

# SPY SYSTEM OF THE SUBMARINES

## A REMARKABLE ILLUSTRATION OF ITS WORKING.

### Prussian Agents Are Keeping U-Boat Commanders Advised of Shipping Movements.

Up came the periscope out of the choppy, rolling sea, to take a look around. The thing was painted white, to resemble the top of a wave and to conceal itself in the mist that hung heavily over the ocean.

But the trained "spotters," stationed on the bridge and all over the decks of the Southland, were quick enough to see the periscope when it appeared. "Submarine! Port quarter!" called the captain on the bridge.

"Fire!" commanded the chief of the gun crew.

In an instant the naval gun pointers aboard the steamship, which was running at full speed through the war zone, had found the target. The rest of the gun crew were at their posts beside the piles of ammunition on the deck, shells and powder charges, and ready to fight to the last.

"Bang-g!" roared the gun.

But the shot missed, bounding and rebounding along on the water beyond the target. Periscopes in the most favorable circumstances are hard to hit.

"Bang-bang!" went the gun again, closer to the periscope, but still missing.

By this time the submarine's daredevil commander got the bearings and let go a torpedo at the steamship. Quickly the vessel swung round, with its nose toward the submarine, in order to minimize the size of the target. The torpedo missed twenty feet astern.

Then there was another white streak in the water—the wake of another torpedo, which did not miss. There was an explosion at the water line on the port quarter, ripping a great hole in the side. The great vessel gave a shudder and then lurched forward.

The U-boat submerged.

In the hasty turning and the shock of being hit the gunners lost sight of the periscope for a minute, and the rain of shots fired went far from the mark. Seeing that the second torpedo had done its work, the submarine submerged in order to get out of the way of the gunfire.

With a great hole in her side, both above and below the water line, the Southland began to settle by the bow, and in four minutes was down sufficiently to pull the still whirling propellers out of the water, with a deafening noise.

All over the steamship the crew were adjusting life preservers; engineers and stokers, some dressed only in shoes and trousers, were pouring out of the hold to a place of safety; able seamen and stewards were lowering the lifeboats from the starboard side. The gunners, when the submarine submerged, leaving them without a target, saw a chance to get away with their lives. They dashed to the side, crawled over and slid down the ropes, burning their hands frightfully, but landing safely in the lifeboats, which already had been launched.

The great ship was sinking rapidly. There was another shudder and a lurch, and then, as the lifeboats got about two hundred yards away, the vessel was swallowed up by the water; first her decks, then her funnels and then the tops of the towering masts. The crew, glad to be alive, but wondering what would become of them, watched silently.

But their muse did not last long. Before the whirlpool caused by the sinking vessel had become calm again there appeared on the scene about a thousand yards away a periscope—undoubtedly the same that had bobbed up at the beginning of the action.

An Eye-Opening Conversation.

The periscope was stationary for a moment—no doubt while the commander was observing the destruction he had wrought—and then it came up further, finally revealing the outline of a Prussian submarine. The sea washed over her as she came to the surface. A little higher and a hatch leading to the interior of the craft was opened to allow a German head to look into the open air. Out of the hole, then, came half a dozen of a crew and an officer.

Kicking up a spray five feet in the air, the submarine made her way to one of the lifeboats—that which contained the second mate and twenty of the crew of the steamship.

"What ship vos dot?" asked the submarine commander when his craft came up with the boat.

"The Southland," replied the second mate, "from Liverpool to New York."

"Huh?" asked the German. "The Southland? Are you sure?"

"Yes," said the steamship officer.

"That's odd," replied the German. "You weren't due to leave Liverpool for another week."

"I know," replied the second mate; "but they finished our repairs ahead of time, and as we were to travel light, they sent us out on an earlier day than originally set."

"Funny," said the officer. "I didn't get any report of it."

Traitors in the Ports.

This is an astounding example of the intelligence system employed by the Prussians in their war against

the merchant shipping of the world—not only that of the allied countries, but of the neutrals as well, those which are daring enough to continue to trade with the enemies of Prussianism. The commander of the submarine in some mysterious way knew that the steamship he had sunk, the Southland, which was one of the best known of the Red Star line, had been laid up for repairs. He knew she would clear soon—he even knew the date originally set. But he had not received a "report" of her steaming. Something apparently went wrong with the Kaiser's intelligence system for the instant.

Evidently the Prussians had somebody in the port—somebody trusted by the owners of the vessel—who made every effort to conceal her movements—who reported in some underground way her intended clearances. Such a person must be somebody whose record is outwardly spotless, for the news about the movements of ships is guarded like diamonds and gold.

There is no way of learning definitely, but it is a thousand to one bet that the British Secret Service already is at work on the case to locate the person who obtained the information and the method by which it was conveyed to the enemy.

### WHAT "BOCHE" MEANS

Why the Term "Hun" is Frequently Applied to the Germans.

The term "Boche," as applied to the German soldiers, isn't a complimentary one, nor anything new. It is an old term in France, and means "thick-headed." It is about equivalent to the American term "bone-head."

In fact, the word comes from the Italian "boccia," and means a round ball of exceptionally hard wood used in playing ten pins. But just how it came to be applied to the German soldiers we do not know.

As a general rule, nicknames given to soldiers are not unkindly. The French soldier is called "polly," which means hairy, because in the early French wars the soldiers had no opportunity to shave, or have their hair cut, and when they returned from the army, they had a rough, hairy, uncombed appearance. But there was nothing unkindly in calling them "polly."

The British are called "Tommys" because of a fictitious popular British soldier made immortal in verse and given the name "Tommy Atkins." During the American Civil War the Union troops were called "Yanks," as an abbreviation of the word "Yankee," and the Confederates were called "Johnny Reds," from "rebel." But never was there bitterness or sarcasm in the terms.

But now we have the German soldiers generally called "Boches," or "Dorchheads," and certainly not as a term of endearment. The appellation "Hun," which one sees in print frequently, also is a term of reproach, and means that the German's present warfare and tactics savor of the barbarity of the Huns, who under Attila, came near overrunning Europe and destroying civilization. There were many of the Huns left in the region that has since become Germany, but the German people, as a people, are not descendants of the Huns.

### AIR PREPAREDNESS.

Before-the-War Progress in Aviation Made by European Nations.

Right from the beginning the aerial scientists perceived the value of the airplane as a war asset. Five years ago, when the nations were not dreaming of the proximity of the World War—with the exception of Germany—the nations began equipping themselves with the aircraft for military purposes. In 1913 the nations of Europe and Asia were stocking up, while the United States looked on. France had something like 800 airplanes and two dozen dirigibles. It ranged on down the line to Japan, with fifty airplanes and half a dozen dirigibles.

Cross-country flying was being popularized just before the war broke out. Some of the flights in 1913 included trips between Petrograd and Paris, many flights between Paris and London, a dozen flights across the Sahara Desert. France was carrying mail by airplanes. It was estimated that some 200,000 passengers were carried in flights monthly.

The advance from 1908 to 1913—half the decade in which the airplane has made its wonderful advance—brought out some of the following records:

Speed, 125 miles an hour.

Endurance, fourteen non-stop hours.

Altitude, 21,000 feet.

Longest tours, Paris to Petrograd and back, and Paris to Cairo.

Longest flights over water, across Mediterranean and Baltic Seas and American Great Lakes.

Longest one-day trip, Berlin to Paris. There were 6,000 licensed aviators in Europe, of which France had 2,000 and England 700, with 7,000 students in military aviation schools. The preparedness of France in aviation in years to come will be regarded equally as important in turning back the Hun in the memorable "On-to-Paris" dash of 1914 as the quick mobilization of French artillery and infantry before Von Kluck's right wing.

A West county rearmy contingent was adopted in the thick of a fight near Fortuin in May by a black cat, which survived a bombardment that killed many men, and has since lived snugly in billets with an identification disc around its neck.

Regimental mascots appear to have

the best time, for they stay in billets, live on the fat of the land and are made much of by the local inhabitants. The pampered terrier of a certain famous regiment of foot guards sat on the top of a transport wagon at the tail of the battalion and barked at all the civilian dogs he passed.

The Pound of Flesh.

Although the attempts of alien students to thread the labyrinths of English are sometimes adventures indeed, nevertheless it is the mistakes of English-speaking people who attempt to express themselves prematurely in other languages that most amuse us.

The Spanish word for sons is hijos, and for figs, higos. One can, therefore, readily understand how the following conversation might have easily taken place. A lady went into a grocery store in Porto Rico to buy figs. The conversation translated into English was as follows:

"Have you any sons?"

"Yes," replied the storekeeper, pleasantly.

"White ones?"

"Yes!"

"Very well; I will take one pound, if you please."

To that the storekeeper replied that his sons were not for sale, and certainly not by the pound.

# THREE YEARS OF WORLD CONFLICT

## Statistics Concerning the War to End of Third Year—Counting the Cost of the International Holocaust in Human Lives and Dollars and Cents.

Warring Nations.		Declaration of War	
First Year.			
Austria	against	Serbia	
Germany	against	Russia	
Great Britain	against	France	
Austria	against	Germany	
Montenegro	against	Russia	
Serbia	against	Austria	
France	against	Germany	
Great Britain	against	Austria	
Montenegro	against	Germany	
Japan	against	Germany	
Austria	against	Japan	
Austria	against	Belgium	
Russia	against	Turkey	
France	against	Turkey	
Great Britain	against	Turkey	
Italy	against	Austria	
San Marino	against	Austria	
Second Year.			
Italy	against	Turkey	
Great Britain	against	Bulgaria	
Serbia	against	Bulgaria	
France	against	Bulgaria	
Italy	against	Bulgaria	
Russia	against	Bulgaria	
Germany	against	Portugal	
Third Year.			
Italy	against	Germany	
Rumania	against	Central Powers	
United States	against	Germany	
Cuba	against	Germany	
Liberia	against	United States	
Siam	against	Germany	
Countries That Have Broken With Germany and Her Allies.			
China	.....Mch. 14, 1917	Bolivia	.....Ap'l 14, 1917
Panama	.....Ap'l 7, 1917	Guatemala	.....Ap'l 28, 1917
Costa Rica	.....Ap'l 7, 1917	Chile	.....May 4, 1917
Brazil	.....Ap'l 10, 1917		

Enemy Country Occupied by Opposing Belligerents. Entente Powers and Their Allies.

Area in sq. miles	Area in sq. miles		
German East Africa	384,200	Albania	2,500
German Southwest Africa	322,450	Tyrol and Austrian Coast	900
Cameroons	291,950	Land	300
German Pacific Colonies	96,160	Alsace	200
Turkey	56,800	Kiao Chau	200
Togoland	37,700		
Galicia	7,700		
Bukowina	4,050		
Germany and Her Allies.		1,200,910	
Russia	1,017,000	Montenegro	5,600
Serbia	37,700	Rumania	5,100
Belgium	11,100		
Albania	8,500		
France	8,250		
		178,950	

The Human Side.

Number of men slain or died of wounds and disease	5,000,000
Number of men wounded	12,000,000
Number of men incapacitated for further service	4,000,000
Number of prisoners taken	4,000,000
Number of men now engaged in warfare	24,000,000
Number of nations in arms	19
Number of men available for service	120,000,000

The Financial Side.

The total approximate cost to date	\$100,000,000,000
Every day the war costs	\$2,592,592
Every hour the war costs	\$3,858,025
Every minute the war costs	64,300
Every second the war costs	1,072
British daily war expense	38,760,000
German daily war expense	25,000,000
U.S. daily war expense (first 100 days of war)	80,000,000

Naval Losses.

Entente	Central	Entente	Central
Allies	Powers	Allies	Powers
Dreadnoughts	3	Gunboats	6
Battleships	15	Submarines	16
Battle cruisers	3	Auxiliaries	26
Armored cruisers	16	7 Mine layers	43
Cruisers	14	24 Monitors	5
Destroyers	41	30	1
Torpedo boats	16	19	194

Losses in Merchant Shipping.

Feb. 18, 1914	July 1, 1915	Aug. 1, 1915	Aug. 1, 1916	Total	Total
Ships	Tons	Ships	Tons	Ships	Tonnage
205	307,500	446	669,000	1,686	2,096,000
59	85,500	72	108,000	778	1,087,500
Allies		Neutrals		909	
264		396,000		518	
2,864		3,183,500		3,146	
				4,356,500	

Merchant shipping destroyed by mines or torpedoes
 152 | Tonnage | 452,000 || Retained or captured by the enemy | 287 | Tonnage | 807,000 |
Interned vessels seized by the United States	91	Tonnage	595,773
Interned vessels elsewhere a percentage of which have been seized	530	Tonnage	1,745,227
Total	1,040	Tonnage	3,600,000

Animals Under Fire.

Pampered Regimental Mascots Live on the Fat of the Land.

Bombardments affect different animals in different ways. Dogs, as a rule, show great distress when shells burst near them and howl piteously. On the other hand, they have been known to dash along the front of a trench during infantry fire, barking and apparently enjoying the noise.

Cats do not care whether they are shelled or "machined" as long as they have a dry corner and food when they are hungry.

There have been instances of lost dogs and cats actually venturing into the British trenches during an engagement. Some of them lived in cottages near the firing line—long since destroyed—and clung to the remnants of their homes; others strayed a long distance. A nondescript dog, with an Argentinian address on his collar, turned up near Wycheats early one morning, spent the day with a Territorial battalion, disappeared at dusk and was never seen again.

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The Scale.

In a confidential talk to a group of medical students, an eminent physician took up the extremely important matter of the maximum fee.

"The best rewards," he declared, "some of course to the established specialist. For instance, I charge twenty-five dollars for a call at the residence, ten dollars for an office consultation, and five dollars for a telephone consultation."

There was an appreciative and perhaps an envious silence, and then a voice from the back of the amphitheatre spoke.

"Doctor," it asked, "how much do you charge a fellow for passing you on the street?"

Better agriculture, clean, tested seed, proper drainage and fertilization were never so essential as at present. Every available acre should be intensively cultivated. "Save the calves" of beef breeds.

"Go live the wide world over—but when you come to die, a quiet English churchyard is the only place to lie!"

I held it half a lifetime, until through war's mischance I saw the wooden crosses that fret the fields of France.

A thrush sings in an oak tree, and from the old square tower A chime as sweet and mellow salutes the idle hour;

Stone crosses take no notice—but the little wooden ones Are thrilling every minute to the music of the guns!

Upstanding at attention they face the cannonade.

In apple-pie alignment like Guardsmen on parade; But Tombstones are Civilians who loll or sprawl or sway

At every crazy angle and stage of slow decay.

For them the Broken Column—in its plot of unkempt grass; The tawdry tinsel garland safeguarded under glass;

And the Squire's emblazoned virtues, that would overweight a Saint, On the vault empaled in iron—scaling red for want of paint.

The tenants of the churchyard where the singing thrushes build Were not, perhaps, all paragons of promise well fulfilled;

Some failed—through Love, or Liquor—while the parish looked askance. But—you cannot die a Failure if you win a Cross in France!

The brightest gems of Valor in the Army's diadem Are the V.C. and the D.S.O., M.C., and D.C.M.

But those who live to wear them will tell you they are dross Beside the Final Honor of a simple Wooden Cross.

—E. W. Hornung, in the London Times.

Two Aerial Heroes.

Exploits of Members of the Royal Canadian Flying Corps.

One of the most thrilling encounters I can recall is that of Captain Woodhouse, who, accompanied by another pilot, was out over the Prussian lines, says an officer of the Royal Canadian Flying Corps. One of the Prussians gave chase and opened fire. Woodhouse made believe that he had been hit, and his companion brought the machine down in a field. Immediately the Prussian, in one of the latest type battle planes, made his landing and went over to the other machine without bothering to cover the pilot with his revolver. Woodhouse meanwhile lying as if dead. Suddenly he leaped up, jammed his revolver under the Boche's nose and marched him over to the big battle plane, got in after him and with the gun against his ribs took him back to our lines, a prisoner. Later he returned and got the Prussian machine. Besides the machine there were some valuable papers taken, which proved very useful later.

In the Royal Naval Air Service there is a young lieutenant, Murray Galbraith by name, with whom I once trained at the school at Dayton, Ohio. Murray is a great big fellow who gave up a splendid future—his father is one of the Canadian silver kings—to go into the flying service. He was sent to Dunkirk to do patrol work for one of the monitors lying off the coast. Over at Ostend the Prussians had made their staff headquarters in a certain hotel. Galbraith spotted this hotel and directed the shellfire of the monitor with such accuracy that the Prussian staff barely escaped annihilation.

On one of his flights over the Prussian lines he encountered five machines, one of which he disposed of. He got away from the rest, and coming toward the Somme, ran into another group of Boches. Two of these he put out of business with a withering fire from his Lewis gun and then he executed a loop and started earthward. His engine gave out, but he was just high enough to glide back over their lines and then to a point of safety near our lines.

When he landed his machine was literally shot to pieces. He received the D.S.O. for this and, I believe, has since been decorated again.

Production of Butter.

The total production of creamery butter in Canada in 1916 is returned as 82,564,130 lb., of the value of \$26,966,357, as compared with 83,824,176 lb. of the value of \$24,368,636 in 1915. Comparing the relative production of the provinces the production in 1916 is highest in Quebec with 34,323,275 lb. of the value of \$11,516,148, as compared with 24,680,109 lb., of the value of \$8,031,998 in Ontario. These two provinces together produce about 70 per cent. of the total creamery butter of Canada. Of the other provinces the production and value of creamery butter in 1916 were in relation as follows: Alberta 8,521,784 lb., value \$2,519,248; Manitoba 5,745,510 lb., value \$2,098,109; Saskatchewan 4,310,669 lb., value \$1,888,190; Nova Scotia 1,586,679 lb., value \$505,000; British Columbia 1,243,292 lb., value \$497,316; New Brunswick 709,932 lb., value \$236,194; and Prince Edward Island 618,880 lb., value \$184,164. The average price per lb. of creamery butter for all Canada works out to 33 cents in 1916 as compared with 30 cents in 1915. By provinces in 1916 the highest price was in British Columbia 42 cents and the lowest in Prince Edward Island 30 cents. In the other provinces the price per lb. for 1916 was as follows: Nova Scotia 32 cents; New Brunswick 33 cents; Quebec 34 cents; Ontario 33 cents; the prairie provinces 31 cents.

Dairying in Canada.

The total number of creameries and cheese factories operating in Canada in 1916 is reported by the Census and Statistics Office as 3,446, including 993 creameries, 1,813 cheese factories, 624 combined factories (cheese and butter) and 16 condensed milk factories. The total number of patrons contributing to creameries and cheese factories during the year 1916 was 221,192, the deliveries of milk amounting to 2,600,542,987 lb. and of cream to 157,620,636 lb. The two chief dairying provinces of the Dominion are Ontario and Quebec. Both manufacture cheese and butter; in Ontario more cheese is made than butter; in Quebec more butter is made than cheese. In Ontario the total number of establishments operating in 1916 was 1,165 and the patrons numbered 87,325, whilst in Quebec the establishments numbered 1,084 and the patrons 70,145; so that the average number of patrons per establishment was 75 in Ontario and 40 in Quebec.

Spaghetti and macaroni have nutritive qualities equal to flour. Learn to use them in various ways.

# "BUT YOU CANNOT DIE A FAILURE IF—"

## DESCRIPTS THINGS HE "SAW" ON BATTLEFIELDS

Sir Arthur Pearson, Head of St. Dunstan's Hostel For Blinded Soldiers, Gives Impressions of War.

"Blind people learn to perceive without seeing," said Sir Arthur Pearson, the redoubtable and resolute blind leader of the blind before leaving for a visit to the British front in France. The truth of this statement was visibly demonstrated in a special interview which Sir Arthur gave to a Daily Express representative, London, at St. Dunstan's Hostel for blinded soldiers, of which he is the Head, on his return from the British battle line. For the first time a blind man has been able to give his impressions of actual warfare.

"I know now the difference between a whizz-bang and a bang-whizz," said Sir Arthur, smiling. "When the bang comes first and the whizz afterwards you know it's your own shell. When the whizz comes first, then it's the other fellow's. I had personal experience of both."

When I reached France I found a message from General Headquarters stating that I was to see everything I wanted to see, so in four crowded days I was able to go anywhere, see what I wanted and ask as many questions as I liked.

Saw Wonderful Things.

"I saw commanders of armies and many other important people, and saw hundreds of wonderful things. I inspected a German prison camp and had a good look at a 'tankydrome'—a marvellous place—a sniping school—most interesting—a school of instruction for a really wonderful system of locating guns by sound, and I visited ruined villages.

"To talk about going through ruined villages does not convey any impression because they are simply places where villages used to be. The land is scarred and covered here and there with wild poppies and mustard and scarlet poppies.

"Whenever there is a serious bombardment trenches cease to exist; there are only shell holes and a few dugouts. Vimy Ridge, which I visited, is a succession of shell holes—some large enough to put good-sized houses in and lose them, others large enough to make comfortable graves for half a dozen horses. There is not another sight like it in the world. The sub-soil is churned up."

When Boche Gets "Hell"

"The night before I came away I heard what is called drum fire in the direction of Lens. It was a weird experience. First of all you hear one gun, then two or three, then a few more, and then, quite suddenly, you hear a very quick tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat, like a Maxim gun, except that instead of the crackle of a Maxim you hear the banging of big guns.

"Then this terrific rat-tat-tat merged in one indescribable roar. That meant that Brother Boche was just getting hell.

"Everybody at the front is extremely optimistic and thoroughly convinced that we have the upper hand in every way."

Huns Know They're Beaten.

"The Germans know they are beaten, and they say so quite candidly. The prisoners we take are well behaved. I saw many of them making roads, and they worked very well indeed. I asked the camp commandant if any of them had attempted to escape. 'Escape!' he said. 'Why, you couldn't drive them away.'"

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THE COMING SPORT OF THE WORLD

FLYING WILL BE THE COMMON PASTIME OF MANKIND.

After the War Will Come a Realization of the Prophecy of Aviation Experts.

Orville Wright, the American who made the first successful air ship, tells us that after the war flying will be the great sport of the world. He declares that after the treaties of peace have been signed and the flying corps of the belligerents have draped their wings in repose again the thousands of men who have engaged in aviation during the war will continue in peaceful pursuits to climb the skies and pierce the clouds. Airplanes will be as common as automobiles and as easily manipulated as roller skates.

He ought to know what he is talking about; and what he says ought to be taken as a solemn prediction of what may truly happen when Mars has assuaged his savage thirsts. Little more than a decade ago, when Orville Wright and his lamented brother Wilbur—the man who gave wings to mankind—said the conquest of the air was just at hand, their utterances were met with a good deal of skepticism and in some corners of the earth with scorn. It was a herculean task to get the Congress of the United States to make first appropriations for aerial experiments.

Universal Aviation.

To-day the fate of the civilized world—the destiny of the democratic nations of the earth pitted against the autocratic powers of Prussian imperialism—is bound up in the purr of the motor and the eagle wings of canvas that the Wright brothers first put together and propelled through the air ten years ago.

Nobody with any sense scoffs at what