

THE CANADIAN COURIER



HEROES OF A UNITED EMPIRE

From left to right in this interesting photograph, taken at Richmond Hospital, England—Welshman, Irishman, Canadian, Englishman, Australian, New Zealander, Scotchman—seven soldiers united in a common cause. The Canadian is Healey Coates, from Windsor, Ont., for three months a sufferer from German Gas.

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No. 20

PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS

Sidelights on What Some People Think the World is Doing

CHESTERTON has been at it again; G. K., the adipose scintillator of pure wit masquerading as thought, who with all his accustomed brilliance goes after the German Chancellor, whom he accuses of wrong-headedness. Looking in another paper the same day you notice casually that his clever little brother, Cecil, who was lecturing on Prussia in this country last winter, goes after George Bernard Shaw, and at the same time takes a rise out of Prussia, especially Frederick the Great, who he says made it a principle to be unprincipled. Now, what these two genial and jocular brothers literary can't find time and space to say about the inhumanity of Prussia need never be said at all. G. K. and Cecil are a duplex battery of destructive and bohemian sarcasm. It is a pity this war could not be decided by the frontal attack of the typewriter or the quill pen, instead of by high explosive shells. In that case the jolly Chestertons would have it pretty much their own way. However, it's refreshing to read the bright arguments of these gentlemen; especially when G. K. calls Houston Stewart Chamberlain "that tedious turncoat." Those of us who can't f-i-g-h-t must take it out in T-A-L-K. And the cleverer the talk the more comfortable we feel about the war.

KIPLING may not have done much to inspire England and the Empire with his pen since the war began. But he has done a good deal by his speeches to stimulate recruiting. One of his speeches was among the most powerful of all war talks. In this speech he said: "We must continue to sacrifice our men to Moloch until Moloch is beaten." A despatch last week states that a son of Kipling, the poet, John Kipling, of the Irish Guards, "was missing and believed to have been killed." Kipling has the reputation of speaking more from experience than most modern writers. In this case he has experience of Moloch.

MR. ELMER E. RITTENHOUSE, president of the Life Extension Institute, says that the American people are going into a physical decline, and that unless they wake up and begin to live a more muscular, open-air life, more like the lives of the pioneers, the race will soon have to depend upon "a weak-kneed, soft-muscled, flimsy-fibred people for the defense of the Republic and the perpetuity of the race." He claims that the resisting power of the heart, arteries and kidneys of the American people has steadily declined; that the increase in mortality in three decades from these causes has been about 100 per cent., and is increasing among all classes of people. He says this is an excellent time to wake up. He asks that any campaign for national defence should include a programme for teaching people how to live healthful lives, how to build up and maintain a high standard of physical fitness. Anybody who has noticed how a lot of flat-chested, slop-shouldered civilians from Canadian city streets have lately been transformed by military drill and Swedish gymnastics into smart-stepping, deep-lunged athletes will probably agree with Mr. Rittenhouse. But a man doesn't have to enlist in order to develop his muscles. There are plenty of sidewalks to wear out shoe leather on, plenty of coal to shovel, ashes to lug, chores to do—or if a man lives in a flat he can probably find enough space in his own bed-room to do a few physical exercises invented by himself.

THREE out of five members of the Bank of Commerce staff in Moncton, N.B., have gone to the war. The manager and one clerk only are left. This is no reflection on the banking business of Moncton, which has just as much money to hand to its government railway employees as usual. But there has been a recruiting revival in Moncton and it seems that the men who handle the cash

in that city find it easiest to get away. This is uncommonly hard on the young ladies of Moncton.

CONSCRIPTION talk seems to be on the increase. And every time some statesman or soldier puts forward an argument for conscription, some other leader of opinion has an argument against it.

THE BABOON LIKES HIS BEER.



Billy the Baboon, mascot of the South African Heavy Artillery, is now in Sussex, England, along with his brigade, the first arrival from the triumphant little army of Botha, that finished its work in German Southwest Africa. Billy is here seen drinking the health of the Allies in a fine mug of beer.

Conscriptionists argue that under the voluntary system very often the wrong man goes; under a compulsory service system only those would be sent who were needed, and those needed at home would be left at home. Volunteerists contend that already under the free-will system an army of 3,000,000 has been raised; why raise the other 500,000 by compulsion? They state that thousands upon thousands of families have resolved themselves into expert committees to determine which of the family can best be spared for war and which could do better service at home. They predict, they even promise, that if the raising of the surplus army to replace

wastage is left to the trades and labour people, the men will be forthcoming. But one of the best arguments against conscription—whatever may be the arguments in its favour—is that the men at the front and in the camps who have already enlisted as free-will soldiers should not be compelled to regard themselves as part of a more or less conscript army.

WHOEVER would have thought of picking Billy Sunday and George M. Cohan for a pair of rivals? Heywood Broun, the new critic of the New York Tribune, says that the honours for being the greatest slang-slinger in the world must go to either George or Billy—with so far odds on Billy. Broun says: "Billy Sunday once said: 'I've got a gospel gun that shoots straight. It's loaded with rough-on-rats, ipecac, rock salt, dynamite and barbed wire.' The Cohan heavy ordnance, so we had imagined, could shoot all that and more. We were mistaken. George Cohan has neither the punch nor the pace of Billy Sunday."

NO pious purist need marvel that Turkey has turned to massacring the Armenians. Was there ever a better chance? When did the unspeakable Turk ever have such an immoral justification for being horrible? At all other eruptions of this gentle and expert improver on the very old devil, the moral indignation of Europe was always aroused. The Turk knew he was being a beast, and when he had got as much blood as he thought it was safe to gorge himself with just for that time he licked his chops and went about his daily business again. But now the great and holy German nation expressed through the army has set the example in wholesale murder of innocent people. The German is the Turk's master. Why should not the Turk take him for an exemplar, also?

JOHAN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., had his picture in one of the Canadian newspapers a few days ago along with Mackenzie King, who is the Rockefeller publicity agent, or something of that sort. They were both dressed as miners. They were going below in a Colorado mine to take a whirl at part of a day's work, to see what conditions the Rockefeller miners work under and kick about. While it is not likely that the heir to the Rockefeller millions and our ex-Labour Minister went through any great hardships in that trip below, it seems to be quite certain that John D. Jr. made a good impression on the miners whom he met. In speaking to a group of men down in the mine, the magnate admitted that he couldn't get along without them, that they were partners and that he wanted to do business with them on that basis. One of the men remarked, "Well, you're not so bad as you're painted." It will be remembered, also, that a few days ago, when Henry Ford, motor magnate, was doing his best to upset the Franco-British loan in the United States, John D. Rockefeller was announced as likely to subscribe \$10,000,000 to the loan. Mr. Ford has established a motor-car town in Canada called Ford City, and perhaps thinks that should buy off any criticism from this side. Rockefeller has large oil industries in Ontario, and is a booster for the cause of the Allies. If Rockefeller is not so bad as he is painted, probably Ford is not so dangerous as he sounds.

IN the interests of common, cheerful humanity, newspapers should be prohibited from publishing photographs of the German Crown Prince. That disordered emaciation of the House of Hohenzollern with the spiked helmet on the top is a pitiful example of what the human race may eventually come to if degeneracy becomes a common affliction. That young man should be sent away for his health to a nice little summer and winter resort on the planet Mars.

WHERE CAVALRY HORSES ARE MORE NUMEROUS THAN RUSSIAN BIG GUNS



Russian cavalry troops have been much more active in this war than the cavalry of the western nations. This is a body of the celebrated Russ horsemen counter-moving against the German cavalry which tried to cut off the retreat of the Russian armies in the vicinity of Dvinsk, after the capture of Vilna.

THE MASTER GUNNER

By RENE BAZIN, Member of the French Academy

IT was in these words, or nearly, that a gunner told me the story of his mate, Vincent Archambaut, master gunner of the first gun of the first battery.

To begin with, he loved his gun, did Archambaut. You understand, a man is not only some one in a battery, he is some one on a gun, that he knows it, has the trick of its character, and that he ends by getting on with it as if it were a human being. He was a model gunner. When his "75" was in the battery, the trail resting on the ground, the spade well in, you saw big Archambaut seated between the wheel and the breech, according to regulation, his body erect, his neck a little on one side, his head bent forward, his eyes on the air-bubble of his spirit level, and his hands ready on the handles of the pointing mechanism. At the Captain's command he turned his wheels with certainty, stopping them at the right place, and if the gun swung a bit out after the shot he brought it back again. We had a sort of confidence in him. A master gunner has two woollen stripes on his right arm and a red grenade on his left arm. He draws seven centimes. Isn't he a ranker? They all say so. Like the trumpets, who can't make up their minds to have no more rights than the men who make no racket. The question hasn't been settled, and will never be. What matter? Archambaut had our admiration; in case of danger we would have obeyed him naturally; he was born to be a fighter.

Still, fighting was not his trade. He belonged, by his family and his character, by his visage and his whole person, to the frontier races on the Sedan side, a big, quiet-faced chap, who put force and thought into every step he took. We didn't know much about him from what he said himself, and as there were none of his neighbours in the battery, you may say we didn't know him at all. Sheep dealers, whom he had met at the fairs, declared that he was rich, having begun early to trade in grain and fodder, that he had even bought a quarter in a fine farm in the Champagne country, where the country rises a bit, gets wooded and is called the Argonne. I forgot to tell you that he was in the reserve, like me, and that the mobilization had mixed us and a few others in with the men of the active artillery.

On October 21 we were resting, the guns limbered up, the horses cropping the grass of a clearing, fifty yards from a thicket of beeches and firs, and the whole country sloped gently up toward the north. Below us, wretched cut woods rose a little beyond. In a word, we had found shelter to breakfast without

catching a shell. The sun was hot; the men were smoking; the Captain was walking up and down, his hands crossed behind his back, and I expect every one was beginning to think of his home, because he was feeling good. Suddenly an auto arrives by a wood road that our guns had had trouble getting along. The Captain chats an instant with the chauffeur; then he turns.

"Well, that's pretty good," I say, "Germans not far away!"

At the same time he calls out:

"Reconnoitre!"

The guides get to their horses, the servers get to their caissons. We know it never takes long to reconnoitre, in the artillery. Already the Captain, the brigade fourrier, the farrier, and the second mechanic, with six horses dragging the observation caisson, had got out of the clearing. I saw them going up the path among the beeches on the trot. The cruppers of their horses no longer gleamed among the branches. All vanished, for the mists that had chilled us through on preceding nights had not yet brought down the leaves, and all the gold I didn't have was hanging from the branches.

I counted ten minutes; then the fourrier reappeared in the path, alone, bringing the order:

"Form in battery, right face!"

THIS time it was the whole battery that disappeared and climbed up the slope, bending the saplings, and marking its tracks on the trunks of the old trees, barked by the wheels. The thicket is no great size. We soon see daylight among the beeches, then the bushes on the fringe of the wood, a line of cut grass forming a crest on yonder, then nothing but the sky, with the misty aureole of the autumn sun. As usual, we were going to fire at an invisible target. The four "75s" already know their places, which the Captain has staked out. They come up on the trot. The fourth gun turns to the left and gets into battery formation at the place where the trumpeter stands, under the fan of a huge beech; the position of the first is indicated by the brigade fourrier. The second and third get in between them.

The Captain comes down from his observation ladder and comes up to the first gun, that sets the pace. Big Archambaut is there, beside his gun, waiting for the word of command to aim. He looks white to me, though he is generally full-coloured. I say to him:

"What's up with you? Are you cold?"

With the tip of his nose, which he raises, he points to the sun.

"You're surely not afraid of the Germans? They must be over there, beyond!"

Archambaut, who has always been stingy with words, shrugged his shoulders this time. The Captain was behind us, on his horse, rising a bit in his stirrups, and, pointing with his arm, he indicated the direction to the master gunner. The Captain was the only one who could see over the crest, and this is what he saw—we all had a good look at the view when the battle was over—he saw a long valley, a bit hollowed, quite bare, all tilled, which went away in front of us to about 3,000 yards, and which had at the other end woods like the woods we were in. You would have said a fish-dish, with two tufts of parsley. In the whole hollow not a house, just a bit of hedge, a little tree, two roads that crossed. But at the north end of the valley, standing out clear in the light, you could make out the houses of a village, most of them grouped around the church on a level stretch to the left, some coming down the slope but as if held back by the others and not getting far from them.

OUR Captain, who remembered that Archambaut belonged to those parts, asked him in a low voice, quickly:

"You know the village of X?"

"Yes, my Captain."

"How far on, in your judgment?"

"Two thousand five hundred yards!"

Immediately, drawing himself up, he gave the commands that were required, taking care to space them out, and the whole battery worked, I assure you, rapidly and silently—the master gunners, the servers, the openers, the loaders. He gave the command: "Attention! On the first gun, reciprocal aim. Position angle O! Corrector 16, by the right, by battery, 2,500!"

When the breech of the first gun was swung to, and it did not take long, the gun commander, behind, raised his arm:

"For the first hit! Fire!"

The other gun commanders, each in his turn, gave the same command, and there were four roars of our "75s" at intervals, then a profound silence, then the racket of the bursting shells, coming back to us from 2,500 yards off!

The Captain's voice blended with them:

"Short! But they are bursting well in the direction of the houses on the level stretch. Once more, my children; we are going to smash a German Staff!"

"A Staff! Then, my Captain——"

Archambaut had turned back. Sitting on his seat, on the left of the gun, he was looking in a strange way at his officer, as happens when we have things to say that are too much for us.

"My Captain, hammer at the right of the church, on

the slope, a house with a tile roof, with a little bell tower, and white wall around the garden. Do you see it?"

"Very clearly!"

"It's the biggest in the village; it has a second story, it has four rooms, and there is a cellar with wine in it; they're sure to be there! Hammer it!"

"You know it pretty well?"

Archambaut answered, just audibly: "It's mine!"

Then he turned and bent over his spirit level. I do not know what went on in the Captain's mind. The men on the other guns had not heard the last words, and did not understand. It only took a moment.

"Ten points less! Explosive shells, in two, 2,700!"

Vincent Archambaut had already made the motions. He was watching the air bubble in his spirit level. When he saw it was at the mark, he pronounced, in a clear voice, as if on parade: "Ready!"

His mate, at the right of the gun, seized the end of the firing cord, pulled it to him, let it go quickly, and the shell started.

ON THE INSIDE OF VENEZUELA

One of the Outlying Countries Where Germany Began a Work for Other Nations to Finish



Watering cattle in the Guayra country—a remarkably good picture.



Venezuelan troops mustering to go on an expedition against cattle thieves.

VENEZUELA is a long way from Canada, and most Canadians know less about it than they might have done if once upon a time President Cleveland, through U. S. Secretary Olney, had not sent that Venezuelan message to Great Britain; which, as ex-President Taft said the last time he was in Canada, was a proof that the United States knew how to play international poker. But Venezuela is a hugely interesting country. It is a republic, occupying the whole of the north coast from the Guianas westward to Colombia. It contains the Orinoco, one of the world's great rivers, and part of the Andes mountains. A country of varied resources and climates, it has a population of only two and a half millions, most of whom live on a strip of land 100 miles wide along the seacoast, leaving the rest of its enormous area of 400,000 square miles almost uninhabited and much of it absolutely unknown.

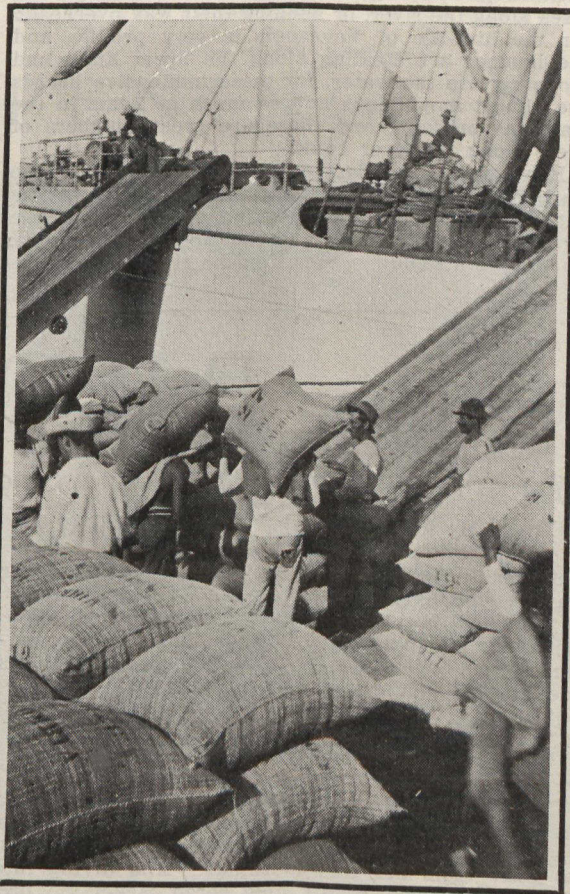
Coffee has so far been one of the principal vegetable products, and grows best at an elevation of from 2,000 to 4,000 feet. It forms by far the largest item of export, and cocoa—or cacao—comes next. The only other vegetable export of consequence is the purely tropical one of rubber, but with reasonable industry and encouragement, Venezuela is capable of many others: tobacco, sugar, cotton, copra, and all kinds of tropical fruits.

REASONS for the slow development of this country are several. First, is the inertia common to all the Spanish-American tropical countries. The Venezuelan is a mixture of the Spanish and the Indian, just as the Cuban is, and like the Cuban, there is a dash of negro. But the resultant hybrid has not the energy of either the Spanish or the Indian. Not willing to work hard himself, he is jealous of allowing anyone else to come in and do his development work for him. And there has been in Venezuela, as elsewhere among these republics, an almost continual struggle for mastery, and a ceaseless depletion of the public treasury for private ends by one would-be president after another, which has unsettled the people and discouraged the inflow of foreign capital and enterprise. It is the dog in the manger again. The natives have not the will nor the means to carry on development work themselves, and are jealous of others doing it for them. And there has been, besides, a theory among them, rather rudely shaken of late, that they were sufficient unto themselves and could get along independently of the rest of the world. The peon has little idea of any further comfort or happiness than an adobe house, a diet of roasted plantains, a sufficiency of tobacco and "festas," and a cock-fight every Sunday. Every one of these needs he can get for a few cents a day. The educated Venezuelan has generally enough money to go to Paris and Vienna to enjoy life for a considerable part of his time. The middle class is a very small one.

Things are improving, however, in respect of these matters. It is beginning to be recognized that

By H. K. WICKSTEED

the outsider is not to be plundered with absolute impunity; that, even if he comes to exploit some of Venezuela's natural resources, he is willing to leave much of his earnings behind him; and that while his standard of living and his amusements, and above all his ideas of hygiene are revolutionary and extraordinary, there is something to be said for them; and certainly some of his possessions and his



Loading coffee at Maracaibo.

foods, canned and otherwise, are wholly desirable. The stranger's manners, very likely, are inferior to his own, but he usually wants to pay reasonably for what he gets. Probably one of the main troubles is this very matter of manners. The German is almost invariably over-bearing and dictatorial, and he is almost invariably disliked. The Englishman has a lofty contempt for everything which is not English, and takes no pains to conceal it, and he is also unpopular independently of his being a money-lender

and requiring his interest to be paid regularly. The American has, until recently, paid very little attention to Venezuela, and the rest of the world has not heard about it.

Of the railways, the longest is that from Caracas to Valencia, some 220 kilometers, or 130 miles, built and controlled by the Germans. The most lucrative is the English road from Caracas to its seaport, La Guayra, about 27 miles. The last is among the scenic and engineering curiosities of the world, climbing an elevation of 3,100 feet in a distance of 25 miles, with grades of nearly four per cent. and almost continuous curvature, as sharp as 140 feet radius. In spite of these economic drawbacks, the traffic has been carried on continuously without accident for many years and pays good dividends on its stock. Considering that its passengers pay 10c. per mile, and freight in proportion, and that it connects a population of 150,000 or more people with the outside world, it should pay.

The German railway is a much bolder conception, and cost over its mountain section of 40 or 50 miles a much larger sum of money. It winds up the canons of the Guayra to its source, tunnels through the Andes and then commences an extraordinary descent along the mountain slopes of Las Tejeras. There are 86 tunnels and over 100 steel viaducts on this piece of line; or, roughly, two of each for each mile of road, and the scenery is magnificent. But in a tropical climate, windows must of necessity be open, and in the long tunnels the smoke and gases from the engine make one imagine himself in a Belgian trench, and are somewhat trying to lungs and throat. It is possibly in the operation of this railway that the Germans got their ideas of asphyxiation. At Las Tejeras, the railway reaches the bottom of the valley, in which is situated Valencia, its lake and many smaller towns, and the construction is comparatively easy and cheap. As a financial venture, the railway is a failure.

ROADS, as we understand them, are non-existent, and, outside of the city, wheels are unknown. But there are trails in divers directions, and on these there is a stream of patient donkeys carrying the lighter loads and generally the owners on their backs, but the lake and the tributary rivers are the highways of traffic, and hence it comes about that the water-front at Maracaibo is a very busy and interesting scene indeed, and the din of the bargaining and gossiping is something prodigious.

If we board one of these small craft we may make a very interesting trip; for instance, up the Limon, which is the most northerly of the tributaries and rivers on the west side. We will probably leave about dark with the last of the south wind which generally prevails during the day. We stand over across the lake to Alta Gracia, and as the moon rises the trade wind comes in from the east and gradually freshening we go bowling along close hauled in smooth water under a weather shore to

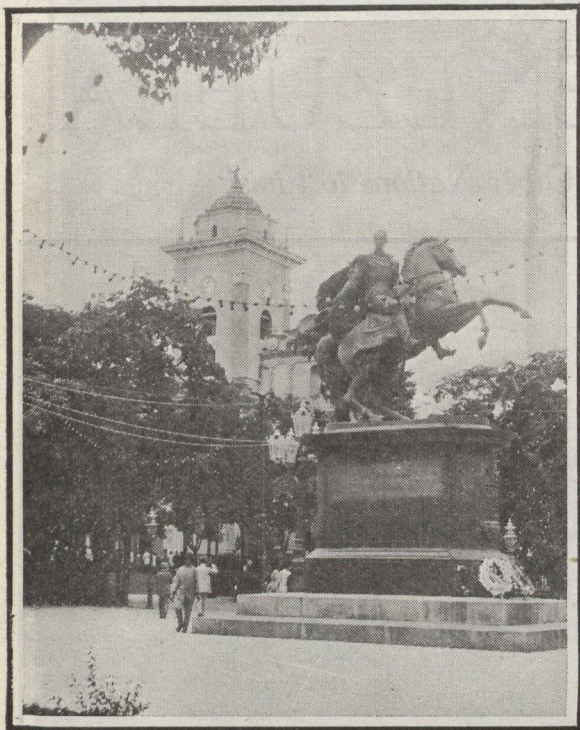
Punta Palmas. The lake widens now into the broad, shallow expanse of the Toblazo, and there will be very likely a short, choppy sea, but we can start our sheets a little, and nothing but spray comes aboard and we make an exhilarating run for the lee of Toas Island and let go our anchor to wait for daylight. A fire is lighted on the sand-heap amidships, and the

is a deterrent to mosquitoes, and of the two evils, the smells are the least—and don't lead to malaria. When the banks get ten feet high, the houses come down on the ground, and the pig-pen is built alongside instead of underneath; but there is still a raised floor, partly to avoid the floods and partly the scorpions and small snakes and other vermin. The rancher will now have a small plantation of bananas or plantains, and perhaps even a melon patch. A little further we find a great spreading Lara tree, and under its grateful shade a half dozen naked children playing while the mother does her work in the open air.

THE current is stronger now, and the labour of poling more severe, but progress is still steady, though slow, and every now and then a puff of wind comes in over the banks and fills the sails. The sun is very hot, and we should be glad of any shade, but we can't get it. A halt is made for coffee and plantains again about noon, and then the poling goes on until we finally tie up to the bank at the village of Carrasquero, the head of sloop navigation, late in the afternoon. It is a collection of adobe houses fronting on a somewhat bare, flat plaza, with a fringe of fine trees along the river bank and more scrubby growth in the background.

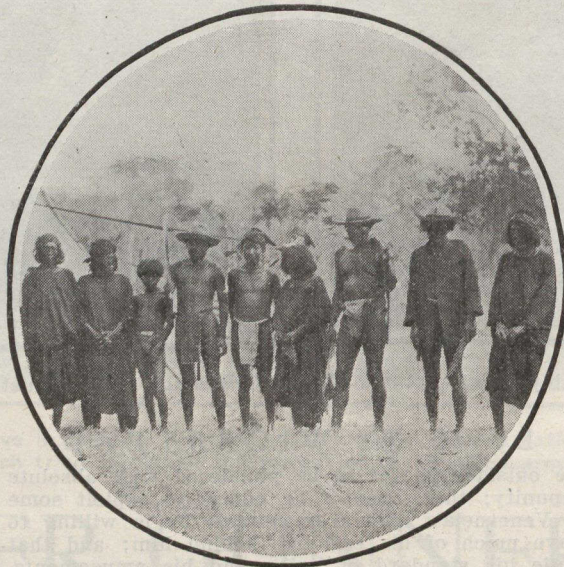
As the shadows lengthen, some hundreds of goats come in from the upland pastures to be milked and to get their evening drink. Thousands of birds are

comes swifter and swifter as we ascend, and the unwieldy canoe cannot be paddled up. The forest becomes more dense and the water more clear and cold; creepers and vines of many kinds hang down from the trees and many of these are covered with gaily coloured flowers; birds of many kinds, aquatic



Statue of Bolivia and Spanish Cathedral at Caracas, Venezuela.

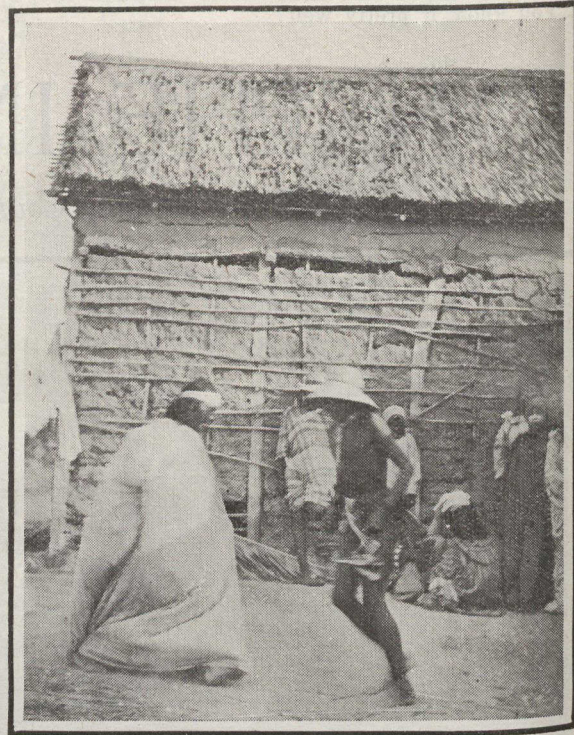
inevitable coffee and roasted plantains are cooked and served out to the ragged and barefooted crew. Then the dawn appears and the anchor is got up again and we cross the bar of the Limou. The Mangroves get higher and higher around us and the breeze is fitful and uncertain. Long poles are got out and the boat is poled along in the shallows, the men walking aft along the waterways on either side with the poles against their chests. Gradually the Mangrove Swamps give way to low banks covered with rank grass. Then they rise higher still and a grove of cocoanut trees come in sight, and between them we can see the open Savanahs or grass lands with a multitude of cattle grazing. The banks rise still higher and a ranch house comes into view, set up on stilts to avoid the freshets. It is thatched with palm fronds or reeds, and the walls are of upright poles and intended merely to prevent the rain from driving in, not with any idea of warmth, which it is quite unnecessary to provide. Underneath the living and sleeping room may be a domicile for the pigs. A separate bed-room is not necessary, because everyone sleeps in a hammock and the hammock can be rolled up in the daytime and stowed away. The household chattels and stoves are hung up among the rafters. The proximity of the pigs may perhaps be thought objectionable, but the aroma and effluvia



Group of Cuajira Indians near the Colombian boundary.

twittering, whistling, croaking, and scolding, in the trees along the river, or winging their way overhead; for the bird-life of Venezuela is very prolific, and the iguanas are stealing along the lower limbs and plopping into the water, for these inoffensive lizards are almost amphibious and as much at home in the water as on land, and there are great numbers of them along the river bank.

If we want to go further up the river we must go on horseback or in a dug-out canoe or "caiuque," a rather clumsy craft hollowed out of a single jabilla or Spanish cedar trunk and roughly rounded at the ends. More poling ensues, for the river current be-



An Indian Dance and a thatched "adobe" house in the interior of Venezuela.

and otherwise, are everywhere, and prominent among these is the gaudy Guacamaio, a huge parrot with brilliant scarlet, blue, and green plumage, and the harshest and most discordant of voices. There is a beautiful, softly-tinted green dove which frequents the river banks. We will see the noses and frontal bones of a dozen alligators in an hour or two, and we may hit one of them; but the chances are greatly in favour of our not doing anything more than scare him, for a shot directly in the eye is the only one that will hurt him. If we climb the bank, however, and cautiously approach the river at the next bend, we may find one sunning himself on a sandbank, and then a well-directed shot behind the shoulder will put him out of business.

A long day's work with an ordinary stage of water will bring us to the foothills of the Andes.

As we approach the sea again there is less rainfall. Presently the fan palm appears and gets more and more persistent, and lastly the cactus, and suddenly we break out of the woods on to the Savanahs. As we advance towards the sea, the palms give way and only the cactus and the mesquite persist. The grass gets poorer and thinner, and finally far away on the horizon appears a broken yellow ridge with a line of vivid green at intervals above it. These are the sand dunes along the shore and the green is the green of the cocoanut tree.

SHEER PROFIT

Involving a Husband of Fifty in Who's Who—and Smooth Jimmy Jerningham

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX

and Jerningham, alias Davis and a dozen other names, smiled to himself.

"I haven't been idle," Jerningham continued. "I've been making inquiries in town. She has an allowance from her husband of ten thousand a year, as well as five thousand a year of her own."

"How old is she?"

"Twenty-four—with a husband fifty."

Grayson's face contracted on one side, the other remaining normal.

"They have a house in Upper Grosvenor Street, a country place outside Perth, and spend every winter in Cairo. She's just now up at Stratheagles. I had a letter from her this morning." And diving into the inner pocket of his blue serge jacket, he produced it for his companion to read.

"Thinks you such a charming man, eh?"

"Apparently. But one never knows. Women are such strange creatures."

"Well, she's good up to five thousand, I should say. What's her husband?"

"Pattenden, head of the Eclipse Line of steamers to the West Indies. Secured a knighthood last year. Began life as a fruit salesman in Covent Garden—now a prominent supporter of the Government. Just got into 'Who's Who'—the event of his life."

"On such an invitation as she's sent you I suppose

you'll go up on a visit—eh?"

"Sure. I've wired her. I go north to-morrow, but I'll keep in touch with you."

"Right. I'm there on receipt of a 'phone message, as usual."

And the pair tossed off their Grand Mariners—'cordon rouge, of course—and rising, strolled out into the busy, everyday life of Manchester.

TWO days later, James Jerningham, in immaculate evening dress, sat at the smart dinner-table at Stratheagles, the Scottish seat of Sir Herbert and Lady Pattenden. There were a dozen other smart men and women of the house-party, and the conversation was merry, for they were a vivacious, go-ahead crowd.

Sir Herbert, who was contesting West Merioneth, was away on his political campaign, therefore pretty little Lady Pattenden sat at the head of her table, a slim and charming fair-haired figure in pale grey trimmed with rose. In her hair she wore a long, white aigrette, and around her throat the splendid rope of pearls which her husband had purchased from the sale of the effects of a well-known but ruined peer.

The luxuriant room, with its fine pictures, its great silver bowls of flowers, its shaded lights, and its up-to-date appointments, was essentially that of the parvenu, while the servants in breeches and stock-

JIMMY JERNINGHAM was sitting with his friend in the lounge of the Midland Grand Hotel in Manchester, after a cosy little lunch. Charles Grayson, the friend, was a well-known "crook" like himself, and the pair had brought off many a neat and profitable coup, for both were good-looking, smart, refined men of exquisite manners and expensive tastes, therefore women fell an easy prey to them.

After a month at Dinard, where they had lost a fair sum at the tables, they had returned to England for the autumn. They were, however, never improvident, and both had several hundred pounds balance at their bankers. A "crook" is only in peril when he is penniless. With money, he can usually defy the police with all their red-tape and slowness of action.

The pair, dark-haired, well-groomed, good-looking scoundrels, were about to embark upon a dastardly but highly ingenious enterprise, and in order to discuss and decide they were holding a private consultation in the corner of the lounge, apart from the many other people there.

"The game's worth the candle, isn't it?"

"Worth the candle, Jimmy! Why, it's worth a level five thousand in your experienced hands. It's sheer profit!"

"From what I can see she's a silly little woman, vain, ambitious, and fancies herself good-looking,"

ings would have been more in keeping in an Elizabethan ducal home.

Jimmy Jerningham, elegant and smiling, sat on her ladyship's right hand, and was chatting merrily with her. They had met one afternoon at the tables at Dinard, where Ethel Pattenden had been enjoying herself alone, she being at the Hotel Royal with some friends of hers named Klein, the husband being a well-known foreign broker in Throgmorton Avenue. A chance acquaintanceship had ripened into a friendship, which on Jimmy's part was quickly cultivated, with the result that they had met several times in London, and she had dined with him once at the Berkeley, and now he had been invited as guest at Stratheagles, the fine sporting estate a few miles out of Perth on the Dunkeld road.

DINNER over, there was coffee in the big hall, and there again little Lady Pattenden reclined in a big easy chair near the huge wood-fire, and at her side seated upon the edge of the great club fender Jimmy sipped at his cup, and chatted to her about Egypt, a country he knew well. It is the stock-in-trade of the clever "crook" to have travelled and stayed at the best hotels in the world, for the world judges a man by his coat and his conversation more nowadays than ever before.

"We go to the Savoy in Cairo early in November," she was saying to Jimmy as, having taken her coffee cup and set it down, he handed her the big silver box of cigarettes. He held the match for her, and then, stretching out her legs and displaying a neat silk-stockinged ankle, she settled herself to talk. "I don't know if I can induce Herbert to go up to Luxor. He got so terribly bored and fed-up on the Nile last time. He wants to go to Jamaica this winter on business, but I detest the place. I went once—but never again. We had a most horrible passage home."

"There's nothing like Egypt," Jimmy declared, looking straight into her deep blue eyes. "Like yourself, I prefer the Savoy to Shepherd's. Too many Cookites at the latter. But of course Cairo isn't Egypt. I love the Nile and Assouan most of all."

"So do I," she declared. "I didn't know you'd been up there. We were at the Cataract in the year the great dam was opened."

And so they gossiped on.

An hour later, when the men had gone to the billiard-room, and the women had either accompanied them, or gone to their rooms, Lady Pattenden found herself alone with Jimmy out on the terrace in the moonlight, which that night shone brightly over the lake and the great park beyond.

It was a wonderful romantic night, and she sat in a corner with a white silk wrap over her head and shoulders, laughing at his amusing chatter. She listened for an hour, and then shook his hand and left him.

After that, it became their habit to spend an hour together on the terrace each evening. The dainty

little mistress of Stratheagles had already become aware that Jimmy Jerningham was an unusually attractive man, that his politeness and consideration were exquisite, and that his conversation always charmed her.

One night, when alone in her room, after Mariette, her French maid, had retired, she grew angry with herself, recollecting how deeply she had been attached to her husband, and what an excellent fellow he was, even though he nowadays seemed to think more of money-making and political distinction than of her.

And yet was she not under the spell of Jimmy's good looks, his voice, his charm of manner? Was she not thinking more of him than of Herbert?

One evening, after Jerningham had been there about ten days, the whole party had been invited to dine at a neighbouring house, and it was nearly midnight before they returned in cars, after a delightful evening. The men went promptly to the billiard-room, and the women to their rooms, while at Jimmy's invitation his hostess strolled out with him upon the terrace to have a final cigarette before retiring.

The night was clear, but with little moon, and Jimmy suggested a stroll after the heat of their host's rooms and the cramped car in which they had journeyed home. To this Ethel Pattenden had no objection, for they had already begun to treat each other as old friends.

Half way down the long beech avenue, towards the lodge-gates, they sat upon one of the seats while he produced his cigarette case. She took one and lit it. For some moments they smoked on in silence. Both were thinking. Then suddenly her companion seized her small unglowed hand, and looking into her eyes in the dim light, declared that he loved her.

"I am leaving to-morrow, Ethel," he said. "In these painful circumstances I cannot remain longer under your roof, for it is not fair to you—or to your husband. I know I've been a fool," he cried, "but forgive me. I cannot leave you without telling you the truth—the secret of my heart—that I love you."

And before she was aware of it he had bent and kissed her upon the lips.

AT that moment they were both startled by hearing a movement in the undergrowth close by them. A man came up, faced them, and laughed heartily. Then he walked away.

Jerningham sprang to his feet in an attitude of self-defence, and both gazed after him breathlessly. But nothing more was heard.

"Who was he?" asked her ladyship, in alarm.

"Nobody," he replied. "Some country lout. There is nothing to fear. Let us return to the house," and linking his arm in hers, he led her back to the terrace, and into the drawing-room, where for a few moments he lingered.

They faced each other without speaking a word. She was white as death, and in her eyes was a hard,

haggard look, which told him of her unspoken sorrow of his immediate departure, and of her fear lest their secret should be discovered.

"Good-night," he whispered, at last, as he bowed low over her outstretched hand. "Let us part—and forget!"

They parted, and next morning at nine o'clock the express from Perth to King's Cross carried back to London the man who had declared his love and yet had acted so honestly.

A MONTH went by. Lady Pattenden, on reflection, realized how foolish she had been, and put aside all recollection of the tall, good-looking man who had come so suddenly into her life, and as suddenly gone out of it again. Her husband had concluded his political campaign, and won the election, and was now able to give Ethel more of his society. They were back at Upper Grosvenor Street, and had entered upon a new era of happiness.

One day, while out shopping in her car, she alighted before a shop in Regent Street, and was about to enter when a respectably-dressed man raised his hat and claimed acquaintance. Then, in an undertone, he said:

"Lady Pattenden, I have something to tell you which is greatly in your interest—a secret matter. It is most imperative that I see you to-day. I shall be in the Mall, outside Marlborough House, at three o'clock. If we walk across St. James's Park together, we shall not be noticed."

Her ladyship started at first, then recovering from her surprise, her curiosity was aroused, and she felt impelled to accede to his request.

At three o'clock they met. The stranger, who was exceedingly polite, walked at her side in the park, down to the ornamental water, and at last said:

"I felt it my duty, Lady Pattenden, to tell you of a discovery I have made. I am a private inquiry agent, and my name is Mausell. In the course of my work I have found out that a scoundrel named Horton is coming up as a witness against you in a little affair—a little indiscretion we may term it—in Scotland with a gentleman friend of yours, a Mr. Jerningham."

"What?" gasped her ladyship, turning pale, for she recollected the man who had discovered them.

"It is, I fear, a rather disagreeable matter," Mausell said. "The fellow seemed to have watched you both when Mr. Jerningham was your guest in Scotland, and is now contemplating going to your husband and obtaining payment for the information."

Lady Pattenden halted and stood motionless, while her companion watched the effect of the blow he had dealt her.

"But I—well, there was no harm in it, I assure you. I may have been indiscreet."

"Indiscretions out-of-doors are always unwise," he said, gravely. "I have only approached you with an idea of helping you out of a difficulty. A son of (Concluded on page 18.)"

A FALL OPENING IN PICTURES

SOMETHING quite new in art exhibitions is the fall opening of the Canadian Art Club, which took place last week. Most picture shows come in the spring or the fall end of winter. The C. A. C. omitted its show last spring and decided to come along with an exhibition this fall before people were weary of being amused by everything else. Sixteen painters exhibited. Seven of these are charter members of the Club. The President of the Club is that seigneur of the studio from the Isle of Orleans, Horatio Walker, who, since he has been President, has done less painting directly for the Club shows than he ever did. Walker gets his material in Canada, sells most of it in New York, and lives most of his time in the Isle of Orleans. The Hon. Secretary of the Club is Archibald Browne, the once painter of pensive moons, but lately a depicter of more robust landscapes. Browne was born a Scotchman, but very largely got over it. He is a tireless producer of beautiful things which people know how to buy. The Hon. President of the Club is Sir Edmund Osler, who succeeded in that post



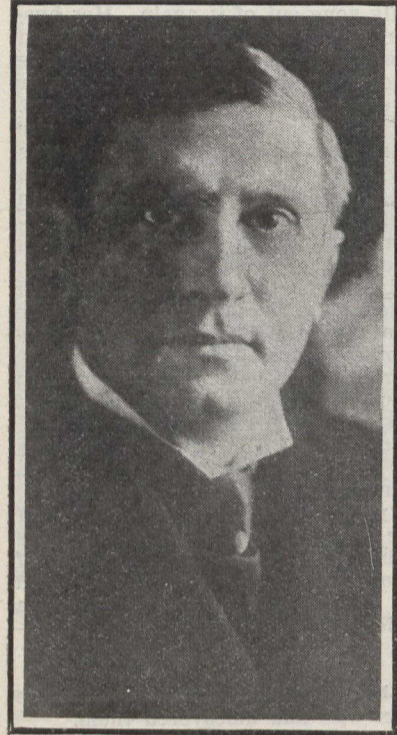
This picture of Homer Watson's, in the Exhibition of the Canadian Art Club, is called 'The Saw-Mill.' The mill was a mere excuse for the artist to get in a fine dramatic treatment of cloud, wind and trees.

of honour the late D. R. Wilkie, in his day a perennial "bon vivant" among the painters. Sir Edmund is not a connoisseur, but he understands that painters, in order to do well, must keep in touch with the world of finance. The chief spokesman of the Club is now and always has been Mr. E. F. B. Johnston, the criminal lawyer. He was one of the first lay members of the Club, and is himself considerable of a collector of one kind of art or another—with some preference for the Dutch. Mr. Johnston delivers an art speech at an opening with much the same style that he batters down counsel arguments in a prosecution. One of the most prominent members of the Club is W. J. Brymner, President of the Royal Canadian Academy. He has the only nude in the present exhibition, and it is a fine study in bonal anatomy. One of the historic geni of the Club is Homer Watson, past-president, one of whose characteristic landscapes is reproduced here, along with these fragments of personal observation more or less impertinent about the men in the Club. The Exhibition is up to its usual high standard.

MAINLY PERSONAL

Submarine Schwab

SCHWAB sounds like a pro-German name; but Charles M. Schwab is no pro-German. "Somewhere in Canada" there is a plant manufacturing or at least assembling submarines for the British Admiralty. The plant has nothing to do with Mr. Schwab, except that if he had not got large



Charles M. Schwab, whose Bethlehem plant, manufacturing munitions of war, is said to be the greatest iron and steel works in the world.

orders for submarines a year ago the plant would not now be making submarines. Being an iron and steel man, Mr. Schwab was not particular about defining his neutrality when he took those orders. But the Government of the United States did that for him, in declaring as one provision of being strictly on the fence in this little squabble among the nations, that a neutral country has no right to export a unit of war such as a warship or a submarine or an aeroplane fully equipped for carrying messages from Mars. Whence it comes about that Mr.

Schwab's submarines, partly built in his own Pennsylvania steel plants, are completed, assembled and fully equipped "somewhere in Canada," just as many of Mr. Ford's motor-cars are made in Ford City, and the Curtiss warplanes manufactured "somewhere in Canada." Mr. Schwab is probably not what they call "persona grata" with Andrew Carnegie, under whose wing he grew up until his own wing became a little bigger than Carnegie's in the iron and steel trade. Carnegie would never allow his steel plants to make submarines. Neither would Mr. Schwab build public libraries. Every man to his taste.

A Seance in High Finance

NINETEEN stories above the roar of the street and up in the cloud-lands of pure religious finance, away from the vexations of merely making ends meet, the Hon. Thos. White last Thursday, at noon, talked to about a thousand members of the Toronto Board of Trade. It was a calm, uplifting hour, when the business men of Toronto were given the elevating gospel of how Canada has been setting her house in order since the beginning of the war. The Minister of Finance spoke forty-five minutes. He was interesting every moment. And he said not a word about politics. Not a syllable. The word was never mentioned. The subject was—well, what did it matter, when Mr. White had the platform? He always makes a mere subject irrelevant.

But the audience knew what it was all about before he had got less than half done with one of the smoothest financial sermonettes ever put before the laity. Mr. White never lets you lose the thread of the argument by watching his platform antics. He has no antics. He is the unimpassioned, almost academic Minister, impeccably dressed, intellectually serene, unworried by the affairs of State, with an incipient smile that encourages you to listen. He kept his hands behind his back, now and again thumbs in his vest pockets, rarely both arms up on the edge of some gently comfortable climax. Why should any one feel uncomfortable? What had Canada done? He told the story; tracing back the evolution of our so-called prosperity to the year 1913, when we had \$300,000,000 more imports than exports; on down to 1914, when the tune changed to \$180,000,000; to 1915, when for the five months ending August 31, we actually had a balance the other way of \$33,000,000.

Pleasant statistics, these, for a time of war. Not much the matter with a national machinery that in a financial crisis could turn the tables like that. Why not be comfortable and smile a bit? The Minister smiled. He had the whole scintillating gospel of this national thrift on a little scrap of paper which

he hardly ever used. And he made it quite clear that in a financial scrimmage amounting to an emergency the people of Canada know how to take care of themselves as well as any people in the world.

Mr. White commended our individual economy—but deprecated parsimony. It is all right to save, because by saving on luxuries we are able to buy more of what we actually need. But it never will do to tuck the savings away into the long red stocking. Then it was a fine thing that to our economy we added greater production. Never was known such a great crop as Canada has this year. More wealth; more money, more prosperity and national security. That's good. Carlyle used to say, "If thou has aught in thee to produce, in God's name produce it." Mr. White did not quote Carlyle; though he admitted amid a roar of refined laughter that he had a little Scotch in him. And he patted us all on the back for encouraging the made-in-Canada campaign. We kept our own money in our own country and our own workmen busy keeping up the production. Now what is the result. After borrowing abroad and exporting our securities; after turning an adverse balance to trade to a favourable balance—we are on to the bed-rock basis of real national wealth, and should have money enough when the crop is moved to subscribe to our own war loans for the sake of carrying on the war. Furthermore, when Mr. Pound Sterling had been discounted on the exchange, our Canadian dollar still stood cheerily up to the rate of 100 cents in gold.

It was all neat as a new pin. Things were not going to the bow-wows. Here was the cheerful Minister of Finance telling us the truth; admitting that it was to be a long war and that we had passed through some trying times and might see a few more. Besides, it was all so beautifully simple and clear and businesslike. There was no theatrical show of politics. Never a word of politics. What was the use?

Bedevelled by a King

VENIZELOS has resigned again. Greece has a new non-war Cabinet. Less than a year ago the Greek Premier resigned for much the same reason—because he favoured going to war against Turkey. He was returned to power by an overwhelming vote of the people who want Venizelos and want to help the Allies against Turkey—but the King of Greece is even worse than the King of Bulgaria, and between the two of them the Balkans, where the war began, has become the worst muddle in Europe. Ferdinand makes a tool of Radoslavoff



Ex-Premier Venizelos, the Greek War Minister and democratic statesman, who has resigned the second time because the King of Greece is a pro-German.

—Sketch from "War Lords" by Gardiner.

and becomes himself a tool of the Germans. Constantine makes a public political martyr of Venizelos, goes dead against the openly expressed wishes of his people and refuses to let Greece go to war against Turkey and Bulgaria. These two kings are two fine arguments for the abolition of Czar-monarchy. Constantine is a weak-minded meddler under the thumb of his wife, the sister of the Kaiser. Ferdinand is an adventurer who was always more of a German than anything else. Ferdinand is not a Bulgarian; neither is Constantine a Greek.

Venizelos is a Greek, a patriot, a statesman, a great

public servant and a popular figure. Heroizing admirers acclaim him as the greatest statesman in Europe. That may be idolatry. But Venizelos has always been a democrat who believed in the people and worked hard to solidify the Balkan League against the common foe, Turkey. It was he who made it possible for Constantine to reign at all. It was Venizelos who represented Greece at the Conference during the first Balkan War. He wishes to respect the treaty with Serbia, which makes Greece an ally of Serbia in case she



M. Albert Thomas, the French Minister of Munitions, whose great work in France has been a stimulus to Lloyd George.

is attacked by Bulgaria. Serbia expects to be attacked by the Bulgars. All the signs point that way. Germany expects to help Turkey through Bulgaria and by the smashing of Serbia to something resembling a grease spot. The Allies, believing that Serbia was to be attacked by Bulgaria, landed troops in Greece, the ally of Serbia, not counting it a breach of Greek neutrality. The Allies began the attack on the Dardanelles last March, relying upon Greek assistance and perhaps Bulgarian co-operation. Because it looked as though the Greek people would side with the Allies, Venizelos, at the head of the war party, was compelled to resign. He had been bedevilled by this weak monarch who owed to Venizelos not only his throne, but the reformation of the army, the navy and the State. When a few months ago the Greek people re-elected Venizelos and put the war party at the head of the nation, it became necessary for Germany to play a few cards with Constantine, whose wife, the German, decided that the day must come when Venizelos should be deposed. The day came last week. The man of the people went out, knowing that the people and most of the army were with him.

Industrializing France

M. ALBERT THOMAS, Minister of Munitions in France, is a pioneer in munitions. When Russia's bureaucrats were crippling the Russian army by providing wrong ammunition and rifles or none at all, Thomas was organizing the foundries and factories of France into a great national system against Krupp. When England was sending shrapnel and having labour disturbances and fights over workmen getting drunk at the nation's expense, the machine under the control of M. Thomas was quietly turning out high explosives and some of the greatest guns in the world, the deadly 75's.

France is the only Allies nation that from the beginning of war had its munitions output organized on any such scale as Germany's. In spite of French Socialism, political corruption before the war and unpreparedness in almost every military department. M. Thomas has had no such task as Lloyd George has had in organizing the factories and foundries of England. France knew, as M. Thomas knows, that the war would be won not by military tactics, but by industrial organization. He knew that Krupp in this war was a bigger fact than the Kaiser. He knew, also, that France is not a great industrial nation like Germany, Great Britain and the United States. Early in the war Germany got control of the chief industrial region of France. But the French army has never badly lacked munitions; to-day the French army is as well-equipped with the machinery of war and the French nation has become industrial for war purposes. Other patriots may revel in pure ideas, oratory and poetry. M. Thomas, in his munitions office, knows that somewhere in France there is a thick, unemotional engineer man called Joffre. Joffre wants munitions. M. Thomas supplies them. And if he lets up one day for a strike or a squabble about drink or labour conditions—he hears promptly from Joffre.

BLOODIEST MASSACRE IN AGES

With the Personal Experiences of a Woman Who Suffered

By NORMAN PATTERSON

of age. By my side were killed two priests, one of them over ninety years of age. These bandsmen took all the good looking women and carried them off on their horses. Very many women and girls were thus carried off to the mountains, among them my sister, whose one-year-old

in the war, and these were going to Constantinople. One of these women made a sign to one of the gendarmes to kill a certain Armenian whom she pointed out. The gendarmes asked her if she did not wish to kill him herself, at which she said 'Why not?' and, drawing a revolver from her pocket, shot and killed him. Each one of these Turkish hanums had five or six Armenian girls of ten or

NO recent news quite equals in thrill and horror that which comes from Turkish Armenia. Throughout the civilized world has run a shudder which has never been equalled—not even by the tragic story of Belgium's suffering. Britain is helpless to stop this useless slaughter; and the United States, which is interested because Armenia has been the particular field of the American Missionary, is still obsessed with peace-at-any-price ideas.

Armenia has been the scene of the world's most brutal massacres at various periods since 1893 when some of its leaders tried to revolt from Turkish rule. In that year a number were killed. Another massacre took place in 1895, and others in 1896. Great Britain, France and Russia did all they could to stop the slaughter, but nevertheless nearly 30,000 perished. Those who suffered were the Armenians in Turkey, but those under Russian or Persian rule escaped. Most of the unfortunates were Gregorian Armenians, the Greek Christians and the Roman Catholics being pretty much unmolested.

In this new slaughter by the Turks, which has proceeded since last May, and which is probably the bloodiest and most barbarous event in the history of the world, some 600,000 people are said to have perished. Since the beginning of May the Unspeakable Turk seems to have been taking a vengeance upon these Christians which is without parallel. Viscount Bryce says that in one afternoon 10,000 Armenians were taken out of Trebizend on board ships and thrown overboard. He also tells of women having been stripped naked and driven at the head of Turkish troops until they went mad. The Turk seems to be more than a half-brother to the Hun.

A report on these atrocities has been compiled by a committee of prominent Americans, including such men as Charles R. Crane, Oscar Straus, John R. Mott and Professor Dutton. This report, published last week, contains a story which is more blood curdling than anything ever penned by man or devil, not excepting that of the Huns in Belgium. The men have been bastinadoed to death, shot and drowned. Despite the efforts of the many American missionaries, women and children have been slaughtered in thousands and the young girls carried off into a slavery that is worse than death itself.

ONE of the most striking accounts of the atrocities is the testimony of a widow, whose family, once wealthy, has been reduced to worse than poverty. Her name has been carefully concealed by the committee, to which her narrative was told. As reported by the committee this woman states in her testimony:

"A week before anything was done to —, the villages all around had been emptied and their inhabitants had become victims of the gendarmes and marauding bands. Three days before the starting of the Armenians from —, after a week's imprisonment, Bishop — has been hanged, with seven other notables. After these hangings, seven or eight other notables were killed in their own houses for refusing to go out of the city. Seventy or eighty other Armenians, after being beaten in prison, were taken to the woods and killed. The Armenian population of — was sent off in batches; I was among the third batch. My husband died eight years ago, leaving me and my eight-year-old daughter and my mother extensive possessions, so that we were living in comfort. Since mobilization began, the Commandant has been living in my house free of rent. He told me not to go, but I felt I must share the fate of my people. I took three horses with me, loaded with provisions. My daughter had some five-lira pieces around her neck, and I carried some twenty liras and four diamond rings on my person. All else that we had was left behind.

"Our party left June 1 (old style) fifteen gendarmes going with us. The party numbered four or five hundred persons. We had got only two hours away from home when bands of villagers and brigands in large numbers, with rifles, guns, axes, &c., surrounded us on the road and robbed us of all we had. The gendarmes took my three horses and sold them to Turkish moudhadjirs, pocketing the money. They took my money and that from my daughter's neck, also all our food. After this they separated the men, one by one, and shot them all within six or seven days—every male above fifteen years



First picture of Armenian refugees from district of Vau in Caucasia, protected by Russian troops. Other refugees have fled to Greece and Egypt. But at least 600,000 have perished miserably.

Medem Photo Service.

baby they threw away. A Turk picked it up and carried it off, I know not where. My mother walked till she could walk no further and dropped by the roadside on a mountain top. We found on the road many of those who had been in the previous sections carried from —; some women were among the killed, with their husbands and sons. We also came across some old people and little infants still alive, but in a pitiful condition, having shouted

their stench. On this road we met six women wearing the feradje and with children in their arms. But when the gendarmes lifted their veils they found that they were men in disguise, so they shot them. After thirty-two days' journey we reached —.

This tragic story is only one of many that the committee has collected. But it is enough.

Barnum's Great Joke

THE late P. T. Barnum had a keen sense of humour, and delighted to play a practical joke. Keene, the great American tragedian, was playing "Richard III." in San Francisco at the same time as the "Only and Original Greatest Show on Earth" was in the city.

One night, when the well-known sentence was uttered, "A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!" out from the wings, there issued forth a quadruped that struck the audience dumb—a veritable living skeleton, with sprung knees and staring ribs striped with all the colours of the rainbow. A large card, bearing the legend, "How's this, sonny? P. T. Barnum," was fastened above the animal's head.

It was the best "ad." "P. T." ever issued; but it cost him hundreds of dollars to "square" things.

Pay by the Length of the Tail

ON the highway between Dieppe and Gournay, France, there is an interesting wayside inn that never fails to attract the attention of travellers who journey over the road. Nailed over the door of the inn there is a notice that reads: "Horses boarded here. Rates—Horse with a short tail, fifty centimes a day. Horses with a long tail, 1 franc."

No one could understand a discrimination among horses based on the length of their tails until a reporter for a Paris paper questioned the proprietor, and later published the explanation in his newspaper. The honest old inn-keeper gave an amusing but logical answer to the reporter's question.

"Why, that's very simple," he said. "A horse with a short tail is very much bothered by flies and gnats. He is kept so busy driving them off with his head that he naturally cannot eat much. A horse with a long tail does not need to use his head to keep off flies, but can busy himself eating. In that way he eats much more than the other. Therefore, it is only logical that I should charge a higher rate for his board."

The inn-keeper's argument surely sounds reasonable.



A group of Armenian women refugees—these were lucky enough to reach Russian territory.

their voices away. We were not allowed to sleep at night in the villages, but lay down outside. Under cover of night indescribable deeds were committed by the gendarmes, bandsmen and villagers. Many of us died from hunger and strokes of apoplexy. Others were left by the roadside, too feeble to go on.

"One morning we saw fifty to sixty wagons with about thirty Turkish widows, whose husbands had been killed

THE BONAR LAW EXAMPLE

By THE MONOCLE MAN

THE spectacle of Mr. Bonar Law, rising gratuitously in his place in Parliament to assure the Liberals that he and his fellow Tariff Reformers proposed to take no advantage of any tariff legislation—which the Government might find it necessary to adopt in war-time—to strengthen their case for Tariff Reform after the war, gives us a concrete object-lesson in what the British people mean by a party truce. All the public men in the United Kingdom are to-day concentrating on one object only—the winning of the war. All the public men in France, Italy and Russia are doing the same thing. In Belgium and Serbia, this need is so tragic that it is not necessary to even call for such concentration.

IN Canada, a party truce should be much easier to secure. We have few issues here worth bothering about. When we contrast our little petty, personal politics with the deep and wide questions of genuine difference which divide the parties and groups in Europe, we cannot think without shame of our continuing to bicker over them when our European fellow-fighters in the common cause of liberty have so generously and effectively bridged their gaping differences. And our politicians would very quickly cease any such sordid squabbling over their well-worn and superficial shibboleths if our people were as ready to swiftly and crushingly condemn such unpatriotic self-seeking as are the peoples of Europe. Imagine what would have been the fate of Mr. Bonar Law if he had indulged in a sly chuckle over the Tariff Reform features of Mr. McKenna's budget instead of promptly and on his own initiative disavowing any intention of making party capital out of the tragic needs of the nation, either now or in the future!

ONE cannot say often enough that the chief sinners in the case of all political peccadillos are the people—not the politicians. What are politicians anyway?—to be quite frank. Are they not merely merchants of public policies? We have been too long under the obsession of the old oligarchic and aristocratic theory that our public men were great and high-minded leaders who loftily marshalled the purblind and thick-headed people in the right direction. They were, we thought, statesmen—men of superior intelligence—gifted demi-gods who conferred wisdom upon the plain people. That is a theory which may once have had the sanction of being about the only plausible excuse for the class tyranny exercised so profitably by the people who preached it. If they had not pretended to be superior to ordinary human beings, the aforesaid ordinary humans would never have lain prostrate while their "natural leaders" exploited them.

WE know better now. We know that our politicians are by no means superior to the average run of us. In fact, we know that in many regards they are distinctly inferior. About the only superiority they possess is that of being good salesmen of public policies. They have the gift of the gab which goes with all good salesmen. They have skill in making a public policy, which they desire to seduce the people into accepting look like a profitable investment for the said people—i.e., for the prospective purchasers. But are their motives better than ours? Are they more unselfish and patriotic? We know that they are not. We know, in fact, that the vast majority of them are quite prepared to "stock" any public policies which they think will be popular—i.e., will sell well. They are pure vendors of popular notions in Governmental goods; and it is we—the plain people—who decide which of those "goods" shall be popular.

WE should no more—and no less—blame the politician for the goods he sells than we do the shoe vendor or the grocer. In all three cases, there is an honest effort, as a rule, to "stock" the sort of politics or shoes or groceries for which there is—or is likely to be—a popular demand. Occasionally a shoe-vendor attempts to put on the market a shoe which he thinks the people ought to wear for their own sakes. That is, he proposes to lead public opinion—not follow it. And he proposes to lead it in the direction of the greatest public good. Well, it all depends on how good a guesser he is. If the people take to his sane and healthy shoes, he wins. If they don't, he loses—and is an obedient follower of public taste ever after. Else he becomes a bankrupt and retires from a shoe-selling life. So with the public man who insists upon "stocking" public policies which are too good to be popular.

SO what this nation needs to-day is—not a more patriotic breed of public men—but a more alert and responsive patriotism on the part of the people. We should make it absolutely fatal for a

public man to be even suspected of playing politics during the war. In fact, we should have them competing with each other in trying to convince us that they are not even thinking of their blessed parties while our boys are dying for us in Europe. We want to see more of the Bonar Law spirit at Ottawa. And we can get it if we make it plain that we will remember the contrary against any sinning, self-seeking, party-serving political blind-pup who may stumble into a piffling partizanship which is quite

How to Get a Drink in Saskatchewan

By A CYNICAL CONTRIBUTOR

TO the traveller journeying across Canada in a luxuriously appointed transcontinental train with a dining car and a wine list from which he may select the bottle of ale or the glass of wine which his habits and tastes demand, there is something ominous in the tiny message



J. F. BOLE.
Master of Drinks.

across the bottom of the card, "No intoxicating liquors sold on this train in the Province of Saskatchewan." He wonders, if he knows nothing of the new Saskatchewan liquor law, how the men living in or visiting this province get their stimulants. Is it possible that a man may no longer buy a glass of beer or wine in Saskatchewan?

Breakfast sees the traveller well into the Province which has become to him a curiosity. He doesn't need a stimulant at that hour, but he does want enlightenment. He steps from the train at the Regina depot and prepares to pace up and down the platform for the ten minutes wait. Like Diogenes with his lantern, our traveller is on the alert; he wants to see a man who knows how to get a drink.

Luck is with him in his research work. It requires no expert opinion to decide that the well-dressed man into whom the crowd has jostled him, is one who knows all the luxuries of life. Verily this man has had the opportunity, and but recently, of getting at least one glass of beer, and this but 10.30 by the city's local time! The curious one promptly faces about and follows the promising quencher of his thirst for information. An open space at the far end of the platform and a convenient rail offer opportunities of conversation, and adroit handling brings the conversation to the desired subject.

"Can a man get a drink in this city now?" the question is asked, as politely as if the evidences to the contrary were nowhere available. The answer is prompt.

"Certainly; all he needs or a little more."
"I don't quite understand," the bewildered traveller stammers. "I thought your liquor act had banished opportunities of drinking."

"So it has, so it has. Man's got to get his drink in a private house now if he keeps the law, but it isn't much of a trick to get enough liquor there to get good and drunk on. Any man's entitled to buy 4 gallons of beer and 1 quart of whisky or brandy, or 2 quarts of wine any day, except Sunday, at either of the two Government dispensaries here in town. Now, if he's looking forward to a bit of a spree he can order that supply every day and save it up. More than that, he can get some of his friends to get the same supply, see?"

The traveller glances at his watch. He doesn't want to lose his train, but he does want more light. "But does the system improve conditions? What are its advantages?"

"Stops the waste of good liquor in treating men that don't want it. Four hundred and five hotel bars and seven club licenses in this Province were taken away in April, and the booze business is now run in twenty-three dispensaries. The Act allows for 80 if the people vote for them. Used to be 13 hotels and 2 club licenses here, also 5 wholesale stores. Now, Regina has two fine government dispensaries. New system's more dignified; man gets drunk in his own home."

The jingling of the station bell causes the traveller to move toward his train, but his companion has got warmed to his subject and follows him up.

as pro-German in its effects as any Hearst or hyphenated Germanism in the United States.

THE best asset that a public man can possibly possess after the war is over, will be a record of war-service for his country. That will not be confined to going to the front. Many of our most prominent public men cannot do that. The veto of the passing years forbids. But we can all serve this nation in this war business right where we stand. We can concentrate on winning the war, and let all lesser matters go to the rear until this one task is accomplished. Business men can subordinate business; and politicians can subordinate politics. If we are Liberals, let us fight for the fine Liberalism of the Allies. If we are Conservatives, let us fight to conserve the national bulwarks of liberty.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

"Bole's head of the dispensary system. Used to be M. L. A. for this town; now he's Master of the Drinks for the Province. Nice little job, good till Government kicks him out; wouldn't object to it myself. Got some queer dubs in to run the dispensaries, though; couple of retired parsons among them who want to throw their preaching in with the 4 gallons and the quart long neck. Some chap wrote verses about the Prince Albert parson. They wound up with,

"Fifty bucks came in to-day,
Pull down the blinds and let us pray."

The loquacious one continues to talk, but can be heard no longer, for the train pulls out, taking with it a traveller who must go all day long without the sight of a corkscrew or a cherry, but who realizes that he has no one to blame for that state of affairs but himself. It was no one's fault but his that he had not employed his ten minutes in the Queen City in a visit to one of its two liquor stores.

Financier and Soldier

By L. F. KIPP

NOT many men have crowded more into forty-five years of life than Frank Stephen Meighen, who was elected a director of the Canadian Pacific Railway at the thirty-fourth annual meeting held in Montreal last week. In times of peace the president of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company and a millionaire patron of grand opera; in war times a military enthusiast serving with the colours at St. Julien and all the battles in which the Montreal soldiers fought in Flanders last winter and early spring and now a Brigadier-General raising a new battalion to serve overseas.

Frank Stephen Meighen is an Ontario man, having been born at the ancient town of Perth, on December 26, 1870. His father was an Ulster man; his mother was a Scot. He was educated at Perth and



BRIG.-GENERAL F. S. MEIGHEN,
A new director of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

at McGill University. After a year with the Robert Reford Company, he joined the Lake of the Woods Milling Company, of which his father was the president. He rose steadily through various positions until he became head of the concern. In addition to his position with that company and his new one as a director of the Canadian Pacific Railway, he is a director of the Bank of Toronto, president of the New Brunswick Railway Company, and also of the Montreal Opera Company. He is one of the largest shareholders of the North-West Land Company. He is also a member of many clubs in Montreal, London and Narragansett Pier.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

As We See Others

Made-In-Canada

WE were talking, the other day, about buying Canadian manufactures, when a woman who prides herself on her smartness of attire said: "There are certain things you simply cannot get in Canada—that is, if you wish to wear the best."

We admitted that she was quite right with regard to one or two items mentioned, and then one of us, who is most earnest in the campaign for Canadian goods, said: "At least, we should give everything Canadian a fair trial and even make suggestions where we think improvements might be made. We can help wonderfully by encouraging our own manufacturers. I have often been ashamed of the carelessness of Canadian women in regard to their own productions."

Americans have been very much the same," said an older woman. "It is the natural dependence of a new country on the old in matters beyond everyday needs. Look at the way in which American women have worshipped at the shrine of Paris!"

"But Paris is an Ally," protested the patriotic lady. "She is a wonderful centre of fashion, and perhaps, always will be."

"Yet the New York authorities have been trying



THE ITALIAN CROWN PRINCE.

Who had the thrilling experience of a visit to the front, and received his first impressions of "real" war. The little Prince, who is eleven years of age, and is the idol of the Italian people of every class. He is very fond of outdoor sports, is an excellent horseman and is here seen in the uniform of the Boy Scouts.

to have a change—and all in vain," said the older. "Well, I am going to ask for the Canadian article," said the former, "but if it isn't up to the mark, I'll let them know about it."

Town Planning

THE boast of Topsy, that she "just grewed," may be made concerning most towns. However, for many years, there has been a movement in favour of more careful municipal development, with

special reference to the picturesque and symmetrical. In Canada, our Capital has made a serious and successful effort to have a central square, bounded by beautiful buildings. The new station of the Grand Trunk Railway makes the Toronto woman sick with envy, as she reflects on the barbaric confusion and desolation of the "Union," and the Chateau Laurier is an architectural triumph which makes glad the heart and the eyes of the modern tourist. Toronto has aroused to a consideration of civic beauty and even Montreal has been known to admit a need for street-cleaning. In the West, there is an excellent opportunity for town-planning, as the new communities have a great and abiding pride in the appearance of "our city." Edmonton, for instance, has planned for a true City Beautiful, and is anxious that every advantage should be taken of the natural beauties of river and avenue.

"Town planning," said a Canadian woman ruefully, "it's world-planning that we'll be doing after the war."

"We're not responsible for the world," said a wise man, comfortingly. "God made that, and He will guide. But man makes the towns and ought to plan them better."

Melba, the Munificent

CANADA has always given a welcome to Madame Melba, the great Australian singer, whose name is adopted from that of the city of Melbourne, and who has been a worthy daughter of the Commonwealth, where West meets East. The present visit of the Australian cantatrice has won her a personal place in Canada's esteem, higher even than the artistic triumphs which she has always known. This time, in Canada, Melba is singing for the soldiers. Already, in her native land, her concerts have raised more than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the Red Cross Society. In this country, Madame Melba, singing under the immediate patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, is giving a series of concerts for the benefit of the Red Cross with the happiest results, from both artistic and financial standpoints. The concert in Massey Hall, on October 4th, was an event to be remembered by every one of the thousands who packed that auditorium. The prima donna, who led in "God Save the King," as the pipers stood in gallant array to left and right, was at her brilliant best that evening, and gave us lavishly from her melodious treasury, with the rich, haunting sadness of Tosti's "Good-bye" as the final song. When Mr. Dunstan presented the singer with the roll of life membership in the Canadian Red Cross Society, and a lame soldier came slowly forward with the tribute of roses, red and white, in the emblem of that saving work, Toronto sent up such cheers as come from the depths of a sorely-trying but dauntless heart. When we gave three cheers for our sister Commonwealth, it seemed as if a treaty were suddenly made between the Capital of Ontario and the Antipodean city of Melbourne.

Curiously enough, as the hall echoed with the cheers of loyal British subjects, there came back the memory of another concert—a state affair in the October of 1901—when Calve sang to a crowded Massey Hall, while in a royal box, there sat a fair-haired Duke and his consort, who are now King George and Queen Mary of the British Isles and the overseas Dominions. How little we thought, on that October night, fourteen years ago, that the time would come, when Massey Hall would listen to "God Save the King," sung in an hour of the Empire's direst need, with a world-conflict raging across the sea! In those days, we were wont to hear that the valour of the "good old days" had fled; but we have lived to see such headlong heroism on the part of Canadian soldier lads as proves, in the bitterest hour, the quality of the breed.

Madame Melba is doing a gracious, womanly and loyal act in offering her services to the cause of the Red Cross in Canada.

ERIN.

The Little Prince Who Saw War

WHILE most boys in the quiet corners of the earth were once more settling down to September, school and study, far off in Italy a little lad of eleven years of age was starting on one of the most thrilling experiences of his short career. To visit the front and see something of the military life, had for a long time been the wish dearest to



LADY BORDEN.

A new and charming portrait of the mistress of "Glensmere," Ottawa, whose time, for many months past, has been largely devoted to the furtherance of all patriotic work, and in particular that of the Red Cross. A meeting of the Hebrew Ladies of Ottawa was recently addressed by Lady Borden on "The Needs of the Red Cross."

the heart of Prince Humbert, the small son of the Italian King, and heir apparent to the throne. Permission was finally granted and with his tutor, the little Prince departed on a visit to his Royal Parent at the firing line. A dispatch says:

"The Prince was greatly enthusiastic about his visit and related on his return that he had made the acquaintance of a lot of soldiers, with whom he had promised to exchange picture postcards and that, altogether, he had a 'great time' while in their midst. On his way thither he was shown the wonders of Venice, and amongst other things enjoyed his first gondola ride on the Grand Canal. The Venetians gave the little fellow a warm welcome, as did also the people of Milan, which city he passed through on his way back. The young Prince is a lovable boy, and is the idol of the Italians of every class. He is exceedingly fond of outdoor sports, and is a splendid 'horseman,' horseback-riding being an exercise in which he is particularly encouraged by the King."

From Here and There

IN her recently completed eight-week tour of Australia, Madame Melba raised the enormous sum of \$152,000 for the Red Cross Society.

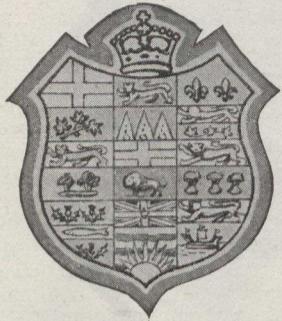
The London Local Council of Women have sent a request of Lord and Lady Aberdeen asking them to spend a few hours in that city during their tour of Canada. In the event of their doing so, it is hoped that an arrangement may be made whereby Their Excellencies will open the Soldiers' Convalescent Home in South London.

Mrs. D. McLean, wife of Colonel McLean, was recently unanimously elected Regent of the Winnipeg Garrison Chapter, I.O.D.E., which office Mrs. S. B. Steele has lately been obliged to resign. Mrs. Steele's lengthy, if not permanent, stay in England prevents her continuing her duties.

The White House is once more to have a mistress. Mrs. Norman Galt, whose engagement to President Wilson was made public a few days ago, has announced the fact that the marriage will take place early in December in her own home. The President and his fiancée made their first public appearance together since the engagement has been made

(Continued on page 20.)

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A Palpable Hit

HON. T. W. MCGARRY is a man accustomed to hard-hitting political controversy. Therefore, when the Treasurer of the Province of Ontario makes a recruiting speech, he uses neither trite nor emasculated phrases. He made a palpable hit the other night when he told a Toronto audience this:

"Don't think because you give a little girl twenty-five cents for a rose that you have saved the Empire."

Trafalgar Day

NO one will criticize the appeal which the British Red Cross will make throughout the Empire on Trafalgar Day. This organization has done much to relieve distress among the soldiers of all the Allies. It is cosmopolitan and as such deserves our support.

This is the first appeal of the Society to the Empire overseas. For this reason the response should be generous. Ontario undertakes to collect at least half a million. If the other provinces give in proportion, the total should reach two million dollars.

Let every one help. There should be no waiting to be asked. Let every man and woman who can volunteer his services as well as his contribution.

Generous Toronto

AS a city, Toronto is a fine place in which to live. They have built a two million dollar technical school with a fine equipment. There is a gymnasium and they propose to supply the pupils with individual towels. When this idea came before the Board of Education, one trustee suggested ironically that they add bathing suits and slippers.

To cap the climax in generosity, the City Council refuses to allow the Militia Department to rent premises for the soldiers who will winter there. The City Council insists on paying the rents themselves, fearing that the Ottawa authorities may be a little short of the "ready" this winter.

To cap the cap of the climax, the City Council has assumed an obligation of twenty million dollars, by insuring 20,000 soldiers for \$1,000 each.

Is it any wonder that Toronto has reached its borrowing limit, and that its tax rate is higher than that of Manhattan, New York?

Canadian Bombast

A CANADIAN officer writes home to say that the British army at home lacks organization, and that the Canadian troops who arrive in England are not well treated. The second charge, if true, reflects discredit on our own headquarters staff in England, rather than on the British authorities.

With regard to the first charge—lack of British organization—there is probably some ground. But does it lie in the mouth of any Canadian to make it?

In fourteen months we bright, clever, resourceful, energetic, adaptable Canadians have equipped and trained 100,000 men. The training is not yet absolutely complete, but it is well under way. It takes more than twelve months' hard training to make a modern soldier. Britain's population is five and a half times that of Canada; therefore, if Great Britain did no more than we have done, they would have 550,000 men ready for battle. As a matter of fact, they have at least double that figure.

It is not necessary when discussing the ability of the Britisher to organize, to say with some foolish Canadians that Britain has three million men ready. She may have that number enrolled, but many of them will not be ready for service for another year, and some of them in eighteen months. But Great

Britain has over a million men, trained, equipped and ready, and that is twice the proportion of trained men, population considered, that Canada has.

We Canadians should take the beam out of our own eye before trying to take the mote out of the British eye.

More About Submarines

A NEW YORK despatch tells us that a Canadian-built submarine torpedoed the German warship Moltke in the Baltic a few weeks ago. This may be true. The same despatch states that ten of these vessels were built in Montreal from American designs, and that four of them journeyed under their own power as far as the Dardanelles, where they are now operating. This may be accurate also.

Canada is not allowed to know whether these stories, published again and again in the United States, are true. Just why our naval authorities take this attitude, no one knows. They are probably a bit timid about the attitude of their superiors in the Naval Department in London.

If it should turn out that these stories are true, Canada will be proud. To have helped the British

OUR NATIONAL OUTLOOK.

NEXT week the Canadian Courier will contain a special article on Canada's economic position. The writer analyses Canada's progress during the past twenty years, and attempts to forecast the commercial and industrial future. The prosperity of each individual citizen depends upon the prosperity and wisdom of the nation as a whole. Hence each of us should know just what economic policy is best in the interests of all the people. The striking upheaval of the past year makes it necessary for Canada to get a new point of view. This is the problem which will be dealt with in this special article.

fleet in this great struggle will be one cause for pride. To have proved that naval vessels can be built in Canada, and even in the province which has so long been intimidated by Mr. Henri Bourassa, brilliant journalist and dangerous agitator, will be another cause for pride.

From this new situation must flow a new naval policy for Canada, which will have the support and approval of all classes and parties. For years, the Courier has looked forward to that day—and the future looks bright and promising. Canadians will never be satisfied until they equal what the Australians have accomplished in strengthening the naval resources of a great naval Empire.

Placing the Blame

NEITHER the British nor Canadian Governments may be to blame for the high ocean rates which bring the cost of transporting a bushel of wheat from Winnipeg to Liverpool up to

52 cents a bushel. Neither of them may have been able to prevent it, because of the large number of ships required for admiralty purposes. Nevertheless, there is a considerable body of opinion which inclines to the belief that something might have been done to relieve the situation. If Britannia rules the waves and if all ships ply the Atlantic in safety because of the prowess of the British fleet, surely the British authorities are in a position to say that freight rates shall not be exorbitant.

If the British Government can say to manufacturers, "You must pay us fifty per cent. of your war profits," why can they not say the same thing to the British vessel owners?

That 52 cents rate is due to inaction on the part of some one, and eventually the blame will be put where it belongs. Canada is vitally interested and Canada will seek for the culprit until he is found.

The City of Salonica

SALONICA is the chief Greek seaport on the Aegean Sea. It is the gateway of the Balkans, the port through which flows traffic to Serbia and Bulgaria. To-day its streets echo to the tramp of French and British on their way north to assist our allies, the Serbs. Greece permits us to land, but refuses to assist us.

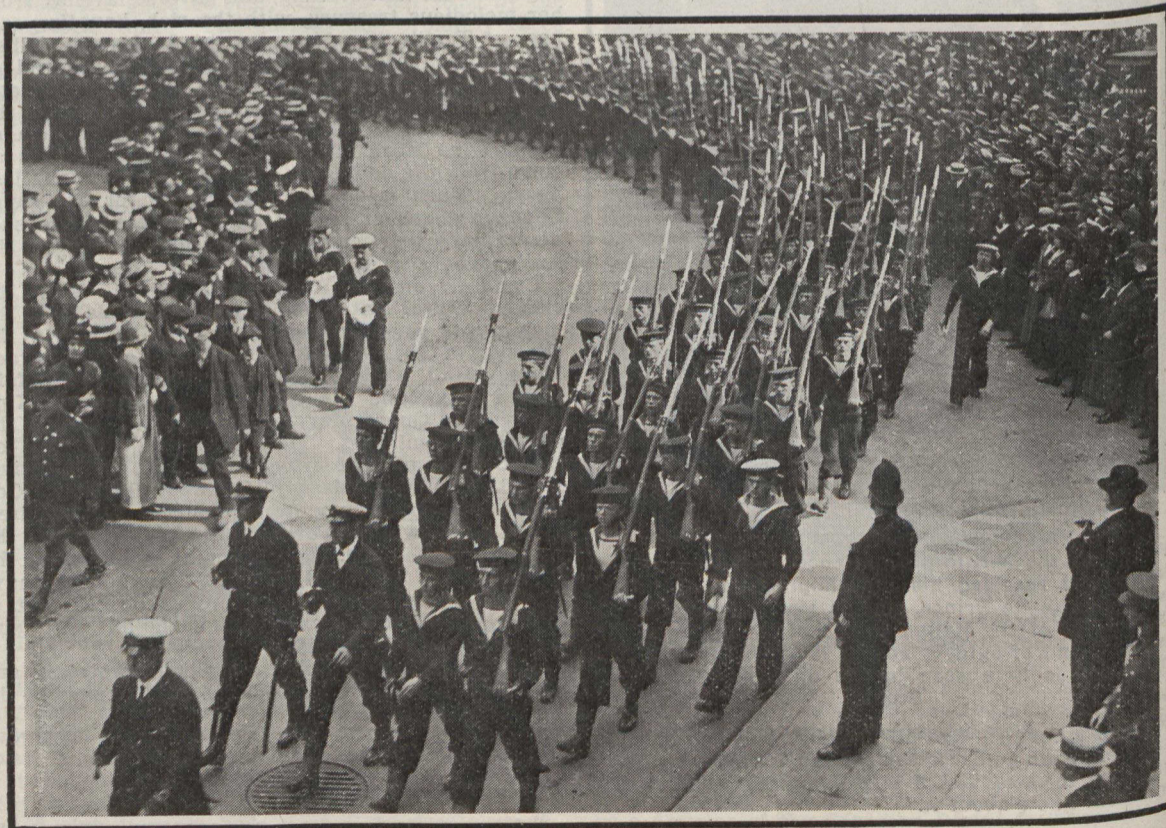
A lady who recently visited Salonica describes conditions there in an interesting contribution to the London Daily Chronicle. The following is a quotation:

"There were other indications that we were in a country which was close to and influenced by the great European struggle. Troops were being drilled in every available foot of ground; people stood in little groups at street corners earnestly discussing the latest telegrams, and even that confirmed idler, the cafe habitue of the East, might be seen reading with avidity, but with the inevitable cigarette, a late edition of the daily paper. The many street demonstrations and meetings showed that even in Salonica—a town in some degree of necessarily mixed sympathies—the Greeks at least were not content to be onlookers in the present struggle. My Greek friends express the hope that the next time they see me it will be as allies and not merely as friendly neutrals that they will greet me.

"Salonica presents a particularly interesting commercial spectacle. The prices are abnormally high, the retail stocks are of inferior and depleted variety—yet artificial prosperity reigns and every shopkeeper knows that he has the public at his mercy. The newcomer is naturally puzzled by this state of affairs, but he soon realizes that to-day Salonica is not merely the gate of the Balkans, but is their shopping centre as well. Foreigners, allies all, at present living in Serbia and Montenegro create a steady weekly demand for vegetable produce and the more perishable goods generally, and provide a market for many commodities which must have lain in Salonica shops for years.

"Seeing Salonica's commercial prosperity, its crowded hotels, and its quays lined with ships waiting to be unloaded, one felt that almost every inhabitant of Salonica must be on the high road to becoming a millionaire, but this prosperity is necessarily on the surface. The war has temporarily closed many overland routes, and this necessitates merchandise being shipped through Salonica. The boats bring compulsory visitors to the hotels, whose prices are ruinous in the absence of competition. The same reason enables the shopkeeper to sell his indifferent merchandise at enormous profit."

BLUEJACKET VOLUNTEERS INSPIRE LONDON CROWDS



The London division of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve marching through London to be inspected by the Lord Mayor. These are some of the men constantly being recruited for the Navy at various naval stations; part of the 50,000 new draft called for a few months ago. The Canadian Government started to organize a Naval Reserve in this country a couple of years ago, but so far the only results have been in British Columbia.

Sylvia's Secret

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

CHAPTER XX.

Love's Sacrifice.

SINCE the departure of Max Hamilton to the Continent, Miss Peggy Willoughby had given orders that the copy of "The Day," which was delivered each morning at the colonel's house in St. Anton's Avenue, should be brought to her room immediately it was received, which was about a quarter to eight o'clock. Since it was the paper on which her lover held so high a position, it was natural that she should take a special interest in it; besides, she expected to see some striking dispatch from him in its pages, in connection with his mission in Germany. On the morning of the day after that which had seen the arrest and imprisonment of Max at Treves, the paper was taken to her room as usual by one of the maids. Peggy was awake but somewhat sleepy, as she had gone to bed rather late. The maid drew up the blinds, but turned on the electric lights in the room as it was dull and foggy outside; she also gave Peggy a cup of tea—of which that young lady took a sip before looking at "The Day."

Having opened that journal at its middle pages, on which was published the most important news, the first thing she saw—it was printed in large capitals, set off by much white space, and instantly attracted the eye—was "SENSATIONAL ARREST OF OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, MR. MAXWELL HAMILTON, IN GERMANY. IN PRISON AT TREVES. 'A SPY.'"

With a gasp, and without reading further at the moment, Peggy laid down the paper, dazed and almost stunned by the suddenness of this announcement. Max in prison—a spy! It seemed beyond belief—yet his own paper said it was the case, and therefore it could hardly fail to be true; there must be adequate authority for its making such a statement.

Recovering from the first shock, Peggy took up the paper again and read what it said about her lover.

"Just before going to press we have received the subjoined telegram," said "The Day," in heavy small capitals, "stating that our well-known Special Correspondent, Mr. Maxwell Hamilton, has been arrested at Treves in Germany as a SPY"—this word was in large letters—"and thrown into prison."

"For the moment we make no comment on this extraordinary affair except to say, in the most emphatic manner possible, that Mr. Hamilton was abroad on an investigation that had been intrusted to his very capable hands by this journal, to which he was to send in due course the results of his inquiry."

Then followed the despatch. It recited at some length what had occurred in the smoking room of the "Hotel Porta Nigra," and epitomised the conversation which had taken place between Max and the young officer who had arrested him.

Next came a short account of Max's career; at the end of the paragraph reference was made to his accidental association with the murder of Sylvia Chase—a circumstance which had made his name familiar to such as had not known it in connection with authorship and journalism.

The article closed with the words, "Representations are being vigorously made in the proper quarters, and we do not doubt the immediate release of our distinguished Correspondent." The last sentence gave Peggy some comfort, but the news made her feel very miserable. "Max arrested as a spy," she said to herself painfully, over and over again. Of course, the German authorities had made a wretched mistake, a most stupid and

unpardonable blunder—Max certainly was not a spy! But she had heard of the tenacity with which the Germans stick to their ideas, and feared some considerable time might elapse before he was set free.

Peggy lay back on her pillows and closed her eyes for some moments, but her imagination was at work and she was seeing Max in his prison; her heart ached for him. How was he being treated? But whatever it was, she told herself with pride, Max would be meeting it like a man. The thought made her heart-ache easier to bear.

At breakfast the Willoughbys discussed the arrest from many points of view; the colonel denounced it as an outrage; his wife said she could not understand it—what had Max been doing? "His work," Peggy replied. Her father said he was sure the British Foreign Office would see that Max was liberated at once, and in the morning he called on the Permanent Under-Secretary, who told him that he had already communicated with the British Ambassador in Berlin on the matter and was doing everything that was possible. When the colonel said to the Under-Secretary he hoped that Max would be released that day, that official smiled, but dubiously.

"I hope so, too," he said, however, but the doubt was in his tone.

"You don't think so?" asked Willoughby.

"We are doing all we can," was the reply—which was not in reality an answer to the question. Colonel Willoughby, however, had to be content with it, and went sorrowfully to tell his Peg what he had heard.

The Foreign Office was doing all it could.

ON the previous evening a little before midnight Beaumont, the editor of "The Day," had received the despatch announcing the arrest. Among the men in the smoking room of the "Hotel Porta Nigra" who had witnessed the affair there happened to be a journalist on the staff of a local paper; knowing that he would be well paid for the telegram, he had risked the displeasure of the authorities and had written it.

Beaumont had sent special messengers to both the Foreign Secretary and the Permanent Under-Secretary, informing them of what had happened, and requesting them to use their best efforts to procure Max's release, or failing in that, to obtain a statement of the specific grounds on which he had been arrested. They had been as good as their word, and almost at the very time Willoughby was interviewing the Under-Secretary, the British Ambassador in Berlin was speaking on the same subject with the German Chancellor. Practically with no result; he was told the grounds for Max's arrest were sufficient to warrant it, but did not learn what they were; Hamilton, he was assured, would have a fair trial.

Later in the day the Foreign Office received a message from the Ambassador, giving the substance of his conversation with the Chancellor; this was immediately copied out and forwarded to "The Day," which, with some slight changes, published it in its next issue. It was through this medium that Peggy heard that it was likely that her lover might remain a prisoner for some time. Though it was what she had rather anticipated, she was made increasingly unhappy and wretched.

There had been references to the arrest in the evening papers on the previous day, but these were mere variations of the article which had appeared in Max's own journal. On the following morning, however, the matter was taken up by all the London and provincial papers, some of which had got despatches from their

correspondents in Germany dealing with the subject; none of these, however, added anything material to what was already known.

In the excited state of public feeling towards Germany, the arrest of Max Hamilton was like adding fuel to the fire. From all quarters of the country the British Government were urged to take strong action; in reply unofficial but authoritative statements were given out to the effect that the Foreign Office was taking the most active interest in the case.

There the matter ended for a time.

MANY days passed, and Peggy's spirits drooped. Only a short while before she had been so happy; she seemed to glimpse heaven. Now all was changed. She asked herself a hundred times a day if there was anything she could do for Max, and bewailed her powerlessness. Congratulations had been showered upon her such a short time ago. Now she had to listen to condolences, and though they were mostly sincere and sympathetic they yet galled. Was there nothing she could do for Max? The question haunted her constantly.

Amongst others Captain Hollander called at the house in St. Anton's Avenue during those days. Aware that he loved her, she looked to him for some comfort, but got none; she had strangely forgotten that when she had engaged herself to Max, she could not but have displeased Hollander; it never once entered into her generous soul to imagine that the latter was gloating over his rival's predicament and hugging himself because of it.

Peggy was alone the afternoon he called, and she began to speak at once of that of which her heart was full—Max in prison at Treves, with no date appointed for his trial, and the suspense of it all. At first Hollander murmured some words of sympathy, but they were as velvet over iron, for he next proceeded to wound her.

"It will be too bad," he said, with a great air of concern, "if Max is found guilty."

"But he's not guilty!" cried Peggy, quickly.

"I do not mean to imply that he was guilty, but only that such evidence may be brought against him as will lead to a conviction. That would be terrible for him!" His voice was softly veiled.

"What evidence can there be?" asked Peggy, indignantly.

"The Germans must think they have some, or they would never have arrested him; at least, that is how it looks to me," he said quietly.

"Oh, it's impossible!" Peggy exclaimed, with excitement; the fine colour flamed in her cheek; her eyes were stars. Hollander admired her, coveted her—loved her in his way. But he had made up his mind not to stay his hand that afternoon.

"I'm afraid that it's not at all impossible," he said. "There must be something definite against him. And if they do find him guilty, it's dreadful to think of what may be his fate." Never had his voice been softer—it seemed pervaded with his feelings for her.

"His fate!" Peggy said, with a choke; her face had gone white, and her eyes were troubled.

"Yes, his fate," repeated Hollander. "The Germans are determined to put down espionage in their country—do I not know it?" he asked, reminding her that one in his position in the secret service must be painfully cognizant of a fact like that. She listened intently as he continued pitilessly.

"I know what will happen to me when I am found out and taken as a spy," he said slowly. "I shall not be shot or hanged most probably; the best I could hope for would be to be

shut up in a fortress for years, perhaps for life."

"You mean to say that if Max is found guilty—" Peggy could not complete the sentence.

"Yes," he said, remorselessly. "It will be too bad, too bad!"

Peggy looked at him wildly. He had struck deep, but seemed unconscionable of it; his whole attitude expressed apprehensive regret.

"Is there nothing that can be done?" she asked, after a moment's intense silence. "Oh, I wish I could do something for him! Is there nothing you can do—you know Germany so well?" she cried. "You are believed to have powerful friends in Germany. Can you do nothing to save him?"

"To help him to escape—do you mean that?" he asked, suavely.

"Yes, yes," said Peggy, impulsively. "One has often read of such escapes, and some of them were true."

"I should say that to make one's escape from a German prison was just about the most difficult thing in the world," he replied.

Peggy wrung her hands.

"Can't it be attempted even?" she asked piteously.

"Not by me," he said, throwing off the mask brutally. "I thought you cared for me, Peggy, but you chose him. Why should you expect me to help my successful rival back to England and to you? I am not so magnanimous as that! I am no impossible hero of romance, Peggy."

He sprang to his feet, and stood in front of her.

"Yet I believe I might get him free," he said, bending his eyes upon her as she shrank away from him. "You stated just now that you wished you could do something for him; well, you can if you will."

"I can? Tell me what it is; show me the way," said Peggy, eagerly, as she rose to her feet, and faced him.

"Will you promise to marry me, Peggy, if I get him free?" he asked. "A little time ago you liked me well enough!"

"But I love Max," cried Peggy, amazed.

"Your love will let him rot in a German fortress!—is that what you mean? Think well, Peggy. I believe I can get him out of Treves, if he is still there, and across the frontier into Luxemburg; if I get him free, Peggy, will you marry me?"

"I do not love you—you are making me hate you. Would you marry me, knowing I hate you, Captain Hollander?"

"I would change hate into love, Peggy! For I love you—I love you!" There was passion in his tones. Then he repeated the question, "Will you marry me if I get him free?"

PEGGY looked at him desperately. Was this the only way by which she could help Max? She thought hard—and bitterly of this man Hollander. But Max's safety, his deliverance came first.

"Get him free," she said slowly.

"And you will marry me?"

"If you get him free," she said. "Now please go, Captain Hollander. Leave me," she added, in a low voice, "I can stand no more this afternoon. Meanwhile what has passed between us must be kept a secret—you promise that?"

"Yes," he said. "I shall come to see you before I start for Germany, Peggy."

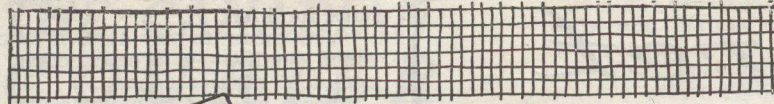
"No; don't do that," she said, sharply. "Leave me, leave me!"

CHAPTER XXI.

"Out of the Snare."

IT would be difficult to state what precisely was the subtle scheme in the mind of Captain Hollander when he told Peggy Willoughby that he believed he would be able to liberate Max Hamilton. But he had had arrived in Treves, which he reached within thirty-six hours after meeting her, when a meeting took place that seemed to indicate that he had no settled plan.

The meeting took place in the same side street that had been the scene of Max's fruitless hunt for Bertha Schmidt, and the person Hollander met was this very Bertha Schmidt. Anyone seeing them together would realize at once that they were not



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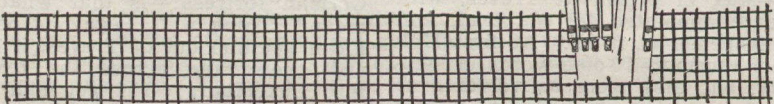
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strangers to each other, though the tone he took towards her was rather that of superior towards an inferior. Nor was this meeting accidental.

"You wished to see me, Bertha," he said to her. "I got your message. . . . told you I was coming here to-day?"

"Herman, my brother; he had heard of it, and he told me because he knew that I had something to ask of you," she spoke, humbly yet earnestly, and her eyes implored him.

"What is it?" he asked, shortly. "It must be important, I suppose, since there was so much hurry about it," he added.

"It is important—to me," she said, and looked at him wistfully.

"Tell me what it is," he commanded.

"There is the Englishman in prison here as a spy—"

"What is this, Bertha?" Hollander broke in, and gazed at her searchingly. "What have you to do with him?"

"I refer to the Englishman, Maxwell Hamilton," she returned. "He was arrested as a spy, as you know, and is in prison."

"What have you to do with him?" he asked again, with a frown. "How is it any concern of yours, Bertha?"

"HE saved the life of the child," she said, in a voice that was full of fervour and emotion; "he saved little Fritz from death."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Hollander. "What do you mean, Bertha, when you say that?"

Then she told him the tale of the rescue.

"I saw Fritz about to be run over by the motor-car," she said in conclusion; "I called to him, but he did not stir—I think he did not understand his peril; I thought he must die—that I should lose him after just seeing him again for a day after those years of absence from him in London! I was in agony, for I could do nothing to help him. And then this tall, dark Englishman jumped from the pavement, snatched him up, and got himself and Fritz clear! It was a splendid thing of the Englishman, for he was in the greatest danger too. For the sake of the child, you must see that the Englishman is set free."

Hollander said nothing, but his face was shadowed.

"For saving the child," she pleaded, and his face darkened still more deeply.

"And it was this that you wished to see me about?" he asked, impatiently, angrily.

"Yes; he saved the child's life. If you choose, you can have him liberated. He is not a spy; he is a journalist, as you well know. Tell them that," she said mysteriously, "and he will go free."

In her earnestness she had raised her voice.

"Hush," he said, sternly; "do not speak so loudly. But you are mistaken, Bertha; I can do nothing for him."

"Nothing!" she protested.

"Nothing at all," he said decidedly.

"That is not true," she retorted, with some boldness. "You can do much! Remember, he saved the child's life," she urged again. "I owe him that life—and you owe me something! If you will but speak the word, he will come out of prison that same day."

Hollander bent on her a brooding look.

"There are some things I cannot do," he said slowly.

"But this you can," she insisted.

He looked at her again; then suddenly he laughed.

"Perhaps, Bertha," he said; "it may be possible; I'll see what I can do for this Englishman who saved little Fritz. But if I find it impossible?"

"You will not."

He shook his head at her, still laughing.

"I cannot do everything, but I'll try in his case."

"Is it a promise?"

"Yes," he answered; "but its fulfilment must be in my own way and at my own time, Bertha." And he turned, and was making off.

"Why not now?" she asked, following him.

"Silence!" Hollander cried, imperi-

ously. "Enough!" And he waved her away.

She stood and gazed after him, and her eyes were heavy with disappointment.

"He does not intend to help this Englishman," she was thinking. "He is no friend of his; he wishes him to remain in prison—that is it."

Walking a few steps along the street in a direction opposite to that taken by Hollander she gained a doorway, where she halted.

"He is the Englishman's enemy," she was saying to herself. "Why?" She stood for a moment absorbed—trying to answer the question, and not finding the answer moved uneasily.

"I warned the Englishman—I knew there was something intended, something plotted against him, and I should not have cared but for Fritz. Now he must be saved. I must tell Herman." She opened the door gently. "We must save him to-night; I must pay my debt."

MAX HAMILTON, the "Englishman," who was still confined in the small room, with the barred windows, in the pile of military buildings to which he had been taken on the night of his arrest, had not forgotten Bertha Schmidt; he had thought much, indeed, about her. Through her he had caught his first glimpse of the solution of the mysteries that encompassed the murder of Sylvia Chase. The woman had been Sylvia's servant—that was true, he reflected, but she must have been much more than a servant, for she had proved to him, by the warning she had given, that she was possessed of a special knowledge no mere servant could have had.

He had very little doubt now, having carefully considered the facts, that Bertha Schmidt had been connected with the German secret service in England; he had equally little doubt now that Sylvia Chase had also been a member of it, and that it was from that source she had derived that part of her income, the origin of which was buried in such obscurity. He had not reached this conclusion all at once, for it was most repugnant to him to imagine that an Englishwoman could have played such a role.

But he had other subjects for his thoughts during the long, slow, monotonous and wearisome days of his captivity. At first he had anticipated that he would be speedily released, but the hope died away. What depressed him most was the absence of any news from the outer world. He had been examined by the old general several times, but without any results that were apparent. Max asked him if he was to be tried for espionage, and the answer had been yes, but when he inquired at what date his trial was to take place, he was made to understand that so long as he was safely shut up in prison there was no pressing hurry. The general assured him, however, that when it did come, he would be represented by competent counsel.

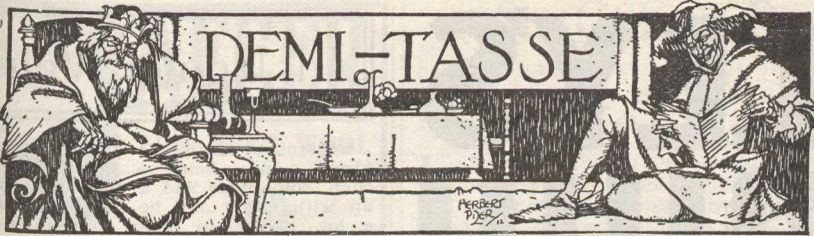
Meanwhile Max was not permitted to communicate with anyone, nor anyone outside with him. He saw only soldiers or officials connected with the barracks. There was nothing for it but to possess his soul with such patience as was possible in these trying circumstances.

Peggy was often in his mind—indeed, always; when not in the foreground of his thoughts, she was in the background, a source of strength and inspiration. But he longed to hear from her; a few lines, a few words from her would have made him happy even in his prison.

He was revolving his position moodily and darkly when in the most unexpected way he received a message; it came to him early in the evening of the day which had witnessed the meeting and the strange conversation between Captain Hollander and Bertha Schmidt, and it came from her. Instantly his mood changed to one of joy, but almost as instantly a doubt sprang up—was it a trap?

The message of hope, for such, on further reflection, he deemed it rightly to be, was contained in a letter

(Continued on page 21.)



Courierettes.

BY the way, what's become of the men who knew it all, and predicted that this war would last only three months?

When Lent comes round again, Germany should have no trouble observing it.

Among other "scraps of paper" might be cited the American oath of allegiance.

Also, Uncle Sam might take for his motto: "United we stand, hyphenated we fall."

They would rather be president than be right, down in Mexico.

We hear much discussion as to whether women should knit at the opera. Why not, if knitting does not interfere with conversation?

Luther Burbank has a chance to make himself a hero by producing a cheap substitute for wheat.

Carnegie and Rockefeller got \$2 per day for testifying before the Industrial Commission. Probably that was all their evidence was worth.

Iceland has become a prohibition country. Taken to the ice-wagon, we might say.

The secret of success in Mexico is to know when to let go of the presidency.

Price of radium dropped from \$120,000 to \$40,000 a gram. What a jolt for the high cost of living?

Among the ironies of the war is the title that G. Bernard Shaw gave his articles on it—"Common Sense About the War."

Perhaps the reason why the King takes a trip to France occasionally is to get some news of the war, and fool the censor.

So long as those Zeppelins continue to visit Britain, so long will British business continue to be looking up.

Pickpockets are becoming honest in New York because of lack of work. Brand new phase of the unemployment problem.

The cause of the war has been traced back to Luther. If they persevere they might yet blame it on Adam.

Even in Burlesque.—President Wilson's habit of sending "notes" to Germany every other week is now becoming a subject for merriment on the stage.

The other day a burlesque troupe, performing on a Canadian stage, were indulging in the usual horse-play and one comedian had just shot another, when a bright idea struck a third fun-maker. Peeping around the corner he yelled to the wounded man: "Send him a note."

The crowd got the jest and enjoyed it.

Interpreted.—"Go to war, men," cries Mrs. Pankhurst.

Being interpreted in the light of the late Gen. Sherman's definition of war, such an appeal might be deemed to border on the impolite.

The Duke and his Barber.—In official circles at Ottawa, they are telling a story which goes to show that the Duke of Connaught enjoys a little joke just like the rest of us—and is willing to pay for it.

There is an Italian barber in the capital. It is his duty to report at Rideau Hall promptly at 8 o'clock every morning to shave the Governor General, and make him ready for the day's duties. In the early months of the war, when there was great doubt as to Italy's attitude, the Duke and

his barber had many a keen debate as to the Italian policy. The Duke liked to chaff the tonsorial artist by predicting that Italy would not espouse the cause of the Allies. Finally he offered to wager a suit of clothes that Italy would not join in the war by a certain date.

The barber was confident that his country would declare itself on the right side and he took up the Duke's challenge. A few days before the date mentioned, Italy declared war on Austria. The barber visited one of Ottawa's smartest tailoring shops that same day. The joke was on the Duke and the suit was on the barber.

WAR NOTES.

The way of the neutral is also hard.

In this day of undersea warfare, it might be well for ships of neutral nations to paint their flag on the ships' bottoms.

Austria has been asking why Roumania is buying arms. Later on she may get her answer.

John Bull likes his roast beef rare, but the Hun submarines are not making it any rarer.

Uncle Sam has quite enough flags. All he needs now is guns, ships and soldiers.

In one sense, it's a blow below the belt when you cut off the foe's food supply.

Opera singers are coming from Europe to America. Do they hope to find harmony here?

Most of President Wilson's notes to the Kaiser seem to have been discounted.

Funny that while Europe is encouraging marriage, the United States has imposed a war tax on it.

It's Settled.—Down in New Jersey a woman got married the other day, but she insisted on the word "obey" being eliminated from the marriage service. It's a safe bet that hubby won't be boss of that house

Unnecessary.—It is admitted that a woman may easily make a fool of a man. Frequently, however, she doesn't have to try.

It's a Pity.—A scientist comes out with the statement that only one person in every 25,000 really thinks. What a pity that there are so few of us.

THE AMAZONIAN ARMY.

(Leading U. S. Statesmen say that the republic is not prepared to repel an armed invasion.)

Old Uncle Sam would now be wise to let the women aid

By getting up a Hat Pin and a Parasol brigade,

And when the foemen thirsting for his gore come marching by

He'll turn his Amazonians loose to jab 'em in the eye.

Honoured in the Breach.—Dancing master in New York announces that the rule in dancing this season is for a distance of four inches between partners. We fancy the rule will be honoured more in the breach than the observance. It's a fine rule when close relations dance together.

Rather a Hard Crack.—Floods in Russia wiped out a German regiment. The Huns have to go through both fire and water. We wonder what the Kaiser thinks of the Deity that wipes out his battalions like that. Wilhelm

must have lost connection with the skies.

Comfort Note.—Realizing that the winter is close at hand and resolving to keep warm at any cost, Anna Held and Gaby Deslys have bought brace-lets.

Heredity.—Teddy Roosevelt's daughter, Mrs. Nick Longworth, appeared in Chicago, wearing pantalettes. Being the daughter of her father, something like that was bound to happen.

Wise and Otherwise.

The best years of a pessimist's life are always behind him.

The uncertainty of life is perhaps best demonstrated by the sure thing.

Many a man convinces himself that he is born to command, and then goes and gets married.

Some people are so close that they won't even express an opinion without sending it collect.

Of two evils we are apt to choose the one we enjoy the most.

The wise man forgets his family tree and branches out for himself.

Flattery is the salt that we sprinkle on the tail of vanity.

A pessimist is the kind of a chap who would look for splinters in a club sandwich.

Right Back at Him.—"I have no flattering words to say of the American people," said Dr. Dumba in taking his departure.

"Same to you, doc, and many of them," replied the said American people.

Carried Unanimously.—Chicago has set aside a street on which automobile drivers may go for practice. Resolved that that street is a fine one not to live on.

A MOTTO AMENDED.

Many are called, but few are recalled, as Dr. Dumba said when he sailed away.

Going!—Gone.—Maine reports that the bull moose is disappearing in that state. Entirely gone in all the other states.

Quite True.—Very often the man who hollers loudest for a square deal would be terribly peeved if he got it.

A Clever Ruse.—The authorities of a town in New Hampshire sold the town jail for \$37 to be used as a chicken coop. Looks to us like a wily trick to entice the thieves there.

Hard on Tom.—We note that Vice-President Marshall, of the U.S., admits that he has made errors. His batting average is nothing to brag about either, so it looks in the language of the game, like back to the bush for Tom.

The Mexican Mix-up.—The fuss is still going on in Mexico. They all want to be president. But in Mexico, a man does not run for the presidency—he marches for it at the head of an army.

Modern Tendencies.—Customer—"Your rolls seem a little larger than usual to-day."

Baker—"Rolls? Why those are loaves."

Superfluous Grit.—During a particularly nasty dust-storm at one of the camps a recruit ventured to seek shelter in the sacred precincts of the cook's domain.

After a time he broke an awkward silence by saying to the cook:

"If you put the lid on that camp kettle you would not get so much dust in your soup."

The irate cook glared at the intruder, and then broke out:

"See here, me lad, your business is to serve your country."

"Yes," interrupted the recruit, "but not to eat it."

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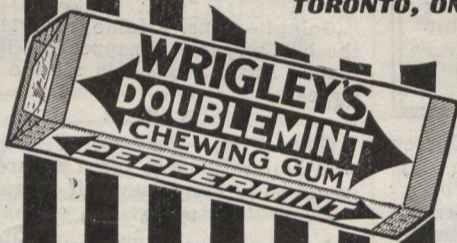
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In Lighter Vein

Beginning Early.—Jack disliked being kissed, and, being a handsome little chap, sometimes had a good deal to put up with. One day he had been kissed a lot. Then, to make matters worse, on going to the picture palace in the evening, instead of his favourite cowboy and Indian pictures, there was nothing but a lot more hugging and kissing.

He returned home completely out of patience with the whole tribe of women. After he had tucked into bed mother came in to kiss him good-night. He refused to be kissed.

Mother begged and begged, till in disgust he turned to his father, who was standing at the doorway looking on, and said:

"Daddy, for the love of Heaven, give this woman a kiss!"—Tit-Bits.

No Delay There.—In Montana a railway bridge had been destroyed by fire, and it was necessary to replace it. The bridge engineer and his staff were ordered in haste to the place. Two days later came the superintendent of the division. Alighting from his private car he encountered the old master bridge-builder.

"Bill," said the superintendent—and the words quivered with energy—"I want this job rushed. Every hour's delay costs the company money. Have you got the engineer's plans for the new bridge?"

"I don't know," said the bridge-builder, "whether the engineer has the picture drawn yet or not, but the bridge is up and the trains is passin' over it."—Harper's Magazine.

Hopeful.—The New Parson—"Well, I'm glad to hear you come to church twice every Sunday."

Tommy—"Yes, I'm not old enough to stay away yet."—London Opinion.

Thrift.—Old Dame—"You've had two penn'orth of sweets, my little man, but you've only given me a penny."

The Little Man—"Yes, but farver says one penny's got to do the work of two in war-time."—Punch.

In Merrie Old England.—"Oh, mother, I do think it unfair about the Zeppelin! Everybody saw it but me. Why didn't you wake me?"

"Never mind, darling, you shall see it next time—if you're very good."—Punch.

Blissful Ignorance. Though knowledge is power, it must be confessed,

Sometimes there is reason to doubt it; For in teaching a girl how to love it is best

To pick one who knows nothing about it.

—Life.

Cold-Blooded Marriage.

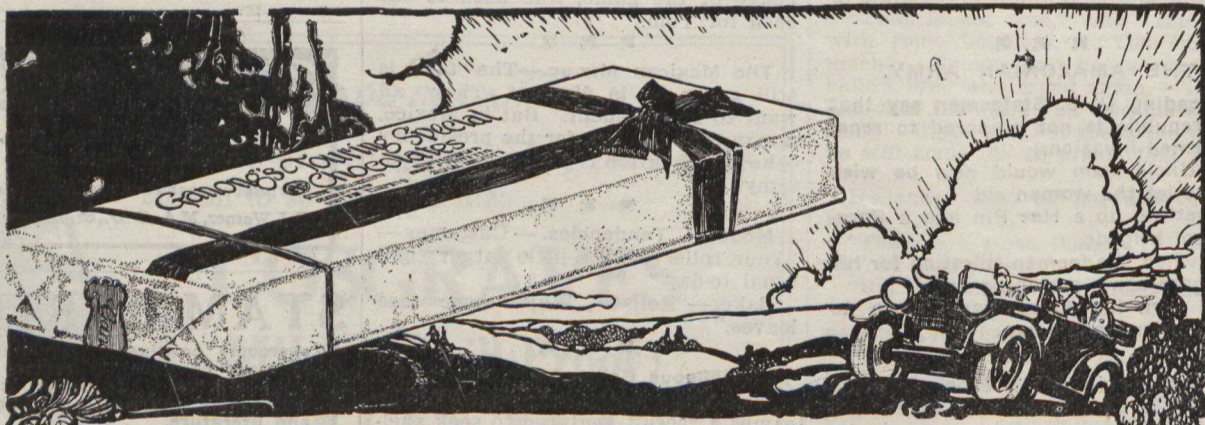
A GIRL in Montreal had a proposal of marriage recently and asked a week to consider it before filing her answer. She then organized herself into an investigating committee and commenced taking testimony from the married ladies of her acquaintance. The first one she visited used to be a belle and the most admired girl in the town before she was married six years ago.

The cross-examination brought out the fact that she had three children, did all her own work, including her washing and ironing, and hadn't been down town for four weeks, and that her husband had given her about \$2.00 since she was married, and that he had borrowed and forgot to pay back \$10 which her brother once gave her for a Christmas present. He bought a new overcoat with the money, while she wore the same plush coat she wore when he was courting her.

Another woman whom she visited quit teaching school three years ago to marry "the handsomest and best-dressed man in town," and she is now supporting him.

A third didn't dare say her soul was her own when her husband was around, though she used to write some lovely essays when she was at school on "The Emancipation of Woman," and the fourth woman she visited was divorced.

After visiting them and summing up the evidence she went home and wrote to the young man. She will be married to him next month.



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the blood of our valorous warriors, faithful sons of Britain and Russia—in these days you, our British brothers in the vast domain of art and thought, have addressed to us touching and perspicacious words of warm greeting, which have deeply penetrated our hearts and will never be forgotten.

You have told us how highly you esteem the work of our masters—Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Tourgheneff—and how their spirit is near and dear to you. We are proud of this your acknowledgment and appreciation, for their fire is the holy fire of our family hearth. But you have expressed more than your respect for their personal deeds; in their genius you have discerned features of our national character. You have penetrated the very substance of their creative force, which we, too, look upon as a criterion of our faithfulness to the great and living tradition. As essential properties or tendencies of the Russian soul, you have noted the deeply human feeling, the searching of the whole truth and equity, the neglecting of lower material values for the sake of spiritual values. We, indeed, believe that

never shall Russia recognize as her own anything in the sphere of art and thought which does not bear witness to this spiritual thirst.

Taught Freedom to the World.

But now how are we in our turn to express our gratitude for all that we have received from the soul of your nation? How shall we gather up this gratitude, which is widely dispersed among us and keenly felt, even though not yet uttered—this feeling of affectionate recognition in which many Russian generations have grown up? The genius of your people revealed to us, with ardent force and audacity, the infinite heights and depths of human nature, and all the secrets of the human heart through many representative spirits and, above all, through him, the great searcher of hearts, Shakespeare.

Your country, one of the oldest centres of European civilization, your people, who have taught freedom to all the world, have always been the object of our admiration. Accept this testimony of our gratitude and true friendship.

SHEER PROFIT

(Concluded from page 7.)

mine is an officer in the service of your husband's company, and therefore I felt it my duty to see you in secret, and warn you of what is intended."

"But how can you help me? I must see this man, Horton?"

"By all means, Lady Pattenden. And, if I may presume to advise you, I should purchase his silence, for without doubt Sir Herbert would be quite ready to pay him for his dastardly espionage."

"My husband is not that kind of man," she replied bravely.

"Ah! you do not know men. They become peculiar creatures when they suspect a woman."

She was again silent. What he had said was, alas! the truth. She saw that, at all hazards, she must be prepared to buy the silence of the eavesdropper. Those nights at Strath eagles she had hoped were forgotten, as she had already forgotten, yet her foolish indiscretion had arisen against her and might very easily wreck her happiness.

With the man Mausell she discussed a plan of action, admitting that she was ready to pay. Then he at last made a suggestion. He would prepare a document, which Horton should sign on receiving money, declaring that there was no truth in the allegations he had made, and further that he had spoken untruths concerning Lady Pattenden and Mr. Jerningham. Horton and he were to call at Upper Grosvenor Street on the following day at noon, and she would see them, her husband being absent at his offices in Liverpool.

NEXT day, punctually at twelve, two well-dressed men were shown into her ladyship's drawing-room by the smart man-servant, one of them being Mausell, and the other, younger and more smartly dressed, was Richard Horton, alias Grayson. The latter was introduced when her ladyship, looking a pale, wan, little figure in black—for she had spent a sleepless night—entered the room.

Without any preliminaries business was discussed.

"Her ladyship is prepared to deal with you fairly," Mausell said in a cold, business-like tone. "I have shown you the document. What do you want for your signature to it?"

"I'm prepared to remain silent, but I'll sign no document," replied the crook. "My intention has been to deal with Sir Herbert. I thought you said I was to see him?"

"No. I wish to come to terms with you," her ladyship said, looking him straight in the face. "There's surely no reason why my husband should be disturbed by this small affair."

"Not if you like to pay me."

"How much?"

"Five thousand pounds. It's surely worth it—especially as that man Jer-

ningham is a well-known thief."

"A thief!" cried her ladyship amazed.

"Yes," Mausell exclaimed. "I have discovered that he is unfortunately well-known to the police and only came out of prison last year."

Ethel Pattenden saw the terrible scandal which might result if the truth leaked out. Both men observed how she wavered, and how eager she was to end the whole business.

For a few moments the discussion grew heated, and Horton made many threats, until at last, pressed hard by Mausell—while the clever scoundrel Horton stood aloof—Lady Pattenden went across to the little writing-table, and there scribbled a cheque for five thousand pounds, while Horton, on his part, appended his signature to the precious paper.

A few moments later the pair in high spirits were hurrying in the direction of Grosvenor Square where they found a taxi, and drove down to the Carlton, where Jimmy Jerningham was awaiting them in the smoking-room.

The trio gleefully drank her ladyship's health, and then drove to Barclay's Bank in Vere Street, where Horton presented the cheque.

As they did so, two men entered the Bank. One was Sir Herbert Pattenden—whom Horton, of course, did not know.

The cashier handed over notes to Horton, in exchange for the cheque, when Sir Herbert's companion suddenly stepped up to Horton, and arrested him on a charge of blackmail, while outside three other detectives arrested the pair seated unconsciously in the taxi.

At the police-station it was made plain that Sir Herbert, having his suspicions aroused that his wife's newly-made friend was not exactly what he had represented himself to be, had returned secretly to Stratheagles and kept watch. He had seen his wife with Jerningham, and also seen the man Horton, whom he had followed to London, and eventually discovered to be a well-known "crook."

Observation had been kept upon his movements, and both Sir Herbert and the detective-inspector had been concealed behind a curtain in the drawing-room at Upper Grosvenor Street, and had listened to the scoundrel's threat of exposure, and had seen the poor, frantic woman draw her cheque to secure his silence.

An hour later, Sir Herbert, assuring Ethel of his complete confidence in her, revealed what he had done, whereupon she at once drove in her car to the police-station, and regardless of scandal, formally charged all three with conspiracy to blackmail, for which crime they were eventually sentenced at the Central Criminal Court to five years' penal servitude, which well-deserved penalty they are still undergoing.



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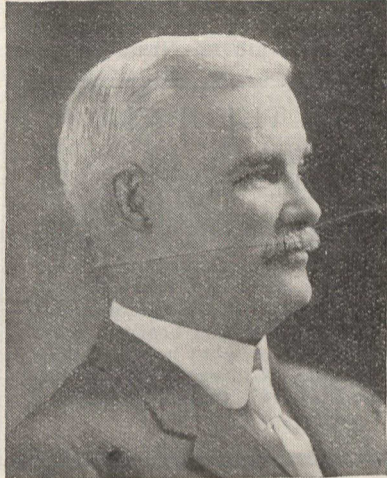
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MONEY AND MAGNATES

New Sun Life President

MR. T. B. MACAULAY is the newly-elected head of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada. That had been anticipated in financial and insurance circles for a long time—ever since, in fact, the rapidly failing health of Mr. Robertson Macaulay indicated that his life was fast nearing its end. So when he passed away in Montreal recently there was no surprise when, on October 5, his son, Mr. T. B. Macaulay, was chosen president of the company his father had led so long.



MR. T. B. MACAULAY
President-elect of the Sun Life Assurance Co.

fessor of the work and his worth is United States, but over the ocean as well. He has an international reputation as an actuary. He is a Fellow of the Institute of Actuaries of Great Britain, and also of the Actuarial Society of America. Twice he has been president of that body. Of the Royal Statistical Society of Great Britain he is also a fellow, while in 1900 he was elected vice-president of the United States and Canada of the International Congress of Actuaries. That was when the congress met in Paris. Six years later the same honour was conferred upon him when the meeting place was in Berlin. In 1914 Mr. Macaulay was elected president of the Canadian Life Officers' Association, a post he still holds.

Although his insurance duties are very onerous, he finds much time for other works. He is prominent in Congregational Church work in Montreal and in Men's Own Clubs.

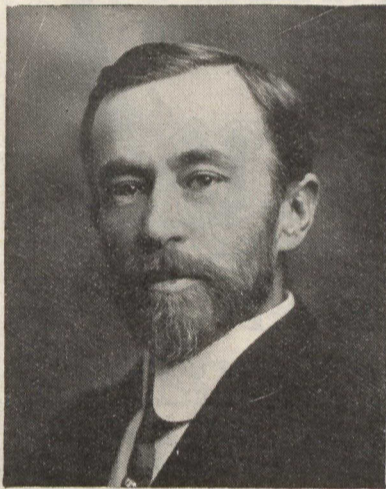
At the present time he is active in the work of completing the palatial head office of the Sun Life Assurance Company in Dominion Square, Montreal. The site for this building was purchased just before the great real estate boom, so that the investment was a money maker for the Sun Life.

The new president comes to his post at the age of fifty-five years. He was born in Hamilton, but when he was only a lad of fourteen years came with his parents to Montreal. Three years later he entered the service of the Sun Life. When he was twenty years of age he was an actuary of the company; 1891 saw him appointed secretary; in 1898 he was chosen a director; ten years later he was elected managing director and secretary.

In accepting the new post which he has won, not merely by the death of his father, but by his own untiring energy and sound business principles, he retains the managing directorship but relinquishes the secretaryship. That post has been awarded Mr. Frederick G. Cope, who has been assistant secretary and superintendent of agencies since 1908. He has been connected with the company in various capacities since 1889.

Mr. Macaulay is far more than a man in the insurance business. He is a pro-

recognized not only in Canada and the



MR. FREDERICK G. COPE
New Secretary of the Sun Life Assurance Co.

A Milling Company Does Well

MILLING companies find their profits affected by their luck in buying wheat when prices are low, and selling flour on a rising market. Nevertheless it is not all luck. The Western Canada Flour Mills Company, of which Mr. S. A. McGaw is vice-president and general manager, has had more than luck, judging by its balance-sheet. Only good management could produce profits in the year ending August 31st, 1915, which are in excess of each of the two previous years. The net earnings equalled eleven per cent. on the common stock. The mills of the company are at Winnipeg, Brandon and Goderich, and have a capacity of 10,000 barrels a day.

Financial Notes

BRITISH COLUMBIA'S leading packing corporation has issued two shares of stock for one. This is now quoted at half price. Here looks like a desire to unload on the public.

Some shrewd young financiers have accumulated a lot of Canada Cement common during the recent dull period. This stock was bought on an average of less than 28, the minimum on the stock exchange. Now they are proceeding to hand it to the public at 35. It is a lovely game if it works.

Most of the big steel and iron companies in this country are using their war profits to reduce their bank overdrafts and floating liabilities. They are not going to handicap their future by premature distribution of dividends. This may disappoint the speculators, but it is the wise policy.

Hon. W. T. White's address to the Toronto Board of Trade has steadied the nerves of business men everywhere. It was a splendid analysis of Canada's financial and commercial position, breathing optimism and yet advising caution and increased effort. His main point is that with increased exports Canada can weather any storm that is likely to hit us.

New York has a stock boom because the banks and exchanges have made a "free" market. In Canada, speculation and trading are limited because the banks refuse to remove the barriers that were erected last August. It would seem that the time has arrived for a "free" market in Canadian stocks, and the banks must soon yield to the pressure.

Do you buy what other wise men buy?

Blaisdell Pencils, for example?

The wise ones of the business world are "regular" Blaisdell customers. Among them we are proud to name:

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DuPont Powder Company.
Bradstreet's.

Back of the buying of these organizations are Experience, Caution, Shrewdness. They demand a hundred cents' worth of lead pencil for every dollar they pay us. **And they get it!**

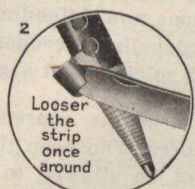
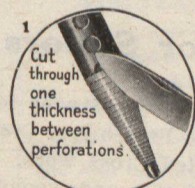
Blaisdell Pencils logically belong in the schedule of every purchasing agent who subjects each item, big or little, to the "acid test." The lead pencil item is no small affair, considering the number of pencils consumed in a year's time and the number of paid employes who use them. Many of the largest and most celebrated concerns in the world use Blaisdell Pencils exclusively. They do so for only one reason—and sentiment has no part in it.

No concern is too big for the Blaisdell. You can simply specify Blaisdell for your entire organization and you will have the right pencil, the most scientific pencil, the most economical pencil for each and every department, no matter how varied the work. From the Big Chief in the President's office down to the humblest shipping clerk and stenographer—all will obtain in the Blaisdell line precisely the right pencil for their special needs.

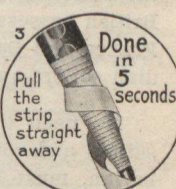
The Purchasing Agent who buys Blaisdells can do so with the full assurance, based on experience and the force of good example, that his selection cannot be called into question. For in point of convenience, long service, satisfactory service, and economy, the Blaisdell represents the high water mark of modern pencil making. Let the Agent try it first for himself, note the smooth, long-lasting, comfortable quality of the lead and the ease and lack of waste in the sharpening. Then let him add to this the fact that Blaisdells save him actually 1-3 to 1-2 of his wooden pencil costs (we will prove it if he writes and asks us to!) And there is no reason left why the Blaisdell should not figure in his budget at once.

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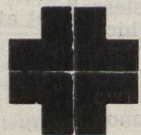
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GIVE ON OCT. 21



GIVE ON OCT. 21

"OUR DAY"

For Sailors and Soldiers

An urgent appeal has gone forth from the Marquis of Lansdowne, President of the British Red Cross, to all parts of the British Empire for funds for Red Cross work. This work means the alleviation of the suffering of sick and wounded sailors and soldiers from all the British possessions now defending their King and Country in Belgium, France, the Dardanelles, Mesopotamia and elsewhere. Our own Canadian sailors and soldiers will share in the benefits.

No need to urge the supreme worth of this cause. Our heroic sailors and soldiers, who keep the door against the Hun and the barbarian, must not be allowed to languish in their wounds and their sickness for the lack of medical necessities, appliances and comforts. Give and give heartily. Your money will go direct to British Red Cross headquarters, where it will be officially and wisely handled.

At the Sign of the Maple

(Concluded from page 11.)

known, at last Saturday's ball game in Philadelphia. Mrs. Galt, it is stated, is a direct descendant of the Indian Princess, Pocahontas, to whom many of the proudest and oldest families of the United States trace their ancestry.

At a recent meeting of the National Council of Women, of London, Ont., delegates were chosen to attend the Toronto Convention, Oct. 20-27. In addition to Mrs. Boomer, the president, the following ladies were named: Mrs. R. M. Graham, Mrs. Lawrason,

give an "Hour of Study and Song," under the auspices of the University Women's Club, in Convocation Hall, Toronto, on Oct. 20th, at 4.30 o'clock. The proceeds of the admission fee will be devoted to the replenishment of the Patriotic Fund of the Club for further work for the coming winter.

Julia Arthur to Come Back?

ACCORDING to the New York Herald, Miss Julia Arthur, now Mrs. Benjamin Cheney, is to return to the stage. The Herald says:

"Cleveland, Ohio, permitted it to be known a few days ago that Selwyn & Co., theatrical producers, of this city, had accepted for early production a play called 'The Eternal Magdalene,' written by Robert H. McLaughlin, a newspaper and theatrical man of that city, a play which had been produced and approved there. Still more recently a report was circulated that Miss Julia Arthur, who was one of the leading actresses in the United States when she left the stage in 1898 and became the bride of Benjamin P. Cheney, Jr., of Boston, Mass., was about to return to the stage. Yesterday Selwyn & Co. announced that they had engaged Miss Arthur and that she would play the chief role in the play from Cleveland.

"When Mr. McLaughlin and the producers of his play conferred about a star for the play he suggested Miss Arthur. The manuscript was sent to her and negotiations for her return

FOR THE JUNIORS

Now that the long evenings have come, our department "For the Juniors" will reappear. The children who read the Courier are invited to send us letters and pictures. Snapshots of wild animals and birds, short stories, and letters will be welcome. If you have a soldier brother at the front, tell us what he says about himself. Address Editor, "For the Juniors", Canadian Courier, Toronto.

Mrs. H. B. White, Mrs. Donald McLean and Miss M. A. Moore. Substitutes, Mrs. J. Carling, Mrs. Marshall, Miss McMillan, Mrs. (Dr.) Hughes and Mrs. Bowker.

Mrs. R. S. Waldron, of Kingston, recently presented the 59th Battalion at Barriefield, with the King's and regimental colours. General Sir Sam Hughes was present and Lieut.-Col. Dawson made a suitable reply. Col. Hemming and Mr. W. F. Nickle also made addresses to the Battalion.

Kingston has a convalescent home for returned soldiers. This is "Elmhurst," the residence of Mr. Hugh MacPherson, and at present it is occupied by several men who fought at St. Julien.

Miss Helen Losanitch, a talented lady, who is here on behalf of the Serbian Agricultural Relief Committee, addressed the Ottawa Women's Canadian Club on Saturday of last week. While in Ottawa, she was the guest of Senator and Mrs. Edwards.

Wednesday, October 13th, Mrs. Nellie McClung, the well-known writer and lecturer, of Edmonton, Alta., addressed a suffrage meeting in Massey Hall, Toronto, the subject being "The War That Ends War." The popular author was greeted with much enthusiasm.

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

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

Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, has just completed a resolution representing the concrete results of her visit to The Hague Convention, in which it is proposed to appoint an international commission from the neutral nations of Europe and the United States, whose effort it would be to bring about the termination of the war. The resolution will be mailed to all men and women in public life.

Miss Marie Shedlock, of London, England, who has come to Canada at the request of the Children's Librarians of the Public Libraries, will



THE KILTIE MAID.

The attractive uniform adopted by the Canadian Women's Home Guard, which is creating so much amusement in Toronto because of their "internal dissensions."

to the footlights were begun. The play interested her and finally the role in it for her won her consent to come back to Broadway, where she was seen last as Empress Josephine in "More than Queen."

Other matter of special interest to women readers will be found on page 23 of this issue.

SYLVIA'S SECRET

(Continued from page 14.)

which was given him by a man whom he had seen more frequently than any of his gaolers—an official of minor rank, but as he paid Max's room a visit several times daily, evidently charged with a special supervision of him.

With this man Max had once or twice essayed to talk, as he thought his expression was not unfriendly, but had only succeeded in eliciting monosyllables, grunts or shrugs—generally, however, accompanied by a sort of smile, which appeared to show that he would have entered into a conversation if he had not been debarred from doing so by some rule of the place, or by the orders of his superiors. Max's surprise was beyond description when this individual handed him the letter, and without a word of explanation immediately quitted the room.

The letter was written in crabbed German characters, and was not easy to read; it took Max some time to make it all out. Bertha Schmidt wrote:

"This letter is given you by my brother, Herman. I have told him how you saved my little Fritz. For the sake of the boy, who is as dear to him, Fritz having lived with him and his wife while I was with the fraulein in London, as he is to me, he will help you to make your escape to-night. You must do exactly everything as I tell you, and as it has been arranged between him and me, else your chance of being free will be less. I pray you not to hesitate.

"When he comes to see you late in the evening you must knock him down with such violence as to stun him—there must be no mistake about that. Then put on his uniform and cap; go into the passage, and make your way out—Herman will arrange that the path will be as clear for you as is possible without exciting suspicion against him. In some measure you must trust to yourself. The password at the gate to-night is "Sedan." The north gate alone will be open at that hour; outside, a short distance away, you will find me awaiting you.

"Bertha Schmidt."

A chance of escape! A possibility of it—perhaps a probability! And this strange woman, Bertha, was making the opportunity, because he had saved her little Fritz. Well, Max said to himself, he must not fail to grasp it, even if it were somewhat at Herman's expense.

Late in the evening Herman again entered the room; he closed the door. Max was sitting on the solitary chair, and he rose up, and looked at the man, who smiled gravely at him.

"It is time," said Herman; he moved forward, and taking up the chair on which Max had been sitting held it up and gave it into Max's hands. "With that," he continued; "you must strike hard and stun me—"

"BUT you will suffer," said Max, taken aback when the means were presented to him.

"Do not hesitate," said Herman, earnestly; "it is the only way by which suspicion can be kept from falling on me; the more I suffer the less I shall be suspected of complicity. When you go out keep to the right—always to the right."

He turned his back to Max, and said "Strike!"

But Max did hesitate.

"Strike," commanded the man. "Strike hard. It is the only way! If you do not take it, then you shall remain here."

Max still hesitated, however; it seemed horrible to do this thing in cold blood.

"You waste time," said Herman, impatiently. "Strike!"

Max hesitated no longer; Herman went down like a felled ox, and the chair broke and smashed into several pieces.

Max looked at the man—now an inert, senseless mass.

"Have I killed him?" Max asked himself, but a hurried examination convinced him that Herman was only stunned. Leaving the room after

having donned the man's uniform and cap, Max turned to the right as he had been bid, passed a soldier who was acting sentry in the passage, and who did not even look at him, walked with the measured step which he fancied Herman would have used, along another passage without encountering anyone, and so came into a yard, in which no soldiers were to be seen. Snow was falling fast and thick, and that helped him. Keep on to the right, always to the right, he presently came to the gate, which was guarded by a picket.

As he came near he was challenged. His heart beat furiously as he gave the password, "Sedan." So near the goal, would failure meet him in sight of it? But the password was all-sufficient, and the guard suspected nothing.

He passed through the gate. He was free!

Outside he was met by Bertha Schmidt.

"Come with me," she said, in a tone that forbade talk.

CHAPTER XXII.

Amazing Revelations.

FAST and in great flakes fell the snow as Max Hamilton followed Bertha Schmidt, a couple of paces behind her, through the streets of Treves in dead silence, though silence was hardly necessary to the success of his escape.

Bertha walked quickly, and Max stepped out in her wake at the same speed well content; he asked no questions, feeling confident that he was safe in intrusting himself to her; now and again he glanced at the streets, to see if by recognizing some familiar things he could make out where they were going, but the night was too dark with the ever-tumbling snow for him to be sure. What mattered that, however? The night and the storm were serving him well. His heart was filled with joy and thanksgiving; it was as if a miracle had been wrought on his behalf, and was still being wrought.

And it was this woman—a woman whom he hardly knew, but the life of whose child he had saved, with no thought of recompense—this sinister Bertha Schmidt, whom he now suspected of being concerned in the murder of her mistress, Sylvia Chase, in some manner as yet undisclosed—it was she who had planned his escape and was giving him his freedom!

After some minutes' hard tramping Bertha Schmidt stopped before a house, opened its door, and bade Max enter.

"You will be safe here for the night," she said to him, "that is, if you carried out my instructions to strike Herman so as to stun him—it was a necessary part of my plan for your escape."

"I'm afraid," rejoined Max, rather shame-facedly, "that I did hit very hard; he was quite unconscious, and would, I think, remain so for a considerable time." He told her how Herman had ordered him to use the chair as a weapon, and how he had hesitated, then yielded on being told that "it was the only way."

"It was the only way," she said. "Herman will never, surely, be suspected of being implicated in your escape."

"I don't know how I am to thank you and him," said Max, with deep security of feeling. "Words are poor things to express what I feel."

"It was a debt paid—but not yet fully paid," she rejoined. "Come and I shall show you something."

She led him into a small room, and there in a cot lay little Fritz, rosy with sleep, a pretty picture, which would have been dear to any mother's heart.

"He would not be there—like that, but for you," said Bertha Schmidt to Max, and there were tears in her voice and in her eyes; a mother's love was transfiguring her! This woman might be wicked, Max thought

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as he looked at her, but she was not all wicked.

Next she conducted Max into a bedroom.

"You will sleep here to-night," she told him. "To-morrow—we shall see what it brings. Should Herman, after all, be suspected, this house may be searched, but I have provided against that. See!"

She opened a wardrobe, in which were several dresses and other articles of clothing for women—these she moved aside, and showed him a sliding panel that gave admission into a deep cupboard that was almost large enough to be called a room.

"If they come to make a search to-morrow for you here, you must conceal yourself in this place," she said, and left him.

Max was far too much excited to sleep well that night, and when Bertha came to him early in the morning with some breakfast he was up and dressed—in her brother's uniform.

"You must remain here yet awhile," she said to him; "the snow is still falling, and the roads will be heavy.

Later, she brought him a newspaper, but it contained no item of special interest; he longed to be out of Treves, and found the time heavy on his hands. About midday, however, all this was changed unexpectedly.

THERE was the sound of voices in the house; the sound came nearer; he heard the voices distinctly, and made out what they were saying—there was the voice of Bertha Schmidt and there was the voice of a man; it was the voice of a man, moreover, which Max had no difficulty in recognizing, for had he not heard it often in the drawing room of the Willoughbys in St. Anton's Avenue? At first, however, he could scarcely believe his ears; but, as he listened, he knew he was not mistaken.

The man's voice was the voice of Captain Hollander! It was hot with anger and rage.

"Yes," Hollander was saying; "the Englishman, as you call him, has escaped. After what you said about him yesterday, Bertha, you are not ill-pleased, I suppose. If it did not seem altogether impossible for you to have a hand in setting him free, I might have thought you had. And it certainly is strange that the man he attacked and overpowered was your brother Herman."

"But you told me that Herman was badly injured," said Bertha, in an insistent tone, and as if she had said this to Hollander more than once.

"There's no doubt of it—he will be in bed for several days; the Englishman felled him with a chair. No, it does not seem likely that Herman could have been in the plot. Yet it's strange, too."

"When was it discovered that the Englishman had escaped?"

"At midnight when the sentries were changed. Herman was found lying in a swoon on the floor, and the prisoner had vanished. The alarm was given at once; search was made, but the fellow could not be found."

"I am glad," said Bertha simply.

"You are glad—you, you fool!" cried Hollander.

"Because of the child," said Bertha, with fervour.

"Curse the child!" exclaimed Hollander. "This man's escape has upset all my plans—that is all I can think of, all I care about!"

"Upset all your plans," said Bertha. "What were your plans?"

"How dare you talk to me like that?" Hollander stormed.

"Did you wish to put him away forever?" she asked.

"Bertha Schmidt! Are you mad? Have you lost your senses?" he almost shouted at the woman, but evidently she was enraged as well as he.

"No," she retorted, in a sharp, hard voice. "But you are no longer my master!"

"I am not your master," said Hollander, "but you dare not set me at defiance, yet you take this tone with me, Bertha!"

"Remember, I am glad of the Englishman's escape, but only because he saved little Fritz," she protested.

"How many times must you say that? Curse the child!"

Bertha screamed at him.

"Do not say that!" she called out.

"I am more than ever glad the Englishman has escaped. What had you against him? Why did you set a trap for him, so that he came here to Treves? Did you wish to kill him, even as you killed the fraulein, but in a different way?"

"Do not yell in that manner—the people outside in the street will hear you. Calm yourself," said Hollander, speaking more quietly than he had hitherto done. "You know that Sylvia Chase had to die—she knew that herself; there was a good reason for it, as you know."

The woman was silent.

"I killed her, it is true," Hollander continued, more quietly still, so that Max, who was thrilled with horror, could hardly hear what was said. "There was no choice, no other way—you know that, just as she knew it; it had to be. And as for you, Bertha, what have you to complain of? Has not everything been done for you that was promised? And now you are glad when my enemy escapes!"

"Because he saved the child," she said again.

Hollander turned from her with an imprecation—as Max guessed from the manner in which it was uttered: the actual word or words he could not hear. Some sentences followed, the sense of which he was unable to catch; then he heard Hollander say distinctly:

"If he is still in Germany, he may yet be caught." Max understood that it was himself to whom the remark applied. "Every train is being watched both here and all along the line to the frontier; pickets are stationed on all the roads."

Thereafter Max heard the sounds of Hollander and Bertha's footsteps; Hollander was leaving the house; then came the noise of the shutting of the outer door—Hollander had gone.

The conversation had occupied but a short space of time, which had not afforded Max sufficient opportunity to grasp all the facts thoroughly that had been disclosed; now that Hollander had departed, he passed them in review.

What amazing revelations! How they filled out the story! And this man, Hollander! What a dark and terrible nature had been exposed. Max was making these reflections when Bertha Schmidt came into the room which she had given to him.

"I heard all, or nearly all, that passed between you and Captain Hollander," said Max.

"Yes," she responded, but in a tone of indifference—as if what he had overheard was of no importance to her. Then she went on in another voice, in which gladness was mingled with anxiety. "For the present, you are safe," she said; "he has no suspicion now, whatever he may have had before, that you are in this house. Yet it will not do for you to remain here. I sent little Fritz out this morning, notwithstanding the snow, to a neighbour; but he will return this afternoon. You must venture forth to-night—the storm may have passed; if it has not, still you must go."

"Yes," Max readily agreed. "The storm helped me last night; it will help me again to-night. I know something of the country, and the frontier is only a few miles away. I must take my chance."

"I shall go with you part of the way," said Bertha. "I know every foot of the district."

"You are very kind," protested Max, "but—"

"Our debt must be paid to you—paid in full," she made answer in a determined voice. "When you return to England, you must beware of Captain Hollander; he does not know what you have learned about him here—if he did, he would not return to England, but not knowing it, he will soon be back again in London. Then take care, for he is your enemy, and he will stick at nothing to gain his ends."

"What is this man?" asked Max.

Bertha made no reply for some seconds; then she spoke.

"It is best that you should know all about him—you will know how to act when he arrives in London," she said.

in a firm and composed voice that reminded Max of the way in which she had given her evidence at the inquest of her mistress, Sylvia Chase. "He is the head of the German secret service in England, though there it is believed that he is a spy in the interests of England. Oh, he is a clever man—he is cleverness incarnate. The English suppose he is the head of their secret service here in Germany—nothing could be further from the truth; he is their most dangerous foe!"

"Hollander the head of the German secret service in England!" Max exclaimed, but in a tone of doubt. The thing seemed impossible.

"That was his real position," said Bertha Schmidt, calmly; "that is his

position now. The fraulein was in his pay; she was a spy; I was in his pay—to spy on the fraulein. Don't you understand?"

"Something of the sort I had begun to believe was the case," said Max, "but this about Hollander being all the time a secret agent of Germany is entirely new to me—so new, indeed, that it is difficult for me to credit it. Is it true?"

"Absolutely true," was the reply. "Listen and I shall tell you the history of the Hollander family in England—the three generations of them, this man, his father, and his father's father; it is a tale that will open your eyes."

(To be continued.)

Conceits of the Moment

MANY simple evening frocks of velvet have appeared at the recent Paris openings, scantily adorned with trimming. Effective use is made, on velvet, of gold or silver lace and



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metal galon and embroidery. Lace of a rare delicacy, threaded with gold and silver, is much used by all the leading houses to enrich frocks of plain taffeta, faille or brocade; and there are innumerable little cravats, girdles, straps and knots of silver braid.

According to a Paris couturier, the hair this season should be closely coiffed—not a stray lock, not a hair out of place. Slightly waved, it is drawn closely to the back of the head, is tucked under, and disappears. This rigid arrangement is severe, but extremely smart for those who dare it.

A becoming sport costume consists of a sweater of rose-coloured wool jersey cloth, silk lined, trimmed with white silk collar and cuffs. With this is worn a skirt of black and white plaid serge and

a scarf of striped knitted silk to match the sweater.

One of the very smartest furs worn this season is badger, consisting of the animal scarf and a chic round muff. Badger is a fur which always remains exclusive, and, with its tawny colouring, which is natural to the animal and not the result of dye, and its more or less rough-and-ready appearance, it is extremely effective when worn with a severely tailored outfit.

A Wealth of Gorgeous Fabrics.

The season's materials are wonderful. Velvets are in great variety. Panecla, a panne velvet unusually supple and shining, seems to be the favourite, but there are also Velours de Genes, Parterre feuri and Zorania, a multi-coloured velvet with sparkling metallic threads that will be popular for trimming. Brocades are more alluring than ever. Worth has bought quantities of brocart Japonais and Pactol scintillant, brocaded with coloured metallic threads, and then there is beautiful faille broche that Calot is using great quantities of. This was launched by Gaby Deslys in London and will be popular this season. Jenny has ordered for her special use a wonderful red that is as mellow as wine, and Coudurier has copied a gown worn by Empress Eugenie that has all the rich tints of autumn and is called noisette.

Many woolen fabrics have wide borders of embroidery in heavy cording and Persian lamb effects, or gold and silver threads with openwork. There are many striped patterns, principally in Agnella which resembles the old-fashioned Scotch homespun. Trimmings are chiefly of metal embroidery and fur, though some odd silk and wool embroidery is used on afternoon and street gowns. Many of the new materials are so elaborate as to make the use of any trimming unnecessary.



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