

# Fall in!



"OFFICER" said Cissy, looking up from her magazine, "did you say officer?"

"Where?"

The train was sliding into Quebec with the light taut breath of a young runner. The morning air was a silver of diamonds. The passengers had waked, wondered, breakfasted, and were about to alight.

Cissy was the sort of American who got her hair out of Vogue, her views out of the Smart Set, and her

be kinda based on neutrality." As the red-headed and be-buffed conversation tinkled off down the street, while dad got busy on the French-named shopfronts, Cissy's head came breathlessly round.

"He didn't go away on the train after all, did he just wait through it. He's in the sleigh behind."

Captain Moriarty was a Canadian from Ireland, via New York, for adventure. He had spent five hard-tiding years in the Northwest

the life out of one. The north pumps it in and uses it up again at the pressure. The long winter melted into memories.

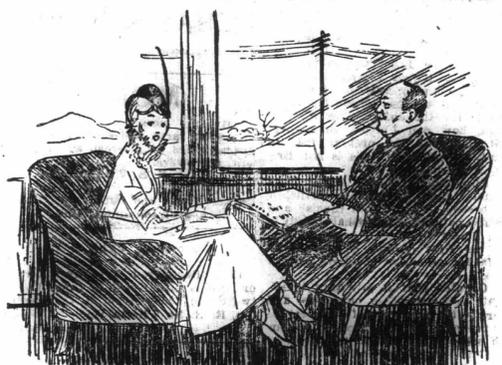
"How can you leave it?" Cissy burst out at last. "This glorious country—how can you go there to the guns and the gas and those awful, awful trenches?"

"How could I stay? The more wonderful it is, child, isn't it worth fighting for? But you're neutral. You couldn't understand."

She touched his arm tenderly. He looked so grim.

"Oh, but I do!" she whispered. "My great-grandfather fought under Washington. This isn't my country—but if it were, how I would fight!"

The captain was more afraid than thousands of Germans would have made him. But he charged straight for the guns.



"Officer," said Cissy "Where?"

checks out at Dad. The hats were small, the views were broad, but the checks were the loudest plaids you ever saw and still growing.

Cissy had set her heart on a white Christmas, a crinkle-treed, sleigh-belled, buffalo-robed Christmas. Where else were the use of the finest fur coat between here and Madame Polarbear's at Home.

But New York—nope, heavenly, silver-eyed New York—just wouldn't accommodate.

Wherefore Cissy had stamped a thirteen-inch-high-booted foot under the shortest skirt you ever saw, short of the bathing beach, and dad got the light.

He also got the way to the nearest ticket office—or rather the chauffeur did—and the net result was twin tickets for Canada. Dad and Cissy were all there was to it down home, except servants.

Mounted Police. Now he is going home; because no matter how far a Briton travels, he's Briton still. And when it comes to a scamp, your Irishman is the greatest Briton of them all.

His battalion was wintering in Montreal, but Moriarty himself had leave for Christmas and he had run down to the Chateau Frontenac for a little of the sport on skis, toboggan, sledge and sleigh, that he so loved.

Incidentally and unconsciously, he had packed a little arrow in his bag, a strange, gold-headed steel-headed bit of viciousness unknown to military authorities, the mate of which had been slid into the wardrobe trunk of the girl from New York. He didn't know it. And she didn't know it. But the little French-eyed cupid of Quebec had wired ahead for just that arrangement.

It was thrilling. The morning job yes, such things do happen, and Cissy met him at lunch. It was thrilling to talk to a real soldier. Most of the men she knew had raised a moustache for the Allies—and that was all.

When he proposed, tobogganing Cissy hunted up her furriest, fuffiest, fetchingest coat and complied. Incidentally, the French cupid transferred the arrow from the trunk to her eyes—big, dark eyes they were and disastrously enlaced.

The streets tingled with life. They flew with color. Everywhere you heard the lit of Gallic laughter. There were soldiers too, endless groups of them. And every group encountered, when one was on the magic company of an officer, meant a salute. Cissy had been bowed to, cringed to, kneeled to, but saluted by real active-service soldiers—never before. It was thrilling.

Tobogganing is the king of winter sports, the Coney Island climax of speed-daring, swallow-darting adventure. The most popular slide in Quebec starts from under the shadow of the King's Bastion of the Citadel and ends on Dufferin Terrace at the entrance to the Chateau Frontenac tea room. It starts as "pleased-to-meet-you, glad-you-are-here"; it goes a quarter of a mile in something under thirty seconds; and when it has landed you breathless and well-acquainted at the door of the tea room—way, after half an hour of such glorious fellowship, you just naturally drift in.

White hands over a dainty teapot—warm, fragrant of the subtle Orient in every sip.

"After all, we're one race," said the captain, smiling, "what do you say to snowboggling to-morrow?"

The day was a perfect pearl, a sun-drenched ecstasy. The south takes



Most of the men she knew had raised a moustache for the Allies—and let it be at that.

"Would you take a stake in it if I were offered to you very, very humbly? Just one Canadian heart, dear? We have to move quickly these days. There are no long courtships in war time."

There wasn't a sound in all the white world.

"It isn't true. It couldn't be," said Cissy, awed, "and yet I know I love you."

"Out of the end of a feathery snow-draped bough, the little French cupid laughed. And then he sighed. Far far away, a bugle at the Citadel had played "fall in."



Cap Moriarty was a Canadian from Ireland via New York.

"Where?" said Cissy again, frowning her pretty nose against the cool pane, "daddy, I want an officer for Christmas too, please may I?"

As if in answer, the door at the far end of the car opened and the girl in the compartment saw a man stride in. He had hair the color of his khaki suit, and you knew from the set of his mouth that his eyes were blue.

"Two buttons-tingling on his arm today," said Miss Inquisitive, as the porter hustled the suit cases down the aisle, "no, three. What make is he?"

"Captain, I think. You you're neutral, Oh, don't you forget it."

"Neutral?" said his daughter, with her first laugh of true north air, "seems to me this climate is going to

And yet I love you."



And yet I love you."

## A GUILTY CONSCIENCE

### A Story of Parisian Politics

By F. A. MITCHEL

Politics was running high in Paris. A candidate was speaking to an audience, inveighing against the demagogues who he asserted, were corrupting the masses. "Money," he said, "is flowing like water. There is a man in this audience who I know has received 100 francs for his vote. Just think of 10-100 francs for the surrender of the invaluable privilege his joys under the republic of expressing his wish in national affairs!"

After the meeting the speaker, Victor Daroux, was sitting in a restaurant on the Boulevard des Italiens with a couple of friends, partaking of a supper. He was just raising a glass of wine to his lips when a man stepped up to him and said:

"Daroux, I am the bearer of a message to you from my friend M. Charlier. He demands a retraction from you in tomorrow morning's journal of your accusation in your speech this evening that he has sold his vote. In case you refuse?"

Daroux, who was staring in wonder at the speaker, broke in—

"Why does M. Charlier assume that I referred to him in my remarks?"

"Because you looked directly at him when you made the accusation."

Daroux was deliberating what to do in the matter when a waiter approached and informed him that a gentleman in another part of the room desired to speak to him privately. Excusing himself, Daroux went to this newcomer.

"M. Daroux," said the man, "I represent M. Arnoux. He demands an immediate retraction of your accusation made this evening that he has sold his vote for 100 francs."

Daroux was tempted to laugh, but the speaker was so serious that he refrained.

"Why does M. Arnoux assume that I referred to him in my remarks?" he asked.

"Because you were looking directly at him."

Daroux was silent a few moments, then said:

"And if I refuse to retract?"

"In that case M. Arnoux expects that you will give him the satisfaction due from one gentleman who has wrongfully accused another."

"Let me have your address," said Daroux. "I will send an early reply."

Returning to his table, Daroux received the same announcement from M. Charlier's friend of what was expected in case of a refusal to retract and called also for his address. The man had scarcely gone when a third came and demanded a retraction for M. Blanc for the same offense as he received the same answer as the others.

"It seems," said Daroux to his friends, "that if a guilty conscience counts for anything there has been a good deal of vote selling."

During the next half hour three more men demanded a retraction of M. Daroux for accusing them of selling their votes, and the accused, after being informed that a refusal would be followed by a challenge, called for the party's address and promised to send an early reply.

"It does not seem so remarkable," said Daroux after the last man had been disposed of, "that so many men have sold their votes, but that the price in each case should have been a hundred francs. I had heard before rising to speak that 10,000 francs had been distributed among influential voters, but I did not know that a hundred francs was the current price paid. I fancied that some one of the persons bribed might be in the meeting, and it occurred to me to fire an effective shot by making a pointed accusation. It seems that I have killed half a dozen birds with a single stone."

These words were spoken to friends who were sitting at the table. A large number of demands for retraction fell upon him. One of the party suggested that if the matter were properly handled sufficient capital might be made out of it to win the election. Daroux was running for the corps legislatif, but his opponent was so lavish with money that he had no hope of being elected. However, those gentlemen now gathered about him at the restaurant were shrewd politicians, and they set themselves to find a method of procedure by which the incident at home might be used to turn the scale in his favor.

It was decided to stave off the matter till the day before the election, which was to take place in four days. The day after the demands for satisfaction were made no reply was sent. The second day each one of the conscience stricken men received word that M. Daroux refused to retract. A reply to his refusal was returned by each one of the six men accused in the shape of a challenge to mortal combat. Daroux chose six seconds to represent him, and since, being the challenged party, he was entitled to choice of weapons, time and place of meeting he instructed each second in accepting the challenge to choose foils, to appoint the time at 10 o'clock on the morning before the election and the place the Place de la Concorde.

Every challenger was struck with amazement that so public a place should have been chosen for the meet-

ing. "I cannot see," said M. Charlier, "how he expects to make capital out of so great publicity. He has made an accusation which is thrown back in his teeth, and he must answer for it under the code. Surely there is no advantage in this." M. Arnoux was much puzzled at the choice of place of meeting and M. Blanc—who, by the eyes, distributed the money used to buy votes—began to fear that some game was to be played. Nevertheless he did not see how he could do anything to prevent it.

At a quarter to 10 on the morning appointed for the fight M. Daroux, surrounded by his six seconds and a surgeon, appeared in the Place de la Concorde, near the base of the obelisk. Paris was quite alive at that hour, and many persons were passing and repeating. Seeing that the foot of the obelisk, the seconds with foils under their arms, the surgeons with their boxes of instruments, persons stopped to learn what it all meant. Gradually a crowd collected, and the word was passed from one to another that there was to be a duel.

"Can you tell me," asked one of another, "who that distinguished looking man with his arms folded waiting?"

"That, monsier, is M. Victor Daroux, candidate for election tomorrow for the corps legislatif!"

"And why so many attendants?"

"That I do not know; I am waiting to find out."

At the moment a carriage drove up, and M. Arnoux, attended by his second and a surgeon, alighted. He seemed quite charmed at seeing the crowd, but it had been not entirely unexpected. He supposed that Daroux was intending to make a display of his skill and bravery on the eve of the election. Arnoux, seeing that no one of the other party made any advance to begin the fight, said:

"Pardon me, gentlemen. If we are to fight so publicly it may be well to begin at once and have it over with."

"There is another ahead of you, monsier," replied one of Daroux's seconds.

"Another! What other?"

"One who took M. Daroux's accusations to himself."

Arnoux winced.

Another carriage rolled up, and another challenger alighted. He, too, was delayed, and before the cause of his delay could be explained to him four other defenders of their honor arrived in quick succession. The crowd by this time had swelled and was in a fever heat of expectation. No one understood why so many men, each attended by a second bearing foils, should continue to pour in. It happened that M. Charlier, who was the first challenger, arrived last. As soon as he came M. Daroux's second begged the crowd to make room, since the duel was about to begin. The other five challengers protested, and the crowd began to hoot and yell, at the same time pressing the duelists so closely that there was no room for the fray. Finally some one of the crowd yelled:

"What's it all about?"

"It's a put up job!" cried one of the bystanders.

"What's half a dozen of 'em picking on one!" shouted another.

"There's an advertising dodge in it somewhere. Wait and see," was a third person's explanation.

"Here comes a gardemnie!"

Meanwhile Daroux stood silent with folded arms, the only person whose dignified appearance commanded respect. When the gardemnie arrived Daroux said something to him in a low tone, to which the officer assented.

Then M. Daroux, raising his hand to impose silence, made an explanation. He began by telling of hearing on good authority that a large sum was being used to land his political opponent in office and of his having made a blind charge. Then he told how each of six different men in the audience had taken accusation to himself and demanded a retraction or satisfaction.

"And now, my friends," continued the speaker, "I am here to back my words. I have accused none of these gentlemen. They have accused themselves. For we all know that a guilty conscience needs no accuser."

The men who had come to fight Daroux got away as fast as they could, amid the jeers of the crowd. Daroux entered his carriage with his attendants and drove across the Seine to the legislative building on the other bank, attended by an enormous crowd. There he alighted and made a political speech, in which he told the story to a multitude of voters.

Every evening paper in Paris had an account of the affair, and the cafes were filled with persons laughing at the way Daroux had exposed the corruption of his opponents. That night he spoke to an immense concourse, who demanded again and again to hear the story from his own lips.

The journals the next morning all published editorials on the low grade to which Paris politics had sunk and the iniquity of using money at elections. During the day Daroux drove from one polling place, to another and wherever he appeared was greeted with shouts of applause mixed with laughter at the way he had turned the tables on his opponents.

Before 10 o'clock, at night it was known all over Paris that Daroux had been elected, and when the papers came out the next morning they announced a landslide in his favor.

What became of the six self-accusers was never known. They got away from under the limelight as quickly as possible, and on the day after the election not one of them was to be found in Paris. Daroux was urged to proceed against them for bribery, but since the only evidence against them was what they had themselves furnished, no action was ever taken in the matter.

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They will pay you big Dividends if you feed them right

"Farmer Brand" Cotton Seed Meal contains 41.48 per cent Protein and when intelligently fed with grain is the greatest and cheapest Milk Producer on the Market. Being so rich in Protein it is much cheaper than grain. We are quoting it now at \$40.00 per ton, or \$2.10 per cwt.

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Knuckle Knee Sheboygan Sleighs are the easiest running Sleighs in the market—as each runner adjusts itself to the unevenness of the road.

STYLISH CUTTERS AND LIGHT DELIVERY BOB-SLEIGHS

A few Auto Seat Buggies and Democrat Wagons for Sale at Cost

**The Finnegan Carriage & Wagon Co.**  
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

**ROLL OF HONOUR**

Several thousand officers and employees of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company enlisted for active military duty with the Canadian Expeditionary Forces, and the majority of them are now in Europe, bravely battling for Canada and the Empire.

As particulars of Army Reservists are not available, these lists of those who have given up their lives for their country, or been wounded in action, are necessarily incomplete, and do not therefore indicate fully the extent to which the Company's officers and employees have participated in the great struggle.

NAME	IN COMPANY'S SERVICE AS	NATURE OF CASUALTY
Atton, Richard W.	Checker	Winnipeg Killed in action
Beach, James W.	Stewardman	Winnipeg Died of wounds
Bennett, W. H. D.	Clerk	Sortin Wounded
Carr, Percival	Tapeman	Calgary Wounded
Coombe, Philip	Fitter's Helper	North Bay Wounded
Covling, W. S.	Loco. Fireman	Vancouver Killed in action
Cummings, Daniel	Brakeman	Cranbrook Wounded
Dingle, Percy	Stenographer	Regina Killed in action
Edwards, Wm. J.	Operator	Moosomin Wounded
Gabbe, A. E. G.	Wiper	Smith Current Killed in action
Grant, Leonard A.	Messenger	Vancouver Died of wounds
Gravestock, J. W.	Stenographer	Moos Jaw Wounded
Jarman, Jas. S.	Machinist	McAdam Wounded
Legan, Byron G.	Wiper	Moos Jaw Died of wounds
McKay, James	Checker	Fort William Gas poisoning
March, William	Loco. Fireman	Medicine Hat Suffering from shock
Moore, James A.	Pumper	Vancouver Wounded
Morrison, Wm. C.	Constable	Montreal Wounded
Paterson, B. M.	Drugsman	Montreal Died of wounds
Pavey, Walter G.	Watchman	Shuswap Wounded
Perodeau, E. D.	Labourer	Calgary Suffering from shock
Freston, Roy	Pitler	Calgary Wounded
Richardson, Richard	Porter	Moos Jaw Wounded
Smylie, Robert	Watchman	Bassano Wounded
Stage, Joseph B.	Boilermaker	Outlook Wounded
Stickland, Stanley	Machinist	Angus Wounded
Taylor, Russell W.	Clark	Winnipeg Wounded
Thomson, John	Truck Repairer	Vancouver Killed in action
Townsend, Gordon J.	Constable	Fort William Wounded
Ward, Walter A.	Clerk	Montreal Killed in action
Woodward, Frederick	Car Repairer	Cranbrook Wounded
Wootton, Geo. S.	Truck Fitter	McAdam Killed

Montreal, December 14th, 1915 (Fifth List).

**McIntosh Bros.**

**AFTER CHRISTMAS SALE**

Offers you great buying opportunities on various Xmas lines, that must be cleared out before the New Year. Our policy has always been not to carry over a single article. Therefore you can look for some shary reductions on these goods.

The various lines are limited and by no means large so it will be to your interest to attend this sale at once if you would share in the

**GREAT BARGAINS.**

We have so generously placed at your disposal.

See Window Displays.

**McIntosh Bros.**

Miss Irma Parker who has been in Moose Jaw during the past year is visiting her parents Mayor and Mrs. Panter.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Bay of Tweed spent Sunday and Monday in the city reviewing old acquaintances.

Mr. Harry Sayers of the Royal Bank, Ottawa, was the guest of his mother, Mrs. E. Sayers, John Street

for the Christmas holidays

Mr. Wilbur McMullen of Toronto, spent Christmas at his home, Hillside street.

Miss Helen Simpkins is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. Simpkins, George Street.

Dr. C. M. Reeves of Tweed has been spending the Christmas holidays with friends in the city.

**Military Notes**

The 155th Battalion yesterday received gratifying reports of recruiting in various centers of the two counties. Eight recruits were enrolled in Belleville yesterday, six are reported in Madoc, 6 in Marmora, 5 in Coe Hill, 3 in Picton, other centers have not yet reported.

Lieut. Duffin today went to Trenton to recruit men for the 155th.

Lieut. P. H. Willis has reported for duty with the 155th.

Privates P. Doyle and G. Sayers,

80th battalion have been admitted to Picton isolation hospital, Sergt. J. Simpson to General, Picton, Privates F. Mason and R. Gillman to General Hospital, Belleville.

Lieut. R. H. L. Uglow has been transferred to Divisional Signallers at Ottawa.

Captain Watson was in Kingston last night.

A concert was recently given in Stirling by the Vaudeville Artists of the 80th. This will be repeated to-morrow evening.

The 80th band have been away on

its holidays. They are 60 strong.

Some recruits are coming in as a result of therecruiting done by the boys of the 80th at Xmas vacation.

**K.C.I. to Play Here.**

Manager R. C. Arnott has arranged a hockey match for Friday, New Year's Eve at the arena between Kingston Collegiate, Juniors O.H.A., and the Belleville Juniors. "Some" game is promised.

Mr. Frank Panter of Madoc spent the holiday with his parents, Mayor and Mrs. Panter.

They are the only ones who have not yet reported.

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