

More Bread and Better Bread

The Montreal Star's London correspondent who has been on a visit to the front, tells this story regarding Canadians:

One of the best of the dugout stories brought assurance of mastery of a No Man's Land which is now no longer German. He was a fine strapping young officer in the pink of condition and his enjoyment of the bustle of Trafalgar Square was obvious.

"Nine days' leave; how on earth did you get so much?"

'Simple enough if you only know how. General Headquarters had called for German prisoners to find out what concentration was going on behind the enemy's lines. Nine days' holiday for twelve prisoners tonight,' said the Colonel, and my company was lucky enough to draw first chance. Out we went over the parapet at nightfall; the surprised Huns just across the way yelled 'Kamar ad,' and threw up their hands in terror, so we easily got our bags and brought them back.



In $\frac{1}{2}$, 1 and 2 pound cans.
Whole—ground—pulverized—
also Fine Ground for Perco-
lators.

Stimulation of commerce between North and South America, due to the European war, has revived interest in the project of an all rail route connecting the United States with the countries of the southern hemisphere.

When this is carried out, as it is almost certain to be some day for strategic as well as commercial reasons, it must be extended to include a railway connection with Alaska, where the United States government now has surveying parties in the field ascertaining routes for a railway system to develop the resources of that country.

Such a railway, reaching continuously from the 'great plateau' of central Alaska to the pampas of South America and beyond, would constitute the biggest enterprise of its kind ever undertaken, if it were not that more than half of the line has already been built and is in operation.

Since the surveys for the Pan American railway were made there has been a steady development in railway building in South America, particularly in Peru, Bolivia, Chile and Argentina, so that much of the work planned at that time has already been done.

That portion of western Canada lying east of the coast range, formerly considered a forbidding country with an arctic climate, has been invaded by two trunk line railways, and its resources are being rapidly developed.

How many prodigals are kept out of the Kingdom of God by the unlovely characters of those who profess to be inside?—**HENRY DRUMMOND.**

Grate a fresh, raw onion, and apply the juice, full strength, with a soft, clean brush to the gilt frames. This not only removes all former traces of dyes, but will prevent their alighting upon the frame or the picture it it.

"THE DISPATCH" OFFICE

New York, May 2.—Thirty five persons, representing victims of the German submarine attack upon the Lusitania, a year ago, agreed, at a meeting yesterday, to co-operate in a demand, through the Department of State of Washington, upon the German government for damages.

Give us, O God, the strength to encounter that which is to come; that we be firm in peril, constant in tribulation, patient in wrath and in all changes of fortune, unshaken down to the gates of death, loyal and loving one to another.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

One needs to be careful in his language and firm in talking with children with a view to their moral instruction. "Remember, darling," said a mother to her little girl, "this is Sunday, and you must not play in the front yard." "Well, mamma," replied the wee unit, "though truly, 'tisn't it Sunday 'till we've said 'no'?"

Little Johnny's mother asked him the other day how he liked some new play-fellows, whose family had lately settled in the village. "They play all right, mummy; but they use awful naughty swear-words sometimes." "O, Johnny!" Yet I couldn't mind, mummy, I don't use swear-words back. I only say to them "Ditto!"—Stray stories.

Switzerland is in a position of precarious peace with the world all about her in flames. This tiny republic is completely surrounded by devastating armies. The sound of German, Austrian, Italian and French guns is continually echoing in the Swiss hills. The Swiss army, fortunately one of the finest in the world, has been mobilized since the war began on the frontiers at an appalling cost. The country's chief industry, that of catering to tourists, is ruined. Business catastrophe threatens through lack of raw material withheld from them by belligerents, and thousands of citizens, through no fault of their own, are on the verge of destitution, yet this sturdy race of mountaineers, unjustly criticised and condemned on all sides to-day, is playing the role of the Good Samaritan to an extent scarcely realized outside the Swiss borders. It is a clearing house for letters to prisoners of war in all the belligerent countries; it is a hospital for hopelessly sick prisoners released by Germany and France, and hopelessly wounded French and German prisoners of war, en route through Switzerland to their own countries, have been fed and clothed by the generous-hearted Swiss people.

The higher officers of the French army have made their full share of sacrifice in the war.

Gen. de Castelneau and Gen. Des-
rier have both lost three sons;
Gen. Fich a son and a son-in-law;
Gens. Pouydragun, Renouard,
De Lardemelle and Neyraud each
two sons; Gen. Ganeval (who was
himself killed in the Dardanelles) a
son-in-law, Gen. Bailloud a son and
a son-in-law, Gen. de Lamoignon
two sons-in-law.

The Generals who have lost a son each included De Maud'huy, D'Aunode, Ebener, Bonnal, Fulque, Marjonnier, Chailley, De Benoit, Louis, Corvisart, De Lastrae, Le Lestapis, Bonfat, and Dieudonne, and those who have lost a son-in-law are Gens, de Mondesir, De Vassart, De Moriainecourt.

The German prisoners captured on the Western front are dissipated, in an undisciplined and haphazard manner. It is a shame that in a letter recently received by Mrs. William F. Reid, of C. E. Tormentine, N. B., from her husband, Private Reid, who is with an overseas unit fighting in Belgium. The Jet

(Christian Guardian.)

Those people who are complaining that faith is not easy in these our times, should remember that faith is not intended to be particularly easy in any time. It is a strenuous exercise of the soul, and the man who hasn't enough of it strong, vigorous, conquering—for strenuous times has hardly enough for any time. Faith is intended for testing just as the cable is made for strain. The chain that holds the anchor was not forged for fine weather; the man who made it had the storm in view. The faith that is the product of a merely easy-going disposition or an optimistic temperament is not worth calling Christian faith. Christian faith is something that God makes to grow in the soul of a man who exercises himself by His grace in strenuous, noble living. It is not a gift for the merely pious, who think lovely thoughts and dream life away in uselessness. It is born of the discipline of service and hardship and struggle and doubt; it grows on rugged soil; its roots strike down deep, it ought to hold in the day of great testing.

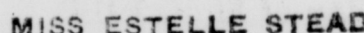
"Think how we felt when we came to the counting—there were only 11, one short of the number necessary to win our lease. Nothing for it but to go back and back we went. The Huns' front trench had been replenished from behind and, they thinking one surprise attack would be enough for one night, we caught them napping again. Up went their hands and again yells of 'Kamarad.' I shouted, 'How many of you are there?' Some one answered 'nine.' We only want one,' I replied, 'throw him out.' They threw him out and we were turning to take him back when I saw the Huns still in the trench clutching at their sides. That was too much after our leniency. So I snatched at a bomb which one of our men carried and had the good luck to throw it in the very midst of the eight. Then there were none.' And that's how we got our nine days in Blighty if you want to know."

To prevent tartar forming on the teeth dip an orange wood stick in clear lemon juice and rub it all over the teeth and close up to the gums four or five times a week. Once or twice a day rub the gums with glycerin.

Daughter of Famous Editor Perfectly
Satisfied With the Genuineness of
Communications She Receives

"If a man die, shall he live again?" It was the question of Job, old as human thought and hope, the biggest question in all human experience. It was asked of Estelle Wilcox Stead, daughter of the famous English editor, William T. Stead, whose brilliant life went out when the Titanic sank. Stead, himself, had believed in a spirit world. This wholesome, fair-haired, fresh-faced girl gave a startling definite answer.

"Yes," she said, "I have proof of immortality. Thinkers admit that evidence of only one soul surviving



bodily death will prove the case. And I have that evidence!

"My father sends me personal messages that are absolutely convincing. I have even seen him, in a form more ethereal and beautiful than his earthly body. And I have talked with him face to face!

"Three weeks after he passed over," he continued, "the first message came. I was resting in the twilight, with my mind at ease. And suddenly I was conscious of father's voice.

"'Al' that I told you is true," he said. "I have entered into the fuller life. We are what we will to be. We have what we have faith in. And all things are possible."

"He left me with a sense of infinite comfort and trust. He came again, often, and told me many things about his last hours and his present existence, some of which are hard to repeat.

"Father and I were always very close. The bond between our minds made telepathic communication between us common during his life. What is more natural than that his thought should reach me afterward?"

"Now, consider these two facts: First, I never get such a message except when I am in sound health. Recently I was ill, as a result of overwork on my books. During that illness I got no messages. There is nothing morbid or pathological about my experiences.

"Second, the messages are their own proof. Father speaks of things that nobody knows except us two. You say that might possibly be self-suggestion—my subconscious mind at work—but the new facts that father added to the old things that I could not possibly have known until he told me, clinch the proof."