

KITCHENER'S HUMAN SIDE DESCRIBED BY A WOMAN

Not a Woman Hater, But Has Remained Single Because of a Soldier's Wife is One "Long Drawn Out Torture."

Mrs. J. S. Erskine, widow of a former captain of the Tenth Royal Hussars, who was for a time attached to the staff of Lord Kitchener, now Britain's secretary for war, has given to the New York World an interview in which she discusses the man on whom the empire is relying.

At her first meeting of Lord Kitchener she was a lass of four in short skirts and blouse. To-day she is in the neighborhood of 40 and is residing temporarily in New York.

"You have seen a great deal printed showing the austere side of this great man's character, but very little relating to the human side, and the human side is very strongly developed in Lord Kitchener," she said. "Then you have seen him described as a woman hater, but he is far from that, although he has never married. He holds that an army officer can best serve his country by remaining single; that his chief duty is to his king."

"I was at the engineering depot at Woolwich with my parents when I first saw the then Engineer Kitchener. He was most shy and diffident, but I wasn't. In truth I was just the opposite, and probably that is the reason we became fast friends. Not long after that when he was called to Egypt he gave me a doll, and I treasured it many years."

th Hussars! You can't afford to do that!" The general overheard the conversation, and smiled a three-cornered smile for which he is famous. "I'm going to London this afternoon," he remarked to me, "and I'll take you to the pit. I'm not a member of the guards. We went, but we didn't sit in the pit."

Lord Kitchener's only retreat was orderly, but still a retreat. It occurred in London not so long after Royal honors had been conferred upon him by Queen Victoria, whose hand he kissed, although, as he later said, "it was a long way down to reach it." On the day of the retreat the general had been feted at a dozen affairs and finally wound up at a tea where Mrs. Erskine was one of the guests. Women, particularly, had besieged him, and when he saw his old friend he rushed to her.

"Talk to me! Please talk to me! Never mind what you say, but say something just as though it were important," he begged me," said Mrs. Erskine. "So I talked to him about nothing, and finally managed to ask him what had disturbed him. It's those two women over there," he said, pointing to a couple of grande dames. "They have been following me all the afternoon, and I didn't think I ever would escape."

His Sense of Humor.

Mrs. Erskine told how, when she was eight or nine, Kitchener returned on leave and renewed the acquaintance, telling her all about the Sudan and teaching her French. Next time she saw him she had reached the maturity age of nineteen and was in love with Capt. Erskine of his staff. It was then that she learned of his objection to the marriage of army officers. He was Sirdar of the Anglo-Egyptian army then, and England was beginning to take some notice of him.

Kitchener has a sense of humor as well as a sense of justice. One day he, Captain Erskine, the latter's wife, and others were visiting friends in Colchester, and ate heartily of greengoose plums.

"The general saw me devouring quantities, and finally took me to task," said Mrs. Erskine. "Don't you eat another one of those," he commanded. "Why?" I asked. "Because you'll get the stomach ache," he replied gravely. "So will you," I responded, "for you have eaten quite as many as have I." I know that," he replied, "for I've got it already. That's why I'm trying to save you."

Mrs. Erskine was in Pretoria during part of the Boer war. When Kitchener arrived at Mafeking as chief of staff for Lord Roberts the young officers realized that "soft snaps" were a thing of the past. They made no mistake. They were all put to work. The same was true of the officers at Pretoria. In the latter place one day Lord Kitchener saw a young lieutenant sporting a monocle.

"Does your eyesight require you to wear that?" he asked.

"It does," replied the lieutenant.

"Then report to-morrow morning to the line of communication," ordered the general. "I do not require men with poor eyesight at headquarters."

"A soldier was digging a ditch near Pretoria," said Mrs. Erskine, "and the general observed him for a long time. Finally he sent for him. He asked him if he wasn't ill. The soldier replied that he was; that he felt quite badly. "They, why don't you report sick?" demanded the general. "I did," replied the soldier, "but the doctor said I was fit for duty." Lord Kitchener sent for the young surgeon, ordered him to make an examination, found the soldier was suffering from typhoid fever, and sent him to the hospital. Then he said to the doctor, "You can apply for your leave home. I have no use here for the sort of a doctor you are."

An Umbrella Misplaced.

While it is undeniable that our own country possesses statues dedicated to the memory of great men that are "poor art," it is equally true that no American enormity in this respect is quite so bad as that displayed in the English town of Reading.

Some years ago, when the people of that town determined to honor the memory of George Palmer, late a resident of Reading, they decided to erect a bronze statue which should be not merely a portrait of the honored one as to features but a correct presentment of him as he appeared among them every day. Accordingly, the most unconventional of statues, with every crease and wrinkle of the homely attire of the original reproduced.

To complete the effect the statue is bareheaded, with silk hat and umbrella in hand! It is thought that this is the only instance in which the necessary not beautiful umbrellas has been reproduced in bronze.

Boston Globe.

Nut Bread Nutritious.

A woman who has a family of growing boys and girls with overwhetted appetites says there is nothing to equal nut bread for wholesome deliciousness, and that, served with a glass of milk, it forms the midsummer luncheon for herself and her children several days in the week.

To make this nutritious and palatable bread, mix well together four cups of flour, seven teaspoonsful of baking powder, a teaspoonful of salt and three-quarters of a cup of sugar. (She says "the brown sugar seems to give a better flavor than the white.") Then add a cup and a half of milk, into which an egg has been beaten. When thoroughly mixed, stir in a cup of chopped nut meats, and bake in an ordinary long bread tin for three-quarters of an hour.

With The Modern Heel.

"What on earth are you doing with your shoe on the desk?" "I'm only rubbing out a mistake. I've lost my eraser."—Meggendorfer Blatter.



PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK. Brother of Queen Mary and future governor-general of Canada, who is commanding the British troops in the field.

MODERN DIPLOMACY.

Or "How the War Started," By Onlooker.

Said Austria: "You murderous Serb. You the peace of all Europe disturb. Get down on your knees and apologize please."

Or "I'll kick you right off my front curb."

Said Serbia: "Don't venture too far. Or I'll call in my uncle, the czar. He'll not see me licked, or insulted, or kicked."

So you had better leave things as they are."

Said the Kaiser: "Push in that Serb's face. It will teach him to stay in his place. If Russia says boot I'm in the fight too. And right quickly I'll settle the case."

The czar says: "My uncle the Kaiser was always a good advertiser. He's determined to fight and he thinks he is right. But soon he'll be older and wiser."

"For forty-four summers," said France, "I waited and watched for a chance. To wrest Alsace-Lorraine from the Germans again. And now is the time to advance."

Said Belgium: "When armies im-mense, Pour over my boundary fence, I'll awake from my nap, and put up a scrap. They'll remember a hundred years hence."

Said John Bull: "That ere Kaiser's a slob. And 'is word isn't worth 'arf a bob. If I lets Belgium suffer, I'm a blank blooming duffer. So here goes a crack at 'is nob."

Said Italy: "I think I'll stay out. Till I see what this row is about. It's a far better plan just to sell my banan. Till the reason is plain beyond doubt."

Said our good Uncle Sam: "I swaw I think I'll keep out of this row. For with Mormons and Niggers and Greasers I figgers. I've all I can handle just now."

ONLOOKER

Generals Have Been Replaced.

Berlin, Sept. 19.—It was officially announced at the war office that on account of great age, (sixty-eight years), Gen. von Hausen, who has commanded the German army which has been operating between those of Gen. von Buelow and the "crown prince," has been replaced by Gen. von Eimenz, the former minister of war. At the same time Gen. von Schuler, who has been in command of the 14th reserve corps, has been replaced by Gen. von Stein, the editor of the official war reports.

Some women sweeten their tea with gossip instead of sugar.

MANY PROMINENT PEOPLE IN CANADA

Have Written Letters About "Fruit-a-tives" And Have Allowed These Letters To Be Published In Their Home Newspapers

TO HELP OTHERS TO GET WELL

Those Foremost In The Religious, Social and Political Life Of The Dominion Have Permitted their Photos To Appear, Together With Testimonials Telling How They Have Been Cured By "Fruit-a-tives".

One of the most remarkable features of the magnificent success of "Fruit-a-tives" has been the caliber of the men and women who have written to Fruit-a-tives Limited and sent their photos, with permission to publish these in the newspapers. These include a Former Member of the Cabinet, a Senator, a Country Treasurer, two Soldiers, two Justices of the Peace, a High Constable, seven Merchants, one Postmaster, two Superintendents of Sunday School and one School Commissioner. These letters were signed by the writers and may be seen at the company's offices in Ottawa.

Those who have been cured by "Fruit-a-tives" of Stomach Trouble, Indigestion or Dyspepsia—Kidney or Bladder Disease, constant Backache, Rheumatism, Sciatica or Lumbago—chronic Headaches or Neuralgia—Biliousness, Constipation or Liver Complaint, are glad to let the whole world know of the remedy that cured them. They feel that they are only doing their duty to write and tell about "Fruit-a-tives" and to urge their sick friends and neighbors to try these wonderful tablets made from fruit juices.

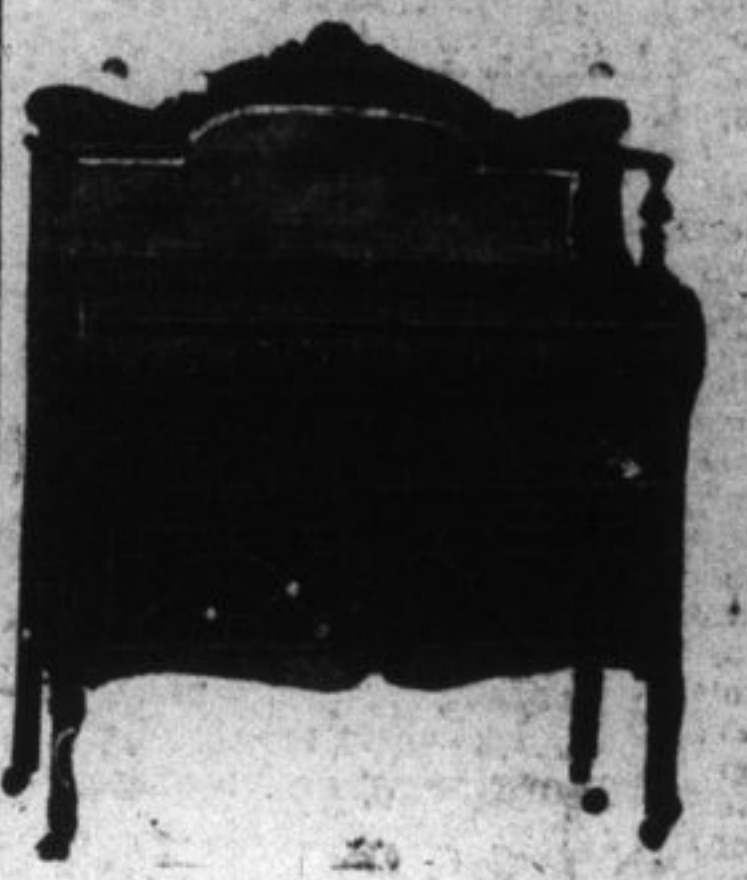
These letters, telling how sick, suffering people have cured themselves in their own homes, have been powerful factors in inducing many others to try "Fruit-a-tives". You, realize, this, for if some relative or close friend has tried something and is satisfied with it, you are apt to try it too. The fact that "Fruit-a-tives" has cured thousands of people all over Canada, is an excellent reason why you should try these wonderful tablets made of fruit juices. If you are suffering with any of the complaints mentioned above, get a box of "Fruit-a-tives" to-day.

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

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R. J. Reid

Are you Run-down?

Do you feel listless, low-spirited and weary of everything? Do you find your work irksome and your recreation exhausting? If so, you are "Run-down" and "cut-of-sorts." But a few doses of "Wincarnis" will quickly put you right. Take a wine-glassful of "Wincarnis" in the middle of the morning, and another the last thing at night. You will be delighted with the new vigour and new vitality it will give you.

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Is your face white? Are your lips and gums bloodless? Are your eyes dull? Does your heart palpitate? If so, you need "Wincarnis" to fill your veins with new, rich, red blood. Take "Wincarnis" three times a day. You will feel better from even the first wine-glassful — you will feel the new rich blood dancing through your veins!

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Do you feel incapable of exertion? Does your work exhaust you? Do you feel intensely weary in all your limbs? If so, take "Wincarnis" three times a day, and it will give you new strength and new vigour. And each day more strength and more vigour, until, step by step, it rebuilds your weakened constitution and recreates your lost vitality.

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