

PARIS TODAY

CITY IS ODDLY QUIET OWING TO STRICT POLICE REGULATIONS

Paris, Sept. 14 (by mail to New York). The lid is on gay Paris. Like a lot of other features of the war of 1914 it is inconceivable, unthinkable! Yet it is true. The lid does not fit. It chafes, is unbearably and robs the wearer of her natural charm. But there it is—pinned on by the swords of several thousand Parisian police.

Today with every official communication bearing increasingly thrilling reports of the success of the French and English arms in turning back the German tidal wave which only a week ago threatened to engulf the French capital, the half of the population which did not fly southward is so oddly quiet and unemotional, as to startle an old acquaintance. The Paris that was, simply isn't. The incongruity that remains is a song without music, a perfume without an odor, a champagne without a taste or a sparkle.

Paris, the municipality, remains, but without firing a shot or getting within sight of it, the Germans have razed gay Paris.

In Berlin women have been forbidden to wear crepe because of the possible depressing effects. Crepe could add nothing to the fog-like solemnity here.

It is as though Paris was doing penance—under orders, not from choice, 'imagine the Rue de la Paix sealed, two-thirds of the hotels closed entirely, and four out of every five shops and stores boarded up and sealed with a tag bearing the most over-worked word in the French language—"Ferme" (Closed).

Imagine French newsmen forbidden to cry their papers and forced to carry signs in their caps telling which paper they handle. Imagine Paris papers limited to a single edition a day and forbidden either to issue extras or to indulge in a headline of greater width than two columns.

Imagine the opera and every theatre shut. Imagine the Latin quarter and the Montmartre closed. Imagine Maxims putting out the lights at 9 o'clock preparatory to shooting everyone out into the street half an hour later.

Imagine everything that once was bright and gay, as dead as Main street in Swazee, Indiana, after 9 o'clock at night.

Imagine every dress suit and dinner jacket in Paris put away in moth balls. And Clo-elo! Do-do and Flo-flo and the other girls from the Cafe De Paris gone—no one knows where. Imagine the Cafe de la Paix at tea time looking like the town tavern in Painted-Post, and then you may be able to sense in some vague, half-comprehending way what Paris is like.

Under the monarchical system the emperor or the monarch, but—under the

The oldest inhabitant never saw anything like this. Paris received the shock of plunging into a warm bath and finding that ice water had been substituted. It was some shock.

She is out of it now, but her teeth are still chattering. France had planned an offensive campaign. At least the public thought so. Then came the word that the Germanic horde was coming, that it could not be checked. Uhlans were seen within six miles of the outer ring of fortifications.

The exodus began for those who could go. For those left behind came The Lid. A week followed with horror and nervousness, but no fear. The story at the front shows that the French are wonderfully brave. It was a real test, and the elements which cause the fineness and the effervescence in the French character were precipitated.

The situation called for, and the police ordered, calmness. To the surprise of even those who gave the order it was obeyed.

As this is written the latest dispatches from the front giving news of continued French success are being printed. The news was issued at 11 o'clock last night. At that hour all Paris was sound asleep. It had been certain this news would come and yet the curfew law was not broken to find out what had happened.

WAR HURTS PHILATELY

London—Among the industries affected by the war is the stamp trade. It has frequently been said that in the event of a great European war this trade would be utterly ruined, and the time has now arrived to test the truth of this assertion. The stamp shop, unlike the grocer or the butcher, does not offer for sale the necessities of life, stamps are luxuries, and all things under that heading must necessarily have a very limited clientele at a time like the present, when great powers enter the lists to settle their disputes.

There are a good many of the London dealers who do an extensive business with France, Germany and Russia, and of course this source of revenue is now closed. The purely retail trade has already dwindled to little or nothing. The passers-by do not even stop to look in the stamp shop window, much less enter to make a purchase. When all the trouble is over there might possibly be a great boom in collecting, but how many stamp dealers will have the capital to tide them over the lean days?

Dealers appear to have resigned themselves to a great slackening of trade, and would be quite delighted to clear their stock at cost. One or two have decided to give good-bye to stamps, at any rate for a time. This should prove a fine opportunity for that section of collectors who are ever ready for a little speculation in stamps. That there will be bargains to be had beyond doubt, and none will be more fully aware of this than the few dealers who can afford to buy and wait.

A PEN PICTURE OF THE KAISER

ENGLISH GOVERNESS TO EMPEROR'S DAUGHTER TELLS SOME ANECDOTES

London, Oct. 1.—One of the best pen pictures drawn of Kaiser Wilhelm, according to those who have known the War Lord, is contained in a book of memoirs just published by Miss Anne Topham, who for some years acted as English governess to the Kaiser's daughter. The "recollections" of Miss Topham contain besides its pictures of the Kaiser himself, a number of interesting stories of the Kaiser's court.

From the numerous stories and incidents in the book in which His Majesty figures it is possible to reconstruct a very graphic and by no means unattractive portrait of the ruler of Germany, alike in his function of Monarch and his role of husband and parent.

The "papa" of the princess is very much the Kaiser of high politics, alternately gushing and ferocious, always cocksure, and continually doing indiscreet things. Everybody around him is kept ever on the more, or ready to be on the move next moment; every one with whom he comes into contact is expected to be as interesting in everything as he is himself.

His son, the Crown Prince, is not more typically the tactless, hustling, grandiose yet childlike, earnest but superficial Hohenzollern than is the Kaiser. All things are plain to him, not excepting the mysterious ways of providence; all excepting the Suffragettes. He admits that he does not understand them.

Why, in Heaven's name, do women want to vote? he asks; and he threatened one charming lady suffragist whom he met at Kiel, and who promised a suffragist invasion of Berlin, that if the Pankhurst section went to Germany, he would give them much worse than two days' detention in Holloway with newspapers to read and flowers to decorate their cells.

What exactly the German police would do with the Suffragettes, Wilhelm II. did not make clear; but perhaps this problem need not worry us very much more.

Although a genial man in his leisure, the Kaiser jokes with difficulty. For instance, plenty of us could have thought of a more diplomatic hope to drop upon an English diplomatist who was seeing Her German Princess pupil parade for the first time in the uniform of the Dant's Head Hussars than the statement: "She will ride at the head of the first regiment that invades England!"

The surprising rudeness of the remark was made by a very bright countess, Miss Topham (whom the Kaiser called to speak to as "our English Dreadnought"), but it remains one of those things that might very well have been put off ferrely. Most of the Kaiser's recorded outbursts of humour—and some of his utterances as statesman—are open to the same criticism.

English Preferences

Let it not be assumed from this that the Kaiser of Miss Topham's book and our visualisation is an altogether disagreeable person: Far from it. Not least just now, when we are fighting him for our lives and for our conceptions of civilization, would we overlook his many appreciations of aspects of our English country and people. More than once he has paid tribute to the beauty and attraction of the English country side; he has a poem of Kipling framed and hung in his room; his favorite book as a boy was "Frank Faideigh"; he likes Dickens; he buys his horses in England or Ireland; he sends to London for his tea; he worships Reynolds and Gainsborough and Nelson.

In fact, one could fill a column of this journal with his numerous English preferences. That we are at war with so very English a foreigner is one of life's larger ironies; yet we are at war with him (and he with us), more bitterly and tragically perhaps than we yet fully realize.

The Prussian spirit peeps out everywhere if we look at Wilhelm II. closely despite the European (or English) gloss of entemaleness. When Queen Alexandra and the German Empress were driven in Berlin the horses of their carriage were frightened by a salute of guns. The Master of the horse was presented subsequently by the Kaiser to King Edward, who already knew the official very well. "Here's the man who made such a fearful bungle (Hat Sich Blamirt) with his horses," said the Kaiser, in presenting his humble servant. The significance of instances like this cannot be exaggerated: They are of essential barbarism, not of civilized Europe. That the Kaiser "means nothing" by them adds to their significance. The schoolboyish side of the Kaiser, although it may at times embarrass needlessly the solemn and deserving person, one condemns less severely. Indeed, it is possible to be pleased by some of Miss Topham's storyettes of the mutual mischief of the Kaiser and his daughter. One day the Princess shocked her governess by making the "pop" of a champagne cork with her lips and cheeks, and then imitating the gurgle of the wine as it runs into a glass. "Whoever taught you these unlady like accomplishments?" asked the governess. "S—sh!" It was "papa" came the gleeful answer: "He can do it splendidly." And she gurgled again the hope of development by long practice a talent equal to his.

GERMAN POST SERVICE

Berlin, Germany.—Directions from the postmaster-general to the various post-offices recommend that, although every care should be taken to insure economy, the restriction placed upon correspondence should not be carried too far. The dismissal of extra helpers and workers is particularly to be avoided as far as possible.

It is further observed that, in view of the active exchange of correspondence for private and philanthropic ends, and the increasing volume of the mail for the front, it will most probably become necessary to engage fresh workers. These should be drawn, as a rule, from amongst those who are thrown out of employment on account of the war and the stoppage of industrial enterprises, practically from men unfit for military service with families to provide for.

RELIEF WORK AT BIRKENHEAD TOLD

FINE CONTRIBUTIONS TO NATIONAL RELIEF FUND BY CORPORATION EMPLOYEES

Birkenhead, Sept. 30.—Speaking at a meeting of the Birkenhead council recently, the mayor gave an account of the action taken by himself following the publication of the local government board's letter of Aug. 6.

Without any loss of time, he said, he opened a fund relying on the assurance that the national fund would be available for local needs, and that the distribution would be entrusted to the local committee, and on Aug. 8, he remitted £600 to the Prince of Wales fund.

Of this amount, the mayor said that £500 had been contributed by the official staff and employees of the corporation, and he expected that, ultimately, the sum of £1000 would be contributed by them. He was also glad to say that the teachers of the town had contributed largely, and had guaranteed a sum of £1000, whilst the corporation workmen had agreed to make weekly contributions which would amount to £700 per annum.

Proceeding, the mayor said, that Birkenhead was fortunate in the possession before the war broke out, of two associations which had been very active. He referred to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Association, and the Red Cross Society. The former was able immediately to deal with applications for relief, and at the present time was dealing with 1000 cases per week. Numerous offers of help had been received and he was glad to be able to acknowledge the great services rendered by the Boy Scouts and the Boys' Brigade, and also by the 900 special constables who had enrolled themselves.

The picture sent across the Atlantic are the work of artists practically un-

GERMANY WILL GAIN

GERMAN PROFESSOR WRITES A REMARKABLE LETTER DENOUNCING THE KAISER

Woodstock, Sept. 30.—Professor F. V. Liethorff of the staff of Woodstock college, and a former German soldier, has written a remarkable letter in denunciation of the German Kaiser. After stating that the quarrel in the present war is not with the German people, Professor Riethorff says:

"We must deeply sympathize with the German people in the sufferings and dangers brought upon them by their ruling classes, by an oligarchic, military government. It is the Germany of the 'climbed fist' and the 'drawn sword' of the 'shining armor,' and the 'sabre rattling in the scabbard,' that calls for no sympathy on our part. It is the Germany that has precipitated the monstrous world struggle of the day that fills us all with horror and indignation.

Is Native of Germany

"I am a native of Germany and a former German soldier. My own position in this struggle is perfectly clear. My loyalty to the British flag makes me stand against any and all enemies of Britain. If need be I should even fight against Germany, though with a bleeding heart. Furthermore, I desire disaster to the German army in this war, for the reason that it will mean restoration of fellowship among the western nations for one of the greatest peoples of Europe. A liberated, free, democratic Germany will start on a new and lasting era of prosperity of peace, arm in arm with England and France.

He Is Common Foe

"Germany's defeat will mean the establishment of a German republic, and the elimination of William II, and all that he stands for such things as 'divine right' and 'mailed fist' are anachronisms, an insult to the intelligence of the people of the twentieth century. William II. is the common foe of Europe, and he must be eliminated. Defeat of Europe, of Germany in this war means ultimate salvation and freedom for her; Germany will be the greatest gainer through defeat."

KAISER ORDERS PICTURES OF BATTLES TO BE PRINTED

Amsterdam, Sept. 30.—The Kaiser has commissioned Herr Theodore Roscholl, the battle painter of Duesseldorf, to proceed to the western front in order to execute paintings of battles in the present campaign. Herr Roscholl undertook similar work in the Chino-Japanese and Greco-Turkish wars.

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ANGLO-AMERICAN EXHIBITS ATTRACT. London.—The Anglo-American exhibition, 914, which has now been open for a couple of months will attract a considerable number of visitors. Whether it has been the success its promoters hoped, and how far its fortunes, will be affected by the war remains to be seen. The huge success which attended the first exhibition at Shepherd's Bush was largely due to the fact that exhibitions on the scale to which the British public has since become accustomed were then quite a new departure, and that early success has not been repeated. With one gigantic exhibition succeeding another, Londoners have come to regard them as part of the ordinary routine of London life. In general, the exhibition is on the lines to which Londoners have become accustomed, at least on its lighter side. In the scheme of organization, however, it shows a marked superiority and the visitor who desires instruction as well as entertainment cannot fail to find it. The organizers have not made the usual mistake of crowding too many things together. The grounds have been well laid out, and the buildings are carefully arranged. Two features make the exhibition unique, namely, the huge model of the Panama canal and the collection of pictures by British and American artists. In the case of the pictures the committee responsible have succeeded in every respect in producing something representative of the two countries, and their success in this respect tend to make the the section of the exhibition suffer by contrast. The picture sent across the Atlantic are the work of artists practically un-

UNITY OF BELGIUM. Paris, Sept. 30.—In an article written for the Temps by Roland de Mares, the well known Belgian patriot says a tribute to the single-mindedness of the Walloons and the Flemings, who, since the beginning of the war, have forgotten their differences against the German armies. "For years," says M. de Mares, "I have fought with my pen against the Flemings, the adversaries of French culture. Now, it is with profound joy that to their lasting honor I can say that, faced by the menace to Belgian independence, they have completely forgotten their rancor towards the Walloons and the spread of French influence in Belgium, and have recognized the generosity of the French which they have so often calumniated. "The most magnificent thing I have

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