

HUGE SUM IS VOTED

British Commons Supports Bill For Great War Credit.

A MILLION MEN GRANTED

Premier Asquith Says 1,200,000 Men Are Now Under Arms and Parliament Unanimously Agrees to Double That Number—Healy Urges That Loans to Small Countries Be Made Gifts.

LONDON, Nov. 17.—The meeting of the House of Commons yesterday was entirely devoted to war measures and without partisan politics.

Premier Asquith requested a vote for \$1,125,000,000, and another million soldiers, both of which the House granted without a dissenting voice.

The condition and morale of the soldiers; the inevitable spy system and the press censorship were discussed freely. The Prime Minister characterized the crisis as "the greatest emergency in which the country has ever been placed."

He said there were already under arms 1,200,000 men; that the war was costing nearly \$5,000,000 a day and that the Government proposed to lend Belgium \$50,000,000 and Serbia \$4,000,000 without interest until the end of the war.

Timothy Healy, the Irish Nationalist, said that the money should be given to them.

John Hodge, the Labor member for Lancashire, endorsed the proposal, with the suggestion: "Later on we can collect it from the German emperor."

Reginald McKenna, Secretary for Home Affairs, informed the House that there were 14,500 alien enemies in the concentration camps in the British Isles and 29,000 at large.

Walter Hume Long, Mr. Healy and Lord Charles Beresford discussed the question of publicity and urged that the country should be given fuller details of the achievements of the troops in the field.

In his closing speech, Premier Asquith placed the burden of the censorship on France, and said it was necessary to defer to the wishes of the country which was doing the greatest part of the fighting, and where the fighting was being carried on.

He announced that Earl Kitchener, Secretary for War, had prepared a scheme for increased pay. He concluded by declaring that the losses among the troops had not exceeded 10, possibly 15 per cent., and he believed no body of men had ever been brought together who had comforted themselves better than the present army.

FARMERS ARRESTED.

They Are Charged With Ferrying Austrians Across Niagara River. NIAGARA FALLS, Ont., 17.—Joseph Snyder, 60 years old, his son Richard, 24 years old, and his brother Arthur, 27 years old, are prisoners at the Armory, on a charge of treason. Joseph Snyder and his son live on a farm near Slater's Point, about a mile above Chippewa, and has a wife and family.

The Snyders were arrested by men of the 14th Regiment stationed at the Armory, who, it is said, had laid a trap for them. It is said the militiamen caught the Snyders in the act of starting out for the American shore in a motor-boat with four Austrian reservists. The foreigners claimed they paid Snyder to ferry them across the river. The three Snyders and the Austrians found at the Snyder place were brought to this city and lodged at the Armory.

It is alleged the Snyders have conveyed a number of reservists across, receiving \$10 for every one they succeeded in landing on the American side.

KILLED BY A MINE.

Seven Dutchmen Lose Their Lives While Examining Machine. LONDON, Nov. 17.—A mine washed ashore near West Capelle, Holland, exploded yesterday while being examined, killing three naval officers, one civilian and three sailors. The information was contained in an announcement made by the Dutch Ministry of Marine and cabled from Amsterdam to Reuters' Telegram Co.

Several mines had been taken to pieces successfully before the accident occurred. Between 30 and 40 mines were seen in the Scheldt near Flushing Sunday. Some were destroyed, the Dutch officials say, by torpedo boats and others were washed ashore.

The liberality with which the Germans have spread mines in the North Sea is indicated by the fact that during the last week the Dutch coast guards have picked up from 12 to 20 mines daily.

Schaefer Pleads Not Guilty.

MONTREAL, Nov. 17.—Israel Schaefer, ticket agent and former court house interpreter, charged with high treason, in aiding the King's enemies, providing transportation to subjects of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, telling them to represent themselves as Canadian and American authorities as Roumanian subjects, appeared before Judge Lett in voluntary statement yesterday morning. He pleaded not guilty and was remanded for trial at the March term of the Court of King's Bench.

Spies on Transport Shot.

MEDICINE HAT, Alta., Nov. 17.—A private letter to a citizen here from a member of the Canadian contingent in England, tells of the shooting of two members of the contingent from Edmonton as German spies.

In the letter it says they poisoned food on the ship going over, making many soldiers very ill.

FIGHT IN ARGONNE

Germans Are Repulsed by the French at Two Points.

FLANDERS NOW A SWAMP

Rain and Snow Have Forced Kaiser to Attempt His Advances at a Point Farther South But Demonstrations of Force Continue in the North—Failure of Coast Advance Victory to Allies.

LONDON, Nov. 17.—The Germans yesterday made a fierce onslaught against the French positions in the forest of Argonne, the attack being met with an undiminished resistance, followed shortly after by a vigorous offensive movement, which forced the Germans to retire.

The Kaiser's troops made an attack on the town of St. Hubert, but were repulsed. A semi-official explanation of the French position in the forest of Argonne was given out in Paris yesterday afternoon. It said:

"The fighting line has not changed perceptibly in the last two months. The French and German trenches are separated at some points by a distance not exceeding fifty yards. Infantry fire is constantly going on, while all the experience of siege operations are being utilized. This siege resembles greatly that of Sebastopol. Daily engagements occur, resulting sometimes in bending either the French or the German lines back for a distance of 150 yards."

"The casualties have been very heavy for both opposing armies, but here, as elsewhere, the German losses certainly have been superior to those of the French."

This explanation was brought forth by the publication in the German press of a statement to the effect that the French had been completely driven out of the Argonne, while the siege of Verdun was proceeding. Regarding the latter, it is declared that the French are advancing and that they are now from five to ten kilometres (three to six miles) further forward than they were a month ago.

The loss of life in Flanders has been appalling, with the effect that the German offensive in the extreme west has shifted southward toward the French border. Snow and rain have fallen over the battleground in West Flanders until the roads have been turned into channels of mud, where heavy fighting and artillery movements are impossible, and where a big force of Germans is said to have been cut off by a flood.

Train support is a lapping swamp. Men have been driven out of the trenches, wherein now float the ghastly, mutilated bodies of the dead. Guns and ammunition wagons have been abandoned, and there is recorded thereabout an increase of sickness, especially lung and throat affection.

Notwithstanding these harrowing conditions, the Germans are pressing, with almost non-human determination, their attempt to jam through to Dunkirk and Calais. An artillery duel is now said to be in progress. The Germans have now completed several new lines of defence through Belgium.

Japanese gunners, skilled in the use of the heaviest types of cannon, are on their way to France to aid the artillerymen of the allies.

Twenty-five thousand fresh Indian troops arrived in Paris yesterday from Marseilles, and started immediately for the front. They reached Marseilles Thursday, after a twenty-three-day voyage from Bombay.

The national Swiss yesterday published a long letter from a Swiss who is doing Red Cross work at Brussels. An extract from the letter says: "The number of German wounded arriving here is unimaginerable. Trains, which we call cemetery trains—full of piled-up dead soldiers continue to arrive from the front. They contain bundles of dead; that is, four bodies tied together to facilitate transportation."

"The bodies are burned promptly in special furnaces erected just outside Brussels."

An observer with the British army who furnishes the newspaper reports from the front, announces that the German attempts to batter a wedge through the British lines have greatly decreased in force during the past few days and that they bear little resemblance to the attacks in great force launched against Ypres at the end of October. They are, he adds, more in the nature of demonstrations in force than serious assaults.

The writer says his tribute to the bravery of raw German youths and untrained men of middle age who, he says, does not hesitate to march against the trained British troops.

If the Germans have abandoned their repeated furious battering ram efforts, their failure to thrust back the allies' lines and reach Calais will, from the allies' point of view, constitute a distinct victory for the allies, since, it is asserted, they have not tried nor were they expected to accomplish anything more than to hold their own on the defensive.

Officers May Be Interred. LONDON, Nov. 17.—Telegraphing from Christiania, the correspondent of Reuters' Telegram Co. says that the British steamer Weymar, on her way from Archangel, Russia, to Leith, Scotland, ran ashore on Horre Island, off the coast of Norway. All hands were saved and taken to Torndelheim. Among them are 20 British officers who recently brought over a Canadian icebreaker for the Russian Government.

The question is now being raised as to whether these officers are to be interned.

Move Back To Paris. LONDON, Nov. 17.—It is reported that the seat of the French Government is being returned to Paris. All of the official Government staff and the Chamber of Deputies will arrive there to-day.

CRACOW IS ON FIRE

Inhabitants of Galician Capital Reported to Be in Flight.

RUSSIANS MASS FOR SIEGE

Czar's Armies Have Invested City From the North and German Officers Are Reported to Have Caused Internal Troubles by Ousting Austrians—Russ Soldiers Clad in Sheepskin.

LONDON, Nov. 17.—The Giornale d'Italia of Rome publishes a despatch from Venice which says that news has been received there that Cracow, the capital of Galicia, is burning and that its inhabitants are fleeing. Cracow is invested on the north, and is expected to fall immediately.

From reports of Russian scouting detachments which had hidden within a few miles of Cracow it appears the Germans have taken command of the forts and defences there, and have substituted German soldiers for Austrians in garrisoning the stronghold.

This step has caused further disensions between the Germans and Austrians. The latter, being pledged to the defence of the Carpathians, and not allowed any voice in directing the campaign.

All indications point to a rupture between the two armies. Petrograd further reports that the Russian campaign is developing favorably in East Prussia.

On the Polish frontier and in Galicia two enormous armies are massing for a battle which may decide the fortunes of the war in the east.

The possibility of being discussed that the Austrians may abandon Cracow without defence rather than submit the city to a destructive bombardment.

The Russian advance in East Prussia, according to advices received at Petrograd from the front, is being assisted materially by cold weather, which enables the troops to move more rapidly. In the swampy region of East Prussia, the advance of the army have been retarded by soft roads. This condition has now been remedied by the cold weather, which has frozen the roads.

A fall of snow during the last two days is reported over the entire field of operations, but not to a sufficient extent to prove a serious obstacle to the movement of troops.

Fresh troops now being sent to the front are supplied with short coats of taned sheepskin, blue overalls, and Petrograd and other Russian cities are bending every effort to collect woolen garments.

Despatches to Petrograd papers indicate that the Germans are making slow progress in the west, which extends from the River Warthe across the Vistula to the southern frontier of East Prussia, fifty miles east of Thorn. The new front extends over a distance of three hundred miles from the Warthe to the extreme northeastern section of East Prussia.

The German right wing now appears to be feeling its way. The centre of the line is stubbornly resisting the determined advance of the Russians. The left wing is protected to some extent by the broken character of the country and by complicated artificial fortifications. In this region the chief German reliance appears to be heavy artillery, whose cavalry operations are almost impossible in such a country.

The Germans are concentrating great armies at Thorn, Posen and Breslau and plan to fight desperately to prevent the Russian occupation of the important parts of Silesia and Posen. Only the utmost need will persuade the Germans to send any troops back to the western front at present.

A word of caution to the allies comes from Petrograd. This is that they must not expect the Russians to sweep on to Berlin over night, as it were, as this may take months and even longer. The Allies should occupy the defences they have been preparing for years, and in addition to this they may be able to spare even more men for the operation on their eastern front.

THEY TOOK 400 MEN.

Detachment of Britons Turned Defeat Into Victory. PARIS, Nov. 17.—A remarkable incident is narrated by a correspondent of Liberty yesterday. He says that during the desperate fighting to the south of Ypres on Nov. 11 British infantry detachment of 80 men found itself isolated and unable to join its main body and took refuge for the night in a wood. The position seemed hopeless, but the men rested till dawn. They were then aroused by a fusillade near at hand, and found that a German column was being driven toward the wood by a force of allies. Holding their fire they waited till the Germans were near and then charged with fixed bayonets. The diversion was so decisive that 400 prisoners were taken and the lost Tommies received a doubly warm welcome from their comrades.

JAPAN ACCUSES U. S.

Who Sent Message From Manila to Emden, She Asks. TOKIO, Nov. 17.—The first allegation that the United States has occupied to live up to the standard of neutrality it set, is made in a despatch received from Kobe yesterday.

It declares that the German cruiser Emden was enabled to sail and sink the steamer Troilus as the result of a wireless despatch sent from Manila.

The information contained in the wireless message, it is declared, was received in Kobe by a German merchant who has been arrested and will be tried as a spy.

Seven Keys TO Baldpate

By EARLDERR BIGGERS

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"Oh, very well," he said dapperly. He buttoned his coat to the chin, blew out the candles in No. 7 and joined the girl on the balcony.

"Go to your room," he said gently. "Your worries are over. I'll bring you the golden fleece inside an hour."

"Be careful," she whispered. "Be very careful, Mr.—Billy."

The justly celebrated moon that in summer months shed so much glamor on the romances of Baldpate Inn was nowhere in evidence as Mr. Magee crept along the ground close to the veranda. The snow sifted down upon him out of the blackness above. Three feet ahead the road seemed to end.

"A corking night," he muttered mornously, "for my debut in the hold-up business."

He swung up over the rail on to the veranda and walked softly along it until he came to a window opening into the office. Cautiously he peered in. The vast, lonely room was lighted by a single candle. At the foot of the broad stair he could discern a great bulk seated on the lowest step, which he correctly took to be the mayor of Reuton.

Back of the desk, on which stood the candle, Mr. Max's head and shoulders were visible. He was working industriously in the immediate vicinity of the safe door. Occasionally he consulted the small traveling bag that stood on the desk. Many other

a whirling dervish down the snowy path to land in a heap five feet away. The next instant the mayor of Reuton and the black figure were locked in terrific combat.

For fifteen seconds, muttering, slipping, grappling, the two figures waltzed grotesquely about in the falling snow. Then the mayor's feet slid from under him on the twee-heron white carpet, and the two went down together. As Mr. Magee swooped down upon them he saw the band of the stranger find the mayor's pocket and draw from it the package that had been placed there in the office a few moments before.

Before that gentleman realized what had happened Magee had wrenched the package from his hand, thrown him back on the prostrate form of the highest official of Reuton and fled up the steps. Quickly the stranger regained his feet and started in pursuit, but he arrived at the great front door of Baldpate Inn just in time to hear the lock click inside.

Safe for a moment behind a locked door, Mr. Magee paused to get his breath. The glory of battle filled his soul. It was not until long afterward he realized the battle had been a mere scuffle in the dark.

With no thought for Mr. Bland, bound in his uneasy chair, Mr. Magee hurried up the broad staircase of Baldpate. Now came the most gorgeous scene of all—a fair haired lady; a knight she had sent forth to battle; the knight returned. "You asked me to bring you this, my lady. Business of surprise and joy on the lady's part, business also perhaps of adoration for the knight."

At the right of the stairs lay 17 and the lady, at the left a supposedly uninhabited land. As Mr. Magee reached the second floor, bitterly picturing the scene in which he was to play so satisfactory a part, he paused, for halfway down the corridor to the left an open door threw a faint light into the hall, and in that light stood a woman he had never seen before. In this order came Mr. Magee's impressions of her—fur coated, tall, dark, handsome, with the haughty manner of an engaging a chauffeur.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but are you by any chance Mr. Magee?" The knight leaned weakly against the wall and tried to think.

"I—I am," he managed to say. "I'm so glad I've found you," replied the girl. It seemed to the dazed Magee that her dark eyes were over joyfully happy. "I cannot ask you in, I'm afraid. I do not know the custom on such an occasion. Does anybody? I am alone with my maid. Hal Bentley, when I wrote to him for a key to this place, told me of your being here and said that I was to put myself under your protection."

"Delighted, I'm sure," he murmured. "I shall not try to impose on you," she went on. "The whole affair is so unusual as to be almost absurd. I have come here to get something—and I haven't the least idea how to proceed. I came because I must have it—so much depends on it."

Proprietarily Mr. Magee clutched in his pocket the package for which he had done battle.

"I may be too late." The girl's eyes grew wide. "That would be terribly unfortunate. I do not wish you to be

injured serving me"—she lowered her voice. "But if there is any way in which you can help me—in this difficulty—I can never be grateful enough. Downstairs in the safe there is, I believe, a package containing a large sum of money."

Mr. Magee's hand closed convulsively in his pocket. "If there is any way possible," said the girl, "I must obtain that package I give you my word I have as much right to it as any one who will appear at the inn. The honor and happiness of one who is very dear to me are involved."

With the eyes of a man in a dream Mr. Magee looked into the face of the latest courier to Baldpate. "Hal Bentley is an old friend and a bully chap," he said. "It will be a great pleasure to serve a friend of his." He paused, congratulating himself that these were words, idle words. "When did you arrive, may I ask?"

professionals had called Mr. Max before his advent into Reuton politics. Mr. Bland was nowhere in sight.

No word was spoken in the office. Minutes passed. The bulk at the foot of the stairs surged restlessly.

Suddenly Mr. Max ran out into the center of the office. Almost on the instant there was a puff of smoke and a roar. The inn seemed about to roll down the mountain after all those years of sticking tight. The mayor looked apprehensively up the stair behind him. Mr. Max ran to the open safe door and came back before the desk with a package in his hand.

After examining it hastily, Mr. Cargan placed the loot in his pocket. The greedy eyes of Max followed it for a second; then he ran over and gathered up his tools. Now they were ready to depart. The mayor lifted the candle from the desk. Its light fell on a big chair by the fire, and Mr. Magee saw in that chair the figure of Mr. Bland, bound and gagged.

Mr. Cargan and his companion disappeared and appeared to address triumphant and jesting comment in Mr. Bland's direction. Then they buttoned their coats and, holding aloft the candle, disappeared through the dining room door.

Now Magee knew the moment had come to act. Max he could quickly dispose of he felt; Cargan would require time and attention.

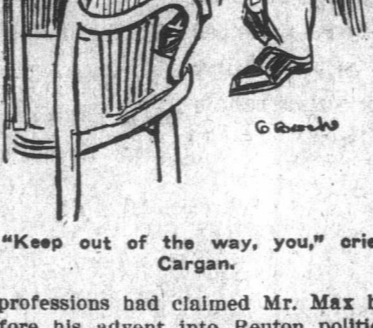
He hurried round to the front door of the inn and, taking the big key from his pocket, unlocked it as a means of retreat where the men he was about to attack could not follow.

He heard Cargan and Max on the veranda just above his head. They were speaking of trains to Reuton. In great good humor, evidently, they started down the steps. Mr. Magee crouched, resolved that he would spring the moment they reached the ground. They were on the last step—now!

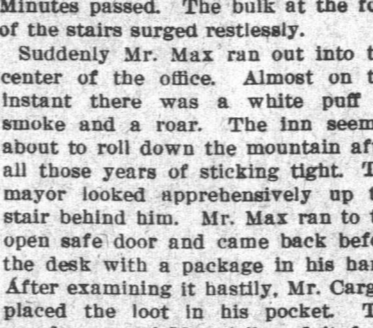
Suddenly from the other side of the steps a black figure rose, a fist shot out and Mr. Max went spinning like



"Keep out of the way, you," cried Cargan.



Magee Wrenched the Package From His Hand.



Magee Wrenched the Package From His Hand.

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