

"THE GREAT WAR AS I SAW IT."

By Canon F. G. Scott, C.M.G., D.S.O., of Quebec, Senior Chaplain of the First Canadian Division.



JUST let your clothes soak themselves clean in the wonderful, scientific Rinso suds.

Do not put the Rinso direct from the package into the tub. Make the Rinso liquid first.

Mix half a package of Rinso in a little cool water until it is like cream. Then add two quarts of boiling water and when the froth subsides you will have a clear, amber coloured liquid; put it in a tub of cool or lukewarm water and you will have enough for a batch of clothes. If the clothes are extra soiled, use more Rinso.

Rinso Made by the makers of LUX R.113

A REAL HAIR SAVER

If your hair is falling out, prematurely gray, brittle, lifeless and full of dandruff, quick action must be taken to save it.

Get from any drug or toilet counter to-day a bottle of Parisian Sage and use as directed—there's nothing else so simple, safe and effective.

Before going to bed I rub a little Parisian Sage into my scalp, says a woman whose luxurious, soft and fluffy hair is greatly admired.

Parisian Sage is inexpensive, and money refunded if not satisfactory. McLeod's Drug Store sells lots of it.

Blackheads Go Quick By This Simple Method

Blackheads—big ones or little ones—soft ones or hard ones—on any part of the body, go quick by a simple method that just dissolves them. To do this get about two ounces of peroxide powder from your drugstore—sprinkle a little on a hot, wet sponge—rub over the blackheads briskly for a few seconds—and wash off. You'll wonder where the blackheads have gone.

"TIZ" PUTS JOY IN SORE, ACHING FEET

"TIZ" makes sore, burning, tired feet fairly dance with delight. Away go the aches and pains, the corns, callouses, blisters and bunions.

"TIZ" draws out the acids and poisons that puff up your feet. No matter how hard you work, how long you dance, how far you walk, or how long you remain on your feet, "TIZ" brings restful foot comfort.

"TIZ" is wonderful for tired, aching, swollen, smarting feet. Your feet just tingle for joy; shoes never hurt or seem tight.

Get a box of "TIZ" now from any drugstore or department store. End foot torture forever—wear smaller shoes, keep your feet fresh, sweet and happy.

FACE DISFIGURED NINE MONTHS

Itched and Hard Pimples Broke Out. Cuticura Heals.

"My face and neck all broke out in a mass of nasty pimples. My face used to itch and then hard pimples would break out and fester over. They itched and burned dreadfully at times, and my face was badly disfigured for about nine months. I tried different remedies without any effect. I saw an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. It helped me so much that I bought more, and after using two cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Miss Hattie E. Cruikshank, Lower Caledonia, Nova Scotia.

Give Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum the care of your skin. Sample Book Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 564 St. Paul St., W. B. Stearns, Boston, Mass., U.S.A. Send no money. Sample, Ointment and Soap, 10c. Cuticura Soap 25c per cake without soap.

Small ambitions are the enemies of great achievements.

The High Canadians. Wherever we went on the journey we stayed at the best hotels, for I had told each of the men to bring with him a thousand francs. It was a great puzzle to the Italians that Canadian soldiers were able to stay at the most select hotel in Rome, and also that the officers and men were able to mix together in real comradeship.

The Highlanders in our party of course attracted the greatest attention, and were frequently followed by an admiring crowd as they passed through the streets. Colonel Lamb, the military attache at the Embassy, was very kind to us and secured us many privileges, not the least acceptable of which was free transportation. We split up into small parties, and visited the sights of the Eternal City as we pleased. On the first night after dinner, we paid a visit to the Coliseum by moonlight, which is something to remember. Wherever we went, we met with the kindest treatment. The ladies of the Leave Club gave us an entertainment one evening, which was attended by the military and naval attaches at the British and American Embassies, and by some of the English residents. I was proud of the appearance of the men. Before we left the hotel at Nice, an English lady, the wife of a British General at the front, came up and congratulated me upon the men, and said they were the most gentlemanly young fellows she had ever seen. I think it was a help to them to feel that their appearance in Rome at that critical moment was something which gave our party a kind of political significance, and the phrase, "to help on the cause of the Allies," became a watchword among us.

One night an Italian Colonel asked some of our men to dine with him at his hotel and took them to the theatre afterwards. On another occasion, five of our men were sitting in the front row of one of the theatres when an actor gave an impersonation of the different sovereigns of Europe. When he appeared as King George, the orchestra struck up our National Anthem, and at once our men rose and stood at attention. One of them told me afterwards that he felt cold shivers going down his back as he did so because he was in full view of everybody. For a moment there was a pause, then the audience, understanding what the action meant, rose en masse and stood till the music was over and then clapped their hands and shouted, "Viva l'Inghilterra!"

A VISIT TO THE POPE

Many of our men were anxious to see the Pope, and so it was arranged that we should have an audience. Colonel Lamb informed the 1st-Italian Division that we would march in a body through their district. We started off in the morning, our young Highland officer being in command. As we passed through the streets, the people greeted us very cordially. Many of them raised their hats. The traffic, too, would stop to let us pass. We went to the bridge of Hadrian and arrived at the entrance of the Vatican beside St. Peter's in good time. There we were met by an Irish priest, who remembered me from my previous visit. I asked him if the men should break ranks but he told me to let them come in formation. So, two by two we mounted the glorious Royal Staircase, the splendid surroundings being a good setting for the fine looking soldiers. At the various landings, the Swiss Guards in their picturesque uniform presented arms, and we found ourselves at last in a wonderful hall with richly frescoed walls and ceiling. Here the men were halted and taken in single file into the audience chamber. We had to wait for quite a long time, and at last the Pope entered clothed in white and looking much older and more worn than when I had seen him only a year and a half before. He was very guarded in what he said to us, because we were the first soldiers he had received in a body, and any expression he might make with reference to the war would be liable to various interpretations. He spoke to some of our men in French and then wished us health and protection and a safe return to Canada. Then giving his blessing he left us, and we made our way to the outer room where we reformed and marched off as we had come.

That afternoon we were photographed in the Coliseum, and I visited the interesting old church of St. Clement afterwards. Every evening, after a day spent in rambling among antiquities, we used to attend the opera in the Grand Opera House. It acted as a sort of relaxation after the serious business of sight-seeing. Rumors now reached us of the attack that our Division was making up in the Salient, and one night when I was having tea in the Grand Hotel, I went over and asked a young staff officer whom I saw there if he had any news. He said to me that the Canadian Corps were making an attack at Passchendaele under the most appalling conditions of mud and rain and had covered themselves with glory. I asked him if it was true that Sir William Robertson had come to Rome. "Yes," he said, "I am his son. He has brought me with him and we are all very proud of the Canadians." At another table I saw M. Venetelos. It was understood now that Britain and France were to come to the assistance of Italy, but still Venice was in imminent peril, and the Italians were heartbroken at the way the 3rd Italian Army had behaved. Refugees from the North began to pour into Rome

and affairs were very serious. I told our men of the gravity of the situation and the importance more than ever of helping on the cause of the Allies in every possible way.

A CANADIAN TRIBUTE.

It is the custom at Rome on All Saints' Day, November 2nd, to place flowers and wreaths on the marble steps in front of the equestrian statue of Victor Emmanuel. This year, I was told, the people were going to make a special demonstration. It occurred to me that it might not be a bad idea if we, too, placed a wreath to the memory of our comrades. I put the matter before Colonel Lamb and he said it was a very good idea indeed, but asked us to put on the card which would be attached to our wreath, the words, "To the brave Italian dead, from their comrades in the British Empire," rather than "To the brave Italian dead from their Canadian comrades." He said he was anxious to emphasize the connection between the British and Italians. An Italian major made the arrangements with me for carrying out the project. Poor man, he was moved at the thought of the disgraceful surrender of the 3rd Italian Army that his eyes filled with tears as he talked about it, and said, "What will our Allies think about Italy when her men behave like that!" I told him it was only a small part of their army and that the rest had behaved very gallantly. That afternoon, preceded by two of our sergeants carrying a large wreath of laurel tied with purple ribbons, to which we attached two cards with the inscription, one in English and one in Italian, we marched through the crowds of onlookers, who took off their hats as we passed, until we reached the great marble steps which lead up to the gilded statue of the late King. Here there was a magnificent display of flowers made up in all sorts of designs. The crowd gave way before us, and one of the officials who had been directed by the Italian major took the wreath from us and gave it a place of honor in front of the statue. We stood in a long line on the marble steps and saluted and then turned and left. The people clapped their hands and shouted, "Viva l'Inghilterra!" We were pleased at the impression the simple act of courtesy made, and felt that it was helping on the cause of the Allies.

Our men were always very much amused by the moving picture shows, the character of these entertainments being so different from that of similar exhibitions at the front. They were so tragic and so sentimental that they did not appeal strongly to the wholesome minds of Canadian soldiers. It was always very interesting to hear their criticisms of the customs and outlook of the people with whom we were sojourning. There is no doubt that the army mind is the sanest and most wholesome in the whole community. It may not express itself in the most artistic terms or the most religious language but its judgments are absolutely sound and worthy of the most careful consideration. I am sure that Canadian political life, unless other influences nullify it, will be immeasurably bettered by the soldiers' vote.

I had the great privilege of a visit to Cardinal Gasquet in the home of the Dominicans not far from St. Peter's. The interview had been arranged for me by an English priest whom I met at the hospital of the Blue Nuns, where I had taken two of our men who were ill with pneumonia. The Cardinal is engaged in the stupendous task of revising the text of the Latin Vulgate. He showed me photographs of the ancient manuscripts with the various readings noted. It will be years before the great task is completed, but when it is, it will remain untouched for centuries to come. He told me that news had just been received of the consecration of the first Roman Catholic Bishop in Russia. This had been made possible by the overthrow of the reigning dynasty. He was most kind, and told me many interesting things about life in Rome during the war, and before I left he asked me to write my name in his visitor's book, pointing out to me on the upper part of the page the signature of the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne.

Useful Propaganda.

Altogether we had been absent by this time for nearly two weeks, and had still a long journey ahead of us. I thought, however, that the valuable service our men were rendering the great cause justified our over-staying our leave. In fact, when I was to say good-bye to Colonel Lamb, he and his staff told me that the presence of our men in the city at that time had been worth any amount of printed propaganda. I hinted that some statement of that kind to General Currie might be a good thing. To my great delight soon after we had returned, General Currie received the following letter, which has an official stamp which I never expected:—

BRITISH EMBASSY, ROME, 9th November, 1917.

"Dear General, "With reference to the recent visit to Rome of a party of Canadian officers and soldiers, I am requested by H. E. Sir Rennell Rodd to inform you of the excellent impression produced among the inhabitants of this city, by the soldier-like tenour, and excellent and courteous behaviour of all ranks belonging to the party. "Their visit has helped to inspire Italians with a feeling of confidence

in their Allies at a time of great anxiety and trial.

"Believe me, "Yours very truly, CHARLES A. LAMB, Colonel, Military Attache, Rome (Signed). (Continued on Wednesday.)



Toby was an aristo-Cat; Rich was the table where he sat. Yet Toby wouldn't toss therefrom A single scrap to starveling Tom.

Then fate threw Toby on the street Where he begged Tom for food to eat. But Tom said, "Nix—you wouldn't share With me; so beat it, get the air!"

The Moral—"Share your food and pelf You may need friends some day yourself!" —Esop, Jr.



Real Good Soap

A Big Bar of Good Soap—Bright, solid soap with fine lathering and cleansing qualities for the family wash and household use.

For use in washing machines shave or slice a portion of the "SURPRISE" bar direct to the machine—it will do fine work.

Choice Meals

Government Inspected

Every ounce of meat that goes into Victory Canned Products—

Is rigidly inspected by a corps of Dominion Government inspectors, appointed by the Department of Agriculture in order that Victory Canned Products will be absolutely pure, wholesome, of the highest quality and canned in a sanitary manner.

These inspectors are on duty every minute during the operation of the plant, and every process from the beginning to the finished product in the can comes under the critical scrutiny of a corps of veterinarians and other experts.

Inspection like this costs us more, but protects the health of your family, and is your insurance of sound product manufactured under sanitary conditions.

If you want to be sure of that kind of protection, insist upon Victory Canned Products.

NATIONAL CANNED MEATS LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA



Tommy's Tired "Tummy"

is easily restored to normal action by the right kind of food—but men in the evening of life don't find it so easy. They must coddle and coax their digestive organs back to normal strength. Nothing you can eat is so easily digested as

Shredded Wheat

and nothing is so strengthening and satisfying. It makes healthy tissue and rich, red blood, supplying the greatest amount of strength with the least tax upon the digestive organs. Children like its tasty crispness and the delicious aroma of the baked wheat.

Shredded Wheat Biscuit is delicious with hot or cold milk, sliced bananas, prunes or canned fruits. Trisecit is the Shredded Wheat wafer and is eaten with butter, cheese or marmalade.

