

Paris Ramblings

Traditions Give Way

To be elected President of France, according to a current epigram, is to be made the "prisoner of the Elysee," the one-time palace of Madame de Pompadour on the Faubourg St. Honoré in Paris which serves as the French "White House." But though the President's duties confine him rather closely to the official residence, the traditions governing his actions are much less rigid than they once were. In the past, even during his vacation, the President was expected to conform to custom and spend his holiday at the official summer residence, the Chateau de Rambouillet, some thirty miles southwest of Paris. This year, however, President Lebrun and his family are vacationing in the little house adjoining his brother's farm at Mercy-le-Haut, in Lorraine.

A New "High" in Streets

Montmartre has always enjoyed the distinction of being the highest bit of land in Paris. A recent engineering survey, however, has detracted it in favor of Montmartre, a populous district near the eastern edge of the city. The Rue de Telegraphie, on the summit of this hill, is now the highest street in Paris, for the survey found that a slight sinkage of the Butte Montmartre has caused a change in ground levels.

Good News For Deputies

The Palais Bourbon, where the French Chamber of Deputies meets, was built more than 200 years ago by a daughter of Louis XIV, Duchess of Bourbon. Though enlarged by the Prince of Condé in 1777, and altered considerably by order of Napoleon in 1805, it is still a long way from being a modern structure with all the conveniences of the era. To remedy this, the construction is now under way, in what was one of the courts of the palace, of a large number of shower baths for the use of the deputies. Above the room containing the showers a spacious hall is to be built which will be equipped for the presentation of moving picture films. The cost of these improvements will reach about \$3,000,000 francs, approximately \$320,000.

More Light For Paris

French artistic genius is at its best in the creation of magnificent perspectives. Paris itself is full of them, but none is more breathtakingly beautiful than the view from the court of the Louvre, through the Tuileries Gardens, across the spacious Place de la Concorde, and along the broad Avenue des Champs Elysees stretching up to the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile. At night especially, when the perhaps too ponderous arch melts into pure poetry under the rays of masterly flood-lighting and thus becomes a fitting counter-piece of the radiant obelisk on the Place de la Concorde, the spectacle is one never to be forgotten. Now, the municipal council of Paris is considering a proposal to add a third element to these two monuments of light. The plan is to erect at the Round Point of the Défense—a second "Étoile" far out along the prolongation of the Avenue des Champs Elysees, across the Seine in Neuilly—a monumental beacon 110 meters in height and 51 meters in diameter. This great beacon would be known as the "Phare de Paris," and besides forming a sort of western gate of the city, would be crowded with powerful searchlights whose vertical rays would welcome all visitors to the city who came by air.

Motorbuses Quieter

Paris has a remarkably complete system of motorbus lines covering the city from one end to the other. The towering double-decked omnibus of London and New York is not to be found in Paris, where, moreover, the single deck is divided into first and second class compartments. This has the advantage of providing a comfortable upholstered seat at the price of an extra cent or two. But Paris found that its buses contributed a great deal of the noise which the city is trying so hard to get rid of; for most of the buses are old-style models with noisy four-cylinder engines, and, in most cases, solid tires. So it has now ordered a new type of motorbus with much quieter six-cylinder engines and pneumatic tires.

Chaperons For Sheep

Parisians who may have had a secret leaning toward placid pastoral careers in the midst of their busy existence in the rush of the city doubtless welcomed the news that many more shepherds are needed in France. All who would like to spend their time reclining on a green hillside "neath the shade of a kindly tree, watching a beautiful sunset while the sheep graze peacefully near by, are invited to apply at the headquarters in Paris of the "Union Ovine de France." For this society has recently organized a number of regional centers of instruction for would-be shepherds, where they may serve an apprenticeship in the gentle art free of charge. The fact that one must go to school to learn how to be a shepherd, however, should warn enthusiasts that there is more to the profession than meets the eye in the average pastoral planting.

Something like sixty tons of parchment paper is used every year by the lobster canners of Canada's Atlantic coast in lining the tins of lobster which they place on the world's markets.

The Escapades Of An Airman

"Yet another prisoner has escaped from the internment camp at the Alexandra Palace, Wood Green, N. C. Considerable mystery surrounds his disappearance, and so far there is no trace of him. . . . He is something of a dandy in appearance, and is known by the great care he takes in his hands. . . ." So ran a notice in a London newspaper of May 31st, 1916. The escaped prisoner was Konstantin Maglic, a lieutenant in the Austro-Hungarian Naval Air Service, and he tells his exciting story in "The Dandy Hun" (Lane, 6s.). Almost as soon as he arrived at Alexandra Palace he began to plan to get away again. And getting out was easy enough for this resourceful airman. Certain prisoners were allowed to do some gardening in the park outside the camp. A cleverly faked pass, and he had made the first step towards freedom:

"And now everything seemed to go as I had a hundred times, when planning, hoped that it would do. I dared not clamber over the park railings in daylight, so concealed myself in a clump of shrubs and waited for night. . . . At nine o'clock I jumped over the railings. I found myself in a broad, deserted, suburban street. . . . And, to my joy, the street was in complete darkness, on account of the Zepelins."

IN THE WEST-END.

By bus and tram we zigzagged up to the West-end. He was comparatively safe in the daytime, for he had a fair amount of money and carried no luggage except a toothbrush and a razor. His problem became more acute by nightfall:

"I turned towards Piccadilly. I had seen on my legs for twelve years on and my body was dropping with fatigue; but I dared not knock at the door of the nearest hotel, for at all of them there was compulsory registration, reported to the police. Finally, when the stifling streets were growing deserted, I accepted the invitation of a gentle, fair-haired 'sweetheart.' She had a clean room in which I could find a hiding place, and she let me sleep undisturbed until dawn. Daylight, however, found me again roofless and on the pavement."

He was forced to spend most of his nights in the same way until he found his way to the East-end, where fewer questions were asked. From seven in the morning till midnight he would wander through the streets. To get a little rest he sometimes visited a cinema. But, he says:

"I soon saw that it was not safe to go. Military patrols out to catch persons evading service would enter the halls, even in the afternoon, and demand to see one's papers of identity. I therefore left off going to the anti-German war films and retired to St. Paul's Cathedral, where I did not find much sign of piety. Marble statuary, gilding, mosaics, and stained glass. I would sink down in a corner, as if absorbed in prayer. In reality I slept like a dormouse until awakened by some noise or other, or by the discomfort of my position; a wooden bench is far from being a four-post bed."

A NASTY MOMENT.

He had some ticklish moments. One night, in desperation, he determined to risk the registration questions at an hotel near Aldgate. He gave out that he was an Italian:

"Then I can't give you a room," said the woman. "I'm very sorry. You must go to Bishopsgate, to the Police Station, and get sanction and instructions. Then you can get a room."

"I was going simply to withdraw, when a gentleman in mufti joined in the conversation. As you are a stranger to London, I shall be happy to go with you to Bishopsgate and assist you there. I am an officer in the detective force."

"His features were half in the shadow. I could not see his eyes. Yet my heart stopped still from the sudden fright. I felt paralyzed from head to foot."

He got away in the end by explaining that he knew exactly where Bishopsgate was.

Finally he managed to bribe some Norwegian sailors to smuggle him on board their ship. Disguised as a stoker he got past the sentries at the entrance gate of the Regent Docks. But his troubles were by no means over. Once on the ship he "had to hide in the miserable space partitioned off in the room devoted to the hand-steering gear. It was stored with cabbages and other vegetables. The whole closet was barely four feet long. I lay against the iron wall painfully huddled up. . . . A terrible chill radiated from the iron floor. I wrapped myself up in a deck awning and was nearly choked by the clouds of dust shaken out from it."

And then to be captured again after getting so far. He was discovered by the boatswain before the ship was clear even of the English mine-fields, and handed over to a patrol boat. No wonder he says, "I cannot understand how I managed to escape insanity on the night that followed."

IN ITALIAN PRISONS.

Altogether Lieutenant Maglic was in and out of captivity for twenty-eight months before he was allowed to return to his country in an exchange of prisoners. His adventures began when he was captured by the Italians in the Adriatic after a bombing raid on Bari. After sampling several



René Y. Daniaud, recently appointed District Passenger Agent, Canadian Pacific Railway, Algoma District, with headquarters at North Bay. Mr. Daniaud was formerly Travelling Passenger Agent at Winnipeg.

prisons he was sent to Forli, near Bologna. Lack of reading matter was one of his chief hardships. At Forli he had only one novel, and at Pianosa he was permitted "nothing to read but dictionaries, which were ordered from Leghorn—Italian-French, Italian-English, and Italian-Spanish. So I spent a whole month doing nothing but learn by heart the dead contents of these dictionaries. . . . Anyhow, it soothed my restless worrying thoughts. And if my spirit became wearied of the mechanical compulsion, I would spur myself on by the reflection—this also is a way to freedom. I would say to myself: 'How should one ask in three or four languages for a railway ticket, a room in a hotel, or for work as a waiter or laborer?'"

In England the prisoners used to pass their time in the weirdest ways. For a game called "Fishes" they "sat in a circle, and one who was in the centre would stare at the ground (which represented the water) and would make movements with an imaginary hook, just as if real fish were gnawing at the bait. The others would watch with sporting interest."

At Forli his thoughts always turned towards freedom. He was housed in an old monastery, and hit on the idea of escaping through the tower! Procuring a rope and some burglar's tools—he does not tell us how—he broke open the door of his room:

"Then I entered the tower, unfatigued the rope coiled around my body and knotted it on to a thick, worm-eaten beam and lowered myself through the bell-rope shaft. The church was dark as a coffin. Only the usual votive lamp was burning; its ruddy glow, very weak, played indistinctly on a primitive picture of the Madonna. A scent of incense, which slightly stupefied me. My heart pounded madly. Around me deathly silence, yet I felt as if the organ were playing loudly and I were singing a joyful Te Deum."

By listening to the trains passing he had already worked out a timetable. He reached the station at Faenza, and saw that stowing away would be safer than buying a ticket. As the train was moving out he "ran across the track and climbed on to the running-board of a carriage. The curtains were drawn. Cautiously creeping like a cat, I sneaked forward to the buffers between two passenger carriages. There I crouched in the dust and roaring din. I sat astride behind the iron plates, which are displaced by every curve, every jerk, every crash of the carriages. Stations flew by—Imola, San Pietro. I had a splitting headache. My hands gripped the rivets in the wall. However, I did not fall off. It is hard to set limits to what a man can do, if his life is at stake."

STOPPED AT THE ORKNEYS.

By a roundabout way he got to Genoa, where, after a good deal of trouble, he found sanctuary on a Greek steamer bound for the United States. From New York the next thing was to get home to Austria again. Posing as a Serbian waiter who wished to return to Europe after some years spent in America, he secured a passport and joined a ship for Christiania. Off the Orkneys an English naval officer and twelve men came aboard and ordered all passengers to Kirkwall for examination. There he was detained and told he must be sent to Edinburgh. Later he learned "the reason for my arrest in Kirkwall—the British Government had received a secret report from New York—"Second-class passenger "Frederick VIII." Stevan Petrovich is an Austrian officer."

"On March 22nd the White Star liner 'Cedric' brought a detailed report."

SET FREE IN LONDON.

Lieutenant Maglic was brought to London still protesting that he was a Serbian waiter. The amazing thing was that he was set free on the night he arrived! After being questioned at Scotland Yard, a detective drove him through the dark streets. The car stopped at a hotel "in Shaftesbury Avenue which runs out of Piccadilly Circus. The detective made me over to the manager, requiring him to fill in a document about me. He then left, after warning me to be at New Scotland Yard the

TRIP TO ENGLAND AT 86

Not so very long before she made a trip from Vancouver to London, England, this woman of 86 was almost helpless with rheumatism. Her daughter tells how she was able to make such a journey:

"Some years ago my mother was a martyr to rheumatism, and could not get about without the use of two sticks. She was told of Kruschen Salts and decided to try them. After taking one bottle she found great relief, and after two bottles was able to walk without the aid of sticks. She has never been without Kruschen since, and takes a small dose two or three times a week. She is still able to travel and go about, although she was 89 last February. Indeed, at 86 she travelled the double journey between Vancouver and London, England. She has recommended Kruschen to many people who have also found benefit from it."—K. B. L.

What a lesson there for the younger folk! Why should anyone suffer from untidiness, rheumatism, constipation, backache—after reading this woman's letter? What Kruschen can do for a woman of advanced age, it can surely do for you.

Next morning at eleven. I was entered in the hotel register as 'Mr. Petrovich, Serbian.'

Having spent a night in perplexity he decided to bluff it out and went to Scotland Yard next morning. A few hours later he was prisoner No. 9082 at the Alexandra Palace.

This is one of the best books about escaping that we have had from "the other side." Nobody can fail to admire the "Dandy Hun's" resourcefulness and never-say-die spirit any more than they can fail to enjoy his adventures. One is sorry to learn, in a publisher's note at the end, that in June, 1918, only six months after he returned to his home, Lieutenant Maglic crashed in a new model aeroplane he was testing, and was killed.

IRISH!

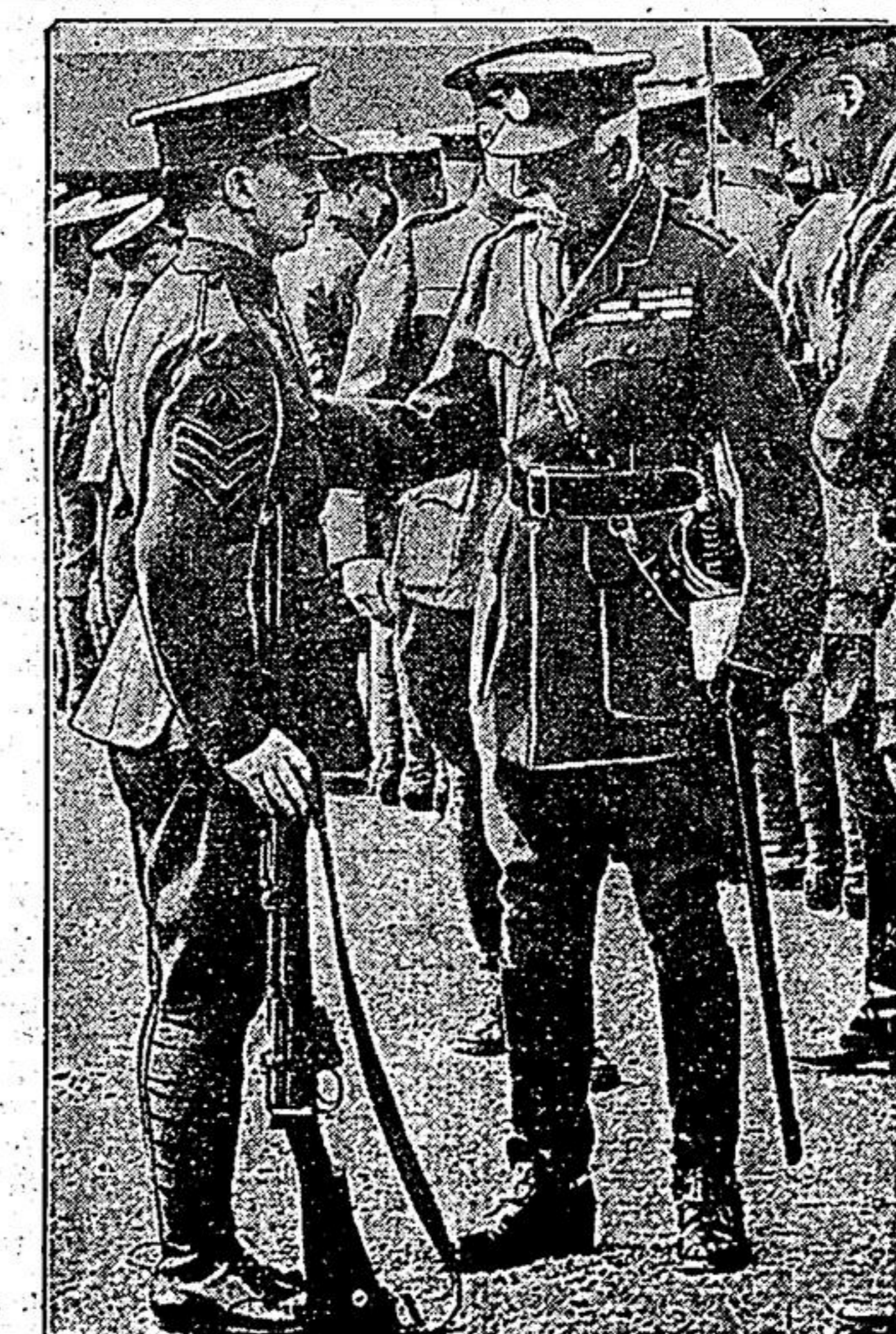
Pat O'Toole had worked for the same village council for close on forty-four years, and had at last decided to retire. In appreciation of his long and faithful service the council arranged to give him a sum of money and they asked Murphy, the foreman, to present it.

One Friday, Murphy gathered the rest of the men in the canteen for the presentation. "Pat O'Toole," he commenced a little falteringly you have worked for the council for over forty years and Oh believe you are now going to leave us?"

"That's right," said Pat. "Well, the council was so glad they asked me to hand you this sum of twenty pounds," concluded Murphy.



First Office Boy—"The boss called me in consultation to-day."
Second Office Boy—"Gwan. He had a dispute with the junior partner as to who wuz leadin' the league just now in battin'."



Duke of Connaught inspects the London Rifle Brigade at Blackdown, where the regiment is undergoing a week's training.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



3311

Ready for school! Well I guess! It's so thoroughly smart and typically French. The front panel extends into the circular skirt at the front and makes it very easy to fashion. Isn't the neckline smart with turnover collar and bow tie?

A fine striped woolen tweed effect in rich brown made the original. The pockets, belt and sleeve cuffs were vivid red woolen. The tie in crepe de chine matches the plain red woolen. The collar of white pique was made detachable so as to be readily laundered.

Style No. 3311 may be had in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 1/2 yards of 35-inch material with 3/8 yard of 35-inch light and 1/4 yard of 35-inch dark contrasting.

Wool jersey in yankee blue with vivid red jersey is smart. Cut the skirt with panel front, collar and cuffs of the blue shade and the bodice and sleeves of the red.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

THE TURNING-POINT

The Mexican general was severely reprimanding his timid colonel. "How came you to lose the battle?" he asked fiercely. "The enemy, they attacked us, in the rear," explained his subordinate nervously. "Bah! I was informed that they attacked you in the front," snapped the general. The colonel shrugged his shoulders. "But that was our rear when they got there," he replied.

Teacher—"Tommy, come here and give me what you've got in your mouth!" Tommy—"I wish I could. It's toothache."

Great Value in either of these—

Red Rose Tea

Red Label, 25c. 1/2 lb.

Orange Pekoe, 38c. 1/2 lb.

They never let you down

Owl Laffs

September

How dear to my heart is golden September—
The melons, the peaches, the green waving corn.
And scarlet tomatoes that glow like an ember,
Reflecting the flame of the reddening morn.
Mellow with thoughts of the days we remember.
Bright with the promise of coming good cheer—
Colorful, comforting, kindly September.
Golden September, the crown of the year!

Some of the society women look good in these new evening gowns, but they would no doubt look better if they were a little farther in them.

Classified Advertising

WEEKLY NEWSPAPER WANTED.

AM LOOKING FOR WEEKLY NEWS-PAPER in Ontario which I could lease for a term with purchase in view. Send particulars to Box 12, Wilson Publishing Co., Ltd., Toronto.

MOTOR BOAT FOR SALE.

RICHARDSON DOUBLE CABIN motor cruiser, about thirty feet, in use altogether only four or five months in two seasons; complete equipment including carpets, bed and table linen, china, glassware and silver as well as all marine equipment and many extras. This cruiser with its two cabins and its well equipped galley is an unusually comfortable boat for week-ends or longer cruises for four to six people. It is exceptionally seaworthy and has cruised all over the Great Lakes. It has a high class and very economical 50 horsepower, six-cylinder power plant with complete electric lighting throughout and speed of 12 to 14 miles per hour. It is a special paint job and very attractive in appearance. Owner will sacrifice for half its original cost. H. Watkins, 73 W. Adelaide St., Toronto.

Compensation

Some of these summers I'm going to go
Where peaks pierce the heavens or flow
Or down by the ocean where billows roll.
Or out where the quiet can soothe my soul—
I and my diary, my Camera and I. . .
Down through the valleys or up near the sky,
Up by the edelweiss, down by the Sea,
And bring something home . . . to Live with me.

Dumb Dora (at baseball game)—
"Oh, look, we have a man on every base!"
Another Dumb One—"That's nothing, so has the other side."

A childless couple adopted a three months old French orphan. Then they took a correspondence course in French so they would be able to understand the baby when it started to talk.

Ralph—"Is Muriel the kind of girl who encourages a man to make love to her?"
Gerald—"Yes. The last time I was with her she kept wondering what it would feel like to have a mustache on her face."

Just like a man—He keeps a girl waiting two years to get married, and then gets sore if she keeps him waiting two minutes at the church.

Mary (as the new baby is shown to her and her two brothers)—"Oh! nurse, he isn't Chinese."
Nurse—"Of course not."
Mary—"Well, our teacher says that every fourth child is Chinese."

Cool Pellets For the Hot Days
An old timer is a man who still remembers when it seemed funny to call two a family. Using tobacco is foolish, but a fellow hates to have his mother-in-law tell him so. A lot of fellows who know how to make and read charts are dead broke. When a man says he feels as young as he ever did it's a sign he doesn't. When they get through improving the airplane, they'll probably improve the air. It is harder to keep a bad man up than it is to keep a good man down. Truth is mightier but many of the lies are lots more entertaining. A lot of folks are happy and don't know it until something unpleasant occurs. There are a number of people on the other who should be under it. What you are to-morrow depends on what you think and do to-day.

Father—"So you want to marry my daughter?"
Sutor—"Yes. But first I want to know if there is any insanity in your family?"
Father—"No, and there's not going to be any."

It usually takes a week or two to fully recover from a vacation.

During a recent dance a boy and a girl went out to sit on the porch for a while. He got sentimental:
He—"What a night! What a girl! What a moon—what a combination!"
She—"Heavens! Is that showing, too?"

Give Cupid a break! You can't expect true love to run smoothly—when it is on the rocks.

The man who wants a few things—and really wants them bad enough—is likely to get some of them at least.

It is natural at times to talk. But people are afraid to be abandoned to conversation without stimulus. It is the diversion which many of them find not only most difficult but most embarrassing. For along with the boldness of modern society has come great shyness in some respects. Minds are often difficult when morals are not. With all the increasing freedom of speech has come a singular inarticulateness.—Margaret Calkin Banning, Author.

Man (buying a dog): "I want a sly sort of animal, one that will make my wife keep saying, 'George, I think that dog wants taking out for a run.'"

Some of these summers I'm going to go
Where peaks pierce the heavens or flow
Or down by the ocean where billows roll.
Or out where the quiet can soothe my soul—
I and my diary, my Camera and I. . .
Down through the valleys or up near the sky,
Up by the edelweiss, down by the Sea,
And bring something home . . . to Live with me.

All my vacations . . . and yours . . . what were they?
Something in passing, to just throw away?
A journey to Otherwhere—Some-where and Back? . . .
Maps and time-tables, a suitcase to pack? . . .
Old friends to leave and new friends to greet,
Nodding and passing in Holiday Street?
Going Somewhere with that restless expression—
Marching along with a season's procession?
Some of these summers! . . . This holiday haste,
Packing, unpacking, forgetting and waste!
Give me a journey—a jaunt that shall be
Forever a memory living in me!
Roundtrips from Here to the Promise of There—
What from Today that Tomorrow can share?
Urge of a season . . . an instinct to roam!
But give me some memories . . . to bring back Home.

Take me to mountains or down by the streams
That water the flowers in my Garden of Dreams.
But when I come Home, let my memories be
Something from Somewhere . . . to Live with me.

—By Henry Edward Warner in Travel Guide.

To be free from Rheumatism in any form
REMOVE THE CAUSE
Thomas' Remedies
It usually takes a week or two to fully recover from a vacation.

Earn \$35 Weekly
GROWING MUSHROOMS FOR US
Ideal Mushroom Co., Kingston, Ont.

Cuticura Soap
World-Famous for Daily Toilet Use
Price, 25c.

PURELY VEGETABLE
No better corrective exists today
for **BAD COMPLEXION AND ACID STOMACH**
Sold everywhere in 25c and 75c red pkgs.
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