

A Great Battle Seen From the Inside

A GERMAN OFFICER DISCLOSES THE FACT THAT THE GERMAN ARMY WAS NOT PERFECTION IN THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR—A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF HIS FIRST BATTLE IN FRANCE—T. P. O'CONNOR'S COMMENTS.

I have always wondered what it feels like to be in a battle. It is a subject on which I always question a great soldier whenever I come across one. It is a subject which entrances me when I find a good account of it in any book. One of the last persons with whom I had an opportunity of discussing that question was no less a personage than General Botha. I wonder if many people remarked that curious and haunting expression which I found in the eyes of the famous Boer leader? This expression was very well caught in the cartoon which, which represented an imaginary interview between the Boer general and our Secretary for War, Mr. Haldane. To me it seemed that the eyes of General Botha had always a curious expression of surprise, of watchfulness, and of nervous strain. I happened to mention this to a friend of mine who played a gallant part in the South African war, and was a witness to many engagements of one kind or another; and he said that the expression was quite familiar to all men who had gone through that war; they had invented a phrase in South Africa for the condition of body and nerve of which it was the symbol; they called it *Mauseritis*—the malady which was generated by the deadly Mauser. He himself had it when he first came back from the war—his eyes always seemed to be looking round and about; it was the look that came from the constant sense of standing in the midst of the rainstorm of bullets, any one of which might bring death. General Botha said that there were certain things in the battlefield that one never got used to; and my friend goes further, and says that every battle, instead of adding to, subtracts from the courage even of brave men. You start—this is how he puts it—with a certain stock of courage; the first battle takes a certain percentage off; the second battle takes another slice; and so you go on until you are finally broken, unless you happen to be one of those exceptional men—who are only one in a hundred thousand—who have no nerves, and can never be, therefore, exhausted.

From these and other authorities I derive the general impression that there is no man, however brave, who doesn't feel very nervous in battle, and who doesn't shake when the end is announced, and he is once more free from its terrors and perils. Extraordinary bravery, extraordinary self-sacrifice—these virtues are brought out by the battlefield without doubt; but, on the whole, the impression remains strong with me that in respect even to the cultivation of bravery and the associated virtues war has a very distinctly seamy side when it comes to be seen from the inside, and not from its exciting, dramatic, and inspiring exterior.

I find curious confirmation of this view in a volume I am reading at the moment. It is by a well-known officer, Colonel Maude, and it deals with the many vexed questions of military science. There is one chapter—it is the fourteenth, and it deals with the "Voluntary Versus Compulsory Service"—which even the most ignorant of military matters can read with interest. I have read it several times over; it is as absorbing as a novel; it is as enlightening as a lucid exposition of philosophy, by a lucid French writer.

I dwell on this chapter because it is the first time I ever got a glimpse into the Franco-German war of 1870 from the inside. I remember still the shock of surprise with which the whole world learnt of the extraordinary powers of the German army; and how universal was the impression that the German army was the best led, the best fighting, and the bravest army in the world's history. From almost the first moment to the last it did not seem that France had ever been given a chance; and yet, if the Germans had never made a mistake, to the outside world the machine seemed the most perfect thing of its kind ever created—shining, bright, smoothly working in all its parts, something, in short, inhumanly complete, easy, and symmetrical. And now I take up this chapter, and find in it extracts from German writers which give the other side, and show that this outward seeming perfection did not at all represent the inner reality; and that the German army had its great moments of panic, of woful and disastrous confusion, of narrow escape from tremendous and well-deserved defeat; and that, in short, the chief difference between it and the French army was that its nervous, gigantic mistakes were more than counterbalanced by the more numerous and the more gigantic mistakes of the French leaders and the French soldiers.

It was not till the war was over and done with that German officers who had taken part in the war began to flash little gleams of light into the ghastly interior. One of these officers who took the public into their confidence was Major-General Meckel, who did the great work of reorganizing the Japanese army. I give in full—though it is a little long—an extract from a pamphlet of his, called by the fanciful title "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which is an extraordinary revelation of what this so-called perfect German army could now and again do:

"I recalled my first battle in France. We did not arrive on the field until late in the day, and crossed it where the fight had been the fiercest. It was already used to the sight of dead and wounded, but not prepared for what we met with our eyes. The field was literally strewn with men who had left the ranks and were doing nothing! Whole battalions could have been formed from them. From our position we could count hundreds; some were lying by their rifles pointing to the front as if they were still in the fight-

ing line, and were expecting the enemy to attack at any moment. Others men had evidently remained behind, lying down when the more courageous had advanced. Others had squatted like hares in the furrows. Wherever a bush or ditch gave shelter there were men to be seen who in some cases had made themselves very comfortable. All these men gazed at us without showing the least interest. The fact that we belonged to another army corps seemed to be sufficient excuse for treating us with blank indifference. I heard them say: 'These fellows, like the others, are going to let themselves be shot.' The men nearest to me bore on their shoulder-straps the number of a famous regiment. I turned to look at my own men. They began to march. Some were pale. I myself was conscious of the depressing effect produced on me by what I saw. If the fire of the breech-loaders were now to face for the first time, while its continuous roar sounded in our ears had so disorganized this regiment, what would happen to us? I presently met with an officer of the reserve. I invited him to join my company. He followed without uttering a word. To my annoyance my company had to make a short halt to allow the remainder of the battalion to close up. We therefore rallied the stragglers about us and formed a strong party under the command of this officer. Two men and a lance-corporal and a private came of their own accord and asked permission to join us; all the others were very half-hearted, and had to be brought in; those who could do so sneaked away. The only effect of collecting these stragglers was to produce a bad impression on my own men, for as soon as we came under the enemy's fire in some vineyards, and extended the reserve officer and his men disappeared for good and all. I reproached myself afterwards for not having asked his name. Only the two men who had volunteered to join us remained, and behaved gallantly to the end. During our advance, and before we came to any serious fire, while only the whistle of an occasional stray bullet could be heard, we saw six men covering behind a tree; afterwards I saw this sight so frequently that I became used to it—who did not? But at this time it was new to me. Near the tree were little irregularities of ground that would have given good cover for all six; and this, I said to myself, as I now thought over the matter, is the result of three years' careful education in the independent use of covers."

Anybody who has read Zola's greatest story, "La Débâcle," will remember the strange episodes he gives in which you see the French army going quite consciously to its destruction; to the Shambles—the Shambles—as the mutinous, but not less, and despairing soldiers cried out, as they passed their comrades in the trains during the sweltering heat of that awful summer of 1870. This passage, among others, created, I know, great scandal in the French army; and I heard a distinguished French officer declare that, though he had gone through the war from its beginning to its end, he had never seen any such scene of indiscipline. But is there in even the ultra-frank pages of Zola any scene of panic, of individual cowardice, of the entire breakdown of discipline, which is worse than this scene in the German army—described by the pen of one of Germany's most distinguished officers?

When one passes from this description of a particular scene to the criticism which are to be found of the conduct of the entire battle of Gravelotte one is again struck by the extraordinary revelations that have been made to the world of gigantic error. I cannot quote in full, nor can I stay to enter into the technical details; but I will quote just a passage or two to show how it was that thousands of lives were imperiled and many of them sacrificed by some of the confused and stupid orders which came to the German troops from the German generals. The first named St. Hubert had been captured by the Germans for soldiers, and then came an order for artillery, cavalry, and other infantry to advance; with this consequence, which is set forth by the German writer: "First: The eastern exit of Gravelotte had been obstructed by wires, only partially removed by infantry. Second: St. Hubert had just been carried, and hundreds of wounded stragglers, etc., were dragging themselves back along the road. Third: To meet them comes an infantry regiment (the Twenty-ninth); one squeezes by as best one can. Fourth: But this infantry did not know cavalry and artillery were following. Fifth: The latter also were ignorant that they would find infantry in front of them. Sixth: None of the three expected the crowds of stragglers. Seventh: All three were full of zeal for action. Presently all of them were a check-a-block. What a picture and what a leading! There was only one road, and into it were thrown troops from different commands without any mutual understanding, any order of march, left to themselves to get through as best they could, then some to pursue, some to reinforce, etc."

The result of this blunder was that "thirty-two squadrons were jammed up on the narrow dyke or between walls of rock." Our author then goes into details as to the disasters which followed each of the bodies that made up this sweltering mass jammed by a frightful series of errors into this small space. One battery was almost annihilated; a body of 15,000 infantry "densely crowded together . . . in such appalling confusion that all efforts to rally them proved hopeless; as the bullets and the occasional shell plunged into them their pluck died out, and they began to dribble away into the ravine by hundreds." And things were made worse by an interview between the German Emperor and General Steinmetz, the gen-

eral responsible mainly for this confusion. The general had begun the fight in a bad temper; but when he had finished with the Emperor, "if he had been difficult to begin with before, he became ten times worse afterwards, and refused to do more than merely transmit the orders received without sonal element, which, somehow or which it was his province to supply." Here enters another human and pathetic, one outside armies and battles thinks almost inadmissible and incredible, and that is the temper, and the other lower passions, are brought to such lurid prominence on the battlefield that thousands of human lives are frequently sacrificed to these base passions and weaknesses.

Anyhow, on this particular day there followed a second panic. There was a third panic also. Among the troops brought up as reinforcements were some Hussars who had just arrived from Germany. Both the men and the horses were but half-trained; they soon got demoralized, they received contradictory orders to advance and to retire, with the result that a portion of them entirely lost their heads, and "they broke clean away and dashed back in wildest confusion up the road."

"The led horses and teams in the streets of Gravelotte took fright. Panic seized most of the men, and the next moment a horde of men, horses, teams, etc., streamed out of the village and made for the sitting sun. Officers of every rank rode at their own risk with their swords and used them, but were swept also, and not 200 yards off the King and staff were spectators of the disaster."

Then there comes a scene in which even higher personages display weakness of temper and of judgment: "A full noon took place for a while; but the King's blood was up, as, indeed, was everyone else's excepting Moltke's. The King now ordered Steinmetz to attack with everything he could lay hands on. Moltke endeavored to dissuade him; but in vain. Having said all he could, Moltke fled away a couple of yards or so and found some other business to attend to. This is historical, and deserves to be remembered, for Moltke in his present history of the war has deliberately taken the blame on his own shoulders to save the King's prestige; but there were many witnesses to the scene, and his own statements, and they can corroborate his statements."

Then there were other scenes of confusion; Germans firing on each other under the impression that they were attacking the enemy. I need not pursue the narrative further. I think I have written enough to show something of the seamy side of that dirty thin, war, even when it is supposed to be triumphant, scientific, and glorious. —T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P., in T. P.'s Weekly.

APPRECIATIONS OF EDWARD BLAKE

Continued From Page Eleven.

leagues, whom he recognized to be as patriotic as himself. It is a cruel mischance that Mr. Blake should have been struck down and robbed of his strength at the present moment in Irish affairs. When so many 'practise practitioners are engaged upon hacking the national policy to pieces the calm temper and the cool counsel of a statesman of Mr. Blake's unrivaled experience and unchallengeable single-mindedness would be invaluable."

MEMOIRS OF '98.

We may, and most of us do, actively disagree with almost every one of the canons of Mr. Blake's Irish creed; but none of us will withhold a tribute of honor to the man who could make the sacrifices Mr. Blake made for the Irish cause as he conceived it. It is not a failure to admire the single-hearted devotion which led him to keep himself ever in the background in the interminable Irish conflicts for place and fame. No Irishman has loved Ireland with a deeper devotion than this Irish-Canadian. That devotion came to him from his earliest childhood. His father was the Hon. Wm. Hume, a well-known in Canadian statesmanship, but his mother was a granddaughter of Wm. Hume, M. P. for Wicklow in the British House of Commons, who lost his life in an engagement fighting, on the loyalist side, with the insurgents in one of the passes of the Wicklow mountains. His maternal grandfather sacrificed his life for the King, his paternal grandfather fell on the other side. The memories of the stormiest days of Ireland's modern history have never been long out of Mr. Blake's mind from boyhood. In 1838, at the time of the Centenary of the insurrection, he joined in commemorating the victory of the Irish forces at Carrigat, and dwelt upon his own family's part in the tragedies of recent Irish history. It was, however, after the Wicklow seat of the loyalist, William Hume, that his Toronto residence was named Hume Wood.

The time has not come to speak frankly of the reasons which brought about Mr. Blake's retirement from Canadian public life, but with these Irish memories it was inevitable that when the severance came his steps should turn to Ireland. It is no concern of ours to attempt to assess his services to the Nationalist cause since 1892, but it is certain that he has done more than any man in our generation to give distinction to the Irish parliamentary body. He never quite achieved the difficult art of catching the ear of the House of Commons, but there are abundant Nationalist tributes to the invaluable services he rendered by his ripe counsel, cool judgment, and generous sympathy. —The Canadian Gazette, London, Eng.

KEEP MR. BLAKE'S NAME IN THE HOUSE.

"QUIDA" AND HER ROMANCE

Continued From Page Eleven.

their sustained vitality. Every page is a riot of unpolished epigrams and unmetrical poetry, with a hundred discussions and redundancies.

If you are borne away by her it is almost against your will. You struggle, you feel you ought to laugh, and suddenly you find—tears trickling down your cheeks. It is in paths that she has trodden, and curiously enough it is in her vivid little wooden shoes, she most deeply enlists the reader's sympathies and her own, in the innocent, dovetail heroine, the good fellow wronged, the rough diamond misprised, the hedging swan misjudged for an ugly duckling. Her best work, perhaps, is in "The Little Wooden Shoes," and in those remarkable short stories, "A Lily of Provence," "The Dog of Flanders," and "A Leaf in the Storm." To the youth of the early seventies, Quida was forbidden fruit. A generation was rejoiced in "Pink Dominoes" saved its conscience by voting "Puck" and its sympathy by protesting with the result that her books were devoured in secluded corners by expectant youth and rendered noxious by the secrecy. To them followed a generation whose youth knew no prohibition, who sought the stronger meat of the naturalists, and so left Quida to the few who had wearied of Zola and his followers. Among those few were the critics of the Saturday Review.

"The discovery of strange stars and moons in the literary firmament," said Quida's enemy, now (in 1895) turned her greatest critic, "has more than one great reputation to vanish into the dusk of a fading sky. In the roll of those who may be described as the most living among the dead we find the name of Quida. Time wears her wither, but she remains a novel by that publication of a new novel in private life as Louise de la Ramee, marked an epoch in literary affairs. It is improbable, however, that the appearance of 'Toxin' will be regarded as anything but an inconsiderable step in the contemporary publishing season."

The Saturday Review was right. "Toxin" fell stillborn from the press. Not so, however, her next book, "The Massacres," published in 1897. It won its chief success, however, with its glowing tribute to the great Boer hero, which also appeared in the Saturday Review. After noting that Quida, once pilloried by all the world for "naughtiness," had turned crusader against the naughtiness of all the world around that unique, "Though she has become a mental giant, Quida, still, in some of her most brilliant work, she has the heart of a child, and she sometimes screams a little as a safety valve for her emotions."

And who is Quida—or the lady who writes under this pseudonym? One can only reply that she is one of the most mysterious personalities in literature. The name under which she writes in private life, Louise de la Ramee, or Ramee (it has been spelled by herself in both ways), is more than half-suspected to be another alias. One has even heard that she says no one has ever dared, to penetrate into the facts in which she chooses to shroud her origin and early life. According to these she is the daughter of a French refugee who settled in London. Here at an early age she began writing, and she passed the time in the pseudonym of Quida. Her first work was a pet name, that resulted from her little brother's inability in the nursery to pronounce the name of Louise.

It is certain that she first sprang into the world with a novel called originally "Held in Bondage," which appeared in 1863 in the New Monthly Magazine. It was to a great American publisher, the late J. P. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, that she directly owed her rescue from oblivion. I who write this have often suspected that the tale. Happening to read the story in the magazine (he was then in London), he was struck by its dash and brilliancy. He found a London publisher who was willing to assume the risk of introducing it to the English public. He himself brought it out in the United States.

"In England," Mr. Lippincott continued, "the book made an immediate hit. The author was lifted from obscurity to fame, from poverty to financial comfort. In America, however, the sales lagged. Those were the days when a reaction was setting in against 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and all its imitators. 'Held in Bondage' suggested an anti-slavery theme. When 'Strathmore' followed in England, I republished it in this country, still preserving my faith in the future of Quida, although I did not then know whether the heroine was man or woman. 'Strathmore' more than repeated in America the success it achieved in England. On the strength of this success I brought out a new edition of her first novel, under the name of 'Granville de Vigne,' or 'Held in Bondage,' retaining the original title in a secondary position to avoid deceiving people who had already bought the first issue. It made a great hit. Quida's reputation was now fully established. She says she is indebted to me for her success, and has ever expressed lively gratitude."

Novels are, all in a sense, confessions, as Goethe said, of one's own books. From the autobiographical light thrown upon Quida's personality by "Granville de Vigne," and its successors, it would certainly seem that her early life had been unconventional, at least, and possibly, very strenuously Bohemian. How else could she have obtained an insight into that part of a man's life which is supposed to be beyond the ken of a young lady who has been "properly" brought up? How else could she have learned what goes on in the guard room, the new room, the club, and even in those places which are called questionable because nobody questions what they are?

question to her, "Where did you get all this information, she said blantly, 'retorted, 'None of your business.' Quida was right. It is none of the public's business, either."

Mr. Lippincott had made the acquaintance of his protegee in a lovely villa two miles out from Florence, which long remained her chosen residence. He described her as dashing-looking rather than pretty. "Her manners are fascinating," he said, "her conversation lively, her eyes bright and expressive. She is saucy and audacious in conversation and sometimes indulges in ladylike slang, but in spite of this she is a great favorite among the English and American residents at Florence, and they are glad to accept invitations to her villa, for she entertains magnificently."

"This state of things did not last long. Quida cared little for general society, and she seldom even at any of the festivities of the Italian capital. But in her own house she still gave a more or less cordial welcome to the notabilities who were attracted, either by curiosity or real interest and admiration. The cordiality was mainly for the scale of things, though at a considerable distance beneath. Women and Americans she generally detested. Mrs. Edmund Russell, who added to the enormity of being an American, was some years ago presented to her at a dinner party in London. Anticipating the words of introduction Mrs. Russell said graciously:

"One scarcely needs an introduction to Mme. Quida, whom everybody knows."

"A triumph!" was the retort. "I pity Mme. Quida if she has to know everybody!" And then Mme. Quida—of it had grown to be a bad of hers to be known by that name in private as well as in public—settled back behind the big black fan she loved to carry. In her own home Quida was equal to her visitors if she took the fancy to be so.

Yet, like Carlyle, she might be conquered by people who turned her own weapons against her. When at her own threshold she told Mrs. John Bigelow that she hated Americans, and that they should die, she said: "I don't see why you should dislike Americans, they are the only people who read your nasty books." Quida was delighted, drew her visitor toward her, and cried: "Why, you must be an interesting woman. You may come in."

And she took Mrs. Bigelow over the villa, she passed the time in the village, according to all current account. Mme. Quida surrounded herself with gorgeous furniture, with Oriental rugs, with artistic bric-a-brac, with fresh cut lilies and hyacinths. Her study in the old days was covered with a great Persian rug, and before the hearthstone, where she loved to lie for hours and dream, and sometimes scream a little as a safety valve for her emotions.

An American artist who was living in Venice in 1890 describes very vividly the impression that Quida made upon him. He was dining at the Grand Canal, he says, when he saw in the distance an elegant private gondola coming swiftly toward him. A large rose-colored and lace-covered parasol, contrasting picturesquely with the black sides of the boat and the blue of the sky, was the first thing to attract his eye. Next he became conscious of the gorgeous figure of a huge footman in livery lounging at one end of the boat. At the other end was what seemed a radiant creature, fairly smothered in muslin and lace.

"As she passed," he continued, "I caught a glimpse of a pair of very dainty feet clad in openwork silk slippers, which were perched up on the seat opposite to their owner. From them fell away a heap of silken and lace skirts, which had about them all the suggestive and high-heeled tan-colored of the coquettish air one sees in French pictures. The dress was all of white muslin and lace over silk and looked what women call very stylish. There was a little white bonnet, too, and the hand that held the huge rose-colored parasol was small and clad in soft pinkish blue kid. But the face under the sunshade! Well, I stared when my glance traveled up from the neat little slipper to the countenance atop all this dainty fro-frou toilet. It was the face of a woman of 50. There was a mass of blonde hair about it, but there was sufficient hair in the hair to give it an ashen tinge. The features were large and bold, almost masculine, and the skin, in spite of the rosy light falling upon it through the sunshade, was pallid and showed the crow's feet and wrinkles very plainly. I was struck by the big, brightly gray eyes at me as I passed and I marvelled greatly who this remarkable looking woman could be."

Later in the day, describing the incident to a lady of her acquaintance, she promptly exclaimed: "Why, that was Quida, of course. I saw her myself this morning and she said she was out doing early calls. Well, of course, the costume was rather youthful, but you have to wear something light and cool in June in Venice."

That night the artist saw Quida once more on the piazza eating ices. By gaslight she looked much more attractive.

"Her head was bare, and at night the hair did not show. One only saw the mass of blonde coils and braids. She was dressed from head to foot in black lace, which swept down about her in long, graceful draperies. There was the dainty little foot again in evidence, perched this time on the rug of a neighboring chair, and clad all in black, with a French buckle adorning the Moliere shoe."

In those days Quida lavished large sums of money on her clothes, as on all her other belongings. She had magnificent sets of sable and unique collections of old lace, purchased at times when opportunity was not unfrequent in a land of impoverishment. Conscious that her feet and hands and her hair were her chief beauties, she always took great care of them. Shoes in abundance and in every variety of style were made for her with nice artistic care, and the proper display of ankle and instep. Gloves, too, exquisitely fitting, were made to order. Her hair was tenderly cared for by a maid, who used scent that was said to be worth \$30 per ounce.

THERE ARE A NUMBER of varieties of corn. Hollows' Corn One will remove any of them. Call on your druggist and get a bottle at once.

LITTLEST, POOREST SADDEST CREATURE

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keep you blind that you have not a notion it exists. To yourself, your sight seems good, such is your pleasant thought; you have never looked over this hedge around you, there you cannot even see how tall there be anything the other side? The ache beneath your corsets in the spring is all you are ever to know of what there is beyond. And no one is to blame for all this—your least of all."

You settled, long before the well-fed dard's kiss from which you sprang. Forces have worked in dim, inexorable process, from the remotest time, till they have bred you, little blind creature, to be the masterpiece of their creation. With the wondrous paternity of Fate's selection, they have paired and paired you, and most narrowly approaches to the meat all that by nature shirks the risks of living, all that by essence clings to custom, till they have secured a state of things which has assured your coming, in your perfection of nonentity. They have paired you again, in your unpenetrable mold, and still they are at work—these gardeners never idle—pruning and tying night and day, to see that you run not wild and reach the grass. The Forces are proud of their waxen, scentless flower!"

The sun stands down, and the carriage does not move, and this delay is getting on your nerves. You can't imagine what is blocking up your way! Do you ever imagine anything? If all those goodly coverings that contain you could be taken off, what would you see? You would see the most shabby—a little I am sure, but its power of speculation. A soul that was born in you a bird, and has become a creeping thing; wings gone, groping, and clawing with its tentacles what is given it."

You stand, speaking to your footman! And you are charming, standing there, to us who, like your footman, cannot see the label "Blind." The cut of your gown is perfect, the trimming of your hair is latest; your trick of speech is shrewdly thing; you droop your eyelids to the life; you have not too much powder; it is a lesson in grace to see you hold your parasol. The doll of Nature! So, since you were born; so, until you die! And with his turned, clean-shaven face, your footman comes to say: "Madam, how you have come to it at this my province to inquire. You are! I am sure, dependent on you!" You are the heroine of the farce; but we must not smile at you, for you are tragic, standing there, the saddest figure in the world. No fault of yours that ears and eyes and that your voice are atrophied, so that you have no longer spirit of your own!"

Fashion brought you forth, and she has seen to it that you are the image of your mother, knowing that if she made you by a hair's breadth differently, you would lose and judge. You are Fashion, Fashion herself, blind, fear-fall Fashion! You do what you do because others do it; you think what you think because others think it; you feel what you feel because others feel it. You are the Figure without eyes!"

And no one can reach you, no one can alter you, poor little bundle of others' thoughts; for there is nothing left to reach. And so, in your seven hundred carriages, you pass; the road is bright with you. Above that road, below it, and on either side, with all million things and beings that you cannot see, all that is organic in the world, all that is living and creating; all that is striving to be free. They watch you pass, glittering on your little round, the slightest captive of your own triumph; and they cry, like the eyes of this hollow-chested world girl beside me on the pavement, fix on you a thousand eager looks, for you are strange to them. And many of their hearts are sore with envy, for they do not know that you are as dead as snow around them, and they cannot tell for what you are—the littlest, poorest, saddest creature in the world—Fashion! You Figure without eyes!"

The warrant for a town meeting at Claremont, N. H., is over five feet long and contains 41 articles.

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Special Low Rates Aug. 12, 13, 14, 15.

From LONDON to Old Orchard, Me., \$19.10; Charlottetown P. E. I., \$27.95; St. John, N. B., \$24.95; Portland Me., \$18.85; Halifax N. S., \$26.95; North Sydney, N. S., \$31.45.

Proportionately reduced rates to Blc, Cap. A. L. Little, Little, Murray Bay, St. John's, Rimouski, Quebec, P. E. I., and Montreal. N. B.: Mulgrave, Shediac, N. S.; Summerside, P. E. I.; Sydney, Parrsboro N. S.; Riviere du Loup, Que. Return limit, Aug. 30, 1907.

Tickets and further information may be obtained from E. DE LA HOOKE, city passenger and ticket agent, E. RUSE, depot agent, or write J. D. McDONALD, D.E.A., Toronto.

WABASH Summer Tourist Excursions

To points in Colorado, Utah, California, Oregon, Texas and Mexico

The Wabash will sell round trip tickets at greatly reduced rates, on and daily (via all direct routes) until Sept. 15, 1907, to return until Oct. 31 with stop-over privileges west of Chicago and St. Louis. Ask your nearest Wabash agent for full particulars, or address J. A. RICHARDSON, district passenger agent, northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

CANADIAN PACIFIC SEASIDE EXCURSIONS

Aug. 12, 13, 14 and 15

LONDON TO

Old Orchard, Me. \$19.10
Portland, Me. \$18.85
Charlottetown, P. E. I. \$27.95
Halifax, N. S. \$26.95
St. John, N. B. \$24.95
North Sydney, N. S. \$31.45

Proportionately low rates to other eastern points. Return limit Aug. 30.

Tickets and full information at C. P. R. ticket office, corner Dundas and Richmond streets. C. B. Foster, D. P. A., Toronto.

R&O 1000 Islands Montreal, Quebec and Saguenay River

TORONTO-MONTREAL LINE

3:00 p.m.—Steamers leave Toronto daily for Charlotte (Rochester), Thousand Islands and Montreal. HAMILTON-MONTREAL LINE 6:30 p.m.—Leave Toronto, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, or Bay Quinte, Kingston, Brockville, Montreal and intermediate ports. For tickets and berth reservations apply to E. DE LA HOOKE, C. T. A., G. T. R. E. RUSE, D. P. A., E. R. R. R. FOSTER CHAFFEE, A. G. P. A., Toronto.

Southwestern Traction Co.

HOURLY SERVICE BETWEEN LONDON AND ST. THOMAS

First car leaving London at 6 a.m., last car at 10 p.m. First car leaving St. Thomas at 7 a.m., last car at 11 p.m. On Wednesdays and Saturdays week-end rates, and last car one hour later. S. W. MOWER, General Manager.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY SPECIAL EXCURSION FARES TO THE SEASIDE

"Maritime Express" "Ocean Limited"

Leaves Montreal 12 noon (daily except Saturday). Leaves Montreal 7:30 p.m. (daily except Saturday).

FROM MONTREAL

Riviere du Loup	\$ 6.00	Shediac	\$22.25
Murray Bay	6.00	Summerside	22.00
Cap A. L. Little	6.00	Charlottetown	22.00
St. John's	6.00	Parrsboro	13.00
St. John's	6.00	Parrsboro	13.00
Quebec	6.00	Mulgrave	12.00
Sic	7.50	Pictou	14.00
Little Metis	7.50	Mulgrave	15.50