

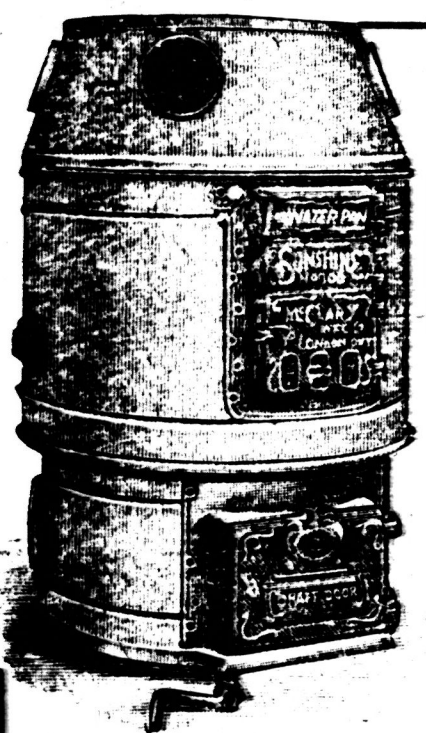
Raising Pork Behind The Lines



A British Army Piggy in France.—Camp waste utilized to produce food.



On the British Western Front in France.—A machine gun position which is holding the Germans.



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General Sir Henry Wilson

His Unrivalled Knowledge

Of Western Battle Lines

SIR HENRY WILSON, K.C.B., D.S.O., who has been appointed Britain's military representative on the military secretariat which will advise the superior war council on strategy, has at length achieved a position commensurate with the expectation of his friends. He is but little known to the public. In fact, it is probable the average newspaper reader first learned of his existence from communications which announced his presence in Italy with the representatives of France and Britain who met Italian statesmen and soldiers in the momentous conference at Rapallo. Then the public perhaps laboriously came to the conclusion that he was there in the capacity of liaison officer between the French and British armies, a post which he had only lately relinquished. But soldiers knew that he was there on his merits as a soldier and rumors quickly followed of his pending appointment to a very high position indeed.

Military circles it is regarded as surprising that so little has been heard of Sir Henry Wilson in view of his striking abilities and of his now sudden elevation to a supreme position. He has an unrivalled knowledge of the Western front, for he always forecasted that German militarists meant to make that sudden rush on the west which startled the world in 1914, and therefore he took special pains to study it. He cycled or walked every mile of it repeatedly every year, it is said, and not seldom got into trouble with the French authorities, from which his Irish charm and wit always extricated him. He it was who, with Viscount French, carried on the "conversations" with the French general staff which are recorded in the white papers dealing with the origins of the war and during which the various possibilities of a war with Germany were surveyed. During the great and terrible retreat from Mons, when the Old Contemptibles gathered the spears of the Prussian legions into their breast and in perishing saved Europe, Sir Henry Wilson proved himself a tower of strength. His unique capacity for divining the enemy's intention, his coolness and resource in keeping the broken British regiments together, his ingenuity in devising plans, his unflinching sense of proportion, his cheerfulness and confidence when the night was darkest, when utter disaster was reckoned by great soldiers to be a certainty and British statesmen were told to expect the worst, enabled him as Viscount French's deputy chief of staff to render services to his country whose value cannot be measured. That is the verdict of his friends and of those who know his work in these tremendous days. He was certainly rewarded for his services with the command of an army corps, but it was not its fortune to take part in the main fighting which subsequently followed.

Early in 1915 he went to French headquarters as chief liaison officer, where he certainly won the complete confidence of his French colleagues from Marshal Joffre downward, and no doubt contributed in large measure to that mutual good-will and understanding which has characterized French and British co-operation in all theatres of war. At the close of last year he went with Gen. de Castelnau to Russia, but the fruits of this mission were not fully reaped owing to the revolution. From there he returned to his liaison work, was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general, and was appointed to the command of the eastern command in Great Britain as commander-in-chief. By this time, however, Mr. Lloyd George, who had frequently consulted him, had formed a very high opinion of his capabilities and his presence in London at the critical moment in the Italian disaster led directly to his present appointment.

To complete the record the various stages of his career may be mentioned here. Sir Henry is an Irishman whose Irish spirit has given him, like all big men, his share of enemies, just as his charm of manner and other personal characteristics have gathered to him devoted friends. His military career began with a tenancy in the rifle brigade and he saw fighting and was wounded in the Irish campaign two years later, 1886-8. His ability marked him out for staff work and in 1894 he graduated with honors from the staff college. A further short spell of regimental work followed by a staff captaincy at the War Office from June, 1895, to September, 1897. He went out to the Boer war as brigadier-major of the light brigade in Gen. Sir Redvers Buller's corps and immediately marked himself out by his work as a man with a future. It is said that his work was in no small degree responsible for the raising of the siege of Ladysmith. Lord Roberts, at any rate, took note of him, appointed him D.A.A.G. on his staff, and he rendered important services both with him and with Kitchener. He helped Lord Roberts to wind up the business of the South African war at the War Office, and among subsequent appointments he held was that of commander of the Staff College at Camberley till July, 1910.

From there he returned to the War Office as director of military operations, and was invaluable to Lord Haldane in organizing the expeditionary force. While at Camberley, like Sir William Robertson, he did not go in for orthodoxy, but developed and taught a definite theory of war of his own. Of the continental system he was a complete master. These appointments paved the way to the position he held at the outbreak of the present war.

It will be seen that Sir Henry Wilson has had varied experience to reinforce his undoubted qualities of

intellect. In the high position now given him, the exact scope of his duties has not yet been specifically defined, nor has his relation to the Imperial General Staff. This much may be said. For the first time, if Mr. Lloyd George has his way, there is to be real unity in the direction of the war. The supreme war council of allied statesmen will in future regard the allied front as one, as though there were no British or French or Italian troops engaged. Not only one allied army, operating on a single front. The points of defensive action and all other military operations will be determined from the standpoint of defeating the enemy as quickly as possible, without reference to the particular aims or desires of any member of the alliance.

NEW SYSTEM OF WRITING.

"Print" Method Adopted in Some of the London Schools.

Several London schools have introduced a new system of writing known as "manuscript" or "print" writing, which replaces the former vertical or Spencerian systems. In the new system the children imitate the form of printed characters, and it is claimed that the task of learning to write legibly is greatly shortened and simplified by the leaving out of the unnecessary connecting up-strokes.

The new system was first introduced in military establishments for convalescent soldiers, originating in the desire to find a method of writing which could be learned quickly by soldiers who had lost the use of the right hand. Its advocates claim that the "print" writing is easy to learn, neat, legible and speedy, and that it removes the great disadvantage of two kinds of letters with which the child has to contend in learning to read and to write.

In a pamphlet issued by the Child Study Society of London, Dr. L. C. Kimmins, chief inspector of the London Education Department, calls the new system "the writing of the future."

The English Language.

The war is spreading the English language throughout the world. If there were any people who did not formerly realize the importance of acquiring some knowledge of it, they now to be found? It has succeeded Latin as the language of scholars, has succeeded French as the language of courts. It is the language of the expanding race which is inheriting the earth, the language which primitive and backward people everywhere find it promotive of their welfare to learn. On all the coast line of the world pidgin English brings the comingling races and tribes into touch. Who ever heard of pidgin German? There is no such thing. Natives do not take naturally to that language as they everywhere do to English. They have little need to learn it and no desire to do so, largely for the reason that the people who use it, the Germans they contact, are arrogant in their dealings, brutal taskmasters and insufferably odious to them. The time is evidently approaching when men, wherever they may be, who find it needful or desirable to acquire a language in addition to their birth tongue will choose the English language.

A Duke's Sister Fined.

Lady Ella Russell, sister of the Duke of Bedford, Chorley Wood, was summoned at Watford for failing to cultivate land when called upon to do so by the Hertfordshire War Agricultural Committee. She was asked to plough up a field of 21 acres, but refused, and said that if the committee insisted she would sell her cows, shut the house, and go to London.

The defence was that the land was employed for the production of milk and butter, and that defendant ran the dairy at a loss, selling skim milk to children at 1d. pint.

The chairman and vice-chairman of the Local Food Committee gave evidence that in their opinion the land was better employed in being kept for cows. Other evidence was given the effect that the soil was not suitable for corn crops.

The chairman of the Bench said that defendant had deliberately refused to obey the order. There would be a conviction, with the full penalty of £100 and costs.

Breton Onion-Sellers.

Two Breton onion-sellers were seen over in England recently, and their appearance was welcomed as something familiar to the days before the war. Onion-sellers from across the channel were particularly numerous in the Highlands of Scotland, it appears from a note sent by a correspondent to the London Chronicle, in which the writer tells of the following delightful incident: "One day in Caithness," he says, "I was playing some of Theodore Motrel's songs on the piano, when to my surprise a pair of lusty voices joined in. Two onion-sellers, hearing me from the road, had come up to the window to enjoy the melodies of their home land. We kept up a concert for over half an hour, to the extreme delight of all the small boys in the vicinity."

A Queue Story.

Sir F. E. Smith told a queue story while in America. "There are so many queues in England now," he said, "that one is apt to get mixed up. A young American soldier passed four hours in a very long queue the other day. His spirits were superb. He amused everybody with his quips and sallies. But he uttered a low cry of dismay when his turn at last came, and a girl thrust a small greasy packet in his hand, saying: 'No tea to-day, but here's a nice half-ounce of margarine.' Well, I'll be jigged," said the American. "Is this ain't it the gallery entrance to the Frivolity Theatre?"

Reuniting Bones.

To make badly broken bones reunite more rapidly an English surgeon has invented a system of screws to be passed through the fragments and press them into position.

Caucasia In History

THE average person, if called upon suddenly to explain what he understood by the Russian province of Caucasia, might possibly agree with the school girl who described it as the land of beautiful Georgian women, whose men-folk spent all their days rescuing them from the clutches of the hated Turk. But the Caucasian, or Adigh, as he calls himself, to whom many people vaguely attribute their good looks and their ruddy cheeks, as parent of the European or Caucasian stock, occupies only the northwestern corner of Caucasia. To the Russian and the Turk he is Tcherkes, which is merely a polite way of saying "thief" or "brigand," but this term should be avoided by the peaceably disposed stranger as an unpalatable cognomen liable to provoke unexpected explosions. Caucasia, the mountainous neck of land lying between the Black and Caspian seas, is a land of many races and intermingled tribes, with an interracial solidarity to speak of. Only a few stand out as distinct nationalities. Their claims of distinct nationalities are practically unclaimable, and there are only two passes good for year-round traffic, so that the modern railway, seeking passage into Transcaucasia and Asiatic Turkey from Russia, has to hug the coast line, when not doubling upon itself, to reach Kars, which, in the great Russian military advance into Armenia, was virtually the most southern jumping-off place for the armies. This railway line first extends through Circassia and crosses the Classic Phasis of the Greeks, now called the River Rion. The Greek merchants who explored that river to its source came back to tell of rivers running gold, and natives laying down sheepskins in which to encase the precious metal as it came down stream past the cataracts. Thus, the Greek imagination and fecundity of fancy was led to create out of Caucasia an Eldorado or Ultima Thule of dreams. Up the ancient Phasis Jason sailed the Argo to gain the Golden Fleece, and ploughed his acres in the Field of Mars of ancient Colchis. Over the endless steppes he wandered, pestered by Juno's gadfly; through the land of gorges and caves, where fire-breathing griffins dwelt and one-eyed Arimaspians waged eternal war, Hercules journeyed to wrest from Queen Hippolyte the girdle which made of the Amazon of modern Daghestan such redoubtable foes; and somewhere to the north, on the foaming Terek river, by the eastern face of the romantic Kabak Mountain, Aechylus, the dramatist, chained his Prometheus, who had sought to restore the sacred fire to man.

When one has enumerated the Onsetians, or "gentlemen of the mountains," the Khavars, who wear chain mail and helmets of the Crusader type, the Tchetches, the Ingush, who are said to see their gods in the rocks or yerdas, the big, powerfully-built Daghestans, the Karabakans, the Suannetians or Soans of Straba, whose civilization has stood still for a thousand years, the much-acclaimed Mingrel tribesmen, the Imaretians, the Pshavs, and the semi-Turkish Tatars, the light-fingered highlanders who used to wait for wealthy strangers in the great waste places around Tiflis, there is still left the one great dominant race, or aristocracy of the Caucasus, the Georgians.

The Georgians were the real masters of the Caucasus until Peter the Great introduced the Russian, six centuries after their Gold Age under the Georgian Emperor, Queen Tamara. There will, therefore, be no more kings of Georgia, it is pleasant to think that, on his own proud showing the Georgian subjection has not robbed him of the distinction of possessing the bravest men and the most beautiful women in the world. The Russian has generously added his testimony, not without a subacid touch of irony that, no matter what the occupation of the Georgian, he is almost sure to be a prince. The title, indeed, is as amazingly common as baron in Germany, and recalls the judge and colonel of the Georgia of the New World. But behind the harmless boast is usually a heavy pedigree and a national patriotism which has become a fetish since the Russian occupation.

For the first time these Caucasian peoples are ruled by one power under a viceroy, including almost plus royal que roi. Their country, or countries, including as they do Baku of the oil and cotton fields, the Black and Caspian seaports, and the fine city of Tiflis, have a great economic future. It is sincerely to be hoped, however, that the question of self-determination and rights of small nationalities in the Caucasus will not find its way to the coming peace conference, if ever the delegates to that epoch-making assembly are to dispose of their Herculean task. It would be nothing less than an interminable wrangle, and the world might be tempted to wish that the many and various nations of the frosty Caucasus were back in that condition of which Herodotus speaks when he describes them as "living mostly on the fruits of wild trees." Pliny tells of 300 distinct languages in ancient Colchis, and it is on reliable record that the Romans had to employ 130 interpreters to conduct affairs satisfactorily.—Christian Science Monitor.

Soldiers' Rations Reduced.

The shortage of wheat in France has become so serious that the bread ration of the French soldiers has been reduced. Eighteen million bushels of wheat were promised Europe from North America every month. Since January 1st, the shortage has been 35,000,000 bushels, according to the Hon. Everett Cobby, Senator for New Jersey, in his speech delivered at Ottawa the other day.

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On the British Western Front in France.—A machine gun position which is holding the Germans.



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