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English People Learn to Deeply Hate German Enemy

Campaign of Terrorism Makes Britons Clanor for Vengeance
—The French Goled to Fury—Germans as "Wolf Tribe"
Traced to Huns by British Scholar

London, May 31.—Although I have been in England in war time only about three months I have been impressed within that period more by the changing attitude of the British and French peoples toward the war than by any other one thing. By this I mean that since the German inauguration of unrestricted submarine terrorism and since the beginning of the tremendous battles on the western front with the opening of spring both the British and French peoples have been rapidly developing an attitude of intense bitterness, of real personal, physical hatred toward their enemy that was not observable even a few months ago and the absence of which was one of the most striking characteristics of public sentiment in the early stages of the war.

There is today a new feeling in England that the war is one in which there can be no other end than destruction of one combatant or the other. Earlier we goal of sportsmanship, persisted in the belief that war was a great game for points with the regrettable incident of an uncomfortable lot of casualties, but nevertheless to be played according to rules and in which misfortunes and defeats were to be inflicted without unnecessary malice and accepted with sportsmanlike fortitude and good nature.

That attitude of mind is passing away. The British people are fast getting into the mental state of the French, who are inspired by perfectly fiendish hatred of Germany and all its works. With the French the desire to kill, slay, destroy, torture has been inspired by the fact that the war has been within their gates, on their soil; that they have had to see it, to live it, to feel it thoroughly and ready to understand what German frightfulness means. The British public has merely read about it. To read about it has been horrible enough, but until very recently has failed utterly to make the English people abandon their fine ideals of fair play and square sport. It has been borne in on them at last that there is no such thing as fair play or square sport in any game in which the German is engaged.

HORDES OF SPIES REVEALED

They have discovered that apparently every German in England—and there were multitudes of them before the war—was a trusty and reliable spy in some capacity or other for the Government at home. The German clerk in an English bank, the German barber at the hotel, the German manager of a business house was an espionage agent. The more intimate and confidential his knowledge the more dangerous he was. So the business of England was being persistently betrayed into the hands of England's enemies, and when England had the realization of this conspiracy forced upon her it brought a fearful awakening.

While England was learning the truth about this commercial betrayal she was also beginning to learn something about what German methods of war meant. But she only saw those methods of frightfulness through a glass darkly; she heard of them as they were manifested in France, but didn't see them with the living eye. England, in short,

has had only a little more intimate understanding of the war in all its real horrors than the United States has had. But at last the thing has been getting home to England. The sinking of hospital ships to which safe conducts had been guaranteed, the bringing of prisoners into the danger zone, the sinking of merchant ships sailing under neutral flags without warning when they were engaged in trade that had no significance to Germany's enemies—these things and scores of others have been working their inevitable effect on the British mind.

When the German hymn of hate was translated into English and imported from the trenches England was convulsed with laughter. It was too tremendously ridiculous, too idiotically melodramatic possibly to be taken seriously. I heard of one incident when a couple of German prisoners who had recently arrived in England were entertained by their guards, who took them to a theatrical entertainment at a camp in England. The story may or may not be true, but my informant was a soldier who claimed to have seen the affair. Hans and Fritz were given good seats, and at the proper point in the proceedings the master of ceremonies rose and with a neat little speech in the best cockney announced that in special recognition of their two guests the audience would now rise and join in singing the "Myn of 'ate." Whereupon the Tommies all stood up, the piano started the accompaniment and the rafters were shaken with the resounding chorus of Germany's battle hymn of hate.

That sort of thing was still looked upon only a few months ago as a huge joke. Hans and Fritz were still regarded as unfortunate victims of a delusion that had somehow taken possession of Germany. England and England's soldiers were not prepared to hate the German people. They felt sorry for the poor devils in the German trenches, who were looked upon as the victims of a bad system from which the war was going to emancipate them. There was a strangely persistent unwillingness to believe that the methods of the German army represented the sentiments of the individual German soldier. Rather there was a determination to cling to the old notion that the Germans as people were very much like other people and that Kaiserism was the institution that was to blame for the troubles of not only the rest of the world but also of the masses of the German soldiers and the German people.

I think three recent developments in the war have contributed in the largest part to break down this old notion and to substitute for it a firm conviction that the individual German is really a conscious and knowing and understanding and willing part of the conspiracy of German barbarism against everything decent and civilized. One was the intimate understanding which England got of German war methods when the German lines began to retreat from the Somme and the world got a view of the panorama of destruction that had been spread out in the occupied area before the Germans evacuated it. The

fiendish completeness with which the thing had been done, the evident purpose of not merely destroying things that might be of military value but literally of converting the country into a desert, of ruining it if it could be ruined for all future time, was brought home to the realization of both the English and the French people.

The French, it may be said, didn't need much of this kind of inspiration; they were hating already just about as ardently as it is possible for a people to hate. Not so the English. They needed to see, to know, to visualize the horrors of German shrecklichkeit.

After they had looked at the moving pictures and read the stories of this scientific devastation in France the English people went back and reread their Bernhardt. They refreshed their recollections of Prussian methods in the wars of 1866 and 1870. They forced themselves to realize that the German is today precisely what he was in those wars, that he prides himself on the thoroughness with which he does the job, that war to him means extermination. He engages in it as a pretext for exterminating other peoples not because he hates them, but because they are other peoples, and therefore he regards them as encumbrances of the earth. This is the conception that Englishmen are nowadays getting fixed in their minds of the German character. Some of the incidents of this readjustment of viewpoint might be humorous if the things that have brought it about were not so tragic.

For instance, a year or more ago there was reproduced in England from some of the solemn German newspapers a report of the researches by an eminent Teutonic professor who had perfected a case in favor of his hypothesis that Jesus really was a German, and that the Germans were the chosen peo-

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ple to whom it had been given to control the world and lead it out of darkness. German culture was the true Christian civilization, and there was a special grant of divine authority to employ whatever methods might be necessary in the propagation of the scheme. All this, only a short year ago, was amusing enough, to tickle England's funny bone and there was more cackling as the British public grasped the fact that such bosh could be circulated and taken seriously in Germany.

And yet really that manifestation of German self-esteem was hardly more edifying than a recent demonstration of the developing English capacity for downright and deep seated contempt. This morning a newspaper brings to my attention the review of a book which is just being brought out, in which an English scholar described as "traveller, explorer, archaeologist, ethnologist, philologist, and author of many learned books," demonstrates to at least his own satisfaction that the preposterous German claim of cousinship to the people of the British Islands is a fraud and an imposition. His researches have convinced him that the Germans are not European in origin and not Aryan; they do not belong to the common Aryan stock from which other Europeans are descended. "This author," his reviewer assures us, "has made discoveries which revolutionize the established views held by historians and anthropologists (views, be it remarked, mainly self-interestedly foisted upon us by German professors), and is shortly publishing these discoveries in an important volume."

TEUTONS A WOLF TRIBE

The reviewer proceeds to set forth that the author, Col. Waddell, "has adduced, conclusive proofs of the non-European, non-Aryan, ancestry of the German 'Wolf-Tribe,' explanations of the existence of a wild beast race in Europe that can conduct 'corpse factories.' These revelations, proceeds the reviewer, "will be refreshing to British people who have always resent-

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ed the insolent, nauseous claim of the most uncouth people in Europe to 'cousinship' with us." "The Teutons," says Col. Waddell, "are not racially Aryans at all." Huxley wrote: "The characteristic modes of speech termed 'Aryan' were developed among the blond long heads alone." This definition totally excludes the Germans and Prussians, who are all round heads or short heads." Col. Waddell finds that in fact "the Germans are inexorably affiliated with the 'Alpine race,' which is essentially Turanian, from central Asia, and of the same stock as the Huns and Turks." In fact his researches have found proof that "there existed in prehistoric times a wolf tribe" and that the word 'German,' or 'Alloman' means 'Wolf-man,' 'Ger,' 'Gerl,' or 'Garm,' was the chief wolf which attended upon Woden or Odin, the 'All-Father' of the Germans, and it associates the Germans with the Turanian Sarmatians, who disposed of their dead by throwing the corpses to dogs."

Thus Col. Waddell bolsters the conclusion that the Germans are quite capable, racially and historically, of setting up factories to try out the fat of their corpses and using it as material for manufacturing explosives, or as food for hogs. His reviewer proceeds: "Attila, the Hun, was of the 'wolf-tribe.' Tacitus said that the name 'German' was invented by the Germans 'to inspire terror' (frightfulness.) The Hymn of Hate has an 'old foundation,' for even the very name of Woden is derived from a word meaning 'hate,' 'Hun,' again, is derived from hunda ['hound'], the modern name for a wolf in Indo-Persia."

This sort of ethnologic science adapted to the needs of the moment's prejudice would have sounded very ridiculous to Englishmen of three years ago. Today it is valuable enough to draw a column in a leading English newspaper. It is the kind of thing Englishmen are going to like; becoming willing to believe, just to make the application personal and detailed, Col. Waddell has further discovered, we are assured, that "Fritz," the popular Hun name, has an almost uncanny appropriateness. It also means 'wolf,' and indeed the word 'frightfulness' comes from the same root. 'Wolf,' pure and simple, is moreover one of the commonest German surnames.

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EGYPT'S PAPER SUPPLY

Can Land of Pharaohs Restore Once Flourishing Art?

Egypt once kept the greater part of Europe supplied with paper. At first, it was made of the cellular pith of the papyrus laid in strips side by side and a further layer laid above the first crosswise; the whole was then damped with Nile water and pressed. Later the Arabs made paper from rags, and among other names given to it was "charia cuttuna," because it had a cottony appearance, which gave rise to the idea that at one time paper pulp was made here from cotton wool. Some match paper was made and exported from Alexandria at one time that the Emperor Hadrian was particularly impressed when he visited the city with the great and flourishing trade in this article. It is strange to reflect that after having been, as it were, the home of paper, Egypt is today absolutely dependent on her imports of this material. The question naturally arises, is it possible for Egypt once more to make herself at least partially independent in this direction?

MAN TAUGHT BY BIRDS

Origin of Basket-making Explained by Early Pottery

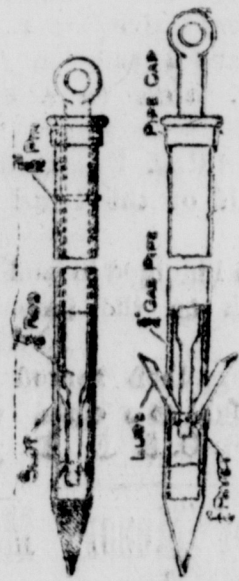
There has recently been unearthed near Thebes, in Egypt, what is probably the earliest specimen of pottery extant. It is a small round bowl, in shape, size and exterior markings, an exact replica of a thrush's nest, with the outer network removed. This discovery sets at rest the vexed question as to whence man learned the art of basket-making. He learned it from a bird's nest. The clay lined home of the mother thrush and her family suggested the clay lined basket which held water and also served for cooking.

The basket work, when burned off, left a baked clay pot, the outside of which was decorated with an incised basket pattern. Gradually this pattern gave place to painted representations of the original. All archaeologists know how predominant this basket decoration is in early pottery in Egypt, Chaldea, Crete and elsewhere. And now we know the source whence it came.

SOLID TENT PEG

Stays in the Ground Where Put—Flukes Like Anchor

A tent peg that will stay in the ground when put there is easily made from iron pipe and a few other pieces of metal. The peg will last for years and no matter what pressure is put against it, cannot be easily dislodged.



After it is driven in the ground, bars are cut in opposite sides of an ordinary piece of gas pipe. A pointed wooden plug is fitted to one end of the pipe and a cap with a hole in it to permit a steel rod to pass through is fastened to the other end. Two pieces of steel or iron are attached to the end of the rod, the pieces not being too wide to pass into the pipe. They are made long enough to go through the slots. When the peg is driven into the ground a rope is attached to the end of the rod and it is given a quick jerk. This causes the two pieces of metal to go through the slots and pass into the ground like the flukes of an anchor.

A sketchman has more than doubled the number of her which cows since 1900.