

There is a story about an elderly woman, who was one day found weeping strenuously. On being asked the cause of her grief, she explained that she had been thinking of the future and what might happen to one of her unborn great-grandchildren.

A writer in the New York Times rebukes these prophets of evil. He bases his own optimism on the fact that in the past necessity and responsibility have always developed the individual, opened new opportunities.

The writer of the article referred to notes the intermingling of the races. French, Russians, Australians, Germans, Turks, all have been driven to a great cohesion and dependence upon one another by this war.

A BRITISH TORPEDO.

One of the Most Remarkable New Weapons of Warfare.

An English officer on leave from the Cameroons, who fully understands the topography of the Gold Coast and the whole district known as the White Man's Grave, writes that in the Cameroons the fighting is more fierce than in Flanders.

"At times it is primitive and savage," he says, "added to which are the deadly climatic conditions, and the fear of attacks from tarantulas, reptiles, ferocious animals and all the diseases of the tropics. Service in Africa requires a varied knowledge and a wide experience. An officer has to be an expert in many directions and each has to make a special study of ordnance and coastal defence."

"Seven years ago, Bleriot crossed to English Channel in an aeroplane, and the world wondered. To-day, the European sky is dotted with flying men. Without a doubt, war has developed mechanics, aeronautics and every science years ahead of normal progress."

"This torpedo can be directed to take any course and to alter its course at any distance automatically. Support a warship or other target to be 2,000 yards from the submarine about to fire a torpedo. The range is set for 2,000 yards plus an additional 500 yards. If the torpedo hits the target within that range its mission is completed, but if it misses it travels on for 500 yards, then swings back, boomerang fashion and zig-zags or circles with a bias in the direction of the moving target until it strikes."

"Here you are, sir," cried the hawker, extending a bouquet. "Buy some beautiful flowers for your sweet heart." "Nothing doing," responded the young man. "I haven't got a sweetheart."

Mr. Peewee—Madam, your children laugh at me every time I pass. Mrs. Kidmore—You mustn't mind those silly children. They giggle at every foolish little thing they see.

THE FASHIONS

One of the daintiest of the cotton frocks is a pale green organdy. Another, is a soft gray voile, with a Russian blouse of grey Georgette belt and trimmed with silver. The various shades of green and gray are favored in these cotton dresses, as well as the other pastel shades, soft tones of blue, pink, lavender, and purple.

Unusual Freedom Shown in Dress. While a few years ago, we should perhaps have frowned upon these simple cottons and the great vogue of



Purple and White Striped Voile

bright colors now favored in the sports clothes, at the present moment we find them perfectly appropriate and becoming, not at all a breach of taste. First of all, comfort and simplicity go hand in hand, and along with our other emancipated ideas, we have come to the point where we dare to assert ourselves in the matter of dress instead of following blindly as we have done for ages.



A Smart Yoked Frock

and in all probability sports clothes as we know them at the moment, will have a permanent place in woman's wardrobe.

Wide, Drooping Brims on Mid-Summer Hats. The wide, soft-brimmed, Bankok, Wen-chow, Panama, Leghorn, hair or hemp hats with just a suggestion of trimming, are the favored hats of the moment. These may be worn with sports clothes, and quite as effectively with lingerie and soft silk frocks.

These patterns may be obtained from your local McCall Dealer or from the McCall Co., 70 Bond St. Toronto, Ont.

An Imputation Scored. "I believe you're afraid of work!" "Afraid of it!" replied Flooding Pete. "I ain't even acquainted with it."

Many a girl has given up an easy job at a good salary for the sake of working all the rest of her life for her board and clothes.

THE SUNDAY LESSON RUSSIA IN THE SUMMER TIME

INTERNATIONAL LESSON AUGUST 20.

Lesson VIII.—The Riot at Ephesus. Acts 19. 23-41. Golden Text. 1 Timothy 6. 10.



Delivering Smashing Blows Against Germans.

The veteran Russian General Kash-talinski, who commanded the Russian divisions which recently captured twenty thousand Germans by smashing blows in Galicia.

HEALTH

Infantile Convulsions.

When a baby has convulsions, it generally means one of two things; either it is suffering from toxemia, or poisoning, which is usually the result of errors in the diet, or else there is some serious trouble with the nervous system. If feeding is at the bottom of the trouble, find out the error and correct it, and the attacks will cease.

It is unnecessary to describe the symptoms, for the most experienced person knows when a baby is having a convulsion. In other people a tendency to convulsions indicates an unstable nervous system, and that is probably true of infants who have convulsions in consequence of dietary errors that would leave stronger children unaffected.

The first thing to do when a baby falls into a convulsion is to get it into a warm bath as quickly as possible. That is done to relieve blood tension and equalize the circulation, and to this end it is well to give cold applications to the head at the same time. Do not hesitate to give the hot bath. Sometimes inexperienced people who wait until the doctor comes. But the hot bath for a baby in convulsions can never be a mistake. The doctor should be called without delay, because in severe cases the bath must be followed by sedative and relieving treatment that he only will know how to employ.

SAVE THE TREES.

More Attention Is Being Paid to Their Protection.

That the shade tree increases the value of property, and adds much to the beauty of surroundings is being more and more appreciated. Municipal corporations are encouraging the planting of trees in greater numbers as well as protecting those they already have. Many estimates have been made as to the actual cash value of a growing shade tree, but all concede that its aesthetic greatly exceeds its monetary value.

Verse 29. The theater.—A vast open amphitheater capable of holding more than fifty thousand. It was a regular place for public meetings. Gains.—About as distinctive a name as "John." His comrade in danger, Aristarchus, is named in Acts 20. 4. but the "Gaius of Derbe" named there is, of course, a different man. Aristarchus appears in Acts 27. 2; Col. 4. 10; Philim. 24. He was a staunch follower, a credit to the church at Thessalonica.

30. Paul seems to refer to this occasion in 2 Cor. 1. 8. and more precisely in 1 Cor. 15. 32, which suits it exactly, since wild-beast shows were connected with the building. It would be just like that indomitable man to insist on facing the mob. One may conjecture that he went in, tried vainly to get a hearing, not being recognized by a mob which knew little of the subject of the shouting, and was saved by the preoccupation of the Jews with getting their spokesman forward. Luke was at Philippi, and as no harm came to Paul he never held that Paul had "ventured himself" after a riot. The apostle referred to in his letter to Corinth for a special purpose, and had no particular reason for telling Luke.

31. Aristarchs.—There were ten officials, elected by towns in the Province Asia, who celebrated at their own cost games and religious festivals. His friends.—Though officials of a "heaven" religion! It gives us a side light on Paul's sympathetic temperament: an Asiarch was not likely to make friends with a mere Jewish bigot, incapable of seeing anything but the heinousness of idolatry! Besought, like suffered in verse 30, in the imperfect tense, and does not imply anything as to their success.

32. Here and elsewhere in this vivid narrative the Gentile Luke gives play to his sense of humor. 33. [Some] of the multitude instructed (margin)—It is hard to choose between this and the text. If this is right, one imagines the Jews carefully keeping in the background, their spokesman telling some of the crowd that he wanted to denounce Paul, and these people urging him on to put in a word for the tradesmen. Alexander.—The name occurs four times in the New Testament, and as it is common we have no evidence for identifying any two of them.

34. Perceived.—By physiognomy, and perhaps by dress. From the crowd's point of view, Jew and Christian were all one. Great is another reading, which is plausible; leaves out "is" and makes it an invocation of "the Great Artemis" (verse 35). The goddess was not the Huntress Queen of Greek religion, but an Asiatic goddess of fertility, called Artemis (margin)—the nearest equivalent to the Roman Diana is a step still further away.

35. Townclerk.—Keeper of public records, which he read in the assembly. Temple-keeper.—As Ephesus is often called in local inscriptions. From heaven (margin)—Worship in Asia Minor often centered on meteoric stones; in early times, even in Greece, an artistic representation mattered little, and many of these images were shapeless. If we may judge from modern India, they were decidedly more artistic than some that had been "graven!"

37. Robbers of temples.—From Rom. 2. 22 we infer that some Jew were so righteously indignant at idolatry that they would steal from an idol temple—no doubt paying tithes on the proceeds! Nor blasphemers.—Which, according to Demetrius (verse 26), he himself certainly was. The artful art was translating into blunter language that Paul said in inoffensive argument (compare Acts 17. 29).

38. Court [days] are kept (margin), and there are proconsuls.—There are such institutions as fixed assizes and judges on circuit. There was, of course, only one proconsul of the Province Asia at a time.

39. Regular.—This was a mere fortuitous concurrence, not a regularly summoned meeting of the legislative ecclesia. Assembly.—The word or a popular assembly, with certain legislative powers permitted, was taken over by Christianity to be the name of the "church."

40. Accused of riot concerning this day (so read with margin)—The Roman government was always extremely suspicious of irregular meetings.

LATEST HUN CRIME. Grain for Horses Filled With Sharp Steel. Another striking instance of the cruelty of the Germans has just come to light. It was first discovered in the course of an investigation into diseases of animals in England, and revealed a diabolical device for destroying British horses.

The inquiry led to the examination of a cargo of oats imported from America, and in this was found no less than three lbs. of sharp double-pointed steel forks, each about half an inch long. These were so mixed with the grain that their discovery was well nigh impossible until animals consuming the food were found to be suffering intense pain from the terrible wounds inflicted. The prongs of these evil weapons are so formed that they grip and cling to the flesh of the unfortunate animals and set up violent inflammation.

It is evident that this horrible device for inflicting injury on British horses could have only got in the cargo through enemy agency, and shows the increasing brutality of the Huns.

VERY MUCH HOTTER THAN IT IS IN ENGLAND.

Russians All Live Free-and-Easy Out-door Lives in Warm Weather.

I suppose it will surprise many people to learn that Russia has a hot summer, hotter than the usual summer in England, more sunshine, bluer skies. It is this which explains the rush of town-folk every end of May to the country writes Hamilton Fyfe from Petrograd.

They will not stay in the towns. They say it is unhealthy. They speak as if all the plagues raged during the hot weather which is not, you must understand, so hot as all that! Still, Moscow is detestably dusty and the Petrograd canals smell worse than usual, and for all reasons it is pleasant to be in the country. So off go all who can to their "datchas" (summer homes) to enjoy the sunshine and the clear sky and the soft, warm airs that are blown from the sun-baked south.

It takes a long time to get rid of winter. Well into April, sometimes into May, he keeps his grip on the rivers, the earth is still under snow. Gradually the snow melts, the ice breaks up and floats away. The dark earth appears and very quickly looks as if it had been lightly dusted over with a green powder. It recovers quickly, for the snow has kept it green. The trees are not so soon themselves again. They have been exposed to the cruel winds, the savage, silent, paralyzing frosts. For a month after winter has gone they are black and bare. Life comes back to them only when they have been well warmed by the sun. Last year they were not in leaf until June.

Much Outdoor Life. There is a passion in the summer here. One only feels this in countries which have a long hard winter. The earth seems to rejoice in its freedom. There is a luxuriance of growth which is scarcely known in England, a sudden rush of life, a glory of light and warmth and splendor. Ask any Russian living abroad what he most misses and he will tell you "The White Nights." All through June, with a little overlapping on either side of it, sunset and sunrise are so near together that there is no darkness. Last night I was sitting out of doors reading at eleven o'clock. We dine at half-past eight, and after sitting about the garden, or watching the stars after-glow flames in the sky and reflect its glory in the Gulf of Finland, we say, "It must be getting late." Someone looks at a watch. It is midnight! Who could have guessed it? We go reluctantly to bed, our rooms quite light still, until with hesitating hand we draw curtains over the windows. It seems a shame to shut out those wonderful "White Nights."

It is a happy life, that of the Russian "datchnik" ("datcha" dweller). Very simple and primitive, utterly different from English country-house life. To begin with "datchas" as a rule are wooden houses, only meant for summer habitation. All winter most of them stand empty. When they are to be occupied again servants go down, light fires, clean them up. Then the furniture is sent by road, piled up on carts. Not too much of it. Just enough for comfort. Appearances are not considered.

No Formality. There is no state or ceremony. One lives out of doors as much as possible on grassy or balconies which are but one slight remove from the open air. Outside every "datcha" are set benches, both in the garden, if there is one, and in the road. Upon these it is customary to sit and talk for hours. Dress is sketchy, and often scanty. Meals are at odd times, and can be prolonged or cut short at will. For example, a Russian hostess will say to the parlor maid "See if the cook has anything else to give us," or it may be, "Never mind about the chickens and the souffe, Masha. Just bring us tea. We have had enough to eat."

Most English people, accustomed to the formality and state of our country houses (delightful also in their way), would be revolted by the go-as-you-please life of the "datcha." But it is of a piece with everything else. With the wild gardens, growing as they please, letting nature be their gardener. With the sergeants so smiling and friendly and cheerful, but judged by our standards, so incompetent. With the free-and-easy manners of the "datchniki" determined to make their summer as complete a contrast as possible to their winter existence in town. From September to May they live in almost hermetically sealed houses. They take no exercise, breathe as little fresh air as they can. Their complexions grow wax-like, their eyes dull. From May till August they get as near nature as they can. Instantly their appearance alters. They look healthy and strong. They feel vigorous and normal. All the result of fresh air.

Camel-Like. Out on Egypt's sands the Territorials were camped. The captain of the company was all that a captain should not be. He was short and stout and round of shoulder. Needless to say, among his men he was known as "Humpty." One night, on returning to camp, the sentry let him go unchallenged, and so roused his military wrath. "What the Blue Albanian mountains do you mean?" he snapped out. "Why didn't you demand the countersign?" The sentry trembled with fear so badly that his wits got shaken. "Badad, sir," he stammered. "I thought you was a c-c-camel."

Restitution, if made, would often prevent destitution.



The Lost Miss Blue.

Effie hunted in vain for Miss Blue. Miss Blue was the prettiest of all the paper dolls; she wore a lovely blue dress, a blue hat and blue shoes. Effie was sure that she had left her sitting in a paper chair in the warm sunshine, and no one had been on the veranda and not a wisp of wind was blowing; so where could she have gone?

It was very puzzling. Effie hunted until her tears were very close. But she would not cry, for that would give a bad example to the rest of the dolls. Instead, she sent them back to the nurse, and went on hunting. Everyone searched, but Miss Blue was nowhere to be found.

Effie wished that the other dolls could tell what they knew. They had all been sitting there when she came out; surely they saw Miss Blue go, but what good did that do since they were dumb?

"I wish it had been Miss Pink," thought Effie; and then she ran and kissed Miss Pink to make up for the wish. "But Miss Blue will come back," she said. "I know it, I know it!"

That was in April, and one day a few weeks afterwards Effie sat on the top step playing with her dolls again. A flutter in the vines over the veranda made her look up in time to see a bird fly through the leaves, out and away. "A nest," she said softly,

GERMAN MEMORIAL CARDS.

People Refusing to Take the Kaiser's Ornate War Cards.

Some time ago the Prussian authorities conceived the plan of a "Gedachtnisblatt," or memorial card, for presentation to the relatives of soldiers killed in battle. The card contained the name of the dead man, and was decorated with the Prussian Royal Arms, a portrait of the Kaiser, and of certain generals pompously called his paladins, after the 21 peers of Charlemagne's household. There were also various war trophies, drums, cannon, and other military insignia—all over the margins.

For more than a year these "Gedachtnisblätter" were sought after by mourning households and regarded as a sort of State tribute to the memory of the departed soldier, but as the war lengthened out, and grew unpopular with large sections of the people, Socialist families showed little desire to possess a memorial card, and in a great number of instances refused it.

It was then suggested that ministers of religion should be entrusted with the distribution of the cards, and use this opportunity of offering at the same time the consolations of religion to bereaved families. The plan has not worked well, and in a report on the subject a leading Berlin clergyman states that while he is grateful for the appreciation of his visits shown by a large number of persons, he regrets that far too many show an inclination to bear their sorrow without clerical consolations, and that in very many cases the grief of the people assumes, on the appearance of the pastor, such wild forms that the "Gedachtnisblatt" is point blank refused, often scornfully.

TORN FROM THEIR HOMES.

Inhabitants of Northern France Deported to Germany.

Poignant details of the deportation at an hour and a half's notice of 25,000 citizens from the French towns of Lille, Roubaix and Tourcoing by the Germans last Easter, are given in a French Yellow Book. The Germans' orders were for the

Shape Didn't Matter.

Butcher—Will you have a round steak, ma'am? Mrs. Youngbride—I don't care what shape it is so it's tender.

THE VALUE OF FRIENDSHIP

Give a Friend Your Utmost Loyalty in Word and Thought and Deed.

"A man that hath friends must show himself friendly."—Proverb, xviii. 24.

A friend is one with whom you can breathe freely, and talk and think as freely as you breathe. There are people like icebergs, chilling us, even benumbing our mental processes. There are others like an enervating wind from the desert; they stifle us. To be compelled to make the journey of life in such companionship is hell on earth and to be such an associate is to be devil to the lives of other people.

It is well for us to think not only of the men and women who bore us but of those we bore. And then to recall this ancient word of wisdom, and instead of cultivating people for what we can get out of them cultivate them for the sake of friendship. To join a church or a lodge or a club for the purpose of widening one's circle of friends is a plan often tried, but without much success. Acquaintances are that way, but not friends.

The Door to Friendship. swing both ways; it is not a one-sided affair. Therefore to speak of "making" friends is not an accurate expression. Friends are not exactly "made," they simply happen. All that can be made is the opportunity for friendship; that is, it is always possible to keep an open mind and a warm heart ready to respond when a possible friend appears.

The man who thinks he can go through life alone may have a Napoleonic will, but he can come only to a Napoleonic end. And loneliness

"and I never saw it before!"

Two minutes later father was holding her high in his strong arms while she parted the close leaves softly and peered over the edge of the nest. "Eggs, sky-blue eggs!" she whispered down to father. Then she gave a little squirm. "O daddy, and Miss Blue, as sure as you live!"

It was wonderful, but it was true. There was Miss Blue, half sitting, half lying in the nest; one egg was in her lap, another was near her hand, and her hat brim just showed above the edge of the nest. Very gently father pulled her out, so carefully that not an egg was disturbed.

The other dolls did not seem at all astonished when Effie, laughing with joy, showed her to them. "But how did Miss Blue get into the nest?" Effie wanted to know. "The little bird, when it built, must have carried her up in its beak, as it carries paper and string," father explained. "And ever since then the weather has been so dry and the leaves so thick that she was not hurt."

"Her dress isn't even faded," Effie said smothering out the long-lost doll. "What good care the bird took of her! Daddy, I think I'll give her a party to celebrate her coming home."

So she did, and afterwards cake crumbs were sprinkled all round for little Mrs. Mother Bird to eat when the porch was quiet. "I knew Miss Blue would be back!" said Effie.—Youth's Companion.

people in certain districts of these towns to assemble in readiness for departure at their front doors, and none was to leave the house before 8 a.m. The orders stated that "all protests will be useless and any one trying to evade deportation will be pitilessly punished."

The victims in all cases were chosen arbitrarily by the officer in charge of the deporting party.

The Yellow Book continues: "The measure caused the greatest anguish and despair among the population of the notified districts, while in some cases it led to madness. Men especially suffered torture at seeing their wives daughters and children of both sexes under the age of fourteen led away."

"The protests of mayors and other officials went unheeded. The Prussian Guard refused to participate in the raids and the work had to be done by the Sixty-Fourth Regiment from Verdun."

"A large proportion of the young women taken belonged to the servant class. When those deported were conveyed to the cattle trucks and loaded into the cattle trucks they kept crying: 'Vive la France,' and singing the 'Marseillaise.'"

The Paris Temps affirms in substance that it is now up to the neutrals to insist upon the observance of the conventions signed by them and by the belligerents.

He Won. A Scottish minister once noticed a crowd of urchins clustered around a dog of doubtful pedigree. "What are you doing, my little boys?" he asked with fatherly interest. "Swapping lies," volunteered one of the boys. "The fellow that tells the biggest one gets the pup." "Shocking!" exclaimed the minister. "Why, when I was your age I never even thought of telling an untruth." "You win," chorused the urchins. "The dog's yours, mister."

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