

HALL CAINE SAYS ENGLAND REDUCES HOT MORIS FOR MARTYRED NURSE, MISS CAVELL

Great Novelist Attends Memorial Service and Writes Impressions

'Great, Heroic, Immortal, Everlasting, Victorious, One of Sentinels on Hill-Tops of Eternity'—'What a Glorious Triumph Represented.'

(BY CABLE FROM HALL CAINE.) London, Oct. 29.

"Oh, death where is thy sting, Oh, grave where is thy victory?" Down to a fortnight ago few of us outside the immediate circle of Nurse Cavell's family and friends even so much as heard her name; now all the world knows it. It has gone as by a supernatural trumpet blast to the uttermost ends of the earth.

What a scene it has been! None of us will ever forget it. In the grey dawn of one of the first days of winter, London was already moving towards St. Paul's cathedral, the morning was fine, but the city was heavy and sad.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The opinions of correspondents are not necessarily those of The Telegraph. Its newspaper does not undertake to publish all or any of the letters received. Unassigned communications will be noticed. Write on one side of the paper only. Communications must be clearly written, and they will be selected. Stamps should be enclosed in full amount. The name and address of the writer should be sent with every letter as evidence of good faith.

GERMAN PRISONERS AND THE DRUMMOND MINES

The Editor of The Telegraph: Sir,—The announcement in your local paper this week, that in all probability the Drummond mines will soon be in operation, was received here with pleasure. It is to be hoped that this important industry, closed now for over a year, owing to financial difficulties, will soon be able to resume its work.

While the resumption of work at the mines would be hailed with delight, a suggestion to employ "German prisoners now in Canada to mine the ore," is a gentlemanly suggestion in the party, it would meet with the very strongest opposition. In order to encourage the development of this industry, the provincial and federal governments have heavily subsidised the undertaking by grants for the railway and concessions in the shape of long-term leases with a minimum royalty.

No, but in memory of a poor woman, a poor hospital nurse, who has been so bravely done by the British Empire, enemy, condemned for acts of mercy and humanity, tried in secret—so in effect it was—shot in haste and then buried in a traitor's grave!

"For Nurse Cavell," we were saying to each other as we went into the cathedral, thinking of that mockery of a military trial at Brussels and of the shower of bullets in the prison yard from the muskets of an inhuman soldiery. But, as we came out of it, moved to tears and thrilled up to our throats, scarcely able to speak for the emotion that mastered us, we were saying to ourselves:

"No, not poor—great, heroic, immortal, everlasting—victorious! One of the sentinels on the hill-tops of eternity, who have won the right to stand by the beacon fires of hope and sacrifice which light up the destinies of mankind."

After a hush—the silence of waiting time—as if to cathedral clock outside with its solemn boom is striking the hour of noon, the service begins. It is choral throughout except for the prayers, and it lifts the congregation to a height of emotion not often reached by the human soul.

Again and again as the organ pealed out, sometimes with a great rush of sound and sometimes with a noise hardly louder than the human breath, and as the surge and swell of ten thousand human voices sweeps down the long nave and rises into the empty dome a storm of feeling comes over us which it is difficult to sustain.

First the hymn that brought solace to Nurse Cavell in her last moments on earth, "Abide With Me; Part First the Eventide," soft as an angel's whisper, then the solemn psalm, "Out of the Depths I Have Called Upon Thee, Oh Lord." Then the Lord's prayer, "Thy Will Be Done On Earth," and then the tremendous words thrilling up to the roof and going through and through us, "I Am The Resurrection And The Life."

Sometimes it seems as if a voice from that despatch and dishonored grave in the prison yard at Brussels, were speaking to us here in St. Paul's; sometimes as if a cry from the inmost part of man against suffering, injustice and wrong.

comes to administer the last consolation of his church.

"I have no fear, nor shrinking," she says. "I have seen death so often that there is not even a shadow of it in my mind. Never for a moment does her spirit fall her. She thanks God for her ten long weeks in prison. Her life always has been so hurried and so full of difficulties that this time of rest before the end has been a great mercy and then, 'Oh infinite calmness of the soul, most sacredly innocent,' she speaks kindly of her enemies, of her jailers, feeling no hatred nor bitterness towards anyone and, standing on the brink of eternity, forgiving all who have done her wrong. It is now 2 o'clock in the morning of an October day. We are out in the dark and desolate prison yard. Brussels lies asleep. There is hardly a sound in the air except, perhaps, the low booming of cannon, faint and far away.

The firing company forms up in front of the high wall. A woman in nurse's costume stands alone with her back to it and pale, but with her face forward. There is the flash of a lantern to show where she is, though she has no command and then a shower of bullets. It is all over.

Then dawn breaks upon Brussels again and the sparrows begin to chirp and shaft and see, though difficulties are still before us and danger and our enemies can still hurt us? Though you may lie in a traitor's despised and dishonored grave, the memory of your end will be with us henceforth like the protecting and strengthening wings of God.

The service is over. After liturgy of St. Christum, sung to a searching Russian chant, after the dead reverboration of the Dead March and the solemn roll of drums, after the last solemn words of benediction and the grand silence that followed it, after the crashing notes of the national anthem which seem to rend the very roof, we are surging out of the cathedral into the open air, with their sights and senses of the common world no longer.

It is like coming from the Holy of Holies. A woman is here who has lost her husband and the pillar of her house has fallen—but her eyes are shining through her tears.

A mother is here who has lost her son and the eye of her heart is blind—but over her seamed and senseless face there is the light of a heavenly smile. Daughter of England, you have taught us how to die.

The last survivor of the Fathers of Confederation, the Right Hon. Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., P. C., C. B., K. C. M. G., G. C. M. G., M. A., Hon. LL. D. Cambridge, Edinburgh, Acadia and Queens; M. D., was born July 2, 1821, at Amherst (N. S.), the son of the late Rev. Charles Tupper, D.D., and of Miriam Lockhart Low, of Parrisboro (N. S.).

The Tupper family were among the first settlers in Nova Scotia, the father of Sir Charles settling at Amherst, where the great statesman was born. The members of this branch of the family are direct descendants of Thomas Tupper, who emigrated to America in 1635, landing at Saugus (now Lynn), Massachusetts.

Looking Old Too Soon The Condition of Too Many Women and Too Many Girls

Too many women and too many girls look old long before they should. Their faces become pale and drawn; wrinkles appear and their eyes lack brightness. Can this be wondered at when they so frequently have headaches, backaches and a general feeling of wretchedness and weakness? In most cases it is the blood, another and the blood has become thin and watery and it is a fact that anaemia (bloodlessness) more than any other cause, gives women this prematurely aged appearance.

It is important that the blood supply of girls and women be regularly replenished—improved. The only one on the score of looks, but to restore robust health, which is of greater value. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood, and give the system that regular overwork of the system that makes a girl look old. With Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at hand there is no need for any woman or girl to feel that she is old. Mrs. J. McDonald, Jr., Hay (Ont.) says: "I honestly believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life. Some years ago I had anaemia, and as I did not realize the seriousness of the trouble, I soon became a complete wreck. I got so weak I could hardly walk. I neither slept nor ate, and could not get up stairs without stopping to rest. At times my back and would have become thin and I suffered almost constantly from a dull headache, and when sweeping if I would stoop to pick up anything I would get so dizzy that I would have to catch hold of something or my head would fall. At times my heart would beat so fast that I would have a smothering sensation. My eyes were sunken and my hands and limbs would be swollen in the mornings. I tried several kinds of medicine without benefit, and my friends thought I would never recover. Then I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and before long I felt a general improvement, accompanied by the chivalrous minister of Spain, has come to ask for a reprieve.

The prisoner is a nurse; she has nursed wounded German soldiers. What she did was done out of a womanly impulse and mercy will break down the barriers of race and nationality and unite the nations of the whole world against his country.

The English woman, Edith Cavell, has been guilty of treason in war, and is the only woman in an organized conspiracy against the security of the German army; therefore she must die, she must die tomorrow morning.

"It is past midnight. We are now in the cathedral, thinking of the condemned woman. All it will with her. She knows she is offending against the military laws of the usurping German government, but in breaking the Kaiser's law she has obeyed the law of humanity, of mercy and of God; therefore she is perfectly calm, perfectly resigned and ready to die for her conscience and her country.

The English chaplain of Brussels

Ottawa, Oct. 25.—A statement issued from the head office of the Canadian Patriotic Fund Association today shows that the cost of administering the fund is only 2-1/3 per cent, exclusive of a small total of \$6,482 charged for "campaign expenses."

The total amount expended for relief up to August 31 last was \$2,719,960, and the cost of administration of all branches was \$4,257. Bank interest received on funds deposited amounted to \$55,165, or nearly enough to cover all expenses of administration.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER, VETERAN CANADIAN STATESMAN, DEAD

Passed Away in London Saturday, Aged 94—Was the Last of the Fathers of Confederation—Is Succeeded in the Baronety by His Grandson, Charles Stewart Tupper of Winnipeg.



Born July 2, 1821, at Amherst (N. S.). Graduated M.D. at Edinburgh, 1843. Married, 1846. First elected member for Cumberland (N. S.), for local assembly, 1855. Became Premier of Nova Scotia, 1864. Delegate to Confederation conferences, 1870. Sworn to Privy Council of Canada, 1870. Became Minister of Customs, 1873. Created K. C. M. G., 1879. Created G. C. M. G., 1886. Prime Minister of Opposition 1890-1890. Premier of Nova Scotia, 1896. Created Privy Councillor, 1908. Died October 29, 1915.

Ottawa, Oct. 30.—Sir Charles Tupper died this morning in London. Word came to Sir Robt. Borden from Hon. G. H. Perley. The last survivor of the Fathers of Confederation, the Right Hon. Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., P. C., C. B., K. C. M. G., G. C. M. G., M. A., Hon. LL. D. Cambridge, Edinburgh, Acadia and Queens; M. D., was born July 2, 1821, at Amherst (N. S.), the son of the late Rev. Charles Tupper, D.D., and of Miriam Lockhart Low, of Parrisboro (N. S.).

The Tupper family were among the first settlers in Nova Scotia, the father of Sir Charles settling at Amherst, where the great statesman was born. The members of this branch of the family are direct descendants of Thomas Tupper, who emigrated to America in 1635, landing at Saugus (now Lynn), Massachusetts. Sir Charles Tupper's grandfather was a woman of extraordinary talents. A number of descendants have been distinguished for their gifts, and especially for their aptitude for acquiring languages. Among them was the father of Sir Charles, who, in addition to his other remarkable endowments, had this special gift of language.

Sir Charles was educated at the different schools of Amherst, and at Horton Academy. After graduating there he took up the study of medicine and graduated M. D. at Edinburgh in 1843. In the same year he was admitted a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and commenced to practice in his native county. From the beginning his superior talents, dominating personality, and efficiency in his profession attracted attention. In his twelve years of practice before he was called into the sphere of politics, mountainous obstacles became a level plain, and toil and exposure the highest enjoyment. With a spirit that knew no discouragement, saw no difficulties, and a body well seasoned by those twelve years of labor, he carefully examined the political arena into which he was invited as a contestant.

Three years after his graduation the young practitioner married Frances, daughter of Silas H. Morse, of Timber (N. S.), and to them were born three sons and one daughter.

At the general elections of 1855, Dr. Tupper was elected as member for Cumberland to the local assembly, his victory being a notable one, for he defeated the late Hon. Joseph Howe, then leader of the Liberal party in Nova Scotia, and afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of the province. On entering parliament, the weak member, conscious, it is said, of the weak points in the old Conservative programme, drew up and was allowed by his seniors to adopt a new and "more progressive" policy. It is also recorded of him that, like Diereuil, he educated his party; he brought them to take a more comprehensive view of affairs, and attracted to himself the more moderate men of the other side, and with so much effect, that in the following year the reconstructed party came into power, and the "young doctor," as he was called, became provincial secretary.

From that time till the confederation of the province, he was perhaps the most prominent figure in local politics, having succeeded to the premiership in 1864. The conspicuous part he bore in the accomplishment of confederation is well known. He attended the Charlottetown and Quebec Conferences, and afterwards went to England, where the matter was finally settled at the Westminster Palace Hotel conference.

For his services he was created a C. B. On the formation of the first government he was invited to take office, but declined in favor of Sir Edward Kenny, despite the fact that he had been an active

in Canadian history his superior. He waited not for occasions—he made them. In his acts of intrepid initiation he was not ignorant of the swinging of the political pendulum. He saw no terror in the opposition benches. Through the heat and dust of battle he discerned the goal and the accomplishment of a great purpose. The feat of man, fear that sometimes engenders submission or cowardice, was to him a mere sound, utterly without meaning. His courage was lionine and unyielding. Accumulations of the knowledge of Canadian and imperial politics were packed away in his capacious memory, ever ready to serve him both in private and in public life.

The two aims Sir Charles always kept in view, as a loyal subject to his sovereign, and as a jealous guardian of the honor of his people, have been the strengthening of the golden link which connects England with the first and greatest of her colonies, and the holding aloft of the standard of right of the nation, so that she may prove herself worthy of the proud position she has made her own.

The seeming incredibilities his great mind foresaw in the direction of a great Canada have been turned into realities. In 1860 a lecture on The Political Condition of the British North American Colonies delivered by Dr. Tupper in several towns of Nova Scotia. Of striking interest at the present time is the prediction contained in the following passage from his lecture: "Who could doubt that under these circumstances such a federation of the five provinces (to which ultimately the great Red River and the Saskatchewan country might be added) as would give us the position due to our extensive resources and intelligent population, untrammelled either by slavery or the ascendancy of any dominant church, almost the last country where civil and religious liberty exists, British America, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, would in a few years present to the world a great political organization with British institutions, sympathies and feelings, bound indissolubly to the throne of England by a community of interests, and united to it by the viceroyalty of one of the promising sons of our beloved queen."

When Dr. Tupper was thus looking forward to a confederated Canada, administered by a son of Queen Victoria, the first Dominion day was still seventy years in the future, and the Duke of Cambridge, now governor-general, was a boy of ten years.

His last public appearance was at a dinner a few days before the coronation of His Majesty King George V., held in the Westminster Palace Hotel, London, in the very room where, forty-four years before, the fifteen framers of the Confederation Act had passed upon the final draft of the agreement. At this dinner, which was attended by Lord Strathcona and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, reference was made to the fact that Sir Charles was the last survivor of the Fathers of Confederation.

Sir Charles Tupper could give his attention to small undertakings even to their minutest details, but he could also seize national subjects of the largest proportions, of world-wide application, and thoroughly examine them to the last analysis, never confusing one part with another, never obscure, always clear, forceful and emphatic. His insight, passion and concentration were phenomenal. His plans were often far-reaching and daring, but never visionary or fanciful—always rational and in this respect there has been no actor

Britain's Defence Against COUGHS, COLDS and all Bronchial Troubles. You can cure a cold in one night with Veno's Lightning Cough Cure; coughs disappear—well, "lightning" is the only word to describe the quick curative effect of this wonderful British remedy. The reason is that it strengthens the entire bronchial system, helps Nature to cure in Nature's way. Awarded Grand Prix and Gold Medal, International Health Exhibition, Paris, 1910. One in every five of the population of Great Britain takes Veno's Lightning Cough Cure; it is the standard cough remedy in every British Dominion; it is known and valued in every corner of the globe, for which British enterprise has penetrated. That surely is proof of merit! Test it for yourself; it is the supreme remedy for— Coughs and Colds, Bronchial Troubles, Price 30 cents, Difficult Breathing, Whooping Cough, Nasal Catarrh, Blood Spitting, Hoarseness, Asthma. Large size containing 24 times the quantity 60 cents. Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere, or direct, on receipt of order, from the sole agents for Canada, Harold P. Richards & Co., Ltd., 10, McCowen Street, Toronto. Proprietors—The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, Eng. VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Sporting Boots AND Oil Tanned Shoe Packs FOR THE Hunting Season. We have spared no efforts to obtain for our customers the nearest waterproof and most comfortable footwear of this class. We have had our goods made with only Highest Quality, in workmanship and materials for specifications. The results are satisfactory shoes. Mail orders by parcel post. Sporting Boots .... \$4.00 to \$8.50 Shoe Packs ..... 3.00 to 10.00 Francis & Vaughan 19 King Street.

Francis & Vaughan 19 King Street. TWENTY-ONE TORONTO BULGARIANS CAUGHT IN NEW BRUNSWICK. Are Now Interned in Amherst—Government Has Over \$100,000 Belonging to Prisoners of War. Ottawa, Oct. 29.—That a large number of Bulgarians got away from Toronto before war was declared and that a party of twenty-one have been captured in New Brunswick, and are interned at Amherst, was the statement made today. Sir William Otter is just back from inspecting the Amherst camp. The men had over \$100,000 in their possession. The internment organization has now in its possession \$100,000 belonging to the 7,000 interned prisoners and a separate account is kept for each man.

STRAHER DONNAQUA FOUNDERED AND WAS NOT TORPEDOED. Montreal, Oct. 28.—According to advices reaching Montreal the late boat Donnaqua founded in the mid-Atlantic and was not torpedoed by a German submarine as at first reported. Her crew took to the boats and was saved. The Donnaqua, which was owned by the Canada Steamship Company, has been engaged in carrying iron ore between Sydney (N. S.) and English ports.

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN OFFICERS. Toronto, Oct. 28.—The National Council of Women closed its annual meeting this afternoon. The elections resulted as follows: President, Mrs. F. H. Torrington, Toronto, re-elected unanimously; recording secretary, Mrs. Plumtree, re-elected unanimously; treasurer, Mrs. George Watt, re-elected unanimously; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Willoughby; convenors, vice-presidents, Lady Taylor, Lady Laurier, Mrs. W. E. Sanford, Prof. Detcher, Mrs. W. F. Frost, Lady Borden, all re-elected, and Lady Gibson. Convenors, immigration, Mrs. L. A. Hamilton; education, Prof. Detcher; advertisements, Mrs. Gurtlett; agriculture, Mrs. L. A. Hamilton; citizenship, Dr. Stowe Gulley; public health, Mrs. Sumliffe; professions and employment, Miss E. Jones; peace and arbitration, Mrs. McLaren; fine and applied arts, Mrs. McLaughlin.

REV. MR. TURNER GOING TO KESWICK CHURCH. Fredericton, Oct. 29.—Rev. Benjamin W. Turner, now stationed at Newtown, Kings county, has been appointed pastor of the Methodist church at Keswick, York county.

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RED ROSE "is good tea"