

THE MAN WHO IS BEATING MARSHAL VON HINDENBURG

(G. in London Daily Mail.)
 In one of his striking tales, "Old Luk Ole," narrates how a general is able to divine the course of action adopted by his adversary through knowledge of the other's character derived from an incident of their school days spent together.

Let us suppose for a moment that Marshal von Hindenburg had been at Clifton with Sir Douglas Haig. The boy, they say, is father to the man, and there was already in those far-off days that in the face of Britain's future field marshal to have warned the victor of Tannenberg to build up his strategy on a basis better adapted to the British leader's psychology than the tactics which have hitherto brought nothing but disaster to German arms.

Hindenburg, they say, ordered the German retreat in the west in order that the German staff might resume open warfare and thereby benefit by their superior training. The trap was baited with the prospect of an easy initial success. British ignorance of warfare was the factor on which the German higher command reckoned.

The plan was to lure the British forward into a country laid waste by Kultur, then to fall upon and rend them before the heavy artillery was up, before communications with the rear was securely established. Hindenburg relied on British recklessness. One glance at his adversary's face might have warned him; a better acquaintance with this hardy and tenacious "Fifer" would surely have taught him, had psychologists as the Germans are, that cautious and thoroughness are the salient features of his opponent's character expressed, as they are, in every lineament of his face.

Whenever I have met a British general in this war I have made it a practice to study his features and general characteristics to see what estimate might be formed of his military character. There is Monro, thick-set, stout-hearted, amazingly indomitably cheerful in all circumstances; Plumer, tenacious as a bull dog, with a fine sense of humor flashing at you out of his eyes; Rawlinson, tall, debonair, slightly lackadaisical, highly intuitive; Gough, bright-eyed, vivacious, keen as a Toledo blade; Cavan, stocky in build, indefatigably energetic, his personal courage equalled only by his unflinching optimism—the mind passes them over in review until it rests on the figure of "The Chief," the keystone of the whole fabric of our armies in France and Belgium, in whom may be said to be united all the different characteristics of our generals, in that he has had the discrimination to recognize the varying qualities which fit each for his appointed task.

In a few sentences Lord Northcliffe, in his book, "At the War" has penned a fitting epitaph for Sir Douglas Haig's personal appearance: "Lithic and alert," he writes, "Sir Douglas is known for his distinguished bearing and good looks. He has hazel eyes and an unusual facial angle, delicately chiselled features, and a chin to be reckoned with. There is a characteristic in the shape of the hand when explaining things."

"The unusual facial angle" is probably due to the broadness of the field marshal's face and the upward thrust of his finely proportioned head. Massively built, foursquare to all the winds that blow, the gales of adversity and the fair breezes of success alike, Sir Douglas Haig carries his head erect with a suggestion of aggressiveness in its forward thrust, rather like a boxer when he squares up in the ring. Below an unusually broad, intellectual forehead a well-chiselled nose stands out, while the suggestion of aggressiveness is further seen in the firm, well-defined chin—the chin of a fighter.

I have left the eyes to the last because there is more to be said about them than about any feature of the field marshal's face. Large and luminous, one feels that they are somehow in contradiction to his other features. For they are the eyes of a thinker—one might almost say of an idealist. Casements of the soul as we are told the eyes are, the eyes of the fighting Briton give even the most superficial visitor a glimpse into the depths of character underlying the firm, direct and virile exterior adamant as the granite of the field marshal's native Fife.

subordinated his work to his field sports. Like his great chief, Lord French of Ypres he has ever been a great reader of military books; indeed, his face is the face of a student who has read much and thought deeply.

He has seen plenty of active service. His first war service was in the Sudan campaign of 1898, when Kitchener smashed the Mahdi and hoisted the Union Jack over Khartoum. He obtained his promotion in this "little war," but it was out in the autumn of the following year, that he gave the first measure of his ability. Chief of staff to General French, the most dashing and successful of our generals in South Africa, he took part in the battle of Elandsbaagte operations round Colesberg, the relief of Kimberley and the battle of Paardeburg. He was twice mentioned in despatches, and returned home with the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel. After that his career went forward rapidly. So swiftly did he advance, indeed, that his friends began to speak of him as "Lucky Haig." Napoleon declared that Fortune is a woman: if you missed her today, do not expect to meet her tomorrow—but when Fortune gave Haig a rendezvous he was always there to keep it. That is the secret of his success. He leaves nothing to chance; but he is always on the alert for anything that chance may bring him.

Sir Douglas Haig held many important commands in India and at home. Promoted major-general in 1904—at the age of 43—in 1909 he was appointed chief of staff at home, a post which he held with conspicuous success until 1912, when he was given the Aldershot command which he held until the mobilization of 1914.

Sir Douglas Haig was one of the few men in this country who recognized the imminence of the German peril. In command at Aldershot, he was compelled to be a despairing witness while our amateur strategists zealously chieftained at the army estimates, multiplying a hundredfold in consequence, the work that had to be done when the blow fell in August, 1914.

The field marshal went out with "the old Contemptibles" in command of the first army corps, and was called upon almost immediately to give proof of his skill in extricating his troops from Mons at the outset of the retreat. From that time on the very heaviest fighting of the war was to be his lot; the retreat from Mons, the advance from the Marne, the battle of the Aisne, the great swing around to the north which culminated in the first battle of Ypres, and the winter fighting between Arras and La Bassée when the Indian troops were so sorely tried. When, with the expansion of our army, the first and second armies were formed, Sir Douglas Haig was given command of the army corps against the Fronelles Ridge, in which we were robbed of success by the shortage of shells.

It is safe to say that Sir Douglas Haig learnt the secret of his subsequent great triumphs on the Somme in those gallant but fruitless attacks between March and June, 1915. When in December, 1915, Sir John French was given command of the forces at home, and his loyal comrade-in-arms and friend succeeded him in the supreme command of our troops in France, Sir Douglas Haig, profiting by the lessons of the past, resolutely held his hand, despite pressure from home until he felt that he had the supply of shells needed to smash the enemy on the Somme. When the hour struck in the dawn of that glorious First of July, the character of the man showed itself. In the opening stages of the battle there were losses in spite of the attacking line, which, with no concrete gains to show, were heavy enough to daunt the stoutest heart. But the "Fifer" held on, confident in himself, and even more confident in the men whom he was adamantly resolved to lead to victory.

Here are four little glimpses of Haig at work. The first glimpse shows us the Menin road, running out of Ypres past the pretty little summer chateau of Hooge, all rent and riven with shells. The hour is 2 o'clock on the afternoon of October 31, 1914; the Germans have captured Gheluvelt and punched a hole in the line of the first division—every man available, down to the very cooks and servants had been flung into the line to avert irretrievable disaster. Suddenly along the Menin road Sir Douglas Haig comes riding, superbly mounted as he always is, beautifully spruce with brilliantly burnished field boots, behind



Beautiful Serviceable Furniture for the June Bride!

OUR stock is large and varied and your choice is unlimited. You understand there are styles in Furniture as in clothing etc. Our claim is we buy often in smaller quantities than the average store, consequently having new styles and a better price. Our guarantee is on every article. We want you to call and inspect our stock when thinking of Furniture

FOR A FEW DAYS WE ARE GIVING ARTICLES LISTED BELOW AT SPECIAL PRICES

BRASS BEDS

Beautifully finished and guaranteed. Now is the time to secure these as prices are advancing rapidly

\$15 to \$25

Dining Room Suites

FUMED OAK

\$50, \$60, \$75

44 Colborne Street

J. W. BURGESS

Phone 1352

"Complete Home Furnisher"

him his escort of the Death-or-Glory. To the men, pushed to the breaking point of their strength, the apparition of that calm, debonair figure, firm and resolute, was a gift of fresh confidence to hold out.

Now we are close up behind the lines during the battle of Loos. The air shakes to the roar of the guns, and down the road come marching in their furs the remnants of a battalion of Cameron Highlanders fresh out of action. In the gateway of an old French chateau Sir Douglas Haig is standing in the sunshine talking to Sir John French, who is mounted. They are alone, save for a trooper, a dozen yards away bearing on his lance the union jack pennant of the commander-in-chief. The fight had reached a critical stage, but Haig like his chief, is cool and smiling as ever.

Next we are on the Somme battlefield, on a summer evening, outside a village lying on the high road into the battle. A sweep to open hillside between vast horse-lines, stretching away to the horizon, a sturdy figure gallops on a splendid horse, a slim A. D. C. at his side, a trooper behind, looking after the galloping figure. "Doggie havin' a look round," says a groom watering a horse at a canvas trough. "Ay, he's a rare one on a horse," says his comrade, looking after the galloping figure. "For cavalryman as he is the field marshal always uses a horse in preference to a car, and sees that it is a good horse too."

Lastly, let me quote Lord Northcliffe again.

"When history relates the story of the great battles of the Somme it will tell how Sir Douglas Haig and his staff had their headquarters in a modest dwelling, part of which was still occupied by the family who owned it. Thus it is that the voices of children running up and down the corridors mingle with the ceaseless murmur of the guns and the work of the earnest little company of men whose labors are never out of the thought of their countrymen throughout the empire."

POINTS TO CONSIDER WHEN PURCHASING A RAILWAY TICKET

A Canadian Pacific Railway ticket does not represent merely a means of transportation between given points. It, in addition, provides the traveller with every comfort and convenience developed by modern railway science. "Safety First," with up-to-date equipment, unexcelled dining service, palatial sleeping cars, in a word everything that a railway can provide for the comfortable transportation of its passengers, including courtesy.

CASTORIA
 For Infants and Children
 In Use For Over 30 Years
 Always bears
 Signature of *Chas. H. Peck*

OFFICER RETURNS AS FROM THE DEAD
 Sensation Created When He Heard News of Wife's Re-Marriage
 A NEW ENOCH ARDEN
 Given up for Dead on Field, He Escaped From German Captors

London, June 3.—A story which realizes in actual life more than all the paths of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" is just now causing a sensation in society. The other day there was walking into a London club an officer of high birth whose death had been officially announced by the war office more than two years ago. No word of him had been received in the interval, and his wife, believing him dead, had married again.

Over two years ago this young bride, scarcely more than a bride, received an official notification from the war office of her husband's death in action. It was necessary owing to the high standing of the family to use every means of ascertaining his fate before presuming the death, and in consequence considerable expenditures were incurred and every channel of information tapped.

The family was assured that there could be no possible doubt. The officer was seen to fall while gallantly leading his men in attack, his identity had been recovered, and his body interred. His wife received the condolences of a host of friends and relatives, and to lessen her sorrow became a nurse in one of the military hospitals.

While acting in this capacity she met a young officer, who declared his love for her. His affections were returned, and not long ago the widow and her former patient were quietly married. It was a simple "war wedding" celebrated in one of the fashionable churches of London, and no reception followed. The honeymoon was spent on the South Coast, and within a few days the husband was back in the trenches at the front and the lady returned to the hospital to carry on her work of mercy.

Rescued by Germans
 Her real husband has now made a dramatic appearance. Badly wounded he fell on the battlefield and when the search parties sought to bring him in they thought him dead, and so, recovering his identification disc they passed on to attend to the living. Then came a German search party, and finding the officer still breathing, took him into their lines a prisoner. Several days later the body of another officer was brought in, and this was buried in the belief that it was the body of the officer

who was in the hands of the enemy. For months the officer who had been believed dead lay struggling for life in a German hospital, unknown and unrecognized. Then when consciousness returned, his mind was a blank. Asked by his captors who he was he was unable to tell, nor could he remember even that he was a soldier. Several operations were performed upon him in the hope that his memory would return, but all to no avail. In consequence of the complete blank and showing absolutely no desire for liberty, he was granted greater freedom than would have been the case otherwise.

Recovered Memory and Freedom
 Suddenly it all flashed back; he remembered the last charge, the crash, his fall, his bride in London, and the desire for freedom became uppermost. Happily he had not allowed the Germans to know that he had recovered his memory, but continued to carry out his daily round as before. Then he saw his chance and seized it. Quietly slipping away he succeeded in gaining neutral territory, and at last reached England.

One of the first acts in London was to stroll casually into his club, to the amazement of his fellow club members. Many at first refused to believe his identity, declaring that he was a practical joke being played on them, but the "dead" officer was able, after much argument, to convince even the most sceptical that he

Chemically Self-Extinguishing

What do these words mean to you? They mean greater safety in the Home—Surely something that interests you keenly. Perhaps you have noticed these words and the notation "No Fire left when blown out" on our new "Silent Parlor" match boxes. The Spliffs or sticks of all matches contained in these boxes have been impregnated or soaked in a chemical solution which renders them dead wood once they have been lighted and blown out and the danger of FIRE from glowing matches is hereby reduced to the greatest minimum.

SAFETY FIRST AND ALWAYS USE EDDY'S SILENT 500'S

was not dead but really very much alive. Then the news was gently broken to him that his wife had married again, thinking herself to be a widow.

Declaring that he was "off" to the front," he walked out of the club.

Matters are now in the hands of the family lawyers.

A CHANCE FOR THOSE GOING WEST
 Homeseekers' Excursions to Western Canada at low fares, via Canadian Pacific each Tuesday until October 30th, inclusive. Particulars from any Canadian Pacific Agent or W. B. Howard, District Passenger Agent, Toronto, Ont.



QUEEN MARY TALKS WITH THE WOUNDED
 At Heaton Park Queen Mary left her motor car and walked for nearly a mile along a route lined on both sides by nurses, Red Cross workers and wounded men who cheered the Royal visitor to the echo. In the photograph Her Majesty is seen inquiring about the welfare of invalided soldiers, one of the heroes, a stretcher-bearer, being called out from the crowd.

THE

Late Superintendent of New

(From Thursday's Daily)
 Jimmie's temper, held in check by the implication that he was made Miss Greye-Stratton's or whether it was the suggestion of the radiant girl was the wilful compliance of a game of crime did not stop to analyze.

He was wroth with Menzies because he did not know by what was plain to him that he was acting a part it was for of some one else. He regretted that he was being married to anything she had told him. "I guess you're a fool," he sneered. "You're barking wrong tree."

Menzies took the handle door. "You think so, do you? We'll let it go at that." He opened the door. "I suppose told you she was married to Jimmie spoke casually as to an afterthought, but he was observe the change that had Jimmie's face."

"That's false," he blurted. "You've got something at your head."

The detective swung the door again and took something from his pocket. "Look at this," he said, and smoothed a sheet of paper before Hallett's eyes.

Jimmie read it over twice at first to completely erase any remembrance. It was an attestation of a marriage certificate. Peggy Greye-Stratton and Reader Ling.

"She didn't tell you about it?" went on the detective levelly may alter your idea that she play straight with you."

Jimmie was struggling with a tangle of thoughts. "Who he demanded.

"A crook of the crooked ran a wholesale factory for currency notes in the United States ten years ago. That was his business. He was in the States. He has been at the back of swindle since he came out, knows what else. We'd lost him till I happened to see this copy. That's the king who's the husband of Miss Stratton."

"How did you find this?" Menzies puffed reflectively had no intention of committing his hand. He was that Peggy Greye-Stratton woman who had given Hallett checks and that the latter liberally refrained from mentioning her. Moreover, he was convinced that she had told to man something at lunch, whether she was, as he believed, using him as a tool not in his own mind certain.

The more he considered, he felt that she held the key to the mystery. If only she could be persuaded to speak. With him, official of police, she would her guard. Hallett, if he persuaded was the one might win her confidence with a little cunning. So long sympathies remained with was unlikely to be persuaded fore, if possible, his sympathy to be alienated.

"Just common sense," Menzies, "ordinary common sense" learned that she had a wife—though she didn't wear up to Somerset House in registry of marriages, and half an hour ago." He laid gently on the young man's "Better do as I advise. Any care of yourself."

He did not wait for an answer, moved softly out of the room was wise enough to know stop. To say more might be

Children

CAS

The Kind You Have in Use For Over 30 Years

Chas. H. Peck

All Counterfeits, In Experiments that Infants and Children

What

Castoria is a harmless, gentle, and soothing laxative, neither Opium, Morphine, nor any other drug. It is its guarantee in constant use. Wins Colic and Distress, and by the assimilation of The Children's Panacea.

GENUINE CAS

Chas. H. Peck

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have