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A Dutch Dilemma

Pro-British Sentiment or German Money

(By James Dunn in the London "Daily Mail.")

Rotterdam Dec.—When good smugglers die they will come to Holland. Smuggling has superseded skating as a pastime. Like the Irish of the "eighties, everybody here is "agin the Government" when it comes to making profit from the sale of proscribed articles.

Guilder (the standard Dutch coin, worth about 1s. 7d.) millionaires are being made every month, and the Dutch commercial grace before meals is "For what the Germans are about to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful." Let me say at once that the Dutch Government and the over-worked Dutch Customs officers are not to blame for the new national sin. Thousands of smugglers have been arrested, yet thousands more spring up in their places. Urged by love of gain and aided by German emissaries, Dutchmen, big and little, are all taking a hand in this fascinating game of "feed my neighbor."

Intellectual and moral leaders of the Dutch nation have perceived the moral danger of the smuggling mania, and writing on "The Moral Danger on the Frontier" in the "Nieuwe Courant" of Rotterdam remarks: "There is no doubt but that the smuggling on the frontier is being actively promoted and encouraged on the other side. Bureaux have even been organized where all fraudulently exported goods are received and paid for in cash. The few guilders now which may be incurred does not outweigh the enormous profits made in this way. Often groups of thirty to fifty persons carry the wares in broad daylight to the 300 yards forbidden zone and wait a favorable opportunity to pass during the night."

"An important question is that of the moral results of the present position on the population of the frontier regions and part of the military. Some profits to the Landwehr men and Militia guarding them. Sharp action should be taken against this, as an important army interest is at stake. A other places it is the rural population which should be placed under severe control before they become used to the lucrative smuggling business. Workmen have taken a dislike to working because they can make plenty of money at smuggling, and whole families devote themselves to the new business. Part of the pop-

ulation is here threatened by moral degeneracy, the consequences of which will be felt long after the war. It is the hand of a Government that must be felt along the entire frontier; not a finger here and there."

Strong language, but language entirely justified by the facts. Money is being made easily in Holland to-day. I am writing this article in a cafe thronged with men whose fortunes have been more than trebled during the last nine months. Uncouth farmers, rough in dress and dour in manner, bring heavy wads of notes to clinch deals; smart business men who a year ago had to search for bargains now sit at ease and take their choice. A year ago the average Dutchman carried a purse and thought in pennies; now he carries a cheque-book and thinks in hundred guilder notes.

Myself I have seen men rise from an ill-paid dependence to a comfortable independence. One such a man a year ago was working for fifteen shillings a week. Last week the same man was offering £250 for a permit to enable him to transport a wagon-load of sausages across the frontier. I have not the slightest doubt that he would get his permit, for a great trade is being done in these licences to trade, which, issued before prohibition was enforced, are elastic enough to meet any date requirement.

Hundreds of stories, some romantic, but in jolly earnest, have been told of smuggling. Patrols secreted in tombs and in cement building blocks, oil poured down a well in Holland and transmitted through pipes into Germany are some of the larger operations, while petty operations like the arrest of men and the cunning of women are employed in thousands of different ways to trick officers of the Dutch Customs. Of course, if it were not for the active aid of the German frontier guard, smuggling would cease to be a profitable occupation for the unprincipled Dutch poor.

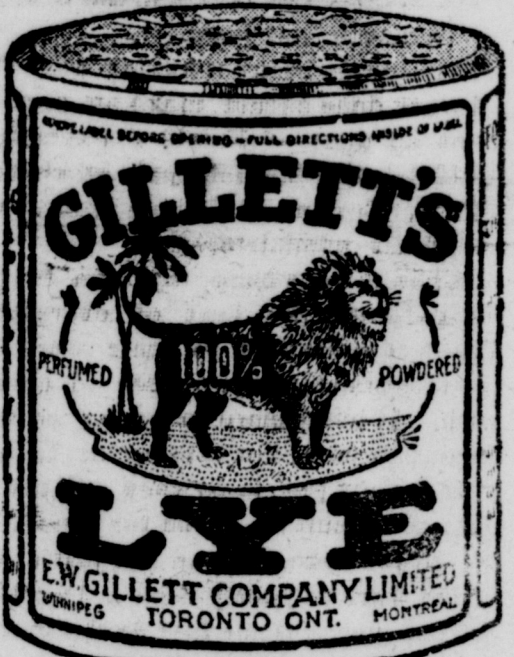
Although strict measures have been taken by the Dutch military authorities to put down smuggling, the smuggler knows how to slip through the meshes of the law, and hundreds of persons of both sexes and all ages are conveying bags of rice, flour, malt, and other foodstuffs to a weight of two kilograms (about 4 1/2 lb.) over the frontier, there being no penalty against such quantities. A night, however, the smugglers are more impudent and venture along unrequented ways with much larger quantities. Recently a party of eight men, loaded with

rice, tried to cross the Belgian frontier near Huibergem. The guard and officials were at their post, however, with the result that the smugglers were halted. One, a married man and the father of five children, seeking to escape, was hit by a bullet and he is not expected to recover.

The Dutch courts are filled with smuggling cases, Dutch comic papers publish skits on smuggling, smuggling stories are told in every cafe. Behind the native greed of gain is the German agent tempting here, advising there. Behind the scenes in big business firms or pulling off trumped-up deals in candles, soap, or waste paper, the German agent is paramount in Holland. For more than a year I lived in Holland and never have I seen so many German men of business as I see to-day. The German commercial traveller is everywhere trying to sell anything.

But it is the Dutchman's pocket, not his heart, that is touched by the German appeal. Sentimentally the Dutchman is not so much pro-English as anti-German. He neither trusts nor loves the German, but so strong are the bonds of trade and so close are the ties of mutual profit that the Dutchman will forget his prejudices if he can fill his purse. Apart from business instincts the Dutchman is more than willing to turn a kindly ear to the English call. On Monday week I was one of a huge audience which crowded the Rotterdam Theatre to enjoy the performance of the Timbertown Follies, an amateur party from the interned Naval Division at Gron-

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT



ingen. Among the audience were the light and leading of Rotterdam, and no entertainers could wish for a better reception or a heartier appreciation than were granted to the Timbertown troupe.

These nine young upper-middle-class Englishmen, with their buoyant spirits, their rare vitality, and their infectious irrepressible humor, gripped the Dutch audience, and in their three hours of merry nonsense brought the English cause near to the Dutch sympathy.

"To the English look for our pleasure, to the Germans for our trade," said a Dutch business man as we left the theatre. "Between the two combatants we secure the privilege of peace." He smiled cynically.

"You think that we English have a monopoly of the pleasures?" I asked.

"No, exactly that. You English have learned how to enjoy; the German is content to endure."

"And you think that the strenuous endeavor of the German will prevail in Holland?"

He shook his head thoughtfully. "I am not so sure. You cannot



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control emotions as you control markets, and it may be that the influence of the theatre will be stronger than the influence of the Bourse. It would take more than a thousand Germans to make Dutchmen laugh as your nine Englishmen made us laugh to-night. And men who can laugh and make others laugh after a year in bondage will take a lot of beating."

British Merchant Service, 1915

(C. Fox Smith, in the Spectator.)
Oh down by Millwall Basin as I went the other day,
I met a skipper that I knew, and to him I did say:
"Now what's the cargo, Captain, that brings you up this way?"

"Oh I've been up and down (said he) and round about also
From Sydney to the Shagereck, and Kiel to Callao
With a leaking steampipe all the way to California . . .

With pots and pans and ivory fans and every other thing,
Rails and nails and cotton bales and sewer pipes and string . . .
But now I'm through with cargoes and I'm here to serve the King!

And if it's sweeping mines [to which my fancy somewhat leans]
Or hanging out with booby-traps for the skulking submarines,
I'm here to do my blooming best and give the beggars beans.

A rough job and a tough job is the best job for me,
and what or where I don't much care, I'll take what it may be
For a tight place is the right place, when it's foul weather at sea!"

There's not a port he doesn't know from Melbourne to New York;
He's as hard as a lump of harness beef and as salt as pickled pork . . .
And he'll stand by a wreck in a murdering gale and count it part of his work!

He's the terror of the foe's life when he heals its various ills
With turpentine and mustard leaves, and poultices and pills . . .
But he knows the sea like the palm of his hand, as a shepherd knows the hills.

He'll spin you yarns from dawn to dark—and half of 'em are true!
He's veers in a score of languages, and maybe talks in two!
And . . . he'll lower a boat in a hurricane to save a drowning crew.

A rough job or a tough job—he's handled two or three—
And what or where he won't much care, nor ask what the risk may be . . .
For a tight place is the right place when it's wild weather at sea!

RAYS OF LIGHT PRODUCE SOUND

And This Wonderful Little Machine Can Prove it Impossible as it May Seem

Head-rest for Sewing Chair—Box D
Many sewing chairs which women love to use are uncomfortable, despite the fact that they are low and



"Listening" to light

easy in many respects. One of the greatest troubles with these chairs is that their makers put too short a back on them and there is, therefore, no place where the person occupying them can rest her head.

It is right and proper that everything possible should be done to make the home comfortable, and one of the things that can easily be done is to put a headrest on the low-backed sewing chair, so that when mother finishes her evening tasks she can sit in the little rocker and rest herself in perfect contentment.

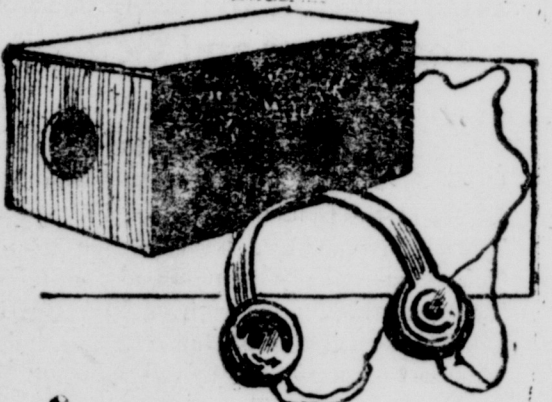
This headrest is detachable and can be put on any chair. The size of the finished product and the material which is used to make it can be regulated by the necessities of the occasion.

The general shape and character of the rest is shown in the sketch. The cross piece should be upholstered, but this will not be difficult, the whole thing being of very simple construction.

If a man were to tell you he could HEAR your face would you think he was crazy, or would you politely ask him how loudly the sun was shining? Of course, any one who could HEAR your face or your clothes could hear the sunshine and the moonbeams and that is just what is possible by means of the optophone.

An optophone? Exactly. The device that makes light audible, invented by Fournier d'Albe and exhibited by him to the members of the Royal Society in London.

The apparatus enables the totally



Machine ready for use

blind to hear the light they cannot see. It enables them to locate windows or open doors in a house and to locate persons whose clothing is either much darker or much lighter than their surroundings.

The optophone is a small box, something like a camera, which the blind man carries in front of him. A head-band holds the telephone to the ear. Through a small hole light is thrown upon the selenium cell which produces an electric current interrupted by a special clockwork interrupter, and so made audible in the telephone.

On a bright moonlight night the moon sounds quite loudly, but for real noise try to hear the sun shine! One bright sunbeam can make more noise in an optophone than a Niagara Falls. An electric light on a black background sounds like a boiler factory.

The inventor believes that with an optophone a blind person may get around much better than he now can, for the optophone will tell him where an object begins and where it leaves off. With that apparatus a blind person, says the inventor, can hear the light of stars invisible through the telescope.