

KITCHENER NOT WHOLLY OF IRON

Woman Friend Paints Great Britain's War Secretary in New Colors.

Mrs. J. S. Erskine, widow of a former captain of the 10th Royal Hussars, who was for a time attached to the staff of Lord Kitchener, now English War Secretary, has given an interview in which she discusses the chief of the English War Department at short range.

Long before Mrs. Erskine met the army officer who eventually became her husband she knew Kitchener—at that time attached to the Engineering Corps—and has continued the acquaintance since. At the first meeting she was a lass of 4 in short skirts and blouse. To-day she is in the neighborhood of 40 and is residing temporarily in New York.

"You have seen a great deal printed showing the austere side of this great man's character, but very little relating to the human side, and the human side is very strongly developed in Lord Kitchener," she said. "Then you have seen him described as a woman hater, but he is far from that, although he has never married. He holds that a man who cannot best serve his country by remaining single; that his chief duty is to his King."

It was at the engineering depot at Woolwich with my parents when I first saw the then engineer, Kitchener. He was most shy and diffident, but I wasn't. In truth, I was just the opposite. Not long after that when he was called to Egypt he gave me a doll and I treasured it many years.

Mrs. Erskine told how, when she was 8 or 9, Kitchener returned on leave and renewed the acquaintance, telling her all about the Sudan and teaching her French. Next time she saw him she had reached the mature age of 19, and was in love with Capt. Erskine of his staff.

It was then she learned of his objection to the marriage of army officers. He was Sirdar of the Anglo-Egyptian army then, and England was beginning to take some notice of him.

"When my husband's leave of absence expired I went to Algeria to be near him," said Mrs. Erskine, "and there got a better idea of Kitchener in the field. I remember one incident distinctly. The Sirdar wanted a certain modern make of gun and so specified in a requisition sent to the War Office. In due time he received a reply saying the government would send a different make. Immediately he returned the order, across which he had written, 'You may keep your gun, I can't throw stones at the Arabs myself.' It is needless to say he received the weapons he desired."

"I played England in a war with Germany," said Mrs. Erskine, "and accidentally planted my flag on Heligoland. He was immediately raised, but Lord Kitchener backed me up. 'That's just what she ought to do,' he said. 'If ever there is a war with Germany that is what the English will do unless the Germans do it first.' You forget the treaty of London, somebody said. 'No,' he shot back. 'Bismarck was a statesman. He signed something that would be to the future good of his country. War knows nothing about the future good. It is only the present that appeals to the warrior and any clever commander knows that the best way to get from Germany to France is through Belgium.'"

"Then what would happen?" I asked. "I meant what would happen should Germany invade Belgium."

"That is in the lap of the gods," was his reply. "But I'll tell you what I think would happen. Germany would win the first round. After that she would be out-manoeuvred."

EXPLOSIVE BULLETS FOUND. PETROGRAD, Sept. 17.—The general headquarters of the Red Cross announces that it has been informed by telegraph by its representative with the first Russian regiment at the front that while Austrian fortifications have been captured quantities of explosive bullets, packed in special parcels and labelled, have been found. It is also charged that explosive missiles have been used by the Austrians. The general headquarters of the Red Cross has been requested by its representative to send into the field a commission to investigate the charges.

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GENERAL VON MOLTKE MODEST AND SILENT

He is Chief of Staff and Commander of German Forces Under the Kaiser

General Count Helmuth von Moltke, now 66 years old, namesake and favorite nephew of the great Field Marshal who led the Germans to victory in the Franco-Prussian war, has been chief of the German general staff since 1904 and as such is in supreme command of the united forces of Germany—under the Kaiser.

The reservation concerning the Kaiser is important, because von Moltke, modest and silent as the famous uncle whom Germans nicknamed the Great Tactician, has never believed that he is the man for the place he occupies. In fact, he refused the job twice, and accepted it the third time, only because his imperial master declared with brutal frankness: "In time of peace any man can do the work. In time of war I shall be my own chief of staff."

As a 22-year-old lieutenant von Moltke served through the Franco-Prussian war. For conspicuous gallantry in the fighting before Paris he was decorated with the order of the Iron Cross. He was among the victors who marched under the Arch of the Star. His uncle, the Field Marshal, was very proud of him and wrote home to Helmuth's father, Adolf von Moltke: "Yesterday Helmuth marched in with his regiment—the tallest man in it. The king asked me his name. He looked splendid with his Iron Cross."

In the last years of the greater Moltke's life Helmuth and his wife kept house for the old soldier. Of the four sons of Adolf von Moltke, who were known as the "four giants," Helmuth was regarded by him as his son. He stands 6 feet 4 inches, has blue eyes and, like all the Moltkes, is very blond.

When Helmuth fell in love with Hilma, a daughter of Count von Moltke-Hvitfeldt of Denmark—she was a distant cousin—his future father-in-law refused his consent to the match till the field marshal had given his Count.



GENERAL VON MOLTKE

von Moltke-Hvitfeldt once gave an amusing account of what followed. "Eliza had received a telegram from Helmuth's uncle, saying to expect him on a certain train. You can imagine that we were excited. I went to the station to meet the train indicated, and as no one came I thought the field marshal had not arrived. But suddenly I saw an old man in a snuffy brown suit get out of a second-class carriage and come towards me carrying a small hand bag. It was Field Marshal von Moltke."

"I asked him about his trunks and he explained that he had everything he required in the little bag. I asked if he would like to be accompanied to his later train and he explained that he had no valet, that he could always look after himself."

The present Helmuth von Moltke is a good writer, a former on the violin, and is also a composer of music. He is a very fine pianist and has carried his own piano to the front. He has composed and twelve years ago the Kaiser himself led the band which played one of von Moltke's compositions for the first time. William likes him very much.

A UNITED EMPIRE

The British empire to-day is united as never before. It has been drawn together because a common danger has compelled realization of all that British ideals and principles of all its states and dependencies. Natives of India and Egypt, or some of them, may want a larger share in their administration; the Boers may still have bitter memories of the war; Irish Nationalists may cherish the hope of an Ireland united under home rule. But they all know that the freedom and the rights of self-government they desire can only be obtained under the British flag. Britain alone has found the way to combine national and imperial loyalty.—The Toronto World.

Half the battlefields of sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth century lie in Belgium.

President Wilson received the Belgian Commission at the White House.

SOLDIERS SPEECHES ON THE BATTLEFIELD

Stirring Words That Have Come Down Through History—Duty Done in Face of Death

In the grim hour of battle there is small time for words; it is the time for the strong arm and the stout heart; and such words as are spoken could be few and to the point. No general knew better than that gallant Highlander, Sir Colin Campbell, how to say the words that fire courage or reward brave deeds. On that "day of heroes" at Balaclava, when his Highlanders were awaiting the shock of the Russian cavalry, he rode down the line, and in two calmly spoken sentences nerved every soldier for the death that seemed inevitable. "Remember the light in the distance, do not retreat from here. You must die where you stand." And with one voice the killed heroes gave back the answer, "Aye, aye, Sir Colin, we'll do that."

When Collingwood's ship was about to open the great drama of Trafalgar, the admiral, calmly munching an apple on the break of his poop, summoned his officers and said to them, "Now, gentlemen, let us do something today of which the world may talk hereafter." Within a few moments five lines of battle were emptying their guns into the British ranks.

Famous Nelson Episode

"Leave off action!" exclaimed Nelson to his lieutenant, the stump of his lost arm jerking angrily to and fro, when the admiral had given the signal to discontinue the fight in the Battle of the Baltic. "Leave off action," he said, turning to his captain, "I've only one eye; I've a right to be blind now, but I'll not let you put the glass to his blind eye, he exclaimed. "I really do not see the signal. Keep mine for closer action flying."

Napoleon had called Wellington "a Sepoy general" when the crowning battle opened on the plain of Waterloo. "I will show him to-day," Wellington said, gleefully, "how a Sepoy general can defend himself." A few hours later, as he sat with a few of his surviving officers at supper, his face black with the smoke of battle, he repeatedly leaned back in his chair, rubbing his hands convulsively, and exclaiming aloud, "Thank God, I have met him! Thank God, I have met him!"

Throughout the long day of battle, when the fate of his country was in the balance, the words of the greatest soldier the world has produced. "If you should be struck," one of his generals asked him, "tell us what is your plan." "My plan is to die with the best of us in dying here to the last man."

When at Balaclava, Lucan told Lord Cardigan to lead the Light Brigade on that mad charge down the valley of death. Cardigan answered, "Certainly, sir; but the Russians have a battery in our front, and riflemen and batteries on both flanks." Lucan, with a shrug of his shoulders, said, "We have no choice but to obey; wherever Cardigan turned quickly to his men. "The brigade will advance," he said, as he rode off at its head, saying to himself, "Here goes the last of the Brudenells."

An All-conquering Hand

"Climes, take your grenadiers and open the ranks," were the words of Sir John Moore which started the fighting at Corunna. When, towards the close of the battle, Moore was dying, his chief shattered by a cannon-ball, one of his men stepped up to unblock his ears, but the dying soldier stopped him. "I had rather," he said, "I should go out of the field with me."

Turning to Colonel Anderson, he said, "Anderson, you know I have always wished to die in this way. I hope my country will do me justice." Then, in a tone of apology, "I feel myself so strong, I fear I shall be long dying."

"I see these fellows on the hill, Pakenham?" Wellington said, just before striking his decisive blow at Salamanca. "Move on with your division and drive them to the devil!" "Yes," was the answer, "if you will give me a grasp of that all-conquering hand"; and in a few minutes Pakenham's columns, advancing in the face of a tornado of bullets, had swept away the enemy as with the blast of a whirlwind.

"Men of the Gordon Highlanders," said Colonel Mathias at Dargal, "the General says that position must be taken at all costs. The Gordon Highlanders will take it; but I must before the words had left his lips the brave Scotsmen were racing up the rugged steps in the face of a deluge of death; to drive the enemy from his lair-like so many terror-stricken sheep.

CANADIANS OFFER HOMES

People of Wealth in Britain Show Splendid Spirit

Canadians in England are no less backward in their offers of help than those at home. Among the many "stately homes of England" that are at the disposal of the government for service as barracks for convalescent soldiers or depots, is a beautiful house in Sussex owned by Mr. W. G. Trethewey of Toronto. It will make an ideal convalescent home, for it is situated in a park-like spot on the high bank of the river, and is surrounded by a park and large grounds that fit it splendidly for the purpose. It was not to be supposed that Lady Strathearn, wife of her father, if alive, would certainly have been among the first to do so. She has placed her Scottish home at the disposal of the authorities. The Prince of Wales gave \$25,000 to the Prince of Wales' Fund, and \$5,000 to the Red Cross Society.

William Wilkinson, 198 Brunswick avenue, a trainer, was killed at the Dufferin race track, Toronto.

THE STORY OF Waitstill Baxter

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

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Ivory read the correspondence with a heavy heart, inasmuch as it corroborated all his worst fears. He had sometimes secretly hoped that his father might return and explain the reason of his silence or in lieu of that there might come to light the story of a pilgrimage, familial perhaps, but innocent of evil intention, one that "brought you back to his wife and his former friends and then buried forever with the death that had ended it."

Neither of these hopes could now ever be realized nor his father's memory made other than a cause for endless regret, sorrow and shame. His father, who had begun life so handsomely, with rare gifts of mind and personality, a wife of unusual beauty and intelligence and, while still young in years, a considerable success in his chosen profession. His poor father! What could have been the reason for so complete a downfall?

Ivory asked Dr. Perry's advice about showing one or two of the brief letters and the lockets to his mother. After her fainting fit and the exhaustion that followed it, Ivory begged her to see the old doctor, but without avail. Finally, after days of pleading, he took her hands in his and said: "I do everything a mortal man can do to be a good son to you, mother. Won't you do this to please me and trust that I know what is best?" Whereupon she gave a trembling assent, as if she were agreeing to something indescribably painful, and, indeed, this sight of a former friend seemed to frighten her strangely.

After Dr. Perry had talked with her for a half hour and estimated her sufficiently to make at least a reasonable guess as to her mental and physical condition, he advised Ivory to break the news of her husband's death to her.

"If you can get her to comprehend this," he said, "it is bound to be a relief from this terrible suspense."

"Will there be any danger of making her worse?" Mightn't the shock cause her violent emotion?" asked Ivory anxiously.

"I don't think she is any longer capable of violent emotion," the doctor answered. "Her mind is certainly clearer than it was three years ago, but her body is nearly burned away by the mental conflict. There is scarcely any part of her but is weary and weary unto death, poor soul! One cannot look at her patient, lovely face without longing to lift some part of her burden. Make a trial, Ivory. It's a justifiable experiment, and I think it will succeed. I must not come any oftener myself than is absolutely necessary. She seemed afraid of me."

The experiment did succeed. Lois Boynton listened breathlessly with parted lips and with apparent comprehension to the story Ivory told her. Over and over again he told her gen-



Her Face Showed That She Was Deeply Moved

tly the story of her husband's death, trying to make it sink into her mind clearly, so that there should be no consequent bewilderment. She was calm and silent, though her face showed that she was deeply moved. She broke down only when Ivory showed her the lockets.

"I gave it to my husband when you were born, my son," she sobbed. "At first, it seems no surprise to me that your father is dead. He said he would give me the money back when the mayflowers bloomed, and when I saw the autumn leaves I knew that six months must have gone and he would never stay away from us for six months without writing. That is the reason I have seldom watched for him these last weeks. I must have known that it was no use."

She rose from her rocking chair and moved feebly toward her bedroom. "Can you spare me the rest of the day, Ivory?" she faltered as she leaned on her son and made her slow progress from the kitchen. "I must bury the body of my grief and I want to be alone at first. If only I could see Waitstill. We have both thought this was coming; she has a woman's instinct; she is younger and stronger than I

TORTURED BY CONSTIPATION

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St. Boniface de Shawinigan, Que., Feb. 3rd, 1914.

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MAGLOIRE PAQUIN

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said in you so gratefully easy today, Waitstill. I'm sure you barked your leg or skinned your knee when you fell down. Don't you think the 'dearest lady in the land' is a nice sounding sentence?"

"I do, indeed," cried Waitstill to herself as she turned the words over and over trying to feed her hungry heart with them.

"I love to hear Ivory talk. It's like the stories in the books. We have our best times in the barn, for I'm helping with the milking now. Our yellow cow's name is Molly and the red cow used to be Polly, but we changed her to Golly 'cause she's so troublesome."

"We had a cross old cow like that once," said Waitstill absently, loving to hear the boy's chatter and the eternal quotations from his beloved hero.

"We have great fun cooking, too," continued Rod. "When Aunt Boynton was first sick she stayed in bed more, and Ivory and I hadn't got used to things. One morning we bound up each other's burns. Ivory had three fingers and I two done up in buttery rags to take the fire out. Ivory called us 'soldiers dressing their wounds after the battle.' Sausages sputter dead-fully, don't they? And when you turn a pancake it flops on top of the stove. Can you flop one straight, Wait?"

"Yes, I can; straight as a die; that's what girls are made for. New run along home to your big brother and do put on some warmer clothes and your coat. The weather's getting colder."

"Aunt Boynton hasn't patched our thick ones yet, but she will soon, and if she doesn't, Ivory'll take this Saturday evening and do them himself. He said so."

"He shall not!" cried Waitstill passionately. "It is not seemly for Ivory to sew and mend, and I will not allow it. You shall bring me those things that need patching without telling any one, do you hear, and I will meet you on the edge of the pasture Saturday afternoon and give them back to you. You are not to speak of it to any one, you understand, or perhaps I shall pound you to a jelly! You'd make a sweet rose jelly to eat with turkey on Thanksgiving dinner, you dear, comforting little boy!"

Rodman ran toward home, and Waitstill hurried along, scarcely noticing the beauties of the woods and fields and waysides, all glowing masses of goldenrod and purple frost flowers.

Patty was standing under a little rock maple, her brown flannel-woolies in tone with the landscape and the hood, out of her hood, cape pulled over her bright head. She looked flushed and excited as she ran up to her sister and said: "Waitstill, darling, you've been crying! Has father been scolding you?"

"No, dear, but my heart is aching today so that I can scarcely bear it. A wave of discouragement came over me as I was walking through the woods, and I gave up to it a bit. I remembered how soon I will be Thanksgiving day, and I'd so like to make it happier for you and a few others that I love."

Patty could have given a shrewd guess as to the chief cause of the heartache, but she forbore to ask any questions. "Cheer up, Waitstill! We may have a thankful Thanksgiving, after all."

(To be Continued.)

THE CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

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(To be Continued.)

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