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To establish beyond all question the capacity and credit of your country;
To care for the wounded and maimed soldier;
To finance the bonus of the returned soldier already paid;
To enable the fruits of Victory to be garnered;
To ensure the prosperity of you, her citizens.
The guns of war are silent—but they are not yet cool.
The Victory Loan 1919 is a War Loan.
Canada's book of war is gloriously written—make this, the closing chapter, a worthy one. The responsibility is yours. **LEND!**

LEND! LEAD!

See Official Prospectus on another page.

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee in co-operation with the Minister of Finance of the Dominion of Canada.

VICTORY LOAN

U. S. Attackek by Waltz King

Richard Strauss Hopes We'll Never Hear Note of His in "This Cursed Country"

New York.—At 5 o'clock on a cold rainy morning last January I crossed the French bridgehead at Mainz on a slow-moving train that stopped at every station to pick up sleepy, shivering workmen, and an hour later I arrived at Frankfurt.
It was dark as midnight, and I was alone on enemy soil—in unoccupied Germany. I had no passes or credentials of any kind. I was uncertain as to what sort of reception I would get, or whether I would be allowed to stay, but I was far more deeply concerned over the fact that I had broken my thermos bottle.

And—No Thermos Bottle

During the next six months I literally saw history in the making, but there are hundreds of things relatively as unimportant as losing my thermos bottle on that January morning that stand out in my mind just as clearly—gossip picked up here and there, trifling incidents that showed the way the wind blew, stories from the newspapers, personal experiences.

They are sideights that show up present day Germany from an entirely different angle. For example, I shall never forget my arrival in Berlin. At that time the January fighting was on, the result was still in doubt, and few people had an idea of the actual state of affairs in the capital. Tickets to Berlin were not sold except on orders issued by the military authorities, and I had quite

a time in Cassel, then Hindenburg's headquarters, where I stopped on my way from Frankfurt, to convince a stubborn captain that I was entitled to an officer's permit to travel on a military train to Berlin.

Strauss Affronts America

Music lovers had a succession of rare treats in Berlin last winter. There were several series of wonderful concerts by the Berlin Philharmonic Society, led by Richard Strauss; the Gewandhaus Orchestra from Leipzig, led by Arthur Nikisch, formerly conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the Weingartner's Orchestra, from Vienna, and innumerable delightful recitals. I heard two artists well known to Americans—Julia Clup and Marold Bauer, the great German pianist.

There were dozens of art exhibitions, one by the Society of Field Gray Artists, all men who had served in the German army, and another by the Berlin secession. I saw much that was interesting, but the dominating note was spiritual, physical and normal ugliness. Force and imagination were there, but beauty was conspicuous by its absence.

It is a rather diverting fact that Berlin artists, outwardly at least, are violently anti-American, but I suspect that it is a case of hour grapes. I shall never forget the tongue-lashing given me one day by Richard Strauss at the Adlon when I ventured to ask him something about the future of music of Germany.

In This Accursed U.S.

"I don't care to discuss the matter with any Americans," he said. "Our future is our own. America has boycotted German artists during the war, but it takes two to play

the same game. I hope that you will never hear a note of my composition again in your accursed country."

But if I had had an American contract tucked away in my pocket I am inclined to think he would have been quite ready to "talk turkey." Reinhardt took exactly the same tone when I saw him at the first performance of a new and exceedingly tiresome play by Princess Lichnowsky. He is a great believer in the future of the German stage under the new republic, particularly the People's Theatre, which, in his opinion, holds infinite possibilities. Just what will become of all the theatres and opera houses in Germany under the new regime, however, is a matter for speculation. Many of them were supported from the royal revenues, which will all pass under state control.

Movies Dull, Indecent

Rotten is the only word for the Berlin movies, but there were hundreds of them; the prices charged for seats were anywhere from 2 to 10 marks; and every "kino" was packed. The comedies were either disgustingly vulgar or dull beyond description. There were ponderous "super-movies" that would have made a David W. Griffith 10-reeler look like a synopsis. The most popular of all were the sex dramas—plays that had been "verbotten" by the Berlin censor before the revolution—and the so-called pathological movies, which left literally nothing to the imagination. To sit through one of these was literally to wallow in filth, but Berliners of all ages and sexes filled the houses to the doors. Two which I particularly remember were "Different from the Others" and "The Yellow Death, or the Path of Prostitution." There was no vice that was too low for ex-

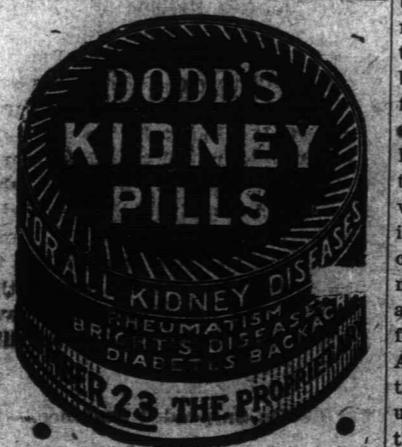
position, no situation too nasty to be exploited.

Making Diamonds From Explosives

As a result of the war almost everyone will be able to wear diamonds! This startling statement means that the high explosives which have been discovered and used in the war may now be used for the purpose of manufacturing diamonds on a large scale, thus bringing these glittering precious stones within the reach of a large number of people.

Diamonds are merely carbon crystallized by enormous pressure, usually, it is believed, through the gases generated in volcanic eruptions crystallizing small particles of burning trees. The carbon contained in iron has frequently been turned into tiny diamonds in the process of smelting.

Although identical with the diamonds formed by Nature, stones accidentally formed in this manner are so small that they are value-



less. The diamonds that the great French chemist, Moissan, manufactured were also of no commercial value, and for some years it was believed that it would be impossible to manufacture diamonds large enough to be of value through lack of concentrated power to develop the required pressure.

The war has solved this problem. Explosives have been used that exert a pressure of 95 tons to one inch. Carbon, rendered white hot through the medium of oxygen or electricity, and subjected to this pressure, crystallizes instantly and is transformed into a pure diamond. Until shortly before his death, the late Prof. Sir William Crookes was conducting highly successful experiments in diamond making by this method.

A MAN OF DEEDS

Col. Ripley Never Looked for the Spotlight

The khaki of returned men is fast being relegated to the limbo of half-forgotten things, and the thoughts of war experiences are transient now in the pursuit of the much longed-for return to a civilian occupation. A toast list beside me, with the simple, but apt quotation, "the true and the frank and the free," recalls the splendid qualities of Lieut.-Col. Blair Ripley, D.S.O., C.B.E., O.C. of the 1st Battalion Railway Troops, whose splendid leadership, unflinching industry and pardonable pride in his crack railway construction unit, made his name to be a revered one among the men who had the good fortune to come under his command. A quiet and reserved man, he has that bigness which comes from big undertakings. As a C.P.R. engineer at the Lethbridge viaduct, and the

North Toronto grade separation, were pre-war testimonials to his skill and efficiency. Twenty-seven months of unremitting work in France and Belgium have enhanced that enviable record and experience in supervising the laying of steel and the erection of bridges.

"Railways are the arteries of modern warfare"—this fact was early recognized by Sir Eric Geddes, and miles of light gauge railway track was laid with the rapidity of spreading a stair carpet. But it only partially relieved the congestion. Broad gauge railways were urgently required to bring troops and military supplies to the rail heads. In the autumn of 1916, the 1st Battalion, C.R.T., worked on the Somme, building narrow gauge, at Maricourt, Combles, le Ferel Farm, Rouge and Bouchevesnes.

Early in the following spring the Germans, yielding to pressure from the British, evacuated Bapaume and Peronne, leaving a vast tract of wilderness in their wake. It did not seem possible to lay heavy steel on this indescribable waste of mud, and interminable shell torn region. Could it be accomplished? Was it worth the tremendous effort? There was a diversity of opinion and many officers in high places were against the project.

Col. Ripley undertook the job, and in less than two weeks a train ran over broad gauge rails into Peronne yard, from Plateau, via Maricourt, (the jumping off place of the first Somme offensive). Skirting Trones Wood, through Clery, then a heap of rubbish, the Scots Guards carried the 36 ft. length of rail, by number; ties and fastenings were rushed up through the snow on motor lorries, and the 1st C.R.T. spiked with commendable vigor. It was a feat of skill and determination, and another evidence of Canadian energy and enterprise was recognized by the British authorities. Consequently the 1st C.R.T. became the nucleus of the Canadian Railway Troop Corps, afterwards so ably administered by Brig.-Gen. Stewart. The 2nd Railway Troops came into the field during 1917, and when the armistice was signed thirteen units were in operation, two more in formation, with subsidiary companies of skilled railroad operators, tramway companies, engine drivers and a bridge building aggregation in Palestine.

The red square was a distinctive and a respected badge. The men who wielded the spike maul could also shoulder a rifle. One C.R.T. unit distinguished itself at Villiers Bretonneux, holding a part of the line until relief came.

Col. Ripley must have accepted the axiom that "actions speak louder than words," early in his professional career, and he followed that motto in the army. He was on the Western front to build railways and did it. Oratory and verbosity are foreign to him. He shunned eulogizing press men. Completion reports stated all, the blue print frame told its story. The numerous letters he received from army commanders pleased him because they reflected credit on his battalion. He had a very warm regard for those men, who ate raw turnips with him in 1916. A silent man, but a reservoir of warmth and kindness to those who sought him in time of trouble. He had no patience with maligners, but the punishment always fitted the crime. An officer and gentleman, one "who never turned his back, but walked straight forward," through the dark grey war days, he is held in high esteem by the old members of his battalion.

A Roumanian Jeanne D'Arc

One of the most interesting examples of Roumanian heroism has come to light in the story of a young girl named Ecaterina Teodorou. In August, 1916, before Roumania entered the war, Maj. Telesanu was in command of some eighteen hundred Boy and Girl Scouts in the district of Gorj, when Ecaterina came from Bucharest to spend her holidays in camp. She was the sixteen-year-old daughter of a captain in the army. When the war broke out she decided to remain in Maj. Telesanu's legion. Her mother was in territory conquered by the enemy and before long her father and two of her brothers had been killed in battle. To avenge them she determined to fight shoulder to shoulder with her third brother.

Repeatedly the colonel in command sent Ecaterina back from the front, but she always found a way to return. She disguised herself with a soldier's uniform over her Scout dress, and gun in hand entered the ranks as a volunteer; for twenty days she lived and fought side by side with her brother. At the end of that time he fell, mor-

HER CASE SEEMED HOPELESS

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tally wounded, and such was her rage and despair that she flung herself into the struggle with no thought of her life. She was taken prisoner, disarmed and conducted to the rear by a German soldier. Finding herself in a dense wood when night fell, she took advantage of the darkness to kill her captor with a pistol that she had hidden in her clothes, and made her escape through the forest. She was drenched with rain and almost exhausted, but finally at two o'clock in the morning she found her way back to her company, bringing valuable information as to the movements of the enemy.

Five days later she took part in a battle, and an enemy shell fractured both her legs. She was cared for and completely cured by Her Majesty Queen Marie and the two princesses, and in a few months she asked permission to return to the front once more. Maj. Telesanu forwarded her request with an account of her exploits to the King and the Crown Prince. She was then promoted to the rank of honorary second lieutenant in the Forty-third Regiment of Infantry and as reward for devotion and bravery she was decorated with an order of merit and a special gold medal given to Scouts for service during the war.

With her new regiment Ecaterina fought at the battle of Maresesti and, although slightly wounded in this engagement, refused to leave the front. At the suggestion of the soldiers, who idolized her, she was recommended for a first lieutenancy and received her promotion. Two days later this brave young life came to its close; she fell pierced through the heart by a German bayonet.

In tribute to her patriotism, self-sacrifice and heroism, Maj. Telesanu has proposed that Ecaterina Teodorou be acclaimed the Jeanne d'Arc of Roumania.

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