

HUNS AS LUMBERMEN

A CANADIAN TELLS OF VISIT TO FRENCH FOREST.

Prisoners Are Employed to Handle the Timber, but They Are Not Very Efficient, and Men From Our Own Dominion Are Doing the Bulk of This Important Work.

"EYES LEFT!" "EYES FRONT!" Uttered in guttural German, these commands sound strangely on a Canadian ear. Stranger still is the mis-en-scene whence they arise. For the non-com, who shouts the order is a hulking Hun in field grey, wearing the Iron Cross, and by his side marches a column of German soldiers. But no Mausers are in their hands, no bayonets at their sides, and the headgear is not that of one regiment.

Blue, red, yellow, white border the caps of these men, and quite as diverse are the designs of their shoulder-straps. Tall and short, fat and thin, many be-spectacled, mingle in this conglomeration of Prussians, Bavarians, Saxons, Wurtembergers—no longer soldiers, but woodmen marching to dinner. They salute a group of Canadian officers as they pass, and the burly German non-com in charge is quite evidently glad of a chance to air his authority a bit in public and do a bit of a swanking he was wont to do in the barrack square of Deutschland.

It is in a pine forest of France that Douglas Robertson, the Canadian correspondent, saw these Boches working for the Canadians engaged in forestry work. Working, did I say? Well, imagine thirty-two husky Huns pretending to haul on a rope, leisurely pulling down a tiny jack pine, scarcely more than a sapling, and you can visualize their efforts. How an Ontario farmer would laugh at such "work." However, the Germans do accomplish a little. They quite evidently like this "job," and it confers an appetite and an appreciation of the comfortable huts in which they are housed.

By the roadside stands their own German "kitch," and facing him a row of burnished kettles. Brimming with some savory stew, the steam ascends in fragrant clouds. To him in batches of twenty at a time come the prisoners, to fill their dixies and receive each one a generous chunk of bread. Squatting under the trees in this fine weather, they partake of their mid-day meal. Would that Canadians in Boche land fared half so well. After feeding, several of the Huns produce long-stemmed pipes, with china bowls, which they puff contentedly, their enjoyment unimpaired by any thought of the sentries who stand back among the trees in case some forgetful Hun might wander through the sylvan dells.

And what a pine forest is this! Its like does not exist throughout the length and breadth of Canada. A regular fairy-tale wood, this vast plantation of clean trunks, rising almost limbless to an average of fifty feet, green-topped, springing from an underbrush carpet of moss and needles. They are yellow sand, these trees. The larger ones measure from 10 to 14 inches through at the base, and give some 40 feet of log.

Hark, Canadian lumbermen. In this country a stern Government allows no timber-limit vandalism on the part of loggers. No brush nor slash may be scattered about, as in Canada, to start fires. Everything here is piled, swept clean. In the adjoining French section of this wood I actually saw windrows made of branches carefully tied together. Thus they are shipped off to Paris for firewood.

In marked contrast to the Huns the Canadian bushmen, who, over-alled, stand in military formation as they dismiss to lunch. A little group, they have charge of the more technical jobs. Soon a mill will hum in this vicinity, as others are doing elsewhere, turning out its full quota each day. These Canadian mills are not only supplying our own troops, but Imperial and French troops as well.

Canadians are hard at work in forests of beech, hornbeam, ash, oak, birch, cherry, and chestnut trees, which are falling before them, and, oddest sight of all, are being pulled down by block and tackle. Such is the French fashion. Limbs chopped off, and a rope attached to its top, many a tree is torn out by the roots, which are afterwards sawn off.

Saw-dust roads, slab piles, noon-day whistles among such surround-

ings. Sacrilege! Mals c'est la guerre! Alas, modern war is an ogre for timber. But then the trees will grow again; many are ripe for the saw; many more will be left standing. All is being done systematically under Governmental supervision.

"Builders in Canada would be glad to pay \$60 and \$70 a thousand feet for this," remarked an Ottawa Valley lumberman, now an officer in charge of one of these mills. He referred to the beautiful, clear beech, which, alas, was being sawn into common-planks for roads. "Does seem a shame to see such stuff being wasted when pine or spruce would do just as well. But the army simply has to have it, so we are turning it into lumber as fast as we know how. I sent planks like these, hot from the saw, to build the roads over which our guns were hauled up to Vimy Ridge."

Out of the hardwood Canadian millmen are sawing besides lumber, beams, trench timbers, railway sleepers, string beams for 9.5 howitzers, etc. Fuel was scarce in the trenches last winter. If the Hun manages to defer his final thrashing until next year, the boys in the trenches won't freeze for lack of waste wood. One mill commandant told me he had 1,000 tons of such stuff ready for them.

Canada's Contribution.

It is now more than a century and a half since Louis XV. of France signed over to Great Britain the Dominion of Canada with the light remark: "Oh, well; it's only a few acres of snow."

One cannot help wondering what his thoughts would have been could he have had a vision of the Canada of to-day and the part she is playing as an ally of his countrymen of the twentieth century. Out of a population of some seven and a half millions Canada has given 440,000 fighting men to the war. At the end of last year war orders totalling \$1,095,000,000 had been placed with her, while this year's munitions orders are expected to exceed \$700,000,000—or about \$100 for every man, woman, and child. At the beginning of this year 630 factories were working on munition contracts, the country's output being now more than that of any European nation except Germany before the war. Wooden ships, steel ships, and submarines are being turned out, and on this account that the Imperial Munitions Board is spending annually more than two and a half times as much as the Federal Government spends in a normal year. Anxious European allies await the grain and flour of the Canadian prairies as eagerly as ever the populace of Ancient Rome looked for the corn ships from Sicily and Egypt. And if the province of Alberta alone were cultivated in the same intensive scale prevailing in pre-war Belgium it would support an agricultural population of fifty million—or half the entire population of the United States.—From "Canada's Troubles and Triumphs," by Harry C. Douglas, in the American Review of Reviews.

An Intrepid Mariner.

An intrepid but almost forgotten Canadian mariner was Captain J. H. Gardiner, who left Shelburne, N. S., on June 19, 1893, in an effort to cross the Atlantic in a fifteen-foot sailboat of his own make.

Captain Gardiner was last heard of about eight hundred miles east of New York, when Captain Crowley, of the British steamship Yverdon, picked him up and outfitted his boat with supplies. Captain Gardiner insisted on continuing his solitary journey across the ocean, although he said that he had had hard luck in the journey out of Shelburne. He was bound for Falmouth. He said that he was trying that method of crossing the ocean in an effort "to make a name for himself."

Russians in Our Army.

Although the Doukhobors are recognized as immune from military service, over one hundred of them have joined Saskatchewan battalions. This is the more remarkable when it is remembered that they left Russia largely on account of their rooted objection to military service. Many of them still maintain that attitude, and the Government has recognized their scruples. It is also remarkable that they should now be fighting in a cause which so largely concerns the land they migrated from.

Six men have been hired to work at the prison farm in Port Arthur district. Prohibition interfered with the farm's usual supply of labor.

Horace L. Brittain, Ph.D., has been appointed superintendent of Toronto General Hospital for one year.

THE DANDIES OF RUSSIA.

The Georgians Are as Imperious as They Are Handsome.

The Georgians are the dandies of Russia. The despatch from Moscow, reporting the opening of the great council in that city, said that, among the varied costumes worn by the members of this assembly, the Georgians were "robed in cloth of gold." This style of dress is thoroughly characteristic of the tastes and habits of this little but ancient people. Those who have strayed over into the picturesque mountainous region between the Black and Caspian seas, which is the present as it was their ancient home, and have observed them going about their daily occupations, can have no doubt that the Georgians in this Moscow meeting were perfectly fitted for so gorgeous a dress.

They are an exceedingly handsome race, both men and women. A "Georgian beauty" is a proverbial saying in the Near East, and the men very generally are a full match for the women. They are of good height, sinewy and lithe, and with the free and springy step of the true mountaineer. They do not appear to grow old so readily as the Scottish Highlanders, and they have the same proud and independent bearing. Very many of the Georgians are princes—such princes as they have in Russia and in Germany, not of royal blood, but specially made for some distinguished action or quality, and many of these titles go far back to almost forgotten days. They have an alphabet of their own, and a literature which, like the ancient Persian, is of no mean quality.

But their predominant racial quality is the joy of living. They appear never to grow round-shouldered, and they are great hunters. They can fight well, too, when they see the need of it, and a good many of them are always in training for that or any other kind of outdoor work. Probably some of them loaf a good deal, too, but they do it with an air of authority that gives a certain dignity to this fairly universal practice. Their dress is gay and becoming, and their bearing goes with such clothes.

We venture to say that the sharper Kerevsky spoke, in his Moscow address, the straighter the Georgians looked him in the eye. That's the kind of men they are, and as handsome as they are imperious.

Store Summer Heat.

In a striking article on the contrast between the weather in Europe and in America, Camille Flammarion expresses the opinion that for the future humanity will utilize the heat waves of summer to obtain warmth in winter. He says: "That the earth is topsy-turvy is undoubted by nobody. While on August 2, 1916, the thermometer registered the maximum heat for the year, on the same date in 1917 it was almost cold, the temperature being less than half. It is disconcerting to know that while this side of the Atlantic is suffering from chilliness, people are dying in America from heat."

"This height of wild irregularity and striking contrast show these abnormal temperatures are due to terrestrial and oceanic atmospheric currents, and not to the direct influence of any particular activity of the sun, for in that case the whole globe would be equally affected. "Statistics, therefore, are mistaken in drawing conclusions based on thermometric comparisons taken in a limited region of the earth. "It is to be supposed, of course, that under the great heat prevailing in the New World oceans of vapors are drawn up with avidity by the blazing sun rays and then driven across the Atlantic by the westerly winds. Before reaching the old continent the vapors are cooled by the action of other currents, especially the northerly ones, and become condensed into clouds and fall in rain. "This atmospheric ocean is infinitely more turbulent and enigmatic in its various manifestations than the liquid immensity covering three-quarters of the globe, and in the future humanity will utilize nature's forces that are constantly rising round us, and the vast riches and lost resources in the stifling heat waves will be collected and stored for our descendants."

Roosevelt to Blame.

The Kaiser and the Crown Prince were sipping a cordial, says Everybody's. "Father, who started the war?" quoth the Crown Prince, pulling on his cigarette. "Why, we proved it on England, France, and Belgium, to say nothing of Russia," sharply answered the Kaiser. "Yes, I know," said the prince, "but who was really responsible?" "Well," his father answered, "if you must know, it was like this. You remember when Roosevelt came back from Africa? I gave him a good time. I showed him all around and I took him out and together we reviewed the army. When we got back to the palace, Teddy clapped me on the back and said: 'Bill, you can lick the world!' and, like a damned fool, I believed him."

Indian Peanut.

The Indian peanut originally was grown as an edible nut, but the great importance of the crop in South India now is due entirely to the growth of the seed-crushing industry both locally and abroad, and efforts are being made to improve the stock with a view of increasing its oil-yielding value.

No Symmetry in Color.

The Church of St. Basil, in the Kremlin, on Kremlin Hill, in Moscow, Russia is perhaps the only building in the world constructed with a careful view to avoiding all symmetry in color or form.

Butter Must Be Pure.

The Venezuelan Government by law has prescribed a standard of purity for butter, and has forbidden the sale of any that is adulterated.

General Alekseeff, former commander-in-chief of the Russian armies, told the Parliament that the army could not depend upon the rear to enable it to become a strong, disciplined force.



"Darkness . . . but look! In Heaven, a light, And it's shining down . . . God's accolade! Lift me up friends. I'm going to win—my cross!"

From "Tricolor," by Robert Service

To the sick and the wounded, the British Red Cross ministers according to the highest traditions of the Hospitallers, or Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.

Small wonder, then, that their insignia dawns upon many a sufferer's returning consciousness as God's Accolade!

To Ontario is given the privilege of once more leading the Empire in aiding the work of the British Red Cross, by contributing generously to its cause.

On "Our Day"—October 28 Let Your Gift Be Generous

A Few Facts About the Work of the British Red Cross

The British Red Cross Society is the only institution which carries voluntary aid to the Sick and Wounded of the British forces on land and sea in every region of the War.

Its work is therefore the concern of all classes of British subjects, whether living in the British Isles, in the Dominions and Colonies beyond the seas, or in foreign countries.

IN GREAT BRITAIN

\$100,000 for initial outlay in providing and equipping after-care institutions for totally disabled men.

\$100,000 for materials for Red Cross Working Parties.

40,000 books and magazines supplied weekly for the sick and wounded.

460 Motor Ambulances, Cars, etc. for Home Service. 28 Command Depots and Conval-

escent Camps regularly visited and supplied with Comforts and Games.

The home (London, Eng.) administration and management expenses (excluding hospitals) for the year ended 20th October, 1916, represent 2.92 per cent. of the total expenditure, or less than 3 cents on the dollar. Audited accounts have been supplied to the Canadian Red Cross Society.

Red Cross work costs over \$300,000 per week or \$30 a minute.

Organization of Resources Committee, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

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