

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

Belgian Relief Fund

18 59 St. Peter St., Montreal.

\$2.50 FEEDS A BELGIAN FAMILY ONE MONTH.



DO IT NOW

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, asleep—quite 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 people 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 them, 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 to draw him in; then the sudden entrance of Connery, followed closely by a stout, brusque man who belonged to the rear Pullman, took Eaton's attention and hers.

Other passengers also looked up; and the nervous, untidy young man at the table near the door again stopped 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 said. "Then go ahead."

EATON observed that Avery, who had turned in his seat, was watching this diversion on the part of the conductor with interest. Connery 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 name is Eaton; but Mr. Hillward expected to make this trip with me."

The stout man with the conductor forced himself forward.

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

Eaton got up controlling himself under the insult of the other's manner.

"What business is it of yours?" he demanded.

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

"I was in the washroom," he continued, roaring for the benefit of the car, "when the conductor went by with it. I couldn't take the telegram then—so I waited for the conductor to come back. When I got dressed, I found him, and he said you'd claimed my message. Say, hand it over now! What were you up to? What did you do that for?"

(To be Continued.)



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