this point, the military experts all agree.

## FRANCE WHISPERS ITS WAR SECRETS TO RUSSIA THROUGH THE VERY AIR GERMANS

WIRELESS FROM FRANCE ACROSS ALL GERMANY BRINGS DISTANT ALLIES IN EUROPE'S WAR CLOSE TOGETHER-NO MESSENGER WITH "MESSAGE TO GARCIA!" NEEDED NOW.



by means of portable wireless apparatus. stations, one at Nauen, near Berlin, the Nightly it talks with London, miles by night, and more than half that St. Petersburg and Moscow. And there by day. is practically no danger whatever of its But perhaps the greatest use of wireby the enemy's stations at Norddeich field. Portable wireless stations are car-

doubtful whether the German wireless immediately to the operator at staff In winning the great war its crackling stations will be able to garble the headquarters. blue spark will be far more important Franco-Russian messages, no matter Operators of these portable outfits ar-

> of their own. terference that over 450,000 words were tion transmitted. and arrange co-operative successfully exchanged between the two

movements of their allied armies, talking Turkish cities during the siege. the head of their German foe. Berlin can flash orders direct to her found, is not disturbed by messages thodical. That it is already playing its fleet in the Baltic, or keep in touch with from other stations.

reconnoitering forces, the air scouts, the the Eiffel tower messages cannot be tap- fence.

communication with staff headquarters. Germany has two excellent wireless and what pride! The Eiffel Tower at Paris is the great other at Norddeich. The latter has a transmitting instrument for the French range of great efficiency of over 800

precious messages, fraught with the fate less in this war, and certainly the most of the allied forces, being snatched up novel, will be fo rcommunication in the and Nauen, or "jammed"-interfered ried by hand, by pack mules, by carts or autos. They have a range of 12 to over The latter will doubtless be attempted, 350 miles, depending on the type emfor Germany will not rest easily as long ployed. Scouts, spies, skirmishing paras her foes are sending straight across ties and all the advance guard of an and in hatred of the German conqueror. stone of two tiers so that the women the heavens of the fatherland, messages army, by use of portable apparatus can which plot her destruction. Yet it is tell their every discovery and experience

how frantically they may attempt to range a set of code letters, indicating trouble the ether with wireless waves the different wave-lengths which their machines can send. After every three or Such an effort was made by the four words the sender flashes a code letline, and on strategic superiority de- Balkan allies against Adrianople, and ter, and the receiver changes instantly pends the outcome of the conflict. As to failed utterly. Wireless stations erected to the new "tune" thus indicated. By directly in the path of communication this simple method the enemy is prebetween Adrianople caused so little in- vented from reading any of the informa-

of the huge armies now in the field. It The Eiffel tower has, moreover, a pe- co-ordinates all their movements, and culiar note of its own which, it has been makes every step precise, sure and meinvaluable part is strikingly evident The use of codes, and the simple from the way the vast forces along the methods of "tuning" the two circuits in European frontiers have so quickly "got communication to any desired wave- their fingers on each other," and are so And the field armies of each side, the length makes it practically certain that effectively matching attack with de-

## ACUTE LONGING OF THE ALSATIANS TO REJOIN OLD LAND OF FRANCE;

Surely nowhere in the world does bruch: so much pathos hover over a conquered land as over Alsace-Lorraine, which the cruel war of 1870 separated

Last week France re-entered Alsace, and old men and women cried for joy a low voice: when the French soldiers came If for a moment you would enter soldier!'

into the spirit of this great reunion and see into the heart of an Alsatian, sudden shocks to the heart, which and know what France means to him change the expression of the face, or her, read Rene Bazin's "Children pallors, flushings, pipes taken from the of Alsace" (Stanley Paul, 6s.).

which the French Commander-in-Chief | touching the brim of the felt hat, thus addressed to the Alsatians after the making a military salute, as long as entry of the French last week. General Joffre issued the following roclamation after the occupation of Ulrich, quite softly; "if he had a bugle

Mulhausen "Children of Alsace.-After forty-four years of sorrowful waiting, French soldiers once more tread the soil of your noble country. They are the France. pioneers in the great work of revenge. For them what emotions it calls forth

sees and hears while tramping in the Marnesia, my boy.' forest of Vosges with his uncle, an

Alsatian of the Alsatians: opportunity which had been given him it was when the military band played at o explain the Vosges and to discover his nephew. Jean's ardent youthfulness often amused him, and recalled bygone times. The instincts of the forester and heart, were ripening and strengthening. But he had also his rage, his revolts, his juvenile threatening words, against which the uncle protested but feebly,

because he really approved of them.

The Plaint of Alsace.

plaint of Alsace rose to Jean's ear for the first time, the complaining cry the stranger does not hear and the conqueror only half listens to, but can ever understand. For Jean did not only observe the forest; he also observed the people of the forest, from the merchants and the officials feudal lords on whom depend a multitude almost jobbers, fellers, carters, charcoal burners, down even to wanderers shepherds who also gather mushrooms and wild anger had carried him away. strawberries and raspberries.

In their words, their silence, and in the have to live with the Germans.' atmosphere in which he lived day and very soul of his race. Many did not annexation,

knew how to govern by fear. suspected of the crime of regretting France. They spoke of the tricks played by way of revenge on the custom officers on the custom of the custom officers, on the police, on the or the south. forest guard-proud of their green uniform and of their Tyrolese hat-the stories of smuggling and desertion, of the Marseillaise sung in the taverns with "The s perquisitions, domiciliary visits and pur- those of his family who had fought suits, of the comic or tragic duel, useless and exasperating between the the night, so that Alsace should remain strength of a great country and the united to that great country stretched mind of a small one. When the latter out before him. 'Sweet country-my suffered, its thoughts, inherited from country-everyone has tender words for ancestors, through habit and from af- her; and I, why did I come? Why am fection, went over the moutains.

The Old Folks. a mysterious smile did not prepare the

"'Come, is this not another frienda child of our family?" "If M. Ulrich, by the expression of from France and passed into German the face, by the movement of the eyes, by a little fear sometimes, felt that his conclusion was justified, he added in

"'You-you have the face of a French

"Then there were smiles or tears, corner of the lips, and often, very often, First let us quote the splendid words a hand raised, turned palm upwards, the two travellers were in sight. "'Do you see him?' said Uncle

he would play 'La Casquette.'

"Jean Oberle never ceased talking of He asked when he came to the top of a mountain range: 'Are we "To complete the work they have der the 'gentle rule'-what liberty was made the sacrifice of their lives the enjoyed by each and all, how the towns French nation unanimously urges them were administered? What difference on and in the folds of their flag are was there between the French gen-Long live Alsace. Long live with a friendly smile as good fellows. and not too hard on the poor-and these German gendarmes, common informers, Rene Bazin's story has already been brutal, always officious and full of zeal, reviewed in Public Opinion (see De- whom the whole of Alsace today hated? cember 26, 1913), but here is another What was the name of that prefect glimpse of the working of the Alsatian of the first empire who placed by the spirit, undying in loyalty to France roadsides of Lower Alsace benches of

"'Tell me the story of our artists, and booksellers.' of our deputies in the old days, of our "M, Ulrich knew the forest and the bishops. Tell me what Strasburg was nation, and war is always followed by a mountains by heart. He enjoyed this like in your youth, and what a sight decline in the intellectual standard."

> Contades. Have to Live With Germans. "M. Ulrich, with the joy of living

over again which mingles with all our nunter, slumbering in the young man's memories, remembered and related. While climbing and descending the intersections of the Vosges he went through the history of French Alsace. He had only to let his ardent heart speak, and it made him weep. It also child, the songs of Nadaud, of Beranger, La Marseillaise, or the old Noels, which he sang to the pointed arches of the

forest. "Jean took such a passionate interest in these evocations of old Alsace, and he so naturally entered into the hatreds and revolts of the present, that his uncle, who was at first pleased at it as a sign of good family, ended by they had given alms to an old teacher. deprived of the right of teaching French and swineherds, pedlars of dead wood, and reduced to misery because she was freebooters, poachers, myrtle gatherers, too old to get a German diploma, Jean's

"'My dear Jean,' said the uncle, 'vou "He talked freely with the people- must be careful not to go too far. You great strides in human advancement. These things will live in history long after that stupid English book is for-

"Since then M. Ulrich had night, he absorbed unto himself the returning so often to the question of gotten. know France, among the young ones, whole of Alsace, it was the landscape, and could not have said if they the descending road, the sign of some loved her, but even those had France shop, the women's dress, the type of in their veins. They did not get on men, the sight of soldiers, the fortiwith the German. A gesture, a look, fications at the top of a hill, a fingerand an illusion, showed the secret dis- post, the different items in a newsdain of the Alsatian peasant for his paper bought in the Alsatian inn where the bookseller to send me more. He conqueror. The idea of a yoke was they had dined in the evening-it was wrote: everywhere, and everywhere there was every hour of the day which called their antipathy against the master who only minds back to the condition of Alsace, a nation conquered, but not assimilated.

"Other young men of the families "In vain did M. Ulrich answer more parents in the history of the past, not hinder Jean's thought from travelfaithfully without any precise hope, complained that the poor of the mountain and plain were denied justice and of the Vosges, the elder man saw with subjected to annoyances if they were pleasure and apprehension Jean's eyes

> "I Belong to You." On another day, viewing France in

there, round the villages submerged by I moved as if she were living before

"There were also the old folks, and "In a little while, on the fringe of it was M. Ulrich's delight to make the sky just where the blue began them talk. When on the roads, and rose the evening star. Alone faint, in the villages, he saw a man of fifty but dominating as an idea. Walking years or more, and he knew him to be all alone in the deep silence, on the

## more warlike and martial enthusiasm than now exists. The feelings of hu-manity as a whole have changed. The desire to abolish misery is growing in ever-widening circles, and permeates all society. That spirit in your day had not yet been born.'

'What is the use?' retorted my father. 'Misery will always be. Neither that nor war can be abolished.' 'Pardon me, Count Althaus,' said

Tilling. 'Resignation to all forms of evil was the spirit of the past. As soon as the heart questions, "Is it necessary?" that heart can no longer endure resignation, and must make right the wrong as a sort of explation. sense of repentance has become universal enough to be called the conscience

For the Wounded. One day the countess, after her husband had gone to war, went to the place in Vienna where they were preparing

things for the wounded. "I passed the Relief Corps storehouse, for there was then no 'Red Cross' or 'Convention of Geneva' to distribute

cigars, tobacco, but mostly mountains far from the frontier?" He made the of bandages, and I thought with a shuduncle tell him what Alsace was like un- der how many bleeding gashes it would take to use them all-and my father idolatry for war, and doubting its neceswishing that the war might last for Inscribed the magic words "Right and darmes-whom M. Ulrich mentioned sons would then succumb to their wounds?

"My money was received thankfully and my many questions were answered, comforting me much to hear of the good being done.

Booksellers and War. She went into a bookseller's shop.

"While wrapping up my purchase he said to a gentleman standing by, 'It goes Jean Oberle, a young man schooled going to market could sit down, and hard nowadays with writers and pubin Germany, returns home to Alsace, place at the same time their lead lishers of books. So long as war lasts and these are some of the things he above them? 'The Marquis de Lezay no one is interested in intellectual matters. These are hard times for authors

> "For the third time I thought: "And and without knowing it. We were often father, for the good of the country, would have war last thirty years.'

"'Yes, this is a great drain on the

"'So your business suffers?' I asked. 'Not mine alone, madam. Except for the army providers, all tradesmen are suffering untold losses. Everything at his side. I will not relate the terstands still in the factory, on the farm, everywhere men are without work, and without bread. Our securities are falling and gold rises in value, while all enmade him sing, with the gaiety of a terprise is blocked, and business is be- was fighting like mad. I, who was sober. ing bankrupted. In short, everywhere is misery, misery! Just then the "Origin of Species" was instantly killed, but many of them told as to belittle that part of the published, and the booksellers recom-

nended it as an epoch-making book in modern thought. Mark My Word

'He need not bother me with it.' replied my father. 'In such stirring times, who can be interested in such rubbish? After the battle I found Dotzky, with past numbering, down to woodcutters, growing uneasy. One evening, when How can a stupid book about plants and the placid smile on his face, a painles animals and their origin make an epoch of any importance to us men? The I have meant for several years to come federation of the Italian States, the and tell you, and relieve you of a painforming of the German Bund, and the ful uncertainty. But forgive me if I consolidation of Austria-such matters have recalled torturing memories. make epochs in history and mark the

> "I did mark them." An Awaking Book. Another epoch-making book to this

widowed girl was Buckle's book on civlibrary was soon exhausted; I begged

"'I send you Thomas Buckle's "History of Civilization." The work is unfinished, but these two volumes form a complete whole, and have attracted great attention, not only in England, but over with traditions, instructed by their carelessly and more quickly—he could the world. They say that the author is introducing a new conception of history.' "New indeed! Reading and re-reading it. I felt like a creature taken suddenly from the bottom of a narrow valley to the mountain tops and viewing world for the first time, out, beyond and beyond, to the boundless ocean.

"I was dazzled, overcome, my horizon moved out into the immensities of life. Though the full understanding only came to me later, yet that one vision I caught the light of the setting sun, Jean stayed even then, that the history of mankind itself was not formulated by wars. "The shadow descended. Jean saw kings, statesmen, treaties, greed, cunclosed doors, of fetes on French land, of the land darkening. He thought of ning, but by the gradual development of the intellect.

Spirit of the Age. "Court chronicles gave no explanation to underlying causes, nor a picture of the civilization of the time. Buckle did not paint war and devastation with a

Mrs. Baker So Weak-Could Not Do Her Work-Found Relief in Novel Way.



Adrian, Mich.-"I suffered terribly vith female weakness and backache and got so weak that I could hardly do my work. When I washed my dishes I had to sit down, and 'I would sweep the floor I get so that I would weak would have to get a drink every few minutes and before I did my

dusting I would that my folks thought I was going into consumption. One day I found liece of paper blowing around the ard and I picked it up and read it. It said 'Saved From the Grave,' and told what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for wo-I showed it to my husband and he said, 'Why don't you try it? So I did, and after I had taken two bottles I felt better, and I said to my husband, 'I don't need any more, and he said, 'You had better take i a little longer anyway. So I took it for three months and got well and strong."-Mrs. Alonzo E. Baker, 9

Tecumseh street, Adrian, Mich. Not Well Enough to Work, In these words is hidden tragedy of many a woman, houseor wage-earner who supports herself and is often helping to support a family, on meagre Whether in house office factory, shop, store or kitchen, woone tried and true remedy for the that vigor which makes work easy.

Makes good baking a certainty instead o matter of luck. No guesswork cooking wi

# M<sup>c</sup>Clary's

Range Reliable oven thermometer eables you to know. There's McClary dealer in your town. See him.

Dundas street; J. H. Bull, Hamilton road and Rectory stree The second secon

glamor, but demonstrated that the re- him while drying my spect for arms diminished as a people not know what a relief it is to fee rose in culture and intelligence. lower into barbarism you go, the more certain war, and he holds even that some day touched a like strain in my though the love of war and its romance will die me frankly, you. too, hate war?" out of our culture, and cease to exist. Just as childhood's wrangling ceases, so cannot stop to discuss the subjection oust society outgrow its childishness.

"How all this appealed to the convic. tions of my heart, which I had so often dismissed as unworthy and weak! I now felt that these growing ideals in me were an echo of the spirit of the age, and saw that thinkers were losing their sity. The book gave me the opposite of what I sought, yet how it solaced me, enlightened, elevated, and pacified me! Once I tried to talk to my father about it, but he would have none of it; he refused to follow me to the mountain top; that is, he refused to read the book, so

it was useless to discuss it.' How He Dled. Years after a comrade told her how ner husband had died on the field of

" 'Yes. I can tell you of his last moments, and it will be a relief to you. Do not tremble, for if the finish had been shocking I would not tell you.' "'You take a weight from my heart.

Go on, go on! "The empty phrase, "He died as a hero," I will not use. But it will comfort you to know that he died instantly together, and he was so confident of his safety. his wife and boy, and insisted that after the campaign I should be his guest. I of his country? chanced in the Magenta massacre to be rible scenes. The intoxication of the through his natural sympathies v warrior passion had quite seized Dotzky inflict these horrors and suffering in the thick of the bullet-hail and powder-fog. His eyes were blazing and he saw it all. Suddenly a shell, and ten the inborn, divine impulse to hat men-Dotzky among them-fell. He was barism and inhumanity. shrieked in agony.

"All but he were shockingly mangled, but we had to leave them, for a charging column came upon us with a murderous hurrah, pell-mell over the dead and wounded. Lucky those who were dead! look, and in the same spot and position "The baron rose to go, and I thanked

The he died without agony. But stay "His face darkened: 'Forgive I am sorry, but I am expected

where.' "God of Battles" In History Bot The countess recalls her youthfu about war, and says: "How charmed I was with the Semiramis or Catherine II. read: 'She made war upon this o

neighboring kingdom, or she cond this or that people. The history books are responsi this warlike ideal of the young. the God of Battles has constantl creed war stamps itself upon the from the first, and one early a the belief that war is necessary to late nations, and is almost a law like tornadoes and earthqu which from time to time cann avoided. History does not cover wickedness, the sorrow, the angu it all, but presents it as a part inevitable, bringing advantage nation, through the sacrifice of th

"That there is no nobler that of the soldier martyr is the histories and texts. tles are given, and entrancing tal He showed me the pictures of for must not patriotism be taught not every boy grow to be a others. Such doubts must be ca repressed.

Nearly 25 years have passed sin book appeared, but its lessons ha issue of Public Opinion only to

Ontario. We lead, others attenfollow. We cut the prices every

## MR. OR MRS. DYSPEPTIC! GET YOUR STOMACH RIGHT--PAPE'S

In five minutes! Time it! No moment Pape's Diapepsin com indigestion, gas, sourness,

belching. "Really does" put bad stomachs in order-"really does" overcome indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, heartburn and sourness in five minutes—that-

just that-makes Pape's Diapepsin the largest selling stomach regulator in the world. If what you eat stomachs regulated. It beline ferments into stubborn lumps, you your home-should always be belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food and acid; head is dizzy stomach during the day or at and aches; breath foul; tongue coat- It's the quickest, surest and ed; your insides filled with bile and harmless stomach doctor indigestible waste, remember the world.

contact with the stomach all di vanishes. It's truly astonishin most marvellous, and the joy harmlessness.

A large fifty-cent case of Diapepsin will give you a hu dollars' worth of satisfaction, of druggist hands you your

It's worth its weight in go men and women who can't get handy in case of a sick, so ir



## In Peace and in War

-in sickness and in health -in good times and in bad times-in all climes and in all seasons-

is the one staple, universal breakfast cereal and sells at the same price throughout the civilized world. War is always the excuse for increasing the cost of living, but no dealer can raise the price of Shredded Wheat. It is always the same in price and quality contains more real nutriment than meat or eggs—is ready-cooked and ready-to-serve.

Two shredded Wheat Biscuits, heated in the oven to restore crispness, and eaten with milk or cream, will supply all the nutriment needed for a half day's work at a cost of not over four cents. Deliciously nourishing and satisfying for any meal with fruits or creamed

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Limited Niagara Falls, Ontorio

Toronto Office: 49 Wellington Street East.

## We Can Have Pie

THERE was once a good woman who couldn't make pies, but had two kind neighbors who kept her supplied with that article of food.

One day her two neighbors got to fighting, and so badly injured one another that neither of them was able to make pies for some considerable time.

What did the pie-less one do? Go without pie? Not much. SHE HUNTED UP A COOK BOOK AND FOUND OUT HOW TO BAKE PIES HERSELF.

Canada to-day is in the position of the-ladywho-couldn't-make-pies.

There are many things she does not make at home because she has been getting them so easily from Continental Europe. But now her neighbors in Europe are at war with one another and so-for

some time to come—cannot supply those things. Canada is too thrifty and serious and sensible a housewife to sit with hands folded at such a time.

While loyally contributing a number of her best sons to help settle things in Europe, Canada will not entirely overlook her other sons who remain at home.

The manufacturers of Canada will get out the recipe book and learn how to MAKE many of the things that Europe can no longer send us because of the war. And in the making of those things the manufacturers of Canada should have the support of the financial interests and the people of Canada. The manufacturers of Canada are now making much of the wool-

len goods, motor cars, rubber goods, corsets, millinery, hosiery, silverware-and countless other things-that are used in Canada, and generally speaking are making these goods at least as well as they are being made anywhere else. The people of Canada know that most of these things are being made by the manufacturers of this country. They do not know yet whether the manufacturers of Canada are going to serve them still more by making many of the things that were formerly imported from Continental Europe.

The manufacturers of Canada should tell the people of Canada at this time more than ever, just what they are making and the merits of their products. Let them drive home the facts through the great modern message medium-advertising. Let them use the newspapers to inform the people that they "have the goods." Let them explain that notwithstanding the war the people of Canada CAN have "the

pie"-"home-made pie," and all the better for being home-made. And after the war is over-if not before-perhaps our neighbors in Europe will be coming to Canada for some of this "pie"-importing from Canada some of the things Canada now imports from them.

## an Alsatian, it was seldom that he summit of the divided Vosges, he said nimself was not recognized and that to the star and to the shadow beneath "'I belong to you; I am happy to question for the master of Heiden- have seen you!

POSSIBILITIES OF THE WAR

One of the most famous war stories is | The story is that of an Austrian girl, that by Baroness Bertha Von Suttner, Countess Martha Althaus, married to a the distinguished Austrian peace advo- soldier, who lost his life in the war becate, who died only this year. She it tween Austria and Italy, in which Auswas who converted Alfred Nobel, the tria was defeated. dynamite king, to the peace principle. She herself received the Nobel peace prize in 1905. It is well that she did not live to see how Austria and Germany

When her novel was first published ritory except through conquest Personal in 1890 it created a sensation through- promotion is not the gallant soldier's out Europe. A standard translation is only ambition. It is pride in his race published by Longmans, entitled "Lay and country that leads him to desire Down Your Arms." A shilling edition, war-in one word, Patriotism. entitled "Disarm! Disarm!" has just been published by Hodder & Stoughton. cried Tilling. 'The soldier is not the From this we quote.

A medicine that will keep children it. well is a great boon to every mother. This is just what Baby's Own Tablets do. An occasional dose keeps the little stomach and bowels right and prevents sickness. During the hot summer months stomach troubles speedily turn can a soldier speak so? What would to fatal diarrhoea and cholera infantum, and if Baby's Own Tablets are not at become of the warlike spirit?"

"At nineteen, answered Tilling, "I hand the child may die in a few hours. was filled with it. After I had seen the Wise mothers always keep the tablets realities, the butchery and bestialities in the house and give their children an of war, my soul was sickened, and every occasional dose to clear out the stomach later campaign I entered with resignaand bowels and keep them well. Don't tion and disgust rather than enthusiwait till baby is ill—the delay may cost a precious life. Get the Tablets now and you may feel reasonably safe. Every have been through more campaigns than man should remember that there is mother who uses the Tablets praises you, and have witnessed as much of the them and that is the best evidence there is no other medicine for little ones so dor, and went in to the last as an old and true remedy for the horror of war, but I never lost my arills to which all women are prone, and that is Lydia E. Pinkham's good. The Tablets are sold by medicine man with the same zeal as into the Vegetable Compound. It promotes dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box first.' from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.,

Her father was the sort of man who elieved in and glorified war. Soldiers vs. Poets.

"Fires only destroy, while wars build burned down Europe to roast a griev- up the glory and power of a people. How otherwise could a nation extend its ter-

"Oh, this mistaken love of country only one who learns to love the soil upon which he has taken root. That is a pas-HOT WEATHER AILMENTS sion common to all. For my part, there are other ways than violence to express We should be proud of our poets rather than our commanding generals. 'How dare you compare a poet and a soldier?" exclaimed my father

'I ask the same question. the bloodless crown the better and finer?" 'But,' expostulated Aunt Marie, 'how

"'Hear me. Tilling,' said my father. 'I

first."
"Pardon me. excellency the older The Lydia E. Pinkham generation to which you belong had a Company, Lynn, Mass.