

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS.

Act as a stimulant to the sluggish liver, clean the furred tongue, sweeten the foul, obnoxious breath, and clear away all the poisonous accumulations from the system by causing the bowels to move regularly and naturally every day, thus preventing as well as curing constipation, sick headaches, bilious headaches, water brash, heartburn, and all diseases arising from a lazy slow or torpid liver.

They are purely vegetable, small and easy to take, and there is nothing of the griping, weakening and sickening effects of the old fashioned purgatives.

Mrs. John Kadey, Chipman, N. B., writes: "I have been using Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills for some time and can recommend them to anyone suffering from heartburn and liver trouble. I tried other remedies, but they only relieved me for a short time. I always recommend Laxa-Liver Pills to all sufferers, as I think they are a valuable remedy."

When you go to your dealer and ask for Laxa-Liver Pills, see that you get the genuine "Milburn's." Price 25c. a vial at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

COAL SCARCE IN BAVARIA.

Munich, Dec. 9.—Bavaria is so short of industrial coal that industries are closing down daily and all of them may be compelled to shut down within a few weeks at the outside, which would add thousands of men without positions to the large number of demobilized troops. The country also is short of food, especially flour and fats.

To keep icings soft and creamy, add a pinch of baking soda to whites of eggs before beating and pour hot syrup over beaten eggs.

HOW THE BRITISH TROOPS WERE RECEIVED AT COLOGNE

Amsterdam, Dec. 9.—The Cologne Gazette in its issue of Friday last describes the entry of the British into Cologne.

"A cavalry regiment in marching equipment, with baggage and machine guns, approached along the Duener Strasse, while along the streets of the old ramparts marched other troops, which assembled in the Aachener Thor. The public remained calm and reserved with some exceptions, mainly youths," the Gazette asserts.

"Involuntarily the mind recalled the picture presented a few days earlier by our retiring troops, and the comparisons drawn were truly not unfavorable to our field grays. Several detachments of cavalry moved along the Luxemburg strasse, some with lances with miniature red and white flags. They halted at the Luxemburger ramparts where they placed numerous baggage wagons and armored motor cars. Here, too, it was mainly street youths who gathered. Several of the officers went to the town hall to discuss with the burgomaster the next measures to be taken."

CAESAR RITZ FATHER OF MODERN HOTEL DE LUXE

Noted Hotel Man Passed Away Recently in Switzerland—How He Arose from a Swiss Waiter to be the Prince of Bonifaces and Brought Gilt-edged Society to His Hostelrys in the Principal Capitals of Europe and America — Boosted Rates on a Guest Who Praised the Service.

(New York World)

There died in Switzerland the other day a man who began life as a waiter and left it a multi-millionaire; and who was responsible more than any other one person, for the modern high class hotel we know today. The man was Caesar Ritz, whose name is internationally famous as the last word in hotel service. Despite the fact that he had never been engaged in business in America and that for more than ten years he had been an invalid, his ideas of hotel management have had more effect on the conduct of our hostelrys than those of any other man who ever lived.

There have been many other great hotel men. The late George Boldt, founder of the Waldorf-Astoria, was known as the father of the modern giant hotel. The Adlons, father and son, are still famous as the owner-managers of the most perfectly appointed hotel in the world, despite the fact that it is in Berlin. But Caesar Ritz was the first hotel man to make his establishments the social centres of the cities in which they were located.

Until he appeared on the scene, the hotel was only for the proletariat. Aristocracy dined and entertained only in its homes. But first in London, then in Paris, and later in Rome, Caesar Ritz brought the ultra-fashionable to his hotels. And what is more, he kept their patronage, with the result that the smartest social functions in those capitals were held under the roofs of his caravansaries. New York, and in due course the other leading cities of America emulated, the foreign example. So today no one is too rich or exclusive to dine or entertain in the modern hotel of the highest class.

A Splendid Service

Naturally the question arises, how did he bring about this change in the attitude of the ultra-fashionable toward the hotel? The answer is very simple. He gave the wealthiest men and women greater luxury and better service than they had at home.

The weynote of the success of Caesar Ritz's idea was "service." He had the rare genius of gathering the most efficient men in their line about him, and the even rarer genius of commanding their unswerving loyalty. Having begun life as a humble waiter working his way up through the various steps to the management and later the ownership of a small Swiss hotel, he knew what good service was. And throughout his life he insisted upon his employees giving more in that line than was customary in rival hostelrys.

Caesar Ritz was seventy-two years of age at the time of his death, but for more than ten years he had been an invalid. Strange enough it was not until he reached middle life that he became prominent in the hotel world. His early days, which were spent in hotels of Lucerne—he was born in the province of Valais in French Switzerland—and in Baden-Baden, were uneventful and unimportant. In fact, it was not until he was summoned to London to manage the restaurants of the Savoy Hotel that his real career began. However, he soon made the Savoy famous throughout the world for its cuisine and its service and when he left its management, because of some differences with its owners, he had no trouble in making the Carlton, which he took hold of, the smartest hotel in London.

A Great Success

About twenty-two years ago he went to Paris and opened the Ritz Hotel there, which met with the same instantaneous success that attended his London ventures. He was not the owner of any of the hotels with which he was connected, but his efficient management brought him high salaries and large stock bonuses, which were the basis of his large fortune.

From Paris he turned his activities to Rome where he managed the Grand Hotel with enormous success. He made his establishment the social centre of the capital, just as he had done in London and Paris. His marvelous cuisine, his perfectly appointed apartments and his organization that was ready to provide for every social function at a moment's notice actually regenerated Roman society.

Naturally his success attracted more capital, and the companies which built the Ritz in London and the Ritz-Carlton hotels on this side of the Atlantic were organized. But two years before the Ritz-Carlton in New York was opened he suffered a nervous breakdown and returned to Switzerland, never to take up his work again.

Raised the Price

Nobody in America is more familiar with the career, habits and eccentricities of Caesar Ritz than Albert Keller who is the manager of the Ritz-Carlton in New York City. Mr. Keller was one of Mr. Ritz's proteges and spent many years under his watchful eye in Rome, Paris, and London. Consequently no one is better fitted to recount some of the anecdotes about this famous hotel man.

"Caesar Ritz was fortunate in being on the job, so to speak, while the transition from the old-fashioned to the modern, up-to-date hotel was being made," said Mr. Keller to the writer recently. "And he made the most of his opportunities by doing a little more than his rivals."

"He had two great lieutenants—Echenard, who is now the manager of the Hotel du Louvre and de la Paix in Marseilles, and Escoffier, his famous chef, who is still in charge of the cuisine at the Ritz in Paris. All three knew every stage of the game, and wherever they went they met with instantaneous success."

"Caesar Ritz himself was a dapper little man, with a beard and the traditional manner of 'Mine Host'. He was always in evidence, always immaculate, for he changed his clothes at least three or four times a day, and always genial. He didn't have the best memory for names, and one day when one of his guests congratulated him on the excellence of his hotel he had to ask one of his clerks who the man was. On being told his name, which he recognized as one of the most famous in London, he asked the clerk what he was paying for his apartment."

"Twenty-five shillings a day sir," replied the clerk.

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NOTED LIFER NEVERTHELESS A FIRM PATRIOT

Boston, Dec. 9.—Jesse Harding Pomeroy has been an inmate, or "shut in," to use his own language, of the Massachusetts State Prison for about forty-six years.

Numerous stories have been written concerning him, especially during the forty-one years he was in absolute solitary confinement, when the writers, to quote Jesse, "never saw him, and gave more theories to the public than anything else about his personal appearance, character and acts."

Pomeroy today is a little under medium height, weighs one hundred and forty-two pounds, has a reddish mustache, a thin head of hair, bright, grayish eyes, a firm chin, no special pallor and a pleasant mien. The pictures of him that have been printed do not do him justice now, for he is not rough looking. He was 59 years old on Nov. 29th.

No one can talk to him long without coming to the quick conclusion that he is an optimist and considerable of a philosopher.

Fifty years is a long time to contemplate, yet in one hour's conversation Jesse went first back to reminiscences of his boyhood days in old Charles-town, where he and the writer attended school as small boys. He seemed to have lost none of his memory of persons and events of childhood days.

He branched off on to the war, and talked intelligently of the principal battles, and praised in the warmest terms the bravery of the American soldiers and sailors. He had relatives who served in the civil war.

He said that all the inmates of the prison were "red hot Americans," and have followed the war movements with the keenest interest, "rejoicing at the successful outcome of it." He thought the boys who had not been sent across, but had slaved in camps and were now being dropped should be given more praise in the press, and that the legislature should pass some resolutions thanking them officially, as it were.

In a poem on "Thanksgiving in the Heart," by Pomeroy, occurs this verse applicable to Thanksgiving Day and a reminder of America's gallant boys who died for their country:

If some we miss,
This day of bliss—
The vacant chair espy—
Let tears not dim the eye;

ALL CHILDREN LOVE "SYRUP OF FIGS" FOR LIVER AND BOWELS

Give it when feverish, cross, bilious, for bad breath or sour stomach.

Look at the tongue, Mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once. When peevish, cross, listless, pale, doesn't sleep, doesn't eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has stomach-ache, sore throat, diarrhoea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without gripping, and you have a well, playful child again.

You needn't coax sick children to take this harmless "fruit laxative;" they love its delicious taste, and it always makes them feel splendid.

Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. To be sure you get the genuine ask to see that it is made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.

How News of the Armistice

(Continued from Page Two)

in daylight. Day had dawned hours before the order came to the farthest front, yet runners made their way there.

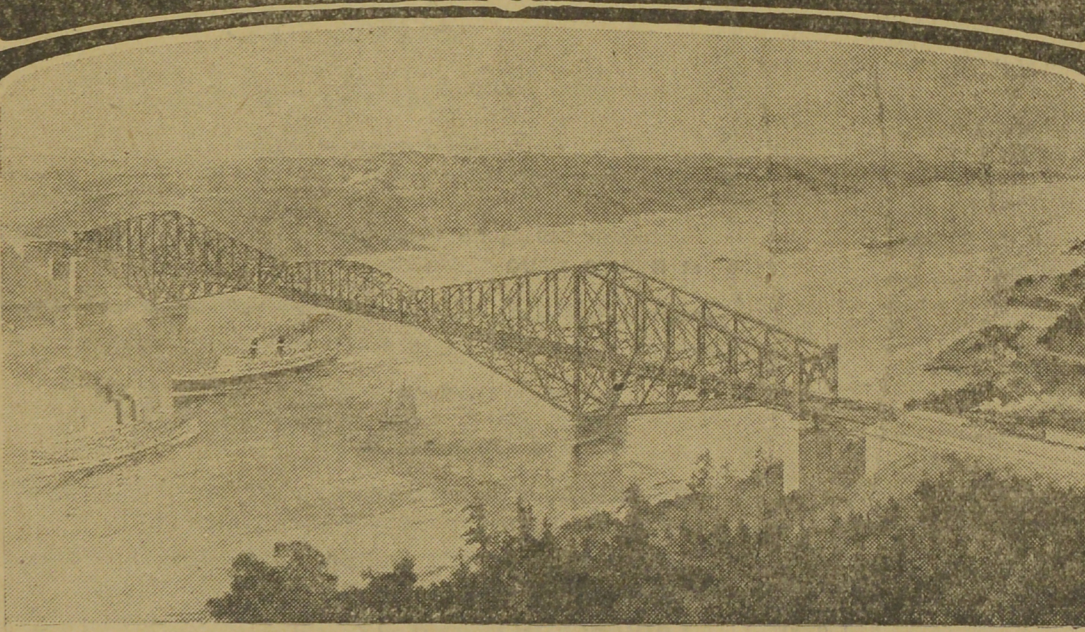
In an earlier cable dispatch I told how the order came to the 33rd division. It passed through the corps and division headquarters first, left the brigade headquarters at 8.21 in the morning, reaching the regimental headquarters at 9.07. It was 10.30 before the last man at the front received it. Even at that time the Germans kept up the fire and continued it until the exact hour of 11. The brief message which Marshal Foch started at daybreak at his headquarters had grown into a mighty chorus. It was carried by thousands of runners, crawling through the fields, dodging shell holes and running barrages before the lid of silence closed on the battle front a few hours later.

An airplane can beat almost any kind of a bird flying, but what a darned poor turkey one would make! Anyway an airplane must cost quite as much as a turkey at that!

Sometimes it looks as if the German people love the Hohenzollerns about as much as a motorist loves the garage where he gets his automobile worked on.

Consoled in mind
That we do find
Thanksgiving now on high.

THE GREAT QUEBEC BRIDGE



"In the annals of engineering triumphs of the world, the construction of the Quebec bridge, for immensity, uniqueness of design, excellence of detail and boldness of organization has rarely been equalled and never excelled."

These words are well worth weighing. They convey tersely and without undue emphasis a fitting tribute to a remarkable achievement. For, after years of propaganda and patience, unlimited faith in its ultimate success, and perseverance against disappointments and misfortunes amounting to national calamities, it stands there, this great bridge, completed at last as our greatest monument to the vision, the sagacity and constructive skill of Canada.

The Quebec bridge connects the Canadian Government lines on the south of the St. Lawrence with the Government lines on the north, and is the link which shortens the distance between Halifax and Winnipeg by two hundred miles. It is the connecting link also between two vast transcontinental systems, and the railways reaching the Atlantic seaboard.

Ten important railways are seeking interchange of traffic at Quebec—the bridge will be the means to that

end. On the south side of the river are the two Government Railways, The Grand Trunk, the Quebec Central and the Delaware and Hudson railways. On the north side are the Government Railways, the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern, the Quebec and Lake St. John, and the Quebec and Saguenay Railways.

It gives the shortest connection between the immense pulp mills and pulp forests of Northern Quebec and the markets in the Eastern States.

So intense has become the traffic over the Victoria and Lachine bridges at Montreal, that in recent years both have had to be rebuilt and double-tracked.

Already approaching a thousand cars a week are crossing the bridge, and passenger trains via the Canadian Government Railways are using it between Quebec and Montreal. What then when the world turns from war to peace. With the development of Canada and the vast expansion of Canadian trade which is confidently expected, no very optimistic vision is necessary to foresee the important part the Quebec bridge will perform in the immense increase of traffic which must necessarily result.

One of the Engineering Triumphs in the World's History. The Connecting Links between the Canadian Government Railways North and South of the St. Lawrence.

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