

Private Despairs of A Landstürmer

How the war (privately) presses immense despair upon the ordinary person in Austria, while in speech (publicly) the same person will put on a cheerful, even boastful, front, as poignantly indicated in a talk with an Austrian restaurant keeper by Horace Green, published in the Outlook.

Tzerna was a second-reserve Landstürmer man, just called into service when I met him, and on the way to join his division in Serbia. He was far too gray and bent for his forty-seven years, and tired—so tired that he seemed to drag his body after his eye. An excited imagination may have lent details to his story. I do not hold the case to be typical (though there is less cohesion in Austria than in Germany) but as evidence of the way the wind is blowing it is worth consideration.

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During the last day's acquaintance he kept up the usual "bruff" which is the custom of patriotic natives in the presence of strangers. "Is it that you are correspondents?" he had asked, after listening to scraps of our conversation. I admitted that it was our profession to record the facts of life by means of the kodak and the pen, respectively.

"Then you must write that Austria will win," he remarked. "Because, you understand, we have very much of money, very much of food, and we get very much new material from Turkey."

Ja, ja, cut in the German courier with the harsh staccato voice, who was guarding his precious mail-pouch in the opposite corner. "It can nothing be but that we shall win. So soon as next spring the English will be of fighting tired."

Later Tzerna joined me while I was stretching my legs at an unpronounceable station where the engineer must have had friends—for we stayed about an hour.

We continued our talk in our dirty third-class compartment, where I shared with the restaurant-keeper a midnight supper of long strips of Worst fried over charcoal (which we had bought from peasants along the road) and washed down by Schweck, the native Hungarian drink.

"You see," said Tzerna between gulps, "it is to me of much importance what you say. I say to you last night that our side would win and that we do not mind the fighting."

"My business," said Tzerna in an undertone, glancing nervously at the sleeping German, "was restaurant keeper. Do you mind if I tell you of it? I cannot sleep

for thinking of many things. Pray except some of my wife, "To begin with you must understand that it was twenty-seven years ago that I began my cafe business in the same place where I stayed until last summer, on the Matyastrasse, not far from the Francis Joseph bridge, which crosses the Danube from Buda to Pest. I did not make anything at first. Very soon the place becomes well known and we made a great deal of money. My boys grow up and go to the gymnasium and my girl grow up and study to play music.

"And then the war came. It began because Austria must punish Serbia. So much is completed. It continues because Germany wish to be greater and richer. It wish to have more land, more space for development, more power, it wish to have more ships on the ocean, where it can sell its products, and also it need to have more colonies. Now hear me closely; I must not speak loud. So the great men and the government continue the war. The—you know the man I mean make speeches to the ministers in the Reichstag. The great men do not ask the people what the people wish. They say: "We give you this war, it is good for you that you have this war, because your country will become richer and you will become richer when it is over. Yes, that is it richer when it is over. So, mein Herr, it is very queer. Is it not? I give my whole life to make my business to grow; and now comes this war, and my business and my two sons and my daughter's husband and the two cousins of my wife are gone, and at the age of forty-seven; when I am too old to begin again, I am compelled to fight and I do not know what will become to my wife, and it is all—for what? It is all because that I should become richer and my country should become richer when I am dead and when the war is over!

"In the fourth month of the war my oldest son—the son who had his leg cut off—died. My wife, Carlotta, say: "The Franko family have two sons dead; so we are happier than they. I did not see her weep.

"In the spring my second boy, Paul was killed at Lemberg. When the Feldbrief came, my Carlotta said, "Perhaps the English have more killed than we, and soon the peace will come." I do not remember that she ever cried. But we give up the restaurant business and go to Vienna to be near my daughter, who studies there to play music, and my wife works for the government in the hospital for the blind. I also work in a factory place where we make ammunition—but it is not permitted to say where.

"In the summer, when I return to Vienna, I can see my wife is not very well. We hear that my daughter's husband is killed in the Alps—at Tolmino Pass—but my wife say only. "I should wish to know where is my youngest son." I answered that he is captured, and in good hands, and she answer, "Perhaps it is so."

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Also a new loan has been made, so it gives much of money in the land.

"My wife look for a long time out of the window at the river, and then she laugh—a very queer laugh.

"That was several months ago. We have now only the one son who is prisoner—perhaps. I am let away from the factory city so my wife and I stay much of the time together. It is five months this way, and we begin again to be a little happy.

"The last month we have been both afraid—afraid of something. I have been going twice a week to the drill grounds, and I know that it will come soon. It came that day—three weeks back—the Landstürmer [the call] for me.

"The men in my Landstürmer company—they are all over forty-two—wrap up a pair of heavy shoes in a paper bundle, and the two flannel shirts which it is required that we take.

"You have seen the Landstürmer go? There is no brass band today, and the people do not sit in the window and watch us and cheer. Everybody is too much of the fighting tired for that. The Landstürmer is not always drawn up in order, and they do not really march; they walk like so many school girls returning from the school. My company does not yet have the uniform on. I am to go to the station, and from there to the drill ground, where the uniform will be given to me.

"An old man standing at the corner take off his hat to us as we go by.

"We march over the bridge on the way to the station and down the little Kornerstrasse where my wife now have a room.

"I go up through the hall and up to the second floor to say goodbye to Carlotta—my wife Carlotta.

"I find her sitting by the window which looks upon the Danube. On the table is the newspaper the

Neue Freie Presse of Vienna, in which is a speech which a statesman has made the day before in the Reichstag.

"I say, 'Good-bye, Carlotta.' And then to make her happy. 'The Peace will soon be here.' And then I read to her from the speech:

"One hundred thousand Landstürmer are prepared for service and are anxious to take part in the last of the glorious fight. Russia has been pushed back, Italy checked, and we have driven the enemy from Serbia. From our enemies the Peace will come soon.

"'Good bye, I will soon return, Carlotta—"

"Suddenly Carlotta start to laugh. She run from the room—she shriek—'I catch her. 'Dearest, good Carlotta, what is it?'"

"'The Peace will come soon!' she cried. She laugh louder and she pound on the wall and she shriek.

"'The Peace will come soon!' she shriek out loud and tear up the news paper and stamp on it and throw it from the window out.

"'The Peace will come soon!' once more she cry. She throw herself on the bed and laugh out loud. Ach, Gott, how she laugh! Du lieber Gott, how she laugh!"

"And then you left with your company?" I asked a few minutes later, while Tzerna was buried in thought.

"Yes, they called for me to come. I do not see her again. And that is why I cannot sleep for the thought, of her—because through my eyes I always see Carlotta, and in my ears I always hear her laughing. Ach, Gott, such a laughing."

A PROMISING YOUTH

While inspecting examination papers recently, a teacher found various humorous answers to questions. A class of boys, averaging 12 years of age, had been examined in geography. The previous day had been devoted to grammar. Among the geographical questions was the following: "Name the zones."

One promising youth, who had mixed the two subjects, wrote: "There are two zones, masculine and feminine. The masculine is either temperate or intemperate; the feminine is either torrid or frigid!"

"Our Enemy Is Weakening

Paris, Aug. 1.—Today, the second anniversary of Germany's declaration of war on Russia was commemorated in the French press by special articles and features. A number of messages were printed from prominent personalities in allied and neutral countries, including the Kings of Serbia and Montenegro, Admiral Jellicoe, General Sir Sam Hughes, Elihu Root, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, General Cadorna, Premier Romanones of Spain, General Alexieff, Chief of the Russian staff, and the Russian and Belgian premiers.

General Alexieff says: "I think that we may now be said to have passed through the most difficult period of our great war. While still offering stubborn resistance, our enemy is beginning to weaken, but we have need to summon all our powers yet before we can hope to attain the definite goal of our hopes."

Premier Stunmier of Russia says: "At the moment when the Allies are entering upon the third year of the war, the Russian government is more than ever resolved to continue the struggle to the end, and is firmly convinced that with the help of the Almighty, the Allies and their cause of justice and equity will triumph."



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WHY PRODUCE GOES BAD

Dead Products Commence Decaying Quickly and Naturally

Professor C. H. Lee of Manitoba Agricultural College writes as follows: "The practice of preserving food for future use is as old as the human race itself. In fact, the lower animals in many cases still instinctively set aside their surplus against a day of scarcity. The honey bee is a marvel in this respect. Their system of concentrating, canning and capping is so perfect that they seldom lose their summer's pack. The dog, too, instinctively buries his surplus bone and hopes to return to find it mellow and appetizing, and this in much the same way as his pioneer Western master may have buried his pemican or his Eastern mistress her jars of maple syrup."

There is a science underneath this food preservation and the enormous advance which man has made in methods of saving good food for future use has been made by building the process on a scientific basis. Science itself is useless in this respect if not applied. The art of doing what science demands is all important. Wee is the day when the pantry shows that the meat has spoiled, the milk goes sour, the butter rancid, the eggs rotten and the fruit which was so faithfully "put down" refuses to stay down, while the peas which you "put up" likewise refuse to remain in the condition in which you think you put them. In a word, they have all "gone bad."

This going bad is simply going in the way that nature intended. Just so soon as any agency interferes with the life cycle of either plant or animal matter to the extent that it dies, immediately that material becomes defenceless and in the natural process it forms the food for other living things, or in other words it decays. "Dust thou art to dust returnest," was certainly spoken of all dead animal and vegetable matter. If the peas above had been allowed to ripen nature would have preserved them in her own way by keeping them alive and that for 10 years or more. The potato likewise fights off the ice of decay so long as it remains alive, but freeze it to death and it soon becomes a putrid mass.

FIRST RULE FOR TIRES

Keep Pressure at Proper Point in Automobiles

The matter of proper tire care is perhaps about the most important consideration of the average motorist, for it is more vital to his pocket-book than anything else in connection with his car. The views of authorities vary so widely that the car owner often is at sea as to just what is the best for his tires. In some places he reads that inflation to tire makers' recommended pressure is not advisable; he has it hinted to him that the manufacturers are swayed by commercialism and hence they favor abnormal pressures to further sales of tires through more rapid wearing out. This actually was told to a motorist by a garageman who had had enough experience to know better. Such a statement is foolish on the face of it. The tire makers want to have their tires last as long as they can, for it means satisfied customers and more business. They, therefore, are the logical and best source from which to gain valuable information on proper care of tires. The first and most important tire rule is to pay strict attention to the recommended inflation pressure for the particular size and make of tire you are using, and maintain that pressure to the best of your ability.

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