

# ACTIVITIES OF WOMEN IN THE WAR



QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND INSPECTS A DUTCH FRONTIER GUARD

THE DUTCH ARE FULLY MOBILIZED



SERVIAN WOMEN ACTING AS STRETCHER BEARERS

## Matter of Clothes

For two long weeks the air had taken of an indigo hue for Letitia, and to-day it wrapped in soggy sheets of gray. Her eyes were drab and lashed, and the soft pink had fled from her cheeks. Her heart must have weighed at least a ton. When, before, had Bob ever allowed more than a week to elapse without a line to her?

She turned from studying her reflection in the masterpiece mirror to cross the room to an open window and resume her watch for the postman's daily visit. Behind by the downpour, he was already more than an hour late, and each minute that wound out its wretched length was like an eternity.

But at last a flock of blue, like a luminous spot in the dense, gray mist came into view, moving steadily nearer till it developed arms and legs, a slouch hat, and a leather sack. Regardless of the rain, Letitia hurried to the gate. The postman handed her a thin slip of a letter, addressed in a careless, boyish hand. She tore it open, devoured the contents and sank down on the slopy porch with the envelope pressed against her burning cheek. Once she crushed it to her lips and held it there while tears of unutterable joy stole down her face. He was coming home at last; coming home triumphant, as he had said—coming to conquer.

If those intangible five years had been "long and hard to him," they had been long and hard to her, too, and weary with waiting. But the lane had turned at last upon a shining, rosy vista, through which lay the golden path of their future together!

When the girl's first thrill of ecstasy had spent itself, leaving her dreamy and subdued, she shook out the snowy ruffles of her demure house dress. The heels of her French suede slippers clicked joyously against the polished floor as she hurried down the corridor to her happiness—where was she alone with her happiness?

Robert Dawson's picture smiled at her from its silver frame on her dressing table. She went up to it, and for a breathless instant stood there, devouring the instant, gentle lineaments of the loved face. He wore a checked gingham shirt with collar turned low on the firm, bronzed throat, from which a flaming Windsor tie dangled negligently. The ill-fitting coat barely disguised the splendid breath and squareness of shoulder beneath. But the poise of the head, tilted slightly up, without aggressiveness—that, at least, was perfect.

A curious little pang shot through Letitia as she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. The two years she had spent at college had made her into the fastidious, befrilled young lady whose startled eyes fixed her in the little oval glass. And the girl in homely and pebble-gost shoes she had left behind—where was she? A transitory shudder swept over her. Could she ever go back to those things and settle down into a plain farmer's wife, partaking of homely fare, adjusting habit—and even dress—to the flat, dull routine. Her heart gave a little rebellious wrench. She checked the thought, and the strange shyness breaking suddenly through her eyes dispelled the last vestige of shadow gathering there. She loved him. Then what of mere clothes?

In the midst of her reverie came a second surprise—a telegram. She tore it open eagerly and scanned the contents: "Reach Cloverdale at 6. Bob."

Letitia glanced at the clock. It was already close to 5. Tremulously she began to unfasten the frilly white dress and to roll the pale blue ribbons and tuck them away in a drawer. Yielding to a sudden impulse, she took from a closet a dress of faded pink satinet. She had worn it that last day. Both had complimented her on its becomingness; and, though it was faded now and had no style at all, he'd remember. Bob was that sort.

Robert Dawson shut the garden gate with a sharp click and walked briskly up the gravel path. Just as he had expected—just as she had always done in the old days—Letitia suddenly stepped out from behind the rose trellis and he was holding her in his arms.

"Sweetheart!"

"With his arm still about her they sought the old tryst in the ivy-sheathed summer house.

There were hundreds of delicious things to be said; there were long, delicious silences in between—times when Letitia was free to let her astonished eyes rest upon Dawson's stalwart, immaculately groomed figure, irreproachable from the tawny black tie to the shining russet shoes. From time to time she surprised him regarding her own awkward attire with a frequent exclamation in his keen eyes.

Her heart beat turbidly as she ventured timidly: "Do you remember this old dress, Bob?"

"Of course, I remember it. I remember everything connected with you, Letitia. But how would you like to wear fluffy lace and silk things like—"

"Oh!"

"Not but what you're charming in whatever you wear. That goes without saying. But women—"

He looked at her, not knowing exactly how to proceed, and thinking agreeably of the girl he had seen on his frequent visits to Seattle, fair-like creatures, sleeked in bewildering creations of luffy and silk things.

"Like the girls in fashion books?"

"Why—yes." He took one of her little brown hands and held it reassuringly between his broad palms, studying the pink line of her profile a little uncertainly.

"I think it would be—very nice," mused Letitia, her head turned away.

"I made a barrel of money in the Yukon, girlie," he went on ardently, "and I want you to set the day for our wedding right away. We'll go to New York, and you can put in a fortnight at the shops."

The girl's hand shook in his clasp, but she did not speak, and Dawson felt a sudden chill. Had he offended her? How foolish of him to expect a girl of Letitia's simple life, habits and training all at once to embrace an alien point of view, even so insignificant a subject as clothes! Did she think him a cad, dissatisfied with her as she was? A great tenderness welled up in his heart, and a swift resolution to make amends at whatever cost to his pride.

Letitia glanced toward him abruptly. There were strong traces of emotion about her eyes. He caught her to him vehemently and held her there.

Robert Dawson smiled grimly as he discarded his new suit for the common jeans he had tossed aside when he left home five years before. His mother had carefully packed them away. He found his farm hat still hanging on the peg in the corner and the flaming Windsor tie he kept in his color vallet in the little glass box Letitia had given him on his twenty-first birthday. Poor little



MADAME J. GRONITCH (FORMER MISS MABEL DUNLAP) WIFE OF UNDER-SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, SERBIA, AND MILLE H. BOJANICH ARRIVING AT NEW YORK

girl! It was thoughtless and cruel of him to have gone to her as he did last night. He should have understood. Letitia had promised to be ready at three. He had informed her with some trepidation of his purchase of an up-to-date motor car, and in it they decided to make a tour of the farm lands. The girl's pleasure in this, however, was obvious, and it was with an unequalled feeling of elation that he speeded over the wind-blown hills to the Everitt cottage.

He reached there ten minutes ahead of time and was forced to wait. Presently the door opened and a bewildered vision in rose organdie, French boots and incalculable yards of dazzling pink chiffon emerged.

A full minute elapsed before Dawson succeeded in catching his breath. Then he could only sit and stare. Truly, he admitted, he had seen no girl the equal of this, even in Seattle!

And the way she wore the things! Not, indeed, as a novice, but as a royal princess, born to the purple. Letitia stood up on the step a moment, enjoying to the full her lover's amazement. Then she broke into peals of laughter as her critical glance comprehended his grotesque got-up.

"Why, Bob!" she gurgled, hurrying down the path to the gate, "what ever—"

Dawson's consternation gave way to sudden embarrassment. "By jove!" he exclaimed, crawling sheepishly with you in these togs. Better let me go back and get my clothes."

"Oh, but—"

and Letitia smiled bewitchingly, "you look charming to me in anything, Bob. What are just clothes?"

"Still," persisted he, getting redder all the time, "it does make a difference, you know, and—"

"There's just one of two things," observed she, gathering up her frouces as he helped her into the car, "we've either got to dress down to each other, or—"

There eyes met; hers, with an undisguised twinkle; his, tentative, anxious.

"I think we'd better dress up," she said.

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## FAMOUS BAD BOYS.

Southey Was Expelled From Westminster and Byron From Harrow. Robert Southey, who became Poet Laureate of England, was dismissed from Westminster School by the famous Dr. Vincent. The school at that time had a magazine called the Flagellant, and in this the budding poet regularly inserted an article, which quite failed to please the chief administrator of corporal punishment.

In fact, it incensed him to such a degree that Southey was expelled. In consequence he was refused admission to Christ Church, and had not Balliol given him a home he would possibly have had to forego that university career which he afterwards adorned.

It is a most amazing fact that poets have had quite a penchant for getting "sacked," as they call it at Harrow. Byron was expelled from Harrow three times for being rebellious and defiant. Shelley was "sent down" from Oxford. To-day the poet who wrote the great "Ode to a Skylark" is the chief glory of University College. All travelers want to see his room, and they have seen that they go away content. Yet he was ignominiously expelled, turned out "bag and baggage," as an unfit associate for the hard-drinking, hard-swearing young bucks of the Residency.

He was charged with writing and privately circulating a flashy entitled, "The Necessity of Atheism," and the college records show that he was expelled for "contumaciously refusing to answer questions" and for "repeatedly declining to disavow" his authorship of the offending document.

Nor is that the end of the list of unruly poets who have come into contact with the ruling powers of school and college. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the author of "The Ancient Mariner," left Jesus College in a great hurry, before his time was nearly finished and without taking his degree. Various reasons have been given for this sudden departure, but none of them very satisfactory.

The case of his son, the brilliant, amiable Harley, who had been brought up mainly in the family of Southey at Greta Lodge, Keswick, and who now lies side by side with Wordsworth in Grasmere churchyard, was far more tragical. He worked hard at Oxford for a long time, but very early in life his weaknesses, hoped for the best. At the end of his first year of probation he was asked to retire.

Oliver, the conqueror of India, to whom we chiefly owe the British ascendancy in that vast empire, was expelled from a school at Market Drayton. In fact, he always

was expelled from school at Market Drayton. He was always in mischief. It is said that he climbed the steeple of the church, sat astride a gargoyle representing a dragon, and gazed calmly down upon the gaping and horrified townsfolk, who expected every moment to have the joy of picking up his mangled body in pieces.

Privileges of Maxxmen. The decision of the Maxx House of Keys not to raise the duties on beer and tea serves to remind her neighbors that the Isle of Man has a code of laws entirely its own. The island has never been ruled by the laws of England, and although Parliament reserves the right to make any Imperial enactment applicable to the Isle of Man, the privilege is seldom or never exercised without consultation with the Maxx people. These happy islanders have no armed forces to maintain, no income-tax, death, estate, or stamp duties to pay, and their customs dues are in most cases on a lower scale than in the United Kingdom.

Maxxwomen, too, have special privileges. Every female adult, widow, or spinster in the Isle of Man, whether she be owner, occupier, or lodger, has a vote for the House of Keys elections. Every widow enjoys half of her husband's personal estate and has a life interest in his real estate, and she cannot be deprived of this by will; whilst her citizen consent must be obtained to all transfers and deeds affecting her husband's property.

The average man isn't half as square with other men as he expects other men to be with him.

## OWES HER LIFE TO "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

Cured Both Stomach Trouble and Headaches

FALLSBERGTON, Ont., June 20th, 1913. "I really believe that I owe my life to 'Fruit-a-tives'. Ever since childhood, I have been under the care of physicians and have been paying doctor's bills. I was so sick and worn out that people on the street often asked me if I thought I could get along without help. The same old Stomach Trouble and distressing Headaches nearly drove me wild. Sometime ago, I got a box of 'Fruit-a-tives' and the first box did me good. My husband was delighted and advised a continuation of their use.

Today, I am feeling fine, and a physician meeting me on the street, noticed my improved appearance and asked the reason. I replied, 'I am taking Fruit-a-tives'. He said, 'Well, if Fruit-a-tives are making you look so well, go ahead and take them. They are doing more for you than I can!'

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



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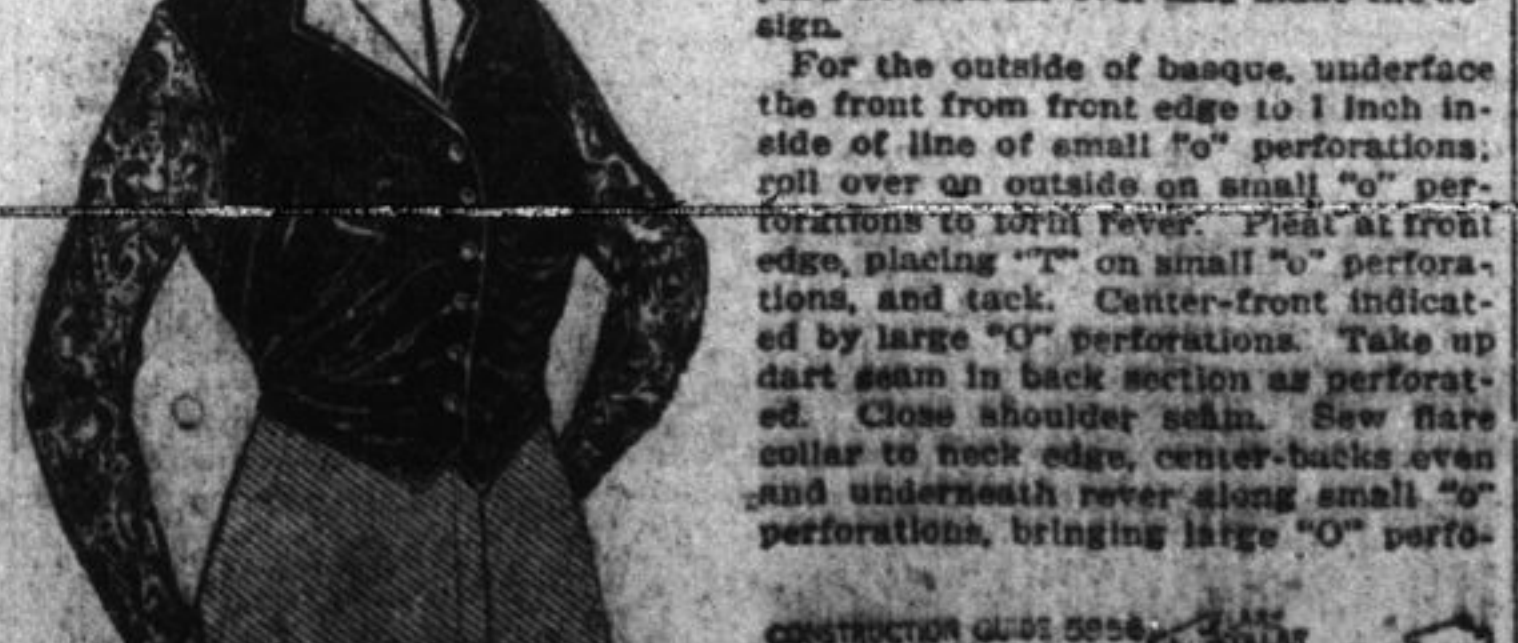
For Sale Frame house, with furnace, four bedrooms, all improvements, good cellar and poultry house, two blocks from Prince Street. Two detached houses on a corner lot, three bedrooms in each, all conveniences, for \$5,500, or will exchange for a small farm.

To Rent New house, all improvements, \$12 per month, until May, 1915.  
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## Easy & Practical Home Dress Making Lessons

Prepared Especially For This Newspaper by Pictorial Review

SIMPLE AND CHIC. The woman who cannot see wonderful possibilities in this model must be up and doing. It can be used in "making over" or in using up remnants of contrasting material. A bit each of cloth, velvet and lace can be used splendidly. Three yards of 40-inch velvet, 2 yards of 44-inch cloth and 1 1/2 yards 24-inch all-over lace make the design.



Directions for making a smart winter costume from "left-overs" of velvet, lace and cloth.  
Pictorial Review waist No. 5823. Sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches bust. Price 15 cents.  
Skirt No. 5823. Sizes 21, 23, 25, 27, 29, 31 and 33 inches waist. Price 15 cents.

## The Joy of Good Health Is Now Experienced

Nervousness, Dizzy Spells and Sleeplessness Are Now a Thing of the Past.

This is a cheerful letter from Mrs. Peacock, and it should bring joy to the heart of many a reader of this paper. Dizzy spells and sleeplessness are symptoms of exhausted nerves, and are the things that many women who do not know just what treatment to use. You can Peacock's Nerve Food and take course for her as proven that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is a complete cure for these troubles. So pleased was she with the results obtained that she wants other women to know about this food cure. Mrs. Thomas Peacock, 23 Havatha Street, St. Thomas, Ont., and whose

husband is commander of the Water Works, stated: "I was quite run down in health, was very nervous, did not sleep well, and had frequent dizzy spells. Believing this to be the result of an exhausted nervous system, I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and can say that this medicine did me a world of good. It entirely rid me of the symptoms stated above, built up my health generally, so that to-day I feel that I am quite well again."

In a more recent letter Mrs. Peacock writes: "Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a world of good, and I would be pleased to tell everybody of it." In a nearly every issue of this paper you will find letters about Dr. Chase's medicine. If this one does not describe your case, write for others or write to us. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 55c a box, 6 for \$2.50. All dealers of Edmonson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.