

## YOU CAN'T FIND ANY DANDRUFF, AND HAIR STOPS COMING OUT

Save Your Hair! Make It Thick, Wavy,  
Glossy and Beautiful at  
Once.

Try as you will, after an application of Danderine, you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be, after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is immediate and amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance, the beauty and shimmer of true hair health.

Get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment. A 25-cent bottle will double the beauty of your hair.

## NEW DEALS BRING MEN WORTH \$100,000,000 TO BASEBALL

If the Wards of Brooklyn, heirs of Robert B. Ward, buy the Cleveland American Club, millionaires will be in control of five major league teams.

The entrance of millionaires into baseball marks an era in the past-time.

These men either have made the money through their own business ability or inherited it from efficient ancestors and it follows that they will have their baseball clubs run on big business methods.

It also stands to reason that these millionaires will spend a lot of money on their teams and in a few years it may be that the clubs backed by men with fortunes will have gathered all the star players.

A little more than a year ago the New York American club was bought by Colonel Jacob Ruppert Jr., and T. L. Huston, for something like \$410,000. The combined wealth of these men is said to be about \$25,000,000.

That they will spend money has been shown. They have put more than \$100,000 into new players. When peace was declared between organized baseball and the Federals, the St. Louis American club was sold by Colonel Bop Hedges for something like \$500,000 to Phil De Catsby Ball and Otto Stifel. They are said to be worth about \$5,800,000.

The Boston National club has been purchased by men with backing estimated at \$30,000,000.

Arthur Wise, a banker who figured with Percy Haughton in the deal, represents big interests.

Charley Weegham recently announced that his partners in the purchase of the Chicago Cubs are J. Ogden Armour, the packer, and William Wrigley, owner of the chewing gum concern, and several other business men.

### POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The early edition catches the worm. Method is the offspring of punctuality.

A white lie is seldom as white as it is painted.

Late hours and a spicy breath are bound to sell on a man.

If one is fond of spicy literature, one should read cook books.

A man can't get ahead of the world unless he is born with one.

A woman in love is more or less foolish; a man invariably more.

Even those who have no sense of humor get funny at times.

The office occasionally gets left when it starts to seek the man.

Jealousy is a key that opens more wedlocks than all others combined.

If a woman has a history she thinks it's up to her to repeat herself.

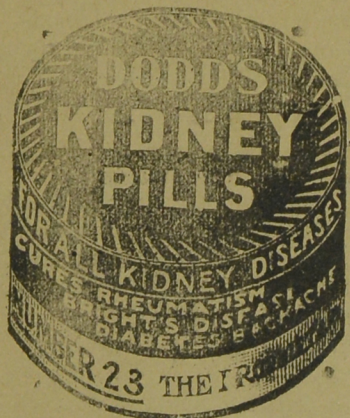
Plagiarism is merely a lack of skill in effacing coincidences.

A married man laughs when one of his bachelor friends gets married.

The cost of experience is never fully realized until one goes to law.

It's their crooked ways that enable some men to make both ends meet.

It is all well enough to begin at the beginning—unless you want to go up a river.



# Colonels In The House Of Commons Keen On Strategy

(By H. F. Gadsby.)

OTTAWA, Feb. 10.—One of these days I expect to see this question on the order paper under the name of one of the fifty-nine honorary (or otherwise) colonels in the House of Commons: How many male members of the Hughes family are not generals? If not, why not, and when?

You see the colonels are keen on strategy and they do not like to think that any smallest fraction of the Hughes talent remains undeveloped. It is not every country that has a whole family of Napoleons. The only reason why Major General Sam is allowed to waste himself on a desk in the Militia Department is that there is nobody to gather up the tangled threads of detail and handle them as he does. If it were not for that Major General Sam would have been in the field long ago, crushing the enemy.

### FULL OF STRATAGEMS.

Meanwhile his head is full of stratagems which need only to be accepted by General Joffre and General Haig to be completely effective. For instance, there is his plan of raising an Orange brigade mounted on white horses and thus turning the conflict into a Twelfth of July parade. A Protestant nation like Germany would be just naturally forced to join the procession. Another plan of his is to raise a regiment of parsons who would entangle the Germans in theological discussion and thus give the reserves time to come up. The Germans, being a nation of philosophers, always fall for anything in the shape of metaphysics.

Of late the Major General has been thinking seriously of forming a regiment of Urgers. This is the quickest way of bringing the army up to the authorized five hundred thousand. It is a matter of statistics that there is one able-bodied Urgan to every five enlisted men, and the nearer that Urgan is to the forty-five years of age limit, the harder he shoots advice at the other fellows. Major General Sam believes that the Urgers should be given a chance at overseas service. If they are as gallant in the field as they are on the platform the war will not last long.

The enemy, maddened by their speeches, will retreat in headlong panic. Anything to get away from that blasting eloquence. Incidentally it would take the fat old quite a few of the prominent Urgers, improve their wind, and to a certain extent clear up the political situation in Canada.

### HAS MANY SCHEMES.

These plans by no means exhaust the schemes both bright and new with which Major General Sam's brain teems for the good of Canada and the benefit of the British Empire. A new idea blooms in that fertile mind every minute. All bright ideas too, so bright that the War Office hesitates to take them up for fear of Bright's disease. But the master plan of all, the one Major General plays as the last trump, hurling it like a thunderbolt at the stricken foe, driving the victory home, is the Hutton correspondence. When the Hun is at his last gasp, waiting for the push that will send him reeling, it is Major General Sam's intention to pull the Hutton correspondence on him and read every last word of it out loud. This will naturally spread terror in the German ranks, and while they are still trembling on the verge of flight Major General Sam will follow it up with the letters he wrote to the newspapers when he and Turpin were winning the Boer war. This will complete the rout. After all this is fair fighting. The Germans cannot expect to pursue a campaign of frightfulness without reprisals in kind.

Though humanitarians may object to this use of the Hutton correspondence, unless the enemy is previously warned to wear respirators, the weight of opinion is that Major General Sam is justified on the ground of public policy.

### NOT EASILY SATISFIED.

It must not be imagined that all the strategy in the House of Commons is confined to the silver-grey cupola of Major-General Sir Sam Hughes. No, the colonels have it too. Until recently the colonels were satisfied merely to be brave, but now they want to plan campaigns and work out victories. Not so long ago it took as many as six strong men to hold one full-sized colonel back. He wanted to be at their throats, he did. He'd show 'em, so he would. His friends would plead with him not to lose his temper and kill all the Germans at once. They would point out that it was his duty to spare a few of the Germans for the other colonels. But their words fell on deaf ears. For the average parliamentary colonel nothing but complete extermination of the Central Powers would fill the bill, and moreover he felt that he was called on personally to do the job. You have no idea what a strain it was keeping these bold blades at home.

### CALM AS ICE CREAM.

This, I repeat, was the spirit until last week. An honorary colonel might to all outward appearances be as calm as ice cream, but inwardly he was a raging volcano. So full of brimstone was he that he breathed the fumes from Eddy's sulphite mill as if it were human nature's daily food. A close observer might detect that he was on fire inside from the way he smoked—sometimes as many as a dozen big black cigars in a day—but to a casual glance he was as cool as a skating rink. When it came to hiding his feelings, the ancient Spartans had nothing on him. Only his friends know what havoc the flame of war making in his bosom. He might smoulder like a Toronto News editorial on recruiting in Quebec, but he never broke out. This silent struggle which each honorary colonel waged with his belligerent soul has not been sufficiently noticed in the newspapers.

### TRAINING COURSE FOR M. P.'S.

Knowing the determined men he had to deal with, Major General Sam inaugurated an officers' training course for honorary colonels in Parliament. It was his idea that it might be useful to them to become acquainted with their own feet, which many of them had not seen for years. The colonels received the idea with enthusiasm, and the Major General naturally looked for a large attendance at the first performance in the Ottawa armories. He was pained and surprised when perhaps twenty per cent of the honorary colonels turned up, most of them late, though punctuality is the first virtue of a soldier.

Of course Sam told the colonels what he thought of them—and let me remark right here that some of Sam's thoughts will fry eggs—but that didn't increase the number of those present. The Major General was puzzled to account for the change of heart in the warlike colonels. Looking about, he espied two shorthand reporters.

"What are you here for?" he asked sharply.

"To take down the lecture, General," one of them replied.

"So that's it," said Sir Sam, his eyes snapping. "You fellows get out of here! This isn't a blue book we're getting up. It's a training course. If those blankety blank blighters up on the Hill want to learn they will come here and listen."

### DISCOVERED THE RUSE.

The Major General's eagle eye had penetrated the ruse. The colonels reckoned to do their training by Hansard, so to speak, a method which does not involve physical exertion and is naturally favored by parliamentary colonels, who are not accustomed to early rising. Besides, what's the use of learning to right-about-face when no colonel ever thinks of turning his back on the enemy? Still, there is something in the view Major General Sam takes of it—namely, that an honorary colonel should be taught how to avoid falling over himself.

The main reason for the lack of interest in General Sam's training course for parliamentary colonels is to be found in W. F. Maclean's remarks on British strategy.

Freely translated, W. F.'s idea is that the British War Office doesn't eat enough fish, that too many of the fine old lawny generals who are bungling things at the front have no foreheads and three chins—in short, that it's up to Canada, as having a stake of five hundred thousand men and five hundred million dollars in the conflict, to contribute a few gleams of intelligence to the deadly struggle.

The Canadian Generals would come to the council board with a fund of common sense uncomplicated by the little red rule books which ball British strategy up. Genius will have full scope unhampered by precedent. In other words, our fire will not be put out by too much fuel and things will get along a good deal better.

### SOME FINE STRATEGY.

I beg W. F.'s pardon if I have stretched his point, but that is what I took out of it and that is certainly what the colonels did. Then and there they decided that their highest duty to the Empire was to become strategists, to leave killing to the coarser natures and let the Marlborough and the Wellington in each man's breast have a chance. Strategy is something that can be handled at long distance. In fact some say the longer the distance the safer the strategy. Strategy can be written in a letter and sent by mail. If it's a rush order it can be cabled and get there in plenty of time. The colonels are liable to produce some mighty fine strategy because they know nothing whatever of the subject.

This naturally gives them a great deal of room for flashes of insight, brilliant inspirations, dramatic strokes and things like that.

Little  
Miss  
MAIDEN  
CANADA  
Registered



Here's a dainty Tid-bit  
—pure and delicious.

Strategy is all the talk among the colonels on the Hill. So many colonels, so many stratagems. For example, Col. Cockshutt, casually introducing one of his justly celebrated plows in point, would involve the Kaiser in a high tariff argument which would last until the artillery stung him in the rear. Colonel Hugh Clarke would tell one of his funny stories and thus cause the enemy's western front to laugh itself to pieces. Colonel Sir Jam Aikens would shatter the Kaiser's army with one of his perorations, which are always highly explosive. Colonel Glass would throw himself at the foe—his object being to have the splinters pierce the brain. Colonel Billy Northrup would blind the enemy with one of his chain-lightning waistcoats.

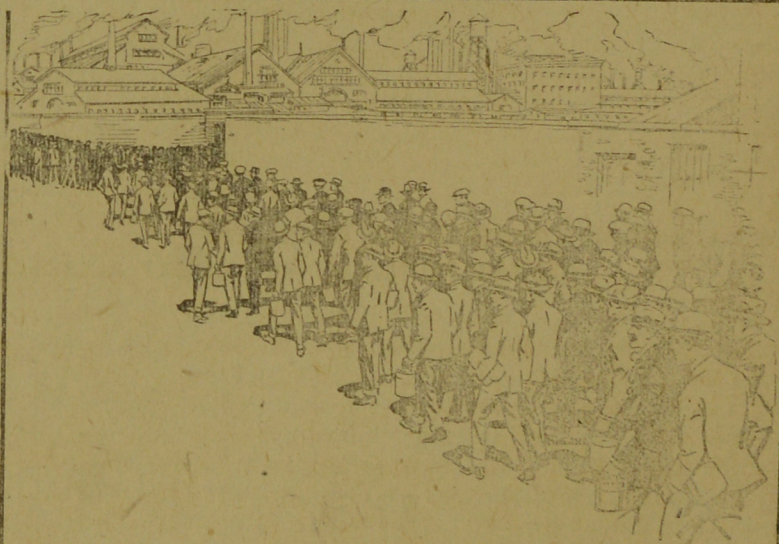
### Cap. Ham Burnham.

Of course Capt. Ham Burn-

ham has a scheme of his own. It is based on his skill as an interrupter. In the thick of the battle, with the Jack Johnsons hurtling through the air and the big guns roaring like Vesuvius on a spree, Capt. Burnham would stick his head above the parapet and trumpet, "Gentlemen, why all this bally row?"

Naturally there would be a lull while Captain Burnham argued the point of order. During the interval the British army would march around by way of Russia and enter Germany by the back door while the people were still listening to Captain Burnham's logic.

The Germans, as I said before, have the greatest admiration for logic. They use it often to the exclusion of common sense. Capt. Burnham is sure to make a hit—he might even make it a knock-out.



## A Vast Army of Workers

who need sound nourishment, whether for labor of body or brain, have come to know by actual test that they can depend upon

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