

**BERLIN IN WAR TIME**

NEUTRAL WOMAN WRITES OF HER EXPERIENCES THERE.

The City That Was Once Bathed in a Lake of Light is Now Quiet and Gloomy, and the Citizens Are Engaged in Meeting Many Serious Problems.

I HAVE often been obliged to ask myself with surprise, when walking of an evening in the western part of Berlin, whether I was really in the great capital, which I recollect as a city bathed in a lake of light, and in which the life of labor and of enjoyment appeared never to cease day or night. How quiet and, above all, how dark the city has become! It is not advisable to walk through the quieter streets without an electric pocket lamp, but even the streets once so busy in the centre of the city, in which, especially at Christmas time, much animation and traffic prevailed till the late hours of the evening, become quiet in the afternoon.

"Save light and coal," runs the watchword both for public and for private life. The shops close, some at five and some at six o'clock, and few find it amusing to promenade in the twilight of the street illumination to admire the displays in the shop windows. What is mainly lacking in the street traffic is the motor cars which followed each other so swiftly and gave the streets such animation.

Every provincial can now, without the friendly help of the policemen, cross the Potsdam Platz, where the traffic reaches its utmost concentration, and without receiving the impression of running great risk to his life. These circumstances have contributed to teach the Berliner to value his own fireside more, even if, in order to eke things out with the rationed coal, he is obliged to restrict himself to one or two rooms of his often very large residence.

Smuggling was once the Berliner's greatest pleasure, and what he enjoyed above all was acting as bear "eader" on the occasion of visits of his friends from the province. Now, however, the rats are drawn very tight by orders "from headquarters."

What should be done in the restaurants now, when he can no longer get his favorite dishes and selected dainties? The severe police look sharply after it that no one receives more than his ought, and find out all the secret cellars in which the great restaurants have concealed their smuggled supplies in order to be in a position to supply their regular customers with a frequent but feeble reminder of the former luxurious abundance.

I once saw in a very frequented restaurant how an elderly gentleman was treated with striking obsequiousness by every one from the manager to the boy in buttons. We learned that it was the chief of police himself, who was inspecting without having previously announced his visit.

**GRANDMA NEVER LET HER HAIR GET GRAY**

She Kept Her Locks Dark and Glossy with Sage Tea and Sulphur.

When you darken your hair with Sage Tea and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it's done so naturally, so easily. Preparing this mixture, though, at home, is messy and troublesome. At little cost you can buy at any drug store the ready-to-use preparation, improved by the addition of other ingredients called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning all gray hair disappears, and, after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully darkened, glossy, and luxuriant.

Gray, faded hair, though no disgrace, is a sign of old age, and as we all desire a youthful and attractive appearance, get busy at once with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound and look years younger. This ready-to-use preparation is a delightful toilet requisite and a medicinal. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

**HOW A YOUNG GIRL SUFFERED**

And Was Restored to Health By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Told By Her Mother.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—"I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough for what it has done for my daughter. She was 15 years of age, very sickly and pale and she had to stay home from school most of the time. She suffered agonies from backache and dizziness and was without appetite. For three months she was under the doctor's care and got no better, always complaining about her back and side aching so I didn't know what to do. I read in the papers about your wonderful medicine so I made up my mind to try it. She has taken five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and doesn't complain any more with her back and side aching. She has gained in weight and feels much better. I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all mothers and daughters."—Mrs. M. FROES, 516 Nancy Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

For special advice in regard to such ailments, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Externally, also, the restaurants make a different impression now, since there is no longer any table linen. The tables are for the most part covered with a glass plate, but one also sees paper tablecloths. The cafes in which good orchestras play, and where for some time past cabaret artists also appear, are those in which most animation prevails. The attractions of the cafes are not to be sought in the gastronomic delights afforded by food substitutes (Frantz Preparation).

Real enjoyment is still to be found in the theatres and concerts, and although the prices have been greatly increased one has to exert oneself betimes in order to reserve a seat.

Although the latest despatches from the front and the prospects of peace are subject to a thorough discussion on all sides, the question of bodily well-being occupies the front place in every one's thoughts. The question which is uppermost in all minds is whether the various rations—I believe there are twelve different kinds—will be sufficient for the needs of the people, and whether kohlrabi, the national winter dish, could not be prepared for table again in a somewhat different way for the fifth day of the week.

The Berlin women have grown slender owing to the hearty diet of the war, and the question: "How much do you weigh now?" or "How much have you lost since I saw you last?" is as often asked as the quite ordinary "How do you do?"

People who still look rotund and well nourished are frequently to be pitied, for they are easily looked at somewhat askance, with the arrière pensee, "Their larder must be well filled," and the street urubins make fun of them, exclaiming, "Look, there goes another 'Hamsterant,'—a untranslatable expression meaning 'Auntie who gets food on the sly'—or similar amabilities.

People are not always content with the universal distribution, and the Zentral Einkaufs Gesellschaft (Central Purchasing Company) and the municipal authorities are frequently roundly abused. In recent years the people have gradually accustomed themselves to privation, so that the complaints of the smaller quantities of provisions are not excessive.

"We shan't starve in any case," with this comforting assurance the people endeavor to overcome everything. What they most regret if not to be able, when their dear ones come home on leave from the front, to coddle and pet them as much as they could wish, and as much food as possible is always set aside for these visits.

I have always heard that South Germany has more provisions, especially dairy products, than North Germany, particularly Berlin and the west industrial region.

The prohibition of export by the individual states, and, indeed, by the provinces, is maintained very strictly, and every traveller must reconcile himself to having his luggage examined.

Naturally recourse is had to every device for smuggling. Once during a visit, when I expressed surprise that the rare delicacy of a piece of ham was presented to me, my hostess told me that she had received it in a very secret way. One day she received from a friend of hers living abroad a fat parcel of newspapers. She expected to find some specially interesting articles, but to her amazement she discovered, fixed in the newspapers, a small flat packet filled with butter and another containing ham.

This manoeuvre succeeded a couple of times with cocoa and sugar, also, but at last an ingenious post-office official must have suspected the secret. The newspapers still arrive, but the most important news has always been cut out of them.

Yet with money you are able to open many a back door, and occasionally to buy a pound of butter for 20 marks (\$5), or get a bit more sugar, rice or similar delicacies. Any price asked is paid, in order to get extra food without a card.

Most housewives have to do their own work, since they are not able to pay the wages, which have increased threefold, for domestic help. Moreover, not every housewife can comply with the demands of her servant, for before the latter accepts service she asks the question, "Have you supplies, ma'am, or do you live from what you get on the roads?" If the latter is the case she rejects the place with great indignation.

**Are Pigs Cause of the War?**

An ingenious philosophic historian, seeking cause and effect in the present cataclysm, has traced its origin entirely to pigs. The line of reasoning seems fairly direct. Serbia is chiefly a pig-raising country, it has for years depended for its economic prosperity almost entirely upon the export of this product. Unfortunately this little people could send its pigs to the outside world only by way of Austria, which had the unpleasant habit of clearing the ports whenever she desired to discipline her cantankerous neighbor. Serbia's desire for expansion, particularly her ambition for a port on the Adriatic, has been mainly for the purpose of obtaining a trade route by which her pigs could get access to the markets of the world. Hence all the troublous times in the Balkans, and hence ultimately this calamity. Whether pigs started the war, however, it seems not improbable that they will play an important part in ending it. At least that is a fact which Mr. Hoover and his associates are attempting to impress upon the American consumer and the American farmer. The emphatic message is going out to the farmer—"Raise hogs!" An equally emphatic injunction is being laid upon the American housewife—"Economize on fat!"—The World's Work.

J. L. Thompson, formerly of Morewood, but of late employed in the Wilberforce Cheese factory, is about to start a cheese factory at Killaloe Station.



**THE CRISIS!**

JUST an ordinary cup of coffee! Surely nothing could be more commonplace to you. But—

To wounded, broken and exhausted Canadian men staggering out of a furnace of shells, at Vimy Ridge, with nerves torn to pieces, that little refreshment in the moment of crisis—who can measure its significance? For it may mean life itself!

**Y.M.C.A. Red Triangle Fund**  
\$2,250,000, May 7, 8, 9  
Canada-Wide Appeal

Here is an officer's picture of the need: "I wish you and the people supplying free hot drinks could see the men coming in after a big action. They would look like grotesque scarecrows if you couldn't see the pathos of it. Their shoulders and heads sag forward and they slouch slowly along with never a glance to left or right. The strangest thing about them is their faces. If the tension is not broken the brain may snap. I certainly believe that in thousands of cases it was that first hot coffee that dragged the man back to life and sanity."

Is there a man, woman or boy in all Canada to whom these heroes would appeal in vain? Will you help the Y.M.C.A. supply the coffee and the thousand and one other needs of body, mind and spirit "over there?"

Can proud Canadians send a more heartening, more practical message to Canadian heroes now amid the perils of the greatest battle in history than this: "that the Canadian people responded to the Call of the Y.M.C.A. with magnificent, abundant whole-hearted Generosity!" Will YOU Help?

Many Give their Lives—All Can Give their Money

**National Council, Young Men's Christian Association**

Headquarters: 120 Bay Street, Toronto

JOHN W. ROSS (Montreal)  
National Chairman of Red Triangle Fund

G. A. WARBURTON (Toronto)  
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