

THE CANADIAN COURIER



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PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS

Sidelights on What Some People Think the World is Doing

JOHAN RUSSELL, a young Canadian artist, has painted a life-size portrait of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, which is now at the Canadian National Exhibition and will afterwards go to Quebec to be hung in the Parliament Buildings. It is the sternest portrait the ex-Premier and great French-Canadian leader ever had. It is as iron as Cromwell. Not a suspicion of a smile, no geniality, no bonhomie, no Latin oratory, no Latin grace or any touch of the chevalier; none of the qualities which most people recognize in Laurier. Why this iron hand without the velvet glove? The answer is—Sir Wilfrid wanted it that way; because he wanted posterity to know him as a ruler of men rather than a leader. He was a ruler. But the world at large will never believe that he ruled by behaving like Cromwell or the Kaiser.

RUSSIA'S wheat crop was estimated by our friend, Mr. Newspaper Heading, last week, as 2,000,000,000 bushels. The fact that the news item made it quite clear that the wheat crop is 571,000,000 bushels merely involves a process in mental arithmetic. And we are all used to big figures nowadays. Millions have become commonplace; whether it's bushels or dollars or people killed, wounded and missing.

PEGOUD and Warneford are both dead. France and England have lost the two most brilliant air-men ever known. From their dizzy seats in the clouds, or above them, these flying-men kept eyes and dropped bombs on the German hosts. We read of no such flying men in Germany. Before the war, von Buelow bombastically said in his book, Imperial Germany, that the Germans were lords of the air. He was referring to Zeppelins. But the Teuton may have his Zeppelins, so long as we have the greatest air-men in the world.

THAT little nation, Roumania, seems to realize the national principle behind this war. One of the little nations, she refuses to let Germany pass through with arms and reinforcements for the Turk. Roumania has the spirit of Belgium. She is another little nation. The Kaiser tries to scare Roumania by threatening to keep Roumanian wheat out of Germany. Roumania will produce this year 109,000,000 bushels of wheat. If Germany doesn't want that wheat worse than Roumania wants to sell it, we might as well conclude that German insanity has invaded even the German stomach.

OVER \$200,000,000 in gold has been shipped from the banks of the Allies to the United States since the war began. American financiers blandly expect the United States to become the gold centre of the world. No wonder Bryan is against the war. He became a public figure by attacking the gold-bugs in 1896. With a few hundred tons of foreign gold in the bank vaults of the United States it is about time for Bryan to revive that epigram of his—"You cannot crucify mankind on a cross of gold."

ONCE more we are into the time of the golden-rod and the purple aster, the golden-glowing pumpkin and the ripening peach, the crackling evening fire and the tickets for the play. We have had a middling villainous summer in some parts of Canada. We expect the fall to be a dream of delight. Now that September has come in all her traditional splendour, we pause to reflect. A year ago we had an idea that if the war lasted till another September, at so many millions a day, most of us would be down at the heel and out at the elbow. But this September there is more visible wealth in production from

the land in this country and the world over than ever before. And we are one year closer to the righteous end of the war, which for righteousness' sake against Moloch from Berlin, has been doing its best to impoverish the world.

WHEN von Tirpitz becomes a white-whiskered old man of the sea, toddling on a stout stick, and Zeppelin sits in his armchair seeing airships in the smoke, and Herr Bethmann-Hollweg draws near to the land which cannot be hacked through by German armies—where in the roll-call of

the aristocracy in the German army is now practically wiped out, and that the fighting force of Germany is now a democracy. It is now in order for the Fatherland paper to retort that one Essen is worth a hundred Birminghams, that England has fallen back on the married men for renewing her army, and that if the German army is democratic it means that the nation has become the army. There is an end to most things. Even the war will end some time. But the arguments about the war will probably occupy a good part of eternity.

CURING a wounded heart has been accomplished in the case of a young sergeant in the French army. Was young Alphonse rejected by his sweetheart when the war broke out and did he find another? Or did he make a goddess of his country as the librettist did of Paris in the opera Louise, and resolve to have nothing more to do with women? None of these. The true answer is heartlessly given by a writer in the Revue Scientifique, who says:

"The soldier was struck by a fragment of a hand grenade, which, passing through the diaphragm, the pericardium and the whole thickness of the cardiac muscle, penetrated into the cavity of the heart." The surgeon took it out four months afterwards. Thus does a scientific war play hob with romance.

TENSION is said to be relieved at Washington because Germany has made an apparent crawl-down over the submarine issue. Promises are made to not to sink merchantmen without searching them—and so forth. Horse laughs in Berlin. "Good bamboozling," chuckles the Kaiser to the Foreign Office. "Makes them think we are afraid. Primps their pride. Washington swells up. We concede. They demand. So—presently watch Washington get peremptory with England over the cotton question. Mein Gott! but we must have that cotton, and copper. And all the while the War Lord knows that his submarine blockade of England was defeated by the English before he wrote that accommodating reply to the United States.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN of Lloyd George have been regarded by some people as unpatriotic because twice during war time they struck for better conditions in the mines. They have been accused of trying to catch the Government when it was in a pinch. But they are back at work now, and there are 200,000 miners in Wales fighting for their country in the caves of coal, who feel just like one miner did when he said: "I am not unpatriotic. I have had two sons at the front; one of them killed. I am willing to serve the country, but I will not slave overtime and seven days a week to increase the profits of a blasted, blood-sucking Board of Directors."

HERE is a story which illuminates the German character in war time: "A manufacturer in Hamburg, who had been tremendously busy from the very beginning of the war putting on the market all sorts of possible and impossible contrivances for the use of the active defenders of the Fatherland, lately sent to the proper military experts in Berlin a model of a bullet-proof waistcoat, out of which he hoped to make a fortune.

"The War Office's Department of Tests returned the model with the following communication:

"Your alleged bullet-proof waistcoat was submitted to proof under musketry fire. We recommend that you use your best efforts to place a supply of these waistcoats abroad in one or more of the countries now at war with Germany."

This is one of the true stories that never happened, because it illustrates a principle popularly believed.

LE PETIT POODLE THE PIG.



Mlle. Delysia, a French Revue actress, who has a farm in England, evidently believes that nothing is too good for the pretty little poodle-dog pig.

men who might have made the world happier and better will the Kaiser Wilhelm be? When the once proud Emperor beholds his country swarming with men on crutches and wooden legs, will he find any Wagner able to usher him to the gates of Valhalla? Poor devil!

T. FISHER UNWIN, the London publisher, in a letter printed in the New York Times, points out that the Allies are successfully competing with Germany in producing munitions, that the great bulk of married Englishmen are now enlisted, that

MY REASON FOR OPTIMISM

By COLONEL F. N. MAUDE, C.B.

IN my opinion the most abiding result of the present war will be to bring out the extraordinary results accruing to the nations from the action of the subconscious instincts of individuals. We are not winning through this tremendous struggle by the action of our conscious minds, but because our subconscious instincts have been stirred into life by the intensity of the emotions aroused by the events which have been happening around us, thanks to which it has been possible to secure immediate action on questions on which it has been hitherto impossible to obtain intellectual agreement. I place in the forefront of all these incidents the action taken by the Government in accepting and passing into law the principle of national insurance against war risks to ocean-borne produce and the ships that carry it. I believe also that this action was the gravest blow to the German plans as yet delivered, for beyond any doubt the weapon on which the enemy counted most to reduce us to impotence and keep us out of the war was that furnished to him by our own custom of free trade in marine insurance, which had grown up without any reference to the changed conditions of naval warfare and the coming of the submarine.

The question had been before the public for the last thirty years, and a variety of workable schemes had been suggested. I published one of them as far back as 1887, and a Royal Commission on Food Supply in War Time was appointed after some twenty years of spade work on the part of many men to deal with the whole problem, but though a recommendation—I think in the minority report—was actually embodied in the proceedings, nothing whatever was done to give effect to its suggestions, which were substantially those which have since become law.

NOW, the bulk of the evidence in this Blue-book was to the effect that the rise of insurance rates was certain to be great in war time, and many thought that it would become prohibitive, so that food prices would go up three and even four-fold in a very few days, particularly if the war opened with a commercial panic and a few sensational losses at sea; and these pages of evidence were as thoroughly studied in Berlin as in our own country, and I have not the least doubt that the German Foreign Office counted on the terror the prospect of

a starving population would create as a sufficient reason for the Government then in power to remain neutral.

The fact that the presence of our Navy on its war stations before the war was actually begun prevented any sensational disasters to our shipping does not invalidate my suggestion, for the decision which placed it in these favourable positions was certainly not due to any action of the Government as a body, and I have selected this particular instance because, knowing much of the internal resistance the proposer of the plan had to face during the last thirty years, I can find no other in which the power of a "collective thought wave" to over-ride all obstacles has ever come under my notice.

BUT the same spontaneous response to other problems has been evident since the opening of hostilities, and great and correct action has been taken in questions of extraordinary intellectual difficulty without hesitation when the crisis arose, not only by members of the Government, but by men in all sorts and conditions of responsibility, down to the humblest citizen or private soldier in the ranks.

It was this sudden collective reversion to implanted hereditary instincts which saved Europe in the crisis of the battle of Mons, and it is asserting itself with every day that passes in the trenches of Flanders. We are not winning this war on drill regulations or by intellectual perception, but simply because, whenever a crisis arises, the inborn instinct of our Anglo-Norse ancestors wakes up within the men, and they fight exactly as those forbears fought before them at Crecy and Agincourt, to mention only two familiar names.

The enemy has equally and oddly reverted to his ancestral habits. He fights obediently as any race of serfs whose emancipation is not yet three generations old naturally would do, and in victory or retreat with all the old Mongolian strain of cruelty and foul licentiousness common to the hordes which very long indeed before Attila swept past the northern edge of the Pripet marshes and drove our Saxon forefathers before them almost to the limits of the North Sea. And in likewise the Russians, who were

still serfs a generation ago, exhibit the characteristics of their original marshland progenitors, viz., marked and uniform individuality characterized by extreme tenacity of purpose, but not stamped by cruelty, because in their origin they were a home-staying race, never driven on by hunger and want to live upon their neighbour's earnings.

Each such race must carry with it the defects of its qualities. Space forbids me elaborating the position of the others, but in our case it follows that under the extreme pressure of present conditions our intellectual faculties are blunted for the time being; we are too taken up by the desire to fight to have time to think. Our governing elements respond to the day-to-day pressure of events and are for the time being unable to look far ahead and prepare for possible emergencies.

I have been somewhat freely accused of being too optimistic for the circumstances, but I can assure my readers that if I were to judge the situation by our intellectual failures during the past twelve months and dwell on the consequences of our sins of omission on this plane, I should easily be counted amongst the very worst pessimists of the occasion, for very few men know better how far more ready for the war we might have been had a little more intellectuality been put into the work of preparation.

BUT for years past I have been studying this problem from the standpoint of national evolution, and as a consequence foresaw very many of the troubles that have come—the want of high-explosive shells and of wirecutters, for example—but the response of the subconscious instinct of the race to every call made upon it has been so much greater than I ever dared to hope that our deficiencies, well though I know them, weigh only a trifle in the scales, and I am more than ever confident of the latent power within the breed to overcome even the worst that can now threaten us, and until I hear on good authority of British officers and men failing to meet emergencies in the field no pessimistic prognostication will move me from the attitude of optimism that I have consistently upheld. It is no new conviction with me. Those who have read my "War and the World's Life," written now some thirteen years ago, will see that I held it even then almost as wholeheartedly as now.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN RETREAT

By A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT

Kovel, and with the exception of Grodno and the secondary fortress of Olita, crush the entire main

NEVER since the war began has Russia occupied so much public attention as now. The great retrograde movement is still magnificently under way. The Grand Duke is still withdrawing his forces. Poland is now in German hands. The next move may be an invasion of Russia with objective Petrograd. According to some hopeful experts, August, 1915, resembles August, 1914, when the march on Paris was turned into the rout at the Battle of the Marne. Will the possible march on Petrograd be turned into a similar recoil? If so, from which direction will it come? Russia cannot now come back to her offensive form. Will the big drive on the Western front by Britain and France turn the tide?

The world of experts is waiting for an answer. Meanwhile the movements and the conditions of the Russian armies are of immediate interest, and are well outlined in the following extracts from two cable despatches from London to the New York Herald:

BREST-LITOVSK, the greatest fortress and entrenched camp in Russia, and regarded by military authorities as a vastly more important strategic point than Warsaw, has been occupied by the Austro-German armies. The exact time of its evacuation by the Russians cannot be stated, but apparently it began soon after the piercing of the western and northwestern front of the position by the Germanic allies on Tuesday night. As was the case at Warsaw, Ivangorod and Ossawetz, the Russian garrison not only escaped with minor losses, but managed to carry with them or destroy all their supplies and ammunition.

No attempt was made by Grand Duke Nicholas to defend the fortress itself. The Russian commander-in-chief, as shown all through the great campaign, regards a fortress as important only so long as it serves the purposes of a field army. In other words, it is used to facilitate the movements of the mobile force, not to imprison and immobilize it. Acting on this theory, he has not hesitated to sacrifice these fortifications of steel and concrete if by doing so he can save his armies, and the Russian people, having been brought to understand this, are accepting the bulletins of evacuation with the utmost equanimity.

The three weeks since August 5, the day of the German entry into Warsaw, have seen the Germanic allies march and fight over 120 miles of Polish plain, between the Vistula and the Bug, seize the fortresses of Novo Georgievsk, Kovno, Ossawetz, Bialystok and

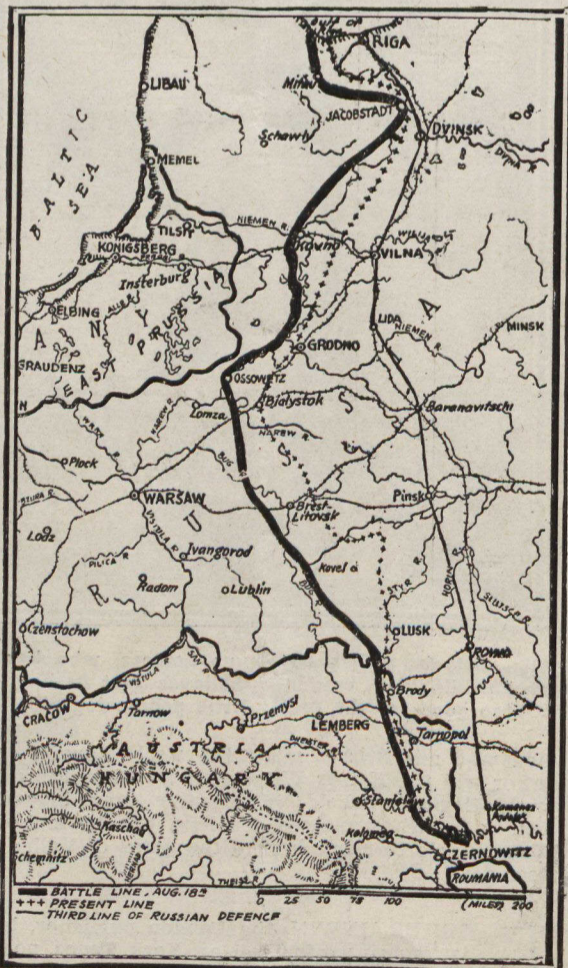
Russian line of defence, the Bug River-Brest-Litovsk barrier.

Military writers here give full credit to the great war machine that could accomplish this enormous task in so brief a time. But they give as much credit to Grand Duke Nicholas, whose genius in retreat has extricated his forces from traps into which less ably led armies would have fallen in disaster. Not once has the German net, skilfully placed and as skilfully manoeuvred, caught the Russians in its meshes. Great numbers of prisoners have been captured by the Germanic allies, but these Russian losses are regarded as a necessary part of a great retirement in which virtually every engagement is fought by rear guards. The main army always has been able to get away free.

Twice, at least, the Tsar's forces have faced a supreme crisis when their destruction would not have been surprising, but both times the line has stiffened and held while the Germanic leaders raged and sent their men into furious but impotent assaults.

In the opinion of observers here the most serious aspect of the situation for the Russians now is the Austro-German wedge driven into the Pripet marshes from Kovel. This wedge has effectually cut off the army south of Kovel, and operating along the Zlota Lipa River to the Dnieper, from all connection with the great body on the line from Brest-Litovsk to the Gulf of Riga. The only railway communication now between the extreme left wing reaching down to Bessarabia and the Roumanian frontier and the centre and right is by a circuitous route through Kovno and Lunienz, a distance of more than three hundred miles over a single track railroad. It is the first definite break the Teutonic allies have been able to inflict in the Russian alignments in the more than a year of war. This break is not regarded as especially serious at this juncture, however, and only can become serious, it is believed, if the opposing forces begin active development operations against the isolated left wing. Such an operation must necessarily come from the north, since the extreme left of the line now rests in close proximity to a neutral frontier.

THE retirement of the Russians from Brest-Litovsk is directed now toward Plinsk, on the eastern edge of the Pripet marshes, and one hundred miles away. They retain control of the only railways traversing the swamps, a line direct to Plinsk, and the main road to Moscow. These roads, one be-



The line of Russian defence swinging east towards Dvinsk, Vilna and Rovno.

tween Brest-Litovsk and Bulkof separate at the latter point and run east and northeast respectively. An Austrian cavalry force is moving north over one of the swamp roads from the southeast of Brest-Litovsk in an effort to cut these railways at Kobrin, but it is believed the retiring Russians will have passed Koblin before the Austrians will be in a position to endanger their avenue of retreat.

The Russian line north of the evacuated fortress, and now retiring in conformity with it, is on the edge of the vast Bieloviezh forest, which has a length of thirty miles and a width varying from seventeen to thirty miles. This forest is expected to afford ample opportunity for rear guard actions certain to be costly to the Germans. The forest almost meets the Pripet marsh on the south and the two natural barriers afford an almost impregnable defence to the Russian left flank.

So long as Grodno holds out on the north and Field Marshal von Hindenburg is kept from Vilna, there is assurance that the entire operation of retirement to the third Russian line will be free from all danger of flank attacks, either on right or left.

Unless Field Marshal von Mackensen's cavalry, of which he now is using large numbers, succeed in getting ahead of the Russian armies retreating through Bieloviezh forest, the marshes of the Pripet and along the Plinsk railway, military men here say the main Russian forces are assured of a safe arrival at the new positions prepared for them. The effective resistance of the units in Courland, who are preventing any appreciable advance from the

Aa by Field Marshal von Hindenburg, has disposed of German hopes to cut off the retreat to Vilna and Lida, and has thrown the responsibility for obtaining a decisive result on the Austro-German armies which broke through Kovel and south of Brest-Litovsk.

Between Brest-Litovsk and the Aa nothing but frontal actions are possible. The Germanic allies are maintaining contact with the Russian rear guards, and the nature of this line of contact precludes the employment of envelopment operations so favoured by the great general staff.

SOUTH of Brest-Litovsk, a different situation is presented. Here the vast marsh country has prevented the maintenance by the Russians of a solid front in retirement. Large bodies of cavalry, estimated at two divisions, are passing through the swamps and, according to Berlin advices, are biting at the exposed Russian flanks and exerting all their strength, are seeking to get between the Muscovite forces and their objective near Plinsk. At the same time, cavalry and infantry, turning to the right from a point about midway between Vladimir-Volinsky and Kovel, are attempting to roll up the right wing of the extreme southern Russian army. This operation is in progress in conjunction with the new Austro-German offensive on the Ziota Lipa, in South-eastern Galicia. Here, between the Lemberg-Brody railway and the Dneister, the Teutonic allies are directing an immense pressure that has forced back the Russians on a thirty mile front for more than ten miles. The reports from this section on Saturday that the

Russian line had broken near Brzezany obviously were exaggerated. What seems to have occurred was a general assault on a wide front, in which the Austro-Germans crossed the river, dislodged the Russians and forced a general retreat in sector. Nowhere, however, did the Russian units lose touch and thus permit the opposing forces to effect a distinct breach in the line.

There is a general belief here that the Galician offensive means a broad Austro-German drive on the Lusk-Dubno-Rovno fortified triangle which guards the Russian province of Volhynia from invasion from Galicia. This triangle occupies a position in relation to Kieff, such as the Kovno, Grodmo and Ossowetz fortresses occupied to Vilna, and it is to the protection of the triangle which forms a part of the new Russian defence line that the armies in Galicia are expected to retire.

The operations in Galicia, still in their early stages, will be watched here with great interest, as the fourth distinct effort by the German command in the last two months to bag an appreciable part of Grand Duke Nicholas's army. It is estimated that the Russians holding the front from the Kovel sector to Bessarabia, the units now under attack, number about three hundred thousand. It is possible, say observers, that the crucial struggle through July and August in Poland drew part of the original force to the northern fields, but the holding units have not been seriously weakened. It is to the capture of these seven corps the Teutonic effort in the south is directed.

THE SUN-SWEPT ISLE, CURACAO

A Dutch Island in the West Indies Where the Natives Speak Papimento



AMSTERDAM IN THE TROPICS.

Natives of Curacao carrying coal ashore; a study in black and white.



ARCHITECTURE PURE PICTURESQUE DUTCH.

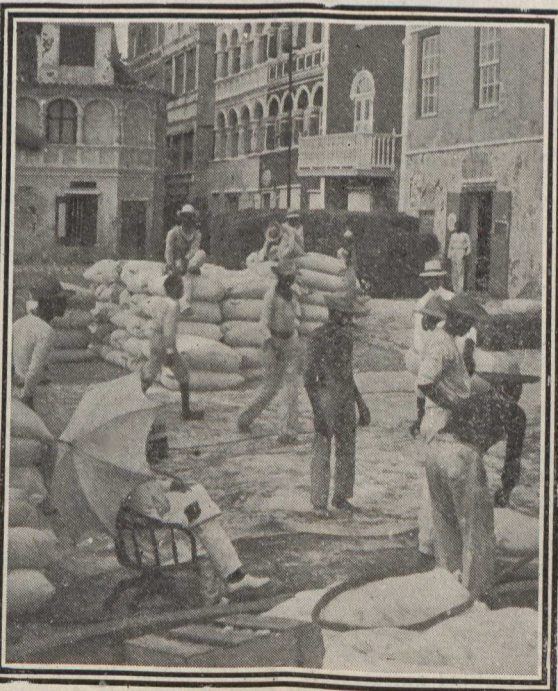
But the sea and the sky of Curacao are said to be pure Italian.

By ARTHUR FORD

THE Island of Curacao, in the Caribbean Sea, is one of the most interesting of the West Indies. It lies about 60 miles from the northern coast of Venezuela, and forms with Margarita, Buen Ayre, Arouba, and some smaller units, the group of the Leeward Islands in distinction from the better known chain extending from the east end of Porto Rico to Trinidad, which are the Windward Islands. The reason for these names will be easily understood by any one who has been in the South Atlantic, as referring to the North East trade winds, which blow steadily all the year round from East to West, although stronger at some seasons than others.

Curacao is 40 miles long and 12 miles wide, and possesses several harbours and coves, the most notable of which is Santa Anna, on which is situated the town of Willemstadt. There being, however, no other town on the island, both city and harbour are generally referred to as Curacao. Although situated in Lat. 12 degrees N., and twice a year directly under the sun's path, the trade wind tempers the heat so that it is seldom unbearable and its Dutch government insists on such absolute cleanliness that it is probably the healthiest city in the tropics.

The island was settled by the Spanish in 1527, and captured by the Dutch in 1634. The English captured it in 1798 and again in 1806, but it was restored to the Dutch in 1814, and they have retained it since. It occupies rather a commanding position near the centre of the Caribbean Sea from east to west, and being a free port with an extremely good harbour, it has gradually drawn to itself a very large portion of the carrying trade of the sea and of the adjacent continent of South America. Vessels are not only owned there, but built and repaired, and this carrying trade has brought a great deal of wealth to its inhabitants. Living by the sea and dependent on the sea, its inhabitants are very largely sailors, and they



EVERYBODY WORKS BUT FATHER.

A street scene in torrid Curacao. The man who does the least work holds up the parasol—as usual.

are among the best sailors of the hemisphere, although nearly all blacks. Owing to the various

ances from which they have sprung, and with which they have come in contact, these natives talk a mixed jargon called "Papimento," made up of Spanish, Dutch and English. The pirate Morgan had his headquarters here for some time, and many of these sea rovers are unquestionably his lineal descendants and those of his men, but the business instincts of the merchant class seem to have been derived from the Dutch and the Portuguese Jews.

The architecture of the town is pure Dutch, and very quaint and picturesque, while the sky and sea are Italian. The collective result is very charming, a good deal of Amsterdam or Rotterdam in the buildings; a good deal of Venice in the water, and the ramifying harbour and sunny sky, while the people and the surrounding rocky scenery have a character of their own. There is little rain, but what there is is caught in cisterns and made use of, and the island is by no means a desert, but produces many tropical fruits and vegetables and a peculiar species of oranges, from which is made the famous Curacao liqueur. With this, Amsterdam beer and Schnapps, Curacao possesses all the materials necessary for a first class drunk, but as a matter of fact it is a very temperate and orderly town, and living is probably as cheap or cheaper than anywhere in the Archipelago. The population of the island is about 20,000, of whom half belong to the town.

Curacao, besides being the home port of a fleet of trading schooners, is a port of call for the Red Line of steamers from New York to Venezuela, an Italian line between Genoa, Costa Rica and Limou; a French line to the same points; a Dutch line from Rotterdam to Trinidad, Venezuela, Hayti and New York, and an English freight line. It is also a coaling station of some importance. But its main interest to people in the northern hemisphere is the odd, colourful character of the place, the people and the customs.

A PIERRETTE'S DIARY LEAVES

Shifting Scenes from Here and There in Vagabond Stage-Land

By GERALDINE DUFE

MONDAY aft.—I have read the posters, that are striking one in the face everywhere, dozens of times. I have tried my utmost to convince myself that I and the Miss Margy Gordon, they announce as the accompanist of Mortimer and Windsor's troupe of pierrots, are one and the same. This afternoon, too, I had a rehearsal with most of the artistes, and yet I have to pinch myself again and again to assure myself if it is a reality and not just all a strange dream. For a fortnight ago I was a journalist, working hard for a provincial paper.

To make the record clear, and perhaps, too, to add to its interest, I must explain a little. As I have already written, a fortnight ago I was Isabelle Murray—journalist.

Perhaps I had better begin at that memorable afternoon just at the point when I was in the doctor's consulting room, waiting in an agony of suspense on his verdict, for I had felt for weeks wretchedly ill, and just at that stage that I couldn't go on any longer.

"You are on the brink of a bad nervous breakdown, Miss Murray," my medical adviser declared, indifferently, as he put his stethoscope back into his waistcoat pocket. "You will be laid up for months, and probably never get perfectly well again unless you go right away now to the country or the sea for at least two or three months."

Cold water seemed suddenly to have begun dashing down my spine. How easy it was for him to prescribe! Two or three months by the sea or in the country! Had the man no sense? Surely he must understand that to me this was impossible.

I felt cross and bitter when I reached home. I lived—a not very welcome guest—at the house of my married brother, my only relation in the world.

There was a letter in the hall for me, and I little thought as I tore it open, what a change it was going to bring into my horizon.

It was from my dearest friend, a clever pianist, who earned her living by the piano. She was in a horrid difficulty, she wrote. She was obliged, owing to the fact that she was quite unexpectedly to be married at once, to break her engagement with Mortimer and Windsor to join their troupes that summer. She had been in the habit of doing this for several seasons. "They have always been so kind, I am really distressed," she continued, "I do wish I could find a substitute. What a pity you couldn't go! You play so brilliantly, and are such a splendid accompanist, but of course that is out of the question."

I do not remember if I finished the letter then. I fancy I dashed out to the nearest telegraph office and sent off a wire to the effect that I would take the engagement in my friend's place.

There was no difficulty about it. My kindly editor agreed to keep my post open for me; and that is how I came to be one of Mortimer and Windsor's troupe.

We have arrived at a little seaside town where we are to spend a week—such a delightful place it is.

There is a beautiful horse-shoe bay, flanked by magnificent mountains, and there are quaint trams, for all the world like toast racks, by which you can travel round the coast. There are beautiful walks and splendid sea bathing—ah, already I am beginning to feel better.

MONDAY night.—My first appearance is made, and once I have got over the strangeness, I know I shall enjoy myself.

I enjoyed myself to-night.

One of the men who has been a long time with Mortimer and Windsor has charge of this troupe, and arranges everything. As with ordinary theatricals, you are fined if you are late, so, of course, I was at the pavilion, where we usually perform, in good time. I am allowed to wear my ordinary clothes, if I like, or the regular pierrette dress. As I am acting a part, I thought I would wear the dress, and I find it rather becoming. There are three girls, including myself, and four men in this troupe. One of the men—he is billed as the golden tenor—has a really beautiful voice; another is a baritone, and the rest are comedians. One of the girls is a comedienne, and the one with whom I stay plays the banjo. She is billed—in special large type, for she is a star—as Miss Gwen Raymond, banjo expert.

I thought when I saw the poster that this did not mean much. It was probably just Mortimer and Windsor's eulogistic way of describing a fairly good banjoist.

She had not got through her first item, though, before I changed my mind. What Gwen Raymond does not know about banjo playing isn't worth knowing. She brought down the house. The golden tenor even did not get the applause that was accorded to her. She interested me strangely, partly because I was sharing 'digs' with her perhaps, but she seemed to fascinate the audience in the same way, for she was recalled and recalled. We felt she was in some intangible manner removed from the rest of the troupe.

She was very tall, and she did not wear the pier-

rette frock, but her white muslin dress was perfectly cut, and her abundant dark hair was dressed in a classical coiffure that few could stand. She was such a contrast to the little comedienne with her Lily Elsie coiffure, and her display of teeth that rivalled that of a picture post card beauty. Gwen Raymond is a lady, I thought it in the station, I was perfectly sure of it when I had had a meal with her.

She is a very reserved girl, and I cannot gather much about her. She has always played and loved the banjo ever since she can remember, she told me, but she has only played professionally for about three years. She gets engagements on the halls in winter. Tricks go down better with an audience than anything. Passing and turning the banjo over the head, then catching it again, keeping up the air of what one is playing all the time never fails to go down well. This is only an easily acquired trick, though it looks so clever. I do not know whether Gwen Raymond is her real name or not, and I do not like to ask. Somehow, though she is all that is kind and nice, one dare not question her. What is her real name and history, I wonder? I can't think it is Gwen Raymond. I feel convinced, too, that turns on the halls and at pierrots' entertainments are completely out of line with her life at one time. Perhaps, by and by, I will learn more about her.

FRIDAY morning.—I am having a lovely time. I get a delightful swim every morning. That makes me feel fit for anything all day.

At present there are some army officers staying at the railway hotel. They seemed greatly interested in our performance. The little comedienne imagines that she is the draw, but I know differently. It is to see Gwen Raymond they come. They tried to strike up an acquaintance with her, but she would have nothing to do with them. She let them see plainly that she did not want to know them, and yet she was not rude. She has the manners of a princess.

We leave here on Sunday. The troupe is changed each week, sometimes entirely, sometimes on in part.

To-night I am to have an adventure—an adventure from which I hope to extract a great deal of fun.

Just out of the town there is a magnificent old castle—Broadwater Castle it is called. It is most delightfully situated, and commands one of the loveliest views imaginable.

Well, to-night at the Castle there is to be a fancy dress ball, and I am going to it!

How have I got an invitation to a ball to which only the elite of the neighbourhood are invited? Ah, that is a dead secret at present, and I can't confide it even to you, my dear diary—just yet. I'm going as a pierrette. I wanted Gwen to go with me, but she won't. She says she doesn't care for balls now.

I am in a wild state of excitement, I suppose it is the sea air that is doing it, but I feel to-day my old reckless, mischief loving self. This ball will remind me of my journalistic work—but it will be all fun and no worry getting the dresses of the distinguished women present, and no aftermath with an irate editor over important people missed out or details given incorrectly.

I hope there won't be a lot of encores to drag out the concert to-night, I shall be aching to get to the end of it.

SATURDAY 2 a.m.—The ball is over, and I am back in my tiny bed-room with its coved ceiling, but I can't sleep. I must write down all about this wonderful, never to be forgotten night.

Directly our entertainment was concluded, I took the tortoise shell pins, I always affect, out of my hair, and let it hang down my back, for despite my twenty-six years I look infinitely better with my hair down than up. Gwen laughed when she saw me.

"Why, I should hardly know you," she exclaimed. "Well, good-night, and good luck to you, you certainly look as if you were in for a good time. I'll wait up for you, and hear your news."

"Do," I called back, "I won't be late. Late hours are forbidden me at present, you know."

I had heard the Castle is a dream of loveliness, and my profession, of course, has taken me to many exquisite scenes, but I was not quite prepared for the bewildering beauty of the one on which I entered.

The long pink and silver drawing room, with its folding doors thrown back, was used as the ball room. It was filled with a gay throng—gypsies, elves, forest sprites, Puritan maidens, brigands, and Indian princes were gliding over the smooth floor. The French windows were open, and led on to the terrace, beyond which the Broadwater stretched out its unruffled surface. A crescent moon, like a lamp of silver, swung in a sky of turquoise.

The dancers were engaged in a waltz that was just reaching a climax when I entered the ball room. I was only there a few minutes when a very tall man, evidently representing Devilshoff, asked me if I had not got a partner, and, without waiting for me to reply, disappeared, and reappeared again with a

bored looking man, apparently a courtier of George the Third's time.

"Captain Fieldglass would like to dance with you," he said, and vanished, leaving Captain Fieldglass and me feeling distinctly awkward together.

"It is another waltz, I believe," Captain Fieldglass observed at last. "May I have the pleasure?"

How beautifully he spoke, and yet his voice was tired, but just the kind of voice I expected to accompany his sad blue eyes. They were the most beautiful eyes I think I have ever seen—deep as the Broadwater, yet translucent and tender as a little child's.

He waltzed divinely, and we had only taken a few turns when I fancied he began to look not quite so bored as he did at first.

"You dance perfectly," he remarked then, "you must get a lot of practice."

"I don't," I replied, "I am far too busy. I am a most industrious young woman, you know."

"Yes," he said, "I suppose you are at school still, and busy there. I expect you'll enjoy to-night. It is good to meet someone who genuinely enjoys this sort of thing as you seem to do."

I remembered my hanging hair and short skirts then, and laughed as I answered, "I have left school long ago. Just at present I am a pierrette."

He laughed too. "Yes, of course. You really are refreshing, you are entering so thoroughly into the spirit of this ball."

It was in vain I assured him that I was one of Mortimer and Windsor's troupe, he did not believe a word of it.

We danced several dances together in succession. He interested me as a man has seldom interested me before, and he seemed to like my company very much.

What a contrast he was to the self-conscious officers at the hotel.

Then he told me he was dreadfully sorry the next dance was not ours. "I must see you again, though," he added. "May I have Nos. 18, 19 and 20? The dances we have had together have given me more pleasure than I have had for years and—and I was afraid I was going to be bored to death to-night. Balls are not in my line, now."

I promised him the waltzes he suggested, and to meet him beneath the palm at the far end of the room, and he left me to dance with a Turkish lady

(Concluded on page 18.)

They All Love Pau

A CORRESPONDENT of the Associated Press tells the following incident of the daily life of General Pau, the commander of the French army in Alsace, who lost an arm during the Franco-Prussian War.

A dozen mud-spattered French infantrymen rested in a drizzling rain under some dripping trees. Suddenly the corporal stood erect and made a hasty salute. Through the fog and rain one of the three great leaders of the French army had appeared.

"Why do you not wear your cap?" asked General Pau.

"I have lost my cap, General."

"Where did you lose it?"

"When we were attacked in the woods this morning. A branch knocked it off, and I was too much in a hurry to go back and get it. It is gone."

"Take my cap."

The corporal hesitated. He feared that he would be punished for losing his cap.

"Take it, I tell you, and wear it," said the General.

And the humble corporal did as he was told, and became resplendent in the cap with the golden oak leaves. Since that day the corporal has marched along the country roads to the frontier, proud in the cap of General Pau.

"The General himself told me to wear it," he says to those who protest. "I obey the General's orders, and the cap stays on my head."

The General knows his soldiers, and the world may understand why the tired, bedraggled, and weary army goes on marching, and fighting, and dying for its commanders.

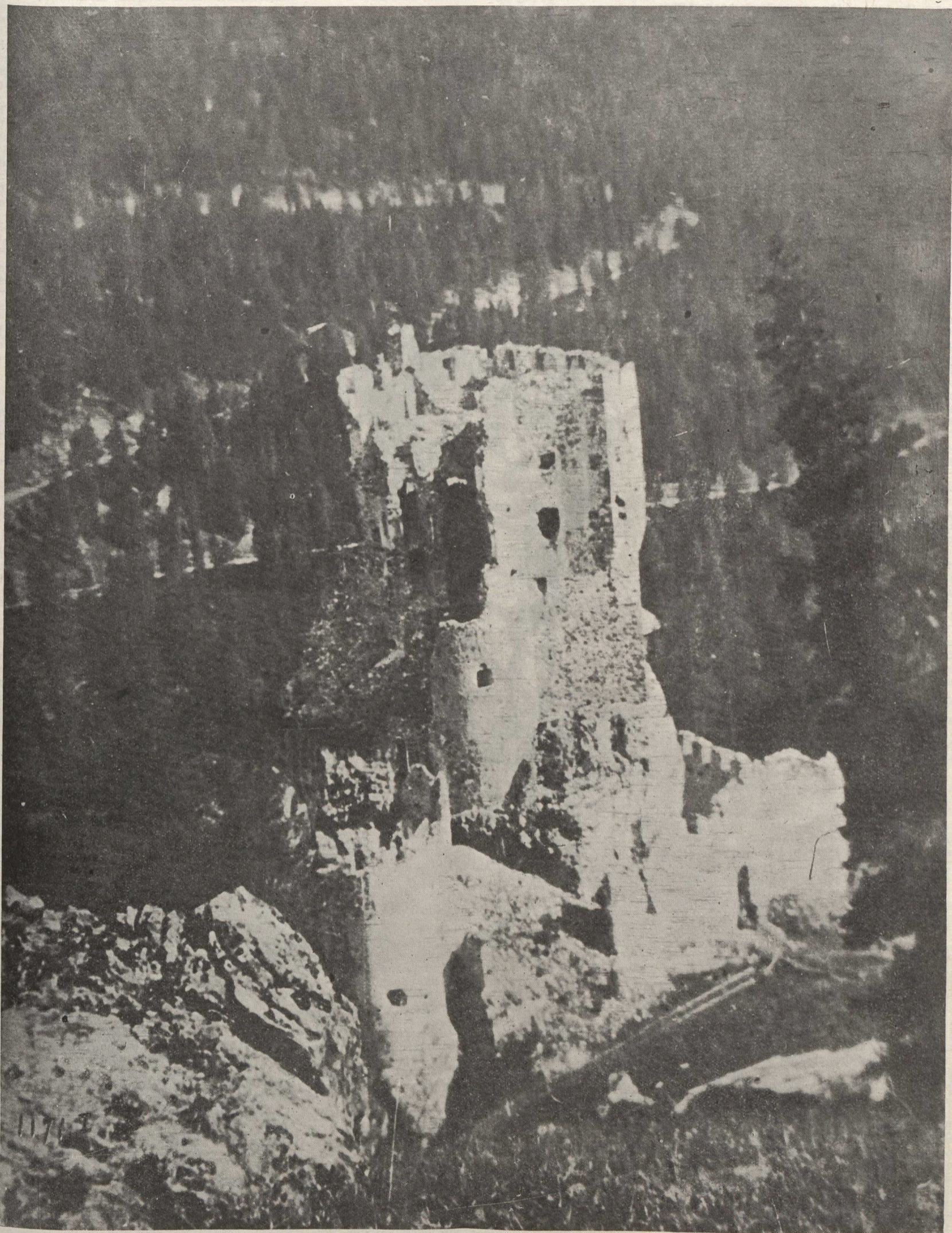
Laughed Off

THERE is a certain noted surgeon who had, some months ago, a very splendid crop of hair. Although the surgeon is not old, his hair is snow-white, and he is very proud of its beauty. He wore it parted in the middle and rather long, and it fluffed luxuriantly on either side of the parting. The impulse toward a change in hairdressing came to the surgeon in this manner:

He had operated upon a woman, and was bending over her as she began to come out of the ether. She opened her eyes for a moment, and then closed them again. Then with a long sigh and in a rapt voice she said, "What a beautiful white chrysanthemum!" The students present exploded, and now the surgeon wears his hair cut as close as a gentleman may.

A FAMOUS ALPINE CHATEAU

Fortified by Austrians, Stormed and Taken by Bersaglieris



The Chateau of Buchenstien, built in the Dolomitic Mountains, kept the Italians back for weeks until the Bersaglieris took it. The road to further advance lay up the trail which can be seen winding its way up through the woods in the background. The capture of this famous chateau marks one of the great Italian victories. The ruins of this lonesome old chateau in the Alps are even more picturesque than the ruins of many cathedrals destroyed by German shells. In the whole sublimely lonesome landscape it was the only human habitation. Being on a height it commanded the whole country beneath, too much of a stronghold for the Austrians to leave without making it a fort.

HIS BIT, By FRANCIS J. DICKIE

How War Poked its Grim Nose into the North-Land

Illustrated by A. M. Wickson

THE sun was already an hour high, and peering over the tops of the spruce trees back of the little clearing, when Morris came out of his cabin. Without bothering to close the door he shouldered his pack in true woodsman style—the straps slipping over shoulder and forehead after the fashion of northern pack sacks—and with odd, limping gait set off down the little pathway that led into deeper, all-encompassing woods.

Only once he turned back, just before a point where a bend in the trail shut off sight of the shack. A long moment he stood gazing at the scene. The half-open door, caught by a breath of wind, creaked on its leather hinges, as if to accentuate the desolation—there was no other sound.

Slowly the man raised his fist and shook it in slow motion that took in the dwelling, the open doorway, and all the silent surroundings. There was no malice in the action; rather it was a farewell, harsh, uncaring, in keeping with the stern cruelty of the land.

"Thank God!" he said, and turning, disappeared down the little trodden trail. He moved forward slowly, what of the seventy pounds on his back, and one bad leg; but it was with light heart, for the load consisted of three almost black fox pelts, fifteen silvers, and forty other skins, mink, marten, lynx—result of an extra good season's catch.

During the last winter months the ever growing pile of sleek, glistening hides had become almost an obsession. He had fallen to playing with them during long winter nights, as a miser does with his gold; but not from any hoarding instinct, only because they represented fine clothes, wonderful food—at least, at first, till the assurance of the viands' ever nearness made palate less desirous. And, too, above all else, they represented train fare back home and the possibility of ownership of that quarter section, right next the "Old Man's," a quarter well kept, with snug barns, and zig-zag fence still solid and sound after almost a quarter century.

Seven thousand dollars Morris had reckoned his catch to be worth, a valuation based on last year's prices. Perhaps he might get more, for good foxes had been going up when last he had visited the post.

So, through the long winter days, he had toilsomely journeyed over his trap lines, the loneliness and hardships minimized by thoughts of reward in store. And during long nights, when the Arctic wind howled out among the spruce trees and sent loads of snow crashing down from their overburdened limbs onto the roof of the little cabin, he had sat and dreamed of the sighing of a softer wind through apple orchard; and dreaming, re-lived happy days of earlier life in kinder land, where neat, small fields of roots and grain stretched to near skyline, soft with kindly bits of varied woodland—old, tall standing maple and beech and hickory and many limbed, far reaching elms, all radiating an umbrous pleasantness, which the trees of the northland never did. Again, his dreams had to do with clean, well-kept barns, or fat cows chewing gravely from recent cropped clover field.

For Morris, in spite of his five years in the northland, was an agriculturist. The placid ways of Ontario farm should always have been his. Twenty-eight years of his thirty-three had been spent upon one.

Then, swayed by strangely come dissatisfaction, a longing to travel, to see new lands, that came from ten generations of sea rovers, land pioneers and trail blazers of sturdy British stock, Morris had followed this bent; started to see the world. And, because his mind worked in simple grooves, the beginning took the form of a harvest excursion ticket that led to the wheat fields of the great west. From here he had drifted on into harsher northlands. He had washed gold on the headwaters of the Peace, freighted scow boats on the Athabasca, and on, even to distant Fort Resolution. But always had his heart been empty, a continual homesickness lay upon him. Yet he could not go home broke; the sturdy provincialism that was his forbade this. So, after three profitless years, he had turned to trapping—a trade for the poor man, the rewards of which proportioned by skill and luck.

THE first year had furnished the experience that makes for skill, and, too, brought enough to grubstake him a second season. Then the second element, luck, had come to him in the finding of a virgin field teeming in fur, a place lying a hundred miles to the north and east of Fort McMurray.

Now, with his reward assured by heavy fur pack, the agriculturist that was the real him leaped into being. He had but one thought—"Back to the East and buy a little farm."

With this thought ever before him, he moved on light heartedly. Presently the short, little trail of his own making, leading away from the cabin door, was no more. He walked on through pathless, silent ranks of spruce and poplar growing up from springy muskeg, and again upon rolling stretches of higher sandy land.

The lengthening hours brought oppressive heat, a still humidity from strong sun kissing too moist earth. Such April days occur occasionally in the northland. Morris, burdened with the weight of seventy pounds, cursed the unusual weather, cursed the wilderness and the few early mosquitoes already come to life. Still he pressed on doggedly, intent on making point on Sutton Creek, thirty miles beyond, where lay his cached canoe.

After that the going would be easy—thirty miles of rapid floating down Sutton Creek to the Clearwater River, and then forty more, still floating, would bring him to McMurray. The rest of the way, three hundred and fifty miles that lay between McMurray and Edmonton, would be still pleasanter, travelling by motor boat, steamer and train.

But this first thirty miles was sure hell, he reflected, as he trudged along. His leg bothered him considerably, as it always did with much walking. This, added to temporary aggravation of the heat and mosquitoes, turned his mind to bitter thoughts.



"Slowly the man raised his fist and shook it in slow motion."

Why should Nature have handicapped him in the beginning? Made one leg shorter than the other, and then, not content, willed that he should strike a spring in the muskeg, and, with temperature at fifty below, sink this same foot to the knee, causing loss of four toes?

In the midst of going over grievances, came back the thought of that snug little quarter section right next to the "Old Man's." Morris brightened. Two thousand would buy it, barns and all; then, with a nice little bank account left over, perhaps he could marry Luella Parsons. There was no particular reason why he should. He had not seen her or written in five years; she might be many times a mother by now. However, it was a nice idea; as a boy he had liked Luella; and later, on many a drive, at husking bees and dances with her, had, in a dim, vague way, always pictured her as some day occupying a place in his home.

Weary, and with his shoulders raw from slight rubbing, which even the best adjusted pack straps will do on a long hike, Morris made camp at sundown. It was ten thirty, and the long, gradual twilight of the region, fading so slowly, so imperceptibly into dark, was just beginning to blur the near distant trees, making them no longer individual, but rather one long facade in whose shadow lurked invitation to rest.

Finding the canoe untouched and in good shape, Morris made a hasty fire, boiled tea, threw together a

bannock, and afterward, in the same pan, fried a few slices of bacon. Then, stretching a single "four point" blanket, he lay down to sleep with low purring of Sutton Creek for lullaby.

Late afternoon two days later brought him to McMurray, where, from the lips of Christine Gordon, mother to white men and Indians of the district, he heard the first news of the existence of war.

"Most of the boys around here, even some of the breeds, is gone to war," she said, in her bluff Scotch way, gazing significantly the while at the newcomer. Morris nodded, glancing with faint bitterness at his offending limb. "The war boys sure would never take me," he said, with sad positiveness; then, defiantly, the pride of the frontiersman asserting: "But, at that, I bet I'd walk the most of 'em to death."

A week later, after arrival at the northern metropolis, Morris began to comprehend the awful bigness of this world cataclysm, and its far-reaching effects on every walk of life. It came the more closely home when he went to sell his furs. Eight hundred dollars was the best offer made by any of the dealers for his three nearly black foxes—and that after a week of visiting many different traders. And Morris had counted on at least four thousand—had hoped for five!

In the end he lumped the lot, three blacks, fifteen silvers, and the forty odd pelts, for thirty-five hundred dollars to Levinson, biggest free trader of the district.

Even this was sufficient to grant his dream. Yet, after buying a few clothes, he made no move to take the first train for home; instead, he put the money in the bank, paid his hotel bill a month in advance, and stayed on.

The war interested him. Here, in the farthest north large Canadian training headquarters, he came more fully to realize how close to home, how vital was the struggle in Europe to every Canadian.

Without hope, yet true to intensely patriotic instinct—another inherent trait handed down from ten generations of fighting British stock—Morris presented himself at the recruiting office. The person in charge was, unfortunately, neither a gentleman nor a diplomat; he looked but once at Morris and his limping walk, and said: "Why, man, we want men, not cripples."

A long moment Morris eyed him; steadily, unwavering he looked, his eyes flashing a harsh message: "I'm a better man than you!" But he choked down hot words willing to be spoken; only said, in voice quietly contemptuous: "That's not the way to talk—a little courtesy on the part of such men as you might get many a man less eager than I." Then he went sadly back to his hotel.

For two weeks following his interview with the military, Morris lived war. In his interest, home and recent figured project slipped temporarily into the background. He bought all the magazines containing war articles and, at the public library, ran through month-old files of newspapers.

Out of all the things read, that which impressed most deeply, which stuck, was the fact that throughout all the Dominion everyone was doing something for the cause. From the humblest to the greatest came donations of money, or time or personal service—some farmers were devoting an acre of their land to the Empire, others had given stock. Women were knitting during every spare hour of the day, or making bandages. Girls had joined the Red Cross, and so on and on ad infinitum.

And realizing, Morris cursed his impotency; grew to hate the limb, which, though perhaps stronger than many a man's in the ranks, was marred by deformity. As the days went by he grew sullen, felt strangely alien; felt like an outcast who, somehow, was not doing his share.

Yet, though he thought often upon the subject, there appeared to be nothing which he could do. At last, two days before his hotel bill again came due, he decided to go home. It was early afternoon when he made his decision, but, finding there was no train till late the next day that he could take to make proper through connections, he put off making final arrangements until the next day.

A boy entered the hotel rotunda hawking an early edition of the afternoon paper just off the press. Morris bought one, sat down to read.

"RUSSIANS VACATE WARSAW." "THREE BRITISH STEAMERS SUNK." "CANADIAN CASUALTIES OVER TEN THOUSAND."

With a strange feeling of sadness, Morris laid down the paper, staring thoughtfully out into the street. Certainly, things weren't going any too well. Of course, the Allies would win in the end. But the Empire was going to need all her men and resources to win; and, after all, it was upon Britain that success really depended. Again Morris picked up the paper to see how the local machine-gun fund was coming along. A local paper had started it a few days back, and Morris daily watched with interest the different names and the sums they donated. Money seemed to come in awfully slow, he thought—

and it took only eight hundred and fifty per gun! To his way of thinking, the two should have been over-subscribed long ago.

Presently he laid the paper down and went out onto the street. Busy in thought, he turned off the busy thoroughfare upon which his hotel faced, passed on toward the residential section. The now familiar, many roaring sounds of the traffic grew fainter as he passed along neatly boulevarded walks and the quieter streets unmarred by street car tracks.

Soon, with the dying of the traffic's roar, he became conscious of new sounds around him—women with babes in arms and in carriages went by chatting gravely; tots varying from two to five, played on lawns and in front of many doors, the air filled with their gambols, the noisy cheerfulness of youth. Young boys and girls in the spring time of life, caught his eye as they hurried along, with firm, unweary tread of those within whom the ferment of life is still fresh and vigorous, untouched as yet by rot of coming age.

Yes; it was here—all around him was life; some new budding, some partly matured, it was passing in review before him. Came the memory of recently read heading: "CANADIAN CASUALTIES OVER TEN THOUSAND."

What a funny old merry-go-round life was! Hundreds, thousands, yes millions of men were dying; and yet, ever moving on was life, implacable life, irresistible life, knowing no restraint! And that these young lives might go in, might mature, to live in happiness and freedom, other men were dying over there across the water. Well, that, too, was life—men died that men might live.

Suddenly Morris stopped. He had gone far out, almost to the outskirts of the town. From ahead, beyond the suburbs and coming toward the city, sounded music. "Oh!" he heard a stout, motherly woman cry from her doorstep, "the soldiers are coming."

The music drew nearer. Around a bend of the street Morris saw the first of the platoon come into view. Then more and more, a long, slowly marching line of brown-suited men. The tramp of their feet filled the air with muffled, beating sound; strangely solemn, almost sad, it seemed to the trapper, reminding him oddly of his once watching the passing of a mighty caribou herd upon the Barren Lands far to the north.

Almost opposite him, he heard the commanding officer give the order to fall out. The straight, stiffly-moving line became a formless medley of figures, some sitting, some standing at ease. Presently, from all sides, Morris saw the women of a hundred households coming forward. They carried tin buckets, pitchers, glasses, cups, pots, pans—every kind of utensil that would hold cooling drink. They had been

watching for the soldiers' return, knowing the half-trained recruits would be hot and thirsty after an arduous ten-mile march under a broiling July sun. The soldiers marched homeward this way every day, always stopping at this corner for a moment's rest before continuing their walk to their quarters. Coming



"Gravely in silence he handed it over."

to know it, the women had made preparation—now served an endless assortment of beverages, varied cooling concoctions prepared with loving thoughtfulness and care.

Morris watched it all in wondering interest. These sweating, dusty men were preparing to do their bit. And these women, in their humble way, were, too, doing theirs. Yes, it was a national thing! Everyone was doing something! Again came over him a

strange feeling of alienism.

Suddenly he caught his breath sharply. "No! No! God, he couldn't do that." The lonely cabin loomed up, gaunt and bare, amid close standing spruce, forbidding, ever dark and gloomy with hanging shade. Again the man saw the swinging door, heard the creaking of the leathern hinges, and the mournful sound against the dead stillness of the wilderness.

Yet that new-come thought persisted. Cold sweat stood out upon his brow furrowed in expression almost of pain. A long while he stood while the fight went on within. At last, after perhaps three long minutes, his face cleared; he drove his clenched right hand vigorously into the open palm of his left, as if thereby clinching some bargain with himself.

Then he went hastily up the street toward his hotel in the heart of the city.

An hour later Jack Laurison, financial editor in charge of the Daily Journal's machine-gun fund, looked up inquiringly to the tan-facced man who moved into the room with strangely titubating gait. Reaching the edge of the editor's desk, the stranger halted, fumbled a moment in his inside pocket, bringing forth an oblong bit of yellow paper. Gravely, in silence, he handed it over.

Laurison accepted it carelessly, then, as he read, became all attention. "What's this for?" he asked, wonderingly, turning a keen, searching look upon the face of the man before him.

"That? Why, that's a check for twenty-five hundred and fifty dollars, to buy three machine-guns"—then, more slowly, almost naively, "it's for the cause—everyone must do their bit, this is mine."

Abruptly Morris turned away. As he did so came now the regretful memory of having left the shack door open. Well, after all, it did not matter; there was no one within a hundred miles to steal what little he had left. Besides, his nine hundred balance would grubstake him for another year.

Got His Answer

THE smart travelling man stood at a corner in the little country village at dusk. He was looking for amusement, and the first object that attracted his attention was an overgrown boy, perhaps fifteen years of age, riding a horse that might have come out of the ark.

"Hello, sonny!" shouted the salesman. "How long has that horse been dead?"

Quick as a flash the boy replied, "Three days, but you're the first bloke that has noticed it."

The travelling man moved on to the hotel.

AN ALPINE AMBULANCE EXTRAORDINARY



Nowhere else in any of the countries now at war could be found an ambulance so peculiar as this donkey-drawn, low wheeled vehicle, used by the Italian Red Cross to get the wounded down from the mountain tops to the hospital. As some of the Italian battlefields are two miles above sea level, this donkey and his driver have some responsibility.

THE CASE OF BILKINS

By A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT

THERE is a chap named Bilkins, who lives in a town I hesitate to name. He is a great champion of individual liberty. He has built a house which he thinks is fire-proof. As a matter of fact, it is not fire-proof; but Bilkins believes that it is—which is all that matters. So when he took note of the fact that a part of his taxes were being used to support a fire brigade, he vigorously protested. He said: "I do not need fire protection. I know that no fire can ever damage my property. I am confident, indeed, that fire will never reach it. So I do not want to be compelled to work for a part of every year to support a fire brigade. Kindly return to me that portion of my taxes which would otherwise be paid out for fire engines, firemen's salaries, etc." When the town authorities told Bilkins that they did not care how much faith he had in his fire-proof house—that they believed fire to be a menace to the community and that they proposed to compel every member of that community to help prepare to fight it—he grew very red in the face and called them an ugly name. He said that they were "Conscriptionists."

BILKINS is helped in his propaganda by a fellow "towny" of his who remembers when the place was protected from fire by a volunteer brigade. Then any man who felt so inclined joined the brigade and "ran with the boys" to any fire which was announced. When the alarm rang—they kept a man in the fire-hall for that purpose—every member of the brigade jumped out of bed, tumbled into his fireman's clothes, ran down his own front steps and raced away to the fire-hall to hear where the excitement was, and to help drag the hand-engine through the streets. It was great fun—most of the community turned out, being roused by the springing of amateur firemen to duty in every other house—but it was a trifle slow and did give the fires a considerable start. Still it had the advantage of being entirely voluntary. No man had to pay a penny toward it who did not choose to. They held concerts and took up subscriptions and employed all sorts of devices to raise money for the brigade. There was no compulsion—no "conscription."

THE Mayor objects, however, to reverting to the old system. He points out that, though the town is ten times as big now as it was then, it suffers much less annual injury through fires. Fires occur oftener, of course; but they are put out quicker. Bilkins replies that this is a very sordid view to take of the case. He, for his part, is not willing to barter away his blood-bought British liberty for any amount of "cash down." Let us bear our fire losses, he says, but let us keep our freedom. It would be better in his opinion that the whole town should be burned down than that it should be "Prussianized." What do we want a town for anyway, except to live in, with heads erect, freemen like our glorious forefathers. And he simply will not pay his fire taxes if he can help it.

AL D. O'BRIEN—who is fairly free with his tongue—says that Bilkins, and all who think with him, are "shirks" and "spongers." He—O'Brien—wants to know why their property should be protected from fire at the expense of the rest of us. It does not make any difference whether they want us to protect it or not. We are bound to put out a fire in Bilkins' stable because it may spread to Johnston's house or Avery's grocery. We can't just let it burn—as O'Brien would dearly love to do. We must use our engine and our fire brigade and our hook-and-ladder and all the rest of it to put that fire out; and yet Bilkins does not want to contribute a cent toward the upkeep of our fire-fighting army. In fact, O'Brien goes so far as to say that the community have a supreme right to invoke the law of self-preservation, and that we could make Bilkins get up in his "nightie" and carry buckets of water to the fire if we wanted to.

THEN an incident happened which somewhat shook Bilkins' faith in the efficacy of "individual liberty" as a complete code for the running of a community. His little girl came home one day with the scarlet fever. Bilkins put it down to contact on the street or in school until he happened to learn that the family next door had had two cases of the disease, but had not either placarded their premises or tried to keep their children from playing with his. That annoyed him very much, and he wanted to be told why the authorities had been asleep? Why hadn't they compelled that criminally careless family to put up the yellow placard? Well, it seemed that the heads of the family did not believe that scarlet fever was very catching, and had persuaded a good-natured family physician to "keep dark" about the matter. "By George!" said Bilkins, "somebody would go to jail for that in any civilized community." To which his neighbour replied, with

a wink: "You don't want this free community to be 'Prussianized,' do you?"

STILL Bilkins thinks that that is beside the question. There is no similarity in the two cases, he argues. A community should protect itself against disease, he contends, because no one knows when he is exposed to it; but that does not give it the right to tax everybody to protect itself against fire. Anybody can see a fire. He cannot be burned to death without noticing it. Indeed, this whole policy of compulsory and universal taxation seems to Bilkins to be of doubtful righteousness. Let us all "chip in" as we feel like it, he says. That is the way a church is run; and what can be better than a church? Let the community pass round the hat, he suggests; and let us all drop in envelopes, one marked "for fire protection," another "for paying," a third "for schools," etc. He would always put in something for schools. He has children, and public schools are cheaper than private tuition. But he would not put in a cent for "fire protection." Let those who want to fight fires go out and do it. As for him, he believes that, if everybody would only build fire-proof houses, there would be no need for fire brigades; and it is odious tyranny to compel him to help support one.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Germany's Crawl Down

WH Y did Germany suddenly become so polite to the United States? Why did the Kaiser consent to modify his policy of indiscriminate murder with submarines? Was it to please the United States and to keep that country out of war? Those who read Ambassador Bernstorff's letter at its face value may think so. Those who read between the lines may detect another furtive dose of astute Kaiserbund philosophy. When it is remembered that the submarine menace which has been the one horrible German success in German naval warfare—so-called—has been throttled, defeated and practically demoralized by the anti-submarine activities of Great Britain, it may be concluded that the Kaiser was after all conceding very little in his polite crawl-down to the United States. Here is the letter to the American Secretary of State. But between the lines are the ghosts of a lot of wrecked German subs—and Ambassador Bernstorff knows it.

"My Dear Mr. Secretary:—With reference to our conversation of this morning I beg to inform you that my instructions concerning our answer to your

last Lusitania note contains the following passage: "Liners will not be sunk by our submarines without warning and without safety of the lives of non-combatants, provided that the liners do not try to escape or offer resistance."

"Although I know that you do not wish to discuss the Lusitania question till the Arabic incident has been definitely and satisfactorily settled, I desire to inform you of the above, because this policy of my government was decided on before the Arabic incident occurred.

"I have no objection to your making any use you may please of the above information.

"I remain, my dear Mr. Lansing,

"Very sincerely yours,

"J. BERNSTORFF."

THE New York Herald, which has been one of the fairest pro-Allies newspapers in the United States, takes the point that the German back-down is a victory for American diplomacy. The editor takes the occasion to whack poor old disgruntled Bryan and to rap the Teddy Bear over the knuckles while it extols the diplomacy of President Wilson.

The Herald says:

"Verily, in the words of Chief Justice White, of the United States Supreme Court, it is 'the greatest victory for American diplomacy in a generation.' The ultimate results, however, will be determined not by Germany's words, but by Germany's deeds.

"So far as reparation is possible for injuries which are without measure, Germany can be counted upon to make reparation for the lives of Americans murdered upon the high seas. But what reparation can the German government make for the slaughter its surrender has caused in the ranks of the faithful?

"Another \$5,000 might help with Fair Play, the usual '\$1,750 per' may be sufficient balm for the sensitive soul of The Fatherland; but what of the Riders, the Weissmanns, the Koelbles and the lesser lights of the Kaiserbund who have so vociferously extolled the 'kultur' that kills American men, women and children? Where does this surrender leave these, who have defended acts which Germany itself now admits are indefensible and, in the case of the Arabic, says had been repudiated before committed?

"And where does it leave the timorous person who scuttled from the Ship of State mumbling dire prophecy that the firm stand President Wilson was taking in behalf of American rights meant WAR-R-R? What reparation can Germany make for all the suffering it has caused Mr. Bryan?

"But the casualties are not confined to the Kaiserbund. Where does Germany's surrender leave Mr. Roosevelt with his insistent exhortation of 'Wilson diplomacy' as a thing of weakness? It has proved strong enough to accomplish its purpose, hasn't it? And isn't that the true measure of any diplomacy?"

"It is a mighty victory!"

Between the lines of this laudation may also be seen the failure of the submarine menace. Germany's submarine policy was not defeated by United States diplomacy. It was beaten by British navalism—and the Herald knows it.

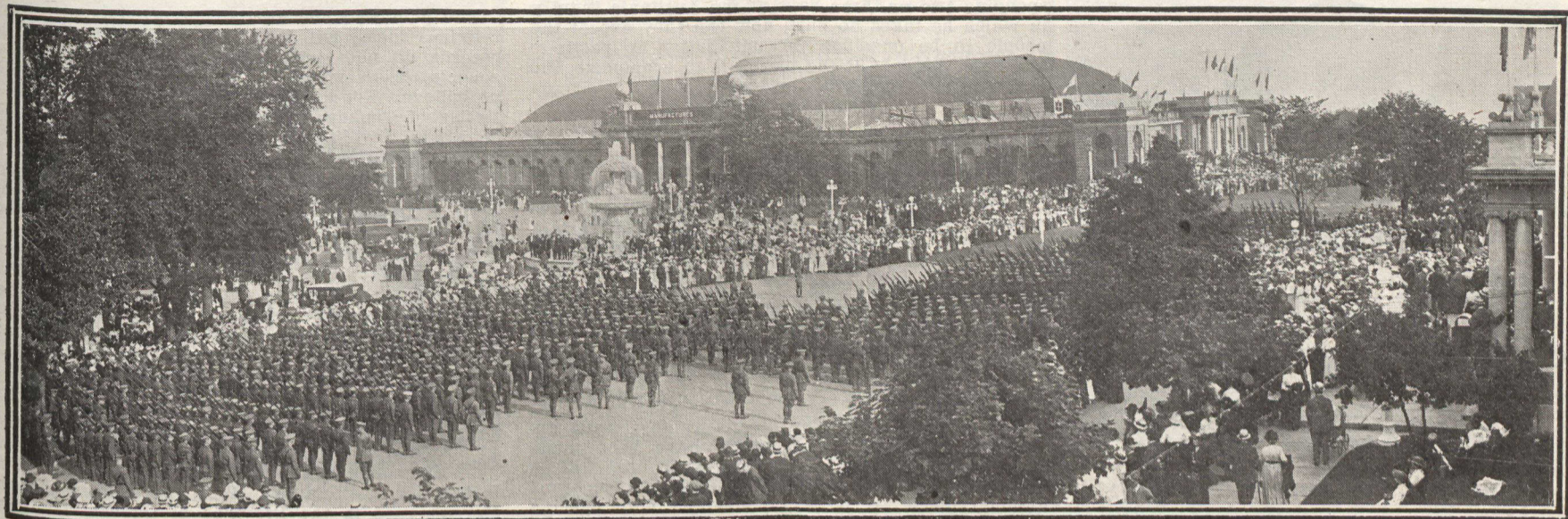
A SQUARE MILE OF WHEAT



Part of a wheat-field near Morden, Man., just being hauled to the stacks for late threshing. This field looks as though it would do much more than its share of the 275,000,000 bushel crop of Western wheat estimated for 1915. That estimate is based upon an average of not more than 20 bushels to the acre. Last week one field in Manitoba yielded 56 bushels to the acre.

ONCE AGAIN THE GREAT FAIR

Canadian National Exhibition Illustrates Vividly a Year of War

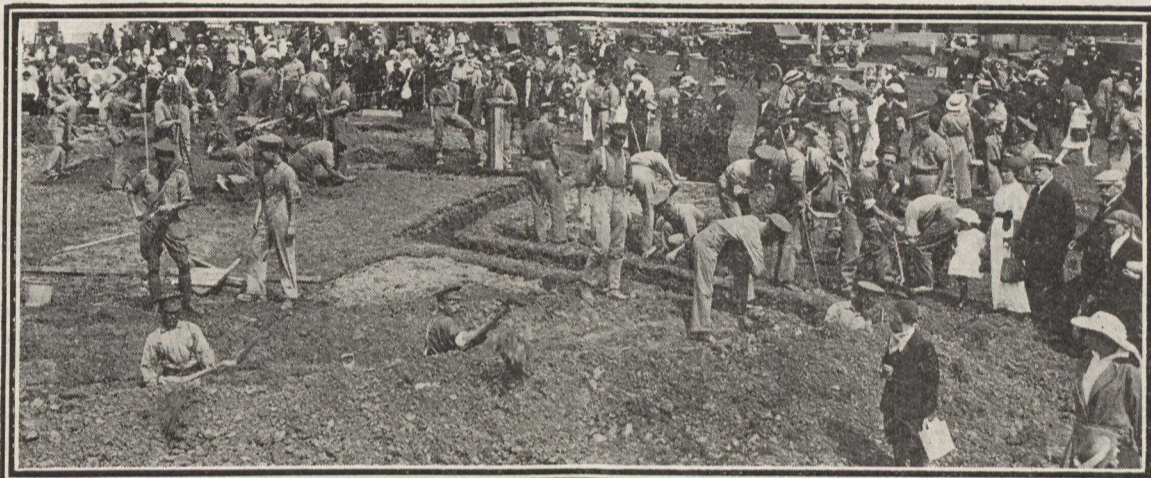


35th and 37th Battalions from Niagara lined up in the Plaza to be reviewed by H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught.

NOWHERE in Canada has the progress of a year been so vividly pictured as in the great Fair, which opened on Monday of last week at Toronto. That might be true of any year. But the truth is oddly emphatic this year. Last year the Peace signs at the Fair were feebly contrasted with one war sign. But the people at the Fair tried to make themselves believe that the war would soon be over, and that no great change would happen to the country in the meantime.

This year the war spirit and the fact of war dominate the Exhibition. The pictures on this page are a few of the new pictures of the events during the first part of the opening week, when no matter what people thought of the manufactures, the animals, the grand stand show, and the woman's building, they turned out in a crush to see the march past of the troops on review day. Every day some band plays as usual from morning till the last fireworks at night; but all the tunes seem to suggest war. Every day soldiers drill on the campus, march round the Plaza and give exhibitions before the grandstand. Sentries march crisply up and down the lines of the camp that for the first time in the history of the Fair looks and feels like war and not at all like a parade.

WHEN the Fair opened, many people said it would be a drab exhibition compared to other years. The same people went to see how dull it would be. They found that it was anything but dull. They found everybody bent upon a real holiday. Though war was on hand at almost every turn, the people were as cheerful as ever. When the newsboys came hawking the evening papers, they handed out coppers faster than usual to see what Russia might be doing, what was happening to the German submarines, how Washington was feeling about the note from Germany, what the Allies might be beginning



Troops illustrate Trenching operations as they have it in Europe.



The Swedish Drill of the troops is one of the most inspiring spectacles.



In this interesting picture may be seen H. R. H. the Duke, Sir Henry Pellatt, Sir John Eaton, President Oliver, Mayor Church, directly behind him, and others who took part in the Review.

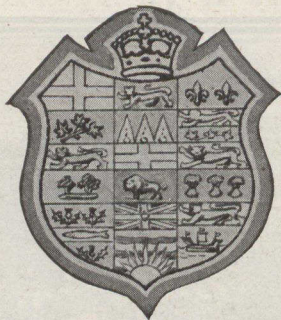
to do on the western front, and what was happening at the Dardanelles. There was less news than usual. It didn't matter.

To and fro to the lilt of the band and the click of marching feet, the "hot-dog" bawlers along the curb and the unwearying spiellers on the Midway, the crowds went over the holiday ground of the great annual exhibition. Those who got tired of the open, went to the cat show and the picture gallery; and even the pictures brought up the phantom of war.

ART, as represented by pictures, is the only industry known to mankind that seems to show past, present and future all in one room. In the Exhibition gallery of art may be seen samples of the work done after the manner of the Victorian era, along with ultra-modern, splashy productions that come as near the post impressionist and the cubist as possible without being ridiculous. The general effect is about the same as showing the old treadle loom in the same room as the modern weaving machine. You never have to be told the history of painting. There it is before you in all its styles, modes and fads, facts and fallacies, the fantastic story of a hundred years. That's the way it has been at the National Exhibition ever since pictures were brought from other lands to mix with the Canadian work of Canadian artists.

The odd thing about it is that the more modern the picture the nearer it seems to approximate to the style of the cave man or the ancient Egyptian. A canvas that is plastered over with trowel gobs of raw paint as lurid as a patch from a bill-poster's picture gallery along the street—is sure to be 1915 or the year before it. A picture that is lavishly worked out into a mellow maze of mixed and blended colours, with all the nice, comfortable details invested with a haze of Indian summer light is very likely to be set down by the connoisseurs as a picture done after the manner of the old school.

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German Brutality

ALL stories now coming through with regard to the conduct of German officers towards the women of the conquered districts, emphasizes the earlier tales of brutality. As many of these officers are civilians—doctors, lawyers, professors, scientists, school-teachers and business men—one can only conclude that the educated Germans are brutish and sensual. The conclusion is as startling as it is disappointing. To be irreligious, to be victims of a false philosophy, to be deluded by a specious theory of government is pardonable—but brutish, sensual and unchivalrous men have no claim to consideration in these modern times. Their extermination is necessary to the preservation of the higher virtues.

That Victory

PERHAPS the United States has not won quite so large a diplomatic victory over Germany as the United States papers would have us believe. The activity of the British in capturing the "tin whales" may have had as much to do with that diplomatic victory as President Wilson's notes. However, the President's luck and steadfastness have brought him results for which he is entitled to considerable credit. He has held fast to a principle of international law which means much to Canadians who have to cross the ocean in war time.

Universal Service

EVERY now and again Canadians of prominence are speaking out in favour of universal training as the only safeguard against conscription. The period to train a man for defence is between the ages of eighteen and twenty-six. It is then that he can best spare the time, and can most quickly absorb the lessons taught. By spreading the training over eight or ten years, the amount of time required each year need not be more than two or three weeks. This is an economic advantage. Once the man is trained, he can always be turned into a qualified home-defender at short notice, even though he be over forty years of age. This is another economic advantage, as well as a national asset.

One result of the war will undoubtedly be the introduction here of the system which has worked so well in Australia.

Extravagance

NO one can travel the streets of Montreal, Toronto or Ottawa day after day without realizing that there is still much extravagance in these cities. The imported automobile, costing from \$2,500 to \$6,000 is much in evidence. It is quite evident that the rich people are not applying the "Made in Canada" principle to automobiles as much as they would if they were convinced that this is sound doctrine.

Even more striking is the continued extravagance of the provincial governments. All sorts of public buildings are being erected at costs which are out of all proportion to the Provincial revenues. The Ontario Government found it necessary to raise a million dollars in a special tax on all property in the Province, yet is spending money upon unnecessarily expensive public buildings which might wait until the people could better afford to pay for them. The extravagance in connection with the Parliament Buildings at Winnipeg is another example.

If the governments do not intend to con-

fine themselves to revenue-producing expenditures, and if rich people will not confine themselves to purchases of goods made by Canadian workmen, how can they expect the common people to be saving? When the Dominion Government pays a Canadian lawyer living in London five hundred guineas for spending two or three days at the Lusitania inquiry in which he takes no part, how can they expect the people to be unselfish in contributing to patriotic and other funds? If the nation is to economize, the economy must begin at the top.

Welcome Home

SIR ROBERT BORDEN and Sir Sam Hughes will be welcomed home by every loyal Canadian, irrespective of party. These gentlemen have been on the country's business, have taken certain risks, have conducted themselves with dignity and acquitted themselves with credit. Whether we vote for them or against them, we recognize in them men who represent the best, if not the greatest, that Canada has to show the world in patriotic service and loyalty to the Empire.

To Transport the Crops

PREMIER BORDEN on his return to Canada announces that arrangements have been made to ensure that the Canadian grain crop will be transported to Great Britain. This is a pleasant announcement. If it is implemented with specific and adequate performance it will reflect great credit on Canada's Premier.

The Dominion will have about two hundred million bushels of grain for export. If Liverpool will take it all, which is open to grave doubt, the number of sailings required would be about 800—figuring 250,000 bushels to a steamer. Eight hundred sailings would mean more than two boats a day for the next twelve months.

Equally important is the rate to be charged. If the ocean freight rate is 30 cents a bushel instead of 15 cents, then the farmers of Canada will get 15 cents a bushel less for their grain. On our total grain export this will mean a loss of thirty millions of dollars.

Canada has spent hundreds of millions of dollars on railways to ensure cheap freights on export grain. But what does this avail us if the owners of ocean vessels are allowed to increase their rates by fifteen cents a bushel? This is a question which is being canvassed in all quarters, and it is one to which the people will expect a business-like answer.

The problem is a difficult one. The control of ocean freight rates can be secured only by co-operation between the British and Canadian Governments. Such co-operation is difficult in peace time, and even more difficult in a period of war. Nevertheless it is a question which the Dominion must tackle with vigour and determination.

The Godless Schools

MUCH has been heard of "the godless schools," the name coined for the public schools by certain religious enthusiasts. But it is surprising to find, at this late date, a moderate paper like the Catholic Record, of London, trying to prove that all the dishonesty of modern life springs from the public school. The Record says:

"The worst evil of a school without a definite religion lies in the fact that it accustoms a child to the idea that religion is of small importance in practical life. By the time such a boy becomes a man, he will have imbibed the steady conviction that whatever religion may be worth on Sunday it need have no place in the business world. With these ideas, he enters business, with the frequent

result of dishonesty and unscrupulousness. He lives for self. If he enters parliament, he carries with him the tradition of dishonesty. He looks upon public life as a mere means of making money at the public expense. Such a man is a danger to the public and to himself. The public suffer by his misdeeds, while he himself is in grave danger of losing his soul."

The public schools of Canada teach morality and religious ideas, but no "definite" religion. Yet the records do not justify that the products of these schools are as wicked as the "Record" would have us believe. For example, there were in the penitentiaries of Canada, in 1913, convicts to the number of 1,968. Dividing these into two classes, Roman Catholics and Protestants, and putting in the latter all those with special creeds and those with no creeds we find the figures stand as follows: Roman Catholic, 947; all others, 1,021. Is there any strong argument then for a condemnation of public schools?

Every school should inculcate honour, truth and righteousness. That is generally admitted. But Protestants are not likely to admit that because they do not add "definite" religion they are more dishonest as a class than Roman Catholics trained in separate schools.

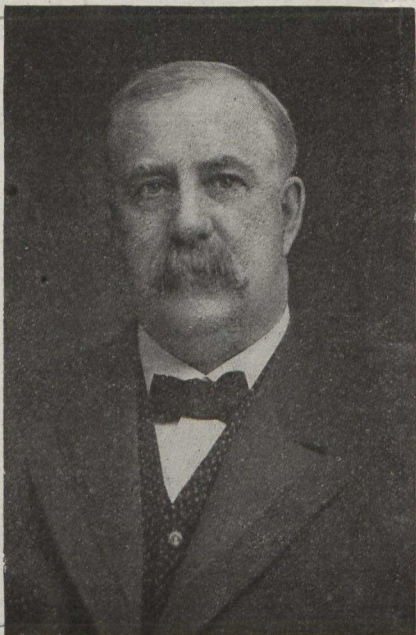
Manitoba's Man-Hunt

LAST week a most unique event occurred in the history of Canadian government when four ex-cabinet ministers were haled to police court in the city of Winnipeg. With the exception of the Mercier case in the Province of Quebec, Manitoba has achieved a distinction which has come to no other province since Confederation. Indeed, so immune from arrest have been statesmen and politicians that men engaged in these occupations have come to think that they were above the law. While this particular case is to be regretted, it is well that the primary principle of British democracy should have been vindicated in this country. Clean government is so important that every democracy must stand ready to impeach those who are suspected of having favoured, abetted or participated in any form of mal-administration.

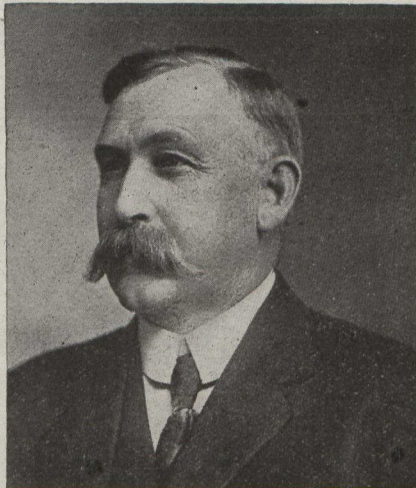
When the Norris Government succeeded the Roblin Government in Manitoba, a few weeks ago, it was generally believed that Mr. Norris and his colleagues would hesitate to pursue the members of the Roblin Cabinet who were supposed to have been guilty of certain offences in connection with the contract for the erection of the Parliament Buildings. It has long been customary in this country for one politician to protect another so far as police court proceedings might be concerned, and it was thought that Mr. Norris was neither stronger nor more high-minded than the average politician of the past fifty years. In taking the strong and logical position that their rank and previous standing should not be a bar to the prosecution of the former rulers of Manitoba, Mr. Norris has won for himself a reputation which may reasonably be described as heroic. He is open to the charge that he is politically vindictive, but this has so far failed to swerve him from the path of duty. Every lover of good government and political purity will hope that he will have strength to pursue the matter to the bitter end without malice or hatred, but with the sternest sense of supreme duty.

IT might be a good thing for editors anxious to help the country in the business of recruiting to find out what percentage of enlistment has been furnished by every town and village in the areas covered by their newspapers. The information thus supplied might be as useful now as the facts and figures that used to be handed out concerning population, business and factory sites.

THREE OF THE FOUR MANITOBA MINISTERS HALED TO COURT

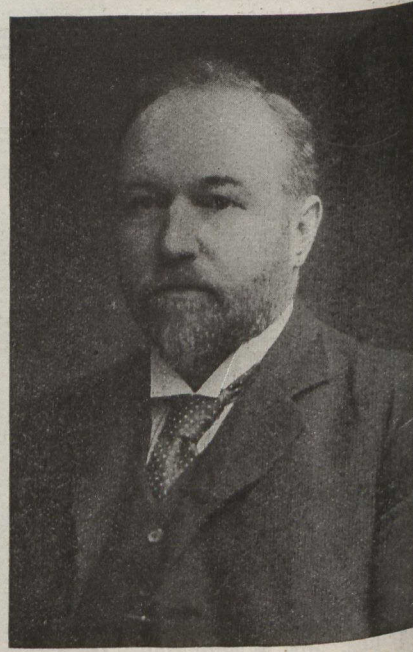


SIR RODMOND ROBLIN.
Ex-Premier.



HON. JAMES H. HOWDEN.
Ex-Attorney-General.

The other member of the quartette is Hon. Dr. Montague, ex-Minister of Public Works.



HON. GEORGE R. COLDWELL.
Ex-Minister of Education.

CATS AND THEIR OWNERS

Blue Ribboners at the Fourteenth International Cat Show Held at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto

NO cat ever looked at a king with greater admiration than hundreds of people gazed upon the aristocrats of the feline world which occupied the little stalls at last week's Cat Show in connection with the Toronto Exhibition. And no king ever looked upon a cat with an expression of more haughty indifference than those Persian beauties looked upon the noisy, moving crowd. Even the bestowal of blue ribbons failed to disturb them.

The excellence of this year's Show gave delight to a growing number of Canadian fanciers, and was incidentally a lesson in the art of self-possession. The number of exhibitors is increasing, while the attendance shows a corresponding expansion. The pictures shown on this page give some indication of the class of pets shown and the care and interest which the fanciers of this country are now taking in these well-bred ornaments of the home.



1. Prince Ahmed—A big black beauty.



2. Aurora Sonny Boy liked being photographed.



3. Cricket was as lively as his name implies.



5. Peace—the loveliest of them all.



4. Lolita, who wore a pink party ribbon.



6. Pasconel—aprize brown tabby.

The Prizewinners

1. **PRINCE AHMED**,
Owned by Mrs. F. E. Hewitt, of Grimsby, show manager and largest exhibitor, won 2nd prize in black male open.

2. **AURORA SONNY BOY**,
Shown by Mrs. A. H. Scobell, of Bowmanville, won 1st prize in the black male open class.

3. **CRICKET**,
Owned by Mrs. A. J. Gibson, of Oakville, won 2nd prize in blue female novice, and 2nd prize in blue female open.

4. **LOLITA**,
Shown by Mrs. A. D. O'Heir, of Hamilton, won 1st prize in cream female novice and 1st prize in cream female open.

5. **PEACE**,
Awarded silver cup for best cat in the show, silver medal for best long-haired cat in the show, 1st prize in blue male open, and winner of the Silverhome Breeder's Cup. Entered by Mrs. John Aird, of Toronto, and here photographed with Miss Bessie Crofton, owner of the tortoiseshell "Monterey," three times a blue ribboner in this year's show.

6. **PASCONEL**,
Winner of 2nd prize, brown tabby male open, owned by Mr. Wm. Van Gordon, of Olean, N.Y.

7. **JAMMU**,
Winner of 1st prize, orange female open, 2nd in mother-with-kittens, owned by Mr. Ralph Sargent, of Chicago.



7. Jammu has an orange kitten as pretty as herself.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

Shopping in France

Mentone, France, August 20th.

WE still shop in France, though instead of smart hats and new summer dresses we are generally in search of stout cotton for pyjamas and flannel for undervests, flannel and cotton both getting dearer and scarcer day by day.

"I saw such a lovely piece of flannel, like the best English vyella, that had been made at Rheims," said someone of late. But there will be no more flannel made at Rheims this year nor the next, the Germans have taken good care of that. Then there are queer coloured wools to be matched for the darning of the poor home-knitted socks that have trodden bloody paths since they left the Breton fisherman's, but by the mournful and misty Atlantic or the lonely Basque farm high up on some Pyrenean (?) mountain slope.

In the smaller shops, where we buy tapes and buttons, the proprietress sits alone with perhaps a child playing on the floor. She is quick-witted and smiling as ever, but behind the smiles one can see that she is heavy-eyed and that sad lines of endurance are drawn round the mouth.

We have already heard the stories that have drawn those lines and our talk generally begins with an enquiry after husband or brother at the front.

Sometimes this brings the bitter outburst of an overburdened heart against "ces sales Boches qui ne sont pas du Chrétiens," sometimes just the old plaint that the time is long, ending with the wistful question, do I then think it may be over before Christmas.

One such friend, for these Frenchwomen are friends now, I found the other day packing a box for her brother at the front. "Ah, madame, my sister-in-law is poorer than I am, though I haven't much left, and see, he sent me a pansy picked where the shells fall." Then she interrupted herself. "Pardon, madame, a moment. My neighbour at the umbrella shop opposite is stout and cannot raise her shutters alone, so I go to help her."

They are always ready to help someone, these women, and if they know that one is working for the hospitals, a thing easy enough to know, for all English left in the south are busy, in one way or another, they have always some plea to make for a woman in bitter need of work, yet who would feel out of place in the municipal workrooms.

"FOR the wounded" are magic words, and there is always some rebate made, or when I buy a dozen of bright-tinted Mentone post cards, palms and blue seas and pink mountains, such as the bedridden love to send to their friends in the north, they always give me a few over. Even the one-legged, bright-eyed boy who sells military cards in the street insisted on adding half a dozen. The prices of boots and shoes are going up week by week, so it was with a clear conscience that I yielded to temptation and went to-day into a boot shop where prices were still low. Here I found the centre of interest was a tall, well-made young Senegalese, with a sooty-black, broad, honest face. He was trying on a pair of good tan boots, and two shop girls chirped encouragement while a young woman, come to buy bed-room slippers for an old lady in deep mourning, looked on smiling. I joined the band and sat and smiled, too. At the general chorus, "Oh, but you will be chic," he drooped eyelids and head like a bashful child, but he took the boots and must have paid a good price, for I heard one five-franc piece after another ring down on the desk. After each piece he asked, "encore?" and the young woman smiled "encore" until he had paid enough. On my way home I saw him coming out of the fruit shop, where I stopped to buy some of those big yellow plums that melt in your mouth. The pretty daughter in charge said, "Yes, he had come in to tell her of his purchase! Oh, they spend much, these Senegalese, for they have more pay than our French, or else why would they come so far. And then some of them are chiefs and are 'tres instruite' and have big farms." The last I saw of him, he had caught sight of one of those melancholy little bands of men from the Dardanelles, marching, or rather crawling, down from the station, and had bounded off after them like a young leopard.

ALICE JONES.

Providing the Needs of War

OF the women's organizations which are engaged in patriotic endeavour in Montreal, one of the most energetic has been the Wolfe and Montcalm Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, of which the regent is Mrs. Henry Joseph, a prominent member of social and philanthropic circles of that city. The initial effort in the way of war work made by this society was a generous contribution to the fund for the hospital ship which the Daughters of the Empire throughout the Dominion undertook to provide upon the outbreak of

the war. Since that time the members have not relaxed in their zeal. They have lent their support to every movement for the benefit of the soldiers in the field and in hospital, and have contributed to all of the many funds which have been opened for patriotic purposes.

Mrs. Joseph has also been the leader of a group of Red Cross workers who, since the beginning of the war, have met weekly at her house to make hospital supplies and who have forwarded to the headquarters of the Red Cross Society many thousands of articles. In order to raise money for the purchase

real's most beautiful residences.

Mrs. Joseph has been spending the midsummer months at St. Andrews, N.B., where she organized a Red Cross Circle, which has been doing excellent work. A great many people from the United States have been staying at that popular sea-side resort, and Mrs. Joseph has been successful in enlisting their interest and co-operation.

M. D.

A Story of Rural Quebec

THE author of the novel, "Jean Baptiste," recently published in London and Toronto by J. M. Dent and Sons, Limited, is J. E. Le Rossignol, a Canadian by birth, and a professor in the University of Nebraska. There are several works on political economy to the credit of Professor Le Rossignol, but this versatile graduate of McGill University is not content with subjects relating to sociology and finance. His fancy lightly turns to habitant homes in old Quebec, and, more than once, readers of the Canadian Courier have been pleased with the tales of rural adventure told by this writer, who knows well his St. Lawrence and the land of little lakes and rivers.

This summer, Professor Le Rossignol has given us a novel of St. Placide, a village of Quebec, wherein is faithfully depicted the life of the small parish, so remote from the madding crowd, and yet so representative of a medley of human ambitions and beliefs. The hero, Jean Baptiste Giroux, is of the good old traditional sort, with marvellous physical strength and a stout heart. He is a lovable, clean-minded youngster, this Jean Baptiste, who reads so beautifully and yet feels no vocation for the priestly calling. St. Placide furnishes enough adventures for Jean, to justify its being called by a stormier name. But in the end our hero defeats all foes and wins his Gabrielle—as dainty and winsome a maiden as ever proved a capricious lady love. However, not to spoil a good story by too conventional an ending, Jean Baptiste loses much of his worldly wealth, and is left with youth, love and ambition all unspoiled, to begin again.

The charm of the story lies in the simple grace of the telling. The author knows his habitant and makes the reader thoroughly acquainted with the folk of St. Placide. He also knows the wood lore of that land of lakes and hills and his style has caught something of the depth and sparkle of lovely Lac Desir.

ERIN.

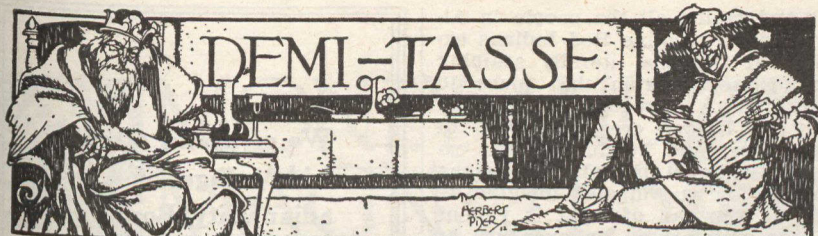
Of Montreal, a leader in philanthropic and patriotic movements in that city, as well as a prominent member of social circles.

of materials and to carry on the activities of these and other societies in which she is interested, Mrs. Joseph has from time to time given, for entertainments, the use of her house, which is one of Mont

ONE hundred and five entries, the greatest number ever recorded, have been made for the Women's National Golf Championship, which will shortly be held at Onwentsia, near Chicago. Miss Vera Ramsay, of England, has been entered by a Canadian Club, and hopes to duplicate Miss Ravenscroft's feat of 1913.



A SUN-ROOM WHEREIN EVEN THE SUN MUST LOVE TO LINGER. Rosy chintz, gay birds in white cages, a lamp of unusual design and the most charming of tea settees, combined to make a sun-room shown by the Robert Simpson Co. at the Canadian National Exhibition one of the most attractive of the house-furnishing exhibits.



Courierettes.

If we would work for what we want as well as wish for it we might get it.

Get ready now to do your Christmas shopping early, girls.

Cleveland's mayor says the war is a result of over-education. It's a safe bet he didn't start it.

"Not words, but deeds," shouts Teddy Roosevelt, being an expert in each line.

Woman in New York wants divorce from a man who lets her have only 25 cents a day. With so many fine fellows in the world why do girls wed tightwads?

Undertakers complain of poor business this summer. But they do not do business in Mexico or Europe.

War is not needed to thin down the population, now that we have so many automobiles.

It's peculiar how a man on his uppers can't find a job, a friend, a meal or a bed, and yet can get a drink—and pay for it.

Dancing masters say the waltz is coming back into favour. Hard on the people who have spent time and money in learning the faddish dances.

Another "what's in a name" argument is that Governor Rye of Tennessee and Governor Brewer of Mississippi are ardent prohibitionists.

Woodrow Wilson may get a crumb of comfort out of the fact that Roosevelt won't get the German vote in 1916, no matter who does.

Two hundred Teuton newspapers have suspended publication since the war broke out. They must have exhausted all their vocabulary of hate for Britain.

They have been having several investigations of the Eastland disaster at Chicago, but nothing seems to have been done about it.

Abe Ruef, the 'Frisco grafter, has been pardoned, but cannot enter 'Frisco for three months. This makes it rather hard to hold an Abe Ruef day at the Panama Ex.

People are now beginning to believe Russia's claim that she was not prepared for war over a year ago.

Cleveland has a blind man who has become a lawyer. Well, what's the use? Make your own comment.

The one thing more provoking than a woman who talks back is a man who won't.

HERE THEY ARE.

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
When eyes and nose begin to run—
For our fall cold is here.

Advice.—"Always pick a bachelor to listen to your hard luck story."
"Why so?"
"The married men have troubles of their own."

Defined.—A jack of all trades is generally found working by the day for the master of one.

Ald. Meredith's Swear Word.—In a recent interview, referring to the emphatic expression of his friends' faith in him, Ald. John Wesley Meredith, of Toronto, said he could not repeat their words because he was not a swearing man. The alderman is alleged to have suggested that he might vote for Col. Langton as Toronto's new Fire Commissioner if the Colonel's position in the Sterling Trust Co. were given him.
Apropos of his statement that he is

not a swearing man, City Hall gossips are retelling a story which goes to prove the alderman's statement.

They say that when the members of the City Council went to Atlanta, Georgia, over a year ago, to find out if there were smells in connection with Atlanta's sewage disposal plant, there was considerable amusement for the travellers because of the joshing and "kidding" to which the ever-busy Ald. Sam McBride subjected Ald. Meredith. Ald. McBride does love to tease anybody whose "goat" he thinks he can get, and he was, in the language of the street, hot on the trail of Ald. Meredith's "animal."

Finally, after much heckling, Ald. Meredith became angry and turned on his tormenter.

"McBride, if you keep on, I'll—I'll swear at you," he is reported to have threatened.

Of course that was sweet to the ears of Ald. McBride. It was just what he wanted. His teasing was beginning to take effect. He persisted.

Then, eyes flashing and voice pitched high, Ald. Meredith turned on him and exclaimed—terrible oath that it was—"McBride, you're a fathead!"

WAR NOTES.

Russia may have lost her vodka, but we still believe she has her punch.

Teddy Roosevelt is quite properly described as "the battle him of the republic."

Uruguay agrees to help Uncle Sam clean up Mexico. Now the U. S. should be able to do something.

The further the Germans go into prohibition territory, it is noted that the feebler grows their attack.

Only three revolutions raging in Portugal. Newspapers lack space for more.

It may be that peace is a dream of the future. But war is a very real and present nightmare.

Britain is demonstrating that the submarine is just as effective against battleships as against defenceless passenger ships.

Seems to have been somebody home when the Germans got into the Gulf of Riga.

Well, if the Russians can't beat anything else, they can always beat a retreat.

The Way of a Woman.

Now when a Jane is but a child
Her fancy runs untrammelled, wild,
And daily, hourly she will yearn—
A King or Prince or Knight for her.

But when she reaches sweet sixteen
She wants a man who's handsome,
keen—

A man of stature, six feet tall,
The biggest mutt among them all.

And when she's twenty-two or so
She dreams of one who's got the
dough—

A man who has a car—"posish"—
And coin in bank—this is her wish.

And then when thirty-one comes nigh,
And all her chances shot sky-high,
She gladly grabs off Freedy Meek,
Whose salary is twelve a week!

Just One Method.—Electing a man as president of Haiti seems to us to be a polite method of sentencing him to death.

The German View.—We are told that since the war began 200 German

newspapers have ceased publication. Well, the German people will worry along without them, being in more need of army columns than news columns.

An Impression.—Some fellows we know are so empty headed that we are almost convinced they must have been raised on a vacuum bottle.

Right There.—"They tell me that he is a leading church member."

"Yes, when there is a row on in the church he is always leading one side or the other."

She Knew Him.

"My only books are woman's looks," He said to dainty Miss Macduff.

She shook her head, she would not wed;

"For you, I am afraid," she said,
"One volume would not be enough."

Proverb Amended.—A rolling stone may gather no moss, but it certainly gets the sharp corners rounded off.

Easy.—"Why is a woman's kiss like a glass of beer?"
"Both go stale if left untasted."

The Difficulty.—Young woman writes to the papers to complain that it seems hard for a quiet girl to get married nowadays. Seems to us that it seems hard to find a quiet girl that a chap can marry.

Explained.—Down in New York is a woman who is 115 years old. She says she owes her long life to a tranquil mind. It's a sure thing she never lived next door to a dance hall or an all night garage.

Identifying Himself.—Lord Charles Beresford of the British navy, is an adept at a great many things. He has the reputation of being as willing to fight with a London taxi-cabby as the average French or German military officer is to challenge another to a duel. Neither is he afraid of Bobbies, as the London guardians of the peace are called. One of the popular stories about him runs something like this:

He and the Duke of Porterfield were standing on a street corner in London one day when Lord Beresford was particularly struck with the strutting of a very important Bobby across the street. Calling a seedy looking individual, he said:

"I'll give you a half-a-crown if you will go over and knock that Bobby's hat off."

The seedy looking one immediately crossed the street and knocked off the hat in a most artistic and inspired manner and then rejoined the two others on the pavement. The irate Bobby, picking up his hat, crossed close behind him.

"Who are you?" he demanded of the Duke.

"I am the Duke of Porterfield, and you will find me at"—giving his number.

"And you?" he demanded of the next one.

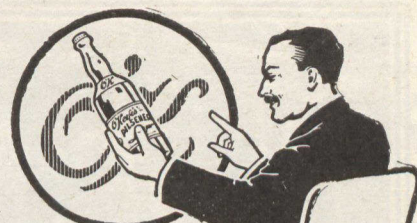
"Lord Charles Beresford of the British navy, and my address is," so and so.

"And you?" said the Bobby, grimly turning to the grand executive of the scheme.

"I" said the seedy looking individual, inserting his thumbs in the armholes of his vest and casting a superior glance at his colleagues, "I am de Prince of Wales, an' you all knows where youse can find me."

Coming To It.

The young man wears a low-necked shirt,
His socks are silk and sheer—
To-morrow I expect to see
An earring in his ear.



The Business Man's Favorite Brew.

Light and sparkling. Delicious and refreshing. The best health drink for the whole family. That's

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HYDRANGEA PANICULATA GRANDIFLORA,
A remarkable blooming bush photographed in East Toronto.

BELGIUM DIED FOR EUROPE

An Eloquent Letter from G. K. Chesterton

Overroads,
Beaconsfield, Bucks,
5th August, 1915.

Editor Canadian Courier:

Sir,—I hope you will grant me space to say a few words about the Belgians still in Belgium. The admirable efforts of the National Committee for Relief in Belgium are going a long way to avert famine, but if the million-and-a-half destitute Belgians are to be kept alive the National Committee must have yet further support. The only conceivable cause of doubt in the matter must lie in a mere weariness in well-doing, produced not by any intellectual difficulty but by such wholly unintellectual things as time and fatigue. I think, therefore, the best way of preventing any possible neglect of so great a matter is to repeat once more the great truths upon which rested the whole original claim, not so much on our sympathy as on our common honesty. The simplicity and enormity of the Belgian story can best be set forth, perhaps, in four truisms, all toweringly self-evident.

First, of course, the mere badness of the story is almost too big to be held in the mind. There have been stories of a woman or a child actually robbed of reason for life by the mere ocular shock of some revolting cruelty done in their presence. There was really a danger of something of the kind paralyzing our protest against the largest and, by the help of God, the last of the crimes of the Prussian Kings. The onlookers might have been struck into a sort of gibbering imbecility and even amiability, by the full and indefensible finality of the foul stroke. We had no machines that could measure the stunning directness of the blow from hell. We could hardly realize an enormous public act which the actor did not wish to excuse, but only to execute.

YET such an act was the occupation of Belgium; almost the only act in history for which there was quite simply and literally nothing to be said. Bad history is the whole basis of Prussia: but even in bad history the Prussians could find no precedent and no palliation: and the more intelligent Prussians did not try. A few were so feeble-minded as to say they had found dangerous documents in Brussels, as if what they had done could possibly be excused by things they did not know when they did it. This almost piteous lapse in argument was, however, covered up by the cleverer Prussians as quickly as might be. They preferred to stand without a rag of reason on them than with such a rag as that. Before we come to the monstrous material suffering, there is in the existing situa-

tion an abstract unreason, nay an abstract insanity, which the brain of man must not bear. A nightmare must not abide to the end. The tiniest trace of Prussian victory that remains will make us think of something which is not to be thought of: of something like the victory of the beasts over mankind.

Second, it must be remembered that this murder has been done upon a people of such proximity and familiarity that there cannot be any mistake about the matter. There is some shadowy justification for the comparative indifference to the wrongs of very remote peoples: for it is not easy for us to guess how much slavery shocks a negro or cannibalism a cannibal. But the innkeepers and shopkeepers of Ostend felt exactly as the innkeepers and shopkeepers of Dover would feel. We have to imagine a pre-historic cruelty coming suddenly upon a scene which was civilized and almost commonplace. Imagine tigers breaking out of the Zoological Gar-

Where M.P.P.'s Till the Soil

SASKATCHEWAN Legislature is probably the nearest approach to a real agricultural parliament anywhere in the world unless it might be in South Africa. Two-thirds of the members of this House depend on farming as the main source of livelihood. These agricultural M.P.'s own among them 55,000 acres, of which 34,721 acres are under cultivation and 27,164 acres under crop this year. Do they raise wheat? Oh, yes, but they are not wheat miners. Trust the fine example of Minister of Agriculture, Hon. W. R. Motherwell, to encourage these legislative farmers to engage in the best kind of farming suitable to the country. Eight of these members are farming less than a section of land each. Not much land-hoggerly about that. Twelve others have farms running from 640 acres—a section—to 960 acres. Seventeen others top the list with farms that run from 1,100 acres to 1,600 acres.

This makes a total of 37 Saskatchewan M.P.'s engaged in tilling the soil according to practical, everyday methods by which the land is farmed and not bled white to be sold again. Most of them raise live stock because they know the value of having animals on the land to consume crops which almost any year average a percentage of wet-spoiled or frost-bitten grain. It is a good safe conjecture that the farms of these members are none of the down-at-the-heel, out-at-the-elbow variety with fences higgledy-piggledy and barns letting in the rain and cattle slatsided and lean. Probably some of the finest prize photos of well-kept, pleasant-looking,

dens and eating all the people in Albany Street; imagine Red Indians exhibited at Olympia literally scalping every passer-by from that place to Hammersmith Broadway; imagine Jack the Ripper crowned king of Whitechapel and conducting his executions in broad daylight outside the Tube station at Aldgate; imagine as much as you can of what is violent and contradictory in an over-turn of all modern life by troglodytes; and you are still falling short of this fearful Belgian scene in that familiar Belgian scenery.

THIRD, this people we have heard of daily have endured this thing; and endured it for us. There are countless cases for compassion among the bewildering and heart-rending by-products of this war: but this is not a case for compassion. This is a case for that mere working minimum of a sense of honour that makes us repay a poor man who has advanced his last penny to post a letter we have forgotten to stamp. In this respect Belgium stands alone; and the claims even of other Allies may well stand aside till she is paid to the uttermost farthing. There has been self-sacrifice everywhere else; but it was self-sacrifice of individuals, each for his own country; the Serbian dying for Serbia, or the Italian for Italy. But the Belgian did not merely die for Belgium. Belgium died for Europe. Not only was the soldier sacrificed for the nation; the nation was sacrificed for mankind. It is a sacrifice which is, I think, quite unique even among Christians; and quite inconceivable among pagans. If we even privately utter a murmur, or even privately grudge a penny for binding the wounds of so solitary and exceptional a martyr, we ourselves shall be something almost as solitary and exceptional. We shall perhaps be nearest to the state of that unspeakable sociologist who persuaded his wife to partake of a simultaneous suicide; and then himself cheerfully lived on.

I therefore plead for further help for the Members of the National Committee who have taken this duty upon themselves. All subscriptions can be addressed to the Treasurer at Trafalgar Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, or to Local Committees where they have been formed.

Yours faithfully,
G. K. CHESTERTON.

prosperous farms could be obtained from these gentlemen who publicly make laws for the greatest wheat province in Canada and at home hold up their end among the real citizen yeomanry that create wealth.

Some of them, including two Cabinet Ministers, have been farmers in that country since any of it was railroaded much. They were scratching money out of fat soil and waggoning it over the black trails many and many a mile to the sparse elevators that loomed up here and there like the Pyramids of Egypt. Now they have come into a kind of Promised Land when bank barns and cement silos and fat cattle and private elevators and traction farming on a huge scale have made agriculture one of the lordly occupations of mankind. When the average number of live stock of all kinds on one of these legislative farms is 252 head, there is no doubt that any census of the most progressive and profit-making citizen farmers in the West must include these 37 M.P.'s. They don't, as a rule, spend their summers on the land and their winters out on the Coast as some of the plutocrat non-resident farmers do. For in the winter they have too many live stock at home to attend to, and down at Regina, too, many public problems to solve in that pile of beautiful buildings that cost the farmers of Saskatchewan so much money.

And as long as two-thirds of the members of Parliament in any Province are farmers there is not likely to be any howl about farmers' money being spent for public projects that are not good for the country.

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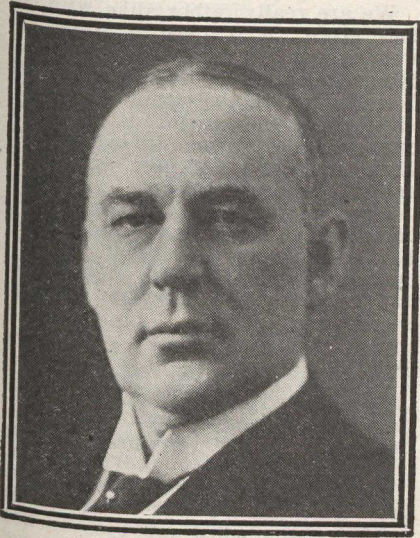
MONEY AND MAGNATES

Uncertainty in the Stock Market

LAST week there was considerable uncertainty in the New York and Canadian stock markets. The two causes were perfectly simple and plain. In the first place, the financial arrangements which the European countries are now making are not yet completed, and sterling exchange was at a ridiculously low point. Some people were inclined to blame the low value of the sovereign and the franc on the German-American bankers. No doubt these gentlemen did anything they could to make matters worse, but they were not the primary cause. The huge purchases of the Allies in the United States dislocated the ordinary balance of trade, and the French and British must pay the piper.

In the second place, there was much uncertainty in Canada with regard to war orders, grain prices, and the possibility of a grain blockade at Montreal and St. John. Sir Robert Borden arrived home on Thursday, but the official announcements about the supply of ocean shipping for the coming grain trade have only been indicated, not made. In spite of all expectations to the contrary, wheat is selling at about 25c. a bushel less than on the same date last year. This is having its effect upon the minds of the business men and the investors. Moreover, the speculators are always more or less influenced by the attitude of the business men.

These were the chief reasons why prices showed a decline last week. If nothing untoward happens this week, and if the British Government makes suitable arrangements for large credits in New York, then exchange should improve this week or next. As soon as this improvement is effected there will probably be another lull in stock prices, although the era of spectacular rises in "war babies" is probably gone into history.



MR. G. M. BOSWORTH.
Chairman of the new \$23,000,000 Canadian Pacific Ocean Services, Ltd.

A \$23,000,000 Steamship Merger

ON October 1 the Canadian Pacific Railway fleet and the fleet of the Allan Line will be amalgamated in the Canadian Pacific Ocean Services, Limited. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy puts a moderate estimate of \$23,000,000 on the value of the ships involved. Mr. G. M. Bosworth is the chairman of the new consolidation company. He has been connected with the C.P.R. for 33 years, and has been vice-president since 1910. The new amalgamated fleet will take care of a large part of the wheat transported from Canada to England. This is the greatest steamship merger ever effected in this country, and has been accomplished considerably for the purpose of grappling with war conditions, which affect steamship services much more vitally than railway lines.

Leading Canadian Stocks

SO long as the money exchanges of the world are disorganized, Brazilian common stock will not recover its place as the industrial leader in Canadian stock markets. On the other hand, the increased railway earnings now being reported are likely to bring C.P.R. stock back to something of its original leadership. Since C.P.R. crossed 200, very few Canadians outside of the inner circle at Montreal have purchased. Many people have been waiting for a golden opportunity, which is now in sight. In Montreal, Canadian Car and Foundry was the leader last week, and closed at almost the highest point which it has yet reached. Steel of Canada and Dominion Iron and Steel were slightly easier, while National Steel Car showed a decline of about ten points. In spite of these reactions, there is no reason to doubt that the "Canadian war babies" will yet sell at higher prices.

Significant Bank Clearings

FOR nearly twelve months bank clearings in all the cities of Canada have shown a decrease. That decrease reflected the falling off in business, and was as natural as the decline in railway earnings and banking profits. During the past month the comparisons, for the first time, have been between two war months instead of one peace month and one war month. Hence the conclusions which may be drawn from a comparison are more likely to have real significance. So far as the eastern cities are concerned the bank clearings show that business in August, 1915, was better than in August, 1914. In the western cities the reverse is true. Hence Canada's business in August, 1915, did not exceed that of August, 1914. Nevertheless, the changes indicated point to a probable increase in September and subsequent months. Undoubtedly better times have arrived, and will be reflected shortly both in bank clearings and railway earnings. Last week Montreal showed an increase of over \$5,000,000 and Toronto an increase of \$1,500,000. These can have only one meaning.

Notes

CANADIANS have got over their "scare" and are investing in their own businesses and in the better classes of bonds. At the end of July the total deposits in the chartered banks were \$1,032,000,000. This is a decline as compared with May and June, but an increase over July, 1914.

The National Trust Co. directors have announced the payment of their regular quarterly dividend of 2½ per cent. for the period ending September 30th.

The Monetary Times has come out with an editorial in favour of bank amalgamations, indicating that the people behind the proposed union of the Royal and Bank of Hamilton have not yet given up hope.

Life insurance men will hold their annual convention in Toronto on September 8th, 9th and 10th. The attendance promises to be larger than usual. The number of licensed insurance agents in Canada is around eight thousand.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President.
ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager. JOHN AIRD, Ass't. General Manager.

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

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

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A Pierrette's Diary Leaves

(Concluded from page 6.)

in a harem skirt, but he wore his old bored look as he passed me with her.

Just then the clock struck twelve.

I started guiltily. I should be home, and yet—and yet, how I should have liked just one more waltz with the man who appealed to me so much.

I saw Devilshoff look at me from a little distance, and make as if to approach me again. That decided me. I turned and hurried out of the ball room, and fled as quickly as possible from the Castle. For, diary dear, it was a reckless spirit of mischief that suggested this daring escapade. I had no invitation at all to the ball.

The host, however, might discover I was an uninvited guest and denounce me as a miserable deceiver. I hastened down the road and along the pier—the sea rolling and tumbling beneath me.

WOULD I ever meet this man again, I wondered—ah, it was scarcely likely. After all, I am horribly unlucky. The men I like seldom like me, and the ones that like me, I can never stand. At last, I had met my ideal. He evidently actually liked me, but the probability was I would never see him again. Stay, if he really cared he might ponder over what I had told him about the pierrots and turn up at one of our shows to-morrow. I must wait and see.

I opened the door with my latch key and stumbled in. There was a light in our little sitting room. Gwen had kept her promise, and had not gone to bed.

She was playing her banjo very, very softly, so softly as to be more like a remembered sound than one that slid upon the ear. Instinctively I paused to listen. She was at the last two lines of that exquisite chorus of the Banks of Loch Lomond: "But I and my true love will never meet again, on the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond."

I shivered. Somehow, the sad refrain did not seem to augur well for another meeting for me and my ideal.

She was putting her banjo away as I entered, but I noticed when she looked up that her eyes were full of tears.

"It's that song," she murmured, apologetically. "It always makes me sad."

She was wearing a crimson kimono, and her hair was loose over her shoulders.

"I've had the loveliest time," I announced, as I flung myself into a chair, "and I've met the dearest man, and oh, Gwen, isn't Fieldglass a funny name?"

She turned strangely white, and staggered back against the wall.

"Fieldglass!" she repeated. "It can't be. Oh, surely you couldn't meet him."

Then I told her, describing him minutely.

"I could not see his hair, for he wore a white wig," I continued, "but I am certain it would be fair, to go with his skin."

"Captain Fieldglass, a naval officer, on the ship Halcyon in the foreign service. Ah, it is indeed he."

She cowered down in the basket chair. Her head fell back on the cushions, and so dreadfully white she had grown, I feared she was going to faint.

I crossed over and knelt beside her, taking her hands in mine.

"Who is he?" I whispered. "What is he to you? Gwen dear, tell me."

"My husband," came faintly from her parted lips.

I let go her hands, and flopped in a crumpled heap on the floor. The surprises of this night had been too much for me.

She recovered herself a little.

"We were married three years ago," she explained, "and—we—we quarrelled directly afterwards. It was my fault, I was in the wrong. I believed lies about him and I left him. I dare not go back to my people, so I had to earn my living the best way I could. I learned the stories I was told about him were all untrue when it was too late. Now—oh, was ever a woman born to such misery."

She buried her face in the cushions. I got up suddenly, and shook her roughly.

"Listen," I began, speaking very quickly, and divesting myself of my dress as I spoke. "You must not be a fool any longer. You must go to him now at once, do you hear? He was to meet me at the palm at the far end of the ball room for another waltz. You must put on this pierrette frock and go. He will think it is I at the first. Keep your hair just as it is."

We are really rather alike with our hair down. I realized it when she was dressed in the pierrette frock. We are about the same height, and our hair is much the same shade and about the same length. It is only in our eyes a striking difference lies. Mine are grey, but hers are brown and soft as a gazelle's.

Dawn has broken, but she hasn't come back. I must go to bed now, or I'll be a wreck, and as ill as ever again to-morrow, and the golden tenor will be using bad language over my accompaniments.

Saturday night.—At last I have a chance to write the end of the romance, for I have met with a romance during my very first week as a pierette.

I did not seem to have been asleep very long when I was awakened by a kiss, and opened my eyes to find Gwen bending over me.

"Dear, it is all right," she exclaimed rapturously. "You were sleeping so peacefully I could not waken you when I came in. I had to wait until it was time to get up."

She seated herself on the bed, and related her night's adventure.

"It was easy to enter the Castle on such an occasion, the powdered footmen took no notice of me. At first he thought it was you and then—well, he looked as if he had seen a ghost. We crossed the Broadwater, and there in the demesne amongst the glowing lights, I asked his forgiveness and—we are going to forget all our misery now," she ended.

Her name is Virginia, and I think it suits her perfectly.

To-night is her last appearance as a pierette. She is to break her contract with Montimer and Windsor, but the troupe guess nothing of her story.

"I don't know how I will ever repay you," she keeps saying. "But for you I would never have found happiness, though it was so near me. He only arrived on a visit to Broadwater Castle that morning. The Brookes are very old friends of his, though I never knew them at all. We are going abroad now for about six months. He has leave for a year. When we return from our second honeymoon, you must come on a long visit, and in the meantime, well, I am not going to lose sight of you, dear."

I'm pleased, of course, oh, very pleased, for I knew "the girl with the banjo" had some history, but I'll miss her more than I can express. We were to have been together for some time—but—well this week's experience has made quite a drama, and I am glad I had a leading part in the play.

Carrying It Too Far.—Mitchell Kennerley was talking in New York about Anthony Comstock, who tried last year to have one of Mr. Kennerley's books suppressed.

"Comstock," he said, "carries his prudishness too far. Why, I understand that he's now trying to get a law passed, to hold good for the entire coast line, which will prohibit boats from hugging the shore."

The Essence of Kindness.—"Johnny, are you good to your little sister?" "Yes, ma'm, why I eat her candy for her, so it won't make her sick."

Father's Hope.—Father cherishes the hope that his son won't be such a little fool as he was in his youth, but he doesn't say it to the lad just that way.

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CHAPTER V.

A Proud and Clever Woman.

FROM St. Anton's Park Max and the superintendent motored to the telegraph office at Charing Cross—to find that clerk who had taken in the fatal telegram, had gone off duty at eight o'clock in the evening. The original of the despatch was exhibited to them, but though they both examined it carefully it told them nothing. It was written in a round and flowing "hand," which was so characteristic that one could not have said positively whether it was the calligraphy of a man or a woman.

Ascertaining that the clerk, who had received the telegram across the counter, lived in Kentish Town, the two drove thither, and saw this official whom they awoke from sleep. But he could say very little; it had been a busy time of the day, and while he thought he was "almost certain" that the message had been handed in by a man, he was quite unable to describe him.

"Do you not remember selling him the stamp?" asked Johnson. "Can you not recall him at all?"

"No, I can't," replied the man. "I wish I could, but there was a rush of telegrams at the time."

"You didn't ask him for his name and address?"

"No; in any case, we hardly ever do that now. The telegram would be passed over to me; I would count the words to see what it would cost; it would be stamped by the person handing it in, and then sent by me to the telegraph room. It's always the same procedure, or nearly so."

"Unless I suppose your attention is drawn in some special way? And there was nothing of that sort here?"

"There was nothing special about it at all," said the clerk. "If there had been, I must certainly have observed it."

"I was rather afraid the telegram would not be of much use in the case," said the superintendent to Max, who recalled that Johnson had told Colonel Willoughby that it might not be easy to find out anything by means of the despatch. "All that we have learned is that it was handed in by a man—probably."

"Which agrees, at least, with my assumption that the murder was committed by a man," said Max. "What do you think of doing now?" he asked Johnson, as they were leaving the clerk's room.

"Well, I shall see the booking-clerk at Hampstead Heath station as soon as I can, but it's no good going there for an hour or two. I think I shall return to High Street."

"What about Miss Chase's brother? May I suggest that we should call on him and tell him what has taken place?" asked Max. "Besides, he may be able to throw some light on the tragedy. I know where he lives."

"No doubt, he ought to know as soon as possible. Yes, I shall see him now," assented the superintendent. "You are coming with me?"

"I should like to; then I know him, which may help matters a little, though in any case the shock will be cruel."

"He is connected with the War Office, is he not?"

"His position there is rather important," said Max. "He is private secretary to General Robinson, the Master of the Guns."

"The artillery department?"

"Yes, and he must be aware of everything that goes on in it; he has

PREVIOUS chapters introduce chiefly Max Hamilton, editor of "The Day," Peggy Willoughby, with whom Hamilton is in love, and Villiers Chase, another friend of Peggy's! All at supper together in London. Max leaves hurriedly to catch a night train. Thinking of Peggy he is roused by "All Change" and turns to rouse a lady in the compartment who, upon investigation, turns out to be Sylvia Chase, sister of Villiers Chase—mysteriously murdered.

been General Robinson's secretary for some years."

"He is older than his sister?"

"I should say he is thirty-four or thereabouts; she was a good deal younger. I fancy her age was twenty-six or so."

"About twenty-six or twenty-seven, I guessed," said Johnson. "But Captain Chase will probably be able to tell us exactly."

They were now on their way to Villiers Chase, whose rooms were in one of the streets which run out of Berkeley Square. On their arrival, the night porter in charge of the house made some demur to their admission—until he learned who Johnson was. They experienced no difficulty in arousing the Captain. Needless to state, he was greatly surprised, when he saw Max—he did not know the superintendent.

"Hamilton!" he cried. "What is it?" Then more calmly he asked, "Has something happened?" A few hours before he had seen Max leave the Willoughbys, and it was of Peggy Willoughby he was thinking when he asked the question.

"Yes, something very terrible, Captain Chase, I deeply regret to have to tell you. I am more sorry than I can say, but I am the bearer of sad news," said Max, in tones of deep sympathy.

"I was afraid that was the case," said Chase. He looked at Johnson, and Max introduced the superintendent.

Briefly, tenderly Max told him what had happened; at first he could hardly make Chase understand—the thing was so sudden, so utterly unexpected; when Chase did understand, his grief was intense. He broke down completely, sobbing like a child.

"I was very much attached to her," he said, growing calmer after some minutes. "She was very dear to me—and to think of her dying in this awful way! We must have been talking to Peggy Willoughby," he said to Max, "at the very moment when she was struck down."

Max bowed his head silently.

"**S**YLVIA murdered!" murmured Chase. "It seems utterly beyond belief! What can I do to help you?" he asked the superintendent.

"I should like you to come to the police station in High Street, Kensington, to identify the body; it may not seem necessary, but it is, as a matter of form," responded Johnson.

"Certainly," said Chase. "I'll come." "And if you would tell us about your sister's life, captain? That may be of the greatest assistance."

"You may be sure I'll tell you all I know."

Here Max interposed.

"Perhaps you would rather that I should not be present, Villiers. You would like to be alone with the superintendent?"

"Not at all," said Chase promptly. "I quite realise that this sad matter cannot be kept out of the papers, and as you are a leading journalist, Max, and a friend, I should much prefer you to hear all I have to say about poor Sylvia; I know we shall not suf-

fer at your hands. Besides, there is nothing to be said about her that might not be said to the world; there is nothing that one need hide." He spoke with an accent of pride.

"Of course not," said Max to whom Chase had been addressing himself.

"You knew Sylvia?" returned Chase simply.

"Slightly."

"She was a proud and clever woman," said her brother, and there had now come into his voice and bearing an expression of the utmost indignation. "Oh, I cannot imagine who can have killed her, who could have desired and planned her death—the infamous wretch!" His grief had passed from him; he was burning with rage. He turned to Johnson, and asked him where he should begin with his sister's life, adding, "There really is not much of a story."

"There must be some story of an unusual kind," thought the superintendent, mentally echoing words that had been spoken earlier that night. Aloud, however, he said to Chase, "I should like you to tell me anything you can, and just as it occurs to you."

"**I** DARESAY it is best to begin at the beginning," Chase replied. "I don't know if you knew my father?" he asked Max.

"No, I don't think so."

"He was a 'gunner'—which is why I am one too, I suppose—and he was a comparatively poor man," said Chase, curbing his emotions and speaking slowly and thoughtfully. "Our mother predeceased him. At the time of his death I was in the army, and Sylvia was at the Royal College for the daughters of officers at Bath; Miss Willoughby was there at the same time." Chase glanced at Max as he said the last sentence.

"I know that," said Max.

"My father left about a thousand pounds to me, charging me to see to the finishing of Sylvia's education. I did see to it; I should have done so in any case. I was fond of her—very fond," he said with sorrow and pain, and was silent for some seconds.

"When she was seventeen there came an opportunity for her," he resumed. "She was at the College, but I had determined to give her a year or two abroad. She had very good abilities—still I often thought with anxiety of what might happen after her education was completed; she would be penniless, and the world is a hard place for penniless ladies. You see I had nothing but my pay, and I wasn't on the staff then." He paused reminiscently.

"You were speaking of an opportunity," Johnson reminded him.

"Yes, and it was Sylvia herself who brought it to my notice," said Chase. "An English governess was required for the family of a Prussian noble—the Graf von Nordheim; he offered excellent terms, stating the engagement, if satisfactory to all parties, would last for four or five years; he postulated that she should be a lady, and said she would be treated like a member of the family. No doubt it was a very favourable opportunity, and Sylvia, who was high-spirited and of a very independent character—I told you she was a proud and clever woman—was determined to take advantage of it. I represented to her that she was rather young for such a post, but as I did not positively forbid her to accept it she went to Germany. She was already something of a linguist, and the prospects of a long residence over there delighted her. She remained with the Von Nordheims



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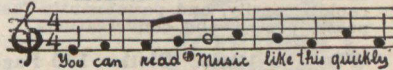
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for five years; I heard from her frequently, and she often came to England for her vacations—sometimes she went to other parts of the Continent with the Von Nordheims. Four years ago, or rather more, she returned to England for good."

"May I ask your sister's age?" inquired the superintendent as Chase stopped for a moment.

"She is—was—about twenty-seven," Chase answered. "Not quite twenty-seven; she would have reached her twenty-seventh birthday in a few weeks had she lived." Chase choked on the last word. "She was twenty-two when she came back to London. She saw me at once; indeed I met her at the station. She had grown into a woman, and I found she had already made her plans for the future. I confess they amazed me at the time, for I hardly hoped she would succeed. But she did succeed, as she never doubted she would."

"I know that she became a literary woman," said Max. "I have read several of her articles, and they were capital."

"Yes," said Chase with some pride. "She had it all mapped out when I saw her. She had already arranged to write for a German paper some articles on her impressions of England, and she set about arranging with an English paper to give her impressions of Germany and of life on the Continent generally. She did arrange for these articles with the greatest of English journals; they were published anonymously, but I fancy their authorship was known, for from that time on she did very well as a writer on foreign topics in our reviews and magazines. She had saved some money while in Germany, and with that and a sum I gave her, she took and furnished a flat; then she had an annuity from the Von Nordheims in consideration of the good work she had done when with them."

"Thank you, Captain Chase," said Johnson, who had listened very carefully to every word Chase had spoken. "What you have told me is most interesting, but can't you tell me something more—about her friends, for example? Nothing you have said seems to help me to place a finger on any particular person who was so connected with her as to be—well, her murderer."

Chase flushed a dusky red.

"I know you do not mean to be offensive," he returned; "and of course I have all the while had the question in my mind—the man who has killed her; how could I help thinking about it? But there I am absolutely in the dark—as much in the dark as you are, Mr. Johnson. I have not the slightest suspicion who he is. She had men friends, yes! Some army men and some journalists, I fancy, several of whom indeed I know. Her maid will be able to tell you more of them than I can."

"She had a maid?"

"Yes, a woman she brought over from Germany; her name is Bertha Schmidt, and she came to England soon after Sylvia. Of course you will see her," said Chase to the superintendent.

"After we have been to the station," said Johnson, "and I should like you to go with me if you will."

"Certainly. She may help you; I cannot."

When they arrived at the police station Johnson saw the surgeon, whose report was ready for him; it affirmed that Sylvia Chase had been killed by some thin narrow instrument resembling a stiletto, but more delicate, more like some fine surgical instrument, which had been driven through her heart, causing instant death.

The grief of Villiers Chase broke out afresh when he saw the dead body of his sister.

"Who can have done it?" he cried in a piteous voice.

CHAPTER VI.

Clues that Failed.

THE flat which Sylvia Chase had occupied was situated in Earl's Court Square, and as it was only a comparatively short distance from the police station in Kensington High

Street, Superintendent Johnson, accompanied by Max and Villiers Chase, soon arrived at it. Villiers knocked at the door, through a glass panel in which a light could be seen. It was now getting well on into the Sunday morning, but as yet there was no sign of dawn. "The lamp has been left burning against her return," thought Johnson: he meant against Sylvia's return.

Almost instantly, however, the door was opened by a middle-aged woman of distinctively German appearance; she was only partly dressed, and her face wore a disturbed and worried expression, which quickly changed into one of fear and alarm, when she saw Villiers Chase. Her eyes dilated; it seemed to Max that her aspect betokened fright more than anything else; he thought she was scared, and certainly she was incoherent, as her words plainly showed.

"What is it?" she demanded of Villiers, whom she knew. "Has anything happened to the fraulein? Why are you here? She is not here; she has not returned. I do not know where she is. Is there anything the matter with her, sir?"

"I know she is not here, Bertha," said Chase, sadly.

"There has been an accident?" interposed the maid. "Something has happened to her!" Bertha Schmidt spoke breathlessly.

"Yes," said Villiers. "She is dead, Bertha." His voice was low and full of pain.

Bertha Schmidt fell back a step, and threw up her arms with a strange gesture, which was unconsciously dramatic. All three men were looking at her intently, and each of them observed that gesture; to Villiers it appeared a natural expression of the woman's surprise, to the superintendent as lacking any trace of grief or sorrow—he suspected that perhaps the maid had disliked her mistress; to Max, as the attitude of a person who was warding off a blow which was being delivered by some unseen hand.

"MY sister has been stabbed to death—murdered," said Villiers, in tones suddenly harsh and stern.

The face of the woman went white, and she trembled visibly. Max thought she looked frightened beyond words, but she ejaculated in German—

"They have killed her! They have killed the fraulein!"

Then, before any of them could speak to her, she broke into stormy crying and sobbing, piteous to witness.

"Tell her to speak in English," said Johnson to Villiers. The superintendent did not understand what she said: Chase attached no importance to the words, but Max thought them odd. Some minutes passed, however, before her outburst of weeping calmed down sufficiently for her to speak with some approach to tranquility, and as Max watched her the impressions he had received—of the state of terror into which the news had thrown her, and the singularity of her words—were blotted out for the time. Her distress seemed to be deep and sincere. "She must have been fond of her mistress, after all," said Johnson to himself. Villiers did not think about it, but if he had, he would have deemed it in no way extraordinary.

He told her how the body of her mistress had been found in the train by Max Hamilton, and that there was no trace so far of the murderer; he mentioned next that the police were in charge of the case, and bade her give any information she was able to impart to "this gentleman, Mr. Johnson, an officer from Scotland Yard." He indicated the superintendent as he spoke.

"Your name is Bertha Schmidt," said Johnson to her, "and you have been maid to Miss Chase for some years."

"Yes, sir—for nearly five years." There was a sort of sobbing in her voice, but otherwise she showed no embarrassment.

"You are a German. Did you know Miss Chase in Germany?"

"No. She applied for a servant to a German agency, and that is how I came here: I was well recommended,

and I suited her," said Bertha, speaking slowly like a man who has to pick his way in a foreign language, yet speaking more or less correctly.

"As you have been with her so long, you must know a good deal about her affairs," suggested the superintendent. "I do not know very much," was the reply. "She was the mistress and I was the servant."

"Quite so, but you would know her friends or some of them?"

"By sight, yes, some of them."

"Well, can you not give us some help, some indication—?"

"As to the person who killed her?" asked Bertha.

"Yes," said Johnson eagerly.

"I can give you none whatever. I was her servant, not her confidante."

"You can throw no light on the murder?"

"None at all."

"WHEN did you see Miss Chase last?" inquired the superintendent, shifting ground.

"When she went out of the flat yesterday evening; it was about seven o'clock, and she was dining out—where, she did not tell me. She said it might be late before she would return, and told me not to wait up for her."

"You saw her last about seven o'clock?"

"That is what I said."

"She did not tell you where she was to dine, but did she mention with whom—or was she dining alone, perhaps at a club?"

"I do not know. She was not communicative. She was the mistress and I was the servant," repeated Bertha Schmidt. "She never told me such things."

"But now and then did she never mention any name—say, of some lady or gentleman friend with whom she dined?"

"Never; why should she?" asked the maid.

"Of course not." It was Villiers Chase who spoke. "You were not in her confidence, Bertha?"

"Certainly not, sir."

"But have you no idea?—did you never get a hint even?—sometimes such things are overheard?" said Johnson.

"I know nothing," said Bertha, with a face that now had become stolid and almost sullen.

"Miss Chase received a telegram here yesterday afternoon," said the superintendent. "Do you happen to know anything about it?"

"I took in a telegram for her in the afternoon—certainly, that is true, and I gave it to her at once."

"You did not see the message?"

"No, I did not. It came about five o'clock or a little after five, and I took it in to her at once; that is all I know about it."

"You cannot help us at all?" asked Johnson, after some moments' thought.

"I know nothing," said Bertha again, with an air of injury. The superintendent studied her closely, and wondered if she were concealing something, but promptly decided against that supposition, for Villiers had said that his sister was a proud woman, and it was not likely that a woman of that description would tittle-tattle with her servant.

"I shall have to search the flat," said Johnson to Villiers. "Perhaps I may come upon some clue in that way."

"Do whatever you think is right," said Chase.

They had been standing in the hall of the flat; it was furnished as a sort of lounge, and it was in it that there burned the electric lamp which had been shining through the glass panel of the door.

"Does the light burn all night?" Johnson asked Bertha Schmidt, as they passed into the sitting room.

"No. Had my mistress come back, she would have put it out," said Schmidt. "I woke up a short time ago and peeping out of my room saw the light was still burning. I guessed that the fraulein had not returned, but looked into her room to make sure. That is why I told her brother, the captain, that she was not here."

"I see. Were you surprised?"

"Yes, for I think she would have

told me had she intended to spend the night with one of her friends."

"She sometimes did that?"

"Not often, and she always told me beforehand. I was worrying over her not being here when you knocked at the door."

This was all straightforward enough, and Superintendent Johnson merely nodded his head. He proceeded to make a careful investigation of the sitting-room, while Villiers Chase and Max looked on; it was beautifully and even luxuriously furnished, and save for a handsome desk-table afforded no hint that it was the work-room of a journalist. It was characteristically a woman's room, with many lovely things in it; such was the impression it made on Max. The drawers of the desk-table were locked, but after some ineffectual trials the superintendent found a key in the bunch he had taken from Sylvia's handbag which opened them. He devoted a considerable time to the papers and letters; they were all connected with the literary work in one way or another, but there were not many of them, and they were of comparatively recent date. Johnson read them, put them back in their places, locked the drawers, and sealed the desk-table.

"There is nothing in them that, so far as I can see will be of the slightest assistance," he remarked to Villiers. "They are simply what may be called business papers and letters—notes and correspondence about her literary work, but I may have to read them again, so I am taking the precaution of sealing them up; I wish them kept intact at present."

"Very well," said Villiers. "My sister was absorbed in her work, and except in a social way she had no interests outside it."

"Did she go much into society?"

"To some extent, yes, but I know very little of that part of her life except that it did not fill a large place with her."

"IT must have been a small part of her life surely," Johnson observed, "for her desk contained no trace of anything of the sort—I mean such as cards for receptions and other society functions."

"I noticed that also. Her work was her life undoubtedly."

After examining the other articles in the sitting-room they went into Sylvia's bedroom which was as splendidly furnished as the former—if anything it was even more luxurious, and Max secretly was greatly struck by these evidences of Sylvia's prosperity; he had had no notion that Sylvia Chase was so well-off, and was more than a little bewildered by it, because he knew very well that women journalists, with the exception of a few who write on fashions, make but small and often uncertain incomes. True, Sylvia was by way of being a specialist on foreign topics, and would probably be paid accordingly, but after all the field was exceedingly limited. His bewilderment grew as the superintendent, helped by Bertha Schmidt, examined the bedroom, for not only had Sylvia had many beautiful and expensive clothes and costly furs, but she had also possessed a stock of jewels of all descriptions which a very rich woman might have coveted.

Max recalled what Villiers had said of his sister, how she had saved money while in Germany, and with that and some money her brother had given her had furnished the flat, and how she had an annuity from the Von Nordheims; her means, however, hardly accounted for all this magnificent jewellery! How had she come by such a store? Max, however, kept his thoughts to himself. But it was clear that Johnson had some ideas on the same matter.

"Miss Chase's jewels," he said to Villiers, "are remarkably fine; they are very valuable."

"She had a passion for that kind of thing," said her brother simply, "but I did not know she had such a quantity." The circumstance did not appear to surprise him.

"Presents, I suppose?" asked Johnson, civilly.

"Some of them, probably, but I know she bought now and again a

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jewel she fancied," said Villiers. And the subject dropped.

Nothing was discovered in the bedroom in the nature of a clue, and the same was true of the rest of the flat. Johnson felt as if he had come up against a dead wall, and said so to Max.

"There's nothing left now," he added, "but to go to Hampstead Heath station."

"Will you come here again?" asked Bertha Schmidt.

"Yes, or, if I do not, another officer will come to-day," was the answer. He cautioned her to let everything stand in the flat as he had left it until she heard from him again.

"Will you come with me to Hampstead Heath station?" Johnson asked Max and Villiers, and both assented.

At Hampstead Heath station Johnson heard that two first-class tickets had been bought about eleven o'clock on the previous evening for Earl's Court by a man who wore a fur coat—but there the news came to an abrupt end, for the ticket-clerk could not remember anything more about the man.

"The clues, so far, have all failed me," said Johnson, with deep regret.

"What will you do next?" asked Villiers earnestly.

"I cannot say," answered Johnson. "For the moment I am completely baffled. All is mystery."

CHAPTER VII.

The Rivals.

ABOUT four o'clock on the afternoon of that Sunday Peggy Willoughby was sitting in the drawing room of her father's house in St. Anton's Avenue. Her mother was with her, but her father had withdrawn to his own particular den for his Sunday afternoon nap. For the sake of their servants, the Willoughbys, like a good many other people, dined in the middle of the day on Sundays, with the result, according to the colonel, that a certain amount of slumber—"the slumber of digestion," he called it—was absolutely necessary for his welfare.

Before Max Hamilton and the superintendent had left the house Peggy had told Max that she would like to hear everything there was to be heard and said about the murder of Sylvia, and to hear it as soon as possible. Max had replied that he would call in the afternoon before going to the office of "The Day," where he was due, in the usual course, at six o'clock. So she was expecting to see him walk in any minute. She did not acknowledge to herself that she was anxious to see him for any other reason—though she was; but the prospect of seeing him was distinctly an agreeable one. Hearing the door bell ring, she smiled happily.

She was therefore more than a little disappointed when, instead of Max, Captain Hollander was shown in, though she smiled on him graciously enough. She knew that he was acquainted with Sylvia Chase, and she wondered if he had heard of the tragedy; he was on terms of considerable intimacy with Villiers Chase—and the terrible news might have reached him through that channel, for no doubt Villiers must have heard of the murder early.

Nothing, however, in Hollander's appearance or manner could suggest to anyone that there was such a thing as tragedy in the world. There are some faces that seem to have tragedy written upon them, but most faces wear either a gay or a grave expression, as the circumstances of the moment dictate.

Hollander, a tall, fair man, with broad but not disproportionately broad shoulders considering his height, was good-looking and decidedly handsome, but there was about him that afternoon an atmosphere, as it were, of radiant good-spirits and of buoyant gaiety, combined at the same time with an air of perfect aplomb, which seemed to say that all was very well with him, and that nothing much could be the matter with anybody else.

There was no trace of exaggeration, of vulgarity about him, and any picture of him which failed to convey that he was a person of distinction

would convey a false impression. He was strong, virile, dominant and debonaire.

Peggy had always liked him, and had sometimes preferred him to Max, as has been said, but on this afternoon she had but a small place in her mind for him; it was Max whom she wanted to see, and the presence of Hollander, attractive as he was, emphasized the absence of the other man. Why didn't Max come? Had something occurred to detain him? She was asking these questions as Hollander bowed before her mother and herself, and exchanged the usual greetings.

"I rather thought that you would be here last evening," said Peggy to him. "We were a hand short at bridge, and I telephoned to your rooms, but got no reply."

"Unfortunately," said Hollander, "most unfortunately for me, I had some business last night which kept me out very late." The way in which he spoke implied how much he had lost by not being able to be with her and her friends. "I always enjoy these little informal parties of yours so very much," he went on, turning to Mrs. Willoughby.

That lady smiled. Hollander was a favourite of hers, and she often tried to guess what her daughter thought of him.

"Nothing very exciting happened while we were bridging—that came afterwards," said Mrs. Willoughby, in a voice that suddenly had grown very grave.

"Something very exciting happened afterwards," observed Hollander. "I'm afraid I don't quite understand." He saw that she had become serious, and his tone was sympathetic.

"Then you haven't heard?" asked Peggy.

"Heard! About what?"

"It's the strangest, saddest thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Willoughby. "I think you knew Sylvia Chase?"

"Yes, of course, and her brother too," responded Hollander, with a show of interest.

"Villiers Chase was here last night," said Mrs. Willoughby, and paused; tears had come into her eyes. Hollander stirred slightly in his chair, and looked a little distressed. Mrs. Willoughby glanced at Peggy, as if to suggest that she should tell Captain Hollander what had occurred.

"Is it something about the Chases?" inquired Hollander of Peggy.

"ABOUT Sylvia Chase," rejoined Peggy, in troubled accents.

"Some accident?" he hinted, as Peggy hesitated to continue.

"She was murdered last night in the train—the last train that runs from Broad Street to Earl's Court," said Peggy, somewhat abruptly, as she scarcely trusted herself to speak.

"What!" exclaimed Hollander incredulously. "Sylvia Chase murdered—in a train!"

"It is the truth," Mrs. Willoughby joined in, as Hollander gazed at them blankly.

"How did you hear of this frightful thing?" asked Hollander, addressing Peggy.

"That is as strange a part of the sad affair as any," said the girl. "Our friends left us shortly after midnight, and we had all gone to bed—we had been in bed for some time and were asleep—when Max Hamilton roused us all up."

"Max Hamilton!" cried Hollander, and a shadow came upon his face expressive both of surprise and annoyance. He was a keen observer, and something in the way in which Peggy pronounced his rival's name struck him as new and not wholly agreeable to himself.

"Yes, Max," said Peggy, and she lingered on the "Max" for an appreciable instant, a fact which did not escape Hollander's notice. The shadow on his face deepened, and then quickly passed away—for this man had himself well in hand.

"How extraordinary!" he said, but very quietly.

Then Peggy launched upon the story of the finding of the body of Sylvia Chase by Max Hamilton in the first-class compartment of the train, and of what had happened afterwards, adding, "It was lucky for Max that he was



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able to establish so complete an alibi, was it not?"

"Wasn't it fortunate!" cried Mrs. Willoughby. "But then it would have been truly absurd to imagine he could have had anything to do with it."

Hollander had listened to Peggy's narrative with the closest attention, asking a question now and again. Referring to the alibi he remarked, "It seems to be a question of a few minutes! Still, as you say, no one could really suspect Hamilton of being guilty."

"No, indeed," said Peggy warmly. Hollander looked at her thoughtfully; he felt certain that somehow or other Max's share in the matter had made a deep impression on her, and he also felt that he himself had lost ground with her. Love with him was not the first thing in life, but still it was much, and he loved Peggy Willoughby. He had known that Max Hamilton was in love with her, as were not a few other men; he had realized that she liked Max and his society, but certainly she hitherto had not been in love with him; now it was borne in upon him that she spoke of Max in quite a special manner. Up till now he had regarded Max's rivalry somewhat lightly, but understood that henceforward he could no longer do so. He was careful, however, to say no word in Max's despite.

"No one could really suspect him of being guilty," he repeated smoothly and as if the matter was closed, but there was hatred in his heart. "But what an extraordinary thing his going into the compartment in which she was sitting!" There was a curious ring in his voice which Peggy noticed, and by which she was made rather uncomfortable.

"It was just fate, I suppose," said Mrs. Willoughby.

"JUST fate," said Hollander, but his voice was strange. Peggy wondered if he meant something against Max.

"If he had missed the train, as he might very well have done," she said, "he would have known nothing about the murder, nor should we. He promised to come in this afternoon to tell us of any developments there might be, and we are expecting him very soon," said Peggy.

She had too much tact to say that she had taken Hollander's ring at the bell for Max's, but Hollander understood that he was being relegated to a secondary position as compared with his rival. And it was very bitter to him. He started other subjects of conversation, but without success. The minds of the ladies were otherwise occupied—Mrs. Willoughby's solely with Sylvia Chase, and Peggy partly with that ill-starred woman, and partly with Max.

It was half-past four when Max put in an appearance. Notwithstanding his long nocturnal journeyings and the strain caused by all he had gone through, he looked fresh and fit.

After leaving Hampstead Heath station he had gone with Johnson and Villiers Chase to Scotland Yard where he and Sylvia's brother had made and signed certain depositions. Later he had gone to his rooms which were in Southampton Row close to Russell Square; his man had given him food and coffee; then he went to bed and slept till two o'clock; he had another meal at three o'clock, and thereafter had a long talk over the 'phone with the managing editor of "The Day."

Next he taxi'd to Scotland Yard, where he saw Superintendent Johnson again and learned from him that inquiries were being set on foot with regard to the man in the fur coat who had bought the tickets. Johnson was neither hopeful nor depressed, but Max gathered that he thought the mystery as impenetrable as before; he was to make another search in Sylvia's flat, however, that afternoon.

From Scotland Yard Max went to St. Anton's Avenue, where the ladies greeted him eagerly. Colonel Willoughby woke up from his nap, and came in to hear what Max had to say.

"Is there any news?" asked the Colonel, who entered the drawing room immediately behind Max.

"I'm afraid there is not much," said Max, quietly. "Very little of importance has been discovered."

"Will you not tell us what you did

after leaving here?" asked Peggy. "That is, if you are at liberty to do so?"

"What about that telegram?" asked the colonel. "You left here for the telegraph office at Charing Cross, didn't you?"

"There is no reason, so far as I can see, why I should not tell you just what occurred after leaving you," said Max. "It is all stamped on my mind, like a seal on wax."

Thereupon he unfolded, bit by bit, incident by incident, the story of the rest of the night with Superintendent Johnson; he told it in the same vivid and dramatic fashion as he had told the first part some hours earlier to the Willoughbys, for the story of the murder of Sylvia possessed him; it had taken strong hold on his sympathy and on his imagination. Peggy and her father and mother again hung upon his lips; Hollander, thinking his own thoughts, admitted to himself that Max had brains and was a good actor.

"So you see," said Max, coming to the end, "we are practically as far off knowing who committed the murder as we were before. Johnson confesses himself completely at sea at present, but hopes to find out something about the man in the fur coat."

"How?"

"Well, some one may have seen him or Miss Chase at Hampstead Heath station. Perhaps they went in cabs there, and the drivers may be able to give some information."

"So many people wear fur coats nowadays," said Willoughby. "A fur coat is not much of a guide."

"Like looking for the proverbial needle in a haystack," said Peggy. Then she turned to Hollander, "I think you wear a fur coat yourself," she said to him.

"Yes, that's true," he replied with a smile. "I dare say that Max also has one," he continued.

"I've a fur motor-coat," said Max also smiling. He rose and said he must go to the office of his paper.

Peggy saw him off, and if she unconsciously pressed his hand on bidding him good-bye he merely thought she was thanking him for having come to tell her the news. He promised to let her know if there was anything fresh.

"There must be something soon," she said.

(To be continued.)

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