

STORIES OF ENGLAND'S PREMIER PEER

The funeral of Henry Fitzalan Howard, fifteenth Duke of Norfolk, took place at Arundel, chief among the mourners being the little boy of eight, Bernard Marmaduke Fitzalan Howard, who by his father's death becomes premier duke and earl of the kingdom and succeeds to vast estates and honors.

The place of interment was the Fitzalan chapel, Arundel Castle, where the Duke of Arundel and the late Duke of Norfolk lie buried. The king was represented, and there was a large gathering of public men. The obsequies themselves were, however, of the simplest character.

Earl Edmund Talbot (says Lloyd's Weekly), is to be appointed deputy earl marshal until the coming of age of the young duke, who is hereditary earl marshal of England. The office of earl marshal has not in modern times been placed in commission.

The late duke was in his sixty-ninth year. He passed away at Norfolk house, St. James square, in the presence of the Duchess of Norfolk, the Earl of Arundel, Lady Rachel Howard, Lord Edmund Talbot (the duke's brother), and Lady Edmund Talbot, Lady Mary Howard and Lady Anne Kerr (sisters), Lady Herries (mother), the duchess, Sir Frederick and Lady Drummond (sisters of the duchess), Mrs. and Miss Wilfred Ward (niece and grand-niece), Mr. Maxwell Scott (uncle of the duchess), and Captain Ian Maxwell (cousin of the duchess).

If the story may be believed, the duke derived most satisfaction from his reputed descent from Hereward the Wake, than from all his other hereditary titles to fame.

The blood of the Plantagenets ran in the veins—one of his ancestors was Edward I—and he owned 15,000 acres of Yorkshire, which came by descent from a niece of William the Conqueror; his Norman castle at Arundel came to him from his builders, the Fitzalans, who came over with the Conqueror. But most Englishmen would like an old English hero like Hereward for ancestor and Burke's Peerage asserts that Hereward's grandson, John Hereward, or Howard, of Wigboldus, in Norfolk, was the father of Sir William Howard, chief justice of the common pleas in the reign of Edward I, from whom the dukes of Norfolk are descended.

The first duke, Sir John Howard—who was descended not only from Edward I (through a grand-daughter, Margaret Plantagenet), but also from Philip le

Hardi, king of France—won his spurs in the French wars of Henry VI.

The Tragedy of His Life

"But the history of the Howards is bound up with that of England. Some were attained, others executed, and one died on the field of Bosworth."

Born on December 27, 1747, the late duke succeeded his father as the fifteenth duke at the early age of thirteen. At thirty he married a daughter of the First Lord Darnley, and a life of unclouded happiness seemed before him. Within two years came the tragedy of his life. His son and heir was born—cripple in mind and body. For some years it seemed that the little heir would never show signs of either physical or mental strength, and his mother sank under the grievous blow, and died of a broken heart.

The duke lavished his affection, his time and what wealth was necessary to obtain the highest medical skill, on his sorely afflicted child. He took him to Lourdes, in the hope that the waters would cure him. The young Earl of Arundel lived until he was twenty-three, dying in 1902. So long as his son lived, the duke put away all thoughts of a second marriage. His son was the chief care of his life.

At Arundel castle, in the neighborhood of which he was affectionately known as "Uncle Henry," he was actually wanted off his own grass by an old lady, one of a party of excursionists. "It is just people like you," she said, "who don't know how to behave that get the doors of beautiful places like this shut in the faces of poor folk like me."

A young servant girl carrying her box to Arundel asked him one day to help her, and he put the box on his shoulder. Another day, in a train, he accepted a banana from a little girl, and on leaving the carriage gave it to her. He was mistaken for one of the vergers at the abbey and tipped.

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His Personal Kindness

Of the duke's personal kindness, the stories are numerous, and more authentic than those in regard to his personal appearance. Once, when traveling specially fast in a motor car, a children's concert in a Sussex village he was about to enter his waiting car, when he saw a poor woman struggling with a heavy parcel in the bitter cold. He at once took the parcel, and, finding that she was going in the opposite direction, the duke got out and walked to his destination. He was a shabby, of course, at every mile, leaving his carriage to the woman.

Mr. Crooks, who was the clerk well on the London county council, says: "The greatness of the man in small detail came out in many ways. I remember an instance in the middle nineties, I received an invitation to a dinner here. This was a place for you, a foolish and innocent young man I accepted it. I went in my ordinary black pilot suit."

"The host said: 'Very good of you to come.' A lady by his side drew her eyes up to an aboriginal and gazed at me through a tortoiseshell. I said to myself: 'Bill, you were foolish to come here. This is a place for you.'"

"I wandered all alone round a big room. No one seemed to have any desire to speak to me or to know me. Presently I heard a voice announcing 'His Grace the Duke of Norfolk' and I saw the difference between the duke's reception and my own."

"To my astonishment, the duke walked straight across the room to me, linked his arm in mine, and said: 'You and I, Crooks, seem to be the only two without a companion.'"

GERMAN CLERGYMEN PREACHING DEFIANCE

(Continued from preceding page.)

Germany contained in this remnant. It will be a remnant which will develop more powerfully than ever before because God is with us. Therefore do not despair!

"We do not know how the war may end. But whatever its end, victory or defeat, it will be something of which we have had hitherto no conception. Whatever its end, it will lead us from the narrow and confined into the spacious, from the depths to the heights, from dire necessity to salvation. It will open up for us a new land of unsuspected possibilities which no enemy can take from us, though the world were full of devils."

"German heart, do not despair, even though the entire world blackens and defames you, even though there seems no prospect of any diminution of this pestilence of falsehood, laugh at it, but do not despair. What difference does it make what is thought of us. It only matters what we are. The enemy may condemn us all to hell, but so long as God believes in us, and He does believe in us, it will be all right."

"We have hardly any one left us up the Rhine. We have become solitary, we are the outcasts and the forsaken among the nations. Those who once blessed us now curse us. Those who once ate our bread now tread on us. German heart, do not worry about this! Ingratitude is the world's reward. The world would now gladly hang you and dance around your martyr's stake. It is all grotesque. Laugh it off, though your sacred freedom-giving laugh."

The lecturer had been describing some of the sights he had seen abroad.

"There are some spectacles," he said, "that one never forgets."

"I wish you would tell me where I could get a pair," exclaimed an old lady in the audience. "I am always forgetting mine."

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ing a subordinate (ignorant of the duke's identity) to clear up some dreadful tangle.

Another story, more difficult of belief, is that on entering a branch office, and being met with insolence from the young lady in charge he ordered her to wire to the head office a message, saying that her services were no longer necessary to the postmaster-general.

To the British public, in fact, the duke was more interesting as the "worst dressed man in London" than for his great position and wealth. Among the many tales told of the duke's personal shabbiness is one about his presence at the funeral of Mr. Gladstone. He was mistaken for one of the vergers at the abbey and tipped.

TO A FRIEND

Long was my spirit like some lonely reef In gray, unvisited oceans, where the sea, Retentive, drove its waves over me. A cold, unresponsive surf of unbelief, But ere I hardened into hopeless grief, Then came bringing love, faith, sympathy; I found myself and God in finding thee. And my long dream of doubt looked void and brief.

Then with my soul, with her new glory dazed, Like that green island among tropic seas, When the strange sail approached the wondering shore, And startled eyes beheld the cross upraised, While the great Spaniard sank upon his knees.

And the Te Deum shook San Salvador. FREDERIC L. KNOWLES.

"Sit down, Mr. Styles," said the eminent publisher to the tattered scarecrow who had just entered his club sanctum. "I have read your manuscript, and I think I shall publish it."

"Ah," cried the starving genius. "Do you really mean that?"

"Yes, it seems to me a good book, and I think it will fill a long felt want."

"I'm glad to hear you say that. And by the way, could you advance me \$250?"

"I want to begin filling that long felt want you spoke of."

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MY BROTHER.

(Amy Kingsland Pennington)

"What put my brother in the pit? Was it his own or other's sin?" "I cannot tell, I only know that he is in."

"What brought him to that low estate Of sudden face and unkempt hair— Of lagging will?" "It is enough that he is there."

"Why should I care? Why should I reach A hand across sin's awful brink?— 'Twere best beneath its waves to let The drowning sink."

"We can't reform one steeped in crime Or turn him backward from the goal He handily seeks; it was ordained He lose his soul."

"What put my brother in the pit. Why should I care, why should I spare What's just his fate?"

"I do not know by what sad road He wandered in the close of day; But sin had laid; or whose the pit He stumbled in."

"I cannot guess what god of chance Made of his weakness sorest gain! But by his sin he sinned away I know his pain."

"The moment's pleasure that he felt In breaking God's eternal laws Could not make payment adequate For sin's deep laws."

"I do not know what brought him down; But even in his sin-blinded eyes Life's purpose I can see, and there God's image lies."

"I cannot say what chance was his Before so wretched a circumstance I know his need."

From The Humanitarian for February, 1917.

Miss Amy Kingsland, who wrote this striking poem, is a native of Halifax and a grandniece of the famous Joseph Howe. She is a graduate of Dalhousie University, Class '06, and is now on the staff of the Writer's Bulletin and Literary Review of New York. Commenting on the poem "My Brother," one writer says:

In the current issue of the Humanitarian, a poem by Amy Kingsland Pennington, entitled "My Brother," comes as near striking the real humanitarian note as anything that any writer has done in either prose or poetry. As Edwin Markham's "The Man" with the show our teeth was the only way of stopping the enemy.

I therefore informed the commander-in-chief by telephone of my decision, saying that before I could retire I must fight and that in order to avoid a disaster I would have to deal with the Germans.

In reply I was informed that I was risking a Sedan. I said that I was prepared to take that risk, and it was suggested to me that Sir John might be willing to come take over the command. But I was anxious not to avoid the responsibility. I thought if there was going to be a Sedan, for the sake of the cause of the Allies, Sir John should be able to return to England and organize a new army.

Personally, I had fears that there might be a Sedan, but I could not see that other course I could take to save my force.

At 7 a. m. on August 26 the Germans had a tremendous circle of guns extending right along our whole front, and the battle began. My own hope was to hold on until nightfall. But I never expected to do so, because we had no time to get our guns ready. The ground was very open and both my tanks were in the air.

A cavalry corps under General Sordet which had been at Charleroi on the 26th had passed through my lines going east to join the main army.

I did not meet General Sordet, but I sent an urgent message to him saying that I was going to fight and that I hoped he would be able to cover my left. I got back no reply, but at about 4 p. m. when our retirement had commenced, I heard the sound of heavy firing beyond the left flank, and I feared that the Germans had got round and were coming towards my rear. I rode off in this direction with an aide-de-camp to learn if they were in my rear.

The French cavalry rendered magnificent service on this day, and I felt that I must pay a tribute to their timely intervention. I sent a message of cordial thanks to the commander.

On my right wing there was a gap of eight miles, with nobody between my corps and the left of the 1st Corps. I asked the cavalry division commanded by General Allenby to watch that flank, and this was very well done by the 1st Cavalry Brigade.

In spite of these safeguards, however, between one and two o'clock the reports came that the 4th Division were getting very badly pummeled and were being knocked to pieces by the German artillery. On the right flank there was at least a division of the enemy infantry, and a report reached me that the men could not hold out any longer, but were beginning to dribble away. Some 40 out of the 70 guns of this division had been knocked out.

On receipt of this news I sent an order for the 8th Division to retire and for the other divisions, the 3rd and 4th, to conform.

Between 2.30 and 3 p. m. the 5th Division was on the move. A great number of battalions, through loss of officers and non-commissioned officers, were in a great state of disorder, but there was never any suggestion of panic. The men were as calm as possible, smoking their pipes and streaming away like a crowd from the Derby and covered by two battalions of the 19th Brigade and a battery which had been kept as a reserve, and they did their work admirably.

In Sir Henry Newbolt's "Tales of the Great War" there is the best and most accurate account I have read of this retirement—although I do not agree with much of the praise that the author gives me for the part I played. He quotes this account by Lieutenant Lalgan of the 4th Royal Fusiliers, one of General Hamilton's reserve battalions:

"At 1 p. m., a full—we all thought we had beaten them off. Suddenly a tremendous burst of firing in the centre of our line, 3.30 order for a general retirement. Then I saw a sight I hope never to see again. Our line of retreat was down two roads, which converged at a village about a mile behind the position. "Down these roads came a mob—men from every regiment there, guns, rifles, less horses, limbers packed with wounded, quite unattended and lying on each other, jostling over, etc. "It was not a rout, only complete confusion. This was the Germans' chance."



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HOW OLD BRITISH ARMY DID

(Continued from preceding page.)

the head of the German threatening on my front reached me, I endeavored to confirm it by aeroplane reconnaissance, and as a result of this I determined to effect a retirement to the Masnabe position at daybreak on the 26th.

It was a very long retirement—a distance of twenty-five miles to the position of Le Cateau. The 1st Corps had halted at Lauderics, some eight miles short of this position.

I managed to get in touch with the 4th Division, the 19th Brigade and the Cavalry Division, none of which were under my orders, and I gave them orders describing what roads were to be taken in the course of the battle it was necessary to make. Thus all knew what was expected of them.

Meanwhile I had received orders from Sir John French not to make a stand at Le Cateau, but to continue retreating. These orders I could not see my way to obey, for I feared, with the men I had, that they would follow up, and then the jam in the village would have been indescribable. I have since heard that they had sustained fearful losses, and also a division of French cavalry where the roads met.

"Here we waited in mass while the rest of the army streamed past. It was a most trying half hour. It seemed inevitable that they would follow up, and then the jam in the village would have been indescribable. I have since heard that they had sustained fearful losses, and also a division of French cavalry where the roads met."

"When the rabble had got past we moved off, marching at attention, arms sloped, four dressed, etc. through the village. 7 p. m., moved off again and marched till 1 a. m."

The other two divisions, who had been in very heavy fighting all day, disliked very much receiving the order to retire, as they felt that they were holding their own and at any rate giving the enemy as much as they got, but, of course, they obeyed the order. This retirement, performed as an operation of war, was as perfect as could possibly be imagined.

There was no disorder, no lack of discipline, everything worked like a machine. At about four o'clock in the afternoon it had come on very wet after the intense heat. By seven o'clock we had gone altogether some 9 or 10 miles. It was dark, and we halted for a few hours, and so the men got a little of the rest they were so greatly in need of.

Owing to the very heavy punishment the enemy had received they were unable to harass us, and the spirit of our men was perfectly splendid. I shall never forget the marvelous cheerfulness of every one of them. They did not look like a defeated army, as indeed they were not. The casualties had, of course, been pretty heavy, and some of the men were very tired, but one could hardly expect anything else considering that a very large percentage of the men in each of the battalions were reeveaters, only called up on mobilisation, and had not previous to that been doing any marching or physical exercise. And yet they had endured over eighty hours of marching and fighting in the line.

From this time the war movement ceased and the long-drawn-out trench warfare began.

The principal task of the old British army had been performed. Together with their gallant French Allies they destroyed the German ambition of conquest, and in that first month they sealed the doom of the empire which thought to override all Europe and the world.

The town of Manistee, Mich., has a municipal fish market, fostered by Mayor Nordhouse, which is his first whack at the high cost of living. State game wardens have built a fish box in which to keep the live fish awaiting sale.

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