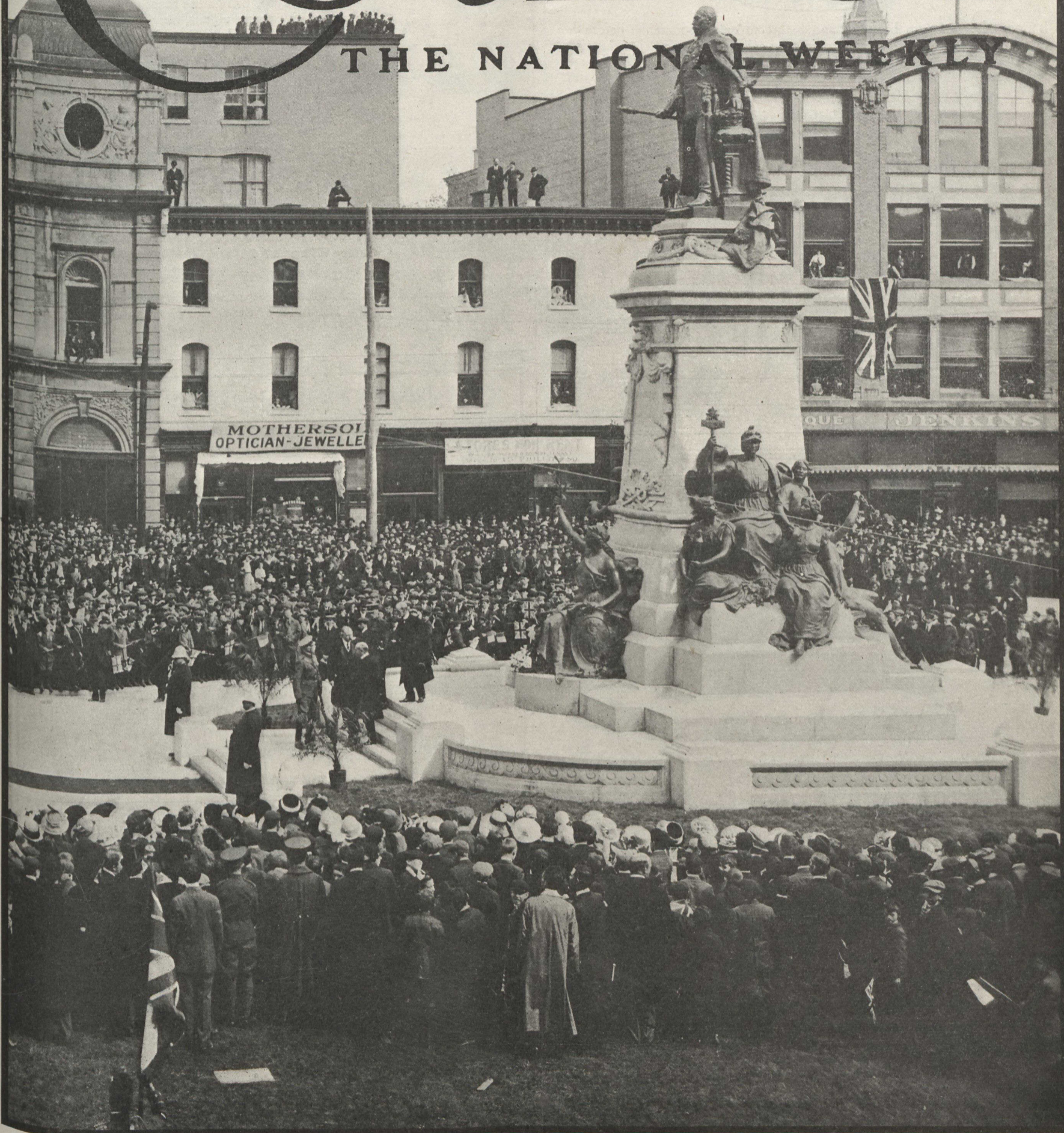


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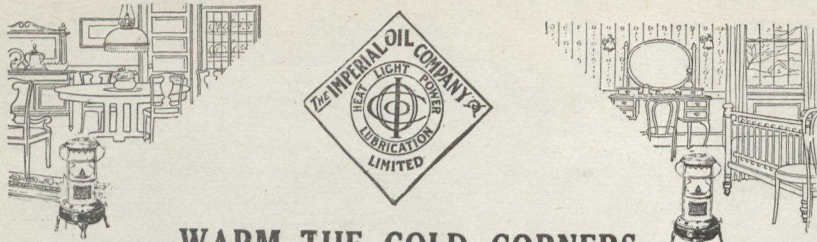
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



STATUE OF KING EDWARD THE PEACEMAKER, BY PHILIPPE HEBERT, RECENTLY UNVEILED BY H.R.H THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT ON PHILLIPS SQUARE, MONTREAL

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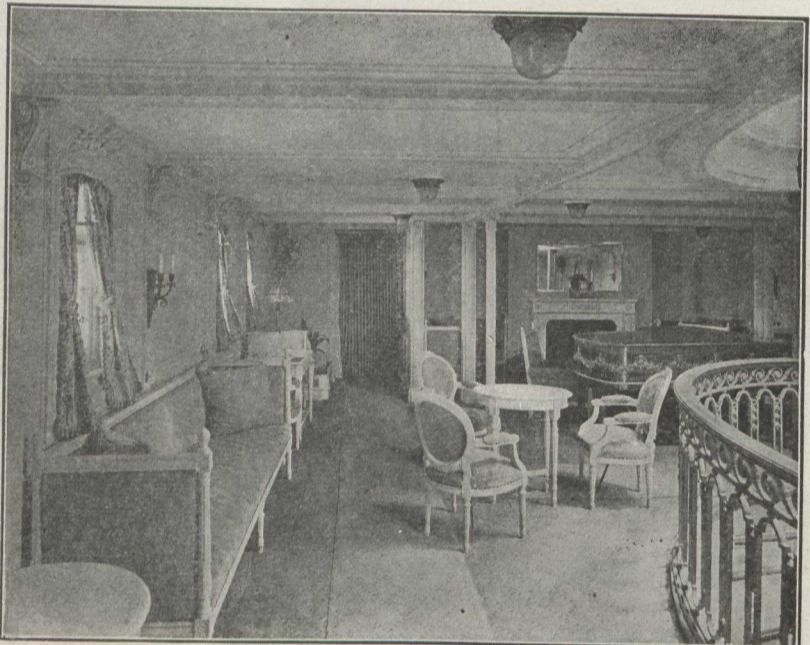
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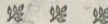
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Editor's Talk

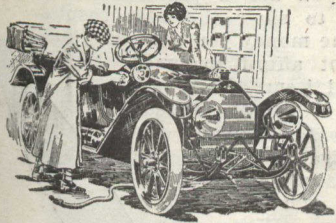
MANY expressions of appreciation were received on the appearance of our first "Rotogravure" section in our issue of October 3rd. The second one will be found in this number. The excellence of this form of printing will make a special appeal to all those who have a taste for etchings and engravings. This is the nearest approach to hand-made plates which has yet been reached by mechanical means.



NEXT WEEK the feature of the issue will be the full text of Lloyd George's wonderful speech, delivered at Queen's Hall, London. Speaking of it the "Times" says:

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer delivered on Saturday, to an audience composed chiefly of his Welsh fellow-countrymen, the greatest speech of his public career. Some speeches are deeds, and this is such a one. Such, too, was Mr. Redmond's historic utterance in the House of Commons; such were Sir Edward Grey's vindication of British policy and the Prime Minister's declaration at the Guildhall. Not since his Mansion House speech of 1911, after the German cruiser Panther had been sent on its provocative voyage to Agadir, has the Chancellor of the Exchequer spoken so clearly for us all. We have often had occasion to criticize his oratorical methods. We have not infrequently found ourselves at variance with his political views. But we have never questioned his great gifts or the purity of his patriotism. Never have those gifts been put to a nobler purpose than on Saturday; and never has the statesman in him stood forth in a truer light."

Every reader of the "Canadian Courier" will enjoy this wonderful oration. Every one will want an extra copy of the issue to give to a friend. It is a remarkably clear, as well as inspiring, summary of Britain's position in regard to the war. It contains Britain's message to her subjects over-seas and to her friends throughout the world.



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In Lighter Vein

In Other Words. — Ethel — "Gladys Smith's face always reminds me of a delicately tinted china cup."
Brother Tom—"Yes; it's a beautiful mug."—Judge.

The Egotist.—Warlike Mistress—"Don't you think, James, you would like to join Lord Kitchener's army?"
Peaceful Footman—"Thank you, mum, but I don't see as 'ow I'd be bettering myself. War's for them as likes it, which I never did."—Punch.

And Then He Knew.—"I was speaking with your father last night," he said at last, somewhat inanely.
"Oh, were you?" answered the sweet young thing, lowering her eyes. "Er—what were you—er—talking about?"
"About the war in Europe. Your father said that he hoped the fighting would soon be over."
The sweet young thing smiled.
"Yes," she remarked, "I know he's very much opposed to long engagements."—Cleveland Leader.

Imports and Exports.

[A German cargo of lead has been captured.]
It is not lost to you, so make no moan;
You shall receive it back, O Potsdam pundit;
We do but take a temporary loan,
Intending to refund it.

And goodly interest it shall not lack,
A generous rate per cent. for every particle;
We take the raw material, sending back
The manufactured article. —Punch.

Of Course.—Tess—"Why were you weeping in the picture show?"
Jess—"It was a moving picture."—Judge.

Scrambled Zoology.—The hard-working storekeeper had vainly ransacked the whole of his shop in his efforts to please an old lady who wanted to purchase a present for her granddaughter. For the fifteenth time she picked up and critically examined a neat little satchel.
"Are you quite sure that this is genuine alligator-skin?" she inquired.
"Positive, madam," quoth the dealer.
"I shot that alligator myself."
"It looks rather soiled," said the lady.
"That, madam, is where it struck the ground when it fell off the tree."—Sacred Heart Review.

Safety Appliance Lacking.—"Didn't you say," demanded the young man of the captain, "that this ship was equipped with all appliances for human safety?"
"I did."
"Then how does it happen that I now find myself engaged to a lady I did not know when the vessel left her pier?"—Judge.

As it Might Be.—A certain people were much given to deploring war. War, they kept insisting, was poor business.
Their King heard them, but he didn't take them seriously. The very first chance he got he picked a quarrel with a neighbouring Power, and, that done, he lifted up his voice in the old way.
"The fatherland is in danger!" he cried.
"The honour of the nation is assailed! My children, be patriots!"
But they couldn't see him. "Not on your life!" they made answer. "You can fool all the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time, but you can not fool all the people all the time!"

Whereupon the King made haste to patch up his quarrel and was very careful forever after not to pick another.
This fable teaches that we have still some distance to go before universal peace can be anything but a joke.—New York Evening Post.

High Octogenarian Death Rate.—"George," said Hilda, looking up from the morning paper which she was reading, "it says here that another octogenarian's dead. What is an octogenarian?"
"Well, I don't know what they are, but they must be very sickly creatures. You never hear of them but they are dying."—Kansas City Star.

Prima Facie Evidence.—"Did you hear about the terrible fright Bobby got on the day of his wedding?"
"No, but I was at the church and saw her."—Life.

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The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



Vol. XVI.

October 17, 1914

No. 20

The Powers of the German Kaiser

KAISER WILHELM is either a lunatic, an arch-criminal or an enigma. For the past two months he has been on the field as commander-in-chief of the German army; at Mainz, at Luxembourg, in East Prussia, at Posen. His ten Imperial coaches have trailed across Germany in the wake of the death-and-destruction machine. No photograph of the strangest war lord in the world has ever been published prior to that appearing on this page, since he started his "Diesel machine" of six millions at the job of trying to annihilate the rest of Europe, including the British Empire.

But Kaiser Wilhelm has been very busy and the world outside of Germany has been busy blaming him for the war. When people get tired blaming Bismarck and Bernhardt and Nietzsche and the feudal system and Von Krupp and Count Zeppelin, they turn for simple relief to the monarch with the withered arm, who proclaims that he is the vicegerent of God upon earth. Kaiser Wilhelm is the most dangerous emperor in the world. He is the man of whom the great French critic Renan said, when he was dying, that he should like to live twenty-five years longer to see what that interesting young man, the German Kaiser, would do with the world.

Now the world is beginning to find out. The emperor who commands the greatest army machine and the second greatest navy in the world; who for years shook the "mailed fist" in the face of Europe; who made Berlin a model of civic management; who bossed opera houses and art galleries, universities and editors, admirals and generals; that man has been already sentenced at the hands of enlightened critics of all persuasions to banishment, to military degradation, to the loss of his Imperial title—and even to the gallows.

Who and what is this man? How did he become so notorious? Louis XIV., the greatest absolute monarch ever known, was never like this man. Napoleon never was able in two months to make such a dint on the face of the world. Charles I., who lost his head to the Long Parliament because he was a tyrant, never had such power. No Czar of Russia was ever such a peculiar personal force. Why?

THE answer depends upon vastly more than the character of the man; and the character of the man is a very large part of the answer. To begin with, Kaiser Wilhelm is the grandson of the Emperor William I., who, under the manipulation of Bismarck, founded the German Empire by means of a war with Austria in 1866 and the Franco-Prussian War in 1870. He took the German Empire from the hands of his celebrated grandfather and from Bismarck, to see what could be done with such a strange political force in an era of iron and electricity and gasoline. For twenty-six years he has been experimenting with that empire. In bringing it to its state of efficiency in the year 1914 he has done away with four Imperial Chancellors, one of whom created the Empire and another served him twelve years.

When Kaiser Wilhelm II. came to the throne of Prussia—not to the throne of Germany, for there is no such thing—he was a young man of considerable military ability, who, as Bismarck says in his Reminiscences, made up for the want of education by studying very shrewdly all matters of state and administration. The Iron Chancellor created the German Empire out of the North German Bund that succeeded the old German Confederation after the war with

Austria. By playing upon Europe as a skilful organist by pulling out stops plays a pipe organ, he had won for the German Emperor a place in the world that must have startled most of the German

one writer has called "the indirect crooked ways of Bismarck" had so moved the pawns on his "chess-board" of Europe that it became necessary to have a war. Bismarck decided upon France. His doctoring of the famous Ems telegram made it look as though Germany was forced into war.

War was declared by France. When France was badly beaten and the new Empire was formed from the twenty-four German states, with Prussia at the head, there was a dispute between King William and Bismarck over the title of the monarch. William I. insisted on being called "The Emperor of Germany." Bismarck insisted that he should be called "German Emperor."

A little story told by Bismarck throws some light on how the young ruler, after his accession in 1887, was sizing up the outlook. The Czar of Russia, on his way from Denmark to St. Petersburg, paid a call upon Bismarck and asked him if he expected to remain Chancellor under the new Emperor. Bismarck replied that his former relations as ambassador to all the great European powers, his long personal ministry under the old Emperor, his knowledge of Germany and of statecraft and of men and events, made him feel that he would be quite indispensable to the young Emperor. To his surprise, the Czar seemed doubtful. Bismarck surmised that he had some inkling of what was likely to happen. And the thing happened when Kaiser Wilhelm II. dismissed the Iron Chancellor, who for so many years had been the real uncrowned King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany.



THE MAN WHOM THE WORLD CAN NEVER FORGIVE.
 The German Kaiser congratulating Gen. Von Emmich, the conqueror of Liege, who began the crime against humanity in Belgium.

BISMARCK, as he states, never believed in an absolute monarch, but a monarch who should be guided by ministers, criticized by parliament and press, free from the flattery of sycophants and petticoats. Kaiser Wilhelm II. was not that kind of man. He "dropped the pilot."

The German Emperor's career since that time has been one of unparalleled audacity and ambition. He has turned his Imperatorship into a rule by Divine Right, for which the son of James I., who coddled that illusion, lost his head in England. By the constitution of the German Empire he is made commander-in-chief of the army and the navy. He appoints commanders in charge of contingents, officers commanding more troops than a contingent and officers in charge of fortresses. He does not constitutionally appoint generals, but all such appointments are subject to his approval. His power over the navy is the same as that over the army. All officers, whether of army or navy, swear allegiance to the German Kaiser. He cannot declare war except to repel an invasion. He appoints and dismisses the Imperial Chancellor, who, besides being responsible for the administration, is also President of the Bundesrath. He appoints all the imperial officials. He has the right to convene, open, prorogue and close both the Bundesrath and the Reichstag. He has no power to dissolve the Bundesrath, which is therefore never dissolved. He cannot dissolve the Reichstag, except by consent of the Bundesrath, in which, however, as King of Prussia he controls all the Prussian votes.

Such a tremendous power in the hands of any but a safe ruler was enough to make any ambitious egomaniac use it as an instrument of absolute authority. The safeguards intended by Bismarck exist, but they do not always operate. There is always the distinction between the "theory" and the "practice." The German Kaiser had nothing to do with the theory. He looks after the practice; and the present war is a good example of how he does it.

kings, princes and archdukes who welded their dynasties into the new empire.

When the grandson of old King William of Prussia was a youth, the statesman who taught him what

Villainies Rehearsed

FROM the "Grey Paper" of Belgium we learn that a German invasion and violation of Belgium was contemplated long before the war broke out. It was anticipated in Belgium before the passing of the Militia and Defence Act in 1913, doubling the war budget, putting the Belgian army on a war footing and preparing Belgian forts against attack by German siege guns. It was a Belgian military engineer, Brialmont, who designed most of the modern Belgian forts, and he was one of the ablest fort-builders in Europe.

All this preparation on the part of Belgium was equalled by cold intention on the part of Germany. The correspondent of the Morning Post in Antwerp has written his conviction for the English press. He says that "the German campaign of outrage and brutality in Belgium was deliberate, organized, foreseen, provided for with scientific machinery." When the German Emperor, as recorded by the photograph on the preceding page, congratulated Gen. Von Emmich on the capture of Liege, he was simply O. K. ing an elaborate schedule of which he himself was one of the authors, and perhaps the chief designer.

The Post writer says that "special machinery for incendiaryism accompanied the German forces; special drill for incendiaryism had been taught; that the Germans burned out a town with the methodical correctness with which a German battery went into action." A town was sacked as retribution for some German defeat. Sometimes it was threatened as a blackmailing attempt to secure the surrender of a town seven miles distant. He refers to the "commonly-reported, commonly-believed statement that as a last attempt to bully Belgium into an act of treachery, the German Emperor telegraphed to King Albert a threat to treat him as a 'personal enemy' and to 'sack' Belgium." This report has not been officially confirmed. But the treatment of Belgium seems to be sufficient evidence that some such sinister intention was present in the mind of the war lords of Germany. Certainly what has been done in Belgium was never the casual, sudden act of a moment either by irresponsible troops or revengeful officers. It was part of a long-concocted German plan to "hack their way through." And we have the great Bismarck's authority that whenever a nation at war finds itself faced with a struggle for existence it is not necessarily bound by pacts or treaties.

Slandering Burns

GERMANY has recently been fed up with some remarkable newspaper reports of a speech which the Hon. John Burns, who resigned from the British Cabinet on the outbreak of war, never made, at any time or place. Both time and place, however, are given in the reports of the Vossische Zeitung, the Deutsche Tageszeitung and the Frankfurter Zeitung. It is the latter's report that has done so much to inflate the German credulity. On August 14 at Albert Hall, John Burns is credited with saying:

"England's greatness is manifested in peace. England's weakness is exhibited in war. We shall never be in a position to exert without foreign help any influence in European and extra-European politics. We have never been able to do so. We destroyed Napoleon's fleet at Trafalgar, but a few days later, Napoleon won his most glorious victory at Austerlitz, and threw all Europe on her knees. What was Napoleon's defeat at sea in comparison with his unparalleled victory on land? We gave him a pin prick, but notwithstanding our victory he defeated the whole of Europe.

"England staked everything on a Franco-Prussian victory. But what if England's troops are beaten, together with the French? What if the news of England's defeat and England's weakness leaks out to the colonies, which have really nothing in common with the Mother Country, and perhaps are waiting for some opportunity to fall away from her? What if France does not win? Enormous possessions are then lost, and British loss of influence on the policy of the Continent cannot for centuries be recovered, because the influence of Germany, in association with her Austrian ally, would become so immense that Germany would let no power on earth interfere further with the construction of her navy. Germany's industries are strong, and they cannot be weakened even by an unsuccessful war. A people so powerful and so conscious of its strength as the German people can be bound in no fetters that can be forged. With unparalleled self-sacrifice—even if the poorest labourer had to produce the last penny from his pocket—if we destroyed the German navy, Germany would create a navy twice, nay, thrice as strong."

Of course this compliment to Germany is as true as any tale of the Arabian Nights. Mr. Burns never delivered this speech. Whatever he may think he has not spoken, on that head at least. This is another sample of how Germany fails to understand other countries. In Germany Mr. Burns would be classed as a Social Democrat, one of the millions

whom ex-Chancellor Von Buelow in his book on Imperial Germany frankly says it is necessary to exterminate. Von Buelow says that Social Democracy in Germany never tolerates the rise of a Social Democrat to a position in the Ministerial ranks. When Hon. John Burns, Labour leader, was elevated to a Cabinet position, we heard nothing of any German protest against it. Probably official Germany gladly saw in Mr. Burns' elevation the end of his connection with the Labour Party. Very likely Socialist Germany said that another friend had gone over to the enemy. Now both official and Socialist Germany are asked to believe that John Burns, the former colleague of Lloyd-George, is a traitor to his country. Bosh!

A Russian's View

WHEN the question is asked, what of Russia as an ally of England? no better authority could be obtained than the opinions of Professor Paul Vinogradoff, in the Department of Jurisprudence at Oxford. It has been freely said by German writers that the culture of Germany is fighting the barbarism of Russia. Most Germans believe that. Professor Vinogradoff shows clearly that in all Russian military annals there is no record to equal that of the German army in Belgium and France. He admits that Germany has produced many cultured men; but he observes that since 1870 the German nation has become afflicted with a peculiar form of national conceit, especially revealed in the writings of Bernhardt.

He notices that this conceit has ruined German diplomacy; that since the days of Bismarck the arch-diplomat, Germany has become blinded by her own arrogance to a point where she no longer considers diplomacy and statecraft as important compared to the "mailed fist." Bismarck himself, who never believed in absolute monarchy but in criticism by parliament and press, was at the same time convinced that there were times when the army was a bigger force than all criticism. He also believed that statecraft was more important before a war and sometimes after a war than any military force. He was himself unpopular with the army even during the Franco-Prussian War, because he knew too much about the army. But if Bismarck had been alive to-day and in office he never would have sanctioned a war waged entirely by the war machine without reference to diplomacy.

Professor Vinogradoff adds this tribute to the Russia Tsar as contrasted to the German Emperor:

"I may add that whatever may have been the shortcomings and the blunders of the Russian Government, it is a blessing in this decisive crisis that Russians should have a firmly-knit organization and a traditional centre of authority in the power of the Tsar. The present Emperor stands as the national leader, not in the histrionic attitude of a War Lord, but in the quiet dignity of his office. He has said and done the right thing, and his subjects will follow him to a man. We are sure he will remember in the hour of victory the unstinted devotion and sacrifices of all the nationalities and parties of his vast Empire. It is our firm conviction that the sad tale of reaction and oppression is at an end in Russia, and that our country will issue from this momentous crisis with the insight and strength required for the constructive and progressive statesmanship of which it stands in need."

Again the Professor asks:

"Apart from the details of political and social reform, is the regeneration of Russia a boon or a peril to European civilization? The declamations of the Germans have been as misleading in this respect as in all others. The master works of Russian literature are accessible in translation nowadays, and the cheap taunts of men like Bernhardt recoil on their own heads. A nation represented by Pushkin, Turgeneff, Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky in literature, by Kramskoy, Verestchagin, Repin, Glinka, Moussorgsky, Tchaikowsky in art, by Mendeleiff, Metchnikoff, Pavloff in science, by Kluchovsky, and Solovieff in history, need not be ashamed to enter the lists in an international competition for the prizes of culture."

The Story of Senlis

SENLIS is another of those little towns in the west of Europe suddenly become famous after it is destroyed. Bulwer Lytton, who described the destruction of Pompeii, should be living to-day to tell what happened at Senlis, a pretty little cathedral town twenty miles north of Paris, which the Germans took on their grand march before they veered away to the east. The cathedral was the biggest building. The Germans did their best to ruin it with shells, but the walls were built too solidly by the mediaeval builders, and the old Cure, with tears in his voice as he proudly told how it had stood up against the artillery, told also the sad story of how the "Germ-Huns," as an English writer has called them, almost obliterated Senlis.

Some crack-brained wine-seller fired on the troops. That, as at Botany, was enough to doom Senlis. The wine-seller was taken out and shot. The Mayor,

whose chateau amid the grapes and the garden walls had been burned, and who, with twelve others, were held as hostages, was brought to a court-martial. The story of this trial was told by one of the twelve who escaped. Mayor Odont was ordered to be shot. Six others were designated to be shot the next day; the other six on the next. The one that escaped while changing prison got into the fields, took off his coat and gathered a bundle of straw, from which the Uhlans, thinking him a harvester, permitted him to escape. The poor old Cure of the cathedral, having given his word of honour that no shots had been fired from the tower of his church, since he himself had the key, was permitted to give evidence. That saved the church from further destruction. But seventy houses, including all of the main street, were burned. It was intended to make an example of Senlis to the French, as Louvain had been to the Belgians. But the efforts of the Cure alone kept the Germans from completely destroying the town. A coincidence of the destruction was that a small statue of King Edward the Peacemaker was the only thing unharmed in the burning of one of the Senlis houses.

A Holy War

A CORRESPONDENT of the Morning Post describes a wonderful service which he attended recently in the famous Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris, one of the great churches of Europe, which might have been bombarded as Rheims and Malines and Mons. Notre Dame, where Charles Gounod was organist at the time of the Franco-Prussian War, and which he left for a long visit to England before the Siege of Paris. Architecturally, Notre Dame is as famous as Rheims Cathedral and much larger. It is quite twice as large as its namesake in Montreal. At this remarkable service, thirty thousand people were in the congregation, thousands of whom were unable to get inside. The Cardinal Archbishop preached the sermon, and at the close of the service in procession he appealed to the people to shout in unison,

"Vive Dieu! Vive l'Eglise! Vive la France!"

So the Roman Catholics in France regard this war against the annihilator of cathedrals as a holy war. If the Kaiser still has any use for his German "will-to-power" God as an ally, he may yet discover that though it no longer makes the difference it did in the Middle Ages whether the Pope blesses the war or not, when a people who have learned to discard Christianity are brought back to the frame of mind when they regard a war as a holy war, it may be worse than the curses of a Pope.

When David Spoke

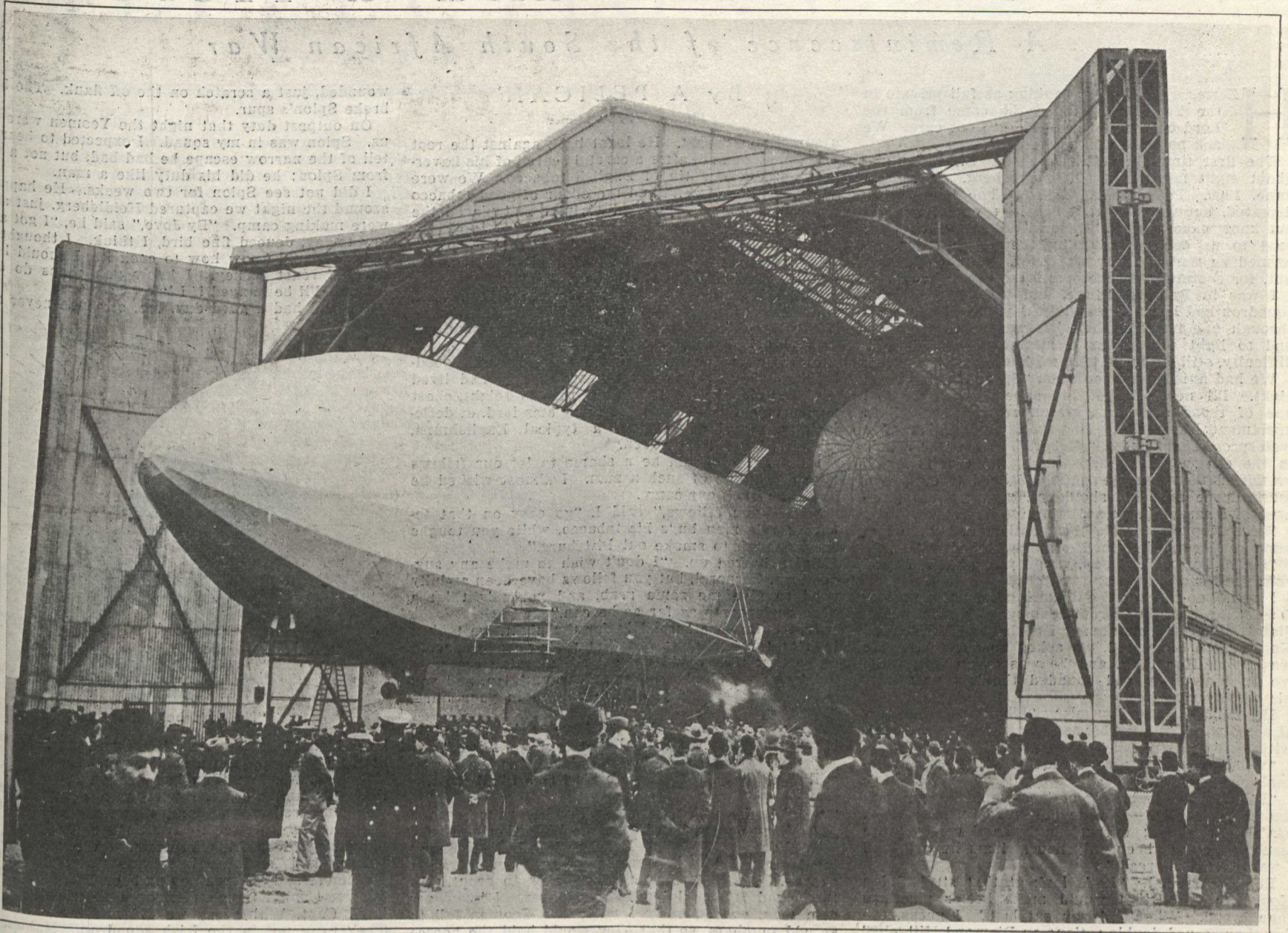
GERMANY may have her iron chancellors and welcome. Along with Prussian absolute monarchs and neurotic philosophers like Nietzsche they have helped to make Germany the big brute-force cynicism that at present is converting Europe into a shambles. For our part, when it comes to picking out chancellors, we prefer the little five-foot-six Welshman that has charge of the British money-bags, and whose name is David Lloyd George. We mention him because his great anti-German speech has just come to hand in the English papers. Lloyd George has made a number of great speeches in his day. He has not always been particular about tramping on the corns of Germany either. But in this, the greatest of all his speeches, delivered in Queen's Hall, Langham Place, to a tremendous audience, he laid about him at Germany's expense in a way that might have made the ancient David of the slingstone quite envious. His short, flaming sentences burst like shrapnel among the audience. Every sentence was charged to the limit with high explosives, as he talked of the sacred rights of little states like Belgium—not forgetting Wales.

But there was one passage in which this Celtic chancellor sized up the character of Germany; and that passionate deliverance will stand as probably the most fiery classic on this subject ever given to the world.

"I would not say a single word about the German people to disparage them. They are a great people. They have great qualities of head, of hand, and of heart. I believe, in spite of recent events, there is as great a store of kindness in the German peasant as in any peasant in the world, but he has been driven into a false ideal of civilization—efficient, capable—but it is a hard civilization. It is a selfish civilization. It is a material civilization. They cannot comprehend the action of Britain at the present moment. They say so. 'France,' they say, 'we can understand. She is out for vengeance, she is out for territory, Alsace-Lorraine. Russia, she is fighting for mastery. She wants Galicia.'

"They can understand vengeance; they can understand you fighting for mastery; they can understand you fighting for greed of territory; they cannot understand a great Empire pledging its resources, pledging its might, pledging the lives of its children, pledging its very existence, on protecting a little nation that seeks for its defence."

IS THE ZEPPELIN A MENACE ?



This is the airship shed at Dusseldorf and the Zeppelin which a few nights ago was destroyed by bombs dropped from a British aeroplane squadron at a height of 500 feet, under the command of Lieut. Marix. There is no doubt as to the Zeppelin being destroyed. The same shed was raided several nights earlier by a squadron under Lieut.-Col. Collett. Both raids were conducted in the most daring fashion, 100 miles into the enemy's country, and in spite of air-gun protection by the Germans.

COUNT ZEPPELIN says he will invade England with his gasbags and bomb-droppers. The Kaiser promises to make him Admiral of the heavenly fleet. The Count says he will break into England first. Bombs from the blue have played a curious part in the war. They have been the unknown factor. Antwerp is shuddering. Her forts can stand off the 17-inch siege guns for a while at least. The high-explosive bomb from the airship drops in the night. One last week killed twenty people in Antwerp. The government shifted to Ostend. But at ninety miles an hour at a mile high a hundred miles on the ground makes very little difference. London and Paris have been expecting the Zeppelins for some time. Weeks ago Paris fortified the roof of the Louvre. Antwerp buried its art treasures. London put out her lights, stationed guards at public buildings and put on an airship patrol. But at the present time London has less dread of the Zeppelins than she had before the Zepps were less imminent. British airships have proved superior to German on the field; for the same reason that the British sailor beats the German.



Landscape photographed from the rear of a Zeppelin flying over the hangars at Dusseldorf. The Kaiser has offered a decoration to the first aeronaut that drops a bomb into any British city.

A few days ago Lieut. Collett, who learned to fly a year ago, made a 500-mile voyage in an aeroplane and dropped bombs on the Zeppelin sheds at Dusseldorf.

Neither is the Zeppelin fleet so formidable either in numbers or efficiency as it was first feared to be. At the most, Germany had a dozen Zepps when the war began. The Allies have disposed of three, not counting the one at Dusseldorf, which may have been destroyed also. Some writers credit Germany with twice that number. This is improbable. But even if the Kaiser should launch his entire air fleet against England, there are great difficulties to be overcome. The first is the distance of base. A Zepp cannot make the distance from the nearest depot and get back again on its supply of fuel petrol. It must travel by night or it will be brought down by airship guns. It must get back. Cologne, the nearest depot, is 310 miles from London. To reach London the Zepp must be refueled. Hence the desire to get Brussels or Antwerp or some other coast city as a base. Fog is a severe handicap. This is the time for fogs. The eyes of a Zepp cannot pierce (Concluded on page 26.)

A Gentleman and a Hero

A Reminiscence of the South African War

By A PELICAN

Illustrated by A. Lismer

HE was a gentleman, ranking as full private in the Yeomanry. Where he came from the Lord only knows, and we did not care. We ask no questions in the Service.

The first time I met him was at Elandsfontein, about eight miles east of Johannesburg. It was in June, 1900. Pretoria had fallen. The Boers were defeated, but we were still fighting; we fellows did not know exactly who. General orders, which were read to us each evening by the Sergt.-Major, informed us that the war was over. Perhaps it was, but, for a state of Peace, our losses were heavy.

I was in Roberts' Horse, and we of the Irish squadron had lost five men that day. It all happened through one infernal shell. It was raining heavily and to light a fire was a matter of considerable difficulty, still we made one, we knew how I suppose.

We had finished supper when "Spion Kop" hove in sight. I'll never forget his appearance. He had one of those overcoats, which remind one of an apartment house bed. It was a combination of a waterproof sheet and a "slicker." There was a hole in the centre with a flap which, when unbuttoned, permitted the wearer to pass his head through and let it drape over his shoulders, giving the appearance of a tarpaulin on a diminutive hay stack.

Spion Kop was an English gentleman, but he was hungry. He needed food, and he looked it.

"Hello, Corporal. I say, would you mind if I used your fire for a minute or two?"

I looked up through the flickering light at a smiling face, with a rather prominent nose, which immediately suggested his name. I christened him "Spion Kop." As I have said, we asked no questions. He was Spion Kop then, and he was Spion Kop when we fired a volley and sounded the last post over his earthly remains.

He had in his hand an army "billy," which he was at some pains to balance, as it was filled to the brim with a thin mixture of flour and water.

"What are you trying to do?" I asked; "going to cook or start a laundry?"

"I don't wish to bother or inconvenience you, you know, but really"—and he didn't say "re-ah-ly"—I can't light a fire; everything is so damp and the issue to-day has been only flour. I am hungry, and I want to make bread."

Reardon smiled. "Let's look at that stuff, Spion Kop. By gosh, that would make better mucilage than bread. When did you eat last? I guess, the day they served double rations on Diamond Hill, eh?"

WE had been very lucky that day, having commandeered a sack of flour from a farmhouse, and then two of our crowd had left the mess, due to that infernal shell; besides, we were squadron for duty next day, and that meant scouting in the daytime, and outposts at night, so we couldn't carry any luggage.

Spion Kop spilled his "billy" without much reluctance when he saw Reardon produce three or four bannocks and a tin of MacKhonicie's rations.

"Sit down, Spion; take off your wraps and stay a while. How are things going with you fellows? I didn't see you to-day. Were you on the flank?"

"No," said Spion, "we were doing rear guard, and were rather hard pressed. The beggars sniped all day and cut in on us twice, but we had only two slightly wounded, so they have nothing to be proud of."

We did not ask any more questions until Spion had finished what, judging from his appetite, must have appeared to him

a sumptuous repast. He leant back against the root of a gum tree and, after a careful search of his haversack, produced a tin of English tobacco. We were smoking "Boer Leaf," and the odour of good tobacco made us envious. He filled his pipe and placed the tin between his crossed legs.

"Did you bring that from London?" said O'Dowd. "No, I bought it in Jo'berg," replied Spion. "I tried to get Smith's, but they hadn't it."

"Well, it's a h—ll of a side better than Boer Leaf, and I will fill up, if you don't mind."

"Go ahead," said Spion; "awfully rude of me not to have asked you before."

In spite of his rather large nose, he was good-looking, about twenty-eight years of age, had lived well, but cleanly, about five feet nine in height, chest measurement well up to the army standard, athletic-looking, afraid of nothing, a typical Englishman, friendly, but a trifle green.

I thought it would be a shame to let our fellows take advantage of such a man. I almost wished he had not struck our camp.

"Here, you fellows," said I, "go easy on that tobacco; this man buys his tobacco, while you toughs steal enough to smoke out Pittsburg."

Spion looked up. "I don't wish to make any suggestions, Corporal, but you fellows have been awfully good to give me some grub, and you might let a chap reciprocate as far as he can."

Just before we turned in for the night, we took a look at the horses to see that their nose-bags were on so that they could not eat the morning grass.

"Drag your blankets over this way, Spion, and you can roll in here, if you have no fire in your lines, it will be drier."

"By Jove," said Spion, "I have only a saddle blanket, and I have spread that over my horse."

I was beginning to know Spion. Any man who will give his only blanket to his horse is all right.

DAY broke with the usual "Stand to your horses." We were cold and cranky. I left the lines with Reardon, O'Dowd, Egan and O'Reilly. Scouting for ours. Five Yeomen came with us. I was in charge. We had to teach them how to scout. As the squad fell in, I looked them over. I knew my own men, consequently I made the Yeomen fall in as odd numbers, so that they would hold the horses if it came to a scrap. Spion Kop was No. 3 of my section. We rode about a mile at five horses length extended when we sighted the Boers. Then I gave the command, "From your centre, at forty horses length extend." I shouted along the line, "Hang onto yourselves, fellows, and watch those snipers."

We had advanced perhaps two thousand yards when the Boers uncovered two guns; then we beat it, but the last man in was Spion Kop. We got in all right, no one hurt. Spion's horse was slightly

wounded, just a scratch on the off flank. The bullet broke Spion's spur.

On outpost duty that night the Yeomen were with us. Spion was in my squad. I expected to hear him tell of the narrow escape he had had, but not a word from Spion; he did his duty like a man.

I did not see Spion for two weeks. He happened around the night we captured Heidleberg, just as we were making camp. "By Jove," said he, "I got a turkey to-day, deuced fine bird, I think. I thought you fellows would know how to cook it. I should like a slice of roast turkey. I know you chaps do these things. I'll be hanged if I know how."

We had had a good day, too, our men never over-



"He rode behind me."

looked any loot, but we all knew Spion had bought his bird. He was not a soldier yet.

General Ian Hamilton had broken his collar bone that day and we were without a commander. It was rumoured around camp that we would not move that day, as we were to await the arrival of a commanding officer from Pretoria. We, of Roberts' Horse, had a funeral service to attend, Capt. Whittacre and six men having been killed. A funeral does not make much difference to a soldier. We liked Capt. Whittacre; we did not know the men. They were not in the Irish squadron. Mahoney, of our squadron, was shot through the wrist, but he was all right. The birds were cooked and we ate heartily. Spion kept the bunch going with his stories of Piccadilly, but never a word of war. I noticed there was a hole in his putty legging; it looked as if it might have been caused by a bullet, but Spion never said a word about it.

We had begun to like Spion and had invited him to bring his rations over to our camp as long as we lay together; we would do the cooking and divide our loot. His acceptance was so spontaneous that it could not help being genuine. Reardon said we needed him to give the mess a tone; the truth was he was plucky and we knew it.

Poor old Spion, it seemed to be his fate to be sent out scouting with me, and as I had no college degree in that art, I got him into some pretty tight jack-pots. I must say he was a darned sight cooler than I was. The whistle of a flying bullet seemed to be music to his ears. Once a pom-pom hit his horse and blew it plumb to pieces. I waited for Spion and he rode behind me—double-banking, as we call it. We had two or three narrow escapes because the horse could not travel fast with the extra weight, but Spion was game every time.

OPPORTUNITY knocks at everyone's door at least once, and it knocked at mine. I honestly believe that Spion woke me up to hear the rap. It was a little affair in the Drackenber Mountains. I handled it luckily and got promotion. Not one of my old friends was more punctilious in his salute than Spion. As a Corporal, I had never asked his name, as an officer I felt that it would be a breach of friendliness to inquire.

We chased DeWett from Drackenber to Kopje Siding. He entrenched himself about six miles west of the railway. The Yeomanry were left behind near Bethelam, but Spion Kop attached himself to our regiment. We spent fourteen futile days trying to drive DeWett out. At last he broke and took the gap we had left for him, heading for Paris Drift. I was in the advance guard and Spion was with me. He had two stripes then. I asked him how he got them. He laughed. "Length of service, I suppose," was his reply. But I had previously heard that they were given him for carrying dispatches under heavy fire.

When we came to the drift we found that they had a maxim gun trained on it. I sized the situation

(Concluded on page 27.)



"I thought you fellows would know how to cook it."

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Sermon on the Mount

NO peace can come to the world in arms until it is settled for once and all whether the philosophy of the Sermon on the Mount is or is not to prevail. Nietzsche and the Prussian militarists have declared against it. The Christian nations, other than Germany, have declared for it. All other issues are subsidiary. If might is right, then the world's progress during the Christian era has been mere retrogression.

Politics and the War

STILL there is talk of a general election between now and the end of the year. Gossip has had the rumour for several weeks and now the leading newspapers are discussing it. Most of us will pin our faith to Sir Robert Borden, who is a statesman rather than a politician. If he decides upon a general election, it will be because he has more weighty reasons than have yet appeared in print or been winged by the tongue of gossip. He will never insult Canada's patriotism by a political appeal founded on mere expediency.

A Second Contingent

PREMIER BORDEN announced early last week that a second military contingent would be sent to Great Britain. Up to that time, Canada had put 44,000 men under arms. Of these 33,000 had been sent to England, 1,000 were in Bermuda, and 10,000 were on duty throughout Canada. This is a force equal in numbers to the standing army of the United States. Premier Borden proposed to send another 22,000 across the Atlantic, which will bring the total Canadian army on active service to 66,000 men.

A different plan will be followed in the mobilization of the second force. The costly camping territory at Valcartier, with its miles of targets, its special water-works and lighting plants, and its hastily constructed roads and buildings will not be used. The plan which is said to have been prepared by the staff officers for the gathering and training of the first contingent and then abandoned will be adopted. This is the simple and inexpensive method of mobilizing each military district separately at or near the regular military headquarters. This was the method supposed to have been approved by Generals French and Hamilton during their visits to Canada in recent years.

Canada is divided into thirteen military districts as follows:

- Western Ontario Command (Districts 1 and 2).
- Eastern Ontario Command (Districts 3 and 4).
- Quebec Command (Districts 5, 6 and 7).
- Maritime Provinces Command (Districts 8, 9 and 12).
- Military District No. 10 (Man. and Sask.).
- Military District No. 11 (B.C. and Yukon).
- Military District No. 13 (Alberta).

The number of men required will be divided among these thirteen districts in proportion to their military capacity. The head of each district will then recruit the number required, outfit and train them, and forward them to a central point when they are ready to sail. This is the military method, as compared with the civil or national method adopted in connection with the former contingent. This plan will relieve the staff at Ottawa of much of the detail and put the burden on the commanders of the various districts where it properly belongs.

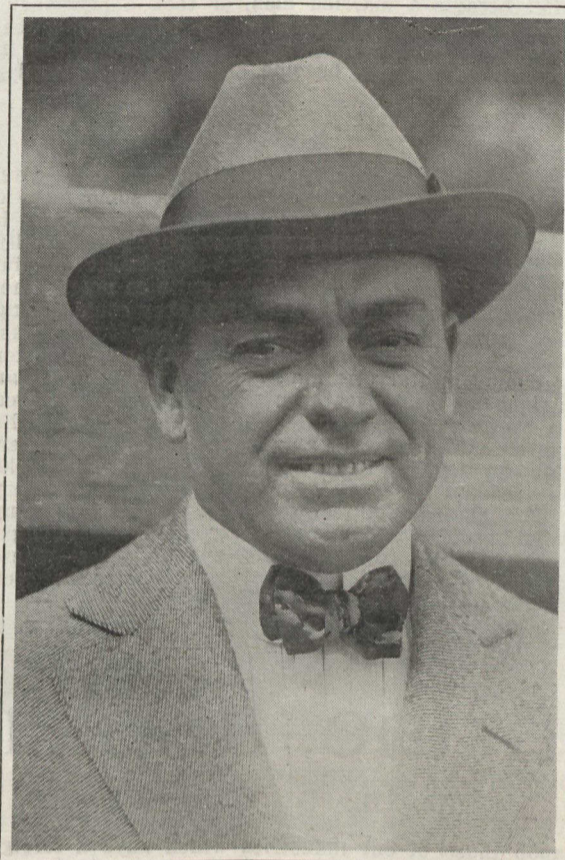
The composition of the second contingent is not yet settled. It will probably consist largely of cavalry. Canada has no more artillery to spare, and there is not an abundance of infantry rifles of first quality. In any case, much new equipment must be manufactured and this will mean that the contingent will not sail before the end of the year.

The Triumph of Colonel Hughes

HOW some men persuade the public to take them at their own estimate of themselves is splendidly illustrated by Col. Sam Hughes. The Colonel is nominally Minister of Militia, but really a soldier. When the first contingent was ordered, Colonel Hughes acted as Minister of Militia and also as Commander-in-Chief. He had every right and authority to the former position, but not to the latter. According to the "Militia List," published under the authority of the Militia Department at Ottawa, the Commander-in-Chief is the Governor-General. Colonel Hughes was so enthusiastic that he took over the duties of the Governor-General in this respect. Yet no one is shocked and no cataclysm occurs. The public seem to accept what happened as being the natural event.

If the Hon. Mr. Hazen, Minister of Marine, were

to don an admiral's uniform, go aboard the "Niobe" and direct the officers of the vessel, the public would be cynical. They would say that Hon. Mr. Hazen should stay in his office at Ottawa and direct the affairs of his department, leaving the actual direction of the naval force to the men appointed for that purpose. Yet this is exactly what Colonel Sam Hughes has done in connection with the militia, and his actions are apparently acceptable to his col-



MR. GEORGE STALLINGS

Manager and creator of the Boston baseball team, which this year won the championship of the National League and has startled the "fans" by its record in the "world's series."

leagues and to the public generally. Even the Governor-General has given no sign that he objects to the display of energy made by the military member of the Borden Cabinet.

The Governor-General, it may be answered, is only nominally the head of the Canadian army and he

leaves the actual command to the officers of the army. This is quite true, but in that case the command would devolve on the "Chief of the General Staff." During the past two months nothing has been heard of that gentleman. The public do not even know his name. They know that General French is Chief of the General Staff for Great Britain, that General Joffre holds the same position in France, and General Von Moltke in Germany. They have never heard the name of Colonel Gwatkin, Chief of the General Staff of the Canadian Army, though he is so described in the "militia list."

Just how little Colonel Sam Hughes cares for his position as Minister of Militia is shown by his recent actions. He wanted to be with the army and he went down the St. Lawrence with them. While he was away, Sir Robert Borden acted as Minister of Militia. Colonel Hughes then returned to Ottawa for a day or two, gave one interview or more, and then proceeded to New York to take ship for England. During his absence the Hon. Mr. Hazen will be acting minister. Colonel Hughes has gone over to England to see that Lord Kitchener appreciates the "marvellous" army Canada has sent to take part in the war with Germany and Austria. Just what his position will be when he arrives, no one seems to know. But he will be there, and if the British public accept him as the Canadian public has done, he will be riding around Aldershot and Salisbury Plains, consulting with Lord Kitchener and chatting pleasantly with King George. Canada has no other citizen or soldier who could make so brave a show or who could meet such an unusual situation with so much ability and coolness.

Indeed, it may be that Colonel Hughes will not return. He may join Lord Kitchener's staff as one of his chief executive officers, or he may be sent to France to assist General French. Less likely things have happened and such an appointment would appeal strongly to the Colonel's martial spirit. Whatever happens, Colonel Hughes will likely return with new honours heaped upon him. And who can say whether it will be a knighthood or a field-marshal's baton?

A French-Canadian Contingent

CANADA'S subjects of French descent have never been lacking in either sentiment or courage. Though a peace-loving people, they have never been found wanting in the day of sacrifice and trial. The decision to send a French-Canadian contingent to fight on the side of the Allies is worthy of their gallant record and their undoubted allegiance to both the British flag and their French traditions. They will go as Canadians, and they will brilliantly uphold the glory and honour of the Empire-of-all-Creeds-and-Tongues.

The Triumph of Rudolph

SINCE last week's comment on Richard Rudolph, baseball pitcher, the said "Dick" has attained the dizziest pinnacle of a baseballer's career. On Friday last, in the first game of the World's Series, he humbled the mighty batters of the four-times champion Athletics. He turned a possibility into a reality in a masterful way. Besides pitching scientific ball, he exhibited a knowledge of psychology which would put Professor Baldwin to shame, and a grasp of the human equation which might make a millionaire envious. He puts Boston permanently on the Baseball Record.

FIRST CANADIANS THAT LEFT FOR SERVICE



Royal Canadian Regiment (Regulars) leaving Halifax on the s.s. Canada for Bermuda, where they relieved British Regulars. They are hoping later to be sent to Europe.

Universal Military Training

By THE MONOCLE MAN

MR. EDITOR, I was delighted to see that you are in favour of some form of universal military training for Canadians. In fact, as an old militia man yourself, you are deucedly emphatic about it. But I am sure that no man needs anything more than the object lesson in unpreparedness, recently before our eyes, to convince him that Canada must either establish some form of universal military training, or frankly abandon all effort to defend herself as a part of a modern Empire. Modern war will not wait for armies to be recruited, trained, taught to shoot, and finally sent to the field of battle. This war began on August 4th, and we were in the very last days of September before our first contingent was ready to set sail for the United Kingdom—where, it is expected, they will get further training. If the war had had to wait for us, the Germans would have been in Marseilles—or Cape Town.

THERE is all the difference in the world between universal military training, and conscription. Visit Europe, and take a look at the barracks, and you may get some faint notion of what conscription means. There the young man is taken away from his family, from his education, from his business or professional training; and for from one to three years is herded with thousands of other young men in barracks-life. He becomes a soldier for that time, and ceases entirely to be a civilian. These years are lost out of his life—so far as civilian progress is concerned. I will not discuss here the effects of barracks-life. Some of them may be bad, but many of them are very good. In any case, the nations on the continent of Europe have no option. If they did not raise and maintain conscript armies, they would not last a week before the first onslaught by a conscript neighbour.

BUT it would be quite possible to give every man Jack of us in Canada a very useful military training without interrupting his civilian progress for a moment. I see that you—with your prac-

tical knowledge of the matter—suggest two weeks' training, yearly, for every young man between the years of 18 and 26. That would mean—practically—that every young man, during that period in his life, should take two weeks holidaying at the expense of the Government. Militia men commonly regard their summer period in camp as a holiday—that is, it is a taste of open-air life under canvas with a lot of interesting exercise to keep one fit. They never dream of regarding this as a hardship. It is fun—and no bills to pay. When the volunteer under your plan became a married man, or took a permanent position—as he is likely to do considerably before the age of twenty-six—then his two weeks in camp would simply become his two weeks regular holiday.

HOWEVER, I would suggest for your consideration the possibility of enabling some men to take a different form of military training. It is quite possible that many young men—especially in cities—would prefer to extend their military training throughout the year, getting quite as much practice in manoeuvring and tactics as they could during two weeks in camp; but leaving their two weeks' holiday free for other recreation. That would render universal military training much less a burden than a rigid two weeks yearly might seem to men engaged in business. They could put in their night drills quite easily, and give an occasional Saturday afternoon to it, while reserving their precious two-weeks of freedom for a visit to new scenes. Not every young man would feel this way, of course. Many would prefer a solid two weeks in camp. But it ought to be possible to offer young men in cities—where alone the problem would arise—a choice between regiments which pursued different systems.

THE main thing is to prepare every man in the country to be of use in case he desires to fight for the preservation of the institutions and liberties he values. That could be accomplished, to some extent, by permitting men who preferred it to go in for rifle-practice. An expert shot is a mighty handy man to put into a trench in case of war; and it would not take much military organization to put our expert shots where they would be of the most use. My idea is that the universal military training of Canadians should be made as attractive and entertaining as possible. We are a free and democratic people, living alongside a people who will never be military; and if universal training is presented to us as an arduous and unattractive thing, I fear that—in the piping times of peace, when sentimentalists will decry "war" as "obsolete," and insist that the true patriot will not even prepare for so "barbaric an outburst of brute nature"—we may be induced to vote it out of existence if our young people actively dislike it.

WHEN the inevitable war comes again, we shall, of course, be sorry. We will then scamper about and try to improvise "fighting units"—drawing largely on any stray European settlers who may have happened to come over recently—and work great execution "killing Kruger (or the Kaiser) with our mouths." While the war is on, we will be quite convinced that universal military service is a necessity. Then peace will come with its flabby optimism and its flamboyant rhetoric—and we will once more forget all about it. But if we can make this universal military training look like a holiday or a "sport," then we shall keep it going, no matter what the "soft soap" brigade may say. And what could be a better holiday than a fortnight in camp, with a lot of jolly fellows and a paternal country paying the shot; and what could be better "sport" than shooting at various sorts of targets, in "grey days and gold," with the wind on our cheeks and the blue hills in the distance?

Prospects in the Implement Trade

By B. B. COOKE

ALL across the Dominion men and machinery are to be found working at something less than full time, something less than a complete efficiency. In a certain modest Ontario town the single factory—a small iron casting foundry—is completely closed down; the mere forty men whom it employed are sunning themselves on their front-stoops, picking up odd jobs for the minister or the private banker, some even supported by the earnings of the wife at the wash-tub, until such time as "things get better." In large Ontario cities factories that number their employees by the hundred are idle, and sparrows are building their nests in the flues which in "good times" belched forth the fumes of great fires on the hearth beneath. Others are running at less than full time. Banks are not getting in their accounts as rapidly as desirable. Merchants are not receiving the buoyant patronage they received twelve months ago. In other words, though times are not "hard," they are not "good." Canada, like all the rest of the world, has been made to mark time while Europe writhes in the convulsions of war.

But what of the future?
Is the prospect ahead so quiet?
Are there no signs of the early resumption of conditions more nearly normal?
There are. Remote they may be, and to some extent conditional. They may not, perhaps, promise any sudden and sensational recovery, but recovery, so to speak, is already on its way. Every day brings it nearer. Recent news of the first successes of the allied armies in Europe seemed to break the seal on the bottle in which Canadian business men had been preserving their optimism. With the news that Paris is no longer in danger managers have been willing to tell something of the plans they had for the future, plans which they hesitated to speak of before, when so many able but pessimistic prophets were proclaiming the approach of ruin.

In the present situation it is noteworthy that certain basic industries, or, as they might be called, pivotal industries, stand out pre-eminently in any canvass of the situation. There is no use approaching a piano-maker, for example, to ask what his plans for the future are; nor a maker of small iron castings. For their business is dependent upon other manufacturers, directly and indirectly. The piano-maker can sell pianos only when his customers are earning their usual wages, a condition which is dependent, therefore, upon the factories employing those customers or prospective customers. The maker of small castings probably has no market except to certain of these basic or pivotal manufacturers, and to-day, in the Dominion of Canada, the immediate business outlook depends almost entirely

upon those of our industries which have a foreign trade—or had, and those that supply the chief needs of the farmers of Canada. One of the keys to the situation is the implement manufacturer. On all other occasions he is "the goat." He it is who bears the brunt of the farmers' ceaseless attack on the tariff. Yet in a situation like this the Canadian cities turn to the implement industry for signs of trade revival. In the present situation, if not indeed in our normal industrial situation, he is the industrial strategist. He is the link between the country's one sure source of revenue at the moment—the farmer—and the industrial population.

IN a quiet office in a corner of a great building which only yesterday was noisy with the chatter of machinery, but which is to-day as silent as church on Monday, sat one of the chief executives of a company which employs something like 5,000 men, and which, with the other industries of that kind in Canada, pays out about nine million dollars per year in wages, imports into Canada about ten million dollars a year for the implements sold abroad, and spends something like twenty million on raw materials and in other ways throughout Canada, every year. The office was almost as quiet as the silent factory; only here and there a stenographer or two, and a necessary clerk to keep track of the casual details of a day to day existence.

"The situation is this," said the executive, in reply to questions. "We are closed now as we always have been closed at this time of year—for stock-taking, but we shall stay closed for a longer period now, than if we were merely stock-taking. When we are to open up again is something we cannot yet say. We do not consider that the outlook is altogether depressing." The executive then went on to explain the situation.

Following the usual stock-taking period with most of the implement manufacturers, the factories are usually opened on the orders from the European or other foreign markets. The months of October, November, December, January and February are usually occupied with turning out binders, mowers, ploughs and so on for the farmers outside of Canada. The orders for these goods are as a rule being received in September, and in turn, the implement-maker's orders for his own raw materials are being placed then, so that by the time the winter comes not only is the implement trade busy, but all the other trades which help to supply the raw materials for the implement concerns. This foreign business has been, needless to say, completely demoralized by the war in Europe. Companies who have taken years to per-

fect their organizations in France and Germany, find these organizations practically wiped out. The falling off in actual orders from the foreign farmer came first, of course, but with that loss has come the loss of the necessary business machinery; agents have been called to the ranks of their armies—some never to return to business; the whole foundation of that foreign trade has been wiped out, and although with the coming of peace—whenever that may be—there may be a sudden recrudescence of trade and the demand for Canadian farm machinery may suddenly soar, Canada will not be in a position to take advantage of these orders as completely then as would have been the case had her agencies not been wiped out. The matter of shipment over the high seas becomes daily less difficult or risky, and with the destruction of farm implements a future market is being, as it were, prepared, but for the present overseas trade as a means of affording work to the Canadian workmen is out of the question. To the Canadian workman is brought home the absolute necessity of protecting his home market. Canadians have to-day to rely, to a tremendous extent, upon Canada as a market for their goods.

The one source of revenue for Canada to-day is in the hands of the Canadian farmer. If interdependence of Canadian manufacturers is made clear by the present situation, then so is the dependence of the manufacturer upon the farmer made clear—for the once at least. And if the farmer is going to do his duty in a situation like this he will realize this dependence of the cities upon his business, and will turn his business into the Canadian home market, just as he would know—if he were ever cut off from foreign markets—that the cities of Canada would be sure to rally to his support. With the price of wheat soaring the prospect of a shortage in all food supplies in Europe for a considerable period of time to come, the farmer is in a position to reap a real reward. It will be his money that will keep Canada running.

HOW will that money get into circulation? Through the implement men, chiefly. Other supplies to the farmers may be kept low for a time. Farmers' wives may economize in dresses—and pianos, perhaps, but in the effort to meet the growing demand for foodstuffs more land must be put under cultivation, quicker work must be done, and more implements must be had. In short, the implement manufacturers will be the chief dealers with the Canadian farmer in the next year or two. If the farmer buys his new plough or his binder from United States concerns—and the Americans are certain to make every possible effort to capture a big share of this trade—then Canada will lose a proportionate

(Concluded on page 26.)

GETTING THE GERMANS BACK TO THE RHINE



BELGIANS ON GUARD AT ANTWERP DURING THE BOMBARDMENT.

At the edge of the fortifications, these sharpshooters of the Grand Guard made a barricade of huge cement water-pipes



PRESIDENT POINCARE INSPECTING SOME OF HIS TROOPS AT BORDEAUX.

Nominally Commander-in-Chief, he wears no spiked helmet. His Minister of War is a Socialist. The French are an army of gentlemen.

BATTERING THE WORLD'S WEALTH TO SMITHEREENS



THE PRACTICAL OBLITERATION OF SENLIS.

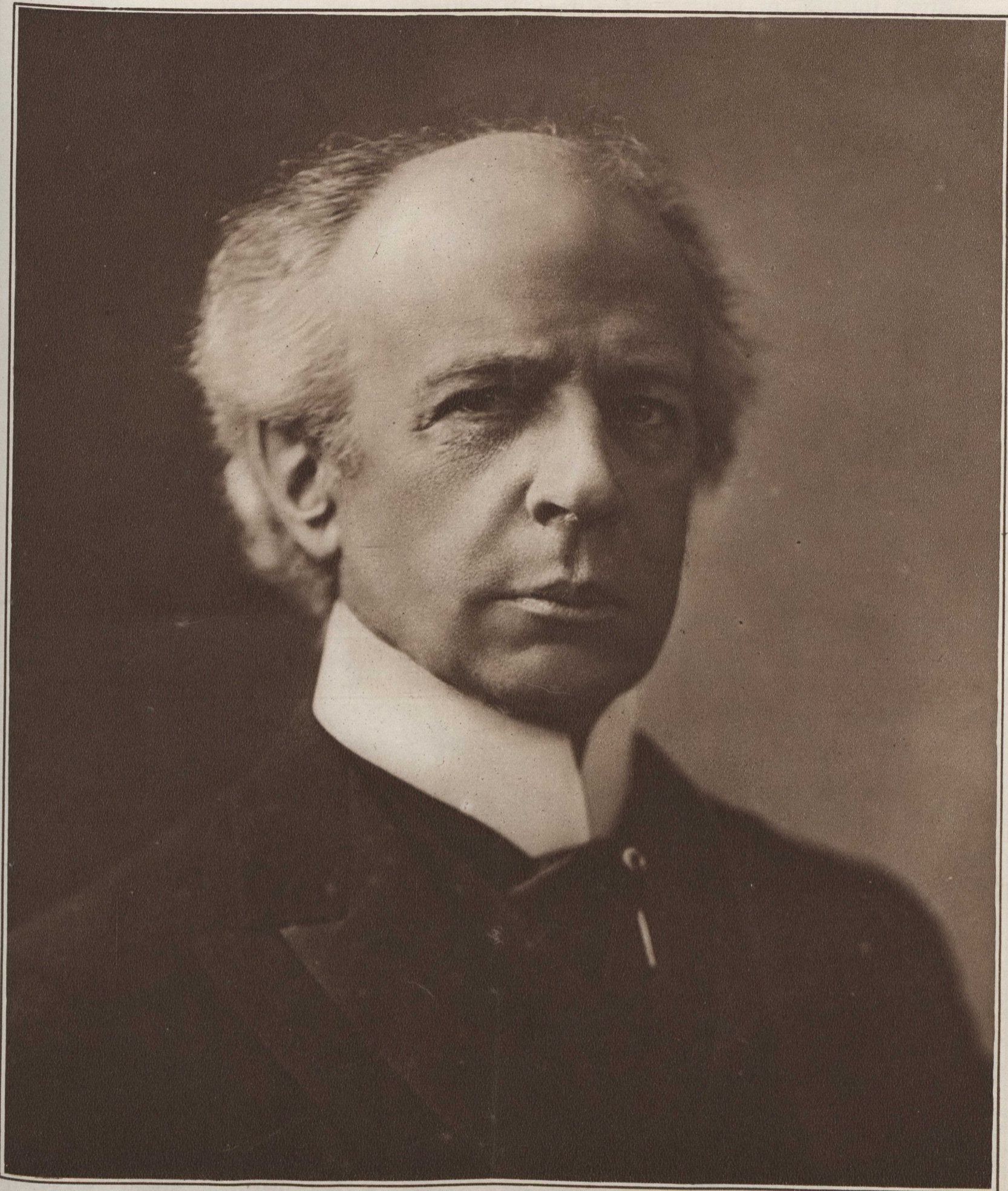
This is a good sample of what remains of a beautiful little cathedral town of 7,000, about twenty miles north of Paris.



A GERMAN MOTOR CONVOY SMASHED UP BY SHELL FIRE.

The wrecking crew made brush fences of the destroyed motors along both sides of the road.

CANADA'S OTHER HEAD IN THE EMERGENCY



Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, P.C., G.C.M.G., Opposition Leader

There never has been any doubt as to where Sir Wilfrid Laurier stands on the question of Imperial defence. During the historic deadlock debate on the Naval Aid Bill, two sessions ago, when the Liberals opposed the vote of \$35,000,000 to the British Admiralty as the price of three Dreadnoughts, Sir Wilfrid reaffirmed his belief in the construction of a Canadian navy which had already been begun by his Government in the purchase of the Niobe and the Rainbow. He said then, that whenever it came to a question of helping England in her hour of peril, he and the party whom he led would vote not \$35,000,000, but twice, three

times, four times the amount as the price of Canadian Imperial effort against the common enemy. He spoke with authority, because it was Sir Wilfrid's government that authorized the recruiting in Canada of troops for the Imperial army in the South African War. During the special war session of Parliament, in August, 1914, Sir Wilfrid reaffirmed that attitude. In unofficial speeches made elsewhere, he has spoken for a united Canada that sinks all party differences in a time when the Empire, and therefore Canada, is at war. The Liberal leader will celebrate his seventy-third birthday on November 20th.

TAKING CARE OF THE PRISONERS IS A PROBLEM



ARE GERMAN PRISONERS WELL TREATED IN ENGLAND?

The Kaiser's men, prisoners of war at Frimley, in Surrey, packing extra blankets and pillows from the stores for their fellow captives.



A THOUSAND GERMANS TAKEN BY THE BRITISH ON THE MARNE.

These cogs in the "Diesel Machine" of the German Emperor are on their way to a French port for transhipment to England.

AS WOMEN SEE THE WAR

Being Our Regular Semi-Monthly Woman's Supplement in Martial Form



MRS. H. B. YATES OF MONTREAL.
At the head of women's Red Cross work in Quebec.

The Bulletin Board

ALMOST invariably, bulletin boards appeal to people whose chief interests are baseball scores or elections. Women very seldom give a glance at the boards where the story of the last few hours is chronicled. But war time has changed all that, and has made the bulletin board the most interesting spot in the city. How curiously-linked are the battlefield, with all its red carnage, and this prosaic bit of wood, which nevertheless gives the first news of victory or defeat to the city's throngs! In the early summer days, the bulletin was watched eagerly by a vociferous crowd of youths who were anxious to know how someone was pitching or whether the Leafs had won. The biggest game of all, which is now being played across the sea, has made the world forget all lesser hazards, and the one question is: "How is the war going?" Bulletins were never before so plentiful, but the interest in their story remains unabated.

The crowd is often as full of human interest as the lines of the bulletin board, for varied are the motives which bring the passers-by to a halt. "No chance for real estate for a while yet," murmurs a brisk-looking citizen, as he reads ruefully of the doings on the Aisne and with increasing hopefulness of the advance of the Russians on Cracow. "Wonder when our boys will get there," says an older citizen, with a certain wistfulness which makes you wonder if he longs to be in the fight himself. A woman, whose gown looks like afternoon bridge, is scanning each word with an eager interest, which surely means that someone belonging to her is at the front or is likely to reach the lines. A boy in the early teens is paying absorbed attention to the latest movements of the Allies, and ejaculates from time to time: "Some war! Hope they'll soak the Kaiser!" A gentle-faced old man in clerical garb is on the outskirts of the crowd and shakes his head over the statements of the slain. "A sad, sad war!" is his only comment.

Back to the Land

FOR many years, public speakers and social welfare experts have been urging the wisdom of a return to country life and have been insisting on the folly of crowding into the cities, while good farming districts are comparatively deserted. The girl from the country has listened to

The Editorial Viewpoint

By ERIN



MRS. MARGARET SCOTT OF WINNIPEG.
Whose Nursing Mission will assist relief this winter.

the advice, and has usually paid little heed to the same. She has proceeded to the crowded centre, has experienced all the delights of a hall-bedroom and washing her handkerchiefs in the bathroom, and finds after about three years that even moving pic-



MRS. HAMILTON GAULT OF MONTREAL.
Who sailed with the transports to England as nurse.

ture shows have not an eternal charm. It is not difficult to understand how the girl of eighteen finds the spell of the city quite overwhelming, and, for a time, refuses to believe that she will ever tire of the cheap theatres and the constant crowds. Of course, there is a small percentage of the girls who come from country homes, who find, after ten years of experience, that they are better off in health and pocket-book for their work in city offices. Most of them discover that it is a very difficult matter to save anything worth while, and that office work is almost a certain encourager of "nerves."

There are writers on this live topic of country life who have admitted that the fathers on the farm have been partly to blame for the wholesale desertion of the countryside by the daughters. The financial recognition of a daughter's work has been tardy and inadequate, and the ardent feminist has found a grievance in the fact that a son's work is far more likely to be recognized as a part of the farm assets than the toil of a daughter. More than once, in the course of my journalistic experience, a letter from a girl on the farm has informed me that the writer has "hardly a cent that she can call her own," and this condition of affairs is hardly conducive to contentment. That the farmer has been too slow to buy labour-saving devices for the kitchen and the cellar is only too true, but then the women of the farm should have had the initiative to demand such machinery.

ONLY when the artificial joys of the city have lost their charm do you realize the rapture of having an acre of land which you can call your own. Sir Rider Haggard, on a visit to Canada some years ago, emphasized the fact, that in the scheme of British colonization it was the desire to send the "landless man to the manless land." When he was in Canada, last August, Sir Rider had nothing to say about colonial problems, for a mighty settler of a host of questions was the only interest for the audiences which he addressed. The war which is proving a scourge to Europe may go far towards sending many of our citizens back to the country, and may, indeed, result in better conditions of labour throughout our rural districts. During the last week of August, a Montrealer said to me: "I wish I were a farmer. He is the only man who knows what he owns in these days." The soil proves a real mother earth



MRS. JOHN S. HENDRIE, OF HAMILTON.
Who will shortly assume the duties of hostess at Government House, Toronto, as wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province.

in these days of financial uncertainty, when stocks and bonds are unknown quantities and potatoes in the cellar mean more than a yard of script. The stock exchange is not likely to supply feminine workers with desirable positions for months to come, and the girls who have held positions in brokers' offices are now quite willing to return to the country homes or find work in the smaller centres. One of the most useful undertakings since war was declared, is the attempt to put the city girl out of employment in communication with the country household needing helpers. The Women's Institute, which is always practical in its methods of procedure, has succeeded to an encouraging extent in this enterprise, and to

Mrs. L. A. Hamilton is due much of the credit of establishing happy relationship between the would-be employer and the unemployed. This movement will mean a great relief to many girls, who found themselves suddenly without a weekly salary, and ought to mean real assistance to those in rural homes who have been bearing too heavy a burden of work and responsibility. The domestic problem, which seemed so acute little more than a year ago, looks decidedly more hopeful to-day than it did in the beginning of our consideration of the high cost of living. The farmer is the most fortunate man in the country to-day, and the rest of us may well reflect on the reason for his content.

To Gain Our Industrial Independence

An Organized Effort in which Our Readers are Hereby Called Upon to Participate

By M. J. T.

LATELY it was remarked that the refugees from Belgium were of one class, practically. Rich? No. Poor? No. Intelligent workers!

Now, intelligence in work means well-made products. It is the exercise of skill. And behind skill is training. Thirty years ago there existed in Belgium twenty Technical Schools only, where two years ago there were counted seven hundred, all of them busy turning out students to whom mentality was a tool, edged by manipulation, which was able to make of artificers artists, of tradesmen craftsmen, and of labourers creators.

It is this leaf from the book of Belgium and, it must be admitted, a similar one from the industrial volume of slumless Germany, which are being studied at the present moment by the "Made in Canada" movement promoters and, in particular, by the new and practical organization, with headquarters Toronto, the Ontario Association for the Promotion of Technical Education. The aim, the necessity, is industrial independence. And necessity has mothered the ideal organization to make Ontario self-sufficient in the matter of manufacture and, ultimately, all Canada efficient. By which invention women are assigned large office.

The Women's Councils, urban, and the Women's Institutes, rural, are represented in the association along with the Boards of Education, Boards of Trade, Canadian Manufacturers' Association, Trades and Labour Council, Architects' Association, Clay Workers' Association, Arts, Crafts, Home Industries, et cetera. These, then, are the octopus-association which is sending out its beneficent antennae to find and conserve Canadian talent to the end national industrial independence. The antennae will take the form of lectures, reviving in a measure the Mechanics' Institutes, which free libraries served to disestablish, but going much farther.

The idea is not to impose training, but to bring

opportunity close to desire—to save the children from the fate of the fathers who say—you have heard them even as I have—"If only I had been caught young I might have —!" A prize-winner at a recent exhibition was a picture painted by a struggler of fifty who had never had a lesson on art in his life! With science to aid his remarkable instinct what might he not have designed for milord Construction?

So, the president of the Association, Mr. Rhys. D.



MRS. HERBERT P. H. GALLOWAY.

President in Winnipeg of the Local Council of Women, which recently succeeded in having established the "Civic Bureau of Work for Women," in behalf of the community's unemployed.

Fairbairn, of Toronto, the secretary, Mr. Thomas Bengough, of Ottawa and Toronto, and all the councillors, so carefully selected, are aiming to free the entire nation from the thralldom of foreign designers by emancipating individual members from the consequences of unenlightened labour. The enterprise is reasonable, therefore. It is an economical rejection of the "Blessed Be Drudgery" tenet and a declaration of faith in applied knowledge.

What, then, is the part of women in such an undertaking? First, let them study the child at school. Let mothers acquaint themselves with the problems that educators are grappling with, or neglecting. Let them claim their natural places on the school-boards; and so have the curriculum adjusted to the needs of the child which none should know as they know. If Froebel and Montessori are right, why should the kindergarten principles be dropped as soon as a child has reached the age of seven? Why, indeed, when the next three years are the most impressionable ones in all his life? It has been proved, scientifically, that the manipulation of a substance results in the actual building of brain tissue.

Another vantage-point for women who are interested in nationhood and what goes into the making of it, is the office of librarian in the public libraries, many of which have juvenile departments and all of which, beyond a doubt, should have them.



MRS. C. S. DOUGLAS.

Whose honour it is to have been first president of that patriotic organization, the Women's Canadian Club, Vancouver.

Here is a happy hunting-ground for women, where talent may be discovered, claimed and developed like any other mine that brings forth nuggets.

According to the word of Miss Emily Guest, of Belleville, who is one of the thirty lecturers to the Women's Institutes, and a councillor of the new Association, it is dearth of technical education and labour-saving devices which is largely to blame for the natural discontent of the overworked women on the farms. Small wonder that daughters leave the farmhouse and that outside help is hardly to be lured there. And now that the same distasteful country is the unemployed city girl's sole salvation it is to be hoped that the alleged uninterestingness of it will be mitigated by more social and educational attractions than have hitherto broken the average farmhouse routine. As one heard Miss Guest naively put it, you cannot expect the young men to "Back to the Land!" very blithely, unless you do something to keep the nicest girls there. And vice versa. Which is common-sense, although romantic.

In the meantime the Association's scheme is being tried out on the dog in Toronto, the intelligent puppy in this case being the Memorial Institute, a settlement house. The inaugurators are optimistic that the dog will presently regard a demonstration as one of his most successful parlour tricks. Which will mean this country's Industrial Independence, ultimately, and a general demand, by the way, for "Training"—the magazine which the workers are launching shortly.

Royal Thimble Parties

THE last news budget from our London correspondent teems with gossip of high life in London, which has come to closely resemble the common now that class distinction is forgotten and all alike are members of a menaced Empire. One item of special interest to women has to do with the relief activities of Queen Alexandra—a personality perennially winsome. An extract from the London letter follows:—

"Queen Alexandra has a war working party at Marlborough House three times a week, from which are turned out garments of various kinds for our soldiers and sailors at the front, for their wives and families at home, and for the wounded. Very systematically are these parties arranged. No formality or etiquette is required, but no talking except such as is necessary with regard to the work is allowed; and a very good example is given to work parties in general by the fact that quality rather than quantity of work is aimed at.

"The state dining-room at the Queen Mother's town residence now rejoices in the name of the sewing room, and very well adapted it is for the purpose being lofty and splendidly lighted. In this room are two long tables, one for cutting out and the other for sewing purposes. The materials used



MISS JOAN ARNOLDI OF TORONTO.

Who in compliance with the request of the Minister of Militia recently sailed with the transports, for England, where she will assist in the distribution of Red Cross supplies.

A Skin and Complexion That Retains the Soft, Velvety Appearance of Youth

is produced by the consistent use of **GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM**. A pleasing complexion is a key-note to beauty. For thousands of years women have realized this and our earliest records show that woman's first care was for her complexion. Beginning with crude applications of ointments and oils, to the present day which sees **GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM** supreme in the homes of women of fashion.

The Favorite For Nearly Three-quarters of a Century

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM gives that clear, soft, pearly white, youthful complexion, making it the favorite of women of both Continents. We are constantly in receipt of letters from women in all ranks of life, who enthusiastically tell us of the wonderful results they are attaining through the consistent use of **GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM**. An application in the morning not only imparts to the skin a soft, pearly white appearance, but also protects it from the inclemency of the weather.



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Increase the Prosperity of Canada
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Gouraud's Oriental Cream

is a liquid powder, far surpassing the dry powders that have to be applied so frequently to gain the desired effect. As it is in liquid form, it does not clog up the pores of the face. The action of the liquid is very beneficial to the skin and is of great assistance in treating skin troubles. As it is free from grease, consequently does not encourage the growth of hair.



Lower Prices Now in Force

At Druggists and
Department Stores

Small Size	Large Size
60c	\$1.50

FREE---For a Limited Time

we are going to send to all readers of The Canadian Courier, a trial size bottle of **GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM** and a package of our Gouraud's Oriental Beauty Leaves. We want every Canadian woman to know the superiority of our product. This offer will only be in force for a short time, as our stock of trial bottles is limited. Kindly send 10c to cover the cost of mailing.

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, Props.
474 St. Paul St., Montreal, Canada, and
37 Great Jones St., New York City

in the making of shirts, and so forth, are always of the best. The value of a non-irritant, supple fabric can best be appreciated by wounded men who have endured the terrible hardships which fall to the lot of our brave defenders.

"If Queen Alexandra enters the room when the workers are seated she does not wish them to rise, she greets them with her pleasant smile and quietly takes her place at the cutting-out table—at which sits an expert cutter, whom any one may consult on a knotty point. At five o'clock the work is put away in a large bureau, every garment being labelled with the name of the person who is responsible for it. Then comes tea, which the Royal hostess often has with her guests and co-workers.

"Queen Alexandra has an invaluable assistant in Princess Victoria, and often other Royalties join the gathering, each taking an active share in the work. Her Majesty's personal friends, too, not only supply materials, but also are invited to come and help. Still an important feature of the plan is that girls who are paid for the work are employed and so given the opportunity of earning money in these days of hardship.

"The Queen and Princess Mary are both engaged in making garments at Buckingham Palace, but they often

John L. Toole. It bears on the inside the inscription "From H. I. to J. L. T., July, 1874," and on the outside the signs of the Zodiac. This ring, which will no doubt realize a goodly sum of money, was sent by Miss Sybil Ruskin, of the F. Glossop-Harris & Cellier Shakespearean Company.

A small Spanish guitar from Madeira, called a machete, and an English concertina, priced at £30, are other items of interest.

Recent Events

AMERICANS in Canada are practically natives in the anxiety they are everywhere displaying to assist in the relief of war conditions. The American Women's Club, of Vancouver, which recently donated the entire proceeds from a successful recital of Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" to the fund which is being locally raised to start an industry for unemployed women, is only one instance of many such on the part of our friendly "Aunt" from across the border.

Now that so little remains of the glories of art and architecture in the beautiful cities of Belgium, memories, impressions and reminiscences



TRIBUTE TO THE PEACE-MAKER'S BROTHER.

The Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia are here seen enjoying the "three cheers" to the Duke, which greeted his appearance at the Montreal civic celebrations, the great event in connection with which was the unveiling of a statue to Edward VII.

look in at Queen Alexandra's parties, and on one occasion the Queen made a most successful suggestion—that when the material could so be arranged, two garments should be cut at the same time from the one pattern—an idea that has resulted in a great economy of time and labour."

Queen's Fund Curios

SURELY it is one of the strange turns of the wheel of Fate that a wonderful cameo necklace which once belonged to Princess Pauline Bonaparte, sister of the great Napoleon, should be among the gifts sent to the Queen of England's fund to be sold for the benefit of our women who have suffered by the war that England is now waging side by side with the gallant French nation against a common foe. This interesting necklace was given to the fund by Miss Mary E. Clifton, it was bought by her father from an army officer who, in his turn, had bought it after the princess' death in 1825. The necklace is from Thorwaldsen's well-known designs.

Among the other curios which have been sent to the Queen's Fund is a gambler's pewter mug, with a dice box at the bottom, which bears the stamp of George I., and was subsequently corrected in the reign of William IV.

A gift of histrionic interest is a ring which was given by Henry Irving to

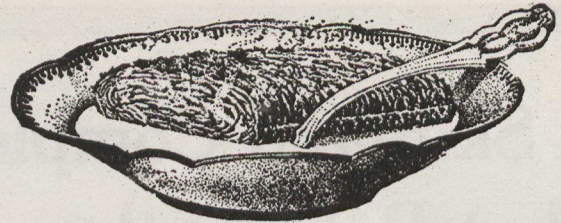
of the erstwhile traveller in that country will hold an immeasurable value. Members of the Toronto Women's Press Club were delighted to listen to an informal address given them by Miss Estelle Kerr at their rooms one day last week, in which she described a tour of Belgium made a few years ago. A dozen or more etchings of Bruges, Brussels and Antwerp by the remarkably brilliant young artist, Miss Dorothy Stevens, were on view, and served to illustrate the story told.

Committees have been formed under the auspices of the Ottawa Women's Canadian Club to help the Canadian movement towards relief of distress in Belgium due to the war.

The Municipal Chapter of the I. O. D. E. in Winnipeg is planning a patriotic concert to be given by the local school children, shortly, for the benefit of the funds of the Red Cross workers.

The Ottawa Ladies' Aid Society gave a highly successful "Japanese Tea" on Thursday, the proceeds from which were donated to the Red Cross organization. Lady Borden, as patroness, was present.

The nurses of Winnipeg have agreed to work in conjunction with



The Most Costly War

that has involved the whole human race for all time is the conflict between Nature and Disease. The first move in the warfare against Disease is to clear the system of all the accumulated toxins of past food follies by eating Nature's food—

SHREDDED WHEAT

the food that keeps the bowels healthy and active by stimulating peristalsis in a natural way and at same time supplies all the tissue-building material in the whole wheat grain prepared in a digestible form.

"War Prices" need not disturb the housewife who knows the nutritive value and culinary uses of Shredded Wheat. It contains the maximum of nutriment at smallest cost. Delicious for breakfast with hot or cold milk or cream; or for any meal with sliced pears, sliced peaches, or other fruits.

"ITS ALL IN THE SHREDS."

"MADE IN CANADA"

by

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Limited
Niagara Falls, Ontario

Toronto Office 49 Wellington Street East.

If you are the hostess, "lead" Ganong's—the safest bid for the favor of discriminating guests.

Ganong's Chocolates

the Margaret Scott Nursing Mission and the Victorian Order in giving their services free this winter in critical cases of sickness in that city.

Mme. A. J. Gendron, of Montreal, formerly instructress in dressmaking at the Montreal Technical School, is confident that Montreal designers are competent to create this country's fashions.

Madame Vandervelde, of Belgium, who to-night (Oct. 17) addresses a Toronto audience, under the auspices of the Ladies' Committee of the United Empire Loyalist Association,



MRS. ANNE ANDERSON PERRY, A Winnipeg member of the C. W. P. C. Mrs. Perry was one of the Alpine Club who climbed Mt. President in the Rockies this summer, a height of 10,200 feet.

is an Englishwoman by birth, and her appeal in behalf of the country of her husband, who is the Minister of State in unhappy Belgium, should call forth an especially loyal response.

The Red Cross nurses not accepted for "the field" are now redder and crosser—much—than ever.

His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick has appointed Lady Tilley organizing president of the Red Cross Society, that province. St. John has been made headquarters for the workers.

Ladies who recently acted as patrons of the sale at Dupuis Freres, Montreal, for the benefit of the Belgian Relief Fund, were Madame R. Dandurand, Mrs. S. Stephens, Lady Hingston, Mrs. G. Strathy, Madame F. L. Beique, Mrs. C. de Sola, Madame A. Brodeur, Madame H. Biermans, Miss Guerin, Madame J. Decarie, Madame Paneton, Madame P. E. Leblanc, Lady Lacoste, Lady Forget, Mrs. M. Wilson, Mrs. J. Barry, Madame L. Fortier, Madame de Bray, Madame C. L. Peart, and Madame Hector Prud'homme.

A Central Executive Committee has been formed for the purpose of appealing to the Canadian public in behalf of hapless Belgium, of collecting donations in kind or money, and of forwarding the same to their destination. The president is Mr. Goor, Consul-General for Belgium, whose address is 173 Daly Avenue, Ottawa; the vice-president is Mr. C. I. de Sola, Consul for Belgium in Montreal, whose address is 20 St. Nicholas Street; and the honorary-treasurer is Mr. H. Prud'homme, whose address is 59 St. Peter Street, Room 70, Montreal. Donations in money can

be remitted in cheques, payable to the relief work, to all three of the above-named gentlemen; while donations in kind should be addressed to Mr. Prud'homme.

A Toronto organization which will engage in Belgian relief work is the National Patriotic Service Committee, composed of the heads of the nationally-organized societies of women, the same personnel as the Warship Committee. The President is Mrs. Albert Gooderham, who is also the national head of the I. O. D. E.

Captain Claude Blake, M.V.O., secretary to the Canadian Red Cross Commissioner, stated before sailing for England that the response to the appeals of the Red Cross Society have been most generous both as regards money and supplies, but it is hoped that there will be no falling off in either form of contribution. Accompanying Captain Blake for Red Cross work are four Canadian ladies—Miss Plummer, of Toronto; Miss Dorothy Cook, of Ottawa; Mrs. E. H. Code, of Renfrew, and Miss Arnoldi, of Toronto.

In a clever article in Beck's Weekly, the well-known writer on Woman Suffrage, Frances Fenwick Williams, points out the certainty with which women are enlarging their "sphere" since the outbreak of the war, the process being practically automatic. "Women," she states, "are no longer requesting a share in the world's work. The world's work is suddenly thrust into their hands and they must perform it willy-nilly. In Russia they are acting as house-porters and tram-conductors. In Switzerland they are cutting the 'hay.' In France they are gathering in the crops. In Germany they are running the shops. In England—well, in England and in the British colonies generally it is difficult to say what they are not doing."

Miss Amy MacMahon, Toronto, formerly superintendent of the John's Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, has been appointed superintendent of the Canadian War Contingent Association Hospital arrangements and has gone

The Canadian Women's Press Club

PAUL ELDER & CO., of San Francisco, announce the publication this month of a collection of stories by Mrs. Abbie Lyon Sharman, of the Winnipeg Club. The volume has the attractive title of "Bamboo," and relates to life in China, particularly among the students and artists.

The best thing yet printed on the strenuous situation which has resulted from the war, is a short article entitled "All's Well, No Blue Ruin," by Mr. George H. Ham, the only male member of the Canadian Women's Press Club.

The Calgary Club has decided to give \$100 for the benefit of press people out of employment.

Miss Alice Elliott, of the News-Telegram, Calgary, is spending the winter at her home in Galt, Ontario.

The Winnipeg Club have subscribed for several copies of three daily papers to be forwarded to the Winnipeg company at the front.

Miss Beatrice Nasmyth, the president of the Vancouver Club, left last month for England.

Mrs. L. W. Bingay, of Port Arthur, has been in Valcartier with her husband, who sailed this month with his regiment.

An invitation was extended by Mr. G. Frank Beer, President of the Toronto Housing Company, to the mem-

bers of the Toronto branch to visit the company's new flats on Bain Avenue. A very interesting afternoon was spent by a number of the members.

Battle-Hymn of Japan

THE Japanese have a veritable tocsin in their "Ima Toki Naru Zo" (Now's the Time), which was translated into English by A. Lloyd during the time of the Russo-Japanese war. Of course, it loses much in translation. The Japanese are singing it in the original, naturally, and nothing is allowed to be lost in that rendition!

Wide as the firmament above
Spreads over us our country's love
While deeper than our ocean's bed
Our Sovereign's mercy doth us stead,
Your gratitude now would you show?
Ima toki naru zo.

Heroes of the sacred land
In grim array of war that stand,
Sworn to defend your country's right,
With steeled hearts and fists clenched tight,
Your loyal bravery would you show?
Ima toki naru zo.

Man's life is but a little space;
In fifty years he's run his race;
Sooner or later he must die,
With chivalry and loyalty
To death for Japan would ye go?
Ima toki naru zo.

Heroes that, all along the shore,
Lest the fierce foe his army pour
Into these isles, stand sentinel,
Do your duty brave and well
The hour of danger would ye know?
Ima toki naru zo.

Trusty seamen of the fleet,
Would ye know when best to meet
Yon foe with storm of shot and shell,
From every floating citadel,
From guns above and guns below?
Ima toki naru zo.

Would you know when best to hurl
Through black of night and running swirl
The fell torpedo dealing death?
Would you, holding fast your breath
Deal the swift and secret blow?
Ima toki naru zo.

Now's the time for deeds of fame,
Shall your country, great her name,
Bear and watch, endure and toil,
Think of glory not of spoil,
Strike and heaven direct the blow—
Ima toki naru zo.

Mrs. Leaman (Jennie Allen Moore), of Port Arthur, will spend the winter in Port Elgin, Ontario.

Mrs. Reginald Smith, of Edmonton, the Dominion treasurer, spent an afternoon this month with the Winnipeg Club.

The Women's Civic League of Winnipeg was addressed at its annual meeting recently by the president, Mrs. Ann Anderson Perry, a prominent member of the C. W. P. C. Mrs. Perry spoke on "So Little Done, So Much To Do," and urged the members on patriotic grounds to take a keener interest in their city's welfare. Mrs. Perry leaves shortly to spend the winter in England.

During the past month the Toronto branch has entertained a number of interesting visitors. Mrs. Geo. Dickson was present at a meeting and described very graphically the escape of herself and her friends from the danger zone in Europe, where they were trapped at the outbreak of war. Colonel Ryerson, a leading spirit in Red Cross work, also spoke to the club, giving an interesting account of camp life at Valcartier. A feature of the last monthly meeting was the story of two club members of a visit to Valcartier, and their impressions and experiences.

Home Dyeing Is a Pleasant Profitable Pastime



Recoloring clothes at home is to thousands of women a simple process. They find it an interesting money saving way to employ their spare time. These women use DIAMOND DYES. You, too, should enjoy the pleasure of saving money by giving old clothes new colors with The Fashion Helpers—DIAMOND DYES.

Mrs. C. D. Savage, of Philadelphia, writes:

"My last season's suit was grey. It was very pretty, but not very practical, for it spotted dreadfully. I stood it last year, but decided that I could not be bothered having it cleaned constantly this Fall. I decided to try dyeing it myself with DIAMOND DYES, and it is now a deep blue, and with the new girdle I put on it, has been greatly admired."

"I send a photograph Grey suit dyed which shows it as it is deep blue. now."

Diamond Dyes

"A child can use them"

Simply dissolve the dye and boil the material in the colored water.

Miss R. B. Blakeney, Hartford, Conn., writes: "I had a green dress which had become soiled and stained, and I disliked to wear it for that reason."

"I took it to be cleaned and they told me they could not remove the stains without taking out the color, but said they would dye it for me. The price they asked me for dyeing it was more than I wanted to pay. So I went to the druggist and bought some DIAMOND DYES and dyed my dress black. The result was wonderful. I was more than pleased and it cost me very little, and now I have a pretty dress and don't have to worry about the stains being seen."



Truth About Dyes for Home Use

There are two classes of fabrics—animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics.

Wool and Silk are animal fibre fabrics. Cotton and Linen are vegetable fibre fabrics. "Union" or "Mixed" goods are usually 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect color results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to color Animal Fibre Fabrics, and Vegetable Fibre Fabrics equally well in one bath.

We manufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes, namely—Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk to color Animal Fibre Fabrics, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods to color Vegetable Fibre Fabrics, so that you may obtain the very best results on EVERY fabric.

Diamond Dyes Sell at 10c. Per Package

Valuable Book and Samples Free

Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you that famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual and Direction Book, also 56 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

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200 Mountain St., MONTREAL, Canada



Courierettes.

It seems that all the warring nations are praying to God for victory. They will not all get it, but the praying won't do them any harm.

The principal diversion in Europe just now seems to be the "shell" game.

A Toronto boxer has gone to the front. Jack Johnson is there. Now the allies should win.

Berlin and London disagree on most everything except the fact that there is a war going on.

The mother who sends her only son to the war and keeps a brave heart deserves the V. C. as much as the hero on the field.

Now the managers of the big league ball clubs are due to win the pennants for 1915—verbally in anticipation.

Ralph Connor has written a war poem. As a poet Mr. Connor is a very good fiction writer.

Many a poor girl remains a miss because she cannot make a hit.

Dr. Frank Crane, the writer, says the names of the poet Hogg and the essayist Lamb are ridiculous. What about Crane?

Henry Arthur Jones declares that he is proud to call himself English. He seems to concur in the majority report.

It seems that some practical jokers tried to have some fun with the sentries at Stanley Barracks, Toronto. Jokers in war time are apt to get shot.

If Canada sends half a million men to the front, as Col. Sam Hughes intimates, there won't be much more for Kitchener to do.

The Kaiser loses his British royal garter. He need not worry. Pretty soon he won't have any hose to hold up.

Harry K. Thaw gets another \$142,000 out of the Thaw estate. Now watch his lawyers get busy.

There's more interest in the batteries working in Europe than those of the Boston and Philadelphia ball teams.

Regrettable.—We regret to report that so far in this war General Nuisance has been very conspicuous in the conversations, insisting on explaining just where the other generals erred.

About Scraps.

"Pshaw! A little scrap of paper!"
And the German fingers snap,
But that little scrap of paper
Caused a darn big scrap,
And that little scrap of paper
Will change old Europe's map.

War.

How strange do seem the policies
Of nations now and then—
Europe conserves her forests old
And Europe wastes her men!

Mr. Dewart's Description.—Mr. H. H. Dewart, K.C., the well-known Toronto lawyer, was Liberal candidate in West York some three years ago when the reciprocity campaign was on.

Feeling ran rather high in the riding, and when the Conservatives in the village of Weston tried to get the skating rink for a big meeting, they found that the owner, a staunch Liberal, refused to let them have it.

Mr. Dewart's supporters, however, engaged it for that same night, as the Tories had arranged their meeting for the Town Hall.

Some of the younger Conservatives

resented the outcome of their effort to get the rink, and consequently there was a more or less constant rain of pebbles on the roof of the rink, to the evident annoyance of the Liberal speakers.

Weston's police force did his best to surround and protect the building, but the pebble-throwers were well concealed and the shower continued.

Mr. Dewart tried to speak, but even his clear voice could hardly be heard. Finally he raised his voice and exclaimed:

"My friends, those are the arguments of our Conservative opponents!"

War Notes.

If the Germans begin to boycott Scotch whiskey, we will simply have to quit eating wieners. Tit for tat.

Wonder if all this fighting on the Meuse is responsible for the surplus of war poetry?

Lots of papers would like to have Sir John French on their staff just now.

Peace hath its victories—but we hear very little of them at present.

Among the horrors of this war is the campaign of William Randolph Hearst to make peace.

Description of Austrian army's movements would necessarily be a running account.

It's an absolute waste of money to get out new geographies for the schools until this war has settled what the map of Europe will look like.

Thanksgiving Day seems to be this year one of those "times out of joint."

The war could almost be paid for by a tax on war talk and war verses.

Nancy and the Kaiser.—In his hurry to get away from Nancy, says a despatch, the Kaiser left his purse behind. Nancy must be a suffragette.

But the Kaiser was wise. He left behind the thing that would interest the average Nancy.

Only Natural.—The brave Russian soldier was fired with enthusiasm. He led the charge, shouting "On to Przemysl!"

He was arrested afterwards and court-martialled for hissing the Czar. He should never have tried to pronounce it.

The Last Resort.—Since this is not to be a humanitarian war, if the worst comes to the worst Britain can mobilize the militant suffragettes and sic 'em on the German hordes.

The Limit.—The Kaiser has commissioned German artists to paint pictures of his bloody battlefields.

Why not include Louvain and Rheims? Why not the babes and women of Belgium whose hands were severed by his soldiers?

The Kaiser might as well go the limit with this thing, and get some satisfaction out of those pictures when the affair is over.

The Retort Courteous.—Rev. John Coburn, Orangeman, Methodist preacher, temperance campaigner, moral reformer, and Legislature candidate, is fairly well known throughout Ontario as the possessor of a sharp tongue and an Irish inclination to hit back when there's fight in the air.

His friends relate that one day Mr. Coburn met a man on the street in whom he had been interested. The

fellow was a rather surly chap, however, and rather resented the preacher's friendly interest.

"Well, how are you getting along?" was Mr. Coburn's friendly query when they met.

"What business is that of yours?" replied the man.

Then came the cut.

"Oh, my friend, I am one of those who take an interest even in the meanest of God's creatures."

A Real War Poem.

(A classic modernized.)

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die—
Then draw their salary—
Posing for "movies."

He Certainly Should.—She—"I am told that in some cities a man must have a license before he can push a baby carriage along the street."

He—"Yes—in some cities they insist on him having at least a marriage license on him."

Well, Rather!—Francis Toye, an English writer, declares American girls to be the most beautiful things under heaven.

Yes—a long way under.

Practical Work.—Out in Chicago a church society is building a skyscraper.

One way to get nearer heaven.

A Silly Steed.—We read in the papers about a horse that ran away with a society girl. That poor beast did not even have horse sense.

Value Rises.—Woman in New York is suing another woman for \$100,000 for the alienation of her husband's affections.

None of us ever imagined we were worth so much, did we, fellows?

Well Done.—A Brooklyn woman, we read in the papers, poured alcohol over her sleeping husband, and set fire to him.

That was the last roasting he had to stand for.

It Surely Would.—If a man's name were misspelled on his tombstone, would it not be a grave mistake?

A Humane War.

(In spite of a certain defect in rhyme, is not the author of this verse deserving of the Nobel peace prize?)

Respectfully we recommend
To Emperors and Kings and
Kaisers*
That if they would make war
again
They arm their men with
safety razors.

*The I is silent. Wilhelm never uses it.

The Amendment.—Rudyard Kipling may now ask the world's leave to amend a poem he wrote away back in 1898, in which he gave warning against "the bear that walks like a man," the said amendment being to the effect that the bear aforesaid now walks like a gentleman.

Conspicuous.—An Englishman was being shown the sights of New York by an enthusiastic resident of the American metropolis.

"This is Broadway—a veritable blaze of light," said the Gothamite. "Why, there is one sign on this street with 100,000 lights."

"Well, well," said his English friend. "Doesn't that make it rather conspicuous?"

Makes Things Hum on Washday!

This is the 1900 Motor Washer that is revolutionizing washday. It runs by motor power at a cost of 2 cents a week. Does the washing and wringing so swiftly and well that housewives can scarcely believe their eyes when they see the clean clothes out on the line hours ahead of the old way! It washes a tubful of dirtiest clothes in Six Minutes—or even less! Wrings the clothes with equal rapidity and better than by hand! It's more like play than work to use this wonderful washer.

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Electric or Water Power—Take Your Choice

If your house is wired for electricity, you can use the Electric Motor Washer, which attaches instantly to an ordinary electric light fixture. If you have running water, of sufficient power, you can use the Water Motor Washer. Each style does perfect work.


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A Valuable Reminder

The pot full of scalding water that is carelessly left on the stove or table where the youngster can reach it is every year the cause of hundreds of painful accidents, many of which result in death. A forcible reminder of this fact is found in one of the illustrations of the October number of the "Canada Life Echoes." That well-known little periodical this month takes the form of a number for women, and both in the reading matter it contains and the large number of especially interesting pictures with which it is illustrated, it is likely to appeal strongly to women readers. The cover is handsomely designed and incorporates a reproduction of a timely photograph of a party of Canadian ladies at rifle practice. A feature of the booklet that is likely to have a permanent value for those who receive copies is to be found in a comprehensive series of directions for the application of first aid in accidents that is always more or less likely to happen in the home. This booklet is published by the Canada Life Assurance Co., who will send out free copies in answer to enquiries as long as they last.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Limited Dealings

MONTREAL brokers have been for some time following the practice of the New York Stock Exchange, dealing in securities at prices not less than those which ruled on the closing day in July. This is permitting weakly bred stocks to be disposed of and strengthens the general situation. A similar practice in Toronto will be a benefit to holders, to brokers and to lenders of funds as well. This is the first step towards resumption of the business of buying and selling securities through these Exchanges.

Critics of Stock Exchanges in general have had an opportunity of learning that these institutions perform a useful function, for, during their enforced closing, sales of securities at unnecessary sacrifices have been made. With the Exchanges open, the sellers would have been better aware of the current value placed on their offerings.

A Banker's Views

AN algebraic calculation to find the effect of the war on Canadian conditions is suggested by Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, general manager of the Bank of Montreal. Sir Frederick's views are always widely read. When London manager of his bank, he did a tremendous work for Canada, not only in encouraging investment in this country, in justifying many of the Canadian applications for funds, but as well in a negative way, by preventing injurious applications. He estimates that Canada had been receiving new capital from Britain at an average rate of about \$30,000,000 a month. While declining to give an interview on the financial outlook, Sir Frederick, in answer to a Courier suggestion, said: "Financial Canada is suffering from the sudden deprivation of British capital, averaging, of late, \$30,000,000 per month. The extent of the mischief resulting therefrom and from more general causes is best gauged by taking our troubles as they exist to-day and multiplying them by the number of days that the war lasts. We will surely emerge from this state of affairs a wiser people and on a sounder economic basis, but we may have to wade through troubled waters meantime."

Britain's Aim

EVERY financial action taken by the British Government has but one aim, the support of British credit. Ideas of philanthropy may appear in the diversion of part of the war loan to municipal assistance, but this operation really leaves the money market freer for government loans. Co-operation thus assists the government credit. The same motive inspired rediscounting for banks to provide funds for trade. Now it is proposed that the Bank of England, backed by the government, will assist the Stock Exchange situation, so that its business may resume and thus assist the general financial situation, on which the government relies for the successful prosecution of the war. The method of this assistance, as outlined in cable despatches, is that members of the Exchange who, because of the war, find themselves unable to meet their obligations, be given grace during the continuance of hostilities, and for a year afterwards. Prices of securities, as made up at the last settlement in July, are to be taken as representing their present value, and against securities lodged with bankers or other lenders to the Stock Exchange about 25 per cent. of their values as at the 30th July is to be advanced by the Bank of England, the latter being guaranteed by the government. Members of the Stock Exchange will thus find some capital released for their usual business operations.

To give effect to such provisions, the regulations of the Stock Exchange regarding defaults are to be amended. The committee may suspend all rules on failures during the war and for six months after.

Private Loans

ONE of the difficulties about reopening all stock exchanges is the matter of loans to brokers by private individuals or loaning institutions other than banks. While banks may all agree not to call loans and to extend them, with the assistance of the government, many other lenders may require their funds, and the opening of the exchanges would furnish the machinery for their selling the collateral securities held, if payment were not made on demand. The problem is how to deal with these cases. Banks who agree not to call their own loans may not be ready to make new loans or take over loans made by these other sources. Already there are cases illustrating this problem in the Canadian markets, and one reached the courts, the brokers seeking to restrain the lender from selling at auction the securities held by him. Stock Exchange rules can govern borrowers, but only the actual contract made or the law of the land can govern the lender. And while banks may agree to assist the situation, which action is in their own interests, the private lender's interest in the general situation is a minor factor.

Annual Reports

AT the annual meeting of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's forecast was limited to the good prospects of immigration. He said: "When the peace of the world has been restored emigration from Europe to the newer countries, where land can be obtained on moderate terms, will doubtless be on a large scale, and Canada should profit very substantially by the incoming of new settlers and the consequent increase in production. The serious set-back that our country experienced in the past two years was due unquestionably in a considerable measure to our rapid growth and increase of wealth with the consequent optimism that clouded the effect of unsound speculation in land and industrial enterprises, and of railway schemes years in advance of their time, but it was due in a greater degree to external causes in which Canada had no share. The period of retrenchment and financial conservatism that the country has passed through will have had the effect of liquidating to an important extent the injurious results of domestic mistakes, and Canada, when the tide turns, will be ready with renewed sturdy strength to utilize her almost unlimited resources, and prosecute her plans for agricultural, industrial and commercial development on sane and logical lines."

GRINDING wheat into flour is, perhaps, the most natural business in which Canadians can engage. It is, in essence, a commission business. The miller adds to the cost of his wheat sufficient to pay for his operation and give him a profit. Competition limits his charge. But in practice, the fluctuations of grain prices have an important effect. Thus milling profits vary, even without change in output. The annual report of the Lake of the Woods Milling Co. for the year ending Aug. 31 showed profits of \$507,939, the average earnings of the previous two years.

The Chief Consideration

Is the safety of your money your chief consideration in deciding upon an investment for it?

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Episodes in the War Zone

Not Too Old to Fight

DR. OSLER'S theory of the uselessness of older men has apparently not been accepted by the European Governments, as tested by the ages of the leading figures controlling military operations. The youngest British general is Smith-Dorrien, 56, and including Lord Kitchener, 64, the average age of the four British leaders is 59. They are young compared to the French and Germans. Generals Joffre, Pau, and Gallieni are all under 70. The average age of eight leading German generals is 66, which is just the age of the Chief of Staff, Von Moltke. Von Kluck, Von Hausen and Von Buelow are each 68.

George Sand's Prophecy

Corpse of Germany a Plague.

STUDENTS of German conditions of recent years, such as Mr. Price Collier and Mr. Norman Angell, have had many years of German development on which to base their prophecies. But George Sand in 1871, after the Franco-Prussian war, expressed an opinion that commands attention to-day. Here it is in English:

The time is soon coming when we shall have as much cause to pity the German people for their victory as ourselves for our defeat. The German triumph is for Germany the first act of her moral dissolution. The tragedy of her fall has begun, and as she works at it with her own hands it will proceed apace. All these great material organizations which defy right, justice, and the sense of humanity are so many idols of clay: it is our duty and our interest to realize it. That is the truth. But the moral downfall of Germany is not the future salvation of France, and if we are fated to do to her as she has done to us, her ruin will not restore us our life. It is not in blood that races can renew their youth. Streams of life may yet come from the corpse of France: the corpse of Germany will be a plague centre for all Europe. There is no resurrection for a nation which has lost sight of the human ideal.

Tests of Valor

Why is the Bayonet Charge Dreaded?

A BAPTISM of fire has usually been considered necessary as an actual test of the quality of the new soldier. The accepted theory has been that the sight of blood and perhaps a comrade's death will either inspire dread or a desire for revenge. The relative strength of emotions have to be tested. And while the primary design of all implements of war is destruction, their psychological value, the extent to which they inspire fear may become a determining factor in an otherwise even contest. That the German troops dislike bayonet attacks has been emphasized by many reports, yet their own charges have been undaunted by withering fire from machine guns. What is the element that has made the one weapon dreaded rather than the other? Is it that the bayonet leaves worse wounds? or that the power to make a bayonet charge involves a courage not part of the operation of a gun? Is it rather the man behind the bayonet? the personal antagonist, showing by his charge, no element of dread? Is it, in fact, a contest of will power in which the evidence of greatest strength is given by the man behind the bayonet, and that this evidence is accepted as convincing by the German? Sir John French's reports bear testimony to the bravery of the troops on both sides. Nothing more descriptive of the morale of the British could have been written than their reference to the big German guns as "Black Marias" and "Jack Johnsons." Yet there is undoubtedly a different attitude disclosed

by the prisoners and wounded of the two combatants. If the mental attitude of German wounded is correctly reported, they do not display the same eagerness as the Britisher to get well and "have another whack at 'em." Opponents of conscription insist that this difference is chiefly due to the system, that the conscript becomes to some extent a hireling and the volunteer a "first-class fighting man."

The Fog of War

Misinformation That Has Bewildered the Germans.

ESPIONAGE is a form of service that does not appeal to Anglo-Saxon views. But most extensive operations have been conducted by the Germans, not only as to military and naval matters, but as to political conditions as well. Because of the antipathy to such service, it has not obtained the quality of mind to get the best results. The past two months have shown German miscalculation as to (1) Russia's will to war and rapidity of her mobilization, (2) Austria's weakness and Serbia's resistance, (3) Italy's intentions, (4) the internal relations of the British Empire as to Ireland, India, and the Dominions beyond the seas, (5) Britain's respect for a "scrap of paper," (6) Belgian resistance and (7) France's military strength. An extensive system of espionage which produced misinformation on such important points, has easily justified repetition of Napoleon's condemnation that "Nothing is more contradictory, nothing more bewildering, than the multitude of reports of spies or of those who are sent out to reconnoitre. Some locate army corps where they have seen only detachments, others see only detachments where they ought to have seen army corps." The aircraft has lifted the fog which Napoleon met, but the political fog still envelops the diplomats.

Guns in Trees

LIGHT guns have, apparently, many advantages, in retreat. In the Galician operations Germans lost several of this class. They had housed them in trees. On retreating the men simply dropped from the trees leaving the guns in good order, with ammunition below. The Russian invaders then turned these captured Maxims on their former owners.

Kitchener's Speech

Territorial Force Warmly Praised.

CABLE despatches of Lord Kitchener's speech in the Lords, after the battle of the Marne, gave an impression which was perhaps more optimistic than intended. It was after referring to General French's report of the retirement from Mons that the British War minister said: "As your Lordships are aware the tide has now turned, and for some days past we have received the gratifying intelligence of the forced retirement of the German armies." But he continued: "Although, therefore, we have good grounds for quiet confidence, it is only right that we should remind ourselves that the struggle is bound to be a long one, and that it behooves us strenuously to prosecute our labours in developing our armed forces to carry on and bring to a successful issue the mighty conflict in which we are engaged."

Lord Kitchener paid a high compliment to the Territorial Force, and gave some information as to the duties undertaken by them, a division having left for Egypt, a brigade for Malta, and a garrison for Gibraltar, all to release regular troops for war service.

Referring to the shortage of offi-



cers, the Minister of War did not mention "muddied oofs" or "flan-nelled fools," but did say: "In a coun-try which prides itself on its skill in and love of outdoor sports, we ought to be able to find sufficient young men who will train and qualify as officers."

The War Office has had in one day to deal with as many recruits as were usually forthcoming in one year.

Swam the Vistula

A GALLANT feat is recorded of forty Russian Scouts, operat-ing against the retiring Aus-tro-German forces. Under cover of darkness they swam the River Vist-ula, a wide stream, and set fire to large quantities of the enemies' sup-plies, especially commissariat laden on barges. This feat was one of the causes of distress of the retiring Aus-trians who were compelled to depend on the three days' emergency rations which each man carries.

German Cement

A French-Canadian with the British Cavalry.

FIGHTING against Germans on French soil, the British soldier finds need of a knowledge of modern languages. One British officer writes home that he has, as sergeant, a French-Canadian, born in Quebec city. The sergeant appears as an enthusiastic Imperialist, exclaiming on one occasion: "The Kaiser, with-out intending it, has proved to be the greatest friend the British Empire ever met in its long and eventful his-tory. We are the pieces. He has supplied the cement."

Fight With Spies

They Assisted in Debarking British Supplies.

CENSORSHIP did not prevent indi-vidual Germans from learning all the details of the landing of the British forces at Boulogne. Dur-ing the unloading different gangs of men were employed. A British ship's officer in charge became sus-picious of one man engaged in work at night. Keeping an eye on him, the officer later discovered him searching a despatch box on the after end of the troop deck. Finding he was being watched, the man made a dash for the gangway. He was pur-sued by the officer, who caught him two or three hundred yards away from the ship, threw him to the ground, and called upon two other men in the vicinity to give assist-ance. These men proved to be the spy's accomplices, and were covering his retreat. The officer had master-ed the man when at close range one of the accomplices fired seven shots from a Mauser pistol. The firing soon brought assistance from the ship, but before they could be cap-tured the three men had climbed over the iron railings surrounding the dock and got away. The officer was picked up in an unconscious con-dition, and taken back on board the ship, which sailed a few hours after-wards. He has recovered.

A Cavalry Charge

Fighting in Shirt Sleeves and Bare Arms.

A YEOMANRY officer, describing the fighting about Mons, writes: "With courage, de-termination, every muscle of their bodies at concert pitch, and with a dash which cannot be adequately de-scribed on paper, the Lancers, Hus-sars, and Dragons absolutely 'chewed-up' the German cavalry. It was a magnificent piece of work, and the artillery practice was making havoc in the enemy's ranks all the time. The roar was terrific, and the clash of arms when the bodies gained contact rent the air. Above all, the voices of our men rang out as we

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(Translated from the French by Harry Hutcheson Boyd.)

This volume by this eminent specialist of Berne makes a valuable addition to the flood of light which Prof. Dubois has already shed upon the subject of self-control, and especially upon want of it as contributing to the production of nervous disorders as set forth in his "The Psychic Treatment of Nervous Disorders" and "The Influence of the Mind on the Body."

CONTENTS.

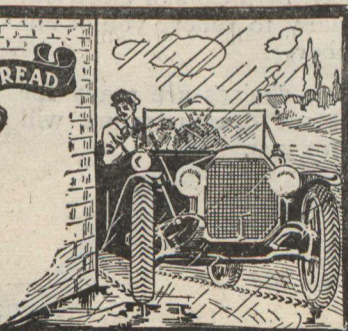
Introduction—The Conquest of Happiness—Thought—The Act—Conscience — Education — Moral Clear-Sightedness—Egoism and Altruism—Meditation—Tolerance — Indulgence—Humility—Modera-tion—Patience — Courage—Chastity—Sin-cerity—Kindness—Idealism.

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—San Francisco Examiner.
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spurred on to the charge. Many had flung away their tunics and fought with the shirt sleeves rolled up above the elbow. The German cavalry has not got the pace and free movement of our men. They all seem stiffer in the saddle, and although superbly mounted their horsemanship lacks the suppleness of the Brit-

ish cavalry. Some of the Hussars and Lancers were almost in a horizontal position on the offside of their mounts when they were cutting right and left with bare arms. Our losses were heavy, but the enemy suffered much more—four or five times as much is the estimate of the General—in proportion to numbers engaged."

Facts About Leading Generals

GENERAL JOSEPH JOFFRE, the French commander in chief, is a distinguished engineer, famous for his roads and bridges, but with only one year's service in the field, when he was at the head of the Second Army Corps at Lille. He left the Polytechnic School as a cadet to serve in the Franco-Prussian War, sharing in the defence of Paris. In 1892 he went to Africa to build the French military roads from the Senegal to the Niger. In 1897 he was in Madagascar to organize the naval station at Diego-Suarez. Since 1901 he has served in France, in the engineering department of the Ministry of War, as Governor of Lille, as division commander of the Second Army Corps at Amiens. Like General French, he is sixty-two years old.

Major-General Paul Mary Cesar Jerald Pau is one of the ablest assistants of General Joffre, commander in chief of the French army. He serves in the general division and is a commander of the Legion of Honor. General Pau was born in Montelima, France, on November 29, 1848, receiving his military education at Saint Cyr, the French military school. He served in the Franco-Prussian war. In 1897 he became a brigadier-general and in 1903 a major-general.

He retired from active service a year or two ago, but was reinstated just before the outbreak of the present war as a result of a popular demand. He is short, thick set and thoroughly French in manner.

General De Curieres De Castelnaud is a commander of division in the French army, attached to the General staff. He is second in rank only to General Joffre, the commander in chief. His record includes service in the French colonies as well as garrison duty in France.

Major-General Auguste Yvon Edmond Dubail is in command of the Ninth corps of the French army. He rose to this rank on December 25, 1908.

Major-General Michel Joseph Manoury is one of the most prominent of the French generals. He attained the present rank on January 28, 1906. For a few years before the war broke out he had no assignment, devoting his time to perfecting the French army reserve and similar military work.

ADMIRAL DE LAPEYRERE, who is commander in chief of the French navy, is reported to be an executive officer of great ability. He was chief of staff to Admiral Courbet during the troubles in China. His task is to hold the Austrian fleet bottled up at Pola in the Adriatic.

Lieutenant-General Paul Charles Von Rennenkampf won distinction in the service of the Tsar in the Russo-Japanese war, when he commanded the Fifth Siberian corps. The Tsar rewarded him for valor with a sabre of gold and diamonds.

He was born on April 17, 1850, at Estland, Russia, and received his education at the Military School of Finland and the Nicholas Academy at Petrograd. He entered the Fifth Uhlan regiment and later took command of the Aktizsky regiment of dragoons. He commanded the Cosack division in Siberia and served in Macedonia in 1910. He has numerous decorations.

Albert, King of the Belgians, who has been active on the firing line attacking the German invaders of Belgium, was born at Brussels on April

8, 1875. He succeeded his uncle King Leopold, on December 23, 1909. King Albert is most happily married to the very gifted and popular Bavarian Duchess Elizabeth, daughter of the famous royal oculist, the late Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria, and a niece, therefore, of Empress Elizabeth of Austria, and also of the late Queen of Naples, at whose Parisian home the engagement took place. The marriage took place on December 2, 1900. This relationship with the Bavarian house is said to be a cause of discontent among the Bavarians in the German army at Brussels.

King Albert is an adept in all manly sports, especially in everything that pertains to the horse, and is accustomed to stalk chamois in the mountain fastnesses of the Bavarian and Tryolese Alps. He has travelled extensively, having once been in the United States for a brief period. He is also a skilled mechanic and has shown on many occasions that he is capable of himself executing the repairs of his automobiles, his flying machines and his motor boats.

GENERAL VON MOLTKE, Field Marshal of the Germany army, now said to be dismissed by the Kaiser, was born on May 23, 1848, at Gersdorf in Mecklenburg-Schwerin. He was the favorite nephew of the old field marshal of the Franco-Prussian war, whose estate he inherited. His father was Chamberlain to the King of Denmark. He was a sub-lieutenant in the Franco-Prussian war and from 1882 to 1891 was his uncle's adjutant on the general staff. When the uncle died the Emperor made Count von Moltke an aide-de-camp in his personal suite. In 1899 he became a major-general, in 1904 quartermaster-general and in 1906 chief of the general staff. He married on September 28, 1878, Elise Countess von Moltke-Huitfeldt and has two sons in the army.

General Von Kluk, commander of the First Army Corps, was born at Munster on May 20, 1846. His father, Karl Kluk, who was a government architect, died in 1864, when the future general was only eighteen years old. Alexander entered the army on December 13, 1865, in the Fifty-fifth infantry regiment. In 1866 he became a lieutenant, and took part in the campaign against Austria. He was twice wounded before Metz in the Franco-Prussian war. He was gradually promoted, becoming a captain in 1879, instructor in the officers' school at Julich in 1881, and at Annaburg in 1884. In 1887 he attained the rank of major, and the next year was head of the officers' school at Neubreisach. In 1889 he became battalion commander in the Sixty-sixth regiment of infantry, and in 1893 was lieutenant-colonel of the same regiment.

In 1896 he commanded the Landwehr in the Berlin district, and in 1898 became colonel, commanding the Thirty-fourth rifles. In 1899 he was a major-general and commanded the Twenty-third infantry brigade and in 1902 became a lieutenant-general and commander of the Thirty-seventh division. In 1906 he was made general commanding the Fifth Army Corps, and in 1907 was transferred to the First Army Corps. He was recently, in addition to this command, inspector-general of the Second, Fifth and Sixth Army Corps. He married on December 27, 1874,

Fraulein Fanny von Donop and has two sons.

General Karl Von Buelow, commander of the Third Army Corps, was born in Berlin on March 24, 1846. His father was a lieutenant-colonel in the Prussian army. The son entered the army on December 21, 1864, in the Second regiment of the guards. He was slightly wounded in the Austrian campaign in 1866 and served through the war with France in 1870. He became adjutant in 1872, captain in 1877 and major in 1885, when he was attached to the General Staff; lieutenant-colonel in 1890; colonel in 1893; commander of the Fourth regiment of guards in 1894; chief of the Central Department in the Ministry of War and major-general in 1897; lieutenant-general in 1900; commander of the Second infantry division in 1901; quartermaster-general on the General Staff in 1902 and general of infantry in 1904. He married on June 12, 1883, Fraulein Molly von Kracht. He has two sons in the army and a daughter who married an army officer.

General Baron Max Von Hausen, formerly Minister of War of Saxony and commander of the Twelfth Army Corps, was born in Dresden on December 12, 1846. He inherited his title from his father, Baron Clemens von Hausen, who died in 1879. He entered the Third Saxon rifle battalion as a cadet and served in the Austrian and Franco-Prussian campaigns. From 1871 to 1874 he was instructor in the Military Academy of Berlin and from 1875 to 1887 he was attached to the General Staff and then became lieutenant-colonel of the First rifle battalion. In 1890 he was colonel and commander of the 101st Grenadier regiment and from 1892 to 1897 was again attached to the General Staff. In 1893 he became a major-general, in 1897 a lieutenant-general and commander of the Thirty-second division; in 1900 commissary-general of the Twelfth Army Corps and in 1901 general of infantry. On August 29, 1902, he was named a member of the Saxon Cabinet, holding the portfolios of State and War. He married in 1876 Fraulein Marie von Salviati and has three daughters, two of whom have married army officers.

Duke Albrecht of Wurttemberg, who commands the middle of the German line, between the forces of the German Crown Prince and those of General von Einem, was born in Vienna on December 23, 1865. He is a cavalry-general and commands the Thirteenth army corps. He married on January 24, 1893, the Archduchess Marguerite Sophie of Austria, daughter of the Archduke Charles Louis, a sister of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, whose assassination at Sarajevo brought on the war, and a niece of the Emperor of Austria. She died at Gmunden on August 24, 1902. Duke Albrecht has three sons in the army.

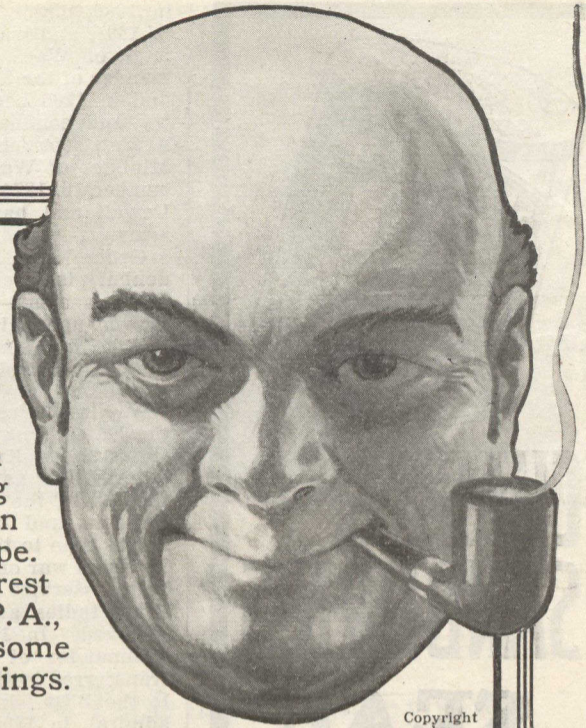
Crown Prince Frederick William, who commands the left wing of the German armies in Northern France, is the youngest of the German commanders. He was born at Potsdam on May 6, 1882. He entered the army in 1900, and was made captain in 1903, major in 1907 and commander in 1908. He was educated at the University of Bonn and afterward travelled extensively in the East. He married on June 6, 1905, Cecille Duchess of Mecklenburg and has four sons.

Crown Prince Rupprecht, of Bavaria, who commands the German forces in Lorraine, was born in Munich on May 18, 1869. He entered the army in 1886, became a lieutenant in 1891, major in 1896, commander in 1899, major-general in 1900, lieutenant-general in 1904, and general commanding the First Bavarian army corps in 1906. He travelled in India, Japan and China in 1902 and 1903. He married at Munich on July 10, 1900, Marie Gabrielle, Duchess of Bavaria and has two sons.

GENERAL VON HEERINGEN, commander of the Second Army Corps, was born at Cassel on March 9, 1850. His father was president of the Hessian Government Entail Commission. He entered the army on April 11, 1867, in the Eighteenth regiment of Rifles, became lieutenant in 1868, lieutenant-colonel in 1875, was attached to the General Staff in 1879, became captain

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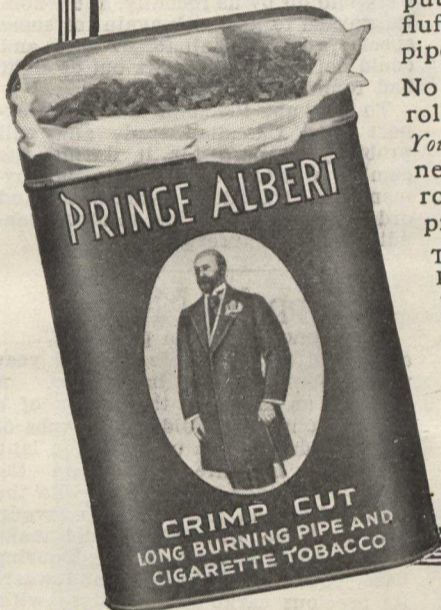
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in 1880, major in 1887, major-general in 1898, and was attached to the Ministry of War. In 1903 he was commander of the Twenty-second Division, and in 1906 became general of infantry and commander of the Second Army Corps. In 1909 he was Hessian Minister of War. He married on December 10, 1874, Fraulein Augusta von Dewall and has three sons in the army.

General Van Benckendorff von Hindenburg is a general of infantry in the German army. The Kaiser has bestowed upon him several decorations, and he has served as commander of the Foot Guards in Berlin, a position of honor.

Admiral Alfred Von Tirpitz, head of the Kaiser's navy, was born on March 19, 1849, at Kustrin-on-the-Oder. He entered the navy in 1865, cruised in the Baltic, the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, and became second lieutenant in time to take part in the Franco-Prussian war on board the Koenig Wilhelm. Service in South America, the West Indies and the Mediterranean followed. In 1870 he was appointed commander of the Zieten, in 1881 transferred to the Blucher, and in 1885 to the Blitz. In 1895 he became rear-admiral, in 1896 chief of squadron at Eastern Asiatic waters, and in 1898 Secretary of State to the Admiralty. He became admiral in 1907.

The Austrian Commanders.

General Moritz Von Auffenberg is one of the most notable officers of the army of Austria-Hungary. He rose to the grade of general of infantry through a brilliant career, which began when he became a lieutenant in the royal army in 1871.

General von Auffenberg was born in Troppau, Austria, on May 22, 1852. He received his military education in the Royal Cadet School, at Hainburg, Austria. After long service in the field, with regular promotions, he became a brigadier-general in 1910. In 1905 and again in 1912 he served as Minister of War.

General Viktor Dankl is a commander of a division of infantry in the army of Austria-Hungary. He is regarded as one of the most efficient officers in the service of Emperor Francis Joseph. He was graduated from the Royal Cadet School at Hainburg, Austria.

The British Case

WHITE papers containing official documents showing the diplomatic negotiations preceding the war, are not easily read. Like in reading a dictionary, the thread of the narrative is difficult to follow. The Victoria League in England has met this difficulty by preparing a pamphlet, "Why Britain is at War," written by Sir Edward Cook and now obtainable in Canada through MacMillan & Co., the publishers. It sets out in brief form the story from the diplomatic correspondence and from speeches of the Ministers who conducted the negotiations by which it was sought to prevent, or at least limit the sphere of the conflict. The price of the pamphlet post paid is ten cents.

Implement Prospects

(Concluded from page 10.)

amount of the revenue gained by the export of foodstuffs. But if Canadian farmers buy from Canadian makers the stream of currency will flow eastward. Certain steel works which are now running on half-time, if not indeed closed down part of the month, will begin to receive orders for pig iron for the implement foundries. Makers of canvas will commence to feel the growing demand for canvas for the binders. Makers of oils, varnishes, paints, split keys, bolts, nuts, certain kinds of castings—all of these will feel the current of money flowing eastward to Canadian implement concerns. Each of these allied industries will receive that much more. Each will have that much more to pay out for wages, or for supplies to other industries. Each of those other industries will have money to spend on more wages and more supplies, and meantime, the wages, thus set in circulation, will go to the

clothing-maker, the grocer, the butcher, the street car companies—to the whole community!

Implement men, generally, seem to feel that collections in the West this fall will be good. The crop, according to their reports, will grade low, but is fairly evenly distributed. This will help solve immediate financial considerations. The prospect for future orders from the Canadian field promises to be bright.

"What are the prospects for unemployment in your trade this winter then?" asked the writer.

"We can say nothing definite, but unofficially, and without prejudice, it would seem to us something like this," said the Executive above referred to. "We should ordinarily be running on our foreign orders this winter. Failing those orders it is altogether likely we shall take up our Canadian orders this winter, running the factories all during the cold weather. This may not be possible on the ordinary scale. We may have to close down two or three days per week, but at least we should like to distribute the work over the hard months, and make sure of looking after the married men, anyway. Speaking for our own organization, the reason we closed when we did was to allow the idle period to come at a time when our men could most easily find other employment and when weather conditions would cause them least danger of hardship. By conserving the work until the winter begins we can hope to prevent hardship. As a matter of fact, men who were laid off by us recently, and whom we wanted to get back again for some special work, had all found work and could not come back. Six out of eight had found positions."

To sum up: the implement men expect good Canadian trade and will probably prepare for it during the coming winter, thus giving employment to Canadian workmen, and orders for raw materials to other Canadian manufacturers.

Zeppelin Menace

(Concluded from page 7.)

a London fog. At this time of year westerly winds are a bad factor. A Zepp is as much at the mercy of a wind as one of the old sailing tubs of Nelson's day. With one wind on land there may be quite another on the sea. The winds of England, like the fogs of England, are all in her favour. And no Zepp, even if it could make the round trip from a neighbouring base, could afford to do it and waste its precious cargo of explosives without hitting something worth while.

So far as can be determined, the

chief use of the Zeppelin in this war is to act as the terrifying phantom of the airship fleet. London has less fear of the Zepps now than she had a month ago. If the Zepps had been as efficient as they were cracked up to be, the Kaiser would have commissioned Count Zeppelin to invade England long before this.

The certain destruction of one Zeppelin in its shed at Dusseldorf, practically admitted by the German press, makes it clear that in the warfare of the air England has already begun to get a reputation that some day may equal her exploits at sea. The Zeppelin, which is the chief hope of the German air navy, is a very unwieldy and hazardous engine of destruction, depending too much on favourable conditions which do not always exist. Its tremendous length of over 500 feet, the necessity for flying at a great height so as to be out of range of air-guns, and the need for the use of a bomb-dropping car suspended thousands of feet below the gas-chamber of the Zeppelin, all combine to make these dreadnoughts of the air much less useful in real air-fighting than naval dreadnoughts are at sea.

The Lemon-Squeezers

(Life, New York.)

THE inhabitants of a city placed their city in the hands of certain representatives, because they were too busy attending the races and baseball games to run it themselves.

The representatives turned themselves into politicians and sold the franchises to the capitalists.

The capitalists inaugurated a system of transportation, gas, water and other necessities and made so much money and gave such poor service that the people became suspicious.

They therefore appointed a public service commission to keep tabs on the capitalists and politicians.

This worked until the P. S. C. became owned by the capitalists and politicians, and then the people appointed a super-public service commission to keep tabs on the ordinary public service commission.

Then it was found necessary to appoint an ideal commission to watch the super-commission.

And a superlatively super-ideal commission to watch the plain-ideal commission.

There then being no further object in living in the city, as it had practically reached its ultimate destiny, the inhabitants thereupon left it, and went off somewhere else and started another city where they could do the same thing all over again.

At Toronto Theatres

WHEN a musical comedy has stood the test of a year's run at a Broadway theatre, little further recommendation is required. This is the case with Klaw and Erlanger's production of "The Little Cafe," appearing at the Princess Theatre this week, with its original cast of over a hundred people. The piece is an adaptation of Tristan Bernard's rollicking French farce, "Le Petit Cafe," but it has none of that French nastiness which invariably is considered by theatre-goers part of French comedies. It is a musical comedy by experts—a deft finished evening's entertainment, filled with bright, catchy melodies, much droll fooling and a sumptuous superstructure of pretty women and beautiful gowns.

The following week Maude Adams will appear in J. M. Barrie's new comedy, "The Legend of Leonora." The name of this delightful actress is in itself a magnet sufficient to attract large numbers of theatre-goers, and the fact that she has chosen a comedy by this author of ever-charming plays, should give an added interest to her appearance here. The play is frankly a fantasy. Barrie admits as much in the lines given over to the justice in the third act. But had Leonora ever existed in the flesh, she would have undoubtedly done the things of the play. There is real humanity under-

lying her motives, and Miss Adams makes her seem very natural and lovable. The theme of the work is motherhood. To begin with Barrie is novel, and after that he is whimsical, quaint, humorous, satirical, ironical and humorous in turn. The play in the hands of Miss Adams is proving to be immensely attractive.

AT the Royal Alexandra Theatre in Toronto this week the play, "Within the Law," written by Bayard Viellier, is the attraction, now for the third time, following a run of 650 performances on Broadway. Miss Catherine Tower takes the leading role, supported by Tom J. Evans, Harrison J. Tenné, Bernard Craney, William Lambert, Lucien Lane, Katherine Daly and Grace Spaeth. Strongly melodramatic in form, while legitimately dramatic in treatment, the play depicts the struggles of the heroine against the law in order to protect herself from the machinations of the law. The heroine is a store girl who, after struggle and imprisonment, finally gets her revenge.

Next week there will be a refreshing revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pinafore" in the New York Hippodrome presentation, the first of that dimension ever put on the road. This naval comic opera will undoubtedly be popular at a time when England's navy is at war.

A Gentleman and a Hero

(Concluded from page 8.)

up and said, "Boys, we will have to swim it." To do this I had to take my men about a mile above the ordinary ford or drift. We crossed successfully and succeeded in dragging the pom-pom over, too. We fell in with about two hundred of the Second New Zealanders. We managed to drag the pom-pom into a position where it was workable. It was difficult; sometimes we had to lift it bodily, and I noticed that Spion did more than his share.

Poor old Spion; he and I sat down, and while the gun was working he told me of his ambition to be promoted. He said that he would rather have a cross than a crown.

I was not in command, a Major was with us, and he told me that if we did not receive reinforcements, our position would be untenable. The reinforcements were slow, and arrived a little too late for poor Spion. The Boers charged in overwhelming numbers. Being an officer in a mounted infantry corps, I did not carry a rifle. I had a revolver, but it jammed. They rushed us. We managed to save the gun. It was the fiercest thing I was ever in; cold steel and no mercy. I had a heavy cherry stick and I used it as best I could, but I would not write this tale were it not for my old friend, Spion. A bearded Boer came at me with a bayonet. I parried his thrust with my left hand, and struck him over the head with my stick. Spion saw it and rushed to my assistance. He drove the bayonet to the rifle barrel in my opponent's chest, but at that moment the Boer fired. Spion got it. As he fell I grasped him. I knew he was done. He looked up at me and said, "Do you think they will get the gun?"

Poor old Spion. As he lay dying I stooped over him. "Say, old chap, you are all in and there must be someone with whom you would like me to communicate. I have never asked your name, but don't you think you had better tell me now?"

He pressed my hand, and with a whimsical smile that I will never forget, answered, simply, "Spion Kop—good-bye."

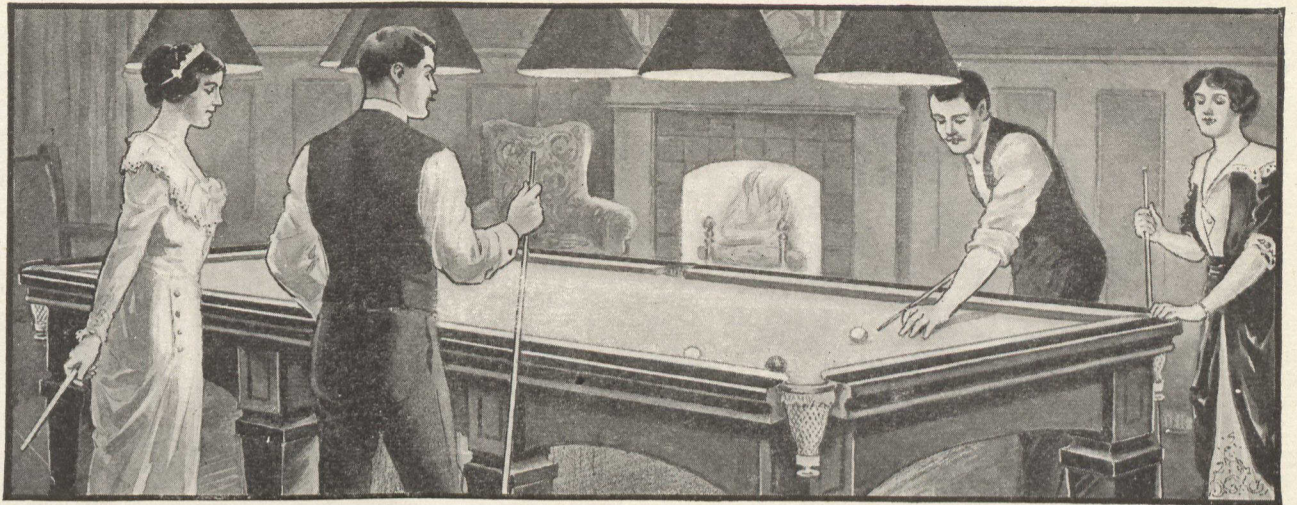
Next morning we reverently laid him on the gun that he had helped to save. The whole regiment followed him to his last resting place at the foot of the hill where he fell. We wrapped him in a Jack, and buried him with full military honours.

On his grave we placed the inscription—

Here Lies "Spion Kop."
In Life a Gentleman; In Death a Hero.

The Philosopher of Konigsberg

KONIGSBERG, capital of East Prussia, recently the main objective of the north division of the Russian army, is famous as the home of Immanuel Kant, the great philosopher and professor of almost everything, the little mummified man who by some is regarded as the original of Carlyle's Teufelsdröckh in "Sartor Resartus." Kant was a great philosopher. He lived in the latter part of the eighteenth century and died before the battle of Waterloo. He taught that the human mind does not need actual matter for its sensations. In fact, he could conceive it possible to abolish weight, tone, noise, colour, and most other properties of objects, reducing them all to states of the human mind. He was the greatest philosopher in Germany, and one of the greatest in the world. His "Critique of Pure Reason" is the germ of all modern new thought, and lies at the root of German culture. If Kant were living today he would probably argue that there were no red blood at Charleroi when 60,000 were killed in one battle, no noise in the North Sea when five German warships were sunk, and no real weight in a ton of explosives dropped from a German dirigible.



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