

want? Whither are they going in this brutal haste, these Greeks, Corsicans, Corfiotes, Montenegrins, Armenians, Jews, Albanians, Syrians, Egyptians, Arabs, Turks? They have no time or desire to be courteous, to heed any one but themselves. They push you from the pavement. They elbow you in the road. Upon the two bridges they crush past you, careless if they tread upon you or force you into the mud. If you are in a caique, traveling over the waters of the Golden Horn, they run into you. Caiques bang into caiques. The boatmen howl at one another and somehow pull their craft free. If you are in a carriage the horses slither round the sharp corners, and you come abruptly face to face with another carriage, dashing on as yours is dashing, carelessly, scornfully, reckless apparently of traffic and of human lives. There seems to be no plan in the tumult, no conception of anything wanted quietly, toward which any one is moving with a definite, simple purpose. The noise is beyond all description. London, even New York, seems to be almost peaceful in comparison with Constantinople. There is no sound of dogs. They are all dead. But even their sickly howling, of which one has heard much, must surely have been overpowered by the uproar one hears to-day, except perhaps in the dead of night.

"Soldiers seem to be everywhere. To live in Constantinople is like living in some vast camp. When I was there, Turkey was preparing feverishly for war. The streets were blocked with trains of artillery. The steamers in the harbor were vomiting forth regiments of infantry. Patrols of horsemen paraded the city. On my first night in Pera, when, weary with my efforts to obtain some general conception of what the spectacular monster really was, what it wanted, what it meant, what it was about to do, I had at length fallen asleep towards dawn, I was awakened by a prolonged, clattering roar beneath my window. I got up, opened the shutters, and looked out. And below me in the semi-darkness, I saw interminable lines of soldiers passing; officers on horseback, men tramping with knapsacks on their backs and rifles over their shoulders; then the artillery, gun-carriages, with soldiers sitting loosely on them holding one another's hands; guns, horses, more horses, with officers riding them; then trains of loaded mules. On and on they went, and always more were coming behind. I watched them till I was tired, descending to the darkness of Galata, to the blackness of old Stamboul.

"Gradually, as the days passed by, I began to understand something of the city, to realize never what it wanted or what it really meant, but some thing of what it was. It seemed to me then like a person with two natures uneasily housed in one perturbed body. These two natures were startlingly different the one from the other. One was to me hateful—Pera, with Galata touching it. The other was not to be understood by me, but it held me with an indifferent grasp, and from it to me there flowed a strange and almost rustic melancholy that I cared for—Stamboul. And between these two natures a gulf was fixed—the gulf of the Golden Horn.

WHEN I think of Constantinople as a whole, as seen, say, from the top of the Galata tower, set up by the Genoese, I think of it as the most wonderful, the most beautiful, and the most superbly situated city I ever have seen.

"It is an Eastern city of the sea, pierced by water at its heart, giving itself to the winds from Marmora, from the Golden Horn, from the Bosphorus, from the Black Sea. The snows of Asia look upon it across the blue waters of Marmora, where the Iles des Princes sleep in a flickering haze of gold. Stamboul climbs, like Rome, to the summits of seven hills, and gazes over the great harbor, crowded with a forest of masts, echoing with the sounds of the sea, to Galata, and to Pera on the height. And the Golden Horn narrows to the sweet waters of Europe, but broadens toward Seraglio Point into the Bosphorus, that glorious highway of water between Europe and Asia, lined with the palaces and the villas of sultans and pashas, of Eastern potentates and of the European Powers; Yildiz, and Dolma bagtche, Beylerbey, and Cheragan, the great palace of the Khedive of Egypt's mother,

with its quay upon the water, facing the villa of her son, which stands on the Asian shore, lifted high amid its woods, the palace of the "sweet waters of Asia," the gigantic red-roofed palace where Ismail died in exile. Farther on towards Therapia, where stands the summer embassies of the Powers, Robert College, dignified, looking from afar almost like a great gray castle, rises on its height above its sloping gardens. Gaze from any summit upon Constantinople, and you are amazed by the wonder of it, by the wonder of its setting. There is a



The Last of the Hohenzollerns.

vastness, a glory of men, of ships, of seas, of mountains, in this grand view which sets it apart from all other views of the world. Two seas send their message. Two continents give of their beauty to make it beautiful. Two religions have striven to sanctify it with glorious buildings. In the midst of its hidden squalor and crime rises what many consider the most beautiful church—now a mosque—in the world. Perhaps no harbor in Europe can compare with its harbor. For human historical interest it can scarcely be equaled. In the shadow of its marvelous wall, guarded by innumerable towers

and girded by forests of cypresses, it lies like some great magician, glittering, mysterious, crafty, praying, singing, intriguing, assassinating, looking to East and West, watchful, and full of fanaticism.

Seven Weeks Before The War!

(The 'Record,' Philadelphia)

The German order of June the 9, 1914, to all manufacturers to open the sealed mobilization envelopes in their hands had been known before our Government (American) published the official text recently. It proves that nineteen days before the murder of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, Germany was beginning to mobilize its army. It is the same Germany that a few days later treated the mobilization of Russia against Austria, which had already mobilized, as a declaration of war which must be withdrawn in twelve hours or hostilities would follow.

But there was another order of June 9, 1914, which the world knew nothing of until our Government published the document. It involved the United States, also, though neither here nor among our Allies was there any thought till the war was nine months old that we should be dragged in. But Germany knew what it was going to do, and it anticipated very correctly how that would influence us. The document is as follows:

"Circular June 9, 1914.—From the General Staff to all military attaches in the countries adjacent to Russia, France, Italy and Norway. In all branches of German banks in Sweden, Norway, Switzerland and the United States special war credits have been opened for subsidiary war requirements. The General Staff is authorizing you to avail yourself in unlimited amounts of these credits for the destruction of the enemy's factories, plants, and the most important military and civil structures. Simultaneously with the instigation of strikes it is necessary to make provisions for the damaging of motors, of mechanisms, with the destruction of vessels, setting incendiary fires to stocks of raw materials and finished products, deprivation of large towns of their electric energy, stocks, of fuel and provisions. Special agents detailed to be at your disposal will deliver to you explosives and incendiary devices and a list of such persons in the country under your observation who will assume the duty of agents of destruction."

At the time this circular was issued,

and for nearly eight weeks thereafter, Germany had no "enemy." But it had determined upon war. In the spring of 1913 an altogether unprecedented increase of the German army was made because of the defeat of Turkey in the first Balkan war. This was the explanation given by von Bethmann-Hollweg. In August, Austria proposed an attack on Serbia, the principal gainer by the two Balkan wars, but Italy would not join her, and the matter was dropped for the time. In the following winter the New York agents of the Hamburg-American Line received orders to be ready to receive a code word to supply German cruisers in the North Atlantic. In June, 1914, mobilization was begun and plans were made for sabotage and incendiaryism in all countries that might supply the enemies Germany was going to make. On June 28, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand was assassinated, and one week later, July 5, a conference at Potsdam decided to make that the pretext for the war, which was to destroy France and Russia. Germany did not believe England would come in.

But why was the United States included in this order? Because it was anticipated that France and Russia would get supplies here, and therefore the plans were made for strikes, fires, explosions and miscellaneous sabotage. It was probably anticipated, also, that the way Germany intended to make war would force America into the list of its enemies.

The Dollar Chain

For the soldiers and all who are suffering because of the war.

Contributions from Nov. 1st to Nov. 8th: Phyllis Hodgins, Yarm, P. Q., \$2; Mrs. Hurst Hodgins, Yarm, P. Q., \$2; David Patterson, Caledonia, Ont., \$10; Maggie Patterson, Caledonia, Ont., \$5; Wilton Grove (Ont.) Institute Friend, \$5; Clara Westington, Bewdley, Ont., \$2; Mrs. E. Mackling, Bewdley, Ont., \$2.

Previously acknowledged \$5,678.50

Total to November 8th \$5,706.50

Even though the peace terms be at once signed, much money will still be needed for the relief of misery in Europe. There will be millions of refugees to be fed and clothed until they are reinstated again, and put again in a position to earn their living on their ruined homes in Belgium, Northern France, Northern Italy, Serbia, Albania, Montenegro, Roumania and Poland. Also a great deal will be needed for our own soldiers who must still stay for a considerable time in Europe, whether in the hospital or on guard duty elsewhere.

Mrs. A. T. Edwards, of the Belgian Relief Department in this place, asks us to say that she will be glad to receive second-hand clothes which are clean and in good repair, to send on to the Belgians. Especially needed are warm, new stockings for children. Why not cut out Christmas presents to friends this year, and spend the money and time on stockings for these little ones? Her address is "183 Oxford St., London, Ont." Small parcels may be sent directly by mail (prepaid). Large parcels may be addressed to "Mrs. A. T. Edwards, C. P. R. Station, London, Ont., For Belgian Relief." When "For Belgian Relief" is plainly marked all parcels sent by C. P. R. will go free. Those sent by other railways must be prepaid, unless differently advised at place of shipping.

Address "Dollar Chain" contributions, as usual, to The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine, London, Ont.

Re the S. A. Rescue Home and Orphanage.

Sgt. Martin informs us that a Woman's Institute near Chatham, on seeing our appeal for this institution in our paper, sent him, on their own account, the entire sum of \$70, which he asked for. There is on hand at this office \$34.75 which will be handed over to the orphanage, with any more that may come for that purpose during succeeding weeks.



Von Hindenburg and Ludendorff.