on I was pushed to the office, where I lied and said I wanted to book a passage in the Zeppelin for the next day's flight.

The booking took as long and seemed as full of formality and red-tapish details as the taking out of a marriage license.

When the blond young booking-clerk with the cold, cold eye asked me my husband's address (present residence), I said, "But why?"

He gazed upon me with his turtle eye and said: "Why? Why, just in case—but it—it is merely a formality and the custom of the company. Your husband's address is——?"

That suddenly arrested and cut short "in case" had explained it all; the necessary precaution the company must take of obtaining full and correct address of nearest relative, so that telegrams of certain notification shall go as direct as possible.

"Yes," said I. "You are right, 'in case.' Well, the address is——" and I gave it without further hesitation.

When I found that the price of a ticket was only one hundred marks I was really overwhelmed. It seemed so frightfully good and generous of the company to give one so much danger for only five pounds.

At last all the formalities were over, the ticket was in my hand, and I was doomed to fly at five o'clock the next afternoon, June the eighteenth.

♣ ♣ ♣

WHEN I got to my hotel I sat down and wondered why on earth I was doing this thing—a thing I had not dreamed of twenty-four hours before. There was no answer within me. I do things because I must. Life is a procession of things which present themselves to be done, and I do them—not willingly—but I do them.

Mark Twain and Albert Bigelow Paine put the blame of all such things on the "first thought of the first atom," which decided all the action and thought of every human being thruout life. Others comprehendingly call the thing "Fate." I call it "The Something"—that slave-driver which pushes me willy-nilly thru life and forces me every day to do the things which my cowardice, laziness, and discretion make me desire not to do.

I was never more helplessly in the grip of "The Something," for—I put my mouth to your ear—I did not want to go up in that Zeppelin.

But I did not even dare whisper that truth to myself at all during my waking hours yesterday, and I went to bed and to sleep, firmly saying, in a sort of bravado to myself, "How glad I am to go!"

At half-past one in the night I awoke suddenly and found myself in a deadly funk about Something.

After getting my senses marshalled I discovered why I was dripping with a cold perspiration. Waking from sleep I suddenly eluded the grip of "The Something" and I realized with clear sanity and independence of thought what I was going to do. Again I seemed to hear that nice, comfy voice from Ohio saying: "I wouldn't go up in one of those ill-fated Zeppelins, not if you gave me my weight in gold."

When he had said that twelve hours earlier I had merely smiled in a superior manner and looked at him with the expression the young reserve for the old.

I now listened with no smile of superiority or inferiority; I listened grimly as to the voice of a sage.

Before my inner eye flashed remembered head-lines on the first pages of newspapers—they were the obituary notes of Zeppelin I., Zeppelin II., and several other members of that ill-fated family.

Then I suddenly sat up in bed, and I laughed aloud—the sort of laugh that one hears filter thru the windows of sanatoriums.

But when I arose in the morning I was in The Grip again, and I was filled with the same emotionless calm of the day before.

I looked out of the window hoping from the mere force of habit, for good weather; the sky was overcast; that did not add to my happiness, for should it storm there would only be a postponement—there was no ultimate respite for me. I was a pawn that had been pushed over the chess-board of Germany from Freiburg to Frankfort, and the next move would be from Frankfort up into th air.

At ten minutes to one the sun came out; the weather became unmercifully beautiful.

Today was the longest day in all my life.

I eased my consdience by writing hurried, affectionate letters of confession to my family in England and America just "in case," you know—just in case.

When I descended to the hotel office and ordered a taxi. As I was going out of the door, at the last moment, I was seized with a sudden inspiration of generosity, and I had my hand already stretched forth offering to give my Zeppelin ticket to the hotel bell-boy, but the inspiration died within me because—well, he looked such a nice child and probably his mother was a widow.

I wished the portier had not insisted upon shaking hands with me when he said good-bye at the door of the taxi. It was in bad taste and unnecessarily final.

♣ ♣ ♣

I ARRIVED at the outskirts of the city and the gigantic Luftschiffhalle (garage) at four-forty-five.

I entered the garage with thumping of heart, and lifted my eyes to the taunting monster. Never have I seen anything that seemed so overwhelming at close range. It looked larger than the Imperator to me.

I felt the size of a molecule, and I wanted somebody's shoulder to shed my molecular tears upon. I looked about for the shoulder; there were plenty for choice, both masculine and feminine, but they did not look inviting. I was, however, cheered by the fact that I was evidently to have much company in my flight, for at all the small tables along the inner edge of the shed were seated people drinking beer, tea, and wine, just for all the world as they might on any ordinary occasion. I walked the length of the airship. It took just two hundred and fifty-six steps, and the time consumed was two and a half minutes. I was afterwards told by the first mate that the Viktoria Luise is one hundred and fifty metres long. It looks a mile.

There lay on the cement floor beside the ship a most tremendous writhing bladder, whose sides heaved as in breathing.

There were men inside, walking about it, lifting its panting sides here and there.

I was told that something had gone wrong with one of the balloon bladders, and it had had to be taken out and replaced by another. It would delay us perhaps an hour.

Reared up alongside the ship was a sort of fireman's ladder up which men ran like squirrels to the top of the ship and then leapt to a trapeze arrangement suspended from the ceiling of the shed, from which they proceeded to do mysterious things to the inside of the top of the Viktoria Luise.

Great serpent hose were attached to the ship from the bottom, thru which the gas was being pumped into her huge lungs.

Word had evidently been sent out from the main office that I was to be given every opportunity for investigation of the ship, for the Fuhrer of the Viktoria Luise, Dr. Eberhard Lempertz, came over to me, clicked his heels together, made a low bow, opened the closed-to-others-gate leading to the private inner sanctum of the Luftschiffhalle, and begged me to enter. In very good English he said that the first officer would take great pleasure in showing me over the ship and in giving me any information desired.

The first mate was then presented, with great formality and a profound bow, and Dr. Lempertz retired. The first mate spoke perfect English, having had years of experience as officer on several transatlantic steamers.

First we mounted the ladder to the rear aluminium basket, in which are two motors of one hundred and fifty horsepower each. Here is also an emergency steering apparatus, to be used in case the fore one on the captain's bridge becomes impaired.

There is a most perfect system of telegraphic communication between the captain's compartment and the rear.

There is also a trolly-line extending between the two baskets, having on it a small aluminium egg; in case the propellers are not working properly, and the captain wishes to give detailed directions to the men in the rear compartment, he can write his orders on a slip of paper and place this in the egg; then, by the touch of a lever, the note is shot along the trolly to the rear.

One can walk inside the under-ribs of the ship from one end to the other. I was taken along this curious passage, which, tho without windows, is luminous with light which comes thru the white linen and silk outer covering.

The sides of this long, aluminium-ribbed passage rise at a sharp angle, leaving just sufficient width at the bottom for the foot-path.

Near the passenger-cabin we came to a great funnel opening to the very top of the ship, thru which one could see far above the roof of the shed.

"What is that for?" I asked.

"It is in case of war. The guns are to be mounted on the top of this funnel."

Then he drew my attention to vacant niches on either side of the inner aluminium ribs, and I saw large hooks on which nothing hung.

"There are to be placed the bombs—twelve in all—each weighing six hundred kilos. They can be dropped thru here"—saying which he showed me the detachable understrip of silk-linen immediately beneath the as yet empty bomb-hooks.

"May I take a photograph of this passage?" I asked, getting my camera ready.

"So sorry," said he, but it cannot be permitted. You see, you are on board a battleship as well as a passenger Zeppelin; I am really showing you the secrets—so to speak—of the fort."

I put my camera away, apologized, and expressed my appreciation of the privilege of seeing.

Then we proceeded to the passenger-cabin.

It is perfectly charming. It must have been planned by an artist and a sage, for it gives one the instant sense of safety and gaiety. The color-scheme is a strange, inharmonious harmony of old rose and crimson. It is as wide as a railway-coach and has comfortably-cushioned red wicker chairs placed along its wide windows.

On the outsido of one of its red doors is a lavatory with every modern convenience except a bath; on the outer side of the other door is located the buffet, with its stock of wines and cold delicacies. From here we proceeded down the long interior aluminium-ribbed alley to the captain's compartment-basket. Here is the steering-gear proper, the compass, the barometer, the apparatus which registers the altitude, the aluminium signal flags, the telegraph switchboard, a large motor, and many levers.

There are located at several parts of the ship three ballast-bags of water, each weighing about fourteen hundred English pounds. By touching levers in the captain's basket, any one of these bags can be opened instantly and the water let out to lighten the ship to the degree desired.

The outer covering of the entire balloon section is made of a mixed material of silk and linen, and at every eighth metre there is a band of aluminium extending around the sides like the rungs of a barrel—these are the ribs of the ship.

There are eighteen separate balloons, duplicates of the writhing bladder on the floor, each balloon holding twelve thousand cubic metres of gas.

The usual height maintained for passenger service is about six hundred to seven hundred and fifty feet (this is to enable the passengers to see more clearly the details of earth), but the Viktoria Luise has flown to an altitude of from two thousand five hundred to six thousand feet.

The revolutions of the motors are twelve hundred per minute, those of the propellers from four hundred and fifty to five hundred per minute.

The average speed of the ship for passenger service is from forty to fifty miles an hour.

♣ ♣ ♣

I HAD now been shown every part of the ship except the inside of the gas-bags and the top, and all my questions had been answered, so I descended the ladder from the captain's bridge with a feeling of having seen all the teeth of the monster, and having no longer any fear of their bite.

Really a thoro investigation of this most extraordinary invention of a giant brain gives one a feeling that there is only one chance out of a thousand for accident; every emergency possible has been thought of and provided as far as human forethought could meet it.

I now returned to the public outer space of the garage.

The time of departure was arriving; already those gigantic doors were being opened by hand-power, eight men to a door, turning cranks with their bodies bent double.

The ship's anchors, attached by cables, were hooked under the rails of two steel tracks extending the length of the shed and out into the field for a space of perhaps seventy-five feet.

They were now trying the motors, the propellers whirling with deafening thunder.

I studied the faces of my supposed fellow-passengers with what in my vanity I considered penetration. They all returned my gaze with preternatural solemnity.

"Yes," thought I, "poor things, you don't want to go up any more than I do. You too are driven to it by the 'Something,' and any of you would be glad to give your ticket to your best enemy this very moment."

I heard some words spoken in English by a carelessly-dressed, good-natured-looking man of sixty.

I went up to him and said: "You're a fellow-countryman of mine. I'm glad you are going up."

"But I'm not," said he. "I only came to see you go."

"Oh! I'm sorry," I gasped, feeling a sudden loneliness.

"You're not scared?" he asked.

"No, of course not," I replied, in the voice of a mouse: "but—well, I just wish you were going."

Then we talked of the ship, and I asked him if it didn't make him think of a giant cigar.

"Yes," he said; "about the size cigar 'Mark' would have liked to smoke."

When I heard him speak of Mr. Clemens as affectionately as "Mark" I guessed where he was from.

"The Mississippi River?" I asked.

"Yes," said he; "and you are a South Carolinian. Keep your Southern pluck up, honey," he begged. "I don't reckon it's going to be as scary as it looks."

I shook hands with him then and felt a world of courage flow from his big hand into mine. Just then the waiter of the Zeppelin approached and singled me out, saying, "Will you please to come now and get in?"

I started, expecting all the others, excepting my Southern friend, to follow; but no one stirred.

I then turned around and, facing all those thirty-eight souls, made the only public speech of my life.

Said I: "Aren't you all coming?"

No one answered.

The waiter answered for them:

"They are not going up. No one else is. This trip is made especially to carry you."

I didn't faint. I didn't even say "Thank you." I just walked as straight as I could, with a determination to look as if I were keeping my "Southern pluck up" for the sake of my friend from the Mississippi. Limply I climbed the steps to the passenger cabin, followed by my private waiter, and fell, with sudden infirmity, into one of the luxurious red chairs.

I scarcely noticed that we were gliding out of the shed. But I came to when I found myself out under the fillimitable sky, and saw running from the shed the thirty-eight who had only come to see me fly.

There were about sixty men clinging to oru ropes, front and aft; sometimes their feet were off the ground, and they were dragging us out to midfield to turn us about for the start towards Wiesbaden.

In this field was a flock of hundreds of sheep. The sheep-dog ran worriedly hither and thither, pushing his charges farther into the field. The crowd of spectators ran after us, but kept at a respectful distance.

At last, at six-forty, at a given signal, the men let go the ropes, the motors and propellers began their unearthly roar, and I felt that we were rising. I looked back at those thirty-eight cautious but curious people for a farewell. Out of all that mass of human beings only one had raised its handkerchief to wave me farewell and God-speed—the hand from the Mississippi.

♣ ♣ ♣

WE rose and rose and rose, and yet there was no more sensation of rising than one ordinarily feels in an hotel lift.

The shed was now disappearing in the background. We were passing over a snake which I knew to be a freight train. Now we were crossing the River Main, then over the beautiful, endless fields of grain. I ran from one side of the car to the other, afraid of missing one detail of the marvelous sights to be seen from each window.

Then I suddenly took stock of myself and my emotions.

Where was my dread? Gone with the earth.

I had never felt so happy before in my life. My mind reeled with the wonder and joy of it all. How could I have ever felt a single fear of this wonderful creature gliding so motionlessly thru the heavens? Here was at last perfect safety from all the things which so terrify me on earth. Just to go on forever—that was the only desire of my heart.

And the most singular part of it was, I did not expect ever to land on earth again. I had the feeling Columbus must have had when on the broad Atlantic bound for—where?

At any moment I expected to sight a new land—a land in the sky.

The earth was a fable—a fable of the past. We were bound for some heavenly planet. I felt the thrilling natural curiosity one feels about a place one is to visit for the first time.

I kept looking up, but the waiter insisted that I must look down, and when I did I found that the people on earth looked to me as they must look to birds—feet-tied.

The earth looked very soft. When I eventually descended, more than an hour after, my first thought was how hard the earth feels.

"Isn't it glorious?" I cried to the waiter.

"Yes," said he. "I've been up over two hundred times, and I'm always impatient for the next time to come."

That's it—it becomes a mania—it must; it is the most insidious, fascinating, drug in the world, this upper ether; opium and hashish are as nothing in comparison.

We were now passing over the Village of Hochst, and everywhere the people ran out of the red peak-roofed houses to look up and wave us greetings. Beyond this village we passed over fields of grain of most varied and lively colors. Some were blood-red with poppies, some blue with cornflowers, others gold with wild mustard.

Suddenly I clapped my hands for joy, for there below us, frightened by the strange monster passing over the field of poppies, were two little hares jumping for their lives and scampering out of the field.

Now we were passing over an avenue of poplars bordering a road that led into Wiesbaden. Wiesbaden itself dazed me somehow—it was so amazing and beautiful. I only felt an impression of the most wonderful trees in which were half-hidden handsome buildings, then a cathedral—a splendid cathedral; and then it was all gone, and in only a seeming moment we were flying over the race-track at Eroenheim. I soon began to wonder at the strange similarity of all earth when seen from a great height. It was as if one were looking at a moving picture film that was being repeated over and over again. The only essential varieties occurred just then as they were the distant gray mountain peaks of Hofheim, Kongstein, and Kronberg, but they were soon swallowed up by the pearly haze of distance.

A silver ribbon curling across the earth was the Rhine.

Everywhere in the fields the late toiling peasant women, in their gray-colored skirts and inevitable white head-kerchiefs, leaned on their rakes or scythes and stared up at us. They seldom waved. Perhaps they were tired.

Now we were passing over Sindlingen.

In the farmyards temperamental chickens had hysterics. The phlegmatic pigs kept their noses in the mud and ignored us. The haystacks looked like small pimples on the earth's face. The forests of pine were thick toothpicks with green plumes on their tops.

Quickly in succession we passed over Kelsterbach and Greisheim. Then we recrossed the Main. The sinking copper sun, veiled in gray, was reflected in the river, and turned the waters to pinkish purple. That reflection and the hares were the prettiest sights of the voyage.

At seven-fifty-five we passed over our old home, the Luftschiffhalle, but we did not stop. On the field were two military aeroplanes; the aeronauts saluted us.

One—a Blerlot—rose immediately after our passing and coquetted with us from behind.

At 8 a. m. we were over the great City of Frankfort.

Shades of Gothe! We were now passing over his house and the wine-house opposite, where his health has been drunk a million times.

Then we glided over the Bahnof and—bless me! we were now passing directly over my own hotel. I saw the officials running out to wave their arms at me. Over the Festhalle we flew and over the outskirts of the city, then the biplane and home shed seemed rushing forward to greet us.

At eight-ten we were back over our old home field, gently coasting down the air to the ground.

Sixty men ran from the shed into the field; our captain touched a lever, and instantly ropes dangled from us fore and aft; the men on the field gripped them and tugged as they ran, sometimes with their feet off the ground.

The motors were hushed, the propellers slowly ceased their whirring, we slid gently towards the grass, and came at last to rest.

I gave a gasp as of one waking from some phantasmagorial dream.

"Your flight is over," said the waiter.

"But did I really fly?" I asked, and am still asking.

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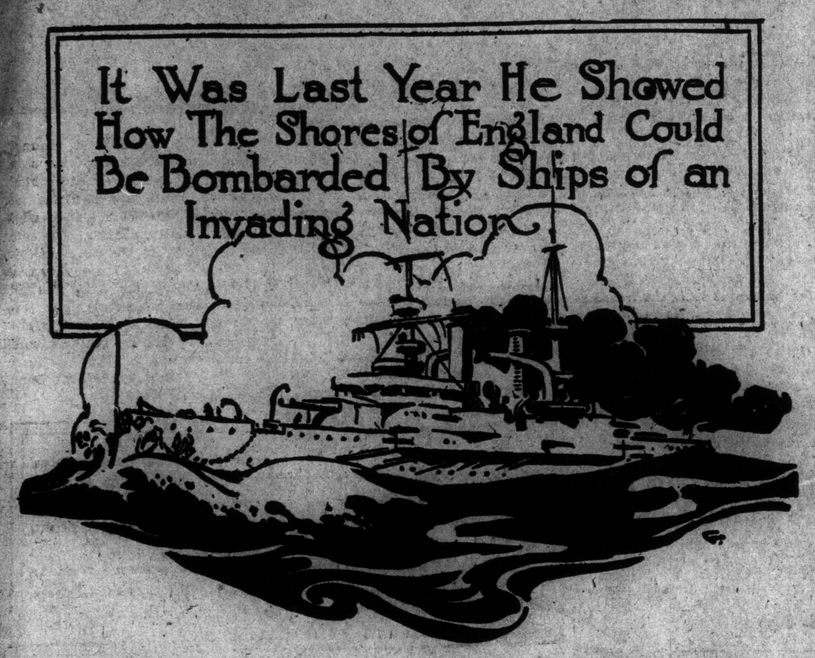
SIR JOHN JELLICOE

ADMIRAL IN COMMAND OF THE BRITISH HOME FLEETS

It Was Last Year He Showed How The Shores of England Could Be Bombarded By Ships of an Invading Nation



BY ALEXANDER BAIRD.

SCENE: the House of Commons. Date, August 3, 1914.

Sir Edward Grey, the secretary of state for foreign affairs, is addressing the House in his usual calm, imperturbable way his two hands holding the lapels of his coat.

"As far as the forces of the Crown are concerned," he said, "they are ready. I believe the Prime Minister and my right honorable friend the First Lord of the Admiralty have no doubt whatever that the readiness and the efficiency of these forces were never at a higher mark than they are today. (Cheers.) And never was there a time when confidence was more justified in the power of the navy to protect our commerce and to protect our shores."

The following day Great Britain declared war, and in the evening the Admiralty issued the following:—

"With the approval of His Majesty the King, Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, K. C. B., K. C. V. O., has assumed supreme command of the home fleets, with the acting rank of admiral, and Rear Admiral Charles E. Madden, C. V. O., has been appointed to be chief of the staff. Both appointments to date from today."

The King sent a personal message to Sir John Jellicoe:—

"At this grave moment in our national history I send to you, and thru you to the officers and men of the fleets of which you have assumed command, the assurance of my confidence that under your direction they will revive and renew the old glories of the royal navy and prove once again the sure shield of Britain and of her empire in the hour of trial. GEORGE, R. I."

Jellicoe, Last Year, Showed England's Shores Vulnerable.

The man himself is something of a mystery.

"Who is Jellicoe?" many asked when the announcement was made that on him had been laid the responsibility of defending the shores of Britain from attack from the German navy and of assuring a safe convoy of the "contemptible little British army" to the help of Belgium and of France. Much may be known about the heads of the British army, Lord Kitchener, General Sir John French and the rest, but it is a curious fact that, outside naval circles, very little is known about Britain's admirals, captains and commanders.

But the memories of the British public are short.

Jellicoe was the man who, only last year, created such a tremendous sensation in the naval manoeuvres by showing how the shores of England might be bombarded by a hostile fleet and invaded by hostile troops.

It was Jellicoe who was in command of the "Red," or invading, fleet when he carried out a series of dashing operations which resulted in the capture of Grimsby and the Humber, Sunderland and Blyth.

"Jellicoe is the modern Cook," old naval men said in the Service clubs when the news of his great raid with the "Red" fleet became known. But Sir John Jellicoe, like the filibusters of old, is a seaman of fertility and resource. He combines a daring ingenuity in the conception of schemes with a lightning capacity for weighing up chances for and against success.

From a child, it is said of him, he has never known the meaning of fear. Of Jellicoe few stories are told, but his old nurse has told what a terrible handful the child Jellicoe was when out for their daily airing. His delight was to run across roads in defiance of the swiftest passing vehicles. One time his nurse tried to scare him by declaring she would hand him over to a policeman. That tickled the youngster immensely. He looked around, saw a constable sauntering along and, strutting up to him, exclaimed, "What a lot of pretty buttons you've got!"

Always Makes Use Of Both of His Eyes.

At the battle of Copenhagen Nelson is reputed to have taken advantage of his blind eye; but Jellicoe, on the other hand, has always made use of both eyes.

The raid on the east coast of England was a striking example of the kind of "scare" which has lately been troubling the minds of a small minority of the people of England. But Jellicoe knew well what he was doing. He struck where he considered the enemy would strike in "the real thing"—at vulnerable ports where shipping is always sheltering. He landed his men at the headquarters of the northern coal fields. He struck as an enemy might be expected to strike, at once vigorously and ruthlessly, disregarding utterly the cost to himself in troops.

And there was a rather ironic significance in the fact that this successful raider of England was a member of the German Order of the Red Eagle, conferred upon him by the kaiser. But he believed the country wanted a striking lesson to a certain extent of the requirements of official manoeuvres, regardless of any personal glory or aggrandizment that was to be obtained from them. Having shown the vulnerability of the English coasts to a raiding force in the face of considerable opposition, he now knows where and how to defend them.

Born Dec. 5, 1859, Sir John Jellicoe is the son of an officer of the merchant marine, the late Capt. J. H. J. Jellicoe. Educated at Rottingdean, young Jellicoe entered the royal navy as a cadet on July 15, 1872, passing out of the Britannia first of his "batch" by more than a hundred marks. In the examination for sub-lieutenants, which rank he attained six years later, he took three "firsts," in itself a remarkable achievement.

On Aug. 23, 1880, he was promoted lieutenant, and two years afterward, as a lieutenant on board the Agincourt, he served in the Egyptian war, and was awarded the Egyptian medal and the Khedive's bronze star. On his return to England in the following year he studied at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, where he won the special £80 prize for gunnery lieutenants.

In May, 1880, while serving on board the Monarch, he was awarded the board of trade silver medal for gallantry in saving life at sea, by commanding a gig which went to the rescue of a stranded ship near Gibraltar, the sea being so heavy that the boat was capsized, but he and the crew were washed ashore. He served also as gunnery lieutenant of the Colossus and on the staff of the Excellent gunnery establishment.

Escaped from Victoria When It Was Sunk.

Gazetted as commander in 1891, he was for a time employed as assistant to the director of naval ordnance, being subsequently appointed first lieutenant to the Sans Pareil and later to the ill fated Victoria, Admiral Sir George Seymour's flagship on the Mediterranean station, which was sunk off Tripoli in collision with the Camperdown, when the admiral, twenty-nine officers and 350 men were drowned. At the time of the collision Commander Jellicoe was on the sick list in his cabin. When the ship capsized he, with aid of a midshipman named West, contrived to keep himself afloat till picked up. Commander Jellicoe's silver medal was lost, with other effects, in the Victoria, and the board of trade, so it was reported at the time, intimated that another medal could be got on payment.

After serving as commander on the Ramillies, flagship in the Mediterranean, he was promoted to the rank of captain, Jan. 1, 1897, and joined the ordnance committee. Temporarily Sir E. H. Seymour selected him as flag captain on the Centurion, on the China station.

During the expedition to succor the legations at Peking in 1900, in which he narrowly escaped death by a severe gunshot wound, Captain Jellicoe commanded the Naval Brigade, and acted as chief staff officer, when he not only gained the C. B. but was awarded by the German Emperor the second class of the Order of the Red Eagle, with crossed swords.

Returning from China at the end of 1901 he was in November of that year appointed to superintend the building by contract of ships of war. He next served as naval assistant to the controller of the navy, which post he vacated in August, 1903, to take command of the Drake, and in February, 1905, he took up the post of director of naval ordnance and torpedoes, in succession to Captain Barry.

Marksmanship of Navy Was Improved by Jellicoe.

Much has been said about the improvement of good shooting in the British navy, and in this connection considerable praise is due to Admiral Sir John Jellicoe. Without his help —so a writer in The United Service Journal once remarked—the good work fostered by Admiral Sir Percy Scott would have been severely handicapped —in fact, impossible; for the then director of naval ordnance proved himself a man of original thought and prompt action and one of the most capable gunnery experts in the royal navy.

During the time he was in command of the Drake he turned it into one of the best shooting ships in the navy, and while he was at the admiralty as director of naval ordnance Captain Jellicoe did all that was possible to insure the guns mounted in ships in the first fighting line being fitted with the most up-to-date day and night sights, as well as to instal a fire control set of instruments in each ship for "spotting" and controlling at long range shooting. The fittings of the guns and ordinary appliances generally were also greatly improved during the tenure of his appointment.

His selection for the supreme command of the home fleet was in itself something of a romance. He had no small share in shaping the instrument he is now commanding, and his chief of staff, who was, of course, chosen by himself, is another distinguished officer, who happens to be his brother-in-law. Sir John Jellicoe and Rear Admiral Madden served together at the admiralty on more than one occasion, both indeed having been sea lords, and they both married daughters of Sir Charles Cayzer, Bart.

The admiralissimo and his chief staff officer are known to be in the most complete accord on matters of strategy and tactics, and both were associated in the creation and equipment of the ships of the home fleets, on which the fortunes of the British Empire now depends. They were members of the famous Trinity Design Committee, and were associated with Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fisher of Kilverstone in his many reforms in the naval administration.

Enjoys Confidence Of Whole Navy.

No other officer whom the admiralty could have selected for the command of the home fleets enjoys so completely the confidence of the naval service as Sir John Jellicoe.

In appearance Sir John is small of stature, but a man in every sense of the word. He has an iron nerve, notwithstanding one or two terrible experiences which would have shattered and really did shatter the nerves and health of others associated with him. But today he is a wiry, healthy, active man fifty-five years of age who enjoys running as an exercise and does his work with the zest of a hobby.

One who knows him well recently said in The Pall Mall Gazette: "A man below middle height, alert, confident in himself; not the confidence of the oversure, but that of a real leader of men, a man whose features would have been unpleasantly hard but for a lurking humor of the eyes, and for certain humorous lines about the mouth that on occasion could take the likeness of a steel trap; a man to trust instinctively and one to like from the beginning."

He is a clean shaven, keen eyed man of the sea, alert, vigorous and decisive. There is nothing spectacular about his idea of warfare. Strike, strike hard, and strike again, has always been his plan of campaign, and he has known more than once what it is to be face to face with death.

He was in the Egyptian War of 1882; he had a very narrow escape when the Victoria went down off Tripoli, and was severely wounded when he went, under Sir Edward Seymour, to the relief of Pekin.

An insight into Sir John Jellicoe's character and indomitable courage is to be found in a reference to him by one who was with him when he was wounded—it was thought mortally—during the disastrous retirement on Tientsin. "I was with him as he lay in an angle of a native house where we had placed him to be out of the reach of the Chinese fire, and I recall the steadfast courage of the man when he knew that he had but the very slenderest hope of life. It was practically impossible that he could recover, said the flag ship's doctor, but Jellicoe's indomitable pluck was a factor that had still to be reckoned with. As soon as he could be safely moved we placed him in a small native boat in charge of his own coxswain.

"It was the next day, as I remember, that the latter came with a message that Captain Jellicoe would like to see me in the boat. Of course, I went down immediately and found him suffering severe pain from his wound, pain made worse by the utter misery of the surroundings and by the uncertainty of everything.

"He wanted to know what I thought of things. Foolishly, perhaps, I tried to make the best of them, and told him that I thought we were doing very well and that there was no doubt at all of our ability to cut our way back to Tientsin, or even to the coast, supposing the foreign settlements to have fallen. I don't think I shall ever forget the contemptuous flash of the eyes he turned on me or the impatient remark: 'Tell me the truth, don't lie.'

"I had thought to lessen the anxiety I knew he must have been feeling, but if I had known him as I learned to later on I should have told him the plain truth straight out. He thanked me and, indicating his wounded shoulder with his eyes, remarked, 'Hard luck, just now.' That was all, but it was characteristic of the man himself."

Admiral Sir John Jellicoe's flagship is the Iron Duke. She was laid down in 1912 and floated in 1914. She has a displacement of 25,000 tons and is armed with ten 13.5-inch guns, twelve 6-inch guns, six 3-pounder guns and five torpedo tubes. Her thickest armor is twelve inches and her speed is 22.5 knots. She has a crew of 900 and can carry 9000 tons of coal. Her length is 580 feet and her beam is 90 feet.

SIR GILBERT PARKER'S CANADIAN STORIES

The Stroke of the Hour

No. 7

THEY won't come tonight—sure."

The girl looked again towards the west, where, here and there, bare poles, or branches of trees, or slips of underbrush marked a road made across the plains thru the snow. The sun was going down golden red, folding up the sky a wide soft curtain of pink and mauve and deep purple merging into the fathomless blue, where already the stars were beginning to quiver. The house stood on the edge of a little forest, which had boldly asserted itself in the wide flatness. At this point in the west the prairie merged into an undulating territory, where hill and wood rolled away from the banks of the Saskatchewan, making another England in beauty. The forest was a sort of advance-post of that land of beauty.

Yet there was beauty, too, on this prairie, tho there was nothing to the east but snow and the forest so far as eye could see. Nobility and peace and power brooded over the white world.

As the girl looked, it seemed as tho the bosom of the land rose and fell. She had felt this vibrating life beat beneath the frozen surface. Now, as she gazed, she smiled sadly to herself, with drooping eyelids looking out from beneath strong brows.

"I know you—I know you," she said aloud. "You've got to take your toll. And when you're lying asleep like that, or pretending to, you reach up—and kill. And yet you can be kind—ah, but you can be kind and beautiful! But you must have your toll one way or t'other." She sighed and paused; then, after a moment, looking along the trail — "I don't expect they'll come tonight, and mebbe not tomorrow, if—if they stay for that."

Her eyes closed, she shivered a little. Her lips drew tight, and her face seemed suddenly to get thinner. "But dad wouldn't—no, he couldn't, not considerin'——" Again she shut her eyes in pain.

Her face was now turned from the western road by which she had expected her travelers, and towards the east, where already the snow was taking on a faint bluish tint, a reflection of the sky deepening towards night in that half-circle of the horizon. Distant and a little bleak and cheerless the half-circle was looking now.

"No one—not for two weeks," she said, in comment on the eastern trail, which was so little frequented in winter, and this year had been less traveled than ever. "It would be nice to have a neighbor," she added, as she faced the west and the sinking sun again. "I get so lonely—just minutes I get lonely. But it's them minutes that seem to count more than all the rest when they come. I expect that's it—we don't live in months and years, but just in minutes. It doesn't take long for an earthquake to do its work—it's seconds then. . . . P'r'aps dad won't even come tomorrow," she added, as she laid her hand on the latch. "It never seemed so long before, not even when he's been away a week." She laughed bitterly. "Even bad company's better than no company at all. Sure. And Mickey has been here always when dad's been away past times. Mickey was a fool, but he was company; and mebbe he'd have been better company if he'd been more of a scamp and less a fool. I dunno, but I really think he would. Bad company doesn't put you off so."

There was a scratching at the inside of the door. "My, if I didn't forget Shako," she said, and he dying for a run!"

She opened the door quickly, and out jumped a Russian dog of almost full breed, with big, soft eyes like those of his mistress, and with the air of the north in every motion—like his mistress also.

"Come, Shako, a run—a run!"

An instant after she was flying off on a path towards the woods, her short skirts flying and showing limbs as graceful and shapely as those of any woman of that world of social grace which she had never seen; for she was a prairie girl thru and thru, born on the plains and fed on its scanty fare—scanty as to variety, at least. Backwards and forwards they ran, the girl shouting like a child of ten—she was twenty-three—her eyes flashing, her fine white teeth showing, her hands thrown up in sheer excess of animal life, her hair blowing about her face—brown, strong hair, wavy and plentiful.

Fine creature as she was, her finest features were her eyes and her hands. The eyes might have been found in the most savage places; the hands, however, only could have come thru breeding. She had got them honestly; for her mother was descended from an old family of the French province. That was why she had the name of Loisette—and had a touch of distinction. It was the strain of the patrician in the full blood of the peasant; but it gave her something which made her what she was—what she had been since a child, noticeable and besought, sometimes beloved. It was too strong a nature to compel love often, but it never failed to compel admiration. Not greatly a creature of words, she had become moody of late; and even now, alive with light and feeling and animal life, she suddenly stopped her romp and run, and called the dog to her.

"Heel, Shako!" she said, and made for the door of the little house, which looked so snug and home-like. She paused before she came to the door, to watch the smoke curling up from the chimney straight as a column, for there was not a breath of air stirring. The sun was almost gone and the strong bluish light was settling on everything, giving even the green spruce trees a curious burnished tone.

Swish! Thud! She faced the woods quickly. It was only a sound that she had heard how many hundreds of times! It was the snow slipping from some broad branch of the fir trees to the ground. Yet she started now. Something was on her mind, agitating her senses, affecting her self-control.

"I'll be jumping out of my boots when the fire snaps, or the frost cracks the ice, next," she said aloud contemptuously. "I dunno what's the matter with me. I feel as if someone was hiding somewhere ready to pop out on me. I haven't never felt like that before."

She had formed the habit of talking to herself, for it had seemed at first, as she was left alone when her father went trapping or upon journeys for the government, that by and by she would start at the sound of her own voice, if she didn't think aloud. So she was given to soliloquy, defying the old belief that people who talked to themselves were going mad. She laughed at that. She said that birds sang to themselves and didn't go mad, and crickets chirruped, and frogs croaked, and owls hooted, and she would talk and not go crazy either. So she talked to herself and to Shako when she was alone.

How quiet it was inside when her light supper was eaten, bread and beans and pea soup—she had got this from her French mother. Now she sat, her elbows on her knees, her chin on her hands, looking into the fire. Shako was at her feet upon the great musk-ox rug, which her father had got on one of his hunting trips in the Athabasca country years ago. It belonged as she belonged. It breathed of the life of the north-land, for the timbers of the hut were hewn cedar; the rough chimney, the seats, and the shelves on which a few books made a fair show beside the bright tins and the scanty crockery, were of pine; and the horned heads of deer and wapiti made pegs for coats and caps, and rests for guns and rifles. It was a place of comfort; it had an air of well-to-do thrift, even as the girl's dress, tho plain, was made of good sound stuff, grey, with a touch of dark red to match the auburn of her hair.

A book lay open in her lap, but she had scarcely tried to read it. She had put it down after a few moments fixed upon it. It had sent her thoughts off into a world where her life had played a part too big for books, too deep for the plummet of any save those who had lived thru the storm of life's trials; and life when it is bitter to the young is bitter with an agony the old never know. At last she spoke to herself.

"She knows now! Now she knows what it is, how it feels—your heart like red-hot coals, and something in your head that's like a turnscrew, and you want to die and can't, for you've got to live and suffer!"

Again she was quiet, and only the dog's heavy breathing, the snap of the fire, or the crack of a timber in the deadly frost broke the silence. Inside it was warm and bright and home-like; outside it was twenty degrees below zero, and like some vast tomb where life itself was congealed, and only the white stars, low, twinkling, and quizzical, lived—a life of sharp corrosion, not of fire.

Suddenly she raised her head and listened. The dog did the same. None but those whose lives are lived in lonely places can be so acute, so sensitive to sound. It was a feeling delicate and intense, the whole nature getting the vibration. You could have heard nothing, had you been there; none but one who was of the wide spaces could have done so. But the dog and the woman felt, and both strained towards the window. Again they heard, and started to their feet. It was far, far away, and still you could not have heard; but now they heard clearly—a cry in the night, a cry of pain and despair. The girl ran to the window and pulled aside the bearskin curtain which had completely shut out the light. Then she stirred the fire, threw a log upon it, snuffed the candles, hastily put on her moccasins, fur coat, wool cap, and gloves, and went to the door quickly, the dog at her heels. Opening it, she stepped out into the night.

"Qui va la? Who is it? Where?" she called, and strained towards the west. She thought it might be her father or Mickey the hired man, or both.

When She Left for Her Home Again the Sheriff Kissed Her.

The answer came from the east, out of the homeless, neighborless, empty east—a cry, louder now. There were only stars, and the night was dark, tho not deep dark. She sped along the prairie road as fast as she could, once or twice stopping to call aloud. In answer to her calls the voice sounded nearer and nearer. Now suddenly she left the trail and bore away northward. At last the voice was very near. Presently a figure appeared ahead, staggering towards her.

"Qui va la? Who is it?" she asked.

"Ba'tiste Caron," was the reply in English, in a faint voice. She was beside him in an instant.

"What has happened? Why are you off the trail?" she said, and supported him.

"My Injun stoled my dogs and run off," he replied. "I run after. Then, when I am to come to the trail"—he paused to find the English word, and could not—"encore to this trail I no can. So. Ah, bon Dieu, it has so awful!" He swayed and would have fallen, but she caught him, bore him up. She was so strong, and he was as slight as a girl, tho tall.

"When was that?" she asked.

"Two nights ago," he answered, and swayed.

"Wait," she said, and pulled a flask from her pocket. "Drink this—quick!"

He raised it to his lips, but her hand was still on it, and she only let him take a little. Then she drew it away, tho she had almost to use force, he was so eager for it. Now she took a biscuit from her pocket.

"Eat; then some more brandy after," she urged. "Come on; it's not far. See, there's the light," she added cheerily, raising her head towards the hut.

"I saw it just when I have fall down—it safe me, I sit down to die—like that! But it safe me, that light—so. Ah, bon Dieu, it was so far, and I want eat so!"

Already he had swallowed the biscuit.

"When did you eat last?" she asked, as she urged him on.

"Two nights—except for one leetla piece of bread I fin' it in my pocket. Grace! I have travel so far. Jesu, I think it ees ten thousan' miles, I go. But I mus' go on, I mus' go on—certainement."

The light came nearer and nearer. His footsteps quickened, tho he staggered now and then, and went like a horse that has run its race, but is driven upon its course again, going heavily with mouth open and head thrown forward and down.

"But I mus' to get there, an' you—you will to help me, eh?"

Again he swayed, but her strong arm held him up. As they ran on, in a kind of dog-trot, her hand firm upon his arm—he seemed not to notice it—she became conscious, tho it was half dark, of what sort of man she had saved. He was about her own age, perhaps a year or two older, with little, if any, hair upon his face, save a slight moustache. His eyes, deep sunken as they were, she made out were black, and the face, tho drawn and famished, had a handsome look. Presently she gave him another sip of brandy, and he quickened his steps, speaking to himself the while.

"I haf to do it—if I lif. It is to go, go, go, till I get."

Now they came to the hut where the firelight flickered on the window-pane; the door was flung open, and, as he stumbled on the threshold, she helped him into the warm room. She almost pushed him over to the fire.

Divested of his outer coat, muffler, cap and leggins, he sat on a bench before the fire, his eyes wandering from the girl to the flames, and his hands clasping and unclasping between his knees. His eyes dilating with hunger, he watched her preparations for his supper; and when at last—and she had been but a moment—it was placed before him, his head swam, and he turned faint with the stress of his longing. He would have swallowed a basin of pea-soup at a draught, but she stopped him, holding the basin till she thought he might venture again. Then came cold beans, and some meat, which she toasted at the fire and laid upon his plate. They had not spoken since first entering the house, when tears had shone in his eyes, and he had said—

"You have safe—ah, you have safe me, and so I will do it yet by help bon Dieu—yes."

The meat was done at last, and he sat with a great dish of tea beside him, and his pipe alight.

"What time, 'tt please?" he asked. "I t'ink nine hour, but no sure."

"It is near nine," she said. She hastily tidied up the table after his meal, and then came and sat in her chair over against the wall of the rude fireplace.

"Nine—dat is good. The moon rise at 'leven; den I go. I go on," he said, "if you show me de queeck way."

"You go on—how can you go on?" she asked, almost sharply.

"Will you not to show me?" he asked.

"Show you what?" she asked abruptly.

"The queeck way to Askatoon," he said, as tho surprised that she should ask. "They say me if I get here you will tell me queeck way to Askatoon. Time, he go as fas' an' I have loose a day an' a night, an' I mus' get Askatoon if I lif—I mus' get dere in time. It is all safe to de stroke of de hour, mais, after, it is—bon Dieu!—it is hell then. Who shall forgif me—no!"

"The stroke of the hour—the stroke of the hour!" It beat into her brain. Were they both thinking of the same thing now?

"You will show me queeck way. I mus' be Askatoon in two days, or it is all over," he almost moaned. "Is no man here—I forget dat name, my head go round like a wheel; but I know dis place, an' de good God He help me fin' my way to where I call out, bien sur. Dat man's name I have forget."

"My father's name is John Alroyd," she answered absently, for there were hammering at her brain the words, "The stroke of the hour."

"Ah, now I get—yes. An' your name, it is Loisette Alroy'—ah, I have it in my mind—Loisette. I not forget dat name, I not forget you—no."

"Why do you want to go the 'quick' way to Askatoon?" she asked.

He puffed a moment at his pipe before he answered her. Presently he said, holding out his pipe, "You not like smoke, mebbe?"

She shook her head in negation, making an impatient gesture.

"I forget ask you," he said. "Dat journee make me forget. When Injun Jo, he leave me with the dogs, an' I wake up all alone, not know my way—not like Jo, I think I die, it is so bad, so terrible in my head. Not'ing but snow, not'ing. But dere is de sun; it shine. It say to me, 'Wake up, Ba'tiste; it will be all right bime-by.' But all the time I tink I go mad, for I mus' get Askatoon before—dat."

She started. Had she not used the same word in thinking of Askatoon. "That," she had said.

"Why do you want to go the 'quick' way to Askatoon?" she asked again, her face pale, her foot beating the floor impatiently.

"To save him before dat!" he answered, as tho she knew of what he was speaking and thinking.

"What is that?" she asked. She new now, surely, but she must ask it nevertheless.

"Dat hanging—of Haman," he answered. He nodded to himself. Then he took to gazing into the fire. His lips moved as tho talking to himself, and the hand that held the pipe lay forgotten on his knee.

"What have you to do with Haman?" she asked slowly, her eyes burning.

"I want safe him—I mus' give him free." He tapped his breast. "It is here to mak' him free." He still tapped his breast.

For a moment she stood frozen still, her face thin and drawn and white; then suddenly the blood rushed back into her face, and a red storm raged in her eyes.

She thought of the sister, younger than herself, whom Rube Haman had married and driven to her grave within a year—the sweet Lucy, with the name of her father's mother. Lucy had been all English in face and tongue, a flower of the west, driven to darkness by this horse-dealing brute, who, before he was arrested and tried for murder, was about to marry Kate Wimper. Kate Wimper had stolen him from Lucy before Lucy's first and only child was born, the child that could not survive the warm mother-life withdrawn, and so had gone down the valley whither the broken-hearted mother had fled. It was Kate Wimper, who, before that, had waylaid the one man for whom she herself had ever cared, and drawn him from her side by such attractions as she herself would keep for an honest wife, if such she ever chanced to be. An honest wife she would have been had Kate Wimper not crossed the straight path of her life. The man she had loved was gone to his end also, reckless and hopeless, after he had thrown away his chance of a lifetime with Loisette Alroyd. There had been left behind this girl, to whom tragedy had come too young, who drank humiliation with a heart as proud as ever straightly set its course thru crooked ways.

It had hurt her, twisted her nature a little, given a fountain of bitterness to her soul, which welled up and flooded her life sometimes. It had given her face no sourness, but it put a shadow into her eyes.

She had been glad when Haman was condemned for murder, for she believed he had committed it, and ten times hanging could not compensate for that dear life gone from their sight—Lucy, the pride of her Father's heart. She was glad when Haman was condemned, because of the woman who had stolen him from Lucy, because of that other man, her lover gone out of her own life. The new hardness in her rejoiced that now the woman, if she had any heart at all, must have it bowed down by this supreme humiliation and wrung by the ugly tragedy of the hempen rope.

And now this man before her, this man with a boy's face, with the dark luminous eyes, whom she had saved from the frozen plains, he had that in his breast which would free Haman, so he had said. A fury had its birth in her at that moment. Something seemed to seize her brain and master it, something so big that it held all her faculties in perfect control, and she felt herself in an atmosphere where all life moved round her mechanically, she herself the only sentient thing, so much greater than all she saw, or all that she realized by her subconscious self. Everything in the world seemed small. How calm it was even with the fury within!

"Tell me," she said quietly—"tell me how you are able to save Haman?"

"He not kill Wakely. It is my brudder Fadette dat kill and get away. Haman he is drunk, and everyt'ing seem to say Haman he did it, an' everyone know Haman is not friend to Wakely. So the juree say he must be hanging. But my brudder he go to die with hawful bad cold queeck, an' he send for the priest an' for me, an' tell all. I go to governor with the priest, and governor gif me dat writing here." He tapped his breast, then took out a wallet and showed the paper to her. "It is life of dat Haman, voici! And so I safe him for my brudder. Dat was a bad boy, Fadette. He was bad all time since he was a baby, an' I t'ink him pretty lucky to die on his bed, an' get absolve, and go to purgatore. If he not have luck like dat he go to hell, an' stay there."

He sighed, and put the wallet back in his breast carefully, his eyes half-shut with weariness, his handsome face drawn and thin, his limbs laxe with fatigue.

"If I get Askatoon before de time for dat, I be happy in my heart, for dat brudder off mine he get out of purgatore bime-by, I t'ink."

His eyes were almost shut, but he drew himself together with a great effort, and added desperately, "No sleep. If I sleep it is all smash. Man say me I can get Askatoon by dat time from here, if I go queeck way across lak'—it is all froze now, dat lak',—an' down dat Foxtail Hills. It is so, ma'm'selle?"

"By the 'quick' way if you can make it in time," she said; "but it is no way for the stranger to go. There are always bad spots on the ice—it is not safe. You could not find your way."

"I mus' get dere in time," he said desperately.

"You can't do it—alone," she said. "Do you want to risk all and lose?"

He frowned in self-suppression. "Long way, I no can get dere in time?" he asked.

She thought a moment. "No; it can't be done by the long way. But there is another way—a third trail, the trail the gover'ment men made a year ago when they came to survey. It is a good trail. It is blazed in the woods and staked on the plains. You cannot miss. But—but there is so little time." She looked at the clock on the wall. "You cannot leave here much before sunrise, and——"

"I will leef when de moon rise, at eleven," he interjected.

"You have had no sleep for two nights, and no food. You can't last it out," she said calmly.

The deliberate look on his face deepened to stubbornness.

"It is my vow to my brudder—he is in purgatore. An' I mus' do it," he rejoined, with an emphasis there was no mistaking. "You can show me dat way?"

She went to a drawer and took out a piece of paper. Then, with a point of blackened stick, as he watched her and listened, she swiftly drew his route for him.

"Yes, I get it in my head," he said. "I go dat way, but I wish—I wish it was dat queeck way. I have no fear, not'ing. I go w'en dat moon rise—I go, bien sur."

"You must sleep, then, while I get some food for you." She pointed to a couch in a corner. "I will wake you when the moon rises."

For the first time he seemed to realize her, for a moment to leave the thing which consumed him, and put his mind upon her.

"You not happy—you not like me here?" he asked simply; then added quickly, "I am not a bad man like me brudder—no."

Her eyes rested on him for a moment as tho realizing him, while some thought was working in her mind behind.

"No, you are not a bad man," she said. "Men and women are equal on the plains. You have no fear—I have no fear."

He glanced at the rifles on the walls, then back at her. "My mudder, she was good woman. I am glad she did not lif to know what Fadette do." His eyes drank her in for a minute, then he said: "I go sleep now, t'ank you—till moontime."

In a moment his deep breathing filled the room, the only sound save for the fire within and the frost outside.

Time went on. The night deepened.

* * *

LOISETTE sat beside the fire, but her body was half-turned from it towards the man on the sofa. She was not agitated outwardly, but within there was that fire which burns up life and hope and all things that come between us and great issues. It had burned up everything in her except one thought, one powerful motive. She had been deeply wronged, and justice had been about to give "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." But the man lying there had come to sweep away the scaffolding of justice—he had come for that.

Perhaps he might arrive at Askatoon before the stroke of the hour, but still he would be too late, for in her pocket now was the governor's reprieve. The man had slept soundly. His wallet was still in his breast; but the reprieve was with her.

If he left without discovering his loss, and got well on his way, and discovered it then, it would be too late. If he returned—she only saw one step before her, she would wait for that, and deal with it when it came. She was thinking of Lucy, of her own lover ruined and gone. She was calm in her madness.

At the first light of the moon she roused him. She had put food into his fur pocket, and after he had drunk a bowl of hot pea-soup, while she told him his course again, she opened the door, and he passed out into the night. He started forward without a word, but came back again and caught her hand.

"Pardon," he said; "I go forget everyt'ing except dat. But I t'ink what you do for me, it is better than all my life. Bien sur, I will come again, when I get my mind to myself. Ah, but you are beautibul," he said, "an' you not happy. Well I come again—yes, a Dieu."

He was gone into the night, with the moon silvering the sky, and the steely frost eating into the sentient life of this northern world. Inside the house, with the bearskin blind dropped at the window again, and the fire blazing high, Loisette sat with the governor's reprieve in her hand. Looking at it, she wondered why it had been given to Ba'tiste Caron, and not to a police-officer. Ah yes, it was plain—Ba'tiste was a woodsman and plainsman, and could go far more safely than a constable, and faster. Ba'tiste had reason for going fast, and he would travel night and day—he was traveling night and day indeed. And now Ba'tiste might get there, but the reprieve would not. He would not be able to stop the hanging of Haman—the hanging of Rube Haman.

A change came over her. Her eyes blazed, her breast heaved now. She had been so quiet, so cold and still. But life seemed moving in her once again. The woman, Kate Wimper, who had helped to send two people to their graves, would now drink the dregs of shame, if she was capable of shame—would be robbed of her happiness, if so be she loved Rube Haman.

She stood up, as tho to put the paper in the fire, but paused suddenly at one thought—Rube Haman was inocent of murder.

Even so, he was not innocent of Lucy's misery and death, of the death of the little one who only opened its eyes to the light for an instant, and then went into the dark again. But truly she was justified! When Haman was gone things would go on just the same—and she had been so bitter, her heart had been pierced as with a knife these past three years. Again she held out her hand to the fire, but suddenly she gave a little cry and put her hand to her head. There was Ba'tiste!

What was Ba'tiste to her? Nothing—nothing at all. She had saved his life—even if she wronged Ba'tiste, her debt would be paid. No, she would not think of Ba'tiste. Yet she did not put the paper in the fire, but in the pocket of her dress. Then she went to her room, leaving the door open. The bed was opposite the fire, and, as she lay there—she did not take off her clothes, she knew not why—she could see the flames. She closed her eyes, but could not sleep, and more than once when she opened them she thought she saw Ba'tiste sitting there as he had sat hours before. Why did Ba'tiste haunt her so? What was it he had said in his broken English as he went away?—that he would come back; that she was "beautibul."

All at once as she lay still, her head throbbing, her feet and hands icy cold, she sat up listening.

"Ah—again!" she cried. She sprung from her bed, rushed to the door, and strained her eyes into the silver night. She called into the icy void, "Qui va la? Who goes?"

She leaned forward, her hand at her ear, but no sound came in reply. Once more she called, but nothing answered. The night was all light and frost and silence.

She had only heard, in her own brain, the iteration of Ba'tiste's calling. Would he reach Askatoon in time, she wondered, as she shut the door? Why had she not gone with him and attempted the shorter way—the quick way, he had called it? All at once the truth came back upon her, stirring her now. It would do no good for Ba'tiste to arrive in time. He might plead to them all and tell the truth about the reprieve, but it would not avail—Rube Haman would hang. That did not matter—even tho he was innocent; but Ba'tiste's brother would be so long in purgatory. And even that would not matter; but she would hurt Ba'tiste—Ba'tiste—Ba'tiste. And Ba'tiste he would know that she — and he had called her "beautibul," that she had——

With a cry she suddenly clothed herself for travel. She put some food and drink in a leather-bag and slung them over her shoulder. Then she dropped on a knee and wrote a note to her father, tears falling from her eyes. She heaped wood on the fire and moved towards the door. All at once she turned to the crucifix on the wall which had belonged to her mother, and, tho she had followed her father's religion, she kissed the feet of the sacred figure.

"Oh, Christ have mercy on me, and bring me safe to my journey's end—in time," she said breathlessly; then she went softly to the door, leaving the dog behind.

It opened, closed, and the night swallowed her. Like a ghost she sped the quick way to Askatoon. She was six hours behind Ba'tiste, and, going hard all the time, it was doubtful if she could get there before the fatal hour.

On the trail Ba'tiste had taken there were but two huts where he could rest, and he had carried his blanket slung on his shoulder. The way she went gave no shelter save the trees and caves which had been used to cache buffalo meat and hides in old days. But beyond this there was danger in traveling by night, for the springs beneath the ice of the three lakes she must cross made it weak and rotten even in the fiercest weather, and what would no doubt have been death to Ba'tiste, would be peril at least to her. Why had she not gone with him?

"He had in his face what was in Lucy's," she said to herself, as she sped on. "She was fine like him,

Continued on Page 7.

2ND PICTURE SECTION

The Toronto Sunday World

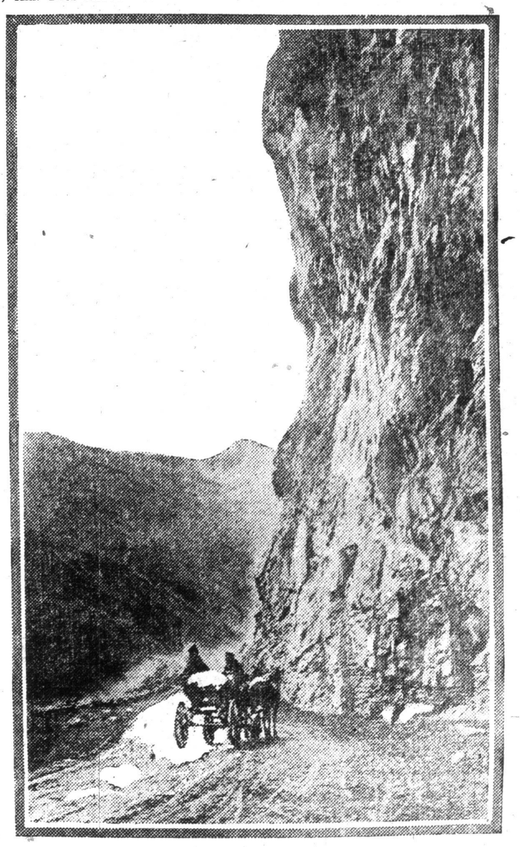
ILLUSTRATING WORLD EVENTS

Sunday, February 7, 1915

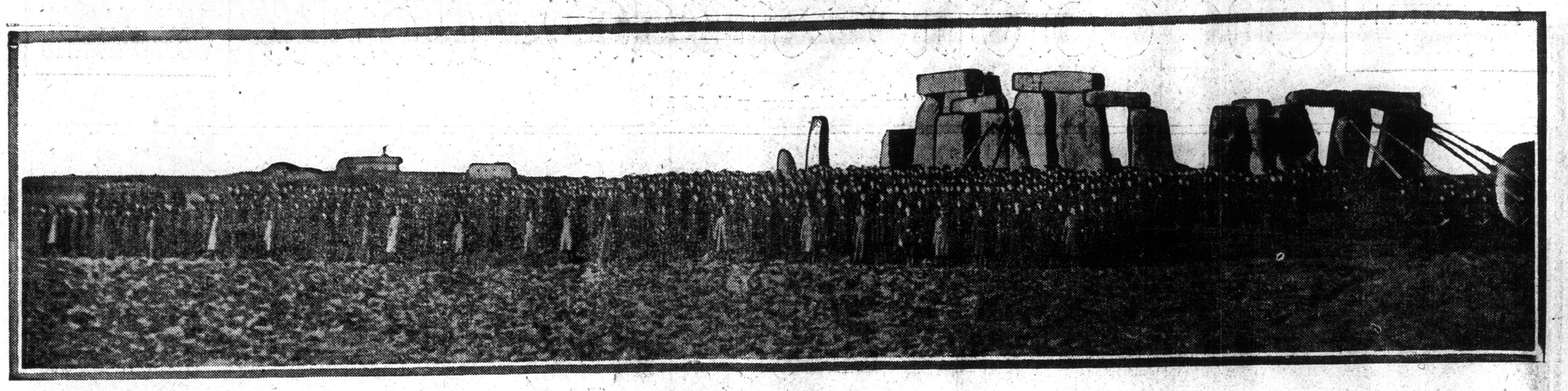
War's desolation cannot equal that of Nature in upheaval. This photo shows some of the inhabitants of Avezzano who escaped death in the great Italian earthquake disaster passing thru one of the main thorofares under protection of Italian soldiers to search in the ruins for bodies of loved ones.

(C) Am. Pres Assoc.

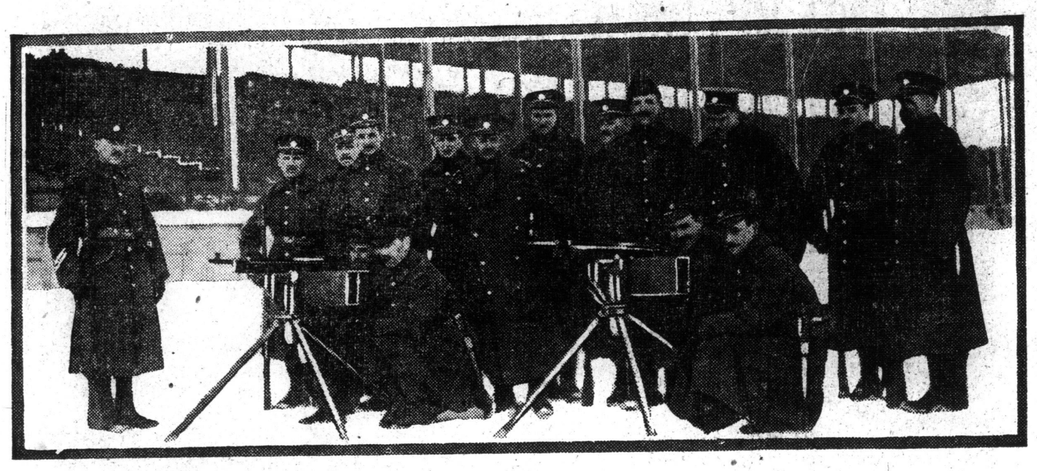
The French soldier has a happy knack of making himself at home under any circumstances, particularly in the culinary department. Photo shows an adanve post with temporary kitchen in the cellar of a deserted house on the firing line.



The only route between Russia and Turkey in the Caucasus —the pass at Aracwa, Talo. The picture gives an idea of the kind of country now being fought in by our Allies.

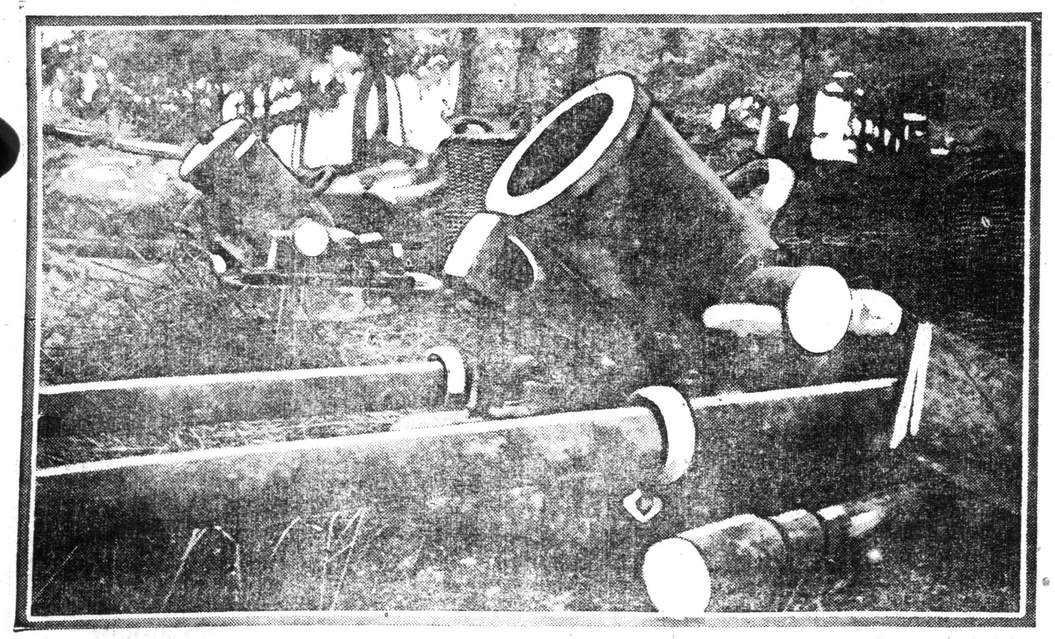


One of the last musters of the first contingent before de parture to France. Troops lined up at Stonehenge.



The rapid fire section with their new guns practising at the Exhibition Grounds.

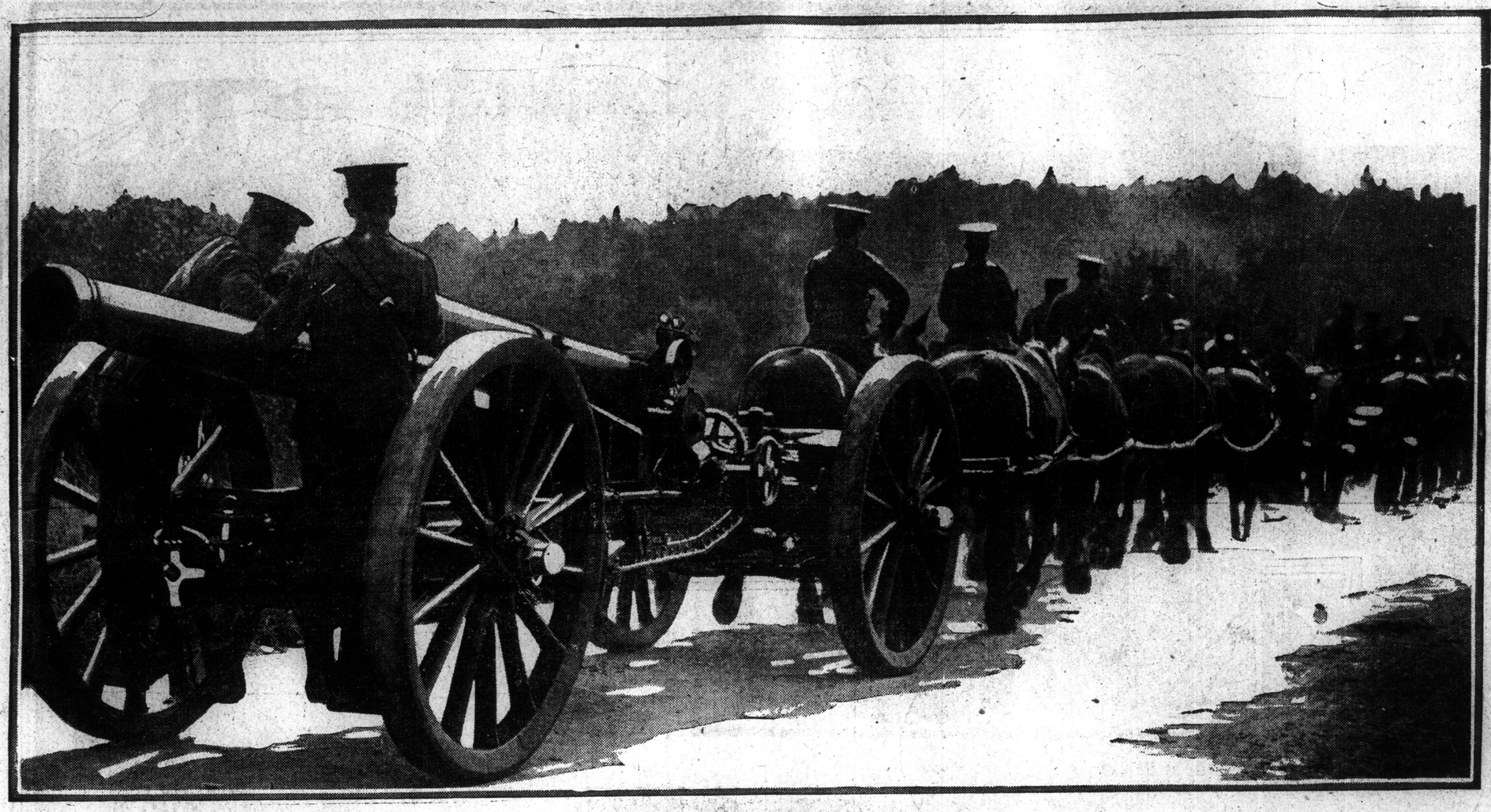
British soldiers who were invalided home for injuries received in the early part of the war, embarking at Charing Cross to return to their regiments at the front.



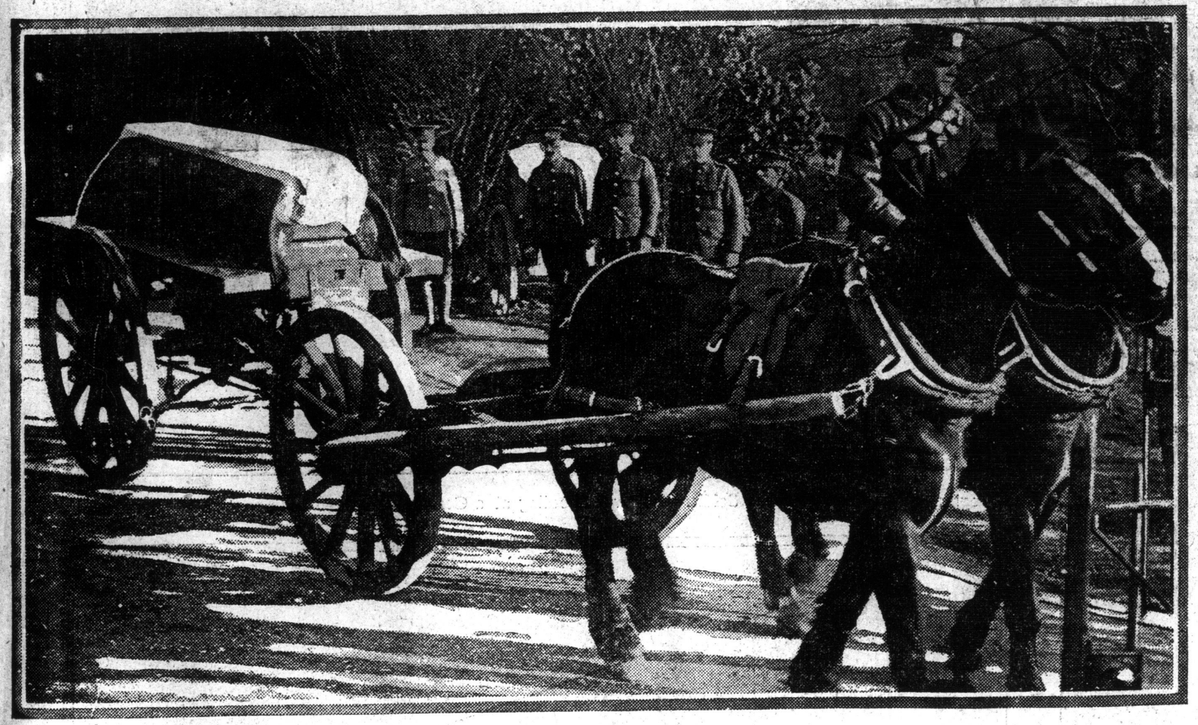
French resurrect crapouillots, used 80 years ago, for use in the trenches. These old mortars, which "lob" big heavy shells with a destructive charge into the German lines when they are a short distance away, have been found to compete effectively with the German trench mortars

The nineteenth battalion is looking for its mascot, a little pink sucking pig. The big bear, another mascot, was quartered in the same building at the Exhibition Grounds and has been looking very satisfied with itself lately. The man is Sergt. Warden of the Grenadiers.

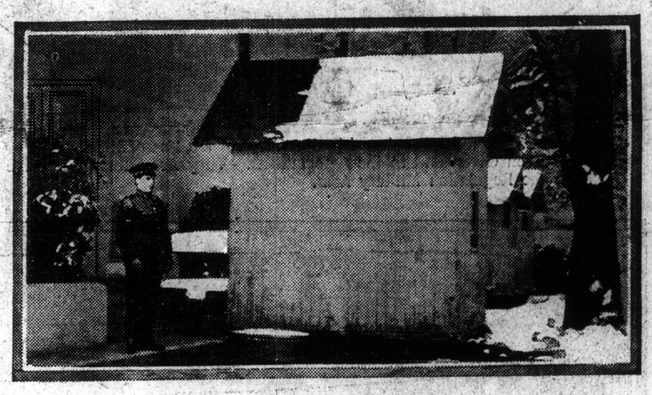
This is the world's largest typewriter. Naturally this machine was not built for the ordinary office in a lofty sky-scraper; nor was it built for the large concern which occupies acres and acres of space. In the first place, its size would be somewhat against it, likewise its cost, which is approximately $100,000. The machine requires a horizontal clearance of space of twenty-one feet and an overhead clearance of eighteen feet, the latter required to expose the typewritten matter above the carriage. The rubber cylinder is of such size that there was not a factory in the world equipped to build it. A large man could crawl thru the cylinder. The segment alone, in which the type bars are supported, cost $2,100. The machine is electrically operated through the medium of an ordinary Underwood Typewriter, of which this used machine is an excellent duplication in metal and construction. It prints letters seven inches in height, and writes on paper nine feet wide. It is an assembled accurate model and possesses every character of type and every individual feature of the machine of which it is a mammoth reproduction. At the San Francisco Exposition it is proposed to use this giant typewriter for bulletins of events the world over. These will be recorded every minute on the great roll of paper fixed above the carriage of the machine.



England's Heaviest Artillery Moving Along a Road on Its Way to the Front.



One of the Kaiser's Prussian Guards, 25 Years Old, Taken Prisoner and Brought to England, Where He Died of His Wounds. Was Buried With Honors at the Aldershot Military Cemetery.

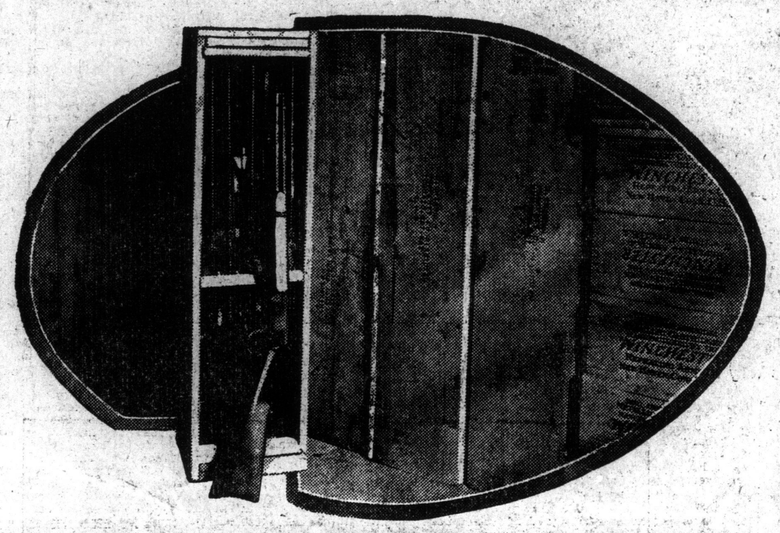


Bath Houses at Le Tourcquet, France, Used in Connection With the the Duchess of Westminster's War Hospital for X-ray Examinations.

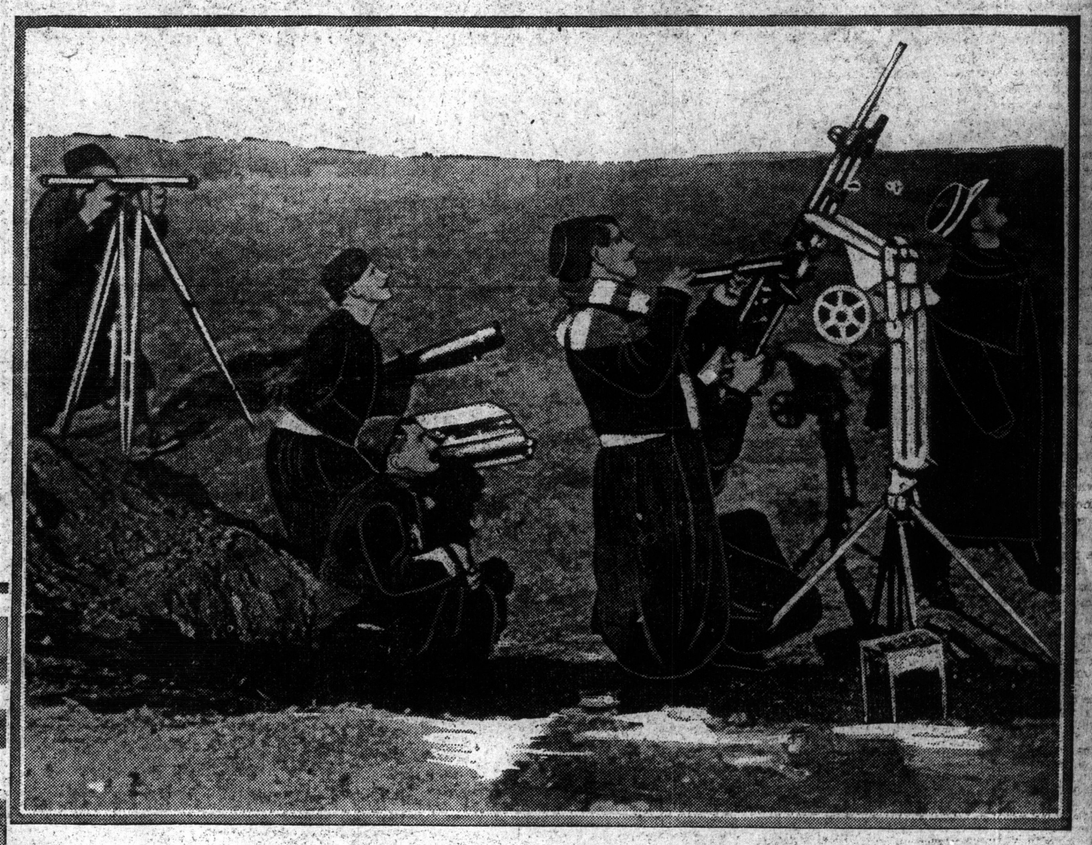
How the Men on Board Britain's North Sea Fleet Muffle Against the Stormy Weather That Now Prevails.

English Aeroplane Brought to Earth by a Shot That Pierced the Gasoline Tank. The Aviator, Owing to the Soft Ground Escaped Injury.

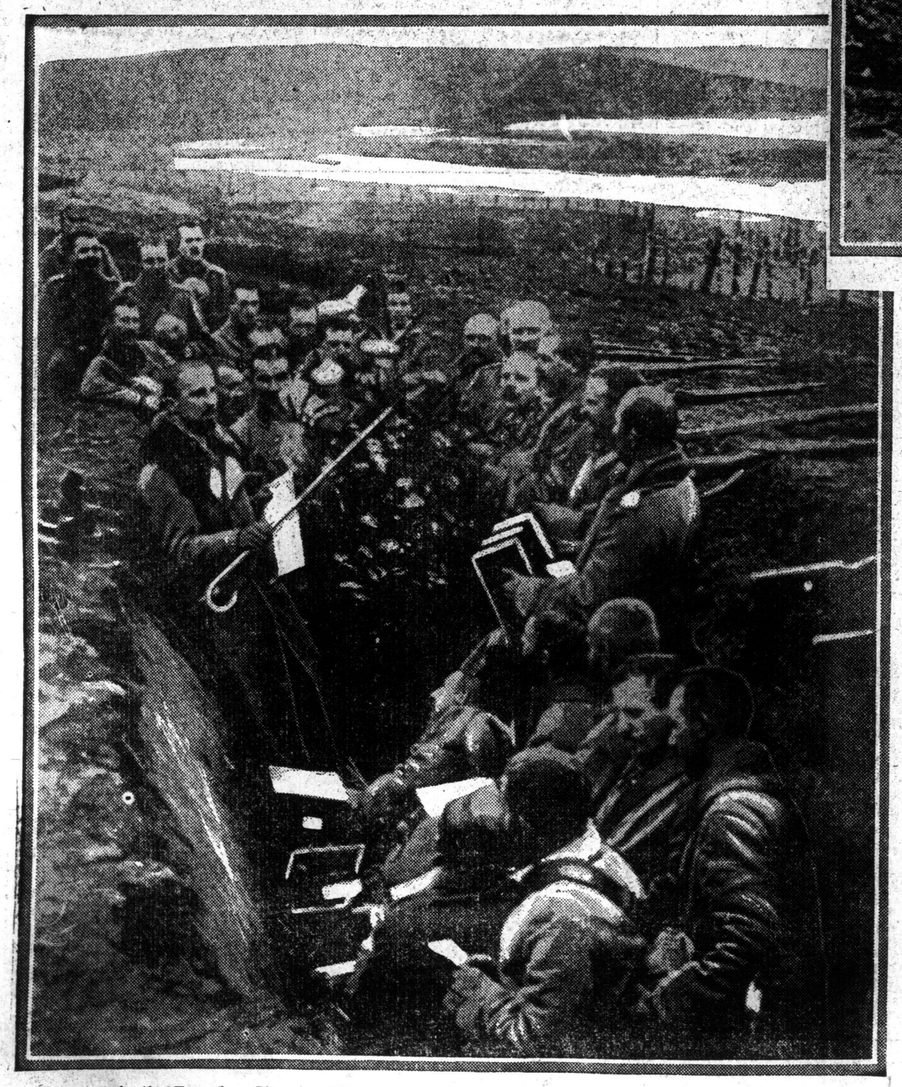
The Work of the Red Cross at the Front—Wounded Belgian Soldiers Being Conveyed to Hospital by Red Cross Nurses.



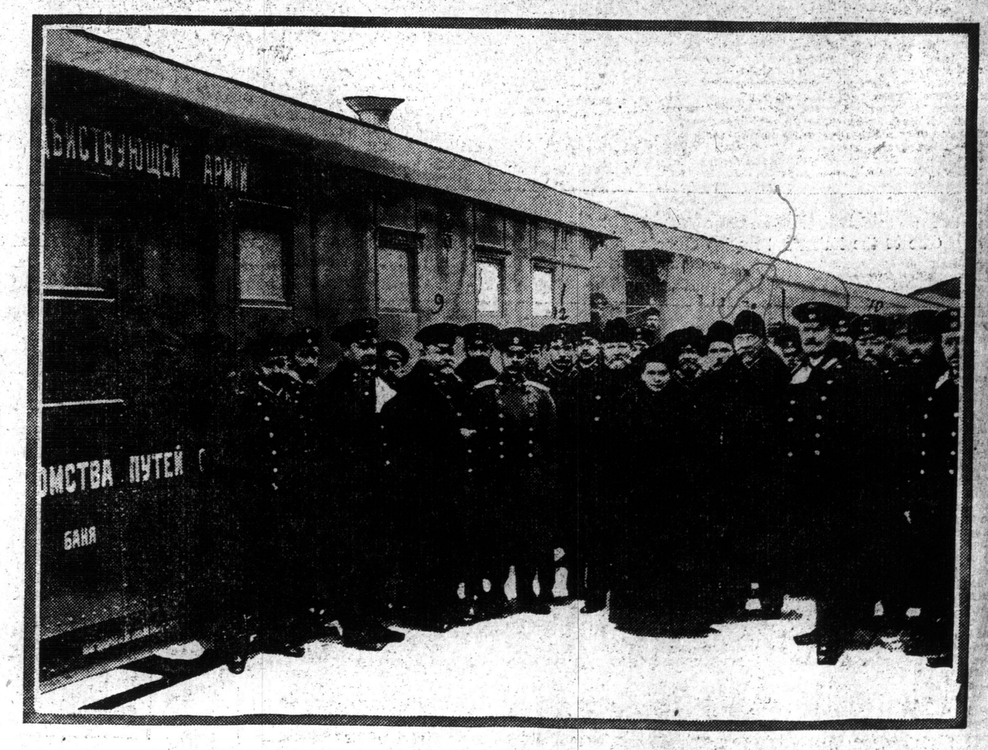
Some of the 3500 Rifles Purchased by the City for the Use of Rifle Clubs. Over 2000 Have Been Given Out to the Associations. They Are Shorter in Range and Barrel Than the Regulation Military Arm.



The Progress of the French African Soldier—Zouaves Shooting at a German Aeroplane With an Anti-Aircraft Gun.



Germans in the Trenches Cheering Themselves by Singing—Some of the Regiments Are Reported to Have Organized Glee Clubs.



The Inauguration at Petrograd of a Bath Train Designed to Provide Showers and Baths for 2000 Soldiers Daily. It was sent to the Russian Front.

The Joint in the Harness

By COL. E. D. SWINTON, D.S.O., R.E.
OFFICIAL "EYEWITNESS" OF THE BRITISH ARMY

"A dreadful sound is in his ears: in prosperity the destroyer shall come upon him."—(The Book of Job.)

"Railways are the arteries of modern armies. Vitality decreases when they are blocked, and terminates when they are permanently severed."—("Imperial Strategy," 1906.)

I.

HISS—click—BANG!"

The monster pile sank perceptibly as the monkey descended with a thud, and the ooze at its foot quivered in ripples of protest which expanded into circles of silver where they caught the electric light. A gout of oil shooting out on to the mud formed a blot of nacreous color, slowly fading as it spread, and became lost in the film of scum. The steam pile-driver rained vicious blows with almost the precision of a Nasmyth hammer, its armored-hose steampipe kicking convulsively in the air in a grotesque dance to the measure.

A young man sat in his shirt-sleeves smoking, watch in hand. He was a pleasant-looking young fellow—the engineer officer on duty. Every now and again he made a note in a pocketbook as he took the time, for he was timing progress. Slow work it seemed to him, this advance by inches, as each blow produced small visible result in the tenacious silt; but if slow it was sure and not entirely mechanical, for every stroke with its hiss-click-bang seemed to him to say in a tone of cheerful confidence: "So-much done," "ssb-much—DONE." The pile-driver regulated the progress.

The honest fellow who was apathetically jerking at the string of the steam regulator did not seem to be moved by any such thoughts. A sleek man, he puffed contentedly at his pipe, quite oblivious to the beautiful iridescence of the condensed steam and lubricating oil which showered over him from the exhaust at each stroke. His companion in this shower-bath sat on the edge of the coal-bunker, fumbling, after the fashion of his kind, with a piece of dirty waste. His gaze wandered from the wobbling needle of the pressure-dial to the water dancing up and down in the gauge-glass in the dim light of the oil-lamp. Occasionally he rose and opened the furnace door to throw in a shovelful of coal, thus casting a warm red glow over the glistening objects at rail-head. For this spot was "Railhead," which was to be hastily pushed across the river on this temporary pile-bridge at low level, pending the slower repair of the high-level girder-bridge.

The pile-driving machine was carried on a caterpillar-like truck of many wheels, some of which were clamped to the rails of the bridge. At its rear end was the boiler; in front, supported by long arms, which overhung the end of the bridge by some distance, was the gaunt framework and guide, almost hugging the pile which the monkey above was maltreating. The end of the bridge had reached a point about the centre of the river, where the water shoaled on to a sandy mud-flat; but from below the many-wheeled truck, back to the near bank of the river, the dark stream was swirling against the piles, a man's height underneath. So swift was the current that it was not good to gaze for long down between the sleepers at the oily water streaking past with a chuckle, from the moonlight into the shadow of the bridge and out into the light again.

Behind the pile-driver, by the loaded trucks, waited a group of men. They were for the time all quite idle, pending the arrival of their turn with its allotted task. Some were lying asleep, some were leaning against trucks, smoking, or sitting on the rails, head in hand, elbows on knees; others were squatting on the timbers playing a mysterious game of cards by the light of a naked candle, which burned steadily without a shade in the still air. In their dirty suits of dungaree, it was not possible to say exactly what these men were. To a soldier, however, the fact that these were soldiers was hinted at by the action of some. One was drumming with two bolts on a fish-plate, keeping time to the lilt of a rollicking rag-time air which a second was softly playing on a mouth-organ. Whatever their race—for music-halls have made rag-time music international—it was more like a soldier than an ordinary workman to produce a mouth-organ to keep things going in the small hours of the morning. Their talk settled the point: they were soldiers—sappers, to be exact.

Their task would soon come, when at the last stroke of the monkey a new pile would have to be hauled into position, or, if a pile-pier were completed, the heavy baulks be placed, and the sleepers and rails spiked down. Then the cumbrous caterpillar truck would be slowly pushed forward over the creaking timbers of the newly finished span to a fresh position, where its paean of brute force would start again. Behind these men, along the pile-bridge, stretched a line of trucks loaded with baulks, rails and sleepers; and alongside, downstream, floated fresh piles, swaying to and fro in the stream as they waited to be towed out in their turn. In the half gloom they looked like captive saurians, as the flood foamed against the blunt snouts and their wet edges gleamed.

There was bustle, there was haste, but there was also method on this low-level bridge. For long periods comparative calm reigned, with no other sound than the hiss of steam, the rush of the water, the roar of the high-pressure flare-lights, the distant clang of the riveters' hammers on high, and the refrain of the pile-driver, monotonous on the night air as the tom-tom obligato of a Persian nautch-song. But when the whistles shrilled, this peace, such as it was, changed to turmoil. Sheaves squealed in the blocks, men grunted as they hove on the falls of tackles, and bolts and spikes were hammered home. The insistent keynote of the scene was work—strenuous, unresting work.

The river was wide. Even allowing for the deceptive moonlight, it seemed a quarter of a mile from bank to bank. A burnished strip in the bright light of a full moon, it was dotted here and there with eyots that stood out dark. It flowed between steep banks at the bottom of an amphitheatre—a complete circle of hills, save for the gaps thru which ran the river and the railway which had crossed it.

Away on the far side, starting from a point on the dry sand, in prolongation of the pile-bridge, and swinging in a double curve up the steep bank, were a number of smoking naphtha-lamps. Below, in the bed of the river, groups of men were digging out boulders, the metallic click of their crowbars sounding faintly across the water. Ant-like strings of workers were carrying the loosened stones to a causeway which was growing up in alignment with the bridge. Higher up, following the curve of lights, and silhouetted against clouds of illumined dust, a swarm of toilers were excavating the cutting which was to take the steep deviation loop from the level of the pile-bridge up to the main line.

But, after all, neither this bridge nor its approaches—tho at present the centre of pressure and activity—were the feature of the scene; for right up, sixty feet above, loomed the broken high level bridge. With its huge girders and titanic piers it dwarfed its lowly neighbor and dominated everything, its grandeur accentuated by the chasm of the break in its centre. In this gap stood three unharmed piers like sentries, gaunt, black and shining. A fourth — the damaged pier—was surrounded by a cluster of staging and tall derrick-masts, dripping ropes and tackle, and was completed on top by a funnel mouth, the sides of which stood out darkly against the arc-light above. In the centres of three of the broken spaces were large timber stages, each in a different state of completion, but all alike in that they twinkled with lights and swarmed with men, some climbing, some in slings, but all hammering, boring, or sawing like demons. Between the piers lay the broken girders, moved to one side, half in, half out of the water—a network of iron thru which the muddy river foamed. Above the derricks and the tangle of cordage—carried on timber frames placed at intervals along the girders—two steel cables gleamed in the moonlight. Every few minutes, with the bleat of a motor-horn, a dark body, upon which glowed a red lamp, silently glided out upon them from one end of the bridge to a point above the broken pier. It stopped, a trap opened, and a glistening cascade of concrete poured with a rattle into the maw of the funnel and so down into the hollow iron pier. Then the dark body slid back to its lair at the bridge end as silently as it had come out. Beyond, under the big girders, could be seen a floating bridge which stretched from bank to bank.

The spectacle of the colossal bridge reaching out majestically from each dim bank, with this gaping wound in its centre, was pathetic. The blank ends stood up opposite each other, dumb but reproachful witnesses of the havoc below.

From a little distance it was quite a fairy scene. Over all shone the great moon. Above the high-level bridge the blinking arc-lamps shed their violet rays, thrown downward by the shades, so that they formed shimmering cones with edges clear defined against the night beyond. In contrast, the under side of the girders seemed cut of black velvet, and the shadows danced darkly on the water. The riveters' fires along the girders glowed red, the flare-lights on the low-level bridge shone yellow, and golden was the glare on the dust-clouds on the far bank. The crudity of the colors was in places softened by the spirals of escaping steam, winding aloft in the calm night air, and the whole gamut of illumination was reproduced in the drawn-out reflections which quivered across the glistening waters to the sluggish pools near the shore.

The low-level bridge was not a safe place to walk about, for there were loose planks, greasy spots, bights of ropes, and other traps for the unwary, and things were continually falling. Sometimes a red-hot rivet would drop from above with a flop and a hiss into the river. Occasionally a warning shout of "stand clear!" would ring out, followed by a crash, and perhaps a couple of men would slowly bear away something on a stretcher to the shore. But no one else stopped; there was no sympathetic gathering; the work continued without a pause.

Now and again from a hilltop to the north the darkness was pierced by a succession of flashes. Flash, flash, came the reply from somewhere to the south, and then—a long medley of dots and dashes between the two points. No use to try and read the messages, even for one knowing the code, for these were in cipher. If there were still any doubt as to the nature of the toilers this would settle the matter, for no civil works could require signalling-posts on the hills around.

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The moon grew more mellow as she sank. A mist rose from the waters, creeping up till it lay a solid white mass over the river, halfway up the giant piers—a damp mist suggestive of malaria—not one to spend a night in; but no workers left the bridge.

The moon faded blood-red into the haze. The air turned colder as the night wore on. Another day dawned, at first gray and sad, then rosy and golden. But, heedless of the glory of the changing heavens, the workers toiled on, and, tho muffled, there could be heard rising from the moist white blanket the song of the pile-driver.

* * * * * * * * * *

The mist curled off the water in thin wisps in the warmth of the rising sun; the lights went out and the scene of the night's toil stood revealed. The day exposed all the squalor, grime, and discomfort—the muddy swirling water, the wet and weary men, the burnt-out lamps, dripping timbers, and rusty ironwork. Even those iridescent blots which had seemed so beautiful in the light of the moon or the glare of electricity showed up for what they were—foul pools of viscid oil or tar.

The glamor of the night had indeed gone, but not the need for work, and the toilers still strove, for they were working for their comrades of the army ahead—perishing for want of food, and in danger owing to the lack of munitions of war.

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II.

It was again night.

Thruout the livelong day the work had proceeded as shift relieved shift.

It was not till some time after the mist had risen that the same young engineer, once again on night duty, left the work. Closing his note-book, he picked his way, stepping carefully from sleeper to sleeper, lantern in hand, along the low-level bridge, which had grown in length and by now passed the little mud flat. He buttoned his jacket as he went, for, no longer at work, he felt the damp chill of the mist, which was dripping from his hair and moustache. A thick-set man, his squatness was exaggerated by his bulging pockets filled with note-books; from one protruded a foot-rule. As he passed under the glare at the end of the bridge he smiled. Of a sanguine temperament, he was cheered by the progress of his work at a time when others were depressed. Stumbling on abstractedly over the lighted area into the comparative gloom over the dry mud beyond, he had just climbed above fog-level and proceeded scarcely a hundred yards when a hoarse voice addressed him from the shadow of a bush, where a man was sitting smoking. It was that of the Railway Traffic Officer—otherwise known as the "Shunter."

"Well, my Captain of Plumbers, how goes it? Aren't you across yet?"

"Hullo, is that you? I'm just off up to see my Chief. What are you doing down here, away from your beloved yard? What is your grumble now? Come, talk with me a while, and learn something."

"Oh, I'm taking half-an-hour off, watching the illuminations and looking for you in this deadly mist. Things above are quite hopeless. Sit down and smoke."

"Not I: I'm too cold. You come and stroll, or dance with me all in the moonlight, you old truck-fancier." With that he executed a pas seul, scuffling about in what he called a "cellar flap."

The other got up and joined him, but not in the dance. A taller and older man, he was thin and hollow-chested. There was light enough to see that he wore uniform, and had a serious expression. He coughed violently.

"I say, it's just as well you don't have to work in that mist; you would soon cease to trouble us. With that cough, I can forgive you for hogging it in the lap of luxury up above, so snug among your trucks. Walk as far as the pontoons?"

With that the "Plumber" took a frayed cigar out of his pocket and examined it ruefully, and the two strolled off toward the invisible pontoon-bridge.

"You seem very cheerful, young man, and not as if you had just spent half a shift in that fog. Have you struck a spouting-well of liquid gold with that beastly noise machine of yours, or have you discovered a ford fit for railway traffic? What is it? I don't see much to dance about."

The "Shunter" was not of a sanguine temperament, and was a much-worried man. Moreover, as time went on he had not the satisfaction of seeing visible progress made. On the contrary, every hour made his position more hopeless and more complicated.

"That's just it; we should make the most of all our little gifts, and smile at anything we can, just now. Old man, she's a beauty. That little steam pile-driver is going to save the situation—to save the Third Army. Just listen to her now, snorting and butting so prettily down there. It's music."

He continued: "I've now timed another four spans—sixteen more beastly piles—being put in, and it will take us, at the present rate, barring cataclysms, just fifty-one hours from midnight, say forty-eight from now, till the rails are fished up and the first train runs across. Let's see; this is Monday morning. That is, by three o'clock the morning after next—Wednesday. I told my Chief six o'clock, yesterday, and as the Commandant has wired that all over the Theatre——"

"What the deuce are you talking about?" snarled the other.

"I thought you'd say that; why, the Theatre of Operations, of course. All the papers call it that. Over the whole blooming country, if you like it better."

There was only a grunt for reply.

"I shall let it stay at that, which will give me a margin of three hours for 'unforeseen contingencies'; not that it is necessary, 'cos there ain't going to be any. I've foreseen all. The men want no driving; they are still working like devils. I tell you, 'Mit Hast ohne Rast,' is our motto; but I wonder how long they can stand the strain. Some are already used up. Eight hours on and eight hours off is pretty stiff, you know, and the mist knocks out all the chesty ones. But it's the——"

"Yes, yes, what's the use of giving me all this flip-flap? I'm not a correspondent. Come to the point."

"Well, I think the Third Army should see the first train reach them, say, at noon on Wednesday; followed, I suppose, by a solid stream of 'em. However, my job's done when the first train gets across."

"Oh, I'll shove trains enough across when the time comes, but they won't be the ones they want first. Before I prepare for this great event, tell me, are you sure? Have you taken every factor into your calculations—made allowances for everything?"

"Yes, old croaker, everything. I've forseen every single thing within the wildest dream of probability. The deviation approach on this side is already done, and is working. The earthwork on the other side'll be done in twelve hours and the rails laid in twelve more, so all that will be done before my show. If only we could have put in trestles instead of piles we should have been across this cursed river by now." He paused a moment in thought and the two paced on in silence.

"I am sorry for the never-to-be-sufficiently execrated fool who reported that this river could be trestled. He will be the cause, if the army gets scuppered; but he'll probably arrange to be killed, I should think. Anyway, taking the pile-bridging as the slowest part, it is the ruling factor, and fixes the time, and I tell you it is moving — 'Mit Hast, ohne Rast,' is our——"

"Oh, damn your motto; if you say it again, or talk of Sturm and Drang, I'll hit you. How about accidents—floods?"

"All right, all right; slowly, softly, catchee monkey. There's not the remotest chance of any accident. I have crowds of timber, piles and stuff all ready. The driver ain't a sensitive plant exactly. Boiler's new and working at low pressure. As to floods, the glass is high; they can give us forty-eight hours' warning of any storm away up in the hills, and anyway it's got to be a biggish flood to rise over my bridge—and that will be finished in fifty-one—I mean, forty-eight hours. Besides, even if we do have a flood, so long as we are able to rush across all the trucks you have in your yard—and some engines—before it arrives, it won't much matter. That little lot will be enough to keep the army shooting and eating for some days, by which time the high-level bridge will be repaired enough to run over—then so much for the enemy's great demolition!"

"How about their interfering?"

"This place simply stinks of men now since we got the extra infantry and guns—you know that perfectly well. They would need a much larger force than they can spare to attack us. The footling breaks they make in the line ahead don't count; they are made good as soon as done. They can't touch us here, and this is the spot. He sighed, as he continued: 'What a time these poor devils at the front must have had! We've not been sitting on plush settees eating oysters exactly—but we've always got our 'vittles regular.' Now, you tell. I am so busy down below, I hear nothing of what's going on."

"I only know that they have further reduced rations, how much reduced I can't say, as the Chief naturally keeps a good deal of the worst news to himself. They've fired almost their last round of gun ammunition, they have had a lot more sickness in the last two days, and they are now dying like flies. It's touch and go whether they can last. It's awful."

"I suppose you're working your head off."

"Pretty well. I do nothing but send and answer wires, receive traffic, and see stray idiots who want to go to the 'Front.' The yard's so crowded with trucks we can't move. I have now 453, including 45 of ammunition; we have already added ten extra sidings, and shall have many more down by the time you're thru with the bridge. And what annoys me is, that tho I wire till I am blue to stop all trains, the fools keep on automatically cramming up more. They say that the little bridge away back at 94 is weak, and they're rushing everything over they can, in case it breaks. That's your doing. That comes of you scamping your work."

"Couldn't help it; had to get thru. It has already carried more trucks than you can deal with, so I don't see what you are grousing about. After we've done here I can see to it again."

"You'd think they might know at the front what a state we are in here; place stiff with trucks chock-a-block. Well, the supply officer comes to me with all the fool-telegrams he gets, asking for individual pet trucks to be sent up with first train. Single trucks to be sorted out from this mess, mind you! They'll be damned lucky to get any train at all. I must just let them have what comes—I can't shunt. They would have had five trains of forage first, if I hadn't been able to off-load it."

"That's all very well, my boy; but you'll be hanged if you don't send up trucks in the exact order they're wanted. That's what you're for, to sort out and arrange trucks, nothing else. When their stomachs are full, and their tails are up again, they will remember, and some one on the Staff will say: 'Where is that incompetent officer who sent up truck 45673 loaded with Gruyere, instead of 45627 loaded with Double Gloster? Haul him out! Try him! Shoot him! Waster!—doesn't know his job.' They won't believe you were crowded; not they. Oh, yes, whatever happens you'll be hanged all right."

With that he whistled offensively.

"Daresay. Can't help it. Can't off-load and reload without room. As you are here, I wish you would come up and see after numbers eleven and twelve sidings. There is some hitch, and they are not shoving on as they should. That's one reason why I was looking out for you. I'm expecting two more trains before morning. The main line will be solid with trains and cold engines soon — a lot are cold already—the brutes have emptied the boilers to make their coffee."

"Right-o. Cheer up. I'll come up on my way, tho it's against 'professional etiquette.' It's not my job."

"By the way, we caught a brute in plain clothes about two hours ago up near the forage. He had a lot of fuzees, and dropped a can of kerosene. We tried him on the spot, and——"

"Yes, we heard a volley, and wondered what it was."

"Just imagine, if the forage had been set on fire! How are you against that sort of thing down here?"

"Outpost system excellent——"

"I know, but I mean single spies. One man with a stick of dynamite or gelatine would upset all your precious sanguine estimate. Have you allowed for that possibility?"

"That's all right," chuckled the other. "The place is so well guarded that not a man could get to the bridge, dynamo or engines, without being seen. It's all lit up near the shore end, and where required, like a billiard-table. They can't get near it, unless they have trained birds or rats to carry dynamite on their tails—eh, what?"

The idea tickled them, and both laughed as they arrived at the deserted pontoon-bridge—all strained into a curve by the current. A guard at the end, and sundry cable-watchers seated on the decks of the pontoons, cross-legged like images of Buddha, were the only signs of life.

"pretty dreary for those poor devils in the mist," said the engineer. "Why is there no road traffic now?"

"No transport. We've sent up all we have and can get. That big capture took a lot; crowds of animals have died and motors broken down. Anyway, road transport is no good to deal with the bulk we have to handle. No one expected such delay here, thanks to that infernal fool. The railway is the only thing possible—railway and truck." "Trucks were his obsession.

Turning back toward the pile-bridge, they went down into the mist, where an engine was standing on the low level; and, with much panting from the little locomotive and shrieking of wheels against guard-rails, they were soon speeding out of the mist up the steep grade and sharp curves of the newly laid deviation-approach.

As they moved along their nostrils were greeted with a succession of odors, ranging from the stench of river mud, thru that of dead animals and refuse-pits, up to that of tarpaulins and forage, as they got in the station yard. From the top of the bank the white tents of the sleeping troops in the different camps could be seen, for by this time many men as well as trucks had collected at this congested spot, and there was quite a small army composed of "details," detachments, and individuals seeking their regiments—the flotsam and jetsam of the communications.

The yard, that seemed to weigh so much on the "Shunter's" mind, was a maze of loaded trucks — nothing but rolling stock. He must indeed have been a fancier, this railway traffic officer, for his collection was large and varied. Here were covered trucks, open trucks, box trucks, short trucks, bogie trucks, black trucks, brown trucks, grey trucks — all full of supplies for the army ahead. This mass had overflowed the original fan of sidings, and fresh ones had been laid everywhere, inside the yard, outside the yard, even down the streets of the little village — ever here where the ground was fairly level. At one corner stood huge mountains of forage, some not even covered. At frequent intervals in the lanes between the lines of rail strode sentries. Above spluttered electric lights, whose beams were reflected from the shining tarpaulins, and in places there were lamps under the wagons to illumine the dark corners where a man might lurk. On high the lights on the signal-posts twinkled derisively as they waited for the traffic which did not come. The station itself was a roofless ruin.

The engineer proceeded toward a cloud of dust lit up by flare-lights which showed the position of the work on the new sidings, leaving the "Shunter" in his element. After a few minutes he picked his way over to the office of the Commandant, to report to his own Chief, who was there. The Commandant was busy, even at this hour, for he had just got a chance of a talk on the wire to his distressed senior, the Commander-in-Chief of the Third Army. As the "Plumber" entered, he heard:

"Yes, sir, we shall be thru without fail at six on Wednesday mornin, and you will have your first train in the afternoon.—What?—Yes.—What?—No, that's the very best we can do.—Afternoon of Wednesday.—Yes, sir—yes.—Till then.—Of course—I know.—Yes.—We are—hustling all we know——" The speaker looked up as the "Plumber" entered.

"Hullo! You've not come to tell me that you're going to put off the time of getting thru again?" he snarled in his anxiety. "You've heard what I told the Chief? Is that still right?"

"Quite right, sir; same time—six on Wednesday morning," was the reply.

"I'll tell him again—'Hullo—hullo——' Nonsense—eh, what?—line cut again? Damn them, they cut the line every two minutes. This is the first talk I've had with the Chief for thirty-six hours. However, I told him the main thing, luckily. I wish they had their wireless!"

For five minutes the "Plumber" conferred with his own Chief, who was in charge of all the bridging operations, and was then dismissed. "I'm glad all is going so well—you'd better be getting back—good night."

"Poor old Commandant," he thought, as he strode away in the gloom, for the moon was just setting, "no wonder he is a bit ratty, with this responsibility and strain." Just then he almost ran into the "Shunter," who was gazing up into the still luminous sky toward the west.

"Did you see that?" the latter shouted.

"No—what?"

"Something passed overhead; sort of blur in the sky; heard something, too—soft noise like a motor."

They both looked up. There was nothing in the serene sky but the afterglow of the moon.

"Bird?" suggested the "Plumber."

"Much too big for a bird."

"Vulture—bat—goose—mongoose?" he went on, evidently sceptical, then quickly added:

"Look here, my man, get to bed and rest; you're jumpy from worry and want of sleep. Go to bed—your trucks can't fly off."

"Perhaps you're right; I am chock-full of quinine. I'll turn in. Good night."

The "Shunter" did turn in; but he did not sleep, for the Banshee-like screeches of a circular saw some distance away seemed to him an omen of evil.

The "Plumber" went on his way whistling — he was of a sunny nature, and at last the end seemed in sight. As he neared the low-level bridge, the sound of the pile-driver in her song of progress greeted his ears. Little did he guess that it was her swan-song she was so cheerfully singing down there in the mist.

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III.

THE bridge, slowly creeping forward behind its noisy head, was not the only spot where progress had been made that day. The same sun that dissipated the clinging mist from the river and revealed the bridgers at work lit up another scene of toil in a village some thirty-five miles away—of toil less imposing, but no less important in its results. This little deserted village was the "Hornet's nest" or lair of one section of the raiders. Nestling on one side of a low hill, and hidden by others slightly higher all round, the spot was well chosen for its purpose. On each side of the principal street straggled houses, once white but now roofless and blackened. From a cow-shed at one end there issued the sound of hammering, and now and then the hum of a motor engine, driven for short bursts at high speed, rose to a whine. Tarpaulins clumsily stretched on charred rafters and weighted with stones formed the roof of the shed. Never a savory spot, an odor as of a motor garage now hung about the place, its pungency unpleasantly intensified by the smell of some extinguished acetylene lanterns, for here also they had been working thru the night. Men kept passing in and out of the shed—they were erecting machinery out in the yard.

In a room of the village inn, still the best house in the place, four officers had just finished a hasty meal and were pushing back their ammunition-box seats from the packing-case table. One of this group was noticeable: very pale, he carried his arm in a sling and had been eating clumsily with his left hand. Another was almost as conspicuous. He was a wiry man with a freckled face and red hair, and he wore a hybrid naval uniform. Upon his yachting cap shone a metal badge representing some insect. The third, the Commandant of the section of raiders, was big and bull necked, with a sly expression in his protuberant eyes not usually associated with men of his build. All these men were under middle age, but the fourth was the youngest. He had nothing to distinguish him but pink cheeks and a bread-and-butter face; he was attached to the nautical man only and did not wear the same uniform.

"We can't spread this map in here," said the senior in a guttural voice, lighting his pipe; "let's go into the next room, or, better, into the taproom, where there's a bar."

Following him, the party filed in on each side of the long counter, the pewter top of which was thick with dust, pieces of plaster and broken glass. It was a moment's work to sweep this off to add to the wreckage on the floor. The little run, where some buxom "patronne" or "Miss" had formerly reigned, was more than ankle-deep in broken glass and crockery; the shelves behind were bare of their former array of bottles. Behind the shelves, the sharp edges of the slivers of a dusty mirror, radiating outward from one or two points, caught the light in a prismatic sparkle, the brightness of which accentuated the brutal squalor of the room. Even the smell of dust and plaster had not altogether exorcised the established reek of stale tobacco-smoke and spilt liquor which still hung about.

"Anyway, I am glad to find you here," said the last speaker. "I heard you were on the way, but many expected things do not arrive these days, and I was not too hopeful. And tho I must confess that I am even now a bit sceptical about your box of tricks, I am only too keen to try. Have you unpacked your—what do you call them—squadron, fleet, covey, swarm?" The speaker had only just returned from an expedition.

"Yes, sir," somewhat stiffly answered the man in the nautical suit. "They've been all unpacked, and my men are rigging them up in a shed we found. I have twelve—the Gaddy, Wasp, Bee, Mosquito, Tsetse, Ichneum——"

"Steady, steady—I haven't time to listen to the whole entomological dictionary. How many will be ready for this evening—for business, I mean?"

"All—I hope."

"Are your anarchists, engineers, chauffeurs, or skippers prepared to proceed on individual forlorn hopes? Mind you, those who do not blow themselves up or get smashed by a fall, but taken prisoner, will almost certainly be shot as spies, and the odds that 'good-bye' at starting will be good-bye forever."

"We quite realize that, sir, and we'll take our chance. 'Tis a forlorn hope in a way; but the prizes are large. Why, just think, given a chance——"

"Yes, yes, I know. I see you are a cran—I mean an enthusiast, and quit rightly. Well, I'm going to give you a bellyful of chances!" The other smiled.

"Now, listen. As you are a newcomer, I'll put you in touch with the position in a few words. Never mind if I tell you something you know already, don't interrupt—listen. See square D 14? That's where their Third Army is, some seventy thousand strong. They're in a good position, holding some villages, at a strategic point, the names don't matter. They've been there five days. Our western force, which is not strong enough to attack, has been hanging on to and harassing them; we cannot make a grand attack, yet we hope to scatter their army and bag much of it. It has marched a long way, fought a lot, and lost nearly all its transport, and it must be starving, quite played out, and very short of ammunition, and—this is the point—it has only got one line of rail communication, which is cut! The railway's back along here—see?"

The other nodded.

"Of course we cut this line when we retired. In fact, I believe, tho I'm not entirely in the confidence of headquarters, that it was arranged for the enemy to advance here. Naturally they have been doing their best to reopen communication. Being splendid engineers, they've done a lot; but so far they have not succeeded, for no trains have gone up, and only a small wagon convoy or two—a mere trifle. The country all round for miles is a desert as far as supplies go—we saw to that—and they must be in a

Continued on Page 7.

Forecasts of SPRING

Leghorn Garden Hat.

New Sailor of White Straw.

Promises of a Colorful New Season Shown in Advance Designs of Hats, Gowns and Coats.

Scotch Turban of Black Satin, Trimmed with White Moire Ribbon.

FASHION does not wait for the coming of the bluebirds nor for the blooming of the crocuses to presage spring; her heralds are the first straw hats. We welcome them as we do the robin who comes from the southland to sing of the warm, sunny days in store for us. They are the forerunners of the new season's modes, and in them the student of fashion can detect many unfailing signs that permit a forecasting of the styles which will dominate the spring and summer of 1915.

One glance at the wide-brimmed, flower-ladened hat of Leghorn, with streamers of velvet hanging coquettishly over one shoulder or down the back, announces the fact that the full, flounced, shirred or gathered skirt of ante-bellum days will be worn. No woman with a normal sense of harmony in dress would think of wearing anything but a demure, short-waisted, full-skirted frock with a hat of this type.

In case you are wondering how the milliners are trimming these picturesque Dolly Varden hats I shall describe a charming model made by a designer of world-wide fame.

Some Hat!

The hat is large and has a slightly drooping brim, and is woven of natural colored Leghorn straw. The crown is bowl-shaped and of medium height. The brim has a facing of Nattier blue taffeta, which extends over the top to form a border two inches in width. About the base of the crown a band of ribbon velvet to match the facing is artistically arranged. A frill of cream lace lies flat against the brim, and clusters of tiny pink roses, violets, mignonette and verbena nestle among the folds.

This is the correct hat to wear with filmy, lingerie frocks or the demi-evening gown of taffeta, chiffon, lace or crepe de chine.

Other attractive hats of this character are of chiffon, satin or taffeta smoothly fitted over wire frames. Frequently the brims are transparent or semi-transparent, and the trimming consists of flowers, ribbon, lace or velvet. Now and then we find more elaborate models adorned with drooping ostrich plumes.

Bows! Bows! Bows!

The use of flowers is not confined to the dressy hats alone, for there are smart models of the turban or sailor type, designed for street wear. Many of these have narrow brims and rather high crowns, against which are banked flowers of the larger varieties, such as lilacs, roses, asters, dahlias and clematis.

The bow of ribbon is also a general favorite, and many of us will be glad to adopt this youthful manner of trimming our first spring hat. The bows assume every conceivable form; on close-fitting turbans of Milan, hemp, Leghorn or whole straw the aeroplane bow appears, with its wide-spreading loops and ends. This is sometimes varied by the "compass" or the "windmill" bow. The bows are poised in front, slightly to one side, and produce the impression of height. Needless to add, the petite woman will particularly favor the bow-trimmed hat.

The large, flat bow of taffeta or velvet ribbon is preferred for the sailor of ample proportions, which, to be smart, you must wear at a decided angle. The majority of the sailors have facings of silk.

I am glad that the becoming, tinted facings have returned to favor. One could not help "looking pretty" in a natural colored straw hat faced with palest pink crepe chiffon. This touch of color casts a rosy light over the face, which greatly improves the complexion. We will all be wanting hats with pink facings before the season has advanced very far. In fact, to be in fashion we will have to wear colors this spring.

Colorful Season.

The winter was rather colorless, with the predomination of white and the putty tones; so, to satisfy the demand for variety, fashion proclaims the spring to be a colorful season. There is a lack of the daring, brilliant hues of last year, for designers are partial to the pastel tints. With the passing of the Oriental modes the eastern colors faded to lighter tones, which, after all, are more appropriate for summer wear.

The new fabrics are masterpieces of the loom. The silks are an exquisite blending of delicate colors, showing quaint, old-fashioned, striped or flower-sprigged designs. The weavers have also worked wonders with cotton, and there are fabrics which rival in beauty anything heretofore exported from Europe. You will long to possess several frocks of the lovely semi-transparent crepes, with tiny detached sprigs of flowers embroidered in pale colors. These materials will be extensively used to fashion the dainty frocks patterned after those made famous by Empress Eugenie.

Flowery Kingdom Stuff.

Among the colors which deserve special mention are the rich flower tones, the sweet pea colors being particularly popular. Yellows, blues, greens and a wide range of pinks are also favored.

Another embroidered material, which promises to excel all others in popularity for street wear, is natural colored Shantung silk embroidered with soft, bright tones of red, blue, green, yellow and violet mingled with black. Many of the designs are borrowed from the Flowery Kingdom, while other hint of the old English chintzes.

You have been prepared for the radical change in the silhouette by its gradual transition from the peg-top to the pannier, followed by the full Russian tunic. The modish outline of the present is a gradual flare from the shoulders downward, and many of the skirts are distended about the feet to the proportions of the once-dreaded crinoline. Strange to say, we all seem to like it, and the general opinion is that full skirts are far more graceful and becoming than the narrow ones of last year. Fickle, fickle woman! "Off with the old love, on with the new," for you are already wondering: "What did I ever admire about the narrow skirts?"

Both long and short sleeves will be worn, and those of the costumes for street wear are long or three-quarter length. Evening gowns, however, have extremely short sleeves or they are sleeveless. This particularly applies to gowns of classic inspiration, which have only narrow bands of tulle or strands of brilliants or pearls over the shoulders. A new sleeve, used in a frock of dark blue chiffon taffeta, has a gathered puff at the top and a long, tightly fitted lower portion. I would not be surprised if this is an advance note of the leg-o'-mutton sleeve.

On Empire Lines.

You will notice that all the suit coats flare, whether they are long and Empire in line or short jackets of the Eton variety. Godet or side pleats, in many instances, provide the necessary fulness.

Owing to the fulness of the skirts the coats must be short, and we find variations of the bolero, box, Chinese and peasant types.

No doubt you will deplore the absence of the bayadere sash, which had such an unprecedented run, for belts have taken their place. They are made of the same material as the gown on street costumes, but the dance, frocks and dinner gowns are enlivened by girdles of contrasting colors and materials.

The fashionable blouse for spring wear is of the lingerie type, fashioned of finest batiste, voile, linen or crepe. They are daintily hand embroidered and lace trimmed, and the long sleeves are of the full bishop type, gathered into a narrow cuff, or closely follow the contour of the arm. More elaborate blouses are made of white mousseline de soie or chiffon cloth, with frills of fine lace forming the collars and cuffs.

Afternoon Gown Bordered with Pussy Willow Silk.

Coat Suit of Shantung Silk, Skirt in Unpressed Pleats.

Butterfly Gown of Chiffon Taffeta, with Sleeveless Jacket Over Lace-Trimmed Bodice.

Coins for Lepers.

The Philippine government has minted a special coinage for use in the Culion leper colony. The coins are of aluminum, and include pieces of one peso and 20, 10, 5, 1 and one-half centavos. They are accepted at face value for all business carried on within the colony, but are of no value elsewhere.

Things You will be Interested to Read About

The Real MEANING of the BIBLE Prophecy "They Shall Beat Their SWORDS into PLOUGHSHARES"

Ancient Egyptians Hand-Ploughing with Sword Blades.

"Team" Ploughing with Sword-Blade Plow.

WHEN Mr. Bryan recently took some old swords and had them remoulded into ploughshares, as souvenirs to be presented to the diplomats who signed the treaties of arbitratioin with the United States he was trying to fulfill literally the statement made by the Prophet Micah: "They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks"—the anticipation of the era of peace and good will among men, to which all real believers in Judaism and Christianity look forward.

But our American friend found that he had quite a task before him, for no possible amount of hammering or "beating" could turn a sword into an American ploughshare, such as we are accustomed to see. The real explanation of the prophet's suggestion lies in a study of the kind of ploughshares that were used by the ancients, especially by the Egyptians, the Assyrians and the Hebrews.

The ancient ploughshare was a very primitive tool indeed. It was a long piece of iron or steel—for they knew how to temper iron—bound by ropes to the tongue of the plough, with a handle or handles for the ploughman to guide it.

It was a very simple matter to use an old sword for ploughing in that time, and it is more than possible that the Prophet Micah had seen some of his people use swords as ploughshares in times of peace, and that, therefore, he looked forward to the time when all swords would be used for this peaceful purpose.

The spear could be easily transformed into a pruning hook by giving a curve or hooked turn to the end, and the ideal was easy of accomplishment when men were ready for it.

The hoe of the ancients was just as primitive as the plough, being made of either wood or iron, and resembling the modern hoe only in its use. Had Mr. Bryan studied a few of the ancient monuments of the Assyrians and Egyptians his task would have been greatly simplified, for he merely would have had to put plough handles to the swords and the ploughs would have been ready for presentation.

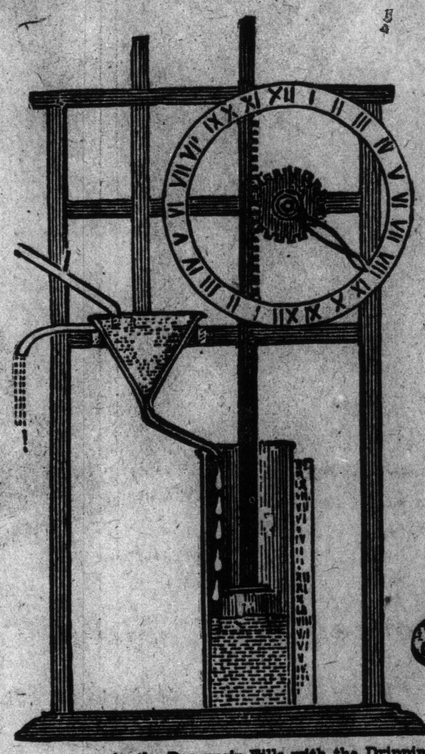
When WATER Ran All the World's CLOCKS

WHEN ONE reads of a perfect chronometer smaller than a dime—not fashioned as a toy nor yet as a prideful demonstration of the watchmaker's skill, but as a practical mechanism to stand long years of constant service—there comes the thought of how far we have progressed since the time of sun dials. And yet a study of the pictures here shown will afford a much more interesting and instructive comparison.

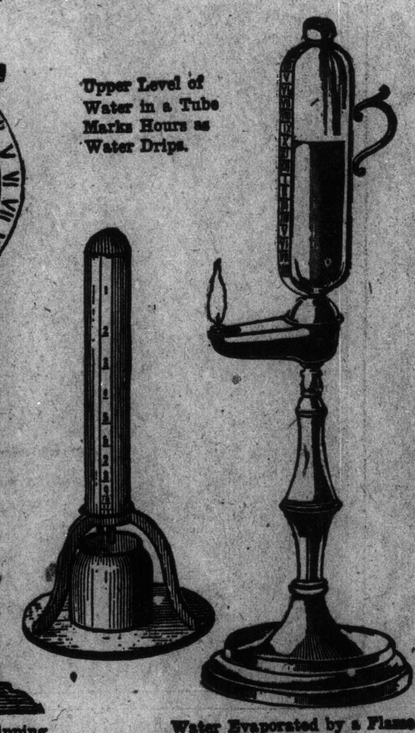
They show how persistent the human mind has worked along the laborious mechanical way to the last word of perfection in the miniature chronometer.

The dime-sized timepiece is not only the condensation of stored and measuring energy, but the condensation of the thought of hundreds of years. Look at the mechanism of the drip-water clock, for instance, and you will realize how far the two are separated.

While we are going forward in the making of watches and clocks, we are going backward in the arrangement of the dials. So it is that the 24-hour face of the ancient clock is not entirely unfamiliar. In measuring the world's time at the Paris observatory this arrangement is used, but with what magical accompaniments!



As the Reservoir Fills with the Dripping Water the Hands Are Turned by the Cog.



Upper Level of Water in a Tube Marks Hours as Water Drips.

Water Evaporated by a Flame Marks Hours in Tube.

This old clock, you will observe, has two indicators. One is marked by the rise of the dripping water which forces upward the float bearing the toothed standard; the other marked by the hands of the dial. When the cylinder is empty 1 o'clock is indicated on both scales; and, if the cylinder should happen to be a little more than two feet high, the rise of the water one inch would be the measuring of an hour. Think of "watering" a clock instead of winding it!

Another drip clock is simpler in its operation, and resembles a sort of thermometer scaled at 12. The drip is more rapid in the beginning than at the end, and for this reason the space between the first hour and the second is the longest interval on the entire scale. Between 2 and 3 the interval is appreciably shorter; and so on until the bottom—12—is reached.

The lamp clock is made on the same principle, only the oil was burned out instead of being dripped out. It shows aestheticism combined with utility, for here bygone folk were furnished with light to read and a reminder, right with it, of how the time was going. The scale is divided into two divisions of 12 hours each.

Odd MYSTERY Behind Actually THINKING IN COLORS

PSLCHOLOGISTS have long been familiar with what is known as colored hearing, a peculiar mental condition in which sounds, no matter how produced, are associated each with a definite color. There are persons, for instance, who see violet the moment a low note on an organ is struck, or green at the song of a bird.

It is not so generally known, however, that a few persons think in colors. In other words, they are so constituted that in visualizing certain concepts the mind's eye sees them in definite hues.

Many of these cannot see A as in fame—except as red, or black, or green, or white. To a color thinker the long U invariably appears as either gray, yellow, black, brown, blue or green.

One person studied very carefully by the psychologists divides all words into dark and light. Of the former are man, hill, horse and night. Lady is a light word, as are sea, child, day and night.

The British Review discusses a lad of 10 years to whom the number 8 is apricot yellow, while 15 is a peacock blue.

Curiously enough, the same concept is rarely colored alike to two color thinkers. Quite recently nine of these were asked the color of the concept Tuesday. The answers were brown, purple, dark purple, brown, blue, white, black, pink, blue. In every case there was a definite impression of the color of the thought, even to its exact shade, altho that thought was to the others of as definitely a different hue. The range runs from black to white. The only agreement seems to be that all think in colors.

As far as they have been studied color thinkers are entirely normal outside of this one peculiarity, and very much above the average in intelligence. None are able to explain their idiosyncrasy, and all aver that they have possessed it from their earliest years.

In some cases it has been inherited, altho, while father and son may be color thinkers, the colors of their concepts do not agree. Frequently it is congenital. But it is explained by neither of these facts.

While the psychologist has by no means arrived at a satisfactory explanation of this peculiar mental state, he is rather inclined to ascribe it to two causes, which may or may not work independently.

Children, especially children of the well-to-do, are abundantly supplied with picture books. These are usually printed and illustrated in pronounced colors, which do not fail to impress themselves very vividly upon the childish mind. It is quite probable that in exceptional instances fragments of these books, a particular letter or number, a man, a hill, a fox, or what not may be so impressed upon their mind that the thing itself and the color in which it is painted may never be disassociated.

Or, again, some have so acute a sense of color as to be very strongly affected thereby. To these some hues are positively painful, while others give extreme pleasure. The same is true of shapes of things.

The psychologist infers that in a few exceptional instances colors that give pain or pleasure may be so associated with objects having a like effect that the concept of the latter is invariably accompanied by the former.

Sir Gilbert Parker's Story

—Concluded From Page 5.—

ready to break her heart for those she cared for. My, if she had seen him first instead of——"

She stopped short, for the ice gave way to her foot, and she only sprang back in time to save herself. But she trotted on, mile after mile, the dog-trot of the Indian, head bent forward, toeing in, breathing steadily but sharply.

The morning came, noon, then a fall of snow and a keen wind, and despair in her heart; but she had passed the danger-spots, and now, if the storm did not overwhelm her, she might get to Askatoon in time. In the midst of the storm she came to one of the caves of which she had known. Here was wood for a fire, and here she ate, and in weariness unspeakable fell asleep. When she waked it was near sundown, the storm had ceased, and, as on the night before, the sky was stained with color and drowned in splendor.

"I will do it—I will do it, Ba'tiste!" she called, and laughed aloud into the sunset. She had battled with herself all the way, and she had conquered. Right was right and Rube Haman must not be hung for what he did not do. Her heart hardened whenever she thought of the woman, but softened again when she thought of Ba'tiste, who had to suffer for the deed of a brother in "purgatoire." Once again the night and its silence and loneliness followed her, the only living thing near the trail till long after midnight. After that, as she knew, there were houses here and there where she might have rested, but she pushed on unceasing.

At daybreak she fell in with a settler going to Askatoon with his dogs. Seeing how exhausted she was, he made her ride a few miles upon his sledge; then she sped on ahead again till she came to the borders of Askatoon.

People were already in the streets, and all were tending one way. She stopped and asked the time. It was within a quarter of an hour of the time when Haman was to pay another's penalty. She spurred herself on, and came to the jail blind with fatigue. As she neared the jail she saw her father and Mickey. In amazement her father hailed her, but she would not stop. She was admitted to the prison on explaining that she had a reprieve. Entering a room filled with excited people, she heard a cry.

It came from Ba'tiste. He had arrived but ten minutes before, and, in the Sheriff's presence, had discovered his loss. He had appealed in vain.

But now, as he saw the girl, he gave a shout of joy which pierced the hearts of all.

"Ah, you haf it! Say you haf it, or it is no use—he mus' hang. Spik—spik! Ah, my bruder—it is to do him right. Ah, Loisette—bon Dieu merci."

For answer she placed the reprieve in the hands of the sheriff. Then she swayed and fell fainting at the feet of Ba'tiste.

She had come at the stroke of the hour.

When she left for her home again the sheriff kissed her.

And that was not the only time he kissed her. He did it again six months later at the beginning of the harvest, when she and Ba'tiste Caron started off in the long trail of life together. None but Ba'tiste knew the truth about the loss of the reprieve, and to him she was "beautiful" just the same, and greatly to be desired.

THE JOINT IN THE HARNESS

By Col. E. D. Swinton, D.S.O., R.E.

Continued From Page 4.

very bad way. We know from spies that they have been for days on reduced rations and have many sick, and their guns are not so busy as they were. My duty, like that of the other raiding parties, for the last five days has been to prevent communication being re-established on the railway. We've cut the line and telegraph—we captured all their wireless gear—till we are sick. The bridges are very strongly guarded, and all the petty damage we can do is repaired almost at once; unluckily it is a double line and they repair one pair of rails from the other. Altogether, our efforts are futile. That's the General Idea. Got all that?" He paused to relight his pipe.

His listener nodded silently.

"Good! Now I don't believe in your new machines flying about vaguely and killing a few men here and there with a bomb, and I think the Chief must agree, as he has sent you here. I believe in attacking some sore spot, and going back to it again and again. The one place where they are vulnerable is at the big broken bridge—here, one hundred and thirty odd miles from the army. They're working like devils to repair the break, or rather to cross the river by a temporary bridge first, and they are doing it much too quick. They may be thru in a day or two, and if so—their Third Army is saved; but if we can delay the repair for three or four days even, I think it is lost! They know all this, and they've made a regular Port Arthur of the bridge-head. We've tried in vain to get near it, but the whole place is surrounded by outposts, barbed wire, and all that, and they have lit up the bridge till it looks like a gin palace. My sapper officer, who destroyed the bridge originally, spent some hours the night before last watching them from a hill, and, thanks to their illuminations, saw a lot. He had three men carrying dynamite with him: one blew himself up, two were captured, and he himself was wounded in the arm. Nothing that walks can get near the bridge. That's the Special Idea. Got that?"

Again the other nodded.

"Well, that's the place to attack—that's their sore spot, and here you are—O Beelzebub, Prince of Flies, with your horde! Your duty will be, so long as a single insect remains, to fly to that spot every night and bite or settle or sting, or do what you will to delay the work. Remember, if the bridge is delayed for three days I expect the Third Army will fall into our mouths like a ripe plum. No food, no ammunition, no horses, they cannot retreat far. Now you have the whole position."

"Yes, quite; but as to the details—"

"My sapper here has a large-scale plan of the place, and knows every inch of it. He will arrange all details for you. He has the very latest information. I'll leave you two. I want some rest."

"Very good, sir."

"Hold on; there is one thing more, and then you will have all my ideas. The aerial attack will be made tonight. Now, how about the news of this reaching the other forces of the enemy?"

"Oh, that seems simple," interposed the youth. "I suppose you'll have every wire cut, and kept cut, so that not a whisper——"

"I thought so. Not so fast, young fellow. I see you are not a psychologist, and do not appreciate the 'Moral Factor' in war," he answered, quite pleased at catching the youngster. "The attack takes place tonight, and, whether it succeeds or not, it will certainly cause consternation and alarm at the bridge. I want that consternation and alarm to be transmitted to the starving army. I want the news of the blasting of their hopes, or even of a mysterious attack, exaggerated by ignorance of its exact nature, to be the last message they receive. Therefore, from daylight till ten tomorrow morning their wires will not be interfered with; but after that they will be cut, and kept cut, without chance of repair, and we'll stop all messengers, so that after the final bad news there will be mysterious silence. That will give time for the news to trickle, for rumors to breed, and for the doomed army to exercise its power of imagination: the silence will assist. To men in their positon a word of discouragement is worth an army corps to us. Afterward, if any machines are left unexpended, we might further assist the hunger-bred fantasies of the poor brutes by flying over them and dropping a bomb or two, or even by flying over them and just showing a light. That's all now. I'll leave you to arrange details. You"—turning to the youth—"come along and show what your box of tricks is like."

With these words he went out, followed by the youngest officer, who stopped, put his head in at the door, and said, in a whisper of deep admiration: "Perfect devil, ain't he?"

Then followed a long confabulation between the two engineers over the large-scale plan of the bridge, which showed the information gained the previous evening.

"How many, and what size bombs do you carry?" said the man with the wounded arm.

"Four eight-pounders each."

"Well, that's not much good unless you get a detonation alongside some vital spot. It won't do the structure of either bridge itself much harm. Can you drop accurately?"

"If the night is as calm as it is now, we shall be able to drop one bomb out of two on to a patch a little bigger than this room. If the wind rises it is more difficult, because we have to turn up wind to hover, and the balancing is not so easy. You see, we have to hover anyway to aim, and that's the difficulty. That's what the secret gear and auxiliary-lifting propeller are for—the thing you called the little 'whing-whang,' I mean."

"Quite. Now I know what sort of thing you can do, and this, I think, is the scheme. You see, their rate of work absolutely depends on their pile-driver. If that is destroyed they will have to drive by hand, which will take—oh—five or six times as long. Therefore, that's the sorest point in the sore spot. They're working night and day, partly by the aid of their electric light; if that's destroyed it will hamper them, but will not make them take even twice as long, because they can carry on the low-level bridge with flares. That's the second sorest point. Agree?" "Beelzebub" nodded. "As they're so deuced near finishing, we must try and make a dead "cert" of stopping them tonight, as, once their bridge is done, we cannot really damage it with these little bombs. Therefore I think you should sail out with all your fleet, and do your devilmost tonight."

"Yes; that's sound. I quite agree."

"Take on the pile-driver first, and if you get that, or burst its boiler, switch off on to the "dynamo-house. That will be a much easier target; it's bigger. If you get only one bomb to burst inside, even without hitting anything, it will probably wreck the show, for one splinter in the moving parts of the engine or dynamo revolving at high speed will cause the whole thing to fly to bits. Two fair shots should do the trick. Can you count on two bull's-eyes out of forty-eight shots?"

"I think so, if there is no wind. Can't we set anything alight? I'm stocking a splendid line in incendiary bombs, pretty things of petrol and celluloid, that look like capsules."

"Nothing. I don't know where their ammunition is, tho they must have tons there. Hold on—yes, I saw some mountains of stuff, just here; mark it on the map, will you? That is probably forage. After you have done all you can, and expended all your explosive, sail along and drop a few capsules on to these mounds and over the yard. You may set something alight with any luck. By the way, can you signal to each other?"

"Yes—we carry colored lights and little lamps in our tails. How about finding our way?"

"I was thinking of that. When you get over the hills about eight miles away from the bridge, you will see the glare of it in the sky, and can steer straight for it. To assist you before you spot this glare, we'll send out a dozen men who will have lights on poles, shaded so as to shine upward. Will that do?"

"Excellent. And about a place for landing, in case any of us come back—that's the great difficulty. Have you a pond near here?"

"Yes, about half a mile away. I'll take you to it later."

"That will do. You must put lights to mark the pond, in case it is still dark when we get back, and, if it is deep, have some men with a raft of sorts to haul us out."

"Right."

"Beelzebub" went out to coach his men in the details and finish off the ilies. As the other sat still musing, he thought of the feelings of those whose work was going to be so suddenly destroyed, and he had a fellow-feeling of sympathy for them.

* * * * * * * * *

An hour and a half before the moon went down, the first fly made a start down the sloping road. She was the "flagship," manned by the "admiral." He was seated in his machine, held up by four men.

"All aboard!" he said. "All clear, you?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Cast off."

With that the assistants gave the machine a running shove forward, the skipper pedalled, the motor snorted, and the propeller began to revolve. Faster, faster spun the blades as the clumsy machine gained way, until the propeller was nothing but a halo, whose loud hum almost drowned the throbbing of the motor. The Thing buzzed down the street like a cockchafer, and, when clear of the houses, soared away steadily into the moonlight, shedding its wheels like the skin of a chrysalis. This was repeated successfully eleven times, but when the last machine, manned by the pink-cheeked second officer, should have left its wheels and sailed away into the night, there was a flash, and a violent detonation shook the houses. Fragments rattled back among those watching two hundred yards away.

"There go the bravest men I've ever met," remarked the chief of raiders. As he reached the hole blown in the road, he added: "Poor little chap!" and his voice was even a little more guttural than usual.

* * *

IV.

IT WAS near four in the morning, and all was well when the "Plumber," reaching his post on the bridge once again, made himself snug on a plank resting upon two sacks of fish-bolts. The pile-driver was still thrudding monotonously, the steam and the flare-lights still roared, and the water lapped against the timbers, while the mouth-organ whined a hymn-tune a short distance back.

A sudden hiss and splash into the river, not a pile's length away, fell something. All but simultaneously a column of spray shot up, with the muffled report of an explosion under water, and, falling backward revealed a heaving blister of mud, just visible thru the mist. The men playing dropped their cards and sat up. The whine of the mouth-organ froze in the middle of a bar. But the pile-driver continued its blows, for the fat man still mechanically jerked the string, tho his eyes were all but starting out of his head. Silent, stupefied surprise held all. The mud fountain had barely subsided, when—a second hiss and splash close alongside the bridge—and another sub-aqueous explosion followed with its geyser of mud and water, which, falling on the track, would have washed the dazed fat man away but for the string to which he clung. At last the pile-driver stopped. Barely had the soused soldiers got their breath after this douche, when they were shaken by a racking detonation, accompanied by the sound of rending timber, some thirty yards back along the trestles. The air hummed with fragments, while all near the end of the structure lay prostrated by the blast of this shock. Still another detonation followed, this time right among the men, as the bomb struck a sack of bolts. Bodies were thrown right and left amidst a volley of bolts, which shrieked as they spun thru the air, dealing death all round. It was worse than any shrapnel shell, for these missiles were heavy and jagged as potleg, and the force behind them was terrific. The boiler was pierced by one. It burst with a deep roar, capsized the truck, and the whole machine toppled over into the swirl below, but not before the cloud of steam gushing out had scalded the maimed and helpless men close by. To add to the horror, the wrought-iron reservoir of the flare-light was torn and the flaming oil poured out over the timbers into the water and spread in a blazing film, momentarily lighting up the inferno before it was swept downstream. The cries of the mangled were loud.

After a minute's respite, a faint crash sounded overhead, succeeded by a burst of yellow light, and two flaming masses fell spinning in a sickening spiral, plumb on to the girder-bridge above, where their flight ended in a volley of explosions against the iron. Again the sound of flying metal filled the air. Other detonations followed in quick succession.

This sudden cataclysm was too much. Men born of women could stand no more. Discipline was lost, and from the river-bed a general wail rose up. Those who had for day and night toiled like slaves dropped their tools, their work, and fled off the bridges toward shore.

A bouquet of dazzling red stars now burst out on high with a soft liquid report, and slowly floated to earth. In the crimson glow the panic-stricken fugitives paused in terror. What was coming next?

There was not much time to doubt, for a succession of detonations round the corrugated-iron dynamo-shed showed where the attack was falling. These ended in one report with a metallic ring, for which there was no flash, and the electric light went out as a grinding crash sounded from the shed. A second shower of red stars slowly sank to earth. Then, with many little explosions, fires sprang up in the "yard" away by the station. Most of them soon burned out without doing damage, but the stacks of forage had been touched and burst into a blaze. As the dense clouds of smoke and long tongues of flame mounted up, from everhead a shower of magnesium stars were wafted gently downward. In their intense light, the flying machines circling round were visible to all those above the mist. The work of destruction ceased.

Rifle-shots rang out, close by at first, then growing into a general fusilade, which became fainter in the distance, like an irregular feu-de-joie, towards the farthest outpost line. They marked the course of the angels of destruction, still to be seen in the light of the conflagration. This wild shooting was not quite without result, for two flaming masses were seen to fall—curving toward one of the hills in the north.

As the flames of the burning forage gained strength, and clouds of sparks and a huge volume of lurid smoke rose to the sky—now of the gray hue preceding dawn—the roar and crackle of the conflagration drowned all other sounds.

* * * * * * * * * *

Against the glowing embers, the half-dressed figure of the consumptive railway traffic officer might have been observed gazing helpless at the scene—the realization of his fears. He was not thinking of his yard, of his friend the "Plumber," or of the horrors around him. He was dreaming of the fate of an army, and of the ultimate results of its destruction.

* * *

V.

A SOLITARY man stood by a hedge. In his hand was a charred pole, on top of which a light, screened from below, was burning feebly. Close by a hobbled horse cropped the scant grass. No other sound broke the stillness of the night as the man gazed steadily upward. The moon had sunk and the stars were growing pale in the gray of false dawn, when the horse threw up his head and snorted. The man gave no sign. A moment afterward he heard a faint rustle in the sky as of fighting geese. Ghostly in the mysterious light a shape loomed up overhead and swept past on a long slant. Seven times this happened in quick succession. To the weary eyes of the watcher the shapes seemed to be traveling in long swoops—now up, now down—and slower than when they had passed him on their outward journey.

For the others that he had seen go out he waited—waited till the hill to the east stood out purple against the blushing sky—but waited in vain.

The Extremely Queer Scissors Fish.

ANOTHER strange marine animal of the fish tribe has just been obtained from the Mediterranean sea. Somewhere in the neighborhood of a mile and a quarter deep, it was caught by a deep-sea dredging ship. The fish is about 18 inches long and as deep black as Cerberus. It has been dubbed by the seamen who carried it to the Louvre the "scissors fish," because its head in appearance is half way between that of an alligator and of a pair of large shears.

The unusual disposition of the jaws and the double-blade mouth gives it an odd appearance. The jaws are nearly four times as long as the head of the fish. From the snout to the brain is four inches, while the two jaws look all the world like the blades of a scissors, and slight tooth-like edges, invisible but easily felt, run all the way along them. The mouth itself is a vast tunnel, of which the body is a long drawn out extension. In this pouch food is prepared for assimilation.

The fins for swimming purposes, are placed near the back; there are no belly fins. The tail of the fish is like the tail of a monkey, round and serpentine. It is not flat, as in other fishes. Its name to be properly pronounced requires several sets of false teeth and a dozen tongues. It is curypharynx pelecancides.

Where Shakespeare's Rosalind Lived in Belgium

The Romantic Forest of Arden, Now Held by the Germans, Pictured and Described as It Was Before the War, by George Wharton Edwards—The Charm of Dinant and the Remarkable Natural Beauty of This Quaint, Historic Region.

Rosalind in an Old Monastery Garden.
(Copyright, 1914, by George Wharton Edwards.)

The Great Castle at Bouillon.
(Copyright, 1914, by George Wharton Edwards.)

THAT the war is turning tradition topsy-turvy even the casual observer must be forced to admit, but that it is throwing its lurid and revealing light on Shakespeare will come as a genuine surprise to most of us who consider ourselves reasonably well informed. Indeed, if it were not for the great conflict which has made Liege, Namur, Dinant and other places names that take colossal stature in history the real location of the adventures of Rosalind—happily not a moving picture heroine—might have taken years and years for its general acceptance by the reading world.

The real Forest of Arden is not in England. It is in Belgium. It is—or was before iron-shod war devastated it—one of the most beautifully picturesque and charming spots in the world. You have repeatedly read of it in the news—Ardennes is the name—as the bloody fight has ebbed and flowed throughout its green and autumnal stretches, once the realm of enchantment, legend and romance.

"Reaching from Liege southward to the frontier of France," says George Wharton Edwards in his delightful "The Forest of Arden," "stretches this great forest dotted with cities and villages, and cut by deep, wooded valleys, through which charming rivers wind. There is still a stretch between Marche and La Roche which is unbroken wildwood, and herein lies the veritable forest (so it is said) of Shakespeare's 'As You Like It.' It is still something of a terra incognita, and is thus most attractive."

And yet a man who had the time and the money to be a sentimental pilgrim has found that there are at least 50 places in England where one may linger "from noon to dewy eve and say: 'Ay, now I am in Arden!'" While Knight, who has the distinction of high literary authority, observes: "There are critics of another caste, who object to Shakespeare's forest of Arden, situated, as they hold, between the rivers Meuse and Moselle. They maintain that its geographical position ought to have been known to Shakespeare, and that he is most vehemently to be reprehended for imagining that a palm tree could flourish or a lioness be straying in French Flanders."

What though England may claim that Shakespeare's Arden is her Arden, and that "Under the Greenwood Tree" could be sung only as it should be sung in Merrie England? Surely no bitterness will result between the allies, for in the mutual claim there may be the elements of closer friendship.

The Garden of Romance.

There may be other gardens of romance in various parts of the world—Persia and other lands of the east are embroidered with them—but none will take the place in our literature for sheer pictorial idyllism of the Forest of Arden, which, though war may scar and rend, will ever be in our mental acceptance a love-lit wildwood.

Dinant, with a dreaming river running through its heart, is called the gateway of this real Arden—Dinant with its high, watchful citadel and its busy bridge, both of which went to wreck before terrific fire.

There was published not long ago in one of the window displays of a news photograph concern two views—peaceful, quaint Dinant as Mr. Edwards wrote of it, and Dinant after the war had smitten it to ruin. Tragedy was there. But one realizes acutely in sentiment what the blow meant when he catches the sympathetic spirit of the writer, who here gives his impressions upon his entry of this gate to Arden and what he felt in leaving it:

Gateway of the Enchanted Forest.

"At first a world of dark, undulating, rocky land, masked in verdure of shining green herbage and heather, high bordered with lines of darker fir. Detail of picture is hid by largeness, and as one descends the tableau contracts and the horizon closes in until all is dominated by a gray old ruin above, and the homely, warm glint of the roofs frames the picture.

"The town, seemingly shy of its prominence, pushes forward stretches of grassy slopes of warm gold and emerald green to catch the sun. All around are swelling hills, shadow-veiled. As we still wind downward, perspective changes mirage-like, each step altering the view of mossy thatch and climbing honeysuckle; then the long valley stretch, and the level, winding river, from whence comes the somnolent pat-pat of the washerwoman's soapy wooden paddles on the sedgy bank, a fisherman here and there nodding, half-awake, with drooping pole, and over all the bulbous gray spire of the old church overtopped by the frowning fortress castle."

Every lover of Shakespeare—and is not this audience, as wide as the world?—will associate with these scenes not merely the written word of romance, but stage vistas of an impelling charm in which moved fair figures famous in the art of the drama. He will recall many actresses of an older time (either from sight or fame), and more modern exponents of stately comedy like Julia Marlowe, Henrietta Crosman and Margaret Anglin.

Meanwhile the grave forest is acquiring new history—most of it, doubtless, not suited to comedy!

A Maid of the Forest.
(Copyright, 1914, by George Wharton Edwards.)

Henrietta Crosman.

Julia Marlowe.

Margaret Anglin.

Three Stage Heroines Who Have Won Fame as "Rosalind" in Shakespeare's Always Popular Play of "As You Like It." Each Has Given Her Own Version of the Proper Costume.

FRENCH'S CAVALRY ON THE GALLOP--CANADIAN RED CROSS HOSPITAL

English Cavalry on the Gallop in Northern France. Their Purpose is to Draw the Fire of the Enemy's Artillery and in This Way Locate the Position of the Batteries.

A Ward in the Bright and Pleasant Canadian Hospital in France, Which Has Been Caring for the Wounded of the Allies While Waiting for Canadian Patients.
(C) Am. Press.

A Nurse of the Red Cross Canadian Hospital Holding the Medical C[illegible]ingent's Mascot "Rags."
Am. Press.

A NOTABLE GATHERING OF MASONS--POLICE AT FUNERAL OF DEPUTY CHIEF

A Noteworthy Gathering Was the Dinner to Freemasons of the First Overseas Contingents Given by Empire Lodge, No. 2108, in London Recently. It Was Held in the Criterion Restaurant, Piccadilly, and Attended by Many Prominent Masons of London, and by Several from Toronto. Major D. A. Clark, of This City, Who Sent the Photo to The Sunday World, Responded to the Toast of "Canada."

All the Members of the Toronto Police Force Who Could be Spared From Duty Attended the Funeral of the Late Deputy Chief Stark, Paying Uncommon Tribute to the Memory of one Deeply Respected by All Ranks as an Official and as a Man. The Men Are Here Approaching Erskine Presbyterian Church, Caer Howell street, Turning in From University Avenue.

The War as Mimicked by the Movies on the Outskirts of Toronto. Canadian Cavalry, Borrowed From Exhibition Camp Dispersing the Enemy at Swansea.

Does This Look Like War? It's the Kind They Make in the Movies. This Photo Represents the Attack of a Party of "Germans" on a Handful of Khaka Clad Boys Who Are Bravely Defending Their One Sided Canvas Shelter.

A Mud-Encrusted Austrian Gun After the Defeat in Hungary.

Russian Prisoners Carrying German Christmas Gifts to the Headquarters of an Army Post in Poland.

It's a long way to Tipperary
On a Punctured Tire.

Billions have been spent to repair a Scrap of Paper ruthlessly torn by the hands of Vandals. The Allies will attend to this—meanwhile we are ready to repair all Scrap Tires or Inner Tubes at the lowest Cost in the City.

The Stepney Motor Wheel Co. of Canada, Limited
120 King Street East, Toronto
Phone M 3827

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Who Testified the Other Day in the Enquiry Being Made by the States Into Industrial Conditions.

(c) Am. Press Assoc.

Hurry Home For A Cup.

COWANS
PERFECTION
COCOA

The wholesomely vigorous flavor of Cowan's Perfection Cocoa satisfies perfectly the "outdoor" appetite—its genial warmth takes the nip out of frozen winds. After any wintry trip, just try a cup of it. 278

"Made in Canada"

Quarter-pound
Half-pound &
one-pound tins

MATINEES WED & SAT BEST SEATS 25c & 50c

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PRICES NEVER CHANGE

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FIRST TIME HERE OF THE TALENTED EMOTIONAL ACTRESS AND PRIMA DONNA SOPRANO

ADELE ROTINI

IN THE LATEST MUSICAL DRAMATIC NOVELTY

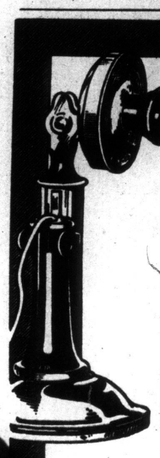
"THE SINGER"

THE PLAY THAT EVERYONE WILL BE ANXIOUS TO SEE

NEXT—FIRST TIME HERE AT GRAND PRICES KLAW & ERLANGER'S PRODUCTION OF "MILESTONES" THE MOST TALKED OF PLAY OF THE AGE INTERPRETED BY A REMARKABLE COMPANY—NEXT

ADELE ROTINI IN "THE SINGER."

Adele Rotini, who comes to the Grand next week in a new play by David Starr, entitled, "The Singer," is an artiste with a dainty charm and engaging personality, and possesses a voice, the natural beauty of which has been accentuated by careful and ar uous culture. She is a niece of the erstwhile famous tenor, Bartolomeo Danielle, who in the prime of his career supported Patti, Grissi, Gerster, Albani and others, and who has given Miss Rotini the benefit of his long training and association with famous singers, beginning the development of her natural artistic gift and sense when she was at the age that most girls are in primary schools. Miss Rotini inaugurated her stage career in this country as a member of a comic opera organizatioin on the Pacific Coast, and during her apprenticeship acquired an extensive repertoire, not only in the light operas, but also in the less strenuous of the grand operas. Later she came east, appearing for several seasons in musical comedy with signal success, after which she entered the realms of "big-time" vaudeville, and further demonstrated her versatility in a protean musical sketch which won the plaudits of the critics in every city in the country. She has again proved her apparently limitless scope of talent and courage, in undertaking, successfully, the role of "Marie Corino" in "The Singer," a character that runs the entire gamut of human emotions. Her characterisation is a careful blending of dignity, humor and pathos consistently and carefully graduated. Miss Rotini is also a linguist of rare ability, speaking, reading and translating fluently English, French, Italian and Spanish.



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Say that over the 'phone to your dealer *now*.

It brings the very finest fruit of its kind—fresh from California, fully ripe, juicy, sweet, firm, tender, *delicious*—just as it tastes when picked direct from the tree.

Eat Sunkist Oranges in salads and desserts—eat them whole between meals and at bedtime.

Order today—a dozen or a box. Low prices place them within the reach of all.

California Sunkist Oranges

Picked Ripe from the Tree—Shipped to All Markets by Fast Freight—Sold by Best Dealers in Your Neighborhood

Try Sunkist Lemons

Juicy, tart, practically seedless. The most attractive looking lemons—sliced, quartered or halved—to serve with fish, meats and tea.

Pure Sunkist Lemon juice in place of doubtful vinegar adds a dainty flavor to scores of dishes.

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Beautiful Silver Premiums

Save Sunkist Wrappers. Our book tells 110 ways of using oranges and lemons, also how to exchange these wrappers for beautiful Wm. Rogers & Son tableware of pure silver plate. Exclusive design. No advertising.

We refund the trifle you pay to get this silver if not satisfactory in every way.

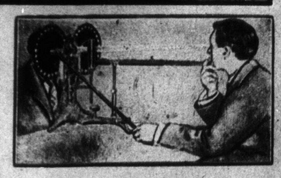
The book pictures the popular pieces. Get your copy now.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
105 King St., East, Cor. Church, Toronto, Ont.

Save Wrappers

"German Snipers Posted to Pick off Allies' Sentries and Officers on the Banks of a River in Northern France.

Enemy's Cyclists Enquiring Their Way at a Village in Russian Poland.



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Nervousness, dizziness, headaches and other troubles are caused by eyestrain in 95 per cent. of cases. The taking of headache powders in such cases for relief is dangerous and ineffective.

We can relieve permanently these afflictions at small cost. Our method of diagnosing error of the vision in each eye is accurate and scientific.

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COMIC The Toronto Sunday World SECTION

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1915.

Vhile der Iron Iss Hot---By R. Dirks--- *Originator of the Katzenjammer Kids*

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DIMPLES

She Gets Losted and Found Quickly

BY GRACE G. DRAYTON

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I LIKE MY WINGS BEST, THEM MACHINES IS SO UN-HANDY!

NOW, DIMPLES - IF YOU ARE A GOOD LITTLE GIRL YOU CAN GO WITH MAMMA TO DO SOME SHOPPING.

IT IS MIDNIGHT-BLUE, MADAM.

IT LOOKS LIKE BLACK TO ME - WE HAD BETTER TAKE IT TO THE WINDOW

HOORAY! THIS IS A MERRY-GO-ROUND STOOL!

IT'S ALWAYS SAFER TO TAKE COLORS TO THE DAYLIGHT.

GUESS I'LL GET UP ON THIS COUNTER - AND PRETEND IT'S A MOUNTAIN.

OO-DERE IS A BEWFUL FLYIN' MACHINE I'LL TAKE A RIDE!

WHE-E-E LOOK OUT FOR DE LOCOMOTIVE!

ISE LITTLE DIMPLES.

IT'S A LIVE DOLL.

WHERE IS MY LITTLE DIMPLES?

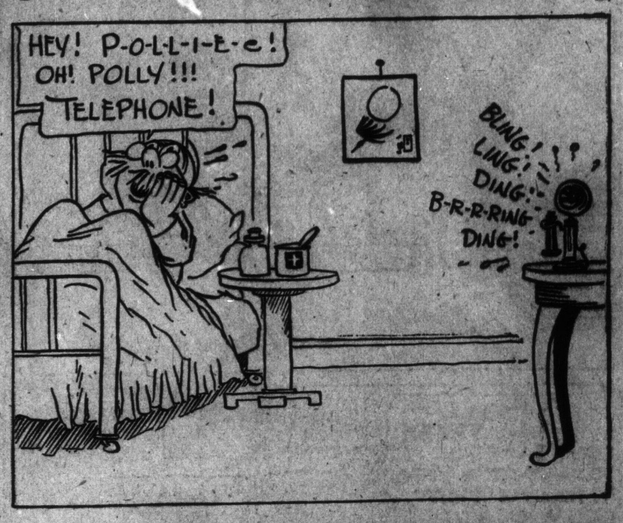
THIS HEAVY PACKAGE WILL BALANCE HER NICELY.

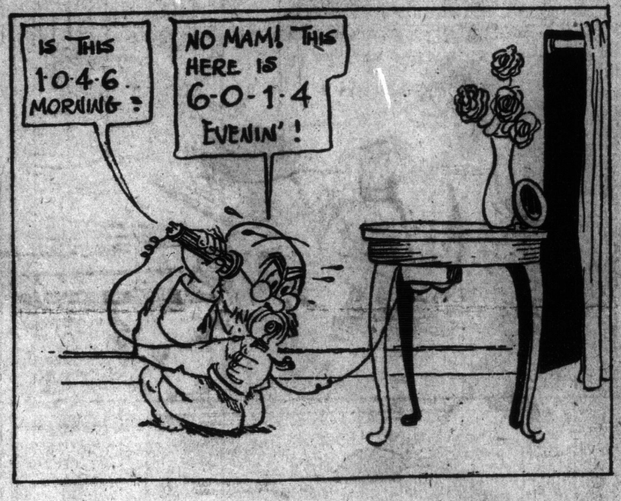
NOW HOLD TIGHT, DEARIE, AND WE WILL SEND YOU BACK TO YOUR MAMA.

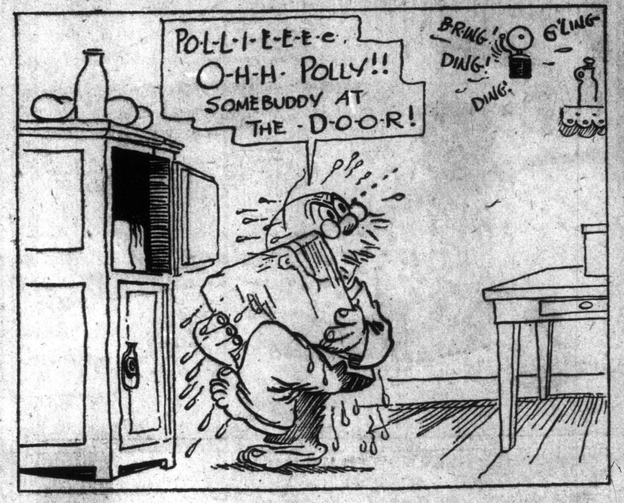
OH-LOOK-MAMMA-I'SE A AVIATORER.

DIMPLES YOU ARE A CAUTION!

Polly---Yes, Sir; Pa Was Puffictly Comfortable







B-Z-Z-Z

THAT SON-IN-LAW OF PA'S!

The Hen is Lucky —Anyway.

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MISSED! BLAME IT!

ZANG!

YESSIR, YOU BUY THIS HEN, AN' YOU'LL HAVE A FRESH EGG EV'RY MORNIN' FER YER BREAKFAST! SUSIE'S SOME LAYER, SUSIE IS!

ALL RIGHT, JUST WRAP SUSIE UP. I'LL TAKE HER! I'M SICK AN' TIRED O' THOSE GOL-BLAMED COLD-STORAGE EGGS!

BY JINKS, AFTER ALL THAT FRAPPÉD HEN-FRUIT, THIS HERE FRESH EGG'LL SURE BE A TREAT!

?

DIDN'T I TELL YOU T' GIMME THAT FRESH EGG? DAWGGONE IT, YOU AIN'T GOT TH' NERVE T' TELL ME THAT EGG WAS LAID THIS MORNIN', HAVE YA?

AH D-DONE DE BES' AH COULD, BOSS, B-BUT DE MISSUS DONE TOOK DE FRESH AIG FO' MISTO CEDRIC'S BREAKFUS', SAH!

WELL, I'LL BET, BY GOLLY, MA DON'T BEAT ME T' THAT EGG. THIS MORNIN'!

HM-M! GUESS I'M A LITTLE TOO EARLY!

WELL, BY JINKS, I'LL WAIT! I'M GOIN' T' HAVE THAT EGG!

CUT - CUT CA - DAW - W CUT!!

PA! WAKE UP AND GO IN THE HOUSE! WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE?

8001 -27

THE EGG

AWR-R-R-R! IT'S BLAMED EASY T' SEE WHAT YOU'RE DOIN' OUT HERE, GOSH-BLINK IT!

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! BUT, BY JINKS, WE SHALL SEE WHAT WE SHALL SEE TOMORROW MORNIN'!

JUST MAKE YOURSELF COMF'TABLE, SUSIE, OLD GIRL. FOR FROM NOW ON THIS IS YOUR BOODWAH!

NEST

Cull. Wellington

AMUSEMENTS MUSIC, MOTOR

The Toronto Sunday World

FEATURES FOR WOMEN

35TH YEAR—PAGES 1 TO 14 TORONTO SUNDAY MORNING FEBRUARY 7 1915 —PRICE FIVE CENTS

Roumania, A Nation Of Fighters

A typical church in Bucharest, the capital.

Peasants on their way to market.

Some of Roumania's sturdy fighters and below, one of the batteries of the country's splendidly equipped army.

ROUMANIA WILL FIGHT—her king is dead," cried the newspapers when the death of King Charles was announced. Three months have passed since then, and at the time of writing this Roumania was still neutral, but every evidence pointed toward her early entrance into the war.

Why should such great interest be evinced in the course taken by a little state like Roumania. To the man on the street Roumania means little, except as another ally against Germany. It is just one of the many little countries that are struggling for an existence, and whether it remains in the war or stays out would matter most in that another source and route of supplies would be cut off to the enemy. He has almost forgotten the way in which the Roumanians stepped in and calmly took a bite out of the territory of Bulgaria during the last moments of the recent Balkan war, and apart from that he knows nothing.

But Roumania has a very interesting history, and there are many reasons why the allies would like to see her enter the war. Until the death of King Charles it was expected that Roumania at any moment would be called upon to aid Germany, but with the death of the aged monarch the whole face of affairs was changed, and just as many people confidently expected to see her jump to the other side. King Charles came to the throne in 1866, as Prince Charles of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, having been elected to the newly formed state of Roumania, which was formed by the union of Moldavia and Wallachia. For many years these territories had been under the suzerainty of Turkey and remained so even after the advent of Charles.

Prince Charles had received a military training in Germany, and he brought to his adopted country German ideas of government and discipline. In a very few years Roumania bore evidences of his capable influences, and very soon Prince Charles obtained permission from his suzerain—the sultan—to establish a militia of 30,000 soldiers, the sultan being blissfully unconscious of the use to which they would be put. In 1878 a constitution was proclaimed in Constantinople, which made Roumania a unit of the Turkish Empire, and the Roumanians, who had come to regard the suzerainty of Turkey as a matter of mere form, were wrought with indignation. It was decided that Roumania should declare her independence, and she now had a good excuse for so doing.

A Warlike Nation

The Roumanians are direct descendants of the Romans, and are proud of their decent, so it is little wonder that their descent, so it is little wonder that ish rule. A year later Roumania signed a secret pact with Russia permitting the armies of the czar to cross their country in order to drive the Turks out of the Bulgarian provinces, where the rebellion and massacres of the previous year had given the czar cause to interfere on behalf of the Christian subjects of the sultan. The Roumanians declared war on their overlord, and offered an army to the czar, but the confident Russians declined the offer until after Osman Pasha had repulsed their charges repeatedly with terrible Russian losses.

Then the czar sent an appeal, which came to be historic, asking Prince Charles to cross the Danube at whatever point he was able, and come to the aid of the Christian cause, but Charles demanded, and was given, command of the allied forces, which besieged Plevna until finally it fell—not to be retaken. But the friendship of Roumania and Russia did not even survive the war. Russia desired some compensation for the lives and money she sacrificed in the war. She had no territory contiguous to Turkey, so could Russia be expected to regard scrupulously Roumania's integrity? Russia was then forced to submit to the demands of the other powers of Europe rather than find herself in the midst of a still greater war.

But Roumanians had made a place for themselves in Europe by proving that they understood the art of modern warfare, and were willing to fight for the cause of liberty. The Roumanians had forever thrown off the yoke of Turkish suzerainty. But by the Berlin treaty Roumania was forced to accept the territory of Dobrudja—which Russia had taken from Turkey—in return for Bessarabia which had before the war been a part of Roumania. But while Dobrudja, a territory bounded on two sides by the Danube, and on the third by the Black Sea, was decidedly larger than the coveted section of Bessarabia, it was peopled almost entirely by Bulgarians and Turks, racial elements not very easy for a Latin race to assimilate. In this deal Russia proved itself much more friendly to the new Slav nation of Bulgaria than to its supposed ally Roumania. But with the conclusion, of the Berlin treaty, which brought about these changes, Roumanian enmity for the Turks died away, and it was the Bulgarian Slav nation beside them that caused the continual menace.

Roumania after the treaty settled down to a peaceful development under the wise ruling of the now King Charles, who managed with great difficulty to prevent his country from being drawn into several wars that loomed on the horizon. The enmity between Bulgaria and Roumania continued. The holding of Dobrudja, with its Bulgarian population, was always a sore in the eyes of the Bulgarians, and Roumania, out of jealousy for Bulgaria, and resentment towards Russia, almost made an alliance with Turkey, and probably would have done so had it not been for the tottering condition of the Ottoman Empire.

After the Russo-Turkish War the Roumanians seemed to realize the menace of Russia, and started to increase their army and their defences until today they have one of the best equipped armies in Europe, that numbers nearly 300,000 men. It was along German lines that this development advanced, and gradually King Charles brought the country into closer and closer relations with both Austria and Germany, with whom it carried on its chief commerce.

Railways were built both for commercial and strategical purposes, and it is noteworthy that at only one point do the Roumanian railroads connect with Russian roads, while at almost every border town they make direct communication with the Austro-German lines.

The Roumania of today is a strictly modern country. Bucharest is generally a surprise to visitors from other countries. Few expect to find anywhere in the Balkans a capital that can worthily be called a "little Paris," yet Bucharest is worthy of that title. It is a city with clean, broad streets, on which are to be found good stores and splendid public buildings, and there are avenues of beautiful homes, in which the distinctive architecture of the country is displayed with remarkable effect.

Political ideas in Roumania resemble very closely those in the other Balkan states. Political parties take their turns in office, indulging in a recognized limit of peculations which result in very high taxes, but the peasants are wealthy, and apparently do not mind the exactions. Roumania is easily the richest and most productive of the Balkan states. Not only has it the richest oil wells in Europe, even surpassing those of Russia, but it has large deposits of coal and iron, of the best quality.

The country is shaped like a boot, and since the acquisition of Silistria, the resemblance has been greatly increased, the heel which was before lacking, having been added. Moldavia, stretching north between Hungary and Russia, forms the leg, a little narrow, but still a leg, while the Transylvanian Alps on the northwestern border, where Wallachia adjoins Hungary, form the instep, and continue down to the iron gates of the Danube at the toe. The great river, from this point eastward forms the sole, and the two provinces of Dobrudja and Silistria make a well defined heel.

It is the rich black soil of the plain which slopes up from the Black Sea, which has given Roumania its rank among the great grain-growing countries of the world. In the mountains are timber reserves of 7,000,000 acres, which are zealously cared for by the government. The great plains afford admirable pasture land where great quantities of sheep, cattle and swine are raised. The fisheries in the Black Sea and the Danube are very valuable. The largest part of Roumania's exports go to Belgium and Hungary, while she imports principally from Germany and Austria, with Great Britain third.

The kingdom is a constitutional monarchy, having an elected parliament with two houses, voters are subject to a property qualification, altho the poor people vote indirectly, each 50 people electing a delegate who votes for them. The ruling religion is the Greek Orthodox Church, altho 4½ per cent. of the population are Jews, and there are a large number of Mohammedans. Education is free and compulsory, but only recently have schools been established in large enough numbers to accommodate the children with the result that only half the population can read and write.

Roumania has nearly 2,000,000 miles of well constructed roads, and some 2500 miles of state-owned railways; in addition the state has the direction of the commercial navigation on the Danube, and the Black Sea.

As is the case among the patriots of many European states, there is a permanent unhappiness in Roumania because of the fact that all Roumanians are not united under one flag. Not only is there a grievance against Russia because of Bessarabia, Hungary is also unloved on account of the many thousands of Roumanians living in Transylvania. In the latter province the Roumanians cling not only to their peculiar dress and language, never having been absorbed, but also distinguish themselves and their Orthodox faith by marking their houses with a Greek cross.

The Roumanians are a better-looking race than any of their neighbors. They are taller than the stocky Bulgar and have less stolid faces. There is often great beauty among the peasant women, and their costumes are the most brilliant in southeastern Europe. The Roumanians are of a southern European appearance, while their neighbors, with the exception of the Serbs, bear traces of their Oriental blood.

It is natural for them, like other races, to indulge in dreams of a day when a great Roumania can be formed. Yet the fulfillment of their ambition seems remote beyond possibility. These quasi-Latin people are not of a nature to make friends with their unlike neighbors, Slavs and Magyars, by whom they are entirely surrounded, but they must needs associate themselves politically for protection with the least aggressive of the two rival powers on their frontier.

Would You Throw Away A Magazine?

You would not think of throwing away a magazine after the first glance. The Sunday World is Canada's greatest weekly paper. Its many sections contain enough magazine reading to last a week, and most of its pictures are worth a second look. Keep your Sunday World and read its sections thru the week.

Busy Men and Buzzy Men

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

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You aren't busy; but buzzy. You confuse activity with productivity. A squirrel in a cage is industrious, but he accomplishes nothing. He expends a tremendous amount of energy without result.

You're always on the go. From day-start to desk-down, mouth and hands ply incessantly, but you don't apply hours or powers economically. You are the most expensive man on your pay roll and your duties should be correspondingly regulated.

You have never calculated minute costs and so you squander yourself in the execution of details which can only be profitably handled by subordinates.

You read mail which does not demand your attention and thereby rob yourself of the time which should be devoted to the analysis of letters which produce problems and betray inefficiencies of management.

You persist in personally answering correspondence that can as ably be handled by the clerks who are directly concerned in the communications.

You receive and entertain countless individuals whose needs can better be served by others, and in your mistaken notion that you are familiar with the ramifications of your business frequently complicate matters for the man to whom you are finally forced to turn over the caller for satisfaction.

You tell stories and listen to the yarns which they evoke, "butt in" on assistants at all sorts of odd and inconvenient moments and flatter yourself that you are "keeping an eye on matters."

If your plant or office were wisely conducted all necessary information would reach you by system.

You aren't working sanely, but floundering about your place in a haphazard happy-go-lucky fashion—deceived by your fluster and mistaking it for application.

Your job demands thought and thought requires ease. The vital issues which arise each twenty-four hours are few and you'd always have the leisure to deal with them properly if you'd learn to conserve your forces and quit interfering with little things.

One of the essential principles of sucess is this rule:

"NEVER DO ANYTHING WHICH YOU CAN HIRE SOMEBODY ELSE TO DO FOR YOU."

As it is, important decisions are constantly being delayed, or, thru your lack of a sense of proportion, are incapably made by underings without the capacity to pass upon issues.

No firm can long survive in these days without scientific control.

New ideas must be continually adopted, competition is scouting for them, and while you are investing yourself in trivialities your rivals are inaugurating methods and installing devices which meanwhile elude your knowledge.

Battles of all sorts are won by planning. No general can lead his men to victory unless he stays in his place.

Discipline and order cannot be maintained without a directing influence.

When you don't remain where you belong, there's disorder everywhere.

When you go downtown tomorrow, tell your stenographer to keep track of you for the coming week and render a report in detail on Saturday. One hour spent in studying the document will demonstrate that half of your time was frittered away on nonessentials.

No man ever begins to get ahead until he "gets next to himself."

Sportsman Writes Whimsical War Letter

WE have been favored with a copy of an amusing letter from the front written by a sporting Territorial officer, who just failed to get his "Blue" for cricket at Oxford. Nothing could indicate more strongly the cheerful manner in which the Empire's soldiers, officers as well as men, face danger and discomforts of all kinds in the service of their country.

"L. R. B. About long-off to the Teutons, standing a bit close in.

"To start with, I shall give you a few notes on the Teuton 'trundlers.' It may be fairly said that they are all pretty accurate, and may be relied upon to maitain a length even when varying their flight and direction; in fact, they know how to 'mix up a bit.' They have got one fellow, 'Johnson' (Jack—a professional), whom they employ a good deal. He is not very fast thru the air, but breaks a devil of a lot on pitching, whatever the wicket. The worst of him is that he cuts up the pitch cruelly. When playing him I do not consider that the fact that you were wearing a 'Clara,' or even a 'Grasshopper,' would make any material difference to your welfare if he served you up a full pitcher which swung enough to beat the bat when you were across the wicket. Whatever the decision of the arbiter, I do not consider that it would be of much interest to you. We, however, enjoy the services of a gentleman who is known in artillery circles as 'Billy Wells' who is thought to be at least his equal, as he hits the sticks more frequently and never fails to dislodge the bails. The pride, however, of our team is 'Mother' (9.2 howitzer). She got a direct hit on a train the other day at eight miles, and they tell me that her aeroplane observer had considerable difficulty in deciding what she actually had hit, for there was no visible evidence, or perhaps I should say evidence visible. The 'Ger-boys,' as we call them here, utilise a lot of 'change bowlers,' who are very quick in the field, and known as 'fast 'uns.' I must also mention our Mr. Howitzer (6 inch), a slow bowler who tosses them up well, but very rarely receives much punishment. He takes a short run, and is very apt to bowl before the batsman is ready, at least, this is what I believe the 'Ger-boys' allege. He was requested to demolish a house in the edge of the wood, 80 yards in ront of where I was in the trenches. He took a run of some two miles and whipped in 88 120-lb. shells most of which were rather nearer to us than the house, and tho he lifted some of the tiles off the roof, he failed to get a direct hit, as he was stymied by the trees in the wood, which caused his deliveries to break prematurely. The worst of him is that he breaks back some 200 yards, so that it is advisable to keep one's head down.

Clearing Out Snipers

"We were the second Territorial regiment to compete, which we did for the first time about a fortnight ago, and have been up in the trenches in companies on and off since then. I had three days and nights in the firing line, and was with none other than —. We had a capital 'dug-out' together. I was in an extraordinary place with him. Our line was in a wood about 100 yards in, while the 'Ger-boys' had their trenches just inside the wood, about 80 yards away, the intervening space being brushwood, which offered screen from view, but no covert. We quickly sent out patrols and snipers to clear their snipers, who had become very impertinent, out of the brushwood. Our lads bagged 8½ brace the first day, and then took up position in a 'Jack Johnson' hole, about 40 yards off their trenches, which made them keep their heads down. Meanwhile, we walked about all day and worked up our breastworks, etc., as if there was not a German within a hundred miles. It was all too annoying, for there was always a goodly selection of bullets, etc., whizzing about. They kept dropping them in just for luck, tho they could not see to aim, and therefore very few lads were hit. On one occasion, however, my companion and I were sitting outside our burrow discussing the world in general, when they turned on the machine gun in our direction. I honestly believe I could have conceded Applegarth one yard 'off the mark' that time, tho as a rule I am a slow starter; even then my companion beat be by a yard; but then he has had more practice.

"The following letter from a Tommy in our Brigade which came thru the censor the other day may amuse you. His pal had been killed, so he thought it up to him to write to the said pal's parent to break the news, and this he did in the following brief, but polite epistle:—

"'Dear Mrs. ——,

"'I ope you are very well. I am very well, but old Tom stoped a shell with his chest t'other day.

"'Yours truly.'

"'At present food is plentiful, and I am getting quite fat. Give my love to all the boys, and tell them to drop me a line sometimes, and do you likewise. Cheer-o.'

Humor of the Week

Monologue and Dialogue

"Pop, what's a monolog?" "A monolog is a conversation between husband and wife." "I thought that was a dialog." "No a dialog is where two persons are speaking."—Houston Post.

It Couldn't Be So

Peckham—"My wife talks, talks, talks all the time."

Underthum—"You're mistaken. She must listen part of the time or my wife wouldn't be with her so much.'

She Kept Them

A long drawn-out agonizing scream rang out from the nursery. Mother rushed upstairs to the scene of the tragedy with vivid thoughts of burnt children buzzing thru her brain.

She heaved a sigh of relief when she discovered nothing more exciting than her eldest boy endeavoring to take all his marbles away from his baby sister.

"Don't be so selfish,' she admonished. "Let baby play with some marbles as well.'

"But she wants to keep 'em," said her boy.

"I'm sure she doesn't,' returned the mother. "Whatever makes you think that?'

"Boo-hoo," howled the boy, "I know she does; she's swallowed three already.'

Escalator Defined

"Pa, what is an escalator?"

"It's a lift that runs on the bias for the use of the lame, the lazy, the leisurely, the laden and the ladies, my son."—Boston Transcript.

The Mote and the Beam

An American traveler relates the following:

"Once I dined with an English farmer. We had ham—very delicious ham, and the farmer's son soon finished his portion and passed his plate again."

"'More 'am, father,' he said.

"The father frowned. "Don't say 'am, son, say 'am.'

"'I did say 'am,' the son protested in an injured tone.

"'You said 'am,' cried the father fiercely.

"'Am's what it should be, not 'am.'

"In the middle of the squabble the farmer's wife turned to me, and, with a deprecatory little laugh, explained: 'They both think they're sayin' 'am, sir.'—Mothers' Magazine.

Putting it Prettily

"Miss Smith, will you be mine?"

"Never!"

The young man was jarred, but not wholly discouraged. Presently he came back in this fashion. "Well, will you let me be yours?"—London Answers.

Near Relatives

"Who is that lady dressed in black, mother?" asked Bobby, as he sat with his mother on a ferryboat.

"That is a Sister of Charity, my boy," replied his mother.

Bobby pondered deeply for a moment, and then he said: "Which is she, mother, Faith or Hope?"—Bazaar.

Buying a Bed

"I want to git a bed an' a mattress," said Farmer Wayback, entering a Newark furniture store.

"Yes, sir," replied the furniture dealer; "a spring bed and spring mattress, I suppose."

"No; I want that kind that kin be used all the year round."

The Reason

Maud—"What makes Carol so disliked?"

Beatrix—"She's got the most votes for being popular."—Life.

Busy Days

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing."

"Come to lunch?"

"Al right. Wait five minutes and I'll be thru."

Making Sure

"I invited Joe to take lunch with me yesterday and he insisted on blowing me to a cocktail, when he was my guest."

"He probably thought he wouldn't get it unless he did."

Entomology

"What insects with long bills do we encounter on the Jersey coast in summer time?"

"Summer hotel-keepers."

The Thought Market

"A penny for your thoughts," chirped the young lady.

"Well, I've had worse offers from publishers,' responded the poet.

More Terrible

"My wife was looking for a dry-goods store yesterday and by mistake she walked into a saloon next door."

"That was terrible.'

"Yes she found me inside."

Anyhow, He Tried

The dinner was given by a colored man named Ebenezer White, and the guest of the evening was George Washington Green, chief deacon of the little church that White ocassionaly attended.

Grace, of course, was eloquently said, and at its conclusion, Mr. White began to carve the chicken. Then Deacon Green became facetious.

"Brudder White," he smilingly remarked, "do dat nex'-do' neighbor ob you'n keep chickens?"

"No, sah," came the prompt response of Mr. White, as he deftly pried loose a well-roasted wing; "but he try hard 'nuff to keep 'em!"

Repartee

Isaacs and Moses were rival clothiers, who kept shops situated in the same street, and opposite one another. It was their frequent practice to stand at their shop doors and solicit the custom of passers-by, and occasionally irritate each other by very personal remarks. One morning Moses shouted to Isaacs:

"Go in, you grade booby, and take that ugly face wid you! You might as well stick a donkey at the door!"

"I did dat one day last week, Mr. Moses," replied Isaacs, "but de peoples passing by only smiled, and said to it, 'Good day, Mr. Moses, good day! I see you half removed from de oder side!'"

From the Battlefield

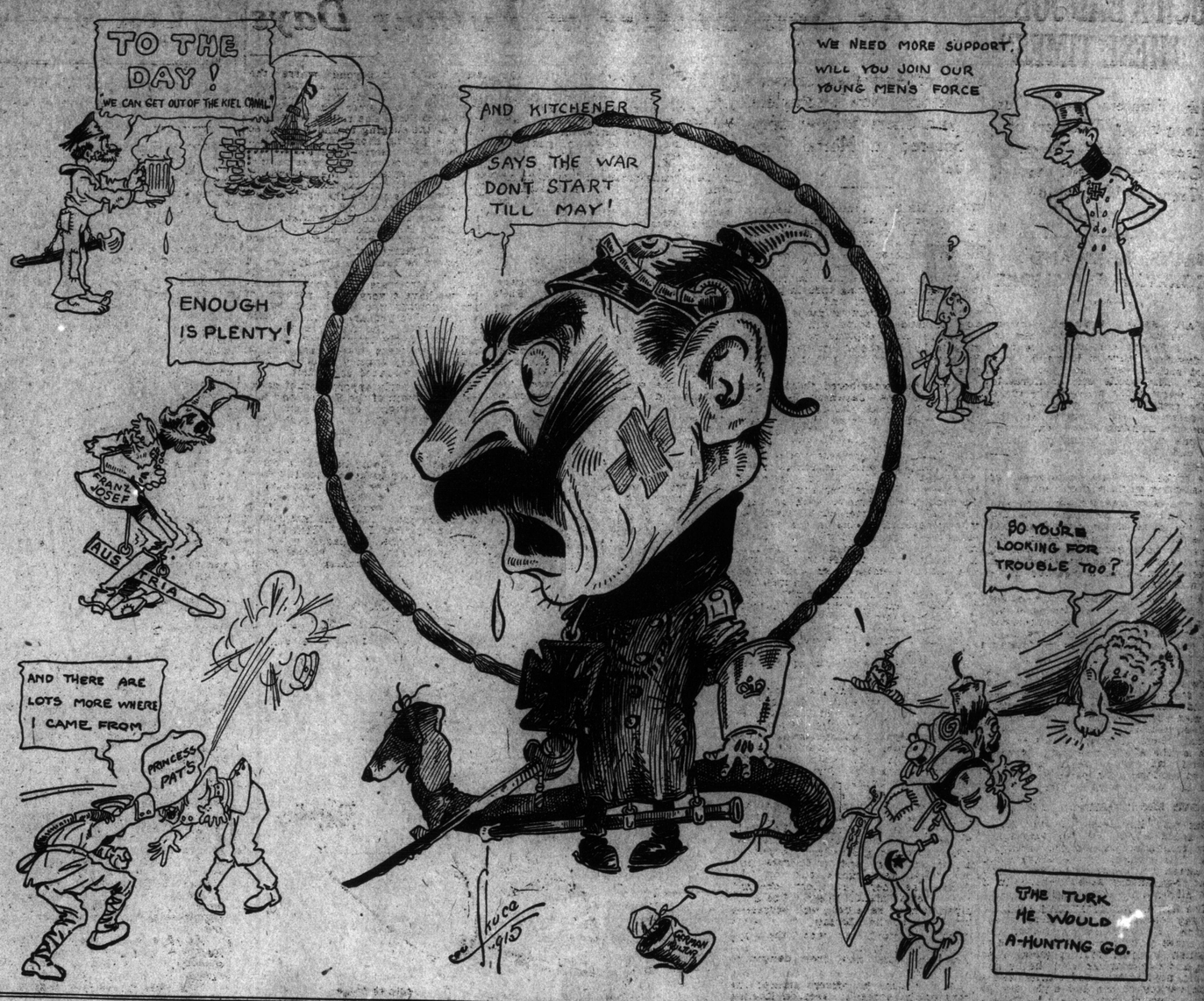
During the recent fighting along the banks of the Aisne a man was badly wounded. The Ambulance Corps tenderly placed him on a stretcher.

"Take him to the hospital," said the man in charge.

Slowly the wounded man opened his eyes and whispered, faintly—

"What's the matter with the canteen?"—London Tit-Bits.

HOOT DER KAISER -:- -:- -:- By Lou Skuce



SONGS of WAR and PEACE

The Great Sea Fight

In my watch on deck at the turn of the night
I saw the spindrift rise,
And I saw by the thin moon's waning light
The shine of dead men's eyes.
They rose from the wave in armor bright,
The men who never knew fear;
They rose with their swords to their hips strapped tight,
And stripped to their fighting gear.

I hauled below, but to and fro
I saw the dead men glide,
With never a plank their boys to tow,
As the slippery seas they ride.
While the bale-star burned where the mists swayed low
They clasped each hand to hand,
And swore an oath by the winds that blow—
They swore by the sea and land.
They swore to fight till the Judgment Day,
Each night ere the cock should crow,
Where the thunders boom and the lightnings play
In the wrack of the battle-glow.
They swore by Drake and Plymouth Bay,
The men of the Good Hope's crew,
By the bones that lay in fierce Biscay
And they swore by Cradock, too—

That every night, ere the dawn flamed red,
For each man there should be twain
Upon the ships that make their bed
Where England rules the Main.
They pledged—and the ghost of Nelson led—
When the last ship's gunner fell,
They would man the guns—these men long dead—
And ram the charges well.

So we'll choose the night for the Great Sea Fight
Nor ever give chase by day,
Our compeers rise in the white moonlight,
In the wash of the flying spray;
And if we fall in the battle-blight,
The shade of a man long dead
Fights on till dawn on the sea burns bright
And Victory, overhead!

—J. Robert Foster, in The New York Times.

America—Watching

We are watching, England, watching
One hundred million strong
Your gallant fight
For trampled Right
Against the brute-healed Wrong.

'Tis the struggle of the ages,
Man's battle to be free,
To live by law
And not in awe
Of Anarch Might's decree.

We look out across the sea wastes
Thru which our fathers steered
Their fragile bark
With Freedom's Ark,
Whose temple here they reared.

Without stint their blood and treasure
To guard that shrine they gave.
Think you we'll quail,
Like cravens, fail
That heritage to save?

We see you thru the far sea mists
Beat back man's savage foe.
We know full well
That, if you fell,
Our bugle call would blow.

We doubt not of your prowess,
Yet, if your fight went wrong—
We are watching, England, watching
One hundred million strong.

—Kent Perkins.

Boston, Mass.

The Harvest Moon

With swords agleam and guns aflame—
In troop and squadron and platoon—
At harvest-home the Reapers came,
Under the waning harvest moon.

Their sickle neither paused at Dark
Nor idled in the fervent noon:
Their sheaves lay hvid, cold, and stark,
Under the dwindling harvest moon.

Benignly, without stint or dearth,
Nature had given her annual boon,
And crowned with gold the feastful Earth,
Under the golden harvest moon.

Man only—learning, all too well,
Her deadlier secrets bared too soon—
Poured, from new phials, old Death and Hell,
Under the dying harvest moon.

—William Watson.

The Bugles

Now, who are ye that cross the sea
To the bugles' breaking key?
Mother, we are your eldest born
That claim to follow the sounding horn.
Carry on! Carry on!
For England must be free.

What is this you bring me home
With flags to shroud them and pulsing drum?
We bring you back your early lost;
Bugles, give them the Last Post—
And then, Carry on!
Reveille is to come.

Wipe my cheeks and dry my eyes,
For the flag still floats and flies.
Sons I have left to hear the warning
Flung across the eyes of morning,
Carry on! Carry on!
So the land replies.

Sound, bugle, and banner flaunt
Your answer to the tyrant's taunt.
Line the dyke and trench the dune
While the bugles' piercing tune,
Clarion calling Carry on!
Flings him back his vaunt.

—Maurice Hewlett.

Sergt. Drummer Harry D. Summerville, 4th Battalion, 1st Brigade, Canadian Overseas Contingent, Camp Bustard, Salisbury Plain, England.

Unfamed Heroes Who Sweep The Mine Strewn North Sea

A Tale Told Reluctantly of One Disaster in the Dangerous Work of Ridding the Ocean Around England of Enemy Mines.

BY J. J. BELL.

THIS IS the yarn extracted from Skipper Bob Twenty's 'young fellow' by Skipper Lucky Jack, in a dusky corner of a quayside tavern, over a discreet quantity of exceeding luscious port wine, which any ordinary seafaring man will assure you is a teetotal drink. Outside in the early darkness sleet was falling slantingly. The lamps would remain unlighted. Hoots and bellows and wails came from the shrouded water; a cart rattled, a motor-lorry panted and rumbled over the cobbles; now and then the narrow, sloppy pavement resounded dully to hurried footfalls. These sounds may have given the tavern a sense of comfort which it did not naturally possess.

Grudgingly as it seemed, the man behind the bar turned up a couplod of gas jets. It was too early for much custom, and nowadays custom generally was not what it used to be. After a lack-lustre, uninterested glance at the two men in the corner, he relighted a half-smoked cigaret and retired to an inner room, where there was, perhaps, a fire.

The features of the Young Fellow, who was really about 30, tho undistinguished individually, combined to form an attractive countenance, clean shaven, and blessed with a frank and ready smile. Something about him—possibly the white cloth knotted about his neck—suggested the engine room. As a matter of fact, he had been a stoker, was now owner of a second engineer's ticket, and was looking forward to obtaining a first's—when the war came. His ship being laid up, he found work on a mine-sweeper as an ordinary seaman. "My fingers didn't like the deck work at first," was apparently his only serious objection to the change.

He accepted one of Lucky Jack's cigarets, spat neatly into the sawdust, nodded, took a mouthful of port, and said:

"I know a man as could tell ye 'bout the Sunburst—only he's in hospital. Ye see, he was on board when she went up."

"Guess your yarn'll suit me well enough, seein' ye saw it happen. Ye did really see it?"

"Sure. But I'm no hand at tellin' what I've seen. Never know where to begin. Besides, there's things I don't ought to tell—and shan't."

"Ho, I understand all that. A—ye wasn't on Bob Twenty's trawler at the time, was ye?" said Lucky Jack, fumbling for a leading question.

"No. 'Twas the Balaclava o' —. She went ashore in a gale, month ago, and I got shifted."

On the Trail of a Field

"She was a wench, the Balaclava. When she rolled sorter heavy she'd scoop the water over her lee something shockin'. Maybe yo know her skipper—Dancin' Billy. He —"

"Yes, yes. But tell me now, when was it the Sunburst went up?"

"Couple o' months ago. 'Twas in the afternoon—gettin' darkish. But I see it all clear enough."

"What did ye see?"

"Her goin' up, bunkers and all."

With an effort Lucky Jack curbed his impatience and said softly: "S'pose ye tell me all that happened that day—except, o' course, what 'twouldn't be right to tell."

The Young Fellow pushed back his cap and scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Well," he said at last, 'we got up anchor in the first minute o' the dawn—"

"Anchored, was ye?"

"Always lays inshore o' nights. No use lookin' in the dark for things ye can't see in the daylight."

"Right! Go ahead!"

"Well, we followed the A ship, a destroyer, to the place where we had discovered mines the previous day. 'Twas a fine mornin', wi' a fresh brooze. A little bit o' sea on, but nothin' to speak o'. The place bein' marked, we picked it up quick and easy."

He paused so long that Lucky Jack's lips were shaping to utter a "Well?" Then, abruptly, he resumed, every now and then switching his telling into the present tense.

"So A ship drops her anchor and us trawlers gets in touch wi' our chums, takes our positions accordin' to orders and prepares our tackle. There was just enough sea for to make the fixin' o' the sweep a tickilish job. Our end bein' fast to the kite, we floats a buoy wi' a line to our chum; and so, at last, after some cussin', our chum gets his end o' the sweep. I'm no good at explainin', and ye'll just ha' to make the most o' it. * * * Well, then, we starts ahead, the three pair o' us. This time 'twas a case o' bustin' up a whole field, which was in an extra bad place for navigation. Couldn't tell ye its exact size, but seemed to me 'twas some miles long, but not so broad. So there we was, steamin' along, wi' our lookouts hurtin' their eyes, tho to be sure, there was small chance o' spottin' anything, unless, maybe, a mine what had been badly moored, and even so, 'twould ha' shown little o' itself in that sea till too late. However, 'tis best to obey instructions, every word. Saves havin' to cuss yerself later on." The speaker finished his port and took a packet of cigarets from the lining of his cap.

"'Nother drop?" Lucky Jack hospitably inquired.

"You ha' one wi' me, and then no more. That stuff makes me too thirsty. used to drink anything, but there's the wife and two kiddies, and so on. Them kiddies * * *

At the end of three minutes Lucky Jack gently but firmly interposed.

"Was it long afore ye come upon the mines?"

"Oh, the mines! * * * Why, we was most curious unlucky that day. We sweeps and we sweeps for hours and hours, and gets nothin' at all. And in the same time the old Sunburst and her chum gets 17!"

"And ye would ha' to shoot the rest."

"Every dam one. Good fun, too. Some goes bubblin'; others goes up in fire and smoke, wi' the noise o' big guns. One of the sweepers got rather near, and she hadn't a whole glass left in the wheel-house, and her skipper fell flat. Only the concussion, ye understand. Powerfulish things they are. Well, as I was tellin' ye, we was most curious unlucky. In the afternoon, 'bout 4 o'clock, we did sweep up one o' them, and a good rifle shot from the mate hits him fair on the horn and sends him to glory. We all says the luck has turned, but next minute or so we somehow fouls our propeller wi' the hawser, and has to lay to * * * So there we was, workin' like blazes to get the jammed thing clear, and wonderin' how, soon we'd drift on to a mine. And we felt blushin' fools, too, at gettin' put out o' action in such a soft-like way. However, a ship orders our chum to give us a tow out o' the danger-zone, and we was makin' ready for that—when the thing happened."

"Go ahead, mate."

"Oh, well, then—well, ye've got to understand that the Sunburst and her chum was about a mile away to the west'ard. They'd got no more mines for an hour or so. They was comin' towards, us, and I remember we was all feelin' sorter jealous, for they'd broke the record—at that time, anyway. But I can't tell ye what mads me look up from the line I was gettin' ready. * * * But I looks up, and there's the old Sunburst a-spewin' up her inside wi' fire and reek, and in the smoke, high up, I sees black things fallin', fallin', —machinery and coats and, maybe worse.

One More Tragedy

"But" said Lucky Jack, after a moment, "what did ye do? What did the other sweepers do?"

"Why, o' course they all started, topspeed, for the Sunburst. But A ship hoots for 'em to stop. S'pose she was right, fearin' they'd go slap into other mines. But what the hell did anybody care for mines then? Well, 'twas boats then. Ours was in the water 'bout as soon as the skipper give the word; and 'volunteers' wasn't half out o' his mouth when the boat was manned. Dunno exactly how I got there. Didn't drop or jump—just tumbled, I s'pose—and next I knew, I had an oar in my hand. Don't think none o' us ever pulled so hard in our lives, and when some one in another boat, losin' his head, yells, 'Mine ahead!' we just keeps on. 'Twas no mine, after all, just something blowed out o' the poor old Sunburst. And there she was, heelin' over, half her side tore away, and her inside still smokin' and I thinks I hear the sea roarin' into her. She lasted but a few minutes. Went down wi' small fuss."

"And the chaps aboard her?"

"Our boat took three from the water, and another boat took one, badly hurt. The rest we never saw no signs o'."

"If 'twas saved, think he'd go back to the sweepin'?"

"Couldn't say. There was a skipper from —— got blowed up, but not sore hurt, and as soon as he was fit he offered hissel' again, and they took him. But once he was 'mong the mines again he found his nerve was all broke, so he had to give up. 'Tis a curious job, the mine sweepin'. Well, now,"—the Young Fellow rose—"must say so long, wishin' ye best o' luck."

Lucky Jack opened the door. "We'll be layin' here over Sunday. Where are ye eatin' yer Sunday dinner?"

The Young Fellow smiled. "I doubt 'twill be 'mong the mines," he said. "So long."

"WAR IS NOT SUCH A BAD JOB THESE TIMES"

British Fighters Stand Out Among Happy Warriors of Three Nations — Never Come Back From the Trenches With Muddy Clothes.

ALWAYS CLEAN AND LOOKING FOR A SMOKE

"WAR," SAID the British warrior, as he got out of the train at a French seaport on his way to a few days' leave in England, "war is not such a very bad job these times." Nice spells off, comfortable billets, warm baths between the turns in the trenches, grub good—why, it was catsmeat and crusts at the manoeuvres in comparison. And every now and then it's "Sergeant, take a week-end off at home.' Now, in South Africa—"

He broke into bitter memories of foot-slogging world without end.

He was clean and well-brushed and smart, and when he pushed his cap back the glese of his curl reminded one somehow of tinned butter. Yet only a few hours before he was a thing of mud and little beauty, standing in a wet trench within a cigaret's throw of the Germans.

He has no use for the advertisement of heroism which a muddy kit would bring. When a British regiment comes back from the trenches for a few days' rest you can hardly hear the distant cannonade for brushes.

Up and down the roads behind the battle front, and in towns awakened from the long, long dreams of history by old memories of guns and marching men you meet the happy warriors of three nations. This is your chance to study them. Crouching in a trench, with a rifle and a mud-heap between himself and sudden death, a man is apt to conform to a pattern, for, men fight and die by certain rules.

Above the Common Ties

But turn him loose, if only for a few hours' leisure, and his personality rises triumphant above the common ties. The soldiers of the Allies could be sorted out by nationalities, as you meet them in the base towns, even if they all wore the same uniforms.

The British soldier striding thru the railway stations always attracts attention. He is so clean and confident, his khaki uniform, with little to distinguish horse or foot or guns, is so trim and workmanlike, and the French people, used to blue and scarlet and a wide variety of cut and style, always turn to watch him pass. He has a hearty "Cheerio!" for any French or Belgian soldiers he meets on the platform, and he seems thoroly at home, as befits an army that has fought in more climes than any other.

This fighting business, the jaunty set of the head seems to say, is a rare old game when you have already tried it in Afghanistan and South Africa and the Sudan.

He is a great sightseer, is the British soldier. Trains have a knack of setting him down at seaports between midnight and dawn, with hours to wait for the boat to England. He does not care! If you like to run the risk of being arrested as a suspect for wandering out of doors after ten at night you may meet him strolling about the silent streets and peeping into shop windows at postcards that he cannot buy. And if you have a few cigarets with you you are sworn to the brotherhood at once.

Pastry and Gigarets

His constant desire is a cigaret, but to win the heart of his chum the French plou-plou you should fill your pockets with pastry. And since the French soldier is such a splendid fellow, and so well worth knowing, it is a sad thing that one forgets to carry jam tarts as regularly as cigarets.

It is a strange pastrycook's in any of these towns of Northern France if you cannot see little groups of French soldiers standing at the counter munching cream buns or fruit tarts.

There must be something about the monotony of even the best food in campaign days that drives the sweet-toothed French soldier to the pastry counter, and many a battle have we fought out with sponge-cakes for Germans and chocolate eclairs for the Allies on a marble-topped table.

You meet the Belgian soldier, too, and sometimes he is at the pastry counter. But the Belgian soldier, as I shall remember him, is a rather sad figure, who feels his exile whenever he is not right in the fighting line.

Often he walks slowly along reading a letter that bears an English postmark, and if he hears your English voice he will ask what you know of the town or village across the Channel where his wife and children are being cared for.

Going the Limit

Jones was one of those men who grumble at everything and everybody. He was once attacked by inflammatory rheumatism and was carefully nursed by his wife, who was very devoted to him, in spite of his fault-finding disposition. His suffering caused her to burst into tears sometimes as she at by his bedside.

One day a friend came in and asked him how he was getting on.

"Badly, badly!" he exclaimed; "and it's all my wife's fault."

"Is it possible?" asked the friend, in surprise.

"Yes. The doctor told me that humidity was bad for me, and there that woman sits and cries, just to make it moist in the room."

Frank, Anyhow

The moving picture director was having trouble in getting one of the scenes right. The girl was supposed to resist an attempt to kiss her, but the rehearsal was far from satisfactory.

"Think now," said the director, coaching her: "haven't you ever tried to stop a young man from kissing you?"

"No," was the girl's frank reply.

Fight With Emden as Thrilling As Sea Battles of Former Days

Story of Australian Cruiser's Victory Now Complete, With Chart of How Ships Sparred in Mortal Combat.

THE BRIEF admiralty dispatch reporting the sinking of the German cruiser Emden by the new Australian cruiser Sydney, gave the bare skeleton of a story that had yet to be clothed with flesh and endowed with life. The material for this story is slowly filtering thru in private letters from officers and sailors, but when the full account is made up this duel of modern ships will form a sequel to those exploits set forth so graphically by the Australian writer Fitchett in "Deeds That Won the Empire."

It will be remembered that on the arrival of the Japanese navy to blockade Kiaochau, the captain of the Emden rightly divining that the end of German rule in the Chinese part was at hand, slipped out and began that career of commerce destruction which compared with the doings of the Alabama in the Civil War. Between the middle of September and the 10th November, the Emden sank or captured 20 British merchant vessels at widely separate points in the eastern seas, but Capt. von Muller, her commander never once brutally treated or needlessly took the life of a captive, nor did he bombard an unfortified town. In his attack on Madras, for instance, he confined his bombardment to the forts and oil tanks of the harbor. So manfully did he play the game of war that even British naval men and many British newspapers expressed their admiration of his behavior, while he was scouring the seas against them.

It was on the morning of November 9, that the Australian light cruiser Sydney, engaged with the cruiser Melbourne in convoying Australian troops to Egypt, was steaming about 50 miles from Cocos Islands, to the south-west of Java, when she caught a wireless message: 'Strange warship off ——— entrance." This message came from the Cocos wireless station, and it was so much interrupted that it was suspected some other wireless operator was "jamming" it. The Melbourne, whose captain was senior officer, ordered the Sydney to put on all steam to go and investigate, and there was keen excitement on the Sydney as her propellers churned the water at highest speed. The anticipation must have been well expressed by Bryon in the "Corsair":

"That for itself can woo the approaching fight
And turn what now drew danger to delight."

At 9.15 a.m., the officers sighted the tops of the cocoanut trees on Keeling Islands, and five minutes later the tops of the funnels of a ship were seen twelve or fifteen miles away. Ten minutes later a shot from this ship showed them that the strange ship was the Emden.

Singular Coincidence

A curious thing about this was that on this (Monday) morning according to the reports, it had been planned to have the usual bi-weekly sham fight, as something had interfered with the last practice of the previous Friday.

This sham fight was fixed for 9.30. On the previous evening (Sunday) the captain had entered this item in the night order book, "I consider this to be the most important night of the voyage." He and the other officers spoke half in jest of the practice of Monday morning proving to be a real engagement with the Emden. As it happened the first shot was only ten minutes from the time put down. Was this an intuition?

Of the fight which followed one of the officers writes to his father:

The hottest part of the action for us was the first half-hour. We opened fire from our port guns to begin with. I was standing just behind No. 1 port, and the gunlayer (Atkins, first petty officer), said, "Shall I load, Sir?" I was surprised, but deadly keen there should be no "flap," so said, "No, don't load till you get the order." Next he said, "Emden's fired, Sir." So I said, "All right, load, but don't bring the guns to the ready." I found out afterwards that the order to load had been received by the other guns ten minutes before, and my and "flap" precautions, tho they did not the slightest harm, were thrown away on Atkins, who was as cool as a cucumber thruout the action.

Gun Crew Knocked Out

Later I heard a crash and, looking aft, saw that a shell had hit near gun No. 2 starboard. But owing to the screen being in the way, I did not know it had knocked out practically the whole of that gun's crew. Not seeing any flame or smoke rising (we cope with the smallest fire immediately), I went on with my job. This required continual attention. The men are splendid at loading drill, but to practise supply of ammunition is almost impossible in peace time. To have a big supply stacked on the upper deck is far too dangerous a proceeding in action, and what with getting an even distribution of projectiles and cartridges between the two guns, getting the safety caps off, with fiddly pins and things to take out, attending to misfires, cheering up the one or two who seemed to be "pulling dry," you can imagine I had little time to be thinking much about the Emden. I noticed once or twice when going forward the starboard side to the forecastle gun that we seemed to be in the thick of it. There was a lot of "Wheee-oo, Wheee-oo, Wheee-oo," and the "But-but-but" of the shell striking the water beyond, and as the range was pretty big, this is quite possible, since the angle of decent would be pretty steep.

Coming aft, I heard a shot graze the top of the shield of No. 1 starboard. A petty officer now came up limping from aft, and said that he had just carried an officer below, and that the after control position had been knocked right out and every one wounded (they were marvellously lucky). I told him if he was really able to carry on to go aft to No. 2 starboard and see there was no fire, and if there was that any charges about were to be thrown overboard at once. He was very game and limped away aft. He got aft to find a very bad cordite fire just starting. He with others got this put out.

All the time we were going 25 and sometimes as much as 26 knots. We had the speed on the Emden and fought as suited ourselves. We next changed round to starboard guns and I then found the gunlayer of No. 1 starboard had been knocked out close to the conning tower, so I brought Atkins over to fire No. 1 starboard. I was quite deaf by now, as in the hurry there had been no thought of getting cotton wool.

Joy Was Previous

Coming aft the port side from the forecastle gun I was met by a lot of men cheering and waving their caps. I said, "What's happened?" "She's gone, Sir, she's gone." I ran to the ship's side, and no sign of a ship could I see. If one could have seen a dark cloud of smoke, it would have been different. But I could see no sign of anything. So I called out, "All hands turn out the lifeboats there will be men in the water." They were just starting to do this when someone called out, "She's still firing, Sir," and everyone ran back to the guns. What had happened was a cloud of yellow or very light colored smoke had obscured her from view, so that looking in her direction one's impression was that she had totally disappeared. Later we turned again and engaged her on the other broadside.

By now her three funnels and her foremast had been shot away, and she was on fire aft. We turned again and after giving her a salvo or two with the starboard guns, saw her run ashore on North Keeling Island. So at 11.20 a.m. we ceased firing, the action having lasted one hour, forty minutes.

Sydney's Damage Slight

Our hits were not very serious. We were "hulled" in about three places. The shell that exploded in the boys' mess deck, apart from ruining the poor little beggars' clothes, provided a magnificent stock of trophies. For two or three days they kept finding fresh pieces. The only important damage was the after control platform, which is one mass of gaping holes and tangled iron, and the foremost range-finder shot away.

We started chasing a collier which had been in attendance on the Emden, and when we boarded her we found they had opened the sea cocks and the ship was sinking fast, so we took every one off her and returned to the Emden, getting back there about 4 p.m.

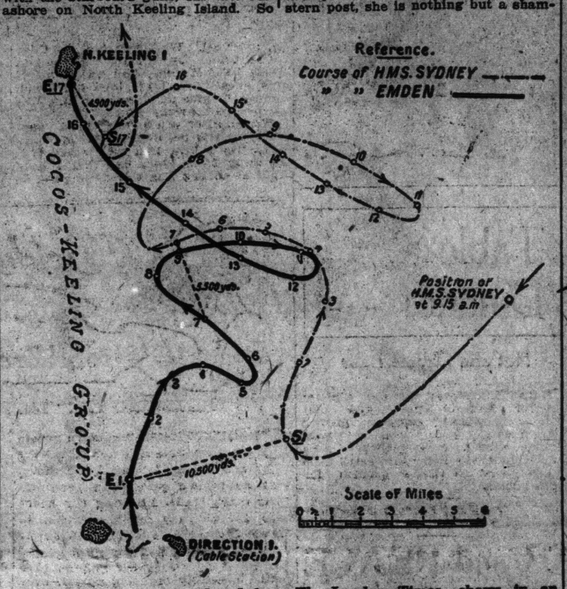
They sent a man aloft to cut down the colors, and waved a white flag from forward. It was getting dark and we did not know for certain that the cruiser Konigsberg might not be near, so we could do no rescue work that night and had to steam away. A cry in the darkness, and we stopped, and lifeboats were lowered to pick up a nearly exhausted but very lucky German sailor, the fourth rescued from the water that day.

Early next morning we made for the cable station, to find that the party landed by the Germans to destroy the station had seized a schooner and departed. The poor devils aren't likely to go far with a leaking ship and the leathers removed from all the pumps. Altho they had broken up all the instruments the cable people had a duplicate set buried.

At 11.10 a.m. we arrived off the Emden again. I was sent over to her in one of the cutters. Luckily her stern was sticking out beyond where the surf broke, so that with a rope from the stern of the ship one could ride close under one quarter, with the boat's bow to seaward. The rollers were very big, and the surging to and fro and no on made getting aboard fairly difficult. However, the Germans standing aft gave me a hand up, and I was received by the captain of the Emden. I told him from our captain that if he would give his parole the captain was prepared to take all his crew on board the Sidney and take them straight up to Colombo. He stuck a little over the word "parole," but readily agreed when I explained the exact scope of it. And now came the dreadful job of getting the badly wounded into the boats. There were 15 of these. Luckily we have a very good pattern of light stretcher into which men can be strapped. We got three badly wounded in each boat. The Germans were all suffering badly from thirst, so we hauled the boats' water casks up on deck, and they eagerly broached them, giving the wounded some first.

I took an early opportunity of saluting the captain of the Emden and saying, "You fought very well, sir." He seemed taken aback, and said "No." I went away, but presently he came up to me and said, "Thank you very much for saying that, but I was not satisfied. We should have done better. You were very lucky in shooting away all my voice-pipes at the beginning."

When I got a chance, with all the boats away, I went to have a look round the ship. I have no intention of describing what I saw. With the exception of the forecastle, which is hardly touched from forebridge to stern post, she is nothing but a sham-



The above diagram, reproduced from The London Times, shows in an interesting way each stage of the fight between the Sydney and Emden, from the point at which the Emden was heard of by wireless, to the close of the action, when the Emden was beached and the Sydney went after the collier. Equal figures mean corresponding points of time in each cruiser's track. From Nos. 1 to 7, the Sydney delivered broadsides from her port batteries; from 8 to 11, from her starboard batteries, and 12 to 16 from its port side again.

bles, and the whole thing was most shocking. The German doctor asked me to signal for some morphia, sent me att, and I never came forward again.

At Colombo we dropped all our wounded cargo, English and German. From the number of men we rescued —i.e., 150, we have been able to reckon their losses. We know the number of men who landed at Cocos, and got away, and the number of the prize crew in the collier. They cannot have have lost less than 130 men killed with 20 badly wounded and about the same number slightly.

Another account says it was strange how close some of the Emden's shells came without doing damage to the Sydney. One of them scored the whole length of a plate within a few inches of four men who were uninjured. Another passed over the shoulders of a gunnery lieutenant, so close that it tipped his hat to one side. He was not hurt, but the man behind him was killed. Another remarkable escape that seemed like a special Providence was when a shell penetrated a plate at a point where it was thin. The shell stuck half in and half out of a messroom, and the men waited for the explosion. It never came, but the shell fell back into the sea, leaving a port hole with daylight showing thru.

Tho the Emden fired 1500 shells and used up almost all her projectiles, the damage to the Sydney was really small. The damage to the Emden was so great that the wonder is she kept afloat. Of her stern nothing remained except a few bent and broken ribs. Every gun layer but one was killed, and her torpedo deck was put out of action early in the fight. One strange incident was that by one of the Sydney's broadsides seven of the Emden's men were blow into the sea, and on the return of the Sydney from chasing the collier they were discovered and rescued.

Test of Common Honesty Cost Merchant Too Much

His Attempt to Gather Statistics Ended Badly From a Financial Viewpoint, and Was Not Encouraging to Those Who Argue the World is Growing Better.

HOW honest would the average person be if an opportunity were offered to carry away a small sum of money—a little too much change given by the cigar store man, or a dime that the baker might toss in for good measure after deducting the amount of your purchase from a dollar bill?

Perfectly honest, of course, say the ladies, because to take the extra money would be just like stealing. And for the same reason the men probably as stoutly maintain that they, too, would be honest under the circumstances. It is quite probable that all of us have heard some man declare that he would not be a "cheap thief," but that he might be willing to take a chance if he had an opportunity to get away with a hundred thousand dollars, or some such sum. In other words, he makes it plain that it is not a case of morals, but he probably figures that he would like to have at least a small portion of his steelings left for himself after he had satisfied the demands of the eminent counsel for the defense.

After a small experiment conducted by a West Bloor merchant last week he is willing to step forward with the statement that in the average case it is not a matter of moral compunctions, but lack of opportunity, that keeps the average person honest even in small affairs. As his testimony is based upon experience, and the experience was paid for in cash, the story of his experiment may be of interest to psychologists, as the dissectors of souls and analysts of motives are wont to style themselves.

Believed in Honesty

Know then that in the first place the West Bloor merchant was firm in his belief that the average man is honest, and the average woman like unto Caesar's wife. Also he was wont to declaim upon the subject at length and to argue vigorously whenever he found one possessed of dissenting views. Many times he had occasion to stir his pet theories with the city salesman of a wholesale grocery firm with whom he had considerable business.

This latter person was a dyspeptic, and, therefore, a pessimist; he believed the average man would steal anything not securely nailed down. And if he had not believed it he would have so contended anyhow, for such is the surface outcropping of pure cussedness that accompanies a disordered digestive apparatus.

One day this man entered the store, wearing an expression of as near happiness as his life's viewpoint would permit.

"Heard a story about a Montreal merchant testing the honesty of his customers by giving 10 cents overchange for a week," he said.

"What was the result?" eagerly asked the merchant.

"I don't exactly recall," said the salesman, craftily, "but I thought, maybe, you might like to try it yourself."

The merchant thought the matter over. The more he revolved it in his mind the more fixed he became in his determination to try the plan, prove his theory and confound the doubting salesman with the result. He concluded that a dime was just about the coin least calculated to arouse suspicion, so when the store was opened for business last Monday morning he had his plans all made. He had decided to test the first 25 customers each day for a week, and so instructed his clerks to give an extra dime in change of all coins or bills above a 25-cent denomination. From a point of vantage he would watch the result of the experiment.

Case of Carelessness

The first customer to enter the store was a woman, who made a small purchase, proffered a $10 bill in payment, picked up her package in one hand, grabbed her change in the other and walked out. Marked down as merely careless, with nothing proven. The next was a man who paid for a 10-cent cigar out of a half-dollar. He was given five dimes in change, and carefully counted them. Glancing up and seeing that the clerk was busy at something else he gave his conscience a hurried "twilight sleep" treatment, pocketed the change and walked out.

Score first blood for the Demon Temptation.

Without going into all of the details, suffice it to say that at the end of a half-hour the merchant called a halt on the over-change proposition. Then he glanced over his notebook and found that it had cost him $1.90, or a trifle over six cents a minute, to dally with human weaknesses, and to dangle a bright new dime as bait for unsuspecting souls. As the merchant had carefully watched each customer when they received their change he knew which ones had counted the money tendered them and which had not, so he divided the results of the brief experiment into those classes.

Women Did Better

Eight people put the change into their pockets without counting it. Of these one was the woman described in the foregoing, four were neighboring business men who actually were in a hurry, possibly being due at their own places and just stopping in to stock up on smoking articles; the remaining three were gay blades who professed that contemptuous indifference for money which is characteristic of some of the very, very young. With these people nothing was proven, but carelessness that was at the least unexpected in the cases of the four business men.

Four women customers counted their change. Two of them called the attention of the clerks to the oversight, as they naturally supposed it to be, and returned the money. The other two kept discreetly silent—and the dimes. This showed a percentage of 50 for honesty among women.

But, alas, my brothers, we now come to the noblest work of God! There were but two of him out of a total of 11 beings who carried money in trousers pockets. Nine of the men who counted their change could no more resist carrying away that 10c dime than a broken down gambler can resist reaching for a homeless white chip on the unwatched edge of a roulette layout. They met Demon Temptation face to face—and heartily grasped him by the hand, loudly hailing him as Old Man Opportunity, thus drowning the still small voice of Conscience.

The merchant shook his head sadly as he entered in his notebook a percentage table of:

Honest, 24 per cent.; careless, 32 per cent.; just waiting for a chance, 44 per cent.

Naturally the careless 32 per cent. offered food for speculative thought, but it was liable to be an expensive thing to prove exactly what they would do if they counted their change; the percentage table was a trifle discouraging. So, as the merchant is in business more for the sake of profit than research, the experiment ended abruptly. When the dyspeptic salesman at the end of the week grinningly inquired if all men were honest the erstwhile upholder of the faith showed only a detached interest:

"The honesty of man interests me only inasmuch as it applies to my own clerks," he finally said, "and in the light of some recent events I don't mind telling you that I am giving them just a mite more of my attention than I did in former days."

Among those present, the Demon of Suspicion, born of too close scrutiny of the frailities of man!

Getting Back at the Judge

A judge in remanding a criminal called him a scoundrel. The prisoner replied, as he was leaving the courtroom, "Sir, I am not as big a scoundrel as your honor"—here the culprit stopped, but finally added—"takes me to be."

"Put your words closer together," said the judge.—Argonaut.

Making Tobacco Harmless

INNUMERABLE attempts have been made to protect smokers from the harmful effects of nicotine. So far, however, this object has not been achieved without at the same time depriving the tobacco of its aroma and taste. Recently Ambialet, a French physician, read a paper before the Medical Society of the Department of the Rhone on one of these attempts. His plan is to do away with the defects of other remedies, and it deserves publication, particularly because of its simplicity. Dr. Ambialet has found that if the ordinary coltsfoot or butterbur, which is very common in the countryside, is mixed with tobacco the harmful effects of the latter are completely eliminated. He has himself smoked daily some forty cigarets made of this mixture, without feeling the slightest effect from the nicotine. At any rate the remedy may be worth a trial, coltsfoot leaves being perfectly harmless and cheap.

Dr. Ambialet claims that tobacco mixed with coltsfoot leaves retains its full aroma and taste, the only perceptible change, if any, being an additional flavor like that of Turkish tobacco. This added flavor should render the mixture very acceptable to most smokers.

I'll Stay

A stranger entered the church in the middle of the sermon and seated himself in the back pew. After awhile he began to fidget. Leaning over to a white-haired man at his side, evidently an old member of the congregation, he whispered:

"How long has he been preaching?"

"Thirty or forty years, I think," the old man answered.

"I'll stay, then," decided the stranger. "He must be nearly thru."

THE CALL TO ALMS

She: But, my dear George,, you can't possibly mean that you start for the Front on Tuesday! Why on earth didn't you explain to them that it's the opening day of the Bazaar?

BIG WAGERS MADE ON WAR AND ON DEATH OF KAISER

London Underwriter Always on the Job Ready to Take a Chance One Way or the Other.

SPECULATORS USUALLY ON THE LOSING SIDE

ONLY the other day London cable despatches reported that Lloyd's was accepting premiums of fifteen guineas per cent. on policies worded "To pay a total loss in the event of a declaration of war between Great Britain and America within twelve months from date," says the New York Sun. This action of the underwriters came right on the heels of President Wilson's note of protest to England against the seizure of United States vessels carrying cargoes to neutral countries; but in a day or so the rate had dropped to seven guineas per cent., which indicated that the risk was not considered so great as when it was first figured out.

If you read your newspapers carefully and follow up the important events that affect the world or large communities you will invariably find the underwriter on the job, ready to take a chance one way or the other on the outcome. While insurance is, of course, primarily designed to protect those financially concerned in any crisis, yet certainly phases of the business as it exists today have opened up an attractive field for the gambler and the European conflict gives him plenty of opportunity to play his game.

Italy's uncertain attitude has long been the cause of much speculation in Lloyd's rate insuring against war between Italy and Austria and her allies has been thirty guineas for thirty days, or a guinea a day, and fifty guineas per cent. for a period of six months. The Scandinavian countries have not been overlooked by the writer of insurance, but as there is less likelihood of their becoming embroiled in the conflict a premium of seven guineas will buy a twelve months policy good for 1500 should war be declared between any one of those countries and Great Britain or Germany. Indeed, there is not a neutral country in Europe that is not the object of such betting.

Ever since the Moroccan crisis a little more than three years ago much money has been staked in this fashion, the premiums varying from four to fifteen guineas per cent. according to the situation. But aside from policies of this nature, modern warfare has brought with it a number of dangers against which the citizens of the countries involved have sought to protect themselves, financially at least.

The threatened German air raids on London and the mystery surrounding the number and the destructive power of the Zeppelin fleet kept underwriters busy insuring against damage by bombs dropped from dirigibles and aeroplanes. The fear of aerial invasion has since subsided and with it the demand for bomb protection. But the German naval raid on Scarborough, Whitby and Hartlepool alarmed the English coast town residents, and has caused another run on the insurance man for bombardment policies.

These bombardment policies take us back to the time of the Spanish-American war, when Wall street underwriters made fortunes on insurance of this kind. The presence of the Spanish fleet in southern waters made people in Atlantic seaboard towns panicky, and while the excitement was at its height there was a rush to protect homes and business places against loss or destruction by gunfire. Much New York property south of Forty-second street was protected in this way. The premiums on these ventures were very small, averaging about five-eighths per cent., but as no payments had to be made on any of the policies the underwriters profited handsomely by the transactions.

Again, when the alien land law in California caused the relations between Japan and the United States to become strained, residents on the Pacific coast sought similar protection and many insurance policies were issued covering property within firing range of Japanese warships. The odds were 399 to 1 and, as matters turned out, again in favor of the policy writer.

To go back to the present conflict in Europe, the private individual can be insured against death or injury by the enemy at the rate of 1s 6d per annum provided he continues to reside in the country where the policy was issued and while it remains in effect.

Some individuals have actually taken out policies on the kaiser; but as the sums guaranteed were to be paid "in event of his death by the end of the year (1914) from other than natural causes" the proposition certainly would seem to have been a losing one so far as the spectators were concerned. This method of betting on the fate of a man who for some reason or other is very much in the public eye is not a novelty. When the Rosenthal murder case was first tried in New York it was learned that a syndicate of East Side gamblers and gunmen had taken out insurance on Webber and Rose, who turned state's evidence. These policies were said to cover large sums and were to be paid upon the electrocution of Becker's accomplices or their murder, in the event of acquittal, within a specified time. Here again the underwriters scored.

Slightly Misunderstood

Railway Official (breaking the news gently to the wife of a commercial traveler)—"Ahem! madam, be calm. Your husband has met with a slight—that is to say, one of the front wheels of a passenger locomotive struck him on the cheek, and—"

Wife—"Well, sir, you needn't come round here in order to collect damages. You won't get a penny from me. If your company can't keep its property out of danger, it'll have to take the consequences. You should have your engine insured."

Pantheistic

"You admit you are guilty, then?" thundered the judge.

"Ah, do, Jedge. Ah's guilty. Ah stole dem pants. But, your honah, dere ain't no sin when de motive am good. Ah stole dem pants to get baptized in."—Harper's Magazine.

HOW A WOMAN MAY ADD AN AVOCATION TO HER VOCATION

Some of the Greatest Achievements Have Been Accomplished After Routine of Daily Labor Was Over.

"IF I COULD devote my entire time to writing, I know I could do wonderful work," complained a business girl with literary ambitions. "As it is now, I have to work in business eight hours a day, and I've only the fag end of my energy left for the evening, and then, of course, I'm too tired to do any really good writing."

The comment illustrates a curious fallacy that exists—that good work cannot be done as an offshoot of one's daily occupation. The truth is, however, that not only can one have an "avocation"—a strong extra development apart from daily work—but for the sake of one's personal development apart from daily work—but for the sake of one's personal development, one must have an avocation.

Illustrious Examples.

Moreover, history is full of examples of men whose greatest achievements were avocations—work performed after the eight hours or more of daily labor necessary for self support. William Cullen Bryant is famed as a great poet; yet his poetry was written in the time he could snatch away from his journalistic desk. John Stuart Mill, the great political economist, did all his splendid philosophic work after his daily duties in a London business office. In modern days we have the brilliant humorist, Stephen Leacock, who is a professor of Mathematics, and the late lamented Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, whose splendid literary achievements were produced in the hours he could spare from his daily professional round.

"If your life is very much overburdened with routine work then add another task, and the strain of the whole is less than that of the part," says Edward Howard Griggs, in "Self-Culture Thru the Vocations." And if the task be something bound up with our highest aspirations, the development of a talent or secret ambition, the stimulation it brings will make all our tasks easier.

"But I really am physicaly exhausted when I return to my home after the day's grind," points out the aforesaid ambitious person. "I don't want to jeopardize my health."

Rests Between Labors.

It would truly be a mistake to plunge, without intermission, from a day of hard work into an evening of hard work—it is foolhardy to endanger health for any consideration. But judicious hard work has never proved fatal. Thirty minutes of absolute relaxation—and by that is meant a real nap or rest in a comfortable, "dozzy" position—refreshes one marvelously at the end of the day; one hour is even better. At the end of that time, the woman who is in good physical trim otherwise will find herself alert and ready for action. Indeed, one girl who works regularly three evenings a week at her particular avocation declares that she is just as fresh after her 40 winks in the early evening as she is at the beginning of the day. Moreover, her change of occupation from accounting to music study rests her nerves wonderfully, altho it still keeps her mind in the mental interest realm which alone is capable of keeping her stimulated.

The practical value of an outside avocation is not only that it offers additional development and the charm of many-sidedness to the business woman, but it also fills her mind so that there is no room for restlessness or discontent. And the girl whose obligations compel her to the monotonous round that pays the bills will find her task less irksome when it provides her with the means to pursue the work she really loves.

VERY LATEST SKATING COSTUME

Tiny Turbans Match Jackets For Ice Revelry

By Annette Bradshaw

THE lakes and ponds are covered with blankets of ice, and the ring of the skates and merry laughter of the skaters call you to join in the winter sport. Wrap yourself in furs, wear a small hat, which the wind will pass by without noticing, answer the call of the revellers with another equally joyous, and glide away over the ice with care-free abandon.

The skating costume has become an important part of the smart woman's winter outfit. "Any-old-thing" will not answer the purpose in these days. The attractive little jackets and fur-banded skirts, not forgetting the chic little turbans of fur which are combined to make the modish skating costume of the present, are designed with as much thought as the handsomest ball gown.

This drawing shows the very latest interpretation of the skating costume. The short, loose jacket is of moleskin, hanging straight and full from the shoulders. It is belted in, low over the hips, with a band of the same peltry. The neck line is finished with a high collar of tailless ermine, which can be fastened tightly about the throat if desired. Wide cuffs of ermine trim the long sleeves.

A pleasing touch of contrasting color is added to the small ermine hat by the stiff little bow of brown ribbon posed directly in front.

Jacket of Moleskin Trimmed with Ermine and Chic Ermine Turban

HOW YOU MAY KNOW YOU REALLY LOVE

A "Guarantee Test" Suggested

By MADGE KENNEDY

I KNOW a way you can tell if you really and truly love a person," said Madge Kennedy, one evening about 6 o'clock of a day between the matinee and night performances of "Twin Beds," at the Fulton Theatre, New York. "But you have to be terribly honest with yourself to make it work. You must sit down and ask yourself questions, and tell yourself the truth, and then, if you can do it, scheme so you may find yourself in a situation that shall ruthlessly test you and your love.

"Let's suppose you think you love a chap, and the only bar to your complete happiness is fearing you may not really love him, but just think you make for him a home even in the ends of the earth, and never more see any one that I have known and loved?"

"And after you have said 'yes,' and 'yes' again, stop a little while and think of the last quarrel you have had—for every one even the happiest, does have quarrels—think of that quarrel, painful as it may be, and submit yourself to love's third degree. Ask yourself: 'Do I love this man so much that even if I am in the right I would willingly and gladly acknowledge myself in the wrong that I may make life more happy for him by the sacrifice?' Square your shoulders and look yourself straight in the eye when you answer it, for it is the final, the supreme test of love.

Sit Down Alone and Give Yourself Love's Third Degree.

do, after all. Well, you just do this: Sit down all by yourself, where you won't be disturbed, and ask yourself this question: 'Do I love him well enough to give up things for him, fine clothes and pretty jewels?'

"Then, after you have assured yourself that you do, inquire this of yourself: 'Do I love him well enough to go away from every one that I have known—to beg him to let me go—and

"Even then, tho you may be quite sure that you can meet the test, place yourself in a position to meet it. For heaven's sake, don't pick a quarrel just to become a martyr—you wouldn't be a martyr then, you would be just a foolish criminal—but do not avoid the test when it comes. And then, if you pass thru it triumphantly, you may know that truly, indeed, do you love the man you love."

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Guaranteed

GREAT ORANGE CROP PROMISES FINE FRUIT.

With an anticipated output of 43,000 cars of oranges and 5000 cars of lemons from the State of California, citrus fruits promise to be conspicuous during the present season, and available at prices even lower than apples. The new navel crop now coming on the market is the finest fruit ever seen at this time of the year. The lemon harvest will double that of last season, and in a few years Californians expect to produce a crop of sufficient size to eliminate the necessity of foreign importation.

Since 1896, when the California Fruit Growers' Exchange was organized, the citrus industry has been developed from a hazardous undertaking to a profitable enterprise. During the past decade, while the population of the U. S. increased 21 per cent, the consumption of California oranges increased 74.6 per cent. The aim of the Exchange shippers is to make the name Sunkist a guarantee to the purchaser of the quality of the fruit. In other words, by careful grading and selection they aim to maintain such a high standard that the name Sunkist on citrus fruits will convey the assurance of the term Sterling on silver.

The California Fruit Growers' Exchange, which packs the Sunkist brand, is made up of 7000 growers, who are voluntarily affiliated, and aim to market their fruit at the lowest possible expense. This gigantic federation has succeeded in reducing the marketing cost to 1 3-5 per cent. on the gross sales, which is the lowest of that one any agricultural crop in the world. It accumulates no profits and declares no dividends.

The influence of packing a dependable quality of fruit is clearly reflected in the increased demand for citrus fruits. Last year the Sunkist people shipped 61.9 per cent. of the crop of oranges or 10,156,724 boxes. In addition they handled about 75 per cent. of the lemon output, or 1,105,461 boxes, making a total of 26,195 carloads.

Scientific cultivation, efficient marketing, the elimination of unnecessary rehandling, and the ability to handle in tremendous quantities are the main factors which have made it possible for the Sunkist people to place their fruit in practically every store in the country at prices which render them available to rich and poor alike.

"POSITIVES" AND "NEGATIVES" IN WOMEN'S WORLD

On Stepping Stones of Her Failure the Business Woman, Striving Ever for Development, Rises to Success.

BUSINESS divides individuals into two broad classes—the "positives," and the "negatives."

The first type is the person who can She usually lands in some executive post some time, somewhere. She is aggressive, imaginative, and she will attempt anything. As a natural consequence, her failures are many, because she is often not adequately equipped for her efforts. But if she fails nine times, she succeeds the tenth time, and as she is perpetually trying, her total successes usually reach an impressive number.

On the other side of the fence is the woman who can't. She will probably refuse to do anything that she hasn't done before. She takes no new steps, has no initiative, lives in perpetual fear that she may do some piece of work that is a trifle beyond her prescribed duties. She hesitates. She is active and energetic only in criticism and is very able at picking flaws in any new idea or plan. She is expert in finding a good reason for not doing things and why your plan is sure to fail.

"Dare to Try Anything."

Honest analysis is a vital factor in business. But because there are difficulties or possibilities of failure in a plan is no good reason for abandoning it. Some of the best work of the world has been done by people who failed repeatedly, and with all odds against them went at it again, nevertheless. The woman who never tries because she fears failure—and has ample justification for her fears—will never achieve anything; while the woman who dares eventually arrives, even if she carries a long history of failures with her.

The negative woman may have many splendid qualities that eminently fit her for success. But, as a matter of fact, she decries her own ability and neglects her potentialities. Discussing a woman's club with this type of woman recently, she remarked: "I don't see the use of such a club. The intellectual woman doesn't need it, and the unintelligent woman couldn't understand it." She disposes of all problems of the universe in similar fashion. There is a flaw in every human plan and effort which make it utterly unworth-while to her, and her Utopia is the status quo.

If all the mature underlings in business could be carefully analyzed there is no doubt that the cause of semi-failure or complete failure in the majority of cases is simply that they are negative personalites. They can't. They don't. They won't.

The New Ever Has an Appeal

Business today is crowded with the demand for the new things—the improvements. Everything within reason—and a few things out of reason—is tested. If there is a fighting chance of an idea or a plan succeeding in bettering the product, or its distribution or the condition of workers, Big Business will try it. Everything that may possibly prove a step forward is worth while making an endeavor for. One failure or a dozen failures do not affect the ultimate worth of what you are hoping to do. On the contrary, each new failure may help in making a clearer and better analysis of your plan or problems so that ultimately you have a far more perfect result than if you had succeeded in the first attempt.

Dare, and success is near you; fear, and you fail alone.

Chicken Cream Sandwiches

MINCE finely half a pint of breast meat from a cooked chicken, add two stalks of cut celery, and half a pint of thick cream; heat to boiling point, and add one boiled mashed onion and three tablespoonfuls of flour, mixed with two tablespoonfuls of butter. Cook until thick, stirring all the time, then add the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs, salt, pepper, red pepper, and lemon juice to taste. Turn into a mould, first dipped in cold water, and allow to stand for twelve hours. Remove from the mould, and spread between thin slices of buttered bread. Remove the crusts and cut in fancy shapes.

Table Dainties - -

Nut and Cheese Balls

GRATE cheese to the amount of half a pint, add half a pint of coarsely ground nut meats and moisten with cooking wine to a consistency that can be moulded. Form into small balls and serve as an edible garnish for green salads.

Oyster Delight

CHOP twelve oysters, add half of a small crisp lettuce, eight chopped olives and half a pint of mayonnaise dressing. Place on cubes of bread and serve at once.

Chop Suey Jam

CUT into small pieces three pounds of rhubarb and three oranges, with rind and all, removing seeds; add three pounds of sugar, half a pint of water, one pound of seeded raisins, half pound of walnut meats cut into pieces. Mix and cook for one hour, and pour into jelly glasses or small jars.

Tomato Boxes.

SCOOP out some peeled tomatoes, saving the tops to replace as covers, fill with caviar mixed with the tomato pulp, diced celery and mayonnaise dressing; or fill with crab meat mixed with chili sauce and mayonnaise dressing. Replace the covers, decorate with sprigs of parsley and serve.

A Bride's Own Story

Isobel Brands

HANDLING THE "LEFT-OVER" SCARECROW

CROQUETTES are unknown guests in Aunt Juliette's home; neither are dishes so minced and mixed that no human palate can penetrate their masquerade. Knowing (by hearsay) the average man's aversion to "made dishes" I determined to duplicate aunt's system of setting a generous table with economy and no perpetual necessity of using up left-over foods.

"How ever do you manage to avoid turkey croquettes after holidays?" I demanded. "I've never eaten left-over things here once, and I often wonder just how you manage? How do you gauge the exact capacity of every one so that there isn't anything left?"

"I don't," confessed aunt amiably. "As a matter of fact, I use more than the average housekeeper of what are called leftovers. Only I don't call them leftovers. I call them 'planned-overs,' because I deliberately plan, as much as possible, to cook enough of certain dishes to last for more than one meal."

"What for?" I inquired.

"To save time, energy, fuel. When we want rice for dinner, for example, Lucy boils enough for the rice curry for dinner, and perhaps rice cakes for breakfast, or a rice pudding for luncheon. It seems to me that some of the aversion to 'madeover' dishes is because they are repeatedly served at the same kind of meal with a very thin disguise. Roast duck is delicious tonight, but if we have the same roast duck tomorrow night it's not nearly as tempting, and if there are a few last remains of a mighty bird to dispose of on the following night we hate it."

"But what are you going to do if you have a left over portion of a duck and your husband won't touch croquettes or such made-over dishes?" I inquired.

"Two pleasant roads are open to you. You can serve them at some other meal instead of dinner, or you can cook them anew so that they have an entirely new and delightful taste, instead of merely being disguised in appearance.

"For instance, I buy roasts with the definite purpose of having one last for several meals. But each one is served with a different flavor. The cut of beef, let us say, starts its career here as a fine roast. Part of it may be an honest stew the next day, or perhaps appear in the shape of some appetizing baked casserole dish.

"There are two valuable allies for you in handling leftovers, or better call them 'planned-overs.' One is flavor—and by flavor I don't mean merely a novel or pretty sauce poured over, but actually a new taste. Have in your supply closet some flavorings like Worcestershire, catsup and other spicy sauces and, of course, all the spices possible—paprika, sage, thyme, peppercorns, etc.; also pimento, grated parmesan cheese, canned sweet peppers, button mushrooms, tomato paste, mayonnaise, beef extract, bread crumbs, cans of unsweetened evaporated milk. You'll be able to do wonders on short notice with any kind of leftovers, and make them taste different. Your family will appreciate it and like it better than if it merely looked different.

"Your other help is in using individual casseroles for making the service more attractive. Individual cooking and serving help make any kind of dish vastly more appetizing, and really better in taste.

"Only remember this, don't ever try to delude your family with croquettes. Be honest with your madeovers, but make them so good that the family beg for them!"

Oriental Punch

HALF a pound of sugar, half a pint of water, six cloves, some cinnamon, one tablespoonful of chopped preserved ginger, the strained juice of two lemons, the strained juice of three oranges, one drop of oil of peppermint, a few drops of green coloring, fresh mint leaves and a cake of ice. Make a syrup by boiling the sugar, water, cloves, cinnamon and preserved ginger for eight minutes. Cool, add the fruit juices, strain; add the oil of peppermint and the green coloring, cover and let stand for one hour. Pour over a large cake of ice in a punch bowl and garnish with the mint leaves.

India Relish

PUT one and a half breakfastcupfuls of salt on one peck of chopped green tomatoes, and let stand overnight. In the morning drain, and add one medium cabbage chopped fine, and boil in three quarts of vinegar for half an hour; then add six chopped onions, three chopped red peppers, two chopped green peppers, three pounds of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of celery seed, two tablespoonfuls of mustard seed, and one tablespoonful of cinnamon, and one tablespoonful of whole cloves tied in a small muslin bag. Cook all until the onions are perfectly soft. Divide into jars, and seal.

START A RECIPE BOOK

The recipes which you will find on the Women's pages of The Sunday World from week to week will help you prepare many table dainties so as to get new and very pleasing results. They are the recipes of some of the best hotel chefs in the world, and of women who are famed as household scientists. They are well worth saving—paste them in a book.

Common Salt a Valuable Beauty Aid

By LUCREZIA BORI

Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.

LUCREZIA BORI

DO YOU know that often the most effective beauty remedies are simple homely compounds that nature has given to us? Among these salt heads the list, for it is just as valuable as a first aid to beauty in the boudoir as it is to cookery in the kitchen. Salt is nature's answer to many of our health and beauty questions.

A solution of salt and water applied to the skin will act as a stimulant and remedy enlarged pores if one systematically follows the treatment. Of course, the skin must be thoroly cleansed before bathing it with the salt water. Otherwise, the salt water, which is an astringent, will contract the pores clogged with their accumulation of dust and grease. If you conscientiously use salt water baths your skin will be generally improved before many weeks have passed.

Salt Water Bath

If the skin is flabby try a "salt rub." This means that you take a handful of salt and rub it over the face, not too vigorously, or it will redden the skin. Then bathe the face in the usual manner.

Salt water will also make the skin firm, and to accomplish the best results it should be used twice daily.

Always have a box of salt handy in the bathroom, for you should take several salt baths each week. They are an invaluable remedy for nervousness and weakness, and will invigorate the system so that you will not be troubled with "that tired feeling." Sea salt is purchasable at every pharmacy, or you can use the ordinary kitchen salt, adding one or two handfuls to the bath, according to the amount of water in the tub.

Other Salt Uses

After bathing do not remove the salt water with a towel. Allow it to be absorbed by the skin. One woman whom I knew always puts on a crash dressing gown after a salt bath and without having used a towel lies down for five or ten minutes until the skin has absorbed every particle of the salt water.

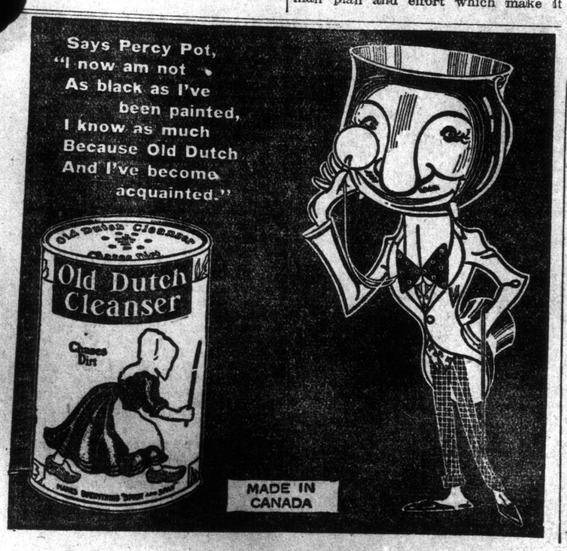
There is nothing better for the eyes than a weak solution of salt and water. If the eyelids are bathed frequently with this lotion it will "tone up" the tissues and promote a healthy condition of the eyes.

When the eyes are inflamed or irritated they may be soothed by salt water applied by the eye cup. It will not only relieve the inflammation, but will increase the brilliancy of the eyes and keep them in a healthy condition.

There are so few home remedies that may be safely applied to the eyes that you should always remember salt.

Salt is also an excellent whitener for the teeth, and because it contains iodine will keep the gums in good condition. Use it frequently—at least once a day—substitute salt for your dental paste or powder. Rinse the mouth with salt water, for it is excellent for the membrane lining of the mouth and throat.

The benefits of salt have not been over-estimated, and since it costs so little—always remaining at the same price in this day of soaring figures—we should be extravagant in the use of nature's aid to beauty.



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ADVICE TO GIRLS

By Annie Laurie

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:
I am a young married woman and have one child, a little girl. My husband is very cross to me because of his terrible jealousy. He accuses me falsely of wrong. He hides my clothes so that I cannot go out. He gets mad and strikes me and chokes me awfully. I cannot have any company, not even my own people. Once I had several lady friends call, and he forbade them coming again. He wants me to stay at home all the time, but he goes out when he feels like it. If I should go out he would follow me. I like him and should hate to leave him, tho he drinks terribly and sometimes stays out all night.

He promised to do better, but he has not changed much. He is a good worker, and gives me most of his earnings. I must give him credit for that, but he is so tyrannical and cross that I am in despair. What can I do? E.

ARE YOU thinking of leaving your husband because he drinks and beats you, and because he is a cruel, tyrannical, suspicious brute, or do you want to leave him because you have fallen in love with some one else? That makes all the difference in the world.

No decent, self-respecting woman can live with a man who abuses her. You are not called upon to do so by any law, either human or divine. Make your husband behave himself, or go away somewhere and live quietly with your own family. I don't see how you can care anything for such a brute as you describe.

ANNIE LAURIE.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:
We are two girls, 17 years of age, and acquainted with two very nice boys. We would like you to advise us whether it would be right for us to tell our parents of our friendliness toward them? We are not allowed to be too friendly with boys. I hope you will advise us in some good way.

ANXIOUS.

WHY, OF course, little girls, of course it is right for you to tell your parents. It is wrong for you not to tell them.

Who do you suppose cares most for you, some boy you've just happened to meet somewhere, or the mother who would cut her right arm off at the shoulder to save you from one serious pang of mortal agony?

If the boys don't want you to tell your mother about them get rid of the boys; they'll never do you anything but harm.

A boy who really likes you will never bind you to do anything that you cannot tell your mother. Don't make any mistake about that.

Don't wait another minute, little girls. There's a danger signal on the track. Stop the train before some one is hurt.

Go and talk the whole thing over with your mother this very day. And, whisper, you'll be surprised to find out how interested she is and how much she knows even about the mysterious subject of boys.

Why, perhaps, she even knew boys herself once, and maybe they tried to get her not to tell her mother that she knew them. Try it and see.

ANNIE LAURIE.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:
I am 18 years of age, and have fallen deeply in love with a young man whom I have only known a short time. He seems to like me also, but I should like to find out if he really does. I cannot sleep at night for thinking of him, and of how I can gain a closer friendship. Please advise me as to what you would do in this matter.

BROWN EYES.

STEADY, Brown Eyes, steady—give the young man a chance. You say that he seems to like you—and you will have to let that matter you until he gets ready to show whether he has really been attracted to you or is just friendly and agreeable in a polite way. If you want to disgust him and flatter his vanity at the same time, you could not take a better way than to show him that all he had to do was to whistle for you and you would follow him like a little god. Treat him agreeably, just as you would any other of your boy friends, and probably your acquaintance will ripen into something warmer. But just as sure as you begin to make a "dead set" for him you will so cheapen yourself in his estimation that he will want nothing more to do with you. In the meantime take an interest in other things—your family—your work. There are other things in life than the admiration of young men, and you will lose nothing in his eyes by showing an interest in them.

ANNIE LAURIE.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:
I am a young man of 17 years. I am quite well acquainted with a nice girl about my own age. She is always exceedingly nice to me and talks very nicely to me, but whenever I ask her to go any place with me she always says she has another engagement, but says it in such a charming way that I can take no offence.

Please advise me what to do to win her affection. WORRIED.

NOW, "WORRIED," let us sit down and talk this over, comfortably.

I know by your letter that you are a nice boy, and I believe that you are a bright boy, and will make a man that a mother might be proud of—or any girl—but you are only a boy. Why you have four years yet to go before you are a man, legally—four years in which to finish an education and get started in your life's work. It is all very well for you to have girl friends and to call on them and have a good time, but not for two or three years yet should you begin paying serious attention to any one girl.

The girl is probably sensible enough to realize this. You need to read more—not sickly love stories, but travels, history, science, what is going on in the world—meet more people and gather judgment and poise—develop your character, and then when you meet the right girl—and it may be your sensible little friend—she will want to go with you wherever you want her to go—maybe to the altar. Think it over.

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

Oysters Masked and Fried

PARBOIL twelve large oysters in their liquor for one minute, then drain and dry. Cook one tablespoonful butter with one sprig of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of grated onion, thre tablespoonfuls of flour, one gill of stock or oyster liquor, a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of red pepper and grated nutmeg, one teacupful of chopped cooked chicken or veal and a little curry powder if liked. When thick add two yolks of eggs beaten with one gill of cream; cook without boiling until thick. Take from the fire and dip the oysters one by one in the mixture and place on a buttered tin far apart. When cold cover the oysters with the remainder of the paste and set aside in a cool place. Cut apart, shape, breadcrumb, egg, and breadcrumb and fry in smoking hot fat. A thin slice of boiled ham or bacon partly boiled may be wrapped under the oysters under the paste or instead of crumbing, the oysters may be covered with batter.

MRS. HOUSEKEEPER

Christmas time you will have a little extra money, why not make the home a present of an Eddy Washboard and an Eddy Indurated Fibreware Tub?

You will feel the benefit every washday in the year, for the Indurated Tub keeps the water hot so long that it saves much lifting and carrying of water, and the Washboard has a special crimp, which, without tearing the clothes, loosens the dirt very easily.

You will be doing something patriotic too, because Eddy's make these and many other articles at their works at Hull, Canada, where from 1600 to 1800 men and women are employed constantly.

Buy yourself a Christmas present, Mrs. Housekeeper,—

But Be Sure They Are EDDY'S

ed7

LOVE LAUGHS AT MASKS -o- -o- By Michelson

IN the flutter of many silken and sibilant sounds, in the glow of rosy lights, and the flashings of grotesque colors that are pierced by eyes shining thru slits in black masks, she thinks her identity is concealed—or hopes it isn't QUITE, as the case may be. But no such scene can hide any really GREAT essential fact from Sherlock Cupid.

No detective ever could hope to have eyes capable of sleuthing like Love's. Love laughs at the notion of a mask—as a concealment. As an ornament, as a teasing bit of coquetry, as a strip of cloud across the sunlight of HER, it is all right. So let it come and go until that delicious moment when signal or chance reveals the clear sky of her face.

Hurrah for Doctors Who Change Their Minds!

By WINIFRED BLACK

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QUININE doesn't help malaria.

That's the latest news from the doctors' conventions.

And apples, when they are uncooked, are bad for the digestion.

Help! Help! and help again!

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away!" Everybody has been told that by the government's apple ads. Maybe you learned that when you were little? I did, and every night when we sat around the big table and did our home work for the next day's school we had a big dish of apples in the centre of the table, and we ate them and we ate them, and we ate them! Maybe that's why we've none of us grown up to be much over 40—yet.

If the doctors don't stop whirling round and round in this outrageous fashion, whatever are we poor laymen, in our pitiful ignorance, to do?

A few years ago we all had to stop drinking water at the table.

"It dilutes the gastric juices," said the doctor, "it brings on dyspepsia, nervous indigestion, insomnia, paresis, alcoholism, locomotor ataxia and everything in the world, except cerebo-spinal meningitis. That's catching, and if your time comes for that you can't dodge it." And the water pitcher disappeared from the Canadian home.

Whole families were disrupted by the new anti-water fad. Father went without, with some show of patience. Mother drank tea all thru the meal, and sniffed indignantly when it was called to her attention that tea was made of water.

Sister worried down her food with mournful acquiescence, but Brother Tom and Little Brother Bill rebelled. Big Brother Tom argued loud and long. Little Brother Bill didn't argue.

Chameleon Medical Fads

He simply slipped away from the table between bites and went and drank from the kitchen faucet, to the utter demoralization of family etiquette. And when he had the measles sister said it was because he drank water when he ate, and when he didn't pass for the sixth grade mother wondred if the water drinking had anything to do with it. Perhaps the—e-r-r—something about the brain or the solar plexus.

And now we've all had to begin drinking water at the table again.

"We don't drink enough water,' says the doctors, "the system needs water. Drink it between meals, drink it on rising, drink it on going to bed, drink it at the table, all you want of it, and then some.'

I wish I hadn't suffered all these years just to be hygienic.

Winifred Black

"Low-necked gowns are a crime," said the doctors of a decade ago. "Women have no right to expose themselves to draughts in that fashion. No wonder we have sickly children and poor wrecks of middle-aged women. Think of a man stripping himself like that and then wondering when he had an attack of pneumonia!

And now—hark to the chorus—from the medicos:

"Harden your throat, don't wrap up in furs, the low neck on the street is the finest fashion that ever was. The sure way to invite tuberculosis is to wear furs."

"Never eat a grape seed," said the family physician of 20 years ago. "Grape seeds are the cause of appendicitis. That's the only thing the appendix seems to be for—to catch grape seeds. It sees to it, does the appendix, that no guilty grape seed escapes, and some day you'll have to go to the hospital and take ether, and have an interesting story to tell about the little glass bottle on your bathroom shelf. Never eat a grape seed!"

Wise "Mind-Changes"

"Grape seeds are highly valuable as an aid to digestion," says the brand new doctor. The ancient Hebrews started their record for magnificent digestions when they went into Palestine and ate grapes.

"Eat grapes, and don't get rid of the seeds, they're good for you. Be sure and chew every one of them, so as to get all the best that there is in them."

I'm dizzy trying to keep up, aren't you?

And yet I'm glad of it. When I find the man who thinks the same about everything that he did 20 years ago, I ask him what he's doing about the monument to his grandfather, and what has become of his great uncle's stepfather who was so interested in Babylonian history 20 years ago, and wish him a very good morning, and hurry away.

I hurry so I won't be there when he begins to tell about the good old times when nobody ever heard of a pianola, and little Mary Johnson could play perfectly grand pieces on the parlor organ before she was 8 years old—and that's what he calls real music.

Whenever I meet a woman who has the same opinions today that she had the day she graduated, I ask her to lend me her copy of Lucille, and inquire as to the missions to the Borrioboola Ghas in Central Africa. I know that she won't be interested in anything a trifle more modern.

Hurrah for the doctors, and the way they change their minds and make us change ours! It makes me believe they really do know something—something after all.

Guinea Fowl Breasts Bearnaise

TAKE THE breasts from the bones and remove the skin of small guinea fowls, dust with salt and pepper and place in a buttered pan; covered with a buttered paper, and bake for fifteen minutes. Remove the paper, pour over them a little melted butter, finish cooking until they are slightly browned. Place each one on a piece of toast, cover with a very thin slice of boiled ham, pour over each a spoonful of Bearnaise sauce, and garnish the dish with artichoke fonds and small sweet red peppers, the fonds filled with asparagus tips, and the peppers filled with chopped mushrooms.

Coffee Souffle

IN A DOUBLE boiler put one-half pound of browned but unground coffee with three pints of milk and let it simmer for one and a half hours. Pour the milk off then, and thicken it with one teaspoonful of corn-flour stirred into the milk. Allow this to heat, then add three tablespoonfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt and one wineglassful of sherry. Take it off the fire after it has simmered for a quarter of an hour, and whip into it one pint of whipped cream, then add the beaten yolks of six eggs, one teaspoonful of coffee essence and the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Fill paper cases with the mixture, and set into the oven on a baking tin to bake. When done sprinkle caster sugar over the top and serve at once.

Grape Fruit Macedoine.

MIX the grape fruit pulp with fresh or preserved fruits, add a little rum or sherry wine, fill the grape fruit shells or sherbert glasses, and garnish with cubes of wine or mint jelly or preserved ginger or chestnuts, or any candied fruit soaked in wine.

Cucumber Crowns.

CUT peeled cucumbers into inch lengths, scoop out the centres, leaving a little at the bottom, fill with creamed lobster or shrimps and garnish the edges with anchovies, chopped olives or pimentos; or fill with caviar mixed with lemon or lime juice, and garnish with pearl onions and chopped watercress.

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Secrets of Health and Happiness

A Way to Rid Yourself of the Tobacco Habit

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins).
(Copyright, 1914, Newspaper Feature Service.)

DR. HIRSHBERG

TOBACCO has no medical virtues—that I'll avow. The unchallenged "solace" accredited by nervous smokers to this lavish, heart-expanding weed is a victory for their cause. It is such a victory, however, as the armies in Europe frequently report, something like this: "Our left flank gave way slightly, our right flank also gave way somewhat, and so did our centre. We even retreated a little for strategic reasons, despite the overwhelming superiority of the enemy's numbers, but our victory in thus repulsing them is all the more complete."

Thus it is with the alleged "solace" that smoothes the brow of the otherwise harassed adherent of Lady Nicotine. Actually what has taken place is the hypersusceptible and irritable development of the smoker's temperament brought about by the indulgence—that is an appetite and a craving for the drug. When this is satisfied by pipe, cigar, cigaret or a piece in the mouth, lo! calm and quiet hover over the face of the previously ribbled waters. Instead of blame, credit and honor are given the plant.

Opinions Vary Widely

Nicotine is but one of the many fervid, soul-stirring, tissue-boiling constituents of burning tobacco. As filthy and unsocial as the tobacco chewing habit is, it lacks some of these dangers, the smoke, heated vapors and other poisonous fumes of the burning refuse.

The tobacco habit cannot be considered either a religious or a moral question irrespective of its physiological and economic waste. Indeed, because it is an extravagance for many men and the origin of throat, tongue, stomach, auditory and various other serious distempers in some persons, does not prove it to be a menace economically and physiologically for everybody.

Experimental results are always divided and at variance as to the effects of the tobacco habit upon muscular and intellectual efficiency. Whether a man is slim or fat because he smokes is also still a moot point. There is neither vice nor virtue in the matter. Nor does the cigaret habit ever lead to the alcohol habit or even to any immoral habit.

Yet, when all is said and done, no sane or physically perfect man should smoke. Tobacco it is unanimously admitted, can do no one any good. If, then, it cannot aid even those it by chance does not harm physically, why carry a lighted match into the powder magazine of health?

Method of Cure

It is, therefore, that I summon all reasonable men—and of course, women, of whom there are a few—to abandon the pernicious, enslaving habit. It is worthless to everybody, except those who deal in it, plant it or manufacture its finished products.

"But," you ask, "how am I to break the life-long habit?" The answer rests partly in your own will to throw off the shackles and in part with your determination always to do something else than smoke when you crave the weed.

The much vaunted silver nitrate cure is not be trifled with. Poisoning with nitrate of silver is always worse even than the poisoning by fiery embers of paper and tobacco smoke. Nitrate of silver is a caustic which may literally eat away the tongue and nearby tissues.

Almost any simple astringent such as a teaspoonful of alum or of chlorate of potash to a quart of water will answer the same purpose as the most dangerous caustics. Used frequently as a gargle and as a mouth wash whenever the ravening desire is upon your tongue, it will be one of the helpful means by which repugnance for the nicotine can be established.

Nevertheless, much remains to be done. It may even be necssary to touch the palate, the gums and the "itchy" parts with glycerite of tannin or quince jelly. Meanwhile there is a parched, almost quenchless craving and gnawing in the aesophagus and stomach which must needs be met. To assuage these demands a glass of milk and a few crackers; a cup of hot chocolate on a dozen or so candies, all to be taken as often as you please, will, if carried out with persistency, end the hunger for tobacco within a few months—never to return.

Answers to Health Questions

Mrs. R.—Toronto—Q—Do you believe in internal bathing?

2.—What shall I do for weak kidneys and gas on the stomach?

A—1.—No, I do not advise this.

2.—Eat more green vegetables, spinach, carrots, cabbage, celery, potatoes, cauliflower, clear soups, fish, poultry, oranges, apples, currants, strawberries, figs, prunes, dates, bran bread, ginger bread, salads; and drink olive oil and lots of distilled water, two glasses full half an hour before each meal. Take one teaspoonful of milk of magnesia before meals and charcoal after eating.

T. S. W.—Toronto—Q—It is generally understood that human vitality is at its highest point at mid-day. This is corroborated by the fact that by universal custom the breakfast is a light meal and dinner a heavy meal. Why should this be, when the body has just been refreshed by sleep and rest, and the whole nervous system re-invigorated? Please explain.

A—The answer is that rest reduces all activity to a minimum. It requires a few hours to get going. It is the same as the "limbering up" practice before an athletic game.

J. H.—Toronto—Q—I am troubled with a severe pain in the front part of my right shoulder. I have had it about six weeks. I have gall stones. Does this cause my shoulder to be sore? What shall I do to relieve it?

A—A sore shoulder is one of the symptoms of gall stones. Drink more fluid, such as distilled water, take olive oil, charcoal and ox-bile.

N. M.—Toronto—Q—What shall I do for an abscess under the arm? I have had it for the past two years. It has been lanced, but came back.

A—Apply white precipitate ointment to them as soon as you see any signs of one coming.

E. A.—Toronto—A—If you will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope, I shall be glad to answer your questions.

G. S.—Toronto—Q—I have a ringing in the head and a dull pain in the ears. I am quite deaf in one ear and fear I will soon be deaf in the other one. What can you suggest?

A—You should go to an ear specialist and have your ears treated. There is some trouble in the middle ear. This should not be put off any longer.

M. A. J.—Toronto—Q—My husband has had "rheumatism" for four months in his knees and ankles. What shall I do for it?

A—There is no such thing as "rheumatism." Have him stop in at a hospital and have a diagnosis made. Hot baths and rubbing are excelent aids. Hot cups and hot ironing help. Take 15 drops of a saturated water solution of iodide of potash and increase one drop at a time. Drink two quarts of water daily and two glasses full half an hour before each meal (use distilled water only). Eat no solid foods, but fruits, vegetables, cereals, milk and eggs and everything fresh.

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.

Clara Morris Says—

THAT THE VEIL THAT HIDES THE FUTURE IS GOD'S KINDEST GIFT.

CLARA MORRIS

I THINK most of us will confess to a sort of half-laughing desire to peep into the future, to question the stars. By palmistry, crystal-gazing, dream interpretation, clairvoyance, cards, tea-leaves, melted lead, we seek to drag aside the veil, impalpable as woven mist, yet impenetrable to human eyes. Even Victoria's Prince Consort wished his daughter could see the future, but heaven spared her that!

It was two days before the marriage, at St. James Palace, January, 1858, of Victoria, Princess royal of Great Britain, and Frederick, Crown Prince of Prussia.

The restless, imperious 18-year-old bride-elect, with nerves worn to shreds by an endless day of rigid formalities, had begged just a moment in the air before dressing for dinner. So with dress skirt looped high over gay Balmoral, tasselled boots, netted hair and turban hat, she no sooner reached the quiet terrace than thru the foggy twilight two figures sprang to meet her. The tall, soldierly one was "Unser Fritz," her financee. The slighter, shorter, fair-haired one, was "Bertie"—Prince of Wales—her best loved brother and her chum.

Brother and sister caught hands and whirled around and about, like a pair of joy-mad motes, in the sunlight. Suddenly, a cat—not royal tabby, just an ordinary cat—raced across the terrace and into the fog-blurred shrubery. "View Halloo—gone away!" shouted "Bertie." And joining in the fun "Fritz" became "the pack" and gave tongue gloriously, at which the scapegraces seized him by either hand, and etiquette forgotten, the future German Emperor and Empress, and the King of Great Britain, and Emperor of India, etc., went romping "across country" following the cat-fox. Something loomed dimly before them and—bang!—head-on—the whole irreverent pack dashed full into—Papa, the Prince Consort and etiquette personified.

Guilty heads hung low, while that good man, so straightlaced he bent backward, regained his breath. And then those riotous young royalties got a lecture on deportment. "Vicky," in particular, was urged to "a dignity as strict as was consistent with courtesy." "Oh," he cried, "I wish you could see the future, my child!"

And could she have looked forward to see her son, her first-born, attacking her native land—crowned, yes, but in full panoply of war; her brother's heir in his grave, his second son, crowned, but also armed against his cousin and foe; their armies at death grips and their own hearts black with hate and fear of each other! A sight to blast young love, young hope; to make life unlivable!

Oh! thrice blessed be the impenetrability of the veil that hides from us the future!

BIG THINGS DOING IN TRUCK BUSINESS

Nearly Two and a Half Million Dollars' Worth of Trucks Exported in November.

DETROIT, Feb. 6.—W. F. Bradley, connected with the army of France, and correspondent of The Automobile and Motor Age, has sent to his papers a story of the arrival in France of a large steamer loaded with trucks, which had been stored on deck in many instances, and broken loose in a hard storm. The shipment was junk largely as the result, and the trucks loaded on deck in particular had been ruined by salt brine, and the smashing in the storm.

Statistics just given out by the department of commerce show that 842 motor trucks, valued at $2,224,518, were exported by American manufacturers during the month of November. This exceeds by over a half million dollars the valuation of American motor truck exports for the entire year of 1913, and the figures for November, 1913, were 54 vehicles, valued at $106,-501.

Prophecies have been made that the European condition at present would bring about great American exports in war material and necessities of life, and this has been proved by the fact that during December the gains at the port of New York alone, as compared with last year, were: to France, $18,-000,000; to England, $6,000,000; to Italy, $6,000,000; to Denmark, $2,000,-000, and to Sweden, $2,000,000. January will show even greater gains, the exports for the first fifteen days of the month having been $49,000,000, as against $2,000,000 last year. Joseph J. Martin, of Detroit, who has been successful in the past in placing agencies for the Commerce, Stewart and Signal Motor trucks, has joined the forces of the Federal Motor Truck Company, and is en route to Minneapolis and other points of the northwest on a trip of sixty days.

CANADIAN FORD CO. DENY WITHDRAWAL

No Truth in Rumor That Big Firm Are to Abandon Canadian Field.

FORD, Ont., Feb. 6.—Unfounded rumors that the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, is withdrawing from business in Canada have caused considerable annoyance to that company recently. The story has spread to the press in various parts of Canada with the result that many letters of inquiry have been pouring into the company's offices.

The cancellation by the Ford Company of its old Ontario charter a few weeks ago seems to have started the report, which overlooks the fact that for some years it has been doing business under a Dominion or federal charter.

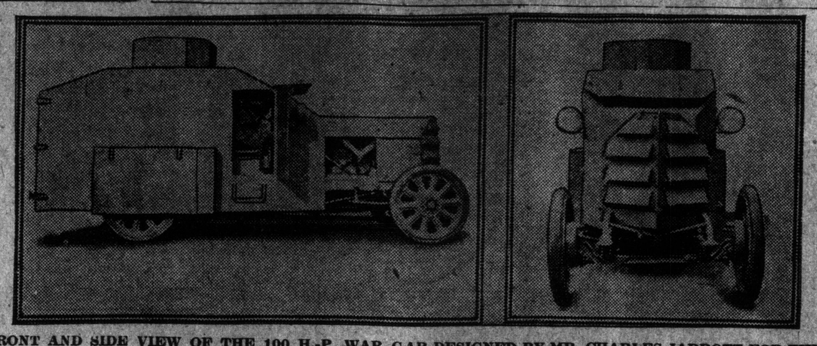
In 1904, when the company was incorporated, a charter was taken out under the Ontario Companies Act, and the company was then capitalized at only $125,000. In 1912, however, the company found that its business had grown to such an extent that it required recapitalization and the capital was changed to $1,000,000. But at the same time that it raised the capital, it felt, on account of the fact that the business had extended to not only all portions of the Dominion of Canada but to all portions of the world, that it would be policy to change its charter from a Provincial to a Dominion or federal charter, consequently, in 1912, this change was made.

This necessitated the cancellation of the Ontario charter, for which there was no further use, and it was this move which started the rumor.

In accordance with the legal cancellation of an Ontario charter the matter had to be published in The Ontario Gazette, and from this and other publications the rumor has circulated thruout Canada that the Canadian company has cancelled its charter and is withdrawing from business in Canada. This, however, is entirely a misapprehension because the matter refers only to the cancellation of the Ontario charter, the company still existing and doing business now under an increased capital and under a charter of the Dominion.

MOTORING

-o- THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT IN ARMORED CARS -o-



FRONT AND SIDE VIEW OF THE 100 H.-P. WAR CAR DESIGNED BY MR. CHARLES JARROTT FOR THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

new car will be of low price, and in pleasure car and commercial car designs.

Chicago's speedway promoters last week contracted for lumber for the speedway to be located at Maywood, a western suburb of that city. The lumber will cost $200,000, and the contract was let to one firm. The other work will cost $300,000. The awarding of the order was after C. M. Hayes, president of the Chicago Motor Club, and unsuccessful in a speedway venture in the past, had publicly intimated in print, that the speedway project was in the air. Hundreds of men are already at work clearing the ground for the track.

The International Motor Company has joined the ranks of those American manufacturers who have adopted the worm drive. Announcement has just been made of two new Mack models of one and two tons capacity, both fitted with worm drive. These chasses have other interesting features. Special efforts have been made in the direction of accessibility, and the result is that a piston and connecting rod can be readily removed from any cylinder, and the vehicle run home on the remaining three cylinders.

At the annual meeting of the Grant Motor Company stockholders held at Findlay, Ohio, Monday, the following officials were elected: President, David A. Shaw; vice-president, George D. Grant; 2nd vice-president, George S. Salzman; secretary and sales manager, George S. Waite, and these officials and Charles A. Grant, Roger R. Hall, E. A. Dorsey, and J. M. Howe, comprise the board of directors.

Louis Disbrow, the dirt track star, who has been a popular competitor in the races at the Michigan State Fair for several years, and who will return to competition in the leading road races in California in February and March, will make the trip to California from New York thru the Panama Canal.

The perfection Spring Company of Cleveland did not exhibit at the show in Chicago, but instead had an apartment at the annex, where they were simply entertaining the trade. Business was forbidden to such an extent that particular pains were taken to hang up signs announcing this fact in English, Polish, Yiddish, Chinese, Russian, Italian and French.

Howard Wilcox, better known as "Howdy" Wilcox, the clever Indianapolis driver, has been made the third member of the Stutz racing team, which is entered for the Vanderbilt, the Grand Prize and Venice road races in California in February and March, and in the Indianapolis 500-mile race. Wilcox will join Earl Cooper and Gil Anderson, who are the other members of the team.

C. W. Jones, dealer in Reo cars at Meridan, Connecticut, paid $500 bonus for the Reo six shown at the New York Automobile Show, according to C. S. Reuchaw, sales manager of the Reo Motor Car Company. Mr. Jones had received an offer for the first six to be turned out by the company, which had delivered no sixes prior to the show, and his offer enabled him to wear a nice profit even after paying the bonus. As far as it is known this was the only bonus transaction at the New York exhibit.

There can be no doubt that the incoming of the eight-cylinder car has to a certain degree unsettled the market. Joe D. Porter, sales manager of the Regal Motor Car company, says that this is the case. The "eight" has been a matter of universal interest both at New York and Chicago and at all other shows and its coming had much to do with the successful attendance records scored by both national events.

A. E. Morrison, the veteran, who has presented many well-known cars on the Pacific Coast, attended the Chicago automobile show. Mr. Morrison said that business hitherto rather quiet in San Francisco had improved vastly and that Los Angeles was showing improvement, but that Seattle was slow owing to the inauguration of the dry spell putting a stop to the immense liquor business of that section. Readjustments of conditions is now going on with every prospect of a trade revival in the northwest as soon as this is accomplished.

Ellwood Haynes, builder of America's first automobile, is naturally known to all prominent members of the trade who attend the shows and Mr. Haynes possesses an exceptionally ability to shake hands. Mr. Haynes is invariably bright and happy as he has reason to be since he has perfected an entirely new metal known as stellite and is about to start manufacturing after having refused an offer of $1,000,000 for his process. This metal will keep a knife edge under sterilization, will never tarnish or rust and has the greatest tensile strength ever known, along with many other qualities.

A committe of Belgian automobile manufacturers sailed from England, January 27, on the Baltic and will be met at New York by C. Y. Knight, inventor of the Knight motor, who will escort them thruout their trip in America. They will visit the makers of American tools and will purchase outfitting of American tools thruout for the Belgian factories which are to reopen and start manufacturing within the coming year. Every German tool will be thrown out of the plants, according to report, and American tools will be substituted, including much American machinery as well. The trip of the Belgians will lead them to San Francisco.

Thomas Hay of Chicago, distributor of Hupmobiles, offered a prize to the salesman who scored the initial sale of the opening of the doors two salesmen had turned in their orders and it was a question as to which was first.

Billy Carlson, hailed today as the champion non-stop race driver, is now training on the road racing course at the Panama-Pacific exposition in preparation for the Vanderbilt and Grand Prize races late in February. Carlson believes that with the two long straight aways on the four-mile course in the exposition grounds new records may be established as the surface is all that could be desired. He estimates the probable speed average as 79 miles per hour. On the two stretches he expects to do from 100 to 110 miles per hour.

No news with regard to the appointment of a new publicity man for the Indianapolis motor speedway has been given out, and it is probable that it will be a few days before a selection will be made. There are numbers of Indianapolis men capable of filling the position who are prominently mentioned.

Frank Witt, the well-known Detroit salesman and a successful racing driver of some years ago when with the Studebaker Corporation, has been appointed wholesale and retail sales manager of the Farrington Automobile Company of Chicago who are distributors for the Briggs Detroiter in fifty counties of northern Illinois and for a portion of Indiana. Mr. Witt had been until some time ago Lozier Motor company representative in Texas.

EDITOR IS A DRAW.

The advent of an editor upon the Empire stage has proved a big draw for the London house.

The editor is Horatio Bottomly of John Bull. He is seeking recruits, and is delivering a strong patriotic address at the Empire, as his "turn."

BARELY MISSED MARY GARDEN.

"Made in America," the forthcoming Winter Garden production, barely missed Mary Garden as its star feature. The Shuberts and Miss Garden had the latter's figure for the show set at $4000 weekly, when something happened that caused all negotiations to be declared off.

English Automobile Insurance

Some Comment and Good Advice

The following interesting comment on English automobile insurance is taken from The Motor, published in England:

We have just had submitted to us for consideration a policy covering a motorcar against the usual risks for the forthcoming year, and this policy, we understand, is the standard policy of all the offices which are working under what is known as the tariff scheme. There are two new points about this policy which call for consideration on the part of insurers. The irst deals with third-party claims, and we observe that in the new policy the persons who are held covered against claims by third parties for damage, accidental injury, or so forth, are: The owner of the car, any relative or any friend driving with the consent of the owner. Nearly all earlier policies have held covered the paid driver, and it is absolutely essential that any person insuring a car should see that his paid driver is covered against third-party claims. The law holds the person actually driving the car at the moment of accident personally and individually responsible for the damage if it can be proved that he was the person at fault, and it might easily arise that the paid driver was a man with certain possessions, such as a house, furniture, etc., and the insurance company could, if it chose, leave the paid driver to settle the claim up to the extent of his capabilities, contending that, as they were only covering the owner of the car against any claims that could be made against him, they could only be brought into it when the person claiming damages proceeded against the owner for the balance of his or her claim, after having obtained all that could be obtained from the driver of the car. We have recommended the reader who submitted the policy to us to insist upon the inclusion of the words "or his paid driver" in the clause.

Value of the Car.

The second point deals with the value of the car. In the event of the latter becoming a total loss, most companies agree that the amount for which the car is insured shall be regarded as the full insured value, but in the new tariff policy the insured value of the car is not agreed, and a man might insure a car, say for £800, without paying too close a regard to the actual value represented, we will say by the sum which he can obtain for it on a sale. In the event of a total loss, the company under the new policy could insist upon a valuation, and might conceivably offer, we will say, £650, which would mean that the insured would have been paying a premium on a value which, as the event proved, he was not likely to receive, and he could have saved the premium on £150 of cover. It is because insurance companies have a happy knack of altering the terms of their policies and because policies consist of a mass of small type that the terms are seldom closely studied, and on this account we always recommend motorcar owners either to deal thru a recognized insurance broker of good standing, or, at any rate, to submit policies to some expert in analyzing their terms. We are always glad to assist to the extent of our powers.

Lubrication

Some Pointers

During the course of its career many articles have appeared in The Autocar upon the subject of lubrication, not only of engines, but also of gears, axles, and other working parts. In the early days of motoring, the owners were content to follow the car maker's advice and to use the particular brand of oil which he recommended for his engine, but nowadays too many are inclined to think that they know more than the manufacturers of their engines, and are not in the least particular what kind of oil they use. They buy on price almost regardless of any other consideration; whether the oil is really good oil or suitable for their particular engine they do not pause to consider; it is cheap, and that is enough for them.

There are very few valid excuses for this form of false economy, at any rate with decent modern engines, as very few of them consume more than a gallon in a thousand miles, and many of them still less. It is well to point out, too, that the more economical an engine is of oil, the more necessary it is to provide it with the right oil, because the oil remains in the engine, and is consequently, used over and over again. In the old days of crude splash and guess oiling systems and leaky engines, the oil was poured in copious libations and rapidly thrown out at the bearings, so that it did not remain in the engine very long, and had to be constantly renewed by fresh supplies; this was prior to the days of mechanical lubrication, and when the oiling was done either by a hand pump or by an elaborate series of drip lubricators from a dashboard tank. As we have frequently said, the question today is not how much the modern engine actually consumes, but rather how often the oil in it should be drawn off, thrown away, and replenished by new oil. When we consider that a gallon of oil will suffice to keep an engine full up to the overflow level of the sump for a thousand miles or more, it will be seen that the difference between, say, two shillings a gallon and four and six a gallon is really hardly worth considering even as a direct save, but when this saving is accompanied by a very grave risk of using oil which really has not the proper lubricating properties, it is obvious that the economy is in every way a false one. Good lubricants, tho more expensive in first cost, last longer and save wear, thus reducing repair bills and depreciation generally, because it must be borne in mind that an unsuitable oil will result in the bearings very rapidly becoming loose and requiring adjustment—a more or less costly and laborious process. Then, too, many of these common oils carbonise very badly, so that the cylinder heads and pistons rapidly become so dirty that the engine "pinks" violenlsy and has to be cleaned internally long before it would have required such attention had it been provided with a proper oil.

OIL LEAKAGE.

When oil leaks along a shaft, it is common practice to remove the shaft and cut in it a helical groove in such a direction that the groove picks up the oil leaking along the bearings and, as it were, screws it back into the gear box or crank chamber. This is an almost infallible remedy, but of course it may be used only with a plain bearing; with a ball bearing gear box one must attend to the arrangement made to prevent leakage, i.e., the stuffing box, felt washer, or whatever may be provided. It is often equally effective to provide an air release. On some well-designed modern cars there is in the top of the gear box quite a large aperture, which is covered with gauze and serves to allow air to escape as the parts heat up. Otherwise pressure is generated in the gear box and the oil or grease is forced out.—E. W.

Tire Cost

"The cost of the tires for an automobile during its period of usefulness will equal in amount the original cost of the car," said H. O. Wilson, of the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company of Canada, Limited, in speaking before the students of the Toronto Automobile School recently.

"Without question tires properly cared for will give from twenty-five to fifty per cent. more service than tires that are abused. In this course you have studied the automobile, not merely to enable yourself to drive up Yonge street in accordance with the traffic laws, but to also put yourself in position to handle the problems that make the average motorist tear his hair. When an engine pounds you will be able to locate the trouble at once without waiting till some internal injury has developed that will materially affect the efficiency of your car. In other words a car in your hands will give longer and more satisfactory service than one in the hands of an inexperienced driver.

"Here are a few of the tire problems that the average motorist has to solve. Give them the same thought and attention you have given the other parts of your car, and the results will be just as gratifying.

"First, watch the inflation of your tires as carefully as you watch the oil in your engine. Perhaps 85 per cent. of all ruined tires reach this condition because they were driven with insufficient air pressure. Every tire is stamped showing just how many pounds of air it should contain. If you want your tires to perform properly see that this pressure is maintained at all times.

"Next in importance is the care of your tread. Any rubber tread is susceptible to road cuts. If they are given attention when the cuts first appear you won't experience very much trouble from them. If neglected, however, they will destroy the tread within a short time because sand and moisture is bound to work in, and tread separation always follows.

Mr. Wilson used sample sections along with his talk that showed the results of practically all tire abuses. He also distributed a series of eighteen service bulletins that explained the different tire injuries in detail.

Here's "No-Accident" League.

The Massachusetts "No-Accident League" has been formed in Boston for the purpose of minimizing accidents on the streets and public highways. It is planned to investigate the causes of all accidents in which vehicles of any kind are concerned and endeavor to promulgate knowledge among driver and pedestrian alike that will prove helpful in eliminating similar accidents.

Behind the scheme are several well known Boston business men.

PUBLIC INTEREST IN CADILLAC CAR

That public interest in the eight-cylinder Cadillac is widespread was plentifully evidenced thruout the week of the Chicago Automobile Show, just closed. There, as at the earlier New York show, the Cadillac was the centre of attraction.

What occurred in and around the Cadillac exhibit at the big eastern show was duplicated at the Chicago show. Reports from New York were to the effect that all thru the week the Cadillac space was crowded with those eager to see the working of the cut-open eight-cylinder chassis and hear the lecture by the demonstrators, and that in numerous instances visitors were unable to get close enough to see or hear. The same things took plaqe at Chicago. The throng around the exhibit was dense at all times and those who were fortunate enough each day to get close enough to see and hear well remained from the beginning to the end of the demonstrator's talk.

The cut-open chassis gave the great majority of the visitors their first insight into the mechanism of the Cadillac V-type eight-cylinder engine. Certain sections of the engine were cut away to afford a view of the moving parts inside, and portions of the crank case were made of glass, with the interior illuminated by means of electric lights. The engine was kept slowly turning over by an electric motor so that observers could see everything that takes place inside the engine when in actual operation except the explosion of the gas in the cylinders.

While the New York show this year established a retail sales record for the Cadillac, this was eclipsed by the business done at the Chicago exposition by the Cadillac dealers in Chicago, and the surrounding territory. These report more retail sales than ever before made during a show week. At the show it was said that the Cadillac factory is also working a night shift in many of its departments.

Motorcycle Saved His Life.

E. Van Isacker, a despatch bearer of the Fourth Belgian Brigade, tells how his motorcycle recently helped him to escape from a company of Uhlans. Van Isacker was sighted by one Uhlan. Immediately about forty others appeared and started in hot pursuit. Quick as flash the despatch bearer mounted his two-wheeler, turned on the power, and was off. Bullets whistled all around him, but he never hesitated for an instant, and after several kilometres the Uhlans gradually began to drop back and cease firing.

General Motor Trade News Of Detroit and Other Centres

Eight-Cylinder Cars Still to the Fore—New Chicago Speedway—Great Year for Racing.

Special to Sunday World.

DETROIT, Feb. 6.—The inquiries received at the Lincoln Highway headquarters have indicated that a large proportion of the transcontinental tourists who will cross America in 1915, will be owners of Ford cars and this is not altogether surprising as by the opening of the heaviest touring season nearly 1,000,000 Ford cars will be in use in America. C. A. Brownell, advertising manager of the Ford Motor Company told an inquirer some time ago that the Ford Company saw no reason to organize a special tour of Ford owners, as from the opening of the year the procession of Fords would be constant until the close, and each Ford owner would be his own master and make his own arrangements.

In the final hours of the Chicago show it was reported that H. C. Bradfield, former field advertising representative of the Cole Motor Car Company, had made permanent arrangements to remain with the Premier Motor Manufacturing Company of Indianapolis, the company he represented at both the New York and Chicago shows.

Representations are to be made within the next few days to both Charles J. Glidden, donor of the trophy bearing his name, and to the American Automobile Association, with regard to the proposed transcontinental tour for the trophy to be contested by lighted cars of not over 112 inches wheel base, and not over $1000 in value. The proposition will be made by F. Ed. Spooner, the veteran tourist, who interviewed many of the makers, of whom there were 24 manufacturing cars in this class at Chicago show, finding a majority very much interested in the project.

Sid J. Black, the old-time trick rider in the days of cycling, who traveled around the world and earned and lost a fortune doing trick work, has joined the Chandler Motor Company forces as assistant sales manager, and so returned to the ranks of those with whom he was associated in the old bicycle days in the Cleveland Bicycle Company, G. A. Emise, F. C. Chandler and Sam Rigar, all of whom were with the Loziers from 17 to 23 years, prior to breaking away to form the Chandler Company, and go out for themselves.

A. R. M. Owen and his associates are interested with W. I. Fickling, who has formed the Fickling Enameling Corporation, occupying an entire floor of the Palmer and Singer plant at Long Island City. This corporation will refinish cars, baking some parts and air drying others, and will turn out 25 cars per day. The Long Island company is to be followed by others all over the country doing the same sort of work.

Charles E. Stone has resigned as manager of the Motor Truck Club of America, his contract having expired January 16. No successor to the post will be appointed for some time, as the new officers of the club and the chairmen of committees will endeavor to carry on the active work that heretofore has fallen to the manager.

E. W. Spencer former superintendent of sales for the Studebaker Corporation in the eastern district, is now located at the Detroit office of the company as manager of the sales, follow-up and sales promotion department.

Charles Merz, the former racing driver, prominent in Indianapolis 500-mile races, is now connected with Winternitz and Company, purchasers of the former company known as the American Voiturette Company, manufacturers of the Car-Nation light car in Detroit. Merz says that the company will put out a number of Car-Nation cars in the future, but a reorganization is to be brought about with a distinct change of model. The

O'Keefe's

SPECIAL EXTRA MILD STOUT

A Stout so mild that the most delicate person can take it without fear of headache, or any ill effect—and so nourishing that it is sure to be beneficial.

Any dealer can supply you a case.

THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO., LIMITED
TORONTO

382

THE BEAR AND THE EAGLE.

"You scream already? But I am only on one wing so far."

"It's nae guid, Willie. A canna make 'im understand. A'm thinking a don't work me hands the richt way!"

MOTORCYCLING
By A. N. B.

THERE HAS been a tendency to look upon the motorcycle as a plaything, chiefly characterized by the amount of noise it could emit, but it is beginning to be appreciated that this obstreperous vehicle has vast and various possibilities of utility.

To illustrate, the English postal authorities have found after much experimentation that the rural carrier equipped with a motor with side car attachment can deliver two mails where the horse delivers only one, and at one-half the expense. The free rural delivery system of the United States covers over 1,100,000 miles of highway. If in this great system the faithful but plodding horse could be eliminated and the fleet motorcycle take his place, the economy in time, not to mention the saving in provisioning, would make a tremendous aggregate.

The possibilities of the two-wheeled motor in war—discussed theoretically for some time past—are likely before this European upheaval is quieted to be given a very thoro test. A few companies of expert motorcyclists equipped with machine guns and trained in all the arts of modern war could make a swift descent upon the enemy and deal a blow out of all proportion to the number of men involved.

But probably the two-wheeled motor will display its greatest efficiency and utility as an adjunct of the fire departments, especially in smaller places where the maintenance of an extensive equipment would be too burdensome. Practically every fire starts in a small way. The most disastrous conflagrations could have been stopped with small damage if the means had been at hand immediately. The experienced fireman, with ax and chemical extinguisher, could on a motor, reach the spot so quickly as often to snuff out the blaze at the very start. It will be remarkable if the motorcycle does not play an important part in the fire equipment of American cities and towns in the near future.—The India Rubber World.

The Queen City Motorcycle Club.

Election of officers was held on January 27, the following being elected to fill the offices for the coming year.

President—Mr. A. W. Bouttell.
Vice-president—Mr. A. E. Bennett.
Secy.-treas.—Mr. C. W. Johnson.
Auditors—Mr. E. J. Green and Mr. E. Pipher.

House and Entertainment Committee—Mr. Geo. Sherlock Self, Mr. Herbert W. Kipp, Mr. S. Licence, Mr. Robt. S. Unwin, Mr. J. Jewell, Mr. F. McKeyes.

Committee on Constitution and By-laws—Mr. E. Driscoll, Mr. H. M. Kipp, Mr. E. Buffum.

Membership Committee—A. C. Dunlop, E. Vidler, A. B. Lobb, S. Licence, Geo. Sherlock Self, Robt. S. Unwin.

The membership committee has been active for the past two weeks with flattering results. However, with the finest clubrooms of any motorcycle club in Canada, if not on the American continent, it is only a question of time until the list will be full.

The initial "performance" of the new house committee on the evening of February 2, was a decided success, the event being ladies' night.

Those present were Mrs. H. D. Knapp, Mrs. A. W. Bouttell, Mrs. A. E. Bennett, Mrs. S. Licence, Mrs. A. J. Miles, Mrs. J. Jewell, Mrs. E. Pipher, Miss Miles and Miss Rumley. Messrs H. D. Knapp, A. W. Bouttell, A. E. Bennett, S. Licence, A. J. Miles, J. Jewell, E. Pipher, Fred Miles, E. J. Greene, F. McKeyes, Robt. S. Unwin, G. H. Milligan.

The evening was spent at euchre and billiards, followedd by light refreshments. Miss Rumley carried away high score at euchre, while the honors at "refreshments" seemed about a tie between Mr. A. E. Bennett and Mr. A. J. Miles, and Frank McKeyes says he thinks that Mr. Greene can hypnotize a billiard ball about as thoroly as anyone he ever met.

The next regular meeting night of the club will be on Tuesday, February 9. All members of the club have keys and can enjoy the privileges at all times. However, the rooms are always open to visitors on Tuesday evenings.

T. M. C. Euchre.

Members of the Toronto Motorcycle Club and their friends enjoyed a progressive euchre on Friday evening. The boys turned out well, and the clubrooms were well filled. After the cards, refreshments were served. This is the first of a series of the club's popular winter entertainments, and the enthusiasm at this event promises well for the balance of the winter.

T. M. C. Business Meeting.

A regular business meeting of the club will be held on Wednesday evening at 8.15, in the clubrooms, 7 Brunswick avenue. It will be to the interest of every member to be present, as this being the first business meeting of the year with the new officers at the helm, as well as the new committees being at work, several reports will be made regarding the work for the year. A large attendance is specially requested. Assurances regarding the activities that promise to be characteristic of the various committees elected for the year have been given since the election. A good list of social evenings has been arranged by the social committee. The touring committee have already got their schedule of tours arranged which will start with the arrival of the open roads and good weather. This committee, comprising Edwards, Spears, Turofsky, Hughes and Hueston, no doubt, could not be improved upon as regards their capabilities in conducting tours, each being well acquainted with the touring game.

Bicycle and Motorcycle Dealers' Association.

The Bicycle and Motorcycle Dealers' Association of Toronto, held a meeting on Wednesday last, which took the form of a banquet at Dunning's Hotel. The affair was a decided success, and over seventy-five per cent. of the bicycle and motorcycle dealers of Toronto were present. The following officers were elected: President, G. E. Grove; first vice-president, P. A. McBride; second vice-president, W. H. Dunne; secretary, Walt. Andrews; treasurer, Sam Bulley; executive, H. M. Kipp, J. A. Varley, Herb. McDonald, A. J. Boterill, Wm. Martin, C. Dixon.

Joe Downey, editor of Canadian Motorcycle, was made an honorary member of the association, and his magazine was chosen as the official organ of the association. A meeting will be held on Wednesday next to draw up a constitution for the new association.

Some Trip?

Two well known, in fact notorious motorcycle enthusiasts of Toronto, a diminutive press writer and a big husky bicycle and motorcycle dealer, made a flying trip to Hamilton on Monday of last week. Despite the recent heavy snowfalls and bad weather, they thoroly enjoyed the trip, and, in fact, were so happy that they didn't even notice the cold. Having attended to the "gasoline" requirements of the machine and themselves, they cheerfully tackled the long trip to the ambitious place, and like the famous Napoleon's army, they loaded up and "turned right round and came right back again." The little fellow, who rode on the side car, explained on arriving in Toronto again that he had enjoyed the ride of his life, especially when he had to dig himself out of a snow bank when the outfit left the road. The machine—it was a Flying Merkel, and it traveled like a flying machine.

News From the Front.

The following is a letter written home by a well known English motorcycle despatch rider:

"I have just been having a week's holiday. Sounds funny, doesn't it? But I have been down to the base for a new machine, and after this sort of work one can safely call that a holiday. My own machine was not by any means done in, but the roads are pretty well impossible for solo work, and they have now given me a 6 h.p. with sidecar.

"There was quite a big post for me on my return, but it appears that a few of my parcels have 'gone west,' as there was a heavy attack the night they arrived, and headquarters had to move hurriedly, with the result that in the general rush most of the parcels were left behind. I hope some poor Tommy of our own lot will have got my winter underclothes, who perhaps needed them more than I did.

"The weather is absolutely rotten; it rains every day without fail. Our lines here are attacked day after day, and the German forces seem to be absolutely without end. To give one instance, yesterday the Guards Brigade were attcked by twelve brigades and beaten back, then we counter-attacked and drove the enemy back until the shell fire from our own guns made it impossible for them to advance further. Seven hundred German dead were found within our own lines, and there are probably four times as many the other side of our lines. Our guards now number 350 men and four officers of the whole brigade, out of 3000 strong originally, and those losses are without doubt, absolutely nothing compared with the losses we inflicted on the Germans.

"German prisoners say that their men will not face our guards, and the kaiser has had to send his own Imperial Guards against them in this last attack. There is no question about it, our guards have made a great name for themselves.

"I have got still another gun, and I have asked —— if I can have a day in the trenches; I am sick of being fired at without a chance of getting my own back. We very rarely get actually shot at, but there are usually plenty of spare, half spent bullets knocking about. There is very little of the 'playing the game' about this now; most of the Germans are altogether without principle. The following I know to be absolutely true: A doctor of the London Scottish was attending a wounded man, when several Germans rushed up; he looked up and said in German, 'I'm a doctor,' etc., but in spite of this they killed him, together with the wounded fellow. One cannot wonder after things of this kind, which are happening every day, that our men are beginning to think that the only good German is a dead one. On the other hand, I have sometimes seen some of our Tommies share their cigarets with German prisoners.

"I am sending by the same post a German officer's cap; it was given to me by one of our doctors. He took poison when he was captured. Heaven only knows why, but probably he thought he would be tortured or badly treated. I've had a lot of jolly interesting relics, but have lost most of them.

"It is surprising how one can sleep with firing going on all round. I have often been turned out when there has been a particularly heavy attack; the fire gets heavier and nearer, our maxims get going for all they are worth—600 to 800 rounds a minute—and our guns start pumping shells. For about half an hour it is hell let loose, then they are driven back, and we roll into bed again, to be asleep inside five minutes. Sometimes this will happen two and three times in one night.

"I gave . . . an exhibition of trick sidecaring by request the other day. Now I have to do it to amuse the other officers.

I met Charlie North, the Ariel rider, a few days ago, and was delighted to know he is attached to the 4th Cavalry; so we shall see quite a lot of him."

English Despatch Rider Promoted.

The following excerpt is from a letter written by an English despatch rider at the front in France:

I would give everything I possess at present for an Abdulla or a state express. You have no idea of the awful stuff they call "tabac" or tobacco that one gets here. It smokes like wet cocoanut matting.

I suppose you have heard that we have at last got to the front, and, by George! it is no fun. Great shells whizzing round your ears all day, and for ever the incessant rattle of musketry. Thank heavens, my machine is running like a bird. I had some trouble at first with the three-speed gear, but with copious doses of engine oil mixed with water-cooled oil, the trouble has disappeared.

Really, the sights one sees are awful. A German field gun got properly at work among a section of our poor beggars, and most of them are lying in hospital about 25 yards from where I "doss" at night. Could you manage to get any papers thru to me by the staff headquarters? Our knowledge of the way things are going is limited to whatever scanty news one can pick up oneself. I have been promoted to a sergeant, ostensibly for bravery in the field, but where it came in I do not know. However, it spells better grub and more blankets, which are urgently needed, as we have had heavy sleet and snow for the last three days.

Work, work, work! Our life here seems to be composed of that beautiful ingredient. Par example, for the last six nights I have never managed to snatch more than four to five hours of rest (not sleep, forsooth!)

We had a terrific time during the battle of the Aisne, as my section was selected for volunteer work along the left wing of the allies. I seemed to bear a charmed life, for poor old Willoughby got the top of his knee-cap removed by a fragment of German howitzer shell, and my other corporal was wounded in eight places. I escaped with a slight flesh wound in my right thigh. However, all's well that ends well.

I must say that both our motorcycle and aerial services are infinitely superior to our enemy's. Our 'planes seem to be able to ascend in any wind, while the German "pigeons" appear to be awfully unstable.

The old bus is tripping along merrily, and, except for an occasional choked jet, owing to the truly awful fuel which is supplied to us, I have had no trouble at all.

We heard dreadful rumors about a German invasion of England via Lowestoft; 10 German and 4 British cruisers were reported sunk, but one gets accustomed to rumors like that.

I have met quite a lot of old friends since my arrival here. For instance, Rowlandson and Featherstonhaugh. I must say the people here are doing their level best for us. We get all manner of woolen waistcoats, helmets, etc., and what is more important, matches and good old English tobacco.

We are getting quite used to German shells, and have bets on where they will land and explode. Well, I hear "Orderly sergeants!" so that means food before long.

Propose 800-Mile Run.

An 800-mile motorcycle endurance run from Portland, Oregon, to San Francisco is practically assured. Everyone is enthusiastic over the idea and if the event is staged it will receive the hearty support of riders everywhere. It is proposed to make the run early in the summer over the Pacific Highway, which leads thru the picturesque Syskaough Mountains, ending at the gates of the Panama Pacific Exposition. The return trip will take the form of a sociability run.

Sunday World Garage Directory

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VULCANIZING A SPECIALTY
Tube Repairs 25c. Per Single Inch—10c. Each Additional Inch.
Stepney Motor Wheel Company of Canada, Limited
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Having secured a stock of Prestolite Gas Tanks, we are offering them to you at bargain prices.
For the Style B, $14.00; Style E, $11.00; usual prices $20.00 and $15.00. This is your OPPORTUNITY. Will you take it? We do not charge for installing the Tank. This is done for YOU—FREE. Large stock of Accessories always on hand, and EXCHANGES can be made instantly. Auto Sheet Metal work is taken care of in our shops. Call and see what we can do. Don't miss this OPPORTUNITY. It will not come to you again.
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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 5113.

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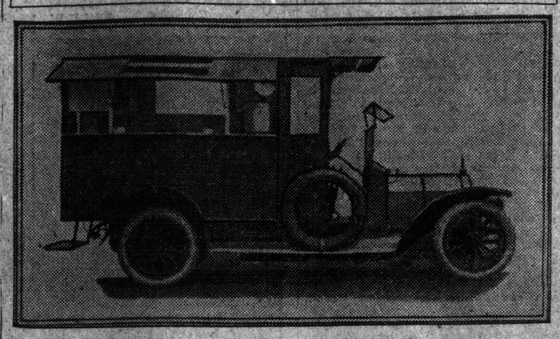
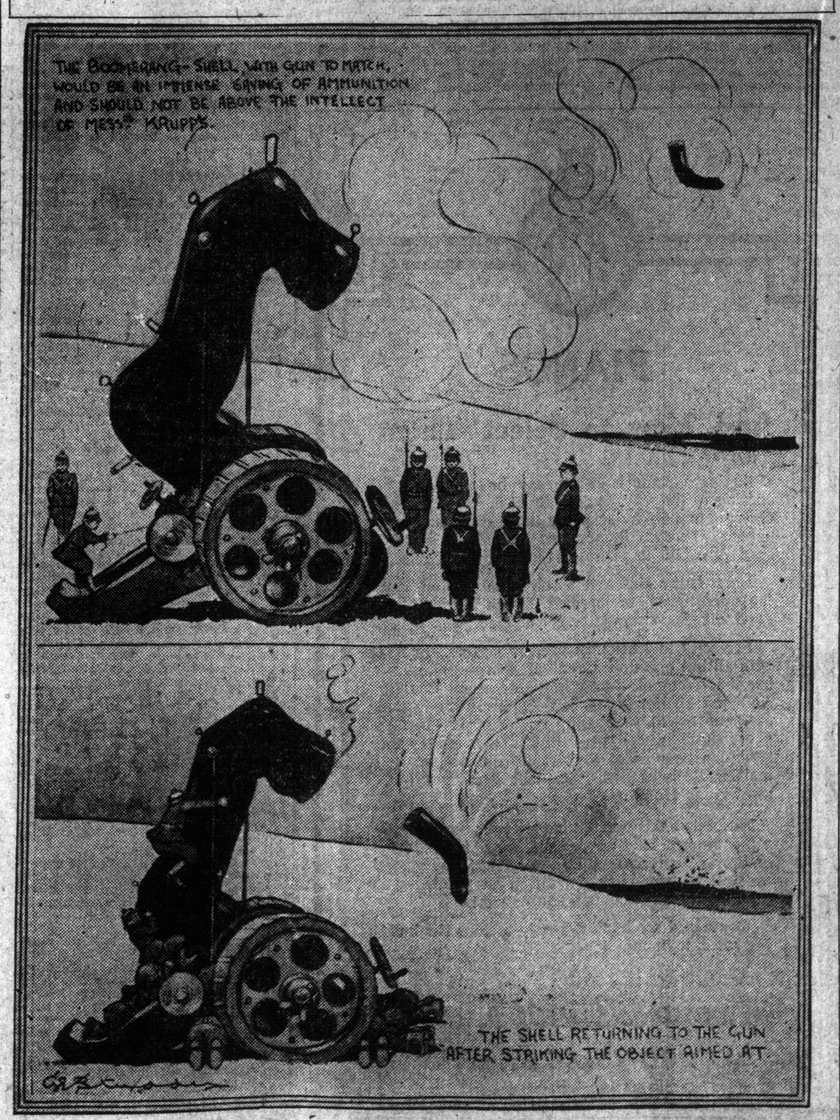
MOTORING

PRESENTED TO BELGIAN QUEEN



Presented to the queen of the Belgians—A motor field-kitchen built somewhat after the style of a London coffee-stall. This motor field-kitchen is a gift to the queen of the Belgians and sent thru Dr. Hector Munro, of the famous flying ambulances. The chassis was presented by Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Clifton and friends. The body was specially designed, built and presented by Messrs. Barker and Co., Ltd.

BETTER THAN COLLECTING COPPER KETTLES



The boomerang shell for economising ammunition: a suggestion to the Germans.—From The Sketch.

LITERATURE
CONDUCTED BY DONALD G. FRENCH

NEW BOOKS

Only An Honest Book Can Live.—John Burroughs.

In the introduction to "The Autobiography of Maharashi Devendranath Tagore" (Macmillan & Co.), it is stated that this is "one more amongst the small number of authentic histories of the soul." Herein lies its chief, and perhaps its sole interest. The book will appeal to those who care more much of the outside show of life, and whose minds desire rather to follow the spiritual growth, the alternating joy and despair of the soul in its struggle for the realization of its own highest possibilities.

Devendranath Tagore was born in Calcutta in 1817. He was brought up in the midst of the greatest pomp and luxury. At the age of 18, by a certain providential occurrence which he describes in the first chapter, he found a new desire springing up within his heart:

"I was as if no longer the same man. A strong aversion to wealth arose within me. In my mind was awakened a joy unfelt before."

From this day he renounced his life of pleasure and luxury and set out upon his hard and diligent search for Truth. In 1839 he established a society called the Tatwaboddhini Sabha, which was later incorporated into the famous Brahma Samaj. In 1856 he went to the Himalayas and for eighteen months wandered among the wonderful mountains, absorbed in study and contemplation. He describes his first sight of snow with a delightful, childish enthusiasm.

"The lord of the mountains had robed himself in a garment of silver white. For the first time I drew in a breath of ice-cold air. One day I saw snow falling, light, carded cotton-wool from the black clouds. Having only seen frozen water before in the shape of ice I had thought it to be heavy and hard as stone, but now I found it to be thin and light as wool."

He returned to Calcutta "a regenerated soul, full of ardor to propagate the holy religion he had found."

The book is, of course, a translation from the original Bengali, and this no doubt accounts for a certain jerkiness of style, which, altho it occasionally borders on monotony, yet has the effect of adding color and vividness to the narrative. The Maharashi writes with extreme simplicity; he states his facts clearly, almostly boldly—but from the first chapter he holds the attention and wins the admiration of the reader.

It may come as a surprise to some who read the book that the religion practised and preached by Devendranath Tagore, an Eastern mystic, little influenced by European philosophy and less by the Christian religion, that this preacher of a "heathen" religion should object to the worship of idols, and that he should lay down for the Brahmic faith such principles as the following:

1.—In the beginning there was naught. The One Supreme alone existed. He created the whole universe.

2.—He alone is the God of Truth, infinite wisdom, goodness and power, eternal and all pervading, the One without a second.

3.—In His worship lies our salvation in this world and in the next.

4.—Loving Him and doing that which He loveth constitute His worship.

When one has read the book and put it back on the shelf there will remain a sense of kinship with this man of another tribe and people, who walked so long in the path of the perfect life, and the true western mind will hold with affection the memory of this saint of far-off India.

* * *

"Fighting in Flanders," by E. Alexander Powell, presents some very interesting side-lights on the campaign in which the Belgians so stoutly resisted the German invasion. Mr. Powell was special corespondent of the New York World with the Belgian forces in the field. He not only saw a great deal of the work of the Belgians at close range, but was a guest of General Von Boehan, the commander of the ninth German army. The book is well illustrated from photographs by Mr. Donald Thompson who accompanied the author. Mr. Powell writes of some of the chief events, such as the sack of Louvain, the occupation of Brussels, and ends his narrative with the fall of Antwerp. In his foreword, after summing up a striking picture of the desolation of the country, he concludes, in speaking of the Belgians: "Do you wonder that they captured my imagination, that they won my admiration? I am pro-Belgian; I admit it frankly. I should be ashamed to be anything else. (McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, publishers).

* * *

"The Pioneer Boys of the Missouri," by Harrison Adams, is a bright and instructive adventure story for boys. It continues the author's series of pioneer stories, and deals with the sons of the Bob and Sandy Armstrong who were the "pioneer boys" of the Mississippi, having come from Virginia to the Ohio, and later to the Mississippi. The date at which this story opens is 1804, and it tells of travels across the prairie, buffalo-hunting, meeting with the Sioux Indians, the explorers Lewis and Clark. Besides being a story of lively action and interest, it imparts information regarding Indian life and customs, and gives a true picture of pioneer conditions in the Western States. (The Page Company, publishers, Boston).

* * *

The Crown Prince of Germany has inherited his father's 'penchant' for sending telegrams. A few days before the war broke out he did a little press agency work for a new book which took his fancy. Of course it dealt with the subject of supreme interest to German royalty: it was entitled, "The German Empire's Hour of Destiny," and the author, Colonel H. Frobenius examines carefully the position of Great Britain, Russia and France with respect to the future of Germany. In dealing with England he deliberately arrays historical facts in an attempt to prove that England almost from its earliest times has been jealously keeping down at all costs the sea power of other nations. She is not, he says, interested in a land warfare except as it threatens her domination of the sea. But the gist of his whole effort is summed up in this extract: "The spirits you have called up cannot now be got rid off. France's inspired desire for vengeance against the German empire, and the inflamed hatred of Russia against Austria-Hungary, who bars her progress, compels both countries to enhance their war preparations, which can be maintained only for a short time. As a matter of fact these preparations cannot be really distinguished from actual readiness for war. By the spring of 1915 they will have been so nearly completed that we must be prepared day by day to expect the invasion of a mighty horde such as has never been seen in Europe or on the earth. And then the hour of the German Empire and its allies will strike. . . ." Thus we see that Frobenius is another rampant German militarist, obsessed with the idea that every other nation has the same mad ideals as his own. In the spring of 1915, thinks he, our opponents will be fully prepared. Why should not Germany strike now? And, no doubt, the pen of Colonel Frobenius had quite a lot to do with letting loose the German sword, for the Crown Prince speedily followed his telegram with action. (Macmillan Co., publishers).

* * *

"Innocent, Her Fancy and His Fact," the exalted ideas that a young girl entertained concerning love, form the essence of this new book by Marie Corelli. Innocent left her old home where her youth had been spent poring over old volumes and writings handed down by a French knight, Amadis de Jocelyn, who had lived in the reign of Elizabeth. With her innocent mind filled with good chivalrous thoughts she soon became a famous writer in London. Then follows her debut into society, for which she had little taste. Later she met a real descendant of her old hero, one Amadis de Jocelyn, a painter. She fell deeply in love with him, but unfortunately his conceptions of sentiment were very modern, and her fancy winged far above his fact. It is told with the usual force Miss Corelli shows in portraying ideals of a lofty nature. In keeping with Innocent's character the atmosphere is simple and fragrant thruout the book. The Wm. Briggs Co., are the publishers.

With the Gossips.

Gilbert K. Chesterton's priest-detective has had another series of adventures, and under the title of "The Wisdom of Father Brown" they appear in book form.

* * *

The Rev. R. E. Knowles, the Canadian author, has resigned from Knox Church, Galt, because of ill-health, and has been made pastor emeritus and granted a retiring allowance of $1000, and the free use of the manse.

* * *

Readers of Joseph Conrad will be glad to learn than another important addition had been made to his tales and novels. The new volume is "A Set of Six"—a collection of six stories that was brought out in England some little time ago, but was never published in book form here.

* * *

The terms of Theodore Watts-Dunton's will, it is said, will make impossible the writing of any authoritative biography of Esther Hinsell or Swinburne, whose papers he inherited.

* * *

Mary Roberts Rinehart, who was a trained nurse before she began to write novels and plays, sailed recently for Paris, where she will put her knowledge and training once more to practical use. She hopes to be able to get close to the front.

* * *

Archibald Henderson tells the story that when William T. Stead was planning to get together some of the great men of Europe and make a world tour in the interests of peace he asked George Bernard Shaw to join the company and received the reply:

If you care to bring a collection of rulers to my quarters in Adelphi Terrace I shall be very glad to receive them some morning.

* * *

Charles G. D. Roberts, Canadian poet and novelist, who went to England some time ago with the Legion of Frontiersmen, has received a commission in the British Royal Field Artillery.

BEST NOVEL CONTEST.

What novel have you enjoyed most in the past year and why? Two answers to this question will be accepted—(a) Dealing with novels published within the year 1914. (b) Dealing with a novel you read in 1914 which was published in any previous year. Answers must not exceed 100 words in length. Handsome prize books will be given for prize winning answers. Date of these contests is extended to Feb. 15. Send all communications to the Literary Editor, Sunday World, Toronto.

COL. SWINTON'S STORIES.

The stories that The Sunday World is publishing, Col. E. D. Swinton's warfare articles, have been published in book form by McClelland, Goodchild, and Stewart, Toronto, price $1.25, under the title "The Green Curve."

DRAMATIC LETTER FROM DYING FRENCH SOLDIER

A most dramatic letter comes from France. On one of the fields of battle, when the Red Cross soldiers were collecting the wounded after a heavy engagement, there was found a half sheet of notepaper, on which was written a message for a woman, of which this is a translation.

Sweetheart: Fate in this present war has treated us more cruelly than many others. If I have not lived to create for you the happiness of which both our hearts dreamed, remember that my sole wish is now that you should be happy. Forget me. Create for yourself some happy home that may restore to you some of the greater pleasures of life. For myself, I shall have died happily in the thought of your love. My last thought has been for you and for those I leave at home. Accept this, the last kiss, from him who loved you.

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By Fraulein Van

GRAND CONCERT FOR HOME CHARITY

Hope Morgan Arranges Artistic Program by Local Talent.

The grand concert in aid of the Riverdale Settlement, which is to take place at Columbus Hall on February 13, is now commanding the attention of all those interested in local charities. The affair is under the immediate patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Hendrie and the program is being arranged by Hope Morgan, the well-known soprano. Among those whose names appear as participants are: Grace Smith, the distinguished pianist; Marguerite Fleury, who has just returned from Paris; Mrs. Freyseng, Mrs. W. G. A. Lambe, Betty Caldwell, Ruthven McDonald, George Chadwick and Paul Hahn, the 'cellist. Glees will be sung by several of Miss Morgan's pupils and Mrs. H. M. Blight will assist at the piano. With such an array of talent the artistic success of the occasion is assured and well known charity workers are putting forth every effort to swell the funds of the Riverdale Settlement to the very largest amount possible. Everyone should patronize this concert.

MARK HAMBOURG AT MASSEY HALL

Famous Russian Pianist Will Play Colossal Program by Composers of the Allied Nations.

Mark Hambourg, who is redognized as one of the few great pianists of the day, will play a colossal program at Massey Hall on Thursday evening, February 11. It will comprise masterpieces by composers of the allied nations and will include the following: Poland—Chopins Sonata in B Minor, Valse in A Minor, Mazurka in B Minor, twelve preludes, Andante Spinato and Polonaise in E Flat. Canada: Prelude and Fugue by Clarence Lucas. Belgium: Aria, Cesar Franck. England: Lotus Land, Cyril Scott. France: Toccata, Debussy; Jeux d'Eaux, Ravel. Russia: Chant Khirgiz, Mark Hambourg; Eugen Onegin, Tschaikowsky. The advance sale presages a very large audience.

MENDELSSOHN CHOIR WINS BIG TRIUMPH

Patriotic Numbers Excite Tremendous Outbursts of Applause.

Not only has Dr. Vogt demonstrated beyond a doubt that the Mendelssohn Choir can pack Massey Hall to overflowing without the added attraction of a foreign orchestra, but that his chorus in two lengthy programs of unaccompanied numbers can scale heights of perfection not heretofore dreamed of by its most ardent admirers. Neither the war nor the financial depression caused thereby deterred people from turning out to hear the Mendelssohn Choir for its own sake, nor was the ardor of the vast throng in the least dampened by the absence of the instrumentalists, this absence only serving to intensify the wonderful gradations of tone and superb execution for which the choir is famous. "By Babylon's Wave" quite appropriately opened the program of the first night. Its expression of pathos and emotion gave opportunity for a wide range of color and was given a thrillingly dramatic rendering. The Rachmaninoff "Cherubim Song" afforded a delightful example of subdued singing and Elgar's "Love's Tempest," and Pitt's choral ballad, "A Love Symphony," were alike charming in their graceful phrasing and tonal delicacy. In Bruckner's "Ave Maria" the tone was like that of a great organ, while Cesar Cui's "Spring Delight," Hegar's "Morning in the Wood," and Elgar's "The Snow" excelled in pure beauty and exquisite effects. "Rule Britannia" and the tremendous invocation of Elgar's "Caractacus" electrified the audience and brought forth a storm of applause, shouts of "Bravo!" from all parts of the hall resounding above the thunderous hand-clapping. On the second night there was an entirely different program, the outstanding numbers being Tschaikowsky's "Cherubim Song, No. 3," Lotti's "Crucifixus," Gretchaninoff's "Hymn of Adoration," Healy Willan's "Come, Come, My Life's Delight," Davies' "Hymn Before Action," "An Indian Lullaby," by Dr. Vogt, Fanning's "How Sweet the Moonlight Sleeps."

The assisting soloists were: Tina Lerner, the Russian pianist, and Pablo Casals, the Spanish 'cellist. Miss Lerner played the Chopin ballad in G Minor, Nocturne in F. Minor and two Etudes, the Liszt "Campanella," Rachmaninoff's Prelude in G Minor, Rubinstein's Barcarolle and Chopin's waltz in A Flat, all of which were conspicuous for their poetic interpretation, fluent and delicate passage work and pearl-like quality of tone. Mr. Casals played selections by Boccherino, Popper and Dvorak and joined with Miss Lerner in Rubinstein's Sonata for piano and 'cello. He came to Toronto with a very big reputation preceding him which he fully sustained. His technic is quite remarkable, and his tone large and full. Three recalls testified to the warmth of his reception.

Arthur Singer, the talented Toronto pianist, gave a very fine recital at Nordheimer's last Saturday afternoon. Before leaving this city for Berlin Mr. Singer had received all his training from W. O. Forsyth, the justly noted piano pedagog, and was recognized as one of the foremost Canadian pianists. Two years have passed since then and under the guidance of Xavier Scharwenka of Berlin, who believed him to have a great and exceedingly rare talent, Mr. Singer has developed into a finished artist whose technic is enormous and whose refined poetic sense is sufficiently keen to ensure a well-balanced performance. He chose for his program the Chopin Fantasie, Op. 49, and three Etudes, Moszkowski's concert study, "The Waves," and a Scharwenka Valse. Many musicians and others who have heard Mr. Singer since his return from Europe are urging him to give a recital in Massey Hall, and it is quite probable that he will do so before the season ends. Mr. Singer, Luigi von Kunits, violinist, and Paul Morenzo tenor, gave a concert in Hamilton last Tuesday evening.

* * *

Laura Newmann, the brilliant Canadian pianist, was heard in recital last week at the Canadian Acdemy of Music, when she was welcomed by a large audience. Miss Newmann secured her greatest success in Schuman's Papillons and Chopin's Berceuse and Scherzo. Three dainty little sketches by Cyril Scott were given with delightful spontaneity, but the Appassionata Sonata was not quite convincing enough. Kathleen Hungerford, a vocalist of decided promise, ably assisted. She has a good voice with plenty of power and a temperament which with added training should produce excellent results.

* * *

Mischa Elman is now comfortably established at the Knickerbocker Hotel in New York, and has settled down for a whole year of rest and recreation.

* * *

Ignace Paderewski is making a vigorous appeal for aid for starving Poles. He describes the situation in Poland as terrible. Enrico Caruso, too, is doing all he can to relieve the distress in Italy caused by the earth quake, his first contribution being a cheque for $2000.

* * *

Atherton Furlong is preparing to give a dramatization of "Judas Maccabeus" at Massey Hall toward the close of the season. He will have about a hundred and twenty-five performers in costume, appropriate stage setting and everything required to make the occasion a notable one.

* * *

H. Ruthven McDonald has been engaged to sing the bass solos in "The Messiah" at St. Catharines on Feb. 18.

* * *

One of the most enjoyable affairs of the week was the dinner party given last Saturday by Dr. and Mrs. Torrington, when W. Elliott Haslam, officier d'Academie de Paris, was the guest of honor.

* * *

Dr. Edward Broome has just returned from a short visit in Florida. The Oratorio Society has resumed rehearsals and will give one or two concerts about Easter. Dr. Broome has chosen Moore's "Darkest Hour" as the principal work. Several unaccompanied part songs are also being rehearsed, among them being his own setting of "Daybreak." The society is planning to give concerts quite frequently in the future and will in all probability ask the co-operation of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, which did such excellent work when the "Messiah" was given earlier in the season.

* * *

The recital of pupils of Jean Williams in the music hall of the Toronto Conservatory of Music on Monday evening was one of great interest and admirable in every detail, the outstanding features being a fine method of voice production, distinct enunciation and artistic interpretation. The pupils contributing were: Dorothy Phillips, Jean Knox, Gertrude Lewis, Winnifred Lugsdin, Marie Underhill, Constance Burke, Mrs. Edward Holmes and Pearl Macdonald. A quartet for ladies' voices by Chaminade was very well sung and Beatrice Prest, violinist, and Edith Dickson, organist, rendered very acceptable assistance.

* * *

Alfred Hertz, the noted conductor of German opera at the Metropolitan Opera House, is said to have resigned owing to the decreasing interest in German opera.

* * *

Ernest Seitz is being booked for concerts throuout Central Ontario and the Canadian Northwest. His manager, Mr. J. P. Schneider, reports that the tour promises to be a tremendous success. Mr. Seitz played in Newman Hall last Saturday afternoon when even the narrow confines of a small auditorium failed to reveal any flaws in his playing or detract in the least from its beauty.

* * *

All the principal publishing houses of Paris have formed a syndicate for the purpose of puolishing national French editions of all standard music. The members have bound themselves not to import a single sheet of German music in future. All the classics from Bach to Wagner will be reprinted. The syndicate has a capitalization of ten million francs.

* * *

Boris Hambourg, the celebrated cellist, who with Madge Williamson, pianist, and Kenneth Angus, tenor, is appearing in thirty cities in the west, was considerably shocked upon reaching Kenora to find that the opera house in which he was to give a concert had been burned to the ground the night before.

* * *

Two famous Paris orchestras, the Lamoureux and the Colonne, have found it necessary to combine forces owing to so many of their players being at the front. The conductors, Camille Chevillard and Gabriel Pierne, composer of "The Children's Crusade," alternate in directing the concerts.

* * *

Yvonne de Treville, who created such a distinct admiration in Washington last month, is to be the leading artist of the Soiree Artistique next month at the New Willard Hotel. This is the artistic social event of the season and is given for the benefit of the families of French artists. Boxes have been sold at $100 apiece and fifty tables at the same price.

* * *

Thomas H. George, who booked Marcella Craft for the Elgar Choir concert at Hamilton last week, was met by a serious proposition when at the last moment it became known that the celebrated soprano was suffering from a temporary loss of voice due to a sudden climatic change. It just happened, however, that Elizabeth Campbell, contralto, of the Aborn Opera Company, was visiting in Toronto, and Mr. George at once telegraphed her to come to Hamilton and fill the vacancy. This Mrs. Campbell did to the entire satisfaction of all concerned. She was in splendid voice, and was most cordially welcomed.

* * *

The program at the twilight musicale last Wednesday afternoon was given by Marjory Gray, Jean Hunter, Arthur George, Gladys Seward, Arnold Davidson and Gladys Jones, the Welsh soprano. Mrs. Angus Sinclair was the hostess.

There are rumors afloat that some of the members of the Extravaganza Company will go to Hamilton to give an entertainment in aid of the Red Cross of that city.

The third term of the present academic season at the Toronto Conservatory of Music opened on Wednesday of this week. The musical director, Dr. Vogt, will be glad to make appointments with intending students for the purpose of advising them as to their musical work. Special attention is paid to the reception of beginners. The importance of young students being assigned to tried and competent teachers at the outset is of the greatest value. All students are entitled to the various free privileges of the institution, including attendance at elementary theory classes, piano and vocal recitals, chamber music concerts, and other similar events in the usual routine of the conservatory.

* * *

At the concert given at the Oakwood Collegiate on Saturday Lawrence G. Taylor, tenor, pupil of T. Harland Fudge, Sang "For King and Country," for encore responding with "O Promise Me!" Mr. Taylor is rapidly coming to the front as a concert singer, he is singing Feb. 9, at a concert to be given in St. Giles' Presbyterian Church, given by the Fossi Studios. Has also appeared at the performances given at the American Club, and Balmy Beach by the B. B. Minstrels, making a hit at each performance. At the Oakwood Collegiate concert Sig. Carboni accompanied him.

GROWING INTEREST IN CHAMBER MUSIC

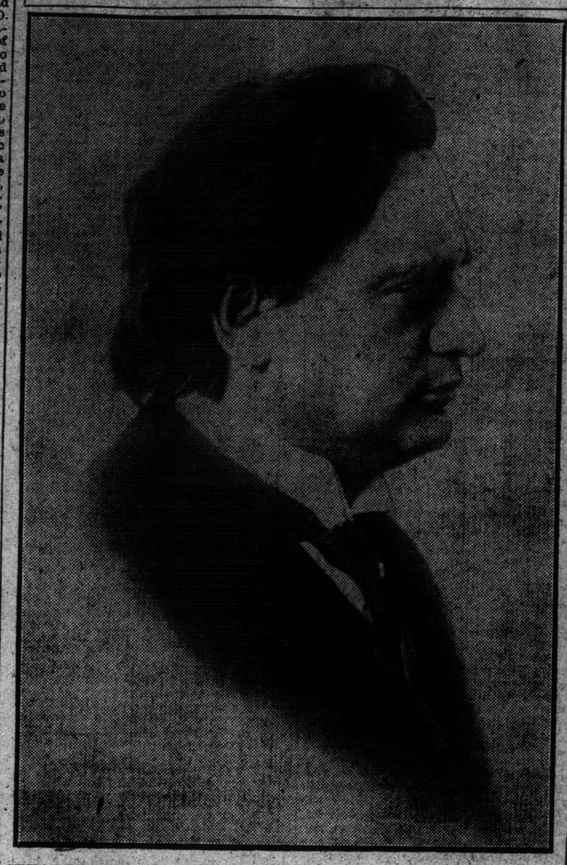
Toronto String Quartet Makes Attractive Novelty Feature of Second Concert.

A large and thoroly appreciative audience heard the program given by the Toronto String Quartet last week. Judging by the hearty applause there seems to be a growing interest in chamber music. Ernest von Dohnanyi, the Hungarian composer, who has attracted considerable attention in his own country and in England of late, furnished the chief novelty of the program, the composition chosen being his quartet in D flat Major. This being its first hearing in Toronto much interest centred in its performance. The cleverly annotated program gives the following lucid description of its construction: The first movement is cast in hopeful mood, and at times has a Tristanlike atmosphere of love. The second is a phantomlike forest scene, in which strange dragons lurk, a remembrance of which occurs in the third movement, the whole ending in a quiet epilog announcing the tranquil contentment of the narrator. It contains a wealth of color and at times an orchestral richness. The piece is unique in design, but a clever interweaving of different melodies makes it both musical and attractive. Two other numbers not heard here before were the Franchomme arrangement of the Chopin Study in C Sharp Minor, and an Irish reel by Grainger. The Wolf-Ferrari Quintet, with F. S. Welsman at the piano, and which was introduced by the Toronto String Quartet two years ago, formed the most important part of the program. Warmth and beauty of tone, directness of style, fine balance and perfect ensemble made its second rendering a highly satisfying one, proving alike the versatility and musicanship of the players. The last concert of the series takes place on March 17, when the program will include a Debussy and a Lekeu quartet.

Prunes and Bacon Canapes.

REMOVE the stones from large prunes and olives, stuff the olives with capers and small bits of anchovy, put them in the prunes, wrap each prune in bacon and tie with a thread. Place in a hot oven until the bacon is crisp, remove the thread and place on dainty pieces of toast spread with Parmesan butter.

MARK HAMBOURG



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MUSIC

SCHUBERT CHOIR MAY GO TO COAST

H. M. Fletcher Receives Official Invitation to Bring His Choir to Golden State.

The Schubert Choir of Toronto has been officially invited to sing at the world's fair in San Francisco the last week in March and also to give two concerts in San Diego and one in each of twelve cities of the United States, commencing with Detroit, where the choir appeared so successfully two seasons ago, and ending with New York and Boston. As it will take thirty days to make the trip the members of the chorus have been given ten days in which to come to a decision. The Adanac Quartet has also been invited and if the choir accepts the invitation it will accompany them appearing at each concert. The world's fair committee is also negotiating with Yvonne de Treville, the famous prima donna, who is to sing at the Toronto concert in Massey Hall on March 9, to sing at all the concerts. If the members of the choir can be out of the city for the time required to make the trip the tour will commence on March 15.

EXTRAVAGANZA AIDS RED CROSS

Unique Entertainment Enriches Patriotic Coffers and Pleases Immense Audiences.

Massey Hall lost its usual sombre character last week when the mammoth Fantastic Extravaganza held forth, and became a bower of loveliness wherein goodesses and fairies dwelt among flowers, birds and butterflies, where dolls danced, where shepherds piped, and where life was one sweet song. The vast auditorium was packed from floor to ceiling. The entertainment was a huge success, and the Made-in-Canada note was ever dominant. There was not a quiet moment from start to finish. All was action of the most vigorous kind, which never failed to keep the rapt attention of the audience. The first scene was made up of drills, dances, and a doll shop, the dolls being living models who could sing, recite and dance. One of these was Violet Dunn, who recited, "Who's for the Flag." Another, Gwendoline Mowhinney, was made up as a Christmas tree. Miss King as a wedding cake, Laura Tough as an Irish colleen, and Marjorie Dennis as the Hoffman doll. The wedding of Princess Daisy and Prince Bumble Bee was perhaps the daintiest scene of the evening, the court dance and dance of the flowers presenting a delightful picture. Dorothy Coulter danced the Swan Dance, Lillian Steinberg, sang the "Maid of Cadiz," and the "Dance of the Seasons" was given by Mrs. Melton Adam and the Misses Marsh, Bradfield and Hodgson. The little Dutch girls with their attendants sang a spirited chorus, the Made-in-Canada orchestra playedd the new song "Oh You Canadian Town" by Fraser Allen. Margaret Franklin was charming as a humming bird, and the Dance of the Bluebells was exquisite. "A Night in June" with Ruby Brock as soloist was a triumph, as was the "Dance of the Evening Star" by Rita Haynes. The "Hawaiian Echoes" was a popular feature, and "My Tiny Firefly" by Lelia Auger and chorus, 'Le Siffleur" danced by Mrs. Adam and the "Maskee" of the cafe combined to make a delightful scene. The Finale was a presentation of war scenes, portentous and foreboding. Soldiers and sailors danced a war ballet, the Allies appeared, Britannia and her colonies entered and all was Peace. It was a splendid performance, and revealed talent that no one had heard of in the city before. Miss Sternberg and Mrs. Adam trained all the dancers, Mrs. McWhinney designed the Christmas tree, Mrs. Frank King designed and made the wedding cake, and to Mrs. Arthurs, Stanley Adams, and H. S. Strickland belongs the credit of making the entertainment on the whole such an unqualified success. There were others, however, who gave invaluable assistance, but it would be impossible in this necessarily short space to mention the names of every one. The proceeds of the four performances it is thought, will amount to between five and six thousand dollars. The expenses of course are considerable, but the Red Cross Fund will receive a very generous amount.

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HOFMANN PLAYS N. Y. SYMPHONY

Damrosch Orchestra and Noted Pianist Will Be at Massey Hall, February 17.

Manager Withrow announces the engagement of the New York Symphony Orchestra, Walter Damrosch conductor, with the world-famous Russian pianist, Josef Hofmann as soloist, for a joint concert in Massey Hall, on Feb. 17. The association of this supreme orchestral body with a virtuoso of Hofmann's conceded eminence will furnish a rare musical treat in this season, when so few attractions of stellar magnitude are available. Owing to the magnificent endowment by its president, Harry Harkness Flagler, who has followed the example of Mr. Higginson in Boston in placing the New York Symphony in a position of absolute financial independence, Mr. Damrosch's organization will come to Toronto in greater strength and artistic efficiency than ever before. The addition of Hofman as soloist makes the event one of the keenest significance for the music lovers of Toronto. Step by step this master pianist has gained an exclusive niche in the temple of musical fame, and his advent at this time and under such circumstances will assure him a bigger welcome than ever before.

He comes again, after a remarkable season in Russia, his tenth season in that country of pianists. In St. Petersburg, alone, he gave 20 recitals, playing at these 20 appearances no less than 255 piano compositions.

The mail order sale has been very large. When the seat sale opens on Monday morning a big rush is anticipated.

PANAMA HYMN BY POPULAR COMPOSER

Song Written by Mrs. Beach Accepted as Official Anthem for Great Exposition.

To Mrs. H. H. A. Beach has fallen the honor of writing the "Panama Hymn," which will be sung on all state occasions and ceremonies by the large festival chorus assembled at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. The hymn is set for mixed chorus, piano or organ and orchestra. It is said to have "inspiring harmonic touches, and that the modulations in the final measures are magnificently conceived, and show once more the writer's claim to a place among the ablest composers, of the day." The song is published by Schirmers and will be sung for the first time by the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston on February 14. The poem is by Wendell Phillips Stafford and is as follows:

We join today the East and West,
The stormy and the tranquil seas,
O Father! be the bridal blest!
The earth is on her knees.

Thou didst give our land the might
To hew the hemisphere in twain,
And level for these waters bright
The mountain with the main.

In freedom let the great ships go
On freedom's errand, sea to sea;
The oceans rise, the hills bend low,
Servants of liberty.

The nations here shall flash thru foam
And paint their pennons with the sun,
Till every harbor is a home.
And all the flags are one.

VICTORIA COLLEGE GLEE CLUB.

The Victoria College Glee Club, which scored such signal successes during its tour of England and Wales last summer, has begun its concert season again and, judging from the triumph won in its first engagement at Brampton on January 25, and from the enthusiasm which fires the club members, the season promises to be the best in the history of the club, in spite of the unusual conditions prevailing in the country.

The club is up to full strength again, a number of fine new voices having been admitted this year, and with E. R. Bowles again conducting, the concerts will exceed in quality those of any previous year in Toronto. On Thursday of this week the club left for its annual tour thru Western Ontario and is giving concerts in Hamilton, Niagara Falls, St. Catharines, Woodstock, St. Thomas and Tilsonburg, returning next Thursday. The week after its return, when the club is at its best, the big city concert will be put on at Convocation Hall. The date of this concert is Friday, February 19, and elaborate preparations are already under way to make this the best performance ever given in Toronto by any male choral organization. A number of the best select ons from the programs which, last summer in Wales, the home of choral singing, carried great audiences by storm, will be rendered for the first time in Toronto by the club at this concert. Besides these the program will include some of the club's first-class patriotic numbers, such as Tesket's "Heroes and Gentlemen" and "O Canada." Of the assisting artists mere mention is sufficient. P. Redferne Hollinshead, Canada's premier tenor; Richard Tattersall, pianist and organist of the first rank, and Miss Dora Jackes, the club's elocutionist, will give to this concert an enviable position among artistic performances Altogether, the concert promises to be one of the outstanding musical events of the season.

Since there is no University Glee Club this year, and since the surplus of the Victoria College Glee Club is to be devoted to the Red Cross Fund, this concert should receive the enthusiastic support, not only of the university but also of the general public.

NEWS OF THE WOMEN'S CLUBS

"WOMAN IS NOT UNDEVELOPT MAN BUT DIVERSE"

CONDUCTED BY MISS M. L. HART

SIR William Osler Chapter, I. O. D. E. met in the parish house of St. James' Cathedral on Monday evening when Mrs. Plumptre gave an address on the work of the Red Cross.

* * *

On Friday evening the pupils of the Jesse Ketchum School gave a concert, the proceeds of which will be divided between the patriotic and school funds.

* * *

During the past few days the artist members of the Heliconian Club had specimens of their brush on exhibition at their rooms, corner Yonge and Grosvenor streets. Among the good things shown were sketches by Miss Mary Wrinch, Mrs. George Reid, Mrs. MacGillivray Knowles, Mrs. Spurr-Cutts, Mrs. J. E. Elliott and Miss Estelle Kerr. Miss Dorothy Stevens had a collection of interesting etchings of public buildings in Belgium and Miss Maud McLaren and Miss Helena Carter, a clever exhibit of book-decorations. The club as a whole are very proud of their artist members. A series of one-man exhibitions will be given, beginning with the works of Mr. J. E. H. Macdonald now on view. These will be followed by an exhibit of paintings by Mrs. Dignam.

* * *

The next of the series of drawing-room meetings being held under the auspices of the Equal Franchise League, will take place at the home of Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, 32 St. Joseph street, on Wednesday, February 10, when the members of the Women's Press Club will be the special guests of the afternoon.

* * *

The formal presentation of the insignia of a lady of grace of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, upon Mrs. Arthur Murphy (Janey Canuck), president of the Canadian Women's Press Club, took place in Edmonton at a recent meeting of the Victorian Order of Nurses at Government House. The Lieutenant-Governor, who made the presentation under instruction from His Royal Highness the Governor-General, explained the origin of the order in the tenth century and its objects, that of promoting works of charity without distinction of persons but especially among the poor in times of sickness, and the maintenance of St. John's Ambulance and the British Hospital at Jerusalem. The Lieutenant-Governor also stated that the honor was given Mrs. Murphy for her large humanitarian work and that among the one hundred and fifty previously honored, there had been only one—Lady Tilley—of purely Canadian descent.

* * *

The delightful musical program at Newman Hall on Saturday was arranged by Mrs. Edward Faulds, the following taking part: Miss Laura Homuth, Miss Winifred Parker, Miss Madge Murphy and Dr. Russell Marshall.

* * *

Bridge and military euchre in aid of the referendum was held by the Toronto Suffrage Association on Wednesday afternoon and evening at the home of Mrs. McLeod, 76 Spadina avenue. The officers in charge were Dr. Gordon, president, and Mesdames Robinson, Pratt and Gibson.

* * *

The regular meeting of St. Joseph's College Alumnae was held on Tuesday evening, when despite the severity of the weather and many counter attractions an interested audience enjoyed a pleasant program followed by tea. A charming ten-minute paper on "Early Heroines in Canadian History" was given by Mrs. Van Koughnet, president of the Women's Conservative Club, who was the guest of the evening and who won all hearts by her charming personality. Miss Maud Collins and Miss Annie Connors gave delightful musical numbers and Miss Naomi Gibson contributed a much enjoyed humorous reading. Mrs. Ambrose Small presided and announced that Mrs. Cecil Chesterton, the noted English journalist and lecturer, will address St. Joseph's Alumnae at the college Friday afternoon.

* * *

Thousands of Belgian babies are starving. Eight and one-half cents will buy one tin of milk, which will keep one baby alive from two to three days. The need is urgent, and milk will be shipped thru the Patriotic League. Contributions should be sent Belgian Baby Fund, Deaconess' Home, corner of Avenue road and St. Clair avenue.

* * *

The members of Toronto District W. C. T. U. are responsible for the all-women's prayer meeting on Wednesday, Feb. 10, from 12 to 12.45, noon, in room 42, Wesley Building.

* * *

Miss Sydney Baxter is the new recording-secretary of Central "Y."

* * *

A prayer meeting is being held at Willard Hall each Monday afternoon from 3 to 4 o'clock, to which all are welcome. Frances Willard Day will be observed by services at Willard Hall on Wednesday, Feb. 17, afternoon and evening.

* * *

Westminster Chapter, I. O. D. E., gave a tea and entertainment to the Hebrew Christians at the Christian Synagogue, 165 Elizabeth street, Wednesday

* * *

The Canadian Business Women's Club met in the faculty of education building on Tuesday evening when Gilbert Jackson spoke on "The Problem of Unemployed."

* * *

The Samaritan Club's regular monthly meeting was held on Tuesday morning in the National Sanitarium Association building, corner College and Ross streets. Miss Phoenix, social service department, was the speaker.

* * *

The Canadian Red Cross Society is still in great need of socks, shirts and knee caps. Information regarding the making of these articles will be furnished on application in writing to the Canadian Red Cross Society, 77 King street east, Toronto.

* * *

A meeting of the Earlscourt Union of the W. C. T. U. was held in Manby's Hall on Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Bull in a very able and interesting address told of the evils of cigaret smoking, dwelling especially on the danger to our boys. With facts and figures she made this plain to the women present. Mrs. Grimstead a paper on the prohibition of vodka in Russia, which was earnestly followed. At the close of the meeting Mrs. Gould, the president, welcomed into the union the following new members: Mrs. Vorley, Mrs. Britain, Mrs. Thomson, Mrs. Niven, Miss Acutson.

* * *

Under the auspices of the Union Jack Chapter, I. O. D. E., Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, editor of The Canadian Annual Review, will speak on "The New Empire in Harrison's Hall, Mimico, on Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 3 p.m. Business meeting at 2.30 p. m.

* * *

A shower of woolen comforts for the soldiers at Exhibition camp, was held by Mesdames Ross and Chalmers, of the Lord Salisbury Chapter, I. O. D. E., on Monday afternoon at Georgina House, Beverley St., to which members of the chapter and their friends were invited. Socks, wristlets, cholera belts, caps and mufflers fell in profusion on the flag-covered table. Some, at least, of the many onward marching will be warmly clad by the products of nimble fingers and kind hearts.

A musical program was delightfully carried out with songs by Mrs. Albert Blackman, Mrs. Bowen, accompanied by Miss Henderson, the Misses Sydney Alrd and Wilkinson, accompanied by Miss Mann. Mrs. Norman Beal recited "Canadian Born" most patriotically.

The pleasant afternoon closed with refreshments and congratulations over the success of the shower for "our boys."

* * *

A meeting of the Municipal Chapter I. O. D. E. was held in the Normal School on Friday afternoon.

* * *

A "comfort shower" for the soldiers was held under the auspices of the Winston Chapter I. O. D. E. on Tuesday afternoon, at 102 Dunvegan road.

* * *

An address on the "Women of France" was delivered at a meeting of the Trafalgar Daughters, I. O. D. E., by Miss Florence Withrow Tuesday afternoon in the Y. W. C. A. parlors.

* * *

Mrs. Arthur Van Koughnet reports to the Women's Patriotic League that field comforts had been distributed to the 20th Brigade, 1st Battalion Rifles, Georgetown, 60 pairs socks; 19th Battalion, Exhibition camp, 70 mufflers; 2nd Field Canadian Engineers, armories, 70 cholera belts, 70 pairs wristlets, 40 pairs socks; Capt. Baillie, 12th York Rangers, S. Paul's Hall, 50 flannel shirts; Major Shaw, railway supply depot, Exhibition camp, 48 mufflers; Lieut-Col. Denison, Exhibition camp, for men in the 2nd Division Cycle Corps, 150 mufflers.

* * *

Mrs. Warren makes an urgent appeal for pieces of material of any kind which could be used for children's and babies' clothing. Housewives are urged to send any new pieces they may have, as those that are too small for garments can be used for quilts, hot-holders and carpets. The league has on hand many pairs of beautifully hand-knitted socks, knitted by many women who were employed by the league and who had nothing at the time to keep them from starvation but the work. Anyone who wishes to send socks to the soldiers can procure these socks at headquarters, 559 Sherbourne street. The proceeds will be used to provide further work.

* * *

At the regular meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of the Canadian Army Service Corps, the program of business was followed by a talk on the work of the corps by Col. Cowan. Mrs Cowan presided and plans were discussed thruout the Dominion with a view to organizing sister auxiliaries.

The president announced that 42 pairs of socks had been shipped to Salisbury, as well as shirts, mufflers, caps, belts and wristlets, and a splendid donation had also been sent to the detention camp.

A valuable donation, which will be taken to England by Mrs. Black, is that of household linen, which is being thoroly sterilized by a club of young girls.

* * *

The following artists are taking part in the musicale that Mrs. George Dixon has arranged in aid of the destitute mothers and babies of Toronto:

Mrs. Leonora James Kennedy, Miss Ruby Brock, Mrs. Wm. Barron, Mrs. Mackelcan, Mrs. A. H. C. Proctor, Miss Mary Morley, Miss Eva Galloway, Mr. Arthur George, Mr. Joseph Sheard, Mr. Broadus Farmer.

The musicale takes place in the King Edward Hotel, Friday, Feb. 12th, at 8.30 p. m.

* * *

On Tuesday afternoon thru the kindness of Mrs. Amorose Small, about one hundred mothers, many of them bringing small babies, were given a delightful party in the hall, McCaul street. Preceding the tea, which was served on two long prettily decorated tables, the women were given a pleasant hour with entertaining films and music. At parting everyone received a gift of a warm shawl and box of candies. Among those who assisted the hostess in dispensing the good things were Mesdames H. T. Kelly, T. P. Phelan, Ruddy, Seitz, Day and Prendergast.

* * *

The North Toronto "Y" of W. C. T. U., held a sale of home made cooking in the town hall on Saturday.

* * *

The Lord Nelson Chapter, I. O. D. E., met at the home of Miss Gladys Huestis, 10 Homewood place, Thursday afternoon.

* * *

The annual meeting of the Georgina House Association will be held at 106 Beverley street on Tuesday, February 9th, at quarter to three o'clock.

* * *

The young ladies of "Our Lady of Lourdes" will give their last euchre and dance before the Lenten season on Thursday, Feb. 11th, in their clubrooms in Earl street.

* * *

The monthly meeting of the Toronto Diocesan Board of the Women's Auxiliary to the M. S. C. C. was held Thursday in Holy Trinity school house.

* * *

The Sir William Osler Chapter, I. O. D. E., will meet on Monday evening in St. James Cathedral Parish House at eight o'clock, when Mr. Albert Keen, corps secretary of St. John's Ambulance Brigade, will give a lecture and demonstration in first aid.

* * *

The monthly meeting of the Weston Hospital Sewing Club was held Tuesday afternoon at Mrs. Simser's home, High Park Boulevard, and was well attended. Miss Edith Bindon, of "Little Trinity" parish, was the speaker, and gave a most interesting graphic talk of the work amongst the poor in the parish over which Canon Dixon presides.

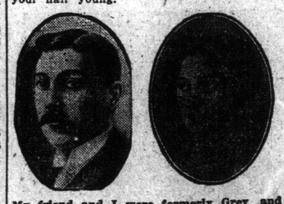
The next meeting of the club will be held on Tuesday, March 2nd, and Mrs. A. M. Huestis, president of the Local Council of Women, will talk on "Some Phases of Women's Activities."

GREY-HAIRED FOLKS LOOK YOUNG AGAIN

Let Me Tell You Free How I Restored My Grey Hair to Natural Colour and Beauty of Youth

Results in Four Days Without Dyes or Other Harmful Methods.

At 27 I was prematurely grey — and a failure because I looked old. Today at 35 I have no trace of grey hair and I look younger than I did eight years ago. I restored my own grey hair to its natural color and beauty of youth and am a living example that grey hairs need no longer exist. No dangerous dyes, stains or other forms of hair paint are necessary to keep your hair young.



My friend and I were formerly Grey and old-looking, but we shall never be Grey again.

Let me send you full information that will enable you to restore your own hair to youthful color, so that you need never have a grey hair again, no matter what your age or the cause of your greyness, or how long you have been grey or how many things have failed. My free offer is open to men and women alike for a few days longer.

Send no money. Just write me today giving your name and address plainly (stating whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss), and enclose two-cent stamp for return postage and I will send you full particulars that will enable you to restore the natural color of youth to your hair, making it soft, natural and easily managed. Write today. Address Mrs. Mary K. Chapman, Suite 142 W, Exchange St., Providence, R.I.

MADE-IN-CANADA CAMPAIGN and UNEMPLOYMENT of WOMEN were LIVE TOPICS at ANNUAL MEETING

TWO features which rank as altogether new in the life of Toronto, brought forward prominently thru the president's address and reports at the recent meeting of the local council. The first of these is something that gives reason for rejoicing to all who have the larger thin things of the country at heart, and this is the attention given during the year to the "Made-in-Canada" movement.

* * *

Taking this evolution seriously is decidedly an innovation. Up to this time we have not given ourselves the credit of being able to produce many things either in the industrial or artistic line in such a way as to bear competition with the older centres of the world's civilization. Women especially were imbued with this spirit to such a degree that they demanded that their bonnets, hats, costumes gloves, boots and almost everything they wore must bear the brand "imported." In the matter of educating their children, too, it has been a taken for granted axiom that to be educated in a way to receive recognition among people of "culture" one must have spent some two or three years at least abroad. To prove this one need not go back any further than to recall the exodus which took place from various countries in Europe, when the war broke out, students alone or accompanied by anxious father or mother rushing for a place of security away from the college in which they had been learning the things that were to place them on the exclusive pedestal to which only the favored of the gods might aspire.

* * *

Now there is a change. Everything, or at least many things to have value in the eyes of the community, must be home-made, and must bear the "Made-in-Canada" mark upon it. As a result two things have come about. Thousands—and this is no exaggeration—who otherwise would be unemployed, or earning their living, and assisting to keep up a cheery outlook for the nation and industrial output, and artistic ideals are being developed as never before in the history of the Dominion. The Women's Council as individuals, and as a body, had a commendable share in this development, and the garment-making, doll-industry, and other toys, as well as the production of quilts, rag-carpets and other household furnishings, carried on during the past few months at the headquarters of the Women's Patriotic League, have done a great deal to popularize the movement.

The second point demonstrated very forcibly at the meeting of the council is the large number of women still unemployed who would be glad to do anything that the moment offers. Twenty thousand was the number quoted. This means that there is ample room still for the creation of fresh lines of industries or work which, perhaps, we may hardly dignify by this name. We are often accused of having no Canadian art, and this for want of encouragement. Anything beautiful may come under this designation. Why not now introduce lace-making into the work of our women? We have experts in Toronto who could teach the making of Cluny, Maltese, and other laces. The poor lace makers of Belgium helped to give their country distinction in the eyes of the world. A guild of lace-makers in Canada might be made a proud possession of our country.

* * *

A grant of $50 from the funds of the United Suffragists, for the care of destitute mothers, and $20, including a gift of $5 from the collection at Mr. Howie's meeting for the relief of Belgian children, were expenditures authorized at the last executive of the Political Equality League, held at Mrs. Hector Prenter's.

* * *

The Q. O. R. Chapter, I. O. D. E., held their sewing meeting at W. L. P. headquarters, 559 Sherbourne street, Wednesday afternoon.

* * *

The following telegram has been received by Mrs. Plumptre, from J. Colmer, secretary of the Canadian War Contingent Association:

"In addition to supplies necessary for contingent which left Salisbury, Canadian War Contingent Association think it desirable to collect a good stock of woolen and other comforts, in anticipation of departure of contingent for continent, to meet requirements when they reach the front. Consignments should also be forwarded regularly to meet requisitions until contingent leaves, and for further contingents, also to enable supplies at the front to be maintained."

* * *

At the monthly meeting of the Canadian Business Women's Club in the Faculty of Education Building, corner of Bloor street and Spadina avenue, on Tuesday, Feb. 2, at 8 p.m., Gilbert Jackson, B.A., lecturer in political economy at the University of Toronto, spoke on "The Problem of Unemployment."

* * *

St. Joseph's College Alumnae meets on Tuesday, at 7 p.m.

HAMILTON COUNCIL RECALL EARLY DAYS

THE Women's Council of Hamilton a few days ago held a meeting at which a good deal of work was chronicled by various conveners and reference made to the fact that the Council had just attained its majority. In this way it is easy to see that Hamilton was pretty well abreast of Toronto when it formed its Council, and it has been doing things that tell from the very days of its beginning until now.

Mrs. Lyle gave an account of the inception and progress in early days of the Hamilton branch and of many activities and events that had taken place during the years of its existence.

Miss M. Wood read the report of council for the past year, and said there were 38 affiliated societies, four annual patrons and 85 individual members; also that the government had been asked to withdraw the bonus given for bringing out emigrants, owing to the fact that the council thought the standard was not high enough and it considered that by removing the inducement the quality would be bettered. The matter of the inspection of cold storage warehouses has also been before the council for discussion. The care of the teeth of the school children is regarded as a most important matter and the formation of a free dental clinic is being discussed and arrangements being made for the formation of one. Another thing which has been brought up before the council is the restriction of factory sites, and many discussions have been entered into in regard to this matter.

The election of officers for the ensuing year followed. The position of honorary president was given to Lady Gibson, and that of past president to Mrs. Sanford. The president for this year will be Mrs. Lyle. The following were elected vice-presidents: Lady Taylor, Mrs. Levy, Mrs. Robt. Evans, Mrs. T. W. Watkins, Mrs. Leggat, Mrs. J. R. Moodie and Mrs. W. A. Wood. The office of recording secretary went to Miss M. Wood, and that of corresponding secretary to Miss Harris. The treasurer for the ensuing year will be Mrs. W. H. Ballard.

VALUABLE VOLUME FOR EVERY WOMAN

A VOLUME which will prove of inestimable value to women thruout the Dominion, who are working in any public interest, or who, within the precincts of their home, wish to keep themselves informed upon modern development in the lives of the women about them, is "The Canadian Woman's Annual and Social Service Directory," just published by three Canadian women, Emily P. Weaver, A. E. Weaver, and E. C. Weaver, B.A. The names of these ladies, and the place they hold in the literary and social-service life of the country are all that is needed to speak for the efficiency with which the work has been compiled. A glance thru its pages tells of its wonderful possibilities in the line of information.

Beginning with postal items, notes on population, government and leaders of society, the book branches off into detailed facts regarding the National and Local Councils of Women, the political status of women, information for home-makers, education, professions and employments as they exist in Canada, agriculture, playgrounds, charities, existing religious, other miscellaneous subjects—the book brings us right up to date with information about patriotic activities, the Red Cross and the rest.

To anyone wanting information on even one subject, and who would otherwise have to search our libraries or other outside source, this book is easily worth its price of one dollar, and as many as can should have it in their homes as an aid to their own intelligent appreciation of the activities amongst women of the present day.

The name "annual" implies that the book is to be published yearly. It depends upon the women to see that their support and recognition of the book's great value makes its annual appearance a foregone conclusion.

I.O.D.E. CARE FOR SICK SOLDIERS

THE Daughters of the Empire, of Manitoba, according to a late report in the Winnipeg Free Press, are exercised over the alleged carelessness in the case of convalescing soldiers. At a meeting of the Provincial chapter Mrs. Colin H. Campbell is reported as stating "There is as big if not a bigger per centage of the local troops ill then in the Canadians at Salisbury."

Several cases were quoted to substantiate the charge, among them that of a soldier who had been operated on for appendicitus, and in five days was sent back to barracks. Then he collapsed—the wound became infected and he had to return to hospital. This was said to be by no means an isolated case. A committee of members of the chapter was named to see if anything could be done to prevent like occurrences.

The report went on to detail other activities of the ladies in the West. The treasurer announced cash in hand as $902 00.

For blankets $1,045.80 had been raised; $1,171.16 for the Belgium fund; $16.40 for war relief work, and $473.05 for the Princess Mary gift fund. "These figures just take into account the monies that have passed thru the Provincial chapter treasury," she explained. Some of the primary chapters sent their contributionst directly to the funds. Also of course there is no mention made of gifts in kind, and these will amount up very high. The full account will be presented at the annual meeting. It was decided that the disposition of this sum be left to the discretion of the executive.

Mrs. Campbell, who has just returned from the east, gave a detailed account of the work being done by the order in Toronto and Montreal. In the latter city they had a whole flat given over to their use and as well as the Red Cross and the St. John's ambulance work the members had supplied outfits for war babies and had outfitted all the Belgian reservists going thru the city. Toronto, in addition to the direct war work, had done much to meet the unemployment problem.

Changes in Instructions.

"St. John's ambulance work from Winnipeg is second to none. Its supplies are well packed, correctly listed," Mrs Campbell quoted from Mrs. Plumtre, superintendent of supplies at the Red Cross headquarters at Toronto. Mrs. Plumtre was also able to explain the seeming erratic performance of the Red Cross in sending forth at intervals instructions to be followed later by other instructions. The British organization neglected Canada's plea for definite information as to what was wanted until very recently. Now strictly the last folder is to be issued as to Red Cross supplies. Mrs. Campbell further stated that she had been advised that packages were sure of reaching their destination if sent to general stock than if addressed to a private or a regiment.

In answer to the appeal for field glasses, 27 pairs had been received. Of these 12 pairs had been forwarded to England and 10 given to local officers. There were five on hand, but more were needed.

The musical committee announced that 10,000 copies of "Stand by the Union Jack" had been purchased, and 3,700 distributed. As well, 2,000 had been sent to Salisbury Plain and 300 given to the local force. The committee would be pleased to receive the returns from the chapters that had ordered copies. The remaining copies would probably be sold from house to house—the work to be given out to unemployed women.

READY REPARTEE OF CHRISTABEL

Bright English Suffragette Ready for Heckling of German Sympathizers.

When Miss Christabel Pankhurst was in Toronto, she gave evidence that her brain was not the least active part of her very alert personality. In New York lately a number of German sympathizers attended a meeting with the evident intention of annoying her. The bright English girl, however, was ready for them. "What about navalism?" someone shouted.

"The English navy is like the American navy," she said. "It is under the rule of parliament, which is under the rule of the people. The German navy is under the absolute control of an irresponsible despot. The Germans would be doing better to be handing on the side of the allies, whose armies come offering them freedom, than, for rulers who despise their political abilities and consider them only fit for common fodder."

There were cheers for this explanation, and some hisses.

"The downfall of brute force is often followed by a campaign of intrigue," Miss Pankhurst said. "That campaign has been started in this country by Germany and German agents, who are fostering the peace propaganda. One man says that he wants Germany to be moderately victorious! He means, I suppose, that the war should end with Germany in possession of Belgium and part of France. But the war will never end that way. The war will never end until Germany is beaten utterly. We would be unfaithful to the memory of our dead who have given their lives in France if we were to end the war on such dishonorable and disgraceful terms."

"How about seizing our ships?" someone called out.

Miss Pankhurst answered that England had suffered, that thousands there had been starved during the American civil war, because of the naval blockade of the Southern ports by the North. In Lancashire, where she was raised, she said, she had heard since childhood of how cotton manufacturers had been ruined and had endured extreme want rather than ask the English government to take one step which would block the war of abolition of slavery.

"We licked you in the Revolution," shouted a man in the back of the hall.

"You licked a German King," retorted Miss Pankhurst, and there was a howl of delight.

"How about the old age pensions?" demanded a man from the floor of the house.

"I'd rather wait a thousand years for old age pensions than have them given to me by a despot," retorted Miss Pankhurst.

"Where's female suffrage?" shrilled a woman.

"Mr. Asquith may have done wrong," Miss Pankhurst cried. "Now he is doing right, and we suffragettes would be cutting off our noses to spite our faces if we didn't rally to the government. We women haven't the vote in England, but we are going to have it, and men haven't the vote in Germany. England's freedom is our inheritance, and we aren't going to let it fall before that tyrant, the German kaiser. Do you want to know where the home of the anti-suffrage is? It is in Berlin, in the heart of the kaiser. "We in England are not going to let ourselves be Prussianized. We'll fight first till our last man is dead."

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HAPPY WIDOWS
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TRIUMPHANT
MARCH OF THE ALLIES
NEXT WEEK—"THE LIBERTY GIRLS" AND MATT KENNEDY

THE STAGE

New Plays and People On New York Stage

"Madame Sans-Gene" Eagerly Greeted and Proclaimed a Success—Francess Starr in Play Built on Reverence, Purity, and Innocence — Broadway Happenings.

BY BRETT PAGE.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6.—It is no new thing for grand opera to have its very first presentation on any stage in New York. Nowhere in all the world is there a people who love good music and pay more for the best. Nowhere is there an audience that looks forward to seeing a new work with more vivid expectations or kindlier feelings. So, when the eager throng filed into the Metropolitan Opera House and rustled and whispered while they waited for Toscanini to appear, take up his famous baton and give the opening signal for the first of Umberto Giordano's "Madame Sans-Gene," it was not strange that a certain expectant tenseness thrilled the air.

Everyone wishes to believe that he was "assisting"—as the French say—at a first night that would go down in musical history as one long to be remembered. There was something of personal jealousy in everyone's desire that "Madame Sans-Gene" should be the operatic hit of the decade. You knew it by the wild applause, the nervous eagerness to acclaim everything. When I tell you that the applause was nervously profuse during the first act, rose to wild enthusiasm in the second act, and from then until the final curtain, steadily became less and less marked, I have recorded New York's popular and critical opinion.

Do you remember Sardou's play, "Madame Sans-Gene?" The opera is the play with the washerwoman-duchess speaking with less patois, and Napoleon even more a jealous husband and less a wargod. Geraldine Farrar's impersonation of Madame Sans-Gene won great favor, as did Signor Amato's Napoleon. You felt less of the loss that opera always imposes upon drama. In themselves they were pleasing historical personages—as were Martinelli, as Lefebre, and Segulora, as Fouche. But Farrar's washerwoman-duchess is not equal to her Madame Butterfly, nor even her Carmen—in the same ratio that "Madame Sans-Gene" is not a "Madame Butterfly" or a "Carmen."

Lest I should err on the side of faint praise, permit me to say that "Madame Sans-Gene" is a success. It is well worth hearing and seeing, even by those who merely "like" opera. There is the ever dramatic background of the French Revolution with its mad crowds and unbelievable excesses with all the riotous color of romance one could wish.

There was a demonstration toward the end of the first act when the revolutionary crowds massed across the stage waving the tri-color and singing the "Marseillaise." The war could not be kept entirely out of even the Metropolitan—but the demonstration was accorded with true Metropolitan decorum.

Frances Starr's New Play.

With the masterly staging of David Belasco, and his no less wonderful work in guiding Frances Starr in the miracles of simplicity, Edward Knoblauch's "Marie-Odelle" achieves the impossible. The play is a dramatic shadow—halo is perhaps the better word. War comes to a hidden convent and wakes a woman who has never seen a man. The nuns leave but Marie-Odelle remains. War rolls on but a corporal—played with consummate art by Henry Vogel—remains and him Marie-Odelle loves, thinking him St. Michael, and by him she has a child. All that she understands is that heaven has come to earth. A miracle has been wrought for her—sin she does not know. Even the Mother Superior, when she comes back, feels the ice in her heart melt as Marie-Odelle points to her child with a heavenly smile. She must turn Marie-Odelle adrift and take her veil away from her, but as she does and Marie-Odelle goes, she, herself, sees the strange light about her head and blesses the child.

If there had been the slightest shade of insincerity in Miss Starr's acting, the play would have gone down to failure. "Marie-Odelle" is Frances Starr plus David Belasco. It is impossible to conceive of another manager seeing even the tiniest possibilities in this latest Knoblauch play. It is as unlike "My Lady's Dress," or "Milestones" as they are unlike "Kismet." Lacking in dramatic force, "Marie-Odelle" wins by dramatic simplicity. It s a dramatization—with war as an excuse—of the odor of sanctity and the belief in saints. Reverence, purity and innocence are its unities.

"The Clever Ones."

The Punch and Judy Theatre has opened its doors after several weeks of darkness, with Alfred Sutro's "The Clever Ones." It was a first night, too, but Mr. Sutro will not remember this first night as pleasantly as he does that of his "Walls of Jericho." Lest you have forgotten, let me remind you that the Punch and Judy Theatre is a private venture of Mr. Charles Hopkins, who is his own owner, manager and producer. He is very successful, is Mr. Hopkins, but comedy cannot be counted among his abilities.

Mr. Sutro's comedy pokes its fun at the advanced ones. There is a wife and her sister and her daughter, Doris—they are the clever ones. Oh, yes, there is a husband and father, too but he isn't clever at all. He only supports them all and complains that they would rather be "in the movement," whatever the most advanced movement may chance to be—than in the kitchen." There is a lover, too, Mr. Hopkins, himself, who poses as an anarchist because he knows that Doris will "just love" him then. How the lover wins Doris and loses her to gain a truer love is the story of the play. It sounds rather thin, doesn't it? That is precisely how it plays.

When Money Counts.

The retirement from the Hippodrome of Arthur Voegtlin, William J. Wilson and Manuel Klein came as a sudden shock to everyone. Ever since the Shuberts and Anderson have had the Hippodrome, these three master workers have been considered engaged forever to write, compose and produce the Hippodrome shows. You could not conceive of the Hippodrome without them—they were the Hippodrome. The cause of their retirement is given out as the result of disobedience of orders issued by the Shuberts anent some properties for use in the Winter Garden. But that can hardly be the real reason. More than twenty-five thousand dollars a year in salaries was represented by these men. It takes a vast number of dollars paid into the box-office to engage the hundreds of performers in a Hippodrome show. This season has not been as profitable as could be wished in any line of the theatrical business. You know, twenty-five thousand dollars is a whole fleet of money. Well?

Englishman Does Well.

B. Iden Payne—another English producer—is presenting a ripping production of Sheridan's "The Critic" at the Princess Theatre. You have undoubtedly read the play and thought it very amusing—but played as it is at the Princess, it is amazing. The theatrical comments and the digs at the critics are amazingly fresh and pertinent today. Mr. Payne, who plays the original press agent, has saved us from the costumed, historical swashbuckle by speeding the whole play up, and insisting that it be played with a sincerity and verve that carries it off nicely.

"WAY DOWN EAST" WAS BASED ON ENGLISH NOVEL

William A. Brady said last week while watching the crowds flock into the New York Playhouse to see "Sinners" that its success was due, in part, to its resemblance to "Way Down East."

"Give me another, 'Way Down East' and I'll retire from management and live on what it earns for me," he said. "Not only did that play have a lot of moving elements that I won't go into now, but it is the best constructed play of the age. By the way, the critics and criticesses are clever, but not clever enough to know that that play was based on an English novel by a very well known author. Oh, I'll admit that I didn't know it myself until the play had been running for five years, when a sporting writer on one of the New York papers dropped in at the theatre and said: 'Did you know this play was built upon So and So?'

"Score one for the sports."

PIANIST AS SOLOIST

Josef Hofmann, the world's greatest pianist, who appears as soloist with the New York Symphony Orchestra on February 17 (Friday evening).

MAN WHO GROWS

WILLARD, THE HEADLINER AT LOEW'S WINTER GARDEN THIS WEEK.

"BIRD OF PARADISE" HAS GREAT FORCE

Story of Play Which Is Returning to City Intensely Dramatic.

THAT love is love tho it comes in any recial guise, and that human hearts are pretty much the same, tho they beat under skins of varying shade, and in bodies of unaccustomed surrounding, is the striking primary lesson of Richard Walton Tully's celebrated Hawaiian drama, "The Bird of Paradise," which Oliver Morosco will present here for a return engagement of one week at the Alexandra Theatre soon.

Indeed, the tragedy of this powerful play comes just because of that great universal instinct. The lesson of the play, if so thoroly interesting an entertainment may have a lesson, is the futility of commingling, or of trying to commingle, thoroly alien people.

Luana, the beautiful Hawaiian girl, passionately loves Paul Wilson, the American in Hawaii, who in turn fervently loves her. But from the moment of his devotion to this lovely but sadly primitive little creature Wilson not only loses caste, but he loses that essence of force and distinction which is his by right of birth and race. It is only when he eventually realizes his rapid descent, and realizes it enough to turn savagely about face, that he restores even a modicum of his self-respect—and brings about the great tragedy of his sweetheart. In contradistinction Mr. Tully has drawn the gayly self-abandoned beachcomber, "Ten-thousand-dollar" Dean, one of the most original characters in all south sea literature, and the equal of any of Stevenson's celebrated types. Dean is saved by a wide-awake, thoroughgoing American girl, even as Wilson is almost destroyed by a charming savage.

The lengthy cast, which includes the original company of Hawaiian ukalele players and Hula dancers, the only one of its kind in existence, since the almost complete invasion of even Hawaii's inmost strongholds by the Japanese, is headed by Miss Lenore Ulrich and Mr. William Desmond, two players who are not only well known and thoroly experienced, but young and enthusiastic.

"PEG" HAS MADE MANY GIRLS STARS

THEATREGOERS who have seen only one actress in 'Peg o' My Heart" would be a bit surprised if they could see some of the other Pegs who have been presenting this entertaining comedy on tour. The surprise would lie in the fact, convincingly brought home, that while "Peg" made Miss Laurette Taylor famous, it would probably have succeeded, no matter who created the title-role. If there was ever an actress-proof part, it is Peg. I have seen four Pegs on tour. In the one-night stands, somewhere in Ohio, I encountered the company headed by Miss Dorothy Mackaye, who only a year or so ago was an attractive little chorus lancer with red hair. Now behold Miss Dorothy giving a really good performance, elevated in less than a year from the chorus ranks to the star dressing-room. Further South I came across a Peg company with the title-role played by Miss Rea Martin. It seems only a day or two since Miss Martin applied at the Globe Theatre for an engagement in the chorus of "The Girl in the Train" when I was business manager of that attraction—but she didn't get the engagement because she was only fifteen years old. Now—starring stuff for this slender slip of a girl, who also happens to have red hair. In Chicago I saw Peggy O'Neill playing Peg, and very well, too. And finally in Boston last week I saw Florence Martin playing Peg. Miss Martin is another unknown who has attained the star's dressing-room via the Peg route; only she has to wear a red wig to qualify, as she is a pretty and attractive brunette. Now all of these girls are clever but if any one of them had played Peg in the original production she would have scored a Broadway hit over night. All of which is said, not by way of disparagement, but merely to point out what a wonderful role Peg is.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S FATHER LEAVES ALL TO WIFE.

The will of the late Thomas Dermot, of Oakland, was filed for probate at San Francisco. The entire estate of Dermot, who died Jan. 10, is left to his wife. The two daughters, Maxine Elliott and Lady Forbes-Robertson, the former Gertrude Elliott, were not mentioned in the will because they were in comfortable circumstances.

Don't rely on another man's pull to get you to the front.

Many a man is such an enthusiast that you can't ever dampen his ardor with a drink.

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LEON SCHLESINGER MANAGER
The PALACE OF ARTISTIC PHOTO PLAYS
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A ROMANTIC DRAMA OF THE SOUTH, IN
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HE'S HERE AGAIN!
That Funny Fellow CHAS. CHAPLIN in
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THE POPULAR SCREEN ARTIST
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IN THE GREATEST OF ALL UNDERWORLD PLAYS
'THE DEEP PURPLE'
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ALL-STAR CAST. 5 BIG ACTS
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GENUINE SCENES FROM THE THEATRE OF WAR
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MATINEES DAILY 25c WEEK OF MONDAY, FEB. 8 EVENINGS 25-50-75c.
"THE HOME OF VAUDEVILLE"
HEADLINE ATTRACTION
That Dainty Singer of Syncopated Melodies
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The World's Champion Harmony Singer
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'Cello and Violin Artists
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SPECIAL FEATURE
JOHN R. GORDON & CO.
In the Screamingly Funny Comedy Playlet
"KNIGHT AND DAY"
DARE BROTHERS
Sensational Athletes
MLLE. DORIAS' DOGS
"In the Maids' Absence"
'Mutual,' 'Keystone,' 'Kay-Bee' Film Features
SPECIAL EXTRA ATTRACTION
FRANK MILTON AND DE LONG SISTERS
In the Comedy Railroad Episode
"THE TERMINAL"

Talented emotional actress and prima-donna soprano, who will be seen in the new music-dramatic novelty, "The Singer," at the Grand Opera House all this week.

-o- ADELE ROTINI -o-

NOTICE
See the Huge Display "Ad" for the Grand Opera House on Last Page of Illustrated Section

The income tax doesn't bother the man whose principal holdings consist of castles in the air.

JAMES E. HARDY CALLED A TAXI

James E. Hardy, "hero of Niagara Falls, 1896," "Marvel of Genesee Gorge, 1897," and "Wonder of Montmorency Falls, 1903—in other words premiere high wire performer with the New York Hippodrome Winter Circus Supreme, who has won those euphonious titles by walking over the cataracts on a tight-rope—tells of an amusing incident he encountered upon his arrival in New York to "join on" with the "big show."

"I took in the sights of the big city the first evening of my arrival," says Hardy, "and finished up at a popular Broadway restaurant. When I emerged to start for my hotel there was a dismal rain falling. As I had only a block or so to go I ruminated over the question of engaging a taxicab or returning to the cafe to devote the money to more satisfying purposes.

"'I wonder if it's going to quit raining, George?' I asked the grinning Senegambian who waited with a huge umbrella to conduct patrons to and from the curb, thinking that his answer might determine my course.

"'Yes, sah, Ah reckon it will, 'cause it always does.'

"I called a taxi."

The one man in the world who thoroly believes in hero worship is the hero.

STAR THEATRE
MATINEE DAILY
PASSING REVIEW OF 1915
WITH A CHORUS OF TWENTY
DASHING, DAINTY DAMSELS
NEXT WEEK—GAY MORNING GLORIES—NEXT WEEK

-o- COMING TO ALEXANDRA -o-

SCENE FROM "THE BIRD OF PARADISE," WHICH RETURNS TO TORONTO SHORTLY.

ALEXANDRA THIS WEEK
MATINEES—THURSDAY AND SATURDAY
THE DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPIRE
Present
"THE GOLDEN AGE"
A NEW COMIC OPERA BY
JOSEPH NEVIN DOYLE
PRICES—THURS. and SAT. MATS., BEST SEATS $1.00.
EVENINGS—50c, $1.00 and $1.50.

FRANK MILTON AND DE LONG SISTERS—SHEA'S

Frank Milton and the De Long Sisters, clever entertainers who will be seen in their comedy railroad episode, "The Terminal," one of the feature acts of the all-star bill at Shea's this week.

FROM THE TRENCHES.

The kaiser's power is not as great
As what ho dreamt it was ere now;
In truth he's sealed his own sad fate,
And to a worthier Foe must bow.

Devoid of soul, a devil mind,
A heart kin to the vilest scheme;
A nature spurned by all mankind,
Ah! such is he who'd reign supreme.

His foolish dreams of rule and power,
Have been a myth, today he knows
That British power is a dower
Conferred upon a righteous cause.
—J. W. Lewthwaite, P.P.C.L.I.

The pessimist may believe in heaven, but he is apt to have his suspicions that it is paved with gold bricks.

Many a woman boasts that she can marry any man she pleases who doesn't seem to please any of them.

The B. B. Minstrels
—OPEN FOR ENGAGEMENTS—
UP-TO-DATE SOLOS, END SONGS, GAGS and CHORUS
TERMS:—address T. H. FUDGE
195 Yonge St., Toronto
Long distance phones, Main 3643 and Beach 171.

"MILESTONES" COMING WITH ITS MERRY CHORUS

Famous Play to Be Presented for First Time at Less than Dollar-Fifty Prices at the Grand.

It must be gratifying to those who have lived thru the three periods represented in "Milestones" to find condensed into one evening's entertainment the retrospects of a lifetime, insofar as manners, customs and costumes are concerned, and those of us whose memories go back only to 1885 realize with something of a shock how much the world and its ways have changed since that time.

The charms of the play have been told before, and the assumption of the difficult roles, which require the utmost in mimetic and elocutionary ability, is such that it is quite impossible to say that any one player s better than his fellow. But there is a sense of varying atmosphere about the piece, which is one of its remarkable qualities. This delightful comedy-drama, by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch, comes to the Grand next week, its first presentation here at less than dollar-fifty prices.

Even the brightest people don't always set the world on fire.

CITY HALL SQUARE HIPPODROME 3 SHOWS DAILY 3
MATS 10, 15c EVGS 10, 15 & 25c
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An Exceptionally Clever Musical Melange, Introducing the Newest Novelties in the Musical World
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Singing and Dancing Offering | Singing Comedienne
SPECIAL FILM FEATURE
George Randolph Chester's Great Serial of Love, Mystery and Adventure
"RUNAWAY JUNE"
A Bride—A Groom—A Man With a Black Vandyke, A Story of
HATE, LOVE, REVENGE
See the Greatest of All Photo Plays
MORRIS and PARKS | The THREE ROMANS
Eccentric Comedians | Sensational Ladder Novelty
'Mutual,' 'Keystone,' 'Kay Bee' Film Features
Special Extra Attraction
BILLY TUITE'S COLLEGIANS
A Bright, Snappy, Singing and Variety Offering Entitled
"COLLEGE DAYS"

THE STAGE

At the Theatres

"The Golden Age" Alexandra

THOSE who enjoy a clean and refined musical play with delightful music and original plot and side-splitting situations with over all a glamor of romance and refinement, will certainly enjoy the sparkling society opera, "The Golden Age," by Joseph Nevin Doyle, the Canadian composer, at the Alexandra Theatre this week.

The story has largely to do with a number of blase society people who are inclined to be idealistic, and looking for a new sensation to relieve the boredom of too much money and the tedium of travel and social diversion have spent a heap of money in founding a lovely pastoral colony in Greece, where they try to lead in modern times, and with all modern improvements the poetical lives of the simple shepherds and shepherdesses, who were supposed to dwell upon the earth in the world's childhood, "The Golden Age."

In the first act they meet in Cairo, Egypt, to get in readiness for their departure to the colony, which is situated in the "Vale of Tempe," in Greece, the scene of the second act. In Cairo the leader of the party falls in love with an Egyptian Pasha's daughter, whom he spirits away with them to the pastoral colony, furnishing a delightful atmosphere of romance and a deal of amusing oriental intrigue. Owing to a series of odd circumstances, and a case of mistaken identity, an American animal buyer sojourning in Cairo, and a cockney spinster, who has followed him from London, get mixed up in the plot, and afford a deliciously funny comedy contrast. The animal buyer is mistaken for a great poet, whom the enthusiastically literary ladies idolize, much to the discomfort of his cockney lady love. An Egyptian Pasha, his bodyguard, and four whirling devishers afford a lot of comically melodramatic and exciting instances.

William Drake, the well known scenic artist, has furnished three very beautiful settings, "A Nile Village," "A Street in Cairo," in the first act, and the "Garden of the Temple of Saturn" in the second. With a chorus of one hundred, a ballet of thirty, professional principals, and an augmented orchestra, a rare treat is in store. The demand for seats is already tremendous. The regular matinees will be given on Thursday and Saturday.

Shea's.

RUTH Roye, the world's champion syncopated song singer who was awarded a silver cup emblematic of the world's championship as a singer of rag-time melodies at the Palace Theatre, New York, comes to Shea's as the headline attraction of this week's all-star bill. A mere slip of a girl Miss Roye has a winsome personality and a distinctive manner of singing her songs that made her the sensation of Gotham. Coming to New York practically unknown, she took the city by storm and held the top position of the Palace Theatre bill for many weeks. A feature of next week's bill will be the return of Frank Milton and the De Long Sisters in their pastoral comedy playlet, "The Terminal." The trio is well known in Toronto and their work is always of the highest order. They have been seen here many times before and in their present vehicle are sure to receive a rousing welcome on the occasion of their return. In "Knight and Day," James R. Gordon and company have a laughing sketch that fully realizes its object—to keep the audience amused. Mr. Gordon has a reputation as a clever comedian and his work in his newest offering is credited with being particularly good. Fritz Brush and his sister are talented 'cello and violin players who will present many pleasing selections. Both are trained musicians and in their different selections give an exhibition of almost perfect technique. One of the big laughing hits of the season is the sketch presented by George Cooper and Chris Smith in "The Bell Boy and The Porter." They have much new patter and many amusing incidents which they relate in a style all their own. Mlle Doria offers her canine pets in a little sketch entitled "In the Maid's Absence," Mlle. Doria is the author, manager and producer and she may be said to be the foremost developer of canine intelligence. The offering of the Dare Bros., sensational athletes, is so graceful that it appears like a series of pictures. A feature film comedy and a drama complete the bill.

The man who says he has never forgotten to mail one of his wife's letters is either an awful liar or has never had a wife.

AT THE GAYETY

HELEN VAN BUREN WITH "THE HAPPY WIDOWS" THIS WEEK.

Adele Rotini in "The Singer" Grand

THE attraction at the Grand Opera House all this week, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday, will be Adele Rotini, the charming emotional actress, and prima-donna soprano, in a new play of sociological conditions, as they exist today, by David Starr, entitled "The Singer." Miss Rotini's new play tells a story of how a poor little Italian girl, born in the land of love, music and beautiful color, but reared in New York City, rises superior to her early misfortunes of poverty, illness and death, and develops into womanhood amid affluence, art and loyal friends. She becomes a great singer, is welcomed by royalty, and feted by patrician society. Love comes to her and she marries. Time and events prove the man to whom she gave her love is unworthy of that love. His perfidy and dual existence ends in tragedy. These are the salient points of a story told with a dramatic intensity that is fraught with thrilling situations, interesting and bright dialog, and climaxes that stir the very soul. It is the story of the career of a brilliant but unfortunate woman, whose persecutions drive her to a mental state of distraction and irresponsibility, the tragic end of which justifies the means in the minds of her auditors. During the action of the play Miss Rotini has ample opportunity to display her beautiful soprano voice in numerous solos, duets and trios, assisted by Signor Anthony Cortelli, the well known Italian tenor of the New York Century Opera Co., and Miss Cecile Shipman, contralto, recently with Henry W. Savage's "Little Boy Blue"; Mr. Henry H. Bules, Miss Rotini's leading man, is a Frenchman, and created the part of the young attorney in "Mme. X.," in the original presentation of this famous play, in support of Mme. Bernhardt; Catherine Alden, who plays opposite Miss Rotini, is a native of Poland, and possesses the same historic talent as other famous actresses, who were born under the rule of Russia; much of her career has been spent in stock, that greatest of all schools.

Hippodrome

PROBABLY one of the best variety bills ever offered patrons of the Hippodrome Theatre has been arranged for this week. Novelty offerings, a feature film attraction—"Runaway June"—singing and dancing, and a unique feature offering comprise this week's bill. For the headline attraction the management has secured the Six Musical Gormans, one of the feature musical offerings of vaudeville. Instrumental selections, the newest songs and quartet music has been provided. In "College Days," Billy Tuite has surrounded himself with a capable cast that carries the sketch along at top speed. The playlet is never allowed to drag, and the interest is cumulative. The feature film attraction by George Randolph Chester, the author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford." "Runaway June," Mr. Chester's latest effort, tells the story of Ned Warner and his search for his bride, who disappears two hour after their marriage. The Three Romans supply the unique offering of the bill with their novel Roman ladder stunt. It is a sensational presentation that is entirely new to vaudeville. Laura and Billy Dreyer have a singing, talking and dancing melange that is said to be very good. Both artists are well known here, and their material is always refreshing. Irene Meyer sings a number of new songs. She has a winsome personality, and a distinctive style of singing that makes her songs pleasing to hear. Morris and Parks as eccentric comedian who tell many stories that are new, and sing a number of songs that have met with excellent reception. For seventeen weeks they were the features of the best New York's vaudeville houses. A number of film dramas and comedies—the best releases of the most well known picture producers—complete one of the best bills ever offered at the popular City Hall Square Playhouse.

Loew's Winter Garden

WILLARD, "The man who grows," the English wonder who proved a tremendous hit when he appeared the first time in New York theatres, will head the bill at Loew's Winter Garden and Theatre the coming week, in his remarkable demonstration of his ability to increase his height or lengthen his arms or legs at will. Willard is a fine figure of a man, of commanding stature and remarkable grace. Thru constant effort, and training of certain muscles he has discovered he can increase his height from four to six inches, and lengthen his arms or his legs about four inches. Willard is a close student of anatomy, and has succeeded in convincing several well known physicians in England that it is possible for him to teach most men how to increase their stature, and thus increase the height of the human race. The English government has given him a large sum of money, with which he will found a school for this purpose upon his return to that country.

Blanche Leslie, the musical comedy star, Blanche Leslie, former beauty, with Sam Bernard in "He Came From Milwaukee," and other shows. She will present a revue of new songs and some stunning gowns. Roland West's clever sketch "Elopement," will also be a headline attraction. The Harvey De Vora Trio, in a comedy dancing novelty "Frolics on a Roof Garden," will make their first appearance in Toronto. Others will include the Japanese Wonders, the Taisei Brothers, acrobats and equilibrists; Rutan's Song Birds, in a revue of classical and popular songs, in a unique setting; the Two Kerns, knockabout comedy acrobats, and others.

Star

BEATTY and Levitt, the two well-known theatrical producers, have spent several thousands of dollars to equip the "Passing Review of 1915," everything new and up to the latest fashions.

"THE GOLDEN AGE"

Marguerite Walsh, as Molly, in "The Golden Age," at the Alexandra Theatre this week.

Beautiful gowns, gorgeous costumes of the finest, as the owners of this company when arranging all particulars have secured nothing but the best that could be bought, no matter what the price would be. In the "Passing Review of 1915" which begins a week's engagement at the Star Theatre this week, there are ten principals and twenty-five beautiful young chorus girls comprising the company. Among the principals who give the correct and best impersonations of the late fifteen Broadway stars are, Lew Golden, as Nat Wills, Mark Lea, as Joe Welsh, Ralph Rookway, as Scotti, Rose Hemley, as Eva Tanguay, Hazel Ford, the little gem soubret, as Emma Trentini, Marie Fisher, as Stella Mayhew, Du Nord, as Gertrude Hoffman, Sat Watson, as Eddie Leonard, and James Carvin as Hammerstein; they will not be there in person but will be impersonated by capable actors and actresses selected by Beatty and Levitt for their "Passing Review of 1915." This production is up to the minute in stage settings, electrical effects, new songs, and the latest costumes.

Gayety

HEADED by those two well known and popular comedians, Jos. K. Watson and Will H. Cohan, the "Happy Widows" company will make its first appearance at the Gayety Theatre, commencing next Monday matinee, in a two-act military musical comedy entitled, "In Dreamy Mexico." This piece of foolery and un-alloyed mirth and fun will be presented all week with the usual matinees. Watson and Cohan will be remembered as 'Brushky" and 'Rushky," Hebrew type one meets invariably in the modern walks of life. The same characters appear in the comedy which is divided in two acts and four scenes. The plot of the piece which certainly is original, carries all these concerned thru a series of side-splitting complications and adventures. The company which is a large one includes such well known favorites as Helen Van Buren, Fay Odell, Howard Hall, Irving Hay, Margie Catlin and Harry Young.

Strand

PURSUANT to his policy of presenting a paramount production on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of each week, Manager Schlesinger will, on those three days in this week, put on "Cameo Kirby," a famous Lasky production, at the

STAR THIS WEEK

ROSE HEMLEY, WITH "THE PASSING REVIEW OF 1915."

AT THE STRAND THEATRE

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG, IN PAUL ARMSTRONG'S PLAY, "THE DEEP PURPLE," THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.

Strand Theatre. "Cameo Kirby" is a photo-play version, in five acts, of Booth Tarkington's well-known story. And Dustin Farnum, the embodiment of chivalrous grace, will be seen in the title role. There is something indescribably charming about the atmosphere of the play. It is the atmosphere of the golden days of Southern prosperity. On the broad back of the Mississippi River innumerable watercraft are seen plying. Chief among such craft is the Mississippi steamboat, with its picturesque captain and crew, its gamblers, and the rest. Part of the story takes place on board one of these steamboats.

"Cameo" Kirby, the hero, is so-called because he is a great connoisseur of cameos. He is the son of a New Orleans planter who dies broken in spirit and broken in fortune. After his father's effects have been sold, Kirby starts north with Randall, one of his father's old friends, on one of the Mississippi River boats. Randall starts playing poker with a man named Moreau. Kirby, who happens to be conversant with the manipulator of cards, sees that Moreau is not playing "on the level," and insists on taking a hand. Randall loses all his money and stakes his home, which Kirby wins. Moreau accuses Kirby of cheating, and Randall, ignorant that Kirby has won from him only with the intention of preventing his property from falling into the hands of Moreau, shoots himself. When the body is taken ashore Kirby meets Adele, his dead friend's daughter, and falls in love with her. But he is held morally responsible for his friend's suicide, and, in addition, Adele's brother tries to fasten on him the guilt of murdering Moreau, whom he kills in fair fight. Altogether he has a hard row to hoe before he can clear himself in Adele's eyes. But he eventually succeeds, and, on his promise never to gamble again, the two become betrothed.

There will also be another Keystone comedy for the first half of the week. This will be, "Getting Acquainted," with that funny fellow, Charles Chaplin, and Keystone Mabel, both of whom are such prime favorites with Strand audiences, in the two leading roles.

For Thursday, Friday and Saturday the feature photo-play will be "The Deep Purple," presented by the World Film Corporation. It is in five superb acts, with Clara Kimball Young in the role of the heroine, and with W. J. Ferguson in his original part of "Popp Clark." It is frankly a "crook" play—but a "crook" play in which virtue emerges triumphantly from its trials and in which vice is punished. It takes and in which vice is punished. It takes all sorts and conditions of men and women to make a world. And "The Deep Purple" is true to the life of the underworld as it is lived in New York's tenderloin. The cry of children of all ages, from eight to eighty, is: "Tell Me a Story." And a story, thrilling, dramatic and full of action, is exactly what "The Deep Purple" does tell.

The heroine of "The Deep Purple," Dorris Moore, a country minister's daughter, elopes with Harry Leland, a plausible young member of a gang of crooks. It is this scoundrel's intention to use Dorris as a decoy to attract William Lake, a successful miner, "a pigeon to be plucked," as the crooks say of him. But "Frisco Kate," a reformed character, proves the girl's good genius, and reveals the plot to Lake. The latter takes Dorris to Buffalo, where they are married. Thus a happy ending rounds off a crook drama of intense interest.

The pictures in the "Strand War Series" for the last three days of the week will be found especially interesting, and convey a most realistic idea of the actual work that is going on at the theatre of war. And several high-class concerts will be given daily thruout the week by Luigi Romanelli and his symphony six.

LONDON MANAGER IS OPTIMISTIC

Great big fine times are awaiting Europe when the war is over, says Albert de Courville, director of the London Hippodrome, who is at the Hotel Knickerbocker, New York, for two weeks. But Mr. de Courville would not venture a guess when the conflict will be called off. No one can, adds the London manager.

Mr. de Courville is in New York to see the latest productions and likely to interest American talent for his next Hippodrome productions. The London Hip is the home of the English revue. Its present attraction is called "Business As Usual."

Mr. de Courville remarked it required some little courage to put on a revue that dealt even in a humorous manner with the war, but he saw no alternative. A brief season of variety bills at the Hip had drawn barely nothing, the revue field seemed to have been pretty well covered, and altho his directors were not all in accord with him on the matter of policy, de Courville decided a chance must be taken. The Hippodrome has been playing to continuous capacity since the show opened, and it will run, believes de Courville, until the summer at least.

One of the objects of the Londoner's visit may be to place this revue in a Broadway house in duplicated form. It would be entirely new for New York, and de Courville is probably placing his faith on the New Yorker's love of novelty.

Ever notice that the people who are willing to share their last dollar with you never have a dollar?

Talent and genius are akin, but genius is generally a poor relation.

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ALL WINTER GARDEN
SEATS RESERVED PRICES 25¢ 35¢ 50¢
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THE WORLD'S COSTLIEST AND SAFEST THEATRE—PLAYING HIGH-CLASS VAUDEVILLE—WEEK OF FEBRUARY 8th
HEADLINE ATTRACTION
WILLARD
The Man Who Grows—A Physical Marvel and a Scientific Puzzle
The Musical Comedy Beauty
BLANCHE LESLIE
TWO KERNS
Comedy Acrobats
"THE ELOPEMENT"
A Comedy Playlet
TAISEI BROS.
Japanese Acrobats
MORTON & HOLDEN
Singing Comedians
RUTANS—Song Birds
In a Review of Classical, Operatic and Popular Songs
SPECIAL FEATURE
HARVEY DEVORA TRIO
In Their Comedy Dance Review, "FROLICS ON A ROOF GARDEN."
Downstairs Performance With Full Orchestra Continuous from 12 noon to 11 p.m.
Box Office Open From 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Prices—Mat. 10c, 15c. Evg.—10c, 15c, 25c.

"Julius Caesar," Great Historical Spectacle Given Artistic Showing

Private Exhibition of Kliene Masterpiece at Garden Theatre Is an Example of Possibilities of Educational Films.

Last Tuesday morning in the Garden Theatre the six-reel historical spectacle Julius Caesar was given a private exhibition. It was one of the roughest days of the year, but the 150 people who were present were amazed not only at the magnificence and stupendousness of the picture, but at the artistic manner in which it was exhibited.

It emphasized as nothing else could have done the remarkable progress that has been made in the elevation of the moving picture above the plane of the common nickel show. Julius Caesar picture is a classic. It tells the story of the career of the greatest warrior of ancient days in such a vivid and realistic manner that one forgets absolutely that the picture was taken 2000 years after the death of the mighty Caesar. One sees the great Caesar return in triumph from his conquest of Gaul, with an army of 4000 men, and the huge populace frantically cheer his victorious passage. At one time there are nearly 20,000 Romans before the camera. The terrible struggle between Caesar and his savage enemy Vercingetorix is shown with such realism that one thinks that surely at last the final stage in the production of moving pictures has been reached.

Under the personal supervision of F. Leon Brick, manager of the Garden Theatre, the artistic value of the picture was doubled. Instead of a "tinny" piano hammering out "You Made Me Love You," while Caesar wooed Cornelia, a twelve-piece orchestra played an appropriate selection from Beethoven, and when the bier of the dead soldier was carried thru the streets of Rome it was to the solemn thud of the Dead March in Saul. The little things that grate upon the good taste of an educated audience were lacking. The entire performance from beginning to end was an instance and a lesson of what can be done to elevate the moving picture.

A synopsis of the picture, which is in six reels, and produced by Cines-Kleine, featuring Anthony Novelli, follows:

Before reaching his twentieth birthday, Caesar meets and falls madly in love with pretty Cornelia, daughter of Lucius Cinna. They are soon married despite the advice of their friends, who well knew the bitter animosity existing between Sulla, dictator of Rome, and Lucius Cinna. The immediate result of this hasty marriage is an annulment and the banishment from Rome of Caesar. He leaves, vowing that the eternal city shall again hear of him.

This does not occur until twenty years later, when he returns at news of Sulla's death and plunges briskly into the campaign for the consulship. In this he is aided by Calpurnia, daughter of the wealthy Piso. Caesar and Calpurnia are married and Caesar is elected to the consulship in the face of strong opposition by Cato, the younger, who fears the growing popularity of the still youthful statesman. To further fortify himself against the attacks of Cato, Caesar forms a political alliance with Pompey which later grows into the first triumvirate consisting of Caesar, Pompey, and Crassus. Caesar thus gives his daughter Julia by his first wife Cornelia, in marriage to Pompey and turns his restless ambition to greater fields.

News that he will set out with an expeditionary force into Western Europe brings a strong protest from the Gauls. One day a beautiful maiden visits Caesar and attempts to end his life, thwarted only by the ever-watchful, loving eye of Calpurnia. Not in the least daunted, Caesar pushes his campaign into Gaul with characteristic vigor, sweeps to destruction the formidable tribes headed by Vercingetorix in a series of the most brilliant battles recorded in history, and returns triumphant to Rome.

Meanwhile, Pompey grows jealous of the conqueror's ever increasing power and stirs up the senate against him, citing the Roman law that no man may become proconsul and retain military command. Marc Antony warns Caesar, at Ravenna, of what he may expect in Rome, while Marcus Brutus, nephew of Cato, visits Caesar with the senate's dictum. And Caesar, placing the matter squarely before his soldiers and receiving their answer: "Without Caesar there is no Rome," orders his troops across the Rubicon.

The senate declares him a traitor, but the populace hails him with acclaim and ceremony.

Then the struggle for the mastery of the world begins. Caesar robs the Temple of Saturn to secure money for his troops, and pursues Pompey to Pharsalus, where a desperate battle takes place, resulting in the annihilation of Pompey's army, and the flight of its leader into Egypt. Back to Rome goes victorious Caesar to fight no more, and to be made dictator for life!

In 44 B.C., Julius Caesar, not fifty-six years of age, settles down to the administration of justice with a temperance and wisdom mellowed by age and experience. But his old enemy, Cato, intent upon the dictator's destruction, hatches a conspiracy in which he and Brutus are the ringleaders. When veiled rumors of this reach Caesar he refuses to affront the dignity of the senate with armed guards, and one day permits the opening long watched-for by the conspirators. Brutus touches him upon the shoulder, and the next second a knife flashes in the air. Caesar reels, the target of a dozen blows: "And thou, too, Brutus!" Then falls Caesar. Pandemonium reigns! The city is aflame with riot and murder. Marc Antony, concluding his oration in the market-place, smiles, "Mischief thou art afoot; take thou what course thou wilt!"

BOTH TO BLAME.

Husband (quarreling) — Woman, when I married you, you promised to love, honor and obey me. Do you do it?

She (just as mad)—Yes, before I married you, you promised to take me to the picture show at least five times a week. Do you do it?—Moving Picture Stories.

GEORGE KLEINE ATTRACTIONS
Announce the Release of
JULIUS CAESAR
in six parts
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 15th
A Colossal Masterpiece, Featuring Anthony Novelli and a Supporting Cast of 20,000 People!
The Mightiest Spectacle in the History of Motion Pictures
Eventually You Will Play "CAESAR"—Why not get in touch with Us at Once. Now booking.
Write—Wire—Phone
GEORGE KLEINE ATTRACTIONS
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ALL READY, MR. EXHIBITOR, TO TALK SERVICE
The Conness-Till Film Co., Limited, have the honor to announce the Release Dates of Their First ALL-CANADIAN MADE FEATURES
FOR EXHIBITION
JAN. 25—"ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY,"
Three Part Drama, Featuring EDWARD H. ROBINS
FEB. 1—"CANADA IN PEACE AND WAR"
Two Part DESCRIPTIVE MILITARY SPECTACLE
FEB. 8—"HIS AWAKENING"
Three Part Stirring Patriotic Drama, Featuring EDWARD H. ROBINS
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"A FEATURE EVERY WEEK"
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GET ON THE WIRE MR. EXHIBITOR!
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MOTION PICTURES

Photodrome Will Show "On the King's Highway"

First Canadian-Made Feature Will Be Seen First Half of This Week.

The first public showing of the Conness-Till Film Company will be given at the Photodrome Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week when "On the King's Highway," the first feature film ever made in Toronto will be shown. A private exhibition of the film was given last week and it was declared by the critics to be a very creditable picture and, entirely apart from the fact that it was made in Toronto and shows many local scenes, it is well worth seeing. The picture is a little different from anything that has ever been seen here. It is fantasy, a combination of dramatic and comedy episodes artistically staged and well acted. Ed. Robbins, as the old showman, makes a hit and the work of the other artists is up to a high standard. The picture should have a strong appeal to children but is equally interesting for adults.

The play was written and directed by A. J. Edwards and is pretty and unique. Owing to the exceptional expense that the management have incurred in obtaining this picture the price for both matinees and evenings will be ten cents.

NEW PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION WINS LICENSES FOR 1915

Meeting in Occident Hall Decides to Place Position of Theatre Before City Architect.

LEON BRICK PRESIDENT

New Association Will Follow Moderation of Child Law.

Last Sunday afternoon in the Occident Hall, Queen street, the Motion Picture Exhibitors Protective Association of Canada was formed. Over 45 exhibitors were present and decided to unite to oppose what they consider unjust regulations aimed at theatres and theatre managers. F. Leon Brick was unanimously elected president of the new association. The other members of the executive were: Thomas Graseman, secretary, and W. D. Appleton, treasurer, with Messrs. Gerbertig, Westcott, Thaler, Liscombe, Jones and Redmond.

It was decided to place the case of the theatre managers before city architect Pearse, in an effort to obtain theatre licenses for 1915. It was suggested that the managers be given a certain time to get their houses into shape, as some of them admittedly do not conform to the city bylaws. It was also decided to appoint a committee to look after the exhibitors' interests when the matter of moderating the child law comes up before the Ontario Legislature next session.

In making his remarks to the meeting the chairman emphasized the necessity of giving the public a fair deal.

"You know as well as I do that a good deal of this so-called persecution on the part of authorities has been well earned by the unscrupulous exhibitor," said Mr. Brick. "There are many exhibitors that knew their theatre was ill-ventilated that took no steps other than a little perfume to right the wrong. There have been many cases where theatre managers, in an effort to make a few dollars when they saw people flocking to the theatre, have turned their admission sign from 'five cents' to 'ten cents,' and have cut the program in half or else rushed it thru.

"The exhibitors must show their willingness to do the right thing by the public, and then if they are not rightly done by they will have righteous cause to kick—and kick strenuously."

The result of the first week's organization was that after retaining Heyd and Heyd as attorneys, the city architect consented to several moderations in the requirements, and will grant the licenses for 1915.

It is quite probable that the scope of the new association will be increased and that all exhibitors in Ontario will be asked to become members; if this is the case, not only will the association be used to protect against laws but also against film companies and landlords.

"FOR KING AND COUNTRY" AT THE SUNNYSIDE

Splendid Patriotic Drama at the West End House.

For King and Country, a six-part patriotic feature, will be shown at the Sunnyside Theatre on Monday and Tuesday of this week. It is one of the finest pictures of its kind ever made and illustrates the sacrifices that Englishmen are willing to make for their empire. The ninth instalment of "The Master Key," the popular serial which is now reaching an exciting stage will be the feature for Wednesday and Thursday, while on Friday and Saturday, "Elsie's Uncle" will head the list. In addition to these features a splendid program of short comedies and dramas will be presented.

SUNNYSIDE THEATRE
Cor. Roncesvalles and Galley Aves.
Mon. and Tues.—"KING AND COUNTRY," in 6 Parts.
Wed. and Thurs.—"THE MASTER KEY," Series No. 9.
Fri. and Sat.—"ELSIE'S UNCLE."

"CAMEO KIRBY" AT MADISON THEATRE

Dustin Farnum Plays Last Half of Week in Southern Romance.

Dustin Farnum, who has proved himself one of the most popular star in the moving picture world, will be presented in the fascinating southern dramatic romance "Cameo Kirby" at the Madison Theatre during the last half of this week. The play is acted by a well-balanced cast and is beautifully staged.

Cameo Kirby is the son of a New Orleans planter, on owner who dies insolvent, when the plantation and slaves are sold at auction, Cameo's favorite body-servant is bought by one of his father's old friends, John Randall.

After the sale, Kirby and Randall start north on one of the Mississippi River boats. Randall meets an acquaintance by the name of Col. Moreau, and after losing heavily to the Colonel on a wager concerning a race between the boat on which they are traveling and another river steamer, consents to a game of poker to get satisfaction. Kirby, who, thru his friendship for a certain gambler, is himself adept at the manipulation of cards, suspects that Moreau is not playing an honest game, and finally succeeds in forcing himself and taking a hand. Randall, having lost all his money, wagers his home. The hand is played, and Kirby wins. Moreau accuses Kirby of cheating, and Randall, not appreciating that Kirby has won only to prevent the estate from falling into the hands of Moreau, shoots himself.

When the body is taken ashore, Kirby meets Adele Randall, the daughter of the dead man, and immediately falls in love with her. But he stands in a very bad light—as a man who has taken the very home from a friend who had just assisted him—and of course, is held responsible for the suicide. Tom Randall, the son of the suicide, swears to avenge his father. When Moreau and Kirby fight a duel, with results fatal to Moreau, Tom takes the gun from Moreau's body in order that it may appear he was shot while having no weapon with which to defend himself. Kirby is accused of murder and becomes a fugitive from justice. In these black hours, he manages to see Adele, and to tell her the truth with such sincerity that she believes him and shelters him from the mob.

Finally, Moreau's pistol is found in the possession of Tom.

For the first half of the week the feature attraction will be H. B. Warner in his greatest hit "The Ghost Breakers."

JULIUS CAESAR

Anthony Novelli, the great Italian star, as Caesar in the Cines-Kleine six-reel spectacle, "Julius Caesar," at the Garden Theatre week February 15th.

A SEASONABLE ESCORT.

Lilly—Why is it that Edith always has Charlie to go with her to the movies this summer? She wouldn't go with him last winter.

Billy—Well, you see, during the summer months Charlie is a great moving picture fan.

Rhea Mitchell is seen for the second time in support of William S. Hart in "The Scourge of the Desert," a Broncho release in the Mutual program.

MADISON Theatre
BLOOR and BATHURST STS. Sheldon System of Ventilation
MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY
JESSE L. LASKY Presents
H. B. WARNER in His Original Role in the Thrilling Drama
"THE GHOST BREAKER"
5 Acts of Superb Dramatic Acting
THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY
"CAMEO KIRBY"
Featuring DUSTIN FARNUM in Jesse L. Lasky's Fascinating Southern Dramatic Romance
High-Class Orchestra Music—Evenings 10c, 15c: Saturday Matinee, 10c. Children, 5c—Open Evenings, 7 p.m.

PHOTODROME
"QUEEN WEST OPP. CITY HALL"
ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY
MON.-TUES.-WED., FEB. 8-9-10
—FIRST PUBLIC SHOWING—
THE CONNESS-TILL FILM CO., LIMITED
TORONTO MADE
FEATURES
"On the King's Highway"
"A Three-Part Dramatic Fantasy"
FEATURING
EDWARD H. ROBINS

BEHIND THE SCREEN

CONDUCTED BY ED. H. ROBINS

The Making of a Moving Picture

As soon as the picture has been taken, a test is again made so that no possible mistake as to correctness of lights, etc., can occur. If, after this final test, all is as desired, the scenery is torn down and the stage prepared for another scene. The film containing the picture just made is taken from the camera, and given to the man in charge of the dark room.

In the Dark Room

Now comes the really important part of the making of the moving picture—the developing. When one realizes that this little piece of film contains the hidden exposure of the artists who have posed, and representing hundreds of dollars, it can easily be seen how important the dark room is, and how competent the man in charge must be. If the preparation in which the film is immersed is not composed of the correct quantities and ingredients, the days of work and the expense entailed thereby have been for naught. The dark-room man must see that everything is in readiness before the film is started in the developing fluid. The room itself is carefully arranged with the idea of saving time. The film is wound around racks, each rack containing 200 feet of film. This rack is then placed in the developing tank, remaining there for a varying period, from six or seven minutes to perhaps fifteen, depending on the condition of the film, the light conditions under which the exposure was made, and the strength of the developing solution. Under very extraordinary circumstances, it may be necessary to immerse the negative for half an hour or perhaps even longer, if circumstances mitigate against a more rapid procedure.

After the development has been completed, the acids, chemicals, etc., are washed from the negative in the washing tanks, in which there is a constantly changing supply of fresh water. Even the deposits frequently found in so-called fresh water, when they are alkalis, phosphorus, etc., must sometimes be eliminated by treatment, before the water is considered in fit state to wash the negative.

The Drying Room

The negative, if it were shown on a screen at this stage of development, would reverse whites and blacks. That is, a man walking thru the snow dressed in black clothes, would show a white suit, with an unrecognizable head on it, ploughing thru drifts of black mud. That is practically all that could be seen.

The developed, washed negative is now taken to the drying room, the Sanctum Sanctorum of the entire studio. Here everyone is dressed in white, the people often wear rubber gloves, white tennis shoes, etc., the floor and ceilings are oiled, and the important visitor who is sometimes admitted to other parts of the studio, is sternly forbidden entrance here.

In this room the negative is put on great revolving drums for drying purposes. The endless rolls of negative revolving thru the air are soon dried, and they are then placed on a smaller drum, handled by a girl, and containing a soft white cloth, to which she tacks the film. After the 500-foot load of this drum is filled with the negative, the young woman, with a cloth dipped in gasoline in one hand, slowly revolves the drum, passing the moistened cloth carefully over every part of the negative, until all foreign substances, chemicals, etc., are removed, and a beautifully clear, clean negative is given back to be printed.

Printing the Positives

Here, too, the term "dark room" might be applied, for the same almost impenetrable dimness which pervades that chamber also rules in the printing-room.

In this room is one of the most wondrous inventions of the many which help in the motion-picture industry. It is the printing machine. Electrically controlled, electrically lighted, and electrically run, this machine will print no less than 50 pictures a second, or up to 180,000 an hour. To get some idea of what this means, stand before a Hoe printing press turning out a great metropolitan daily at the rate of 50,000 an hour, and you will gather some idea of the tremendous speed which must be achieved to gain this record.

And it must be remembered that each of these prints is separately made. That is, the unexposed positive is placed against the exposed negative, with the light behind it for the merest fraction of a second, the light is shut off, both negative and positive are moved forward, another exposure is made, etc., etc. And yet this procedure is gone thru, not ten or twenty, but fifty times a second.

Of course, if the negative is not in good condition, or if there is some other reason, this speed is not maintained. But such a record can be made if conditions are favorable.

The electric light globe which furnishes the sole light by means of which the printing is done, is placed immediately behind the negative, at varying distances from it, up to a foot or more away, depending upon varying technical circumstances. The speed of the machine is automatically adjusted.

After the strips of negative have been printed, five, ten, fifteen or perhaps a hundred copies being made, the individual scenes are sent again to the dark room, where much the same procedure is gone thru with the positive as with the negative, i.e., the positive is developed, washed, dried, cleaned.

Then, however, a new step is sometimes, tho by no means always, gone thru—the tinting process.

Tinting the Films

In one portion of the dark room are tanks filled with colored liquids, green, blue, amber, sepia, etc. Into these tanks, according to the locale of the scene, the various parts of the positive are put. Those portions of the positive which are supposed to have been taken at night, are immersed in a blue mixture, so that a shade approximating moonlight is shown when the positive is shown on the screen. If a scene is taken in a room supposed to be lighted by electricity, that scene is bathed in an amber solution. If it is an exterior, in a country where strong sunlight prevails, the warmness of that atmosphere can best be reproduced by sepia tint, and the film is accordingly put into a sepia bath. Here are obtained all the beautiful color effects to be noticed in the products of the most artistic and thoro-going of the producing companies.

The tinted film is rinsed, dried and cleaned, and the various portions are now sent to the assembling-room, at which place I will take up the subject in the next issue.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Mr. Barry.—See Mr. Conness at the local studio, Swansea. He might have something for you.

Jeanette.—Am sorry to hear that you detest going to school. A little girl of twelve should be studying hard and enjoying every moment of the school hour, for youth is, after all, the happiest time of one's life. Playing with two cats who are heavily burdened with the names of Nigger and Hooligan, and, at the same time writing to me, is surely a great feat. Study your lessons and when the summer comes, apply to the local film firm for screen purposes. This is the best advice I can give you.

Robert Harding.—(1) Before submitting your manuscript be sure it is in the proper form. Are you sure you have the right to make adaptation from this book? (2) The Conness-Till Film Company will consider any scenario submitted, but it would take at least a month for you to receive a reply.

A. C. T.—(1) A scenario manuscript should be written in scenes which consecutively follow the action, each scene being located by a description of where it takes place, and what happens to the principal characters in the scene being briefly outlined. (2) The synopsis should be separate from the scenario itself. The scenario reader considers this first, and if he finds it absolutely unsuited to the purposes of the company, rejects the manuscript then and there. If the synopsis contains something of interest to him, he will read the scenario itself and pass upon its merits. (3) Do not separate interior and exterior scenes in number, but follow them chronologically. (4) Each scene as it takes place, even tho the action has taken place in the same location previously, receives a separate number. It is, however, well to write a scene synopsis, something like this: In park, 8, 9, 22 and 35. Dining-room, 14, 18, 21. Steps of house, 1, 11, etc. (5) If the actress plays a part of any importance at all, and thus requires a person of experience to play it, you should include her in your cast. If, however, it is a part that occurs in, say a single scene, without any bearing on the plot, and with very little action, the role will be played by a supernumary and it would not be necessary to include the part in the cast.

Mary Urbach.—The Conness-Till Film Company, this city, is the only firm now making Canadian motion pictures. If you submit your scenario, it will be passed upon, and if satisfactory, you will be notified. Enclose stamps for return of manuscript.

A. C.—(1) The Moving Picture World, the Photo Play, and The Dramatic Mirror, are all reputable magazines for the information you require. (2) Apply at the local studio, and have an interview with either Mr. Conness or Mr. Edwards. (3) Marguerite Clark is in ingenue, much in demand in New York stage circles. She has been in the public eye for many years, first springing into prominence in the opera "wang" with DeWolf Hopper. She was identified with many musical comedy successes, but of late years forsook that branch of the theatrical business for the legitimate. Last season she scored a notable success in "Prunella" under Winthrop Ames' direction. The same manager two seasons ago presented her in "Snow White," a fairy-tale in which she played a little girl, her personal appearance enabling her to do this marvelously. "Baby Mine" was probably her first big dramatic success. She is now adding new laurels by her exquisite playing on the screen. She is unmarried (it would be ungallant to give her age), but she is a young woman and will undoubtedly be delighting thousands of picture fans for years to come. (4) Visitors are not allowed at the studio, except on very special occasions.

N. S.—Am very sorry to be unable to advise you in this particular instance. I am very much afraid that your affliction would prevent you from playing on the screen. You might try, however, for obstacles can always be surmounted when one has pluck and ambition.

H. Mackintosh.—Am sorry to be unable to give you the desired information, as requested in your letter to me. Advise you to write to Moving Picture World, New York City.

Geo. W. Boston.—You surely do not make your meaning clear. Write again more explicitly and I shall be glad to answer you.

E. T. C.—See Messrs. Edwards or McKnight at the local studio. A personal interview is absolutely necessary. Your stage experience would help you.

Louise Rainey.—If your parents are willing apply at local studio, and you might have an opportunity to show what you can do before the camera. Your age of twelve would not hinder you from posing for some pictures.

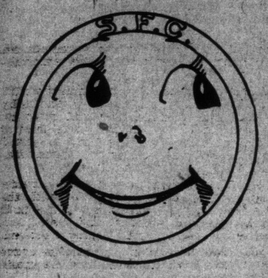
Minnie and Eliza.—You must have a personal interview with the men who cast the scenarios. Arrange to see the directors at the studio, Swansea.

George Millar—See answer to Robert Harding above.

THE SMILING FACE CLUB

Directed By C. A. Macphie

SMILERS, EVERY ONE



Dear SMILERS:

When you send in for more than one button please remember to write down ALL the names.

If there are six in a family send in the SIX names.

If you wish to start a club, of say twenty, send us the 20 names.

Another thing: a little bird has told me that some of our SMILERS FORGET TO WEAR THEIR BADGES.

So remember: wear your badges and DO NOT LOSE THEM for then YOU WILL NOT HAVE TO SEND A SECOND TIME.

Who wants to send me a photograph? SMILING ones preferred.

I want them a little larger than an ordinary snap, so that we shall be able to print them nice, with the names, on this page.

Would you not like to see a nice row of SMILERS every week? I would.

C. A. MACPHIE.

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 Headland, 35 Mary street, Hamilton, Ont.

Charlie Lee, 39 Bellevue ave.

Mildred McLague, Irene Smith and Jane Riesbrough, Box 98, Newtonbrook, Ont.

Vera and Jack Meads, 806 College St.

Rita Atkin, 108 Palmerston avenue.

Robert Scully, 2036 St. Clair ave.

Audrey Faragher, 23 Gorevale ave.

Irene Adamstone, 243 John street N., Hamilton, Ont.

Sybil Epstein, 39 Robert street, Hamilton, Ont.

Roy, Willie and Violet Brown, 173 Delaware ave.

Stanley and Irene Hunter, 598 Dupont street.

Gladys King, 607 Dupont street.

Mabel Vernman, 6 Condor ave.

Miss Lillian Hodge, 4 Condor ave.

Marjorie Beamich, 190 Quebec ave.

Rita Farris, 907 Dovercourt road.

Clarence Waldon, 249 University ave.

Garnet and Ruby Siford, Merriton, Ontario.

Katherine Ball, 638 Huron street.

Marjorie Temple, 494 Huron street.

Mr. H. Cowan, Eleanor, John J., Richard and Mary and Hugh, Jr., Cowan, 9 Riverdale avenue.

Zada and Muriel Wright, Gravenhurst, Ont.

Willie, Alex and Grace Stephen, 134 Lippincott street.

Sam and Morris Quarter, 158 Lippincott street.

Alfie Walker, 40 Essex ave.

Stuart Stevenson, 672 Spadina ave.

Victor Castledine, 47 Lewis street.

Tired of Mother Goose

I wish I could go out and play,
Instead of sitting here all day!
I am so tired of Little Bo-Peep,
Poor little girl who lost her sheep.
I wish Mother Hubbard and her dog Tray
Were over the hills and far away;
I'd like to play with some one real.
Yes, that is just the way I feel.

Fairy Bubbles

Bubbles blow,
Off they go!
Some go high and some go low;
Now they fly
Way up high,
Way up to the blue, blue sky.

Can you tell,
Can you tell
Where it is the fairies dwell?
Look at me,
You will see
Bubbles flying, one, two, three.

What a sight!
Oh, so light!
Each one is a tiny sprite.
A little gnome,
All alone
In his tiny little home.

Every hue,
Green and blue
Some are red and yellow, too.
In each space
You can trace
A dainty little fairy face.

The Baby Squirrel

"It's not cold," said Baby Squirrel;
"Oh, my goodness gracious, no.
Just because the ground is covered,
Blanketed with pretty snow.

"For beneath its crystal surface,
There are nuts and roots, for me.
And no little Squirrel shivers,
With these goodies for his tea.

"But sometime, if there is plenty,
And you have a bit to spare,
Give some suet for the birdies,
They'll be sure to find it there.
"For sometimes they're VERY HUNGRY,
And they don't know where to go
For their breakfast, lunch or supper,
When the ground is frozen so."

The Seven Dolls

Seven dollies went to school,
On a lawn bench, nice and cool,
Seven dresses, fresh and clean,
Seven heads of golden sheen.

"We must be polite," said they,
"Never cry, always obey;
Sit up straight, as we are told
While our little books we hold."

Mistress Betty, kind and grave,
Made the little dolls behave;
Taught them how to read and write
And never with each other fight.

From her seat upon the grass
She taught each chubby little lass
How to keep her dress so neat
And her face so clean and sweet.

Also how to lead a life
Free from discord and all strife
And to others ever do
As you wish they'd do to you.

Seven dollies grew up well,
Each one learned to read and spell,
Wise and cultured now are they,
And kind and gentle in their play.
Rosamond M. Pent.

The Horticultural Zoo

The Dogbane barked and the Coxcombe crowed,
The Larkspur sang, while the Cowslip lowed;
Then the Snapdraggon uttered a fearful cry
That made the Bearberry pipe his eye.
The Foxglove held the Duckweed fast,
But the terrible tumult couldn't last.
The Chickweed fluted a sweet 'Peep, peep!'
And the Floral Zoo all went to sleep.

— ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS AND GOOD, KIND, DEAR DOG MUTT — JOHN GOES COASTING AFTER THE STORM, AND WHAT HAPPENS.

It snowed and snowed the other night;
Such banks around next day,
If they would have them cleared this year
Was very hard to say.

Well! Johny went to coast that day,
Pa said, "Be careful, do!
Those snow banks high are dangerous things
And one might land on you."

Well, Johnny went to coast I said,
'The hill was long and STEEP,
And 'round the slide and everywhere
The snow lay white and deep.

Well Johnny started—one! two! three!
Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! what fun!
But—Oh! my dears, that isn't all
THE STORY'S JUST BEGUN.

Yes! Johnny started—Oh! dear me!
And my! what happens now?
The sled—GOES AIMING FOR THE SIDE,
He really can't tell how.

And dearie! me! what happens next?
He hits the snow, Oh! my!
The SLED stops short, but JOHN keeps on
No time to even cry.

But wait! my dears, THAT isn't all;
He hit the snow I say,

And there he stuck with feet in air.
Just like a Y some way.

Right THRU the bank and UNDER John
As nice as nice could be.

And there he stuck WITH FEET IN AIR
Just like a Y some way.

Poor Pa stands at the top, Oh! Oh!
He twists his ears and cries:
"Uproot my son! Uproot him quick! ! !
He's there before your eyes."

Well! Mutt, good dog, was there, of course,
And great was his distress;
He showed more brains than Pa or all
I really must confess.

For when he saw John's tree-like plight
He grabbed a sled you see,
Then steered right off to where John was
As quickly as could be.

Then at that snow bank biff! bang! crash!
Mutt's sled went—SAY! dear me!
Right THRU that bank and UNDER John,
As nice as nice could be.

THIS did the very thing you see
Mutt wanted, for you know
Young John went flying up in air;
'Twas odd but it was so.

And on Mutt's sled he landed—Swash!
And down that slide—Ho! Ho!
They went, while all the people cheered;
'Twas GRAND but it was so.

C. A. Macphie.

Poems and Stories From Little Readers Of the Smilers' Page

Toronto, Oct. 19, 1914.

Dear Mr. Macphie,

Well! I'm here again. You and the paper must be getting tired of my incessant writing. Still I like to write, and I hope you read my letters. I mean, I hope you read them among so many you get, find time to, is what I am trying to get at. You won't remember me, I guess from your large family, but I am one of them. I drew a cat, one day, and wrote a story for your paper. I am fond of the Sunday World, and we send it away every week. Now, I have another story which I would like you to reserve some of your busy time to read. Now, I guess your first decision will be that the story's too long, and takes up too much space. Now, reconsider it. It is long, but I would sooner wait till you have lots of room than have it shortened, and I'm sure you will agree with me. Also the little story of the rabbits which I am sure you will print for my sake. If you can print both I will be pleased. You see, I am very much interested in your page. "Question Mark and Turvey," also "Tom and John, and dear, good, kind, patient dog Mutt," are so funny, and make me SMILE even if I have passed 15 summers. Yes, I am one of your industrious children, and I am now attending college. I hope you consider the story and the funny part, and let me know what you think about it. I am sure you will try and please me, and even if you don't, I will "SMILE" and try again.

From your loving
'SMILER Daughter,"
Ida Davis.

171 Sorauren Avenue, Toronto.

Dear SMILER Ida Davis:

I think your story is very good indeed. The only thing is that I am a little sorry it ends so sadly. If you could have managed to have brought "Jock" to in some way. Say: put a poultice on his wing or some such thing but, anyway, the story is very good and I thank you, my dear, for it. We are not using drawings at present.

C. A. Macphie.

"Caller Haddies."

A smart little figure in black, with a smooth gray cowl, a pair of twinkling eyes, a sharp shiny beak, a pawky way of cocking his head on one side and a regular Highlander's strut—that was Jock. Jock was our bird (mine and Sandy's), and perhaps more mine than Sandy's.

Jock's nest was a hat-box of fathers, with holes bored in the lid for ventilation, and all lined with moss and my Sunday tie. Jock wasn't quite a baby when we brought him home, so we managed easily about his grub, and soon got to know what he liked best, which wasn't, stickjaw nor strawberry jam either, for the children WOULD try him with all sorts of things, tho I told them it was nonsense.

He soon got to know us all too, and hopped about all over the place quite at home, and cawed to himself as happy as could be. But as to singing, or whistling or SPEAKING! at first we thought it was hopeless. We tried him with every imaginable tune we could think of, from "Come O'er the Stream Charlie," and "Annie Laurie," to the "Dead March" and "Old Hundred"; but he simply wouldn't try any of them. Then we tried to teach him our names, but when we had kept on saying Bob or Sandy to him for about an hour he would cock his head on one side and say "Quark," and then scuttle off as fast as he could go. It was Sandy who, one day, thought of teaching him to say "Caller Haddies," what made him think of it I don't know, but it certainly was the only thing Jock ever took to, and after one or two lessons he said it most beautifully—'Caller Haddies! Caller Haddies." Just WASN'T Sandy quite proud of it? and Jock was quite as bad, and for a while the whole house resounded with "Haddies."

I can't deny that Jock had his faults—as who hasn't? and his besetting sin was mischief. I don't believe really that he meant to hurt the cat when he tweaked her tail as she lay peacefully dozing, and made her growl, or that it was anything but fun when he pecked the cook's ankles, but it certainly showed want of principle when he took to borrowing things and walking off with them. We couldn't imagine where in the world everything was disappearing to, till one day, when I spotted Jock flying out of a hole in the old ash tree, near the house, and climbed up and looked in. There, sure enough, were father's silver pencil case and one of his shirt studs, and my new ball of twine, and Sandy's old knife and some foreign stamps, and the tail of a kite, besides mother's cardcase and a glove and some silk, and a tidy and other things which didn't much matter. What showed us that Jock didn't mean to be a thief was the way he enjoyed being found out. He sat on a branch of that tree and positively laughed—and when I fished out the last thing which was one of baby's socks he chuckled "Caller Haddies," and flew away.

Everybody liked Jock, and everything went well with him till Aunt Elizabeth came to visit us. Aunt Elizabeth has heaps of money, and is an aunt of father's, and a regular old fogie, and most awfully cross, and why father is so good to her and so polite I'm sure I don't know. It certainly is a most awful nuisance to be always on one's very best Sunday-go-meeting behavior, and have to holler everything over to her—for she is as deaf as bedposts—even when you are only telling Sandy that you put the worms you dug for fishing in his collar box, and she never understands at any rate.

She is bad enough, but her dog Toodles is worse. Of all the horrible dogs I ever saw, it is the most horrible—a wretched poodle, so fat it can hardly waddle about. However, I could have stood even Toodles if only Jock had been left alone. Unfortunately Jock had a hatred to Toodles, and the way he pinched her and prodded her with his beak was simply beautiful to behold, but Aunt Elizabeth caught him one day in the very act, and "Positively my dear Helen (Helen is mother), with one of my darling innocent Toddles' pretty white locks in his savage beak."

Mother, by means of banishing Jock from both dining and drawing-room, managed to patch up matters so far, but that dear stupid old Jock went and spoilt it all again. It so happens that Aunt Elizabeth has a great deal of what mother calls "Family pride," but what I call nothing but conceit and stuck-upness. She is constantly lecturing the pater about "the family," and by that she doesn't mean Us, but all our grand uncles and great-grand uncles, and great-great-grand-uncles, and grand aunts, cousins, twice moved away back, almost to the time of Moses. She seems awfully fond of them, and knows exactly whom they all married, and how many places they had belonging to them, and which of them had the measles, and which hadn't and all the rest of it. I'm sure I can't think how she takes an interest in them, for most of them must have been dead and buried for centuries, and I think she might let them rest in peace instead of hawking them up to bore a fellow. I am positive that father is bored, altho he sits listening to her yarning about them for hours at a time, and asks all sorts of questions about them that seem to please her. I caught him yawning more than once, and sometimes he forgets to listen, and then, when Aunt Elizabeth says suddenly "Now, don't you think it was a very noble thing of him to do?" he says in a great hurry "Oh, yes, very sad—very sad indeed," which makes me laugh, and mother too, when she's there. For my part I don't care a brass farthing about these ancestors. Perhaps it is wrong of me tho, according to Aunt Elizabeth they were all very handsome men, who did all sorts of great things, and never seemed to do anything wrong, and were great swells besides. Anyhow, she is forever speaking of them and showing off all sorts of queer things that she calls "family relics" and "heirlooms."

One of her specialties is a very grand snuff box, partly gold, and with a picture painted on china on the lid. She says her great-great-grandmother got it from one of the Georges, I can't remember which, but I expect it must have been the one that was cracked, for what person that wasn't cracked would ever have thought of giving a lady a present like that? I wish the old thing had kept his present to himself anyhow, for it was the cause of a great misfortune to Jock and to all of us. Well, Jock thirsted for revenge, and how could he, one afternoon, when he got in at an open window in the drawing-room and found Aunt Elizabeth snoring in an arm chair, with her cap all awry, keep from teasing her? There, as usual, on a little table by her side was her bag, some biscuits for Toddles, Burkes Peerage, her crotchet, the county dictionary, and THE snuff box. I am sure that everyone will agree with me that if the snuff box was valuable she had no business to leave it lying about like that, and I think Jock thought so too. I can imagine how he would SMILE and wink when he saw his enemy sitting there unconscious, with all her belongings beside her. He must have been poking about the things a little, I suppose, and finally thought of running away with her crotchet and hiding it, and that wretched snuff box must somehow have got dragged off along with it, for suddenly there was a crash and Aunt Elizabeth awoke to find Jock and her crotchet vanishing out of the window, and her precious heirloom lying on the floor with THE PICTURE CRACKED RIGHT ACROSS. Wasn't she in a rage, and when Jock came back apparently to see the fun, and looking in at the window, sang out quite proudly "Caller Haddies," loud enough even for her to hear, we thought she would go off in appoplexy. Jock had his revenge, but alas! it cost him dear. "You must either kill that bird or put it away," father said. "As if I wouldn't sooner kill myself," said Sandy.

For some days Jock was sent to Coventry, until one day at dinner, dad said, "By the way, boys, I've got a home for Jock. Lord Strathmore's gardener wants a tame jackdaw, and I told Geordie the carrier to call here tomorrow and get Jock." Sandy and I both cried out, "Oh, father!" but the dad said, "Now, say no more about it, you know it has to be done." So we had to shut up and Aunt Elizabeth asked what the matter was, and when she was told, looked awfully pleased, and waggled her old head and said, 'going to be killed," (she always took things wrong). "Glad to hear it, I'm sure—the savage monster." There was raspberry tart, and red-current tart for dinner that day, but after that, for all I knew it might just as well have been tapioca, and Sandy choked on the first mouthful, and had to leave the room, and didn't come back again.

How we petted Jock that day. We hardly left him till old Geordie's cart rumbled up next afternoon; and we said good-bye to our dear Jock, and saw him stowed away in a box at the bottom of the cart amongst the bread and eggs, and snuff and peppermints and tobacco.

We watched the cart till it and Geordie and the old gray horse had jogged slowly down the road, and disappeared round the turn, and if we hadn't been boys I believe we should have cried our eyes out.

About a fortnight after, one morning at breakfast, suddenly Sandy, who had been looking out of the window gave a yell, sprang up from the table and rushed out at the door. The next minute he was back again, and on his shoulder, cuddling his soft head against his cheek and crooning gently, was Jock. Dear old chap! We WERE so glad to see him again, and he seemed so delighted to get back, and went for Toddles at once, but soon the gardener came, and he was taken away. Next time Georgie came round, we went to ask him for news of Jock. "Jock," he said, "I toot Jock 'll no' be likein' back here again in a hurdy! The gairdener's ben an' clippit' his wings, till he looks for a' the world like naething but a tatie bogie!" (whatever that is).

That was the last we heard of Jock for sometime, and this is how we heard of him next. It was one very stormy evening in the end of November, and we were all sitting crowded round the fire playing at "Begger My Neighbor." The wind was howling outside like water fiends, and every now and then, there came a blatter of sleet against the windows, that almost blew them in, and made the glass rattle in the frames. During a lull in the storm there came a sudden bump against the winow. "A bird," so father said; but it was Sandy who knew WHAT bird. Before anyone could stop him, he rushed to the window, opened the shutters, and threw it up. A great gust of wind and sleet came in, scattering the pages, and almost blowing the lamp out, but, with the wind came something—a little shabby figure, all dripping wet, with one clipped wing hanging powerlessly by his side, and his feathers all dabbled with mud. He managed to half-flutter, half-hop to his favorite old perch on the fender, put his head on one side, with a poor little attempt at the old pawky look, and closing his half-glazed eyes, said softly, "Caller Haddies"! and droped down—dead!

QUESTION MARK TELLS TURVEY WHY TEARS ARE DANGEROUS THINGS—A STAY-IN-THE-HOUSE STORY.

NOW I HOPE YOU ARE LISTENING.

One bright day in winter, we all went to the deep black pond, and, of course, we put on our skates.

I just felt, when we started, that something awful might happen, and it did. Yes, my dear, it did.

The little Princess and Old Goose were skating ahead, little Old Loon and I were skating behind, and I think, No. 23 and Noodle the Soup were there, too; anyway we were skating along like this when the little Princess stopped and said she did not have her little heart, in the little heart box in the little bit of flannel with her.

We all looked at Old Goose, thinking he might have it, but no; he knew nothing whatever about it.

We skated, as fast as could be, to the shore, thinking it might be at the place where she had put on her skates, but no; it was not there either.

Well! my dears, after that we skated one by one across, around and over the ice, but no! it was NOT to be found, and at last we all sat down in a circle and began to howl (all except little Old Loon). Yes, my dear, we all began to howl. Now, instead of facing each other, when we sat down in the circle, I don't know how it was, but, we faced the shore and that may account for what followed. If we had been FACING EACH OTHER the circle of ice we melted off with our tears might have gone down WITHOUT us; that is we might have saved ourselves by being on the main part of the ice, but, as it was, we had OUR BACKS TO EACH OTHER, and first thing we knew our tears had melted the ice in front of us, and there we were on a round circle of ice which was SINKING, yes, my dear, SINKING.

Well, to get the worst over, I shall tell it quickly: We went down under the ice; yes, under the ice.

Fortunately Old Goose had had a bottle of lime juice in his hip pocket, and as we sank the bottom of the bottle broke off—this bottle saved us.

I suppose you wonder and are ready with the QUESTION "How did the bottle save us? And I am quite ready with the answer. "Can,t you wait a moment till I think?"

You see, my dear, we floated quite a distance under the ice, and just as we thought we were gone Old Goose discovered a small hole above us.

"Well, he took the bottle, stuck the end of it thru the hole, and there we were with as good a thing to breath thru as you could want — — —.

Well, when we were beginning to get really and truly pretty well cold thru and thru, and the air in the bottle was beginning to give out a bit, what did we hear but — — — — — — biff! snip! snap!—biff! snip! snap! above us, and in a moment, guess what happened — — — —.

Why! the hole, where the bottle was, got larger, and larger, soon we were all able to crawl out, and there stood little Old Loon with a SMILE, a shovel and a pick, all of which he had used to dig us out.

Best of all tho; yes, best of all; or perhaps I should say ALMOST best of all (because what good would her little heart have been without herself?), yes ALMOST best of all, little Old Loon had the Princess' little heart, in the little heart box, in the little bit of flannel, wrapped up in his muffler, round his ears, safe and sound.

He had found it in her fur coat sleeve, where she had left it hanging to a willow tree, the foolish child.

The Princess had a very sore throat for a day or two after the ducking, but little Old Loon called and told her such a funny story that first her face brightened and that scared the sore throat, second she SMILED and that frightened the sore throat, but third, she laughed so hard that the sore throat became terrified and galloped away so hard that I just believe it must be flying yet.

Turvey's Ma said yesterday: "I wonder why that child laughed so much when I told her to use the gargle"

C. A. Macphie.

SUNDAY MORNING **Editorial Page of The Toronto Sunday World** FEBRUARY 7TH

The World Window

More Light on German Ways

Britons the world over are naturally convinced that this war was deliberately planned and prepared for by the Prussian militarist party, and they know now that behind the Junkers were the deceived and deluded German people. The official papers issued by the various governments have fixed responsibility for this hideous crime against the foundations of Christian civilization, and the French Yellow Book particularly has made it clear that the time was of German choosing, and that the Serajevo assassinations only afforded a plausible excuse for throwing Europe into the melting pot. But in the months that have passed other facts have come to light clinching the charge that in German eyes the favorable moment had arrived to secure world dominion and impose German ideas of "Kultur" on Europe. Not the least interesting of these revelations are given in a book just written by an English lady, American on her mother's side, who was for five years engaged as governess in the household of a German prince and had frequent opportunities to meet many of the prominent Germans whose names are now familiar in the records of the war.

* * *

Early Signs of War

It speaks volumes for this lady's acumen that early in 1914 she became satisfied that trouble was in the air. She accidentally learned of a secret visit to Berlin made by Enver Pasha and the Egyptian Prince Mahoumed Ali, and that frequent consultations of general officers were held in her prince's house. In May even the peasants in the Black Forest on the Rhine, were talking of the coming war, which, however, they imagined would be with Russia only, and not with France and England. She heard so much and imagined so much more that at last moved by patriotic feelings, she wrote a long letter to Sir Edward Goschen, the British ambassador at Berlin. It was intercepted—she was accused of betraying her trust and placed under arrest in the castle which had been her first German home. Escaping with surprising ease she reached London early in October last. Much occurred during her five years' residence to instil suspicion regarding German designs on Great Britain, and these indications began on her first arrival at the castle on the Rhine. There she found her pupils, two small boys and their girl cousin, playing a war game invented by Count Zeppelin, and taught them by their military governor. Their toy dirigibles dropped bombs on a model of London!

* * *

What Germans Thought of Britain

This lady found princes, diplomats and soldiers interested in little else but the coming war with Great Britain. She quotes some remarks made by the doctor attached to the household, and suggests that they expressed the general mind of the people. "He thought," she writes, "that Germany being superior to the rest of mother earth was bound, for the good of the world's population, gradually to spread over more and more territory. I asked if Germany looked forward to conquering the United States as well as Europe. The herr doctor answered earnestly that something of the sort must happen in time, tho, of course, only after many years, several generations probably. We are born to be a conquering people, he said. It is our fate whether we wish it or not. The world's spirit must carry us on and on from one triumph to another as it has been in the past, ever since Frederick the Great gave us our first impetus." The now famous Bernhardi was particularly scornful in his reference to Britain, which was "going down exactly as Rome had gone down, and the knell of her greatness was sounding already. Not one of her colonies," Bernhardi prophesied, "would stand by her when the day of trouble should come and most of them would go against her." What is this wiseacre thinking today?

* * *

Two of a Kind

Bernhardi, from his description, appears to be a supreme type of the super-German. We are told he possesses a "short, thick neck and beetling eyebrows." Frankly rude when told that the governess was English, his manners improved when he received the further information that her grandfather was an American. Later she was told by a countess, one of the princess' ladies, that to Bernhardi women were not much higher than the "four-footed animal kingdom," that he loudly contradicted his wife even at hotel tables when they traveled together; that he always walked ahead of her in the streets and pushed past her or even other ladies, if strangers to him, in order to go first thru the doorway. Bernhardi indeed is just the kind of savage that a believer in force should be. Bernhard Dernburg, the German propagandist in the United States, did not at all impress our governess, who thought him unpleasant and wondered how the ultra-aristocratic court could grant him entrance. "With his high shoulders, his Jewish face and untidy looking beard, which could not hide the unscrupulous cruelty of his jaw, from a woman's point of view, he was more like a Hebrew wholesale merchant of lower New York than a persona grata of a European court."

* * *

An Old Scotchwoman on the Kaiser

The kaiser comes in for some not altogether complimentary criticism. Our governess quotes the same countess as exclaiming of him, "Strange that a great man can be so little. He enjoys putting people out of countenance." An old Scotch nurse who had been for years in the prince's family had no illusions about the kaiser's love of England, and thus delivered herself: "He may like some of his high-up English friends as well as he likes anybody besides himself, but he despises the nation and thinks it has gone to sleep. All the same he's afraid of it, I believe. That sounds like a contradiction. But the kaiser is a contradiction. So is the crown prince. So is our prince. They would all three like nothing better than a war with England. * * * You mark my words, all that the German kaiser and his sons, and their set which our prince is in, like about the British nation is what it has got." This old Scotch nurse, with her native shrewdness, was evidently better able to size up the kaiser than were the British statesmen and diplomats who believed him to be a sincere friend of their country. She, at least, has not been disillusioned.

FOOTPRINTS EVERYWHERE

Two Needed Reforms

In a recent editorial The Montreal Journal of Commerce, referring to the announcement appearing from time to time in the war news that the army has advanced or retreated so many "kilometers," remarked that this proved somewhat confusing to the English speaking world, which is accustomed to another system of measurement. It showed the innate conservatism of the Anglo-Saxon peoples, that even when the United States adopted a metric currency it did not extend the decimal system to all weights and measures. Canada is in the same position, while Britain and the other dominions still preserve the old coinage along with the numerous other tables that are so puzzling to the juvenile mind. Almost every other civilized state in the world has adopted the metric system in its entirety.

The result of the refusal on the part of English speaking nations to fall into line places a quite unnecessary burden on their manufacturers engaged in foreign trade. They are compelled, as The Journal of Commerce says, to carry two series of sizes thruout their factories, and their workmen learn for themselves the ease with which they can handle the metric system as compared with the needless difficulties caused by the odd divisions in the English tables. Canada, it is urged, should lead the way in adopting the decimal form, just as The Sunday World would like to see Canada leading the way in the reform of English spelling. The considerations of ease in learning and saving of time are just as strong in the one case as in the other.

Our Serbian Allies

In a little pamphlet printed for the Victoria League in London, England, Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, who traveled last year in Serbia, gives a very appreciative account of the country and its people. Looking to the current notion of the Serbians it is somewhat surprising to be told that they are extremely democratic people, more so than the English, Americans or any other people among whom there are great distinctions of rank or of wealth. They are a nation of peasant-proprietors, each man with his own piece of land; no less than 86 per cent. of the population belong to this class.

The typical Serbian peasant or soldier, who are one and the same, Mr. Trevelyan writes, is a fine, upstanding type of humanity, who looks you in the face like an equal. They are also a very pleasant and kindly people, as indeed are most of the inhabitants of the Balkans when they are not engaged in racial war. But if they have the virtues of the peasant they also have his limitation of outlook. In the almost complete absence of an upper or even middle class they lack leadership, and the mercantile element is as yet very slightly developed. Like all the states of eastern Europe they have little generosity or liberty in dealing with alien subjects.

It is satisfactory to find that Mr. Trevelyan considers the Austrian assertion that the archduke's murder was prepared or instigated in Serbia is absolutely unproven and in the highest degree unlikely. Austria has advanced no proofs, altho it was evidently to her advantage to provide these if she had them. Without proof and against likelihood Austria made her charge and delivered an ultimatum in terms demanding the surrender of Serbia's sovereign rights. Almost everything was conceded, yet Austria, under the compulsion of Germany, forced on the European war. Britain has been drawn into the quarrel on the side of justice and liberty, and in the hope that, now Europe is in the melting pot, out of the convulsion will come a readjustment of the nations on racial lines.

Federal Enforcement of Federal Law

For many years the mother country has provided freely the money needed to develop the natural resources of the imperial dominions. They have always enjoyed the full confidence of the British investor, who believed them to possess the same qualities and characteristics that had given the United Kingdom so distinguished a place among the trading nations of the world. Taken altogether that confidence has been justified, but the fact has unfortunately led the unscrupulous individuals who are found in every community to misuse it for their own advantage. That the attempt has been successful in not a few cases with resultant loss to the British investor cannot but weaken his trust in the good faith of Canadian borrowers and promoters.

The reckless speculation in real estate that marked the recent history of the western provinces would have done enough damage locally and nationally had it been confined to the Dominion. But various companies and individuals took their propositions to Britain and obtained considerable sums by methods that cannot be too severely condemned. Only the other day two officials of the Union Life Company were convicted of selling shares in the United Kingdom, knowing them to be practically worthless. Acts of this kind do not end with the loss to the investor and the punishment of the offence. They lower the standing of the Dominion in the investment market, and make it all the harder to secure money required for legitimate enterprises.

British Columbia has had an unpleasant experience in connection with the Trust Company, which is alleged to have obtained deposits without legal warrants, and to have committed other infringements of the federal law. Under our present practice offences against Dominion Statutes are left to the provincial law officers and courts to prosecute and punish. Systems which leave it to one authority to legislate and to another to enforce rarely, if ever, work satisfactorily, and Canada's is no exception. Remedy can only come from the establishment of federal courts and prosecution by federal officers. The Dominion Government and Parliament have the requisite powers to enforce conformity to federal law and should act upon them.

CRUSTS AND CRUMBS

By Albert Ernest Stafford

IT IS somewhat surprising to find that such a man of the world of a missionary and evangelizer as Mr. John R. Mott was unable to resist the temptation to cast a slur at other religions than his own during his recent visit to Toronto. Being a citizen of the United States he does not have the necessity placed upon him of taking the larger view due to citizenship in an empire which numbers far more subjects of other religious faiths than the Christian. I was not present at his evening address, but the newspaper report, which he has not repudiated, says that in speaking of his religious studies in foreign lands and among old philosophies he painted a picture of a man sinking in the dark waters of doubt and failure. "What would Confucius have said to such a one?" he asked. "The best he would have to offer would have been, 'Profit by experience.' Buddha would have said, 'Struggle.' Hinduism would have offered him another chance in some future incarnation, and Mahomet would have held out the most hopeless words of all, 'Whether you sink or survive, it is God's will.' But Christ says, 'Take my hand.' His power is effectual, accessible and available." Practically every word of this is incorrect, misleading, and dishonoring alike to the founder of Christianity, and the other great religious leaders thus misrepresented. One wonders what kind of Confucians, Buddhists, Hindus or Moslems Mr. Mott met and studied with to have arrived at conclusions which any tyro in the study of comparative religion could upset, and which are so entirely contrary to the spirit of interpretation which dwells in real Christianity. "And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice: and they shall become one flock, one shepherd." (John x., 16.) And the same Master, if we are to believe in one Lord, one Christ, speaking thousands of years before to the Hindus (as the Bhagavad Gita records) said: "Mankind comes to me by many roads, but by whatever road a man approaches me, by that road I receive him; for all roads are Mine." Christ has nowhere said, "Take my hand," and if He had said it, it could only be a figurative utterance, and contrary to the spirit of what He did say as recorded by the three synoptical gospels. "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his own cross daily, and follow me." The fellowship of the cross is as old as the world, and Christianity is almost the last of religions to hear of it. But many, like Mr. Mott, do not appear to be aware of the fact.

* * *

IT IS perhaps more astonishing to hear a university preacher uttering such narrow views about the great religions of the world. But an American evangelist is capable of anything. We have had D. L. Moody in Toronto deny that Christianity taught the brotherhood of man. We have had Dr. Torrey boast in Massey Hall of his fine equipages and comfortable home. We have had Dr. Chapman in the same place administer a formula of conversion much as the clerk administers the oath in the police court. And why should not Mr. Mott slander the hoary religions of the British Empire? Does Mr. Mott wish us to believe that Jesus Christ would have objected to the admonition, "Profit by experience?" Or does he wish us to think that Confucius had nothing to offer the world but the stoic suggestion to profit by experience? Mr. Mott surely knows that Confucius taught a philosophy, not as a religion, but in conjunction with a religion, and it is frequently made a taunt by certain gainsayers that the Chinese have three religions, that of Confucius, that of Buddha, or Taoism, and that known as Shinto. The first is, of course, a philosophy, the second is a faith, and the third is a cult. In describing an Englishman as an evolutionist, a Christian and an Anglican, one does not say that he practises three religions. No more do the Chinese. And the day will come when enlightened mankind, as even now enlightened men, will see nothing incompatible in recognising the essential harmony of all the great religions, and the fact that there is, as St. Paul assures us in Ephesians iv., 6: "One Lord, one faith, one washing, one God and Father of all, who is over all, and thru all, and in all." Those who make the mistake of regarding outward and visible signs as of more importance than inward and spiritual graces have still many births before them, and they are scarcely less backward to think that any special formula or special set of terms or technical language is more efficacious than another. As the Master said in the old Chinese classic, "The Doctrine of the Mean," "By the ceremonies of the sacrifices to Heaven and Earth they served God, and by the ceremonies of the ancestral temple they sacrificed to their ancestors. He who understands the ceremonies of the sacrifices to Heaven and Earth, and the meaning of the several sacrifices to ancestors, would find the government of a kingdom as easy as to look into his palm!" This esoteric knowledge is not widely disseminated, and has perhaps escaped Mr. Mott's studies.

* * *

BUDDHA WOULD have said "Struggle," remarked Mr. Mott, as tho implying that Jesus Christ would have deprecated making any effort, and that the gracious and revered Lord of the World five centuries before our era had nothing of consolation, or help for His disciples. Mr. Mott labors under the disadvantage of not understanding the law of reincarnation, or he would unquestionably give it prominence in his addresses. The gospel according to Buddha, never loses sight of man's immortality, and his return to earth-life in repeated incarnations until he has attained that perfection which Jesus enjoined upon His disciples, and its resultant peace, the peace of God, which passes understanding, known as Nirvana, a state which materially minded men regard as extinction, and from which they shrink with something akin to horror. They have no desire or will to unite their consciousness with the Divine consciousness. "Let the same Mind be in you which is in Christ," or in Buddha, is an injunction which does not appeal to them. To be transformed by the changing of the lower human mind into the higher Christ mind was taught by St. Paul as by Buddha. It is the birth of the Christ within without which there is no entering into the Kingdom. And so Buddha taught his favorite disciple "Therefore, O Ananda! be ye lamps unto yourselves. Be ye a refuge to yourself. Betake yourself to no external refuge. Look not for refuge to anyone except yourself." It is the inner Higher Self, the Christ Self, of course, which is meant. Jesus taught the same doctrine in similar language five centuries later in the Sermon on the Mount. "The lamp of thy body is thine Eye: when thine Eye is perfect thy whole body also is full of light . . . If therefore, thy whole body be full of light, having no part dark, everything shall be wholly full of light, as when the lamp with its bright shining doth give thee light." This simply repeats the words of the Buddha, "Be ye lamps unto yourselves," and St. John tells us "this is that Light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world." This is the doctrine of the Path or the Way, upon which, once a man enters, he has only seven more incarnations to strive thru. It is mentioned in Proverbs iv. 18: "The Path of the righteous is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." After which, Revelation iii., 12, "I will make him a pillar in the sanctuary of my God, and he shall go out thence no more."

* * *

MR. MOTT evidently does not approve of the law under which the failures and weaklings, the immature and careless, are "offered another chance in some future incarnation." But when we look around the world and realize that most men are failures or weaklings, immature or careless, the wisdom of this law of spiritual unfoldment should be evident. And, perhaps, it will occur to some people, if not to Mr. Mott, that we come into the world for the very purpose of unfolding and developing our inner spiritual nature, of taking up the cross of the flesh and bearing it, each one his own cross, until the flesh is crucified, and the spirit that was crucified rises from its tomb, where St. Paul tells us it is buried, Christ-anointed, Christ-crowned. This is the universal teaching in all ages and nations, of the doctrine of the cross, of the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," of the "Word made flesh." It is a mystery to the unregenerate, but is revealed to "babes and sucklings" in "the Wisdom." Even the Moslems are not without their knowledge of this "Small old Path, stretching far away," and the Sufi teachings are all based upon the fact of man's latent divine nature and immortality. The practical nature of Mahomet's teachings led to the marvellous development of the literary and scientific spirit in the Saracenic empire, which impressed itself upon Europe, and having become engrafted there, created our present civilization, which, altho we call it Christian, is essentially Mahometan in all its characteristic developments. It was Mahomet who said, following earlier mystics, "He who knows himself, knows God." God cannot be known. Christ cannot be known, in the pages of a book, or thru the lips of another man, but only in one's own heart and soul. Forgetting this Mr. Mott loses the value of Mahomet's great teaching, which he puts so crudely in the phrase, "Whether you sink or survive, it is God's will." Why is it God's will? Because it is your will, and you are free to choose. St. John's gospel is full of this teaching. Life eternal, as he tells us, is to know the only true God and Christ whom he has sent. Mr. Mott said in an earlier address that "it is psychologically true that if one meditates upon himself he becomes selfish. If he thinks upon Christ, he becomes Christ-like." But it is just as psychologically true that if a man meditates on a God or a Christ outside his own nature he will never get God or Christ inside him. His Name shall be called Emmanuel, "God is in us," was the message. The wonderful chapter, John xvii., in which this teaching is set forth, has been sadly mis-read, and Christianity has suffered accordingly: "The glory which thou hast given Me I have given unto them, that they may be one, even as we are one: I in Thou and Thou in Me, that they may be perfected into One; that the world may know that Thou didst send Me, and lovedst them, even as Thou lovedst Me." And so, as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive. "Our wills are ours, we know not how; our wills are ours, to make them thine." "Nearer is He than breathing, closer than hands and feet."

SPORTING **The Toronto Sunday World** SECTION

35TH YEAR —PAGES 1 TO 4 — TORONTO SUNDAY MORNING FEBRUARY 7 1915 — —PRICE FIVE CENTS

VICTORIAS FINISH LOCAL SCHEDULE WITH EASY WIN

VARSITY BADLY BEATEN BY SPEEDY VICTORIAS AT ARENA

U. of T. Started Substitute Team and Were Completely Swamped—Winners Will Meet St. Michaels in Home-and-Home Games for Senior O.H.A. Championship.

By a Staff Reporter.

ARENA GARDENS, Feb. 6.—Victorias had only to win their game against Varsity seniors to cinch senior O.H.A. group No. 2. The fast Vic team was practically assured of the group championship after the first two games, but with a victory over Varsity under their belts nothing can stop the speedy Vics from winning their group. The Vics had their usual team on the ice, but Varsity, after their strenuous game which resulted in a victory over Queens, decided to put another team on the ice.

Varsity's team were much weaker than their intercollegiate bunch and were due to be snowed under by the champion Vics. The line-up:

Varsity—Goal, Levesque; defence, Mills and Catto; rover, Wilson; centre, Smith; right wing, Davis; left wing, Harvey.

Victorias—Goal, McGiffin; defence, Hefferman and Gooch; rover, Stevenson; centre, G. Meeking; right wing, Aird; left wing, H. Meeking.

Referee—Chas Toms.

First Period.

Wilson was the only man on the Varsity line-up who showed anything. Victorias were not able to score, however, altho they had some good chances. Varsity got the first when Davis poked the puck past McGiffin after two minutes of play. Varsity 1, Victorias 0.

Vics hit their stride at last and had the collegians bottled up. Aird scored on a pass from G. Meeking. Varsity 1, Victorias 1.

Levesque had plenty of work to do, but he handled all kinds of shots with equal facility. It took eight minutes for Victorias to get their next score. Indifferent playing was all that the teams put up. H. Meeking got Victorias' second goal. Victorias 2, Varsity 1.

Aird and H. Meeking worked some nice combination, and the latter scored Victorias' third goal one minute after the face-off. Victorias 3, Varsity 1.

Varsity were by no means dead, however, and after Levesque had handled several hot shots Harvey went thru for Varsity's second score. Victorias 3, Varsity 2.

The period ended without further score. The Varsity goaler was called upon to do some more work, and he made good each time. The Vics did not show a great deal of life, realizing that they were not up against a hard proposition.

Second Period.

The play livened up somewhat after the first rest. The red shirts got down to business and tested Levesque's mettle still further. H. Meeking got Vic's fourth goal within two minutes of the resumption of play. Victorias 4, Varsity 2.

Davis came back with a goal for Varsity, getting the puck after Smith's shot rebounded. Victorias 4, Varsity 3.

From this point Victorias got down to business. G. Meeking counted four times in four minutes and the procedure began to get monotonous. When Vic's centre man eased up the score was: Victorias 8, Varsity 3.

Aird added another a minute later when he sent a speed shot off his stick. Victorias 9, Varsity 3.

Seven minutes of mediocre play followed and there was nothing that could be called good hockey. Aird counted for another goal and Hefferman broke thru for a rush, which made the score: Victorias 11, Varsity 3.

Third Period.

Gordon Meeking added still another to Victoria's total, making their score reach a round dozen. Victorias 12, Varsity 3.

Wilson showed a burst of speed when he sailed thru the entire Vic aggregation, making the score: Victorias 12, Varsity 4.

G. Meeking and Hefferman increased the score by still another two goals. They showed occasional bursts of speed. Victorias 14, Varsity 4.

Aird showed some speed and got another. Heffernan and Aird got mixed up in a scrimmage with Varsity goaler, and the former got credit for this counter. Vics 16, Varsity 4.

Aird and G. Meeking added a couple more and made the burlesque even more monotonous. Vics 18, Varsity 4.

Stevenson got another, and Victorias' total was 19. H. Meeking made the score an even 20. Aird made it 21 just before the bell rang.

Game over. Victorias 21, Varsity 4.

ST. JOSEPHS WON IN FINAL PERIOD

Teams Were Well Matched—Broadviews Looked Best, But Faded at the End

By a Staff Reporter.

ARENA GARDENS, Feb. 6.—St. Josephs defeated Broadview in a senior Beaches League game here on Saturday afternoon by a score of 4 to 2.

The two teams were very evenly matched in the first two periods. Altho the Broadviews had an edge on their opponents in the first minutes of play, the St. Josephs came back after that and made things lively.

St. Joseph came thru in the second period when Mulvihill scored after four minutes of play. No more scoring resulted during the rest of the period, altho all hands worked hard. Broadviews 1, St. Josephs 1.

St. Josephs broke into the lead in the final period when their centre man, Mulvihill, scored his second goal two minutes after the start of the third period. He added another three minutes later, making the count St. Josephs 3. Broadviews 1. Holmes broke away and sent the puck past Broadviews' goaler, making the score St. Josephs 4, Broadviews 1. Charters, Broadview, scored two minutes before play ended, and the final score was St. Josephs 4, Broadviews 2.

The line-up:

St. Josephs (4): Goal, Sullivan; left defence, Perry; right defence, Beeton; rover, Zinn; centre, Mulvihill; right wing, Holmes; left wing, George.

Broadviews (2): Goal, Mishaw; left defence, Philpot; right defence, M. Charters; rover, Kirkpatrick; centre, Patterson; right wing, Ferryman; left wing, A. Charters.

Referee: Waghorne.

HORSE SHOW DATES DECIDED UPON

Coming horse shows are as follows:

New York Spring Horse Show—April 20, 21, 22.
Devon, Pa.—May 21-21.
Fall River, Mass.—June 10.
Detroit—Sept. 6-11.
Syracuse, N.Y.—Sept. 13-18.
Chicago, Ill.—Nov. 27-Dec. 4.

HOCKEY SCORES

O.H.A.
—Senior—
Victorias.....21 Varsity 4

Beaches League.
—Senior—
St. Josephs..... 4 Broadviews 2

Exhibition.
Upper Canada...11 Highfield, Ham.... 2

GENEROUS PLANS FOR U. S. TENNIS TOURNEY

NEW YORK, Feb. 6.—Announcements were made here today that the West Side Tennis Club, which the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association last night awarded the national championship tournament for 1915, had already made plans to make the meeting the greatest in the history of tennis in this country. To carry out building plans, which include new stands, dressing rooms and other buildings for players and officials, a member of the club announced that it had been offered a loan of $100,000. By the first week in September, the time set for the tournament, President Myrick of the West Side Club assured the association last night that everything would be in readiness to accommodate even larger crowds than attended the Davis Cup matches on the club's course at Forest Hill, Long Island, last August.

To take the place of the national championship, which it has staged for thirty-four years, officials of the Newport Casino announced that a special invitation tournament for kings of the courts would be arranged.

"ROSS" BARNES IS DEAD.

CHICAGO, Feb. 6.—Roscoe Barnes, major league baseball star of forty years ago, died at his home here last night after a brief illness. He was 65 years of age.

"Ross" Barnes, as he was known to the baseball world, played with the Boston and Chicago Clubs. He was with Boston from 1872 until 1875, during which time Boston won four pennants. Barnes played second base.

BOOK CIRCULATION INCREASE.

In the monthly report of the Toronto Public Library it is shown that the total home circulation of 77,971 is an increase of 19,059, the reference library with a circulation of 23,081 has increased by 12,137 and the children's libraries with 19,628 is an increase of 17,068.

French Boxer Earns New Honors on Field

Jean Peosey, the Man Who Gave Jim Driscoll the Hardest Fight of His Career, Led His Regiment in Heroic Fashion and Receives Highest Military Decoration.

(BY HENRI FERRER).

PARIS, Feb. 6.—It may interest the weepers and Little Navy Folks to know that Jean Peosey, a French boxer, who gave Jim Driscoll, former featherweight champion of Great Britain, a terrific battle and won encomiums for his courage, has made good in a more serious line. The same courage and determination that marked his scrap with Driscoll was on tap in front of the German guns. He led a company of his regiment against the enemy in the proverbial "rain of shot and shell," with such effect that he received the highest military decoration France has to offer, to wit, the Military Gold Medal.

Adrien Hogan, the former French middleweight champion, is at the front and was creased in the arm.

Lurie, the French heavyweight, who was knocked out in the seventh round in London by Bombardier Wells on April 2, is himself a bombardier, and has been at the front since the beginning of the war.

-o- MEN WHO WILL CONTROL YANKEES -o-

The new owners of the New York Yankees and their business assistants, Harry Sparrow and William Fleischmann. The picture was taken at their offices in the 42nd street building in New York City. Col. Jacob Ruppert, jr., is on the left; Capt. Huston, W. Fleischmann and Harry Sparrow follow, in order named, from left to right.

New Orleans Results

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 6.—The races here today resulted as follows:

FIRST RACE—Two-year-olds and up, selling, purse $300, 5½ furlongs:

1. School for Scandal, 107 (Ambrose), 5 to 2, even and 1 to 2.
2. Deliver, 107 (Dishmon), 9 to 5, 7 to 10 and 1 to 3.
3. Pay Master, 108 (Obert), 10 to 1, 4 to 1 and 8 to 5.

Time .41 2-5. Grayiady, Lillian May, Southern Star, Margaret O. and Sands Diamond also ran.

SECOND RACE—Selling, three-year-olds and up, purse $300, six furlongs:

1. Martin Casca, 111 Goldstein), 4 to 5, 1 to 3 and out.
2. Jessie Louise, 109 McTaggart), 5 to 1, 2 to 1 and 4 to 5.
3. Stickpin, 109 (O'Brien), 10 to 1, 4 to 1 and 2 to 1.

Time 1.14. Miss Fannie, Blue Wing, Cloak, Luria, Wryneck, Calcium and The Gander also ran.

THIRD RACE—Three-year-olds and up, selling, purse $400, 5½ furlongs:

1. Jim Basey, 107 (McIntyre), 8 to 5, 3 to 5 and 1 to 4.
2. Sir Dyke, 102 (McTaggart), 10 to 1, 4 to 1 and 2 to 1.
3. Luther, 106 (Poole), 2 to 1, 7 to 10 and 1 to 3.

Viley finished third, but was disqualified for a foul.

Time 1.06 3-5. Broomflower, Viley, Bars, Zebago and Chartier also ran.

FOURTH RACE—Handicap, three-year-olds and up, purse $400, one mile and seventy yards:

1. Stout Heart, 112 (Warrington), 8 to 5, 3 to 5 and out.
2. Just Red, 97 (McTaggart), 6 to 1, 2 to 1 and 4 to 5.
3. Bayberry Candle, 103 (Turner), 3 to 1, 4 to 5 and 1 to 3.

Time 1.44 2-5. Herbert Temple, Impression and Yenghee also ran.

UPPER CANADA WON FROM HIGHFIELD

U. C. C. Ran Up the Score in the First Period—Checking Was Close

Special to The Sunday World.

HAMILTON, Feb. 6.—Upper Canada College intermediates defeated Hamilton Highfield seniors at Alerts' Rink this morning by a score of 11 to 2. The game was fast and exciting, despite the one-sided score, but the heavy college squad outclassed the locals at all stages of the game. Upper Canada College scored six goals in the first period, while Highfield was held scoreless. In the second period each team counted one, while in the last session the visitors netted two goals and Highfield one. The teams:

Upper Canada College (11)—Goal, Beatty; defence, R. Hay and J. Hay; rover, McDonald; centre, Wright; right wing, Senkler; left wing, Francis.

Highfield (2)—Goal, Rechnitzer; defence, Saunders and McGillivray; rover, Ferrie; centre, Findlay; right wing, Cohoe; left wing, McKay.

Thoughtful of Him

Houseman—"If I'd known you were going to drop in on us so unexpectedly, we would have had a better dinner."

Horton—"Don't mention it, old man; but next time I'll be sure to let you know."

BETTY NANSEN LIKES AMERICA.

Miss Betty Nansen, the well-known Danish Actress who recently arrived in this country, is now staying at the Hotel Plaza, where she gave a short interview to representatives of the press. Miss Nansen is suffering from a severe cold, but there is little doubt of her rapid recovery. She surprised the newspapermen by her correct and fluent English. She said that as soon as she had thoroly recovered she would start work in earnest. Miss Nansen, who has been imported by the Box Office Attractions Company, will, it is expected star in some film adaptations of Ibsen and Bjoernsen. Miss Nansen has achieved distinction on the stage of Denmark, being the first actress who played the part of Hedda Gabler at the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen. She says she likes America very much.

FOOTBALL POPULAR WITH CANADIANS IN OLD ENGLAND

Toronto Soccer Players With First Contingent at Salisbury Play Home-and-Home Games

FIRST CONTEST A DRAW

Grenadiers and York Rangers Play While Machine Guns Are at Practice—How They Lined Up

Special to The Sunday World.

BUSTARD CAMP, Salisbury Plain, Jan. 26.—A fine exhibition of Association football was given on the field of the Fourth Battalion (12th York Rangers) on Saturday, when H Company of the Third Battalion (10th Royal Grenadiers) played the first of two home-and-home games against D Company of the Fourth. The match, which is of particular interest to Toronto soccer men on account of the fact that most of the players have been connected with the Ulster United, Celtic or Overseas Clubs, was closely contested, the final score being a tie—3 to 3. Artillery and machine gun sections were practising marksmanship at no great distance from the field, and the roar of bursting shrapnel shells punctuated the contest.

The Grenadiers have a fine team, captained by Pte. Alex. Bullick, formerly of the Ulster United, but their opponents showed extremely good form. The back division of the Grens' team deserves special mention. Ptes. White and Bullick were pillars of strength, booting the ball out of the danger zone a great many times, and Lance-Corp. Bromley, the Grens' goalkeeper, made several commendable saves. In the first half Grens had the wind, making a score of 1 to 0 at half-time. The goal that tied the score was made by the boys of the Fourth in the last minute. Lance-Corp. Joe Perry made a competent referee, and a large crowd of rooters lined the sides of the field.

The Grenadier team was as follows: Goal, Lance-Corp. Bromley; backs, Ptes. Bullick and White; half-backs, Ptes. Cumming, Harley and Porter; forwards, Ptes. Bradshaw, Harrison, Burn and Hillier.

TWO GOOD GAMES IN BUSINESS LEAGUE

In the Central "Y" Business Men's League Friday night, two of the best games of the series were pulled off. The first contest was between the Torpedoes and Submarines, and once again the Subs were submerged, after a hard battle, by the low score of 7 to 2. J. Howson and F. Stollery starred for the winners, while L. A. Winter was the outstanding player for the Subs.

The second game was a great battle all the way between the Cossacks and the Dragoons, with the Cossacks winning by a slight margin. Len Parker, captain of the Cossacks, was the best player in this game, and scored three goals for his team. With four minutes to play the score was 3-3, and altho both teams tried desperately, the score remained the same.

The teams lined up as follows:

—First Game—

Submarines (3): Gouinlock and L. A. Winter, forwards; Chisholm, centre; Haig and Cox, guards.

Torpedoes (7): Howson and Anderson, forwards; Munro, centre; Stollery and Ed. Parker, guards.

—Second Game—

Cossacks (3): Len Parker and Newcombe, forwards; Sharp, centre; Palmateer and Ed. Parker, guards.

Dragoons (3).

George Walker refereed both games in a capable manner.

SUNDAY AT JUAREZ

JUAREZ, Feb. 6.—Entries for tomorrow are:

FIRST RACE—Selling, three-year-olds and up, 5½ furlongs:

Blue Racer	*96	Petit Bleu	92
Breezer	*94	Osmonde	99
Dad Davies	99	Zia	*101
Kiva	*101	Elsie Grey	*105
Ozma	*98	Sonorita Dana	106
Little Birdie	106	Miss Edith	*108
Marta Mac	108	Palma	112
Orba Smile	113		

SECOND RACE—Selling, fillies and mares, for three-year-olds and up, one mile:

Crusola	*100	Mollie Cad	*100
Ambri	100	Tempest	*100
Cordie F.	*100	Florence Kripps	105
Cordova	110	Sugar Lump	110

THIRD RACE—Four-year-olds and up, Trinidad Purse, seven furlongs:

At Wormwood	104	Little Will	104
King Worth	104	Belle of B. M.	108
Rash	115		

FOURTH RACE—Two-year-olds, Yucatan Stakes, 3½ furlongs:

Faraway	110	Brizz	112
Tajan	112	Frisky	115
Baby Cal	118		

FIFTH RACE—Selling, three-year-olds and up, six furlongs:

Mazulk	*98	Tory Maid	102
Ossple	*102	Charmeuse	106
Balgee	*107	Lackrose	111
Pay Streak	111	Grapeshot	112
Florence Roberts	118		

SIXTH RACE—Selling, four-year-olds and up, 1⅛ miles:

Wood Dove	*96	Woof	96
Spindle	103	Goldy	103
Nannie McDee	*103	Durin	105

*Apprentice allowance of five pounds claimed.

Weather clear; track fast.

AUSTRALIA WILL DO DUTY TO ENGLAND

Send More Soldiers to the War Than is Anticipated by Britain.

Special Cable to The Toronto World.

MELBOURNE, Feb. 6.—Hon. G. F. Pearce, minister of defence, speaking at the anniversary luncheon of the Australian Natives' Association, declared that the government placed no limit on the number of men it will send to the war. He urged the men to come forward and do their duty, saying the government would carry out the responsibility of equipping, training and despatching them. He urged the rifle clubs to take up drill and advocated the various sporting organizations forming rifle clubs and undergoing drill. He announced with gratification that the second Australian contingent had reached Egypt without accident. Mr. Pearce was enthusiastically cheered.

The newspapers commend the frankness of his speech, which was taken to mean that the government would eventually send many more men than Britain anticipated Australia would be able to send.

STEFANSSON RESCUE FILM ENDORSED.

General Manager M. E. Cory of the Sunset Motion Picture Company recently exhibited in Philadelphia, the Rescue of the Canadian Stefansson Arctic Expedition before the National Geographic Society last Saturday night. President Bryant was enthusiastic in his praise of the picture from a dramatic as well as educational viewpoint. The Philadelphia papers were cordial in their praise and predict packed houses for the picture when it is exhibited in that city.

The picture was also shown to the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Secretary Sherwood heartily endorses the picture. Among other nice things, Mr. Sherwood emphasizes the fact that the scenes are all beautifully photographed and that rare good judgment has been shown in the selection of subjects presented. The bits of scenery are beautiful and of unknown regions. The native studies are intensely interesting and highly educational. The animal pictures are different and better than any heretofore shown. Feature film buyers looking for a sure winner should lose no time in securing this great picture.

British Football Saturday Results

Direct Cable to The Sunday World.

LONDON, Feb. 6.—The football games in Great Britain today resulted as follows:

English League.
—Division I.—

Bradford City	1	Sheffield U.	1
Burnley	4	Middlesbro	0
Chelsea	3	Aston Villa	1
Everton	1	Liverpool	3
Manchester C.	1	Blackburn R.	3
Sheffield W.	2	Oldham A.	2
Sunderland	1	Manchester U.	0
West Brom A.	1	Bradford	0

—Division II.—

Arsenal	2	Leeds City	0
Blackpool	5	Clapton O.	1
Bristol C.	3	Barnsley	2
Bury	3	Leicester F.	1
Derby County	4	Hull City	1
Grimsby Town	1	Wolverhampton W	4
Huddersfield T.	0	Glossop	1
Lincoln City	2	Stockport C.	2
Preston N.E.	2	Nottm. F.	2

Southern League.

Gillingham	3	Portsmouth	1
Cardiff City	1	Exeter City	0
Norwich C.	1	Swindon Town	1
West Ham U.	3	Southend U.	1
Plymouth A.	1	Queen's Park R.	1
Northampton	2	Bristol R.	0
Southampton	4	Croydon C.	0
Crystal Palace	4	Reading	0

English Cup Replays.

Swansea	2	Newcastle	0
Birmingham	3	Brighton	0
Millwall	2	Bolton	2

Scottish League.

Aberdeen	7	Morton	0
Airdrieonians	4	Dumbarton	1
Ayr United	2	Queen's Park	1
Celtic	3	St. Mirren	1
Third Lanark	1	Clyde	1
Dundee	1	Partick T.	2
Rangers	3	Falkirk	0
Hamilton A.	2	Hibernians	2
Hearts	5	Kilmarnock	1
Raith Rovers	2	Motherwell	1

SOCCER STANDINGS

COMPILED TO DATE.

English League.
—Division I.—

Clubs.	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	Pts.
Oldham A.	24	13	4	7	54	37	33
Sheffield W.	25	12	5	8	46	37	32
Manchester C.	23	11	4	8	30	22	30
Blackburn R.	25	12	8	5	55	50	29
Everton	25	11	7	7	46	29	29
Bradford C.	23	9	4	10	41	17	28
Bradford	24	11	9	4	40	47	26
Sheffield U.	25	9	8	8	30	35	26
W. Brom A.	23	11	8	4	32	23	26
Sunderland	23	11	10	2	48	46	24
Aston Villa	24	8	9	7	37	50	23
Burnley	22	9	6	7	37	30	23
Liverpool	24	8	11	5	39	31	21
Middlesbro	24	6	10	8	33	47	20
Newcastle	23	6	9	8	30	33	20
Bolton W.	25	8	14	3	50	37	19
Chelsea	23	5	9	8	33	42	18
Manchester U.	24	4	11	9	32	42	17
Notts C.	24	5	12	7	30	39	17
Tottenham H.	24	5	13	6	31	32	16

—Division II.—

Derby C.	25	16	4	5	53	20	37
Arsenal	25	14	7	4	53	27	32
Birmingham	22	13	5	4	49	20	30
Hudersfield	24	13	8	3	41	26	29
Barnsley	24	12	8	4	31	26	28
Preston N. E.	24	9	7	8	30	30	26
Stockport	24	10	5	5	34	32	25
Lincoln C.	22	9	8	5	31	32	24
Bristol C.	22	9	8	5	43	42	23
Bury	22	10	9	3	33	27	23
Hull C.	23	10	10	3	36	41	23
Wolverhampton	24	9	11	4	38	34	22
Fulham	22	9	9	4	32	27	22
Clapton O.	24	7	10	7	25	34	21
Leeds C.	24	8	12	4	37	39	20
Grimsby T.	24	7	11	6	35	41	20
Notts F.	24	7	11	6	32	36	20
Blackpool	23	8	9	12	33	39	18
Leicester F.	25	5	17	3	22	43	13
Glossop	24	4	15	5	20	53	13

Southern League.

Clubs.	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	Pts.
Reading	25	12	6	7	45	34	31
West Ham	24	12	6	6	32	21	30
Cardiff C.	25	13	9	3	44	38	29
Brighton	22	12	6	4	34	22	28
Millwall	23	11	5	6	31	22	28
Southampton	24	12	9	3	43	47	27
Watford	21	10	4	7	25	20	27
Exeter C.	23	10	9	3	31	28	25
Swindon T.	23	8	7	8	44	29	24
Norwich C.	24	7	8	10	33	35	24
Northampton	23	8	7	8	33	29	24
Portsmouth	23	9	9	5	33	30	23
Crystal Pal.	23	8	8	7	30	32	23
Luton T.	23	9	10	4	27	47	22
Queen's P. R.	21	6	6	10	32	34	22
Plymouth	24	5	9	10	35	39	20
Southend	21	5	9	7	20	28	19
Bristol R.	22	6	13	3	23	48	15
Croydon C.	22	5	13	4	29	32	14
Gillingham	26	3	16	7	27	65	13

FAMOUS JAPANESE ACTOR IN "AFTER FIVE."

One of the leading roles in the company which supports Edward Abeles in the Jesse L. Lasky picturization of "After Five," is that of a Japanese valet. Mr. Lasky determined that this character, which is of vital importance in the plot, should be rendered in the most perfect manner possible. On that account he engaged Mr. Sesue Hayakama, the same Japanese actor who recently played the leading role in "The Typhoon." It is said that Hayakama gives unquestionably the best performance of this order ever seen either on the stage or the curtain.

AN ANIMAL ACT.

Gilbert White has a bungalow in Connecticut where he spends his summer days painting portraits, landscapes, writing lectures, plays and making himself a general handy man with his artistic accomplishments. Mrs. White, who is likewise accomplished, sent her husband to New York last summer to engage a maid. Irving Cobb is responsible for the story, so it must be true. Several applicants were interviewed, and finally Mr. White favored one recently arrived from "down Souf." He spoke to her. "It is in Connecticut. You don't mind that?" Strange to say, she didn't. "You can take entire care of a bungalow, can you?" The large eyes of the dusky maid shot upward. "I reckon you all better git another maid," she protested, "I dean kno' nothin' about takin' eare of no animals."

HOCKEY SEASON NEARING THE END WHERE THEY PLAY

Lindsay and Peterboro Have a Chance Now That Port Hope Has Been Suspended

VARSITY'S RETURN GAME

Play Welland Monday Night —Local Pro Clubs Meet Again on Saturday Night —Week's Games

The hockey games this week are:

MONDAY.
O.H.A.
—Intermediate—
Brampton at Picton.
Collingwood at Hamilton.
Ingersoll at Sarnia.
Wiarton at Seaforth.
Bracebridge at Orillia.
—Junior—
St. Andrews at Oshawa.
Welland at University of Toronto.
Berlin Union Jacks at Woodstock Coll.
Collingwood at Barrie.
Lindsay at Peterboro.
Anglican League.
—Junior—
St. Pauls at Christ's Church.
Holy Trinity at St. Annes.
Metropolitan League.
Newmarket at Sutton.
Thornhill at Aurora.
Civil Service League.
Parliament Buildings at City Hall.

TUESDAY.
O.H.A.
—Senior—
Varsity at Riversides.
—Intermediate—
Dunnville or Niagara Falls at Hamilton.
Anglican League.
Midget—
Epiphany at St. Augustines.
Sunday School League.
Queen East at Boosters.
St. Enochs at Danforth.
Toronto Hockey League.
—Senior—
Clinton St. at Judeans.
—Midget—
West End Y. at Hustlers.
Playgrounds League.
—Intermediate—
Moss Park at E. Riverdale.
Elizabeth at Osler.
Presbyterian League.
—Senior—
St. Pauls at Victoria.
Emmanuel at Avenue Rd.
—Junior—
Deer Park at Riverdale.

WEDNESDAY.
N.H.A.
Ottawa at Shamrocks.
Torontos at Quebec.
Wanderers at Canadiens.
O.H.A.
—Senior—
Victorias at Kingston.
—Intermediate—
Picton at Brampton.
—Junior—
Peterboro at Lindsay.
Anglican League.
—Juvenile.—
St. Barnabas at St. Simons.
Toronto Hockey League.
—Senior—
North Toronto at Athletics.
—Midget—
St. Andrews at Century Rovers.
Playgrounds League.
—Junior—
East Riverdale at Moss Park.
Elizabeth at Osler.
—Juvenile.—
East Riverdale at Leslie Grove.
Moss Park at Morse.
Elizabeth at Osler.
Presbyterian League.
—Junior—
Victoria at Chalmers.
High Park at Dunn.
Queen East at North Broadview.

THURSDAY.
O. H. A.
—Junior—
St. Andrews's College at Oshawa.
Anglican League.
—Junior—
St. Annes at St. Pauls.
Trade League.
Dunlop Rubber at Business Systems.
United Drug at Goodyear Rubber.
Sunday School League.
Woodgreen at St. Matthews.
Progressives at St. Johns.
Toronto Hockey League.
—Juvenile.—
Emeralds at All Saints.
—Midget—
West End Y. v. Carlyles.
Playgrounds League.
—Senior A.—
Elizabeth at Leslie Grove.
O'Neill at Moss Park.
McCormick at St. Andrews.
Presbyterian League.
—Senior—
Riverdale at North Broadview.
—Junior—
Avenue Road at Rosedale.

FRIDAY.
O. H. A.
—Senior—
Toronto Rowing Club at Argonauts.
—Intermediate—
Port Colborne v. winner Dunnville-Niagara Falls, on loser's ice.
Anglican League.
—Senior—
St. Augustines at St. Peters.
Toronto Hockey League.
—Juvenile—
Beavers at Arlingtons.
—Midget—
Hustlers at St. Andrews.
General Finance League.
Union Trust at Toronto General.
Metropolitan League.
Aurora at Newmarket.
Presbyterian League.
—Senior—
Dunn at High Park.
—Junior—
Deer Park at College Street.

SATURDAY.
N. H. A.
Torontos at Shamrocks.
Canadiens at Ottawa.
Quebec at Wanderers.
Intercollegiate.
Queens at McGill.
Toronto Hockey League.
—Senior—
Eaton's Mail Order at McCrimmons.
Imperial Bank at Gages.

Gibbons Should Steer Clear Of the Colored Mitt-Slingers

St. Paul Boxer Could Hold His Own With the White Heavies, but Might Find the Dark Ones a Little too Much—That Kilbane-Williams Bout is Not Settled Yet —Corbett's Fight Gossip.

BY JAMES J. CORBETT.
Former Heavyweight Champion of the World.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6.—(Written specially for The Sunday World.)—Mike Gibbons is to tackle the heavyweights. The announcement made by Jimmy Johnston, matchmaker for the Madison Square Garden Club, that Mike has agreed to box Gunboat Smith has created quite a stir in boxing circles. And there is very good reason for it at that. Not since the days of ... McCoy and Joe Wolcott has a middleweight tackled the job successfully. McCoy, while hardly more than a middleweight, fought heavies, and Wolcott, the "Barbadoes Demon" also took on some of the big fellows. The latter's most noted victory was over Joe Choynski at the Broadway Athletic Club of this city in 1899, if memory serves me right.

Fitzsimmons has also been given credit for going out of his class, but I doubt if Fitz ever fought at the middleweight limit, or near it, after beating Jack Dempsey for the title in 1891.

Kid McCoy was in the middleweight class, and defeated men much heavier than himself. Altho the Kid had graduated into a light heavyweight before deciding to go after the good big men, a number of his battles previous had been with heavies, albeit few possessed any great class. The Kid's record as a heavyweight killer didn't last when he got mixing it with big fellows who knew the game thoroly.

Few and Far Between.

And there is the answer to the question regarding Gibbons' ability to mingle successfully with the heavies. A good big man can generally lick a good little one, but the classy big men are few and far between at present. None among the whites that we know of, and Gibbons, tho only a light middleweight, has more real class, to my mind, than any middleweight seen in the ring in the last decade. If Mike confines his attention to such fellows as Gunboat Smith and Battling Levinsky I think he will make good. He may not stop any of the heavy fellows, altho it looks like a sure thing he can outpoint most of them. If he waives the color line and tackles Langford, Jeannette and Co., he may find it an altogether different proposition.

Jess Willard is another "gent" who would be pretty tough turkey for the St. Paul shadow. I imagine, too, that Gibbons has no desire to mingle with him. Willard is entirely too big for Mike to hurt, and in a battle of any length the former cowboy's weight and great strength would more than balance his smaller rival's speed and cleverness. But with such fellows as Smith and Levinsky I believe Gibbons would not have a very difficult time over any distance of ground.

Joe Wolcott was a great fighter for his inches and weight. His freak build had considerable to do with his success, added to his swatting ability which was very heavy for a welter. Joe, however, was beaten a number of times by men of his own avordupois, and probably the worst licking he ever took in his career was given him by George "Kid" Lavigne, the lightweight champion. Of course, Wolcott had an alibi for that—that he weakened himself by reducing to meet the weight conditions. No doubt that did not help him any, altho there are a great many who are of the opinion that the Saginaw Kid's gameness under fire was really what defeated the negro.

Another thing not evidently known by those who prate about Wolcott, and especially of his defeat of Choynski, is that the latter was a sick man when he entered the ring with the coon. Joe should never have been permitted to box that night at all, as it was only a question of how long he could stand on his feet. His pride, tho, was too much for him—he didn't want it said he was afraid of a man 25 or 30 pounds lighter. I was one of the few who advised him to call the bout off, but other pressure brought to bear in addition to the confidence he had that no small man could beat him overruled me, and Choynski went down to a quick defeat.

Confidence is Something.

Word comes from El Paso, where Jess Wilard is training for the combat with Johnson next month, that the big boy is very confident he can defeat the champion. Of course, much of the stuff sent out from that quarter from now on will be of the unreliable sort, largely edited by the boosters for the big mill, and those who contemplate wagering on the result should not permit the training camp news to influence them one way or the other.

However, I hope the big fellow really does feel that way about the job he has undertaken. Confidence is a wonderful asset in a fight and if Jess, way down deep, thinks he can defeat Johnson, that confidence is not going to hurt his chances any.

There is also the chance that Willard's great size will help him in the match with Johnson. Jack has never shown much against a big opponent, barring the Jeffries fight. and Jeff was a shadow of himself then. Johnson's best work in the past has been done at close range. He is flat-footed and never chases his opponent about the ring in an attempt to do damage. But in clinches his great strength has enabled him to pinion an opponent's arms until he manoeuvred into a position where he could use his celebrated uppercut as they were breaking away. He tried this on Jeffries, and found it worked, and that's the way he wore the big fellow down. He may discover that Willard's strength is quite as great as his own and, not only that, upper-cutting an opponent who stands three or four inches higher than himself will not be so easy a matter. It may develop that Willard's immense bulk, which many consider his greatest handicap, may, in this fight with Johnson, prove his greatest asset.

However, this is a fight one could talk about all day without arriving at any conclusion that would influence anyone to any extent. All we can do is to root for Willard. He may be there, and he may not. But at that, while Johnson on the records figures to win, there are many things to be taken into consideration when trying to dope this battle, and it will not surprise me at all if Willard wears his man down before the forty-five rounds are over.

Not Settled Yet.

Altho the press agent for a Philadelphia club has announced that Johnny Kilbane, featherweight, and Kid Williams, bantamweight champion have been matched at 122, ringside, for February 24, there are one or two small details that will have to be settled to the satisfaction of Kilbane before it is a sure thing.

Kilbane, it appears, after practically agreeing to make 122 ringside for Williams, now wants his share of the guarantee raised to $5000, which is a pretty stiff amount for six rounds, particularly when Williams is also to get soemthing like $3500, and the expenses of the show have to be paid. And in the Quaker City the fans want a big show for little money. That means the promoter will have to stage at least half a dozen other six-round affairs the same night, and at prices ranging from half a dollar up, which is the popular rate for Philly fans, a lot of people will have to pay at the gate to make the match profitable.

However, it is thought a compromise may be arrived at and the match—a corking one anyway one looks at it—staged. And if Kid Williams has any of that Terry McGovern stuff they talk so much about in him he will have every chance to prove it against Kilbane. He will find Kilbane not only the cleverest boxer but the most skilful all-round boy he has ever faced in his career. As for the weight the probability is, provided Kilbane agrees to 12 ringside, that he will not be over a matter of two pounds difference at the most, and if Johnny finds it a difficult matter, as some critics assert, to make the limit, what advantage there is will all be in Williams' favor. The Kid's last appearance in New York as a bantam was on Christmas Day, and it was then announced that he weighed 116 pounds. But to everyone at the ringside he looked more like a feather than a bantamweight.

Can He Hit Hard?

The impressions prevails among local experts that Williams' muscular development—he is a miniature Hercules in appearance—has cost him much of his hitting power. For ten rounds he knocked the veteran Johnny Daly about the ring, but at no time was the latter even close to a knockdown. Which would indicate that the punch is no longer there in all its force. Terry McGovern did not have to hit a man often to floor him. Once or twice sufficed for the "terrible one," and generally the first wallop turned the trick. Williams resembles the old-time Terry in aggressiveness, but in recent battles his punch has been the weakest sort of imitation of the wallop that made McGovern famous.

Kilbane ought to win on points at six rounds. He is too skilful for the Baltimorean, and while the latter may be every bit as fast he will find Johnny's defense the greatest he ever bumped into. Unless Williams makes a good showing in this short affair there will be small chance of promoters bidding for a long bout between the two champions. However, Kilbane, if he is as foxy as his critics make him out, might draw a close finish if he satisfies himself that he is the bantam's master—with the hope of getting a bigger purse for a twenty-round match later on.

* * *

Those who have seen Freddy Welsh in recent matches must admit that the lightweight champion is far from at his best. In the recent bout with Willie Beecher at Madison Square Garden he looked anything but a champion. In fact, had Beecher been in condition at all he might have reversed the verdict. For two or three rounds Welsh fought as amateurish a battle as I have ever seen and Beecher, who, by the way, is far from being a world-beater, was doing nearly all the work up to the time that his lack of condition forced him to slow up. In the latter part of the milling poor Beecher was so tired that he couldn't do hmiself justice.

Welsh is not entitled to praise for outpointing Beecher. Possibly it is a fortunate thing for the champion that Charley White was taken ill on the eve of their contest. Freddy certainly appears to be "ripe" for a beating.

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Stallings Put Pitcher to Sleep

The question of how to make his men sleep the night before the first game of the world's series was a problem which worried George Stallings, but he solved it in so far as his pitcher was concerned by a neat subterfuge.

"The night before the first game I called Rudolph aside," he writes, "and said to him: 'Dick, I don't expect to work you tomorrow, because I think we can get away with the game without starting you. But you had better get your regular rest now, because it might be necessary for you to step into the box there, and pitch a little if things break that way and we have to take some one out. I just want you to be ready.'

"The result was that Rudolph went to bed that night with no anxiety on his mind. He did not think he would pitch the next day, and he had nothing to worry over, so he slept and came to the job fresh and clear eyed."

CHARGED WITH SHOPLIFTING.

Detective Cronin arrested Dominic Marscano, Clinton street, Saturday afternoon on a charge of stealing a pack of cards from the Robert Simpson Co.

Boxing For School Boys

LONDON, Feb. 6.—Snowy Baker has started and propelled a movement for the teaching of boxing among schoolboys in Australia with amazing success. The colonials, realizing that the English first has been the greatest and least destructive colonizing weapon in human history, have taken to the idea with enthusiasm, and without an increase in police court cases. It is certainly bound to decrease the number of homicides. Everywhere the teaching of the manly art has made a hit, and the only place where trouble is anticipated is Adelaide, known as "The Holy City," because of the number of its churches. As many Episcopal and Roman Catholic workers in the slums of London are ardent advocates of boxing, and do not hesitate to let their charges in their neighorhood clubs settle feuds with the padded mitt, the Adelaide opposition may be overcome. These gentlemen have the highly immoral and scandalous theory of life that it is better to allow two roughnecks to bruise each other's faces, and now and again send a smash to the solar plexus, than to have one sneak up behind his rival and stick a knife in his back, or swat him with an axe. This is an age of cant and piffle, and smirking advocates of an "international police" to preserve peace among the nations.

WEEKLY HANDICAPS AT CENTRAL "Y"

Summary of Several Good Races — Basketball Team Prepare to Meet Rochester

Central Y. athletes had a fine night's sport on Friday, taking part in the Weekly handicaps. The 100-yard handicap was the feature event, and, as two men ran in each heat, there were several pretty good races. Len Adlard made the best time from scratch, doing the distance in :12 3-5. The ultimate winner of the event was a new man, W. H. Riddell, from the nine-yard mark, and his time was exceptionally good, being :11 4-5.

The 1½-mile walk was a fine race, with W. Jackson and C. Mertens always within striking distance, and for 35 laps C. Foster was there, too, but the pace got too fast, and he cramped up. Jackson was leading at the last lap, but could not pull away, and Mertens, who had 30 seconds handicap, got second place, the first prize going to W. White, a new man, who walked a good race.

The 12-lb. shot had 16 entries, and brought out some good putters, among the new men W. English and M. McLaughlin being in fine form. The event was won by Walter Jackson, with McLaughlin second. The summary:

100-yard dash—1, W. H. Riddell (9 yards); 2 Len Adlard (scratch); 3, R. P. Keachie (3 yards).

12-lb. shot—1, W. Jackson (2.6); 2, M. McLaughlin (1 ft); 3, C. C. Burton (2.6).

1½-mile walk—1, W. White (2.10); 2, C. Mertens (30 sec.); 3, M. Vicounte (2.15).

Rochester v. Central.

The team to represent Central against our cousins from the south had a good workout. Jim Gairdner put the 12-lb. weight 39.4, and had a good general workout. Len Adlard had a workout at the 100 and basketball. Bill Marshall worked at the potato race and high jump, and coached C. C. Burton, a likely youngster. Charlie Kelley works out every day at the potato race, sprints and basketball. Jack Tresidder and Harry Cook worked on the track and are out to break the last track record.

The team are all working conscientiously for the big dual meet on Feb 20. The following men will meet for supper at Central Y. on Tuesday to make further arrangements for this big meet: G. H. Barber, Alex. Cameron, Wm. Marshall, Jack Tresidder, J. A. Gairdner, G. A. Lister, C. W. Thorley, Charlie Kelley, Harry Cook, R. P. Keachie, R. Rudolf, Walter Jackson, Len Adlard, M. McLaughlin, W. English, W. H. Riddell, Stewart Davis.

PLAY GROUNDS HOCKEY.

The standings of the Playgrounds Hockey Leagues are:

Senior A.

	Won.	Lost.
Moss Park	3	0
Elizabeth	2	1
O'Neill	2	0
McCormick	1	1
Osler	0	2
St. Andrews-Varsity	0	3

Senior B.

	Won.	Tie.	Lost.
St. Andrews	2	0	0
Osler	1	0	1
Moss Park	1	0	2
McCormick	1	1	1
E. Riverdale	1	1	0

Intermediate.

	Won.	Lost.
Moss Park	1	1
East Riverdale	1	1
Elizabeth	1	2
Osler	0	1

Junior.

—East.—

	Won.	Lost.
Moss Park	2	0
East Riverdale	1	1
Leslie Grove	0	2

—West.—

	Won.	Lost.
Osler	2	0
McCormick	1	1
Elizabeth	0	2

Juvenile.

—East.—

	Won.	Lost.
Moss Park	2	1
East Riverdale	3	0
Morse	0	2
Leslie Grove	0	2

—West.—

	Won.	Tie.	Lost.
Osler	1	1	0
McCormick	1	1	0
Elizabeth	0	0	2

NORTHERN HOCKEY LEAGUE.

LISTOWEL, Feb. 6.—The second round N.H.L. games, as arranged by the executive in the junior series is as follows:

Feb. 8—Listowel at Mount Forest.
Feb. 12—Mount Forest at Listowel.
Feb. 8—Owen Sound at Port Elgin.
Feb. 12—Port Elgin at Owen Sound.
Feb. 9—Seaforth at Galt.
Feb. 13—Galt at Seaforth.

The winners of Listowel-Mount Forest meet winners of Owen Sound-Port Elgin. Winners of Seaforth-Galt series meet Western University (London).

The only senior series ready to be announced is the Wingham-Harriston playoff, as follows:

Feb. 9—Wingham at Harriston.
Feb 12—Harriston at Wingham.

BLIND PIGS IN RUSSIA.

PETROGRAD, via London, Feb. 6.—During the half-year since the sale of vodka has been prohibited, there have been discovered 1800 secret distilleries. Many of them have been engaged in refining shellac and converting methylated spirits into alcoholic beverages.

OPEN AIR HORSE PARADE MEETING

Thirteenth Annual Will Be Held at Eight o'Clock Monday

ENTRIES GROW LARGER

New Classes Will Be Made for Unenumerated Trade Class

The thirteenth annual meeting of the Toronto Open Air Horse Parade Association, Limited, and election of officers will be held in room G, King Edward Hotel, on Monday evening at 8.15 o'clock. The parade, which is the only national event held on July 1, has now reached such large proportions that the executive have considerable difficulty in devising plans to carry off the show in the space of a half day. Last year the entries numbered 563, which represented nearly one thousand horses taking part.

The growth of the City of Toronto in the last thirteen years has been so rapid that exhibitors are now required to come some considerable distance before reaching Queen's Park at the appointed hour of 8 a.m. The officers of the association contemplate making new classes for the merchants drafted from the unenumerated trade classes, and will be glad to see as many merchant exhibitors present as possible, and welcome any suggestions that they may have in regard to the show and parade from their standpoint.

Noel Marshall will occupy the chair and the meetin gis called for 8.15 sharp.

MONDAY'S ENTRIES

AT NEW ORLEANS.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 6.—The entries for Monday are:

FIRST RACE—Selling, for maiden two-year-olds, four furlongs:

Mallet	105
Baseball	109
Zolzo	109
Philungar	112
Czar's Boy	108
Cuddles	109
Tom Bingham	112
Glomer	108
Increase	109
Southern Star	109
Lyndera	105
yelam	109
Mrs. Jack	109

SECOND RACE—Selling, three-year-olds and up, 5½ furlongs:

Meelicka	99
Brian Boru	103
Huda's Brother	108
Anavri	108
Anna Kruter	98
Day Day	103
New Haven	108
Richswood	110
Miss Frances	99
Ida Lavinia	104
Viley	108
Gabrio	111
J. B. Harrell	101
Colors	104
Salon	108

THIRD RACE—Selling, four-year-olds and up, six furlongs:

Camellia	107
The Hermit	107
Blackford	109
Prince Chap	112
Smoky Dan	107
Montcalm	109
Hoffman	109
Altamaha	113
Cliff Top	107
The Busybody	109
Patrick F.	107
Chartier	121
Jessail	109
Arcene	109
Lady London	110

FOURTH RACE—Three-year-olds, 7 furlongs:

Manloc	104
Herbert Temple	107
Resign	107
For Fair	110

FIFTH RACE—Selling, four-year-olds and up, one mile and twenty yards:

River King	98
Barrette	104
Frank Flesher	106
Our Rena	108
Ardelon	*101
Plain Ann	104
Bogart	106
Strife	109
Iridescence	102
Strange Girl	104
Console	106
Ford Mal	109
Old Jordan	104
Prospero's Son	104
Cassowary	106

SIXTH RACE—Selling, four-year-olds and up, 1 1-16 miles:

Gallant Boy	*96
Joe Stein	103
Ravenala	106
Trovato	108
Ora McGee	101
Beau Pere	104
Jacob Bunn	106
Wevanoke	109
Tom Hancock	101
Miss Kruter	105
Servicence	106
Petelus	109
June Wyer	101
Kinmundy	106
Dangerous M	108

*Apprentice allowance 5 lbs. claimed.
Weather clear; track slow.

FELL OFF CAR.

Mrs. E. Todd, 357 Lansdowne avenue, received injuries to her limbs Saturday afternoon by falling off a Bathurst street car at the corner of College street. She was getting off and slipped. She was taken to her home by the police ambulance.

King's Cafe
14 King St. East
Anti-Tipping Cafe. Breakfast Served From 7.30 Week Days. Orchestra Evenings. Open Till 12 p.m.
Howard Russell Will sing, 5 to 7 p.m.
Salvatora Gaudio Orchestra 5 to 8 p.m.
DINNER
Sunday, February 7th, 1915
75 CENTS.
Served From 1.00 to 9.00 p.m.
RELISH
Olives
SOUPS
Cream of Chicken, aux crouton souffle
Consomme Princess
FISH
Broiled Salmon Steak Sauce Colbert
Pommes Julienne
ENTREE
Chicken Patties a la Reine
Braised Sweetbread Joureiniers
Apple Fritters Rum Sauce
Roast Ribs of Beef, Yorkshire Pudding
Roast Young Turkey, Cranberry Sauce
SALAD
Chiffonade Salad
VEGETABLES
Boiled, Mashed and Fried Sweet Potatoes, Creamed Onions
DESSERT
Deep Apple Pie Cream Puff
Marmalade Tartlettes
Cabinet Pudding Vanilla Sauce
French Pastry Ice Cream and Cake
Cheese and Crackers
Canadian Cheese
Tea Coffee Milk or Buttermilk
All Pastry, etc., baked on the premises.
Special courtesy shown ladies and children. For special reservations 'phone Main 7340. We cater for after-theatre suppers.
Week Day Lunch With Music, 35 cents.

R.C.B.C. NOTES

Lawn bowlers, tenpin, billiard and dancing enthusiasts all dropped their favorite amusements and joined the throng of four hundred marry euchre players who filled the club rooms Monday evening, bent on making this effort of the club to help the needy of Riverdale an unqualified success.

To say they accomplished their purpose is to mildly express it. Everyone enjoyed the evening hugely, and the committee are entitled to no small credit for the large part they played in furnishing such an entertaining evening.

We thank the talent who kindly helped the good work and are indeed pleased that so may friends turned out to assist this worthy cause.

Tuesday evening the tenpin and lawn bowlers were hard at it. A. R. Clarkes grabbed the odd game from the Infants at tenpins, which gives them a half-Nelson on the second series, but the Trolleyites may turn the juice on another notch and break away, as six wins on their postponed games will place them neck and neck with the leaders.

Thursday Broadviews, who had a splendid chance, fell down and dropped two to the J. E. Russells, altho they put up a score that would have copped three games had their opponents not been knocking the wood at an unusual clip.

Standing of the Tenpin League:

	Won.	Lost.
A. R. Clarkes	11	4
J. E. Russell	9	6
Trolleyites	5	4
Rivardales	6	6
Edwins	6	6
Russell's Bricks	5	7
Broadviews	5	6

The lawn bowlers are divided into two sections, comprising six teams each, and are now playing the second series. The first was won by Salisbury's rink, with Grindlay runner-up. J. Kerr has his crew working the green in fine style in the second series, having three games cleaned off the slate to their credit. Stringer and Grindlay are tied for the league leadership in section 2, but have only a one-game lead on three other teams, who are out to give them a run for the bacon.

This form of exercise is making quite a hit with everyone, especially the lawn bowlers, who were barred from enjoying their favorite sport in the winter, but are now able to play rain, hail or shine. The grass is always of the same keenness and the bowls draw precisely as on the lawn. It is only a question of time till this game will have a large following, especially in this city, where lawn bowling is enjoyed by so many.

Standing of the rinks:

—Section I.—

	Won.	Lost.
Kerr	3	0
Walton	2	1
Woodward	0	3
Hooks	2	1
Anderson	1	2
McDermott	1	2

—Section II.—

	Won.	Lost.
Stringer	3	1
Grindlay	3	1
Salisbury	2	2
Barker	2	2
Colter	2	2
Hughes	0	4

Monday evening the installation supper is on the cards, and we trust that every member will turn out and give our new officers a good send-off.

ROSEDALE BOWLING LEAGUE.

The bowlers had a very interesting week of it in the Rosedale Bowling League. On Tuesday the Canadians won three straights from the Olympics, the latter falling down at critical stages. Bigley for the losers showed the best form of the night, while Foley, Jones and Wood Brcs. all rolled their usual steady game for the winners. On Wednesday night the Maitlands and Pethick's Pets met and the games proved to be the most evenly contested games that have been played on the alleys. Maitlands won the first and third games by very narrow margins, while the Pets had a comfortable lead in the middle game. On Thursday night the two leaders, J. J. McLaughlins and York Springs came together, and the Bracitaria Boys proved too much for the boys of Tona Cola fame, the York Springs wining the odd game, and thereby holding their position at the top of the ladder. Broomfield's Sprinks and Abbey showed the best form for the winners, while Knott, Barcley and Salmon rolled in good form for the winners.

Following is the standing of the league:

	Won	Lost
York Springs	5	1
Canadians	7	2
J. J. McLaughlins	6	3
Maitlands	5	4
Pethicks Pets	1	5
Olympics	0	9

The averages of the first ten men are as follows:

Bromfield, York Springs	180
Bigley, Olympics'	178
Foley, Canadians	171
Abbey, York Springs	169
F. Wood, Canadians	166
Tomlin, Pethick's Pets	162
Knott, McLaughlins	159
Sprinks, York Springs	159
Woodyard, McLaughlin	153
Jones, Canadians	153

Games next week:

Tuesday—Pethick's Pets vs Olympics
Wednesday—Maitlands vs York Springs.
Thursday—McLaughlins vs Canadians.

On Friday night Capt. Pethick of the Pets sent a quartet against Coles Reds, the latter proved rather easy picking for the Pets, the latter winning three out of four.

Capt Pethick for the winners rolled in good form, and was ably assisted by his team mates.

After the game both teams partook of an oyster supper at the expense of Capt. Coles of the Reds, the latter promised to more than even matters up in the near future, and wants all his men to report for practice for the return game, which will likely take place the latter part of the week. Scores:

Pets—	1	2	3	4	T'l
G. Pethick	131	147	186	111	575
Tew	121	104	147	117	489
Heyward	158	142	123	154	577
F. Pethick	160	153	162	186	661
Totals	570	546	618	568	2302
Reds—	1	2	3	4	T'l
Steele	104	129	131	116	480
McWhirter	165	142	191	146	644
Kettlewell	131	142	173	151	598
Capt. Coles	117	101	151	111	480
Totals	517	515	646	524	2202

FOR HANDBALL CHAMPIONSHIP.

At the Central Y.M.C.A. Friday, in one of the fastest handball games ever seen in this city, Harry Phelan defeated Harry Downing by the score of 21 to 13, thereby winning the championship of Canada. The score, however, does not indicate the play by any means, as Downing had all the better of the play in the early stages of the game, but seemed to weaken a little under the pressure, while Phelan made a whirlwind finish, running out the last eight points without losing the serve. Phelan will be obliged to defend his title once every two weeks against all-comers, and, as he already has several challenges, it certainly looks as if he will have a busy time if he wishes to hold the title.

English Pros For the American Open Tourney

Big Golf Events in England Will Likely Be Cancelled Owing to the War, and the Pro Players Will Flock to America for the Big Prizes —The Situation as it Stands.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6.—Contrary to early reports there appears to be a possibility that the coming golf season will be featured by at least one international tournament. The entry of several of the more prominent of the English professionals in the American open championship at Baltusrol, June 15 to 18, is almost certain in case the English open, set for about the same period, is declared off on account of the war.

The English golfing authorities have not as yet made a definite announcement regarding their tournament, but close observers of the trend of the sport abroad are of the opinion that the open golf championship will be dropped for the season of 1915, as has been done with the Henley regatta, the Oxford-Cambridge crew race, and other English sport classics.

With their principal home tourneys abandoned those professionals would welcome the opportunity to play in America for their sources of revenue have been greatly curtailed since the beginning of hostilities. There is another side to the situation, however, which leaves the question of ultimate entry in doubt. While there are a number of prominent professionals who are not serving with the English regiments on the continent, a large majority are connected with various home defense organizations and are loath to leave England this spring for fear their motives might be misunderstood. If the war situation clears sufficiently, Braid, Vardon, Taylor and others may yet be seen competing in the American open in June.

INDOOR BASEBALL AT CENTRAL "Y"

Many Games Played—Teams and Scores—Results in the Athletic Events

The intermediate school boys were out in full force on Saturday morning for the four-h game of the indoor baseball series and excitement ran high thruout the game. The line-up and scores:

—First Game—

Capt. White	1	Capt. McKissock	0
Wallace	1	Sewell	0
Devitt	1	MacConnell	0
Hambly	1	Lunn	0
Junkin	1	Carthay	1
Harries	1	Bussell	1
McKechnie	1		
Total	7	Total	2

—Second Game—

Capt. Ward	1	Capt. Hounson	0
Leslie	1	Couch	0
Reid	1	Thomson	1
Bennett	0	Brown	0
Booth	1	Kelly	0
Gilmour	1	Gifford	0
Marshall	0	Bailey	0
Lindsay	0	Briggs	0
Total	5	Total	1

—Third Game—

Capt. Hambly	1	Capt. Sorsoleil	0
Graham	1	Fineberg	0
Ogden	1	Kerr	1
Thomson	0	Harkins	1
Smith	0	Wells	2
Griffiths	1	Wonders	0
Sutherland	0	Noble	0
Breadner	0	Menzis	0
		Burrows	0
Total	3	Total	4

This last game was a hummer, and for noise was the equivalent of a world's series game.

Senior School.

Capt. Bartlett	2	Capt. Huestis	2
Bruce	2	Mutch	2
Reese	1	Kirkpatrick	2
Woodland	0	Bradshaw	1
Ferguson	1	Wolsey	1
Sleightholme	1	Kerr	0
Total	7	Total	8

Huestis and Mutch made a great battery and Mutch's slow ball had them guessing.

Senior Business.

In the first game Maughan and Wardrop combined their teams against Day and went down to defeat 6-2.

Wardrop	1	Day	1
Woodrow	1	Stokes	2
Maughan	0	Wright	1
Dodd	0	Morrison	1
J. Shepherd	0	Wakely	1
Brenton	0	Trist	0
		Pitchett	0
		Blackman	0
Total	2	Total	6

Smellie	0	Hutcheson	0
Hill	1	Shepherd	0
Everist	1	Fraser	0
McArthur	0	McPhayden	1
Wright	0	Glover	2
Lofts	0	Hoaken	1
Total	2	Total	4

The struggle for the coveted three badges for January was close in all sections, and the fortunates are as follows:

Junior School.

Athletics—1, W. Perkins, 249; 2, Reg. Jones, 240; 3, R. Cream, 239.

Aquatics—1, W. Williams, 250; 2, W. Martin 200, J. Horning 200, Geldsaler 200; 5, W. Perkins, 186.

All-round—1, W. Williams, 467; 2, W. Perkins, 435; 3, Geldsaler, 349.

Intermediate School.

Athletics—1, H. Devitt, 171; 2, D. Ward, 164; 3, G. Thomson, 161.

Aquatics—1, W. Leslie, 216; 2, A. Hounson, 206; 3, S. Willinsky 200, W. Bouttell 200, F. Wonders 200.

All-round—1, A. Hounson, 619; 2, W. Leslie, 530; 3, C. Booth, 517.

Senior School.

Athletics—1, T. Wylie, 209; 2, M. Jones, 200; 3, F. Ridley, 191.

Aquatics—1, B. Stephenson, 192; 2, E. Young, 154; 3, S. Polack, 100.

All-round—1, E. Young, 322; 2, G. Mutch, 250; 3, J. Ridley, 235.

Senior Business.

Athletics—1, H. Croft, 196; 2, W. Shepherd, 195; 3, W. Wardrop, 186.

Aquatics—1, W. Finley, 200, and R. Campbell, 200; 3, J. Maughan, 110; 4, C. Huston, 100.

All-round—1 R. Campbell; 2, W. Finley; 3, K. McPhayden.

In the week's events there were two new features—an 85 yards free-style swim, and a 220-yard walk, those scoring high being as follows:

85-yard swim—1, J. Maughan, 63 3-5 seconds; 2, H. DeDosser, 71 4-5 seconds; 3, A. Burnett, 73 seconds.

220-yard walk—1, L. Fineberg weight 95 lbs., time 45 sec., score 125; 2, A. McKechnie, 110, 43 2-5 123; 3, G. Thomson, 95, 49, 130; 4, Wilson Hambly, 95, 46 2-5, 118, and J. Solsoleil, 110, 44 2-5, 118; 6, W. Lunn, 110, 44 3-5, 117.

In the 25-yard speed swim Saturday morning the 80-lb. Junior School prodigy did the distance in the fast time of 14 4-5 seconds, scoring 142 points.

SKATING WEEK AT THE PLAYGROUNDS

New Annual Attraction Will Open on Monday Evening at Moss Park

The Toronto City Playgrounds will add another annual attraction to its long list on Monday evening when the Playground skating week will be opened at Moss Par. The object is to foster the interest in speed and fancy skating among the boys of Toronto, and with this end in view some special attractions will be on the program each evening. On Monday there will be two senior hockey games played between Elizabeth and O'Neill and McCormick and Osler. There will be speed skating also on the rink.

Tuesday evening will see all the men in action who expect to compete in the Saturday afternoon events. There will be one event for each playground and some really good performances are looked for.

Wednesday evening should prove well worth while with the program consisting of speed skating by some of Toronto's speed artists, with the McCormick boys performing some daring barrel-jumping and other tricks, work which is always appreciated by the spectators.

Thursday will bring the hockey men together again and on Friday the Playground carnival will be held. This event is open to the whole city and prizes will be given for the best costumes for both girls and boys. A band will be in attendance and the evening promises to be one of the most enjoyable in the Playground history.

Saturday the skating championships will be decided. Promptly at 2.30 the skating events will start. There will be races for boys in all classes, namely: Midget, juvenile, junior, intermediate, senior and open, with a number of boys entered from each playground. There will also be a tug-of-war, a team race, a puck race and various novel events which will add a touch of humor to the occasion. And, too, we must not forget the girls' events. The Playground boasts of its lady skaters and with good reason, too, so there will be various events for the ladies at this time.

Altogether this should prove a very enjoyable week for the boys and girls of the Playgrounds, and not only enjoyable, but instructive and health-producing as well.

The general public will be welcome to attend any of these attractions.

KIDDIES' BASKETBALL.

In the only game of the Public School Basketball League, played on Saturday morning, McCaul juniors defeated Wellesley 32 to 20.

YOUR chief reason for buying Overcoats now, is that you save a good deal of money by it. The overcoats we offer you are just as good as they've always been, and they'll be just as good next fall as now.
The greatest values of the year at
$10, $15 and $20
Formerly Sold at $18 to $35
Hickey's
CLOTHES HABERDASHERY
97 YONGE STREET
HICKEY'S MENS WEAR TORONTO

Mike Gibbons Is After Lumbering 'White Hopes'

St. Paul Marvel to Step Into the Heavyweight Class And Will Meet Gunboat Smith First—Hobey Baker Greatest Skater of Modern Times —Sporting News and Gossip.

By Igoe.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6.—Mike Gibbons, considered the greatest middleweight since Ketchel's day, has done what the fans have been hoping for. He has announced his intention of taking on all the white hopes—yes, that's right—Mike is going into the giant killing business on a large scale. He wired to Jimmy Johnston, manager of Madison Square Garden, and proposed that Johnston select a large fat white hope for him to flatten. Jimmy didn't select a portly one for Sir Michael—he picked Gunboat Smith, one of the smallest of the hopes, and asked Mike if he wanted to fight him. Mike said he did, and it's going to be staged in the near future.

Now for the old dope book. Why shouldn't Mike, a hitter, a speed marvel, and the headiest fighter in the ring today, make good against that lumbering crew? There isn't a heavyweight in the ring that could hit Mike with a hatful of mothballs.

Here's an interesting line on Mike: Remember that he knocked out clever Bob McAllister of San Francisco. Bob was going great guns until his brother very foolishly matched him against Mike. It was the end of a perfect day for Bob. Mike made a fistic loon out of poor Robert as he figured to. On the other hand McAllister made a chow of Battling Levinsky. In turn the Battler has whipped nearly all the white hopes, including Gunboat Smith. Well, then—doesn't that figure out Mike a pretty fair performer? Indeed it does. It is a shame to contemplate what he will do to fellows like Jim Coffey, Rodel the Boer, Tommy McCarty, Jim Flynn, and the others. If you can't hit Mike, you might just as well give up if you want to be a fighter. If Bob Fitzsimmons could get by fighting heavies, then Mike has a royal chance to sail thru them all, like a rabbit thru a corn patch.

James Talks Again.

Old James Gilmore, major domo of the Federal Baseball League, was in New York yesterday. Big Jim is on his way to New Haven where he will inaugurate a campaign that will result in the formation of a Federal Minor League. Gilmore's idea is to form this league so that they can take care of the players they can't use on the Feds "big time." Also, it is their idea to develop players. Now things begin to take on a National-American League flavor for fair.

Gilmore said he regretted the rumpus the Chicago suit had stirred up, but he insisted that his league was not to blame, and that O. B. had brought the thing down on its own head. "We don't want them to molest us or our players. Any time they do we're going to fight them," said Gilmore. "I just signed Charley Deal up. He is that fast youngster who took Red Smith's place at third in the last world's series, and who made good in great style. We will make him the greatest third baseman in the world. He will play for St. Louis."

Baker Greatest Ever.

There was an old time champion ice skater looking on at a hockey game the other night at the St. Nicholas rink. Hobey Baker was playing on the St. Nicholas team as usual. The old timer watched Hobey with eyes sticking out of his head. Finally he said: "There's the greatest skater that ever glided over the ice. I never saw or heard of a man who was his equal. I never saw such speed and all round wonderful skating."

Ping After the Money.

Ping Bodie who was lovingly called "the fence buster," when he first came from California and joined the White Sox is going to jump to the Feds. Ping is a great hitter when he is in his stride. No matter how he plays next year it would be a bitter pill for O. B. to swallow if the Feds snared him.

Can He Do It?

Kid Williams' determination to forsake the bantam class for the feathers will be welcome news to the fans. Most people like Williams and his near-Terry McGovern style. But as has been pointed out many times, the kid is unfortunate in that he is becoming shoulder bound, and that calamity will prevent his ever being a knockout marvel. A strange thing is that most of the men whom he slops are finished while they are still afoot. He never knocks anyone down. His muscle-bound shoulders won't allow for the quick delivery of a knockout punch.

JOHNSON-WILLARD FIGHT PREPARATIONS

Both Men Getting Used to the Rarefied Air—Johnson on Mexico Side of the Border.

(By Inconoclast.)

NEW YORK, Feb. 6.—Plans for the Johnston-Willard championship battle at Juarez, Mex., on March 6, are rapidly being completed. The promoters have established permanent quarters just across the international boundary, and mapped out a long list of details which must be arranged before the principals enter the ring. Training quarters for champion and challenger have been selected and the preliminary workout will begin almost at once.

Willard will do his conditioning in the suburbs of El Paso, where the summer home of one of the leading citizens has been placed at his disposal. Located on one of the principal boulevards of the city, it will be easy of access and with the surrounding grounds and stables afford excellent facilities for both indoor and outdoor work. Johnson will prepare on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande. Training quarters were secured for him in the Juarez Opera House and accomodations for himself and staff of helpers in a nearby cottage.

Both pugilists are now at their training camps and are trying to get accustonmed to the rarefied atmosphere. Both El Paso and Juarez have an altitude of close to 4,000 feet and training conditions are vastly different from those prevailing at lower levels.

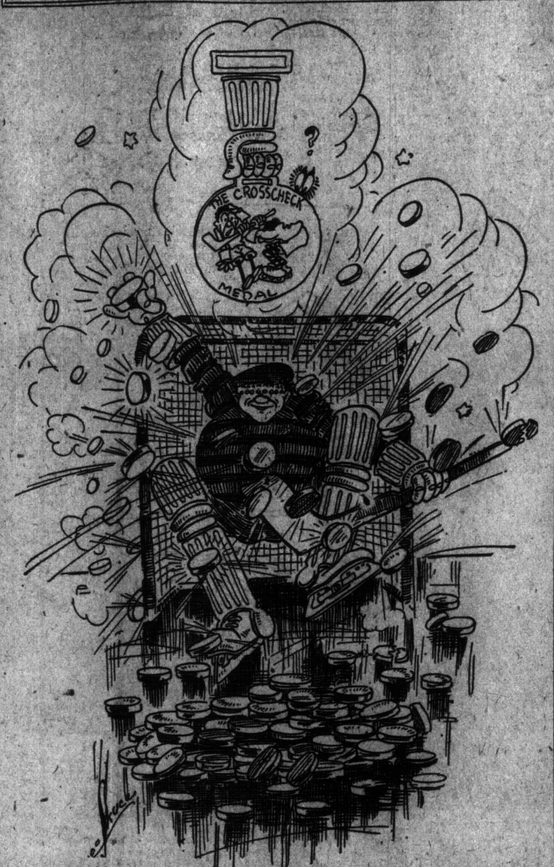
This was brought out sharply in the Johnson-Jeffries contest in 1910. After spending some weeks in conditioning at close to sea level, near San Francisco, the camps were shifted to Reno, where the governor ordered the pugilists out of California. The change to the Nevada town, at an altitude of approximately 4,500 feet, set back the training for fully a week while principals and helpers were adapting themselves to the lighter air.

According to plans, the ring proper is erected on the race track of the Juarez course in such a manner that a portion of the concrete stands can be utilized. Between the permanent stands and the track, the lawn will be used for other seats and boxes, while on the track side of the ring will be the bleacher seats. Prices will range from $4 to $50, and each coupon will entitle the holder to a numbered seat. Accommodations for about 28,000 spectators will be provided.

From the center of El Paso to the Juarez race course is a trip of about ten minutes, the spectators crossing the international bridge spanning the Rio Grande, which separates the two countries at this point. Once in Mexico the visitor will witness the novel spectacle of a prize fight under government sanction and control.

The Cross-Check Medal

PRESENTED to Toronto's hockey stars, those who take the money and those who don't, by the regulars who pay their good money to see the great winter game.



No. 8 is Vic Gilbert, the Argonaut goaler. Gilbert's work all season has been gilt-edge and his performance last Tuesday against St. Michael's was nothing less than marvelous.

POKER by DRURY UNDERWOOD

How the Piker Recovered.

FARO is the game," observed the veteran, Bill, after a survey of the round of card games. "For one thing, poker is too slow for the man who wants quick action. You have to wait for a hand at poker, but in playing the bank—well, the chances to gamble your head off stares you in the face all the time.

"That's the reason a lot of the boys itched to buy a stack after the days of the public layout games passed. Of course, it was possible to frame a private game, just as it was with poker, but if you were caught playing faro it cost you ten times as much in court as it did if you were pinched at the other game.

"For the life of me I can't see why faro is more immoral than poker, but the police court judges decided that way. When a poker game was raided it was $25 and costs for the keeper of the game and $1 and costs for the players; on the other hand it was a case of $200 and costs and $10 and costs. I mean that the heavy fine was plastered if the police brought in as evidence the box, the card spread, the case keeping machine, and chips.

"At that, we used to gamble a bit at illicit faro, and by way of laughing at the law still more, we had a plain clothes copper sitting in once in a while as case keeper. When he did this we slipped him $5 a night. We protected ourselves principally by chalking a layout on the top of a table. Cases were also kept in chalk and the dealer handled the deck from his hand, instead of from a box. Money, from a 50-cent piece up, supplanted the chips.

"At the dealer's elbow were a bowl of water, a sponge, and a towel, so if the bulls broke in we could wipe out the layout, dry the table top, and be engaged in a pitch game in no time at all.

"This game was manned by volunteers. If one fellow wanted to deal he would put up a bank roll and be ready to stand a tap. If he went broke we would give him the chance to sit in for pay as case keeper the next night—that is, if the copper wasn't on the job.

"Now, I want to tell you how a piker tried to beat this bank, but before I start maybe it is necessary for some of your readers to know the main technicality of faro. The first card exposed loses and the second wins. If a pair comes out together the dealer takes half of the bet. Thus, if the six is he first card out and you have planted a bet on it you lose, unless you have played it to lose by placing a copper on the chips.

"With the games not in danger of raids the cards came out of a box face up. In dealing out of the hand the cards were face down. Now, we will get around to the piker.

"The game had progressed for a couple of hours and he had never bet more than half a dollar in that time, when suddenly he asked of the dealer: 'How much can I bet on this turn?'

"'Tap it,' was the answer.

"After searching himself thoroly he dug up $18.50, which he put on the line. The dealer looked at the pack a minute and turned. The card came nine-jack.

"'O, I meant to copper the nine,' exclaimed the sure-thing player. 'Here I have set for two hours waiting for that nine to show on top. I pegged it because it had a little bit of one corner torn off.'

"'I was on,' said the dealer, 'and if you had coppered it I wouldn't have dealt for you.'

"'But I must have my money back,' said the piker. 'It was rent money and I'm clean. I can't go home and face my wife.'

"After a wait of an hour, during which play went on, the dealer told the piker that if he would go home, tell his wife that he had failed as a cheat, and send her around in person the next day the money would be returned. And it was."

What a Period Means.

A LAW suit against a telegraph company had this curious beginning.

A widely known bookmaker of the middle west went east to buy a mare or a filly named Dolly. He took an ample roll with him. His wife was fully conversant with his affairs and he told her before his departure that he would wire her on the result of the day.

She received this message, which was transcribed without punctuation:

Broke Even Lost on Dolly.

The reader interpreting this message and supplying a period would probably assume the intelligence to be:

Broke Even. Lost on Dolly.

That was the intent of the sender, but his wife got the notion that the situation was this:

Broke. Even Lost on Dolly.

Taking the message as a hurry up call, she pawned all of her valuable jewelry and wired as much money as possible to her husband. When she learned that he was not in distress she was irritated and decided to sue the telegraph company for her worry and her humiliation, and also for its stinginess with periods.

Jimmy Bardell's Story.

A PARTY was outfitted in Chicago to invade the south and pick up some money. The party consisted of a fighter (Lem McGregor, the St. Joe Kid), a wrestler and a weight-lifter. The managerial end was Jimmy Bardell, once a wrestler and also well known in Chicago as a trainer for the White Sox.

The program was to go from town to town and offer a prize for any one who could stand off the boxer or the wrestler. With the weight lifter the procedure was to get around a sporting goods store and crack about his ability to dislodge anything short of a ton. If anybody wanted to make a side bet, naming an object to be lifted, the proposition was always considered and sometimes snapped up. The lifter had demon strength, and there was no trick in his work.

Bardell had interested some loungers in his brags about his champion. One of them left, to return shortly and offer to bet that there was a packing case outside that was too heavy for anybody to lift. With that they all filed out to look the thing over.

"Is it spiked down?" inquired Jimmy.

"No," answered the challenger. "This bet is on the level and you only have to pay if you find anything irregular."

Jimmy and his entry fiddled around the big box for a while, retired for consultation, and then agreed to bet $50 on the chance. The money was covered.

In reciting the windup of the narrative Bardell said:

"Well, that was the toughest job we had on the trip, Jack tugged and tugged and tugged. I thought he was going to break a blood vessel. He finally lifted that packing case, but before he did he was up to his knees in a stone sidewalk."

ATHLETIC DOINGS AT WEST END "Y"

Well-Matched Teams in Business Men's Basketball League

There was great activity in the physical department the past week. The following is a summary:

—Basketball.—

The Business Men's League games Friday proved that all of the teams are well matched if the full list of players are on the job. The two leading teams went down to defeat, which brings the league standing a little tighter. All of the players are now working hard for the Thomson and Boulton sterling silver cup. The following is the standing to date:

	Won.	Lost.	Draw.
Lions	4	2	1
Panthers	4	2	1
Tigers	3	4	0
Leopards	2	5	0

The games for this week are: Monday, Lions v. Leopards, Tigers v. Panthers; Friday, Panthers v. Lions, Tigers v. Leopards.

The senior Tuesday night league will be of added interest when the fact becomes known that C. Wilyto has presented a silver shield for this league. The following is the standing:

	Won.	Lost.
Mars	3	1
Venus	3	1
Saturn	2	2
Jupiter	0	4

The games for Tuesday: Venus v. Mars. Saturn v. Jupiter.

—Indoor Baseball.—

The senior league games last week proved beyond a doubt that the members know the game and are interested. The team standing is:

	Won.	Lost.
Rusholme	3	1
All-Stars	2	1
Federals	2	1
Rovers	1	2
Wesleys	1	1
Outlaws	0	2

The gabes for this week are: Tuesday, Rovers v. Outlaws; Wednesday, Rusholme v. Wesleys; Friday, Federals v. Outlaws.

—Athletics.—

The senior weekly events are making a lot of interest. The individual standing, as well as the team position, is very close. The event for Wednesday night is the running high jump.

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

ODD FELLOWS' LEAGUE.

Riverdale Club of the I.O.O.F. League, played at the I.O.O.F. alleys on Feb. 5, 1915.

Central Club—1	1	2	3	T'l
Webber	153	157	165	475
Wise	141	220	131	492
Hadley	131	198	172	501
Lowe	122	159	176	457
Nelson	188	179	140	507
Totals	735	913	784	2432
Central Club—1	1	2	3	T'l
Oakley	101	101	154	356
Nuttrell	141	177	135	453
Butchort	134	158	133	426
North	148	193	140	481
Minty	180	157	158	495
Totals	704	786	720	2200

ORR BROS. FIVE PIN.

Yorks—	1	2	3	T'l
Phillips	130	110	162	402
Syme	104	114	157	375
Graham	127	179	72	378
Miller	121	67	151	339
Totals	482	476	542	1500
Beaches—	1	2	3	T'l
Cowdy	172	126	136	434
Rowe	102	106	179	387
Totals	572	484	595	1801

ORR'S TEN PIN LEAGUE

Victorias—	1	2	3	T'l
Hawkes	164	200	183	547
J. Logan	121	155	187	463
T. Logan	174	150	152	376
Minty	206	189	198	376
Ferguson	160	205	221	580
Totals	815	893	935	2643
Havelocks—	1	2	3	T'l
Armstrong	189	192	163	544
Taylor	171	162	168	501
Webster	168	163	169	505
Connors	153	124	159	436
Hartman	171	169	177	517
Totals	844	809	834	2487

ATHENAEUM A LEAGUE

T.M.C.C.—	1	2	3	T'l
Scott	171	160	190	521
Griffiths	192	159	185	536
Dolson	196	175	168	539
Van Sickler	153	137	165	455
Cusack	140	153	194	487
H'cap	37	37	37	111
Total	889	821	939	2649
Voddens—	1	2	3	T'l
Legge	156	148	191	495
Galow	172	188	200	560
Nicholson	163	168	225	565
Penoyler	172	152	204	524
Vodden	155	184	163	502
Totals	818	840	983	2627

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NEW RECORDS HUNG UP AT THE T.B.C.

Standing in Each League is Shaken Up When Big Scores Are Turned In

Records were hung up in all leagues at the Toronto Bowling Club during the past week, with the standing being much affected in each, and with the closing in of the second division holders on the front runners the ideal stage of the race in the respective leagues is now forthcoming, and with all teams about rounded to form the season from now on should be the most exciting in years. In the Business Men's League, The World, in their Saturday night clash of last week, won the odd game from Wm. Davies Co. and showed some of their old-time form when they clouted out an 883 count in the middle game. Harry Williams, English billiard impressario on the World team, was easily high for the night with 572. In their worst performance of the season Boyd Storage were defeated by Bigley Mfg. Co. in two out of three games, rolling only to form in the second game, which they won with 832, the biggest count of the night, while the two outside engagements were easy wins for Bigleys with the smallest counts of the season. Doc. Reeve's funeral ball figured in the tragedy, TheDoc working in Gordon's place also worked on the nerves of some of the other rollers, who now insist on giving Doc's mineralite a massage before the next encounter. Walter Armstrong, for Storage, was high with 572. City Hall, tied with Boyd Storage for the lead, were also given a surprise when they lost two out of three games to G. A. Stitt & Co., with the latter rolling high game and high total for the season, with marks of 1035 and 2768 respectively. In the big game Tommy Ryan counted 234, while Charlie Boyd of fivepin fame was close behind with 228, and the pair with the unusual experience of finishing with totals of 616 divided the honors for the night. Manager Stitt was next in line with 552, while Finchamp was the last over with 526. Ed. Tolley, for City Hall, was high with 558. In the last game of the week in this league Liggett's Drugs won all three games from Acton Publishing Co.

In the Fivepin League Canalites won all three games from Sewer Pipes in their match last Saturday, with Andrew's collection only coming close in the middle game, which was dropped by nine pins. Ping Strong, for Canalites, was high 504, while Colonel and J. T. White were the next big counters with 466 and 441 respectively for Sewer Pipes. Joe Chamberlain and Manager Dods were high with 445 and 417. Senators won two out of three games from Millionaires, also last Saturday, with the latter annexing the last game with 774, the biggest count of the night. Johnny Howden, for the old boys, was high with 472, Jack McKinlay a close second with 455, while Gunboat Simpkins got his usual good average for a 437 collection. For Millionaires, Fred Pyne cashed with a count of 428. In a doubleheader Monday night Olympics won two out of three games from Colonials, but lost a like number to Rexalites, with the latter putting in a 797 count for good measure in the middle game, which is second high for the season. On the double bill Ed. Wheeler, for Rexalites, was high with 478, and featured the evening with a 204 count in the big game. Harry Sikes and Geo. Colt, for Olympics, were next in line with 465 and 449 respectively, while MacKenzie topped the Colonials with 353. Stanleys annexed a record for the season when they spilled the pins for an 804 count and second high total with a 2225 count. Against this rolling, Flying Post, their opponents, had little chance, only coming close in the last game, which was lost by 12 pins. Four of the record-makers rolled well over 400, Charlie Leeson leading with 485, while Manager Charlie Boyd drew up in fourth place with 444. For Flyin Post Harold Duthie finished second high for the night with 453 and featured with a 201 count in the first game. "Andrew" Dods' Sewer Pipes suffered more horrors when they were again taken into camp by Ald. Sam McBride's "All Stars" in all three games, and it was a case of have to also with the latter, who were avoiding the cellar honors, and with this contingency soaring them in the face it was nothing but a case of whip and spurs for the alderman's stable in every spasm and which was accomplished in flying colors, excepting the middle game, which was a score with only 14 pins up. Manager McBride was high with 456, Billy Hall second with 432, while poor Andrew carried a heavy load for high among his Sewer Pipes with a 430 collection. Thursday night Millionaires had the battle of their lives to defeat Canalites in two out of three games, the latter who have been the sensation of the league this season, to ling more pins on the night, due to their big first game, while the "champs" just managed to put over the decision in the last game. Bill Clarke and Duke Nelson were the big clouters for the latter with 468 and 463 respectively, while the Canalites all rolling 400 or better were topped by Jere Strathy, who totaled 455. In a doubleheader Friday night Paragons tied up for the lead with Senators when they won all three games from Colonials and two out of three from Flying Post. Against Colonials Paragons rolled three high games for the season with a mark of 2257, while anchor "Bill" Steele beat his own record for three high games by totaling 525. Following this up three other Paragons rolled around the 450 mark, while Billy Ward was only shy 14 pins of the 400 figure, explaining the cause and let down of Colonials who, however, made it close in the first game, which they lost by only 19 pins. For Colonials R. McKenzie and Swan finished high with 402 and 401 respectively. In the Flying Post clash the latter put over their one win in the middle game, while Paragons had little trouble in the two outside engagements, finishing 40 pins up in the rubber. "Bill" Steele was again high in this battle, and finished a good night's rolling with a 477 collection. For Flying Post Alf. Shrubb proved himself a bowler as well as a runner by finishing first with a mark of 461. Senators and the Royals cleaned up the schedule in this league for the week with the old boys getting the decision in two out of three games. "Gunboat" Simpkins for Senators was high with 481. Tom Libster second with 564, while "Pop" Weeks cleaned up the big clouters with 454. For Royals Broomfield and R. Jackson were best with 449 and 423 respectively.

In the Two-Man League the race is close and exciting with The News in the lead and the rest of the field following closely to the last team. The News pair featured the week by annexing high total with a mark of 1190. The "Charleys" were in great form, Wilson getting three high for the season and high game with 639 and 242 respectively, while "Old Scout" Gordon with a 551 collection claimed it would be a shame what they would do up against new wood any week.

In the Balmy Beach Fivepin League Manager Walter Williams has three of his teams working nicely with the fourth being a little slow in rounding to, but will likely be heard from when "Skip" Burt gets his signals working, and altho getting swamped by "Loxos" the leaders in all three games, the "Finance" manager showed his boys how to do it by finishing high for the night with a 402 total.

—Standing of the Leagues—

T.B.C. Fivepin League.

	Won.	Lost.
Senators	11	4
Paragons	11	4
Stanleys	10	5
Rexallites	9	6
Millionaires	9	6
Canalites	8	7
Colonials	7	8
Royals	7	8
Olympics	7	8
Flying Post	5	10
All Stars	5	10
Sewer Pipes	1	14

Business Men's League.

	Won.	Lost.
City Hall	11	4
Boyd Storage	11	4
Wm. Davies Co.	9	6
Bisley Mfg. Co.	6	6
Acton Pub. Co.	7	8
G. A. Stitt & Co.	7	8
Liggett's Drugs	7	8
The World	5	7
J. Curry Co.	3	9
Johnson Concrete	3	9

T.B.C. Two-Man League.

	Won.	Lost.
The News	7	2
Bisley Mfg.	6	3
Nationals	5	4
Wm. Davies Co.	5	4
The Boyds	5	4
The World	4	5
The Bebes	4	5
Manhattans	4	5
Ideals	3	6
Bankers	2	7

Balmy Beach Fivepin League.

	Won.	Lost.
Luxo	12	3
Realty	8	7
Rex	8	7
Finance	2	13

ATHENAEUM MERCANTILE LEAGUE

	1	2	3	Tl
W. J. Gage				
Pengilly	169	164	191	524
O'Brien	164	153	177	484
Byrne	118	168	169	455
Wilson	189	194	153	496
Carson	124	163	117	4
Totals	704	842	807	2353
Hunter-Rose	1	2	3	T'l
Grant	110	69	86	265
Webb	132	125	157	314
Edwards	176	151	147	474
Hurd	123	167	156	446
Pane	113	157	159	428
Totals	653	669	705	1927

MONTREAL CURLING.

MONTREAL, Feb. 6.—In the curling competitions here yesterday for the Royal Victoria Jubilee Trophy, Three Rivers defeated Montreal, Victorias, Outremont, Howick, Huntingdon, Caledonia, Ormstown, Ottawa, Arnprior and Renfrew were eliminated during the afternoon. The finals in the competition take place this afternoon.

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BUSY WEEK AT THE ATHENAEUM CLUB

Good Scores Are Again the Order in All Leagues—The Standings and Averages.

Once more good rolling was the order at the Athenaeum Bowling Club last wek, starting off Monday night in the A League, when Eaton's took the Ontario Press into camp for the odd game in three. Jimmy Nelson, for the "Big Firm," was high man for the night with 623, every game being over the 200 mark. Since the New Year opened the "Admiral" has been four times to the plate and rolled over 600 on each occasion. Gregory followed his team-mate with 568, while George Tolley of the losers was their high man with 560. Tuesday night Beverleys took two out of three from Swift Canadian, the winners best being Wells, 590, Hendricks, 560, and Frank Sherwood, the losers' best, with 558. Wednesday night the crack Athenaeums got a bump from the much improved Brokers, thanks to the 50-pin handicap per game. Sam Schifman once more demonstrated his ability to reach the 600 mark by rolling 607, featuring his middle game with 224 count. McMillan was next best with 560, while "Shamrock" Murphy, who would rather bowl than eat, was the winners' best man with 567. Thursday evening Brokers rolled off their postponed game with the Widmers and resulted in them winning all three games. The scoring was small, Dowler being high man with 528. Friday night "Vodden's" Cleaners took the odd game from the Toronto Motorcycle Boys, Gallow of the winners being high for 560 count while Griffiths of the losers was next best with 538. In the B League Swift Canadian, Wanitas and Diamonds each won from Adanacs, T. M. C. C., and Canadian Oil respectively. Jolly, 550, Murphy, 524, Houston, 519, and Douglas, 515, were the best scores turned in during the week in their class. In the Five-Pin League only two games were played, Dukes taking the odd game from Wellingtons while Burroughs won all three from Photo Arts. No doubt this next week will see many good results and surprises in all leagues. The following is the standing of all leagues and the ten high average men in A and B Leagues with handicaps:

In the Mercantile League the past week's rolling resulted in a general shake-up. Book Room managed to smarex the odd game from O'Keefe Brewery and United Typewriter copping all three games from J. J. McLaughlin, taking the first game by three pins, and winning the next two by good margins. Goodyear Tire came along on Tuesday night and managed to take the middle game by a good margin from Drug Trading, pulling off a surprise. Good years are good pluggers and may upset the dope for this last series. On Friday night W. J. Gage made sure of three games from Hunter, Rose. Next week the leaders meet and good stiff games are looked for. United Typewriter meet Book Room on Monday night, and a hot game is looked for. Friday night Drug Trading take a crack at W. J. Gage. Both these teams are rolling good games and both teams are out to win, so good scores are looked for:

The standing:

	Won.	Lost.
W. J. Gage	10	2
Drug Trading	8	4
Book Room	7	5
United Typewriter	10	5
Mm. Davies	10	5
J. J. McLaughlin	9	6
Hunter Rose	7	8
O'Keefe Brewery	2	7
Ideal Bedding	3	12
Goodyear Tire	2	10

Standing, 10 High Men, in A League.

	Hand.	Aver.
Schifman, Athenaeums	Scratch	198
Penoyer, Voddens	4	193
Johnston, Athenaeums	6	191
Sutherland A., Athen	5	190
Wells, Beverleys	2	190
Nelson, Eatons	9	189
Gallow, Voddens	11	188
Herschmann, Swift Can	8	187
Vodden, Voddens	27	187
McGrath, Voddens	13	186

Standing, 10 High Men, in B League.

	Hand.	Aver.
Earle, Allies	Scr	186
Pollock, Reg. Office	Scr	182
Coker Allies	Scr	178
Cornish, Canadian Oil	6	173
Dowler, Allies	Scr	173
Jolly, Canadian Oil	6	171
Beamish, Registry Office	5	171
Johnson, Reg. Office	6	170
Oliver, Reg. Office	8	170
Foster, Swift Canadian	8	168

Athenaeum A League Standing:

	Won.	Lost.
Voddens	15	6
Beverleys	12	6
Athenaeums	11	7
Swift Canadian	10	8
T. M. C. C.	7	8
Brokers	11	10
Ontario Press	11	10
Eatons	8	10
Sellers-Gough	5	10
Widmers	3	15

Standing, Athenaeum Five-Pin League.

	Won.	Lost.
Allies	9	3
Dukes	9	3
Burroughes	11	4
Swansea	6	6
Belgians	4	8
Photo Arts	5	10
Wellingtons	5	10
Dominion Express	1	3

THIS WEEK'S SCHEDULE.

A. League.

Monday—Ontario Press vs. Athenaeums.
Tuesday—Sellers Gough vs. Beverleys.
Wednesday—Voddens vs. Swift Canadians.
Thursday—Eatons vs. Widmers.
Friday— T.M.C.C. vs. Brokers.

B. League.

Monday—Wanitas vs. Swift Canadian.
Tuesday—Ontario Press vs. Diamonds.
Wednesday—T.M.C.C. vs. Orioles.
Thursday—Canadian Oil vs. Registry Office.
Friday—Allies vs. Adanacs.

Mercantile League.

Monday—United Typewriter vs. Book Room.
Tuesday—Wm. Davies vs. O'keefe Brewery.
Wednesday—Hunter Rose vs. J. J. McLaughlin.
Thursday—Goodyear Tire Co. vs. Ideal Bedding.
Friday—Drug Trading vs. W. J. Gage.

Five-Pin League.

Monday—Dukes vs. Swansea.
Wednesday—Burroughes vs. Allies.
Thursday—Wellingtons vs. Dominion Express.
Friday—Belgians vs. Photo Arts.

B League.

	Won.	Lost.
Allies	16	2
Swift Canadian	12	6
Registry Office	9	6
Canada Oil	8	7
Adanacs	11	10
T. M. C. C.	8	10
Ontario Press	7	11
Diamonds	9	12
Wanitas	5	10
Orioles	2	13

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