

Hunger Stalks Through Belgium NOW!

While we in Canada are bringing in the harvests, filling our store-rooms and stocking our pantries with an abundance of good food—our Allies in overrun Belgium are facing another winter of near-starvation.

Women and children there by millions have gone for two years on short rations, for the Belgian Relief Fund has never been sufficient to provide full fare. Consequently they are in no condition to stand the still greater privations threatened on account of the growing number dependent on the Fund. Anything less than the present meagre allowance of bread and soup would, in thousands of cases, fail to hold bodies and souls together.

Shall we—can we—go on eating our three square meals a day—living well if not luxuriously—while Belgian children, pinched and cold, sobbingly beg their mothers for bread enough to stop the gnawing hunger?

\$2.50 a month in the hands of the Belgian Relief Commission, will feed a Belgian family. A cigar less a day—a night missed from the theatre—simpler refreshments after an evening's cards—the price of any one of a dozen such habitual luxuries would provide the food that means life for a Belgian mother and her children till the end of the war.

Won't your own meals taste better when you know some little Belgians also are enjoying the food which you provide? Whatever you feel that you can spare, send your subscription weekly, monthly or in one lump sum to Local or Provincial Committees, or send Cheques payable to Treasurer

Belgian Relief Fund

59 ST. PETER STREET, MONTREAL.

\$2.50 Feeds a Belgian Family One Month.

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his light upon the wall at the height of the little wall-safe to the right of the doors in the study below. A dozen times he did this, passing from the windows to the position of the wall-safe and only momentarily flashing his light.

He assured himself thus of being able to pass in the dark from the windows of Santoine's study to the wall-safe. As the study was larger than this room, he computed that he must add two steps to what he took here in each direction. He paid no attention to the position of the safe to the left of the doors, for he had kept watch of the vase on the table in the lower hall, and the only sign he had found there had told him that what he wanted was in the safe to the right.

He raised a shade and window, then, and sat in the dark. The night was cloudy and very dark; and the lake was smooth with barely a ripple. Near at hand a steamer passed, blazing with lights, and further out he saw the mast-head light of some other steamer. The lake was still ice-locked at its northern end, and so the farther of these steamers, he knew, was bound to some southern Michigan port; the nearer was one of the Chicago-Milwaukee boats. For some moments after it had passed, the waves of its wake washed in and sounded on the shore at the foot of the bluff. Next Eaton made out the hum of a motor-car approaching the house. It was Avery, who evidently had been out and was now returning; the chauffeur spoke the name in his reply to some question as the car swung away to the garage. Eaton still sat in the dark. By degrees all noises ceased in the house, even in the servants' quarters. Twice Eaton leaned forward looking out of the window and found all quiet; but both times he settled back in his chair and waited.

THE wash of waves, as from a boat, sounded again on the shore.

Eaton leaned nearer the window and stared out. There was no light in sight showing any boat; but the waves on the shore were distinct; indeed, they had been more distinct than those from the steamer. They must have been made by a large vessel or from a small ship close in and moving fast. The waves came in first on the north and swept south; Eaton strained his eyes and now saw a vague blur off to the south and within half a mile of shore—a boat without lights. If it had passed at high speed, it had stopped now. He watched this for some time; but he could make out no move, and soon he could not be sure even that the blur was there.

He gazed at the south wing of the house; it was absolutely dark and quiet; the windows of the first floor were closed and the curtains drawn; but to-night there was no light in the room. The windows of the room on the second floor were open; Basil Santoine was undoubtedly asleep. Eaton gazed again at the lower room. Then in the dark he moved to the table where he had left his overcoat, and distributed in his pockets and within his clothing the articles he had brought; and now he felt again in his overcoat and brought out a short, strong bar of steel curved and flattened at one end—a "jimmy" for forcing the windows.

Eaton slipped off his shoes and went to his room door; he opened the door and found the hall dark and quiet. He stepped out, closing his door carefully behind him, and with great caution he descended the stairs. Below, all was quiet; the red embers and glowing charcoal of wood fires which had blazed on the hearths gave the only light. Eaton crept to the doors of the blind man's study and softly tried them. They were, as he had expected, locked. He went to a window in the drawing-room which was set in a recess and so placed that it was not visible from other windows in the house. He opened this window and let himself down upon the lawn.

There he stood still for a moment,



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TO CASUAL READERS OF THE CANADIAN COURIER:

This number of Canadian Courier contains a portion of "The Blind Man's Eyes"—the MYSTERY STORY which has captured the imagination of so many readers. It is likely that back copies can be had should you desire them, either through a newsdealer, or direct of the publishers. Subscription price, \$2.00 per year to Canada and Great Britain; United States, \$1.00 extra postage.

CANADIAN COURIER