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THE FIGHT FOR BAKU

CHANGES IN TRANS-CAUCASIAN DISTRICT ARE NUMEROUS.

British Appeared Upon the Scene. When the Turks and the Germans Were Quarrelling Over the Loos After Betraying the Inhabitants— A Little Known Phase of the War.

THE recent evacuation of Baku by the British on account of the unreliability of the Armenian army calls attention to a phase of the war about which very little is known in Canada. We heard little about the proclamation of the Georgian independence in the spring of the present year and the arrival of the British contingent at Baku. The facts are accordingly of interest.

On May 26 of this year Georgia declared herself independent as a consequence of the dissolution of the Trans-Caucasian Republic, from which the Tartars separated themselves, while the southern provinces, including Batum and Kara, were occupied by Turkey.

The influences which led to the dissolution of the Trans-Caucasian Republic had been at work since the beginning of the revolution of March, 1917, when Turkey, through her agents, penetrated into Eastern Trans-Caucasia and the Northern Caucasus, using Mohammedan priests as propagandists. Turkey was afraid that the formation of the Trans-Caucasian Republic, including the Georgians, Tartars and Armenians, would separate from her the Mohammedan Tartars, and close the doors to her penetration into Turkestan, and that in years to come the Trans-Caucasian Republic, with its resources and population, would become a formidable unit, which could not be treated as a subservient vassal.

After capturing the fortresses of Batum and Kara—a task which was not so difficult, as the population of Trans-Caucasia was demoralized by revolutionary propaganda, just as were the inhabitants of other parts of the former Russian Empire, and therefore could not offer substantial resistance, especially as there was no hint of forthcoming help from outside. Turkey occupied the strategic positions of Trans-Caucasia, from which she was able to dictate terms or to proceed to complete her occupation of Trans-Caucasia. At this stage, however, Germany interfered as she also wanted some booty in Trans-Caucasia, principally with an eye to her railway routes to Turkestan and Persia.

Georgia, after having been deprived of her fairest provinces in the south of the Batum district and her chief port of Batum, was recognized by Germany as "independent," the area concerned comprising the provinces of Tiflis, Koutais and Soukhoum. Meanwhile, the Armenians, who have been deprived of all their territory in Turkey, hold a small strip of territory in the province of Erivan as an "independent" republic, while the Tartars have been allotted the provinces of Baku, Alizavetpol and part of the Erivan province, the latter being styled the Aderbeijan republic.

These three republics were then invited to go to Constantinople and after two months of blackmailing, threats and requisitions, have been forced to sign a "peace treaty" with Turkey, by which Georgia becomes a German protectorate and the Armenians are placed under Turkish "protection." Prior to the signing of these "peace treaties," however, on June 24, the day on which Dr. von Kuhlmann made his declaration in the Reichstag concerning Georgia, 3,000 German troops were landed at the Georgian port of Poti on the Black Sea, and advanced along the railway to Tiflis, the capital of Georgia. By this means Germany succeeded in obtaining control of Tiflis, which is the centre of railway lines, the chief of which radiate toward Persia and Turkestan.

From that moment competition set in between Germany and Turkey concerning the rearrangement of the territories in Trans-Caucasia. Turkey claimed special protection over the eastern part of Trans-Caucasia, which is populated by Mohammedan Tartars and including the classic oil fields of Baku. This gave rise to great dissension between Turkey and Germany, the more so as the oil wealth of the Caucasus represents several thousand million pounds.

The strategic importance of Baku is enormous, both for the control of the Caspian Sea and for that of the routes leading toward Turkestan, Afghanistan and Northern Persia, and had this action taken place in January last, but for German and the Turkish penetration of the Caucasus would have been either entirely prevented, with the help of the Georgians and Armenians, or its dimensions very substantially curtailed.

A message from Constantinople now announces that, as a result of a plebiscite held in the districts of Kara, Batum and Ardahan, a decision was recorded by 85,124 votes out of 87,048 in favor of the union of these three districts with Turkey. What bitter irony it is that Turkey, which cannot call herself a civilized power, is talking about a plebiscite having been carried out after the has conscripted the able-bodied male population of these districts and has obtained the plebiscite under pressure of Turkish bayonets. The vast majority of the inhabitants of these three districts are Georgian Mohammedans, who have always wished for union with their Christian brothers. Every inch of this territory is bound up with the history of the Georgian race, and it is a cruel fate that, on this sacred soil, the young Turks should be organizing an operative referendum in order to give to their criminal activities an appearance of toward decency.

If you would be classed as a good fellow, all you have to do is to applaud your fool friends.

The ficker never always tell everything that happens in Wall street.

Never judge the weather by the prediction of a prophet. Many a man is happy only because he believes himself so.

Many a man is happy only because he believes himself so.

THE GREATEST ROBBER KING.

Frederick the Great, Founder of "Prussianism."

They have taken down the statue of Frederick the Great in Washington. Let us ask ourselves why he was called great. He tried to do many things, and from the position he occupied he was able to essay them under the most favorable auspices. In which of them, then, did he excel to such degree as to earn the title by which he is known?

He tried to write poetry, but even Voltaire's hired praise (which he reversed as soon as his pay was stopped) has not convinced the world that he was great in that department. He tried the flute and the fiddle, but we should inquire in vain for any evidence that he ravished any ear on those instruments. He tried to be a lawyer, but outside of kicking the shins of his judges when they objected to his interference he acquired no greatness in that attempt. In what, then, was Frederick the Great great? The answer is too plain that he was great only in those qualities of peridy, cunning, faithlessness, cruelty and rapacity that made him the greatest robber king who ever sat upon a throne. In that greatness he has had few emulators, and in our times, at least, they have been confined to his own family.

Frederick, to do him justice, pretended to be nothing but what he was. When he started out to rob a neighbor he did not go forth canting about his mission. He called things by their right names. When he started out to rob Maria Theresa of Silesia some flatterer about the court inscribed a banner to be borne by the army with the words, "For God and Our Country." Frederick regarded it with disdain. "Strike out 'For God,'" he said, "we are going to get a province, not to defend religion." He was under solemn treaty pledge to respect the Queen of Hungary's title to that province and cynically admitted it. But his ambition and his interest, he said, demanded a war of conquest, to which reasons he added one of personal vanity.

Frederick entered on this war with something of the impishness with which he was accustomed to throw oil on the new velvet suit of a courtier who was taking too much pride in his looks. Thus we have him writing home in a vein of questionable pleasantry. "I have the honor to inform your humanity that we are Christianly preparing to bombard Neisse; and that, if the place will not surrender, we shall be obliged to see that it is beaten to powder." It is easy to imagine the present wielder of Frederick's sword rubbing his hands in the same way before Louvain and Rheims. It was to the same correspondent that Frederick wrote in his most cynical and humorous, "My dear Monsieur Jordan, my sweet Monsieur Jordan, my quiet Monsieur Jordan, my good, my benign, my pacific, my most humane Monsieur Jordan—I announce to your serenity the conquest of Silesia." It was in such humor that he pursued his career.

If treachery to an ally is a title to greatness Frederick was great in that, too. He made an alliance with France and then came to secret terms with Austria, by which he was still to pretend to make war against her, but to allow her to withdraw her army from in front of him to surprise his ally in another quarter. The record of his treachery was made in Frederick's own hand. "In exchange (for Silesia) we will go no farther. We will besiege Neisse for form. The commandant will surrender, and depart. We will quietly go into winter quarters; and they (the Austrians) can take their army where they will. Let all be finished in twelve days."

This is the Frederick who was called great. He was the founder of Prussianism, the full fruits of which the world now sees.

The Kaiser's Change. "The Kaiser's whining speech on the fourth anniversary of the war," said a leading public man, "declares that Germany's sole aim is to live at peace with peaceful neighbors. The Kaiser started the world war in a different spirit. Four years ago the Kaiser thought himself a very bold, bad man—a world destroyer. Yes, the Kaiser thought he was a second Redface Leary. A preacher interrupted an altercation that Redface was conducting one afternoon in front of the Tin Can saloon. 'My dear Redface,' said the preacher, 'don't you know that you should love your enemies?' Redface, twirling his six-shooter round his thumb carelessly, replied: 'That's a thing I can't do, parson.' 'Why not, my dear Redface,' why not?' said the parson, warmly. 'I ain't got no enemies to love,' said Redface. 'I shot the last one before dinner.'"

Smoke in War. Smoke is a valuable weapon in this war; it is extensively used on both sides to mask military and naval movements, and elaborate means have been devised to throw up clouds of smoke. A very interesting use of smoke is described in the Scientific American: "During a poisonous gas attack smoke is employed to ward off the fumes. Being considerably heavier than the poisonous gases generally employed, a barrage of smoke causes the dangerous fumes to pass over trench and dugouts and to dissipate themselves in higher regions."

Her Correction. It is a fine story that comes from Blighty, of a Tommy who was having tea in a garden with some kind old ladies whom he was entertaining with accounts of his experiences in Flanders. Every time he said "Wipers" one of the ladies murmured "Eeperrr." Later, Tommy, when asked by his mates what sort of a time he had, said: "Oh, fair enough, only one of the old ladies had the hiccupus bad. I kind o' tried to go on with my story and not 'elp er'."

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St. Nicholas

In Camp

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the camp Not a sound could be heard but the sentry's tramp, tramp. The boys were all sleeping quite snug in their bunks With occasional snoring in good solid chunks. Some were a-dreaming of homes far away

And mothers preparing for the world's holiday; Others of sweethearts and what they might send

To brighten the day and happiness lend— When all of a sudden there rose such a clatter, All sprang up to see what the world was the matter; They rushed toward the trenches expecting the Bob's, Achi g to give

them some rather rough punches— When what to their wondering eyes should appear

But a convoy deep loaded with Christmaside cheer— Parcels and boxes and everything good— While high on the pile old St. Nicholas stood, A-bowing, and smiling, and beck'ning to all

And easily looking as though he might fall. His face was familiar to all within sight, He was given no challenge, so great was delight. With a wink of his eye and a twist of his head He gave all to know they had nothing to dread, For pausing a moment, he went

straight to work, And selecting a package he gave it a jerk ' And sent it a-flying while calling a name, As the boy it was sent to was answering the same; Then to one and another parcel he gave, Till each but was still as a newly made grave

As the boys, filled with joy at the gifts they received, Hugged them and kissed them, as though they believed Those gifts were 'most human. And Santa looked on Tight gripping his wheel and tooting his horn, Still bowing and smiling; then turned to the right And said "Merry Christmas," and "to all a good night."

Some say that ever gainst that season comes Wherein our Saviour's birth was celebrated The bird of dawn singeth all night long, So hallow'd and so gracious is the time. —Shakespeare.

HARWICH, NOV. 1918. (Apologies to Kipling). "What are the whistles blowin' for?" the little gunner cried. "To line us up, to line us up," the Jolly Tar replied. "What makes you look so bright, so bright?" the little gunner cried. "I'm lovin' what I'm goin' to watch," the Jolly Tar replied. "For we've waited many years for to celebrate the day. When Heine and his sneakin' submarines would come our way. Well, they're corain', sonny, comin', and they don't look none too gay. 'For we're takin' them to England in the mornin'!"

"What's that that's hoverin' overhead?" the little gunner cried. "W'y, that's a British airplane," the Jolly Tar replied. "What's that they're throwin' overhead?" the little gunner cried. "Oh, that's a bloomin' paravane," the Jolly Tar replied. "Though their guns are fore and aft and now the flightless fight is done. This ere's a minin' field we're in, and though the war is won, We don't take any chances when we're dealin' with a 'Un— But we're takin' them to England in the mornin'!"

"What makes them look so black, so black?" the little gunner cried. "Oh, we are British gentlemen," the Jolly Tar replied. "Though shootin' us in open boats was one of Heine's joys, And some of us 'is itchin' for to 'urt those yellow boys. Still, it ain't no time for boastin', and it ain't no time for noise— But we'll rattle the roof off England in the mornin'!"

VILDA SAUVAGE OWENS.

TEACH THE KIDDIES TO CHEW

Children fed on mushy, denatured foods that require little chewing are apt to have defective teeth and unhealthy gums. You cannot eat

Shredded Wheat

without chewing it. The crispness of the shreds of baked whole wheat induce thorough mastication and that means good digestion. If you serve wheat food be sure it is whole wheat in a crisp digestible form — Shredded Wheat is the whole wheat ready-cooked and ready-to-serve. It requires no sugar — simply milk and a little salt



Peace, But—

Huns Leave Belgium in Ghastly Misery; OUR Help N'er So Sorely Needed!

Our troops find the Belgian population gaunt with hunger and suffering terribly for lack of clothes and shelter. Tens of thousands of homes have been blasted away! Peace to them means a cessation of the frightful brutality of the German soldiers; but more than that, it means that they are within our reach, and that we, their grateful Allies, can see that they are provided with food and shelter for the many months that must elapse before they can start life afresh. Fix firmly in your mind that Peace does not mean immediate happiness and prosperity to Belgium, who first stood in the breach, and by so doing made this victorious peace possible.

Help! Help Liberally! Help Quickly! Make cheques payable and send contributions to

Belgian Relief Fund

(Registered under the War Charities Act) to your Local Committee, or to Ontario Branch, Belgian Relief Fund, 95 King Street West, Toronto.



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"It's All Right"

when you use Comfort Soap. It cleanses the clothes honestly, heartily and harmlessly—it saves time and rubbing. Try it and have a brighter, cleaner, easier wash-day.

PUGSLEY, DINGMAN & CO., LIMITED, TORONTO

COMFORT SOAP

"What makes them look so black, so black?" the little gunner cried. "Oh, we are British gentlemen," the Jolly Tar replied. "Though shootin' us in open boats was one of Heine's joys, And some of us 'is itchin' for to 'urt those yellow boys. Still, it ain't no time for boastin', and it ain't no time for noise— But we'll rattle the roof off England in the mornin'!"

Ends Stubborn Coughs in a Hurry

For real effectiveness, this old home-made remedy has no equal. Easily and cheaply prepared.

You'll never know how quickly a bad cough can be conquered, until you try this famous old home-made remedy. Any one who has coughed all day and all night, will say that the immediate relief given is almost like magic. It takes but a moment to prepare, and really there is nothing better for coughs.

Into a 16-oz. bottle, put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth); then add plain granulated sugar syrup to make 16 ounces. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup, if desired. Either way, this mixture saves about four-fifths of the money usually spent for cough preparations, and gives you a more positive, effective remedy. It keeps remarkably and tastes pleasant—children like it.

You can feel this take hold instantly, soothing and healing the membranes in all the air passages. It promptly loosens a dry, tight cough, and soon you will notice the phlegm thin out and then disappear altogether. A day's use will usually break up an ordinary throat or chest cold, and it is also splendid for bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated preparation of the essential oils of the extract, known as the most reliable remedy for throat and chest ailments.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY

WHEN BURNED EMITS AN AGREABLE SMOKE! THE SMELLING OF WHICH PROMPTLY ALLAYS IRRITATION. A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU OF ITS MERITS.

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Such is the statement of Mr. A. O. Norton, of Boston, the largest Jack Manufacturer in the world. His voluntary testimonial regarding ZUTOO follows: 286 Congress St., Boston, Mass. "I have been a sufferer from Headache since childhood and have used all or nearly all the so-called 'cures' on the market. Some months since my attention was called to Zutoo Tablets and I have been using them ever since with the most gratifying results. I find they cure a 'sick' or 'nervous' headache in a few minutes and leave no bad effects. My family use them whenever needed with equally good results. I have frequently given them to friends who were suffering from Headache and they never failed to give quick relief. I always carry Zutoo Tablets in my grip on the road and WOULD NOT BE WITHOUT THEM AT ANY COST." A. O. NORTON. 25 cents per box—at all dealers