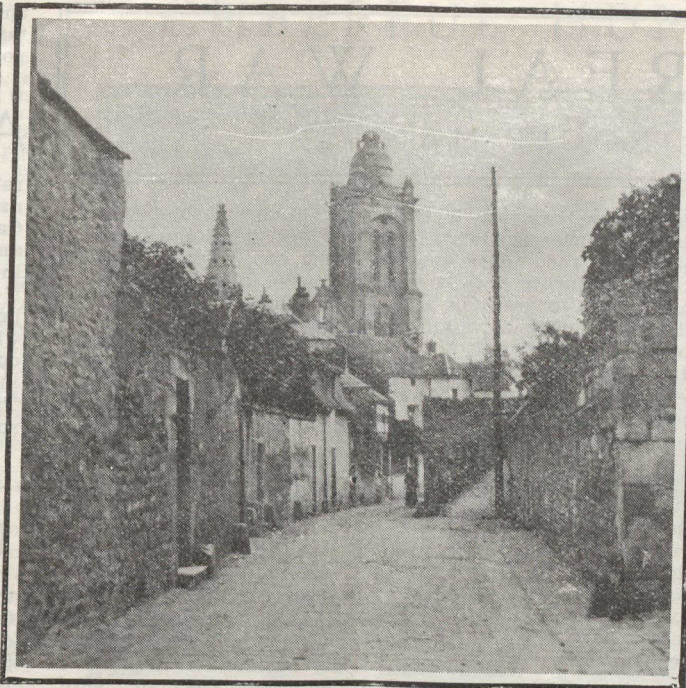




The Court House.  
(Le Palais de Justice.)



A Typical Street and Church.



The Registry Office.  
(Parquet Greffe.)

## FAMOUS SENLIS

*The Destroyed French Town Nearest Paris*

SENLIS, a little Cathedral town twenty miles north of Paris, was one of the French towns ravaged by the Germans on the grand march to the French Capital before the Battle of the Marne. The story of Senlis, recalled by these snapshots taken by a Canadian who visited the place recently, is one of the proven enormities of the Huns in the early part of the war. Some wine-seller fired on the troops. He was taken out and shot. Mayor Odont and twelve citizens were taken as hostages. The twelve were brought to court-martial. The Mayor, whose chateau in the vineyards had already been burned, was ordered to be shot. Eleven of the other twelve were shot on two following days. The twelfth escaped by gathering straw and posing as a harvester. The main street and many of the houses were destroyed. The cathedral, built too solidly for German shells, was not ruined. And it was the efforts of the Cure of the cathedral, who proved with tears in his eyes that no shots had been fired from the tower, that prevented the Germans from completely destroying Senlis after the manner of Louvain. Senlis was the last French town ravaged by the Germans in that part of the war preceding the Battle of the Marne. It is now a scene to remind tourists of German atrocities.



Once a Fine Residence.

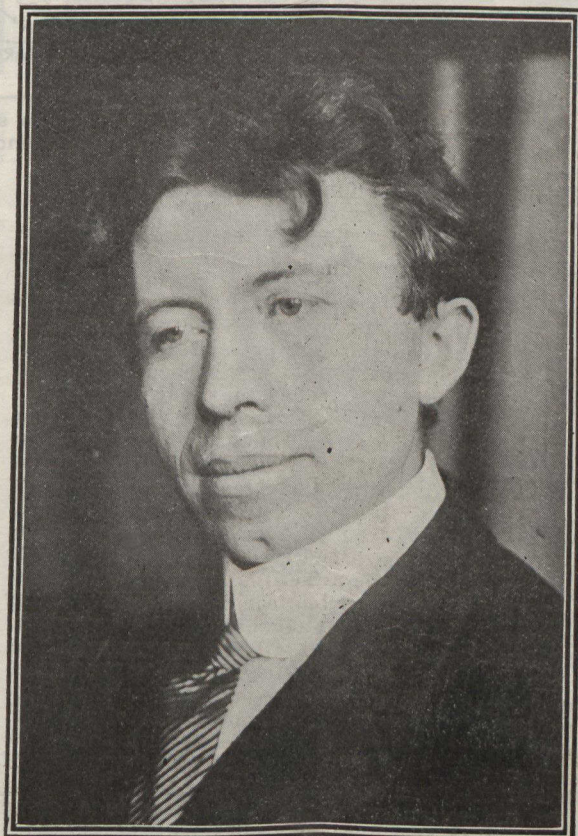


The Railway Station.

## Stefansson Encore

EXPLORER STEFANSSON deserves the congratulations of Canada that the rumours of his death were "grossly exaggerated." From Nome via Herschell Island comes the cheerful intelligence that the Icelandic Canadian giant who, on a previous trip, is said to have discovered a fabulous race of blond Eskimos, is alive and well, and still discovering new things in the far North for the Canadian Government, who sent him up in the Karluk two years ago at a cost of \$75,000. The Nome-Herschell despatch states that Stefansson has discovered new Canadian land southwest of St. Patrick's Island. This was a continuation of the continental shelf several degrees west of Banks Land. The party intended to pursue their further investigations of this shelf north and west, but were prevented by bad weather and ice, and after 70 days of real polar struggling returned to their base for the winter. That was shortly after the war broke out and a little less than a year ago now. Stefansson has not yet heard about the war. To him there is only one great struggle—of man with the elements and with geography. He is in a part of the world where no other kind of war is possible. In this, also, he is to be congratulated. Some of the soldiers who spent last winter in the trenches of Flanders and France might be able to give the explorer a few elemental lessons in the real hardship of discomfort, if not of privation.

We are not told when Stefansson will leave the world of nature and return to the world of war. Probably when the war is over—if his money holds out. He may come back to find that while he and his party of explorers have been struggling to add a hundred square miles or so to Canadian territory, where nobody but whalers and Eskimos may ever see it, armies and diplomats have redistributed a great portion of Europe and the world at large. His sensations as a land finder will then be of great



Explorer Stefansson in the Land of the Living.

importance. And it may take somebody with the exploring genius of Stefansson to discover what has

become of a once great race of people known as German war lords by war made extinct.

## The Power of the People

NO greater tragedy of calculated unpreparedness ever was known than the failure of munitions in Russia. That failure was never so much of a tragedy as during the past two months. Because Russian soldiers lacked ammunition for their rifles, and Russian field-gunners shells for their cannons, the Russian army lost more since midsummer than it had gained in the ten months previous—except the determination to stand together as a nation and to win. The failure of munitions has been variously explained as due to lack of munition factories before the war, to the blowing up of munition factories by German spies, to the installation of machinery making cartridges the wrong size. But that is only the beginning. Enterprise in the Russian people and patriotic courage in the Russian army would have made amends for that. But nothing short of a revolution could make amends for the greed of bureaucratic contractors who refused to buy shells except at a profit of ten per cent.; the deliberate delay in placing orders because of disloyalty among Government officials; the pro-German influence born of the devil and Bismarck which has been a drag on the Slav nation since the first great popular upheaval began to spell victory. Russian officials poisoned by German bribes were forcing Russian soldiers to face German armies with practically empty rifles. Some of the bravest and finest soldiers in the world were sacrificed by tens of thousands because officials practised against the army and the nation high treason produced by the most desperate methods known to darkest Germany. The trail of the reptile is hard to remove. But in Russia the people have begun to remove it. The Russian people have now shaken hands with the army and the corrupt Germanized officials are being sidetracked. It is a pity they could not be openly crucified.