

BEHIND THE LINES

The Joys and Sorrows of the Base.

V. — The Inspection.

Contributed Exclusively to the Whig by A.M.L.

"Flyer Francis" was lucky in his choice of a billet in that he was allowed to be called early in the morning. Madame always called him early. It was inevitable. He often wished he could be as sure that the Kaiser would hang from one of his own lamp posts as that Madame would call him early every morning. Invariably he would turn over and have another nap after Madame's reveille.

So it was rather strange that one morning "Flyer" found himself unable to enjoy his extra forty winks. He wondered if it was because of the second cafe-cognac he had imbibed the night before. So, after contemplating life from various aspects, he arose, shaved, washed, polished his brassworks and descended for breakfast. Madame greeted him with the customary "Bonjour, Monsieur," to which he responded in his carefully cultivated Montreal accent. He felt in a highly conciliatory mood, caused no doubt by having enough time at his disposal to sit down to breakfast. The usual procedure of most of his comrades was to awake at seven-thirty a.m., stick their heads in the wash basin, roll into a tunic, fall downstairs, kick the dog out of the way, grab a roll and apple for future and furtive consumption, and run all the way to the office. But on this particular morn-

ing "Flyer Francis" decided to move with a little of the dignity which he fitted his position. Getting seated, he divided his attention between his breakfast and the morning paper, occasionally pausing to respond to Madame's outspoken soliloquies on life in general and Canadians in particular. At seven-thirty precisely he took his hat from its hook, patted Madame's little boy patrolling on top of his dear little head, said a long and tender farewell, accompanied by an equally long and tender handshake, to Madame, and departed. Then things began to go wrong. Upon turning the corner he discovered he had forgotten his new tan gloves, specially purchased to match the beautiful tan of his shoes, but it was too late to return for them. He hurried on, trusting he would not encounter "Her," who was the beautiful demoiselle who sometimes travelled in the same street-car. They were in love but she was not yet aware of the fact.

On reaching the corner of the Rue de la Republique, he espied the street car just a couple of blocks ahead. He walked on, and presently overtook it. Clambering on board he was relieved to find that "She" was absent, and he was spared the horrible humiliation of appearing before "Her" with his hands in a nude condition. The tram dashed onward with its usual alarming velocity and presently he descended at the barrier.

Horror of horrors! Before his terrified eyes stood the section in mass. He was late. As in a nightmare he heard the S.M. roaring out commands with the Major standing by in his usual Napoleonic attitude. At the same moment he turned and saw "Flyer" who felt himself wither. Faintly he heard the Major's murmured "Good morning" as he wended his way to the appointed place. The straight, regular lines of heroes stared straight ahead at the level of their own eyes. Perhaps they were sorry for him. Inwardly, he knew every man was congratulating himself. Eventually he found himself among his own loyal comrades. They consoled him with whispers of "office" and "up for the old man," but he was now getting his shell-shattered nerves under control, and assumed a nonchalant look of cool composure.

He glanced in the direction of the Major, who was inspecting the nearest squad, and at the moment was informing a lanky young gentleman with long blonde locks, that fifty cents, times judiciously invested would go a long way towards improving his personal appearance. All too soon he

came to K.X. Section, and to Flyer whose nerve was beginning to go again. He stepped back and scrutinized the young soldier's boots and lower extremities. Suddenly he emitted a solitary syllable—"Whadye-meaning-got-your-pants-on?" He stammered something about the lady's husband being home on leave, and not having time—but the Major cut it short. His gaze travelled to the top of Flyer's head. He looked at it so intently that his head began to feel cold, and he wondered how long it would be before blessed oblivion descended on him. Presently the Major asked him to hand his request, the victim extended the hat in the most approved manner, between the thumb and index fingers of the right hand.

"How-long-ve-you-addit?" inquired the Major.

"Since August, 1914, Sir," was the reply.

"Time you had a new one and a bit off the top of your hair wouldn't do any harm and don't forget to wash-around-your-ears-tomorrow-morning." And then the Major passed on to the next victim.

EAT LESS.

That, Says Writer, is Whole Secret of Food Conservation.

The chief topic of conversation in London today, if not the war, but food. A sudden and inexplicable shortage in the supply of tea has upset the British equilibrium. The average Briton must have his tea. The first thing he or she does after getting out of bed in the morning is to light a lamp under a Russian samovar or British tea-kettle and brew a strong decoction of the Anatic herb. Nine Britons out of every ten start the day in that manner, and their parents did before them. Next to the Russians, they are the tea-drinkers of Europe. One day suddenly rose from 2s 4d to 4s and 5s. This threw Britons, rich and poor, into panic. A rush of buyers disclosed the fact that shopkeepers would only sell two ounces to each customer. Then everybody realized, as not before, that nearly every article of food was steadily increasing in price. Hence the universal theme of talk.

While Lord Rhonda, the British Food Controller, was "regulating" one staple, the "purveyors" would push up another article of diet. Then began the bitterest war ever waged against the "middleman"—the commission broker, who "scalped the market" by robbing both producer and consumer.

This class of people has an ugly customer to deal with in Lord Rhonda. Before he was "un-nobled" he was plain David A. Thomas, a colliery magnate of South Wales, and is now aged 61 years. He was a sturdy, business and unselfish man, and a foe to wastage in every branch of livelihood. When selected for his present job, he displayed his Welsh traits to a high degree. He organized the Food Department on a strictly business and unselfish basis. He decentralized his task by creating more than 2,000 committees in all parts of the United Kingdom. His powers were such that he could put out of business any "food shark" at an hour's notice. He was not timid about exercising his authority. He knew his task was thankless and bound to be unpopular, but he went straight ahead. Where not a pound of butter was to be had, he found plenty. He soon changed that, and best butter sells in London to-day at 2s 6d. He especially grappled with wheat, meat, and coal. On these he absolutely regulated themselves, for if they go to fancy prices, the majority of people quit using them. This boycott, self-acting, and not a matter of conspiracy, soon brings dealers to their senses; they get rid of their stock as best they can and do not purchase more.

Lord Rhonda soon saw that "pro-ferencing" could not be stopped by a wave of his hand. He resorted to some harsh measures. He arbitrarily fixed the rate of profit to be made at each stage, from producer to customer, and limited the number of intermediaries. He enforced a scale of punishments, provided for in the bill, high enough to be deterrent, but not so high as to be vindictive. The whole problem of the Food Controller, whether his name be Herbert C. Hoover or Lord Rhonda, is to induce people to eat less. As more and more money is put in circulation, whether due to increased wages or to war-time commerce, the tendency is to eat more. Reduced food consumption can only be achieved by voluntary economy. It becomes a matter of national honor—a thing to be emulated and rigidly yielded to by rich and poor.

Only Two Colleges.

You have a great many universities and colleges, but England has only two, or practically only two, Oxford and Cambridge," said Lord Reading at a dinner in New York. "Oxford and Cambridge are so drilled into the English schoolboy that, if you ask him what air is composed of, instead of answering that it is composed of oxygen and hydrogen he'll say: 'Oxygen and Cambridge!'"

Mr. and Mrs. James Hickey, Glenburnie, have returned from Chatham, after attending the reception of the profession of their daughter, Sister St. James and Sister Margaret, at the Ursuline College, "The Pines."

Sir John Gibson is leaving shortly for France.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Chapman, Rochester, N.Y., announce the marriage of their daughter, Luella Sprey, to Sergeant Robert W. Sanderson, of Camp Dix, Wrightstown, New Jersey.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Russell Stuart announce the engagement of their only daughter, Mary Isabel Gertrude, to Arthur Stuart Bleakney, B.A. (late

Told In Twilight

Mrs. C. Stuart Parsons and her two children who have been with Mr. and Mrs. James R. Henderson, Earl street, returned to Ottawa today.

Mrs. Francis King, Stuart street, entertained informally at the tea hour on Friday in honor of Miss Alice Hague.

Miss Hilda Jordan, Barrie street, entertained at the tea hour on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. R. Bruce Taylor.

Miss Kathleen Saunders, Alice street, will be the hostess at the bridge club on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Sanford Calvin entertained informally at the tea hour on Wednesday.

Miss Gwendolyn Folger returned home today after visiting Miss Margaret Wise, in Toronto. Principal and Mrs. W. L. Grant are in town from Toronto for a few days.

Mrs. E. Moore, Union street, left today for Brooklyn, N.Y., where she will be guest of Dr. and Mrs. G. F. Moore.

Capt. and Mrs. C. S. Hanson, Bagot street, were expected home from Montreal today.

Miss Margaret Merrick, William street, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Carlos Kirkgaard, in Beloit, Que. Charles Taylor, Johnson street, has been spending a few days in St. Mary's, Ont.

Miss Olive Chown, University avenue, has returned from Cobourg.

Miss Gladys May and Miss Gwen Gauley have returned to resume their studies at Queen's after spending the holidays in Ottawa.

Miss Margaret Stevenson, New York, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Stevenson, Brock street.

Miss Sybil Kirkpatrick, Johnson street, who has been visiting Miss Edna Thackeray in Ottawa, has returned home.

Miss Moira Guthrie has returned to Queen's after spending the past two weeks at her home in Inverness.

Capt. Rhodes, M.C., who has been instructing at the Royal Military College, called this week to rejoin his regiment in England.

Mrs. Francis Botterill, Montreal, who is visiting Mrs. James Cappel, will, next week, be the guest of Mrs. Walter Macnee, Union street.

Prof. Iva Martin, King street, has returned from Picton.

Hon. H. W. and Mrs. Richardson, and Miss Mabel Richardson, "Alwington" expect to leave next week for California.

Miss Gwen Byrne, Ancaster, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Richardson, Johnson street.

Miss Dorothy Burton, is returning to St. Agnes School, Belleville, on Monday.

Capt. E. C. A. Crawford, who was in town this week, is leaving shortly for Vancouver.

Mrs. Bernard Browne, who has been the guest of Mrs. H. Hubbell, Bagot street, left on Thursday for Ottawa.

Mrs. J. C. Gwillim and Miss Gwyneth Gwillim have returned from Atlantic City.

Mrs. Arthur Evans, Miss Marjorie and Master John Evans, King street, who have been visiting Mrs. Nash in Montreal, were expected home today.

Mrs. W. P. Hedley, University avenue, has returned to town after spending several weeks in London, Ont.

Miss Lulu McLean, Kingston, was a recent guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward McLean, Athens.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wright, Mack street, have returned from Halifax where they spent several weeks with their daughter, Mrs. (Rev.) John McKinnon.

The Marchioness of Donegal is busy with work for prisoners of war and when she goes to England to see her son, the young marquis, who is at Eton, she takes an active part in canteen work. Lady Donegal, who was Miss Violet Twining, of Halifax, is greatly interested in the London General Hospital at Wandsworth, where many Canadian wounded are sent.

Mrs. F. P. Douglas and Miss Sproule are spending a few days in Kingston.

C. W. Livingston, Toronto, was in the city for several days visiting his brother, Lieut. Ross Livingston.

Senator and Mrs. George Taylor, Gananoque, are staying at the Chateau Laurier in Ottawa.

Miss O'Connor, Kingston, visiting Mrs. Keon in Trenton, has returned home.

Mrs. H. S. Gordon, Pembroke street, has had Mrs. W. B. Close and Miss Annie Close, Nanaimo, as visitors.

Miss Helene Corrigan, who has been spending the vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Corrigan, Johnson street, will return to Chatham to-morrow to resume her studies at Ursuline College, "The Pines."

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Probs: Sunday, strong west winds, fair, very cold.

TONIGHT at STEACY'S

STORE OPEN UNTIL 9.30.

Ladies' Wool Underwear Sale

The prices quoted for tonight's selling are 25% less than today's wholesale cost.

PURE WOOL VESTS

Six only Jaeger 100% pure wool vests, regular \$3.00 values.

Tonight \$1.98

10 only sleeveless Woolsley Brand Vests. Regular \$2.25.

Tonight \$1.29

48 odd lines of fine wool vests, in different makes. Priced regularly up to \$2.25.

Tonight 98c

DRAWERS

18 doz. Penman's fine wool cashmere drawers — worth \$2.25 to \$2.50 each.

Tonight \$1.29

12 doz. odd makes of drawers, priced from \$1.50 to \$2.25.

Tonight 98c

REMNANT SALE — TONIGHT AND ALL DAY MONDAY

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FEEL FINE! TAKE "CASCARETS" FOR LIVER, BOWELS

Spend 10 Cents! Don't Stay Bilious, Sick, Headachy, Constipated.

Can't Harm You! Best Cathartic For Men, Women and Children.

Enjoy life! Your system is filled with an accumulation of bile and bowel poison which keeps you bilious, headachy, dizzy, tongue coated, breath bad and stomach sour. Why don't you get a 10-cent box of Cascarets at the drug store and feel better. Take Cascarets to-night and enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced. You'll wake up with a clear head, clean tongue, lively step, rosy skin and looking and feeling like a new man. Cascarets is a safe, reliable, never gripe or sicken.

Buy Your Records for Your New Victrola in our new Victrola Department.

Mr. and Mrs. George J. S. Milne, Arrprior, announce the engagement of their youngest daughter, Hannah Mary, to CHITON Osborne Thacker, younger son of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Thacker, Renfrew. The marriage will take place the latter part of January.

(Continued on Page 14.)

18,000 Miles for Two Cents. This is what the Post Office did for a penny in order to deliver a letter to a soldier:

Sent it first to the Topographical Section, R.E., East Africa.

Forwarded it to Dodoma; 100 miles inland.

Transmitted it to the Military Hospital, Cape Town.

Sent it back to home address.

Forwarded it to a camp in England.

Returned it home again.

Delivered it at Carnarough, Antrim.

The letter, posted in January, was received in August, and Mr. R. Marston, Woodvale road, Belfast, who has forwarded the envelope for inspection, estimates that it has journeyed 18,000 miles. Back and front, the envelope is covered with addresses.

Ancient Heligoland. Centuries ago Heligoland, the present great German naval base in the North Sea, was at least five times its present size and a place of no little importance. Like so many islands, it was a peculiar attraction for the peoples of the surrounding mainlands. They stood in awe of it, and mythology claimed it for its own. It was here that Forset, the god of justice, had a temple, as had also, according to another tradition, the goddess Hecche, a special object of veneration among the Angles of the mainland. Later on it was the realm of the Pagan king, Radbod.

Potatoes. The potato was first introduced into Spain by Hieronymus Cardan, a monk, in 1565; into England by Sir John Hawkins and Sir Francis Drake in 1563; and into Ireland by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1582.

Premier Borden says there will be no conscription of labor yet.



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BARGAINS FOR COLD WEATHER

We have several pair of felt gaiters, with light leather soles and foxing, just the thing for under overshoes. While they last \$2.15

A few boys' skating boots, sizes 2 and 4, regular \$2.50 value for \$1.98

Jack Johnston's Shoe Store 70 Brock Street.

PRIVATE LEAVES GERMANY. BROCKVILLE MEMBER OF 59th BATTALION TOTALLY BLIND.

Brockville, Jan. 11.—Mrs. Lydia Storey has been officially advised that her husband, Pte. Burton Storey, previously reported a prisoner of war, had arrived at Rotterdam, Holland, being transferred for repatriation.

Pte. Storey enlisted with the 59th Battalion, and while serving with the Royal Canadian Regiment on Oct. 3rd, 1916, was wounded and taken prisoner. As a result of his wounds he is totally blind, and has not seen the light of day for over a year. His relatives are living in hope that his sight will be restored by skilful medical treatment in England.

Deport French to Russia. London, Jan. 12.—A German official statement, according to an Amsterdam despatch to the Central News, says:

"As a reprisal for the retention of inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine, against the law of nations, 600 French will be conveyed to Russia from January 6, and within a few days 400 French women will be sent to the camp at Hostanin (Duchy of Brunswick)."

On Tuesday the marriage took place in Brockville of Miss Edith Simmons, who recently arrived from England, and Harold I. Albers.

A London music hall has a chandelier containing 60 500-candlepower electric lights.

Keys Wanted

Customers holding keys for the cabinet of silver are asked to return these at once to be fitted, so the cabinet can be awarded to the holder of the lucky key, and keys must be returned to the main store.

Best's

Popular Drug Store. Phone 59. Branch 2018

KEELEY JR., M.O.D.O.



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And We Use No Drugs.

Keeley Jr., M.O.D.O. 226 Princess Street

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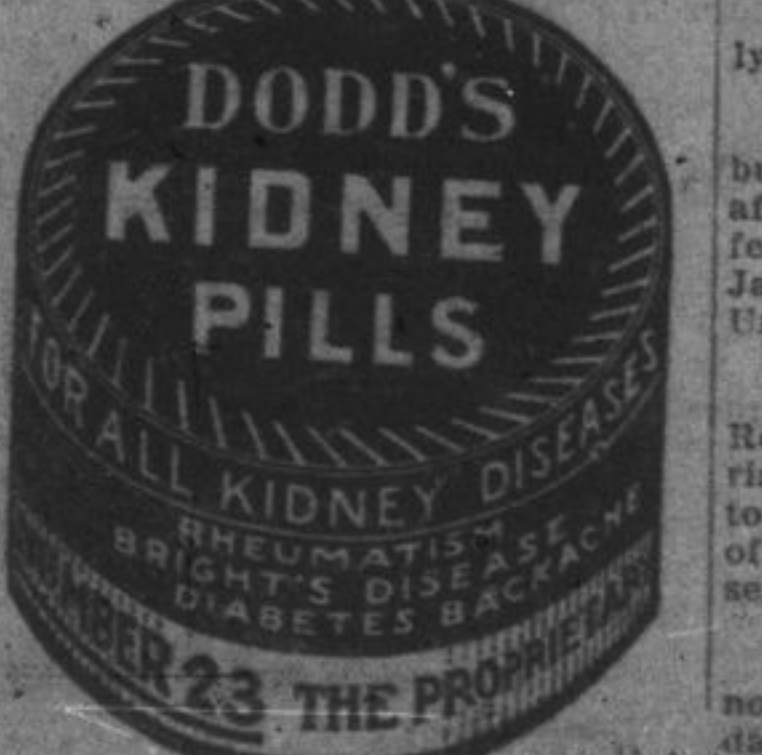
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