

The Fan as a Military Defence.

Who invented the fan? Eve, said the essayist, when she fanned herself with a palm leaf; Venus, declared the poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes, when she denuded one of her doves, a fan-tailed pigeon, of its plumes: "My bird, I want your train," she cried; "Come, don't let's have a fuss about it; I'll make it beauty's pet and pride. And you'll be better off without it," he determined to yield to an impulse. The goddess spoke, and gently stripped.

Her bird of every caudal feather; A strand of gold-bright hair she clipped. And bound the glossy plumes together.

A pretty fancy and a charming fan, even if we cannot accept Venus's off-hand assurance that he poor, submissive dove would be better off without his tail. But, whatever its origin, the fan in the Orient, an attribute of both sexes, has belonged, down all the ages of Occidental civilization, to woman alone. "Woman's weapon," it has been often called—a dainty weapon, wielded only in wars of gallantry between the sexes, to be sure. It has taken the great war to reveal the fan as a thing of serious military value, although not as an aggressive weapon but as an important means of defense against one of the most subtle and hideous perils of the newer warfare.

This fan, so different from the pretty plaything of elegant ladies, was in no poet's fancy, but in sober fact, the invention of a woman. Her name is Hertha Ayrton, and she is English.

Mrs. Ayrton, the widow of a man of science, and scientific herself, was interested during the war in the problem of expelling poisonous gas from the trenches, from dugouts and from hollows in uneven ground, where it lay long after the attacking wave had passed over. She discovered that the proper way to use a fan is not to wave it about, making the air undulate over a wide space, but to bring it down sharply from the perpendicular to the horizontal, driving the air before it in steady puffs and setting up a fresh current from behind. On this simple principle she constructed the antigas fan.

The Ayrton antigas fan is not more than twenty inches square, is constructed of light material, and works on the hinge-spring principle. It was used by the British troops during the last months of the war, and the soldiers gladly testify to its effectiveness. The inventor has given public demonstrations in London with glass models of dugouts and tunnels, from which smoke, which was employed instead of gas, was quickly expelled.

At one of these demonstrations, Mrs. Ayrton, with a three-inch fan, sat at one end of a six-foot table while smoke was poured down from a funnel at the other end. The action of the miniature fan not only dispelled the fumes but quickly gained such control over them that the current of air set up prevented the smoke from coming out of the funnel. The use of this antigas fan in cases of accumulated sewer gas has also been crowned with success.

This fan, in this case being applied at the manhole. Her ideas are being applied in factories, motion-picture theatres, mines, and wherever noxious gases are generated, and they may even revolutionize our whole theory of ventilation.

To His Mother.

It was at Ronen that he decided to do it. Sitting in the quiet comfort of the Y.M.C.A. but, he reviewed the possibilities of the next few days and found them decidedly grim. His outfit was to go straight into action, and that until now he had always resisted. He would write a farewell letter to his mother in case he should fall.

His mother was a widow, and he was her only son. It seemed like giving in to death to write this letter, like signing his own death warrant. Yet if he should fall, there was one thing he wanted his mother to know. Slowly, and with infinite difficulty, he wrote his message.

Only one passage concerns us, and its glory is such that all motherhood should know it.

"Dear Mother. One thing especially I want you to know. You are a very unhappy life. Let me bring you joy. Your wish has always been my law. When I left home for business seven years ago, you told me that you wished me never to drink, gamble or swear. It was wise of you to use that word 'wish.' Just because it was not a command, but the anxiety of your great love to me, I have always respected it. From that day to this, I have never tasted strong drink, gambled, or sworn, or done anything else I felt you would be ashamed of. Dear mother, don't grieve if I fall. I believe in Christ, and I shall go with a clean soul to God."

The letter was closed and sealed and dispatched to a friend, to be sent to his mother, if necessary. Before he slept that night he determined, on his knees, to resist all gloomy forebodings.

A week later orders came to his battalion that a strong German machine-gun post must be captured. A Company was given the task, and failed. C. Company, our young hero in command, was ordered to take the gun. Through a hail of bullets they swept to victory.

A month went by, and the young officer was standing one day in the trenches. Snipers were busy, and he had been seeing that his men were not carelessly exposed at any point. Wearily he leaned against the back wall of the trench. Suddenly came an impulse to move his position. He could not explain it; nevertheless he obeyed and swung around on his elbow. Ping! A German bullet sank into the wall in the very spot against which his hands had rested. So the days and nights went by with escape after escape. Still he struggled to maintain his confidence in life.

Soon after the armistice he returned home. Never will he or his mother forget the night when—after much thought—he handed his mother that letter. She had shed many tears in life—but never such tears of perfect joy and pride. When they knelt together in overwhelming gratitude it was as if they heard a Voice saying, "Woman, behold thy son! Son, behold thy mother!"

Said to be the largest in the world, and 400 miles in width, a new oil-field has been discovered in Western Canada.

German lace manufacturers are copying English patterns, and sending lace to Great Britain to sell at twenty per cent. less than the home production.

Solving the Secrets of the Sea.

No more distinctly scientific body than the British Association exists anywhere in the world, yet among the papers that fill the program of its annual meetings there are always some that have a wide popular and practical interest. At the latest meeting the address of the president, Prof. W. A. Herdman of the University of Liverpool, was devoted to oceanography, a subject on which he is an authority; and although the paper touched the scientific imagination in pointing out the immense field for study in the chemical, geological and biological study of the oceans and ocean life, it also dwelt upon the very practical matter of the food that we get or could get from the sea.

One of the things that President Herdman would do is to make some kind of census of the oceans, as a basis for calculating how much food they can be made to yield and what laws can be agreed upon for the production of fish. It is evident from history and geology and archaeology that man has always got a considerable part of his food from the sea, yet it is the one field in which, with unimportant exceptions, he has established no individual rights and done no productive work. On land he has multiplied the gifts of nature a hundredfold and improved them in quality as well as in quantity; but what nature gives him from the sea he has taken in its usual form and quantity, and been content.

The future is likely to see a great change. It has been proved that an area of the sea can be made to yield a greater income than an equal area of good farming land, and only a beginning has been made as yet. The lobster business, the lobster business and the salmon business are almost the only departments of the great industry of fishing in which anything has been done to make the supply permanent. All the other important fisheries of the world—the cod, the sturgeon, the mackerel, the herring, the halibut, the swordfish—have been content to trust to luck and to go on depleting a natural supply that they have done nothing to increase or even to maintain.

As an illustration of the important secrets that the sea may hold, the story of the tilfish is worth recalling. The first of the species to be caught were taken south of Nantucket in 1879 and were at once declared by the United States Fish Commission to be an excellent food fish. For two years or so they came to market in considerable quantity. Then, in 1882, the schooner Navarino sailed for two days and a night through water the surface of which was covered with dead tilfish to the estimated number of 256,000 to the square mile. For a long time no tilfish were caught; then, a few years ago they began to reappear and are now plenty again. Men of science believe that the cause of the disaster was a sudden shifting of the Gulf Stream and a replacing inflow of cold water from the Labrador coast, but no one knows surely. "Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea? or hast thou walked in the search of the depth?"

It Is Not Easy.

To apologize,
To begin over,
To admit error,
To be unselfish,
To take advice,
To be charitable,
To be considerate,
To keep on trying,
To think and then act,
To profit by mistakes,
To forgive and forget,
To shoulder a deserved blame,
BUT IT ALWAYS PAYS.

It was a shock to the inspectors, but they proceeded quickly with their questions. Indignant denial was the first attitude. Then slowly came the admissions. She had cashed the check for a young man with whom she had attended a country school many years before. She led the way to a lodging house in a near-by street, where the inspectors captured two men and seized the rest of the stolen goods.

One of the men a year previous had been a station master at the place that was robbed.

Mrs. Margaret little thought, when she wrote her name on the wall, that she was laying a trap to land her friend and one of his chums in prison.

Illness Cured by Merriment. The power of the mind over contagious disease is well illustrated by Charles L. Leland in his "Have You a Strong Will?" He cites the case of the celebrated physician, Hufealand, who recalls a personal experience, as follows:

"I, myself, am an example that an established case of contagious disease can be cured by a glad exhilaration of spirits. It happened in the year of the war, 1807, when a pestilential fever broke out, that I had to attend many who were ill with it. And one morning I felt that I had every symptom of the disorder—giddiness, mental dullness, weakness of the limbs—every sign that I must suffer for many days before the malady would break out. But duty commanded, and others suffered more than I. I determined to go through all the morning's work as usual, and to enjoy a midday dinner to which I was invited. At this dinner, I gave myself up as much as I could to merriment, drank intentionally more wine than usual, went with an artificially excited fever to my home, went to bed, had a profuse perspiration, and rose in the morning cured."

Your World Power. Would you be at peace? Speak peace to the world. Would you be healed? Speak health to the world. Would you be loved? Speak love to the world. Would you be successful? Speak success to the world. For all the world is so closely knit that not one individual can realize his desire except all the world share it with him. And every Good Word you send into the world is a silent, mighty power, working for Peace, Health, Love, Joy, Success to all the world—including yourself.

and the worst is yet to come



The Handwriting on the Wall.

The trail that leads to a thief is often tortuous, but that identification sometimes hinges on the most trivial circumstances is illustrated in a story from The Recollections of a Police Magistrate in the Canadian Magazine.

A railway station at a small town in Ontario had been robbed and, besides some money, a number of express orders and railway tickets had been taken.

Before the numbers of the stolen orders had been reported, one of the orders was cashed in Toronto by a woman who signed her name as "Warren." The teller could not give a description of the woman but remembered that another young woman, who was also at the window, had given a little smile of recognition to the woman who was getting the money. It was easy to find the second woman, but she proved to have no recollection of the person wanted, except that she had attended business college with her for a short time two years before. She could not remember her name, but promised to try to recall it. A few hours afterwards she was still unable to recall the name, but she remembered that she had seen the girl write it on the wall of the cloak room of the college.

At the spot described the name was found. The principal of the college remembered something of the girl and thought she had been staying with friends in Toronto. The city directory was next consulted, but of the five families of the name in the city none had that was wanted. It was decided to call on all the addresses. The first one was that of a house showing signs of wealth and responsibility. It hardly seemed worth while, but the inspectors touched the bell, and almost immediately a refined-looking young woman answered.

"Is Miss Margaret—here?" they politely inquired.

"That is my name."

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A Terrible Explosion.

The strictest precautions are necessary in storing and handling the explosives that are used in the diamond mines of South Africa. The need of such stringency was emphasized by an explosion that wrecked a dozen magazines near the compound of the Victoria Mining Company three years ago.

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Silver Fox, Diamond of Fur Trade.

The silver or black-silver fox is a color phase of the common red fox found nearly everywhere in Canada. Silver foxes bear the same relation to gray squirrels that black muskrats do to brown muskrats. Through selective breeding in captivity, the silver or silver-black markings have become fairly constant and good animals reproduce true to type. In the typical silver fox, black replaces the red of the ordinary fox, the result being a beautiful black fur overlaid with a sprinkling of silvery white guard hairs. Between the ideal silver-black fox and the red are all grades of crosses, which, of course, are less valuable than the true silver blacks, yet worth many times the coat of the ordinary red.

The silver or silver-black fox was the first American fur animal to be domesticated permanently. Back in 1894 a trapper on Anticosti Island near Prince Edward Island, caught a pair of beautiful silver foxes which he sold to Charles Dalton of Prince Edward Island. He kept them on the island one year and they would not breed. He then turned them over to a Mr. Oulton who took them to Cherry Island. Oulton was the only inhabitant on the island, and the foxes, not being disturbed, raised the first pair of silver foxes that ever were reared in confinement. Dalton and Oulton had then demonstrated that it was possible to rear these very valuable animals in captivity, so they bought a few more wild foxes from trappers and continued to breed them. This fact they kept a dark secret from all their neighbors; in fact, they did not even tell the immediate members of their families. After a few years, when the number of foxes had increased, they killed a few and shipped them to London to be put on the market. So cautious were they about the natives knowing their business, that they sent the skins to market from different stations and received word of the results of the sales telegraphed in code. The prices received evidently were so high that the fox farmers showed signs of great prosperity. At any rate, it was not long before the "closed corporation" was broken and the neighbors also began to raise silver foxes.

In the early days of the business as high as \$31,000 per pair was paid for breeders. Prices slowly declined until the end of the war, 1918, but since then they have steadily advanced until foxes for breeding now sell all the way from \$600 to \$2,000 apiece, and it is estimated there are more than 4,000 of the animals on the island.

From Prince Edward Island the industry has spread into New England, Michigan and Alaska and into all of the provinces of Canada.

Something the Matter With Me. It is a terrible thing to go through life with the conviction that something serious is the matter with you, that you are inferior in some way to those about you, that you lack certain ability or certain qualities which are necessary for great success, or to make your life count for very much.

To drag through the years with the belief that there is something wrong with you, that you lack ability to do anything—that you are peculiar, queer, inferior, takes the edge off your endeavor; it mars your peace of mind and happiness; it deprives you of the satisfaction which should come from honest effort to make good.

There are multitudes of people who have such convictions about themselves. They often have their beginning in the home or the school, when a child is told he is a dunce, a good-for-nothing, and will never amount to anything—that he can't learn like others, can't do things like others.

This unfavorable judgment makes an impression on the plastic mind of a child that lasts through life. A boy will grow up convinced that he is below par mentally, that there is something the matter with his mind, that he hasn't the ability of others about him, and that, no matter how hard he may try, he will never get ahead or amount to anything much. In time, this belief so undermines his ambition that he gives up attempting to excel in anything. His whole character becomes affected by this unhappy conviction of inferiority, and as a result his life is a failure.

We can only do what we believe we can. If we hold in mind a cheap, discreditable picture of ourselves; if we doubt our efficiency, we erect a barrier between ourselves and the power that achieves.

We may succeed when others do not believe in us, but never when we do not believe in ourselves.

"I see," remarked a gentleman as he paid a small newsboy for his paper, "that you are putting up a good many new buildings in your town." "That is the only kind we put up here, sir," replied the little fellow, with a touch of civic pride.

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BELGIAN COUNT HAS NO REDRESS

GERMAN OFFICER PLUNDERED HIS CASTLE

Heirlooms and Wealth All Gone; No Provision for Punishment of Thief.

Although he possesses the signed confession of the German officer who pillaged the Chateau Franco-Waret in Belgium during the early days of the war and has undeniable proof that the looter, who, although poor, was living on the proceeds of a sale of valuable tapestries and the contents of several coffers and gold which had been buried in the garden of the chateau, Count Jean d'Andigne, member of a noted Belgian family, was astounded by the discovery, early in November, that the peace treaty has not left a possibility of punishing the marauder.

The plunderer, a man named Roemer, appeared before a 7-judge court to give testimony, and after listening to his weird concoction the judges found punishment impossible, but assessed the costs—\$5,000 francs—which the officer paid without a murmur. The Count's story of his losses and his subsequent efforts to recover at least part of his wealth is typical of what has happened in scores of instances since the Allies decided to take only a limited number of German chiefs before the Leipzig tribunal.

Betrayed by His Servants. When the war started the Count was in Carlsbad and succeeded in reaching France, but the rapid enemy advance cut him off from his ancestral estate. The Germans pillaged the chateau, and the Count's story of his losses and his subsequent efforts to recover at least part of his wealth is typical of what has happened in scores of instances since the Allies decided to take only a limited number of German chiefs before the Leipzig tribunal.

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Every Gov Bootle

LIQUOR once sold can't be bought back. It is a vice where government is intoxicating liquor, drink associated with drunkenness. CURED by so-called MULTIP Ontario's illicit sale seem serving only to MULTIP government sale of liquor.

British Colon the Bootle. The Vancouver World friendly to the "British bootleggers' paradise".

The Attorney-General—who is the official ad Government Liquor Count of a recent speech: "The great of all are the brewers and dealers".

Dr. A. E. Cooke, of Vancouver Canadian Congregational Government controls manufacture, importation, transportation of liquor. The brewers control all these, ment simply acts as an agent, controlling about the retail end of the trading and the bootleggers.

Manitoba Sick of in Less Than. Eleven months after M its government control minded investigator of the province, sums up the results:

"I leave Manitoba with evidence that both wet and satisfied with the government—the wets because of sale of beer by the glass is some delay and trouble stuff, and the dries BE LEGGING AND DR HAVE GREATLY INC

The same neutral an "There is no dispute in bootlegging. Everybody moderationists, police, gov business men, professional ers—tell the same story. The unanimous verdict during the week of August 24th, when I was in Winnipeg, was that bootlegging was being carried on on a tremendous scale, that the city was wide open, that the hotelmen had no re-

The Ontario 2 Toronto Street, Tor

NEW FA

New Dress Flannel, 54 in w Velvetens at..... Union Flannel Sheetting, 74 New Coatings at..... Tweed for Children