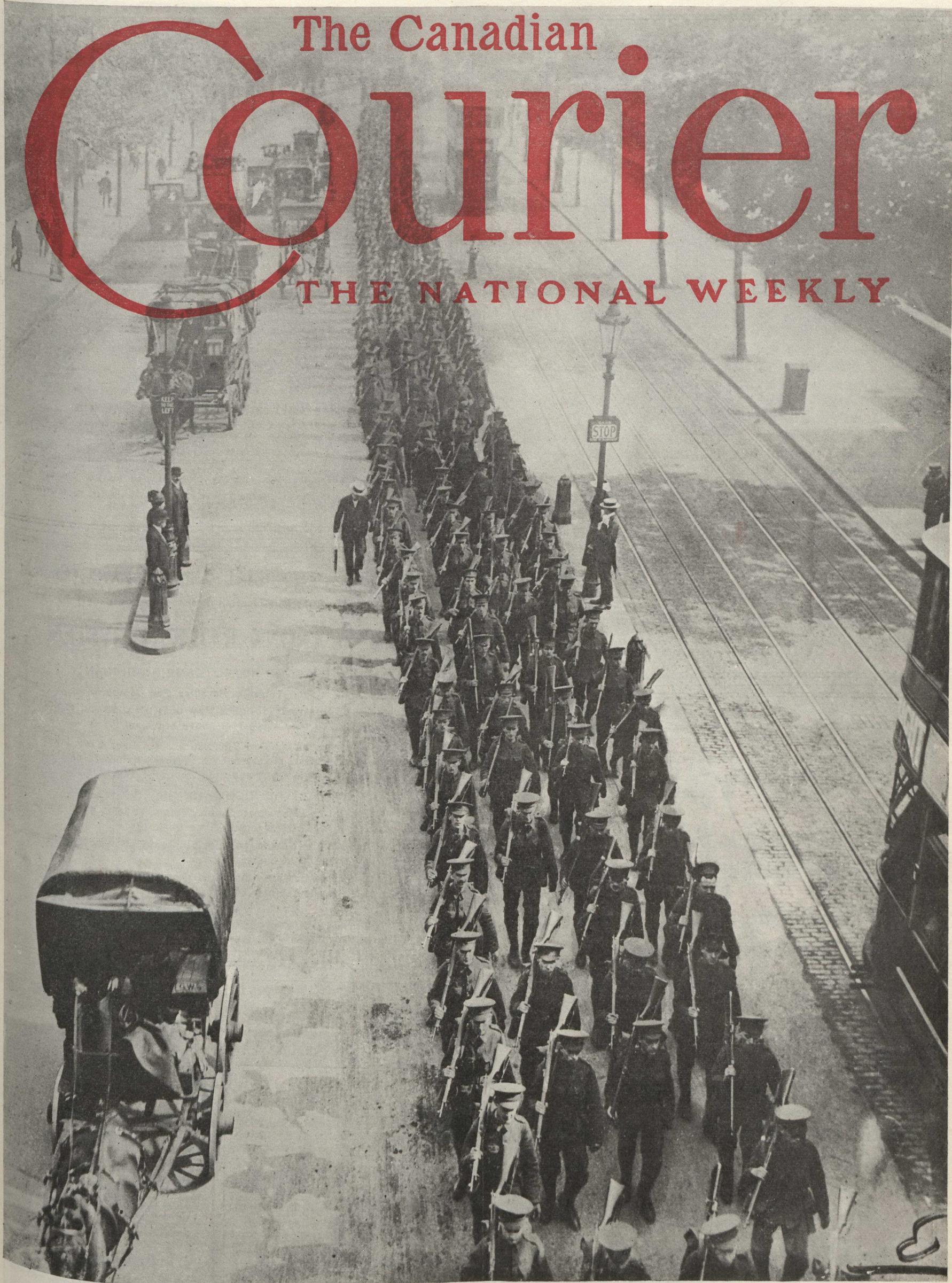


The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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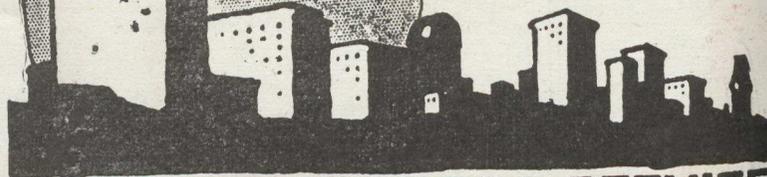
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Published at 12 Wellington St. East, by the Courier Press, Limited

VOL. XVI.

TORONTO

NO. 13

Editor's Talk

SINCE we last went to press conditions outlined in that number have begun to emerge. Our War Parliament met last week. A description of the first session by a staff writer appears in this issue. The calling of Parliament and the magnificent, united response to the call has had a steadying effect on the country. Merchants and manufacturers are beginning to take serious stock of the situation and to avoid panicky measures. Meanwhile the war is progressing under the thickest veil of journalistic censorship ever known to the British and Canadian press. This number, however, is frankly devoted to war, so far as possible focusing the confused story appearing in such fragmentary instalments in the daily press. Belgium, the present theatre of conflict, is vividly described by Leslie Roze. The state of affairs in Paris is depicted by Mr. John E. Webber, who was on assignment by the "Courier" to send a series of theatrical and other letters and was in Paris for that purpose when the war broke out. Mr. Bonnycastle Dale, who knows the Pacific coast in almost every cove and headland, briefly describes the state of our defences on that frontier. Pictures of Canadian troops mobilizing and of the war in London give the story of the war from two Imperial angles.

To all intents and purposes this country has settled down to a state of war. Stirred as it never was by even the war in South Africa, the people of this country are facing the prospect with a large measure of confidence and cheerfulness worthy of the British race. We hope to see the confidence continue. Week by week as the war progresses the efforts of this paper will be in the direction of giving all the war news possible, both by pen and picture.

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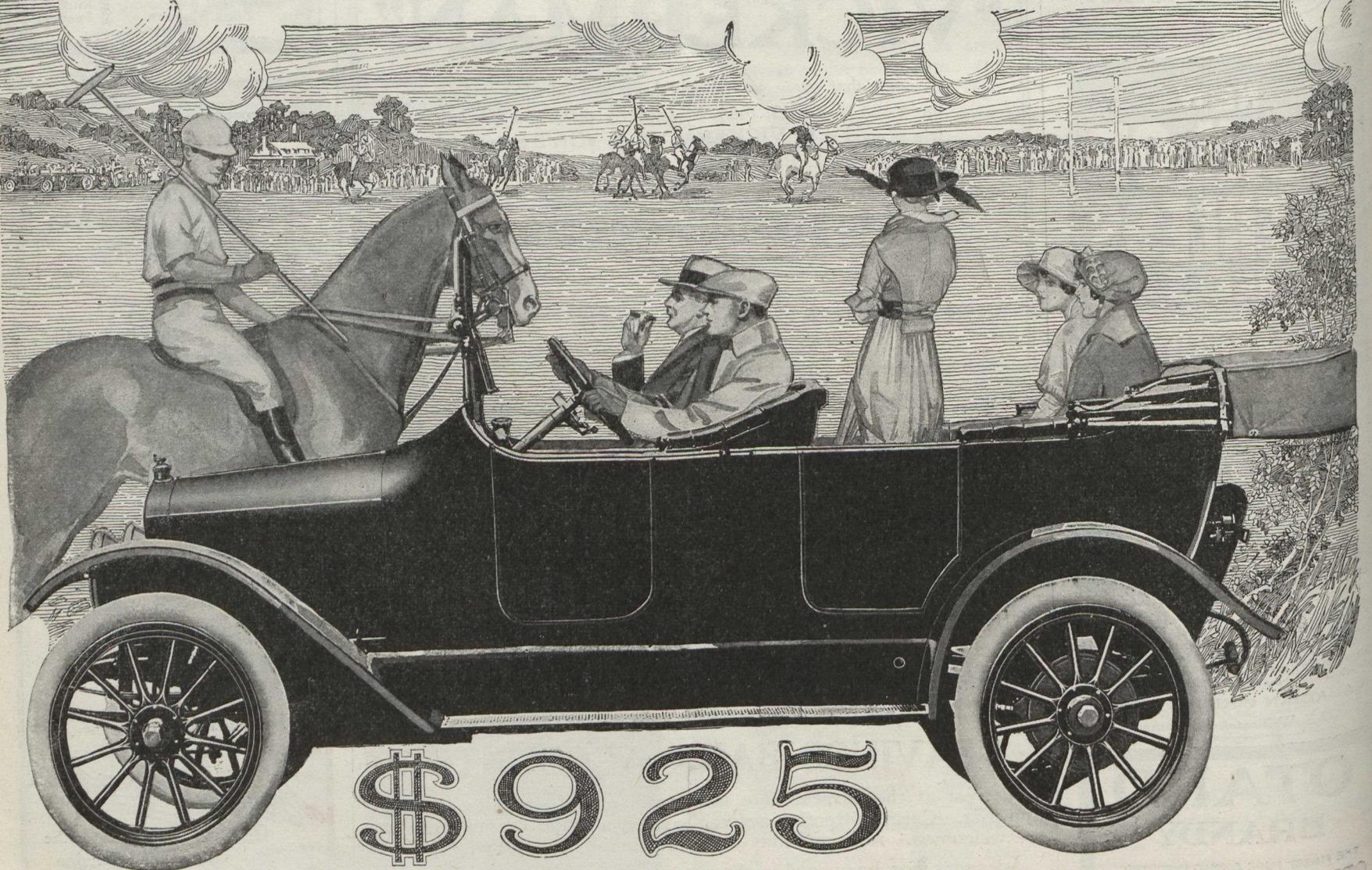
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The
**CANADIAN
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The National Weekly



Vol. XVI.

August 29, 1914

No. 13

The Land of Mighty Battles

Recent Impressions of Belgian Cities That Held Back the German War Machine

By LESLIE ROZE

WHAT is Belgium like? Belgium, this little country which has just startled the world by opposing her puny strength to the might of the German War Lord! To the eyes of the ordinary beholder, Belgium is very much like England—in fact, if you were to sail down the Meuse



The author in Brussels.

you might as well be sailing down the Wye, except that instead of old ruined castles you would come upon mediaeval towns, quiet, sleepy, little places that seem to put you back into the seventeenth century. Namur is one of these—as you step off onto the quay you are alongside one of the quaint, old streets, opposite is the little cafe with its tables outside and its funny awnings striped with many colours. You can eat “en plein air” and make the most of the faint breeze from the river. Be sure you see the cathedral of St. Gudule, with its great carvings. To return to our

motors, or rather our boat. I said the valley of the Meuse was like that of the English Wye. You will see the same rocky, wooded heights, the same sloping fields, but with this difference—instead of large fields of waving corn, strips of various crops are sown, looking like long green and yellow ribbons of various hues. The reason for this is that under the Belgian law each time the farmer dies the estate is divided among the sons, so that each succeeding generation sees smaller and smaller farms.

The whole of the district of the Ardennes is so like any of the hilly parts of rural England that a description of the one might easily pass for a description of the other. But there is one natural feature in this district worthy of notice. Near Rochefort is the celebrated Grotto of Hann, the largest underground cavern in Europe and one of the largest in the world—the one in the Peak in Derbyshire is a very pigmy beside it. You enter a long, dim corridor, and as the eye becomes accustomed to the dimness, begin to make out dripping stalactites on either side. Walking carefully over the uneven floor you at length emerge into a large chamber called the Cathedral on account of a marvellous arrangement of stalactites and stalagmites at one end, resembling the pipes of a cathedral organ. If you are wealthy you can have the place lighted with electricity, for powerful lamps have been installed, but if you are wise you will let your guide light you by strips of magnesium wire—the flickering lights and shadows help to carry on the illusion of this underground world, and presently you must stumble through vaults, and more dim corridors with only the beams of a little candle to point the way until at last a halt is called and the guide lights torches.

Now you must climb a steep conical hill, and when you reach the top join in “God Save the King” and the Belgian National Anthem. After this you will descend the other side of the hill, at the foot

of which flows a river, a veritable Styx. You will soon discern a funny, little boat, into which your guide helps you, and now you can see nothing and hear nothing but the splash of oars in the darkness. Someone begins to sing “Lead Kindly Light” and presently a pale ray gleams—you can see shadowy forms in the boat—a little longer and your boat glides out into the broad daylight. You have left the world of shadows and are standing near the door by which you entered the cavern. It seems ages since you started—you blink and rub your eyes, and wonder if it wasn’t all a dream.

St. Hubert, a small town on the outskirts of the Ardennes, gives you some idea of the natural advantages of Belgium with respect to fortifications. It is on a rock with steep sides. High up on the rock is a beautiful cathedral dedicated to the Saint to which the town owes its name. St. Hubert seems to have been concerned in some kind of adventure with a stag, though what precisely I never could make out—all the accounts being so discursive that the main narrative was lost in the telling. However, every shop and stall in the place exhibits stags in varying sizes and of every available material. The vendors appear to think it a matter of the gravest importance that you should purchase at least one stag—though when I asked why they seemed rather nonplussed for the moment, then let off a stream of words at the conclusion of which I was exactly as wise as I had been at the beginning—but I bought a stag. There is a large French element in Belgium. Nearly all the girls in the shops are French, which accounts for their volubility. And French is the language of the educated classes.

BRUSSELS, the capital, is one of the cleanest and prettiest towns I have ever seen—broad avenues of trees everywhere and right through the town, beautifully laid-out gardens. As all the world knows, a good deal of lace-making is carried on. In the shopping streets you will often see neat French girls seated at the doors of the various establishments, pillow on knee and fingers flashing in and

out among the bobbins. Should you pause, interested in the intricacies of the lace-making, there will always be a bright smile for you:

“Madame would perhaps like to see some lace? Madame needs not to buy. We have beautiful lace inside. I shall show Madame. Yes?”—I do not think Madame will emerge without some lace.

There is a most extraordinary collection of pictures in Brussels, painted by a man named Wiertz. He was considered quite mad, and judging by the subjects chosen, I think must have been so—but the painting is clever and the gallery is worth seeing.

BRUSSELS is a very musical town, and only the best music has any market. The opera season lasts from October until June, and after that there are the outdoor concerts at the Vauxhall Gardens. In fact there is music all over Belgium, the Belgians being great lovers of music. Every little town has its “Kursaal,” or public garden, and it is the custom for the inhabitants to foregather there on summer evenings and, seated at little tables, to discuss the events of the day and listen to the really good band discoursing sweet music. Generally speaking, there is no charge for admission, but one is expected to order a “soup or lemonade” or some such refreshment. I commend the idea to this country, where there are so many long, fine evenings. The expense of a good band to be provided by the municipality would not be prohibitive, and some such innocent amusement would do far more to stop drinking and cost less than all the temperance campaigns. But this is a digression!

The country around Brussels is flat and the roads good. It is no unusual thing to meet loaded waggons 60 miles from the town. In fact, as far as transport is concerned, Belgium is unusually well served, for the whole country is intersected by canals. By means of the canal connecting the sea with the Rhine, goods can be conveyed to the middle of Europe, some hundreds of miles. The railways are numerous and state-owned. They have a convenient arrangement for tourists—you can get a “Bundreise” ticket, which means that for a specified price you can get a ticket enabling you to travel wherever you

like over the Belgian roads during a specified time. There is no distance limit. You can go wherever you like within the time indicated. The railroads lose a good deal over this, but as it attracts so many visitors who, of course, spend money in the country, the Government considers this policy justified.

The field of Waterloo, a few miles from Brussels, is a tiresome journey, and unless one is a student of military tactics will hardly repay a visit. It is just a field, the points of interest are far apart and there is nothing to the ordinary observer to identify the place with the mighty struggle of former years.

Bruges is more interesting, for, though one of the dead cities, she has preserved much of her ancient grandeur. Part of the old walls are still standing and the fine cathedral, which replaces a very ancient edifice built in the seventh century. In the days of her greatness, ships used to sail from England and the Mediterranean direct to Bruges, but during the fifteenth century the old sea entrance through the Zwin Channel gradually filled with sand, and from that time her prosperity declined. Antwerp stepped into her place—helped largely by the

(Concluded on page 18.)



Before the Germans had begun the invasion of Liege the Civil Guard of Brussels, the Belgian Capital, was called out. The Government offices have since been removed to Antwerp. Brussels is now occupied by the Germans.

Gay Paris in a State of War

Exciting Scenes in the French Capital Towards Which the German Army is Now Fighting Its Way

Paris, August 10th, 1914.

By JOHN E. WEBBER

CURIOSITY to study the French stage at first hand brought me to Paris. I remained to witness the opening acts of the great war drama staged at its emotional centre. For Paris is the real sentimental focus of the war.

Events crowded upon one another so fast that a chronological account at this distance is out of the question. We were simply hurried from one excitement to another, the suspense growing more tense with each passing hour.

The week of July 26 opened gaily enough, as summer gaiety in Paris goes. The Folies Marigny, the Bergere, the Jardin de Paris, and the famous Moulin Rouge were all in full swing and flourishing on the shekels of tourists who had come to pay momentary homage to pagan gods. Maxim's, with the Vernon Castles as a special attraction, danced away the remaining hours until dawn.

Most of the legitimate theatres, too, were still open. At the Vaudeville, for instance, I had the good fortune to see the new Bernstein play, "La Belle Adventure," which is due to appear in America this coming season. At the Grand Guignol, the parent of the repertory theatre, I saw a programme of one-act thrillers, which even the courageous Princess Players would hesitate to reproduce in Puritan America.

But the night of the Comedie Francaise, the most famous theatre in the world and the richest in literary associations, held a thriller or two quite apart from the programme provided. It was there we heard the news that Jaures, the Socialist deputy, had been assassinated in a neighbouring cafe. This was the first shot in the war. We felt the taut strings tighten to snapping point, and the audience quiver with the exciting news that might plunge the city in anarchy and the country in a revolution, just when a united France was needed most. But—this tribute must be paid to the self-control of actors and audience—the flawless performances of La Prince Charmint went on to the end as if the world outside held the quiet of a summer sea.

Two days later half the company of the Comedie Francaise were on their way to the front as soldiers. But to-night they were artists and as artists oblivious to everything but the imaginary world they were creating.

The storm that was breaking had been threatening since Monday (27th), when Austria sent her ultimatum to Serbia. Tuesday, with war declared, the skies darkened ominously. Wednesday brought news that Russia was mobilizing. Thursday, France knew from the Kaiser's tone that she might be called upon to make good her treaty obligations. But still we hoped, and all France hoped, that a way would yet be found to avert what all dreaded.

The only outward effect so far was the tightening of the strings on the money bags. Paper money became practically useless, because no one would exchange silver for it—not even the banks. Then came the odd spectacle of American millionaires with thousands of good paper money in their hands, obliged to walk the streets of Paris for lack of a silver franc to pay cab fare. Cafes would only serve food and drinks on the assurance in advance that customers had the amount of the order in change.

It was a novel situation, but not as amusing then as now in perspective. My personal first encounter with this condition occurred at the Vaudeville Theatre, and I mention it because the experience is typical. Courtesies at this particular theatre entail a tax of 2 francs 20 per seat. I had no objections to the tax, which provides for needy stage folk, but the refusal of the box office to accept my fifty-franc (\$10) note, left me the embarrassing alternative of a retreat or finding change elsewhere. Shopping in the neighbourhood for cigarettes, bon bons, etc., proved of no avail. Paris shop-keepers preferred their goods to my "bad money." Desperation, however, sometimes brings courage, and a petition to the theatre manager to extend me a day's credit to the amount of 4 fr. 40 was decided in my favour after a consultation in which apparently every member of the theatre staff took part.

BUT worse was to come. With Germany's declaration of war on Russia the next day, banks and express companies refused to honour checks, letters of credit or cable orders of any kind. It was then that the real pinch came, and with it the hasty

and panicky exodus from Paris of English and American tourists. These were the wise virgins, of course, as subsequent events proved. But we who are not of the wise—and are sometimes less than prudent—would not have foregone the experience of the days that followed for all the pretty frocks and lingerie in the kingdom.

Foreigners of other nations were given peremptory notice to leave Paris and acted upon it with such alacrity that hotels were left without servants and shops without clerks enough to open them. At my own hotel, the Majestic, which behaved magnificently to its guests—Sunday morning found us without maid or valet, and Sunday night with six waiters to serve 200 diners.

The sobriety and self-restraint of the French people through all this ordeal of suspense had been admirable. Even with war declared against her and passions temporarily loosened, there was little or no disorder. Beyond the looting of a couple of Viennese and German cafes, no acts of violence were reported. The prompt action of the authorities in



Chanteurs des Rues singing La Marseillaise along Paris streets when the Reservists went to the front. As the writer says, Frenchwomen don't merely watch their men-folk go to war; they march along with them.

declaring the city under martial law following the murder of Jaures, had no doubt much to do with the peaceful results.

Friday at mid-night the general mobilization order was posted and read by the late home-comers. Saturday, Paris gave way somewhat to some of its long, pent-up excitement. All that day and night patriotic groups paraded the streets with tri-colour and shouts of "vive la France." Sometimes the flags of Great Britain and Russia marched with the tri-colour. Along the boulevards toward Montmartre, cafe orchestras would take up the patriotic songs of the marchers and drive the crowd frantic with excitement. Taxis and automobiles were hastily commandeered by the paraders and woe to unlucky chauffeurs who protested. Far into the night the revel lasted and those who were caught in the whirl will not soon forget it.

Sunday, how the mood of Paris changed! The streets were silent of the marchers, the singing and the shouting. There was no jingoistic outburst of any kind. Yesterday the keen, dramatic sense of Parisians had been alive to the romance, the passion of war; to-day its stern reality was forced upon them. A Paris sun is shining along the Bois and the Champs Elysees, and the beautiful city never looked more beautiful. But the radiance and the gaiety are gone. The city has settled down to the work of mobilization, and gravely, silently, orderly, with a full realization of the task before her the work goes on. Soldiers seem to spring up out of the ground like rabbits and disappear as mysteriously. Where they are going, only the soldiers themselves seem to know. Secrecy marks every movement. Tens of thousands pass through the gates of Paris on this and the following days, but there is no parade of troops anywhere. The authorities seem to be avoiding as far as possible any opportunity for public demonstration. I saw one troop of cavalry hurriedly cross the Champs Elysees, but not hurriedly enough to escape the pedestrians who rushed toward them from both sides, the men cheering, and the women shaking the extended hands of the soldiers.

But if the mobilization was deprived of spectacular features, the day was full of tender and intimate scenes which showed the heart of Parisians toward their protectors.

England sends her soldiers to war, but France in a very intimate and personal sense goes to war with her soldiers. And it was just this quality of intimacy that made the emotional situation so acute. It also brought a sense of nearness to the actual conflict that one did not feel, for instance, in London.

Once the medal of a veteran caught the eye of a passing crowd. In an instant he was raised shoulder high and held there while the Marseillaise was sung. It was a sweet reward for the old mother who had come to the corner to see the soldier son off once more—perhaps for the last time. At the Gare du Nord I saw a path made for a proud young soldier, father and his little girl-wife, each carrying a twin. Such instances tell the story of war in a word—both its beauty and its horror.

But if the day was grave, night plunged Paris in deepest gloom. Under martial law cafes were obliged to close at 8 o'clock, and an hour later the streets were as deserted as an English village in the church hour. Rain sympathetically added to the picture. The only other sound was that of sentries patrolling the darkened streets. Huge searchlights scanning the skies for aeroplanes, suggested modern terrors from which neither soldier nor sentry could protect. A strange feeling of isolation came over us, as if the little world we inhabited had been suddenly loosed from its moorings.

From the forsaken streets, the rain and the sentries, our thoughts kept turning to the soldiers, and our ears, in fancy at least, caught the sound of their departing drums. That night probably half a million of the flower of the French soldiery would bivouac under the skies. They had gone to a war that was not of their own seeking, to drive back an enemy whose power they had every reason to respect. They had gone in no spirit of bravado or over-confidence, these brave fellows, but in a grim determination to uphold the honour of the French arms to the last. Their prospect of victory at that time was none too enviable and France realized it.

WILL ENGLAND HELP US?

FOR days the anxious question on the lips of everyone had been, "Will England help us?" France mobilized and went to the front without a satisfactory answer would ever come. Up to the moment of Sir Edward Grey's speech, the sincerity of England's friendship was seriously in question, and even the brave words of the Foreign Secretary did not wholly allay misapprehension. But the declaration of war that quickly followed left no more room for doubt or misgiving.

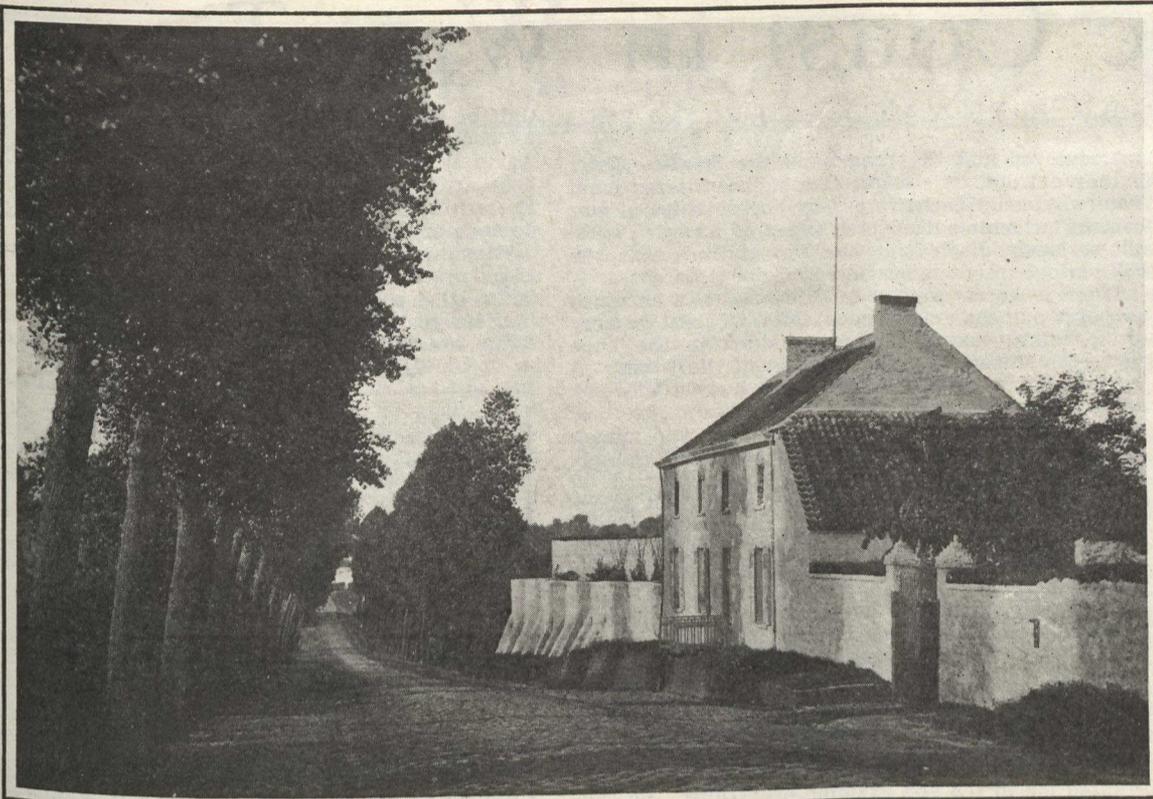
I should ask no other gift from life than to have been there when it came.

For my wanderings in and about Paris in those stirring days, I have had the fortunate companionship of a little French-Italian girl—the friend of an officer who had gone early to the front. Fortunate, because it gave me not only a skilful interpreter of the language of Paris, but what is of even more importance, of its heart and its moods. Her profession apparently made her "persona grata" with the police commissary, whom my cables worried, and she gave me valuable assistance at the office of the War Minister, to whom all war correspondents must present credentials. She was very silent, my little friend, the first night we drove through the darkened streets. The great passion of events about her had stilled her own.

"My poor, unhappy Paris," she sighed. "As heart-breaking," I suggested once, "as a tear in the eyes of a beautiful woman." A remark which was applauded as "literature."

The days we spent in the cafes with a war map before us, and surrounded by a coterie of her friends, discussing the situation over and over again in real Parisian fashion. My innocence of military tactics was no excuse for not answering questions that would have qualified my little friend for a place on the board of strategy. I shall not soon forget her insistent curiosity, for instance, over the exact terms of England's first offer, and how this and that eventuality would affect the degree of England's support.

These are rather personal things to write about, perhaps, but in Paris we are in the midst of events calculated to lay bare one's thoughts even to himself.



In this house Napoleon had his headquarters prior to the Battle of Waterloo, on June 18th, 1815. Armageddon of 1914 has its centre very close to the battlefield of Wellington and Napoleon.

MEPHISTOPHELES ABROAD

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

MEPHISTO the Great in the third week of August, year of our Lord 1914, when grapes were red and harvests golden, where as yet the binders made in Canada had not reaped—came personally upon the earth by way of Europe. It was a route he knew well. From Moscow to Marseilles and from the Bosphorus to the North Sea was one of his old stamping-grounds. He came by night. His first halting-place was Berlin, hard by to Potsdam, where he found that his imperial Imp Wilhelm the Gravemaker had suddenly taken a train to other parts.

Which was disappointing and presumptuous. "Ah, Faustus!" he muttered. "You have stolen a march on me."

In the shadow of a great church tower he paused a moment to gaze on the dark and troubled city, which it seemed was the model for all civic managements in heaven or earth. He knew that guttural language and those fair-haired German frauleins, those Marguerites and those erudite Dr. Fausts from the universities, the philosophers of 1914, God help them, along with such poets as they had left!

Poor old Goethe was dead and the devil had never seen him since; the poet that first sent him strutting over the stages of the civilized world, beginning in this marvelous Germany. Where could Goethe be?

"Poh!" he laughed. "Goethe died too soon. He really didn't know me. That was only my drawing-room cousin. Ho! The world has been coming along since. Never again would Germany be content with so pleasant a devil."

And as he let his giant bat wings cling to the damp stones of the tower he gnawed out a gnashing, blood-foaming spume of laughter that made the keys of the great organ squeak in their sockets.

This was no place to be. Not here was the great pan-European exposition of civilization. But it was pleasing to linger a moment watching the soldiers go by; meditating that here in the heart of Germany the music and the philosophy and the art and the science of the world had been gathered by that diligent Imp Wilhelm the cosmic dilettante. In this Germany and down yonder on the Danube in Vienna had gathered the Bachs and Handels and Haydns singing glory to God; Beethoven interpreting the heart of God to man; Wagner making the demigods strut to great music; Strauss in that very Berlin Opera finding it necessary to exploit the underworld for a few. Here had lived the poets, Goethe and Schiller, that gave the devil a harder struggle than most of the preachers. Here had been Kant and Schopenhauer and Hegel, the true philosophers that gave place to Nordau and Nietzsche with their pessimism-realism of the abdominal regions. Here had lived the philological crew delving into the roots of language to find that all men are brothers—till Wilhelm the Dilettante told them to shut up or find another trade. And here, likewise, in the good old days of bigotry and mediaevalism had come forth the terrible Luther, that would go to the Diet of Worms in spite of devils on the roofs.

Just so. It was delightful to take a leaf out of Dante's Inferno and have all these "geists" come shuddering up there before him under the shadow of

the old church tower. These were the souls that had yearned over the eternal job of evolving civilization. Blessed be their bones. Some of them had known Napoleon, the greatest grave-digger the world ever knew. All had known France and hated her. They knew England.

Bismarck and Von Moltke—ah, there had been a pair of great builders, too! Blood and iron and consolidations; armies and armaments and labour unions of hell; lyddite, gunpowder, fulminates and



Lord Kitchener, the brains behind the British force in Belgium, and Lord Haldane, former Minister of War.

explosives, acids and anarchies and all the sweet enginery of diabolism upon earth culminating in 1914 Anno Domini under a most pious emperor singing Te Deums on Sunday.

Remembering these, Mephistomagne stretched his cartilaginous corporealism till it enveloped the old church tower like an ivy. And the laugh he gave out sent a mist over the shuddering harvest moon.

Plenty of time yet before lurching forth in his night airship to see what Armageddon might be doing with Wilhelm at the head—where Armageddon a hundred years ago left sixty thousand from half of Europe in a single day of June to sicken the vultures.

And the devil compressed himself to a comfortable human size for a swift tour of inspection over that marvelous civilization machine of Germany

built upon explosives. He felt like a boy seeing a circus go to camp at sunrise. Busy as he had been these years back trying to bolster up the good old doctrine of a literal hell, he had not kept strict tab on how the monarchies of Europe had been making it worth while.

This Germany, with the great model city north-east of the centre, and right at the heart of the huge spider-web of national railways—well, surely she had been busier than the devil these forty years or so, since the other great carnage, when she mingled the blood of French and Germans to make green meadows over there on the border. And this blinking Berlin that at night from the cloud-dromes looked like a dull jewel glistening on the hand of Europe with Paris another—ah! heaven itself knew how much of the diabolus-machine of humanity destruction was focused and nerve-centred right within gunshot of the pious palace at Potsdam.

First of all these railways that grew out of the great streets where the trolleys ran; the devil heard them coughing and clanging and shunting as never they had done since steam began to get lungs and legs of iron. He perched himself like a giant owl on top of a steeple and looked them over; following the strings of red and green lights with their quadruplex ribbons of steel out towards Hanover. Magdeburg and Nordhausen, to Kassel and Frankfurt-on-the-Main, to Strassburg and Cologne; from the edge of Russia to the borders of France they ran, and the coaches of the Kaiser roaring over these webs of traffic to the borderlands of the Slav and the Latin, strung end upon end would reach across Germany.

"Good!" clucked the Owl of Sin. "Very good for trade. But—trade isn't everything. No, no. There was a time in the world when they crucified Christ, another when they burned the martyrs in Europe; and now comes the time when Europe, with its traded railways, says—'Business be damned! Let's have a war. That's what railways are for. Empty the barracks and cram the troop-trains. Change the timetables. Set soldiers in charge of trains. Back up the flatcars and heave up the howitzers that make carrion of humanity in the name of God.' That's good. But"—and the Sin-Owl preened his bat-like pinions—"theseimps promised me they could get a million riflemen to the borders of France in two sunsets and another million in two more. I don't believe they're doing it. Something's wrong, Wilhelm. Something's wrong."

KNOWING as a doctor a pulse that the death-machine was not running too smoothly, the devil betook himself to the brains of the railway system, where in a single room spy-eyed war-lordlets see on paper the movements of all the trains in the fatherland, knowing whereabouts any regiment may be on its way to Armageddon.

"Young man," he smoothly said to one of these toy-shifters, "where is the regiment of widow-makers, and why is it not elsewhere?"

The official fell upon his knees.

"Majestat!" he gasped.

"Bah!" sniggered Mephistomagne. "I'm not the Emperor. I used to have horns on my lip. But time has worn them off. Ha! ha!"

Off he went, knowing well that for the space of an hour that staff of experts would be cross-eyed and paralytic from fear, thinking the Emperor had come in disguise.

From there the devil scudded across the city to the headquarters of the General Stabs Gebaude, where one of the great murdering I-ams is the Field-Marshal Von Heeringen the "Geist of Metz." The room was mainly empty. The officers were gone to the front. Von Heeringen, who trembles to one man only—Der Kaiser—had left his "geist" behind; and the geist was playing checkers with 30,000 lead soldiers on a board. The lean, limping spectre of war looked up at the visitor and crumpled into a gasping heap on the floor.

"Mein Kaiser!" he moaned. "Oh, mein Kaiser—!"

The War Over-Lord laughed down his nose like an operatic Frenchman.

"Bah!" said he. "You have him on the brain. Sit up, my boy, and show me what the soldiers are doing at the front!"

The geist shook his head, and pulled himself together with the creak of a skeleton.

"I do not know," he said. "These are only my little lead men. But Mynheer Mephisto—we have five millions under the General Stab, and they are to mix their seas of blood with the French and the Slav on both sides of the Fatherland."

"Good, my son! Europe has been dry too much. That Balkan thing stopped too soon."

"Ah, but the Emperor was not ready, Mynheer. You must not be impatient. Germany was to bide her time. Her day had not yet struck. Napoleon could not die till after Waterloo. Wilhelm der Grosse—ah, he is not to die until—"

The geist of the Field-Marshal gagged as he saw a gleam of infernal ecstasy contort the face of Mynheer Mephisto. He trembled; recognizing—the master of his War Lord, who for some while now had been lonesome to hear down below the rumble of gun-carriages and thunder of hoofs and the impact of terrific armies on the rafters of his dwelling-place.

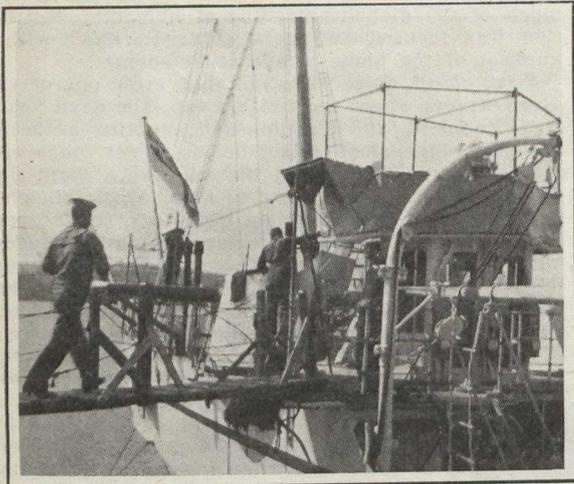
(Continued on page 16.)

Our Pacific Coast in War Time

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

TO allay any fears that may exist among property owners on the Coast, let me tell you of conditions there, as much as a man might fairly do so in time of war.

The idea is prevalent that we are totally defenceless there—true we have but the Rainbow; by this time you all know its whereabouts; the Algerine and the Shearwater, one second-class cruiser and two old-time gunboats, with seven thousand miles of sinuous coast line to defend. But remember, there



Seaman carrying orders aboard the Algerine, the British patrol boat rescued by the Rainbow. Her crew will be transferred to the Niobe.

is only one way into the inside waters of the Gulf of Georgia, the gulf that separates the great Island of Vancouver, on which the capital city of Victoria sits, and its sister groups of smaller islands, from the mainland. That way is through the Straits of Juan de Fuca, straits 100 miles long that separate the U. S. from Canada and that taper to 12 miles in width nearly opposite Victoria, or really opposite Esquimalt, the British naval station on the Pacific. Never mind if it is abandoned, the magnificent modern cannon on their disappearing mounts were

not removed and they command the Straits. Even if they did not, it is a question if that international waterway could be traversed by hostile ships of war bent on attacking the North Coast of America without seriously displeasing the United States, as she has various interests scattered all about here.

There is hardly a man in B. C. that can as much as point out the emplacement of this great battery of up-to-date cannon that are hidden in the huge rocks that form the seaworn front of the island. A few officers, some Royal Engineers, now in England, and the administration are all that know just how well we are defended. Even the sappers and miners and jackies that were in Esquimalt when the big guns were placed in position were all hurried off to England with only broken and imperfect knowledge of the perfected plans.

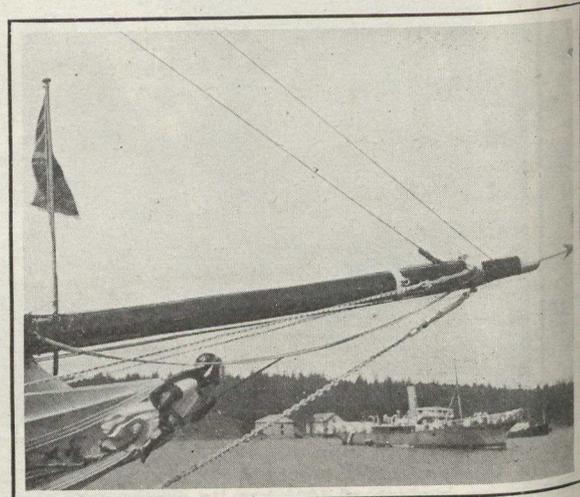
We have often wandered along these rude shores mentally measuring just what chance an attacking fleet would have. The international line is such a devious thing that the enemy would be constantly inside the three-mile line if once it passed Victoria and tried to steam across to Vancouver. No fleet that ever sailed the seas could approach to attack our southern neighbour's navy yard, about 100 miles south of Victoria. Personally, I have spent months wandering about amid the great U. S. forts and navy yard, constantly impressed with the liberty that was granted me to see and examine everything. So complete was the confidence shown me that never once did our cameras click on anything that might show a future enemy the position of cannon or mortar or fort. The long, sinuous channel called Puget Sound is mined from Canadian water clear to the navy yard at Bremerton.

Another thing, there are few if any German colonists along Vancouver Island shores or the shores of Puget Sound. Danes, Icelanders, Swedes there are in numbers. With these exceptions B. C. is a truly Scotch, English, Irish community, in the order named, with a good sprinkling of native-born and Eastern Canadians, a few East Indians, many Chinese and Japs, and a few thousand Indians.

I would hate to be a foreign pilot on that coast with the lights of our marine service extinguished. I have not overlooked the northern entrance to the

Gulf of Georgia, but the passes are so narrow that we could mine them against the navies of the world. Again, is it not very likely that as soon as the China fleet attend to the few German cruisers on the Eastern station some of the ships will come to the defence of the Pacific Coast?

Vancouver can easily be defended as the entrance is narrow from the Gulf. And the spirit that animates the people! I have heard it remarked by tourists that they are more loyal than Londoners. Again, we have never had rumours that the German



The bow of the Algerine; in the distance a cable ship at anchor.

spy was in our midst. In fact, all over Canada we esteem the German as a good fellow-citizen, but good or ill he is a rarity on the Coast.

With two transcontinentals pouring the host of volunteers from the prairies, with the large bodies of troops that are being raised in Victoria, Vancouver and New Westminster, and the two new submarines purchased by the foresight of Sir Richard McBride, we are certain no foreign foe will find a lodgment on that glorious coast.

The War Calendar

August 18th.—The abandonment of Brussels by the Belgians was followed by a swift march on the part of the Germans through Huy and Jodoigne, straight to Brussels. Apparently the Allies intend to offer no opposition to the advance of the Belgians through Central Belgium, but rather to await a German attack on the entrenched positions to the North and South. Apparently also the Allies are not anxious for a decisive battle in Belgium until the French army shall have reached Northern Lorraine and are able to threaten the communications of the main German army in Belgium.

The Kaiser, accompanied by his general staff, is reported to have gone to Mainz, from which he will personally direct the campaign.

The Greek army and navy have been mobilized and there are signs of possible hostilities between Greece and Turkey.

The Canadian Parliament met in extraordinary session to-day.

It was officially announced that the Russian forces had crossed the German frontier in six places.

A despatch from Premier Pasitch of Serbia announces that an Austrian army was trapped in the Sabatz Mountains and lost 15,000 men.

August 19th.—France issues an official statement that Saarburch has been captured. Apparently the French forces have pushed forward from Nancy into Lorraine.

There are rumours that Brussels has fallen.

Patriotic speeches were made in the Canadian House of Commons and Parliament showed a united spirit.

August 20th.—The Germans have occupied Tirlemont, Diest and Brussels.

France re-occupied Mulhausen, after three days' fighting. Another French army is reported to be within nineteen miles of Metz.

The Canadian Minister of Finance announced new excise and custom duties on liquor, tobacco, coffee, sugar and fruit extracts.

August 21st.—The Germans are reported within a few miles of Ostend. King Albert and his staff are in Antwerp.

Russia reports that an army of 500,000 men are now in Germany.

Thirty millions of Canada's war vote of fifty millions will be spent on military defence and six millions on naval service. This will cover expenses only to March 31st, 1915.

August 22nd.—The Germans have countered against the French in Lorraine, and driven them back. Luneville, ten miles within the French border, is reported to be occupied by the Germans.

General Pau, a veteran of the Franco-Prussian war, is now in command of the larger French army in Alsace and is having a greater success.

The Canadian Parliament adjourned after passing all the necessary war legislation.

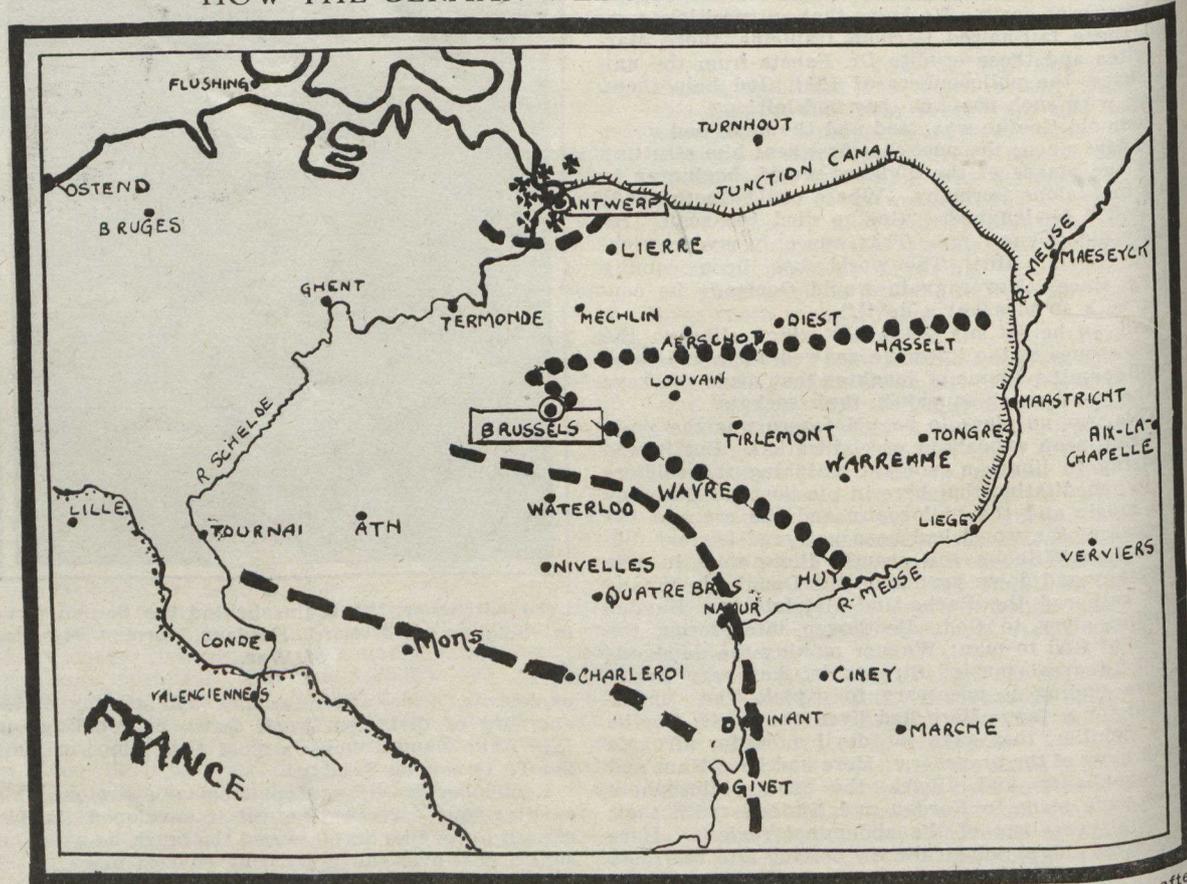
August 23rd.—Japan's notice to Germany expired to-day, and Japan formally declared war on Ger-

many. It is estimated that it will take three months to reduce the forts in Kiau-Chau.

August 24.—Belgium Port of Namur taken by Germans.

French and British retire at Neufchateau. French again evacuate Alsace and Lorraine. Fighting continues in the neighbourhood of Mons.

HOW THE GERMAN WEDGE ENTERED BELGIUM



This map, revised according to the information received up to Monday last, shows the German troops in a big wedge forcing themselves through Belgium to the North Sea. The chief points on the map are as follows:

ANTWERP—The present capital. Government moved here from Brussels. It has several forts.

BRUSSELS—Now occupied by Germans. Belgians evacuated their old capital on Thursday, August 20.

LIEGE—Scene of the fiercest battle so far. Now occupied by Germans.

LOUVAIN—Now in possession of German troops after heroic resistance by Belgians on August 20.

AERSCHOT—Seven out of 288 Belgians lived to tell of heroic fight here against Germans.

DIEST—Probably in possession of Germans.

HUY—Here a host of Germans crossed the Meuse.

NAMUR—An original line of German advance to Paris. Still held by Belgians. Fortified.

GIVET—On original route of German advance on Paris.

MONS—Where British troops first met Germans in force.

Through a Monocle

The Laws of War

THIS war is reminding us once more just about how far we can go in making international laws to govern the waging of war. It is also establishing anew the principle upon which such laws must be based. Nothing is easier than for humanitarians to get together in a placid pacific atmosphere—say, at some House of the Wood in an idyllic Hague—and think up a whole lot of little laws which, if obeyed, would make war a far gentler and less deadly "sport." But when the tiger of war is actually released upon the nations, then we see that these laws are precisely like all other laws—that is, they have precious little chance of being obeyed if they promise to interfere with the success of any belligerent, unless there is superior power behind them to compel obedience.

SOWING mines in an open seaway is against international law. Yet the first naval incident of the war was the sinking of a German ship engaged in this pleasing occupation. Why? The answer is simple. Germany has the inferior navy. It was promptly driven under the shelter of its forts at the opening of war. The consequence was that German shipping was as promptly swept out of the North Sea. If there were a million mines floating about in the North Sea, Germany would not suffer; but, if there were enough mines to make that seaway unsafe, Britain could not reap the benefit of her successful naval operations in clearing that sea of German cruisers. Here was a law which made against one of the belligerents and for some of the others. What happened? It was promptly broken by the Power which stood to lose. And what happened next? Exactly nothing. Did the police appear? There are no international police. Nobody is going to war with Germany for sowing mines unless they want to go to war with her for some other reason, and seize this as a pretext. Take another case. Consider the proposition, so

often made with a light heart by "pacifist" theorists, that Britain should abandon the right to capture private property at sea. Nothing is easier than to make up a most persuasive case in favour of this self-denying ordinance—if we forget for the moment what war is and means. If I remember correctly, some leading Canadian newspapers have argued that Britain's refusal to abandon this war-right was the real cause of the construction of the German Navy and all the ills that have flowed from that challenge to our supremacy at sea.

WELL, what would have happened if the British Government had taken their soft-hearted—and soft-headed—advice? German merchant ships would to-day hold the sea. They would be "private property." Their cargoes would be "private property," unassailable unless they happened to be contraband of war. They could carry tons of food-stuffs to the beleaguered populations of Germany and Austria, if they sought unblockaded ports; and our beautiful act of self-denial, in agreeing not to interfere with private property at sea, would have deprived us of almost the only means we have, as a naval power, of putting pressure on an enemy. We cannot land an army on the enemy's coasts, because we have no army at all large enough for the task. We cannot stop immune merchantmen from steaming right through our watching Navy into neutral ports. The only thing we can do, to apply pressure to a great land power like Germany, is to close her "great lines of communication across the seas"—to quote Sir Edward Grey. And that we can still do, because the theorists and the sentimentalists, and the men who imagine that nations, locked in a death struggle, can be got to observe written laws which fatally tie their hands at the crucial moment, have not been listened to by the responsible statesmen in whose keeping has been the safety of the Empire.

CONSIDER still another case—the neutrality of the lesser nations. They are all guaranteed. We are great on written agreements. But Germany's first act is to violate the neutrality of Luxem-

burg and her next to violate the neutrality of Belgium. At this time of writing, she has not violated the neutrality of Holland, Denmark or Switzerland; but no one believes that she would hesitate a moment to do so, or that any punishment would befall her if she did. In that last phrase lies the secret of the whole affair. International laws will not be implicitly obeyed in time of war unless and until there is a "police force" outside of the belligerents strong enough and disinterested enough to punish infractions of these laws. If Bolivia were to go to war with Paraguay—and we wanted to bother about it—we could probably enforce international law. But we saw, in the case of the two Balkan wars, that there was no great eagerness on the part of the Great Powers to enforce international law, even against small nations, when they themselves were keenly concerned in the outcome of the struggle.

NATIONS at war are like human beings locked in a death struggle in a forest or a closed room. The first desideratum is to be the party who emerges from the struggle alive. The consequence is that things will be done in such a fight—even between individuals—which would never be thought of if the combatants were fighting in a prize-ring under the vigilant eyes of a referee empowered to award the victory for a "foul." In the case of a gigantic war like the present, when all civilization is flung into the maelstrom, the old adage that "necessity knows no law" comes into effect; and the dominant law is the law of self-preservation. The logical inference from all this surely is that when our international law-makers come to foregather after the war is over to mend the cruel rents made in their cobweb codes, they should confine themselves to enactments which enforce themselves even in the midst of the most ferocious conflict—that is, enactments against practices which profit neither party exclusively. For instance, no civilized nation to-day would put cholera germs in wells—not because that is more inhuman than shells which explode over a battalion and rain down bullets until it is wiped out, or than mines which sink a Dreadnought with its crew in five minutes—but because it is a game at which two can play with about equal success. So they cut it out.

THE MONOCLE MAN.



THE LIONS IN THE KAISER'S PATH

WHEN THE BRITISH LION IS AT WAR, THE CUBS ARE ALSO AT WAR

Canada's Khaki Parliament

By THE EDITOR

MEMORABLE parliaments there have been from time to time in this self-governing portion of the British Empire; none so memorable and eloquent in the making of history as that which assembled on Tuesday, August 18th, 1914.

When the Parliament of the province of Canada met to discuss the Confederation resolutions the members must have felt that they were approaching a grave national crisis. The speeches made during the debate exhibit a feeling that danger was in the air and that the future of the scattered British North American colonies depended upon unity of spirit and unity of military defence. There was a possibility at that time that the Trent affair might lead to war between the United States and Great Britain.

After the Queen's proclamation of Confederation, on July 1st, 1867, the first parliament of the Dominion of Canada met at Ottawa in much the same spirit. On that occasion there was a deep sense of new responsibility assumed and of new problems to be solved. But over no parliament since that date has a war cloud hung. The Parliament of 1901 had to deal with questions and measures raised by the sending of Canadian troops to the South African war in the closing months of the previous year. Yet no one felt that Canada was at war.

The special session of the Canadian Parliament last week was Canada's first war Parliament since Sir Isaac Brock called together the members of the Legislative Assembly of Upper Canada in the early days of 1812. As the hour of three o'clock of last Tuesday (18th) approached, a strong cordon of Dominion police was thrown around the half-century-old building which crowns Parliament Hill. Only members of the House and the Senate, newspaper men and visitors with special cards were allowed to approach within fifty yards of the building. The editor of the Canadian Courier, in the company of an Ottawa newspaper proprietor, sauntered up the main avenue to the top of the steps leading to the upper terrace; but there they stayed. The sergeant of police was polite, but firm. If the gentlemen had their press certificates with them they could pass, otherwise they must remain with the crowd of common people. Fortunately, a well-known Hansard reporter came along opportunely and relieved the situation. At the main entrance three more Dominion police barred the way.

A few minutes later a clatter of hoofs was heard and His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of Canada, arrived to open the first war Parliament of one hundred years. He passed through the main entrance into the Senate Chamber. Very shortly the Usher of the Black Rod tapped on the door of the Commons Chamber and informed the waiting commoners that the Governor-General desired their presence in the Red Chamber. The members rose and followed the Sergeant-at-Arms through the corridors to the other building.

There were just enough differences between this scene and its predecessors to make it remarkable and worthy of remembrance. The somewhat gorgeous throne was occupied by a gentleman in khaki. There was no gorgeous robe, and no silken breeches. The Governor's uniform was that of a British officer ready to march to the field of action. The Aides who stood about were in similar uniform. Only the

Duchess, Princess Patricia and their ladies-in-waiting represented the customary throng of fair ladies.

Then came the reading of the speech from the throne, a speech solemn and full of portent.

The Commons returned to their chamber. After some routine business the House adjourned.

NEXT day business was resumed in earnest. The address in reply to the speech from the throne was moved and seconded in two carefully-prepared addresses by two private members. Then followed the most important utterances ever delivered in the House. The one by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, leader of the Opposition, and the other by Sir Robert Borden, the Premier. It was to hear these two speeches that two hundred and twenty-one members of the House of Commons had come from the constituencies which stretch from Sydney on the east to Victoria on the west. It was these two speeches which a whole nation awaited. In them was to be summed up the attitude of an united people anxious for the integrity, the glory, and the happiness of the far-flung Empire of which Canada is a part. It was not so much Canada's answer to the Emperor of Germany as Canada's answer to the blood-call of the monarch and parliament of the British Empire.

According to established usage, the leader of the Opposition spoke first. The general cheers which greeted his rising indicated that both sides knew what his attitude would be. "It is our duty," he said, "more pressing upon us than any other duty, to let Great Britain know, to let the friends and the foes of Great Britain know, that there is in Canada but one mind and one heart." That was his message, the same message as was brought to the British House of Commons when Bonar Law and John Redmond heard that Great Britain had sent an ultimatum to Germany a fortnight previously. That was the message Sir Wilfrid Laurier gave the people of Canada—Sir Wilfrid, who has been dubbed an "anti-imperialist," who has been many times termed "traitor," who has many times been called "disloyal." It revealed the hollowness of much that men are wont to defend under the name of "politics," the meanness of much that is preached in the name of "patriotism."

He declared that all Canadians are "conscious and proud" that the mother country did not engage in this war because of any selfish motive or any purpose of aggrandizement, but to maintain untarnished the honour of her name, the fulfillment of her treaties, the obligations to her allies, and "to save civilization from the unbridled lust of conquest and power." He declared his belief that the Allies were fighting for freedom against oppression, for democracy against autocracy, for civilization against barbarism.

Then came Sir Robert Borden, who, as Premier, has borne the brunt of the strange turn of events. As a junior British statesman he reviewed the events which led up to the war and the actions which followed. He explained clearly why Canada stood unitedly behind Great Britain in this fight for liberty, what Canada had done and what was proposed. The naval service act of 1910, once severely

criticized, had been used as a basis of action. The Niobe and the Rainbow, once dubbed "a tinpot navy," had been fitted out for the defence of Canada's coasts. A Canadian contingent had been organized, a million bags of flour given freely to the British Government, a free hospital offered to France, and a general preparedness for all emergencies had been undertaken. "Not for love of battle, not for lust of conquest, not for greed of possessions, but for the cause of honour, to maintain solemn pledges, to uphold principles of liberty, and to withstand forces that would convert the world into an armed camp."

It was a magnificent spectacle. The well-filled House thrilled with the emotions invoked by the two great leaders. The echo of it reverberated through the Dominion and round the never-ending Empire which owes allegiance to Britain's flag.

AND having thus put Canada squarely and honourably before herself and the world, Parliament got down on Thursday to the real business of the special war session. Fifty millions of dollars were voted, with more to come if necessary. War taxes were fixed with which to provide the extra revenue. This sounds easy enough, but behind the Finance Minister's plans was much anxious thinking on his part and by others.

The situation is complicated. While Canada has a surplus of revenue over expenditure, the Government is continually borrowing money for capital expenditures. These borrowings increase our national debt. In the past ten years, they have not been large but they are always there. About forty millions was appropriated at the last parliament for capital expenditures. Add to this fifty millions of war expenditures, and there is ninety million to be faced. Assuming that the ordinary revenue equals the ordinary expenditure, there is still this ninety millions to be provided.

To raise ninety millions when the big lenders of the world, in London and Paris, have closed their offices, is not an easy task. Fortunately, the Finance Minister got twenty-five millions in June, so that his task is reduced that much. But where can he raise the balance—sixty-five million? This was the question which the Finance Minister had to answer.

He proposes to raise fifteen millions by an increase in Dominion notes. This will be done by putting five million dollars in gold in the Treasury and issuing twenty millions of notes. By this device, he loses five millions and gains twenty. It is usual to issue only dollars, one dollar in bills for one dollar in gold, but a special act enables him to issue one dollar in bills for twenty-five cents in gold.

This conservative scheme still leaves the Finance Minister with a deficit of fifty millions. His next proposition, therefore, is to increase the customs duties on cocoa or chocolate; chicory or coffee; condensed milk and milk foods; sweet biscuits; preserved fruits, canned fruits, jellies and jams; raw sugar, refined sugar and confectionery; cigars, cigarettes and tobaccos; ale, beer, porter and stout; alcohol, alcoholic perfumes, spirits of nitre and medicated wines. There will be a corresponding increase in the excise taxes on spirits and tobacco made in this country.

On Saturday Parliament adjourned, having done a record piece of work in five days.

WHEN THE FAMOUS "Q. O. R." MARCHED AWAY

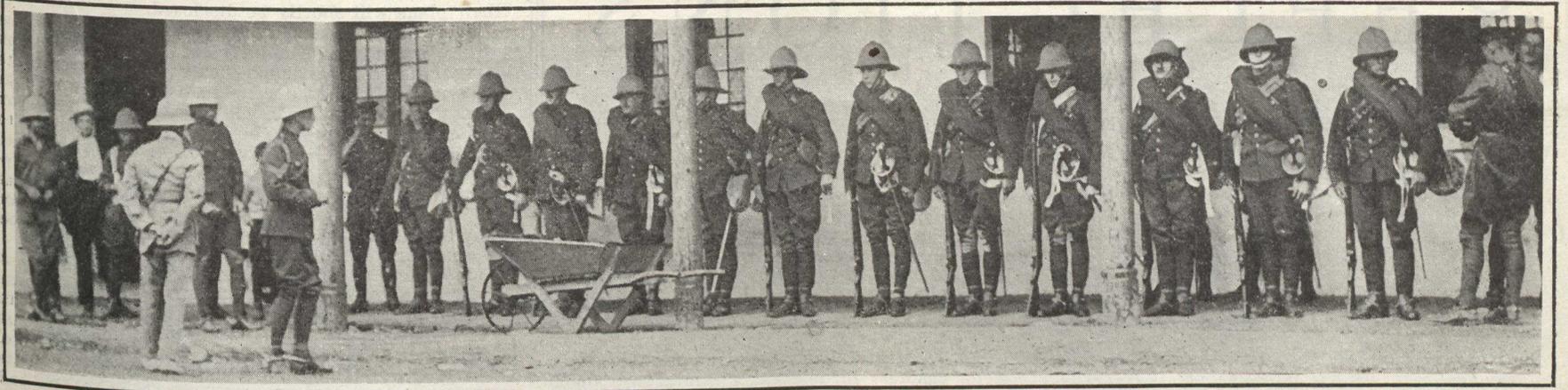


The Queen's Own, of Toronto, as they marched down University Ave. past the South African monument.

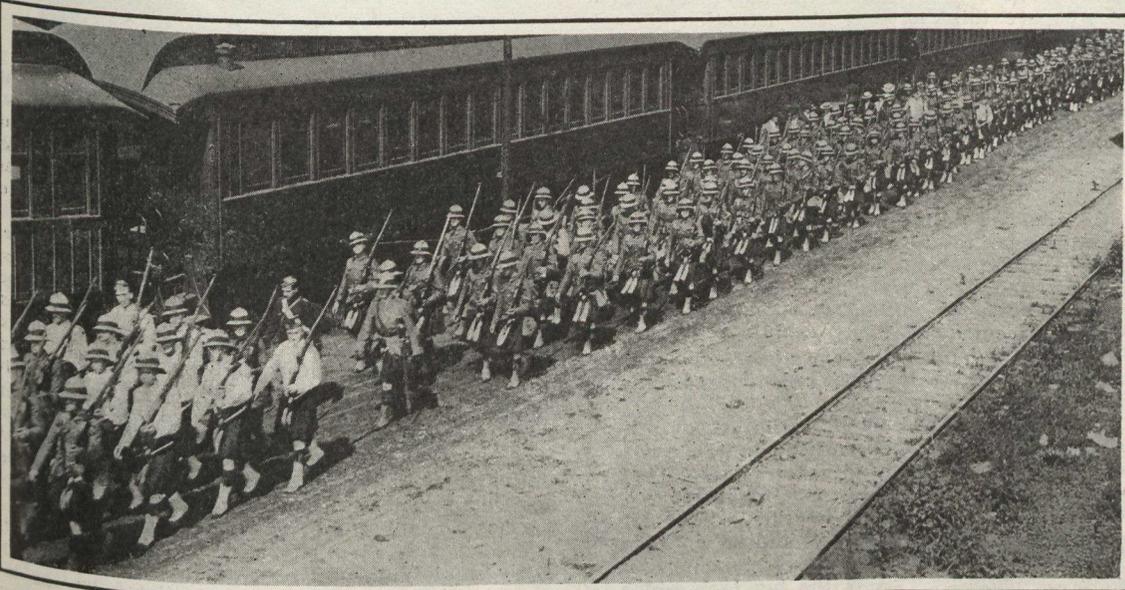


The people crowded the old Union Station to cheer them away—there was neither wailing nor weeping, but—

OUR CANADIAN TROOPS IN AN ACTIVE STATE OF WAR



Line-up of the R. C. R. Garrison at Stanley Barracks, in Toronto, ready to leave for the front. Stanley Barracks is now garrisoned by a detachment of the Queen's Own Rifles.



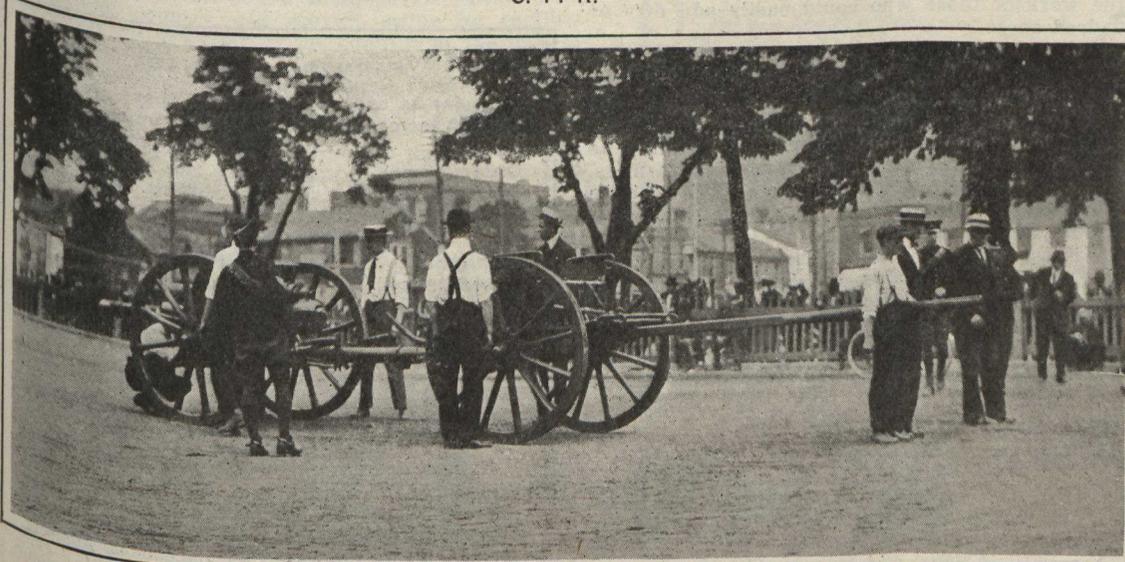
48th Highlanders marching to entrain for the concentration camp at Long Branch before leaving for Valcartier.



Loading cavalry horses at the Canadian Northern tracks in Toronto for camp at Valcartier.



In 24 hours Cobourg heavy battery of artillery was mobilized; 24 hours later in camp at Beaumont, P.Q.; 24 hours again and it struck camp, and was ready to move in 90 minutes for the Pacific Coast via the C. P. R.



One of the guns of the 9th Field Battery, in Toronto, ready, if needed, for the field of Armageddon.

Calling Out the Troops

CONFUSION reigns supreme in Canadian military circles, yet below the surface of chaos, about to emerge, is order. Canada was not ready for war—the new rifles were half made, the old rifles lacked backsights, there were not enough khaki uniforms, the mess-tins were short, the blanket supply was short and there were no boots. Canada lacked mobilization stores. Over in England, near Aldershot, is a great department stores building, where in twenty-four hours Great Britain could equip a quarter of a million men for war; these purely reserve stores were so large that it took five hundred men to look after them, from year to year. When war broke out, Britain could parade half a million men on a few days' notice. Canada, being younger and poorer, had no such emergency stores. Even the Rainbow and the Niobe were stripped to the decks, and their big guns were in storage sheds.

But Canada is doing its best under trying circumstances. The old "Oliver" equipment, by which an infantryman carries all his outfit on his back, is being discarded and the new "Webb" equipment substituted. The rifle factories are working night and day. All sorts of equipment is being made with a rush, and by the middle of September Canada will be able to send twenty thousand men over-sea, all equipped with khaki uniforms, great-coats and blankets, and with the latest Ross rifles. The collecting of these from all over Canada and gathering them together at Valcartier has kept the Militia Department at fever heat twenty-four hours in the day. A thousand troop trains was a huge task in itself. Four thousand tents, five thousand horses, forty thousand blankets—these are the leading items in the many train-loads of baggage and equipment. Fifty eighteen-pounders, eighteen howitzers, four sixty-pounders, and twenty-four machine guns needed several trains on their own account. Finally, 229 carts and 640 waggons are necessary to carry the supplies of a division on the march, and these must go with the Canadian contingent.

Slowly but surely, Canada's fighting force is being collected at Valcartier. This week they will be mobilized and hard at work drilling and shooting. But that was only part of the task. Arrangements have been made to bring all the regiments left at home up to war strength.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

War Pictures and Maps

THE first actual war pictures arrived from Europe last week and appear in this issue of the Canadian Courier. Readers will find that the Canadian Courier service is thoroughly organized and that the best photographs available will appear in its pages from week to week. In each issue we shall endeavour to have an up-to-date sketch map showing the latest movements of the European armies. In this way the Canadian Courier will present an illustrated record of the war suitable for preservation and for ultimate binding. Readers are again urged to preserve their numbers from week to week so that their file will be complete. This will relieve them of the necessity of paying a high price for an illustrated history of the war which enterprising publishers will issue when the campaign has closed.

The British Cruiser

SO far Lord Charles Beresford was right. He said that Britain's enthusiasm for Dreadnoughts had led some people to underestimate the value of the cruiser as a protector of trade routes. To date the British cruisers have done most of the naval work. Canada is deeply indebted to these busy bees that hum around our coasts and keep off the marauders. The work of the "Rainbow" was mentioned by Sir Robert Borden in the House last week, and this vessel undoubtedly saved the crews of the "Shearwater" and "Algerine," the little British scouts whom war caught in Mexican waters. Similarly, the arrival of the French cruiser "Montcalm" and the British cruiser "Newcastle" has given British Columbia a sense of security that was sadly lacking when war broke out.

On the Atlantic, the "Niobe" was caught napping, with her guns on shore and generally dismantled. Nevertheless, the British cruisers "Essex" and "Suffolk" hustled around and held the eastern coast of Canada free from attack until the arrival of the "Bristol" and "The Good Hope." And it is worth noting that the "Bristol" is the type of ship which the Admiralty in 1909 accepted as the kind of vessel most suitable for Canadian defence.

All along the Canadian coasts, on both oceans, there are thousands of citizens who sleep more securely at night because of these smart British and French cruisers that give us security. The work of the Dreadnoughts in the North Sea will come later, but in the meantime Canada has learned the value of cruisers as the busy guardians of sea-going commerce.

A Trying Task

SPEECHES were made in the House of Commons last week telling of the enthusiasm of Canadians in volunteering for the war. The daily newspapers have also printed glowing reports of the recruiting. The real truth is that it has been difficult to get the necessary officers and men. Of the Toronto regiments, for example, not more than one-third of the enrolled militia volunteered, and Toronto has done as well as any other city, perhaps better.

These peculiar conditions are due to our lack of military organization. In the first place the Militia Department was unequal to the tremendous strain put upon it. It was not prepared. The Minister tried his best to meet the circumstances with his well-known personal activity, but the task was too great. Then the Militia Council was given charge of routine affairs, and better results obtained. Nevertheless, the lack of organization was still apparent.

Again, the number of troops required was about five times what were sent to South Africa. The latter were raised during a period extending over nearly a year. On this occasion, the Department tried to do in one month five times as much as the Department did in twelve months in 1900-1901.

Despite all our inexperience and our incompetence, there are now 20,000 men at Valcartier. What seemed to be impossible has been done. In a few days, the troops will commence to sail, and will proceed to Aldershot, England, where they will undergo training for a couple of months. By November first, Canada should have 40,000 soldiers in England.

Sacrifices by the Militia

WHY should people expect that a militiaman should volunteer for foreign service ahead of other citizens who are not in the militia? Some remarks heard daily seem to imply that a militiaman is a paid soldier and that soldiering is his business. This is neither true nor fair.

A militiaman, officer or private, is a citizen who gives his time and service to train himself for the defence of his country, at a rate of pay which barely covers expenses. Indeed, in the case of officers in city corps, it costs them from \$25 to \$100 a year in addition to their pay. Why, then, should these men be asked to sacrifice their incomes from business and go to war, while other men who have lived more selfish lives are exempt?

If an officer who goes to the war is earning \$5,000 a year, will a grateful country make up the difference between business income and military pay, amounting to \$3,000? Will the Patriotic Fund give his family that amount? Will his competitors refrain from taking his business custom from him while he is away? These are some of the questions which those who are thinking over the situation should ask themselves.

In Europe all classes of citizens, according to age, are called to the colours. There is no distinction, because all citizens have been trained. In Canada,

THE FULL ARMOUR

Canada has called 22,000 men to form an expeditionary force to go to the aid of Great Britain. That is well, but it is not enough. If Great Britain arms one million men in a population of forty-five million, Canada should arm a like proportion. That would be 160,000. Perhaps we cannot call them all to active service, but we can at least put one hundred thousand in the field.

To-day Canada has about 30,000 men on service—22,000 at Valcartier, 1,000 in the navy, and 7,000 on garrison and special duty. That leaves a balance of 70,000 to be mobilized yet. As a final line of defence, we should have our regular complement of 60,000 militia enrolled but not called out. This would make up our quota of 160,000. This is the big task which confronts us as a nation, but it should be faced earnestly. This war will be long and fierce, and Canada must do her share. By the end of the year we should have one hundred thousand men in arms, with at least one half of them on the other side of the Atlantic.

This is our simple duty—the price of our fealty to the Britannic Alliance. This would be the full armour of our courage.

a citizen who has voluntarily trained himself is under no more obligation to go on active service, except for local defence, than any other citizen. This truth would be brought home to the public, if the Government would call out for service all men between twenty-one and thirty years of age. This would let in a flood of light on many darkened minds.

Possibilities

SUPPOSING every farmer in Canada were to enlarge his wheat production by putting five acres more under crop than he had this year, the total production of wheat in this country would be increased by fifty million bushels. If each farmer were to sow ten acres more wheat, the increase would be doubled. Surely it should be a simple matter to get every farmer in Canada to enlarge his acreage by this small amount. There may be a few who could not do it, but this lack would be off-set by the work of those who could easily add fifty or a hundred acres.

The only possible difficulty lies in the matter of finance. Some farmers may not be able to pay for the labour required to cultivate and seed down an extra ten acres. The work of a national commission and the various provincial committees should be directed towards helping these particular farmers. The financing of them would not be a serious problem nor an onerous undertaking. The amount of capital involved would be very small.

This is the problem which is before the Canadian people. It is the pressing problem. It should be considered seriously and promptly. In Eastern Canada the land must be prepared and seeded within six weeks. In Western Canada the land must be prepared for seeding within the same period. There is no time for delay.

Provinces Must Act

WHILE the Dominion Government has acted promptly in preparing a contingent for foreign service, in presenting Great Britain with a supply of flour, and in arranging its finances so as to keep up the activity on Canadian public works, none of the provinces seem to have taken

any active steps to meet the extraordinary conditions. Presumably they have been discussing the situation as it affects each particular province and their plans will shortly be disclosed.

There is a movement under way looking to the utilization of the machinery of the Conservation Commission for a national movement to increase the food products of this country. There is no doubt that this would be Canada's greatest contribution to Imperial defence. The only possible danger to Great Britain is the lack of food. If the British fleet keeps the North Atlantic open, Canada must be prepared to send large quantities of food across to Great Britain for the next twelve months at least. It is not a question of sending our surplus; it is a question of sending what Great Britain needs.

Even if a national commission be organized, it must work through provincial committees, and these provincial committees must work in co-operation with the provincial governments. It must be a national movement in the broadest and most complete sense. Every provincial cabinet must do its utmost in its own particular field of influence. It must also call to its aid its strongest citizens and thus create a motive force which will be the greatest power ever brought to bear upon food producers.

Other Resultant Benefits

SHOULD Canada increase its production of wheat next year by fifty or one hundred million bushels, there would be rational assurance that the people of Great Britain could depend on Canada for a reasonable amount of food in 1915. While this is of supreme importance, the resultant benefits to Canada would be enormous. Many lines of trade will be quiescent. There will be many idle mechanics. The railways will find that they have less merchandise to transport, both to internal points and to export harbours. It is only by turning to an enlarged production of foodstuffs that Canadian labour can be adequately employed, and Canadian railways kept fairly busy. The increase in wheat production will naturally be accompanied by larger production in other lines, oats, barley, flax, fruits, beef and pork. If the farmers are convinced that this is their golden opportunity, a stimulus will be applied to agriculture such as it has not had since the boom conditions of the Crimean War period.

The business of every banker, every manufacturer, every wholesaler, and every man engaged in commerce and industry will be stimulated by the increased food production which should occur next year, and by the increased prices which will be obtained for what Canada has to sell abroad. It must be remembered that agriculture is Canada's basic industry and that all other industries are more or less dependent upon agricultural prosperity. With this supreme opportunity for increased agricultural productivity, the business men of Canada would be standing in their own light if they did not use their influence with the farmers along this line. The farmer needs encouragement and information. It is the immediate duty of the governments and the business men to supply both these elements.

Canadian Consuls

NEVER was there a time when Canadian consuls in foreign countries could be of more service than just now. Not only could they give advice and assistance to Canadians resident abroad, but they could inform our exporters what goods are required. Some advice has been sent out from Ottawa to the effect that Canada should try to capture some of the German trade with South America. But without consuls there export trade is difficult to handle. Such advice is cheap. What the Canadian Government should do is to send trade agents there at once to find out what Canada can supply. A system of Canadian consulates abroad has been discussed in several parliaments and has even been promised, but—that is the Canadian way.

FARMERS IN CANADA.

So far as can be ascertained there are about 800,000 farmers in Canada, made up as follows:

Ontario	238,950
Quebec	206,500
Saskatchewan	72,215
Nova Scotia	61,240
Manitoba	55,050
New Brunswick	50,468
Alberta	46,545
B. C.	37,760
P. E. I.	15,750
Territories	4,500
Total	788,978

If these men were to each sow an additional ten acres of wheat, the increase in wheat acreage would be 8,000,000 acres. At twelve and a half bushels to the acre, the crop of Canada would be increased by 100,000,000 bushels. Is the task too great?

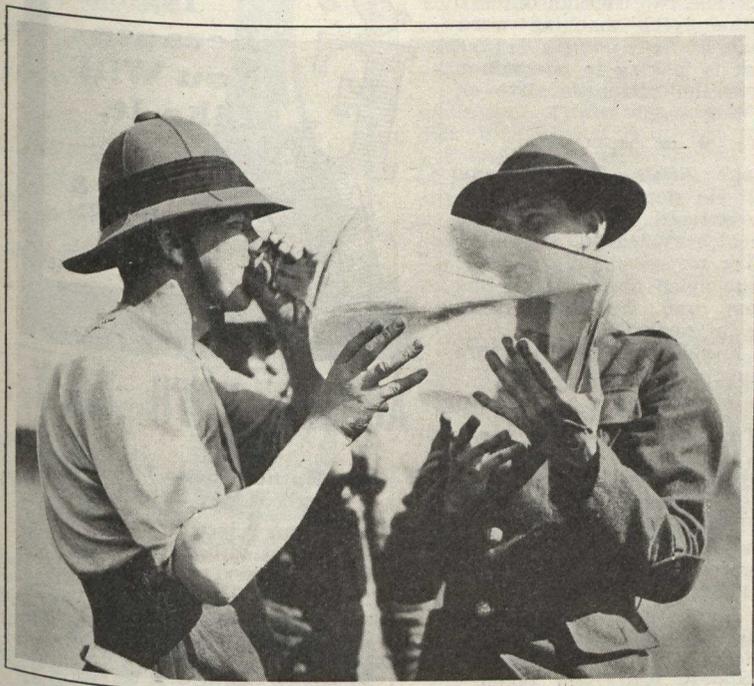
SCENES FROM CANADIAN WAR CAMPS



A detachment of the Moose Jaw Legion of Frontiersmen, now forming part of the Princess Patricia Canadian Light Infantry. Their offer to form a separate regiment was declined by the Militia Department. Not to be outdone, they purloined three colonist cars, hitched them to an eastbound C.P.R. train, and arrived in Ottawa. Nearly every man is an ex-soldier, and all have been absorbed into the new Princess Pat's regiment.



Lt.-Col. Farquhar, D.S.O., and A.D.C. to H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, is the commanding officer of the new P.P.C.L.I. regiment. He is here shown, accompanied by Capt. Cross, inspecting the Moose Jaw Legion of Frontiersmen. This was his first appearance before his new regiment. Lt.-Col. Farquhar is an officer in the Coldstream Guards.



At Long Branch, Toronto—Bottled spring water for everybody.



At Long Branch, Toronto—Kilties get their first meal in camp.

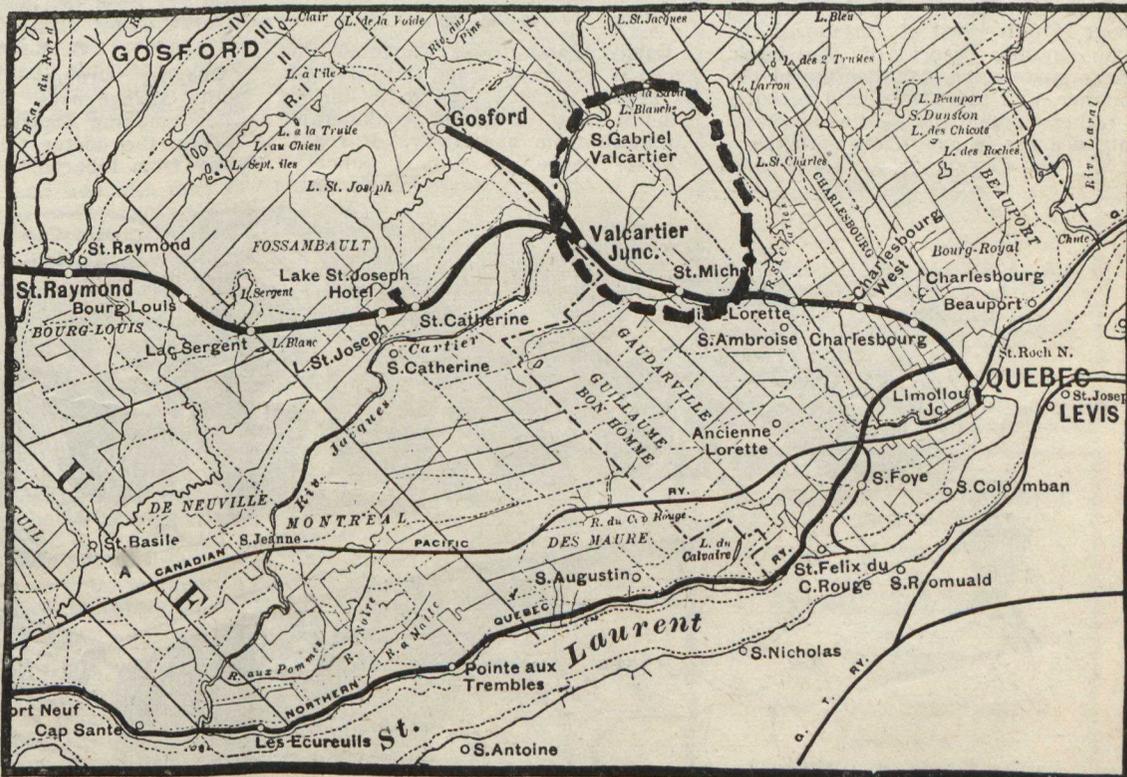
THE little town of Valcartier, about sixteen miles northwest of Quebec, has been awakened up this last week. Canada's soldiers are mobilizing there, and from a dead-alive country village, Valcartier is changed into a replica of Bisle. Tents in abundance, soldiers everywhere, troop-trains every now and then, men from east and west rubbing shoulders in the process of getting ready to make common cause against an Empire's enemy—all this is foreign to the Valcartier which the people of Quebec have known before.

Valcartier is an ideal site for the purpose for which it has been chosen. As a training ground it is first-class. Miles of plateau, now over-dotted with tents, stretch out from the wooded foothills of the Laurentians, which bound them on all sides. This variety of country will provide scope for tactical exercises. And so far as the comfort of the men is concerned Valcartier is ideal, too, for the drinking water is pure and unlimited in supply, and the ground upon which the men have to sleep is splendid. The source of water supply is the Jacques Cartier river. Pumps with a working capacity of a million and a half gallons a day provide water not only for drinking, but for shower baths.

Had there been no war the Valcartier training ground might still have come into existence. The project has been under consideration by the Militia Department for some time. The increase in the range of modern artillery has made many of the old training grounds practically useless for modern troops. It was this consideration which led to the purchase of the huge Petawawa training grounds some years ago. It seemed necessary to have another training ground somewhat similar, but nearer the Atlantic ocean. The war hastened the action on the part of the Militia, and special officers were sent to Valcartier to purchase the land. Some-where between sixteen thousand and twenty thousand acres have been secured. Engineers were at once put to work to prepare ranges for both infantry and artillery, to erect necessary administrative offices, and to install a system of waterworks.

lies along the line of the Canadian Northern Railway's short line from Ottawa to Quebec. Being only sixteen miles from the latter city, it will not be difficult to transport troops farther, who may arrive by the Canadian Pacific Railway, which runs into

Quebec city, or by the Grand Trunk and Intercolonial Railways, which touch Levis, just across the river St. Lawrence. The advantage of having a training ground sixteen miles from an ocean port and from a city of temptations is obvious.



MAKING A CANADIAN ALDERSHOT.

Valcartier, sixteen miles north of Quebec city, is the scene of the muster of Canada's soldier boys. There are twelve thousand there already, and by this time next week there will be twice that number.



Courierettes.

A TORONTO chocolate firm has given 5,000 pounds of chocolate for the Canadian troops at the front. But that won't make them "Chocolate Soldiers."

Too many cooks spoil the broth, and editors are apt to think that too many censors spoil the war news.

The Czar has decorated a Russian Cossack for slaying, single-handed, eleven Germans. Is it not odd that in this advanced age we heap honours on the man who is the best slaughterer?

A Philadelphia girl masqueraded as a man for a week, selling patent medicines. We'll bet it took more nerve to sell than to masquerade.

Actors in New York cheered two street piano girls who played the Marseillaise on their hurdy-gurdy. It takes professionals to appreciate good music.

Toronto police report the case of a woman who has lost her memory. But we rarely hear of a woman who loses her voice.

Toronto is noted for its inclination to talk loyalty, but credit where credit is due. Toronto's money is talking loudly now.

It is quite evident that the Belgians can beat more than their Brussels carpets.

While the armies are in that famous locality, why not finish the business on the field of Waterloo?

We see in the papers a story of an actor and his wife who have been wedded for 50 years, and are still lovers. Is this the exception that proves the rule?

"Women in Paris have forgotten dress," says a daily paper heading. War, then, is not wholly a curse.

Many people are debating what name should be given to the present struggle in Europe. Why not call it just "The War"?

Britain has bottled many things in its time, including the German fleet.

One rumour from the front is that the Germans blew up a brewery. We fear this is merely a rumour.

"The Suffragette Brigade."—Nestling on the shores of Lake Ontario, about 18 miles east of Toronto, is the little summer resort of Rosebank. There some thirty families spend the summer, and there was held recently a rather unique affair—the direct result of a fire in one of the cottages.

William Cowan, or as he is more

familiarly known to the cottagers, "Pa" Cowan, owns Rosebank, and one of his tenants is Mr. R. M. Yeomans, a former member of Toronto City Council. It happened one day, while Mr. Yeomans and nearly all the other Rosebank male inhabitants were away, that a fire started in the Yeomans cottage. It blazed away until it came through the roof, and nearly all the women in Rosebank rallied to the rescue. It didn't matter what they were doing or how they were clad, they came with pails and dippers and pitchers and all played a part in the fighting of that fire. Mr. Cowan and two or three men were also summoned, and during the battle with the blaze there were a number of humorous incidents.

Mr. Yeomans was so pleased by the brave defence of his residence that he decided to give a euchre in honour of "the Rosebank Volunteer Fire Brigade," and a specially-prepared and carefully printed programme was fixed up for the occasion. It was abundantly illustrated and had jests and jingles, descriptive of the fight with the fire, scattered through it.

One incident of the battle was described in this little epic:

"Pa Cowan grabbed a mirror and He hurled it to the ground; Then carefully he carried down A mattress he had found. Now what on earth made him do that? The fact is, we're afraid, Pa is not used to managing A suffragette brigade."

It was to the women that most of the credit went for fighting the flames, however, and their part in it was sent ringing down the halls of fame in this little parody:

"Sing a song of Rosebank, Buckets full of wet, Four and twenty ladies, See them running yet; When the fire was over They all began to shout. 'Twas the women, 'twas the women, 'Twas the women put it out."

Still another verse recited how a girl went down the steep bank to the lake to get a pail of water, and in her excitement forgot what she went after and returned with the empty pail.

The sketches also made a hit, and, needless to say, the artist had done full justice to the "hose" section of the suffragette brigade.

Easily Worth It.—A Canadian who recently returned from Chicago tells of seeing there a sign in a florist's window that attracted considerable attention from passers-by. It read: "Sweet Peace, 15 cents a bunch."

Misunderstood.—Summer Girl—"Can you float alone?"
Financier—"It's mighty hard to float one in war time."

Easily Explained.—"Isn't it strange that every time I take a drink it seems to go to my head?"
"Not at all. Lots of room there."

Locating the Kaiser.—John Bull—"I think we'll have to capture Kaiser Bill and send him where we sent a greater man once—to St. Helena."
La Belle France—"Why not send him to Scilly Islands?"

In Early Autumn.—A peck of trouble—four quarts of green apples.

Her Little Way.—Wife—"I see by the papers that a pretty manicure girl has married a millionaire."
Hubby—"Yes, I suppose she just naturally nailed him."

Dead or Alive?—From a war report in Toronto Daily Star—"The French troops to-day fired at and brought down a hostile aeroplane which was flying at a height of over 1,000 yards. The two German officers occupying the flying machine were taken prisoners."

The report is lacking in one minor detail. Were the prisoners alive or dead when they came down?

A Domestic Affair.—The husband lay in bed. He slept heavily.

The wife entered the room. She glanced about, evidently searching for something.

At last she spied his trousers. She seized them and her hand stole quietly into the pockets.

She was anxious to know if there were any holes to mend.

A War Time Incident.—A drill sergeant was drilling a recruit squad in the use of the rifle. All went well until blank cartridges were distributed. The recruits were to load their pieces and stand at "ready" and then the sergeant gave the command, "Fire at will!"

Private Jones was puzzled. He lowered his gun and looked at the drill instructor.

"Which one is Will?" he asked.

A Word for the Hen.—They may talk about the hen as they like, but you never hear the hen cackle before she lays the egg.

A War Slogan.—Hock der Kaiser—and lose the ticket!

Obedying Orders.—"I notice that Smith always uses a long holder when smoking cigarettes now."

"Yes, the doctor told him to keep away from tobacco."



COFFEE

The Best Reason Why You Should Drink

SEAL BRAND COFFEE

Is, Because You Will Like It.

CHASE & SANBORN MONTREAL

AGREED WITH BABY

This Mother Found The Right Food For Her Baby Girl.

Mrs. Arthur Prince of Meaford, Ont., writes, on Sept. 12th, 1911: "Some time ago you were good enough to send me a sample of Neave's Food. Baby liked it so well and it agreed with her, so I am using it right along and think it is excellent."

"I have a friend with a very delicate baby. She cannot nurse it and has tried six different foods, but it does not thrive at all—is always sick and troubled with indigestion. I strongly recommended your food. Will you please send her a sample?"

Mrs. Prince wrote again on Sept. 27th, 1911: My friend's baby has grown wonderfully. I can scarcely credit it. Her next baby, which she expects in five months, will be fed on Neave's Food right from the start—she thinks it is so good."

Mothers and prospective mothers may obtain a free tin of Neave's Food and a valuable book "Hints About Baby" by writing Edwin Utley, 14C. Front St. East, Toronto, the Agent for Canada.

Neave's Food is sold in 1 lb. tins by all druggists.
Mrs. J. R. Neave & Co., England



WON'T THEY BE EDIFIED?

—"Chicago News"

PELLATT & PELLATT Members Toronto Stock Exchange

401 Traders Bank Building TORONTO

BONDS AND STOCKS also COBALT STOCKS BOUGHT AND SOLD ON COMMISSION

Private wire connections with W. H. GOADBY & CO., Members New York Stock Exchange.

MONEY AND MAGNATES

The Financial Situation

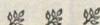
STOCK markets will not be re-opened until there is some definite news from the front. Should the Allies win a decisive victory against the Germans, and should the progress at sea equal the progress on land, there will be no reason why the stock exchanges should remain closed any further. The only reason for closing them is to prevent the sacrifice of securities and financial ruin to those who are not in a position to stand a bear raid. In short, the closing of the exchanges is a moratorium, designed to prevent the holders of stocks being squeezed by unscrupulous people who would take advantage of such a situation as now exists, and also to prevent panicky and war-sick holders from sacrificing their securities unnecessarily.

Of course, the Canadian markets must wait on London and New York. It would be unsafe to open the Canadian exchanges until after the others have made the same decision. It is, therefore, probable that the exchanges will remain closed for at least a fortnight longer. There can be no clear answer in the titanic struggle now proceeding in Europe—within a fortnight. Indeed, it is more likely to be a month before the inevitable result is indicated by victories or reverses.



Meanwhile, marginal traders are having a rather serious time. Some of them have been called upon to put up more margins. As much as twenty to twenty-five points additional margins have been asked. While this may put some marginal traders in a tight corner, it will have a beneficial effect upon the market as a whole. Traders who have deposited thirty-five to forty points with their brokers will not be so anxious to sell when the market opens. They will be in a better position to hold on and to await developments. Indeed, it may be that if margins are well looked after, prices will be higher when the exchanges re-open than they were during the panicky days of late July and early August.

Nevertheless, marginal traders will be well advised to be prepared for all emergencies. There might be a British victory which would justify the London stock market in opening up. A few days later this might be followed by a defeat of the allied forces which would seriously depress prices. Holders of international stocks, such as C. P. R., Brazilian, Mexicans and Barcelona might then find themselves in more serious difficulties than they have yet experienced. Everybody hopes that nothing of this kind will occur, but marginal traders cannot afford to take any chances. Those traders who are dealing in Canadian stocks will, of course, be in a less dangerous position.



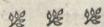
Official figures of Canada's trade for June show a drop in the imports from fifty-nine to forty-six million. Exports also declined from thirty-five to thirty-one million. The decrease in duty collected was about seven million.

For the twelve months ending June, 1914, the total imports were \$593,783,252. This is about one hundred millions less than the same period ending June, 1913, but is still larger than for the twelve months ending June, 1912. The total exports for the twelve months ending June, 1914, amounted to \$473,762,096. This is about seventy-five millions greater than the same period in 1913, and much greater than the figures for 1912. The gain in exports almost counter-balances the loss in imports. The aggregate trade compares as follows:—

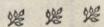
Aggregate Trade Twelve Months Ending June 30th.

1912	\$ 918,032,123
1913	1,089,572,600
1914	1,067,545,348

This comparison should convince the pessimists that aside from war conditions Canada's prosperity was well maintained up to June 30th, 1914. We are still in the billion dollar class.

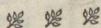


The cessation of trade with Germany means a greater loss to that country than it does to Canada. In 1913 our total exports to Germany amounted to about three and a half million dollars, while our imports were nearly fifteen million. There is not much consolation in this, but it would have been different if the balance had been the other way. Of course, there were some of these German imports which were a necessity to Canadian industry, and it will be difficult to replace them. Nevertheless, these supplies will either be secured elsewhere or substitutes must be found. The export of agricultural implements will be entirely stopped; but in so far as Canada sold foodstuffs to Germany it will not be difficult to find a market for them elsewhere.



Every financier and business man in Canada should remember that it is his patriotic duty to maintain Canadian commercial activity at its highest point. The manufacturers owe it to their country and to their working people to prevent unemployment as far as possible. Even if the factories are operated at a loss they should be operated. The employer who discharges his help and takes a holiday from business at this time is deserving of the severest censure. Naturally it may be necessary for some factories to cut down the number of their employees or to put their staff on short time. Yet these expedients should not be resorted to unless circumstances absolutely compel it.

There is another way in which financial and commercial people may help present conditions. They can take an interest in agriculture and try to get the farmers of Canada to sow larger acreages. Every manufacturer has influence in the district in which he lives, and he would be serving himself and his country were he to help spread the gospel of increased food production. If he will talk more cattle, more horses, more hogs, and more acres of wheat, he will help to bring home to the agricultural community the great opportunities which now present themselves. Farm labour can be secured in larger quantities and at lower prices than at any time during the past five years. The farmer is not in as close touch with commercial conditions as are manufacturers and financiers, therefore he needs instruction and stimulation.



The new currency which the Minister of Finance has procured authority to issue will relieve the securities market. It practically enables the Dominion Government to issue call loans on properly approved securities. If the banks and other institutions procure this privilege, for the benefit of their customers, not for themselves merely, the whole situation will be helped. Hon. Mr. White will find it a difficult matter to regulate, unless he spreads his favours over more than bankers. The big city treasurer should have a chance. Perhaps the C. N. R. will have a "look in," as it needs funds badly.



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Mephistopheles Abroad

(Continued from page 7.)

"Come with me, Mynheer," he said. "I will show you Germany—ah, the sublime fatherland, mein Gott! so pressed by enemies east and west, that because of fear we began to build the war machine—"

"I know it, my boy. Come along. You might as well get used to my gait now as later on. I'm used to travelling fast, my son, ever since I was shot down from heaven to hell. Presently I shall commandeer one of your airships, but it will have to move faster than usual. So at present limber up, mein Geist, and give me a quick run over this suburb of Gehenna. We have no time for Te Deums. Let Wilhelm chant them. Tell him to have Luther's Hymn on the battlefield. It's a good second to The Watch on the Rhine to make Germans thirsty for blood and hungry for gunpowder and aching for cold steel. That's what national hymns are for. Ah!" as together they half hung in the air, the Devil and the Geist, for a rampage over Berlin, "this is indeed a model city."

"But I wish the Kaiser were here, Mynheer."

"We don't need him. Plenty of work for him in the hereafter. Come on."

With heavenly unison forth they went, the Geist and the Devil, to see how the great central power-house of war was working over the transmission lines for the destruction of humanity and the increase of suffering all over the world. Never in all the death centres of civilization and Christianity had there been such a city as this. Never had been known such a splendidly diabolical marriage between the feudal system based upon Divine Right and modern science culminating in explosives.

THE Geist took the Devil to the War Chest in the tower of Julius Thurm over the drawbridge. Here were huge bins of gold, some of it as old as the German Empire, got by Bismarck and Von Moltke from the French; a grand total of 500,000,000 marks that seemed to glow in the dark. The Geist and the Devil sat in a bin of gold.

"The ultimate of value!" sighed Mynheer. "After all, this is what symbolizes the struggle of man towards hell. Wilhelm, thou art a faithful steward. Let God's harvests rot in the fields and God's people reek in their own blood, so long as the world makes this its goal. The German Empire, my dear Geist—"

"Ah, the Empire! The dream of the ages since Napoleon. Down with the obsolete based upon self-government and liberty. Down with the English!"

"Sh! My dear Geist of Metz, when the world comes to worship empire based on trade, it will go to the devil faster than the trains of Wilhelm carry troops to the war. So up with gold and down with ideas; exalt authority and the mailed fist and debase freedom. Down with liberty! Ah—ah!"

And all the gold in the bins of the Julius Thurm squirmed in a chorus as the two phantoms sped out to the stars again. The Devil was agitated. Something had crossed him there in the gold tower. They went to the Intelligence Department, where the eyes and ears of Germany are supposed to be on the whole world at once.

"Good!" said the Devil, as he scanned a sheaf of maps and diagrams all numbered and indexed. "That's as far as you can get without beating the devil. Information is better than knowledge; for knowledge when too much diffused begets ideas, and that plays hob with authority. It's a good thing, dear Geist, that the German system has got rid of such men as Goethe and Kant. These tabulators and statisticians are better. They respect authority. Come along."

They went to the food warehouses crammed with commissariat for the stomachs of the army with railway cars at the doors.

"Cold storage and canning is good,"

said Mephisto. "Very good. But—the world must feed Germany when she is at war. This isn't enough. Tell me, is food coming in? Where are the merchant ships of Germany?"

The Geist shook his head.

"God knows. The British are grabbing them on the high seas with their cruisers."

"Again the Devil was angry. "What in the name of Hades is the German navy doing? Where is it?"

"At Kiel and Heligoland and Wilhelmshaven, sire. They are waiting for the British fleet to snag on the mines and get whittled down by submarines, because the British ships are too strong for us. God helping us—I beg pardon!—even with all your friendly co-operation, Mynheer, we have been unable to catch up on those Islanders. God knows we have the greatest army the world ever knew. And the greatest navy was building when this war broke out."

The Devil blew his nose.

"There's something else, my dear Geist, that you must show me right away. I know the army and the navy. What's wrong with the army we'll see when we get to the lines of Armageddon. The navy's O.K. as far as it goes. Now—"

"Ah!" said the trembling Geist. "Your Majesty refers to the aerodiviltries?"

"I do. Show me the dirigibles and the droppers of bombs. On land and sea—so far, very good, dear Geist, with some defects as we shall see. But it's the air that wins. I know the air. I was shot from heaven to hell, and in so doing I was the pioneer aviator of the universe. Show me."

Away they went; first to the dirigible garages of Berlin, where the Zeppelins lay with their gas-reservoirs, each with its twelve tons of explosives, ready at any moment to scud to the tops of the clouds in league with the air-devils from Posen, from Strassburg, Frankfort-on-the-Main and from Wilhelmshaven to carry as much or hell as possible as near heaven as may be.

HERE the Devil gnashed in fine ecstasy. He seemed to have all these far-flung garages of diabolism under his thumb at once. He said not a word. Silence was best. He was for the moment satisfied. He was due to get out of Berlin.

In the miraculous moment of a dream he had his pale Geist aloft in some amazing airship that seemed somehow to have grown out of his own batlike wings. They shot up with the Devil at the helm, over the fumbling city, up among the mists of the morning.

"What think you of Germany now?" asked the Geist as they scudded away from the dawn.

The Great Chauffeur touched his phantom arm.

"Believe me, Geist—I've got more pointers on how to run hell since I went over Wilhelm's factory, than I ever expected to get till monarchies become republics the world over."

The airship gulped another mile or so a minute as he said it. Dawn came from below. It was red. The face of Europe was like a vast rug of rare colours.

"Beautiful!" said the Devil, who now seemed invisible—and so was the Geist; their voices only remained, and the ship had no shape, but only marvellous motion. "Hmm! I suppose, Geist, your Wilhelm dreams of the day when the sun will never set on the German Empire?"

The tone was like the bite of an east wind.

"Poor fanatic!" he uttered.

"When day swung full up, sparkling from the world with its silver rivers and its gleaming valleys where homes were the size of flies on a ceiling, the Devil became oddly unlike himself. He was in the sun and the wind."

"Geist," he said oddly. "Ever feel like chucking your job?"

"Never!" said the General. "Well I do. You sliver! You don't"

understand how beautiful that world is down there. Can't you hear the song of the morning? Don't you know the birds are singing and that a few days ago the whole blessed world was full of joy, of mothers happy with children, of children being born, of lovers wooing, fortunes making, truth and ideas working themselves out of the infinite through the souls of men and women—?"

The phantom airship looped the loop after the manner of Pegoud. When she came right side up again a field of mists and fogs was over the world and the scudding ship made a fine rain of them. Like the skirl of a hurricane then was the Demon's voice. To the peep-eyes of the Geist he was like a palpable patch of the fog; and he was leaning from that ship as once according to Milton he had lurched forth out of heaven. The wind seemed to be part of him. Vast shadows heered out from his shape. He became like one of those fantastic clouds which to poets resemble legendary animals.

His Nibs of Evil had forgotten Germany and Europe. He was back in the infinite. The sublime omnipotence and universality of evil had come to him again. No longer was the world beautiful. He saw the world only as a spinning globe of concentrated misery in a universe of trouble.

SOON the ship lost her motion. She hung in the rack of the damp cloud from which a fine drizzly rain was drenching the hills and the meadows of Belgium, the stone-built cities and the vast hordes of moving things in camps. Only eyes of night could have seen through that; down into the very heart and marrow of what millions of men were doing that day in the name of war, while children trembled and women wept, and old folk slid away into the invisible, and babes burning on those tumultuous globes, uttered strange, fateful cries and desired to go back whence they had come.

But the Over-Lord of War saw what the eyes of the Geist were blind to. From him to the earth there seemed to go trails of shuddering tentacles and nerves, as though his brain was an immense, diabolical wireless station with which millions of men below were in tune to know what in the name of hell he would have them do.

Thunders might have cracked from his mouth. They had no need. It was thundering below. The vast day's work of the world had begun. Half the world was sleeping. This frightful fester on the fair face of the earth was wide and ghastly awake. Millions of eyes blind with rain and sweat and blood and hate and devilment glared through the smokeshot fog that stank of powder and blood clear up to the clouds. And the Vast Creator of Evil seemed to foam at the mouth. The Geist of Metz, Von Heeringen, slid away. Fright crumpled up this phantom that played with lead soldiers. The Devil never missed him. He would get him again.

The Devil, in fact, was seeing casual glimpses of another man in the tents below of the canvas-wrapped General Stab. The Devil had the vision of Dante. That man was Wilhelm, Troubler of the Twentieth Century.

Wilhelm was abroad again. His tent was within a horseback hour of the hill of Mont St. Jean, where ninety-nine years before the Disturber of the Nineteenth Century had sat his white horse and field-glassed the plain and the hill of sixty thousand dead in a single day.

And Wilhelm knew that above him that morning was the cloud, and in the cloud was his Master, whose work he was doing in the name of God among the nations. Thirty years and more had Wilhelm Hohenzollern kept the peace, and ruled Germany. He had sons and grandsons and seventy millions of subjects, of whom five millions of the able-bodied were doing the work of war.

"Keep your courage up, Wilhelm!" whispered the Demon. "I've been all over your machine, and it's as good as any of mine. Keep the mask of God on your face, Wilhelm. Make



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the Germans dream you are the arm of God. That's business. Make the world understand that physical force and divine right and modern science have it all their own way—"

Down through the horrible earthquake of noise of rumbling gun-carriages and thundering hoofs and trampling feet and quick, short breaths and frightful explosions, sped that omnipotent voice to the scared soul of Wilhelm the Agent. He dare not disobey. Like his master that morning he had come to the dawn dreaming the world was beautiful. But Fate gripped him.

Now he sat in his tent, alone with a map. His sword lolled on the dry grass where the flowers were trampled. Before breakfast he had prayed, wondering why it made him sweat as one under a hot blanket.

Suddenly he glanced up. Cannons again; when he scarcely heard them, trembling as he mumbled with a drouthy tongue.

"Oh you King of Devils! You never told me that a manoeuvring ground never was like this. You never said the world would hate me day by day. You never warned me that Europe and civilization would rise up against me. Curse you!"

And the Demon laughed down through the smoke; laughed as his phantom ship slid sidling from the swift lurch of another ship on which sat a Geist that he knew; not the Geist of Metz, but he of the Brienne chapeau, and the Hessian boots, the leather breeches and the silk stockings. The phantom of Waterloo.

"What brought you here?" said the Demon. "I thought you were a prisoner?"

"Ha!" laughed the Napoleon-Geist. "But twice I escaped on earth; once for Waterloo, and when I died. Did you think I could stay away from this? Great God! when a hundred years ago, less one, I did this trick against the world of ideas and of liberty—and it got me down. Tell me, Lucifer, do you think any power but the great God of all ever could keep me from being here to see a bigger world than I faced crush the

soul out of that German imitator, that bandmaster of Europe?"

THE Devil got aboard with Napoleon. "I knew something was wrong down there," he said awfully. "Now I know what. It's you they need. Wilhelm won't do." "No use!" said the Geist gloomily. "When I ploughed up Europe I never did it with a machine. I did it because brave men flocked to my eagles. They looked up to me. They feared me, but they loved me. They went to the blood-wallows of Ohain at Waterloo shouting, 'Vive l'Empereur!' They shouted it when the English squares were blowing all that was left of them to rags and tatters."

"Magnificent—and it was war also!" said the Devil.

"It was war. It was the greatest impact of brave men ever seen in the world. Did they go by the index system and the semaphore? No, they went because the courage of war was in them. Remember Ney, how he hung to them like the brave dog he was? And Cambronne—fighting with a corporal's guard after the rout on the road to Brussels? Well, my dear Devil, put it down in your book of blood that when Englishmen and Frenchmen like those get cheek by jowl against a common enemy—it isn't discipline that counts. It's—Men!"

The Devil was uneasy. "Lucifer, it was the God in that nation of shopkeepers and the brave men that met them that settled Waterloo. It never was the god of explosives—and I guess I ought to know, because I always banked on artillery. I had a field-gun for a cradle. Mynheer. Look! Look!"

Suddenly, as often it does of a summer day, the sun of heaven popped out and a horde of sick clouds swung shuffling away. A great light gleamed from the face of the fields where men and horses and guns worked and waited and swung together and grappled and backed away in the smoke.

And because of that light the Devil was blind.

The Land of Mighty Battles

(Concluded from page 5.)

operation of the same natural forces which submerged Bruges commercially, for the same agency which led to the filling of the Zwin Channel widened the arm of the sea on which Antwerp stands. In speaking of Antwerp one must not forget that it is a fortress as well as a town. Eight forts in a semi-circle constitute the scheme of defence, but it is questionable whether these would save the city from destruction in view of the increased range of modern artillery.

I suppose, at the present juncture, no article on Belgium would be complete without some reference to Liege. The character of this district is more rugged than any other part of the Ardennes and stands at a higher elevation. A small river winds its way through dark, overhanging rocks and the railway which runs from Liege into Prussia goes through twenty-five tunnels in as many miles. Commercially, Liege is a city of no mean importance, being concerned mainly with the working of its large collieries and the manufacture of firearms, but it is not in this connection that the attention of the world is at the moment concentrated on the town. Liege occupies a position of the greatest importance, because it stands in the path of any army advancing from Germany. A circle of detached forts covers the Meuse Valley, so that not only would Liege be safe, but the passage of the Meuse would be rendered impossible. Liege commands all the roads leading to Germany and is, therefore, a strategic post of the first importance. The outlying forts stand in a circle of about thirty miles, the distance between them averaging two and a half miles. Six forts are on the right bank of the Meuse, and six on the left. Those on the right bank would be the first to be attacked, as they protect the main line of railway from Cologne, and would be the immediate object of

German action. Once these forts had fallen it would be almost impossible to defend the other forts, and the possessor of Liege would occupy an admirable position for offensive measures, both eastward and westward. No money has been spared to make these defences secure but, after all the strength of a fortress lies in its garrisons as much as anything else, and the one company which, I believe, is all the usual guard, even of the bravest soldiers, appears somewhat inadequate.

It is a mistake to suppose that the Belgians are not interested in military life. A large number of the sons of the well-to-do become officers, choosing the army as a career, while the existence of conscription engages the attention of the mass of the people. Besides which their geographical position renders it possible that they may, at any moment, be called upon to make an effort to guard not only their neutrality but even their existence as a nation.

Liege has fallen, according to the last report. If this is so, it may very well happen that, as a hundred years ago Waterloo ended the titanic ambition of Napoleon, so the decisive battle of this European war may be fought on Belgian soil.

Feather-brained Wit.—"She is the author of many articles decrying the use of birds and feathers as ornaments for hats."

"One of those non-de-plume writers I presume."—Woman's Home Companion.

A Valuable Trait.—"Is dem you-all chickens?"

"Chose dey's my-all chickens. Who's chickens did you 'spose dey was?"

"I wasn't 'sposed nuffin' about 'em."

But I will say dat it's mighty lucky dat a chicken won't come a runnin' an' a waggin' its tail when its regular owner whistles same as a dog."—Washington Star.

The FIFTH WHEEL

By *Beatrice Heron-Maxwell* and *Florence Eastwick*

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(Continued.)

THIS was not pleasant hearing for Saxon, with his old-fashioned ideas about women, and, as he stood there watching Sallie, he marked with disapproval her absorption in the game. It showed her to him under a new aspect—one that displeased and alarmed him. A woman gambler who came of a noted gambling stock was not precisely the girl he would have chosen to be his wife.

He moved from his position, finding he could not attract her attention, which was riveted on the cards, and passing round the outskirts of the throng, managed to approach her gradually until he could touch her on the arm. She was just making her stake and took no notice of him until this vital act was settled. Then she looked up at him frowning (as she always did when vexed) at the interruption. "I want to speak to you on an urgent matter. Will you come away?" he said in a low voice.

"Presently," Sallie answered, with her eyes again on the cards. "I must beg you to come at once. Lady Adeliza has had important tidings."

Sallie did not seem to hear him. She was intent on the cards until the number was declared then, as her winnings were pushed towards her, she looked up in his face with a triumphant laugh. Saxon bent over her and swept the heap of gold together in his big hands, then transferred it to his pockets. His face was strong, determined. "Come away!" he said, taking her by the wrist. His tone and action were masterful, commanding, not to be disobeyed.

The dark look which always denoted an approaching storm appeared on Sallie's face, but she made no actual resistance and allowed him to lead her from the room. Then she turned on him and asked, "What does this mean? Are these your American manners?"

He ignored the gibe. "It means that your aunt has received a telegram from England. It contains very bad news."

The expression of her face changed to one of alarm.

"Bad news!" she echoed. They had been moving forward quickly all the time, and now came face to face with Lady Adeliza, who was hurrying towards them under Admiral Webster's guidance.

"Sallie, my dear child, we have hunted for you high and low. I have had terrible news from your father. You must prepare yourself for a great shock." She put her hand sympathetically through Sallie's arm and the two men dropped behind to let them speak together.

The girl stared at her, not comprehending.

"Terrible news from father?" she repeated, then with bitterness, "Money again, I suppose."

"No, no, this is far worse than any money trouble. Your brother, Theodor, has been wrecked at sea." Sallie stood still. "Wrecked—Tubby! Do you mean he is drowned—that Tubby is dead?"

"We must hope for the best, Sallie dearest. The poor boy was in a boat which is reported missing. There is still some hope."

Sallie did not speak again until they reached the hotel garden, then she turned almost fiercely to Saxon.

"Oh, it's too terrible. I won't believe it. Tubby isn't dead; it's not possible. Can't you do something to help, Ferdinand? Can't you find out what really happened?"

He was at her side in a moment, full of sympathy at her agonized pleading.

"Yes, we will cable to-morrow. Everything shall be done that can be done. And you will want to start for England at once. Your father will need you."

She moved slightly apart from him. "How can I start for England at once and travel all that way alone. It's out of the question." Then she cast herself on a seat, clasping her hands and rocking herself backwards and forwards. "Tubby! Tubby he's not dead. . . . I can't bear it. The only one on earth I love. Tubby! Tubby!"

She did not shed tears but seemed filled with a passionate resentment, anger more than grief, reminding Saxon of a beautiful leopardess he had once seen deprived of its cubs. But man-like he pitied her, for great love in any form appeals to masculine forbearance and sympathy.

"YOU will not go alone," he said. "I shall take you to England myself."

"Yes, Sallie," Lady Adeliza joined in. "I think you should go. Your father said he was ill in London. This news might be very serious to him with his weak heart. Your place is beside him."

Sallie looked mutinous but was silent, and Saxon continued, "It is imperative I should go to England within a few days myself, as I also have received very disquieting information. Evaleen Moorhouse, of whom I have spoken to you, was on the Lausanne. My London agents wire me that her name is amongst those who were rescued, but, after such an experience, her condition may be very deplorable. She is in bad health, and has two little children with her. I must be on the spot when she arrives, to take care of her. Possibly the newspapers may give us some fuller and more reassuring information when we get them to-morrow. I trust sincerely it may be so, regarding your brother."

Lady Adeliza took Sallie away into the hotel, and the subject of her journey remained unsettled until next morning, when another telegram reached her.

"Lord Brismain seriously ill. Come at once."

That decided the question and she set forth, with Ferdinand Saxon, for home.

His solicitude made the journey an easy one for the girl. She had never travelled in such comfort before. His kindness and thought for her brought her into a more softened mood again. They were in the train, nearing London, when she spoke to him for the first time of her success at the trente et quarante. She seemed to take credit to herself for the large sum of money she had gained. "It was just as if I could not make a mistake. I always won. My father and Tubby are unlucky at chance, but I am different. I generally win at Eridge and I believe if I had stayed at Aix and played for another week or two, I should have made quite a fortune."

Saxon looked very grave, but his voice was tender when he replied, "There is no need for you to strive

after making what you call a fortune. It's already made and waiting for you—and it doesn't please me to see my lady-queen exciting herself over the acquisition of a few paltry pieces of gold. She would be above anything of the sort. I want you to give me a promise. You may think it is a fad on my part but I hope you'll do it. It's the only thing I'm likely to ask of you—that you won't ever gamble at any of these continental or public places. It's lowering to the character, I think, when one has plenty of money, to vie with people more needy than ourselves in trying to filch small sums of this sort. Do you know how much money I possess?"

Sallie shook her head.

"Pretty nearly forty million dollars—and that takes a lot of spending when you're already possessed of almost everything man or woman could desire. You shall have twelve thousand dollars a year to spend on your fal-lals. Will that content you?"

"It seems a nice little sum of pin-money," Sallie agreed.

"And you won't trouble the gaming-table any further, to replenish your purse, I take it."

Sallie's eyes flashed ominously. She was not accustomed to any sort of coercion, but to refuse this man of iron will might imperil the golden future before her.

"You silly, tiresome old dear, of course I promise. How can I refuse anything you ask when you're so kind to me?"

His satisfaction was complete and Sallie knew her position was secure.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Thirty-four, thirty-five, thirty-six, les trois derniers.

THE old house in St. George's Square had awakened. Its windows were wide open, admitting the sultry August air. In the square garden the starlings were holding a noisy parliament at this sunset hour, and Sallie, languid and bored, on the balcony, twisted the diamond and ruby ring—Saxon's gifts—on her white hand, and considered herself a much-injured woman to be spending those glorious days of summer in London.

In the drawing-room, the faded brocade furniture was denuded of its holland coverings, the crystal chandeliers, free of their hideous wrappings, scintillated with a kind of frosty brightness and beautiful, wicked Sal smiled down in mockery from the wall, upon her descendant, seated just beneath her picture, in a high-backed chair.

Lord Brismain was engrossed in his favourite pastime of trying the chances at roulette. Waxen-faced, with hollow eyes and pinched features, he looked a dying man, and his hands trembled as he threw the little ball and turned the wheel, watching the gradual slowing down of the small spheroid until it settled into a groove. He bent over the little table like a vulture preparing to pounce on its prey and muttered, at intervals, "Always in the thirties—thirty-four again!" then he inscribed the number on a set of tablets beside him and was lost in calculation over the system which, for years, had been an obsession—always going to succeed, yet failing, after patient months of study to achieve the foregone conclusion.

"It should be zero next," he breath-

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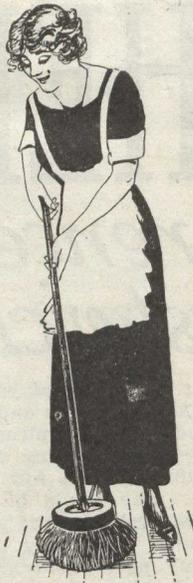
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The Outlook in Canada

TRULY, it is an ill-wind that blows nobody good. One Continent's "down" is another Continent's "up." The industries of Europe are, generally speaking, at a standstill, and matters will be worse before they can be better.

The whole world is looking to the North American Continent—to Canada and the United States—for much of its provisions, machinery, textiles, boots and shoes, beverages, vehicles, cement, brick, earthenware, fancy goods, furs, glass, garments, paper, soap, tobacco, wood products and much else. Canada must get ready to meet the demand made upon her. We have continued prosperity ahead of us if our manufacturers and merchants rise quickly to take advantage of their opportunity.

It is a time for business hopefulness, not for business gloom.

ed, then the wheel went spinning round and the ball upset his calculations again by depositing itself in 34.

He was still puzzling over his memorandum when the servant entered the room, announcing Mr. Saxon, and at the same moment Sallie stepped in from the balcony. Her admirer carried a huge bunch of crimson roses in one hand and in the other a pale pink satin bonbonniere, full of chocolates. Sallie received the gifts with a little scream of delight. "You are a dear old godpapa."

Saxon went over to his future father-in-law.

"I hope I find you better, Lord Brismain," he said, then, with an expressive shrug, "studying the laws of chance, I see!"

Brismain detached his mind from the pursuit of numerical combinations. "Thank you, I am much the same. Never quite free from pain. And your niece, has she arrived?"

Sallie was recalled from her inspection of the chocolates by her father's question.

"Oh, yes, Ferdinand, I forgot for the moment—Mrs. Moorhouse arrived last night, I suppose."

"Yes, poor soul! It's sad to see her. She's just broken-hearted—does nothing but blame herself for the loss of the little girl—says she thought Eve was close beside her until she missed her in the boat. Anyway, they got separated on the ship and the child must have been left behind."

"Drowned!" Lord Brismain interjected, and the other man bowed his head silently, "I'm almost beginning to lose hope now. It's more than a week and no news of my son."

SALLIE turned away towards the balcony again with a look of passionate grief on her face.

After a few more words with Brismain, whose eyes travelled continually to his roulette board, Saxon followed the girl.

"When will you come and see poor Evaleen? She wants a woman friend badly to comfort her now. When I met her last night she was like a demented creature, crying and accusing herself of forgetting the little child. But she carried her baby off the wreck, and I don't see what more a poor fragile woman like her could have done. I thought if your father were well enough for you to leave him, perhaps you would come back with me to the Cecil and say a few kind words to Evaleen. Can you leave him?"

Sallie made an expressive grimace. "He's awfully difficult to please and very feeble. One never knows when a heart attack may come on—but, of course, I can't stay in the house all day. You might take me for a run in your car and then I could look in at the Cecil for a moment and make the acquaintance of Mrs. Moorhouse. One of the servants must stay with father till I come back. It's such a pity he won't have a proper nurse, but the mere idea sends him frantic. One of these days he'll drop down dead when no one's near him."

Saxon went back to talk to Brismain while Sallie got ready to go out with him.

"What is your idea, Mr. Saxon? Do you think there is the slightest hope of my ever seeing my son again?"

"Why yes, most certainly. People have been lost at sea for much longer than this without any news being heard of them, and yet they have appeared again."

"Not so near to land though. The Lausanne was wrecked only two days out from New York Harbour. If Theodor and those others were in an open boat, surely they would have been sighted by some passing steamer. And yet that fellow Lawson escaped."

"Ah, yes, there was a mistake between the names of Bornson and Lawson. The other was a Swede, who must have been in the missing boat. I gave your message to Inspector Lawson and he's coming to see you to-day."

"Oh, he's coming to see me, is he?" Erismain said in a low, hard voice. "Coming to see me, eh?" There seemed an underlying threat

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in the simple words which Saxon did not understand. Then Sallie reappeared and carried him off, leaving her father alone.

"I can ring if I want anyone," he told his daughter, with the habitual tone of command. "I cannot be bothered by any servant hanging about the room, doing nothing."

He went back to his roulette problems, but the wheel and ball were at their mysterious tricks again, and always the wicked little pellet favoured one of the last three numbers in Madame Roulette's occult thirty-six. A stake placed on les trois derniers should have broken the bank of Monte Carlo under similar conditions.

Then interruption came again. "Inspector Lawson has called to see your lordship."

Brismain's face lost its cool and calculating expression; it stiffened into a malignant passivity. He placed a newspaper over the roulette board in front of him and leant back in his chair, with clasped hands, presenting only the appearance of an elderly aristocrat reading his paper.

Inspector Lawson entered and bowed deferentially, then remained standing at some distance from Lord Brismain, who eyed him in silence.

"You sent for me, my Lord," Lawson announced, at last, dimly aware of the antagonism facing him.

"YES, I sent for you. I want to know the facts concerning this journey of yours from New York, in company with my son."

"I went to New York in pursuit of my duty, Lord Brismain."

"And your duty, according to your view of it, was to arrest my son on a charge of murder. Is that so?"

"On suspicion, my lord, of being concerned in a murder. The Honorable Theodor Mauleverer knew the murdered girl, Lisbeth Bainton. He had constantly associated with her. He wrote to her—as you are aware—and he was the last person seen in her company before she was found dead."

"And that circumstantial evidence seemed conclusive to your exceedingly brilliant intellect. You decided that my son killed the girl."

"Pardon me, my lord, I never decided that. You must remember that Mr. Mauleverer was at that time a total stranger to me. I had to go on circumstantial evidence entirely. I was bound to follow up every clue—and that connecting your son with the murdered girl was extremely grave."

"You think so."

"I thought so, my lord."

"Eh?" queried his lordship sharply.

"I might have thought so before I knew Mr. Mauleverer, but two days spent in his society convinced me absolutely of his complete innocence. I have had to deal with a vast number of guilty persons and a vast number of crimes, so consider myself a pretty good judge, and unless I am very much mistaken in this case, Mr. Mauleverer had no part or connection in the murder of Lisbeth Bainton."

"You arrived at that conclusion somewhat tardily."

"We are all liable to be mistaken. The great thing is to admit our mistake. I can only make up for mine, if it proves a mistake, by removing all shadow of doubt on the subject."

He drew to one side as the door outstretched, went to her father.

"News, father, news!"

"Of Theodor?" He closed his eyes and Saxon, who had followed Sallie into the room, said to her in a low tone, "Take care. You must tell him quietly. Don't excite him."

But Brismain opened his eyes and, after a long sighing breath, said calmly, "Tell me about it—tell me everything."

"Tell him, Ferdinand."

And Saxon, leaning his tall figure over the table and the concealed roulette board, said, in impressive tones, "A telegram has been transmitted from a steamer just arrived in Queenstown. She reported having taken on board, from an open boat,

some of the missing passengers and crew from the wreck of the Lausanne. Your son's name is given, as also that of a Miss Leach, and my little grand-niece, Eve Moorhouse. I must send my secretary to meet the child. Her mother is not well enough to take the journey. The joyful surprise has bowled her over completely. I suppose they will arrive some time to-morrow."

Inspector Lawson listened with rapt attention then, saluting the three other inmates of the room, withdrew discreetly in silence.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A series of noughts and crosses, and strokes! Then comes the penultimate and presages the crux.

FATE was winding up the reel of thread she had paid out so recklessly.

As Fenella and Tubby travelled up to London together, their elation at being safely back in their own country, after all the danger they had passed through, was damped by the uneasy certainty that Inspector Lawson would be waiting on the platform to take them back in his charge.

They had anticipated seeing him on the landing stage and Fenella had shrank, with a desperate horror, at the thought of the ordeal waiting her.

To be re-arrested, to be gaped at by wondering crowds, to find herself in the grip of a hard-and-fast law that is reluctant ever to release its prey, was to her worse than death.

She had had serious thoughts of taking her life while it was still under her own control and ending the misery that way, but she did not feel sure that this would not endanger Laurie still more. Whatever lies were told about him—and it would be to the interest of the guilty person or persons, to aid and abet these—she would not be there to rebut them.

It was at all events in her power, she argued, to prove that Laurie came back to The Chase for a definite, justifiable reason, and this might make a difference. No one else could swear to it as she could. Therefore she had decided to face all the disgrace and publicity ahead of her, on the chance of being able to help him to keep his freedom, for which she had all along sacrificed her own.

The sadness in her heart was too great for tears. She felt almost numb, and could only look out silently at the happy fields and country ways, scarcely seeing them, with eyes that were hard and desperate. Tubby, who had defended her and himself with a quiet smooth determination and imperturbability that were very effectual, from snap-shotters and interviews, having tipped the guard handsomely to keep their compartment against the inroads of all comers, sat silent too.

Only once did he show any sign of the sympathy and sense of companionship that he was feeling. He stretched an arm towards her, took her hand that rested on her lap and pressed it for a moment. "Cheer up, little mate," he said, "comrades all!" She looked at him gratefully and smiled, returning the pressure of his hand before he took it away.

It occurred to her what a thorough good fellow Tubby was, in spite of his limitations.

"After all," she reflected, "this effete aristocracy," as the rabid Socialists call it, have a backbone that is unsoftened by the velvet ease of life to which they are born, and a grit that forces its way through the veneer of high breeding when an occasion comes for being a primitive man. People seem to forget, she thought, that nobility was, and is, a primitive virtue, and that the old-time aristocrat was made—not born—by his own noble or admirable deeds.

Tubby and Tubby's father inherited their rank. Laurie was going to inherit his from a father who had attained to it by diligence in his profession, but after Laurie—who was her hero—Tubby came close, now that she knew his real character. She wished fervently that his innocence

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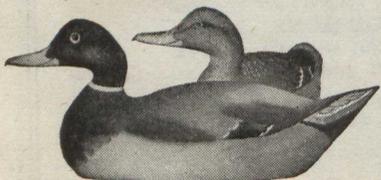
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might be established and that he might yet be reunited to Theo.

But with the wish came again the thought of all that must be gone through first by Tubby and herself, and it was with a despair that was like real physical pain, that she watched the outskirts of London disappear until the train slowed down and glided along the platform of the terminus.

She gave a hurried glance at Tubby as she rose and he nodded reassuringly. "There are worse things," he said, "as we know, Fen. We would rather be here than back in the boat again." She pulled herself together, her eyes straining to see the Inspector's tall figure at the carriage door.

Tubby sat still, lazily collecting the one or two papers that he had been reading.

"They have a lot about us in here," he said, tapping an illustrated daily. "Wonderful how these things get known and are paragraphed. Oddly enough they none of them mention anything concerning our association with the Inspector."

As he said the word, Fenella gave a quick glad cry, so startled, so joyous that even Tubby's equanimity was disturbed.

"What's up?" he exclaimed.

AND as the train stopped and the door was opened by an eager hand outside, he saw.

Laurie was there, and behind him, Theo, and behind again, at a respectful distance, Inspector Lawson.

"Fen!" said Laurie, as he took her in his arms and lifted her out, and then, hurriedly, as his lips brushed her cheek while he whispered in her ear, "it's all right. Keep up—be brave—for my sake."

But the shock was almost too great for her. The crowded station swam before her. Her heart beat to suffocation and her eyes closed.

Theo's familiar, teasing voice was the stimulant that revived her.

"This is a bit of 'orl right," Theo said, planting herself at Fenella's other side so that she stood between her and Laurie. "We're not at all glad to see you—I don't think."

Still Fenella could not speak. She only clung to both of them, while her eyes followed the Inspector as he moved quietly towards her and she wondered if they could possibly know what was coming.

Yet her dread for herself was gone—swallowed up in her rapture at seeing Laurie—conscious and in his right mind, and her agony lest her arrest should unhinge it again.

But the Inspector wore a kindly, fatherly smile and though he came nearer, he made no attempt to lay his hand on her shoulder and say the horrible words she was waiting for.

"Get her in the car and tell her there," said Theo hurriedly. "Come along, Tubby and Inspector. Help us out of this crowd." For, in spite of commands previously issued by Lawson that a scene should be prevented and the efforts of the station officials to carry them out, the sea of faces round them was increasing every instant, eager for the sensation of which they had got wind in that electrical way which is so swift and mysterious.

The car was close at hand, however, and a man holding the door open and in another two minutes Fenella found herself inside, with Laurie next her and Theo and Tubby.

The Inspector had touched his hat to Tubby as they joined the other three, saying, "I'm uncommonly glad you got through all right. I didn't expect to see either of you again. You must have had a rough time of it, I'm afraid."

"Pretty bad," assented Tubby. "Don't we go along with you, Inspector?"

"No, sir. I'm sorry—I suppose I ought to say I'm glad—to tell you that you don't. We part company here. Mr. Pridham will explain. All I want is your address in case you are subpoenaed to give evidence."

"Chevening Rise," ironically answered Tubby. "Home is good enough for me just now."

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Then they saluted and Tubby got in.

He had hardly dared to glance at Theo yet, for the dancing eyes and brilliant little face showed such flattering delight at seeing him that his spirits had gone down to zero at the thought of her witnessing his degradation.

Now, with the handcuffs no longer dangling between them, he could not only look at her but express to her, without words, the reciprocal joy he felt—the realization that she was very dear to him. She seemed to have changed from a flapper into a very stately and lovely young woman and, after a murmured word or two which the others were too absorbed to hear, Tubby's hand sought and found hers, under the rug, and held it fast.

Meanwhile Laurie had begun his explanation.

"The reason," he said, "why you are both scot-free is that Inspector Lawson has had the warrant against you withdrawn. It appears that a new clue has been found and a warrant is out for the arrest of the sailor—the man who sold us the knife—because since you left, it has transpired that the poor girl had a sailor friend—a man who knew her at Bristol—who was fond of her and who had arrived back in England after a long voyage, about a week before the sailor called at the Chase.

"The description of the Bristol man tallies with our sailor, and there are reports that he was seen once near the canal, at Chatter Alley, about a fortnight before the murder."

"Why didn't the police fix on him sooner?" asked Fenella.

"It appears they have been searching for him quietly all along, without success. Now they are offering a reward of a hundred pounds for information about him. But of course they will never get him. It's too long an interval. He has had ample time to get clean away."

"Then they understand they were on a wrong scent with us?" said Tubby, adding, "By the way, where are you taking us, Pridham?"

"To the Cecil. I'm stopping there. I thought we could lunch and then talk things out."

"Right-O." Tubby pressed the little hand clasped in his own, to signify his appreciation of this pleasant arrangement. There never was a merrier luncheon party than the quartette made. Theo and Tubby vied with each other in gay inconsequence and overflowing spirits.

The colour had come back to Fenella's wan cheeks and the brilliance to her eyes. She was animated, sparkling, radiant, with the joy-light that had suddenly come to dispel the darkness.

Immediately lunch was over, Laurie led the way to the Palm Court.

"Can you entertain Tubby?" he said to Theo, "for a quarter-of-an-hour, while I talk to Fen?" Then he drew Fenella to a quiet corner where they could talk, undisturbed. "There is only one way," he said, "to end all the trouble and avoid any possible further complications. Do you care for me still, Fen?"

SHE looked at him in surprised reproach and her eyes were eloquent in response.

"Yes, I know," he said quickly, "I don't deserve such sacrifices as you have given me. My sweet! will you make one more sacrifice. Will you marry me this afternoon?"

"This afternoon?" For an instant Fenella thought that Laurie must be off his head, but his smile reassured her.

"I have the license in my pocket," he went on, "and I have arranged with the vicar of St. James's to be there at two o'clock to-day."

"But Laurie," she stammered, "what would your father and mother say?"

"They will be reconciled to it when they see it is irrevocable," he answered. "We will go down to The Chase directly it is over and tell them and we can return to town again this evening. Fen, you can trust me to be good to you, can't you? I simply worship you."

(To be continued.)



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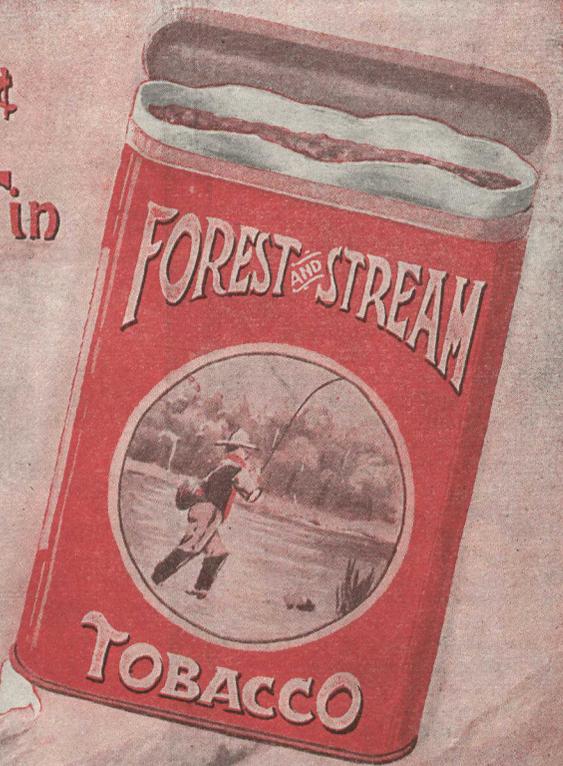
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