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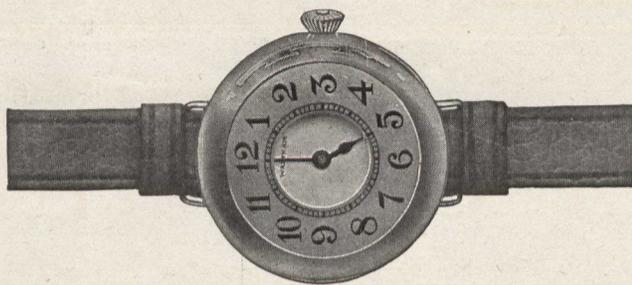
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PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS

Sidelights on What Some People Think the World is Doing

SOME particularly sinister fate awaits those clever people who from Hook of Holland via Bremen, from Zurich via Cologne, or from Athens via Sofia, or by any, all and sundry of the neutral wire stations and viae mediae beyond, keep telling us strange stories that read like chapters in novels. We are slowly becoming wise to these romances of which any war should have an average of at least three a week. We no longer believe that the Grand Duke Nicholas told the Czar that he wanted certain generals whether his Majesty approved them or not, and thus made himself look like the Bismarck of Russia; that Kitchener and French had a falling-out at headquarters in France; that the Crown Prince has become insane; that Bernstorff really likes the job at Washington, and that Sir Sam Hughes has settled down to the quiet life. None of these genial canards allure us now. Long ago we were denied the joy of reading the war correspondent's colourful stories from somewhere near the front or overhead. Long ago we gave up knowing within six months of when the Allies would begin to crumple up the German lines on the west. It really doesn't matter. Somebody may know. If we are good we may be told by some eye-witness after it is all over in a general way how it was done. In the meantime we reserve the right to have no opinions whatever and to believe nothing that we cannot see.

AIR-CRAFT is making almost incredible headway in England. The recent small successes of Zeppelins are a mere sizzle in the pan compared to the creation of the great air fleet of England which before the war is over will be as much the greatest navy in the air as the British navy is the greatest aggregation of warships on water. One of the most interesting things about this modern air navy now in process of construction is that some of the best craft in it are made in Canada—in the city of Toronto.

For several months now there has been in operation in Toronto a school of aviation from which up to the present a large number of air-men have been graduated for the Royal Flying Corps at the front. It has been said that the Curtiss Aviation School—soon to remove to Bermuda—is the largest in the world. It is quite as true that some of the biggest and finest aeroplanes used and to be used by the British flying-men are being and have been already made at the works of the Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Company in Toronto. One of these, the Canada, and half a dozen like her, are now crossing the Atlantic on the way to England. These warplanes have a top speed of a hundred miles an hour, carry each six men, a huge cargo of explosives, four machine guns, a powerful searchlight, the Sperry stabilizer and a new bomb-dropping device.

Why these war-planes are made in Canada instead of in the United States is exactly the reason why submarines made at the Vickers Maxim plant in Montreal are being shipped from that port instead of from Bethlehem, Pa. Mr. Schwab could not ship submarines from a neutral country. The Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Co. cannot ship war-planes from a country not at war. And the part Canada is taking as a consequence in the provision of warships of the air and air-men for the war is one of the greatest silent revolutions yet worked out in our industrial fabric.

MR. BRYAN, who used to lecture about the Prince of Peace, must be very downcast to learn that war is now the most remarkable activity in the land of the Prince of Peace. Palestine, the newspapers say, is now a military camp; soldiers manoeuvre in Jerusalem, at Golgotha and on the Mount of Olives, whose branch has been taken by the world as a symbol of peace; between Judea and Jericho a road is being built for armoured motor-cars. Champions of the higher criticism may observe

that in no page of the Bible is there any reference to this. And the cynic rises to remind us that he knew all along that Christianity has caused more wars than all the heathen religions of the world rolled into one; so why should Palestine not be a military camp? And there is no man to tell him why—unless it be Mr. Bryan.

WITH nine nations at war, with a total war cost of about \$2,500,000,000 with 12,000,000 men under arms, with Belgium and Poland torn to pieces, with hundreds of towns and cities in

lery proceed to put the railway on wheels. Perhaps the Kaiser thinks this is an original idea. He is respectfully reminded that in 1893, when he was sowing wild oats in Berlin, there was a moving sidewalk at the World's Fair in Chicago.

EVEN asphyxiating gas and liquid fire have lost their novelty to the men in the trenches, says Lord Kitchener. Will those interesting Germans please try to keep this war from becoming monotonous.

THE SMILE INTERNATIONAL



British soldiers in France are not always fighting. They sometimes get out of the German shell zone into the line of French smiles, of which this marketplace gleam of feminine sunshine is a good example.

ruins, submarines liable to pop out anywhere along the British coast, Zeppelins dropping bombs about once a week in England, and several thousand airships operating from Flanders to the Dardanelles, there are times when you open the morning paper and when asked what's the news reply with a yawn, "Oh—nothing much. Only another Zepp. raid."

IN the literature of heroic myths and supernatural exploits from the days of Hercules down, is there anything more violently remarkable than the fact as recorded by a news headline last week that—"The Germans are astride the Petrograd railway?" The inference is obvious. There is no other way to get into Petrograd but to put the German armies astride the railway and under cover of artil-

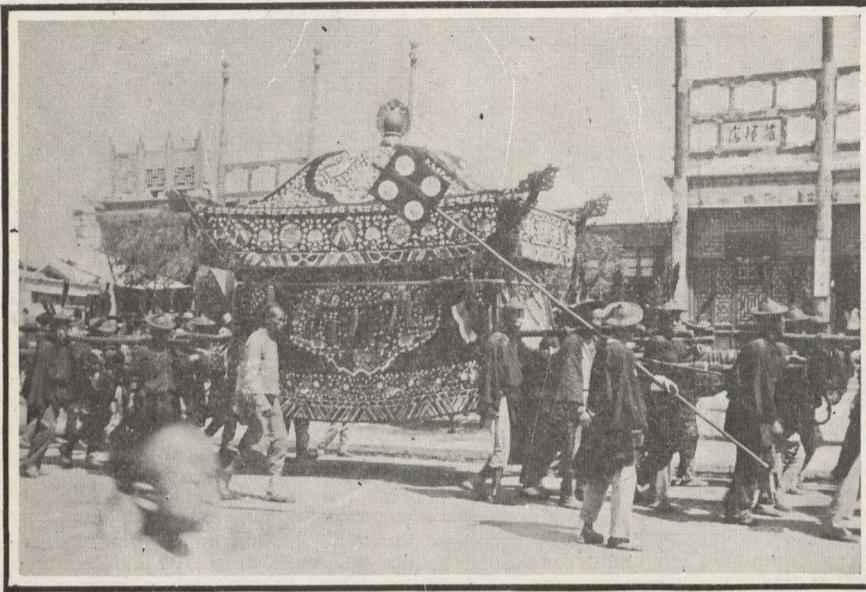
SINCE the world at large went into the business of killing on a scale never before dreamed of, it is interesting to note that United States science has begun to solve the problem of dyeing. Most of the dyes used in this part of the world used to come from Germany and Austria. Just why, nobody ever stopped to explain. It was blandly admitted that Germans had put chemical science in a glass case to be used only when Germany wanted to sell it. German labor was cheap because the whole nation was an organized sweatshop. So there was no real reason why American scientists should create dye mixtures for American clothmakers to use. war has made it necessary. Dr. Thomas H. Norton, who is at present in New York investigating the dye stuffs problem for the Department of Commerce, announces that osage orange can be produced in the United States from a certain East Indian tree. With osage orange achieved, perhaps the rest of the spectrum and all its intermediates will come in. After the war Germany may keep her dyes. And she will need all the bright, cheerful colours she can get to give that benighted country a look of human hopefulness.

COUNT REVENTLOW, the perennial fabricator of dark and dreary naval lies in the Tages Zeitung, comes along with another bright Teutonic idea regarding London and the Zeppelin outrages. He says London is a fortress which it is the legal business of Germany to demolish if possible. He counsels Sir Percy Scott, who has been given the task of defending London, to advise the civilian inhabitants to leave the city if they want to escape German bombs. He must have been looking over the cartoons in London Opinion depicting the reports of Schmidt the Spy. Schmidt told about a long list of foolish things the English were doing to escape being annihilated by the Germans. One of the cartoons showed how the police were ordering the walls of London to be pulled down. That must have been where Reventlow the fat-headed egotist with the twilight brain got his idea about civilians leaving London. These German writers with the adipose wits must have something to amuse them that looks like reality.

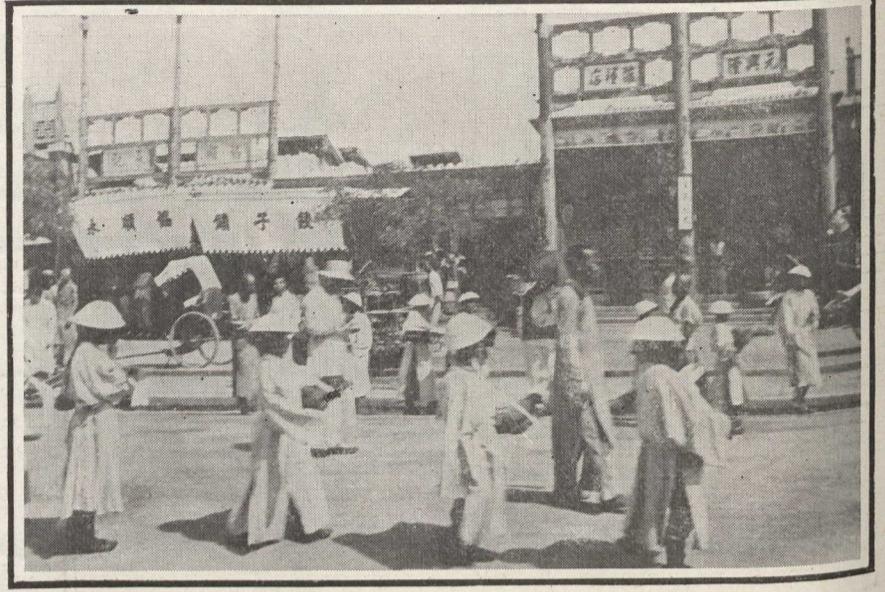
ROSE COGHLAN, who plays the role of Madame Vinard, the concierge, in the Neilson-Terry production of Trilby, seen in Toronto last week, has been on the stage since 1869. She is a woman who is said to have more dramatic ability than all but two or three American actresses living. Yet she has never become popular, has never played in a grand succession of big roles, and has been compelled during part of her career to go into melodrama and vaudeville. The only reason assigned by her biographer for this peculiar comparative failure of an eminent actress is—that she has much more dramatic talent than she has personal magnetism. It is the dramatic actress with the winning personality that becomes a headliner. The woman with dramatic genius may drift into the cheap show and the undramatic. This rule may not always hold good. But it comes true in more things than in stage business—and most people know it.

A No. 4 CHINESE FUNERAL

From Photographs Taken by a Canadian Living in Peking



This Chinaman enjoyed a No. 4 funeral because he was carried by only forty-two bearers.



But he was the recipient of numerous gifts, which were burned in picturesque solemnity beside the grave.

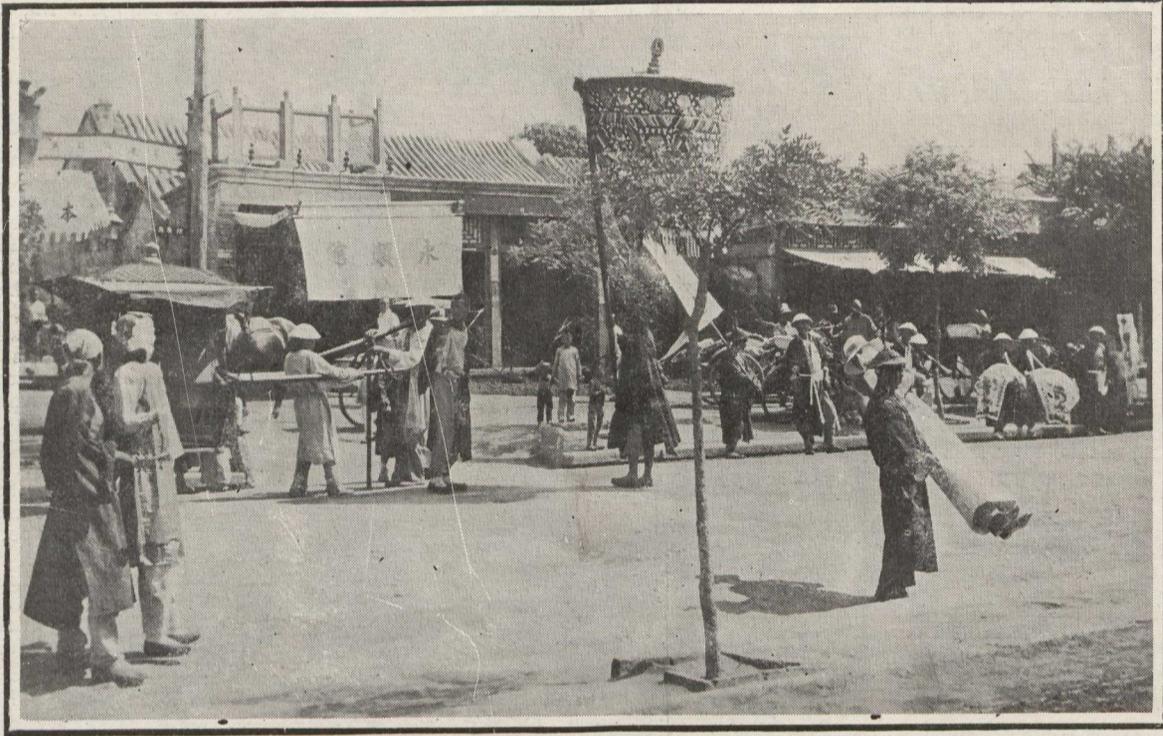
THERE is one place left in the world where having a funeral is something to make it worth while to live. When a Pekingese of any quality changes the abode of his soul the survivors and his friends give him a very happy funeral. As often happens in this country, the kind of funeral a man enjoys gives an idea of his importance. And the visitor from Canada, accustomed to regarding a burial as a melancholy function, got up early one morning in Peking to take snapshots of this funeral. He went in a rickshaw. The rickshaw boy said to him:

"Oh, allee number four funeral, him."

"How do you know that?" asked the visitor.

"Because—I count the men carrying him. It is forty-two," replied little pig-tailed John. "If he is number one, he has—eighty-eight!"

By the same post-mortem arithmetic, a No. 2 would be somewhere be-



Behind the band and the embroidered banner umbrella goes the widow in her closed chair. The man at the right carries a dummy figure to be cremated at the grave.

tween 88 and 42 bearers, and a No. 3 somewhere between 42 and 88. One tourist started to figure it out, but the funeral was all over, the tum-tums done beating, the last joss-stick burned, the corpse all cremated and the ashes gathered up, before he had the problem worked out. Getting funeralized in Peking is a very pretentious business. If the Chinese ever have a real war, they may have less time for mathematics at funerals.

It was said of the father of Frederick the Great that his one regret in life was that he would not be able to behold his own funeral—which he evidently intended to make a very spectacular pageant. And there are people even in Canada who, while they are still alive, seem to be about as commonplace as the average run of mankind, but when they die will blossom out into something like real pomp and circumstance at a funeral.

NATIONAL SERVICE; A NEW IDEA

The Reasonable Sermonette of a Soldier

By LT.-COL. J. GALLOWAY

HE that hath no sword let him sell his garment and buy one." Luke XXI:31.

These are the words of the Prince of Peace, uttered at a time when the Chief Priests and Scribes were on their way with a multitude of armed soldiers and civilians to take prisoner the Son of Man. In His mind He could see the rabble long before they came in sight, and prompted by the human, rather than the Divine, He made use of the words that form the subject from which to draw a few conclusions.

It is a message of preparedness, a message of defence delivered to His followers on that now memorable night. It was fraught with more consequence to the world than the present crisis and yet the present war in its effects upon the future of the world is a very good second.

The sword was the principal weapon used by the peoples who inhabited the world and fought battles in the time of our Saviour. We see how even the Prince of Peace recognized the need for preparation when danger was threatened. Everything looked dark; no ray of light seemed to penetrate the horizon for Him or His followers upon whom He was to depend to carry His Gospel for Him into the hearts and homes of men. If the Man of Sorrows in His extremity could resort to the force of arms or rather call upon His followers to "sell his garment and buy a sword" that he might use it against the enemy who would deprive Him of His life and His followers

PREACHING peace has been proven to be the last way on earth to get peace. Never was peace preached so powerfully by experts and amateurs the world over as before the present war. Never were the colossal folly and the incredible cost of war so obvious as in the recent international farces at The Hague. Never was a time when wise men, with their fingers on the financial pulse of the world, so united to declare that a great world war was economically impossible. Never was a time when "The Great Illusion," propounded by Norman Angell, came so near being a popular hobby of mankind. And the great illusion of all now is that the world ever believed such a gospel of peace. War on a scale never dreamed of, except in Germany, has shaken the peace propagandist out of his boots. And the reason is, that while the nations preached peace one nation hid behind the sermons to get ready for war. Germany, under the bossism of the Prussian Junker, was preparing to smash the world, while the Kaiser went about mouthing on peace to bamboozle diplomats, governments and peoples.—Editor.

of their leader, surely we may with equal propriety and forcefulness call upon every citizen of this fair land to prepare himself for the defence of this, one of the fairest countries under God's sun.

Does our militia system as at present organized meet the needs of the hour? A thousand times no! It has been tried and found most lamentably wanting, both in its enforcement and in its usefulness to meet a serious crisis like the present or any similar one. When the Empire is required to confront a nation whose army is under enforced enlistment the voluntary system is entirely inadequate to meet the needs. Their men, under constant training, are certainly in a much better condition than the army who have to depend upon their training being done after the trouble breaks out. Then the time it takes to fit an army for taking the field seriously handicaps the voluntary system.

The Canadian Defence League offer a solution of this question to the country in Universal Training, a system that has been tried with great success in Australia and New Zealand. It is the best means of defence because while training every able-bodied man in physical and military drill, it interferes the least with his business. It is suggested that the training begin in the schools with the boy as a Cadet and continue so long as he remains in school; when he leaves school he passes into a Cadet Corps organized for the purpose in connection with the Militia Regiments and remains there until the age of 18 is reached

when he enters the Militia and continues his training for three years and completes it. At the early age of 21 he is qualified to take his place alongside any of his country's defenders, his compulsory training is now terminated and he may discontinue or he may continue his service as he may decide. If he lives in the city he is only required to drill in the evenings and three or four additional days at most for manoeuvre and target practice, these he may do while on holidays. If he resides in the rural districts he joins the Rural Corps and goes to camp once a year and performs his training in that way. The time selected for the camps of instruction is when the farmer has least to do; in this way his training interferes the least with his business. And the cadet part of the training is carried on at little or no cost.

If some such method of training had been adopted would the terrible wreckage of little Belgium have been allowed? At least it would have been partially averted and the awful ravages and the wholesale destruction of property have been largely prevented. Universal Military Training is looked upon, in some quarters, as interfering with the liberty of the subject and Prussian domination mentioned as the ultimate and only goal if such a system should become law. Those people who use this argument with reference to the liberty of the subject being affected, must acknowledge that the same may be said of the law that compels a man to pay taxes.

It is a compulsion, but it is not looked upon as such. The law that compels a man to send his child-

ren to school is compulsion, yet who thinks that it interferes with his liberty? Police protection is compulsion in the same sense. It is important that children should be educated surely we have had it abundantly demonstrated to us and to the rest of the Empire, that military training is as essential for the good of the world as any other kind of training.

We now know to our sorrow, that the voluntary system bears unequally upon the masses and this in my humble judgment, is the worst feature of it. Ask yourself who are the men that are fighting the Empire's battles; who are the men who are filling the ranks of the battalions at the front; the answer is not far to seek. It is the best blood of the Empire. The same may be said of Canada. If conscription were enforced the laggard would have to bear his share of the burden and his ranks would be thinned as in the case of the class who willingly volunteer for service, and both classes would be contributing their fair share of the sacrifice.

In Australia and New Zealand where compulsory training is the law of the land, they are not suffering from militarism nor from the same arrogant domination that has made Prussia infamous in this war. They are parts of the Empire like ourselves and are doing their full share of the fighting on behalf of the Empire and making the same sacrifices on the altar of the country. They have enacted a law of the kind mentioned, and so far from interfering with the liberty of the subject they will tell you that it has

worked wonders with the youth of both countries and enabled them to send 75,000 men to the front before Canada was able to send the first contingent. Besides, everyone is not only pleased with it but unwilling to go back to the voluntary system. If it bore heavily, or affected the liberty of the people, do you think they would continue it especially as they have the choosing in their own hands?

Then let us cast to the winds such suggestions and face squarely the real issue, viz: Are we doing our whole duty to the Empire in this crisis as a part of it. What is our true proportion according to population? It has been stated that Canada, to furnish her proportion according to population, should send 450,000 instead of 150,000. It becomes a fair question then to ask if we had to raise an army of the size indicated how could it be done when we are forced to resort to extreme measures to raise the 150,000 aimed at. Voluntary enlistment will not suffice, while if Universal training were instituted, instead of scurrying all over the country to obtain recruits the men would be forthcoming without any loss of time, and be trained and ready for the front while you were chasing over the country to obtain your men. The Military Autocracy that is practised in Prussia is not at all necessary and this is proved by Australia's experience and by Switzerland's experience. It is only the arrogance of the Prussian Autocrat that could expect to lord it over the masses in the way that has been charged to the Prussian soldiers.



The funeral of Sir William Van Horne, begun in Montreal on Sept. 14, was a congress of eminent people. In this picture immediately behind the hearse on its way to the C. P. R. station are Dr. W. A. Molson; Mr. A. C. Van Horne, brother of the deceased; Master W. C. C., grandson; Mr. R. B. Van Horne, son. Following these came Hon. Robert Rogers, representing the Premier; Lord Melville, for the Duke of Connaught; Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Mr. R. B. Angus and many other prominent business and financial men.

A DAY WITH VAN HORNE

By JOHN A. COOPER

ONE summer Saturday some ten or fifteen years ago I received a telegram from Sir William Van Horne asking me to spend Sunday with him in Montreal. There had been an interchange of correspondence between us in regard to his paintings, some of which I had been trying to secure for the annual loan exhibition in connection with the Toronto Fair. I was anxious to see the pictures and he was quite willing to entertain any person who showed signs of an intelligent appreciation of the art.

Needless to say I accepted the invitation with alacrity and next morning presented myself at Sir William's Sherbrooke Street residence and was duly received by the Chinese servant. As the Toronto train arrives in Montreal as early on Sunday morning as any other morning, the Chink informed me that Sir William was not down but that the freedom of the residence had been conferred upon me. Presumably, he informed me also that the family was away. I spent an hour or two in roaming about the house looking at the pictures, the pottery, the curios and the other features which made Sir William's home a veritable treasure house.

As I recall my impressions I was struck by the architecture of the big house as much as by its contents. The storey and a half dining-room, with its studio-like windows facing the east, and its huge fireplace flanked by two gilt pillars from Italy, was something of a revelation. The studio above it, also a storey and a half in height, with its sloping raftered roof, was even more striking and more inviting. The general lay-out of the house reflected the taste and the habits of the man who had built it. The house was Sir William Van Horne's—student, man of busi-



The Van Horne funeral cortege passing from the late magnate's residence on Sherbrooke St. to the C. P. R. station, where a special train conveyed the remains of the great railway builder and the chief mourners to Joliet, Ill., his native town.

ness, painter and art-collector.

Sir William came down to breakfast about 9.30 and I remember distinctly that the first course was Radnor water. This was his favourite beverage. He drank it before meals, between meals, after meals and several other times during his long working day. At breakfast we talked mainly of pictures and painters. When a man has sufficient wealth and culture to be able to decorate his dining room with Constables, Corots and d'Aubignes it is comparatively easy to find abundant conversation to keep even a restless journalist from getting blue during the morning meal. Afterwards he took me on a tour through the halls and drawing-rooms, and pointed out what he considered to be his most interesting treasures. I was somewhat shocked when he passed the big Velasquez which was the first painting to demand attention as a visitor entered the house. I had spent fifteen or twenty minutes studying it while I was waiting for my host, and it was somewhat disconcerting to find him passing it without remark. When he came to the drawing-room he showed great enthusiasm over his six Montecellis. Their exquisite colouring and dainty delineations seemed to make a stronger appeal to him than the strength and masterliness of the great Spanish artist whose portrait was the most striking canvas in the house.

Later in the day I was invited by my host into his little den on the ground floor where he transacted business. Just across from his desk a small painting of a man's head hung low on the wall. As I looked at it, Sir William asked me what I thought of it. I knew just enough about art to refuse to answer. I had also had enough surprises that morning to make me silent, modest and conservative. He

finally told me that it was a contemporary portrait of Melancthon, a fellow labourer of Luther. Indeed, I gathered from his vibrant tones that this small, dark wood frame contained something which money could not buy. It was valuable no doubt, but in money terms it could not equal some of the others. That made no difference to Sir William. That deep dark portrait, I am willing to wager, is still a Van Horne possession.

AND so the day passed. Sir William smoked innumerable long black cigars and divided his time between the entertainment of his visitor and the dictating of a few business letters to a smart young man who did not go to church that Sunday morning. Perhaps the most interesting part of Sir William's conversation related to his boyhood days. His parents were poor, even for country people. I gathered that he wore patched trousers and very few pairs of boots. His education was limited. He may have done well at the country school or he may not. I doubt if he did. His real study began in a neighbouring quarry, where he discovered some fossils and learned for the first time that the earth had a history of its own which was quite aside from the history of "Old Glory."

He drew pictures of these fossils on pieces of wood with inexpensive chunks of some slaty material which made up for his lack of lead-pencils. He was apparently encouraged to do this by the local school teacher. This beginning in the study of archaeology was brought to a climax later on when someone showed him a copy of a book which described the geological formations and archaeological resources of that portion of the State of Illinois. The man who showed him this book offered to lend it to him for a few weeks. That led to the making of Sir William Van Horne.

He took the book home and set to work upon it. Even a clever boy, even a youthful genius could not have been expected to do more than to study that book carefully and to memorize a few of its most important passages. But young Bill Van Horne was not that kind of a boy. He was more thorough, more energetic and more untiring than even the cleverest boys recorded in the annals of genius and greatness. He took a few coppers over to the village store and bought two or three quires of foolscap. He went back home and commenced the task of writing that book out, word for word, in manuscript and also making drawings of every illustration in the volume. He was at it day and night for weeks. He ran out of foolscap and coppers and started in to complete his task with such wrapping paper as he could find around his little home, or beg from the village store. He completed his copy in due time, but the task must have been tremendous.

CURIOSLY enough, Sir William told me nothing about the Canadian Pacific Railway, of which he was then the active general manager. He came very near it once, when we were discussing "Made in Canada." Nobody has ever said it before, but I would like to say it now—Sir William Van Horne, born in the United States, trained in the United States, was the original "Made in Canada" man. He believed in Canada, or he would never have been at the head of the Canadian Pacific Railway. To believe in anything was not sufficient with Van Horne. He always made his efforts tell on the thing in which he believed. Because he believed that Canada could be made a great country, he started out to make it a great country.

His first work in this connection was with Sir John A. Macdonald. He and Sir John had the same point of view. They were determined to create traffic for the Canadian Pacific Railway, and to lay the foundations for Canada's future industrial and commercial greatness. When they undertook this big contract they knew how big it was, but they also knew that what had been done in the United States could be duplicated in this portion of the British Empire. Once having accepted that simple but vital principle, the rest was a mere matter of working out details. From 1880 to 1891 these two men did some stirring work along this line. Then Sir John passed away, and Canada's other great man went on alone.

As an example of his attitude of mind, he told me that the man in Ontario who most deserved a public monument was Honourable A. S. Hardy, who had died two or three years previously. Naturally, I asked him for his reason, and received the answer:

"Hardy's action in passing a law whereby the export of saw-logs from Ontario was prohibited, was one of the finest pieces of legislation ever enacted in Canada. It built up a lumbering business in Northern Ontario which saved the Canadian Pacific Railway from having a long stretch of barren road. Indeed, it created hundreds of new settlements, and a tremendous traffic by lake and rail, which would not have been possible if Ontario had been content to feed saw logs to the Michigan saw mills. By a stroke of his pen he transferred the business of lumbering in the Great Lakes region, from Michigan to Ontario."

I have since thought that Van Horne's praise of Hardy was overdone, but I presume that Van Horne was thinking as much of the principle as of a particular piece of legislation. It was the example which Hardy set which was the great thing.

Any casual story about our supper with the Japanese Consul, or our evening chat with the then

Governor of Vermont, would be out of place. But it may not be ungracious to say that the Japanese Consul asked Sir William many questions about Japanese art, which Sir William was able to answer off-hand. Indeed, I gathered that the Japanese Consul knew as much about Japanese pottery and tea-cups as I did—perhaps a little more.

In our defence, let it be said, that outside the Boston Museum, Sir William's Japanese collection was the finest in the world—note that phrase, "in the world." There was nothing, is nothing, in Japan to equal it.

ONE story I must tell, because I made a hit. Even journalists make a hit occasionally. Sir William discovered, some way or another, that I knew an etching from a pencil-sketch. So he took me into a closet, off his billiard-room, and showed me a little etching, framed in a small, cheap, gilt frame. If you had seen it in a store window on St. James Street, you would say, "30 cents," instinctively. Being with Sir William Van Horne, art connoisseur, I braced myself and looked wise.

"What do you make of that?" he asked. "Curious amateur etching, eh?" said I, fencing hard and searching my limited art memory.

"Yes, but do you recognize it?" I suppose he had worked the game on others, and it had been a triumph on many occasions. But not this time, for I was a great student of the English (not the cheap American) "Strand Magazine," and an etching by the same hand had been reproduced there. While I struggled, he pointed to the signature. "Recognize that?"

"Is that Queen Victoria's monogram?" I asked. I fancy he stared, because he could not have anticipated my unexpected bull's-eye.

"Yes, that is Queen Victoria's, and here are more

AT THE WATERS OF STRIFE

By HELEN E. WILLIAMS

I DON'T trust myself alone with Brand a minute for fear I will beg him not to go," said Mrs. Parnell.

Mrs. Willoughby sighed. "This awful, awful war. Every time Maxwell comes in I tremble."

"You think he's not strong enough to go?" "Certainly, he is not strong enough. Besides, if he was killed it would mean just the last of everything for me."

"Of course—of course," assented Mrs. Parnell, hastily. Mrs. Willoughby's husband had gone down in the Titanic, and the following winter her little girl had contracted pneumonia and died. Maxwell was all she had left.

"I don't think only sons ought to go!" fulminated Mrs. Willoughby, extricating a card from her case, and rising majestically to go.

NOTWITHSTANDING his mother's oft-repeated opinion on the subject, however, Maxwell did at last enlist. Mrs. Willoughby, finding direct opposition futile took another tack. She closed her house in the country and rented rooms as near as possible to the camp where the soldiers were training. She saw Maxwell, if only for a few minutes, every day. And whenever she saw him, she made him feel that by indulging his selfish patriotism he was breaking her heart.

"But, Great Scott, Mother!" he would expostulate, "Somebody's son has got to go and down the ungodly German. If every chap listened to his mother we'd all be conjugating the German verb 'To obey' this time next year."

"Well, you are going, aren't you, dear? Nothing that I say—or feel—or suffer makes any difference."

It made the difference, it seemed, that Maxwell worried himself into a condition to catch scarlet fever, when an epidemic of it broke out in the camp. Mrs. Willoughby was overjoyed. Now he couldn't go. And by the time he was out of quarantine and recuperated, perhaps the war would be over, or that Oliver-Twist-like call for more men not so insistent, so stigmatizing to those who did not respond. Sheer folly to expect a boy newly-risen from a sick bed to post off to the most ruthless war that had ever convulsed the world! She had never thought she would live to see the day that she should be thankful for a malignant disease, or fearful of a rapid recovery. But she welcomed every set-back, and earnestly told every inquirer that Maxwell's was the severest case of any.

Neither she nor Maxwell referred to the war, but they both felt it like an invisible barrier between them. He could not—surely he could not—still think of going? Oh! this war! It cut both ways. Terrible to have them go—terrible to have them not go. Sometimes, when Maxwell sat looking straight in front of him with those unseeing, lost eyes, she almost wished—but no, she couldn't, she could not let him go.

"SO Maxwell Willoughby is going after all?" It was on the way home from one of these alienating visitations that the blow struck her. Not a straight blow. An undercut. He had told

others before her, his own mother!

All that night she paced her room. Early the next morning she sent a peremptory telegram to Quebec asking Maxwell to come home at once.

THE station platform was crowded. Women spoke to one another in whispers. Men stood about, not speaking. Where the busses usually waited, a befogged band was in attendance. Just behind, in ordered array, were massed the Home Guard, a hundred or more of the Fifth Mounted Rifles from the camp, a detachment of Westmore Dragoons and Boy Scouts. All faced one way. Presently, far up the south track a blur of smoke could be seen. It grew. In the profound silence the rails began to hum. The black bulk of a train rounded the curve. Slowed down. Stopped.

There was a little movement forward among the crowd to let a black-veiled woman, who had just got out of a carriage, pass.

"Oh, poor Mrs. Parnell!" breathed a girl. "She is so brave, and he was her only son!"

"It is just as hard for him," whispered back her companion, fiercely. Look! There he comes now." An elderly man, who held himself very straight, stepped off the train and joined the women in mourning. There was a moment of suspended movement, then someone went up to them and shook hands without speaking, and turned quickly away, their eyes wet. Others followed. Simultaneously, from farther down the train, men lowered a casket. It was covered with the Union Jack. They carried it between the firing party to the gun carriage, while the drum began to beat like a big heartache. Soldiers fell in behind the gun-carriage and the mourners behind the soldiers. The cortege began to move, to pass up the deserted village street, at the end of which a clergyman in white robes stood waiting in the open church door. As the procession came in sight the bell began to toll.

The woman behind the heavy veil gave a sudden dry sob. "Oh, dear, I have been dreaming. I fancied that I must notice who was here, so as to write Brand. I had forgotten."

"Oh, this is not real," said her husband. "They are not doing all this for Brand. It is not Brand who is dead."

"We must think of St. Julien, Martin. As we go through with it we must think of Ypres."

AS THEY went through with it—the procession—ing, the solemn Church of England ritual, the minister's panegyric of the boy who had sacrificed a promising career to die for his country at St. Julien—another woman in the crowd went over and over her reasons for pulling the wires that had been instrumental in getting her son "turned down," and for the hundredth time wondered if it were all to do over again if she would not act differently. But if she had he would not now be at her side. As the three volleys were fired over the grave, and the "last post" sounded, she felt jealously for his hand.

"Oh, mother, mother!" Maxwell groaned—and wrenched it away.

MAINLY PERSONAL

Exalting the Jew

WHEN looking over the nations of the world to discover what people have given the Jew the greatest measure of freedom, bear in mind the examples of two of the most eminent Jews ever honoured by England—Baron Reading and Lord Beaconsfield. Nowhere on the continent of Europe, only in America, has the Jew been permitted to achieve anything like the distinction he has won in England. Europe has driven the Jew into the ghetto and persecuted him without stint. America has given the Jew a high place in finance, in music and in drama. England only has exalted the Jew to high rank: Lord Beaconsfield as Premier a generation ago; Baron Reading at the present time as Lord High Chief Justice and head of the Anglo-French Commission, now in the United States to adjust the fortunes of Mr. Pound Sterling.

Baron Reading sounds more familiar as Rufus Isaacs, who when he was a little Jew lad, born in London, got weary of a stale old city and ran away to sea; and when he got weary of the sea went back to London, where his parents tried to make the young sailor a college graduate—but he bucked that also and opened a broker's office. When he married Alice Cohen, daughter of a wealthy American merchant in New York, he was persuaded by her to study law. Had he remained a broker he would probably now be lending money to the British Government instead of heading a commission to settle the status of the pound sterling in exchange, for purposes of war. As a lawyer he was a bright and shining star; and he stayed with the law until 1904, when at the age of 44 he became a Liberal M.P. for Reading. He was so near a replica of Disraeli for ambition and brilliance that five years later he became Solicitor-General; one year later Attorney-General with a knighthood; in dazzling succession thereafter a P.C., a K.C.V.O., and in 1913 Lord High Chief Justice—at the very time he was suspected, but exonerated, of unministerial dabbling in Marconi shares. Baron Reading is a near-great man as Disraeli, his compatriot, was a truly great Tory, and one of the greatest men of his time. Such is England's treatment of the talented Hebrew.

The "Almighty" Dollar

FROM the accompanying photograph who could decide which of the two men, Baron Reading or the big man at his right, is the abler financier? They may be called for stage purposes Dollar and Pound. J. P. Morgan was born to the almighty dollar, son of the greatest pure financier ever known in the United States, the late J. Pierpont Morgan, whose two pastimes were holding the balance of financial power among the magnates of Wall Street and ransacking the art galleries of the world. While Pierpont, the elder, was alive the world got only occasional glimpses of the younger man who did the main work of the Morgan office, and who at his father's death a few years ago stepped on the pinnacle of finance in New York. When the British War Office wanted a man who could act as general purchasing agent for war supplies in the United States J. P. Morgan was the natural choice. Through his hands one way or another passed the symbols of the millions upon millions of pounds sterling exchange between England and the United States.

When a crack-brained Austrian a few months ago tried to shoot Morgan because he thought that would end the war, the son of J. Pierpont Morgan came near joining the martyr ranks of Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley. His own nerve and the activity of his butler saved his life at the expense of an ugly wound. In a few days he was out yachting and buying war supplies for Great Britain again as though nothing more serious had happened than being hit on the head by a brick from a wall. J. P. Morgan knows more about the power of the almighty dollar and the decline in pound sterling than any other American; but it looks as though the great nation of which he is the financial head will yet have to lend Great Britain a billion or so without collateral—or else Mr. Morgan will lose his job as purchasing agent for the War Office. Some American financiers have been predicting glibly of late that the centre of the financial world will be shifted after the war from London to New York. Mr. Morgan probably has his doubts about that. Anyway, he is too wise a man to say such a thing even if he believed it.

From most recent accounts, United States financiers will lend the Allies anywhere between \$600,000,000 and \$800,000,000 at five per cent.; American bankers will form a huge syndicate to under-write

the loan at one-half per cent commission. Mr. Morgan made it quite clear that for the sake of getting a market for American crop and munitions, his firm would expect no more commission than any other.

The Hesitating Trip-Hammer

LET no American financier imagine that the humblest member of the Anglo-French Commission is Sir Edward Hopkinson Holden, head of the London City and Midland Bank. Sir Edward is a John Bull to the last hair on his bellicose moustache. He is as gentle as a steam-roller and has the well-known hesitancy of the trip-hammer. Some years ago he was in Canada—not for his health—and put up at the King Edward Hotel in Toronto. So far as the writer knew, Sir Edward—he was then plain Mr. Holden—was alone, except for his secre-

DOLLAR AND POUND STERLING



Mr. J. P. Morgan, financial head of America, and Baron Reading, head of the Anglo-French Commission, now in the United States to negotiate a billion-dollar loan without collateral—and to readjust the exchange status of the pound sterling.

tary. He did not arrive at that hotel after the manner of Rider Haggard, who in the same year wriggled to a top room and sat on the bed to talk to a roomful of reporters. Mr. Holden pre-empted a suite of five rooms on the first floor up; the same suite that J. Pierpont Morgan occupied when he was in Canada with the Archbishop of Canterbury. What all the rooms were for was of no concern to a humble interviewer, who was permitted to occupy a chair in one while waiting for Mr. Holden to emerge from somewhere down the corridor. When he came Mr. Holden demonstrated that, in the art of giving an interview according to his own British methods, he was much more dynamically astute than most great British politicians and authors.

"Are you shorthand?" he wanted to know. "Sorry. Well, please take this down."

He paced the floor and for half an hour dictated a financial message, which the scribe worked like a pneumatic riveter to get down long-hand. To make sure that he was being correctly transcribed Mr. Holden stopped every little while and asked:

"What did I say a little while ago about—?"

Then with a parting hope that the message would not be bungled in transit, as he would not be in town next morning to read proofs, he strenuously permitted the interviewer to eject himself.

Sir Edward Holden has been an expert diagnostician to Mr. Pound Sterling for a long while. And if the distinguished patient does not rally back in

the present crisis to somewhere near his normal temperature of \$4.86, it will be no fault of his.

Riethdorf, a Patriot

PROFESSOR RIETHDORF, of Woodstock College, and member of the Patriotic Speakers' League, has a greater sense of humour than most of his fellow-countrymen that were, or he would be feeling quite sad since he was so vehemently attacked by a member of Parliament up at Huntsville. Mr. Riethdorf is again on the platform, but not working for the P.S.L. He speaks with the same German accent as before, carries the same message to Canadians, and continues to lambaste the Prussian system in Germany, of which he knows a great deal more than the majority of his critics—of whom happily he has very few. Riethdorf is a good example of what Germany failed to do. He should be held up as a monument to the blunderbund methods of the Fatherland. In this country, and as a citizen of the British Empire engaged in outspokenly condemning Germany, he is a fine saw-off to the renegade Chamberlin who, in Germany, writes books to condemn England. Riethdorf was neither hypnotized nor bribed in this country to be an anti-German. He came boldly out almost as soon as war was declared to put himself on record as a free citizen in a land of freedom to denounce German absolutism. And he will continue so to do.

By his residence in Canada Riethdorf has learned the difference between Germanism and humanity. And there is room in this country for a large number of Germans who, in Germany at the present time are condemning Prussia, but dare not open their mouths in public. If these enforcedly loyal Germans could have the freedom of Mr. Riethdorf they would be glad to exercise it.

The Defender of London

SIR PERCY SCOTT has been given the freedom of London as Gen. Gallieni a year ago was given the freedom of Paris. It is his immediate business to organize the defences of London, not against warships or German army corps and heavy artillery, but against Zeppelin bombs. Count Reventlow says that London is a fortress. He knows better. The only fortress in London is the Tower of London, and that is an historical curiosity. London never had any need for fortifications. She is protected by the ships and the coast defences of England. Sir Percy Scott might easily tell Count Reventlow that London is not a fortress, but that the whole of England is. Germany knows that an invasion of England is an impossibility. The Zeppelin raids are her only remaining apology for the real thing. Sir Percy Scott will not find it necessary to make London any such fortified city as Paris, which for many years has been a triple ring of forts to keep out a possible German invader. His only enemy is the air-craft of Germany. And there is no man in England who could better fight off Zeppelins than Sir Percy Scott. He was the man who, before the war, declared that in modern naval warfare it was not the Dreadnought but the submarine that must be reckoned with. He has now to deal with a machine less formidable than the submarine. When Sir Percy Scott completes his plan for the defence of London, the mighty Zeppelin, which for a whole year now has been doing its best to resemble anything but a scientific imitation of the Flying Dutchman with intent to kill, may begin to look about as near extinction for real war purposes as the once famous bird known as the Great Auk.

Big Guns

CANADA now has a big gun committee—composed very largely of big guns. Those fifteen powerful persons who, last week in Ottawa, were organized into a pact to handle the munitions problem of Canada and to see about the manufacture of cannons in Canada are quite the most imposing list of people ever set to work together in the same set of harness. In fact, it is so much of a committee that it may be unable to move because of its own weight. Three of the gentlemen on the list would accomplish more. It is of no importance that certain interests are represented. What the munitions problem needs is not representation but administration; if by an absolute and wise aristocracy vested in a single man—so much the better. But who in this country could be such an autocrat?

HONOURS EASY—By ALEX. JOHNSON

Being a Battle of Wits Between a Resourceful Woman and a Clever Masculine Person

EILEEN sat on the terrace and felt worried. Before the war Della Triuna was the only spot on the Cote d'Azur which was not mobbed during three parts of the year. It has only one efficient hotel. But the Grand Hotel des Anglais is irreproachable. Cuisine, view, gardens and tennis courts are beyond criticism. They are in fact everything the prospectus claims for them, which is a good deal, for the proprietor who composed that admirable document is a thoroughgoing Gaul, and therefore apt to be a little florid in praise.

The terrace was the star feature of the hotel; it was cut at a perfect height for securing a perfect temperature, and was arranged as a sun-trap.

Yet with all these advantages, Eileen, out of sheer contrariety of spirit, sat and hated them all, not for what they were—which would have been unreasonable if not impossible—but for what they stood for.

Inez Lewis, sitting beside her, noted her depression, and asked the reason for it. Inez was an ordinary girl—if there is such a thing as an ordinary girl—and was rather afraid of Eileen. People often were. Eileen had been to Oxford, and taken honours in history, and to Africa, and shot things with some skill and success. Moreover, she could talk.

Such a record and such accomplishments would no doubt merely have marked her down as a suffragette sort of a person if she had not had a face to help them out. Women who disliked her said her mouth was too big and her eyes set too far back; but even they admitted that she had nice hair. With men her looks were more than striking enough to attract attention, and once attention was attracted her personality did the rest. They saw grit in her mouth and soul in her eyes, and endowed her with a good many other qualities to which her claims were a little doubtful.

Now Eileen turned at Inez' question and smiled.

"Yes," she said, "I am afraid I am feeling a bit humpy to-day. I think it must be all these men who are on my nerves"—she indicated the tennis court with a comprehensive wave of her arm—"They're—they're so immaculately flannelled, their whole lives are immaculately flannelled, and so's mine. It's enough to drive anyone back to Africa. Just think, year in and year out they go on existing without saying anything worth saying or doing anything worth doing; and when they die they don't die; they simply cease to exist. . . . I think I'm going away to become a char-woman, or a 'publican's wife, or a tinker, or someone else who's allowed to have views of the world. There isn't a man or woman in the hotel who can talk about anything, excepting you, of course, dear—and possibly one or two I haven't met; and between thirty and forty per cent. of the men I have met devote more or less of my spare time to making love to me!"

"You do talk, don't you?" said Inez admiringly. "I expect you feel heaps better now. I believe," she went on—Inez always preferred discussing people to abstract questions—"Mr. Dermer, who arrived last night is supposed to be clever. Several people have said that they got that impression, so I expect there is some truth in it."

"Him clever!"—Eileen came as near snorting as is graceful in a heroine—"The people here call a man 'clever,' if he can do a step-dance on a billiard table without going through. That's the sort of a thing that passes for cleverness in this crowd. He can't dance, anyhow; and all he said to me last night—someone introduced us, and it took me twenty minutes to shake him off—was 'Rotten!' and 'Splendid!'"

"Really," said Inez, laughing, "I expect he was afraid of you. What on earth did you try to talk to the poor man about? Syndicalism? or proportionate representation?"

"Neither, so there!" said Eileen, with increasing scorn. "I assure you I kept quite strictly to the most childlike topics; the sky, and the sea, and the fourteen kinds of subtropical palms growing in the hotel gardens—"

"I expect you spouted all their Latin names."

"I didn't, because I haven't a notion what they are,—and then I went on to a short but comprehensive discussion of our local golf, tennis and pigeon-shooting facilities, adding a few well chosen words on grouse prospects at home. I tell you, my dear, conversationally, at all events, the man's simply an imbecile."

EILEEN'S voice was clear and decisive. It was in fact impossible for anyone hearing her to go on believing in Mr. Dermer. Mr. Dermer himself found it so impossible that he was obliged to resort to desperate measures. Eileen's voice had aroused him from a refreshing sleep in the

depths of a deck chair, thoughtfully placed by the hotel management (or possibly the hotel gardener) in a leafy retreat, from which Eileen's own chair barred the egress. He had yawned twice loudly and coughed discreetly. Now he got up, trying to make the sort of noises that a newly awakened man may be supposed to make, stretched himself laboriously, and pushed a liesurely way out.

All might have been well if Inez had not become hysterical at the critical second, and gurgled. Mr. Dermer turned and gave vent to a well shaped grin.

He was a very big man, thin, but broad. His build was a little clumsy, but there was nothing more about him to suggest stupidity. There was nothing "pretty" about his face, but it was clever, and strong, and good-natured. Most people liked him immediately, though a good many were puzzled by him.

He took off his hat to Eileen.

"Hallo, Miss Arthur" he began, with a really admirable affectation of surprise. "This is a bit of luck! Striking on almost the only person I know in the hotel—at least the only person I know worth talking to," he added twinkling.

Inez decided immediately that, whatever his conversational abilities



They sat together on the terrace after dinner.

or imbecilities, no fault could be found with his twinkling.

Eileen, still outwardly placid, though inwardly furious, introduced her, and they talked. Their conversation was the usual Della Triuna shop. But even Eileen was forced to go back on her own judgment of Mr. Dermer. He quoted Swinburne, Mark Twain, and Strindberg—without appearing to drag any of them in—palmed off three spontaneous epigrams as Shavian, and finally reduced Inez to fits with a brief descriptive appreciation of his own journey from Mentone to Della Triuna on a ten year old motor bicycle, purchased for five pounds at a blacksmith's. To describe an adventure in the "mechanical" class without becoming either technical or a bore is a rare and refreshing achievement, which seemed to come easily to Mr. Dermer.

AFTER about twenty minutes he got up, excused himself, thanked the ladies for their toleration of his intrusion, and finally turned to Eileen and said:

"I say, Miss Arthur, they tell me all sorts of things about you. It makes me quite afraid. I hear you're most frightfully clever; took honours at Oxford, and—and all that sort of thing."

"I only got a third," said Eileen, who had no idea how to meet this cowardly attack, especially as she was still just a little uncertain whether it was an attack or not. Mr. Dermer went on placidly.

"And though I'm afraid I'm a most frightful duffer myself, I would awfully like to have a chat with you some time or other on one or two more serious topics. Say on—Syndicalism—or perhaps proportionate representation.

Eileen gasped.

"Of course," added the tormentor, "you understand I'm not much use at these things myself. Never was, somehow. But I'm no end interested and keen on learning. I always feel it's the duty of a man who's

a bit of an ass, and knows it, to get taught all he can about things when he meets cleverer people. I've got quite a passion for clever people, in fact. Attraction of opposites, no doubt."

"I do not suffer from any such attraction myself," said Eileen, in her most "Do go away—I've got no use for you" tones.

Mr. Dermer turned on the smile again. "Splendid!" he observed, oracularly, and passed away slowly to the company of the immaculately flannelled on the lower terrace.

When he was at last at a safe distance, Inez burst out laughing.

"Well?" demanded Eileen, with asperity.

"Well," laughed Inez. "You've been ragged, my dear, that's what's happened to you. And you jolly well deserve it, too. That man's as clever as sin—and ever so much nicer. He had you simply on toast, darling."

"I fail to see," returned Eileen, obstinately, "that he showed any signs of being clever. It's not clever to keep up a chatter like that about commonplace occurrences. Lots of the world's most appalling bores make a practice of it, and do it much better than he does. He was merely a great deal more garrulous than last night. I very much doubt now whether I shall ever speak to the man again."

"Rubbish," said Inez, with conviction. "Why, you silly thing, you're just beginning to get interested in him. And think how the poor fellow needs educating, anyhow. And he appealed to you so pathetically!"

"I don't see that I'm called upon to educate him," said Eileen.

"He called on you himself. Isn't that enough?"

"No; it isn't nearly enough, and he was decidedly impertinent; so, as I say, I shan't speak to him again unless I'm actually forced."

SHE was not actually forced. Mr. Dermer did not press his company on either of them again. But Eileen explained to Inez next day that she could hardly ignore "the man" altogether—without attracting attention; especially as he was rapidly becoming the most popular person staying at Della Triuna. He had quite a phenomenal knack of being extremely interested in whatever the person he was talking to seemed interested in; and people generally therefore came to regard him as intelligent.

So Eileen did not ignore him. It became rather obvious after a few days to everyone except herself that she was going out of her way not to ignore him.

She herself only admitted her change of opinion gradually, beginning by confessing that he could, on his day, play a respectable game of tennis. She was rather disgusted to find that Mr. Dermer had also shot things—had actually been all the way to Africa to do it; and once she detested him cordially for nearly three hours, when before a small but interested audience, he set her right over the penetrating capacity of the type of game rifle bullet she used herself. Other people's knowledge is only tolerable so long as it does not check us in our own subjects.

"Of course," she had said, "I don't know much about these things—except from experience."

Mr. Dermer laughed.

"A little knowledge can be as dangerous acquired that way as any other," he answered, "if you shot away at a rhinoceros at that distance with a 3.03 Jeffries' split, he'd take as much notice of it as an express armoured train, and be within twenty yards of you before you could get in a second shot."

There followed the quick laugh that marks the efficient and unanswerable score.

This one small discomfiture challenged her. She decided that she must get a public revenge in some way or other. She was sure that if she could turn a general conversation on to some such topic as the Poor Law or the Pragmatic Sanction she could make him look the sort of idiot he professed to be. But conversation at Della Triuna, when it became general, was usually confined to sport and the weather, and it was difficult to divert it to themes demanding wide interests and an understanding of "educated" topics. In the meantime Mr. Dermer went on indefinitely finding new and entertaining comments to make on sport and the weather.

When they met without an audience, which—by a most astounding series of coincidences, they did with increasing frequency, he talked intelligently, but by no means intellectually; yet there was always something quizzical about his comments which puzzled and exasperated her.

If she had been just a shade less sure of her own ground she might have suspected him of attempting to patronize her. But a girl who has long been treated as an intellectual equal by intellectual men is rarely liable to such qualms.

So for a few days she merely continued to hate him, and find him a very interesting study. But of one thing she remained convinced—that Mr. Dermer was not really clever, but merely a man who knocked about the world, and picked up a few stray bits of

(Continued on page 17.)



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.

IT IS A REAL WAR

By THE MONOCLE MAN

WE all know what is the matter with the British peoples to-day. We did not need Mr. Lloyd George—or anybody else—to tell us. It can be put in a short sentence. We have not discovered yet that we are at war. When we do make that great discovery we will become, perhaps, the most formidable fighting organization in the world. But it may be too late. The Germans may not wait for us to wake up. They woke up about fifty years ago; and they do not quite see why they should not take full advantage of their early awakening. We slumbered peacefully on, doped with pacifist soothing syrup, while the Germans got deliberately and mightily ready to make war on mankind and bring to their feet the entire civilized world. It was a big job they had in mind. But there were big rewards to be won by putting it through. So they went at it, with characteristic Teuton patience and thoroughness, and prepared in cold blood for "war, murder and sudden death," while many of the rest of us organized peace congresses and insisted that war was obsolete.

AND the dangerous feature of our sad case is that we still think that real, brutal war of the old sort is obsolete, in spite of the fact that one has been going on for over a year, in spite of Belgium and Poland, in spite of the perfectly plain intention of the Germans to take the winnings of war if they can. As Mr. Lloyd George—who is thoroughly awake and an example to all his fellow-Britons—so shrewdly says, the reason for the settled somnolence of the British Islanders is their beautiful faith in their navy. They say, in effect: "Yes, war is a frightful thing, and we feel so sorry for the poor Belgians, and we will go over as soon as we can and help the threatened French, and we have perfect faith in the power of the Russians to 'come back.' But—don't you know—those Berlin beggars can't get at us. Our sea-dogs are on guard." So even our Britons at home sleep on. Their magnificent pugnacity has brought more volunteer fighters to the army than the War Office can quite handle, but, as for taking this war seriously and Prussianizing the nation and compelling greedy capitalists to do with war-time profits and organizing industry, the free-born Britons will not stand for all that.

WE in Canada are in a far deeper sleep. We began by permitting our English, Irish and Scotch youths to leave us and go home to fight for the old grey mother. With them went a number of our own bravest and most adventurous spirits. These latter were awake. They knew that war had come again. Since then we have been sending from time to time the ever-increasing number of our young men who wake up. Our industries have been making shells and other things; but, of organized national effort, bringing us all in—"even you and I"—there has been little or nothing. Stop the first ten men you meet on the street, and get into frank conversation with them, and I venture the surmise that not more than one will have a realizing sense that Canada is fighting for her life—that, if we do not win this war, what we have always known as Canadian individual liberty will soon be a dream of the past. To put it another way—there is practically no danger of conscription in Canada to-day. But, if we lose the war, there will be conscription here—either British conscription for defence, or German conscription as a part of the German Empire—within ten years. That is, Canadian lads of ten years and under will be "conscripted" if we do not fight hard enough now to win.

THE whole German nation is at war. The whole German nation got ready to go to war before they precipitated the conflict. The whole French nation is at war. They were not so ready at the beginning, but they had the machinery and the willingness to get ready. And now they are all at war. The Russian nation was too huge to be wholly organized for war. If it had been, Germany would never have dared to challenge it. But it did put immense armies into the field; it did sacrifice them to the common cause with magnificent loyalty; it is now making more armies ready as rapidly as it can. Pretty well the whole Italian nation is at war. But the British nations are still making war as war was made in the period before nations-at-arms were born. They are sending out expeditionary forces—as we sent Wellington to the Peninsula and Marlborough to the Continent. We act as if it were a case of "heads, we win; tails, the Germans lose." We do not believe for a minute that not only is our splendid Empire at stake, but our individual happiness and freedom.

WE need make no mistake on the point, however. If the Germans win this war, they will recoup themselves handsomely for their enormous losses in men and means. We ought to know by

now that war is the same old brutal and thievish business it always was, and not at all the romantic and rose-water version which has been painted for us during this generation. We are too prone to think of war as a gigantic game of Rugby, played according to fastidious rules and in the true sporting spirit, and not to be soiled by such sordid and bestial crimes as plain stealing, intentional murder and systematic rape. But we know now that this pleasing theory is as false as the h-l that war really imitates. We have seen German officers steal, right and left. We have seen them murder in

THE FALL OF VILNA

VILNA has joined the list of fallen cities which since the great Russian retreat in Poland has included the other industrial centres, Warsaw and Lodz, besides a number of fortified positions. The supreme German effort during the past week has been against the Russian lines defending the three great northern centres of Riga, Dvinsk and Vilna. With an army of 400,000 to 500,000 men, Hindenburg a week ago last Friday began his drive. From the region east of Vilkomir he launched three separate main attacks. The first had its objective at the Dvina, just north of Dvinsk; the second, the bridge-heads at Dvinsk, and the third, the Vilna-Petrograd railway at a point about midway between Vilna and Dvinsk.

For a week previous to the main attacks, trains were rolling into Kovno almost incessantly, all loaded with new trains of siege and field artillery with abundant supplies of ammunition for them. From Kovno the guns were distributed to the three armies designated to bear the burden of the advance. From the general vicinity of Vilkomir the three thrusts began simultaneously. North of Dvinsk the German front was extended up the Dvina to a point half way between Jacobstadt and Dvinsk, but at no place did it succeed in forcing a crossing of the river. The second army pressed to the western outskirts of Dvinsk, where it is still heavily engaged and apparently has taken by storm some of the Russian points of support. The only pronounced success fell to the third army, which had the railway for its objective.

The failure of the Russians to hold the railway was followed by a rapid retreat. Utilizing his large numbers of cavalry, an arm which has played an important part in all the operations in the Courland theatre, von Hindenburg proceeded to tighten his coil around Dvinsk and extend his sweep to envelop Vilna. In less than two days the cavalry had penetrated to Vidsy and Komai, twenty and twenty-six miles respectively beyond the railway and due south of Dvinsk. Moving eastward they opened a path for the infantry, which extended the wedge laterally.

While the operations against Dvinsk were proceeding, the Germans sent towards Vilna were beginning to compass a great victory which, according to experts, will probably be their last in the drive over Russian territory in that direction. The Russian army on the front of Vilna, cut off from retirement along the Petrograd road, still had one line of railway retreat open, the line running south-east from Vilna in the direction from which the Bavarians and von Mackensen are advancing. The evacuation of Vilna began long ago. All the war material was taken out. It is now a matter of retiring the armies which in the Vilna triangle probably numbers not less than 400,000 men. It is the object of the Germans to bag this army; an object which they have been trying to achieve ever since the beginning of the retreat through Poland.

In the retirement from Vilna there is a grave danger that the Russian armies may be cut off—until they reach some point far enough east to escape the jaws of the German tongs made by those two-fold manipulators, Hindenburg and Mackensen. Other successful escapes from similar tongs and traps were made by the arch-countermanoeuvring of

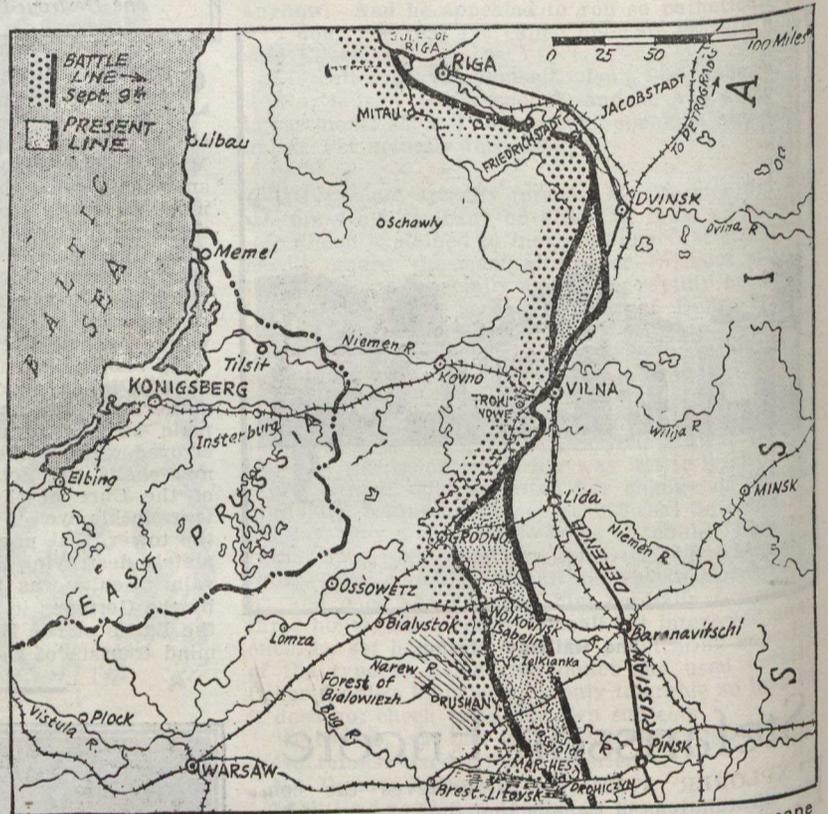
sheer wantonness. The abuse of women makes many a sickening page in the official and sworn reports on their atrocities.

AND we may be very sure that, if they win and are in a position to impose their will on their enemies, they will stop short of nothing to reward their soldiery and entrench their future national position. For instance, if they want Canada, they will take it; and they will govern it; and they will shoot, jail or exile any who dare stand in their way. The only limit to German "right"—if they win—will be German might. They will not hesitate to take territory, hold conquered and unwilling peoples and levy crushing indemnities. The collection of trophies of the Government and by individuals will be quite in the mediaeval manner. This is war—it is neither a chivalrous duel or the sort of thing we waged in South Africa.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

the wily and spectral Grand Duke Nicholas. The Grand Duke is now in the Caucasus, and is relieved of the exciting task of extricating big armies from tight places. Gen. Russky has the main contract in that area, under the supreme command of the Czar, and assisted by Lovanoff, who at Kovno is keeping back the Austro-Germans from making headway on the route to Kier.

The situation is of profound interest even to military people; the problem of how far a great army can retreat without being bagged, caught in the



Recent despatches state that the Czar's armies may successfully escape the trap set by Hindenburg and Mackensen in the area of war indicated by this map.

tongs, split by a wedge and generally demoralized by swift, offensive tactics, backed up by enormously overwhelming artillery.

Turn About

AS Sandy holed out on the first green, his friend from over the border asked, "And how many strokes did you take?"

"Eight," replied the Scot.

"Ah!" said the Englishman. "I took seven; so that's my hole."

The Scotsman ventured no reply; but when, on the second green, the Englishman repeated his former question, the latter shook his head and, with an expression of infinite wisdom on his face, gently murmured:

"Na, na, my mannie; this time it's my tur-n to ask first."

Our Premier's Message

AT the close of his address to the Canadian Club of Ottawa on Thursday of last week, Sir Robert Borden concluded with this inspiring message:

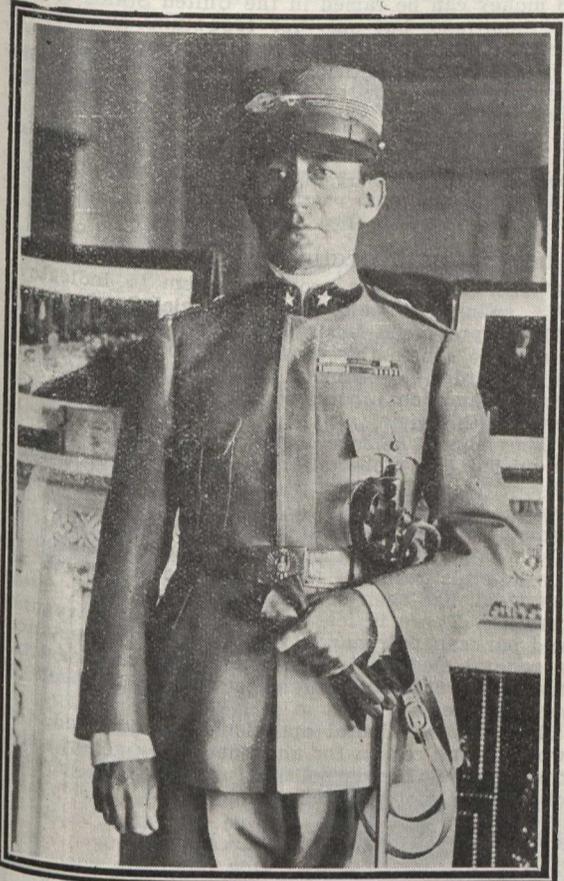
"And so I come back to you from the men at the front, from the French people, from the British people, with that message—with a message not only of determination, but of confidence as well. One cannot tell what may in the final result come from this war. The events through which we are moving are so wonderful, so tremendous, so world-compelling, that we can hardly realize their significance. One of my colleagues said to me a year

CHEERFUL HUMAN PICTURES

ago that this war seemed to him as the suicide of civilization.
 "Let us hope rather that it may prove to be the death of much that marred and hindered the progress and development of civilization and democracy. Perhaps we might feel like hoping, and indeed believing, that this war may prove to be the birthpang attending the nativity of a truer and nobler civilization, in which this country, as one of the great free nations of the Empire, will have no inconsiderable place and will play no unworthy part."

Marconi to Zeppelin

MARCONI, the discoverer of wireless, paid his profound and startling disrespects last week to Count Zeppelin, the inventor of the baby-murder air-machine that bears his ignoble name. Marconi was in one of the hotels overlooking Trafalgar Square when Zeppelin bombs dropped in that part of London, killing 20, and injuring 86, nearly all of them civilians. In one startling moment the great inventor, now a lieutenant in the Italian army, to which he went from New York when Italy declared war on Austria, saw the vision of diabolism which the great invention gives to people that hate God. Marconi distinguished the closing years of the nineteenth century with the remarkable invention which may have been in the brains of other men, and was bound to come out somewhere—though not in Germany, which invents very few things that help the world. Count Zeppelin was also busy at that time on his scheme for conquering the air with freight trains run by gas-bags. The Kaiser acclaimed Count Zeppelin as the greatest man of the nineteenth century,



Signor Marconi, photographed in England as a Lieutenant of the Italian Army. He condemns Germany for the recent Zeppelin outrages, one of which he witnessed in London.

and gave his name to the air-machines which have since become more infamous than German submarines.

And as Marconi pondered over the tragedy of Trafalgar Square he broke out excitedly to an interviewer:

"If an invention of mine had been used for such murder with the sanction of my King I would protest against it before the whole people of my country—before the world."

Marconi thought Count Zeppelin must be feeling very badly over the outrage, which as he said did no more to help Germans win the war than bombing civilian innocents in Berlin. He does not understand Count Zeppelin, who is said to have personally directed the outrage. Neither does he appreciate the Kaiser, whom he met ten years ago at a dinner in Rome just after wireless had become a world-wide utility. He told the Kaiser then that Germany had stolen his invention. That made the Kaiser angry. Marconi's recollections of him are that the Kaiser is an egotist. Marconi was too charitable. He does not know the House of Hohenzollern, which, according to an eminent French scientist, comes to a climax in Wilhelm II. as a dynasty of degenerates.

In fact, the genius of Marconi, the Latin gentleman, is directly incompatible with the genius of Count Zeppelin, who, with all his scientific passion, must have the soul of a brigand. The difference between Marconi and Zeppelin makes it very clear why it was impossible for Italy to have stayed in the Triple Alliance with Germany in a war for the purpose of outraging humanity.



THE MANLESS HOP-PICKERS.

This happy feminine family have sent their men to the front and go hop-picking without them.



THE ELOQUENT WIFE OF AN ORATOR.

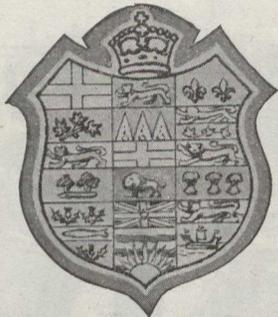
Mrs. Winston Churchill, who opened a hut for female munition workers in Edmonton, Eng., addressing some of the workers.



THE DEMOCRACY OF THE HORSE.

British war horses demonstrated the humanity of an inhuman war by being permitted to eat at the riders' tables.

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Parish Politics

HON. A. E. KEMP, and his national purchasing commission, has the biggest task of any man in Canada. He must spend wisely and fairly more than ten million dollars a month. Yet the Toronto Globe, unmindful of Mr. Kemp's national work, upbraids him for telling some labour men he is too busy to take any interest in their small grievance. Such action on the part of the Globe is parish politics and quite unworthy of that great daily.

Their Knaveish Tricks

CANADIANS have little reason to love the Germans, and when all the stories to be told by our returned soldiers have been heard there will be less reason than now. Therefore, on every Sunday morning let each citizen sing heartily:

"Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knaveish tricks."

The Bishops of the Church of England in session at Toronto last week decided wisely when they kept with both hands the second verse of the National Anthem.

When Practices Differ

DOWN in New York they are already talking of the tax-rate to be imposed in 1916. The rate is practically known now and will be certain in November. In Canada the municipal tax-rates for 1916 will be decided any time between March and June. In New York they do not wait until the money is half spent before deciding how to raise it. In Canada, methods are so slipshod that the city councils are usually six months late in deciding what tax-rate is necessary. This explains some of our municipal inefficiency.

Clean Politics

POLITICS conducted under proper rules and by honourable men are not "dirty." Every citizen should be a clean politician—interested in good government for the sake of the nation, not the party. The Board of Social Service of the Methodist Church has resolved in favour of—

1. Ministers to interest themselves in the duties of voters.
2. Abolition of party patronage.
3. Publication of names of contributors to campaign funds.
4. A public prosecutor for election offences.
5. Civil service reform.

This is a political propaganda well worthy of the best efforts of the Methodist Church and every other Church. "Clean" politics will replace "dirty" politics only when the public conscience demands it.

Conscription Unwise

CONSCRIPTION in British countries is unwise as well as unnecessary. But conscription should not be confounded with universal training. It is necessary, as the Labour-Government of Australia decided a few years ago to have every citizen receive a certain amount of military training. That is universal training, not conscription.

One can imagine exceptional circumstances, but these are not yet reached in the British Empire. Let us hope that we shall never find ourselves in such extreme need for national defenders.

Equal Wages for Women

SOME recent discussion would create the impression that no woman ever got the same wages as a man, when doing the same work. This is ridiculous. Mr. Lloyd-George is not introducing any new feature when he decides that women shall get

the same pay for the same amount of work as men in the munitions factories. Any number of women in Canada get relatively higher wages than men, considering the amount of work they do, and its monetary value. Perhaps a strict figuring would show that their average is lower. In certain cases, unskilled female labour is underpaid and a minimum wage, set by a provincial wage-board, is advisable. Yet the principle of equal work and equal pay has long been recognized in this country, even when it was overlooked in actual practice.

Above the Law

SOME one at Winnipeg has thrown out the suggestion that Cabinet Ministers are above the law and that under the British Parliamentary system no Cabinet Minister can be brought before the courts for deeds done as a Minister. This is a curious doctrine.

Let us suppose that a Cabinet Minister feels that his Deputy Minister has secrets he might betray, and he gives the man an overdose of a deadly poison. Most of us would think that a crime. But according to this doctrine the Cabinet Minister is not to be tried by Canada's criminal code.

With regard to lesser crimes—a Cabinet Minister sells one hundred appointments to one hundred men at one thousand dollars each, and puts the money in his pocket. Most of us would think that a crime, but the author cannot, according to this new doctrine, be arrested and brought to trial.

In this particular Manitoba case, several people seem to have conspired to rob the Province of eight hundred thousand dollars. Some unknown persons actually got the money. Yet if Hon. Dr. Montague, or Hon. Mr. Caldwell, for example, were to say, "I took that money while I was a Cabinet Minister," he cannot be accused of a crime and his confession would absolve all others who have participated.

If this doctrine prevails, Mr. Kelly, the contractor, is a gentleman pursuing a respectable business, Mr. Horwood is a fine civil servant, and the Roblin Cabinet are entitled to niches in Manitoba's Hall of Fame. And then—the effect on all the rest of us. The competition for places in the cabinets of Canada and in the public works departments will be tremendous.

Public Executioners

SOME are born, some achieve and some are forced. The License Commission of Ontario is achieving. Appointed only a few months ago, it already has captured the Toronto daily papers, and drags them at its chariot wheels. From being two respectable citizens of two respectable junior burghs, Messrs. Flavelle and Dingman have blossomed out into the limelight as two high-priced head-liners. Sir Adam Beck and Dr. Shearer are fading into the background in competition with these new luminaries.

According to these daily bulletins from the License Commission, the wishes of the people of the Province are not to be considered in deciding when licenses shall go or be extinguished. Public opinion is as of little moment to them as to Sir Adam Beck in his palmiest days. If public opinion was quiescent, Sir Adam would go out and arouse it. The License Commission do not even bother to do that. They simply state what shall be done, and it is done—public opinion or no public opinion. If they decide to put a

hotelkeeper under the guillotine, he has scarcely time to bare his neck to the blow. If they decide overnight that the bars in any city should close at seven o'clock in the evening, they close at seven. A litigant at Osgoode Hall has a chance to appeal from the decision of a High Court judge—but there is no such privilege with the Ontario License Commission. When they say "thumbs down," the executioner's axe falls with amazing swiftness. They are Ontario's best imitations of real Prussian frightfulness.

Canada Is Interested

QUITE funny in some respects is the bargaining now going on in New York between the allied and the United States financiers. When the Allies' representatives landed in New York, the United States capitalists were smacking their lips expecting a juicy melon. The announcement that the Allies would be glad to borrow money from New York to pay for United States supplies, but that they would not deposit bonds or stocks, came as a shock to the American bargainers. They had counted on getting some of their own securities back from Europe at bargain prices. They were bitterly disappointed.

Canada is vitally interested. If the Allies do not get sufficient encouragement in the United States, they will be forced to send more of their orders for munitions to this country. Canada has not had all the orders it could handle and missed some very profitable transactions, largely because our manufacturers did not realize the big opportunities offered. If the United States authorities take the view that no money can be raised in the United States to pay for munitions, but only for food-stuffs and cotton, then the Allies must buy more munitions here.

In the meantime, the New York "Herald" justifies the hard bargaining by United States bankers by quoting Hotspur's words to Glendower:

"I'll give thrice so much land to any well deserving friend;

But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair."

That General Election

EVENTS in some provinces seem to indicate a swing in Canada from provincial Conservatism to provincial Liberalism. There are some Liberals who see in this movement the early downfall of the Borden Government. Some of the lesser lights of the Dominion Liberal party find much encouragement in this view.

They should be careful not to allow themselves to be misled. Sir Robert Borden stands higher, personally, with the Canadian people than at any time during his public career. His visit to England has brought him as great renown as any of Sir Wilfrid's visits gained for that brilliant Canadian. Moreover, the administration of affairs at Ottawa, though not yet ideal, has been considerably improved in recent months. There is less talk of waste, extravagance and partisan patronage. Under these circumstances a general election is not so likely to be disastrous to the Government now as it would have been six months ago.

Even if the Liberal optimism were justified, that would be no reason for an unnecessary general election. Canada needs political unity for the duration of the war, not political antagonism.

THE C.N.R. PRESIDENT'S FIRST TRIP TO VANCOUVER



Sir William Mackenzie has made the first trip over the C. N. R. from Toronto to Vancouver, entirely on his own road. This photograph was taken at Resplendent, near Mt. Robson, at 8 o'clock in the evening. The train was then going at 60 miles an hour.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

Madame Bouguereau's Bit

A **N**ARROW courtyard with staid apartment houses at its streetward end—in one of these, the visitor is told, lives Madame Bouguereau; and as we pass on we see many windows and an occasional open doorway revealing easels, a dais and a wealth of colourful hangings; but at the very end we come upon a little, inner, gravelled court, surrounded by trees and its high walls hung with vines. This is the entrance to Madame Bouguereau's real home, her studio, in which the grey-haired woman whom years cannot conquer lives and works amid the beauty created by herself and her famous husband.

Of late years Madame Bouguereau has shared the studio with a young Canadian miniaturist, who is like a son to her, F. Boyd Waters, and we found them both in the big pleasant room, Madame Bouguereau looking the picture of dignified age in her black velvet gown.

Eyes that would wander to the surrounding loveliness drew the comment, "You are fond of pictures," and a word of enthusiasm for M. Bouguereau's beautiful nudes brought a heartfelt,

"Ah, that always touches a tender spot. See," leading the way to a portrait of the artist, at his easel, though the angel of death already hovers at his elbow, "Here I have painted him as he always was—working, working. People came and went in the studio here, but he never stopped working, working. So I have shown him at his canvas, working to the very moment when the angel of death came to tell him it was time to stop."

Madame Bouguereau is an American who came to Paris, as a girl, to study, and was dismayed to find the studios closed to women.

"There was no teacher but self—and self is a poor teacher," she said.

On the subject of her enterprise and success in gaining the coveted privilege, Madame is very modest. She was the pioneer woman student in the life classes of Paris, and at twenty-four married M. Bouguereau.

Of what use she made of her opportunities the evidence surrounds her. One saw such charming charcoal sketches of children, and one particularly lovely mother and child in oils, "L'Amitie Divine," being in last year's Salon.

"I have a model every morning," she said. "I can do more for the soldiers that way—by making money and giving work to other women better able to sew and make dressings than I am."

MONA CLEAVER.

A Lady of Grace

THE last Canadian woman to be honoured by the title of Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem is Madame J. R. Thibadeau, of

Outremont, Quebec. For many years Madame Thibadeau was president of the Notre Dame Hospital, of Montreal, and has always been identified with philanthropic movements in that city. Since the beginning of the war she has devoted herself entirely to patriotic work, and was president of the Patriotic Fund, and the "Aide a la France." Madame Thibadeau and Madame Beique, wife of Senator Beique, are the only two French-Canadian women who have thus been honoured by His Majesty the King.

Hamilton Home for Convalescent Heroes

THE latest hospital for wounded Canadian soldiers returning from the war has been established at Dunedin, Hamilton, the residence of Mrs. P. D. Crerar. Although the need of such institutions has not yet been greatly felt, the number of returned Canadian soldiers requiring medical care not being large, the time is looked forward to when Canada will be called upon to care for many of her own sick. In anticipation of this, a certain number of residences have been accepted by the Government to be used as convalescent homes. As would naturally be ex-

pected of one whose name has always been synonymous with that of patriotism and public welfare, Mrs. Crerar was among the first to offer the use of her home for this purpose.

One big, cheery room has been fitted with ten beds and all other necessary sick-room equipment in readiness for the men from the base hospitals overseas. The life of a soldier convalescing in such surroundings should be quite bearable. Tables and cards, dominoes and smoking supplies, books and easy chairs—everything possible has been provided to ensure his comfort and entertainment during that period of enforced inactivity. Mrs. Crerar is to be congratulated on the thoroughness with which she has carried out her scheme.

A Peace Celebration

IN these distressing days, it is a pleasing interlude to note that the Governor of Indiana has called for a general celebration, on October 7th, in honour of James Whitcomb Riley, who on that day will keep his sixty-sixth birthday. Canadians join with their cousins across the border in all good wishes for the Hoosier poet, who has sung so many memorable songs of the simple and lovable things of life. We all know that melodious poem, beginning—

"There, little girl, don't cry,
They have broken your doll, I know;
And the tea-set blue and the play-house, too,
Are things of the long ago.
Childish troubles will soon pass by—
There, little girl, don't cry."

Then there is the exquisite song on "Clover," which has all the sweetness and fresh charm of a June morning, and which shows, as well as anything he has written, the true and simple nature of the singer. There is also the unforgettable poem about the "Gobble-uns." No one who has heard of "little orphan Annie" will forget the deliciously "scareful" stories she told, of wicked young persons who were mysteriously whisked away by the powers which punish the evil-doer. So, let us send the poet our warmest wishes, that there will be many years yet in which he may enjoy his people's love.

ERIN.

Luton House, a Successful Enterprise

A **L**ITTLE over three months ago the Courier published a portrait of Mrs. Sandford Fleming, of Ottawa, who was at that time leaving for England with the intention of establishing there a hospital for Canadian convalescent soldiers. Just what Mrs. Fleming has accomplished in the past three months is somewhat graphically illustrated



MRS. SANDFORD FLEMING'S HOME FOR CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS.

At Selling, Kent, England. In the group are a number of Canadian soldiers who have been nursed back to health in this hospital. Mrs. Fleming is seated in the centre, and standing behind her is Miss Lewis, of Ottawa. The nurses are (left to right): Miss Pipes, of Nova Scotia; Miss Wallace, of Lindsay, Ont.; Miss Francis, of New York; and Miss Dickey, of Halifax.

in the photograph which appears on this page, showing the Luton House, as Mrs. Fleming's hospital is called, a number of the patients, and the nurses who are in charge. At the present time an endeavour is being made to extend the accommodation, as the home is overcrowded, and many applicants cannot



MADAME ROSARIO THIBADEAU.

Of Montreal, upon whom His Majesty the King has bestowed the order of Lady of Grace, of St. John of Jerusalem.

be received. For this purpose, additional funds will be required. The Treasurer for Canada is Mr. E. S. Houston, Manager of the Imperial Bank, Ottawa.

The efficiency with which the enterprise has been handled and the very obvious need which it supplied should appeal to Canadians whose desire it is to assist in providing all possible care and attention for our men who have suffered in the Empire's cause.

From Here and There

WEDNESDAY, October 13th, is the date arranged on which Mrs. Nellie McClung, the well known writer and lecturer, of Edmonton, Alta., will address a suffrage meeting in Massey Hall, Toronto, the subject being "The War That Ends war."

The annual meeting of the National Council of Women will be held in Toronto from Oct. 20th to 27th. It is hoped that Lady Aberdeen will arrive in this country to be present at the meeting.

The Laurentian Chapter I. O. D. E., of Montreal, is answering Lord Kitchener's appeal for the collection of old and disused razors which are to be sent to England, renovated and distributed among the troops. This Chapter will also shortly present the Engineers with two guns and two bugles, purchased with the Chapter's funds.

Mrs. A. M. Blackburn is the crack shot of the Winnipeg Women's Rifle Association, having won the pin put up by the executive three months in succession.

Miss Dorothy Stevens, the brilliant young Canadian artist, has been awarded a silver medal for the best group of etchings, at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, has just completed a resolution representing the concrete results of her visit to The Hague Convention, in which it is proposed to appoint an international commission.

from the neutral nations of Europe and the United States, whose effort it would be to bring about the termination of the war. The resolution will be mailed to all men and women in public life.

Fashion's Fancies

FUR styles for the coming winter promise to be practical as well as smart. One of the newest sets is a soft choker collar, made the same width top and bottom, larger than the neck size and attached to the coat an inch or so from the neck edge; deep cuffs made of straight, wide bands that may easily be slipped on to any coat, and a small muff of barrel shape. All sorts of fur are treated in this fashion, often two kinds being sewn together in alternation stripes.

Dress accessories are particularly attractive this autumn. They seem to have been made to harmonize exactly with the fashions in hats and garments. Every hat has its becoming and decorative veil.

Boots are made higher and more attractive to go with the very short skirts. Stock collars that reach the ears are of fairylike daintiness. Stockings for the low shoes have beautiful inserts of lace over the instep.

While the "tailored" shopping bag is envelope shaped, the afternoon arm bag is made of beautiful metallic brocaded silks. The half oval with the flat top frame is a little newer than the gatetop clasps. These hang by gold or silver chains from the arm. While the frame is generally covered with the material, there is often no clasp. If there is it is a semi-precious stone set in silver.

To match the mode of having all jewelry set in platinum, there is a new style in wedding rings. This fashion is not confined to the counters of the jewelry shops; there are a number being worn already in New York. It is shaped like the gold one, rather small and very rounded. There seems to be no edge visible.

FREE FOR THE ASKING

This handsome Fur Style Book (containing 34 pages of illustrations) of beautiful

Furs & Fur Garments

We are the largest cash buyers of Raw Furs in Canada, purchasing direct from the trapper. This gives us an unrivalled opportunity to select the very finest skins to manufacture direct into desirable Furs and Fur Garments thus saving the middlemen's profits and enabling us, under our policy of selling

From Trapper to Wearer

to supply the choicest Fur Sets and Garments at marvelously low prices.

Every transaction with us is backed by our thirty years experience in the fur trade, our paid-up capital of \$400,000.00 and the largest organization of its kind in Canada.

This is why we can unhesitatingly send out every garment under the following

GUARANTEE

"WE GUARANTEE TO SATISFY YOU OR REFUND YOUR MONEY"

Write to-day for this beautiful Fur Style Book. It will show you how to save many dollars.

RAW FURS We pay highest prices for Raw Furs. Write for price list if interested.

GUNS We carry in stock a complete line of guns, traps, animal bait, fishing tackle, sportsmen's supplies. Catalogue Free.



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Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

TORONTO STREET - - TORONTO

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First Vice-President	W. D. Matthews
Second Vice-President	G. W. Monk
Joint General Managers	R. S. Hudson, John Massey
Secretary	George H. Smith

Paid-up Capital	\$6,000,000.00
Reserve Fund (earned)	\$4,500,000.00
Investments	\$32,496,750.55

EXECUTORS AND TRUSTEES are authorized to invest trust funds in this Corporation's DEBENTURES. They are issued for sums of \$100 and upwards, and are transferable. A specimen debenture, copy of Annual Report and all particulars will be forwarded on application. The Corporation is also a LEGAL DEPOSITORY FOR TRUST FUNDS. Depositors are afforded every facility. Deposits may be made and withdrawn by mail with perfect convenience.

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HAS LONG SINCE PASSED THE EXPERIMENTAL STAGE



St. Lawrence is not a new or untried sugar, in an experimental stage, but a sugar which has a reputation behind it—a sugar which under the severest and most critical tests, shows a sugar purity of **99.99 per cent.**, as per **Government analysis**. For successful jams and preserves you can always absolutely depend upon St. Lawrence Sugar as its quality never varies. Remember, the slightest foreign matter or impurity in sugar will prevent your jellies from setting and cause your preserves to become sour or ferment.

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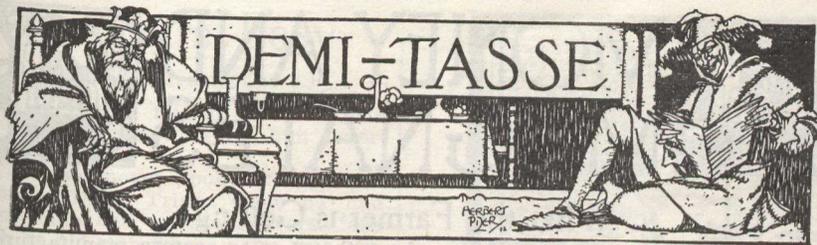
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Get the original Refinery Sealed Packages, cartons 2 or 5 lbs.,
Bags 10, 20, 25 and 100 lbs. each.

ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINERIES, LIMITED, MONTREAL.

3915

DIAMOND



Courierettes.

THE Eastland has been raised. Soon they'll be advertising another excursion.

President Wilson would be more interested in women suffrage if the girls had votes.

Three negroes in Alabama were lynched for poisoning mules. The honour of the mule must be protected.

Now that the sport shirt has had its inning, watch for the coming of lace cuffs for men.

China has ordered 100 submarines. Nothing can stop the march of civilization.

It would seem from the muddle in Mexico that Carranza must have received his training in the German school of diplomacy.

Girls have taken to the ankle watch; no doubt to provide company for the clock on the stocking.

Germany used the self-defence plea for sinking the Arabic. Why not use the insanity plea?

The English language has 600,000 words, and to the Toronto City Council they hardly seem enough.

Virtue may be its own reward, but it helps to ensure sound sleep at night.

Magistrate in Oklahoma sentenced a woman vagrant to a fine of \$1,000,000 or 99 years in jail. Seems as if that magistrate needs a sentence or two himself.

This world would move a lot faster if people could use their brains as nimbly as their feet.

A Kansas farmer kissed William Jennings Bryan on a public platform. Well, that's probably the safest place to kiss him.

President Wilson attended the theatre the other night for the first time in a year. He's been too much in the spotlight himself to watch others in it.

Always tell the truth when it doesn't hurt and the chances are that you'll be popular.

Woman who died at the age of 106 often used to awake at night and ask for a glass of beer. Think of what a ripe old age she might have lived to if she had been temperate.

Ambassador Dumba was somewhat of a labour agitator, and Uncle Sam decided he should be a "walking" delegate.

Man in Pennsylvania wants to wed his step-mother. Is that his idea of revenge?

They'll Need 'Em.—Austrian fur dealers have bought 3,000,000 rabbit skins to make winter clothing for the Austrian army. They will probably attach a rabbit foot to each garment.

A Positive Bore.—We find the chap who is always telling us his troubles a positive nuisance. He never gives us a chance to tell ours.

Knows His Topic.—John L. Sullivan is lecturing now on the awful effects of booze. He wisely confines his remarks to a subject with which he is undeniably familiar.

Her Assistance.—"Do you help your husband with his literary work?" "Oh, yes, when I find him at his desk I always go to another part of the house and keep quiet."

Sir Sam's Military Genius.—It is admitted even by the enemies of Sir Sam Hughes—and he has some—that he possesses a genius for military affairs. His elder brother, Dr. James L. Hughes, tells how he first discov-

ered the military bent of the future Militia Minister of Canada.

It was down on the Hughes homestead near Bowmanville. Sam was then only four years old.

"One day," says Dr. Hughes, "I was out in the yard when Sam came out and sat down in the long grass. He began to pull up the grass and twist it in his hands. It seemed as if he was trying to dig a hole in the earth. I asked him what he was trying to do. 'Dad's goin' to lick me,' explained Sam, as he proceeded to dig himself in."

Thus early in life did General Sam discover the need of protecting the rear.

WAR NOTES.

"The women and the children first—to go down," is the Von Tirpitz "rule of the sea."

Uncle Sam may be able to buy more foreign money with his dollar than ever before, but it doesn't buy more eats.

The peace propaganda in the United States seems likely to rouse the republic to a state of belligerency.

The war has prevented the importation of barefoot dancers. One thing to be thankful for.

Germans in Russia are to dig themselves in for the winter. Pretty tough to start out to conquer an empire and end up in a dugout.

Why don't they mobilize the entomologists and have a real battle on the Bug river?

Germans claim that they have occupied Russian ground permanently. Thousands of them have—six feet to each.

Krupps have subscribed \$10,000,000 to the German war fund. Like lending the other chap chips in a poker battle.

Teutons say the Arabic was sunk in self-defence. The liner was just as threatening as any French cathedral.

True.—The man who spends all his money on his family at least has the satisfaction of knowing that he gets something for it.

The Answer.—The class was studying natural history.

"Where is the home of the swallow?" asked the teacher.

Silence. Then, from a little fellow in a back seat, "Please, miss, the stummick."

What Every Man Knows.—There are two persons that the wise man never attempts to talk back to—his wife and the traffic policeman.

Heroism.—The president of the Aero Club of France and one of the leading French military aviators is named Henry Deutsch. Fact that he does not want his name changed proves him a hero.

They Deserve It.—Newspaper headline tells us that "women in Kansas are to sit on juries." Well we have known some juries that should have been sat on good and hard, girls.

Crafty Diplomats.—The rulers of those Balkan nations are not going to let those war clouds drop too low until they have had a peep at their silver linings.

Getting It Down.—They are trying to limit the number of men who help-

ed to hang Leo Frank in Georgia. Now they say there was no mob, and that only three men took part in it. By and by if they continue this process of elimination they will announce that the unfortunate young man committed suicide.

The Query.—"Almost unbelievable wave of prosperity is upon us," declares the president of the American Bankers' Association. What we want to know is—who's "us"?

Now Why?—If love is blind, why should young lovers turn down the lights?

Defined.—Faith is what we expect our friends to have in us.

Heroes.

Save all your praise
For Enoch Pratt,
Who seeks to raise
The voiceless cat.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Just save that cake
For Robert Burt;
He seeks to make
A faultless shirt.

—Pittsburg Post.

Save all your praise
For good John Runyin,
Who strives to raise
A smell-less onion.

—Hempstead Inquirer.

Just keep that cake
For old man Cannel,
Who seeks to make
An itchless flannel.

—Detroit Free Press.

Sir Sam Hughes is
The man of the age—
He seeks to be
A speechless sage.

Not a Teetotaler.—Lula McStubbins had been a bride but a short while when the startling truth was forced upon her that her young husband was not exactly a teetotaler.

One evening, a few weeks after the wedding, the strict old cold-water crank, Papa McStubbins, dropped in to call. He found his daughter all alone. After a while he asked:—

"Where is Christopher?"

"Well, the fact is Christopher isn't feeling very well this evening."

"Is that so? What seems the matter?"

"Well—er—the fact is—er—Christopher is suffering from a bad attack of propinquity."

"Propinquity, propinquity," repeated the puzzled old gentleman. "That's a disease I never heard of. You must be mistaken."

"Oh, no, father. Let me explain. Propinquity means nearness, doesn't it?"

"I think so."

"And to be near is to be close, isn't it?"

"Em—yes—yes."

"And when we speak of a man as being close, we mean that he is stingy. Don't we?"

"Certainly."

"And when a man is stingy we call him tight. Don't we?"

"I believe so."

"Well," she concluded, with a sigh, "that's what's the matter with Christopher."

THE WEATHER.

Fix the furnace,
Buy a ton,
Winter's coming
On the run.
Mend the heavies
Right away,
You may need 'em
Any day.
Can the linen,
Stuff the straw,
Hurry with the
Buckwheats, maw.
Maybe if we
All prepare
Weather will
Continue fair.
Seems to be the
One best bet—
What we look for
We don't get.



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and pearly white complexion is within the reach of every woman. To beautify, protect and preserve your complexion, be a constant user of

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On the Promenade

those well-gowned women you see invariably wear



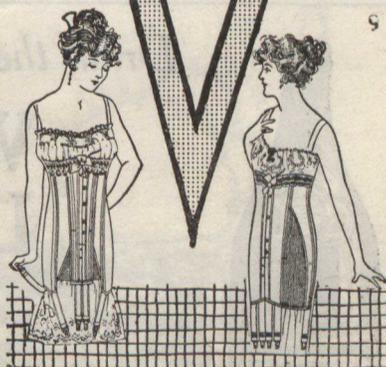
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They know that no other corset lends such a distinguished air to their gowns and yet is so comfortable.

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Limited
78 York Street
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Luxfer Prisms

Are set up in wrought iron frames, which increases the glass surface to a maximum, and hence gives the greatest possible amount of illumination. Let us place our seventeen years' experience at your disposal to solve your lighting problems.

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ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager. JOHN AIRD, Ass't. General Manager.

CAPITAL, \$15,000,000 RESERVE FUND, \$13,500,000

SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNTS

Interest at the current rate is allowed on all deposits of \$1.00 and upwards. Careful attention is given to every account. Small accounts are welcomed. Accounts may be opened and operated by mail.

Accounts may be opened in the names of two or more persons, withdrawals to be made by any one of them or by the survivor.

National Trust Company Limited

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend for the three months ending September 30th, at the rate of

TEN PER CENT. PER ANNUM

has been declared upon the Capital Stock of the Company and that same will be payable on and after October 1st next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 20th to the 30th September, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board

W. E. RUNDLE, General Manager.

Toronto, September 1st, 1915.

THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS FURNISHES A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF INSURANCE

Policies issued by the Society are for the protection of your family, and cannot be bought, sold, or pledged.

Benefits are payable to the Beneficiary in case of death, or to the member in case of his total disability, or to the member on attaining seventy years of age.

Policies issued from \$500 to \$5,000.

TOTAL BENEFITS PAID, 42 MILLION DOLLARS.

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E. G. STEVENSON, S.C.R.

Temple Building

TORONTO

MONEY AND MAGNATES

What the Farmer is Getting

DURING the past fortnight orders from the west to eastern manufacturers and wholesalers have increased wonderfully. The Government's promise to finance the wheat crop and to see that ocean shipping is provided, seems to have bred confidence in the west. The prices being realized for spot wheat at Winnipeg are, nevertheless, lower than they were a year ago, though higher than in 1913. The comparison is as follows:

No. 1 Northern—	Winnipeg 1913.	Winnipeg 1914.	Winnipeg 1915.
Aug. 27	94½	\$1.15	94¼
Sept. 8	88½	1.14	86½
Sept. 16	86¾	1.07½	97½
Sept. 23	83¼	1.07 (20th)	95½
Sept. 30	82½	1.08¼
Oct. 8	81¾	1.07
Oct. 15	80½	1.07½

Gold and Credits

(Contributed.)

AS a ticker furnishes, over a period of time, a reliable index as to the fundamental factors governing any particular issue, so does the market value of the pound sterling indicate to a marked degree the conditions governing the question of exchange—or, to be more precise, the extent to which knowledge regarding those conditions has spread. It must be remembered that the decline in sterling is only a comparatively recent development, for the reason that the full significance of the mammoth movements which commenced early in the war did not immediately strike home in the minds of the world's financiers. With the facts of the case now more or less clearly defined, even if as yet unsolved, and with the duration of the war still unknown, we must look forward for a time to a complete revision of the existing standards of finance.

The arrangement of the first huge British or allied credit in the United States is by no means to be the final solution, even when eked out with a few shipments of gold totalling an insignificant million dollars. The continuation of the war will necessitate other credits of a similar or even larger size, and the delivery of more gold in vastly greater quantities. A hundred million dollars a day is what this war is costing at the present time, and the appalling thought that this terrific expenditure is likely to continue for months to come is sure to tax to the uttermost the minds of the men engaged upon its solution.

Minimizing to some extent at least the importance of such huge expenditure is the fact that the world's wealth to-day is such as to render paltry the riches of ancient Babylon, the treasures of the Aztecs and the munificence of the jewelled temples of India—even if all such wealth could be computed into one huge total. Britain's strength lies in her possessions outside of England—in her mines in Africa, her investments in far Eastern properties, her loans to foreign countries and to her colonies, and in her monetary interest in railroads, industrials and municipalities the world over. No one could compute the value of her holdings, but that they are going to be sufficient to tide her over the crisis and to provide strength for the fresh start, cannot be doubted. Britain owns the largest share of the world's wealth, and this is as yet untouched, notwithstanding her war expense to date of \$4,000,000,000.

Temporarily, however, we are to be forced into conditions strange to us. Interest tables, for one thing, will possibly have to be extended from one to two per cent. beyond the present 6%. Rates will work higher than those we have been accustomed to, and the change is to be wrought by war loans. These latter, even though they be arranged outside of Canada, are bound to alter our financial topography. New industrial, public utility and municipal issues will, for the time being, find added competition. The late Dominion loan, small and all as it was in comparison with the huge credits which the United States may be called upon to absorb, had a pronounced effect upon the only bond market Canada has known for months, that of municipals. Prices, where transactions were put through, worked lower, and interest rates have risen proportionately.

This condition bids fair to continue until such time as the influx of gold and credits shall have brought about an industrial activity and an era of prosperity such as has never been known on this side of the Atlantic. The huge demand for America's crop, from southern cotton to Canadian wheat, and the enormous orders for munitions, clothing and metals, are slowly, but none the less surely, bringing us into a state of opulence. Importunate demands for capital will soon put in an appearance. New industries have already sprung into existence, and these may easily be expected to increase. Excessive bank reserves will soon, therefore, be brought to more normal levels, for the reason that funds will not lie idle as they are at present. Hence the bright prospect that these huge credits which would now appear to be forcing us into a period wherein it would seem an almost impossible task to make money worth the high rates demanded, will eventually bring about the only salvation possible.

Financial Notes

DETAILS of the C.P.R.'s annual report show that the net earnings were 33.96 of the gross as compared with 32.68 in the previous year. This shows excellent management in a trying period. It is interesting to note that the Manitoba lands held by the company are valued at \$10 an acre, and those in Saskatchewan and Alberta at \$13 an acre. Earnings from steamships and hotels totalled over four millions. Total earnings were \$98,865,209.

A net profit of 7.12 per cent. on their year's work to April 30th is announced by the Canada Bond & Mortgage Company of Winnipeg. This is rather low.

Bank clearings are still slightly lower than last year. For the week ending September 10th, the decrease was eleven millions, but this year the week had only five bank days. For the week ending the 16th the decline was similar.

The Canadian Northern showed increased earnings during the week ending September 7th. This railway will handle 100,000,000 bushels of Western wheat this year, or as much as the total export of last year.

Canada's total wheat crop this year is now estimated at 308,000,000 bushels. Brokers have again come into their own. Transactions on our exchanges amounted to \$28,764,000. This compares well with the average of twenty-five million per month in 1912, the record year for Canada.

Greenshields & Company, of Montreal, say "The bond market is still endeavouring to adjust itself to the new standard of interest rates set by the Dominion loan in New York at 5 per cent."



Drink the Ale That's Purest---it's

WHITE LABEL ALE

You can get it at your own dealer's in pints and quarts, just right for a healthy, satisfying thirst quencher that never fails to please.

Try it to-day

Brewed and Bottled by

DOMINION BREWERY COMPANY, LIMITED, Toronto

Honours Easy

(Continued from page 8.)

knowledge that misled ordinary people into overestimating him enormously.

The man never spoke of his business in Della Triuna; but he had many long and private conversations with an old man whose name was registered as Mr. Ephraim Hardy. Hardly anyone else in the hotel was on speaking terms with this gruff, scraggy, autocratic old infidel with the worried looking eyes and unsociable habits. But most people thought his name was anything but Hardy. Some of the hotel folk wrote him down a diplomatist, and imagined Dermer—who stoutly refused to become autobiographical in conversation—to be some sort of attache under him, or in negotiation with him. But after many futile surmises people gave up even trying to guess the pair.

It was when Mr. Dermer had been there a fortnight that Eileen—possibly helped by Inez—made the intensely annoying discovery that she was in love with him. Naturally she was in no hurry to admit this to herself, and she never admitted it to Inez, who first prompted the suggestion before Eileen had really thought of it. But the fact became at last indisputable. This regrettable circumstance of course made Eileen hate Dermer more than ever.

In the meantime he still appeared to be quietly amused at her; but he obviously enjoyed their tete-a-tetes, which did not become less frequent. Eileen had at first made up her mind to give them up, but finally she fell back on the old excuse that it would look "more pointed" to avoid him than not to.

One evening they were sitting on the terrace after dinner. It was a dull warm night with thunder in the air. Eileen was feeling oddly nervous, though thunder did not usually affect her.

There had been a rather strained silence.

"Well, Miss Arthur," said Dermer at last, "this may be our last interview—I'm leaving this little paradise to-morrow morning."

For a moment Eileen felt the shock; then she pulled herself sharply together; and, as she did so, another kind of devil possessed her. She never knew afterwards how she had the nerve to say it, but she said, in her most languid tones—even as she was wont to use to the more unsubbable brand of bounder—

"Really, Mr. Dermer. And are you going to propose to me? Or are you going away in strong silence to shoot great big game?"

Dermer looked at her hard. Eileen looked hard at the sea. For some fractions of a second he was genuinely taken aback. Then he too recovered, and laughed easily.

"I'm sorry," he said, "I'm afraid my remark was rather in the cheap fiction style. No, I'm not having anything more to say to great big game for a while. I've been out after it here all right, and I've earned a good rest. I'll get one too, soon. Do you like being proposed to?"

"It depends," said Eileen. She found some difficulty in making her voice behave itself as she wanted; she even felt that perhaps she had given herself away, and she qualified the remark hastily.

"I used to, you know," she said, "when I was younger; but I think one gets past that kind of vanity rather soon; besides, it's a very embarrassing form of flattery, isn't it?"

"I should think so," said Dermer, "but to tell you the whole truth no one ever proposed to me, so I can't really say."

"Really?" said Eileen. "Now I should have thought there must be hundreds turned away every twenty-ninth of February."

But both felt that the conversation was becoming flippant in the wrong place. Dermer switched it off abruptly.

"Miss Arthur," he said, "wouldn't you just love me to propose to you?"

"Why?" asked Eileen. (It seemed the only thing to be said.)



—who count it a necessity, and for it daily sacrifice much precious time—the Gillette Safety Razor is a friend indeed.

Its strokes are so free and velvet-smooth that at first you can scarcely realize how clean a job it is making. With it you can finish shaving while you would be getting an ordinary razor stopped, or waiting for the call of "Next!"

A turn of the handle adjusts the Gillette for the lightest shave on a tender skin or the closest work on a heavy beard. It is always adaptable to the moment's need, and always ready—no stopping or honing. Wherever there is soap and water, it will shave you with safety, comfort and despatch. Don't go on wasting time and missing comfort—get a

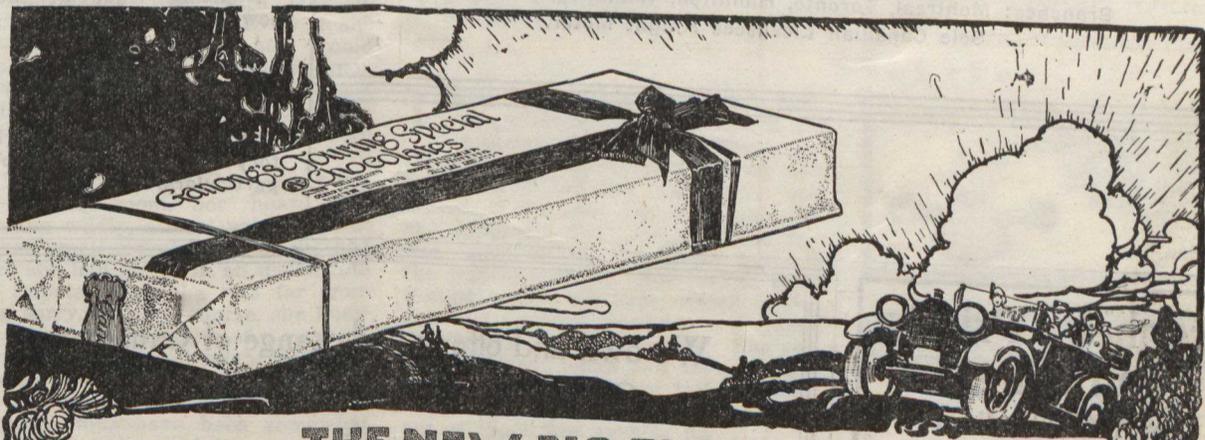
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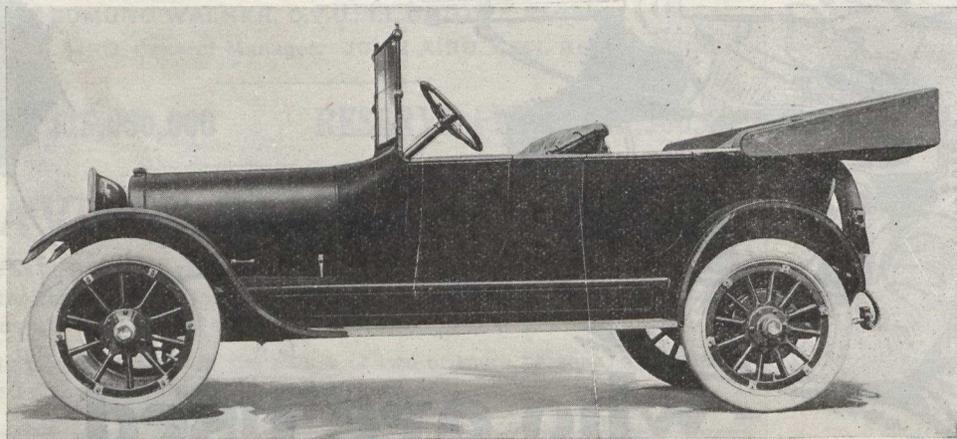
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Ganong's Journey Special

An Assortment of

Chocolate Covered-Brazil Nuts, Burnt Almonds, Nougatines,
Milk Chocolates, Almontinos and Maple Walnuts.

RUSSELL 1916



A True Russell -- The 1916 "Light Six"

Drive this handsome Six and feel the continuous current of power that obeys your most exacting demand for varying speeds.

The harmony of operation of motor and driving parts, and the refinements of Russell construction, bring you to the pleasant realization that Motor Car *Luxury* need not longer be coupled with high cost.

Glance along the clean, simple lines of the car. Door handles and hinges hidden. Oval fenders, broad, low running boards. Built-in windshield. One-man top. Open the wide doors made possible by the length of this car. Easy entrance and exit constantly add to the enjoyment of motoring. The 121-inch wheelbase provides foot room in plenty.

Try the deep, restful cushions in the roomy tonneau.

Look now to the road clearance—Canadian roads demand the 10½ inches provided by the Russell "Light Six."

Here, you must admit, is a true Russell, a big, roomy class car, with the freedom and delicacy of operation you expect in a car bearing the "Russell" name.

The steering wheel is logically located at the left, the control at centre. The starting and lighting system is the two-unit Westinghouse electric. The rear tires are anti-skids. A rear bracket carries "the spare."

Fuel feed is kept constant at any grade by the Stewart Vacuum Tank. The gasoline tank is at the rear.

Dealers in Russell cars will be proud to give you more information about this interesting New "Light Six."

\$1475

F.O.B. West Toronto.

Russell Knight "32"—European body with the finest upholstery and appointments—Four Cylinder Knight Motor—Timken Axles, rear full-floating—Two-unit Electric Starting and Lighting System. 5 Passenger Touring Model, \$2,650. 7 Passenger, \$2,750.

Russell Motor Car Company, Limited

Executive Offices and Works: West Toronto.

Branches: Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

Sole Canadian Licensees Knight Motor.

RUSSELL "LIGHT SIX"

A wealth of high-grade features—evidences of modern motor practice in every detail.

Continental Motor—3¼ in. bore, 4½ in. stroke.

Unit Power Plant.

121-Inch Wheel Base.

Tires—33 in. x 4 in. Rear, Non-skids.

Road Clearance — 10½ inches.

Stewart Vacuum Feed.

Westinghouse Lighting and Starting.

Amazing value at the new price—

\$1475

Agents: Some good territory still open. Write for particulars.

"Because you've never forgiven me for not being such a blithering fool as you originally pronounced me. And you've been getting angrier and angrier with me—especially when I happen to know a shade more than you about some stupid little matter you're rather well up in, for a girl. So now, if I were to be such an ass as to go and propose to you in a nice, young-gentlemanly speech, you'd have the finest opportunity that ever falls to the lot of a young lady of administering the last word in snubs. But unfortunately I rather dislike being snubbed."

"I see. So you're not going to propose?" asked Eileen.

"Not in a proper, young-gentlemanly way. But when I've finished you can send all your—er—immaculately-flannelled champions to horse-whip me, if I've made a mistake. But I'm going to chance it."

"Mr. —!" began Eileen indignantly.

That was as far as she got. Dermer had risen swiftly and pulled her out of her chair into his arms. For half a minute he held her there without saying anything. Then he spoke quickly—

"Eileen, I love you—and I believe you love me—I know you love me. And I want you to marry me. If I'm not wrong, for heaven's sake don't throw away our happiness out of pique. It's—it's not worth it."

But Eileen was not thinking about pique now. She was thinking about one thing she couldn't believe.

"You love me? and you've known me for—sixteen days?"

"Sixteen days and two hours—and I've been waiting for you thirty years."

Then somehow Eileen believed, and she put her head down in the right place and said:

"I'm afraid you beat me even there; I've only been waiting for you twenty-four, Mr. Dermer."

Mr. Dermer had to leave to-morrow in spite of all Eileen's persuasion, but he undertook to be back within five days.

Eileen spent the first three receiving congratulations from a mildly surprised collection of acquaintances. On the fourth there arrived a cousin of hers who had once been a suitor, and remained an open admirer.

He sought her out when he heard the news.

"Fancy your getting engaged to Teddy Dermer," he said, after congratulating her. "I knew he was out here somewhere. You know he's just negotiated the purchase of 'The Mercury.' Got it from old Lord Hardeu for the British Imperial Syndicate at £50,000 below his last word."

"Good gracious!" said Eileen. "I didn't know. You see, really, I've heard awfully little about what he's done. Do you know, too, I thought him awfully stupid when I met him first."

"Stupid? Teddy? If you'd been at Oxford with him you know better."

"Oxford? Was he there?"

"There—yes, for five years—and took three firsts in honour schools. But of course he wouldn't tell you."

"No," said Eileen thoughtfully, "he didn't." And then she added rather to her cousin's surprise—"But wait till I get him alone."

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THE town of Klobuschin is synonymous with dishonesty. A citizen of Klobuschin, while travelling on business, once met a resident of Dresden.

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"So few honest men!" exclaimed the man from Klobuschin. "Why, I can mention a thousand good, honest names there, right off."

The other smiled. "If you can mention the names of six honest men in Klobuschin I'll make you a present of a pony."

"Easy money. Well, to begin with, I should mention—for one, there is—that is, let me see—perhaps I could mention—I say, old man, must they all be from Klobuschin, exactly?"

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Sylvia's Secret

by Robert Machray
Author of "Sentenced to Death," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

The Way of A Maid.

PEGGY WILLOUGHBY'S kiss awoke emotions in the heart of Max Hamilton which it would be impossible to describe, but the thrilling, the amazing, the incredible fact stood out—she had kissed him, voluntary and without any concealment whatever, before her parents and before his rival, Captain Hollander, the man whose suit he had most reason to fear.

It might be, simply, that, as her father had said to him, Peggy had asked him to undertake a mission or a commission, he had accepted it, and the kiss merely sealed the bargain. Even if the kiss meant no more than that, it was none the less a wonderful thing to him. But if it meant more? The mere idea made him dizzy with happiness, yet his modesty prompted him to dismiss it. And could a kiss, given in what might be regarded an almost public manner, be considered a token of love?

"You have received your commission, my boy," the colonel had said with a kindly laugh, and Max had replied in the single syllable "Yes," because the surprise and agitation of the situation thus suddenly sprung upon him were too great for him to utter another word. After he had spoken there had followed some tense seconds of silence during which he and the others were thinking of what had happened.

"What a queer thing for Peggy to do," at length said her mother, in a voice that quavered a little; she thought, however, that it was her duty to offer some explanation, some justification of her daughter's act.

"I have never seen her so interested in anything before," she continued, but just a trifle nervously; "the dreadful death of Sylvia has affected her tremendously; she is quite worked up and excited. You can see that she was carried away," she said to Max. "She is not usually so impulsive."

Max murmured something which sounded like that he "understood perfectly," but he was still rather confused.

There was no doubt, he was telling himself, that Peggy had been carried away and had been moved out of herself. But the shining, splendid fact remained—she had kissed him of her own accord before them all—and the fact remained shining and splendid even after his brain had steadied itself, and he had tried to put himself in her place in an endeavour to see what was in her thoughts at that moment, that supreme and ever-memorable moment when her lips had touched his.

Except that the blinding effect of his modesty prevented him from glimpsing the truth that she had fallen in love with him, he did understand her fairly well. It was just as Mrs. Willoughby had expressed the situation. Peggy had been wrought to a high pitch of emotion and excitement by Sylvia's murder, and though her own connection with it was indirect and indeed remote, there were circumstances about the tragedy which made a special appeal to her.

Max said in his heart that Peggy was a girl of warm feelings and of generous sentiments, and could not endure that the character of the woman who had been her friend years before when they were at school together should be traduced or besmirched—he saw that it did not enter into her mind that she might have been mistaken in her reading of that character—and she was deeply and sincerely anxious that her friend's character should be vindicated. Max had agreed with her in disbelieving

PREVIOUS chapters introduce chiefly Max Hamilton, editor of "The Day," Peggy Willoughby, with whom Hamilton is in love, and Villiers Chase, another friend of Peggy's! All at supper together in London. Max leaves hurriedly to catch a night train. Thinking of Peggy he is roused by "All Change" and turns to rouse a lady in the compartment who, upon investigation, turns out to be Sylvia Chase, sister of Villiers Chase—mysteriously murdered. Investigations are at once begun by Superintendent Johnson, who, to confirm a statement made by Max Hamilton, visits Colonel Willoughby. Peggy begins to recognize the fact that she loves Max. A telegram is found in Sylvia Chase's handbag sent from Charing Cross, and making an appointment at Hampstead Heath station. Johnson and Max visit Sylvia's brother, who tells them that she had been a governess in Germany; afterwards, Sylvia's flat, but no clues from either her letters or her German maid Bertha. At the inquest an open verdict is returned. Peggy asks Max Hamilton to find out the truth about the murder. He promises to do his best. It is discovered that Sylvia was not paid an annuity by the Nordheims.

that Sylvia had had a love affair with some rich man, and she had not un-naturally turned to him as a possible champion and avenger of the murdered woman. The kiss had been an impulsive expression of her warm heart; as her mother phrased it, Peggy had been "carried away."

What Max did not make allowance for, however, was the part which Hollander unconsciously had played in bringing about the dramatic incident, in preparing the way for the psychological moment. In a measure, it was Hollander whom Max had to thank for that kiss.

Hollander's coldness and indifference on this and on the previous occasion when Sylvia's fate had been the topic of conversation, as well as his advocacy of the theory that there had been a rich lover in the background of Sylvia's life, had disgusted, enraged and antagonised Peggy. To her he appeared hard, cynical, unsympathetic, almost brutal—altogether unlike Max, who, besides, had not lost that touch of romance which she had discovered in him when he first told her the story of the finding of poor Sylvia's body in the first-class compartment, that compartment of which it might be said, she believed, that destiny had reserved it for him that Saturday night.

SHE had liked Hollander, but now he had fallen in her esteem. She contrasted him with Max—to Max's great advantage. Even if she had not loved Max, she now would have preferred him to the other man, but loving him she was hardly in a position to render even-handed justice, and thus it was that Max scored all along the line.

When, after kissing Max, Peggy left the drawing room, her heart was bounding wildly, almost painfully, but she had small regret for what she had done; she had acted on an uncontrollable impulse, and she was far from being sorry. Yet, of course, she knew that she had been guilty of a very unconventional thing—it might be called a daring thing. She wondered what Max thought of it. She guessed that her mother must have been somewhat scandalized, but would have some explanation to offer; she felt sure that her father would laugh the matter off as a joke, as something without serious point on the part of his Peggy. She hardly stopped to consider what Hollander might think of it. The question was, What would Max think of it and her? Would he understand?

And how much would he understand? What significance would he attach to the kiss?

She went to her room, and panting,

as if she had been running, threw herself upon the bed. She put a question to her own heart—What did she desire Max to understand? Did she wish him to understand that she loved him? She knew very well now that she loved him with her whole soul—would her kiss reveal that to him? She half-hoped, half feared.

As she thought of it, she was in a tumult. Perhaps it might be that she had appeared forward, unmaidenly, undignified! Would Max think so? To the others it might be that she had appeared in that light, but surely not to Max, not to the man who loved her as she felt Max did? He could not so misread her! Yet what did he think? After further agitated self-communing, she came to the conclusion that she did not altogether desire that Max should regard the kiss as a confession that she loved him—the wooing must come from him; that was her right, her right as a woman. Yet if he did completely understand—well, it could not be helped. And Peggy blushed again, but smiled.

In considering these high matters of the heart, Peggy had almost forgotten how it had all come about—what she had asked her lover to do, the strange love quest which she had invited him excitedly to undertake. When she did remember it, she had some qualms. Her father had reminded her that Max had his work, his own work in the battling world to do. "Well, cannot he do this also?" she asked herself; "surely he will understand that! I don't expect him to do impossibilities. He has his career!" And she whispered within her heart that she would be well-pleased to share that career. However, she deemed it best to make quite clear to Max what she expected from him.

Within some twenty minutes after leaving the drawing-room she returned to it, an extremely self-composed young lady, looking as if she had never kissed anybody—but, for all that, looking extremely kissable.

Her father and mother, Max and Hollander were still in the room; the young men had been waiting more or less patiently to see if she would come back to them; the four of them had been chatting on various topics, but not with any profound interest, for not a soul of them but had Peggy in his or her mind's eye.

"I'm afraid I was rather silly just now, Max," said Peggy, with a disarmingly charming smile.

"You can scarcely expect me to think so, Peggy," Max replied, smiling in response. "It was—" he hesitated for the right word.

"Silly," said she, glancing at her mother, who was smiling gently, as at a little bit of comedy.

"Splendid," he said, with a slight laugh.

THERE was a lightness in his way of speaking the word, and in his manner, that reassured her; she thought he could never speak in that way, which sounded like mere gallantry, if the kiss had told him that she cared for him; and instantly she was sorry to be reassured—such is the way of a maid. She looked questioningly into his eyes, which so far she had avoided meeting, and immediately was no longer sorry. She saw that the light laugh had covered deep feeling, for she did not fail to understand that love for her was shining out of those fine eyes of his.

"He does not know yet," she thought; "it will all come right before long."

But she quickly looked away, rather afraid there might be too vivid a hint in her own eyes.

"I was silly," she said aloud.

"I told Max," interposed Mrs. Willoughby quickly, "that you were carried away by excitement."

"Yes, that was it," cried Peggy gaily. "Of course, that was it! I



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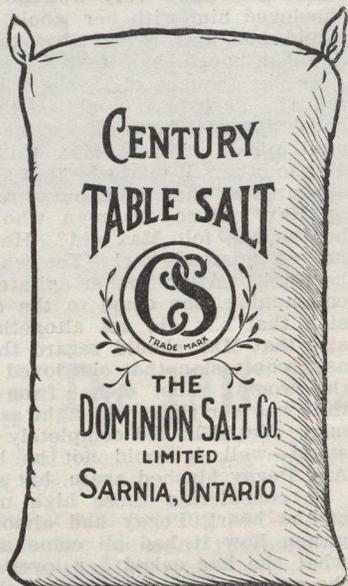
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knew that Max would understand it—I was rather excited."

"Quite so, Peg," said the colonel, "and I dare say," he added with his ready laugh, "that Max did not greatly mind!"

Whereat everybody smiled, or affected to smile.

"You will do what you said, Max?" asked Peggy. "You will really make an effort to find out the truth about this dreadful murder?"

"I shall," said Max, energetically. "Of course, you are not to let this interfere seriously with your work, Max—you understand that?"

"I shall make it my business, Peggy," Max returned promptly. "And it need not interfere with my work at all; in point of fact, it is right in line, as our American friends say, with my work, for I have been requested by my editor to devote my attention to the case."

"That is all right, then," said Peggy, "and you will let us know all that you come to hear or find out about it—I am so interested!"

"Surely," said Max. It was now late in the evening. Hollander rose to take leave; he was deeply vexed and annoyed by what had taken place, but he preserved an unbroken front; he had no intention of giving himself away, and he concealed the anger and rage that burned within him. If hate could have killed, however, Max Hamilton's chance of life would have been but a sorry one. Yet Hollander said good-night to him with all due civility, but he was already casting about for some way of doing him a mortal injury—and was not long in finding one.

It was customary for Peggy to go into the hall to "speed the parting guest," but she did not do so in Hollander's case, an omission that he could not but notice and resent. He was in a black and bitter mood when he left the house.

Shortly after Hollander had gone, Max said good-night to the colonel and Mrs. Willoughby; Peggy apparently was for bidding him adieu in the drawing room, but as he advanced towards her and saw her sitting still, as if she did not mean to go out with him as usual into the hall, there came such a blank look upon his face that she got up from her seat and left the drawing room with him.

"I suppose Max is the favoured one," said the colonel to his wife, with a grin.

"He is to-night," said Mrs. Willoughby, with a low laugh, "but it may be the other to-morrow. I wouldn't attach too much importance to what happened a little while ago."

"Perhaps not," said her husband. Peggy felt a certain embarrassment when alone with Max, but showed no trace of it in her manner, and it quickly passed away as Max put on his scarf, got on his overcoat, and pulled on his gloves in the most matter-of-fact way.

"You were simply splendid tonight, Peggy," he said, however—and she trembled. What was he going to add?

But Max merely shook hands and bade her good-night, after first remarking that he would let her know as soon as possible all that he was doing with respect to the murder.

So the golden opportunity passed. "Oh, the denseness of men," said Peggy Willoughby to herself—which may indicate that, with feminine perverseness, she was sorry that the opportunity had passed, though she had wished that it should.

CHAPTER XII.

The Hue and Cry.

IT did not occur to Peggy Willoughby that, when she was seeing Max Hamilton off, she had been or had appeared to be, very matter-of-fact herself and had given him no opening; perhaps, had she been less matter-of-fact, Max might not have proved dense at all. It was not often that he could be accused rightly of being stupid.

On leaving the Willoughby's house, he decided to walk towards Notting Hill, partly in the hope that he would pick up a taxi, but quite as much because he wanted to think. The night was cold, frosty and star-lit; he stepped briskly along, and it was Peggy of whom he was thinking and wanted

to think. He was not altogether so matter-of-fact as Peggy was inclined to imagine; the fact that she had kissed him still stood out shining and splendid; he tingled all over as he recalled the touch of her lips.

But though it was still shining and splendid, the kiss stood solitary, as one might say, in its special context. For when Peggy had returned to the drawing room she made it evident that it must be taken in that way; the kiss was an isolated thing, and afterwards she had been her usual charming and agreeable self, gracious to everybody—to Hollander as to himself, it seemed to Max. The kiss was not a thing to be presumed on; it was just to be taken as an impulsive expression of her feeling at the moment.

"She is a dear," he said, "but I suppose that if she really cared for me she would not have kissed me like that before them all."

THEN he thought with delight that, apart from the kiss, there was this solid gain—the fate of Sylvia Chase and even the tragedy of it had brought Peggy and himself closer together; Peggy had begged him to take up the case—to discover the murderer—to do justice to Sylvia's character—to tell her what steps he took. All this meant that he would have many more opportunities of seeing Peggy than he previously had had. It was a delicious prospect, flattering with soft hopes and tender sentiment.

But there was the quest itself with its dark mysteries—who had killed Sylvia and why? The man in the fur coat; but with what motive, for what reason? What was the secret that lay behind it all? As Max pondered the various features of the story, the fear, nay, the certainty grew upon him that he could not share Peggy's point of view with respect to Sylvia, except in so far as he thought with her that Sylvia had not had a rich lover. Peggy's belief, he could see, was that the future would vindicate Sylvia, but Max was afraid that this was the very thing the future would not do.

Whence had Sylvia obtained her income, and for what? There was no such thing as fairy gold in the world; money did not fall like snow-flakes from the sky; it had to be earned, to be won, to be fought for—and to be paid for, "in meal or in malt," as the old saying put it. In what manner had Sylvia Chase been paying for her income? What had she been giving in return for it? That she had been giving something seemed quite clear to Max. But what? What had she been paying for her fine flat, beautiful clothes and furs, and those jewels? And had she deceived her brother, Villiers?

It now occurred to him that some of these things might supply a clue or clues, for the clothes, furs and jewels must have been purchased from makers and dealers whose whereabouts might be discovered, and from whom information of the greatest importance might be obtained. He wondered if Superintendent Johnson had heard that the tale of the annuity from the Von Nordheims was a myth; if he had, would he not be thinking exactly as he, Max, was thinking? If he had not heard, he must soon hear and cause these very investigations to be made.

Presently a taxi came in sight; Max hailed it and found it for hire; he told the driver to take him to the office of "The Day," which he reached about half-past twelve. He had no particular call to go to his paper, but he was anxious to hear if anything fresh had come in in connection with the murder. On being told there was nothing he asked if Scotland Yard had been informed of the telegram from Berlin in which the Graf Von Nordheim denied that he had paid an annuity to Sylvia Chase, and the answer was that Scotland Yard had not been communicated with on the subject.

As this conversation was concluding, the managing editor entered the room in which it had been taking place.

"Hullo, Max," he said. "I did not know you were in. Please come and see me for a minute before you go for the night. I want a word with you

with respect to the matter you 'phoned me about."

"I'll be with you in a minute," said Max. "I'm just talking about that murder case."

"All right," said the other, with a nod.

Before going into the editor's room Max rang up the "Yard," and inquired if Superintendent Johnson was in. Presently he and the superintendent were talking about the new development, of which Johnson had not previously heard. Max said he should like to discuss it with him, as it opened up much fresh ground, and it was arranged that Max should proceed to Scotland Yard after he had finished his work at the office, which would be in a few minutes. Then Max went to see the managing editor.

"I have had inquiries made about the rumour that the plans for the new gun have been stolen," said the editor, "and I fancy there is not a word of truth in it."

"Glad to hear it," said Max, heartily. "It would be too bad if there were."

"To begin with, it's not likely to be true," the editor observed. "The plans are known only to a very few—the Army Council, the inventor, the Master of the Guns and a few other officers having confidential relations with him; all these people may be thoroughly trusted. But I've had those inquiries made of which I've just spoken, and I am satisfied the plans are safe—that is, of course, so far as is known in London."

"You can't tell what they may have in Berlin," objected Max.

"That's so, but people here are confident. By the way, who told you about it?"

"Captain Hollander; he appeared rather to credit the rumour."

"Captain Hollander!" exclaimed the editor. "He's one of the men who might know," he added thoughtfully. "I wonder how he came to hear of the rumour."

"He didn't mention that."

"I dare say he wouldn't. But if he said it might be true, it's possible there may be something in it after all. We shall have to make more enquiries—I can see that."

The editor sat in silence, with a frown on his face, considering the possibilities of the situation.

"Was there anything else you wished to see me about," asked Max after a few moments.

"No, there wasn't," said the editor, and the two men said good night to each other.

WITHIN a quarter of an hour Max was closeted with Superintendent Johnson in Scotland Yard, telling him the news.

Johnson soon was in a hopeful mood. Not only did he think that the fact that Sylvia had received no annuity gave the case an entirely different aspect, but he believed that it would be an easy matter to "trace up," as he said, much of her past life by means of her clothes, furs and jewels.

"The story of that annuity threw me completely off the track," he remarked, "though I was surprised to see she had so much valuable jewellery. You may remember I said something of the sort at the time, Mr. Hamilton, to Captain Villiers when we were in her flat. Her brother told us, you may recollect, that she had a passion for jewellery. Has he been told of the telegram from Berlin?"

"I should say not; he will see it in the papers in the morning."

"Do you suppose he knew she had no annuity?"

"I feel sure he did not; he believed she did have it."

"That was your impression? Well, it was mine too," said the superintendent. "And yet you never can tell," he added, enigmatically.

"I think you may be pretty certain here, however," said Max, confidently. "He mentioned the annuity in the most natural way, and he repeated his statement—at least words to much the same effect—at the inquest."

"I wonder how he will account now for her having all those things?"

"You will see him again?"

"Of course, I must."

"And if he tells you he cannot ac-

count for her having all those clothes and furs?"

"Oh, I dare say he will tell us that he cannot—I don't see how he can tell you anything else; don't you think so?"

"It may stimulate him to think of some other possible sources of her income—that is all."

"I'll see him tomorrow," said Johnson. He said to himself that he must watch Captain Chase very carefully, and try to obtain from him how it was that he had heard of the annuity and from whom. He recalled fairly well what Villiers had told him but could not definitely remember whether her brother had said that Sylvia had mentioned it as a fact to him.

But the superintendent was hopeful for another reason. The reports of the inquest would be widely read; they had already appeared in the evening papers, and on the morrow there was not a paper of any standing in England which would not publish a lengthy account of all that was going on in connection with what was the great sensation of the time. Everybody, therefore, would hear about the man in the fur coat. Further, bills were being got out offering a reward of an hundred pounds to any person who could give information as to having seen "the man in the fur coat" that Saturday night at or near Hampstead Heath station.

"That," said Johnson to Max, when telling him about the reward, "may help to jog somebody's memory."

"Or imagination, perhaps," hinted Max.

"Yes, it's possible enough," admitted the superintendent. "It's always on the cards, too, that some perfectly innocent person, but a little mad, may come forward and declare he is the man himself."

"I have read of that kind of thing," said Max smiling.

"It nearly always happens when there's been a dreadful murder that some one steps into the office and accuses himself of it. So far, no one has done so in this case."

JOHNSON took a turn up and down the room—he was thinking hard. After an interval he spoke again.

"I shall send a waggon to-night to the flat Miss Chase occupied, and have all her clothes, furs and jewels brought here, so that we can begin the work of tracing them up in the morning—there's never any time to spare in these affairs. As it is, the murderer, or shall we say 'the man in the fur coat,' has had three days clear in which to make good his escape, to leave the country, or to go into concealment, perhaps here in London, which many people think is the best hiding-place in the world. But before to-morrow is half over I hope we shall have learned where some, at least, of Miss Chase's things came from—where they were bought, and how they were paid for, and who paid for them."

The superintendent took another turn up and down. "There's another point, too," he resumed presently. "Miss Chase probably had a bank account—we must ascertain if she kept an account in a London bank."

"Was there a bank passbook found in her flat?" asked Max.

"There was not, but I don't think that settles that she had no account; the pass-book might be being made up at the bank."

"Wasn't there a note-book or something of the sort found in her hand-bag—the bag you took from the compartment that night?"

"Yes, there was. Of course, I have gone all over it very carefully," said Johnson, "but there's nothing about money in it. The memoranda are concerned with points for articles, so far as I can make out; in fact, you would say she kept the book for that very purpose."

"I wonder whether it was accidental or intentional her having that book that night," mused Max aloud.

"That's just what we can't tell," said Johnson. "If it was intentional then it would look as if the man who met her had something to do with her work. But we may clear up that matter, too. To-morrow the hue and cry will be raised everywhere. If you'll

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Do you know that hosts of enlightened physicians all over the country, as well as osteopaths, physical culturists, etc., etc., are recommending and recognizing this practice as the most likely way now known to secure and preserve perfect health?

There are the best of logical reasons for this practice and these opinions, and these reasons will be very interesting to everyone.

In the first place, every physician realizes and agrees that 95% of human illnesses is caused directly or indirectly by accumulated waste in the colon; this is bound to accumulate, because we of to-day neither eat the kind of food nor take the amount of exercise which Nature demands in order that she may thoroughly eliminate the waste unaided—

That's the reason when you are ill the physician always gives you something to remove this accumulation of waste, before commencing to treat your specific trouble.

It's ten to one that no specific trouble would have developed if there were no accumulation of waste in the colon—

And that's the reason that the famous Professor Metchnikoff, one of the world's greatest scientists, has boldly and specifically stated that if our colons were taken away in infancy, the length of our lives would be increased to probably 150 years.

You see, this waste is extremely poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls of the colon it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation—that's what causes Auto-Intoxication, with all its perniciously, enervating and weakening results. These pull down our powers of resistance and render us subject to almost any serious complaint which may be prevalent at the time—and the worst feature of it is that there are few of us who know when we are Auto-Intoxicated.

But you never can be Auto-Intoxicated if you periodically use the proper kind of an Internal Bath—that is sure.

It is Nature's own relief and corrector—just warm water, which, used in the right way, cleanses the colon thoroughly its entire length and makes and keeps it sweet, clean and pure as Nature demands it shall be for the entire system to work properly.

You undoubtedly know, from your

own personal experience, how dull, and unfit to work or think properly, biliousness and many other apparently simple troubles make you feel. And you probably know, too, that these irregularities, all directly traceable to accumulated waste, make you really sick if permitted to continue.

You also probably know that the old-fashioned method of drugging for these complaints is at best only partially effective: the doses must be increased if continued, and finally they cease to be effective at all.

It is true that more drugs are probably used for this than all other human ills combined, which simply goes to prove how universal the trouble caused by accumulated waste really is—but there is not a doubt that drugs are being dropped as Internal Bathing is becoming better known—

For it is not possible to conceive until you have had the experience yourself, what a wonderful bracer an Internal Bath really is; taken at night, you awake in the morning with a feeling of lightness and buoyancy that cannot be accounted for—you are absolutely clean, everything is working in perfect accord, your appetite is better, your brain is clearer, and you feel full of vim and confidence for the day's duties.

There is nothing new about Internal Baths except the way of administering them. Some years ago Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, of New York, was so miraculously benefited by faithfully using the method then in vogue, that he made Internal Baths his special study and improved materially in administering the Bath and in getting the result desired.

This perfected Bath he called the "J. B. L. Cascade," and it is the one which has so quickly popularized and recommended itself that hundreds of thousands are to-day using it.

Dr. Tyrrell, in his practise and researches, discovered many unique and interesting facts in connection with this subject; these he has collected in a little book, "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which will be sent free on request if you address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 334, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mention having read this in The Canadian Courier.

This book tells us facts that we never knew about ourselves before, and there is no doubt that everyone who has an interest in his or her own physical well-being, or that of the family, will be very greatly instructed and enlightened by reading this carefully prepared and scientifically correct little book.

NORMAL SIGHT NOW POSSIBLE WITHOUT EYE-GLASSES

Because your eyes are in any way affected, it no longer means that you must look forward to wearing glasses for the balance of your life.

For it has been conclusively proven that eye-weaknesses are primarily caused by a lack of blood circulation in the eye, and when the normal circulation is restored, the eye rapidly regains its accustomed strength and clearness of vision.

The most eminent eye specialists are agreed that even in so serious a condition as cataract of the eye, an increase in blood circulation is most beneficial.

It is now possible to safely give the eyes just the massage (or exercise) which they need, to bring them back to a normal, healthy condition of natural strength, and this method has been successful in restoring normal eyesight to thousands and making them absolutely independent of eye-glasses.

It does not matter what the trouble with your eyes may be; for old-sight, far-sight, near-sight, astigmatism, and even more serious eye troubles, have yielded to this gentle massage, which is extremely simple, entirely safe, and takes but a few minutes of each day.

If you will write to the Ideal Masseur Co., Room 337, 449 Spadina Ave., Toronto, you will receive free on request, a very enlightening booklet on "The Eyes, Their Care, Their Ills, Their Cure," which is a scientific treatise on the eyes, and gives full details about this Nature treatment and its results. All you need do is to ask for the book and mention having read this in The Canadian Courier.

There are few people who consider that eye-glasses add to their appearance, surely they add to no one's comfort, and if you prefer not to wear them, this free book will inform you how many others have accomplished this result safely, successfully and permanently.

come in about five o'clock in the afternoon I fancy I may have some important news."

Max went away from Scotland Yard with the feeling that soon all the mysteries which enveloped the murder of poor Sylvia Chase would be swept away. So had he been affected by the hopefulness displayed by Superintendent Johnson. But when he called at the "Yard" next day at the time appointed, it was to find more mysteries instead of none.

CHAPTER XIII.

Deepening Mystery.

MAX saw from a glance at Johnson's face that that clever and energetic officer was disappointed, and Max himself, in his turn, felt the keenest disappointment on perceiving it, for he had calculated on something altogether different. He had thought it not only possible but probable that the superintendent would in the course of the day have received such information as would uncover the secret of Sylvia Chase, whatever it might be, and solve the mystery that shrouded her life and death.

He had founded this idea partly on the newspapers. That morning they had given the inquest the widest publicity, and several of them, in addition to "The Day," had statements from their Berlin correspondents denying that the Graf von Nordheim had paid Sylvia the annuity of which her brother, Villiers, had spoken. None of these journals commented on this fact, as the case was under investigation, but they gave it the utmost prominence. All the newspapers announced that a reward of one hundred pounds was offered for authentic news of "the man in the fur coat," who had been at Hampstead Heath station on the Saturday night. In a word, the Press, to the limit of its powers joined in the general hue and cry.

But while he believed that the newspapers must help, Max had placed his reliance chiefly on the superintendent, or rather on the results of the inquiries Johnson was to have made, either on his own part or with the assistance of other detectives, respecting the clothes, furs and jewels, as well as the bank account, if there should be one, of the murdered woman.

Indeed, Max had counted so much on the truth being revealed that, while its disclosure could not but be a source of satisfaction to him, he was inclined to feel that he had been exceedingly premature in supposing that the case might afford him more and more opportunities for meeting Peggy Wiloughby, and, human nature being sometimes a very illogical and contradictory thing, was almost aggrieved. A single look, however, at the face of Johnson, told him that whatever had been discovered had not lifted the veil, and with another natural but equally illogical rebound of feeling he was deeply disappointed.

"Is there nothing fresh?" Max asked, in a flat voice.

"There is," replied the superintendent, "but I don't know that it really takes us much further forward." Johnson spoke very soberly and as if he were a good deal discouraged by his want of success. "But you shall judge for yourself," he continued. "To my mind, the whole affair becomes more and more extraordinary, and I don't know what to think of it."

The superintendent was sitting at his table in his private room in Scotland Yard, and before him lay a pile of papers and other documents and objects connected with the murder. From them he selected a book which Max from its appearance immediately recognized as an English bank pass-book; it was bound in white parchment and had a flap for closing it. Johnson held it up, and on one of its sides was written in a large, clear, well-rounded handwriting, "Miss Sylvia Chase."

"I said to you," remarked the officer, "that I thought it likely that Miss Chase would have a bank account, and I was correct in my supposition. She kept it with the Mayfair Bank, and this is her pass-book."

"How did you come by it?" Max inquired, as Johnson stopped speaking, and began turning over the leaves of the book.

"After you quitted me last night,"

said Johnson, "I wrote a letter to Captain Chase, instead of going to see him, telling him that he was mistaken in stating or thinking that his sister had been in receipt of an annuity from the Von Nordheims, and asking him to call here at the earliest possible moment. He did call this morning, and was seen by Superintendent Reynolds, one of my colleagues—you see, I had to get some sleep, Mr. Hamilton; as it is, I feel a little worn out."

"It's no wonder," said Max sympathetically; "I know how hard you have been working on the case. I am not likely to forget the energy and determination you showed that Saturday night, or rather, Sunday morning."

Johnson made Max a funny stiff bow of thanks and resumed.

"Superintendent Reynolds knew something of the case, but I told him all that I myself knew of it. I gave him my impressions of it, such as they were, and asked him to conduct the investigations respecting those matters of which we spoke last night, particularly Miss Chase's jewellery and bank account. He has done so," said Johnson, with some weariness in his tones, "without coming on anything that can be called a clue. It's the most puzzling case in all my experience!"

Max waited in silence.

"I told him, of course, that I had sent a line to Captain Chase asking him to come here," said Johnson, "Superintendent Reynolds did see him, and they had some conversation regarding that annuity. It appears that the captain cannot remember that his sister ever told him in so many words that she had this annuity, but he rather thought she had done so, shortly after her return to London from Germany. He had, however, understood and believed that she enjoyed it in consideration of her services to the Von Nordheims, and that it amounted to several hundred pounds a year. Superintendent Reynolds observed to Captain Chase that several hundreds a year represented a very handsome annuity, and the captain replied that as the Von Nordheims were wealthy they could well afford to pay it if they desired to do so; he saw nothing extraordinary in the amount. Reynolds thereupon asked him whether, seeing it was certain that his sister had never had this annuity, he could suggest how she had obtained that part of her income which he had imagined had come from the Von Nordheims."

Johnson paused, and touched a bell. "Superintendent Reynolds is in, and he may as well himself tell you all about his talk with Captain Chase."

In another moment a tall, dark, well-set-up, clean-shaven man, with an expression of great intelligence, came in, and was introduced to Max.

"Pleased to have an opportunity of meeting you," said Reynolds to the journalist. "I know some of your writings, Mr. Hamilton. I thoroughly enjoyed your book on the war."

"Mr. Hamilton would like to hear some details of your interview with Captain Chase this morning," interposed Johnson.

"Yes, with pleasure."

"How did he strike you when you saw him?" Max inquired.

"**H**E was very much excited and upset. I could see that the news that his sister didn't have that annuity had come as the greatest surprise to him," replied Reynolds. "Nor could he suggest how she had had so large an income as she must have had. His words were, 'There's that in all this which I cannot understand.' He was much worried and distinctly nervous. When I told him our view—the view of the authorities here—that the question of the source of his sister's income was a vital one, and must be investigated, he answered, 'I suppose so, and I regret I can make no suggestion that might be of service.' I next asked if he could tell us whether Miss Chase had a bank account, and, if so, where she kept it. 'Yes,' he replied; 'she had an account with the Mayfair Bank—at least she had one some time ago, for she sent me a cheque on it; I was collecting subscriptions for a charity in which I am interested.' I told him

that we would have to request the bank to allow us to look into her account, and he just nodded his head by way of agreement. I think that is practically all that passed between the captain and myself," said Superintendent Reynolds in conclusion, and he looked first at Max and then at his colleague.

"You obtained her pass-book?" asked Max pointing to the book which Johnson still held in his hand.

"Yes," assented Reynolds. "I went to the Mayfair Bank myself, and saw the manager. Of course, he had read of the murder, and was deeply concerned. When he heard what I wanted, he said he was only too anxious to assist me, but rather demurred to letting me see Miss Chase's account; however, when I had informed him that I had spoken to her brother, Captain Chase, about it—that it was he who, in fact, had told me that she had an account with the Mayfair Bank—he said he should put no difficulties in my way. He called in one of the ledger-clerks, the one who kept Miss Chase's account, and then it turned out that her pass-book was actually in his charge for the purpose of being made up."

"That was a good guess of yours," said Max to Johnson.

"I asked if I could have the book; it was handed over to me, and that is it," said Reynolds, with a glance at the book in Johnson's possession. "Before leaving the bank, I did a great deal more than that. I went over the account in the ledgers, starting from immediately after her return from England."

"NOW comes the strangest thing," said Johnson, breaking in on his colleague's narrative. "Just listen to what he has to tell you, Mr. Hamilton."

"When the account was opened," Superintendent Reynolds went on, "Miss Chase had several hundred pounds to her credit."

"Just a moment," said Johnson, and he picked up from his table a document which Max knew from its general appearance was a telegram from the Continent. "We have been making inquiries in Berlin to-day through our agents there, and we have learned that the Graf von Nordheim made Miss Chase a present of 5,000 marks, or about £250, when she left him."

"Perhaps," suggested Max, "that may be the origin of the story about the annuity. It's just possible that Captain Chase heard of this gift in such a way as to make him think it was an annuity."

"Perhaps," said Johnson doubtfully, "but I hardly think so really. You see Captain Chase had such a distinct impression that it was an annuity his sister received. However that may be, this £250 was, we may suppose, part of the money which Miss Chase had to her credit when her account was opened, and she may have saved money."

"Her brother said something of the sort," said Max, and Johnson showed his recollection of the remark of Villiers by bowing slightly.

"Well," said Johnson, "we can account for the sum with which she began. That's not the strangest thing to which I alluded. Now, note what Superintendent Reynolds has to tell you next."

Reynolds cleared his throat and proceeded.

"The strangest thing is this," he said; "some two months after the account was opened there was a sum of fifty pounds paid into her credit, and every month afterwards up to the time of her murder a similar sum of fifty pounds was credited to her. There were other payments into her account, but at irregular intervals; these deposits were sums she was paid by cheques for her literary work."

"Who paid in that fifty pounds every month?" asked Max.

"She did so herself—fifty pounds every month, and in gold," replied Johnson, not Reynolds, slowly and dramatically.

Having allowed Max to digest this information, Johnson made a sign to

Reynolds who thereupon went on with his narrative.

"The bank always retains the pay-in-slips of its customers, though not the paid cheques, and the ledger-clerk, at my suggestion, got out the pay-in-slips of Miss Chase's accounts," said Reynolds. "Amongst them was a pay-in-slip every month, on about the same day of each month, for fifty pounds in Miss Chase's writing, and on the slip was noted the fact that the sum was deposited in sovereigns. There was absolutely nothing to show where she got the money."

"Now you see where we are," said Johnson to Max. "We know that instead of having that annuity, she paid in fifty pounds to her account in that bank, and we are in the most complete ignorance where she obtained these sovereigns or why or from whom she got them. You can no more trace fifty sovereigns paid into a bank in that way than you can trace drops of water in the sea; the gold passes into the general till of the bank, and is reissued as required."

"Fifty pounds a month is six hundred a year," said Max. "With what she made by her literary work, she might have had a thousand a year. Not a bad income for a single woman! But six hundred a year! And paid to her in gold—that's how I read the situation—in sums of fifty sovereigns each month? By whom?"

"Quite so," said both officers. "By whom?"

"The man in the fur coat?" asked Max.

"You can't be sure," said Superintendent Johnson, meditatively.

(To be continued.)

"RUN 'EM IN."

WHEN charged with being drunk and disorderly, and asked what he had to say for himself, the prisoner gazed pensively at the Magistrate, smoothed down a remnant of gray hair, and said:

"Your honour, 'Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.' I'm not as debased as Swift, as profligate as Byron, as dissipated as Poe, as debauched as—"

"That will do!" thundered the Magistrate. "Ten days! And, officer, take a list of those names and run 'em in. They're as bad a lot as he is!"

HE WAS MORE SO.

IN the lobby of a Cincinnati hotel, during a recent educational convention, one school man approached another, and by way of introducing himself, said:

"I'm Beck."

"That's good," replied the man addressed, taking the proffered hand.

"I'm more so."

"You're what?" asked the first speaker.

"I say I am more so," repeated the second.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, you say you are Beck."

"Yes, I am. My name is Beck."

"Well, my name is Becker."

COOL CHEEK SAVES THE DAY.

A SHABBILY-DRESSED and small man was making his way unobtrusively from the dining-room of a smart hotel the other day, when the head waiter stopped him.

"I've tumbled to your game, you rascal!" he said angrily. "This is the fourth time you've had dinner here without paying!"

The little man, shook himself free from the waiter's detaining grip and looked him sternly in the face.

"Pardon me, sir!" he said coolly. "You are mistaken. It is the fourteenth!"

Before the head waiter had recovered from the shock the shabbily-dressed and small man had vanished into the street.

It Never Fails.—"How can you find out what a woman thinks of you?" queried the callow youth.

"Marry her, and you'll know in a day or two," replied the cynic.



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