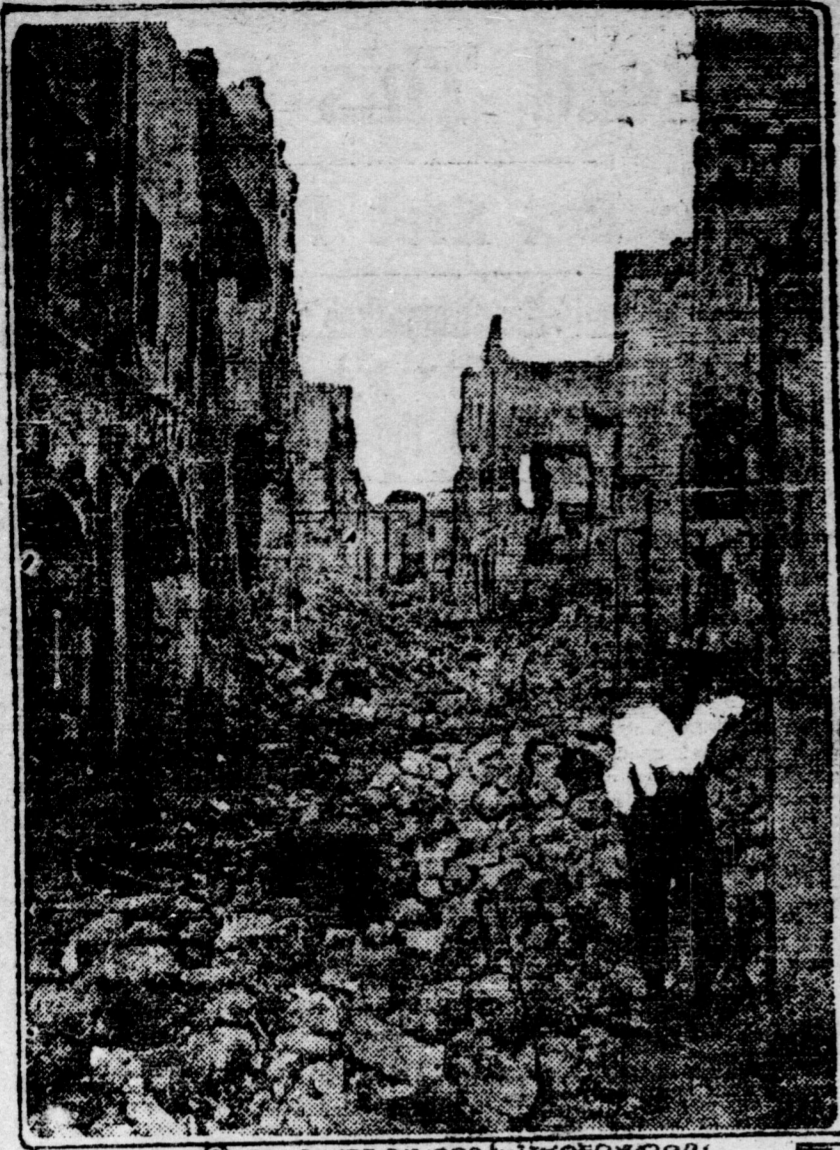


AWFUL DEVASTATION WROUGHT BY BULGARIAN BATTERIES IN STREETS OF KIRK-KILISSEH.



This photograph of one of the streets of Kirk-Kilisseh was taken immediately after the battle of that name as the victorious Bulgarian army pushed into the city. The Turkish army was driven from its strong position by the Bulgarians in a fierce fight, in which the Bulgarian artillery fire made the Turkish position untenable and reduced whole sections of the town to ruins.

BRITAIN'S WONDERFUL TRADE \$5,000,000 IN 10 MONTHS

Figures for October Reach High Water—Exports of the Manufactures Rose Rapidly.

BRITAIN'S WONDERFUL TRADE as Britain's trade boom continues. Last month's exports (not including re-exports) were the highest on record, topping the figure of October, 1911, by £4,787,679, and that of October, 1910, by £10,642,750. The total for the first ten months of this year was £27,392,387 more than last year, and £46,348,201 more than the total of 1910. The import and export figures for last month and the ten months ending with October are as under: Exports. Oct., 1912... £ 71,026,531 £ 48,333,982 Ten months, 1912... 699,947,503 402,616,577

(£37,274 down), and chemicals (£22,469 decrease). Every category, however, shows a huge increase, totalling in all to £8,260,904 over the record for October, 1910. The improvement in the export of manufactures in the ten months amounts to £19,022,514 over the 1911 figures, and to £35,201,566 over the figures of two years ago, the principal increases this year being: Iron and steel... £3,719,742 Electrical goods... 1,458,481 Machinery... 2,057,878 New ships... 1,240,870 Cotton... 1,342,478 Apparel... 1,694,944 Railway carriages, motor-cars, cycles, etc... 1,063,838

"DOESN'T WANT CHARITY", SAYS SIR GEORGE ROSS

Continued from Page Thirteen. What are the conditions which make the peril so great? If her exchequer is being so impoverished and she is no longer able to defend herself, then let us out of our abundance replenish that exchequer and see that the peril is overcome and if this weary Titan is struggling under the weight of the burden, for God's sake let Canada take some part of the burden and let us relieve her distress, but let us know the reason why. Canadian Help if Need is Shown. Let there be no secrecy about the fact of the case. Let those men who have hidden in their bosom the cause of her peril and danger not ask this House, nor any House, to vote one dollar or fifteen million dollars until they have made it as plain as a sunbeam that the Empire is in danger. If the Empire is in danger Canada is in danger, and Canada will have no hesitation to come to the rescue to the best of her ability, but only on a proof that the necessity has occurred, and that the consequences of refusal will be most serious. That is my view of a grant. I am prepared to give everything that is required to save the situation, but I must know what it is, and I would tell the leader of the House that when the bill comes down he must disclose to us what are the dangers to be encountered. We must know the reason why the forces should be strengthened without delay and why at this juncture it is the duty of Canada to render reasonable and necessary aid. This is the word juncture. That means that there is a conjunction of circumstances. They may not have ever occurred before. They existed when this speech was brought down. They will not exist tomorrow. What is the conjunction? What is the Emergency? Is there a league of Europe against us? Is the unmeasured and immeasurable power of Germany against her? Let us know in language unmistakable, and let the people of Canada, if asked to vote their money, do it, as I am sure they will, with the utmost readiness provided the occasion requires it. But that is not all I want to say upon the question of naval defence. Do the members of this honorable House believe in an emergency grant, be it ever so large, is the best way to defend the Empire, or to defend Canada? I admit that a grant in an emergency is an exceptional thing. The blind man standing by the wayside received a sixpence in his tin cup, and for the moment that is the best that you can do for him, but if you are going to provide against his poverty, and for his future comfort you must provide more. A naval policy on the basis of this speech is no policy at all. It is not a policy, it is a grant—an offering, a contribution. It is the money in the hat or the money in the blind man's tin cup. It is generous, kind and charitable, but Britain does not want charity.

Is Britain on Her Knees? A minister has said somewhere during the summer, I do not know that I could name the minister, although I have a vague suspicion that I know who he was, and somewhere, I do not know just where, that England was on her knees. If she is on her knees let us place her there by all means. If a few millions to get her on her feet, let us place her there by all means. If she is on her knees, it is the first time in the history of Great Britain that she ever was. At one time she met a combination of every European power, from Blenheim down to Waterloo, and she never went on her knees to anybody, but planted her flag wherever the sun shone, on every parallel of latitude, exacted tribute from every nation on the globe, sailed the seven seas, and never bowed her head in submission to any kingdom, principality, or power, and she is not going to do it now. That is my opinion, but I do not know as much as the ministers know. Contribution is Not a Policy. I am unfortunately ignorant. I had no conference with His Majesty's Government in London. Nothing was disclosed to me. I am speaking without any information. Nobody has taken me into his confidence. I am very much at sea. In fact I have almost some justification for feeling offended. Every member of the Senate may have some justification, but after a while when the box will be opened and the secret will be out we will know the basis of this great policy, and we will be asked to exercise our judgment in regard to it, not in a political or party or penurious sense, but in that generous which characterized Canada in all these matters. But I was going to say this is not the naval policy, it is a generous contribution. What is our naval policy? The policy that was on the statute-book. It is a policy which means something. It is the foundation of a navy which under proper circumstances will grow to be a source of strength to Canada and to Great Britain. It requires two minutes to sign a check and a few minutes more to draw the bills of exchange, and in a few minutes more the contribution is in the postal car and on its way to the Bank of England. What is the policy in that? Every businessman does that every day. There is no policy about it. The Real Canadian Policy. But think of the other method. You are building ships in your own yards. There is some policy about that. That is the Canadian policy. It gets at the very root of the matter. We have a navy yard in which to build ships. You are using Canadian steel and there is no better, in the construction of these ships. We send our nickel to England to harden her steel against the guns of her enemy. We have our own nickel and steel. We have timber of every kind necessary to construct the ship, and that is an important thing. We give employment to our people and such skilled labor that will come and add thus to our strength. We will man those ships with Canadian sailors. We have 98,000 fishermen today hardened by the perils of the sea and the Gulf and the Atlantic. We have our own men, as I am sorry to say some of them and the Americans during the Spanish war. No better men could be found to face the perils of the deep and to stand by the admiral on the bridge as he swings out his signal to beat down on the enemy. That is a Canadian policy. It looms large in itself. It presents before us ideals which we require to present to the young Canadian so that he may raise to the full stature of Canadian manhood. How the British Navy Began. What would England be without her navy? The first pulsation of true English nationality was in the days of the Commonwealth and Cromwell had laid the foundation of the British navy. He was confronted by the Dutch who were then the greatest sailors on the seas and whose admiral, Van Tromp, had nailed a broom to the mast head to indicate that he had swept Britain from the sea. The sturdy old Republican thought that England's dignity was insulted and straightway went to repair the breach and make preparations for a navy that would do credit to his land, and out of that has grown the British navy. We must begin sometime. We have an abundant revenue and now is a good time to begin. Our mineral resources are being developed, and it is a good time to draw on them. There is a good spirit among the people, a good time to give it something to do; and we have a great commerce, about one-half of which comes by sea. Who should defend it, if not ourselves? Who profits by it? We in Canada, and shall we sit back and let other people in Parliament and by our friends and say to England you have nineteen million tons of merchant shipping, and so many ironclads and cruisers and gunboats and you can defend us; why should you not, for we are a British possession? That is not the Canadian spirit we want, nor is that the way to develop whatever spirit may be necessary for the purposes of defence. Our Navy Should Be Building. There should be no retreat from that position. Our navy should have been under way already. It might be required and we should be prepared to aid England whenever necessary. We should be prepared to send a warship to assist Australia in maintaining the defence of the Pacific unit, and in this way fill some proper efficient place in the navy of the Empire. Then if we give this money to the vessels which were built in British navy yards. That is not so bad, but will it be spent to aid the present British navy, or will it be made to take the place of ships that would have been built by Britain had this grant not been made? What are the conditions of the grant? Will the vessels float in Canadian waters? Will they go to the Mediterranean? Will they be identified as Canadian warships? If in a hot fight a vessel behaved in a proper way would our sailors receive the honor? The whole thing is as shady as the mist of Ben Nevis. No fog of Newfoundland is more difficult to penetrate than this naval policy to which honorable gentlemen refer in the address. I pass it over. I have said enough, perhaps too much, and will let it go until it is disclosed in the other House, and later to our benighted minds in this chamber a few days hence.

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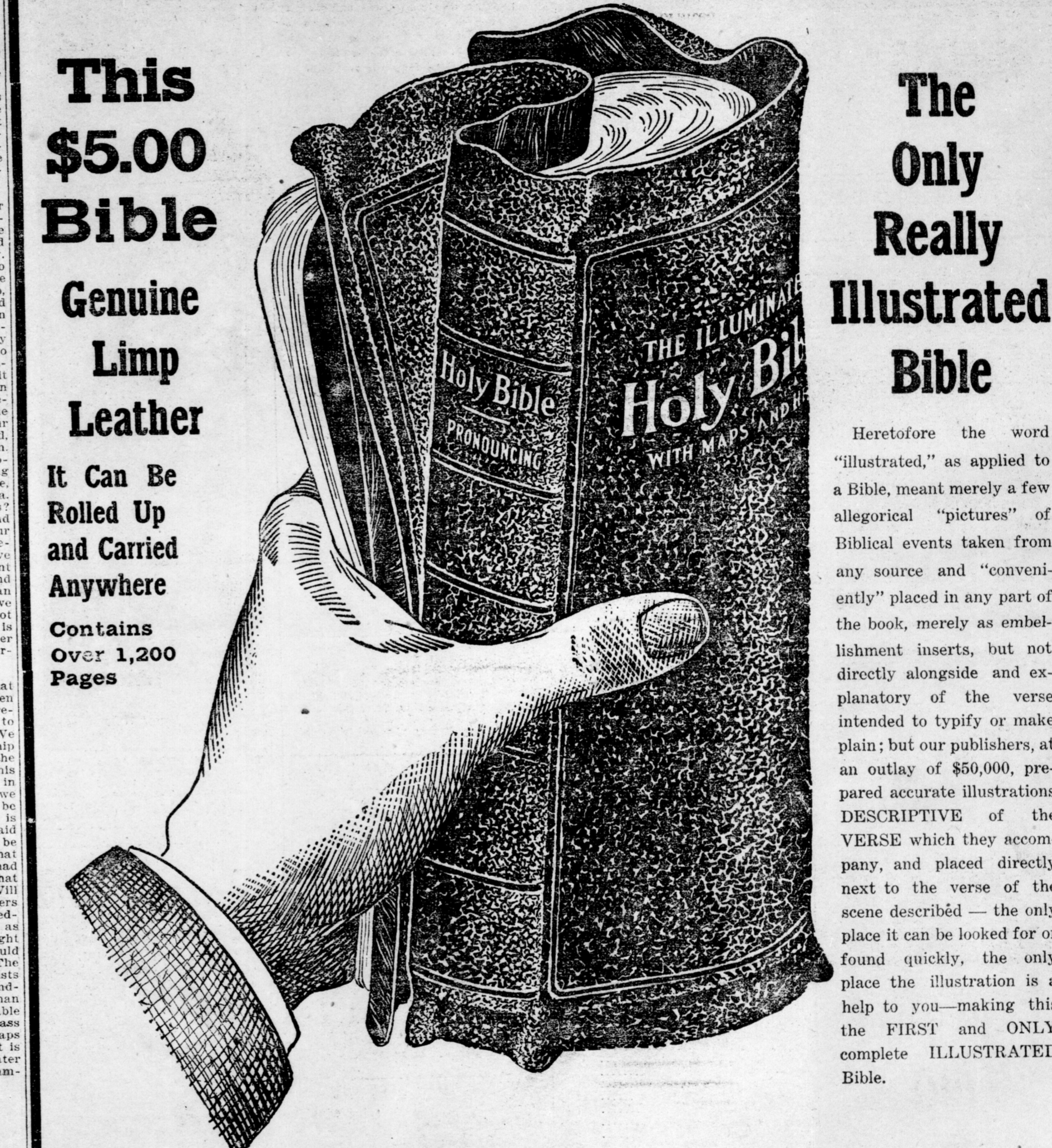
BENJAMIN DISRAELI (Continued from Page 13.) never existed. But there is nothing in my own heart that convinces me it is impossible, and, if it is an illusion, it is an illusion worthy of the gods. I wish to be with you, to live with you, never to be away from you—I care not where, in heaven or on earth, or in the water under the earth. "You told me once you required a year to study a character; your year has nearly elapsed, and your meditations may have made you less satisfied with mine. What my feelings may be if I find that I am doomed ever to waste my affections, and that a blight is ever to fall on a heart which nature intended to be the shrine of sensibility, it matters not. At present I will believe that my fate is indissolubly bound up with yours, until your voice, or your conduct, assures me that all this time I have labored under a delusion. "Am Mad With Love. "Dec. 30, 1833. "I am mad with love. My passion is frenzy. The prospect of our immediate meeting is so bewitching, so entrancing to me. I pass my nights in days in scenes of strange and fascinating rapture. Lose not a moment unnecessarily in coming. I cannot wait. I can scarcely believe in the joy of our immediate meeting. Will the time ever pass away until that rapturous moment? "Dec. 31. "The happiest of New Years; and, indeed, I hope and believe it will be the happiest of our lives. "Jan. 22, 1839. "Tis twilight after a lovely day. A Serious Quarrel. The story of the first and last serious quarrel of these two lovers is told in a letter from Disraeli, "found after Lady Beaconsfield's death carefully deposited among her papers. The quarrel was about her money. She evidently had heard that he wanted her for that, and when he

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Many, Firmly Convinced They Are Dying of Heart Trouble, Have Often the Strongest Hearts. Sometimes you wake up at night, heart throbbing like a steam engine. Your breathing is short and irregular; pains shoot through the chest and abdomen, and cause horrible anxiety. Your trouble isn't with the heart at all. These sensations are the outcome of indigestion, which has caused gas to form on the stomach and press against the heart. Just read what happened to Isaac Malheur, of Belle River, Ont.: "Three months ago I was a weak, sickly man. My appetite was poor, food fermented in my stomach. I had sour risings and indigestion. At night I would often weaken with gas in the stomach and heart palpitation. "I consulted my doctor and used remedies that my friends advised. Nothing helped. "One day I received a sample of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and my cure commenced. Today I have a vigorous appetite, strong heart action, and no sign of indigestion. I feel younger and healthier than ever before. "Your druggist or storekeeper sells Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c per box or five boxes for \$1.00. By mail from The Catarthosone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

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Mrs. Edward Kennedy, of Meriden, Conn., 40 years old, was advised by her physician to try Dr. Marshall's Female Pills. She did so with wonderful results. Thousands of others would say the same. Twenty years the standard. At your Druggist. Justification for feeling offended. Every member of the Senate may have some justification, but after a while when the box will be opened and the secret will be out we will know the basis of this great policy, and we will be asked to exercise our judgment in regard to it, not in a political or party or penurious sense, but in that generous which characterized Canada in all these matters. But I was going to say this is not the naval policy, it is a generous contribution. What is our naval policy? The policy that was on the statute-book. It is a policy which means something. It is the foundation of a navy which under proper circumstances will grow to be a source of strength to Canada and to Great Britain. 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but I have no dark thoughts. All my notions are soft and glowing as the sky. Sweetest and dearest of women, our united loves shall flow like two rivers—as gentle and as clear. Bless you, and bless you. "Jan. 23. "I love you, if possible, each day more truly and more tenderly. All my hopes of happiness in life are centered in your sweet affections, and I wish only to be the solace and glory of your life. "A Serious Quarrel. The story of the first and last serious quarrel of these two lovers is told in a letter from Disraeli, "found after Lady Beaconsfield's death carefully deposited among her papers. The quarrel was about her money. She evidently had heard that he wanted her for that, and when he

began to speak he says: "I succeeded so far as to be desired to quit your house for ever. I have recourse, therefore, to this miserable method of communicating with you. Much as if it were the night before my execution. "I avow, when I first made my advances to you, I was influenced by no romantic feelings. My father had long wished me to marry. My set-ting in life was the implied, though not stipulated, condition of a disposition of his property, which would have been convenient to me. I myself, about to commence a practical career, wished for the solace of a home, and shrunk from all the torturing passions of intrigue. I was not blind to worldly advantages in such an alliance, but I had already proved that my heart was not to be purchased. I found you in sorrow, and that heart was touched. I found you, as I thought, amiable, ten-

der, and yet acute, and gifted with no ordinary mind—one whom I could look upon with pride as the partner of my life, who could sympathize with all my projects and feelings, console me in the moments of depression, share my hour of triumph, and work with me for our honor and happiness. "Now for your fortune: I write the sheer truth. That fortune proved to be so much less than I, or the world, imagined. It was, in fact, as far as I was concerned, a fortune which could not benefit me in the slightest degree: it was merely a jointure, not greater than your station required; enough to maintain your establishment and gratify your private tastes. To eat and to sleep in that house, and nominally to call it mine—these could be only objects for a penitential adventurer. Was this an inducement for me to sacrifice my sweet liberty, and that indefinite future which is one of the

charms of existence? No, when months ago I told you one day that there was only one link between us, I felt that my heart was intrinsically engaged to you, and but for that I would have terminated our acquaintance. From that moment I devoted to you all the passion of my being. Alas! it has been poured upon the sand. "No; I would not condescend to be the minion of a princess, and not all the gold of Ophir should ever lead me to the altar. Far different are the qualities which I require in the sweet participator of my existence. My nature demands that my life should be perpetual love. Come. To this "Mary Anne" replies: "For God's sake come to me. I am ill and almost distracted. I will answer all you wish. . . I am devoted to you." And she was for thirty tender years.

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