

Some Ottawa Glimpses

Special Correspondence by H. F. Gadsby.

The Motto of R. B. Bennett, M.P.

Ottawa, Nov. 2.—When Parliament handed the golden apple to Venus it turned out rather a grim joke but the incident is not to be compared with the lesson R. B. Bennett, M.P., would have handed Sir Wilfrid Laurier if the Opposition leader had consented to sit on the recruiting board, of which the Calgary statesman has been chairman.

Circumstances alter cases, of course, and there is no doubt that an invitation from the non-partisan chairman of a National Service Commission, to which Sir Thomas Tait, to sit along with him on a non-partisan board would have received sympathetic consideration. But an invitation to be part of a seven-man board, consisting of members of Parliament, and others, shepherded by a violent partisan like R. B. Bennett, was another story. In vain is the net spread in sight of the intended victim.

Whether Sir Thomas Tait himself conceived the idea of inviting Sir Wilfrid Laurier to his council, or whether the idea had its source in more arduous quarters, is neither here nor there. The fact remains that one man, Sir Thomas Tait, penned the invitation and another man, R. B. Bennett, was there to receive the answer. Necessarily the vehement politician received a different answer from that which would have been suitable if a strictly impartial patriot, wholly detached from party politics, had been there to get the answer.

Another fact that presses is that the non-partisanship of which Sir Thomas Tait was supposed to be the symbol vanished with Sir Thomas Tait. What happened to Sir Thomas is a pity commentary on the non-partisanship of the commission which did not endow Sir Thomas with enough independence to appoint his own secretary. When he appointed one, Mr. Murray, who had told one little shred of truth about the Borden Government, namely, that it was dawdling away its time on the recruiting business—in short making a tedious and expensive bluff—Sir Thomas was promptly told that he couldn't have plain-speakers like that about him and that Mr. Murray had better get out. Sir Thomas felt that he had no chance of being non-partisan on a commission like that as a celluloid collar has of surviving the flames of Vesuvius.

It is within the bounds of probability also that Sir Thomas cast an appraising eye on the dozen or so directors of recruiting thoughtfully appointed to assist him before he was called on to act as his chief. For a man who had non-partisanship in his mind, as Sir Thomas Tait did, it must have been painful to note that all these district recruiting directors were of one party stripe and that stripe the same color as the party in power. This fact may also have influenced Sir Thomas's conduct and have led him to believe that non-partisanship wasn't going to get much of a show either, either in incident in regard to his secretary confirmed him in that opinion. At any rate Sir Thomas quit cold. He saw that a National Service Commission, under the direct tutelage of Premier Borden, who in turn was under the tutelage of somebody else, was not the place for a non-partisan patriot who had nothing but the good of his country and the British Empire at heart. It was pre-eminently a place and time for disappearing—and disappear Sir Thomas did.

It was this nervous scene of partisanship made still more palpable by the presence of R. B. Bennett, that Sir Wilfrid was asked to countenance by becoming a private member of a committee of twelve members of Parliament divided equally between seven and five. They were given the grace to suggest, did those party

manipulators, that a supposedly non-partisan committee should be evenly balanced by cutting out the partisan majority of two. No indeed. Safety first. That was R. B. Bennett's motto, and presumably Premier Borden's who is behind him and presumably the party managers who are behind Premier Borden.

The Conservative party was not to lose its exclusive grip of the war. So far as Canada is concerned this is to be a Tory war from start to finish. Even the National Service Commission is to be Tory by a comfortable percentage. All they wanted Sir Wilfrid or his Liberal supporters to share is any blame that may accrue as a result of dilatory methods.

Moreover, Sir Wilfrid Laurier was offered no place on this committee commensurate with his importance as leader of His Majesty's loyal Opposition. He was to be a simple member of the committee, an insignificant voting unit who might give good advice and then lose it in division. Instead of coordinate authority with R. B. Bennett, what this committee offered him was a subordinate position in which his wisdom, the weight of his years, and his experience would all be subject to the veto of a bumptious young man from the west who has been only five years in Parliament. That was a nice job for Sir Wilfrid Laurier, especially when you consider how non-partisan R. B. can't be when he gets his Tory dander up, which is most of the time.

Viewed in this light, Sir Wilfrid's refusal to sit on a committee headed by as vehement a partisan as R. B. Bennett, acting under the direction of a Government with such a violent repugnance to facts that it fires a private secretary for telling one small lot of the truth—viewed in this light, I repeat, Sir Wilfrid's refusal to sit on the committee is both natural and commendable. The only thing ahead of this National Service Commission with R. B. Bennett as its pilot is strife and engine trouble. Besides, there is much force in Sir Wilfrid's contention that a committee of business men and manufacturers would be of more use than a committee of parliamentarians in advising a National Service Commission where and how to lay hands on the man power that is not being used to the best advantage in this war.

Meanwhile the registration scheme languishes. Nothing is done about it. The public doesn't even know whether the registration is mandatory or optional. If it is optional it will probably amount to nothing. If it is mandatory it will dig up a lot of information about the workers which may ultimately be utilized if the Borden Government decides on conscription, as Sir George Foster would have it do. At all events that is the way registration worked out in Australia where Premier Hughes is now utilizing the facts unearthed by it in his arguments for conscription. While the National Service Commission under Mr. Bennett is marking time, Premier Borden is issuing calls for the last hundred thousand. Sir Robert is some caller. That's his way out of it. When there's nothing else to do he calls. I hear you calling me. He calls this way and that—but never angrily. No menace—no sharp words—not even a slap on the wrist—just calls. He calls on the people to do their bit to save the empire by enlisting just as Sir Thomas White calls on them to save this empire by being thrifty and saving over their savings to him to establish a Canadian war credit for the British War Office which will defray the ten million dollars a day now being spent in this country for war supplies purchased from our manufacturers. Quite right and proper in both cases. But the call should go further.

If the people of this country do their bit by enlisting and also by handing their money to the Finance Minister to meet the war expenditures, then the Government should also do its bit by calling on the producers to disgorge, on the army contractors of one kind and another, to have a heart, and on its ally and old-time side-partner Henri Bourassa to stop preaching sedition in Quebec. If Henri doesn't heed the first call, they might clap him in jail. This would please loyal Quebec and would not displease Henri, whose highest ambition is to become a martyr.

H. F. GADSBY.

PERFECTED MANY DEVICES

Blind People Benefit, Under Will of Wait.

New York, Nov. 2.—The sightless will be chief beneficiaries under the will, filed here of William Bell Wait, inventor of the blind. The free use of his thirteen inventions for embossed writing "are given and dedicated to the public."

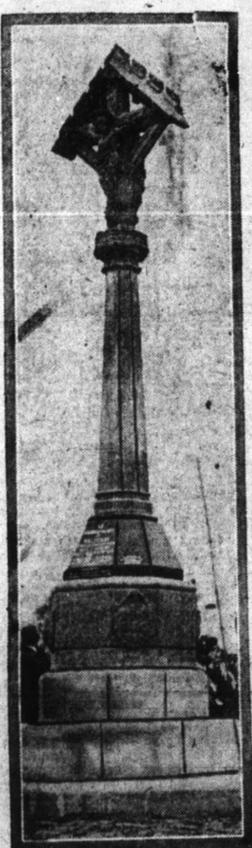
THE DIVORCE CANCELLED

For the Sake of the Child—Parents Both Dead.

New York, Nov. 2.—Little Frederick Augustus Heinze, 4 years old, has a brand new papa and mamma by adoption.

By permission of Surrogate Fowler yesterday "Fritzie" was adopted by his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Fleitman. He has been supported by his aunt since the death of his mother in 1915.

The boy is the son of F. Augustus Heinze, former millionaire "copper king," and Bernice Golden Henderson Heinze. After his birth Mrs. Heinze started divorce proceedings against F. Augustus Heinze and won an interlocutory decree on her deathbed she called her husband to her and he promised her to have the divorce cancelled for the sake of their child. He died shortly afterward himself.



THE VILLAGE CROSS OF SACRIFICE. Memorial erected at Daldenby, Lincolnshire, a village of 500 inhabitants, which was the scene of the available manhood to the front.

Not to Be Pitted.

In a letter to the Rev. Alex. White of Renfrew, Lance-Corp. Oliver Denman of Sault Ste. Marie, who recently received the Distinguished Conduct Medal for rescuing an officer under rifle fire, on the western front, says in part:

"I'm glad you write so optimistically. I like letters like that. I hate the 'pit-you-poor-boys' stuff. We aren't to be pitted, rather to be envied by the units too old. What wouldn't some of the old boys give to be able to lie their way through a recruiting station and be on the way to this row? Not that the pace and manner of living doesn't soon eliminate the weak; it does. The fittest, the law of the primeval, is the law of the land. But although physical strength is a great boon mental strength is the mainstay. Control of nerves, imperturbability under terrific shocks and sudden surprises are worth more than tons of muscle. Samson, with all his muscles, couldn't get out from under the falling buildings. 'Get out from under'—that's the main thing. You hear the drone or whine of a shell coming, and then 'get out from under, and heavy muscles will not avail if you haven't got perfect control."

"Believe what Kitchener said: 'Three years.'"

Wanted in Belleville. Belleville, Nov. 2.—Arthur Dinneen, was arrested in Toronto on a warrant issued by the Chief Constable of that place, charging him with theft. He will be brought back to face the charge.

Advertisement for 'CUBES' featuring an image of a person and text describing the product's benefits for various ailments.

A TERRIBLE JOURNEY

STORY OF OFFICIAL STUPIDITY COMES FROM INDIA.

A Body of Territorialists Who Were Sent Across One Thousand Miles of Desert in the Heat of Summer With Inadequate Hospital and Train Service Suffered Untold Agonies From Thirst and Heat Stroke.

An amazing story of the tragic death of British Territorial soldiers landed in India has been revealed in London. Truth. It appears that the men were despatched on a journey of more than 1,000 miles through the desert without proper medical attendance and with nothing to protect them against the terrible heat.

The story which, in truth, is entitled "A Troop Train Tragedy," is as follows: "Indian military administration has not covered itself with glory during the war, but none of its blunders has been more excusable and more shocking than the recent tragic journey of a troop train from Karachi to Peshawar. Not all the facts have yet been divulged even in India—indeed, so far as I have seen, newspapers there have not published any more colorful reports emanating from official sources."

"But the numerous letters that I have received, many of them from army officers, testify to the horror the affair has excited among all acquainted with the details, and for the presence of the press and the public with the war the story would assuredly raise a storm of indignation here at home."

"In the month of June the railway journey from Karachi to Peshawar, a distance of over 1,000 miles, is one of the hottest in the world. It goes through the baking Sind desert, where the shade temperature is anything up to 126. Mail trains perform the journey in twenty-four hours. Troop trains take from two and a half to five days for the same journey because—the health and comfort of soldiers being of the least importance—they are drawn by the slowest engines and have to give place to all other passenger traffic."

"On this journey, a severe ordeal even for acclimated white men, the military jackasses in authority at Karachi despatched about a thousand British soldiers just disembarked from the transport which had conveyed them from England. The men were sent off in field for various units in India, territorial and regular. As usual the troop train was made up of old third-class carriages which, with the exception of the wooden seats, are little better than good trucks. Into these vehicles the soldiers were packed like sardines."

"One correspondent says they were still wearing English clothing. There were no punkahs or fans. Ice was supplied at Karachi—nominally one pound per man, but half of it melted before they received it. In some cases the only water for drinking was what was carried in the men's water bottles, and that there was neither water nor any accommodation for washing."

"Three doctors traveled with the train, but, like the men, they were new to India, and, probably, they were handicapped by their lack of experience as well as by their own sufferings from the intense heat. Two second-class carriages, each with lying-down accommodation for two patients, had been set apart for use as a hospital."

"The train pulled up at Rohri, 229 miles from Karachi, 23 hours after it started. By that time a number of men were sick, dying or already dead from heat strokes. Seven corpses were removed from the train, and 32 patients in a critical condition were taken across the River Indus to the Civil Hospital at Sukkur, where in spite of everything that could be done for them five more died. During the halt at Rohri a meal was served in the train, but the men were shielded from the rays of the sun only by an iron roof. When the journey was resumed more heat strokes occurred and a carriage had to be turned into a mortuary."

"As the result of urgent telegraphic messages a further but inadequate supply of ice was obtained en route, and at Lahore the train was met by a staff of medical officers, nurses, and orderlies. Sixty-seven patients were transferred to the cantonment hospital at Lahore. For the rest of the journey a medical man with Indian experience accompanied the train and an extra engine was provided to expedite it."

"At Rawalpindi 37 more patients were taken from the train to the hospital. This made the total number of hospital cases 136. A statement issued from Simla gave 15 as the total number of deaths, including those of Rohri, but my correspondents assert that there were at least 25."

"A number of junior officers from regiments in the Punjab went down to Karachi to meet the drafts for their units and returned with the train. I am told that they unavailingly pointed out the danger that would arise from the overcrowding, the heat and the slowness of the journey, and that they themselves obtained for themselves an extra store of ice, which they handed over for the use of the sick. The danger might have been lessened, if not removed altogether, by giving the men ample accommodation (there is no shortage of rolling stock), such means of alleviating the heat as other travelers get and a faster train or trains. But the callous stupidity of the staff was impervious to reason or warning, and these unfortunate soldiers were ordered forth on a journey whose horrors can only be feebly imagined."

THE JUGGERNAUT TANKS.

They Have Brought About a New Kind of Warfare.

The accounts of the operation of the new British juggernaut "tanks" from the sane, reliable war correspondents on the Somme battlefield might well have come from the pages of a scientific romance by H. G. Wells or Jules Verne. Nothing more dramatic or more startling in the evolution of war methods has ever appeared. The huge siege howitzers which the Germans broke down the Belgian steel forts and the enemy gas machines are mild terrors beside these uncanny engines of war. The new moving forts will mean an immense acceleration of pressure on the German lines. The "contemptible" army and Kitchener's raw staff have beaten the Germans at their own much-advertised specialty.

Never before did motor-engine, or set of engines, develop anything like the power required for the new land battleships. The biggest yet made, can develop up to 100 horse-power, in moving a car of about two tons. Gearing low, the power would be sufficient to climb at an angle of 45 degrees provided the wheel grip were sufficient. But the weight of about 5,000 tons, and the weight of about 400 tons, and to move in depressions something like 20,000 horsepower would be required. Turbine and even reciprocal engines in big ships can deliver, from steam propulsion, 70,000 and 80,000 horse-power, but their immense weight would make them impossible for land-car purposes, even if oil were used for fuel. The ships driven by Diesel engines are motor-propelled, and can develop 4,000 horse-power. The Selandia, the first of the kind to go into practical service, had a tonnage of about 5,000, and travelled at 12 to 14 knots an hour. But nothing in the motor industry was ever before put together to possess enough power to move 400 tons on wheels up and down craters, gulleys, through brick walls, over fences and trees and even through buildings. The building of these mechanical monsters was organized during Lord Kitchener's administration of the War Department. It is representative of the real Britain Germany has to fear. The British would also begin imitative construction for months, and even if they got plans into their hands they could not produce finished machines in less than a year. By that time the Allied troops will probably be fighting German territory, and the war will have been won, if not finished. There will doubtless be a rapid development of the manufacture of these moving forts for use on the Eastern front also. Combined with the Allies' superiority in men, artillery, aeroplanes, and ammunition, they will bring the mad much closer. They have solved, in part, anyway, the most difficult problem of the Allies' offensive.

It is too early to appraise the "tanks" at their proper worth as a military arm. Manifestly, they are about a new stage of warfare. They put trenches, emplacements, and other field works such as barbed-wire entanglements, far down in the scale of values. Future wars will find them as much a part of artillery as the machine gun, and they will be used as much as mechanical bomb-throwers, if, indeed, the present machines do not carry them. They will probably carry heavy guns, too. Traps for the steel monsters, all mined and set, will be a counter-measure. But the Germans cannot begin imitative construction for months, and even if they got plans into their hands they could not produce finished machines in less than a year. By that time the Allied troops will probably be fighting German territory, and the war will have been won, if not finished. There will doubtless be a rapid development of the manufacture of these moving forts for use on the Eastern front also. Combined with the Allies' superiority in men, artillery, aeroplanes, and ammunition, they will bring the mad much closer. They have solved, in part, anyway, the most difficult problem of the Allies' offensive.

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Roumania in Line.

Roumania's action in prohibiting the sale and consumption of alcoholic liquors follows the lead of many of the European countries now at war, including Russia, France, and Great Britain.

Russia, the first belligerent country to place a ban on alcohol, abolished the liquor traffic by Imperial decree at the outbreak of the war. As a result of this prohibition the sale of intoxicants in Russia fell within a year and a half from nearly a billion roubles to approximately four per cent. of that sum. The four per cent. consisted largely of the sale of liquors for medicinal purposes.

In Great Britain restrictions were placed on the sale of liquor in the munitions areas. The sale of intoxicants in licensed houses is permitted for only four hours a day, and six months' imprisonment and a fine of \$500 is the penalty for contravening the regulations.

In France wine shops are forbidden to sell any form of alcohol before noon. Sales to women and children are barred at any hour.

For Prisoners' Comfort.

The Duchess of Connaught's Prisoners of War Fund has now contributed nearly \$20,000 towards providing comforts and necessities for prisoners in the German camps. Recent contributions to the fund include \$1,000 from Lady Hendrie of Toronto, and \$200 from the Canadian Professional Golfers' Association.

Just Thought of It.

A certain English Lord Mayor who was often broadly unconventional in his speech was presiding at a dinner one evening, and as the second course was being served he suddenly jumped to his feet and exclaimed: "D—, if gentlemen, we neglected to say grace!"

To Bats—\$500 a Year.

The War Office has agreed to pay to the Lewisham Borough Council for soldiers stationed locally. This will mean \$500 a year to the Council.

GERMANS BLEED

BULGARS WHITE

The Latter Must Feed the Teuton Armies in the Balkans.

CHURCH BELLS TO KRUPPS

THE PRODUCERS ARE REPORTED TERROR-STRIKEN.

Berlin-Constantinople Railway Is Continually Congested With German Ammunition Waggon and the Committee of Eighteen.

London, Nov. 2.—A whole committee of Germans, Austrians and Hungarians is permanently on the road between Sofia and the Central capitals. An immense number of agricultural machines is being sent to Bulgaria, with the purpose of extracting as much out of the land there as possible, and thousands of German scientific agriculturists are staying in provincial Bulgaria, giving advice to the peasants there how to grow more and how to feed the German allies in a most satisfactory manner. The Bulgarian land, like all Balkan land, has been cultivated very primitively up to now, and the Germans consider that with more rational cultivation the crops can be increased to a great extent. This they have been trying to do since last autumn (1915) with all kinds of agricultural methods which are employed in Germany, and they are lending agricultural machines to the Bulgarian farmers free of charge if they promise to sell their crops to them in exchange. Owing to the high prices they offer this is arranged without much difficulty, and in consequence of the surplus stock and a little over is going to Germany.

Teuton "Corridor" Menace. The inevitable fate of the Berlin-Constantinople railway is causing great irritation in Germany and among the military leaders of the German-Bulgarian forces in the Balkans. It would seem that there is a much greater irritation in this direction in Germany than is commonly supposed in Entente quarters, for isolation would be nothing less than a disaster. Apart from the military consequence of the cutting off of communications between Bulgaria and Turkey with Serbian territory, economic effects would be indeed serious. The available medical stores would not last for more than a few months in Turkey and Bulgaria, unless Zeppelins and mules were employed, as vehicles of any kind could not move twenty miles within Serbian territory during the winter, although the roads have been repaired in many places since the occupation. The ammunition of the Turks and Bulgars, and naturally of the German forces who have remained there, would also soon give out in spite of the organized industry the Germans have built up in both countries since they first arrived. That they are still far from being able to produce sufficient quantities of munitions is evidenced by the fact that the Balkan railway lines are continually clogged with ammunition waggon going southwards, with aeroplanes, gun material and industrial stores of all descriptions. An offensive on two fronts for Bulgaria and a defensive war on an immense front for Turkey need much more ammunition than either country can produce.

Bulgaria Must Feed Armies. The virtualizing of the whole of the Bulgarian army and a great part of the German and Turkish armies on both fronts is the task of Bulgaria. Besides this she has to feed her own population and send everything to Germany that the Germans can lay hold of. The consequence is that Bulgaria almost breaks under the burden. The harvest has been just as bad this year in Bulgaria as in Hungary, and the only hope remains that the rice crops in the Strip, Kochans, Philippopolis and Plevna districts promise to be good. Food-stuffs in Bulgaria are under the control of a Parliamentary committee of eighteen members of the Sobranje, M. Kosloff being the president. He

however, is surrounded by German advisers and German experts, representatives of M. Batocki, the German food dictator, and of the Zentral-Einkaufsgesellschaft, the German institution for buying up the last ounce of bread from the allies of Germany, which snatches up everything from no matter where, and at any price. This committee of eighteen are authorized to distribute the foodstuffs, to make requisitions, to send men to jail if they charge more for some things than the Germans are inclined to pay, and to take away the land from any person who cannot produce on it as much as he is expected to produce. They constitute a dictatorship of the worst kind, a kind of Balkan administrative body, with Balkan rules, although all the time German greed is the petrol which drives them. The Austrian and Hungarian food agents, who create a rivalry behind the Germans, are laughed at, for by the time they arrive at a place they find that the Germans have already bought up everything.

Producers Terror-Stricken.

The peasants and the producers in general are simply terror-stricken when the representatives of the latter approach, for they always come with the authorization of the committee, and the committee is a very serious matter. In order that the Germans might be able to buy a comparatively cheap rate in Bulgaria the committee have fixed prices which seem almost ridiculous under the present food conditions. The peasant has to sell his cattle, for instance, at a price ten times less than the Germans get for them in Germany or that they could buy them for in Hungary.

SHACKLETON'S SISTER FREED

Man She Married Divorced, But in United States.

Montreal, Nov. 2.—An interesting marriage case has just been settled in the Superior Court here by Mr. Justice Allard, as a result of which Kathleen Shackleton, a sister of Sir Ernest Shackleton, the Arctic explorer, is freed from her marriage to Wilbert Earle Edmondson. The suit was instituted several weeks ago, and in the meantime, pending judgement, Miss Shackleton (the Court decrees she shall retain her maiden name) is visiting relatives in England.

The Soldier's Kiss

(Description of a battery position in southern Flanders.)

Only a dying horse! Pull off the gear, and slip the needless bit from frothing jaws.

Drag it aside there, leave the roadway clear—

The battery thunders on with scarce a pause

Proned by the shell-swept highway there it lies

With quivering limbs as fast the life tide falls,

Dark films are chasing o'er the faithful eyes

That mutely plead for aid where none avails.

Onward the battery rolls, but one there speeds,

Headless of comrade's voice or bursting shell,

Back to a wounded friend who lonely bleeds

Beside the stony highway where it fell.

Only a dying horse! He swiftly kneels

Lifts the limp head and hears the shivering sigh.

Kisses his friend while down his cheek there steals

Sweet pity's tear: "Good-bye, old man good-bye."

No honors wait him, medal, badge or star,

Though scarce could war a kindlier deed unfold:

He bears within his breast, more precious far

Beyond the gift of kings, a heart of gold.

Children Had Eczema

Doctors Failed to Cure

Two Letters Which Prove the Efficiency of Dr. Chase's Ointment as a Cure for Eczema.

Fortunate are the mothers who know the virtues of Dr. Chase's Ointment, for there is no treatment so suitable for use after the bath to relieve irritation and chafing and to thereby prevent eczema and similar skin diseases.

Mrs. W. L. Barnes, Timmins, Ont., writes: "I want to tell you about the case of my little boy, who had baby eczema when he was three months old. It started on the top of his head, on his forehead and around his ears. The doctors failed to do him any good, so I tried Dr. Chase's Ointment on the recommendation of a friend, and in a month's time the child was entirely free of this disagreeable skin disease. He is now four years old, and has never had any further trouble from ailments of this kind. I also have great faith in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and believe that it cannot be beaten as a restora-

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