



# The Canadian COURIER

The  
National Weekly

## FOCUSSING THE WAR

SEPTEMBER, A. D. 1914, Cossacks, Uhlans and Africanders, black as ebony, are on the firing lines of war among infuriated Serbs, bewildered Austrians, gallant Frenchmen, cool-headed Britishers and soon-to-be-plucky Canadians, Australians and New Zealanders. The regiments of the Maharajah of Bilkanir and the Nizam of Hyderabad are mustering from India. Japanese gunners are pounding at the forts of Kiao-Chau. Battalions of aviators and dirigible-ballooners are skirmishing in the clouds and dropping bombs into cities. Wireless messages are stuttering of victories and defeats, through the intangible ether which has been harnessed for war as never it was for peace. For the first time in the evolution of the world towards what used to be known as the millennium, every continent in the world and three-fourths of the world's civilized inhabitants are in a state of unparalleled impact of armaments, which, for want of a better word, is still described by the pitiful little monosyllable "War." On every sea of the seven seas at once the gunboat pickets of the world are in action. The Great Bear joins with the Southern Cross and the red visage of Mars to watch this terrific upheaval of explosives. Wherefore this issue is given over to the human, super-human and sub-human interest of war.

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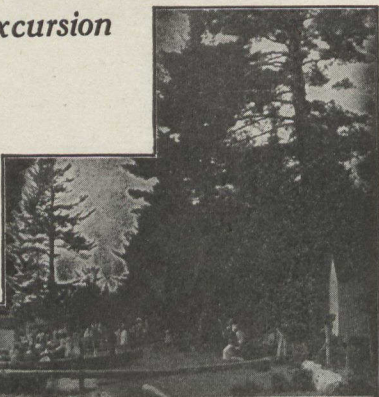
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|  |   |
|--|---|
| Lv. Montreal (Win'r St.) 8.45 a.m. (E.T.)  | Lv. Chicago (Cent. Sta.) 9.30 a.m. (C.T.) |
| Ar. Toronto ..... 5.40 p.m. (E.T.)         | Ar. Detroit (Mich. Cen.) 3.55 p.m. (C.T.) |
| Lv. Toronto ..... 6.10 p.m. (E.T.)         | Lv. Detroit (Mich. Cen.) 5.05 p.m. (E.T.) |
| Lv. London ..... 9.33 p.m. (E.T.)          | Lv. London ..... 8.03 p.m. (E.T.)         |
| Ar. Detroit (Mich. Cen.) 12.35 a.m. (E.T.) | Ar. Toronto ..... 11.20 p.m. (E.T.)       |
| Lv. Detroit (Mich. Cen.) 11.55 p.m. (C.T.) | Lv. Toronto ..... 11.40 p.m. (E.T.)       |
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XVI

TORONTO

NO. 14

## Editor's Talk

NEVER has journalism been confronted with a war that so taxed the resources of the press and at the same time gave it relatively so little from which to construct interesting stories. This is the first great war ever waged without military correspondents. England has several men who might try to replace the late lamented G. W. Stevens, who wrote such remarkable war letters from Ladysmith to a London journal. The United States has a few that might rival the late Stephen Crane, who constructed such a vivid imaginary picture of the American Civil War. Even in Canada there are a few writers who expected to be sent to the front with the Canadian troops.

But the colour and feature service of the special correspondent near the firing line is completely cut out of this war. The world must be satisfied with syndicated news. Readers have no recourse but to depend upon the services of the weekly paper, which has time to sift all things, to arrange its matter, and to give colour where it belongs. This issue of the Courier is our first frank treatment of the war as a world-wide topic, obliterating everything else. It contains nothing but information which is absolutely authentic, presented from as many angles as possible. It contains no pictures but those most carefully chosen to illustrate the outstanding topic of the war. And it gives the war material a sane, orderly treatment which, in face of such a profound disturbance of everything under the sun, is now one of the necessities of life.



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## The Scrap Book

**Advance Notice.**—At the club the other night a member of the Seventh Regiment found himself the centre of a group who were discussing the likelihood of an invasion of Mexico by the National Guard. Cheerful remarks about the penetrative powers of Mauser bullets peppered about him. Everybody had kindly suggestions to make—such, for instance, as that a medal neatly adjusted over each bullet-hole would make him look as good as new. The victim took it very well.

"I'd like to contribute just one remark to this discussion," he said. "If I'm reported shot in the back, remember that I may have turned around to encourage my nien."—New York Call.

**A Warning.**—Woman is certainly coming into her own. Even in tender romance she is exerting an influence.

The young man had just been accepted. In his rapture he exclaimed, "But do you think, my love, I am good enough for you?"

His strong-minded fiancée looked sternly at him for a moment and replied, "Good enough for me? You've got to be!"—Judge.

**Youthful Egotism.**—Stimson (to Willie, reading the paper)—"What are you looking so cheerful about, Willie?"

Willie—"I see a lot of school teachers are detained indefinitely in Europe."—Life.

**Far from Home.**—First Artist—"The umbrella you lent me? I have lent it to a friend."

Second Artist—"That is very awkward. The man who lent it to my friend tells him that the owner wants it."—Le Rire.

**Attacking School System.**—Small Boy—"Father, what is an equinox?"

Fond Parent—"What in the world do you go to school for? Don't you study mythology? An equinox is a mythical animal, half horse, half ox. The name is derived from the Latin 'equine' horse, and 'ox.' Dear me, they teach you absolutely nothing that is useful nowadays!"—London Evening Standard.

**A Useful Combine.**—A Polish couple came before a Justice of the Peace to be married. The young man presented his marriage license, and the pair stood up for the ceremony.

"Join hands," said the Justice of the Peace.

They did so, and the Justice looked at the document, which authorized him to unite in matrimony Zacharewitz Perzynski and Leokowards Jeulinski.

"Ahem!" he said. "Zach-h'm-ski, do you take this woman"—and so forth.

"Yes, sir," responded the young man. "Leo-r'm-h'm-ski, do you take this man to be"—and so forth.

"Yes, sir," replied the woman.

"Then I pronounce you man and wife," said the Justice, glad to find something he could pronounce. "And I heartily congratulate you both on having reduced those two names to one."—Weekly Scotsman.

**Out of Stock.**—Young Blood (wishing to purchase a pineapple)—"I sye,—aw—have you got a pine?"

Stout Woman (enjoying good health)—"Pine? Lor' bless yer, guv'ner, do I look like it? Never 'ad no illness in me life!"—Printer's Pie.

**Difficult to Explain.**—While admitting the general usefulness of the genus "flapper" as correspondence clerks a broker tells of a terrible happening, caused by h's signing a letter in a hurry. The letter was duly dispatched, but was speedily returned by the client with some rather sarcastic remarks. On looking at the concluding sentence he found the typist had written, "business here has been on a more moral basis to-day." Of course what he said was "normal."

**A Good Reason.**—A certain Territorial officer was much disliked by his men. One evening, as he was returning home, he slipped into some deep water. A private in his regiment, however, happened to see him, and after some trouble succeeded in pulling him out. The officer was very profuse in his thanks, and asked his rescuer the best way he could reward him.

"The best way you can reward me," said the soldier, "is to say nothing about it."

"Why, my dear fellow," said the astonished officer, "why do you wish me to say nothing about it?"

"Because, if the other fellows knew I'd pulled you out, they'd chuck me in!"

## Not a Corn



Last week that foot had corns. But the owner read of **Blue-jay**.

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That sounds too good to be true. But remember, please, that a million corns a month are ended in this **Blue-jay** way.

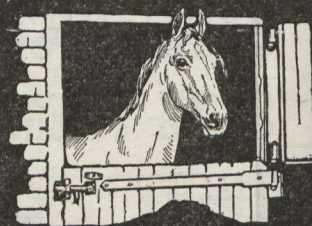
Why don't you let it put an end to yours?

## Blue-jay For Corns

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The  
**CANADIAN  
 COURIER**  
*The National Weekly*



Vol. XVI.

September 5, 1914

No. 14

# Halifax in a Time of War

*"The Warden of the Honour of the North, Sleepless But Veiled am I"*



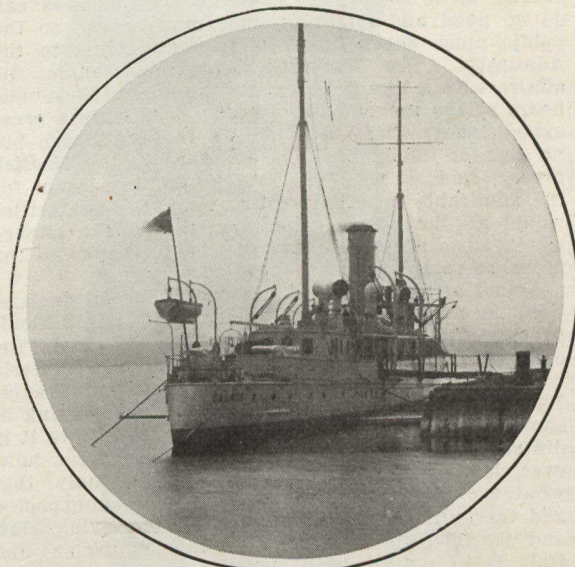
Halifax and Harbour from the Citadel. The modern fortifications are on the islands between the two "arms" which connect the Harbour with the open sea. Bedford Basin, the inner harbour, is to the left and not shown in the photograph.

*"The Warden of the Honour of the North, Sleepless but veiled am I."*

SO wrote Kipling of Halifax, more than fifteen years ago, in his stirring "Song of the Cities." To-day, Halifax is the capital, of all Dominion cities, which is nearest the throb of Europe's warfare. Yet it would not be true to present aspects, to describe the capital of Nova Scotia as being agitated with war fever or in the throes of a tumultuous excitement. Halifax is too old a grey Sea Mother to yield, at this moment, to belligerent hysteria. There is no shrinking from the warfare, but there is a grave realization of the vastness of the struggle. Since the declaration by Great Britain on August 4th at eleven p.m. that a state of warfare exists between the Empire and Germany, Halifax has found life to consist of one British cruiser after another. First on the list was the "Suffolk," the flagship of Rear Admiral Craddock, commanding the Fourth Cruiser Squadron. The information given out in Halifax on the arrival of this ship on the 13th showed that for ten days, the ships of the Fourth Cruiser Squadron were occupied in making the North Atlantic practically a British mill pond. The "Suffolk" also brought news of the chase of the "Karlruhe," near Bermuda. The "Suffolk" had made an early capture when she took the German oil tanker, "Leda," and sent her into Bermuda under a prize crew, and Halifax shared the interest of the "Suffolk's" men, few of them knowing that prize money had been abolished.

A MOST interesting feature of the "Suffolk's" stay was the Volunteer Coaling Movement. The men of the flagship were in sore need of a rest, and a happy inspiration sent a detail of the 63rd Rifles Volunteers to the yards, and the sailors rested, while the militiamen struggled under the coal baskets, to the tune of "Rule Britannia," as played by the "Suffolk" band. Citizens joined in the movement, thoroughly enjoying this practical patriotism, a business firm sent forty men and the City Works Department also generously contributed a band of willing toilers. The last bag of the 1,400 tons of coal was thrown into the bunkers before midnight and the "Suffolk" was ready for sea. Rear Admiral Craddock wrote a hearty letter of thanks and the sailors cheered the Volunteer Coaling Force as the begrimed and happy citizens took their way into the city.

"Halifax is nearly all navy, to-day,"



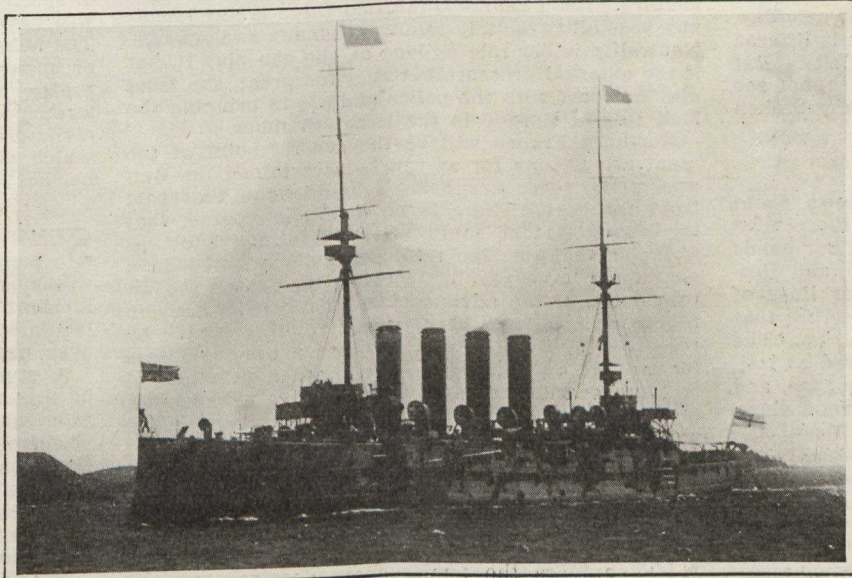
The revenue cutter "Canada," which, before the advent of the "Niobe" and the "Rainbow," was the "flagship" of the Canadian Atlantic fleet.

said a bright girl, who is working for the hospital ship funds. Everywhere, there is the evidence of naval activity, and, at night, the old-time sailor songs which Britons have sung for generations ring out over the waters.

The patriotism of the whole province is manifest every day in messages of enrolment from towns which have seen historic fights. Digby (named for an English admiral); Annapolis, Royal, the oldest town in Canada; Windsor, Truro and all the others are daily sending news of volunteers, and Halifax takes all this tidings gladly but soberly, with a sedate pride in her sons.

THE Hospital Ship Fund, in which the women of Canada are deeply interested, has won the special enthusiasm of Nova Scotia women, who have contributed already much more than the original five thousand dollars expected. In this work, the Halifax women have been especially active, and everywhere one sees a feminine interest in this essentially womanly undertaking displayed in unmistakable fashion. Mrs. McGregor, wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, is at the head of the Funds Committee for this province.

The ordinary summer social life of Halifax goes on—with a difference. Behind and beneath it all, there is a sense of eternal vigilance. Five young midshipmen, graduates of Halifax Naval College, sailed with the "Suffolk" when it went out, and the coming of the "Good Hope" and the "Glory" emphasized the quiet but effective work the ships of the Fourth Cruiser Squadron are doing in the North Atlantic. The silence which has fallen upon Britain's military and naval life is brooding, too, over citadel and harbour in Canada's old point. Yet it is a quiet of intense activity and deadly preparation, and the Canadian who has hitherto been an inlander, regards it with a sudden appreciation of Kipling's Halifax verse—  
*"Sleepless but veiled am I."*



The Canadian warship "Niobe" again in active service at Halifax after a long period of idleness.

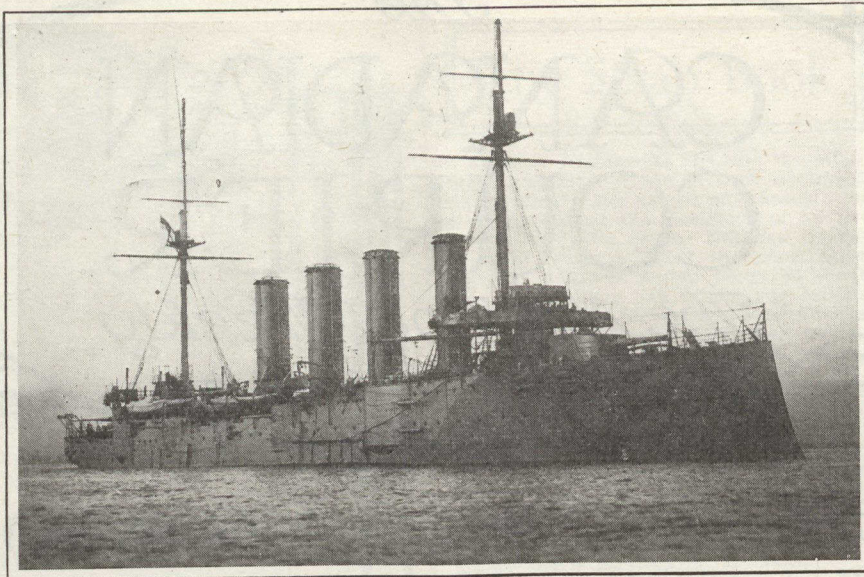
HALIFAX is one of the most ancient cities in Canada. Its magnificent harbour was discovered by the French, who were keenly on the alert for good harbours and strategic situations. It was the French who discovered Louisbourg, Quebec, Montreal, Chicago, and St. Louis. They used Halifax as a basis for their attempt to retake Louisbourg after its capture by the New England forces in 1745.

It was in 1749, that the British took up the work of making Halifax a naval



base. The British Government sent out 2,500 people, soldiers and settlers, under Colonel Cornwallis, first Governor of the colony, to lay the early foundations. It was from Halifax that a naval force was sent for the second capture of Louisbourg and for the final attack upon Quebec. During the Revolutionary War, 1776-1783, expeditions were sent thence against Boston and New York. In 1812, it was again the rendezvous for the warships engaged in active operations against the United States. For nearly a century afterwards it was the base of supplies and a harbour of refuge for Britain's North Atlantic squadron. It is one of the most important coaling stations which Great Britain possesses, though the North Atlantic squadron and the British garrison have passed into history, and the whole military and naval equipment is now under the direct control of the Canadian military authorities.

Besides its military and naval history, it has an equally long and important commercial history. From its docks merchant vessels have come and gone



H. M. S. "Good Hope," one of the squadron of cruisers sent to safeguard our Atlantic coast.

for one hundred and fifty years. Its trade has been international—with Europe, the West Indies, and United States ports. To-day, especially during the winter months, the largest Canadian vessels running in the Atlantic make Halifax their first and last port of call. As Canada's foreign trade has grown, Halifax has shared in the development with St. John, Quebec, and Montreal.

Politically, also, the city has had a notable history. Many famous men have lived there. Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, was twice stationed there. Lord Nelson visited it in his wanderings. Prince William Henry, afterwards William IV., knew the harbour well. Sir John Ingle and Sir Fenwick Williams, of Kent, both Nova Scotians, served in the garrison in the later years of their careers. Sir Samuel Cunard, founder of the famous Cunard Line, the first line of steamers to run between Europe and America, got his shipping inspiration in this, his native city. It has produced a long line of famous politicians, statesmen, and churchmen.

# The Devil, the Machine and the Deep Sea

*The Point of View of an English Journalist*

The Temple, London, Fri., Aug. 14th, 1914.

**N**OT since Napoleonic times has one man earned universal hatred as has Wilhelm II. Like Napoleon, his ambition is insatiable, but there the resemblance ends. Napoleon was the lord of a nation that worshipped him; Wilhelm rules by the whip and there is not infrequent snarling. Napoleon was a master of the art of war; Wilhelm is the hero of dress parades. Because he was a man Napoleon became an Emperor; Wilhelm was born an Emperor and has not yet proved himself a man, but this shallow, shrunken Prussian, rendered savage by a tortured liver and cruel by a withered arm, has revived, in Europe, the belief in a personal devil of tyranny; and the hatred of oppression is fiercer to-day than it was a hundred years ago. Then, it nerved a vanquished Europe to turn and destroy the victor of a hundred battles; still more, now, will it nerve a Europe strengthened by a century of freedom to crush the ornament of a thousand parades.

A phrase commonly used of the German general onset at this time beginning in North Lorraine and Belgium is: "The war machine now moves forward." That is a figurative phrase which in the case of the German army is literally true. The past few days of concentration on Brussels and the accompanying detail attacks have confirmed the striking exemplar of Liege. The one element that influences most suddenly and most vitally the fate of battles is the human element, and that is just what the German army-builders have striven to eliminate. A German regiment on parade gives one the impression of clockwork, only, if I may be forgiven the twist of words, there is no spring in it. A British regiment is as supple and responsive as an intelligent horse under its rider, but German troops are about as manageable as a motor bicycle. Power and speed they have, and on a level and straight course all is well, but in an armed duel in rough country mechanics are of little avail. A German prisoner has summed up the whole situation: "Das ist nicht ein Volkskrieg, das ist ein Offizierkrieg," he says ("this is not a people's war, it is an officers' war"). And with their mechanical military creed, the officers set their machine against men, and the cogs of the wheel are split in pieces—such was Liege, and such, yesterday, was Diest; and all the valley of the Meuse is littered with these offerings to the Mechanical Deity. But there are women and little children who cannot see that these are only little pieces of machinery broken to the greater glory of Wilhelm.

## STEAMSHIPS RUN FREELY.

**N**OW for the deep sea. Little is known about the movements on the waters, but there must be some control of the North Sea in our hands for trade with the Scandinavian countries and Denmark is once more in motion and regular lines of steamships are running, so one may conjecture that the German navy is for the moment bottled up. The "Goeben" and "Breslau" have been cornered at last. The former is of the Dreadnought cruiser type, and the latter is a protected cruiser of the second class. After having sacrificed the merchant traffic of the Mediterranean they were driven to take refuge in the Dardanelles, where by the rules of international law they should be dismantled and interred. But the allies are met with the impudent assertion that Turkey has purchased them. A change of plumage for the German eagle, which may result in Turkey meeting with the usual fate of her kind before Christmas. Bulgaria, it is suggested by observers of Balkan affairs, will be "fung back into the Slav fold" by

By HAROLD TRACY POOLEY

this barefaced action on the part of the Ottoman Empire. That will complete the Balkan chain and render still more important the magnificent deeds of Serbia and fiery little Montenegro against Austria.

## SECRECY AND THE STATE OF THE WAR.

**T**HAT no movements are prematurely known speaks very well both for the control of the forces and the reticence of the press. Of the Fleet in the North Sea we know nothing direct, and may only judge of its movements by the effect upon trade in that area—which by the way no one ever calls the German Ocean nowadays. This is, of course, as it should be; premature disclosures can do no good and might produce much harm, so the public must needs have patience and trust to the Admiralty. The War Office, too, has handled its affairs with a like delicacy, and no one of the public hears of the movements of troops. Already a great expeditionary force must be on the Continent, but no sign of its landing has appeared in the English press. And let us say at once that were it not for the admirable reticence of that body, the authorities would not have been able to maintain the silence which is so necessary, and has been, thanks to the press, so complete.

Actual attacks run so far ahead of formal declarations in this international melee, that it is difficult to extricate the "Notes" and "Ultimata" and "Recalls of Ambassadors" from the scramble. Austria is now formally at war with England and France. The Balkan States are all trembling on the brink of something, but what will actually happen there it is difficult to foretell. One's experience of them, however, leads one to be sure of one thing only, that whatever happens it will be the quite unexpected and the entirely impossible. Russia is moving, slow and terrible, toward her western boundaries, and Italy is in a ferment of popular excitement which may at any moment direct her course into an active channel. Should she side with her whilom allies, there will, I am told on competent authority, be great popular anti-Teuton uprisings all over the country. But I cannot think that there is any longer any possibility of Italy joining Germany and Austria. Neutrality is her role as long as she can play it, but if the external pressure becomes too great, she must play her part with the police and aid in bringing the Mad Dog of Europe to the lethal chamber.

Northern France will be the central point of the great attack. As far as can be ascertained the German army corps are being focused upon that part from the east. There is no doubt, of course, that the attack farther south will be a strong effort as well, for the Austrian reinforcements are now in a position to take part in it. Also the fan-shaped arrangement of the advance from central Germany to the frontier allows of a rapid reinforcement by reserves. If Russia can throw her enormous forces forward at an early date, the German principle of reckless sacrifice of men will begin to exhaust her great reservoirs of reinforcement, and then the end will no longer be far off. But Russia moves, of necessity, slowly, and whatever she is doing is kept strictly secret. St. Petersburg is dumb—truly this is not a correspondents' war.

## THE PAPER FAMINE.

**N**OT only are the newspapers deprived of the greater part of their advertisement incomes, but they are unable to enjoy the compensatory advantages to be had by issuing specials and late

specials and war editions and all the usual self-producing four-page extras of journalistic enterprise. Paper is very scarce and supplies must be carefully treated. Even the portly "Times" looks emaciated, and the "Morning Post" is a haggard spectre of eight flimsy pages. Now that Scandinavia is open to us once more, supplies should be more plentiful, but in any event there is a golden opportunity for Canada and Newfoundland to build up a paper market for herself in Great Britain on a larger scale than her present modest supply. By the way, it is odd to read on one's Toronto letters at this time the additional postmark "Peace Year."

## MYSTERIOUS LIEGE.

**T**HE fascinating problem of Liege is difficult to keep away from for any time in any discussion of the war. At the present moment the town is occupied by German troops and it is ringed round by a close line of forts—odd little places they are, too, half underground, and walled with six-foot concrete cased in three-inch steel. The forts cannot command the town, but they can, it is to be supposed, prevent the egress of German troops in a body. How, then, did the Germans get in? The puzzle presents all the difficulties of the fully-rigged ship in a narrow necked bottle familiar to all children with sailor friends—and what child has not?

## THE DUTY OF THE CITIZEN.

**E**VERYONE has remarked how wonderfully the people of this country have risen to the occasion and how accurately those who have definite qualifications are finding their proper levels. There has now been established a clearing-house, as it were, to deal with the enormous number of unclassified applications which are now pouring in. The National Service League, inspired by its President, Lord Roberts, and acting in conjunction with the Cavendish Club, is performing this valuable work, and through its means, it is to be hoped an adequate food control will be equipped. I cannot help thinking that this is the vital home question at present, and I have no doubt, with the extraordinary opportunities of selection that the Volunteer Social Service Bureau will have, this equipment will be speedily provided. The behaviour of the people of this country in a time of unparalleled national anxiety is excellent beyond praise, and this spirit of quiet determination and strenuous effort to help in every way, military and civil, prove to the pessimist that these qualities which made Britain great are still present to keep her so.

## THE LIGHTER SIDE OF WAR.

**S**OME incidents occur to relieve the gloomy monotony of anxiety that holds the minds of most people at a time like this. The following incident occurred in the setting of wire entanglements in one of the eastern counties (yes, we are even prepared to the extent of entanglements).

A sturdy Territorial was busy unrolling lengths of wire which he straightened and passed to a comrade who was making an ugly-looking cats-cradle of them among the bracken. Suddenly an exclamation from the man at the wire-drum. "Strike me, if that ain't a rum go!" "Wot's the matter, nah, ye're always goin' inter fits over sutthink?" "Blowed if these 'ere wires ain't labelled 'made in Germany'—and so, indeed, they were.

Even in the recesses of terrible tooting the martial spirit animates the British breast; chalked large on a little ironmonger's shop is the legend, "Swords sharpened, Bayonets pointed."



# MARS AND HIS KALEIDOSCOPE

*What the Red God of War Sees Day by Day as the Hand of Fate Spins the Globe to His View*

## Foreword

WAR is now the universal passion of mankind. The nerve system of the world, built into a shuddering organism in times of peace, can no longer be kept unconscious of events by the hand of the censor. The story of the most paralyzing tumult ever known in the affairs of the world, the twenty-years' wars of Napoleon compressed into a terrible tabloid of explosives, has begun to be written. The world at large is getting the story as it never got a war story before. Up in the hinterlands of Ungava, back in the ice-fields of the Arctic and down along the barren lands of the Great Bear Lake, Eskimos and Yellow-Knives are still ignorant that the world which put the furposts on the great rivers is plunged into a cataclysm of war. Stefansson knows nothing of it. The map of Europe may be changed before he knows that a shot has been fired in the war of 1914. Somewhere in the innermost wilds of Putumayo, where the naked native strips the rubber trees for the tires and boots of civilization, there may be as yet no news of this latest chapter in the book of destruction. But the rubber the negro gathers to-day may yet find its way into the tires of an armoured motor-car that will make the knife-bladed chariots of Boadicea resemble lawn mowers by comparison.

Almost hour by hour the story shifts and the focus of the war along with it. What is called "Armageddon" began to come to a head not far from the battlefield of Waterloo. The line of battle was suddenly shifted southward to Mons and Charleroi; and still the world waited to hear what the legions of unknown warfare, of war that for generations has been kept in cold storage in that vast barbarism known as Russia, was yet to do on the eastern side of the war machine that has its brain at Berlin. At the time of writing, while the "anvil" in France and Belgium is holding back the horse-shoe of the German advance upon Paris, the "hammer" of Russia is making a few preliminary movements. It was on Thursday—the day of Thor, the god of the hammer—that the news of the Russian impact upon East Prussia woke the world from its uneasy slumbers.

The highest civilization in the world represented by England and France are now actively in league, by the death-roll on the borders of Russia, with the upcoming of the world's most colossal barbarism embodied in the Slav, to twist the great war machine of central Europe out of gear. The cool-headed Tommie in his trench, the rampant Uhlan, the restless Gaul defending his native gleebe, the ebony-headed Africander delirious for death—these are now merely the human side of the struggle that is being thrown up into vast superhuman moving pictures by the advance of the mysterious Slav.

Where and when it will all end there is no strategist or philosopher or diplomat to say. Diplomacy has gone out of business. Strategy remains, but liable to be shattered out of its boots any moment. Philosophy, that once had its headquarters in Germany, has no theories of human betterment and evolution and no analysis of the human mind left to explain what it all means. The Devil himself has begun to sit tight, knowing that for a while at least the world has no room for him.

So the world that is not actively at war is thrown back for enlightenment upon the newspapers which are now completely out of focus; when the death of a king here or a world statesman somewhere else is but the squeak of a mouse in a volcano of earthquakes. Stories and poems and novels are being generated by this conflict which, from its most cosmic dimensions down to the lock of a maiden's hair snapped into a trooper's locket, traverses the whole gamut of human experience and expression.

The individual was never so relatively small in the world as now; and never so sensitive to what is going on in the world. Life never meant at the same time so much and so little. Tragedy was never so terrible and comedy never so strange. In the weltering mass of details suddenly flung at the world that reads newspapers, no mind is capable of tracing the real sequence and sum of events. The best that can be done is to select those features of interest which to the world fighting upon the side of human liberty and against military despotism contain the most cheerful and enlightening information.

For this purpose the following pages of this paper have been frankly mapped out; that the reader who from the daily newspapers has no chance to get the focus of a week on world events at a time when even business has been put out of joint may be able to sit quietly down and as far as possible get a gentle range of the situation. The articles in these pages follow no particular sequence. They are not

intended to furnish opinions. They do not class as expert evidence on the war. They are merely sidelights that from the wings of the stage illuminate as far as possible the strange web of events so swiftly woven in the looms of headlong human history.

## Three Shrewd Spies What the Krupp Interests Saw and Why—In Guileless Albion

WILLIAM WILE, Berlin correspondent of the London "Daily Mail," writes a dramatic reminiscence of an episode which to his way of thinking throws light on the warlike intentions of Germany. It concerns the visit to England only two months ago of the head of the Krupp iron interests in Germany, accompanied by his wife, to give it an



THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMY.  
Lord Kitchener's latest picture—taken as he left the War Office to attend his first Cabinet meeting as Minister for War.

informal turn, by Dr. Ehrensberger, the Krupps' chief technical expert at Essen, and by Herr Von Bulow, once the Krupp representative in London.

This trio of gun and armour-plate experts in the employ of the Kaiser visited Birkenhead, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Glasgow, Barrow-in-Furness and Sheffield. The visit was said to be "private and unofficial." It was made with the intention of inspecting establishments in Great Britain making articles of destruction and defense similar to those made by the Krupps. Request for this informal privilege was made, not to the British Government, but to the individual firms in the Government's employ. The requests were handed on to the naval and military authorities, who replied that such informal hospitality need not be denied to the German experts. The trio made a shrewd inspection of the various works, and with their trained habits of observation, in spite of the most diligent precautions by the managers of the works, they saw—well, a million times more than such a posse of experts from any country, let alone

Germany, ever would be permitted to see in Great Britain again.

England was kind to the visitors. England is always hospitable. She is not deeply versed in the spy system. That the door was locked after the horse was stolen is given some air of likelihood by what happened afterwards. Herr Krupp Von Bohlen went direct from his tour of inspection to Kiel, where by accident he met the Kaiser just then extending one of those glad-hand receptions for which he has been so famous, to the battleship and light cruiser squadron of Vice-Admiral Sir George Warrenden, now second in command of the Home Fleet ambushed in the North Sea and awaiting to give the ships of the Kaiser an altogether different reception.

By the same kind of accident the Master of Essen and of death-dealing machinery met at Kiel that very day the Grand Admiral Von Tirpitz, who at present is waiting on his flagship near Wilhelmshaven to see what the British fleet intends to do. The Admiral listened very intently to what Herr Krupp had to say to the Kaiser.

The day before Gabriel Princip shot the Archduke Ferdinand at Sarajevo, Mr. Wile, the "Mail" Berlin correspondent, asked for an interview with Herr Krupp Von Bohlen at Kiel, concerning the Krupp visitation to England. At that time the correspondent knew nothing of what was in the air. He did not see Herr Krupp. Instead, he got a message from a polite young secretary to say that "the nature of Herr Krupp Von Bohlen's visit to England made it quite inappropriate for him to discuss it in public."

When the war broke out Herr Krupp went hurriedly from Essen to Berlin to take part in the grand conclave of the Kaiser with his military and naval chieftains. What he had to say at that council has never been made public. But by that time—well perhaps he had forgotten England.

## A Guest and a Foe An English Poet's View of the Kaiser on His Visits to England

KAISER WILHELM has been a frequent visitor to England. He was present at the Diamond Jubilee of his grandmother, Queen Victoria, in 1897; again at the Queen's funeral in 1901; at the Coronation and funeral of King Edward in 1901 and 1908; and again at the Coronation of King George in 1911. He has always been made as welcome as any other monarch or prince or potentate at the centre of the world's greatest Imperial spectacles. Less than a year ago King George paid a friendly visit to Berlin and rode in the same carriage with the Kaiser at the wedding of the German Crown Princess.

But if the word of a British poet is to be believed, never again will the Kaiser, no matter what be the outcome of the present war, be welcomed as a guest in England. In a poem published on August 14th, in the London "Daily Chronicle," William Watson says:

"When to yon fabric grey in fame,  
That Windsor lifts against the sky,  
In martial cloak the Kaiser came,  
We did not dream it cloaked a spy;  
Yet there he sat, as now we know,  
A guest, a kinsman, and a foe.

"France was a gallant foe and fair,  
That looked us proudly in the face,  
With her frank eyes and freeborn air,  
And valour half-concealed in grace.  
Noblest of all with whom we strove,  
At last she gives us noble love.

"But he that took our proffered hand,  
Thinking to take our birthright too,  
He, in this hospitable land,  
Bore him as only dastards do.  
Here, where the Earth still nurtures men,  
His hand shall soil not ours again."

## Fear of the Russians The Slav Machine May be Harder on Germany than the Allies' Power

ONLY one enemy really strikes fear into the heart of Germany. France is only a worthy antagonist on land, but not at sea; Britain is a dangerous foe on the sea, but not on land; Serbia and Belgium are merely mosquito



states—but, oh, the rolling Muscovite hordes!

If the British and the French invaded Germany, they would treat the Germans well. They would be more lenient and more humane than the Germans have been in Belgium. But what Germans fear, is a Russian army, with its sterner bureaucratic methods, and with its lower standard of private rights. A million Russians in Fair Prussia, the central gem of the German diadem, is a tragedy in itself.

Belgium has been torn by shot and shell; her splendid little fighting army, the wonder of the world, has been cut in two; many of her villages have been destroyed and her farm buildings; her fields have been drenched with the blood of citizen and foe—but this is nothing to what will happen in Fair Prussia when the huge Russian army sweeps over it.

Germany's army is wonderful. It can match those of France and Britain combined. In mobility and daring, it stands first in the world. But the finest army the world ever saw must inevitably succumb to the military forces of France, Britain and Russia combined. And in the hour of defeat, if it should come, the Germans tremble most at the price of peace with their Eastern enemy.

## The Empire Self-Contained

With Open Trade Routes, Great Britain Can be Well-Fed

Now that the trade routes are clear for British ships, the problem of Britain's food supply is one that vitally affects this country as well as other food-exporting countries as never before. The normal imports of meat and cereals are enormous. In 1913 Great Britain unloaded on her docks for home consumption 22,831,000 hundred-weight of meat valued at \$330,000,000. This was an increase of \$35,000 over the amount paid for imported meat in 1912. Argentina sent 8,500,000 cwt.; Australia 3,500,000 cwt.; the United States 3,000,000 cwt.; Denmark 2,500,000 cwt., and New Zealand 2,500,000 cwt. Canada's quota in this vast total of meat was almost a negligible quantity. Our exports of meat to England are almost exclusively of pork, bacon and hams. In this class we sent five per cent. of the total amount imported by Great Britain, while the United States from its vast droves of corn-fed hogs sent 41 per cent., Denmark 39 per cent., the Netherlands 10 per cent. and Russia 3 per cent.

More than 27 per cent. of the total imports of meat to Great Britain is supplied by the Dominion; while the home production of meat has increased to about 60 per cent of the total.

Wheat, flour, oats and barley are our principal items in the grand aggregate of keeping England fed. In 1913 the British consumer paid to foreign countries and overseas dominions the price of 122,514,000 cwt., or just about 200,000,000 bushels of wheat. Of this the Empire outside of Great Britain supplied 57,000,000 cwt., or about 110,000,000 bushels. Canada contributed 27,500,000 cwt., or about 45,000,000 bushels. The remainder of the 110,000,000 bushels went from India and Australia. Barley and oats were second in the total of cereal exports from Canada to Great Britain.

From all that can at present be gathered of the state of the crops in Canada it looks as though the amount of wheat exported this year will be rather less than usual, though the straight gift of a million bags of flour from the Canadian Government will make up for much of the decrease, and the gift of Alberta in sending 500,000 bushels of oats will be a good auxiliary to the probable increase in our exports of barley, which is relatively a better crop in Canada this year than wheat. The Ontario Government has donated 250,000 bags of flour as an addition to the million bags given by the Government of Canada.

The Standard of Empire, taking stock of the food situation, discovers that at this crisis of food supplies the Empire is practically self-supporting for all the necessities of life. It says:

"One useful effect of the war will be to show plainly just what products must be produced Oversea to make the Empire entirely self-contained. More butter, bacon, eggs, and meat are required, so that we shall not have to rely upon the United States, Argentina, and the countries of Northern Europe. Thus one more illustration of the superiority of mixed farming over mere wheat-growing has been afforded. The Oversea Empire can supply us with practically all the cheese we require. India and Ceylon are, of course, the main sources of our tea. Coffee, cocoa, and sugar are also produced in great quantities in the tropical portions of the Empire. Our command of the sea enables us to go on sending our manufactured goods to the Dominions and Colonies to pay for our food imports, and by taking advantage of the opportunity to step into the shoes of Germany, whose industrial life must inevitably be strangled by the war and particularly by the operations of our Navy, a large volume of new business should be secured by British firms not alone in the Empire, but in all parts of the world. The Right Hon. Joseph Cook, Prime Minister

of Australia, struck the right note in his advice to his countrymen in the crisis: 'Let us therefore continue to grow commodities and export them to the Old Land, taking in exchange those of her manufactures which we are accustomed to import, manifesting thereby our absolute and unwavering confidence in the result of the great struggle in which the nation is engaged.' If this advice is generally followed the Britanic peoples will emerge from this human upheaval as they did from the Napoleonic wars stronger by reason of having been united by a common danger, and ready to enter upon a period of greater prosperity than any that they have hitherto known.

## Music and War

Sidelights on the Grand Opera now Being Staged by the Art Nations of Europe

MUSIC and war have always been closely associated. The present war began in the two great music centres of the world, Berlin and Vienna. Musicians have gone back into the ranks. Fritz Kreisler, the great Hungarian violinist, is with the Austrian cavalry. Walther Kirschbaum, a brilliant young Austrian pianist, for the past two years in Canada, has gone back to the colours as a reservist. Many of the most celebrated singers, players and conductors who next season would have been heard in America are now detained in Europe by the war. Many have rejoined the armies of Germany, Austria and France. Among the absentees thus far are Dr. Karl Muck, specially released by the Kaiser to conduct the Boston Symphony, and Otto Uruck, his Hun-



The Russian "steam roller" is now in full progress towards Berlin. The Russians are marching in three divisions. The north division, having invested Königsberg, is marching on Osterode, and it has beaten back the Germans to Osterode, which is 72 miles from Danzig, and therefore 312 miles from Berlin. The Central Russian line is probably heading for Posen. Posen is 180 miles from Berlin, so that the Russian main line is within 200 miles of Berlin. Another Russian column is heading for Lemberg, Austria, which is, roughly, 690 miles from Berlin.

garian associate; Josef Stranski, conductor of the New York Philharmonic; Gatti-Casazza, musical director of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York—and most of the great artists engaged for the coming season of opera and concert in America.

The European trip of the Mendelssohn Choir is cancelled and the money of the guarantors will be refunded. Dr. Williams, conductor of the Grenadier Guards Band, who were to have played at the Canadian National this year, is with his regiment, or as near it as may be, since the Guards have gone to the front. Among those Frenchmen sure to be on the firing line will be Huberty, the great French basso, heard for two seasons in Canada. And among Canadian singers in Paris when the war broke out was Edmund Burke, formerly of Montreal, who wrote for the Montreal Star a letter descriptive of Paris, in which he has a vividly expert passage on music as affected by the war. He says:

"I was dining with a party of French friends at a cafe on the Gravel boulevard, Saturday night. The orchestra began to play the Russian national anthem, and immediately the diners rose en masse from their tables.

"Some one called for the Marseillaise, and the demonstration was continued with renewed vigour. The crowds on the sidewalks surged into the place, and the waiters and diners were soon jammed together in a solid mass, everyone singing with all his might.

"The familiar measures were still in the air when the opening bar of 'God Save the King' was played.

The Frenchmen knew but a single line—'Dieu Garde le Roi'—and they sang the same phrase throughout the hymn. They sang it again and again.

"I heard the British National Hymn in Westminster at the Coronation of King George, and thought I should never again feel the same emotion the majesty of that selection inspired in me. But in a little French cafe in Paris, I was to feel the full measure of its sublimity. It was a prayer as well as a fraternal homage. England had not even intimated what attitude she could be expected to assume, but the French people seemed to know what could be expected of her in such a crisis.

"The penchant for singing, however, seemed to attach especially to the troops. They have their faces turned toward the sun, and nothing daunts their high spirits. From morning to night they are raising their voices in song. It may be the measures of a patriotic anthem, or the catchy phrases of a ribald ditty.

"In the Avenue du Bois a regiment has just passed. They had been marching for hours in a broiling sun. The heat was terrific, but they seemed to forget all weariness of limb and discomforts of a soldier's life in singing. Of course the Marseillaise was the favourite, with the Chant du Depart a close second. Popular songs were by no means overlooked, and a new one, evidently composed for the occasion, found special favour with soldiers and spectators alike. It has as its subject the Kaiser, and, roughly translated, it might be entitled, 'Bombastic, blustering Bill.'"

## What of the Slav?

The Cosmic Irony of Empires

SLAVDOM, vast, somnolent, cold-storing her unreckonable strength these many years since the far-away defeat by Japan, is now in league with the kingdom of the Mikado working the other way round across the meridians of longitude to overrun Germany. It is but a year or so since experts were writing in magazines to prove that the Russian menace to India was the worst bugaboo confronting the British Empire. Now Tommie Atkins in his trench saves his fire and holds fast as far as possible to wait for the sweeping sea of Slav armies that in three main divisions are operating against Germany and Austria.

War makes strange bedfellows. Almost the worst if not the most efficient bureaucracy in the world is up in arms against the most efficient if not the worst; in league with the first Republic of Europe and the greatest democracy in the world, Great Britain and her empire. Such is the cosmic irony of empires.

The northern division of the Russian army operating from the military base, Vilna, close to the borders of Poland, is now in command of eastern Prussia, and pressing hard on Königsberg, which is the capital of East Prussia. The centre division has crossed through Poland, and is now working towards Berlin and contains the Fifth German army corps as a garrison. The siege of Posen will become a parallel to that of Liege; perhaps even more stubborn. But it is hoped that before the Kaiser is able to release enough of his disorganizing machine to hurl it back to Berlin and Posen, the Russian reserves, sullen, terrific and implacable, will be around Posen and pressing on to Berlin.

The third division of the Russians is invading Austria, which, having been baffled, if not ultimately beaten by the Serbs, is now treating the anti-Serb campaign as merely a "punitive expedition."

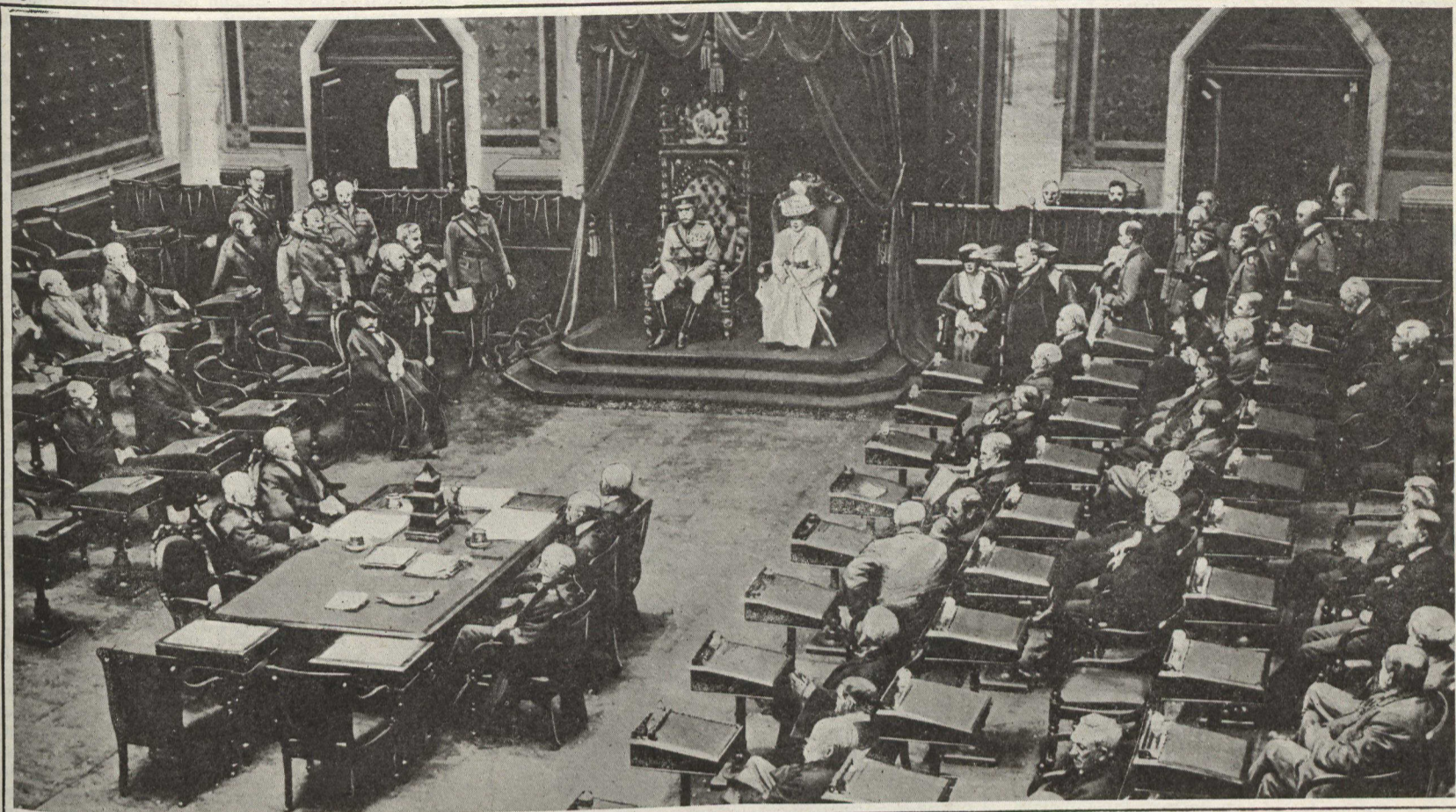
In this gigantic acceleration of the great Russian glacier of hand-grenades and Cossack sabres, machine guns and terrible cavalry, the schedule laid down for the Russian advance by the wise war lords of Berlin has been surprisingly shattered. Berlin must have regarded Russia with considerable contempt as an invading force, even though she knew that as a defense force the Russian army was next to impregnable. England and the other powers have always regarded Russia as a ponderous leviathan of slow speed; but the editor of the London Daily Mail, writing on August 14th, before much was known of the actual mobilization in Russia, had this to say:

"Their movement may best be compared to that of a glacier, slow but sure, and irresistible in its force. The difficulties which they have to surmount are very great. Russia is a country of immense distances. From Kazan, the headquarters of one of the Russian army corps, to the nearest point on the German frontier is a thousand miles. The Russian railway system does not lend itself to a rapid concentration, and the roads are still of a primitive character. The attack on Germany must be delivered through the marshes and mud of Poland—through a region where the provisioning of enormous masses is an exceptionally arduous task. But Russia's allies have absolute confidence in the energy of the Czar's commanders.

"The earliest date at which the main Russian armies can enter Germany has been placed by good French authorities on the twentieth or twenty-first day from the beginning of mobilization. Russia took her first steps to mobilize about July 28, so that on August 17 or 18 her first army, with a strength of



## SCENES THAT WILL STAND OUT IN OUR HISTORY



Opening of Canada's War Parliament—the historical scene in the Senate Chamber. The Duke (in khaki) and the Duchess of Connaught are seated on the Dais, with Princess Patricia and the Ladies-in-Waiting on their left. On both sides of the Dais are the "officers of honour." In the centre, the Judges of the Supreme Court. In the seats are the Senators. The members of the House of Commons stand at "the Bar," which is below the camera.



Hon. G. H. Perley, flanked by the Australian and Canadian flags, addressing a meeting of Anglo-Canadians in London, on August 14th, when "The Canadian War Contingent Association" was formed. On the committee are Mr. George McLaren Brown, Sir Max Aitken, Mr. Allen Baker, Mr. Perley (President), Lord Grey, Mr. J. E. Colmar, Mr. Howard, Dr. Parkin, Mr. W. L. Griffiths (secretary), and Mr. Cassels (treasurer). The meeting was held in the famous "Canada" room in the Westminster Palace Hotel, where nearly fifty years ago the Fathers of Confederation drafted the "B. N. A. Act," which contains Canada's constitution.



about 180,000 men, should begin its march into Eastern Prussia. A second army with a force of 200,000 men should reach the German frontier towards Berlin about August 28. By September 1 a million Russian troops should be in Eastern Germany. At the same time other Russian armies will strike against Austria, though it may be conjectured that the principal Russian attack will be delivered against German territory. All the evidence that has as yet been obtained points to the conclusion that Germany has left none but reserve troops in the east. These have been able to make some head against the raids of the Russian cavalry, but it is most improbable that they will be able to bring the attack of the Russian army corps to a standstill."

## Japs at Tsing-Tau Bombarding a Fortification

SO far the only definite thing undertaken by Japan owing to her alliance with Great Britain, is the bombardment of Tsing-Tau, on the Bay of Kiao-Chau. At present there is little danger of Germany attempting any hostile actions on our Pacific Coast. We are looked after there by French cruisers and the Rainbow well able to operate against the Leipzig and the Nuremberg. A Monday despatch, unconfirmed, states as a probability that the Leipzig had been captured by the Rainbow and the French cruiser Montcalm. Australia, with her fleet of four cruisers, three destroyers and two submarines, is in a position to guard her own coasts. The reduction of the German base on the Bay of Kiao-Chau is the immediate business of Japan, who in so doing wishes the United States to understand that she has no aggrandizing intentions in that part of the Pacific.

Fears were expressed, a few days ago, that in sending her ultimatum to Germany, Japan was going too far; that she might operate to the disadvantage of the United States, which has not yet recovered from the troubles over Oriental immigration. Japan pledges her word that the naval base taken forcibly by Germany from China is 1898 as reprisals for the murder of two German missionaries in China, will be restored to China. Japan at present, is interested in the integrity of China, which, until the war is over, seems to be pretty well assured.

The district occupied by the naval base Tsing-Tau covers 200 square miles, 350 miles southeast of Peking, almost opposite the southern extremity of Korea and facing the Yellow Sea. The bay is about two miles wide at the mouth. It extends over an area of about 150 square miles of deep water environed by hills 400 to 600 feet high. Tsing-Tau commands a region rich in coal and is therefore highly important to Germany, which has no other coaling station in the Pacific. It is strongly fortified, and is garrisoned by 5,000 German marines with a small force of Chinese soldiers. It is thought that all the German warships now in Chinese waters and a large number of German mercantile marines are sheltering under the Tsing-Tau heights, where the guns of the Mikado are now pounding away at the fortifications.

## No Prize Money An Ancient Custom Out of Vogue

A FEW days after the declaration of war by Great Britain the cruiser Essex, which was in Quebec Harbour, it will be remembered, after the Essex disaster, sent a wireless to the Admiralty stating that a "rich prize" had been secured when the Essex overhauled the German liner Cap Ortegale. For whom was the rich prize intended? When the Kronprinzessin Cecilie, with her \$10,000,000 bullion was forced to put into Bar Harbour, Maine—who got the ten millions? Assuredly not the officers and crew of the British cruisers that effected the capture. No, the gold became government booty and has been shipped to Ottawa as the most convenient place to make use of it as contraband of war.

But the officers of the Essex thought, as their fathers and grandfathers and generations before them had thought, that the treasure on board the Cap Ortegale would, as such booties always did, go to the officers and the crew of the cruiser that made the capture. But it didn't. Almost at the very moment that the Essex was coraling the Cap Ortegale, the British House of Commons hurriedly passed an Act abolishing the distribution of prize money in this fashion bequeathed by the customs of piracy and elevated into a legitimate practice in marine warfare.

By this Act, introduced by the First Lord of the Admiralty, a custom as old as the British navy was swept out of vogue. Many and lavish are the fortunes that reverted to British officers and crews in times of war. In 1761, when the British frigates Actaeon and Favourite captured a Spanish vessel, the two captains got \$330,000 between them, the lieutenants \$15,000, the warrant officers \$20,400, petty officers

\$9,000, and the seamen and marines \$2,400. In 1799, when four British frigates seized two Spanish galleons, it took sixty-four artillery waggons to haul the booty to the citadel over Plymouth Hoe. The four captains got \$50,000 each and the officers and men \$45,000 in all.

But such booties as these are mere bagatelles compared to the prizes that must fall into the hands of the British navy before this war is over. When a single German liner carried \$10,500,000 in bullion, the amount of treasure afloat in the holds of belligerent liners must run into hundreds of millions. Now that prize money has been abolished these prizes of war will go into the Government offices. The morale of the navy will undoubtedly be improved, even though an officer and a bluejacket might take more desperate chances for the sake of a belt packed with gulden and thalers than for the cold call of duty. However, there is no shadow of doubt that the abolition of this genial practice of



Col. Williams (left), Commandant of the Camp at Valcartier, talking with Lieut.-Col. Mercer, of the Q. O. R., who is now in charge of a Brigade of Infantry.

spoils based upon the motto "To the victors belong the spoils" will have no effect on the seamanship and fighting courage and nerve of the men at sea. The Act of abolition does not preclude the granting of bounties. And the men of the navy are morally sure of being granted substantial bounties by the Government, whatever the value of the hundreds of German bottoms now chased off the seas is estimated by the authorities.

## Naval Episodes Mediterranean Fleets Compared

UP till Saturday last week a polar silence had fallen over the two greatest fleets in the world up in the North Sea. Then came the startling news from the silence of Heligoland, that a small squadron of British cruisers and destroyers under Admiral Beatty had crept up behind a squadron of German cruisers and destroyers which had come out to reconnoitre. Two German warships were sunk within gun range of the Heligoland forts, which were ineffective owing to fog. Of a total crew of 1200 Germans, only 330 escaped. The British lost only 67.

Before that there had been considerable newspaper activity among the war vessels in the Mediterranean. Nowhere as yet has there been any serious naval engagement. The sinking of the great \$4,000,000 auxiliary cruiser, Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, of the North German-Lloyd line, by the British cruiser Highflyer, off the West African coast last week, is the most sensational engagement yet reported. But French and Austrian ships have been in hostile action, and there have been reports of a few sunken Austrian ships. The affair of the two German cruisers in the Mediterranean, the Goeben and the Breslau, now owned by Turkey, has not yet been settled to the satisfaction of Great Britain and France. The settlement of this and all other naval disputes in that part of the world must be left mainly to the

French and the Austrian fleets—unless by that time Italy, with her powerful second-rate navy, has gone over to the Entente.

Austria-Hungary has fifteen battleships, of which three are Dreadnoughts, armed with 12-inch guns; two armoured cruisers, with nine four-inch guns; nine light cruisers, fifteen destroyers, six submarines and fifty-eight torpedo boats armed with three-pounders. Six of the battleships are under 10,000 tons each, and nine of them are armed with nine four-inch guns each. But this fleet, capable as it is, has never seen real action. Austria is not a sea power. Her only access to the seaboard is along the Adriatic.

France now has all her greatest ships in the Mediterranean, with only a cruiser squadron in the English Channel. To oppose Austria she has thirteen battleships, ten of which are of the Dreadnought era. The smallest of these is 11,088 tons. All carry 12-inch guns. These heavyweights are backed up by twenty armoured and protected cruisers. In light cruisers France is less efficient. She has eight of these, some of them being in the Channel. In torpedo craft she is among the four in the first rank. Most of her eight destroyers are in the Mediterranean. She has 140 torpedo boats and 50 submarines, most of which are in the Mediterranean. The third greatest fleet in the world is not a mere modern invention like the German navy. It has naval traditions based upon great sea fights almost as hoary as those of the British navy. History teems with the stories of French marines vying with the ships of Spain, which used to give the ships of England so much of their fighting. France and Italy and Spain, the Latin maritime nations, were leaders in naval warfare. Italy is now among the second class navies, as France is well up among the first. If Italy should be drawn into the war, her four fast battleships and her nine pre-Dreadnoughts of 12,000 tons each, her armoured and light cruisers and destroyers will be an almost superfluous addition to the naval force opposing the Austrian navy.

At the same time, in the grand total of the world's war craft now massed along that trade route of Great Britain from the Atlantic to the Suez Canal, we must not omit the compact remnant of the great British navy still kept in those waters. Under Sir Berkeley Milne there are now the four ships—Inflexible, Indomitable—the ship on which the present King crossed to Canada during the Tercentenary—the Invincible and the Indefatigable; with armoured cruisers, light cruisers, destroyers and submarines. All these British ships are based upon Malta.

Germany has only the great 22,600-ton battleship, the Goeben, accompanied by the scout cruiser Breslau, both of which are now under Turkish protection and were probably intended as far as possible to harrass the British trade routes in the Mediterranean. Russia is practically "non est" in those waters. Her Black Sea fleet is now bottled up in the Black Sea, since Turkey, declaring her neutrality, has closed the Dardanelles, at the same time taking under her wing the two German vessels.

Now that Turkey may be drawn into the German alliance, the Turkish fleet may yet be engaged against the combined fleets of the allies now under command of Vice-Admiral de Lapayrere. The entrance of Turkey into Armageddon will probably draw Italy and her fleet into it on the side of the allies.

## Army Aristocrats British Nobility at the Front

A NOTABLE feature of the war is the number of nobility who, from all the monarchical nations engaged, have gone to the front. The Prince of Wales has joined the Grenadier Guards, as he is the youngest officer in that regiment. In a war that vindicates British Honour among the nations the heir-apparent to the throne of England is an inspiring example to the troops of England whether at home or abroad. The Crown Prince of Germany is at the head of the army division operating in Alsace-Lorraine, as his Imperial father is at the headquarters of the General Staff as commander-in-chief of the army. All the other five sons of the German Emperor are with the army. The Prince of Wales is not a military prince, and his father, the King, is not a militarist. The Kaiser and the Crown Prince and his brother and all the list of royal and grand ducal officers in the German army are naturally at the front in a war like this because the German army is a conscription force whose ultimate authority is the Emperor. The King of England, though nominally commander-in-chief of the army and the navy, does not take the field. His right to rule is not based upon the sword, but upon the free-will of a democratic people whose army is a voluntary army. When the Prince of Wales goes to war of his own free will, it means more to the British troops than the placing of an army division under the Crown Prince means to Germany.

The British nobility is represented in this war as it never was before in the ranks of England. The very first name on the casualty list to get through from the front is that of the Earl of Leven and Melville, a lieutenant in the Royal Scots Greys. He was dangerously wounded in the battle that first



engaged British troops on the Franco-Belgian frontier.

Almost every head of a ducal house is represented in the first expeditionary forces drafted and now being organized for service in France and Belgium. The Duke of Portland, formerly in the Coldstream Guards, is President of the Nottinghamshire Territorials. His eldest son, the Marquis of Titchfield, is a subaltern in the Royal Horse Guards. Three sons of the Duke of Wellington hold commissions in the Grenadiers. Three sons of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon are Guardsmen. The Duke of Roxburghe and his brother, Lord Innes-Ker, are both in the "Blues," and served with that regiment in South Africa. The Duke of Bedford, a former lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards, holds several Territorial commissions. The Duke of Sutherland, youngest of all the dukes, is a late lieutenant of the 2nd Dragoons and President of the Sutherland Territorials. Lord Dalmeny, heir to Lord Rosebery, is also on the general staff at the front.

British nobility has never shirked its place of duty in the British army. In former times there has been criticism of the British officer list because it was too closely bound up with the social life of the country. But when real war is afoot the British aristocracy are a necessary and inspiring factor in the life of the army. Their presence on the field of battle, while not merely following the example of the Prince of Wales, is a proof that the army of England is not a separate class, but includes every kind of man in the country from the collier in Northumberland and the London "Hooligan," to the heads of the oldest and noblest families in the land.

## The Cause of the Teuton

### German-American Writers Launch a Pro-German Weekly

"DEVOTED to Fair Play for Germany and Austria" is the courageous motto on the cover of a new paper called "The Fatherland," published in New York and designed to show that the newspapers of America are very largely anti-German. This magazine, copies of which have come to hand, is not altogether a rabid document. Two eminent professors of Harvard, Hugo Muensterberg and Kuno Francke, Hermann Schoenfeld, professor of history at the George Washington University, and Hans Heinz Ewers, a German novelist and play-writer, are among the contributors. Muensterberg writes on "Fair Play" and "Where the Crowd Stands." He lays blame for the war on the conflict between Germanic and Slavic culture and says Germany was forced into it by the inevitable. He exonerates the Kaiser. From a mass of letters which he has received he seems to think that the sanest people in America are gradually taking this view; that the bomb-eaters are on the other side. Hans Ewers has a really able article on "The Shadow of the Russian Bear." He blames Russia and ingeniously observes that if Russia succeeds, Germany will be carved up, Austria-Hungary taken off the map, and England would have a worse problem on her hands than ever before; whereas if Germany wins—oh, she will magnanimously support the "status quo" and be satisfied with having taught Europe a lesson. The three editors take a heavy hand in the articles, and both load and fire the sixty-pounders.

George Sylvester Viereck sets the pace. His poem on "Wilhelm II., Prince of Peace," reads like a good sequel to "Meinself und Gott," by the Kaiser. The opening quatrain is:

The second line "Thy." He calls France "the harlot of the world," and England "the Serpent of the Sea." All this prayer to Wilhelm lacks is to be set to music. Judged by the sentiment of this poem, the

Germans know not the meaning of humanity.



The Prince of Wales' first appearance with his new regiment, the 1st Grenadier Guards. This picture was taken as the regiment returned from the first route march from Brentwood Barracks after the Prince joined. As a junior officer the Prince was at the head of the regiment and was the first to take the salute. The Grenadier Guards was first raised in 1660 as a bodyguard to Charles II. They are the premier regiment of foot guards. His Majesty is Colonel-in-Chief, and the Duke of Connaught is Colonel.

"O Prince of Peace, O Lord of War,  
Unsheath thy blade without a stain,  
Thy holy wrath shall scatter far  
The bloodhounds from thy country's fane."  
The only omission here is not writing "thy" in

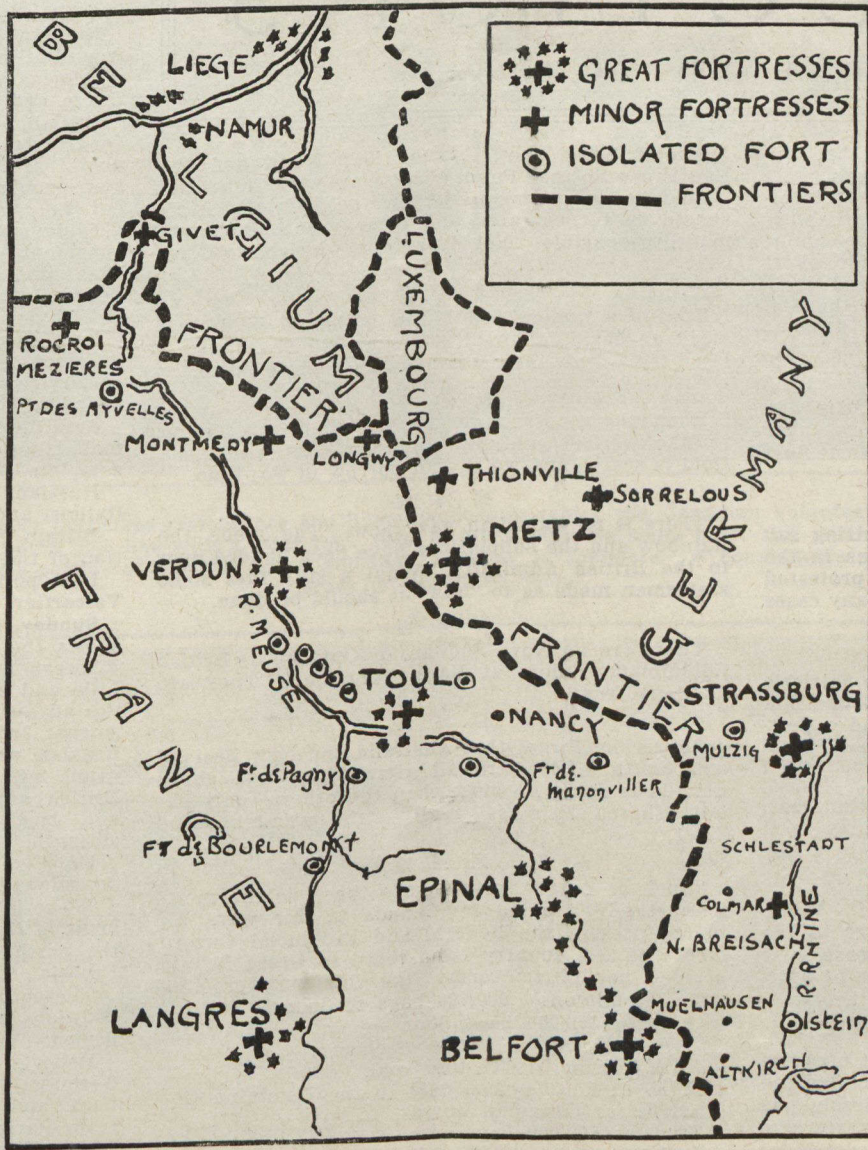
mations of the Germans, the Kaiser apparently has no end of men; "a force numberless as the leaves of the trees," says the London Times writer; who goes on to remark: "Our artillery mows long lanes through the centre of sections so frequently that nothing is left but its outsides; but no sooner is this done than more men double up, rushing over the heaps of the dead and remake the section."

The ponderous weight of this immense army wedging itself down from Belgium across the lines of fortifications crumples up the lines of the allies. It is like a mob crowding from a wharf pen to board a steamer; the weight behind makes it irresistible. And the weight is still there; although admittedly one army corps has been taken off the reserves in the west on sixty trains to meet the "steam roller" from Russia around Konigsberg.

Can this momentum of an indestructible mass of cavalry, infantry and artillery juggernaut its way to the walls of Paris? If so, when? And when the German hordes are encamped in the environs of Paris, how long will it take to batter down the fortifications? Granted that a siege of Paris is possible—how long will it be before Hessians again sit smoking on the boulevards and Uhlands picket their horses on the Champs d'Elysee?

That depends upon resistance. In 1871 it took the Germans 132 days to break through the siege. Then the French had 2,600 pieces of artillery, 200 of which were of the heaviest class known at that time. Von Moltke estimated that to overcome this by an impact of artillery by the Napoleonic method would have taken 300 heavy siege guns with 500 rounds for each gun; that the transports for these ordnances would have taken 4,500 four-wagons and 10,000 horses, since the Germans had no railways under their control. It may be exacted that whenever the siege of Paris in 1914 becomes a fact, if it does, the French will see that the railway lines are blown up. That will make the German artillery transport relatively as slow as it was in 1871.

Against this the defences of Paris will be put to the severest test known to modern machine warfare. What are the defences? They consist of three lines. First, beginning at the centre, the solid wall of masonry, old style, 18 feet high, for 22 miles of a ring round



This map shows clearly why the Germans crossed Belgium and entered France by way of Lille and Valenciennes. Otherwise they would have had some severe experiences crossing the heavily fortified frontier between Belfort and Verdun. From Verdun northwest to the English Channel, the French fortifications are not formidable. The severest fighting has taken place between Longwy and Givet.



## DOES ANYONE DOUBT THE EMPIRE PATRIOTISM OF THE WEST?



On August 21st, 1,000 rough-and-ready 101st Fusiliers massed in front of the Parliament Buildings in Edmonton to hear addresses from Premier Sifton, Archbishop Gray and Mayor MacNamara before en-training for Valcartier.

the old sections of Paris. Second, the 17 detached forts without the inner wall in a circuit of 34 miles in length or about 11 miles across. Third, an outer ring of forts in a circle of 25 miles diameter on the heights commanding the valley of the Seine.

Each of these units is self-complete. The outer forts are linked together with redoubts, bastions and minor fortifications much more compactly than the line of forts on the Franco-German frontier. They are of modern design, equipped with all the mechanism and resistance-machinery that made the capture of Liege so difficult. It is in this outer ring of forts

that the German concentration must find its first tremendous setback. The second line of forts is mainly an improvement on the old lines of 1871. The inner wall is a reinforcement of the ancient wall of that time.

Paris is probably the best fortified city in Europe. The siege of Paris in 1914, if it happens, should be a longer and more difficult siege than that of 1871.

But that again depends a great deal upon the size and strength of the battering ram that can be brought to bear upon it in mass at any one point, according to the Napoleonic method of attack.

## REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

SOME pseudo-politician has suggested that the Conservative party appeal to the country and get a five-years' renewal of power. It is almost incredible, but several picayune parliamentarians boast of having thought of it. They cannot see that such action would be political suicide. Fortunately Sir Robert Borden, Mr. Rogers and their associates have a high sense of their duty to the Empire at this moment and they would not harbour such an unpatriotic thought for a moment.

"Britain's motto: Business as Usual," is displayed in every financial and commercial newspaper in the United Kingdom. This is the supreme test of the man who stays at home.

Toronto's city corporation, instead of cutting salaries, discharged one-third of its employees in the works department. The Commissioner protested without avail. Fortunately there are not many cases in Canada of such inhumanity.

Some employers of labour would be more patriotic if they spent their time fighting business depression in their own offices instead of going around collecting "funds" and shouting "Courage!"

While you are praying for the "boy" at the front, do not forget the "boy" next door. He may need more than your prayers.

Hail to the Conservation Commission! While others are talking, it sends out a circular to the farmers, via the press, urging them to increase their wheat acreage for 1915. This is the ounce of practice which is worth more than a pound of theory.

If Germany was fair before the war, the opposite has since been the case. Her army has violated the Geneva and Hague agreements as ruthlessly as Austria tore up the Treaty of Berlin five years ago. This is barbarism.

Patriotic citizens in Toronto gave \$900,000 in four days. There are only three reliable "funds"—the

Patriotic Fund, the Hospital Ship Fund and the Red Cross Society Fund. There are no others, and should be no others. Further, the Patriotic Fund should be incorporated and some reputable people made responsible. Not every one who cries "Give, Give," is a patriot.

Toronto's famous exhibition is being held this week as usual. The directors are to be congratulated upon both their courage and their wisdom.

It may be necessary for the Canadian Government to take over the gold mines and see what is in them. Gold is scarce and we cannot borrow in war-time.

There is no Canadian navy now. The Niobe, the Rainbow and the submarines have been handed over to the British Admiralty. What a silly fuss some statesmen made as to "how" it should be done.

There are no Nova Scotian, or Ontario, or British Columbian soldiers at Valcartier camp. They are all Canadians.

Let us not forget that Australia and New Zealand and South Africa are all giving men and ships. Canada is doing no more than the others—only her fair share. This is really "the grand imperial asset."

"Such as I have, give I unto thee," is the motto instinctively adopted by Canada in this war. Up to the present the Federal and Provincial Governments of this country have voted to Great Britain, besides her citizen army, the following practical gifts: Dominion: 1,000,000 bags of flour.

Ontario: 250,000 bags flour.  
Quebec: 4,000,000 pounds of cheese.  
Nova Scotia: 500,000 tons coal.  
P. E. I.: 100,000 bus. oats to the Dominion Government for Canadian horses.  
Alberta: 500,000 bags oats.  
And there are more to follow.

One thing the war has done, it has reduced the fat man in the limousine to his proper place in so-

ciety. It is the lean man in a pair of Government boots who will save the Empire. The men who were wont to parade their wealth on King and St. James streets and to hog the highway are now relegated to their proper obscurity.

Another thing war has done—it has proved the insignificance of the stock exchanges. The broker is sometimes inclined to claim that his business is the most sacred on earth, next to that of the foreign missionary. Yet the world is getting along pretty well, while both of them take a holiday.

Canada should never forget her debt of gratitude to the United States for the manifestations of sympathy during these trying days. The journalists and publicists have supported the British cause with fervour. That the British-born are outnumbered by the German-born in the United States makes the pro-British attitude even more significant.

This war is so fierce that it cannot last. Already, in one month, the losses exceed those of the Boer war, which lasted two years. The German losses alone are placed at 60,000 killed and 130,000 wounded. Add those of the Austrians, Servians, Russians, French and British and we must be well on the way to the half million mark. Figure out for yourself how long the nations can stand that pace. On the money side, there is less difficulty. Sir George Paish, in the "Statist," claims that Britain can raise a thousand million dollars a year indefinitely for war purposes, so long as the fleet rules the sea.

## War Chronicle

**Tuesday, August 25th.**—Details of Sunday and Monday's battle at Neufchateau showed that Germans repulsed the attack of the Allies. The British held their lines at Mons, but lost 2,000 men.

A Zeppelin dropped bombs on Antwerp. Belgians issued from Antwerp and defeated Germans at Malines.

**Wednesday, August 26th.**—British army fights for third day against a superior force. The troops behaved well, and retired on Arras.

**Thursday, August 27th.**—The Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse sunk by H. M. S. Highflyer off coast of Africa. She had been converted into an armoured cruiser and had escaped to sea.

Longwy, an old fortress in Northern France, surrendered after twenty-four days' bombardment. German cruiser Magdeburg sunk by Russian ships in Baltic.

Russian troops occupied Konigsburg, 388 miles from Berlin. German army invested in citadel. Information let out that British army landed at Havre and Boulogne, August 10th to 15th.

British Parliament met and sent a message of congratulation to the King of the Belgians on the noble part they played in the war, assuring the Belgian people of "our whole-hearted and unflinching support."

**Friday, August 28th.**—First important naval engagement. A British squadron entered Heligoland Bight and sunk three cruisers and two destroyers. Several other vessels are reported disabled. Not a British vessel was lost and only two injured. The "New Zealand" was in the battle.

Princess Patricia Light Infantry, 1,100 strong, all ex-service men, left for Montreal, whence they sailed on the Megantic.

**Saturday, August 29th.**—Reported that Sweden is mobilizing, and that Italian mobilization is nearly complete.

Russians reported advancing rapidly on Lemburg, Galicia, and driving back the Austrians.

Britain received details of the wanton destruction of the Belgian town of Louvain.

Last portion of Toronto's 4,800 troops leave for Valcartier.

**Sunday, August 30th.**—A review of the week shows the Allies driven out of Belgium, except at Antwerp and Ostend, but Germans have occupied Lille and are near to Boulogne. German losses in the advance have been enormous. The total from August 3rd to date must be at least 200,000 men. Russian progress has been satisfactory and fairly rapid. General French's report shows that the British army lost 5,000 or 6,000 during the week, but has been reinforced and brought back to strength.

**Monday, August 31st.**—That Lille was abandoned intentionally is confirmed.

There is a fairly authentic rumour that 160 train loads of German soldiers have been withdrawn from the north of France to meet the Russians in East Prussia.

The occupation of German Samoa by a British expedition from New Zealand on the 29th is confirmed.

Reports continue to come in indicating that the Germans are still moving around the Allies' left flank and have reached Lafere, about sixty miles from Paris.

The Russians are close to Lemberg, in Galicia, and it is reported that Austrian Slav and Polish soldiers are deserting to the invaders.

Germans admit naval losses at Heligoland on August 28th.



# AT VALCARTIER MOBILIZATION CAMP



General view of the Valcartier Camp, infantry section, taken just after a large body of troops had de trained and before they had been assigned to their various quarters. The Camp covers about twenty thousand acres of land and is on both sides of the Jacques Cartier River.

Photographs by Chesterfield.

ON August 4th, when it was clear that Canada was at war because Great Britain was at war, the Ottawa correspondent of the Toronto "Telegram" wired to his newspaper as follows:

"The Government is in a position, as far as the mobilization machinery and transportation facilities are concerned, to embark an army division of eighteen thousand men within two weeks."

A day or two afterwards it was decided to send a division consisting of about twenty thousand men. The correspondent's "fortnight" had elapsed on August 20th. If the division has been shipped from Quebec by September 20th Canada will have done very well. We are not the military nation which the Ottawa correspondents, basking in the smiles of the Military Staff, have led the people to believe. The twenty thousand men were easy to get, but uniforms, rifles, boots, horses, waggons and motor trucks were not in readiness.

As has been pointed out in the "Canadian Courier" on previous occasions Canada had no mobilization stores. To send a contingent abroad in two weeks would mean that Canada should have provided herself with a great warehouse at or near Ottawa, which would contain all the equipment required for a complete division of twenty thousand men. That equipment, not having been prepared in advance, must now be collected at great cost and considerable inconvenience. The lack of equipment has sent many soldiers to Valcartier without uniforms and without rifles. This is the price that Canada pays for one hundred years. But we are paying it cheerfully.



From dining at first-class restaurants and home mahogany tables the Canadian volunteer has come down to standing in a line with a mess tin. This is filled with his soup, meat and potatoes. He is then handed a portion of a loaf of bread and the ceremony is complete. A comfortable spot on the grass is his dining-room.



Washing dishes was never popular with the male sex, but the enthusiastic soldiers at Valcartier are learning how to keep their mess tins clean with the assistance of some cold water from the taps. This picture shows that the operation can be performed with considerable cheerfulness.

DESPITE all the difficulties, the militia authorities have shown considerable resource and skill in mobilizing the troops. On August 4th the Government did not even own the property which is now laid out as a training ground and fitted up with a waterworks system, rifle ranges and artillery ranges. In one month the impossible has been performed and more than twenty thousand men are under canvas. By September 15th the equipment of the division should be complete. Any delay that there has been will be beneficial in that it has given more time for seasoning and training. When the men leave Quebec they will be better soldiers than if they had been dispatched a month earlier. This will have a profound effect upon their health, since they will be better prepared to take care of themselves when they arrive on the other side of the ocean and enter upon war conditions.

PICTURES shown on this page indicate that the Canadians at Valcartier are cheerful and adaptable. All the reports from the camp indicate that the men are earnest and enthusiastic in their work. The usual sports of camp life, such as football and baseball, are proceeding as usual in the spare hours. Refreshment booths have been established and all sorts of stores can be bought from enterprising merchants who have established themselves at the camp.

The greatest attention is being given to rifle shooting, and so extensive are the ranges provided that it is possible for nearly every man in the camp to shoot. This is of prime importance.



# Through a Monocle

## Our Boys--What Next?

OUR boys are off for "the front." That is exactly where they are off for, unless the war suffers a sudden and wholly unlikely collapse. As I write, there is no indication as to what will be done with the Canadian regiments—that is another of the countless military secrets. But my guess is that, as soon as they can be licked into shape, they will be forwarded to a post of honour. Everything points to the existence of a settled policy on the part of the British Government to hurry every ounce of fighting strength she can collect to the critical points in this terrific land struggle. We did not know when her first expeditionary force went, or how many it contained. We do not know how rapidly it is being supplemented. But we do know that our force has been in action and lost heavily—that the "reservists" are being called out—that the Channel ports are shrouded in secrecy—that there is every indication that the British Government realizes that it is in a battle for the life of the Empire, and that no effort will be neglected which can possibly turn that battle in our favour.

OF course, our hastily assembled regiments will not be sent under fire until they have learned co-operation and the necessary details of drill to make them effective fighters. But the "hurry up" messages from London show that, in a war like this, every day counts; and that good material, like our contingent, will not be allowed to waste itself in idleness when it is so imperatively needed in the unceasing battle in progress. The enormous casualty figures that are coming in are so colossal that we can hardly realize what they mean. The Germans do not spare human life in their effort to win decisive victories. The maw of war was never so glutted with blood. Only by the greatest sacrifices are the Allies able to hold their positions; and this frightful destruction of human "war machines" means that they must be constantly and swiftly replaced if the contest is to continue. It is no case

of waiting to see if they may be needed—more men are needed now than can be got.

THAT our boys will prefer to see active service I know perfectly well. They have enlisted for war. Most of them realize, far better than do those of us who are staying at home, what tremendous issues are at stake in this war; and they have come forward to do real fighting on behalf of the flag, the cause and the country whose safety they see menaced. But it is just as well for us to understand now that, barring an unexpected peace, they will get their wish and find themselves side by side with the embattled troops of Britain, France and Belgium. This will mean costly casualty lists for us to read—and bear. This will mean laconic messages to Canadian homes that a son, a brother, a husband, even a father, has "fallen upon the field of honour." They may not know in what part of the horrible welter of blood that "field of honour" lies. They cannot even imagine their dead as near this or that name on the map. But they will know that they died for their country, as Britons have died before all along this war-swept field of conflict.

UNLESS the war goes early in our favour, I look to see many more men leave from Canada for its tragic scenes. The promptness with which the British Government ceased to trim and twitter about whether or not it would send an "expeditionary force" to the Continent—whether its treaty obligations would compel it to help France—whether that "expeditionary force," if the "pacifists" would let us send one, would be 120,000 or only 80,000—showed us that it realized that this was no business of standing on the letter of our obligations, but a grim necessity to fight with all our strength for the life of our Empire. Britain is not an outside contributor to this war, nicely weighing "understandings" and "ententes." She is one of the most deeply engaged principals; and she has staked her existence, and all she holds dear, on the outcome of the conflict. That being true, she will rush every man she can into the fight in these first and decisive stages of the con-

flict while it is still possible to win victories—and not merely to cover retreats.

VERY important it is for us to feel the reality and the gravity of the struggle. We simply cannot afford to lose this war. If every man and every dollar in the country must be poured out to win, we must make the sacrifice. Some of us may have felt, to begin with, that the professional army of Britain could quite sufficiently represent us on the Continent; and that all Canada need do would be to supply garrisons for the British ports and so release that army. That was before we fully appreciated the enormous task before us, and the unlimited nature of our risk. Now it is only simple justice to the men who have volunteered to go, upon the theory that they will see actual service, to tell ourselves plainly that they will be under the fire of German guns as soon as they are drilled into efficiency. They should get the full credit of their courage, and their families the full appreciation.

LORD KITCHENER has given the Empire a very plain hint of what it can do, and must do, if the struggle prove a long one. By avoiding conscription and depending upon a professional army, supported by volunteers, we have paralyzed our military arm at the outset of hostilities. That is, we have not been able to put in the field an army at all approaching the strength of the conscript armies which the other combatants have contributed. This is not the time to debate the "pros" and "cons" of that policy. But its effects are with us. And one of the effects is that we have an immense untouched reserve to draw upon which the military nations lack. This is a mighty poor satisfaction to those of us who realize that Britain might have prevented this war if she had had a large army; but we should make the most of our position, be it worthy or unworthy. And to make the most, we should start at once to enlist and drill and equip that reserve. If we have not been able to arrive on the first battle-fields with a military strength to be expected of a first-class Power, let us get ready to arrive on later battle-fields with fresh troops—if the war last long enough for us to get them ready. We can at least pay the trifling insurance premium of getting them ready as rapidly as possible; and we should do this in Canada as surely as in the British Isles.

THE MONOCLE MAN.



BRITISH SOLDIERS LANDING IN BOULOGNE.

One of the pictures of which there is a scarcity owing to the policy of mystery which has covered the transportation of troops from England to France. The waggons are loaded with "floats" for temporary bridges.





**Courierettes.**

**A**MERICA boasts that it spends \$600,000,000 every year on music. Uncle Sam seems to measure everything by the \$ rule.

At the same time it is rather peculiar that some clever millionaire has not yet succeeded in cornering the music market.

Farmers complain whenever we get a long spell of dry weather. They find the roads too dusty for comfortable motoring.

Some folks who claim to have descended from great families are evidently still descending.

One thing to be said for the war is that it is keeping the suffragettes out of the newspapers.

Sometimes the chap who was the class poet at college gets a job later in life scanning meters for the gas company.

Two men crossed the Atlantic in a tiny motor boat. That's our idea of the most unnecessary thing to do.

William Jennings Bryan declares himself in favour of votes for women. Naturally enough. Three times the men have refused to make him president.

If Al Jennings, the reformed outlaw, cannot be governor of Oklahoma, why not make him a Supreme Court judge?

This big war seems to be one of those rare occasions on which the newspaper man isn't of much account.

We read that the Russians beat the Germans at the city of Lyck. Quite appropriate that our foes should be licked at Lyck.

Among the columns that suffer severe loss in this war are the advertising columns of the newspapers.

Canadian senators made six war speeches in an hour. Rapid firing for the veterans.

\*\*\*

**Modern Song-Writing.**—One of the most remarkable things of modern times is the decadence of popular songs, or rather of the art of writing them. Audiences still applaud and appreciate the good old songs of a generation or two ago, but the men who make the songs of to-day seem unable to reach the high level.

Commenting on this, a man who stands high in the musical world of Canada, cited the other day a version of the ever-popular "Annie Laurie," which, he said, would be the style in which the present-day song-scribbler would have done the great Scotch classic. Here it is:

"Listen to my story, kid!  
About Annie Laurie, kid!  
Down on the Maxwelton river,  
She's no flivver;  
Her neck's like the swan,  
Are you on? Are you on?  
Her face is fair,  
She's a bear, she's a bear,  
She's a wolf, she's an otter,  
She's a swell turkey-trotter!  
She's some dancer,  
That's the answer,  
Oh, oh, when I squeeze her,  
I please her, oh, Caesar!  
Oh, that Annie Laurie rag!

Chorus—  
Maxwelton hugs are bunny;  
Ain't it funny? Ain't it funny?  
Nab me, grab me, taxicab me;  
Do that glorious,  
Gyratorious,  
Annie Laurie-ous Rag!

\*\*\*

**The Flight of Time.**—In the light of recent events, the following paragraph from the New York Telegraph of June 15, 1913, is rather amusing: "Belgium is about to build new

fortifications which will cost \$62,800,000. Another example of maximum expenditure with minimum return."

It merely goes to show that parographers, like other people, are prone to err.

\*\*\*

**It's Often That Way.**

He may be a brave band-master  
When he plays at the hippodrome,  
But the chances are that he's forced  
to play  
The second fiddle at home.

\*\*\*

**Discretion and Valour.**—In other seasons theatrical managers had no hesitation in producing all kinds of shows. They are going slowly this year, and putting on very few new "attractions." They realize that in war time the public is not likely to be keen to spend \$2 for a 20 cent show.

**Words on the War.**

Quite fitting that the German advance on Brussels should be described as a clean sweep.

The restaurant cynic says that those French and Austrian waiters who have enlisted should know how to charge.

European monarchs, for the time being, have abandoned their usual custom of kissing each other.

The employer who keeps his shop open nowadays is doing his share for the Empire.

Now, if somebody could get Mrs. Pankhurst to go to the front as a sweet-faced nurse!

Sounds heard at sea are easily converted by the telegraph editor into a great naval battle.

According to the papers a fleet at anchor is "bottled," and an army in camp is "trapped."

Kaiser Wilhelm has six sons, all grown up and in the army. He could almost form a family regiment.

Anyway, it wasn't Austria that put the "serve" in Serbia.

Boston is said to be annoyed by the cruel war. Price of beans has risen.

And the warring nations are those that used to condemn "the unspeakable Turk."

It will be noted also that the Casino at Monte Carlo stayed open longer than the stock exchanges.

Some prophets say that this will be the last great war. It will—until the next.

Somehow or other that old text about turning the other cheek seems sadly forgotten by the Christian nations.

**The Test.**—Just now the supreme test of the toper's patriotism is his ability to forego his usual German brand of beer.

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**The Latest One.**—The latest dance is the "Boston Pause." He who "hesitates" is lost, but he who merely "pauses" may continue to dance. Is that it?

\*\*\*

**Of Course He Is.**

"Young man," said the girl, "don't you do it—

If you kiss me you'll certainly rue it."

He stopped right away—  
Now she thinks him a jay,  
And he is—that is all there is to it.

\*\*\*

**What's Not in a Name?**—Frank Hellmiller, of Chicago, the other day

asked Judge Carpenter to change his name to Frank Miller. The judge consented. He knocked something out of Frank's name. What's that?

\*\*\*

**Motto For the Married.**—United we stand—but divided we stand it better.

\*\*\*

**Apt In This Case.**—Among other little odds and ends that bear the "Made in Germany" sign might be included the present war.

**Here's Mary again.**

Mary had a little coal—  
A ton and a half or so—  
She sold it by the scuttleful  
And she made a mint of  
dough.

**Cutting Retort.**—He—"A penny for your thoughts."

She—"They're not worth it."

He—"What were they of?"

She—"Of you."

\*\*\*

**One Woman's View.**—"No, I don't believe in votes for women," said the little lady with the tart tongue. "If there's one blessed little thing that the men can do alone, by all means let them do it."

**They Surely Are.**

The corsetiere commits a fraud  
To gather in her tin,  
Because her lady patrons are  
Completely taken in.

**Old Job a Back Number.**—This is from the Bedford Express:

"His principal item on Sunday afternoon was Coulson Kernahan's 'God and the Ant,' but he included one or two lesser pieces, including a chapter from the Book of Job."

That surely should wear out the patience of old Job.

\*\*\*

**It Hurts.**—It's a hard jolt to the self-made man when he gets married and his wife decides that she has to make him all over again.

\*\*\*

**Localizing the War.**—Certain Canadian theatres will not permit players to mention the war that is now raging, lest it start arguments in the playhouse or cause some outbreak in the audience.

Apropos of this, it is interesting to note that the proprietor of a certain cosmopolitan restaurant in a big city, fearing trouble if war arguments start, put up this sign in his eating-house:

"The War Will Be  
Settled in Europe.  
Don't start anything  
HERE."

\*\*\*

**He Got It.**—A certain little boy we know was very anxious to possess a watch of his own. He asked his father again and again, but he was told that he couldn't have it.

He thought of another way. It was customary for each member of the family to repeat a text on Sunday afternoons. Tommie's brothers and sisters said their's, and it came to his turn. He looked gravely round and repeated, "What I say unto one, I say unto all, watch!"

He got the watch.

\*\*\*

**He Wasn't Impressed.**—A Yorkshireman stood gazing at Niagara Falls. An American strolled along.

"Pretty wonderful that, isn't it?"

he said.  
"Wonderful?" snorted the Yorkshireman, "not at all. Water keeping on going down isn't wonderful. Now, if the water went up instead of down, you might have something to be proud of!"

\*\*\*

**Is It?**—When a fellow is loafing half his time away is it because he thinks half a loaf is better than none?

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**N**O MATTER what other methods are employed for cleaning carpets and rugs, there still remains the everyday necessity for a good, medium priced, hand propelled carpet sweeper that promptly and efficiently gathers up all dirt or litter, without noise, dust or effort. The housewives of the world attest the superiority of

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# War Service

**First**—No extra premium will be charged on policies in force prior to August 1st, 1914, on the lives of any policyholders of the Canada Life Assurance Company who may engage in military or naval service, in or outside of Canada, irrespective of whether such policies provide for an extra premium or not.

**Second**—In the event of any policyholder who is engaged in active service, not having paid any premium falling due during his absence, the Company will keep his policy in full force and effect during his term of service abroad, the unpaid premium being treated as a loan upon the policy.

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70-G

# Affairs in New Zealand

## WAR AND POSSIBILITIES OF WAR

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

Wellington, N.Z., July 30.

THE European war, now definitely launched by the Austrian declaration against Serbia, has effect even in this far corner of the world. Already stock exchanges show weakness and grain an upward tendency, while producers, whose output is still afloat en route to England are fearful lest the steamers meet hostile craft before reaching their destinations. However, there is yet hope that the storm may not spread much beyond the Balkans, and visions of possible raids by warships do not spoil our slumbers. Should Britain become seriously embroiled I have no doubt many New Zealanders will be found ready, as they were fifteen years ago, to go promptly to the front—wherever it may be.

### Austrian Colonists Excited.

There are several thousand Austrians, or Galicians, engaged in the kauri gum industry in the peninsula which forms the northern portion of the province of Auckland, and the northern extremity of the Dominion. The Austrian Consul at Auckland is inviting applications from men willing to go home to fight for their country, but so far his efforts as recruiting agent have not been successful. Indeed, they have produced results the reverse of successful, or even of pleasantness. Numbers of Croats are among the alien gum-digging population usually lumped together, for the sake of convenience, under the general heading "Austrians." Some of these the other night "demonstrated" outside the Consul's office in Auckland and relieved their feelings by shouting, "Down with Austria," while others decided to work promptly and thoroughly to raise funds for Serbia. It is fair to add, however, that considerable numbers of Austrians assured the Consul of their continued loyalty to the homeland, and some have already left these shores to join in the fray.

### Our Own Warriors.

Speaking of war reminds me that our own "army" has been under review by the Inspector-General of Oversea Forces, General Sir Ian Hamilton. In his report to the Hon. James Allen, Minister for Defence, Sir Ian Hamilton pays warm tribute to the work already accomplished in the initiation of the compulsory mili-

tary training system in New Zealand. At the same time he points out existing faults in unequivocal terms; and he indicates the remedy in equally plain words. The General wants no waste on non-essentials; everything must be thorough—it may get by the easiest and quickest way to the object aimed at, but whatever the medium immediately concerned, training, organization, or equipment, "thoroughness" is the keynote. Sir Ian Hamilton saw the New Zealand troops in several big concentration camps, and he saw them under atrocious weather conditions. Rain, hail and wind made the camps in each case little less than a snowless but blizzard-swept Antarctic plain; yet always the men turned out and did their work in exemplary fashion. Many of these young fellows—clerks, warehousemen, factory employees and professional men in the cities—returned to their homes better in health, despite the Spartan nature of their training conditions. While pointing the way to secure fuller efficiency, General Sir Ian Hamilton is good enough to pat us on the back and say we have begun well; but—we must do better!

### Our Naval Matters.

Regarding naval matters, there is little change. Last week H.M.S. Philomel was officially taken over by the New Zealand Government, to be used as a training ship for young New Zealanders desiring to enter the navy. There have been some discussions on the subject since Parliament met; but the Government's determination to continue its present policy is expressed in the words of the Minister for Defence a few days ago that "this country was not doing all it could to help in Imperial defence. We were willing to put our hands in our pockets; but the time had come when we should also train our young men and offer them for service in the Imperial navy."

Parliament has been in session a month, and little real progress is seen. The Opposition wasted its energies and the country's money on a censure debate the outcome of which was a foregone conclusion. Possibly it was done to secure what one member described as a weeding out of the sheep from the goats—just a definite pronouncement by one or two members thought to be doubtful where they stood on a party test.

FRANK H. MORGAN.

## The Banking Situation

OUR Government bank returns are slow in coming out. Either the bankers or the Ottawa officials are tied up in too much red tape. The July bank statement on August 26th is ridiculous—but a fact.

The chief feature in July was the recall of eleven millions from New York. Even then our call loans there amounted to \$125,545,000. That is a tidy little sum to have down there. Perhaps Hon. Mr. White, the Minister of Finance, should have passed a law appropriating it for the purpose of helping the Government and the people of the country to which it belongs. But Mr. White did not do anything of that kind at the special session of Parliament held recently. On the other hand, he did pass an act which enables him to give the banks some more money which they say they need. What would Canada do if the United States were to declare that \$125,545,000 contraband of war and impound it till the war is over? What would Canada do if she ever went to war with the United States—facing a loss of one hundred and twenty-five million in cash the first day?

Call loans in Canada increased a million dollars during July, because Europe was selling us back some of the high-priced stock we had sold to them. Rumour says that they have

another twenty millions of our stuff all ready to sell us as soon as our stock market opens up again. The banks will find it necessary to arrange for this little transaction before the brokers let bedlam loose again.

Current loans to business people stood at \$840,000,000, or eighteen millions less than on July 30th, 1913. Apparently the business people wanted less money or got less, anyway.

The savings deposits amounted to \$671,214,000, an increase of fifty million during the year. This is a neat little addition to our "nest-egg" accounts, and shows the confidence the people of Canada have in their chartered banks. The deposits, not bearing interest, declined ten millions during the same twelve months, leaving a net gain of forty millions. This is pretty fair evidence that Canadians are not hoarding their savings. No doubt the foreigners in Canada put a little gold by for a rainy day, but the real Canadian takes no such precaution. Since war broke out, no gold has been paid over the bank counters.

During the year the assets and liabilities of the banks increased nearly fifty millions, but the assets have the edge over the liabilities by approximately a round million.



# AS WOMEN SEE THE WAR

## A Page of Comment

In War Time

**A**UGUST, the month of holiday engagement and lazy loitering by river and lake, has proved, during the last fortnight, a veritable month of Mars, and the "peace year," which was to have been celebrated so gladly, will end in the tumult of arms and the clash of contending hosts. The long-dreaded "great European war" is devastating the older lands, while Great Britain's self-governing Dominions, colonies and dependencies, "to the last, least lump of coral," are rallying to the aid of the plucky little Island Kingdom, which is prepared to fight to a finish in this titanic struggle.

Even those who have been disposed to criticize British policy in former conflicts are agreed that her action in the present war is inevitable. Sir Edward Grey has displayed the most admirable statesmanship in his long efforts towards conciliation, in his obvious desire to mediate between Russia and Austria. The Kaiser's attitude towards Belgium is that of an uncompromising belligerent, and the eldest grandson of Queen Victoria is evidently resolved on war against Great Britain and France. The assassination of the heir to the Austrian throne and his wife, afforded an excuse, did not constitute a cause, for the movement of Austrian forces against Belgrade. The storm has been lowering for years and now it has broken with the force of accumulated fury.

We have not realized yet just what the struggle means. Even when our Canadian forces have sailed and are in the midst of the fray, we shall not find this conflict "come home" to us, as it must to those in the British Isles. They, who have been carrying for so long the burden of war equipment and preparation, are deserving of our warmest loyalty and heartiest support, and it is comforting, amid all the foreboding, to see the united front which the British Empire presents to the world. Vanished is the strife in Ireland, for is there not a Callaghan looking after the navy, and are not Irishmen, north and south, "first-class fighting men," whenever need arises? And where, in these days of storm and stress, is the work of Canadian women? It is being done, swiftly and effectively in the homes and organizations of the land, and the naval hospital which our women are to equip and start on its mission of mercy is but the outward and visible sign of the patriotic feeling animating us all. Our great-grandmothers were called to make sacrifices in the pioneer days, and whatever this war may mean of privation or suffering to the women of this Dominion, we believe that the modern spirit will prove equal to the test and that the women who came to this young country a century ago would have no need to blush for their descendants of 1914.

### The Woman's Part

**A**S I wrote the words about the sacrifices of the past, my eyes fell upon a little mahogany table in this cottage on the shores of Annapolis Basin. It has an interesting story, that sturdy and much-coveted bit of furniture, for it came across from England to Massachusetts two hundred years ago. Then, in the days following the American War, its owner packed the little table and the old clock, to say nothing of certain old silver, and made his way with his household to Canada, where he still might be under the old flag. In these quaint and lovable rural homes of Nova Scotia, there is hardly a room without its well worth the telling. The East is showing a quiet devotion to the cause of the Mother Country which is characteristic of its people. The past is repeating itself at St. John, Annapolis Royal and Halifax. The West is showing its loyal spirit in unmistakable fashion, but here, on the Atlantic coast, one realizes, as nowhere else in the Dominion, the continuity of the service which Britain has known.

From the city which is Nova Scotia's seat of government, to the capital of our wide Pacific Province, the response of the women is the same. All differences are forgotten, all divisions merged, in the one aim of providing for the comfort of our Canadian contingents. In every great crisis, there is no talk of "rights" or of "place." Each is eager to do her part, and one touch of war's tragedy makes the whole nation one. If the thought of the stern service which awaits our men on the other side of the seas intrudes on the busiest gathering, it is subservient to the spirit which is ready to support and strengthen our soldiers. Such has been the immortal attitude in Anglo-Saxon nations, and we shall be a poorer and meaner people, if it ever changes. During the last ten years, much abuse has been showered on those who saw this danger on the horizon and believed firmly in the preparation

of all British countries to face it. "Alarmist" and "militarist" were the mildest terms used against those who were sure that Germany's military activity meant hostility to Great Britain, although both in Africa and the Orient it was manifest that the Kaiser had no friendly intentions towards the British possessions.

Canadians have not any hysterical tendencies in the matter of international conflict. We are not "spoiling for a war"—but neither are we ever disposed to shirk our military responsibilities. Now, the most serious crisis which Britain has faced for a century confronts us and neither men nor women are lacking in enthusiastic service. The Canadian woman has won especial recognition for her qualities as nurse. It has long been admitted in New York that for skill and endurance, the nurse from Canada is unexcelled. The demand for nurses is sure to be answered by our women, with a supply of trained and expert helpers, equal even to the terrible exactions of such a struggle as is now convulsing Europe. Already some hundreds of Cana-



MRS. JAMES D. MacGREGOR,

Wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, who is pleased at the response by the women of the province to her letter inviting their interest in the Hospital Ship Fund. The contribution amounted to \$3,000.

dian nurses have volunteered for field work. The hardest part of all in this or any other war is to be played by the women whose husbands and sons go forth to the war, for the passive lot of the one who waits for tidings from the army or the fleet is infinitely more heart-breaking than that of the fighter who is in the midst of the onset. Century after century, British women have watched their sons sail away for conflict, with the fear in their hearts that they had said a last "good-bye" to the eager young warriors. In France and Russia and throughout the British Empire to-day, we are thoroughly convinced that a terrible cost must be reckoned before the autocratic aggression of one ruler is to be held in effectual check. We have met this reckoning in the past. As Kipling says:

"If blood be the price of Admiralty,  
Lord God, we ha' paid it in full."

The women of the land prove worthy of the bravery of their boys, and once again it is shown that "the woman's cause is man's," for such readiness of service could not be displayed by Canadian men to-day, were it not for the mothers who, in the past, inculcated the lessons of promptness and fortitude.

**O**N all sides, we hear conjecture as to the outcome of the struggle, and one opinion is voiced again and again: "It will be the last great war." The definition of war, given in one brief syllable by General Sherman, is its sordid truth, and it is, perhaps, through proving the horrible effectiveness of modern engines of warfare, that the civilized world will be led to a conviction of its supreme desolation. The struggle of 1870 meant a loss of an

imperial crown, and the recognition that the folly of one vain man was largely to be blamed. After the smoke has cleared from the combat of 1914, it is to be hoped that the spirit of Hohenzollernism will be chastened and subdued. This is, we believe, a struggle between sane democracy and purblind ambition. It is not England, but Germany, which has been exalting militarism as the ideal of citizen service—and it has not been the best of Germany. There is so much that is of the finest in modern scientific, industrial and musical achievement, in the Land of the Rhine, that one of the saddest features of the present strife is the bitterness which may be engendered towards everything Teutonic for years to come. However deplorable certain aspects may be, the fight is on, and we have but one duty as Canadians in the present juncture. We are at this time a united Empire—

"One heart, one flag, one fleet, one throne,  
Britons, hold your own."

ERIN.

## The Price of Liberty

A Satire on War

**C**OUNCIL had been taken in the three dominions celestial, terrestrial and infernal—the date being in the second of these, which alone counts time, the year 1914.

God had gathered his Councillors together, among them Earth's Ambassador, his Off-spring, in whose frame are the cicatrices, seals of the earthly mission, yet remaining.

"Earth troubles me"—thus the Almighty; and all over the jasper chamber hands hushed the murmur of the harp-strings. "Once did I visit the star with vengeance. I sent deluge. But after it the rainbow. Once did I pour my compassion upon it, my Son's heart the sacrificial vessel! Once have I given Him, He consenting. Shall God twice ordain the Crucifixion? Or, say, my Councillors—for wrath consumes me—shall I drop this planet into the sun, which vexes me with its armaments and navies, which treats the Prince of Peace with contumely?"

Then stepped the Earth's Ambassador forward, the wounds white on his palms and on his insteps. "Patience were better, O my Lord. Many there be on the Earth who grieve because 'the new commandment' is broken. For the sake of whom let it be remembered that Thou who gavest to man to choose hadst planted the forbidden thing beside him; to the end that obedience should glorify Thee and that default should magnify Thy grace. Wherefore, permit that the Holy Ghost be sent to men ere yet Thy wrath be kindled. Send forth Thy Dove upon the Earth."

The kings of the planet sat in conclave. Aggrandizement was the name of one, Fanaticism the title of a second, Liberty a third's—there were many present. They had met to consider terms of peace, a war-cloud impending, but each tested the edge of his sword, covertly, while framing compromises. The roof under which they had met was lofty—the Dome of St. Peter's, more than likely; for was not the cause of their coming consecrated? So the shock was less than one had imagined when down from the frescoed height a voice dropped. "Remember," it said, "the Prince of Peace, my beloved Son, in whom I am thoroughly pleased." A Dove poised, like snow in sunlight, blinding the eyes which blinked to see it vanish.

Aggrandizement scoffed at the apparition. Fanaticism perverted its message. Liberty had a bandage over his eyes. As the kings withdrew from the Council, war having been hatched in deliberation, only one paused on the threshold, vainly, looking into the dome where God had spoken. His name was Defence.

The Prince of Darkness consulted his advisers. But he was ill at ease.

"What troubles me," quoth he, "is not that the nations are at war. War is hell. But out of that war, I fear me somehow, will come the truth to mankind. We stand for despotism. The war is for liberty. Our only hope is that the price of liberty will stagger the world."

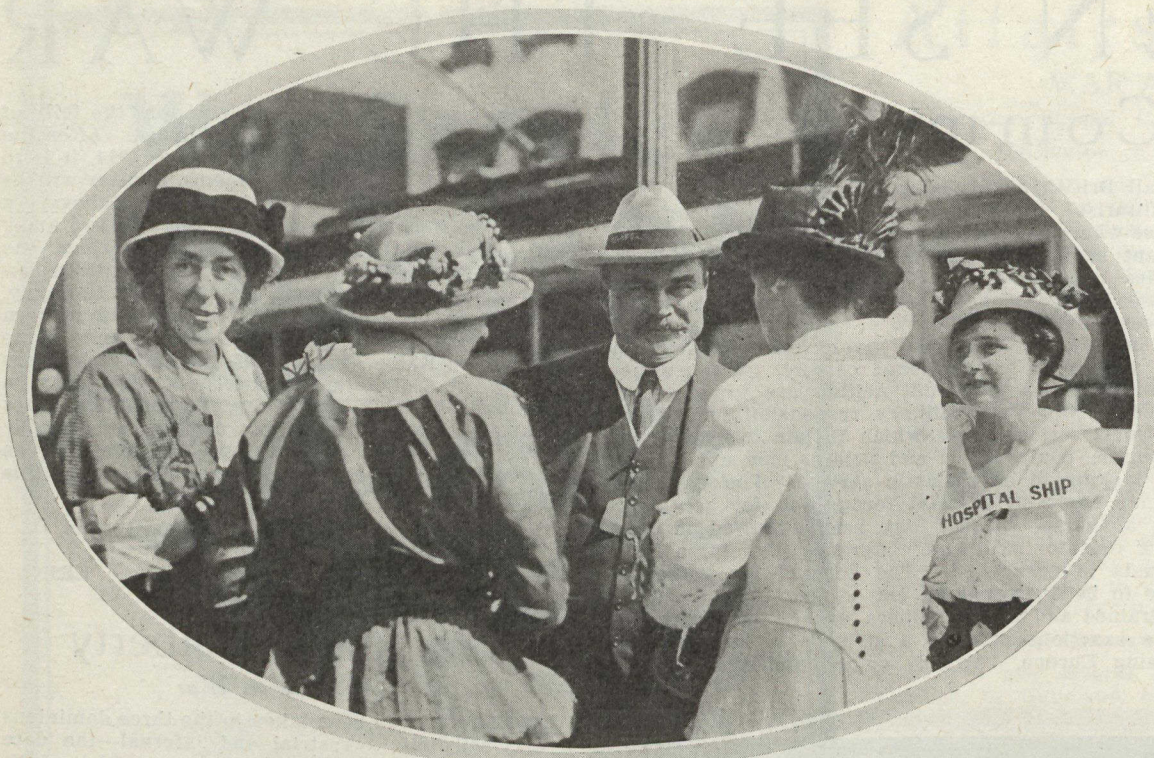
M. J. T.

## The Ship Fund and Its Use

**T**HE imperial gift of a hospital ship, which was suggested in Toronto through the Daughters of the Empire as the contribution of Canadian women to the British war equipment and toward the realization of which responses have poured in to the central committee with the expected generosity and promptness, has been changed by request of the British Admiralty to a gift intact of the funds raised to date, September 1st, for a supplementary naval hospital at Haslar, near Portsmouth, England.

Which change in the appropriation of the ship fund is strictly in accordance with the original resolution which was made at the meeting of the





#### RAISING MONEY AN EASY TASK.

A well-known citizen tagged by a quartette of the Toronto ladies who raised the gratifying sum total of thirty-one thousand dollars in one day for the Canadian women's war gift to Britain. The fund will be used to equip a naval hospital at Haslar, which will bear the name of the patriotic donors.

I. O. D. E.—the body from which the movement emanated—when it was decided to aid the Empire in the care of the sick and wounded, if not with the gift of a hospital ship, then with a sum to be exclusively devoted to military and naval hospital uses.

Miss Plummer, who suggested the hospital ship, is a devoted admirer of the Canadian nurse, and would have been gratified and delighted had the gift taken the form she thought of with full Canadian nursing and medical service. Nevertheless, this ardent imperialist is anxious, like all other women in Canada, to see the fund expended where need is greatest.

Which need is the said supplementary hospital, as the grateful Admiralty has intimated. Nor will the identity of the gift be lost by the change in the use to be made of the ship fund, for the Duchess of Connaught has seen to it that the relief station-to-be at Haslar will bear the name "The Canadian Women's Hospital." The equipment will be for one hundred and ten beds at least.

The first official communications exchanged between the Duchess of Connaught, who inaugurated the movement, and the First Lord of the Admiralty here follow:—

"Women of Canada anxious to offer Hospital Ship to British Navy. Before starting fund, anxious to know whether such offer would be acceptable.

"Louise Margaret Duchess of Connaught."

"Board of Admiralty respectfully thank Your Royal Highness for gracious message, and beg that their deep appreciation of the offer made by the women of Canada, which they gratefully accept, may be made known.

"Winston Churchill."

Subsequent study of the situation resulted in the change in the use of funds. A hospital ship was less needed, as the Admiralty has many, than was the equipment which will shortly exist at Haslar.

So, for that purpose the full fund received to date Sept. 1st by the Central Committee of the Hospital Ship Fund was forwarded to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught to offer. The committee disbanded on that date also. All later contributions to the Ship Fund are being received by a small committee, the personnel being Lady Drummond, Mrs. Agar Adamson and Miss Plummer, and will be devoted to military hospital uses.

The response to the appeal on behalf of the men, soldiers and sailors who have gone to the front, on the part of our women who have contributed to the columns with friends, sons, husbands, brothers and fathers, has been so widespread as to be literally united, and not only has generosity prevailed, but the greatest expedition has been used by all in

amassing the funds the movement called for. Tag-day alone in Toronto resulted in a sum for the fund of \$31,000. Ottawa raised in two weeks something over \$10,000. And smaller centres have followed suit superbly. East to west all Canada has aided, and never has the blood in the veins of this country been stirred to a greater filial fervour than under the present menace to Great Britain, to vanquish which our women are backing our soldiers. The men who go to the front are brave; the women who help them also are heroic.

To the I. O. D. E. belongs the credit of calling the Central Committee together and issuing the first call

#### A WOMAN'S LAST WORD



(Suggested by the above scene at the Union Station, Toronto, August 22nd.)

Go forth, Best-loved. 'Tis for thy sake  
This voice would hide its sorrow  
And glory in thy choice to-day,  
Tho' heart should break to-morrow.

For, thy heart, too, when far removed  
From mine which beats so wildly,  
Will often heavy for thy wife  
And troubled for our child be.

My hands, what though they cannot yet  
Relinquish thee to danger,  
Shall cease to cling, in pride that thou  
To valour art no stranger.

Farewell, my Life! Our fireside  
Shall faithfully be tended  
Against thy—yea—thy coming home  
When cruel strife is ended.

to service, but it is noteworthy that the said committee was a very thorough representation of all the nationally-organized societies of women in the country. The committee, which as such has completed its business, will continue new and important work of a patriotic nature under the name the Central Committee of Women's Patriotic Service.

So far the women have concentrated effort to assist in the work of relief for damaged soldiers. They are now proceeding to fix attention on another phase of the war need, namely, relief for the women at

home—not only the relatives of soldiers at the front, but others who will feel the pinch of coming "hard times." Meanwhile, all the societies of women are assisting the work of the Red Cross organizers.

#### The Positionless Girl

THE precipitation of war upon Great Britain has had as one of its immediate outcomes the throwing out of their various positions of large numbers of clerks and stenographers employed in the offices of stock brokers and other men of business who were first to feel the paralysis of the war stroke. Consequently, in many of our cities the employment bureaus are being besieged by scores of suddenly "jobless" young women and girls.

One has the account by a fair young ejection from one such down-town place in Toronto, of her first "adventure," as she terms it, in the queue.

"There were dozens there," said my pretty informant, who, despite the fact of her curls and dimples, and the fact that it is less than a year since she graduated from a New York business college, commanded by worth, lest you think by indulgence, the decent pay of fifteen dollars weekly.

"I had to wait quite a while," she continued, "as inquiry had started at half-past eight and I was an hour behind the first arrivals. Some of the girls looked dreadfully anxious, but as yet there are holiday vacancies in plenty, and it was good to see their woe clear up on hearing. I could see Jeanie from our office when a door opened on the room adjoining which proved to be the waiting-room for 'juniors.' I wanted to laugh when I lit on Jeanie. She was waiting as though she had always waited, and would go on doing so to the end of doomsday. One wondered what would happen her at lunch-time."

"What are juniors?" one interrupted, which was something of an achievement, in this instance.

"Oh, they are the girls who got under ten dollars in their envelopes at their last situations. So they wait the longest. And that, my dear, in the words of the psalmist, is 'the wormwood and the gall' of a nasty business."

"And what of your turn when it came—if it did come?"

"Turn! Milk's in The Bluebird was nothing to my turn. They gave me my choice of a 'wicked grocer' who 'groces' wholesale in cabbages and dead beets, and a manufacturer of radiators, with whom I thought I would be less likely to lose this identity I cherish. This with a flourish.

"Seriously, though," confided the maiden, "I am cutting out extras in the way of dress and the matinee and pleasure expenses, for permanency is a trickster in war-time, and my 'job' may prove a jilt around the corner."

#### The Kaiser's Luck

A RING set with a peculiar black stone is said to be a talisman of the Hohenzollern family. Its history dates back to the time of the father of Frederick the Great. This monarch on his accession was presented with the ring with the injunction to keep it safely for so long as it remained in the family the fortune of the Hohenzollerns would prosper. The ring was stolen from Frederick William II. by his mistress, the Countess Lichtenau, and to its loss were attributed the reverses sustained by the Prussians in the Napoleonic wars. It was restored in 1813, the year of the Prussian liberation, and it is declared by a high authority that the self-same ring was worn by William the First during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870.

#### In Brief-Patriotism

MRS. HAMILTON GAULT will follow her husband, the Montreal millionaire Major, who equipped the Princess Patricia Light Infantry, to the front. She will join the British Red Cross nursing forces.

The Toronto Girl Guides are planning a big rally on September 26th, at Casa Loma. The event will be a patriotic entertainment, the proceeds from which will be used for relief work, locally, this winter.

The ladies of the provincial branch of the Red Cross Society in Quebec have been organized into fifty groups of ten workers each, to sew and to collect and distribute funds and supplies for the use of sick and wounded soldiers. The organization meeting was in Montreal. All patterns used for supplies will be



submitted to the military authorities for approval.

The colours presented by her Royal Highness Princess Patricia of Connaught to her namesake regiment of Light Infantry, before their departure to Valcartier, were worked by the Princess' own hands. A gracious speech accompanied the presentation.

The organizing officers of the I. O. D. E. have been kept busy since the outbreak of war with the inauguration of numbers of new chapters. The new "Kitchener" chapter at St. Claire has for its regent Mrs. Richard Kerry. Ste. Anne de Bellevue has also formed a chapter.

A Canadian nurse, who has gone to the front with the British Red Cross contingent, is Miss Alice Mercier, of Montreal.

The summer and permanent residents of Little Metis, P.Q., generously contributed to the Hospital Ship Fund a total of more than five thousand dollars.

Recently it was stated by Professor Derick, President of the Montreal Suffrage Association, that the organization of which she is the head has decided to devote all funds this fall to patriotic objects. The suffragists accordingly are represented in the Montreal Patriotic Fund.

Agnes Maule Machar, of Kingston, the well-known writer, who calls herself "Fidelis," has written a poem in lofty vein, which bears the up-to-date title "The Hospital Ship." But there is scope for even greater up-to-date-ness.

The ladies' auxiliary of the newly organized Red Cross Society in Winnipeg is composed of some fifty prominent women, including among the professional figures: Dr. Mary Crawford, Miss Gray, head of the General Hospital, and Miss Cotter, of the nursing staff for public schools.

The French-Canadian ladies of Ottawa have exerted every effort in their power to augment the Hospital Ship Fund. Working among themselves, although co-operating with the English ladies of the city, they have done much to make Ottawa's share in the relief fund a large one.

Isadora Duncan, the famous classic barefoot dancer, has installed one hundred beds at her dancing school at Bellevue, Paris, for the use of the

Government, and she will also receive children of needy persons at her atelier and in her private residence in Paris.

Miss Brenda Williams-Taylor, of Montreal, is taking a private course in "First Aid" with the firm intention of enlisting as a volunteer nurse. The lady's fiance is already on the field, and her only brother, Mr. Travers Williams-Taylor, has been given a commission, and has enlisted for foreign service.

Miss Winifred Hicks-Lyne, the vocalist who has just returned to To-

ronto from England, contributed to the programme at a recent concert at Georgina House, that city, from which the receipts were added to the Hospital Ship Fund.

Perhaps the most ardent and appealing of women writers, in Canada, on woman's part in war-time is "Kit," who acted as war correspondent in Cuba during the Spanish-American trouble. "Kit" is Mrs. Coleman, of Hamilton, Ont. At the time of her adventure in the West Indies, this brilliant journalist was connected with the office of The Mail and Empire, Toronto.

## National Hymns of the Countries at War

"LET me make the songs of a country and you shall make its laws." Such was the power that Fletcher ascribed to the ballad-makers who catch a spirit and clothe it in the flesh of stirring language. In the light of which, it is worth while to examine what songs are now being

Carey. While destitute of poetic phrases or any of the subtle graces of poetry, it has survived the vicissitudes of more than a century and a half and bids fair to live for many ages. It is herewith given:

God save our gracious King,  
Long live our noble King,  
God save the King!  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the King!

O Lord our God, arise,  
Scatter his enemies,  
And make them fall.  
Confound their politics,  
Frustrate their knavish tricks;  
On Thee our hearts we fix,  
God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store,  
On him be pleased to pour,  
Long may he reign.  
May he defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause,  
To sing with heart and voice,  
God save the King!

### Marseillaise Hymn.

THE French are singing the Marseillaise hymn, the stirring words and music of which war-song were composed on April 24th, 1792, by Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle, a young French officer of engineers then stationed at Strassburg. It was called by him Le Chant de l'Armee du Rhin, but received its present name because sung with great fervour by a body of volunteers from Marseilles, who entered the French capital on July 20th of the same year and thus made it known to the Parisians. The historic song was under the ban under the Restoration and during the Second Empire, but speedily became the national song on the outbreak of the Franco-German war. Louis Philippe



PRINCESS MARY

Who is active with her mother at the present time in organizing the needle-women of England for the making of garments and supplies for the British soldiers.

nationally vaunted at a time when half the world is nerved to conflict.

### God Save the King.

The origin of our National Anthem, "God Save the King," is doubtful. More rhymsters have claimed this honour than succeeding rulers have deemed it expedient to pension. The version universally rendered, however, is popularly attributed to Henry

## Make Last Year's Suit Look Like a Stunning New One



Diamond Dyes enable you to recolor your clothes yourself. To use Diamond Dyes is simple and easy. In fact many women find home dyeing to be a fascinating pastime.

Every woman likes new clothes. Buy all your purse affords, but make them do double service by changing their colors when their newness wears off.

Mrs. Cora Hastings of Buffalo writes: "I had a mahogany color suit made of the new gabardine. I tired of the color as one is apt to when you wear it very often, and as it was an expensive suit, I didn't feel as though I could afford to throw it away.

"While talking about it to a friend she suggested 'Diamond Dyes.' I was almost afraid I couldn't do it, but the druggist explained to me how simple it was, so I bought a package of brown dye, and I have a stunning new suit. I also dipped an old hat in the dye and moulded it over while wet and I am not afraid to go anywhere with my Fall outfit."

## Diamond Dyes

"A child can use them"

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

Miss L. Helm of Pittsburgh writes:

"I needed a new suit for early Fall in the worst way and no money to get one as I had been out of a position for some time. In glancing over the pages of a magazine, I saw an ad. of Diamond Dyes, which set me thinking.

"I had a cloth suit from early Spring which had been a beautiful shade of purple when new, but, like many others it had faded so that I dreaded to put it on again. I thought I couldn't make it much worse no matter how stupid I might be, and as the directions for using the Diamond Dyes were so plain, I bought a package of black dye. I was delighted with the result. It came out a beautiful black and has not smut one bit."



Purple Cloth dyed Black.

### Truth About Dyes for Home Use

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

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

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

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

Diamond Dyes Sell at 10c Per Package Valuable Book and Samples Free

Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you that famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual and Direction Book, also 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

The WELLS & RICHARDSON Company, Limited  
200 Mountain St., MONTREAL, Canada



ALL VOLUNTEERS FOR FIELD WORK.

Nursing Sister Macdonald (marked X) of the Permanent Army Medical Corps and six of the A. M. C. nurses, who took a course under her direction at the School of Military Instruction, Kingston. The picturesque blue uniform, with brass buttons, is the working-dress of the Canadian Army Nursing Service. The head-dress, as is seen, is quite distinctive.



## Grateful mothers wrote this advertisement



There are on file in our office, where they may be seen by anyone interested, hundreds of letters from mothers stating that Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder has been used by them for years in the care of their children with the best of results.

Many say that no other powder is so safe to use. Many describe at length the way in which their babies have been soothed, relieved and cured by Mennen's.

Not a few said that they believed the use of this powder actually saved their babies' lives. Here are extracts from some of these letters:

"My two boys were literally raised on Mennen's"

"With any burn or hurt, the children come running, crying for Mennen's."

"In an hour from the time I put Mennen's on baby, the red, prickly rash was gone."

"We continued the powdering and the pimples began to dry up and very soon were all gone." (Poison Ivy).

"My sister's child had what the physician called 'dental eczema'. She cured it by the use of Mennen's."

"Baby had water blisters—then the skin came off. The doctor told us to cover the sores thickly with Mennen's. By the time he was six weeks old he had a soft, new skin."

"I never had any trouble with my babies chafing. I believe the constant use of Mennen's prevented the troubles other babies have."

"Following the use of antitoxin for diphtheria my children had an extensive 'breaking out.' The greatest relief was afforded by Mennen's."

"Our nurse uses Mennen's on the little baby after every bath—says it is the one powder she can depend on not to irritate baby's delicate skin"

"It has been a blessing in our family. I have used it for measles, poison ivy, prickly heat and chicken pox."

"A baby boy burned his arm. As his mother used Mennen's, the physician asked me for my Mennen's, saying 'physicians prefer it because of its medicinal properties.'"

There are many reasons why no powder but Mennen's should be used in the care of babies—or for any other purposes requiring a smooth, refined, antiseptic talcum powder.

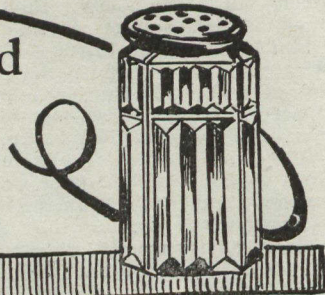
## Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder



Trade Mark

For sale everywhere, 25 cents, or by mail postpaid. Sample postpaid for 4 cents. State whether you wish the Violet Scented, or the Borated. Address Gerhard Mennen Company, Newark, N. J.

Don't be bothered  
—with—  
Damp Salt!



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IN THIS AIR-TIGHT, GERM-PROOF PACKAGE

is the finest grain of Windsor Salt, refined to the last degree of purity—and blended with Magnesium Carbonate, which adds to its healthfulness. 124

# 2 IN 1 SHOE POLISHES

Black White Tan 10c

In our new "Easy-Opening-Box." No trouble. No muss.

THE F. F. DALLEY CO., LTD.  
BUFFALO, N. Y. HAMILTON, ONT.

pensioned the author in 1830. A popular translation is as follows:

Ye sons of freedom, wake to glory!  
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!  
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,  
Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,  
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,  
Affright and desolate the land,  
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?  
To arms! to arms, ye brave!  
The avenging sword unsheathe,  
March on! march on! all hearts resolved  
On victory or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,  
Which treacherous kings, confederate, raise;  
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,  
And lo! our fields and cities blaze;  
And shall we basely view the ruin,  
While lawless force, with guilty stride,  
Spreads desolation far and wide,

the usual rendering is as follows:

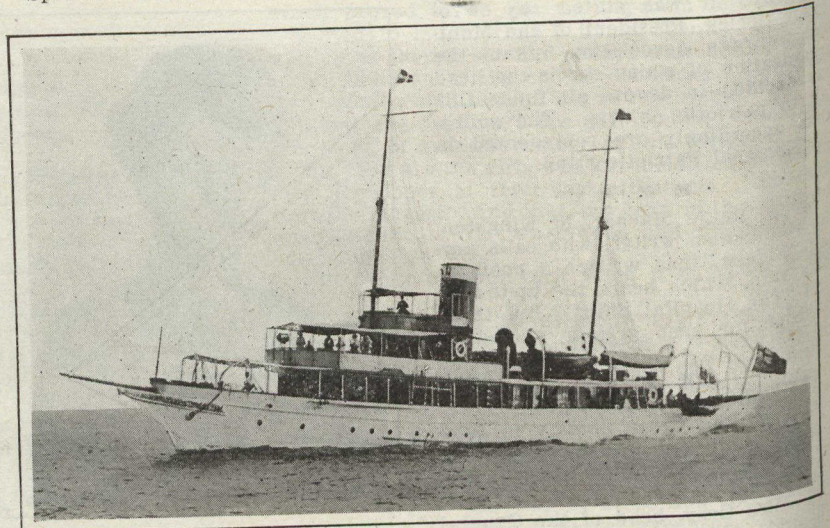
A voice resounds like thunder-peal,  
Mid clashing waves and clang of steel:—  
"The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!  
Who guards to-day my stream divine?"

Chorus—  
Dear Fatherland, no danger thine:  
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine!

They stand a hundred thousand strong,  
Quick to avenge their country's wrong;  
With filial love their bosoms swell,  
They'll guard the sacred landmark well!

The dead of a heroic race  
From heaven look down and meet their gaze;  
They swear with dauntless heart, "O Rhine,  
Be German as this breast of mine!"

"While flows one drop of German blood,  
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,  
While rifle rests in patriot hand,—  
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!"



MR. J. C. EATON'S YACHT "THE FLORENCE"

Which has been placed by its Toronto owner at the Government's disposal for use in war-time.

With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?  
With luxury and pride surrounded,  
The vile, insatiate despots dare,  
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,  
To meet and vend the light and air;  
Like beasts of burden would they load us,  
Like gods would bid their slaves adore:  
But man is man, and who is more?  
Then, shall they longer lash and goad us?

O Liberty! can man resign thee,  
Once having felt thy generous flame?  
Can dungeous, bolts, or bars confine thee?  
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?  
Too long the world has wept, bewailing  
That falsehood's dagger tryants wield,  
But freedom is our sword and shield,  
And all their arts are unavailing.  
To arms! to arms, ye brave!  
The avenging sword unsheathe,  
March on! march on! all hearts resolved  
On victory or death.

"Our oath resounds, the river flows;  
In golden light our banner glows;  
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine:  
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!"

### Russian National Anthem.

THE Russian national hymn is for peace, and strikes the ear as ironically wistful in a day when the Cossacks and plain-song Russians are pouring down in might against the Kaiser. It runs as follows:

God, the all-terrible, Thou who ordainest,  
Thunder Thy clarion and lightning Thy sword.  
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest,  
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God, the all-merciful, earth hath forsaken  
Thy holy ways and hath slighted Thy word;  
Let not Thy wrath in its terror awaken,  
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God, the omnipotent, Mighty Avenger,  
Watching invisible, judging unheard;  
Save us in mercy and save us in danger,  
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

### The Watch on the Rhine.

THE German is vaunting his favourite war-song, belying the seeming piety of it in the present war of unspeakable aggression. The verses were composed by Max Schneckenburger in the year 1840; but were little known until thirty years later, when they suddenly became the battle-cry of the invading German hosts in the fight against France. Again the invader is nerving his fighters by the use or abuse of the filial anthem of which

### Austrian Hymn by Haschka.

THE Austrian ruler, like the mischievous boy who (perhaps) never dreamed of the conflagration which his fateful match would light in tinder Europe is yet being praised in the song of his subjects who are now involved in the throes of deadly conflict. The national an-



**"Investments"**

**A Much Misused Term**

Many who should be, and think they are, laying up money for their old age, are misled into so-called "Investments," where their hard-earned money is jeopardized, and frequently lost, though it is of the utmost importance to them and to those who may be dependent upon them that its absolute safety should be beyond peradventure.

To those who should invest safely and with caution, not speculate, the bonds of the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation can be confidently recommended. This Corporation is most conservative in the investment of the funds entrusted to it. For more than fifty-nine years it has held a leading position among Canada's financial institutions, and its bonds are a LEGAL INVESTMENT FOR TRUST FUNDS. They are issued for one hundred dollars and upwards. Write for full particulars.

**CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION**

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4% Allowed on Deposits Withdrawable by Cheque

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HEAD OFFICE:

15 Richmond St. West, Toronto  
Tel. M. 214

them by Haschka is here translated:

God uphold thee, mighty Emp'ror,  
Monarch of our Eastern land.  
Power and Wisdom e'er attend thee  
Righteousness with thee shall stand,  
Till with laurel crowned a victor  
All hearts bow at thy command.  
God uphold thee, and defend thee,  
Emp'ror of our Austrian land.

Happy flow'ry land! His sceptre  
Rules o'er valley, mount and plain,  
Mildly, calmly, justly ruleth,  
He the people's love would gain.  
Yet his weaponed might in splendour  
Beams thro' all the land amain.  
God uphold thee, warrior, Father,  
Monarch of the Austrian land!

He delights the poor to cherish,  
He awakes the minstrel's lay,  
He would not that any perish,  
All admire the gentle sway.  
'Heav'n reward him, God defend  
him,"

Thus we sing and thus we pray,  
Kaiser, Emperor, Monarch, Father,  
All thy peaceful rule obey.

He from bondage will deliver,  
He would make us truly free!  
In the German heart shall ever  
He the brightest mem'ry be,  
Till in other worlds a welcome  
Greets in blest eternity.  
God defend thee, God attend thee,  
Emp'ror, Franz, all hail to thee!

**Italy's War-Song.**

All forward! All forward!  
All forward to battle! the trumpets  
are crying,  
All forward! All forward! Our old  
flag is flying,  
When Liberty calls us we linger no  
longer,  
Rebels, come on! though a thousand  
to one!  
Liberty! Liberty! deathless and  
glorious,  
Under thy banner thy sons are vic-  
torious,  
Free souls are valliant, and strong  
arms are stronger,  
God shall go with us and battle be  
won.

Chorus—  
Hurrah for the banner!  
Hurrah for the banner!  
Hurrah for our banner, the flag of  
the free!

All forward! All forward!  
All forward for freedom! In terrible  
splendour  
She comes to the loyal who die to  
defend her.  
Her stars and stripes o'er the wild  
wave of battle  
Shall float in the heavens to welcome  
us on.  
All forward! to glory, tho' life-blood  
is pouring,  
Where bright swords are flashing,  
and cannons are roaring;  
Welcome to death in the bullet's  
quick rattle,—  
Fighting, or falling, shall freedom be  
won.

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"Yours truly, etc."

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# The Rights of Small Nations

Premier Asquith Recalls to Parliament the Honourable Traditions of Warfare

ALL doubts as to the absolute sympathy between Great Britain and Belgium are ended. For a time the Belgians, having taken the full impact of the Germans, were said to be disgruntled by the slow advance of the Allies. The alleged fall of Namur was set down by some alarmists as due to Belgian weakening. But the speech of Premier Asquith moving the resolution asking King George to convey to Belgium the thanks of the British nation, makes it clear that the first and last principle of the war, so far as England is concerned, is to respect the rights of small neutral states like Belgium. The Premier is an Anglo-Saxon speaker of the John Bright school. He never Latinizes. His speech, concentrated in plain words, the present temper of the British nation, not the flamboyant patriotism of France, not the blind infatuation of Germany, not the overwhelming stolidity of Russia, but the sober, steady sentiment of the race which accustomed to wars the world over, has not for centuries had a battle on her own soil. In guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium as a closed door to France, the Premier knew, as the British race knows, that the occupation of Belgium by Germany, and the probable swift defeat of France, if Britain should remain neutral, would mean the ultimate annexation of Belgium to Germany, and a still greater menace to England herself.

The Premier said:  
"Very few words are necessary to commend to the House the terms of this address. The war, which is now shaking to its foundations the whole European system, originated in a quarrel in which this country had no direct concern. We strove with all our might, as every one now knows, to prevent its outbreak, and, when that was no longer possible, to limit its area. It is of importance that it should be clearly understood when it was and why it was intervened. It was only when we were confronted with the choice between keeping and breaking solemn obligations, in the discharge of a binding trust, and a shameless subservience to naked force, that we threw away the scabbard. We do not repent our decision. The issue was one which no great and self-respecting nation, certainly none bred and nurtured like ourselves in this ancient home of liberty, could without undying shame have declined.

"We were bound by obligations plain and paramount to assert and maintain the threatened independence of a small and useful State. Belgium had no interests of her own to serve except the one supreme and overriding interest of every State, great or little, which is worthy of the name—the preservation of her integrity and her national life. History tells us that the duty of asserting and maintaining that great principle, which is, after all, the well-spring of civilization, has again and again, at most critical periods in the past fallen upon States relatively small in area and in population, but great in courage and resource, on Athens, Sparta, the Swiss cantons, and not less gloriously three centuries ago on the Netherlands.

"In the annals of liberty the Belgians have won for themselves the immortal glory which belongs to a people who prefer freedom to ease and security, even to life itself."

In this speech, the Premier, voicing the sentiments of every Empire-subject, gave the glory to the small nation, Belgium. It was but due and fitting. Belgium played the part of David to the Goliath. Belgium, and with but a sling and a few small stones, was able to impede the progress of the present man of Gath. All honour to little Belgium. The Kaiser's granite is being marked not only by the British bulldog, but by his playmates.



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**CANADIAN COURIER**  
Toronto



# The FIFTH WHEEL

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

CHAPTER XXXV.—(Continued.)

HER eyes fell before the passionate fire of his, and her breath came quickly.

He laid his hand over hers where it rested on the arm of the chair.

"If we part to-day," he continued earnestly, "God only knows what new thing may happen to separate us. Once we are married, nothing matters. Don't you see, darling?"

"But if there is more trouble about this case?" she suggested.

"Then we will meet it together. You believe that I am innocent of any share in it, don't you? You know I am speaking the truth when I say that I never knew the girl at all."

"I believe every word you say, Laurie."

"Then believe that I love you with my whole heart and soul and trust me to set things straight when you are my wife. Will you come, Fen?"

She hesitated for a moment longer. "I am so shabby," she said, looking down at the simple serge dress in which she had travelled home.

He laughed and rose. "I'll engage a room for you and Theo to tidy up in," he said, "and give you ten minutes. Then we must start."

She followed him across the lounge to where the others were sitting.

"Do you feel like a best man?" Laurie asked Mauleverer.

"I do," answered Tubby, "the best man that ever lived—just engaged to the best girl in the world."

Theo's smile, softly tender and happy, supplemented the assertion.

"Then come along and see me turned off," Laurie said.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

There are thirty-six numbers on a roulette board, and they all have their turn. It's like life—sometimes you get a black one, and then a red, sometimes you have a run of one or the other all together, and then comes a zero and you start afresh.

THE ceremony, brief and quiet, with only Theo and Tubby as witnesses, was over. Fenella in a maze of happiness that seemed as a mirage to a wayworn traveller, too real and too perfect not to be visionary, stood in the centre of the little group, in the hotel lounge while the three of them touched glasses and drank her health.

"To Mrs. Laurence Pridham," said Tubby, raising his and clinking Theo's glass. "Here's wishing her many happy returns of the day. Fen, I look towards you."

"To the bride," Theo proclaimed. "May you live happy ever after."

"Here's hoping," put in Laurie, and they all drained their glasses.

It was at this very moment that a page came through the lounge calling out Laurie's number and said, in reply to a question from Laurie as to what he was wanted for, "There's a gentleman and a little girl looking for one of your party."

"Why," broke in Fenella, catching sight of three people at the other end of the lounge, "it's little Eve."

And at the same instant, the child, recognizing her two friends, ran towards them, followed by her mother and Mr. Ferdinand Saxon.

The mother, Mrs. Moorhouse, seeing her little daughter's enthusiastic greeting to Fenella, introduced herself.

"I am sure it is Miss Leach," she

said. "I am Eve's mother. You can imagine how full my heart is of gratitude towards you. I thought my little darling was lost. I never hoped to see her again—and then I heard of your wonderful heroism. I cannot thank you enough. And Mr. Mauleverer—which is he?"

Fenella indicated Tubby who, in his old lazy drawl, said—to end the embarrassment of Mrs. Moorhouse's thanks—"Eve has made a mistake. That isn't Miss Leach really. As a matter of fact Miss Leach ceased to exist about half-an-hour ago."

Eve bubbled over with laughter and called him a story-teller, and Tubby continued, "This lady is Mrs. Laurence Pridham."

Mrs. Moorhouse looked at him doubtfully, suspecting a joke of some kind, whereupon Tubby gravely introduced Laurie to them both—and suggested that the bride's health should be drunk again with all the honours.

Meanwhile Mr. Saxon, waiting a few paces away, had gathered what was passing and now approached.

"My dear," he said to his niece, "I should be glad if you would present me," adding to them all, "I hope I don't intrude, in joining this little party as an uninvited guest."

"THIS is my uncle, Mr. Saxon," Mrs. Moorhouse said, "He has just come back from Aix-les-Bains to meet me."

"I am proud and honoured," Saxon declared, "to make the acquaintance of the lady who saved my little Eve by her magnificent unselfish presence of mind. No words could express my grateful appreciation of, as I understand—Mrs. Laurence Pridham. Sir"—he turned to Laurie—"you are, if I may be allowed to say so, one of the most fortunate men in the world at this moment. May I have the pleasure of knowing Mr. Theodor Mauleverer?"

"A doubtful pleasure, I am afraid," responded Tubby as he shook hands.

"Pardon me," Saxon dissented, there is no possible doubt as to my desire to meet you, Mr. Mauleverer, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of someone who is going to unite us in close relationship. I asked your sister's permission to tell you that she had consented to become my wife."

Tubby's equable politeness was proof against this surprising intelligence, and he merely said, "Is that so?" with an air of mildly civil interest.

"That is so. I hope to persuade her to let me fix an early date for the wedding, if the state of your father's health permits. Sallie is with Lorl Brismain now, as you probably know."

"Yes, I shall have to be moving on there," remarked Tubby. "I should have gone to St. George's Square straight from the station but for unforeseen circumstances."

He glanced at Theo, and Saxon's eyes followed his. "Pleasant ones, I am sure," said the millionaire gallantly. "May I be permitted to ask the name of this young lady?"

Theo's cheeks dimpled at him, for she was very pleased indeed at his announcement about Sallie. It cleared the decks for Laurie at home, she considered.

It was decided eventually that Tubby should accompany his brother-in-law-elect to St. George's Square, returning later to dine with Saxon at the Cecil, where he had taken a suite

of rooms for himself and the Moorhouses.

"But you will see me at the Chase to-morrow, without fail," Tubby said to Theo as they withdrew to a corner together before parting. "I shall bring my father's blessing with me, I know—though very little else, I'm sorry to say, my poor child."

"Don't, Tubby!" The brown eyes flashed with sudden tears. "As if I wanted anything else but you."

"A bad bargain for you, kiddie. But I'm going to work in future. No more philandering—no more gambling. If you'll throw in your luck with mine, and if there isn't a billet here, I'm ready to go abroad. Would you come?"

"To the end of the world," she breathed softly.

There was a pause.

"Beastly places, these palm-courts, for saying good-bye in," observed Tubby. "I'm afraid we must save up for to-morrow, kid."

While they were talking and Laurie had gone to fetch his hat and coat, leaving Fenella with the Moorhouses, Ferdinand Saxon, seating himself, took out a diminutive pocket cheque-book and a stylo.

After writing a cheque in four figures, he signalled a waiter and asked for a sheet of paper and an envelope. This being brought, he indited a brief message, enclosed it with the cheque in the envelope and addressed it to Mrs. Laurence Pridham.

Then, with a smile of satisfaction, he rejoined the others and took his part in the farewells, finally placing the envelope in Fenella's hand.

"We are going to be great friends, I hope," he said, "and it seems to me there's a possibility of our being connections in the future." He paused to look towards Theo and Tubby. "I hope Mr. Pridham will allow me to present my little wedding gift to his bride."

FENELLA blushed a vivid rose-colour and accepted the envelope unhesitatingly.

"I have never," continued Saxon, "felt so much pleasure in a wedding gift as I do to-day. As an old man, Mr. Pridham, and under such exceptional circumstances, you won't refuse me that pleasure I know. A wedding-day is a special occasion and I claim all the usual privileges."

"It is awfully kind of you, Mr. Saxon," Fenella replied, and began to open the envelope.

"Read it at your leisure," he said. "I hope this is only a revoir and we shall meet soon again."

After his departure Fenella opened the envelope. The message was a characteristic one.

"For the sake of the little child whom we both love, and whose life you saved, accept my homage and with it this small gift, to remind you of what I shall never forget. Ferdinand Saxon." She looked at the cheque and held it out to her husband with dismay.

"Laurie!" she gasped, "it's for TWO thousand pounds! What a wonderful old man. I wish he hadn't given me so much—except—well—I shall not come to you so empty-handed, Laurie. I can't send it back, since he put it in this way."

Laurie was contented that she should do as she thought best. Money never counted with him, except as a necessary means to an end.

"We must jog along now," he said,



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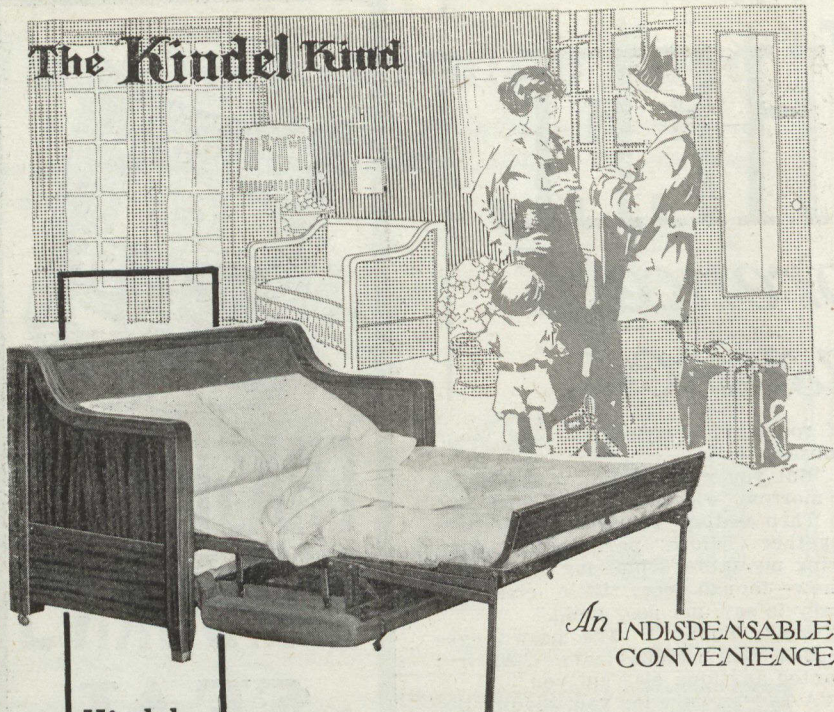
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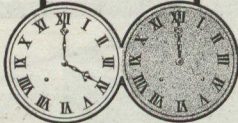
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"if we want to catch the three-fifty."  
"I feel an awful gooseberry," pouted Theo. "I am a superfluous woman! You had better put me into another compartment, Laurie. You two must have such heaps to say to one another. It's a sort of miracle your being married, isn't it?"

That was how it seemed to Fenella. The gate of heaven had opened suddenly, and she had passed in—with Laurie!

As they approached Fleet Station, all the old familiar sights soothed their emotions, reminding them that everyday life went on its course, in spite of all the ills and accidents that flesh is heir to.

The glimpses of the canal, in spite of the sunshine glistening on its dark water, made Fenella shudder with sudden remembrance, but the view of Spinney Chase, illumined by a flood of sunset gold, reassured her. All the horrible past was a nightmare—dispelled when Laurie awakened. At the lodge gate Laurie alighted.

"I want to see mother quite alone first," he said, "let me go on ahead of you, and follow in five minutes."

He walked quickly up the drive, and for five minutes Fenella and Theo sat silently side by side, Theo's hand resting caressingly on her new sister-in-law's arm.

"WHERE'S Theo?" asked Agnes, as she stepped from the verandah to greet Laurie.  
"Coming in a moment," he answered. "Where's mother?"

Agnes indicated the little morning-room where Mrs. Pridham retired always to write her letters and conduct the business of life; and he hastened there.

"Laurie—my boy—you are back again!" Mrs. Pridham looked up eagerly. She had been sounding the depths of her own heart during the last two days and learning that neither wealth nor society nor even a title can give undivided satisfaction. There is invariably a human note that must be in tune with the daily life to create harmony, a heart interest wherewith to make a cage for the Blue Bird, always ready to be on the wing.

"Mother!" He put his arms fondly round her and kissed her twice. Then he told her everything that had happened up to the moment at the Hotel Cecil when he asked Fenella to make her sacrifice for him complete.

"Now," he said, "it is in your power to reward Fen for all her goodness and devotion and to make me supremely happy by taking her to your heart. Mother, remember that odds are against happiness of success of every kind. Remember that no amount of money can buy them if Fate is against you. Remember how nearly ours was all shipwrecked by the merest string of accidents and coincidences, and then tell me if you still deny me my heart's desire."

She looked into his eager face long and earnestly. "Laurie," she said, "think how your father has toiled—think of the years it has taken him, and me—for I have helped—to build this up. Think of the disappointment it must be for a man who has done all he has, to find that his only son who will inherit it prefers to marry a penniless nobody."

He interrupted her gently. "She is the girl I love," he said, "who holds my heart in the hollow of her hand. Without her I should be lost. She is my guiding-star. Mother, give her to me. Tell me if I may marry her with your consent, and that you will be good to her for my sake. Think what it means to me to be divided between the girl whom I adore and the mother who comes first of everyone to me in the world. Only such a little while ago and my life was neither yours nor my own to make or mar. I was just a useless log, with no past or present or future. Now all three have been given back to me and I only ask one thing more. Don't you care enough to give it to me?"

Again they looked at one another and then the hardness in Mrs. Pridham's face broke up and she smiled tenderly.

"Care for you!" she said. "I be-

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lieve I would give you the moon if you really wanted it!"

"Dearest," he answered, "you don't know what it is to me that you should say it. You'll guess when I tell you that I married Fen by special license to-day. Listen! Don't blame me or take back what you have said. It was the only right thing to do. She could not come back here in any other way, and after all she has done for my sake, I could not let her face the world alone. She is neither penniless nor a nobody, but a girl whom everyone would be proud to know, as Mr. Saxon said to-day."

"The millionaire?"

Laurie answered in the affirmative and told the story of the wedding present—also of Sallie's engagement.

"Why didn't you say all this before?" Mrs. Pridham asked. "Sallie being engaged makes a great difference, of course."

"It need make none," he said. "I wanted you to give your consent of your own free will and out of love for me. And you've done it, mother, praise the Lord! Now let us tell father. If he doesn't take very kindly to the suddenness of it, you can smooth it over for us—and I know you will."

They went together to the library where, after an interval, Fen and Theo and Agnes joined them.

Theo walked up to her father and put her arm around his neck.

"Father," she said, "Tubby Mauleverer has asked me to marry him and I have said 'Yes.' He has explained everything to me about poor Liz Bainton and I believe in him. So does the Inspector, and he says he doesn't think there will be any more trouble for Tubby and Fen."

"And what?" asked Mr. Pridham pinching her cheek, "are you and Tubby going to set up housekeeping on. Your dress allowance, with bread and cheese and kisses for the chinks?"

"No," she said soberly, "he is going to work. So am I. We are tired of being frivolous and useless, both of us."

Mr. and Mrs. Pridham looked at her with a lenient smile.

The prospect of their youngest daughter becoming Lady Brismain some day was soothing, and supplied the link with the old aristocracy which, in Laurie's case, had proved a missing one.

"If this wretched affair would get settled," Mr. Pridham said, "and give us a little peace of mind, I daresay mother and I"—he glanced at his wife—"could spare something to help you young people to jog along."

Then he went across to Fen and took her hand in both his.

"My dear," he said, "you have had more than your fair share of all this misery. You have fought a gallant fight and we must try and make it up to you. I think Laurie has chosen well and wisely, and we shall be proud of you as his wife."

He stooped and kissed her on the forehead and then, still holding her hand, led her to his wife. "Mother," he said, "give a welcome to our new daughter."

Agnes slipped quietly out of the room and up to her little Oratory. The way seemed clear to her now to her heart's dearest wish; in imagination she saw herself dedicated to the service she longed to enter.

But first she wanted to give thanks for the consummation devoutly hoped for, just attained, and to pray that the last shadow of dishonour over the path of those so dear to her might be dispelled.

As Fen and Laurie drove through the London streets, on their way back to the Cecil, some placards of the evening newspapers attracted their attention.

"CANAL MYSTERY SOLVED. EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY."

Laurie stopped the taxi and hailed a paper boy running past.

They turned to the late news column eagerly, and what they read there lifted them out of the shadows into the light.

(Concluded next week.)

## War Stories, Old and New

By HUGH S. EAYRS

NEXT year, the people of the British Empire will be celebrating the victory of Waterloo. It will then be a memory of a century. June 18th, 1915, and the field of Waterloo are time and place memorable indeed. Will the British people be able to celebrate that time and place, reflecting that the great trio, France, Germany and Britain, are engaged in keeping the peace, or engaged once more in the tragedy of war, with all its pathos and bathos? No one can forecast.

Once more, Belgium is the prize-ring of the world. It may be that there will be another clash of arms on the very field of Waterloo itself. France, Germany and Britain make up the trio to-day, as they did a century ago. But this time the arrangement is different, France and Britain now unite against Germany. In 1815 Britain and Germany made common cause against France. Once more, the two countries are fighting, not so much a nation as a man. But this time the Napoleon is a German, not a Frenchman. Napoleon was the past mad dog of Europe. The Kaiser is the present one. Shades of Blucher and Wellington and Napoleon—the French sword flashes next to the British against the German.

In 1815 the Germans and the British sang a magnificent, and the French a miserere. Who will sing the song of praise, and who will moan the dirge after the next Waterloo?

There are several stories told of the great Waterloo. Napoleon was feeling in one of his periodically pessimistic moods the night before the historic 18th of June. The morrow came, and with it Blucher to support Wellington. The battle went against Napoleon, and when all hope of a victory for him had been crushed he cried to his officers: "Gentlemen,

all is lost. Let him save himself who can!"

But it is not generally known that Lord Acton authenticated another saying of the Emperor's on the field of Waterloo. Napoleon, when the allies could not be stayed, retreated, and turning to his aide, said: "Oh these English, these English—they are invincible!"

They are already telling a story of Kitchener, Britain's new Minister for War. On his appointment he went to the War Office. After looking round and observing things, he shot a question at his guide.

"Have you got a bed here?"

"No, my Lord."

"Then get one," said K. of K. Kitchener means to be on the job.

There are those who think it a significant thing that Winston Churchill, who has been such a successful sea-dog, was never made Minister for War. As A. G. Gardiner says of him he has seen more wars than any man of his age, and written more books than any soldier living.

A story is told of him when he had been made a prisoner of war in one campaign. A general of the opposing forces held up the train that bore "Winnie" and his fellow-prisoners. The general was struck by this young man with the near-red hair, who gave himself up.

"May I have special privileges? I am a war correspondent," said the young man, with the utmost sang froid.

"You fight too well to be treated as a civilian," came the general's retort. A Marlborough once won Blenheim for the English. And this present restless Marlborough knows very well how to be a brave soldier.

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IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."

## There's Something in the English After All

I'VE been meditating lately that when everything is told, There's something in the English after all; They may be too bent on conquest, and too eager after gold, But there's something in the English after all; Though their sins and faults are many, and I won't exhaust my breath By endeavouring to tell you of them all, Yet they have a sense of duty, and they'll face it to the death, So there's something in the English after all.

If you're wounded by a savage foe and bugles sound "Retire!" There's something in the English after all; You may bet your life they'll carry you beyond the zone of fire, For there's something in the English after all; Yes, although their guns be empty, and their blood be ebbing fast, And to stay by wounded comrades be to fall. Yet they'll set their teeth like bulldogs and protect you to the last, Or they'll die—like English soldiers—after all.

When the seas demand their tribute, and a British ship goes down, There's something in the English after all; There's no panic rush for safety, where the weak are left to drown, For there's something in the English after all. But the women and the children are the first to leave the wreck, With the crew in hand, as steady as a wall, And the captain is the last to stand upon the sinking deck, So there's something in the English after all.

Though the half of Europe hates them, and would joy in their decline, Yet there's something in the English after all; They may scorn the scanty numbers of the thin red British line, Yet they fear its lean battalions after all; For they know that from the colonel to the drummer in the band, There is not a single soldier in them all But would go to blind destruction, were their country to demand, And call it simply "duty"—after all. —Bertrand Shadwell.

## Britain's Answer

MR. KIPLING'S PROPHETIC VISION.

The offers received and accepted from the Dominions within less than a week after the declaration of war suggest to the "Morning Post" the republication of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's well-known poem.

TRULY ye come of The Blood; slower to bless than to ban; Little used to lie down at the bidding of any man. Flesh of the flesh that I bred, bone of the bone that I bare; Stark as your sons shall be—stern as your fathers were. Deeper than speech our love, stronger than life our tether, But we do not fall on the neck nor kiss when we come together, My arm is nothing weak, my strength is not gone by; Sons, I have borne many sons, but my duggs are rot dry. . . . Draw now the three-fold knot firm on the nine-fold bands, And the Law that ye make shall be law after the rule of your lands. This for the waxen Heath, and that for the Wattle-bloom. This for the Maple-leaf, and that for the southern Broom. The Law that ye make shall be law and I do not press my will, Because ye are Sons of The Blood and call me Mother still. Now must ye speak to your kinsmen and they must speak to you, After the use of the English, in straight-flung words and few. Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways, Baulking the end half-won for an instant dole of praise. Stand to your work and be wise—certain of sword and pen, Who are neither children nor Gods, but men in a world of men!

## To Lucasta, on Going to the War

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind, That from the nunnery Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind To war and arms I fly. True, a new mistress now I chase, The first foe in the field; And with a stronger faith embrace A sword, a horse and shield. Yet this inconstancy is such As you, too, shall adore; I could not love thee, Dear, so much, Loved I not honour more. —Colonel Lovelace.

## The Man Who Keeps His Head

("Britain's Motto: Business as Usual."—H. E. Morgan.)

THERE'S a man who fights for England, and he'll keep her still atop. He will guard her from dishonour in the market and the shop, He will save her homes from terror on the fields of Daily Bread. He's the man who sticks to business, he's the man who keeps his head.

Let the foe who strikes at England hear her wheels of commerce turn, Let the ships that war with England see her factory furnace burn; For the foe most fears the cannon, and his heart most quails with dread, When behind the man in khaki is the man who keeps his head.

Brand him traitor and assassin who with miser's coward mood Has the gold locked up in secret and his larders stored with food, Who has cast adrift his workers, who lies sweating in his bed, And who snarls to hear the laughter of the man who keeps his head.

Let the poor man teach the rich man, for the poor man's constant strife Is from day to day to seek work, day by day to war with life, And the poor man's home hangs ever by a frail and brittle thread, And the poor man's often hungry, but the poor man keeps his head.

When the ships come back from slaughter, and the troops march home from war; When the havoc strewn behind us threatens the road that lies before, Every hero shall be welcomed, every orphan shall be fed By the man who stuck to business, by the man who kept his head. —Harold Begbie.



**In Lighter Vein**

Most Unjust.—"Your husband, madam, is suffering from voluntary inertia."  
"Poor fellow! And here I've been telling him he's just lazy."—Baltimore American.



A Mere Shadow.—A junior barrister was hurrying across to the law courts when he almost collided with a cab. The driver, who had pulled up with a jerk, pronounced his opinion in plain English about absent-minded people.  
"Couldn't you see the bloomin' 'oss?" he asked, with withering sarcasm.  
"See him!" gasped the startled barrister, looking contemptuously at the animal between the shafts. Then he stepped on to the curb. "I didn't see your horse when I stood in front of him," he added, "but I can see something when I look at him sideways."—The Argonaut.



Proven.—In an asylum two worthies named Sandie and Tam formed a plan to make their escape. Sandie said to Tam: "Bend doon and I'll get on yer back and get on tap o' the wall and haul ye up."  
Sandie got on the top of the wall and slid down the other side, saying:  
"Tam, I think ye'll better to bide anither fortnicht, for you're no near sane yet."



The Reckless Stage.—Hotel Waiter—"Come, sir, you really must go off to bed, sir. (Yawns.) Why, the dawn's a-breaking, sir."  
Late Reveller—"Let it break—and put it down in the bill, waiter."—Punch.



Bad, Indeed.—The Ancient Mariner—"Seen changes? I should think I 'ave, sir. Winkleton used to be that quiet you could 'ear a pin drop! But look at it now. What with the picture palace and the pierrots and them swing-boats and the penny bazaar, it's got to be a fair panharmonium!"—Punch.



Eugenics.—She (after seeing her literary fiancé in a bathing-suit for the first time)—"For goodness sake, Henry, say something brilliant!"—Life.



In Spite of Himself.—In Denver they tell of a young Britisher who will some day inherit a title, and who not long ago married the daughter of a supposedly wealthy man of that town.  
A month or so after the marriage the father-in-law took the husband aside. "I am ruined!" he exclaimed. "Practically every cent is gone!"  
The Briton was a good loser, however, for he gave vent to a long, low whistle, and exclaimed with a little laugh:  
"By George! Then I did marry for love, after all."—Harper's Magazine.



A Spoil-Sport.—It was a sweet, sad play, and there was hardly a dry handkerchief in the house. But one man in the first balcony irritated his neighbours excessively by refusing to take the performance in the proper spirit. Instead of weeping, he laughed. While others were mopping their eyes and endeavouring to stifle their sobs, his face beamed with merriment and he burst into inappropriate snuffaws.  
At last a lady by his side turned upon him indignantly.  
"I d-don't know what brought y-you here," she sobbed, with streaming eyes, and pressing her hand against her aching heart; "but if y-you don't like the p-play you might l-let other p-people enjoy it!"  
—Tit-Bits.



The Reason.—Mrs. Whittler—"What delightful manners your daughter has!"  
Mrs. Blier (proudly)—"Yes. You see she has been away from home so much."  
—Smart Set.



Awakened.—Billy—"Do you believe in signs?"  
Milly—"Yes, indeed."  
Billy—"Well, last night I dreamed you were madly in love with me. What is that a sign of?"  
Milly—"That's a sign you were dreaming."  
—Penn State Froth.



Evolution.  
When Eve brought woe to all mankind, Old Adam called her wo-man.  
He then woo'd with love so kind, But when she woo'd with love so kind, He then pronounced it woo-man.  
But now with folly and with pride, Their husbands' pockets brimming, The ladies are so full of whims That people call them whim-men.  
—Cornell Widow.

**Don't stow this away under your hat. Use it.**

P. A. in the tidy red tin hands you the biggest money's worth of fragrant pipe joy that coin of the realm ever bought. This is the dandy package to tote on the hip or tuck into the side pocket. But—and make special note of this—it isn't the spanking bright red tin that makes



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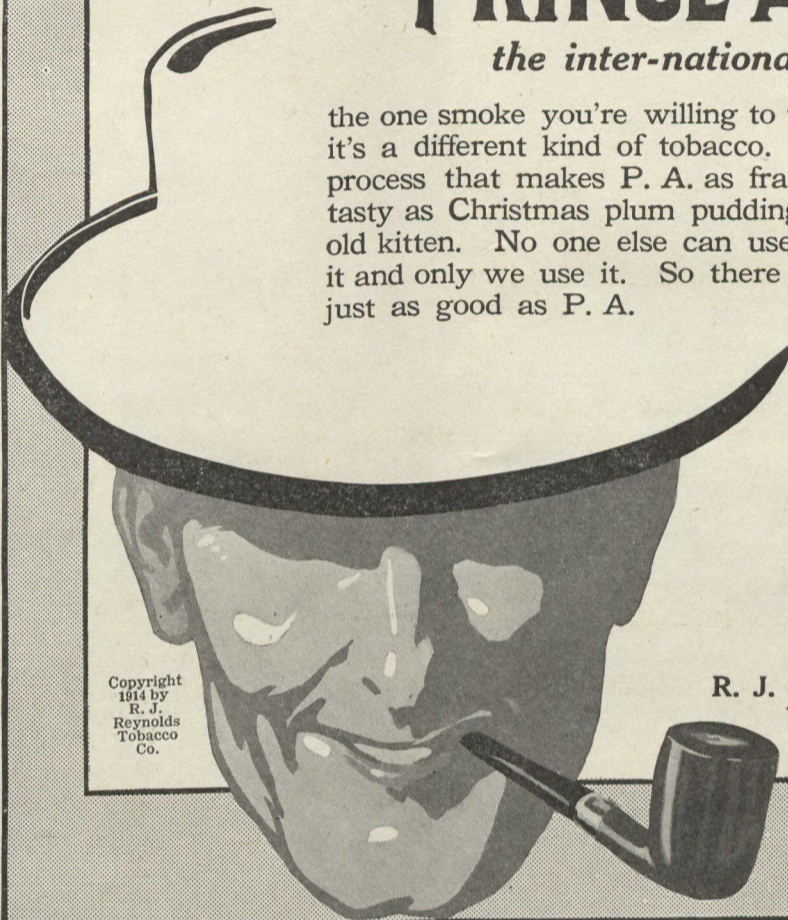
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Unless body and brain be properly nourished, it is impossible to do the best work.

A bottle of O'KEEFE'S PILSENER LAGER is a bottle of liquid food and strength for all workers. It restores the flagging energy and refreshes the whole system. Order a case from your dealer and have a bottle for dinner to-day.

All O'Keefe beers are brewed only from pure barley malt, choicest hops and filtered water.





# A Royal Beauty Secret from Ancient Egypt

Today one of ancient Egypt's lost arts is becoming universal knowledge. Apparently Nitocris, Hatasu, Cleopatra, and other queens of Egypt, all used Palm and Olive Oils at their daily toilets.

To these two *natural* sources they owed much of their celebrated beauty.

For over three thousand years these enriching oils have been famous for their cleansing, softening and beautifying virtues.

So we use them in Palmolive Soap. We unite them in a scientific blend which greatly enhances their old-time efficacy.

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**PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO**—the Olive Oil Shampoo—makes the hair lustrous and healthy and is excellent for the scalp. It rinses out easily and leaves the hair soft and tractable. Price 50 cents.

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and adds a delightful touch after the use of Palmolive Soap. Price 50 cents.

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No other combination we know of is so soothing, so cleansing, so truly beneficial to tenderest skins.

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Fifteen cents per cake puts this truly regal luxury within easy reach of all.

In hard water or soft, hot water or cold, for toilet, bath or shampoo, Palmolive lathers freely and readily, cleanses and refreshes in a way that is strictly "PALMOLIVE."

#### READ THIS TRANSLATION

- (1) As for her who desires beauty.
- (2) She is wont to anoint her limbs with 1 oil of palm and 1 oil of olives.
- (3) There cause to flourish these 1 ointments the skin.
- (4) As for the oil of palm 1 and oil of olives, 1 there is not their like for revivifying, making 1 sound and purifying the skin.

#### EXPLANATORY NOTE

This is a translation of the story of palm and olive oils written in the hieroglyphics of 3,000 years ago.

The characters and the translation are correctly shown according to the present-day knowledge of the subject.

Read hieroglyphics down, and to the right.

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