

Evacuation Scenes in France



British troops taking back the civil population to their original homes.



The River Scheldt and broken bridge at Tournai.

A LITTLE DISPLAY OF TEMPER



A Group of Rocky Mountain Sheep.

ONE hears of the affection of wild creatures and their devotion to one another, even unto death. This is undoubtedly true in many instances, but to my mind more wild animals die through displaying temper than through gentler sensations. I have seen a grand ten-point black-tailed deer brought down while bullying a game little spike buck. I have lain on the edge of deep pools and watched a surly pike ram his head into a net while attempting to intimidate a big bull trout. More than once I saw a grizzly that died because he had lost his temper when a man approached as the bear was eating, and I was once an active participant in the death of a lynx that would have escaped unscathed had it not stopped to claw up a dog that it could have outrun on three legs.

On the other hand, there are many stories of affection. Once I was an interested observer of a she-bear putting a fast-climbing Dane up a tree and keeping him there while her twin offspring climbed neighboring saplings, and were, in her opinion, safe. I have been told of devoted trout that committed deliberate suicide because their mates had taken the hook. I know of enormous bull walruses off the coast of British Columbia who personally see to it that even the smallest pup is driven into the safety of the black waters when danger threatens. Then there are the tales of the male salmon guarding the spawning beds from buccaneering trout while the female salmon deposit eggs, and sailing men have told me of mother whales sheltering calves from their great flukes while the harpoons were reaching deep for

the mother's vitals. All these are worth telling, and may be told, but at present the subject is temper leading up to the demise of the mountain sheep whose eighteen-inch horns had been the ambition of hunters for three long seasons.

He ranged the peaks a score of miles below Taltier where, from the highest pinnacles of his range he could look down the fair sweep of the valley and see C. P. R. trains toiling up or roaring down the grades. He did not know what they were nor did they bother his mind much. To him they may have been crawling flies. His simple life did not include self-imposed duties of whipping young and ambitious bucks keeping his banu of ewes in proper subjection, and avoiding the two-legged creatures who crawled to clumsily about the rocks and frightened one with sharp noises followed by high-pitched whines. Once, when he had heard the sharp sound and did not hear the whine, his side had hurt for a long time and the blood had flowed as it does when an eagle or a mountain lion rips the hide, and he did not want to repeat that experience. So he was very watchful.

One day he stood on a wind-swept slope and gazed, high-headed, over the broad valley. Nearby his band browsed placidly. A youthful and judicious male edged over to a charming young female and butted her playfully. She too displayed frivolity, she shouldered him away invitingly. The king of the band saw these carryings on and stamped a stern warning. The young buck and the silly ewe sprang apart with a

keen appreciation of what followed outbreaks of temper by the lord and master. A small stone, loosened by the heavy feet of the young buck rolled and clattered down the rocky grade.

Around behind a distant shoulder of rocks a man who had been fruitlessly hunting all afternoon had turned toward his valley camp, warned by the lengthening shadows of late afternoon. He heard a distant clatter of a rolling stone on loose shale and paused a moment before dropping to his knees and creeping noiselessly toward the point from whence the clatter came. The big buck, high-headed and watchful, but raging and loaming with anger was just stepping down toward the impudent young male with every intention of inflicting merited chastisement when the rifle cracked. The animal turned and fled, blindly and fast, half stunned by the blow that smote his shoulder and burned his interior. He ran instinctively upward while his band also scattered to the heights by other routes and the white man, breathless and panting, followed the blood drops that marked the path of his prize. He followed to the snow line and beyond, his hunter's soul gladdened by the crimson dashes on the white mantle. And at last, a half mile from where he had raised the hunt, and a thousand feet above the spot, he came upon the highborn chief's body, half buried in the pure white of a heaven-climbing slide. One little display of jealous temper had ruined the life of the most astute Rocky Mountain sheep in the whole hunting country south of the C. P. R. main line—L. V. K.

Rupprecht Is Angered

By German Crown Prince.
Who Has Been His Rival

THE bitter feeling between the German Crown Prince and Crown Prince Rupprecht had its effect on the German high command in the beginning of the recent offensive between Soissons and Rheims, which turned into a defeat for the armies commanded by the heir to the Prussian throne.

The German Crown Prince, according to reports, strongly desired that his armies should have the honor of striking the first blow in the offensive of 1918. The Emperor is believed to have lent a favorable ear to the wishes of his son, and early indications were that the German Crown Prince would have another chance to redeem his great failure at Verdun.

Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, whose command is on the northern end of the battle line, however, laid his case directly before the high command instead of before the Emperor. As a military proposition it was the view of Gen. Ludendorff and his associates that the blow



CROWN PRINCE RUPPRECHT.

should be struck in the north and without taking into account the personal issue between the two Crown Princes the high command decided to attack in the north. The Emperor is said to have assented rather reluctantly, while the German Crown Prince maintained that the main drive should be made farther south.

Decision having been made, the big offensive opened in the north in March and was given a double check, first east of Amiens and second east of Hazebrouck. This failure gave the German Crown Prince strong support for his plea that the drive should be made against the French lines and apparently the high command gave its consent.

On May 27 the German Crown Prince struck against the Chemin des Dames and was not halted until the Marne was reached. His next effort to reach Paris by way of the Montdidier-Verdun front was stopped short. His latest effort, begun on July 15, was stopped after three days, and as a result the Marne salient was wiped out. It has been reported that Rupprecht was compelled to send divisions to the aid of the German Crown Prince, thus probably adding to the bitterness of the pill of defeat which the German Crown Prince had forced upon him by Gen. Foch.

Historic Posts.

A proposal has been put forward for the removal of the 659 iron guardposts of the Westminster streets in consideration of the round little iron which they would bring to the Westminster City Council's exchequer, at a time when the 130 tons of iron which the posts represent would have its uses. The point about most modifications of London's sticks and stones is that one cannot proceed far without disturbing some token of a past which has fathered the modern city. These posts which it is proposed to remove have, some of them, a history of their own. The two outside No. 1 and No. 2, St. James' Square, are old French cannon, set mouth upward, brought home by Edward Boscawen, who took part as commander of the Namur in Anson's action off Finisterre in 1747, and was made admiral for his share in the victory. The wife of the admiral figures in contemporary memoirs of the Boscawens, the admiral and his wife, and of eighteenth century London generally, the old cannon guardposts must be preserved.

Alcohol Not Injurious.

That the harmful effects of alcoholic stimulants are due not to their ethyl alcoholic content but to certain poisonous by-products of distillation is the statement of A. de Forcatis, on the subject.

Distillation generates a number of different substances, of which the only harmless one is ordinary alcohol, ethyl alcohol. The others, by-products, which include the poisonous fusel oil, are dangerous to health and produce the various "drug effects" of alcoholism. They are not present in fermented beverages, such as beer or wine, and may be easily removed from distilled liquors.

One of the most fearful effects of the by-products of distillation is due to their acidity. They have a sort of alkaline property which dries the throat and goes a long way toward creating man's eternal thirst. Their drying ability creates a veritable Sahara, which he proceeds to irrigate with more of the desert-producing fluid.

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See Supplement In To-day's Record for Particulars of Falls' Anniversary Sale

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