DESPAIR IN AUSTRIA-COUNTRY IN MOURNING AND VERY DIRE POVERTY

A Hungarian journalist, London correspondent of a Budapest newspaper, has received the following letter, dated September 13, from Budapest (via Italy), says the Morning Post. It comes from a friend of his and gives a vivid description of the state of affairs in Hungary and Austria.

"You can imagine that our life here is by no means the brightest. The fact is that since the war began we have been living a life of terror. Great as the enthusiasm was at the beginning, equally endless is the despair now of all classes, especially as the arrivals of wounded from north and south, Galicia and Servia, seem to be increasing. The trains are overloaded with them. All the trains which carry reinforcements to the front return with immense numbers of wounded soldiers.

Trade and Commerce Entirely Ceased.

"Those who are being transported to the front now are mostly between forty and fifty years of age, and the wounded who return with the trains are all seriously injured, for those with only slight injuries are placed in the hospitals of Vienna and the northern cities nearer to the field of operations, as well as Bukovina and Bohemia."

"Trade and commerce have entirely ceased with the exception of those lines which produce material for army purposes. The men left at home and the women and children present a pitiful sight in Budapest, as well as in Vienna and the provincial towns.

"Seventeen casualty lists have been published, and there is hardly anybody who did not find that someone belonging to him was either dead or wounded. The women who are not wearing mourning simply cannot afford to do so.

"Almost all have cause, but the poverty is unprecedented. Nearly all the women who can sew and are in want are earning money by making mourning clothes. There is no other way of making a living.

"Horrible" Prices.

"The shops are open in Budapest and Vienna too, but no business is done except in provisions, the prices of which, though controlled by the authorities, are horrible.

"You would not believe that a kilo of bread (2-5 of a pound) costs a crown (20 cents), and as the authorities have taken over all the baking of bread the people can only get a kilo for every three persons. There are special shops in every district where they distribute bread among the poor—one military ration for every two persons. The price of meat is so high that many restaurants have closed instead of raising the prices of dishes threefold as they would have to do. In the cafes and restaurants you can only see waitresses and grey-haired waiters. On the tramcars they have engaged women as conductors.

Fear of Revolution.

"Budapest and Vienna are full of depression and despair, chiefly because there is absolutely no news from the front. Whatever there is only gives accounts of the fighting in France and Belgium. The censorship is very severe, and some newspapers appear half empty."

"The situation is almost unbearable because of the many nationalities that make up the Austro-Hungarian Empire. One hears almost daily of arrests and executions. These, of course, cannot be mentioned in the newspapers.

"The General Staff is almost trembling from fear of insurrection or revolution on the part of some nationalities, and adopts the most severe measures in order to keep them in check. Nevertheless, conspiracies are discovered daily, especially in the south of Hungary and in Bosnia and Herzegovina, where Servian agents are working by the hundreds with the object of inciting the people to rebellion.

Deceiving the Emperor.

"You can imagine how ordinary people are treated if even Nationalist members of Parliament, six of them, and some members of the Croatian Diet have been already thrown into prison on charges of high treason or conspiracy. We don't know whether they are still there or have been court-martialled and executed.

"They say the old King is doing quite well because he is not told of reverses, only of victories. He is not supposed to know anything as yet of the fall of Lemberg. His attendants are afraid to communicate to him any of the bad news lest the shock would endanger his life. Otherwise he is working hard all day, signing promotion of officers, and going to church twice daily."

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Get a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store. It is the quickest, surest stomach relief and cure known. It acts almost like magic—it is a scientific, harmless and pleasant stomach preparation which truly belongs in every home.

Football

Sporting Editor of the Courier:

Sir,—Would you kindly allow me space in your paper to offer our apologies to the public and patrons of football in the city for not putting on the game last Saturday, Oct. 17, Holmedale vs. Tutela, as we found it impossible to do so. Neither of the clubs could turn out a full team on account of the game played at Agricultural park on the same date. We hope to be able to give those people who have given their support to the benefit of Dick Hart of Holmedale, a real good game. Hart has been laid off work for a good many weeks through illness, and we are trying to do our duty by him by playing this benefit. We shall play Saturday, Oct. 24th at 3.30 p.m. sharp, when we with the assistance of Tutela will put up a good game and thereby repay in some small measure for the inconvenience caused to those people who turned up last Saturday, and we will also be pleased to see as many of the sporting public present as can get there.

Believe me, sir, I remain,

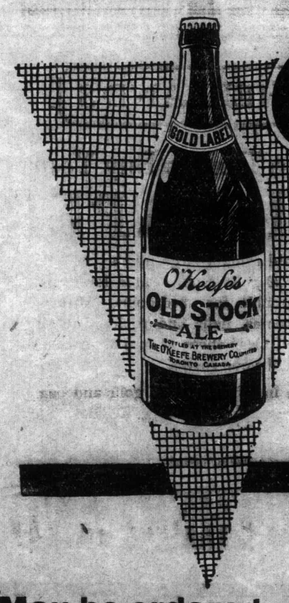
Yours truly,

J. MACDONALD,

Secretary Holmedale TTigers F.C.

ONE SPOONFUL GIVES ASTONISHING RESULTS

Brantford residents are astonished at the QUICK results from the simple mixture of buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., known as Adler-i-ka. This remedy acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel and is so THOROUGH a bowel cleanser that it is used successfully in appendicitis. ONE SPOONFUL of Adler-i-ka relieves almost ANY CASE of constipation, sour or gassy stomach. ONE MINUTE after you take it, the gasses rumble and pass out. M. H. Robertson, Druggist.



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SIR NIGEL

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

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The rising power of the people, the growing wealth of the Church, the increasing luxury in life and manners, and the gentler tone of the age were all equally abhorrent to her, so that the dread of her fierce face, and even of the heavy oak staff with which she supported her failing limbs, was widespread through all the country round.

Yet if she was feared she was also respected, for in days when books were few and readers scarce, a long memory and a ready tongue were of the more value; and where, save from Dame Ermyntrude, could the young unlettered Squires of Surrey and Hampshire hear of their grandfathers and their battles, or learn that lore of heraldry and chivalry which she handed down from a ruder but a more martial age? Poor as she was, there was no one in Surrey whose guidance would be more readily sought upon a question of precedence or of conduct than the Dame Ermyntrude Loring.

She sat now with bowed back by the empty fireplace, and looked across at Nigel with all the harsh lines of her old ruddled face softening into love and pride. The young Squire was busy cutting bird-bolts for his cross-bow, and whistling softly as he worked. Suddenly he looked up and caught the dark eyes which were fixed upon him. He leaned forward and patted the bony hand.

"What hath pleased you, dear dame? I read pleasure in your eyes."

"I have heard to-day, Nigel, how you came to win that great war-horse which stamps in our stable."

"Nay, dame; I had told you that the monks had given it to me."

"You said so, fair son, but never a word more. Yet the horse which you brought home was a very different horse, I wot, to that which was given you. Why did you not tell me?"

"I should think it shame to talk of such a thing."

"So would your father before you, and his father no less. They would sit silent among the knights when the wine went round and listen to every man's deeds; but if perchance there was anyone who spoke louder than the rest and seemed to be eager for honor, then afterwards your father would pluck him softly by the sleeve and whisper in his ear to learn if there was any small vow of which he could relieve him, or if he would deign to perform some noble deed of arms upon his person. And if the man were a braggart and would go no further, your father would be silent and none would know it. But if he bore himself well, your father would spread his fame far and wide, but never make mention of himself."

Nigel looked at the old woman with shining eyes. "I love to hear you speak of him," said he. "I pray you to tell me once more of the manner of his death."

"He died as he had lived, a very courtly gentleman. It was at the great sea-battle upon the Norman coast, and your father was in command of the after-guard in the King's own ship. Now the French had taken a great English ship the year before when they came over and held the narrow seas and burned the town of Southampton. This ship was the Christopher, and they placed it in the front of their battle; but the English closed upon it and stormed over its side, and slew all who were upon it.

"But your father and Sir Lorredan of Genoa, who commanded the Christopher, fought upon the high poop, so that all the fleet stopped to watch it, and the King himself cried aloud at the sight, for Sir Lorredan was a famous man-at-arms and bore himself very stoutly that day, and many a knight envied your father that he should have chanced upon so excellent a person. But your father bore him back and struck him such a blow with a mace that he turned the helmet half round on his head, so that he could no longer see through the eyeholes, and Sir Lorredan threw down his sword and gave himself to ransom. But your father took him by the helmet and twisted it until he had it straight upon his head. Then, when he could see once again, he handed him his sword, and prayed him that he would rest himself and then continue, for it was great profit and joy to see any gentleman carry himself so well. So they sat together and rested by the rail of the poop; but even as they raised their hands again your father was struck by a stone from a mangonel and so died."

"And this Sir Lorredan," cried Nigel, "he died also, as I understand?"

"I fear that he was slain by the archers, for they loved your father, and they do not see these things with our eyes."

"It was a pity," said Nigel; "for it is clear that he was a good knight and bore himself very bravely."

"Time was, when I was young, when commoners dared not have laid their grimy hands upon such a man. Men of gentle blood and coat-armor made war upon each other, and the others, spearmen or archers, could scramble amongst themselves. But now all are of a level, and only here and there one like yourself, fair son, who reminds me of the men who are gone."

Nigel leaned forward and took her hands in his. "What I am you have made me," said he.

"It is true, Nigel. I have indeed watched over you as the gardener watches his most precious blossom, for in you alone are all the hopes of our ancient house, and soon—very soon—you will be alone."

"Nay, dear lady, say not that."

"I am very old, Nigel, and I feel the shadow closing in upon me. My heart yearns to go, for all whom I have known and loved have gone before me. And you—it will be a blessed day for you, since I have held you back from that world into which your brave spirit longs to plunge."

"Nay, nay, I have been happy here with you at Tilford."

"We are very poor, Nigel. I do not know where we may find the money to fit you for the wars. Yet we have good friends. There is Sir John Cros, who has won such credit in the French wars and who rides ever by the King's bridle-arm. He was your father's friend and they were Squires together. If I sent you to court with a message to him he would do what he could."

Nigel's fair face flushed. "Nay, Dame Ermyntrude, I must find my own gear, even as I have found my own horse, for I had rather ride into battle in this tunic than owe my suit to another."

"I feared that you would say so, Nigel; but indeed I know not how else we may get the money," said the old woman sadly. "It was different in the days of my father. I can remember that a suit of mail was but a small matter in those days, for in every English town such things could be made. But year by year since men have come to take more care of their bodies, there have been added a plate of proof here and a cunning joint there, and all must be from Toledo or Milan, so that a knight must have much metal in his purse ere he puts any on his limbs."

Nigel looked up wistfully at the old armor which was slung on the beams above him. "The ash spear is good," said he, "and so is the oaken shield with facings of steel. Sir Roger Fitz-Alan handled them and said that he had never seen better. But the armor—"

Lady Ermyntrude shook her old head and laughed. "You have your father's great soul, Nigel, but you have not his mighty breadth of shoulder and length of limb. There was not in all the King's great host a taller or a stronger man. His harness would be little use to you. No, fair son, I rede you that when the time comes you sell this crumbling house and the few acres which are still left, and so go forth to the wars in the hope that with your own right hand you will plant the fortunes of a new house of Loring."

A shadow of anger passed over Nigel's fresh young face. "I know not if we may hold off these monks and their lawyers much longer. This very day there came a man from Guildford with claims from the Abbey extending back before my father's death."

"Where are they, fair son?"

"They are flapping on the furze-bushes of Hankley, for I sent his papers and parchments down wind as fast as ever falcon flew."

"Nay! you were mad to do that, Nigel. And the man, where is he?"

"Red Swire and old George the archer threw him into the Thursley bog."

"Alas! I fear me such things cannot be done in these days, though my father or my husband would have sent the rascal back to Guildford without his ears. But the Church and the Law are too strong now for us who are of gentler blood. Trouble will come of it, Nigel, for the Abbot of Waverley is not one who will hold back the shield of the Church from those who are her servants."

"The Abbot would not hurt us. It is that gray lean wolf of a sacrist who hungers for our land. Let him do his worst. I fear him not."

"He has such an engine at his back, Nigel, that even the bravest must fear him. The ban which blasts a man's soul is in the keeping of his church, and what have we to place against it? I pray you to speak him fair, Nigel."

"Nay, dear lady, it is both my duty and my pleasure to do what you bid me; but I would die ere I ask as a favor that which we can claim as a right. Never can I cast my eyes from yonder window that I do not see the swelling down-lands and the rich meadows, glade and dingle, copse and wood, which have been ours since Norman William gave them to that Loring who bore his shield at Senlac. Now, by trick and fraud, they have passed away from us, and many a franklin is a richer man than I; but never shall it be said that I saved the rest by bending my neck to their yoke. Let them do their worst, and let me endure it or fight it as best I may."

The old lady sighed and shook her head. "You speak as a Loring should, and yet I fear that some great trouble will befall us. But let us talk no more of such matters, since we cannot mend them. Where is your citole, Nigel? Will you not play and sing to me?"

(To be Continued.)

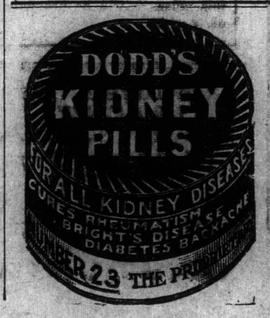
"MADE IN CANADA."

From Department of Trade and Commerce, Ottawa, Weekly Report, October 12th, 1914.

A statement has reached the Department that Canadian municipalities and companies dealing with public utilities are buying their equipment from foreign sources. During the stress of war and with a prospect of unemployment during the coming winter it appears especially desirable that as far as possible equipment produced in the country should be obtained and the Minister of Trade and Commerce desires to direct the attention of municipal committees and companies concerned in municipal work to this matter in the full belief that patriotic sentiment will stimulate sympathy with the object of this notice.

The Inward Effects of humors are worse than the outward. They endanger the whole system. Hood's Sarsaparilla eradicates all humors, cures all their inward and outward effects. It is the great alterative and tonic, whose merit has been everywhere established.

The British cruiser Hawke was sunk in the North Sea by a German submarine, and a large proportion of her crew was lost.



Hamilton and Locals Played a Tie Game

Big Crowd at Agricultural Park—Football Match Was Good---Score 2-2.

Glorious weather prevailed on Saturday afternoon, when Brantford City Club played their first exhibition game of soccer football against a picked team from Hamilton. As early as 3 o'clock quite a crowd had gathered on the grounds, and when the two teams took the field fully 500 spectators were present. Brantford City won the toss and elected to defend the west goal, having the advantage of a strong sun behind them. Walter Jones kicked off for Hamilton at 3.35. During the first half the Hamilton team were seen to advantage, the Brantford boys being strange to one another's play. The forwards, however, worked well together, but Hamilton's defence held them in check. The first incident of interest that occurred was an offside goal. To all appearances the Hamilton back kicked at the ball and missed it, and J. Huhey, rushing in, scored with a great drive, but Referee Farnsworth ruled it offside. Right through the first half the game was played at a terrific pace, and the excitement along the line intense. Both teams tried all they knew to secure the lead. About a minute from half-time Johnson accidentally handled the ball in the penalty area, and a penalty was awarded to Hamilton. Jones converted with a low shot in the corner of the net right out of Nagill's reach.

Half-time was called, Brantford 0, Hamilton 1.

The second half proved very interesting. Brantford had the best of it, and were for the most time engaged in the visitors' half. Hughey scored the equalizer amidst great excitement. Some minutes after Hamilton again took the lead through Duncan the inside left, whom the crowd had christened "Baby." Collett put the teams on level terms after half an hour with a great shot. Towards the finish excitement was intense, the teams playing for all they were worth, but neither scored, and so the game ended two all—Brantford 2, Hamilton 2.

Supper was served at the Prince Edward Hotel. Some thirty players and officials sat down. Dr. English thanked the Brantford boys and extended a hearty invitation to Hamilton, which C. Uniacke in replying, accepted on behalf of the Brantford team. Some songs ended the proceedings.

Liverpool was recently visited by torrential rain, and one encampment was flooded out, the men having to be sent home while fresh arrangements were made.

Under the famous gateway of Battle Abbey recently, Earl Brassey made an earnest appeal for recruits, and gave a splendid vindication of England's just cause.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound,

A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, $1; No. 2, $3; No. 3, $5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address THE COOK MEDICINE CO. TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor)

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