

**FRY'S PURE COCOA**

*Try it. It's so delicious!*

**RECIPE:** Keep on hand a syrup made up of one half cup of FRY'S Cocoa, one cup of sugar, one cup of warm water. Stir until smooth. Then boil for 5 minutes and chill. Add one half teaspoonful of Vanilla Extract. To serve, allow two tablespoonfuls of this syrup to a glass with a little chopped ice and fill with cold milk. Stir well.

Try this cooling, delightful FRY drink. You'll want it often.

## WRITER FORESAW IN STORY THE GERMAN U-BOAT WAR

Admiral Von Capelli, the German Naval Secretary, Says Sir Arthur Conan Doyle Was the Only One Who Suspected German Methods.

BY H. RUSSELL STANNARD

"The only prophet of the present economic war is Sir Arthur Conan Doyle," Admiral von Capelle, the German Naval Secretary.

Great interest has been aroused by the German admiral's reference in the Reichstag to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, which recalls perhaps the most wonderful prophecy ever made in the annals of fiction writing. In a short story in the July 1914 number of the Strand Magazine, called "Danger," Sir Arthur describes how a small power at war with England reduced this country to starvation by attacking the number of submarines which attacked our food ships. Sir Arthur explained to me that he wrote the story as a warning and that he suggested three different ways of meeting the danger—submarine grain-carrying ships, a Channel tunnel, and more home-grown food.

The story was supposed to be made

up of extracts from the log of a "Captain Sirius," and it began thus: "It is an amazing thing that the English, who have a reputation of being a practical nation, never saw the danger to which they were exposed—Squadrons of dreadnoughts costing two millions each have been launched. They have spent enormous sums upon cruisers, and both their torpedo and their submarine squadrons were exterminated. Yet when the day of trial came all this imposing force was of no use whatever and might as well have not existed."

The small power was about to give in to England when the king asked the admiral what his effective fleet was. "Two battleships, four cruisers, twenty torpedo-boats and eight submarines," said the admiral. The king shook his head. "It would be madness to resist," said he.

"And yet, sire," said the admiral, "before you come to a decision I should wish to hear Captain Sirius, who has

Five members of the 154th Battalion from Toronto, now with the 15th Battalion somewhere in France. Left to right, standing: T. P. Grant, A. MacDonald, formerly of the Toronto police force; P. Ross. Sitting: D. McLean and R. McLeod.

a very definite plan of campaign against the English."

"Aburd," said the king, impatiently. "What is the use? Do you imagine that you could defeat their vast armada?" "Sire," I answered, "I will stake my life that if you will follow my advice you will in a month or six weeks at the utmost, bring proud England to her knees."

"Ah, you would attack the English battleships with submarines?"

"Sire, I would never go near an English battleship." The captain then explained his plan of starving England by sinking her merchant fleet, and the little power decided to go in.

"The submarines, each carrying eight torpedoes and five hundred rounds for a collapsible quick-firing twelve-pounder, and spare periscope and a wireless mast, were stationed in the Straits of Dover and the Channel."

"The captain's first victim was a 15,000-ton liner. On she came with the great plumes of smoke floating from her funnels, and two waves foaming from her bow-water. At a hundred yards I gave the signal and heard the clank and swish of the discharge."

"At the same instant I put the helm down and flew off at an angle. There was a terrific lurch which came from the distant explosion—the ship lay within 200 yards of us, and it was easy to see that she had her death-blow."

"Almost on the same spot a few minutes later the captain sank a P. & O. liner—a huge floating granary. Altogether five big ships, of a total of 50,000 tons, were sunk on the first day by this one submarine."

"It was quite laughable to see the torpedo-boats buzzing like angry wasps out of Sheerness in the evening. Their first victim the next day was the Virginia, of the Bibby Line—12,000 tons—and laden, like the others, with foodstuffs from the East. The whole surface of the sea was covered with floating grain. John Bull will take up a hole or two of his belt if this goes on."

"A German steamer passed them. It was amusing to see the amazement of her people at what they must have regarded as our unparalleled impudence in these English-swept waters. They cheered us heartily."

"As every day did I care about ordered to lie in French waters and dash across after dark the captain made for the French coast and torpedoed three great British steamers lying in Boulogne outer harbor."

"I suppose," said the captain, "they thought they were safe in French waters, but what did I care about three-mile limits and international law? Within an hour the three ships were under the waves."

"The Channel was covered with English torpedo-boats, buzzing and whirling like a cloud of midges. How they thought they could hurt me I cannot imagine, unless by accident I were to come up underneath one of them."

"An American ship was sunk after warning had been given."

"Meanwhile in England wheat, barley, maize and sugar jumped enormously."

"The main body of the people by the middle of May were starving. In the great towns starving crowds clamored for bread; both municipal offices and public officials were attacked and cruelly murdered. In the country roots, bark and weeds of every kind were used as food."

"After losing a considerable portion of her merchant ships and 50,000 lives, England gave in, peace was declared, and the victorious submarines steamed thru the whole of the British Fleet as we passed up the North Sea."

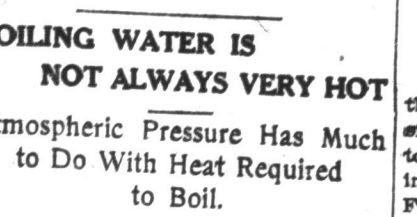
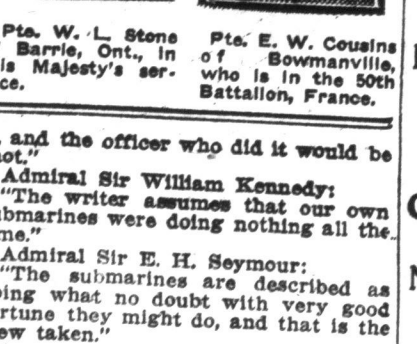
"In the same number of the magazine seven admirals gave their views on the story. Here are brief extracts: "We shall never be really secure until we have installed granaries in the country."

Admiral Sir Alsemer De Horsey: "Falling provision of food for our people we continue to run a deadly risk of ceasing to exist as an Empire and the loss of all our Colonies."

Admiral Sir Compton Domville: "I am compelled to say that I think the story most improbable and more like one of Jules Verne's stories than any other I know."

Admiral C. C. Penrose Fitzgerald: "I do not think myself that any civilized nation will torpedo unarmed and defenseless merchant ships."

Admiral V. H. Henderson: "I do not think that territorial waters will be violated or neutral ships sunk. . . . No nation will permit



it, and the officer who did it would be shot."

Admiral Sir William Kennedy: "The writer assumes that our own submarines were doing nothing all the time."

Admiral Sir E. H. Seymour: "The submarines are described as doing what no ship with very good fortune they might do, and that is the view taken."

BOILING WATER IS NOT ALWAYS VERY HOT

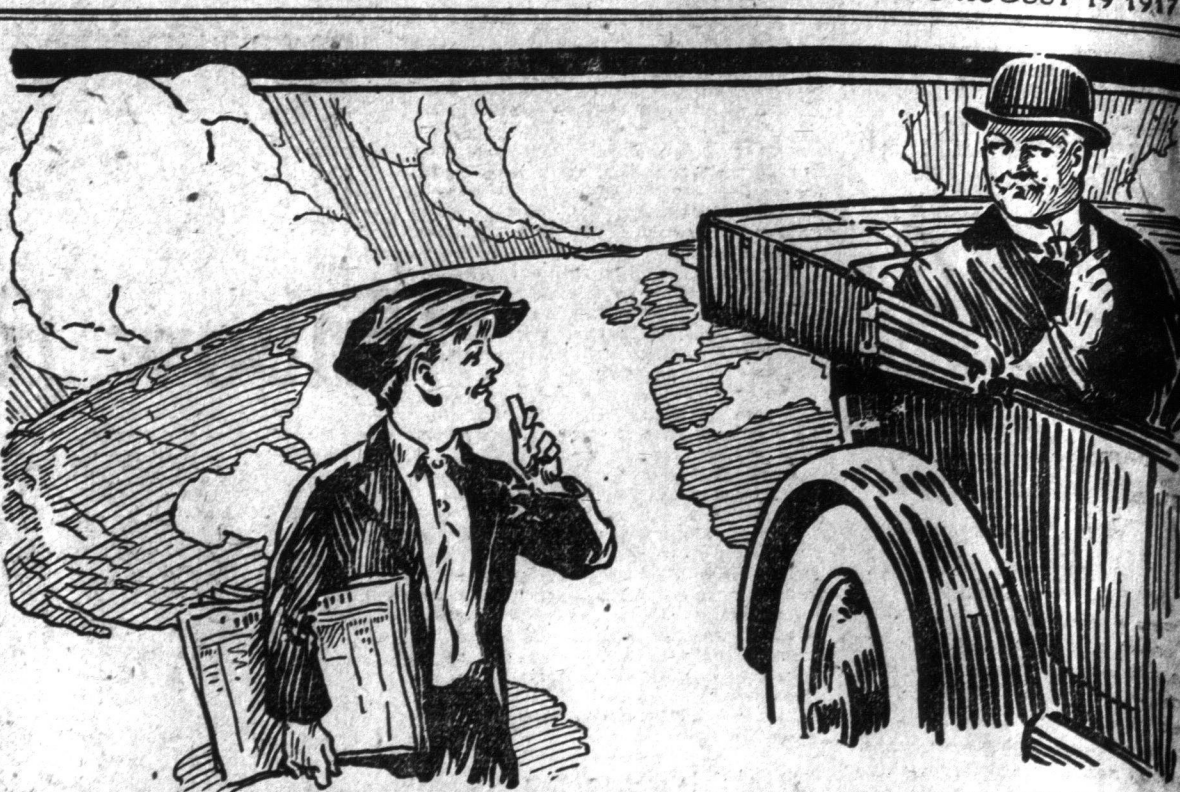
Atmospheric Pressure Has Much to Do With Heat Required to Boil.

If you scald yourself with the tea-kettle you are apt to think that boiling water is a pretty hot proposition. But boiling water is not always very hot water, and this is the way it happens.

When water boils ordinarily it is because great heat has separated the tiny particles of the water, forcing upward and outward in lively bubbles the air which is contained in them. This is done in spite of the downward pressure of the atmosphere. After the water has become hot enough to boil, it can get no hotter, because the air escapes as fast as it is sufficiently heated to do so.

There are places on the earth where the pressure of the atmosphere upon the water is so slight that it requires but a little heat to push apart the particles and set free the air bubbles which are confined in the water, so it begins to boil before it becomes very hot. It ought hardly to be called cold water, perhaps, but it is certainly far from being as hot as ordinarily boiling water. This state of things is found on all high mountains and in a pot of water over a hot fire.

A man traveling at a great elevation in the Andes Mountains put some potatoes in a pot of water over a hot fire. The water began to boil almost immediately, but the potatoes did not cook. All the afternoon and all the night the water bubbled and boiled, but still the potatoes were not cooked. The boiling water was not hot enough.



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## The Flavour Lasts!



## MARQUIS' VAULT DESPOILED BY HUNS

French Coffins Robbed, While New German One Was Built.

## CHATEAU DEMOLISHED

Not One Stone Left After Intense Bombardment of Thiepval.

Paris—The territory recovered from the Germans is at best a ghastly sight, but there are some who have to bear an added burden of misery in viewing the ruins. They are the French men and women who come "home" to the battle area after the Boches have been driven away.

A pathetic return of this kind occurred at Thiepval a few days ago. The nobleman who owned the chateau, which stood high on the plateau of Thiepval and overlooked the River Ancre, obtained permission from the authorities to visit his home. He was warned not to expect to see anything of the beautiful house, because Thiepval had been under heavy bombardment for many months. But he insisted on seeing it. After losing friends and relatives in the war he felt that he could stand the shock of seeing his home in ruins.

What happened to him has happened to many thousands of others. They had been prepared by description and by pictures to expect utter desolation, but when they saw the horror of reality they found it far worse than they had imagined.

The Marquis of Thiepval came up the familiar road from Albert thru the ruins of villages, each one of which used to be a familiar landmark. As he neared the village he began to scan the horizon for the turrets and chimneys of his chateau, but they were not to be seen. He looked more closely for walls and windows, but there was no sign. Finally, as he left his motor and began to climb over the shell holes, and

crumbers on the hill, he prayed that the foundation stones at least might be left.

Not a single stone left.

Suddenly his guide stopped and said "Here." The broken-hearted man looked about him. "Here?" he repeated, dully. "Here? The chateau, here?" The guide nodded his head—yes. The marquis looked about him. It was more than destruction. Elsewhere in France towns have been battered so that no two stones are left together, but here no single stone remains. Walls, doors, chimneys, everything which was once the chateau had been battered into one huge ugly heap of dust. In the heap lay stocks of German rifles, clips of cartridges, bits of equipment. But of human habitation there was not a vestige.

The old man was stupefied. "It is here, the chateau?" he asked again. "But no. It cannot be. How do you know it is here?" he asked, looking around at all the hillsides. It seemed impossible to distinguish one spot from another.

"I will show you how we know," said the guide, and led the way down a slight descent. As they descended the marquis caught sight of a huge piece of wrought iron. He caught his breath. "It is the grill from the chateau gate," he said, and stopped to finger it sadly. "Yes, I am convinced now."

Presently the guide, a military police officer, stopped by what seemed to be the entrance to a dugout. "Perhaps you would rather not go in," he said. "It is the burial vault—and the Hun has been here."

The old man drew himself up and said firmly: "I can bear to see anything now."

German Coffin in Vault.

They went in. Lying near the entrance of the vault was a comparatively new coffin, made of the vault's oak doors torn from their hinges. In it, still partially uncovered, lay a German corpse, terrible to look upon, and against the coffin leaned the coffin lid, with the same carefully cut into the wood. The words, in German, were still faintly decipherable:

Here lies the body of The Count von Herbrand, of the \_\_\_\_\_ regiment. Killed at Thiepval, \_\_\_\_\_, 1916. "They did not have time to finish," said the guide. "We got them out rather suddenly at the end. But they had time for this." He pointed to the words which stood in rows around the walls.

The marquis looked, and saw that every one of the old coffins had been broken into and robbed. While the Germans were carefully preparing a grave for one of their own men they

were just as carefully ravaging the ancient graves of their enemies.

"A double advantage," said the marquis. "Yes—they are pigs. Let us go."

He led the way out, down to the road, not looking back at the ruins. He walked as quickly as he could, looking straight ahead to the place where his car waited. He told the chauffeur to drive back. He thanked the guide for his kindness.

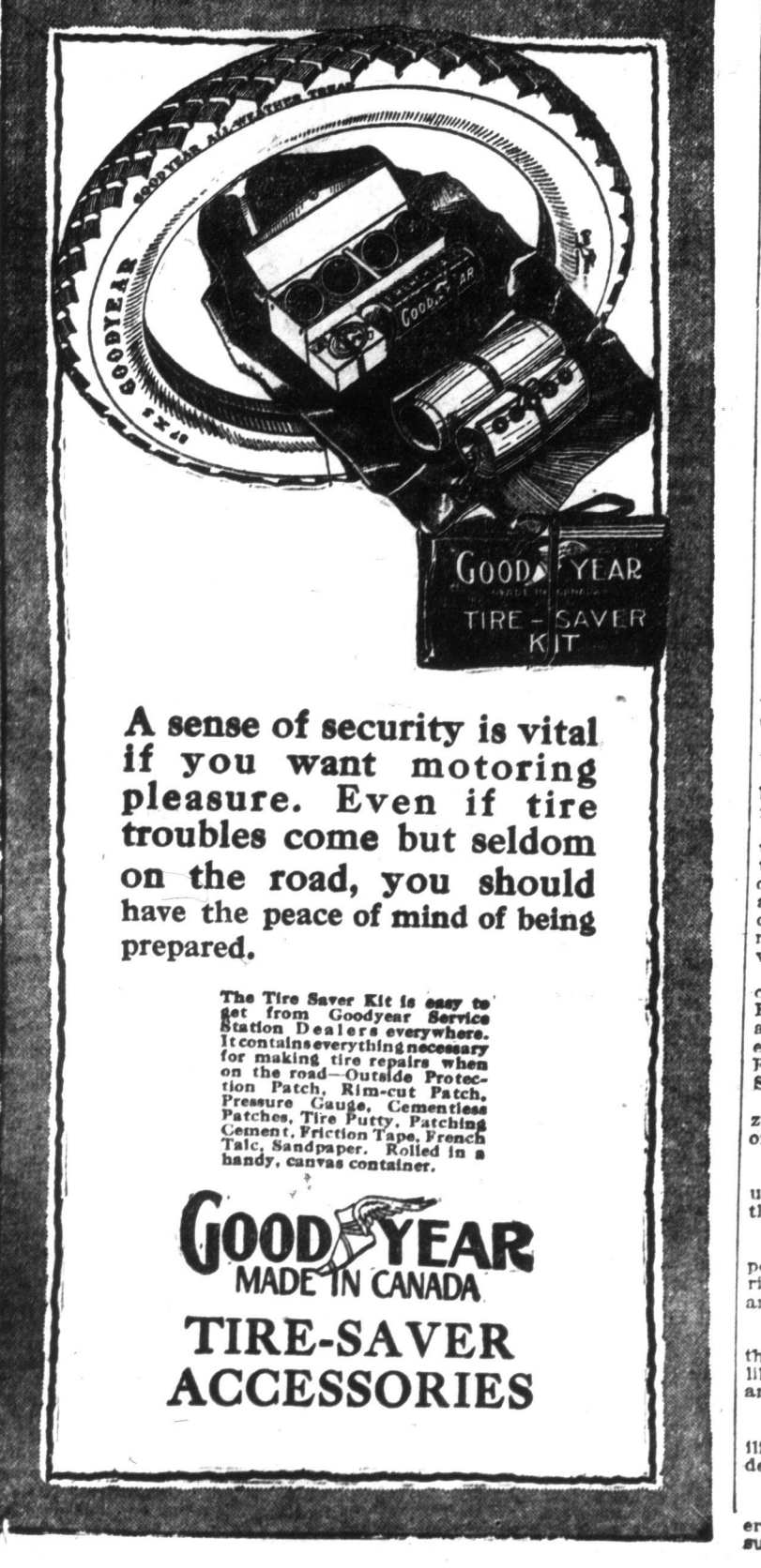
And then, once in the car, he covered his face with his hands and wept.

HOTTEST ON TOP.

Notwithstanding what the old books say, it now appears that a volcano is hottest on its surface. This is the conclusion drawn by a scientist who has made extensive investigations in craters in Hawaii and has obtained samples of gases and lava before they reached the air. Laboratory studies of these samples make it appear probable that much of the heat required to keep an open lava basin in fluid condition is supplied by the chemical action of the gases. From these investigations the scientist concludes that in times of great activity the temperature at the surface of a volcano undoubtedly is higher than that below the surface.



Corp. W. Hiam of Toronto, on his motorcycle behind the lines in France. He is attached to headquarters, Canadian Corps, Heavy Artillery. While in England Corp. Hiam was married.



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