

A FINE STUDY IN THE PHYSIOGNOMY OF GERMAN SOLDIERS



These are a few of the Germans recently captured in the fighting in the Champagne. Examined closely, they look like neither professional murderers nor world-conquerors; more like simple-minded citizens who would much rather be at home caring for their families.

make a grievance of it if she was left too long.

It didn't make Kitty better disposed to Mr. Percival Lumley, who had got into Owl's Castle by this time, that Aunt Maria knew him and had the highest possible opinion of him. She had catechized Kitty minutely about him, and had even shown her the string of pearls which she meant to bestow upon her for a wedding present, if Kitty's marriage pleased her.

Kitty would have said, if anyone had asked her, that Mr. Lumley was the fly in the pleasant ointment of her home-coming.

She was so enchanted to be with her father again that for three whole days she forgot to think of Percival Lumley, till one day when she was smoothing the pucker out of his forehead, which made him so like Garry, he mentioned Percival Lumley with a wistful air.

"He's a very agreeable fellow, Kit," he said. "I don't know how I'd have got on without you but for him. I've been a good deal at Owl's Castle. By Jove, the place is transformed, and yet not spoilt. Nothing new about it, but everything warm and comfortable, and in the best of taste. The Kavanaghs weren't better neighbours. That bird you're eating was one of a brace sent over yesterday."

Kitty said afterwards to herself that the pheasant had tasted bitter in her mouth as soon as she knew that it came from Mr. Lumley, but that was hardly true, for she had an excellent appetite, and the bird was all a pheasant should be.

She had been obliged to hear a good deal of praise of Mr. Lumley during those first days at home, and she had not the heart to snub her father, who always looked so wistful, poor darling, and was always receiving bills by post instead of cheques. Aunt Maria from time to time had sent a cheque to her brother-in-law. She was very rich, and she had neither chick nor child, nor any near relative on her own side, so Dominick Lambert had not resented these sisterly offerings. But this year none had come. Kitty had not been as in former years the bearer of the precious document, which should smooth out the crumples from Papa's forehead for a while.

A few days later there was the opening meet of the season at Creggs Hill. Kitty was going to ride Mickey for the first time. He had been broken in and accustomed to a side-saddle: Timothy Hafferman, the groom, having ridden him in Miss Kitty's saddle, with a discarded skirt of Kitty's which had come down to Mrs. Hafferman.

"Lumley took so much interest in it, Kitty," said Dominick Lambert, looking more like Garry than

ever. "Such a kind fellow, Kitty! I'm so glad to have him for a neighbour."

"I wish we could have kept the Kavanaghs," said Kitty, coldly, and was grieved afterwards for the snubbed look in her father's face.

THERE was a big meet at Creggs Hill and Kitty had a new habit, a gift from Aunt Maria, as well as her new horse. Not that she thought of Mickey as a new horse. Mickey looked at her as though he had known her during a long life. He took his fences beautifully, like a bird, and he had a mouth as soft as silk. She felt very exhilarated as she followed with a feeling that there was but one will between the horse and his rider.

At the last moment Dominick Lambert's old horse, Trooper, who was sixteen if he was a day, had gone lame, so he was in the stable, and his master sitting by the fire at Castle Lambert, quite willing to confess to a touch of sciatica now that there was no possibility of his going out with Kitty.

"Lumley will look after you, Kit," he said, as she stood, drawing on her gauntlets, and looking as pretty as a picture of a horsewoman as could well be imagined, by the fire in the room he particularly affected.

"I shall have plenty of people to look after me," said Kitty, with a little tightening of her lips.

"I wish you did not set yourself so much against Lumley. Such a kind fellow!" said the poor gentleman, with a sigh, which was to annoy Kitty after she had left him with an irritable remorse.

When she caught sight of Mr. Lumley at a distance on the lawn at Killeera, Sir Myles Dillon's place, she rode away in an opposite direction, and talked so gaily to young Humphrey Dillon that the boy's heart was somewhat flustered. All the time she had a sense which annoyed her of how well Percival Lumley looked in the saddle, how fresh and clean and comely, with the bunch of violets in the lapel of his scarlet coat.

She got away pretty close up to the hounds, and for a little while her vexation was lost in a joyful excitement. But presently as she pounded across a ten-acre ploughed field something sleek and beautiful came alongside Mickey with a delicate, swift rush. She did not need to glance at the rider to see that it was Mr. Lumley's mare, Duchess. She bade him a chilly good-morning, and tried to get on; but Mickey held back or Duchess pressed on, for they were level riding through a narrow boreen, where there was hardly space for two horses.

Mickey and Duchess whinnied to each other as they went along the lane side by side.

There was a glorious run across the fields and over the low hedges, with the old dog fox in front of
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A B.-P. Story

MANY people wonder why General Baden-Powell is not in the Great War, but all those who know the antagonism between him and K. of K. are not surprised. When K. of K. went to South Africa, with Roberts, to take charge, he is said to have given B.-P. a month to get out. Like a true soldier, B.-P. got out and said nothing.

B.-P. is peculiar. A Canadian officer tells a typical story. He was a lieutenant at an outpost in South Africa—a "rail-head" seventy miles from Bloemfontein. Word came that B.-P. was coming up to inspect the line of block-houses. The Mess, consisting entirely of junior officers, thought to do the General honour by giving him a nice little dinner. So the Canadian jumped on the armoured train that was there, went down to Bloemfontein and bought some fish and a few other little delicacies and brought them up next day. When the General arrived, the dinner was duly served. But much to their dismay, B.-P. at once began to find fault with such luxury. They explained as best they could—told the whole truth, in fact.

B.-P. would not relent. It was extravagance and he would have none of it. He ate the army rations only and left his hosts to enjoy their delicacies with such appetites as they could muster under the circumstances. But they never quite forgave him.

JIMMIE TRICKETT.

By special arrangement with Ward, Lock & Co., the well-known publishers of London, England, the Courier will, next week, commence the publication of a splendid serial entitled "The Annexation Society," by J. S. Fletcher. It is a mystery story of the higher class, and is sure to attract the attention in Canada which it has already excited in England. "Jimmie Trickett" is one of the greatest characters created in fiction since the days of the incomparable Dickens.