If YOUR family were living in Belgium NOW

You'd Look on the Belgian Relief Fund As the Finest Thing in the World.

King Albert's war-worn soldiers, holding the line at the British left, certainly look on it in that light. It gives them courage for the fight, and hope for the future, for it is saving the lives of their loved ones.

The work which the Belgian Relief Commission is doing for humanity has never been equalled. For nearly two years now, from two to three million destitute Belgians have been fed, and horrible wholesale starvation averted. While the Relief Fund has only been sufficient to provide the barest necessities, these people, who have absolutely nothing else, have been saved by the three slices of bread and the pint of soup dealt out to each one daily.

Can it be kept up, on a steadily growing scale, till Belgium is free again?

That depends largely on Canada, and partly on YOU.

The demands on the Fund are steadily growing, as more and more Belgian families reach the end of their resources. More money must be given to keep up even the slender rations now possible. But the end of the war does not seem so far off now, and if we can keep up and even increase our givings for a little while longer, we shall be able to save the heroic Belgian people for a new and regenerated Belgium.

Will you do your part? Will you undertake to feed one—or several—Belgian families till the war is over, by contributing \$2.50 per family per month?

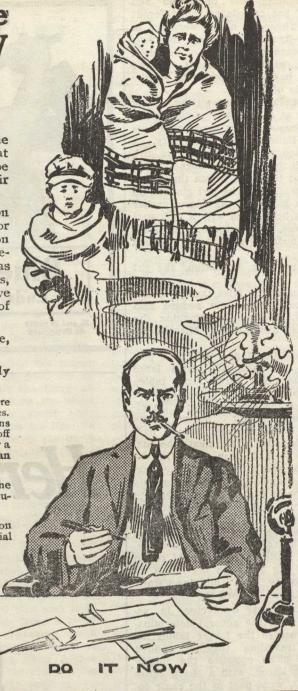
Whatever you feel you can give, send your subscription weekly, monthly, or in one lump sum to Local or Provincial Committees or

Send Cheques Payable to Treasurer

gian Relief Func

59 St. Peter St., Montreal.

\$2.50 FEEDS A BELGIAN FAMILY ONE MONTH.





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to me! Any one in the car might have done anything to me! Any one in your bally corridor-train might have done anything. There was I, asleepquite unconscious; people passing up and down the aisle just the other side of a foolish fall of curtain! How does any one know one of those peo ple might not be an enemy of mine? Remarkable people, you Americans-inconsistent, I say. Lock your homes with most complicated fastenings greatest lock-makers in the world-burglar alarms on windows; but when you travel, expose yourselves as one wouldn't dream of exposing oneself elsewhere. Amazing places, your Pullman coaches! Why, any one might do anything to any one! What's

to stop him, what?"
Eaton, suddenly reminded of his telegram, put his hand into his pocket and fingered the torn scraps; he had meant to remove and destroy then, but had forgotten. He glanced at Harriet Dorne.

"What he says is quite true," she observed. She was smiling, however, as most of the other passengers were, at the Englishman's vehemence.

They engaged in conversation as they breakfasted—a conversation in which Avery took almost no part, though Miss Dorne tried openly draw him in; then the sudden entrance of Converse followed closely by trance of Connery, followed closely by a stout, brusque man who belonged to the rear Pullman, took Eaton's at tention and hers.

Other passengers also looked up and the nervous, untidy young man at the table near the door again slopped coffee over himself as the conductor gazed about.

"Which is him?" the man with

Connery demanded loudly.
Connery checked him, but pointed

at the same time to Eaton.
"That's him, is it?" the other man "Then go ahead."

E ATON observed that Avery, who had turned in his seat, was watching this diversion. ing this diversion on the part of the conductor with interest.

stopped beside Eaton's seat. "You took a telegram for Lawrence Hillward this morning," he asserted. "Yes."

"Why?"

"Because it was mine, or meant for me, as I said at the time. My nan is Eaton; but Mr. Hillward expected to make this trip with me."

The stout man with the conductor

"That's pretty good, but not quite good enough!" he charged. "Conductor, get that telegram for me!"

Eaton got up contains the good process.

Eaton got up controlling himself up der the insult of the other's mannel "What business is it of yours?"

demanded. "What business? Why, only all, in Lawrence Hillward—that's any my friend! What are you up to any way? Lawrence Hillward travelling with you! I never set eyes on you til I saw you on this tasis, and you til I saw you on this train; and you take my telegram!" The charge made loudly and distribute the charge one made loudly and distinctly; every in the dining in the dining car—Eaton could see every one see every one, but he knew it was 50 —had put down —had put down fork or cup or spo and was staring at him. "What d and was staring at him. "What use you do it for? What did you want with it?" the stout man blared "Did you think I wasn't on the train!" What?

tinued, roaring for the benefit of by car, "when the conductor went went with it. I couldn't to be the conductor with it. "I was in the washroom," he with it. I couldn't take the telegraph then—so I waited for the conductor to come back. When I got dressed, found him, and he said you'd claimed my message. Say band it over now my message. Say, hand it over no What were What did you What were you up to? do that for?"

(To be Continued.)