

The Canadian :

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THE MAD GHURKAS ON THE MARCH

DREADED BY THE GERMANS, THESE DUSKY WARRIORS HAVE INSTEAD OF THE BAYONET THE COOL CURVED BLADE CALLED THE KUKRI, THAT HANGS FROM THE BELT AND HAMSTRINGS THE ENEMY'S HORSES.

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

CANADIAN NORTHERN**NEW NIGHT TRAIN**

BETWEEN

TORONTO and OTTAWA

(DAILY)

Lv. Toronto 11.00 p.m. Ar. Ottawa 7.40 a.m.
(Union Station) (Central Station)

Lv. Ottawa 10.50 p.m. Ar. Toronto 7.30 a.m.

Intermediate Stops:

Orono, Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton, Belleville,
Deseronto, Napanee, Yarker, Harrowsmith, Sydenham,
Brockville Jct., and Smith's Falls.

New Equipment

Standard Sleeping Cars Electric Lighted Coaches

Day Train

Lv. Toronto	8.20 a.m.	Lv. Ottawa	12.15 noon
Ar. Ottawa	5.20 p.m.	Ar. Toronto	9.15 p.m.

(Daily except Sunday)

For Rail and Steamship Tickets, Parlor and Sleeping Car Reservations, and all Information, Apply to City Ticket Office, 52 King St. E., M. 5179, or Union Station, Adel. 3488.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCESIR 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

SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNTS

Interest at the current rate is allowed on all deposits of \$1 and upwards. Careful attention is given to every account. Small accounts are welcomed. Accounts may be opened and operated by mail.

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.

THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS FURNISHES A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF INSURANCE

Policies issued by the Society are for the protection of your Family and cannot be bought, sold or pledged.

Benefits are payable to the Beneficiary in case of death, or to the member in case of his total disability, or to the member on attaining seventy years of age.

Policies issued from \$500 to \$5000
TOTAL BENEFITS PAID, 42 MILLION DOLLARSFor further information and literature apply to
FRED J. DARCH, S.S. E. G. STEVENSON, S.C.R.
Temple Building - TORONTO**On a Pedestal**

Those things we value most highly, as symbolizing the best in Art, in Science or in Literature, are fittingly placed upon a pedestal, where we can look up to them.

Figuratively speaking, we also place upon the pedestal of our imagination, those high ideals, those lofty aspirations, by which, in our more thoughtful moments, we would wish to guide our conduct.

Among those guiding principles, why not place upon a pedestal of its own, an ideal that may be better described as "Canada First," rather than "Made in Canada."

The "Made in Canada" movement stands for far more than mere commercial patriotism. Pride of country, pride of national resources, pride of national accomplishment in the realms of literature, art and science, pride of virile citizenship, and pride of national destiny, are all embraced within the broad sweep of this deep seated and soul stirring movement.

Future generations will look back to 1914 as an epoch marking year in Canada's history if you, in common with all her citizens, will only resolve, from this day forward, to be guided by the motto

"CANADA FIRST"

11A

CANADIAN PACIFIC WINTER TOURS

TO THE LAND OF

Sunshine and Summer Days**CALIFORNIA, FLORIDA, LOUISIANA, Etc.**

Limited trains leave Toronto daily, making direct connection at Detroit and Buffalo for the Southern States, and at Chicago for California, etc.

Those contemplating a trip of any nature should consult Canadian Pacific Ticket Agent, who will be pleased to quote rates, arrange reservations and attend to all details in connection with your trip; or write

M. G. MURPHY - District Passenger Agent - TORONTO

Electric Service

Means comfort, convenience, economy, and safety. The home that is completely equipped with electrical devices is a happy one.

All the drudgery of housekeeping is eliminated by electricity.

You can wash, iron, sew, sweep, cook, keep cool in summer and warm in winter, by means of electrical apparatus designed especially to relieve you of unnecessary and fatiguing labor.

At our showrooms all these devices are ready for your inspection. Competent demonstrators will operate and explain them for you.

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Limited**"AT YOUR SERVICE"**

12 Adelaide St. E. Telephone Adelaide 404

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Published at 181 Simcoe Street, by the Courier Press, Limited

VOL. XVI.

TORONTO

NO. 25

CONTENTS

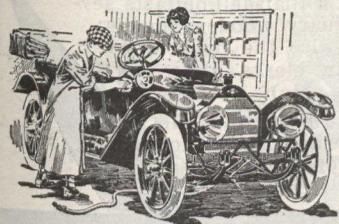
Careless, Cosmopolitan Montreal	Page 5
By H. C. Gainfort.	
What New Zealand is Doing in the War	Page 6
By our Own Correspondent.	
The Eyes of Esquimalt	Page 7
By N. De B. L.	
German and British "Shirks"	Page 8
By the Monocle Man.	
Is There a Slav Peril?	Page 8
By Augustus Bridle.	
The Strange Tale of a Fish	Page 9
Story by Madge Macbeth.	
Illustrated by Arthur Lismer.	
Open Letter to Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill	Page 10
By the Editor.	
A Tribute to "Bobs"	Page 10

ROTOGRAVURE SECTION.

Two Great Contrasted Pictures	Page 11
Wounded of Three Nationalities	Page 12
War Pictures from Belgium	Page 13
Canadian Soldiers in England	Page 14

Woman's Supplement.

The Cheerful Constructive Side of Living Brightly contrasted with the Pathos of War in Seasonable Pictures of People, Interesting Comment and Entertaining Description	Pages 15-19
Demi-Tasse	Page 20
Money and Magnates	Page 21
Our London Letter	Page 22
Laughing at Life	Page 25
The Monotony of Weddings.	
Fourth in the Series by George Edgar.	



LIKE A NEW CAR

Wash off the dirt with the hose, and then give it a thorough grooming with

LOCO LIQUID GLOSS

It makes your auto look like a new machine. Loco Liquid Gloss feeds the varnish, keeps it from cracking and gives it a bright, lasting lustre.

Loco Liquid Gloss cleans, polishes and disinfects all wooden surfaces. A little on the dust cloth makes house cleaning twice as easy and twice as effective.

In half-pint, pint, quart, half-gallon, and five-gallon lithographed tins; also in barrels and half-barrels at furniture and hardware stores everywhere.

"MADE IN CANADA"



THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, LIMITED

Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver
Ottawa Quebec Calgary Edmonton
Halifax St. John Regina Saskatoon

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS
INTERCOLONIAL
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RY

HUNTING IN NEW BRUNSWICK

Written by a

SPORTSMAN

For

SPORTSMEN

Telling how he

FILLED HIS LICENSE

1 MOOSE
1 CARIBOU
2 DEER and 1 BEAR

During a three weeks' hunting trip in

NEW BRUNSWICK

Open Season—Sept. 15th to Nov. 30th.

Write for free copy to E. Tiffin, General Western Agent 51 King St. E., Toronto, Ont.

Cannot Remain "Neutral"

In justice to the Public and itself, the "Canadian Courier" suspends its modest attitude of neutrality on the question of equipment long enough to say that the unequalled news-photograph service supplied to London dailies is supplied to the "Canadian Courier."

When you look at "Canadian Courier" war pictures you see the best. And that is enough.

Made-in-Canada

The "Canadian Courier" being a Canadian-made publication, stands in line to receive a share of the impetus of the loyalty-to-Canada movement. When equipment and enterprise are already there, the moral is obvious.

Agents Wanted Everywhere to Push Sales

Your Christmas Problem FACES YOU Here's an Easy Buy Books Solution . . .

THEY are not only reasonable in price—a mighty big factor for this year—but, if you choose the right ones, are certain to be thoroughly acceptable. You cannot make a mistake in buying any of the following at your bookseller's.

THE CALL OF THE EAST
By Thurlow Fraser . . . \$1.25
A refreshing, clean novel of love, war, and heroism, with a touch of the devotional by an athletic Canadian parson.

SELINA
By George Madden Martin, \$1.35
What's going to happen to your daughter when she leaves High School? Read about it in this charming novel.

THE CLARION
By Samuel Hopkins Adams, \$1.35
Patent medicine and newspapers, with a sprinkling of good romance. May be taken in large or small doses. A sure cure for boredom.

QUINNEYS
By H. A. Vachell . . . \$1.25
An out-of-the-ordinary novel which is going like pancakes with maple syrup. Your friend will miss something good if he doesn't read it.

CLARK'S FIELD
By Robert Herrick . . . \$1.35
A strong story of unearned millions and what they didn't bring.

ARIADNE OF ALLAN WATER
By Sidney McCall . . . \$1.25
One of the really sweet stories that maidens of to-day like so well.

Let your bookseller solve your Christmas problem

WILLIAM BRIGGS
PUBLISHER
TORONTO - ONT.

Woodstock College For Boys

(Residential)

University and Science Matriculation.

Courses, with manual workshop, give special preparation for technical and engineering schools. Correspondence invited. 36

A. T. MacNEILL, Principal.
Woodstock College - - Woodstock, Ont.

New HERNIAL Appliance



The Brooks Appliance Holds More Firmly, Comfortably and Surely than Any Truss

Sent on Trial

The new Brooks Appliance for rupture so thoroughly meets every test and requirement that it is ordered by the U. S. War Dept. and is recognized as the most reliable support ever invented. It is fitted with an *Automatic Air Cushion* which follows every movement of the body and always covers the ruptured spot. The cushion which comes in contact with the skin is soft, pliable gum rubber and clings closely, so that slipping is impossible, and it is cool and comfortable because of the constant circulation of air through it.

This Appliance is sold under a positive guarantee of money refunded if not satisfactory. We do not guarantee to cure any more than any doctor will guarantee to cure his patient. We do guarantee to furnish a perfect fitting Appliance, which will give the wearer solid comfort and retain the protrusion at all times. The purchaser is the sole judge and if for any reason, whatever (which does not have to be furnished us) it is returned, the price paid will be refunded in full.

Further information regarding the Appliance, rules for self-measurements and catalog sent FREE, just send your name and address to

BROOKS APPLIANCE COMPANY
1988 State St. Marshall, Michigan

The Modern Moonstone Method

Will give you the maximum of mellow, diffused electric light at the minimum of cost.

Moonstone globes and dishes, made to harmonize in colors with the hangings and papering of each separate room and passage, will work a revolution in the interior beauty of your home.



No. 6022. Semi-indirect Unit.

We will send you, on application our

MOONSTONE BULLETIN No. 1

which will prove good reading if you are looking for better illumination at less cost—if you desire to save the eye strain and the nerve strain of your family—if you prefer beautiful and harmonious surroundings to sordid ones.

Give us the dimensions of your rooms and passages and our engineering department will tell you, free of cost, how to achieve these desirable ends.

Jefferson Glass Company, Limited

388 Carlaw Avenue, Toronto

"MADE IN CANADA"

COSGRAVES XXX PORTER



Many doctors prescribe Cosgraves XXX Porter to their patients. Yet this flavory brew is equally good to keep you well as to make you well. It has natural health building properties.

The ONLY Chill-Proof Beer

Phone your dealer for a case to-day

Who Cares What the Other Man Thinks? Everybody!! Absolutely So!!

If the Cloth in the Clothes you wear is

"VICKERMAN'S"

You don't need to give a pin point what any body thinks, you are wearing the best Cloth manufactured under the British Flag.

NISBET & AULD, Limited, TORONTO

Sole Wholesale Agents in Canada

In Lighter Vein

Limited.—"Do I understand you to say," asked the judge, "that his remarks were acrimonious?"

"No, judge, your honour, I didn't say that. I said he just swore at me. I ain't a-going to claim that he done what he didn't do."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Many Kinds of Hard Work.—"I want you to understand," said young Spender, "that I got my money by hard work."

"Why, I thought it was left to you by your rich uncle."

"So it was, but I had hard work to get it away from the lawyers."—Ladies' Home Journal.

A German Limerick.
A German professor from Eysen
Once sat on a somnolent geyser.
When the geyser awoke
(And here comes the joke),
The guide said, "There goes a wise guy, sir."

Saving Trouble.—Tramp: "Your dog jest bit a piece of flesh outer me leg, mum."

Woman: "Glad you mentioned it. I was just going to feed him."—Boston Transcript.

Served 'Em Right.—The Vicar: "For shame, my lad! What have those poor little fish done to be imprisoned upon the day of rest?"

Tommy: "Tha-that's what they got for—for chasing worms on a Sunday, sir."—John Bull.

Her Beautifier.

Sam: "See here, Diana, ain't I done tole you to keep dis here shoe blackin' off de mantel?"

Diana: "Why, Sam, dat ain't no shoe polish; dat's my black massage cream."

Tempus Fugit.—"Why, what in the world has become of your watch? The one you used to have had a handsome gold case."

"I know it did, but circumstances alter cases."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Question.

The Frenchman did not like the look of the barking dog barring his way.

"It's all right," said the host, "don't you know the proverb, 'Barking dogs never bite?'"

"Ah, yes," said the Frenchman, "I know ze proverbe, you know ze proverbe; but ze dog—does he know ze proverbe?"

Poor Willie.

Teacher: "Now, children, name some of the lower animals, starting with Willie Jones."—Boston Transcript.

A Bad Average.

What I object to is when I pay tin or fifteen cents f'r a magazine expectin' to spind me evenin' improvin' me mind with th' latest thoughts in advertisin', to find more thin a quarter o' th' whole book devoted to lithrachoor.—Mr. Dooley.

A Good Reason.—"How was it that you didn't name your baby Woodrow Wilson when you told me that was your intention?"

"We named it Mary Jane."—Philadelphia Ledger.

He Wanted To Know.—Dr. Henry Coward, the well-known lecturer on music, tells a story of his early days concerning a quartette which he organized among warehouse workers in a Northern city. He approached a showman who was visiting the district, and suggested to him that a party of singers would be an attraction to his show.

"Kin they sing?" asked the showman.
"Yes, very well."
"Have they dress suits? Them's necessary."

"Yes."
"How much will it cost for such an engagement?"

"Five shillings each per night, I think, will do it."

"I know," said the entertainer; "but how much will it cost? How many are there in this 'ere quartette?"

The Natural Inference.—A South Lambeth teacher asked her class to write an essay on London.

Later she was surprised to read the following in one attempt:

"The people of London are noted for their stupidity."

The young author was asked how he got that idea.

"Please, miss," was the reply, "it says in the text-book 'the population of London is very dense!'"

The saving which Blaisdell Paper Pencils effect is due not only to the fact that a Blaisdell outlasts several ordinary wooden pencils; there is also the important saving in clerks' time (of whittling, etc).

We can prove that this saving will amount to a third of your wooden pencil costs.

Stop! Look! Save!

Blaisdell 151 long ago was acknowledged "the world's best" blue pencil. In popularity and quality it leads all others. Order by number from your stationer.

There are Blaisdell Pencils of every kind for every purpose. Pencils specially imprinted for advertising purposes.

Sold by all progressive Canadian Stationers

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Company

PHILADELPHIA

Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!



Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound—even whispers do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reformed by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate the sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay. Write today for our FREE 168 page Book on Deafness—giving you full particulars. WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated LOUISVILLE, KY. 369 Inter-Southern Bldg.



Ask your stationer

250 styles



SEND 10c for useful metal box containing 12 of our most popular pens, including the famous Falcon 048.

ESTERBROOK PEN MFG. CO., NEW YORK, 14 W. 25th St., N.Y. BROWN BROS., LTD., CAN. AGENTS, TORONTO

Esterbrook Pens



ILLUSTRATING is an easy line of Commercial art to learn. Our high grade ART COURSE qualifies you quickly and costs but little.

Write for particulars. Shaw Correspondence School 395 Yonge St., Toronto



The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



Vol. XVI.

November 21, 1914

No. 25

CARELESS, COSMOPOLITAN MONTREAL

Our Biggest City is in Great Need of Social Reconstruction

By J. H. C. GAINFORT

ON the summit of a gentle slope, a few miles from Montreal, there nestles among the trees the garden suburb of the city, Montreal West. Its houses are beautiful homes, most of them are set in spacious grounds and surrounded with all manner of flowers and greenery. Its people are the prosperous business folk of the city.

At the foot of the same hill is the village of Bluebonnets—the overflow from the slums of the city itself. Its houses are mostly wooden boxes, crowded together without breathing space between; its back yards are rubbish heaps of infection for its children to play amongst. Half the people who live there are "out-of-work." They are Russians, Poles and Ruthenians; also a few Bulgarians.

Montreal West is the first bit of the outskirts of Montreal that the visitor from the west sees from the train windows. Bluebonnets is the next. They are the garden suburb and the slum, which is also the first of the foreign colonies on the way to the city itself.

The foreign population of Montreal varies. In the spring it is usually in the neighbourhood of 100,000. There are 55,000 Jews, nearly 15,000 Italians, 4,000 Greeks, 2,200 Chinese, 12,500 Russians and Poles. Of Bulgarians, Roumanians, Lithuanians and Syrians there are about another 5,000, while other nationalities, including some Germans

time to time Cyril dropped in at the Mission, and after a time left his baker master. He is in more prosperous circumstances now.

Just across the road from the City Mission is a little terrace of three houses.

One is inhabited by Russians, one by Poles and sandwiched between them, in the middle house, are a family and several boarders of Austrian nationality.

In the evenings the occupants of all three houses sit on their doorsteps and smoke peacefully; but there is never interchange of remarks between the Austrians and the Russians and Poles.

It may be armed neutrality, or it may be that they just don't know there is any war. Most of the foreign peoples even although not speaking the same language fraternize to a certain extent if living in the same district.

THE Y. M. C. A. workers in the foreign colonies believe that 65 per cent. of the foreigners in Montreal are not aware that there is war in Europe. They do not understand our language and rarely get a newspaper of their own. Added to this there is the fact that 57 per cent. of the Italians and 87 per cent. of the Russians are illiterate.

The housing conditions are disgraceful among the foreign colonies. The city building inspection department appears to be ignorant of the fact that



A Rickety Rendezvous for Russians and Poles.



A Romantic Italian Backyard on Frontenac Street.



Cyril, the Galician Boy, as he was by Nature.

and Austrians, make up the balance of the total.

There has been much excitement lately on account of these Germans and Austrians. The Germans do not colonize, and for the most part are fairly well-to-do. Of the so-called Austrians, there are comparatively few real Magyars; they are mostly people of Slavic origin. Their sympathies are naturally with Russia.

AS in the case of Bluebonnets, which has a population of about 700 foreigners, there are a number of other colonies on the outskirts of the central part of the city. Little Italy lies between Park Avenue and Amherst Street, and above Mount Royal Avenue—a considerable portion of the north end of the city, with a population of some 5,000 Italians.

In Point St. Charles are a large number of Russians and Poles. The housing conditions there are bad.

It is in the central districts, however, that the conditions under which these foreigners live are worst. St. Timothee Street and its neighbourhood,

in the heart of the east end of Montreal, has an Italian population of nearly 5,000; while Latour Street, further west, contains about 2,000.

On and near Cadieux Street, east of St. Lawrence Boulevard, which divides Montreal into east and west, there are large numbers of Russians and other people of the Slay race.

It is stated by those who are carrying on work among these foreigners that the majority of the children do not attend school. The Presbyterian and Methodist churches, the Montreal City Mission and the Y. M. C. A. are doing what they can, but are quite unable to cope with the situation, unless given greater means. The Y. M. C. A. has an energetic branch among the Italians.

One day not many months ago a Galician boy of thirteen drifted into the City Mission.

Cyril, it appeared, was working for a Hebrew baker. He received 10 cents a week. The Mission gave him some decent clothes, including a pair of boots.

Cyril went back to the baker. The new boots were taken from him and sold for the benefit of his master. From



Cyril Transformed by Organized Charity.

landlords are getting rentals of from \$20 to \$100 a month from tenements that are not fit to live in.

On Clarke Street, there are in a couple of blocks sixteen boarding houses, inhabited by Russians and Poles. The total number of rooms in those boarding houses is 84. The average size is 10 by 5 feet, with a height of 8 feet. Living in them are 333 men and 16 women. The average amount of air for these people is 150 cubic feet. It should be 450 cubic feet.

OF 1,000 men talked with by Y.M.C.A. workers in this neighbourhood, seven hundred were "out-of-work" and had been for three months. Of the 333 in the two blocks on Clarke Street, 266 had not been able to get work of any kind during nearly four months. There were 155 married men having wives and families in Europe. In an unventilated, scarcely heated four-room flat there were sixteen people. The family consisted of a man and wife and three children; the rest were boarders.

"We have no work and no money and our wives and children are starving to death at home," said one of these men through an interpreter.

Many of them are facing starvation themselves. The foreigner of the labouring class usually pays \$3 a month for his bed, if it be a double bed with one other human occupant. If he chooses to occupy a single bed, he pays \$3.50 for the privilege. The rent includes the right to cook on a big, common stove. The boarders buy their own food from the grocery store and cook what needs cooking on this stove. Just at present most of them are living on \$1 or \$1.50 a week. Many of them have exhausted their savings. They can't get work or pay their fares home; and the grocery store is giving them credit.

A couple of years ago a Montreal clergyman noticed a tiny boy navigating one of the most crowded crossings in the city, the corner of Craig and Bleury, between noon and one o'clock. The child reached the other side in safety, but disappeared in the crowd. A little later the boy was found on a doorstep in the east end. For three days he wandered about there getting a little food, but apparently having no home.

Then he was taken into a mission to be cared for. Willie, for that appeared to be the only name he owned, was three years old at this time. He had all the appearance of an Englishman. The clergyman took care of Willie and later his family adopted the waif.

Then appeared a Polish woman who claimed to be Willie's mother. She wanted Willie, but would be willing to sell him for \$200. The clergyman did not believe she was really Willie's mother and refused to surrender Willie.

A few more attempts were made by the alleged mother, and then appeared in a Polish paper an advertisement offering a three-year-old boy to any person who would pay \$100 for him. The name of the advertiser was the name of the woman who claimed to own Willie, who is still with the clergyman's family.

Some of the worst buildings in all the foreign colonies are on Montcalm Street. About half way

down that thoroughfare is an archway. The ground is covered inches deep with mud and refuse of all kinds; the roof is rotten timber, low and gloomy.

the inner side of a square of tenements. It is on the first floor.

Above is another such gallery and below the yard, covered with slime in which scores of small children play among the rubbish-heaps. Each of the upper floors of each house contains four little groups of rooms. The rent of each of these groups is \$10 monthly. The basement is a Chinese laundry, which produces \$20 a month.

That is a total rent of \$100 monthly derived from a house which should have been destroyed years ago as unsafe and unsanitary. In one of the little groups of four rooms twelve Italians lived. Seven slept in one room.

On and near Brown Street, and in very many other parts of the city's foreign colonies, conditions are similar and nothing is being done to change them.

That little village of Bluebonnets is fast reproducing the slums of the big city; and on the slope above, Montreal West smilingly nestles among the trees, the garden suburb.

In the foreign colonies of Montreal itself whole families are facing starvation, without prospect of work or money; and Montreal looks on unperturbed. But Montreal is almost sublimely careless, because the big city has for years been overgrowing by immi-

gration and the annexing of suburbs without being able to take care of either new areas or new people.

Montreal is careless because she is cosmopolitan and because her municipal administration, in spite of the greatest popular upheaval known in the civic history of Canada, still remains a gigantic burlesque.

When Montreal emerges from her present muddle of multi-millionaires and tenement slums, she will cease to be a big cosmopolitan village in civic management while being a city in size and magnificence. She will begin to be what nature intended she should be, our first great Canadian city.

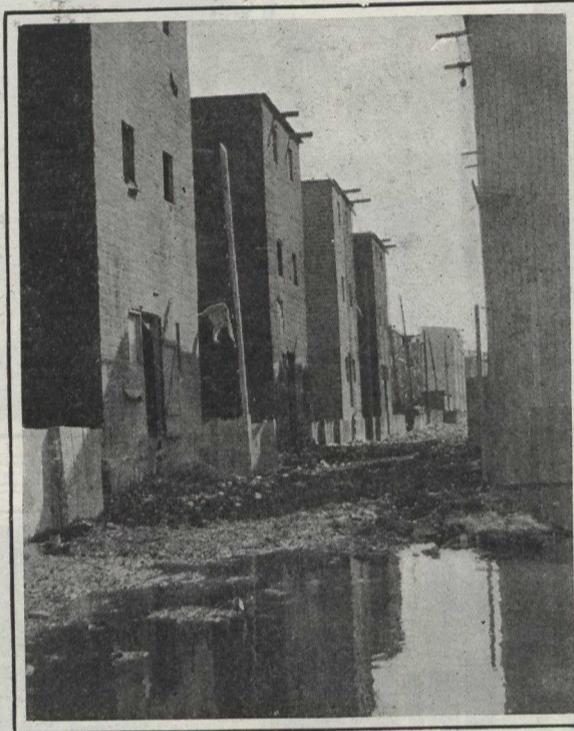
Municipal Affairs

SEVERAL daily newspapers have given their approval to the idea advanced in these columns that Ontario should have a commissioner or minister of municipal affairs. Manitoba has a commissioner; Saskatchewan and Alberta have a minister. At this time, when municipalities need assistance and advice in financing, a provincial minister of municipal affairs would be of great assistance to every municipality. At present the town councils of cities, towns and villages have no adviser. The provincial government does nothing to help. These local bodies must blunder along as best they can. The farmers have a minister who is supposed to help them; the mining men have a minister to help them; other sections of the community get help and advice; but the people who look after municipal administration get none. In Great Britain, there is a Local Government Board which not only advises the town councils, but finances them.

This is a reform to which Canada has given too little attention and which is now a pressing national problem.



In this Picnic Group, arranged by the City Mission in Montreal West, there were Russians, Lithuanians, Syrians, Galicians, Roumanians, Poles, Bulgarians and Jews. A Midway of Nationalities.



This is called Brown St. But fashionable Westmount never heard of it.

At the inner side of this archway are two unsafe-looking wooden ladders, rotting away. The second of those leads to a drooping gallery which encircles

What New Zealand is Doing in the War

Story of a Remarkable Patriotic Movement as Told by Our Own Correspondent

Wellington, N. Z., October 15th, 1914.

WHILE the waves of war are rolling tempestuously across half Europe, New Zealand has been feeling slightly some effects of the backwash of the larger billows. There have been temporary interruptions and delays in arrivals of steamers from home, while vessels that would have been carrying our produce to the Home Land under ordinary circumstances, have been diverted to other uses, of which more presently. Despite the dangers besetting the ocean highways, however, liners have been leaving regularly, and so far all but one have reached England safely. The one, as you are doubtless aware, is the Kaipara, which, laden with a valuable cargo of produce, was sunk by the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse in the Atlantic. The removal of the Kaiser by H. M. S. Highflyer was the subject of keen satisfaction here, as it furnished a morsel of such comfort as may be found in revenge.

Within the Dominion, despite the inevitable tightening of the London money market on which we are all so dependent, and the enforced dislocation of commercial activities in several directions, conditions generally may be described as good. Merchants have made some advances in prices of food-stuffs, but the Government has taken a hand to prevent undue exploitation of the public in this manner, and already the price of wheat has been fixed at 4s.

9d. per bushel, and of flour at £11 15s. per ton. Some holders are up in arms at this, as it is recorded that large purchases had been made at 5s. per bushel before the promulgation of the Order-in-Council; but I think they will have to grin and bear the loss, just as the poor consumer has to do anyway when retail prices go up. He has no redress or chance of recouping himself, while the "big man" plays for a rise and a big profit—and in this case he has been checkmated. The woollen mills of the Dominion stand to reap a little benefit from the war, as the Imperial authorities are inquiring for khaki cloth for the army; but the scarcity of the particular class of skilled labour required for the mills may prevent the latter from taking full advantage of this opportunity to enlarge their output. And they do not wish to sacrifice their ordinary customers for a slice of transient trade. Other trades, though feeling the effects of the war in various ways, are able to keep going at nearly normal level, if we except the timber business. Farmers are rather apprehensive for the shearing and the harvesting work, fearing that the departure of so many country men to the wars will create a serious shortage of labour.

AS I hinted in my last despatch, New Zealand has taken her part in the great crisis. As a member of the world-wide British family she is face to face with a crisis, and has risen to the occasion as befits one of Britannia's daughters. Already she

has sent away an expedition which is now in occupation of the German colony of Samoa, and as I write eight thousand men and nearly half that number of horses, with batteries complete, are on transports lying out in the harbour. In the next twenty-four hours they will probably be ploughing across the Southern Ocean on their way to the fields where a hundred years ago the grandsires of many of these men fought and bled to break the power of an autocrat who threatened to overrun Europe.

Warships are here to convoy this Armada, and the escort includes one of Japan's first-class ships. She and a British battle-cruiser left the China coast nearly two months ago, searched the Malay seas and Bay of Bengal for the commerce-harrying Emden, without success, and then came on here, arriving two days ago. When they depart presently they will have in their keeping New Zealand's free gift to the Motherland—a fighting force trained, equipped, and ready to take the field. May all go well with these kinsmen of ours! If more are needed, they will be ready to step into the fray. This should not be regarded as an idle boast; the people recognize that, Britain being involved in the war, we are in it, too, and must see it through. There can be no half measures. Measured in the sordid terms of money we have already spent £1,500,000 on our expeditionary forces, before the main body leaves these shores, and even if the strug-

(Concluded on page 23.)



HOW VICTORIA WAS GUARDED UNDER THE OLD REGIME.
Street Parade of Jack Tars on the King's Birthday in 1901, when Esquimalt had a Royal Naval Squadron.

The Eyes of Esquimalt

By N. De B. L.

WITHIN the memory of the present generation Esquimalt has never until now been symbolical of war. Rather has it stood to us as emblematical of romance. Romances begun when H. M. Ships sailed through the Straits of Juan de Fuca from distant ports, and pretty Victoria girls watched them gliding in towards Esquimalt harbour; romances carried on in the old sail loft, made over for the occasions with flags and bunting, and crossed swords and other nautical paraphernalia into a ball-room, or on the bright green lawns of the naval yards at cricket or tennis matches, or on the decks of the war ships themselves converted for the nonce into dancing pavilions and delightful cosy corners; romances culminating in quiet or brilliant ceremonies at the little garrison church, which has stood ever since Esquimalt was founded, and upon whose walls many a tablet is placed sacred to the memory of the hundreds of brave sailors who have found unknown graves somewhere on the vast Pacific; romances that knit the old world to the new as nothing else could do, and helped to make Victoria so much a part of the mother land that she has been described as "a little bit of England."

Those were gay days, when the British ships were stationed in Esquimalt harbour and the Admiral and his lady gave a high social standing to the community, when the little shops and inns and taverns did a thriving business, and the many tiny cottages were trim and neat, their gardens gay with flowers, and the more pretentious quarters of the officers and were charmingly inviting and there was always some social function or another taking place to attract Victorians old and young.

Then, years ago, there came a change. The Canadian Government took over the naval station and the British ships, the British sailors and the men of the garrison went away; the barracks, the officers' houses, and all buildings were dismantled. Victorians recall the morning we said "good-bye" to the sailor men. We can see them now as they marched to the boats in Victoria harbour, some of them smiling, some of them sad; we can see the weeping women on the wharf, holding up their laughing babies, it would not be a long separation, but it was the breaking of the home ties that hurt; we can hear the squeal of the fifes and the rattle of the drums, calling a long "good-bye" and writing "finis" on one chapter of British Columbia's history.

AFTER they had gone Esquimalt went to sleep. No more gymkhanas on bright summer afternoons, with the ships in the harbour gay with banners and dozens of small boats coming and going, manned by spick and span sailors, and conveying smiling crowds of visitors; no more games on the

green in the navy yards, watched by fashionably dressed throngs of men and women; no more balls in the barracks or the old sail loft. The little shops,



The Old Garrison Church at Esquimalt.

the inns and taverns strove bravely to exist for a little while, and then with a final gasp under the auctioneer's hammer went into oblivion. All along the short and narrow streets, every one of which leads to the water, either to the right or left, empty cottages with broken windows, and gardens overgrown, died a slow death under the picturesque hand of Time. And of all places in the world there was not one more silent, more lonely, than the little naval village asleep and dreaming of its former glories.

But there came, swift as the flash of a swallow's wing, a message overseas. England was at war with Germany. In a moment all was changed once more. Esquimalt awoke from sleep, and that which had seemed dead, lived again. The old Spirit—not that Romance of her later days—but the Spirit that hovered over her in the days of her foundation, when fighting Britain sent her ships and men into the uncharted waters, and set up lights and beacons and docks and wharves and forts, returned once more to house old forces and new forces into activity, to inspire to deeds of dauntless courage, high hopes and gallant endeavour. The old forts are manned again with men as brave as those who fought in distant

British battlefields two generations ago, and the sailors afloat or ashore are the kind that keep alive the heroic traditions of their fathers. France and England are fighting again side by side for a common cause, as they did in the village's young days during the Crimean war.

Day by day the grim, grey ships, sureties of the nations' safety, guardians of the nations' freedom, keep stern watch in Esquimalt waters. By night their great search lights are thrown across the sea from Brochy Ledge to Race Rocks, and day and night they are manned and ready for any call. Now and then they ship anchor and slip away, beyond the Straits to the ocean, undertaking some hazardous mission or another, which no one, save those in the Admiralty's secrets knows; and just as quietly they slip back again, silent and unheralded, their mission accomplished. There are times when those in Esquimalt village hear the noise of mighty cheering, and looking out of windows or over gates, they see the countless sailors of the cruisers in port, lining up on deck, waving their caps and giving some home-coming vessel a rousing welcome. And then they know that some deed requiring skill and fortitude has been done by the men who have just returned; and the villagers look at one another and smile and nod in a matter-of-fact way, as if they would say: "Of course they have won. A British sailor always wins or dies trying."

The Real Joffre

GEN. BOULANGER'S career is still a factor in the military life of France. Since his time there has existed a Republican prejudice against the notoriety of Generals. To that is due the fact that few photographs have appeared of Gen. Joffre, the present Commander-in-Chief of the French army. Gen. Joffre's order of the day giving praise to Gen. de Castelnau was suppressed by the censor, apparently because it was considered against the interest of the Republic that a general should become a popular hero. To-day it is a war of silence and anonymity which accords best with the genius of Joffre, a war of fatigue and resistance—a "scientific" war, as opposed to an "artistic" war of Napoleon. Joffre has become a master of the new system, which he did not invent.

Gen. Joffre spends a part of each day in a long, low, rapid motor-car visiting the lines. It is impossible to visit all the points—much must be left to the corps commander after the general plan is settled; this robs a generalissimo of personal contact with his troops; he is more or less unknown to them, and Joffre probably has to show papers to his sentries. He wears out two chauffeurs a day in his rush from point to point.

His chief characteristic is calmness. He is as calm in war as in peace. And that quality has bred confidence. He has confidence in himself, and has given confidence to others. His staff never for a moment doubts his capacity to win, and that conviction has percolated through to the masses of the troops. It has made him popular, though he has done nothing to engender that; on the contrary, he eschews popularity. He lives apart from Press "reclame"; he does not seek it and he dislikes it. He knows how to combine the best in his own and other people's projects. He is modest as he is unassuming. His readiness to accept suggestion has fostered the belief that he is an adapter and organizer rather than strategist. He is both. His campaigns show the soldier as well as the engineer and organizer. But his great maxim is that in war nothing can be improvised. Every detail must be thought out; that marks his superiority over other modern commanders.

HIS achievement is the formation of the General Staff. He has brought together the best military brains in France and co-ordinated and controlled their efforts. He has exercised politics, that bane of the French Army. It is the more to his credit, for his own political opinions are opposed to those of his chief coadjutors. A Republican and Freemason, he is surrounded by men who are Catholic and disposed to cavil at the present Constitution; but it makes no difference to his appreciation of them. His chief confidence is given to Generals Pau and de Castelnau, neither of whom belongs to his school of politics. When it was necessary to break the careers of five Generals who had shown weakness in manoeuvres, he did not hesitate. In the war of 1870 he distinguished himself as second lieutenant, and then work on fortifications. He managed those of Paris so well that MacMahon made him captain at 22. He became such an expert in constructing defences in various parts of the world that he feared to be doing that and nothing else for the rest of his life.

Few of his pupils at Fontainebleau, where he became Professor of Military Construction, thought of him as the future Commander-in-Chief. He has no parade, no pose, and is not at all the type of "beau cavalier" dear to the hearts of romantic French demiselles. He is just a plain soldier, modern and scientific. He is a savant without the faults of a savant. His mass of theory is leavened by a high sense of the practical.



German—and British—"Shirks"

EVERY now and then, the British Intelligence Office prints a letter found on a German prisoner, or an expression of opinion from one of the enemy who has fallen into our hand, which indicates that there are men fighting in the German army who do not want to be there. Of course there are. It is quite plain, also, that there are men in the British Empire who do not want to fight for their country. And they are not fighting for their country—and they will not be fighting for their country—for they will take precious care not to volunteer. Every time a British citizen of military age, health and circumstances—who has not enlisted—reads one of those cowardly letters from a German "shirk," he ought to sign his name to the bottom of it. So far as actions go, those are his sentiments. The only difference between the two cases is that the German "shirk" cannot get out of doing his share of defending the policy which his Government has adopted; while the British "shirk" can.

I KNOW a whole army of men who do not want to pay taxes. If we had the volunteer system for raising our national, provincial or municipal revenues, sometimes this country would have to get along with an exceedingly slim budget. A great many estimable men would conclude that they "needed the money" much more than the Government did; or they would make a personal objection to some money-spending proposal of the Government a sufficient excuse for withholding their contribution "that year." Yet what business has the Government to compel men to pay taxes? Isn't this a free country? Can't we keep for ourselves whatever money we may manage to make? Isn't a man's first duty to feed and clothe his family? Should a "pacifist" be compelled to pay for Sam Hughes' drill halls, or a Government-ownership man for the Government grants to private railways? I tell you that, if we had the fine, free and enlightened voluntary system of tax-paying, there would be some tall tax-dodging exploits in this patriotic country of ours.

NOW, why do we brutally and ruthlessly and despotically compel citizens to pay taxes when they do not want to do so? Why do we, just because we are bigger than they are, knock them down and go through their clothes for what we decide, by majority vote, they ought to "cough." We do it with a good conscience, because they get the benefits of the government—federal, provincial or civic—which these taxes support. The Government gives them value for their tax-money. Well, isn't the British Government giving the British people value to-day for their military service? Does not the Government policy which puts that navy in the North Sea and that army in Flanders and France, confer benefits upon the British peoples of such unlimited value and immeasurable worth that we could not express it, even in terms of the priceless lives which are being paid down so grimly for these benefits? Yet it is only the volunteers who are paying their share of this "blood tax." The "shirks" are staying at home, rolling themselves in their cherished and blood-bought liberties like sleek cats—and permitting the brave and the patriotic and the self-sacrificing to do their dying for them.

THAT is the way the beautiful voluntary system works out. The generous, the patriotic, the self-sacrificing, go into the army, while the selfish, the cowardly and the self-indulgent stay at home and reap the benefits. The British subjects who do not fight, will enjoy every liberty won for us all by the men who are risking death under the storm of shrapnel from German guns; and they will pay nothing for it. They will be precisely in the position of the citizen who had his property protected by the police, his person safeguarded by all the machinery of justice, his health cared for by the sanitary department, water in his house and pavements on his street—and yet refused to pay his taxes. Of course, he cannot refuse. We have compulsory municipal service—so far as tax-paying goes. Perhaps, a better illustration of what the man who shirks his military duty is doing, could be secured from club life. He is like a member of a club who takes full advantages of all its benefits, and then refuses to pay his dues.

WE all know what we would say about such a man. Yet—so narrowly have we understood the meaning of the word "liberty"—we have actually elevated a systematic shirking of military duty into a sort of noble devotion to "liberty." We grandly contrast our freedom in this respect with the servile condition of "the conscript nations of

Europe." We say that they are enslaved by their "military caste"; while we are free as air from any such ignoble domination. And we pride ourselves on this gospel of "shirking." It would be incredible—if we were not so accustomed to it. Nor is it hard to see how we fell into this mistake. It is another of the consequences of the impractical and misleading teachings of the "pacifists." They have taught us that all preparation for war betrays a lack of faith in the triumph of religion which is to banish war—that to prepare for war is to cause it—that we have a nobler ideal than the military nations which do prepare for war. So we have sincerely flattered ourselves that we had found honour in a course of dishonour.

Is There a Slav Peril?

Facts as Narrated by a Canadian Traveller Furnish the Answer.

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

THIS is what a Canadian thinks about Russia. Not Professor Mavor, who is a Scotchman; but a man who has for years been in the electrical engineering profession and spent a long while in Russia engaged in negotiating contracts for electrical traction and other undertakings. Mr. F. C. Armstrong has traveled much and he knows Russia by a direct method; not so much by books, but more by rubbing up against Russians in many walks of life, from high officials down to the ranks of the people who formed the mass-dynamics of the Russian revolution. He is a personal friend of several Russian officials who stand high in public service and who both understand and represent the forces that are making the Slav empire a great modern force among world democracies. And it is of the new, modern Russia that Mr. Armstrong delights to talk. To him the old Russia of the pogrom and the knout and the penal colony is a shadowy, receding background to the eager, splendid and virile Russia that since the war began has made even military experts eat their criticisms about the "glacier" and the "steam roller." This regenerated Russia—

"Believe me," he said, energetically, "she is not yet understood. Europe does not know the Russia whose aim is to establish a new, practical culture of civilization in Europe. England is only beginning to find out the Russia that is taking her for a model of government and avoiding the state policy of the Germans."

He admitted that many people in the British Empire had talked of the Slav peril as a thing worse, if possible, than the German menace.

"When there is no Slav peril," he said. "Why should there be? Russia is regenerated. We all admit that the past ten years has put a new face on England, on Canada, on France, and in a different sense Germany. We know that democracy has earmarked the twentieth century for her own. We must also admit that Russia above all nations, even more than the monarchical democracy of England, or the republican democracy of the United States, or the Socialist democracy of France has cut herself loose absolutely from autocracy as she used to know it, from bureaucracy as she had it, for from all the dark methods of mediaevalism."

The regeneration, of course, dates back to the revolution that followed the war with Japan; the war which was fomented by Germany and is now not regretted by Russia because it awoke the giant of 175,000,000 Slavs to a new sense of the need for inner reform and a new possibility of standing dead against the mediaeval militarism of Germany. The Canadian traveler admitted this.

"HIGHER critics may have poohpooed that revolution," he said. "But it still lives and it is a tremendous and dynamic sincerity. I don't mean that universal franchise could have done anything for Russia. Of what use is the manhood suffrage to a people the majority of whom can neither read nor write? That was a fallacy. The limited franchise of the October party in the Duma is the real thing; the enfranchisement of the great middle class who, in any country, are the real power of the State. That has been accomplished in Russia. In fact a man may be of low birth and rise to the very top rank in the Russian State. Such a man was De Witte. There was no barrier to that man. His talent was recognized not less than that of Stolypin, who was a born aristocrat. Russia is not, as some people have supposed, governed by her grand-dukes and the Czar. As far back as 1865

THOUSANDS of people are ready to go to war now, who were not ready to be trained for war before war broke. Their hearts are right, but their judgments were misled. They believed the silly "pacifist" gospel that war would not come if we kept our souls clean from the soiling business of preparing for it. Now they know that the exact opposite was true. War would not have come, in all probability, if we had been prepared for it. Universal military training, indeed, would only demand of us what we are all quite willing to grant now. If the British Government finds that the voluntary system does not give it enough troops to finish this war, and if it has recourse to "the draft"—as the Americans did during their Civil War—the country will support it loyally. That will be compulsory military training. The Americans had it—and it did not destroy their democracy. Yet the moment this is granted, the only question which it leaves open is whether war is sufficiently probable to make universal military training, in time of peace, of value to the nation. And after our costly and horrifying experience with this war—which the "pacifists" constantly assured us could never happen—there ought to be no doubt on that point.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

the grand-ducal estates were purchased by the government and resold to the peasantry. The grand-dukes were dispossessed of their sway. They rushed to spend their money on the Riviera. The workers and the producers pushed up to take their places."

Mr. Armstrong diverted for a moment to notice the economic basis of the new movement in Russia. He pointed out that eighty-six per cent. of the population live on the land; fourteen per cent. in the cities and towns—a direct contrast to all other modern states. The government has seized upon this as a fundamental dynamic in the reorganization of Russia; not merely for the present or as a pretext, but for all time to come and as a principle. When Mr. Armstrong uses a word like "dynamics" he knows what it means in a political sense, for he is an engineer; and to him Russia is a great potential dynamo of energy among the nations, working out her salvation not by the blazoning of abstract ideas or vague dreams about Slav domination in the world at large, but by practical measures for the reorganization of the Slav people as a vast inside empire which has already all the land and all the population it needs, and a natural Slav increase of 3,000,000 a year.

"Russia is now and expects to be what Germany may yet fear to become," said the Canadian traveler. "a nation of farmers. Germany has built up her trade empire on the factory. Russia is building hers on the farm. She does not expect to become a great manufacturing nation. She does expect to become in a greater sense what she already is, a producer of the world's wheat and cattle and butter and fruits. She expects, also, to become a colossal market for the world's manufactures. And the recent paternal movement originated by her government proves that she is in earnest about this."

HE spoke of the great land movement from congested European Russia to the vast, arable domains of Siberia; a movement almost doubling for a number of years back the settling of the Canadian North-West. That movement began with the completion of the trans-Siberian Railway, built and operated by the government. In a single year 700,000 farmers had been shifted from Europe eastward into these fertile pampas of wheat and cattle; not only along the railways, but up and down the rivers that feed into the trunk line. To each land-holder goes 40 acres of land for every head of his family; and to the average Russian family of eight that means what we call a half-section of land in Canada—as good land as can be found in the world. Transportation makes use of the rivers as well as the railways. Flat-boats float the farmer's grain and cattle down in the open season. The ice is a roadway for the farmer's sleds in winter; and the Russian farmer has no objection to a long haul that occupies days at a time between field and elevator. The average price of a bushel of wheat in Siberia is about fifty cents to the producer; which to the cheap labour of Russia means more than seventy cents to the Canadian farmer in the North-west. The rail haul is longer; the water-haul shorter. But Russia is able to compete at a lower price of production than any other country in the world. And by this paternal system of land settlement, Russia is building up a vast hinterland empire of food-producers that means incalculable wealth to the nation.

Here rises the railway problem, which in Russia as yet is a huge infant. For 175,000,000 population extending from Dalny on the north Pacific to

(Continued on page 22.)

THE STRANGE TALE OF A FISH

Quite Disposing of the Old Adage, "There's as Good Fish in the Sea as Ever Came Out of It."

By MADGE MACBETH

THE chill of a September evening mingled with the deepening shadows and closed round two water-stained, earth-grimed travellers in the bush. One was short and squat; his coarse black hair rose stiffly from a bronzed forehead and fell in streaks over his piercing eyes. They were the eyes of a natural woodsman, and the rest of his rather ordinary features proclaimed him a typical habitant. His costume was the usual thing, also; a red flannel shirt opened over a massive chest burned beyond all semblance to human skin, his trousers—relics of some extravagant city-bred—were of a cut much in vogue five years ago, but had lost something of their original appearance owing to much heterogeneous patching, beside which they had palpably belonged to a tall, spare man. Reefs were taken with cord, safety pins and whatever usable articles came to hand, but the fact remained, that even so, there were spots through which it was evident that Pierre was of a brunette hue.

The other man was tall and slight, as fair as three weeks of September sun would permit, and he was a lover of the forest though not born to a woodsman's life. He stepped lightly and surely under his load, and kept close behind Pierre, who was carrying the canoe. They were portaging.

"How much farther, Pierre, old top?" asked Dick, casting a hungry eye through the lace-work of leaves toward the sky. Great banks of copper-coloured clouds piled against one another, here and there merging into an angry red. The morrow promised to be hot.

"We've got to catch our supper, remember, and I could eat most anything outside a jelly fish!"

Pierre grinned and shrugged under the canoe.

"M'sieu has hunger, hein? I tell M'sieu a depecher one hour past." "Well, I couldn't hurry, you old idiot! I had to get that fish or croak. And to think," he groaned, "to think that after all, it was only a five-pounder."

"It is not bad, M'sieu," flung back the guide.

"Sure thing. At any other time I wouldn't turn up my Roman member at a game little trout like him, my boy. No, sir! But before I go back this year, I've got to beat the record, Peter. I may not be here again for some time—it looks as though I had done most of my fishing round these parts. Comprenez? I've simply got to catch a regular whale within the next couple of days. How do you say it—un gros poisson—you know—comme ça!" And Dick Bartlett measured off a space in the air the length of which a cod might well have envied.

So situated that he could not see the gesture, Pierre's mind caught another part of the sentence, and he remonstrated.

"You not come long wit' me nex' year—for why? You lak one nodder man for guide, hein?"

"Huh! I should think not—a couple of nots, Peter!" cried the young man, hastily. "You are the candy guide around the club, by ten miles!" He made the statement with the appreciative look which usually accompanies a slap on the back. "I've got no kick coming in that direction—pas de tout! But—but—the romantic fact is—you see I am shortly to be married."

AS nearly as possible Pierre wheeled under the canoe.

"You mek marry wiz lady that no lak feeshing—yes?"

"Like fishing? Well! You ought to see her! Why, about a month ago, before I was able to get away, she and her father sneaked off to the Tecumseh Fishing Club, where she caught a trout that would have made you wonder. With another mosquito inside its little Mary it would have weighed five pounds and a half! She's got a wrist that's simply made for casting, and it's as steady as Gibraltar—you can take that from me. Why fish—" he broke off, and after a moment continued. "It's her mother, you see. She doesn't appreciate the simple life. She thinks roughing it is vulgar. As long as she can keep her from the woods, she doesn't give my little girl a chance at the rod and line. Madame always manages to have a couple of house-parties, or yacht-parties or some other parties on hand just at fishing time. Like enough next year we will be

dragged on a personally conducted tour round the globe—or something."

Pierre did not understand all of this long explanation, but enough to insinuate the following question:

"Mais, M'sieu—will not mademoiselle be de woman of M'sieu?"

Dick laughed.

"Nothing surer! Just the same, old cock, you can take it from one who has suffered, it will be no cinch to get away from white flannels and the latest thing in haberdashery."

"Mon Dieu!" breathed the guide, with deep sympathy. "How many days you got lef' for to feesh?"



"Mon Dieu!" whispered the guide. "C'est le Roi! You get him!"

Illustration by Arthur Lismer.

"Two. And I've got to beat the five and a half pound trout—do you understand?"

"M'sieu!"

Pierre stopped up short, turned the canoe over and lowered it deftly to the ground. "If it please M'sieu—we will not portage. Non! I know a place—it is not for the stupid! Not many feesh! But I have seen one—Mon Dieu—how do you say? The roi d'epingle! Oui!"

He signified about half the canoe's length with his arms.

"The roi d'epingle, eh?" Dick burst into a laugh which caused consternation in the tree-top nurseries. "Lead me to him, Peter! I should like to have a try at the King Pin. Where is he to be found?"

"At de P'sie Lac Perdjee."

The guide ran his gimlet eyes over the trail, pushed a bush aside here, lifted a branch there, and without waiting for his M'sieu, disappeared from sight. In a moment Dick heard his voice seemingly close at hand. But there was no sign of his squat body to be seen.

Bartlett broke through the bush as the guide had done, but found himself in a dense tangle of trailing vines and rotting stumps. He called and was answered by a low, musical wail. Following the sound with difficulty, he was brought up against a low swinging bough which formed a natural curtain over what turned out to be a sylvan tunnel. There, bulging at the other end of it, stood grinning Pierre.

"La P'sie Lac Perdjee!" he whispered, standing aside as Dick pushed through.

"My—stars—and—garters!" muttered the young man in a hushed voice, and with the instinctive re-

verence of the natural woodsman for beautiful, silent places.

He saw a small lost lake indeed—hardly more than a pool, into which, at one end, water flowed in little white cascading ripples from over a couple of fallen logs, and out at the other end almost imperceptibly, so cunningly had twigs and leaves banked themselves into a sort of natural dam. He saw the reflection of red and copper clouds, offset by the blacky-green of spruce and balsam, and it was difficult to distinguish between the shadow and the reality when it came to the alder bushes growing close down to the edge. Their leaves, perfect in the mirroring surface, flecked the water occasionally, with a sibilant rustle, and now and again a dead, bronzed leaf would flutter down and float about, idly.

HANGING out over the pool was a broken balsam bough, at the very end of which a kingfisher stood, his head cocked on one side, looking suspiciously at the intruders.

"Golly!" whispered Dick, again. "What a pool! Get out the kit, Peter. Here is where I shall stay until I have got the roi d'epingle!"

Pierre chuckled.

"You lak—hein? M'sieu catch leetle feesh for supper. To-morrow get beeg one that live under the log—there, eh?"

"D. V. and W. P.," agreed the young sport, fervently.

While Pierre was making camp on the trail, and while the red and copper gave way to opalescent tints of mauve and blue and pink, into which glory a single yellow star fell out and gleamed, Dick caught two inquisitive little fish who should have been in beddie-bye long since. Without compunction, he and Pierre ate them, together with large quantities of bacon, flapjack, richly floating in maple syrup, and tea. Then, after a soul-satisfying pipe, night closed down upon the hushed woods with nothing but a few dying embers to testify to the presence of human beings near the little lost lake.

At four o'clock the next morning, shivering in two great woolly sweaters, one foot immersed in the icy waters of the pool, Dick Bartlett stood close to the balsam log and cast temptingly, for the King Pin. He had studied the flies decorating his hat-band a long time before choosing, and almost unconsciously he decided with which other lure he would replace the leader in case his first morning brought in no return. He lifted his hand, suddenly the line and its three flies whipped over his head, perilously near, yet free of the alder bushes, and back again, the leader lighting delicately where the shadow of a leaf made a black spot on the pink-tinted water. Just a little behind it, and a shade over in the water, a Silver Doctor settled, and the tail fly, trailing a little, was designed to tempt the most epicurean palate. It was a beautiful, vivid blue "Belle."

For hours he sat, waiting.

A small fish bit, a chipper young thing. His terrified flirts churned the still water into an angry cream, and to land him required no little skill.

Pierre, with the net, grunted approval.

"Pour djiner," he muttered, making well-placed thumps on the fish's head with his hunting knife. "Couply pounds an' more. Yes!"

AS the sun spread long, pink fingers across the sky and warmed the wakening earth, as it rose higher and tried to peep down into the heart of that shadowed little pool, a tired girl opened great blue eyes and looked round her pink and silver bedroom. A maid was moving noiselessly about, glancing toward the bed now and then. She had the air of hoping to disturb the sleeper, without actually waking her. But as soon as the blue eyes opened ever so sleepily, she spoke.

"Your mother's up and dressed this long time, Miss Mildred." There was reproach in the tone. "You know you've two more fittings at—"

"Oh, hang the fittings, Cora! Hang the wedding cake ten stories high, and the orange blossoms, and the miles of red carpet and awning! Hang the lugubrious congratulations, the crush of critical, scented people, half of whom will envy and half who

(Continued on page 24.)

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WINSTON CHURCHILL

A Statement as to Canada's Position on the Navy Question

HONOURABLE SIR,—At a time when the Empire is passing through a period of stress and struggle, it may be that you will deem this an unfitting time for Canadians to discuss their relations to the question of naval defence. It may be that you feel that Canada should not take any further action in this respect until the war is over. If this is the feeling of the Premier of Great Britain, of Sir Edward Grey, of your naval advisers and yourself, then the people of Canada would no doubt be willing to meet your wishes and refrain from such discussion. It will be necessary, however, for you to intimate to the Canadian political leaders that such is the case, or the discussion will proceed whether you wish it or not. In the absence of any expressed wish on the part of the British Government, Canadians are proceeding with a discussion of this subject. It is generally understood that the Government of the Right Honourable Sir Robert Borden has the matter under advisement. The London correspondent of the Montreal "Gazette" has announced that Sir Richard McBride has been consulting with you and others in London as to what steps may be advisable at this time. This correspondent states that Sir Richard is on his way back to Canada with special information for the Canadian Government and intimates that upon such information the Borden Government will frame a new policy to be announced at the forthcoming session of Parliament. If this be true, then Canada must discuss the situation even more fully and freely.

MOREOVER, Sir, Mr. Richard Jebb had a letter last week in a London paper reiterating his oft-expressed view that Dominion navies are an essential feature of the general naval policy of the Empire. He takes the Emden incident as the basis of his contention that Dominion navies may well be relied upon to protect the trade routes, in the southern hemisphere particularly. He thinks that the Sydney's victory and the general usefulness of His Majesty's Royal Australian Fleet have added any proofs that were necessary to sustain the position of those who have opposed naval centralization.

Without going further into his argument, or without ranging ourselves on his side or on the side of the centralists, one may point out that if Englishmen like Mr. Richard Jebb deem it opportune to press home a naval argument at this particular time, then a Canadian discussion cannot be out of place or the time ill chosen. Mr. Jebb is but an example, of course. Many of the London journals have passed comments on the exploits of the Australian navy and pointed the moral. None of them, however, have recalled the historic words of Premier Cook, now premier and leader of the Opposition, at the time the Australian fleet arrived at Sydney, when he said:

"The Australian fleet is no less Australian because it is His Majesty's and no less His Majesty's because it is Australian."

The events of the past three months have given these words a new significance which a statesman like yourself can not and will not miss.

It is quite true that on the opening of the war, the Australian fleet passed automatically under your control. Nevertheless it must be with great feelings of pride and pleasure that the Australian people see how useful their fleet has been in the defence of the Empire. Not only has it kept the Australian and New Zealand shores free of invasion, but it has been an active instrument in adding the German colonies of the South Pacific to the all-red Empire. The Australian and New Zealand contingents have gone forth to do service several thousand miles away guarded by its floating guns. Moreover, though the Royal Australian navy is now under your direction, it is manned largely by Australian citizens who in time will return to Australian shores crowned with glorious successes. It is unnecessary to describe to you the great effect which this will have upon the Britannic spirit of the southern British Dominions.

Indeed, you yourself have recognized this when you recently sent the New Zealand battle-cruiser from England around Cape Horn to take part in the soon-to-be glorious victory over the German Pacific fleet. This in itself is evidence that you appreciate the effect upon the over-seas Dominions of allowing them to share in the naval work which lies most closely to their hand and which is also most important in the general welfare of the whole Britannic Alliance.

UNDER these circumstances, it is natural that Canadians should enquire whether or not you and your advisers have any different ideas from those expressed by you in your memorandum to the Canadian Government two years ago, when you advised Canada to build Dreadnoughts. If your opinions, after the political events of two years and

the naval experiences of three months, teach you that your advice would be still the same, Canada should know it. If you and your advisers find your opinions modified by recent events, then Canada should be so advised. This question must be settled some day and the sooner it is settled permanently the better.

Should you choose to say nothing at the present time then Canadians must continue their discussion along the lines of your communication of two years ago. A session of the Canadian Parliament is approaching and after that comes a general election. With the best Imperial intent, neither party can ignore the naval question. If the Conservative party should continue to advocate their previous Dreadnought policy, they will win with it, but they will not unite all the people of Canada behind that policy. No Imperial policy can be successful or permanent unless both political parties in this country support it in principle at least.

Therefore, Sir, on you depends much of the future good relations between the British naval department, over which you preside, and the people of Canada as a whole.

Without too much presumption, the suggestion is made that you advise the two political parties in



"BOBS! BOBS! BOBS!"

Canada to unite in a naval policy which both can support. Such a suggestion would be of immense benefit to Canada at the present moment and of inestimable value to the Empire. Should Canada continue to make a political football of the naval question, in the future as has been done in the past, a great crime will have been committed to which you must be in the nature of an accessory before the fact.

There are a large number of people in Canada who are in favour of removing this question from the political arena. They are influential, but so far have not succeeded in impressing their idea upon either Sir Robert Borden or Sir Wilfrid Laurier. You happen to be the one man who at this particular time is in a position to suggest a settlement. With the Empire in the greatest struggle in its history, with the trade of the world in the melting pot, and with new and peculiar international conditions arising, it is surely important that the British people all over the world should have one naval policy. You opposed the present Australian policy, which that Dominion adopted in spite of your advice. You have indirectly caused a contest between the two political parties in New Zealand over the naval policy of that country. You did not cause the disagreement in Canada, but you increased it by your official memorandum on the subject confided to Sir Robert Borden. It is therefore on you to see that all these differences are removed.

This is not to say that you were wrong in fighting for a centralized navy of big vessels stationed in

the North Sea. It is too early yet to say whether you were right or wrong. No doubt, you thought you were right and acted according to your conscience and your best judgment. But have the events of the past three months led you to change your mind? Even if you are still of the same opinion, would it be the part of wisdom that you should advise a compromise for Canada which both parties could support?

CANADA and Australia and New Zealand and the smaller Dominions are doing their best to help the people of Great Britain in this just but terrible war. Each one is giving freely of its blood and treasure and will give and give until all is exhausted. There is no sacrifice which the Empire can demand which these Dominions will not make. Under these circumstances does it not lie in the work of the Imperial authorities to see that the one point in dispute in Imperial matters is removed from the arena of party politics.

There is a verse of Kipling's which is a prayer suitable for the present moment. He supplicates thus:

"Teach us to look in all our ends,
On Thee for Judge, and not our friends;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd."

Canada looks to you to say what is right whether it is popular or not. You, as an Imperial statesman, should know neither political party in Canada. Your decision should be given for Canada, not for one portion of it. Whatever you say, Canada will do, whether it be Dreadnoughts, cruisers, submarines or merely coast defences. If your judgment is sound, and if it represents the united feelings and beliefs of the British Government and the naval advisers of His Majesty, Canada will be pleased and the future will be smooth and satisfactory. You have been called to high office, and as His Majesty's secretary of state for the navy, your advice must be taken. But that advice should, if possible, be given to all Canada and not to one party. It should be given to unite political differences, not to create them.

Will you pardon the presumption in this open letter? There is no sinister and not even a partisan motive in writing it. The political differences on the navy question should be eliminated for the good of Canada and for the benefit of Britannic unity. You are the particular one of His Majesty's advisers who can remove these political differences by a word.

Believe me, Sir,

Respectfully yours,

Editor Canadian Courier.

A Tribute to "Bobs"

WHEN you have done reading about Von Kluck and Hindenburg; when you have finished with Rennenkampf and have concluded that Gen. Joffre has yet to prove the full measure of his worth as a great world general—just quietly turn to the life of the little soldier who died on Saturday last as near the trenches of the Allies as he could get. A tottering, great little godlike man, Lord Roberts, the Empire's "Bobs," couldn't rest easy in life or be happy in death till he had got to the front where his fellow-subjects and their friends are fighting for the cause of liberty. And the death of Lord Roberts in France is the greatest human event in this war of humanity against inhumanity—because of all great soldiers in any country, Lord Roberts was the most inspiring character known to fighters.

Had there been half a dozen such men as "Bobs" in all Germany, this foolhardy brute-force and explosive struggle of all nations would never have been allowed to happen. But all the militarist millions of Germany never could have produced one "Bobs," because he was the product of a free people, and a great, human, self-governing Empire. He was the darling of his country and of all the overseas dominions in the Empire. He was never a war lord, always a soldier; never a mere soldier, always a man. He was the finest expression of practical culture that had nothing to do with "kultur." And even if Kipling had never written that poem "Bobs," the original of it would have remained the fighting hero of a free people who carried the torch of liberty and democracy into India, Africa and Europe at the head of his fighting men.

All the world loves a great soldier; and a really great soldier is the best embodiment of chivalrous virtues in any age. Recalling the life of Lord Roberts from the time of his birth and early exploits in India till his heroic last struggle in France among his beloved troops, we realize that war in the hands of such a man was never ugly, diabolical and horrible. In all Germany there is no soldier with any such career as that of Lord Roberts. In all the glorious, clean-handed heroism and military strategy of Lord Roberts' career, there is no single moment or episode such as history has already set down to the eternal discredit of Germany among the nations. Lord Roberts fought as a freeman among freemen, for the cause of freedom. When, in the language of Kipling, Tommy Atkins is made to say, "And we'll follow 'im to 'ell, won't we, Bobs?" it is Tommy's way of saying that he made a hero of "Bobs" in an Empire where free speech is a cardinal principle and where great men are real democrats.

TWO GREAT PICTURES FROM FRANCE AND BELGIUM



GETTING MEAT TO THE FRENCH SOLDIERS.

With such hard fighting as the French have been doing lately, the arrival of the meat waggon is a very popular event.



AN UNUSUAL MARKET SCENE.

Furnes is a small Belgian town; but crowded with a convoy of French and Belgian details it looks like a great city.

WOUNDED MEN OF THREE NATIONALITIES



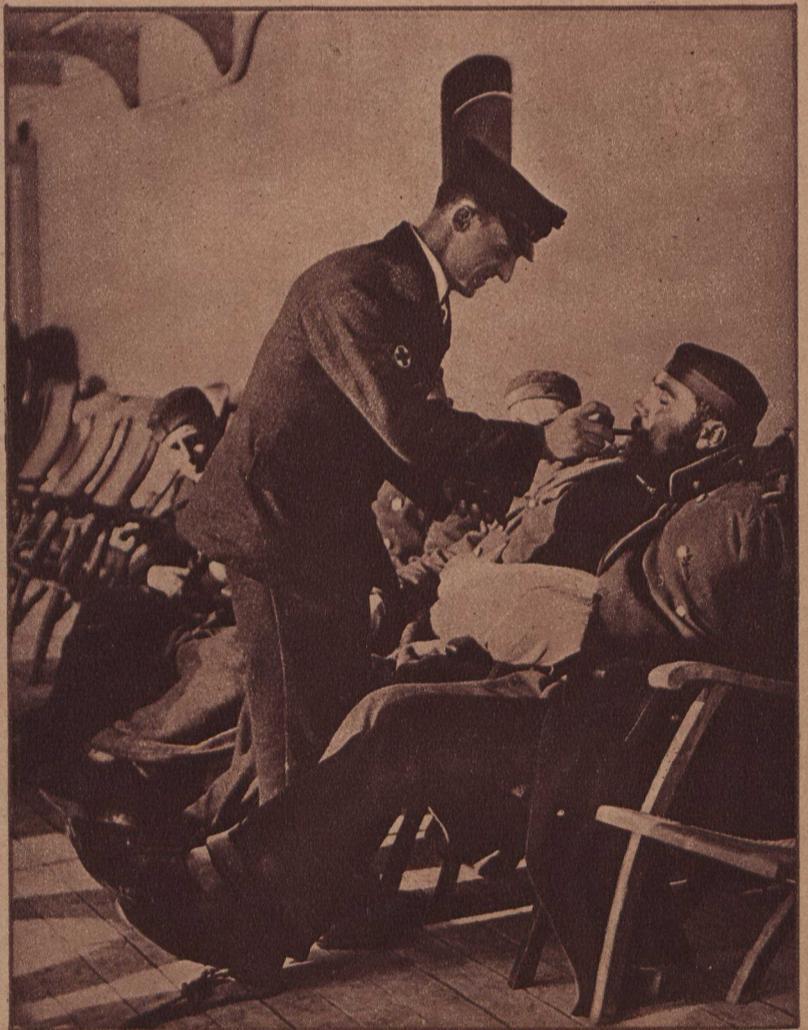
INTERNATIONAL AMENITIES IN HOSPITAL.

French, Belgian and German soldiers all wounded, having a friendly chat under the care of a French doctor at Calais.



WHERE THE CHURCH HELPS.

Wounded Belgian in care of a French Nun at Calais.



TOBACCO IN THE WAR.

Giving a Belgian a light for his pipe on the way to England.

A PAIR OF STRIKING CONTRASTS



PATHETICALLY BEAUTIFUL; THE RESULT OF WAR.

A Motley crowd of Refugees waiting at Calais for a steamer to take them across to England, the Mother of Europe.



A SCENE FOR A GUSTAVE DORE TO PAINT.

A great crowd of German prisoners being escorted by French soldiers from the railway station at Amiens.

GROUCHING A BIT ABOUT THE WEATHER, BUT THAT'S ALL



CANADIAN CAMP JUST STARTING UP ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

Army Service Corps of the First Canadian Contingent just beginning to make the manoeuvre fields look like a lone camp on the prairie.



A HOODOO FOR THE KAISER.

Brindle Bull Terrier owned by the 4th Battalion, 1st Brigade.



EVERY MAN HIS OWN WASH-WOMAN.

But week-end visiting will soon be a pleasant memory.

THE WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

FACTS, FANCIES, FRIVOLITIES AND FRILLS

As We See Others

By ERIN

be more common? Silence may be golden, but speech is rubies, when it comes to the pleasant dishing up of secrets, in spite of the fact that few among us could take to ourselves the Tom Pinch tribute: "Your conversation is really equal to print."

The Soldier's Bride

THE numerous military weddings, "pretty but quiet," which have taken place this autumn, have naturally been the subject of much social comment, ranging from "silly young things" to "such a nice wedding." Hymen, it seems, is not at all afraid of the activities of Mars, and, although there are fewer roses and the dejeuner is of the simplest order, it is safe to say that the unostentatious wedding of young Lieutenant Blank and Dorothy Blissful is quite as full of happiness as any nuptials in peaceful hours of a sunny June. Danger never yet proved a real deterrent to young lovers, and most of the world is very sympathetic with the brave young people, who are so anxious to utter the pledge, "until death do us part."

To the Englishman, war is not an unconsidered

room, and if anyone is going to read or sing to me, it is not to be a continuous story of atrocities and burned-up cities. I am quite willing to do the work, but I am not going to be a victim of tragedy specialists. Our soldiers are not behaving in that grumpy fashion and I am quite sure that they don't want us to stay at home and wail over the socks and wristlets. I'm trying to knit hope and courage into every row of stitches and why should an 'elocutionist' or a singer get up and pile on the agony with an account of someone's lingering death. The people who are wearing the longest faces just now and worrying everyone who will listen to them with prophecies of disaster are doing the least work for the men in the field and for the sufferers at home. I went out the other afternoon to what promised to be a dramatic recital. We were asked to bring our knitting; so my work-bag and a grey sock accompanied me to the hall, where I found most of the listeners equipped with yarn. A melancholy woman dressed in black 'entertained' us for about three-quarters of an hour with a dreary play about somebody who was dying in a dungeon and was a dreadfully long time about it. Then a young man who had a touch of asthma sang 'The Lost Chord.' Someone else read a symbolical thingumbob, showing that we are all mere worms of the dust, a girl played a requiem affair on the violin, and finally we had lukewarm tea and some sickly-looking cakes with sad, brown icing on them. The dramatic art, the music and the refreshments cost fifty cents, and the proceeds went to the Relief Fund. I felt like a victim, myself, as I tottered into the fresh air and looked up at the nice blue sky. Not any more of that kind of programme for me, thank you. I'll knit for the soldiers, but I won't be bored to extinction by the soldiers' well-meaning friends."



A CHRISTMAS FAIRY PRINCESS.

A portrait, just taken, of Princess Mary, who is busy over boxes of smoking requisites which she intends to send to the troops as a Christmas solace.

The Profits of Pomona

NOT since the days of Eve and her lost Eden have apples been so important as they are this autumn. Whatever harm the original apple may have worked, its modern descendants are trying to atone for; and, indeed, the apple is destined to be one of our best friends, this year. However, it must be admitted that we have been criminally wasteful of our good orchards and have hardly realized their value in any year of the past. Dried apples are to be a comforting food supply in this year of soaring prices, and it is to be hoped that throughout Ontario the process of drying this most useful of our fruits has been undertaken in every community. What the price of wheat will be, next spring, is something we hardly care to contemplate; but, however it may ascend, the value of apples, properly prepared and dried, can hardly be overestimated. Bread-and-butter and apple sauce made a "tea" to be desired in nursery days—and we may be "driven back to Eden" for our war-time diet.

Confabs and Confidences

ARE women more given to confidences than men? They are usually accused of telling their own dear women friends various matters which they have promised not to mention. An observer of many amiable foibles declares that this tendency to rash confidences arises from the fact that women get chatting cosily, as they take down their hair and brush it for the last nightly attentions. There is something about the manipulation of the brush which naturally draws the Sweet-and-Twenty-Year-Old to discuss the matter of whether you can really love more than once, admitting finally that she had thought her heart soundly buried more than a year ago, but that it has lately shown unmistakable symptoms of resurrection.

The luxury of "a really good talk" is more highly esteemed by women than by men. The latter, if we may judge from fugitive observation, prefer to smoke strenuously and utter occasional remarks. The literary world will remember that story of how Carlyle and Tennyson sat together one evening and smoked "infinite tobacco," for some hours. Finally, Carlyle arose to depart, after this wordless visit, and said to his host: "Eh, Alfred, we've had a grand evening!"

Such appreciation of silent communion is rare, even among men of letters, and we do not believe that is known by many women. And what, after all, is the clam-spirit that any should wish the thing to



MRS. W. T. HERRIDGE,

President of the Women's Canadian Club in Ottawa, an account of the present activities of which is given on this page. See "A Capital Club."

contingency, and, for generations, the brides of the British Isles have been trained in the calm fortitude which says "good-bye" with a hopeful smile, even though the Hun be at the gates. To most of us in Canada, war has meant the deeds of our forefathers, the stirring lines of a poem or the romance of a brave story. Now, that we are confronted with a vaster conflict than has been, we women of the younger Britain are proving that the strain is true. The price of freedom reaches a figure which staggers all calculation, and the blackest columns in the reckoning are paid by the mothers of the gay young officers and by the wives of the men who will "never come marching home again."

A WOMAN, whose knitting-needles have been busy ever since August, said the other day: "No, I'm not going to any more formal gatherings, where you are allowed to knit. I've been to three of them in the last fortnight and listened to the most doleful recitals of war and misery which you could hear. I'll knit in the seclusion of my own living-

A Capital Club

By MADGE MACBETH

THE membership of the Club has doubled since last year; it now reaches almost the thousand mark, and even the headquarters at the Chateau Laurier are strained to their capacity for this aggregation of energetic women who have turned their attention toward helping to relieve the distress of that cruelly distressed country of Belgium. It is the Women's Canadian Club of Ottawa.

Mrs. Herridge, the president, has the work systematized to a fine point, but even system does not lift heavy responsibilities from one's shoulders, nor does it add to one's sleeping capacity nor bodily



MRS. KATHRYN INNES-TAYLOR,

The well-known vocalist of Toronto, who is conducting at present in London, England, a relief depot for "Les Miserables" in Belgium.

strength. Briefly, this over-worked president is rushed to death!

She appointed two general conveners—Mrs. Lorne McDougall, and Mrs. Duncan Macpherson—and they appointed conveners for the different branches of the relief work. These last, in turn, asked for assistance from the members of the Club. There is a Receiving Committee, a Sorting, a Packing, a Food, a Room, a Press, a School (collecting) and a General Collecting Committee. Two rooms on Bank Street were opened for about a month to receive the contributions for which the Club had asked. But these rooms have been opened about two months now, and it is found impossible to close their doors. People are still eager to help.

"The word Belgian acted like magic," said Mrs. Herridge. "In all this time we have never been refused anything we have asked. Furniture establishments gave their time; so did carters, dressmakers and dozens of other people, whose time meant more than our money. It has been a revelation to me."

From Ottawa alone 206 enormous bales of clothing have been sent to Belgium. Almost as many more from outlying districts, and this does not include the quantity of food which was donated; flour, cereals, and the like. Nor was any of the money given spent for clothing. This amounts to almost three thousand dollars, exclusive of the two thousand Madame Vanderelde received at her lecture, and which, acting on the advice of Consul Goor, will be spent for flour.

The President is now engaged in a new branch of relief work, called by the Club the Small Coin Contribution. This means that any sum from one cent up will be gratefully received. That it may be given without the formality due, perhaps, a larger sum, the Postmaster-General has permitted pillar boxes to be placed beneath the letter boxes, in Ottawa, and throughout the Dominion these same receptacles will be installed in post offices. Mrs. Thomas Crothers and Miss Fitzpatrick have the Small Coin Committee in charge.

Mirror and Web

By THE LADY OF SHALOTT

THE principal motives to be gathered nowadays, from the mirrored highway, for the tapestry-frame by the window, are gallant as any plume of a Lancelot who rode to Camelot in sunny weather.

"And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two."

Now, the time of the year is grey November, and the knights that ride and tramp in khaki—I can hear the shouts of the drill-master even as I write and the feet of recruits obedient to the order beneath that shaft to South Africa's heroes which made our Mr. Walter Allward famous—are splendid less in accoutrements than spirit, preparing to fight as all of them are, for honour.

The inevitable glow suffuses the Lady, but she shivers, anon, at the sombre skies and the thin, wolfish wind among the maples. The warm, wool socks, will there be sufficient? The needles are flying all over the country. Why may she not steal from her web and join the click-clack?

In Praise of a Prince

OWING to the eccentricities of mails, which amount to idio(t)syncrasies in war-time, the clientele of the Woman's Supplement was deprived of a no doubt meaty account of the Women's Emergency Corps in England, which was posted us from London by Georgina Binnie-Clark, author of the new Canadian volume entitled, "Wheat and Woman," and advocate of Homestead (and other

Rights for Women. However, enclosed with the news of that estray, Miss Binnie-Clark sends us a second contribution, which touches our coming Governor-General and the heading of which—though the Prince of Teck is a figure to measure in yards instead of inches—is the tribute, "Every inch of him a soldier." The communication is as follows:—

"Of special interest at the moment is a convincing pen-picture of the future Governor-General of Canada, drawn by the late John Stuart, special correspondent to the Morning Post, during the South African war. It is to be found in his book, 'Pictures of War,' in the chapter headed 'Mahon's March into Mafeking,' and runs:—'Hard by will be Prince Alexander of Teck, tall, strongly built, everlastingly youthful and keen. I once travelled half a day with him, not knowing who he was, and, as usual when campaigners meet, we fought this war from Talana

hundred acres. She is an even cleverer author than farmer, and no one can possibly read her book and not admit that here is a conquest also.

A Matter of Legs

THOUGHTS are perverse things; nothing per- verser unless it be a daughter of Eve—and Adam. And the thought that obtruded itself in the mind as one shared the foregoing enthusiasm at the finely-built figure of the Prince of Teck was the reminiscent one that the Almighty "taketh no pleasure in the legs of a man."

Of course, if one were used to the legs of angels, instead of to the legs of men and women, I suppose, not even a Tappetit's calves would be regarded as anything exciting. You remember the finely-upholstered Simon and the Chippendale importance of his framework?

One has mentioned the legs of men and women. For it must be admitted that women have legs, despite the bewildered insistence of the censor, who has seen Pavlowa and Isadora Duncan and, in order to save our morals, Gertrude Hoffmann, and of the equally befogged fashions critic to whom the slit skirt was a difficulty, that the generality of womankind are mermaids.

Now there are certain advanced women in the world—Anna Shaw, for instance—who clamour to wear the bifurcated garment which is now exclusively man's and known as trousers. They claim that circumstance, not sex, should dictate the wearing apparel of women, and that the change would mean not only comfort, but safety as well in innumerable cases where activity should be free and unencumbered. The equestrienne's habit and the garb of the mountain-climber are two concessions that this idea is sense.

But the impertinence of even common-sensers must not be permitted to bring a revolution. Bifurcated beauty, all very well. But not every feminine "forked radish," as Carlyle, the clothes philosopher, says we all are, could, even with the assistance of a tip-top beauty "Professor," be sure of herself as a Juno in point of legs.

One once knew a furnace-man. Worked at night. Carried, almost invariably, a lantern. Alas, bow-legged! Ah, women, women, skirts are the thing—if not for yourselves, in the interests of your sisters! For what was the man with the lantern looking? For honest men? No, for something more invaluable: his lost opportunity to be a woman.

Queens and Times

"NICE manners curtsy to great kings," said a monarch of half of France and all of England. Likewise, manners pay court to queens, if the queens have in themselves sufficient greatness. One, herewith, offers a contrast in queens; a contrast, therefore, in subjects; of both, in manners.

There is a speech of extreme heartlessness on record. "Si le peuple n'a pas de pain, qu'il mange de la brioche." It is attributed to

Marie Antoinette, though the fancy finds it hard to reconcile it with the creature who gaily rode a donkey at Little Trianon, and there played dairy-maid in cap and apron. Whether or not that lightest, most unfortunate of monarchs was herself possessed of the consummate sang-froid which gave rise to the cruel famous utterance, it is certain that indifference was the royal attitude, commonly, toward the sufferings of people. That "nice manner" made France a republic.

There is a work in evidence throughout an empire. Queen Mary's Needlework Guild, created to relieve distress and suffering among her poorest subjects, a work conducted by Her Majesty in person, is a superb proof that the earth has not turned backward. Queen Mary of England creates a manner of industry, of sympathy, of self-reliance, resulting in never-such loyalty and devotion throughout

LOVE (AND PERHAPS DESPAIR) AMONG THE RUINS



These people are refugees from Belgium and are here because— The world demands the reason.



Scenes of exodus still meet one at every turn of the road in Belgium. The shafts in the background might be symbolic; for the people must fare in the grave-pitted Way of Mars.

to Paardeberg, and Pieter's Hill. Then I learned how earnest a soldier the Prince is, and how thoroughly wedded to his profession. From that conversation I guessed that he was a painstaking officer, and now I know it, for I have watched him at his aide de camp work, which is by no means easy. Every inch of him is soldier. He is a good trekker and a good camp man, too. And on this march he has often reminded me of the old school phrase—The horse is a noble animal. For he rides magnificent cattle, and looks after them as carefully as if he were their stud groom."

It is natural that Miss Binnie-Clark should be quick to rejoice in the points of a thorough soldier. She is pretty much a soldier herself, having "the little tyrant of her fields withstood," with remarkable success in the Canadian West, where she made good, single-handed, on a wheat farm of some three

the feminine whole of her mighty empire. Branches of the Guild have spread to Canada, a nice point in their organization being the fact that Miss Catherine Welland Merritt, of U. E. Loyalist stock, is emissary. Miss Merritt has already sounded

Montreal, has visited Ottawa and is now in Toronto, where it is felt that all will support her undertaking, in other words, will magnify the distance between the meaning of present-day needles and the former, fateful weapons of Madame Defarge.

A Christmas Booklet

THE interest of that enterprising publisher, William Briggs, was recently attracted by some charming verses from the pen of Katherine Hale, entitled "Gray Knitting." The verses appeared in a Toronto journal and were subsequently used in card form, being pinned to attrac-

I can feel roses, roses all the way,
The fearful gladness that no power
can stay,
The joy that glows and grows in amb-
ient ray.
Because slim lads come marching
home from war?
Truly, slim lads, home from the Very
Far:
From fields as distant as the farthest
star.
It will be strange to hear the plaudits
roll,
Back from that zone where soul is
flung on soul,
Where they go out like sparks to one
straight goal.
Where souls go out as fast as
moments fly,
Urging their claim on the unbending
sky—
Surely it must be wonderful to die!
When you return I see the radiant
street,
I hear the rushing of a thousand feet—
Living and Dead with roses we shall
greet.
Like "Bon Ami," it is just out—the
petite booklet has not scratched yet—
in fact it is only free from the press
to-day. So there is every chance as
yet for our readers who are looking
for "something neat but inexpensive,"
new, and essentially of home produc-
tion, to secure a few with a view to
needs at Christmas.



MISS ENID HENDRIE,
Daughter of Colonel, the Honorable
John S. and Mrs. Hendrie. The formal
reception at Government House was
Toronto's leading social event this
week.

tive bags to hold knitting, which were sold by the score at a patriotic bazaar. The result is a particularly timely Christmas booklet, which contains not only the original "Gray Knitting," but also a number of other war-time poems which represent this poet's latest work.

Some dozen poems comprise the booklet, which is an attractive object in grey paper, with touches of the proper military colour in the camp scene which decorates the cover and grey wool to bind the leaves together.

A tender poem represents the meditation of a maiden whom war has bereft of her lover, the simple title of which is "In the Trenches." It runs as follows:—

War gods have descended:
The world burns up in fire!
Warm your hands at the trench's fire
Dear lad o' mine.

Bullets cease this Christmas night,
Only songs are heard,
If you feel a phantom step
'Twas my heart that stirred.

If you see a dreamy light
'Tis the Christ Child's eyes;
I believe He watches us,
Wonderful and wise.

Let us keep our Christmas night,
In the camp-light shine;
Warm your hands at the trench's fire,
They still hold mine.

Companion poems hitherto unpub-
lished are "You Who Have Gayly Left
Us" and "When You Return," the lat-
ter of which is compelling in its
beauty, and probably prophetic in its
vision. The verses are given:—

When you return I see the radiant
street,
I hear the rushing of a thousand feet,
I see the ghosts that women come to
greet.

A Revolution in Wool

THE famous Mme. Defarge, of the wine shop in St. Antoine, who knitted the destiny of so many of the aristocrats of France into her grim pattern, and her sister Ven-geances, who worked on implacably



MRS. W. C. BROWN, OF VAN-
COUVER,

A capable vice-president of the Wo-
men's Canadian Club, and a very
active worker in its interests.

in sight of the guillotine, are recalled to-day when Paris is again knitting—even faster, if that is possible, than London. But now in every "loge de concierge," in every square, in every archway, and even in the few auto-mobiles hurrying to the hospitals, the needles are flying with all good will for "les petits pioupiou."

The gay coloured wools of the Parisians are in strange contrast to



SOLDIER OR CIVILIAN? Either Will Be More Comfortable With

"CEETEE"

ALL PURE WOOL - GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE
UNDERCLOTHING

It will protect every one against sudden changes in weather and climate.

Medical men advise pure wool as the best and safest material to be worn next the skin. Because pure wool is the only material that really protects against sudden changes from cold to heat, and vice versa, it being a non-conductor; it absorbs the perspiration rapidly and evenly and does not get clammy and damp.

Most Economical Because Wears Longer
"CEETEE" all-wool unshrinkable underwear is manufactured from only the very finest Australian Merino Wool, scoured and combed over and over again until every particle of foreign matter is taken out and every strand is as clean as it is possible to be made.

It is then carefully manufactured on expensive and exclusive machinery, very different from the ordinary style of underwear machinery—fashioning each garment to fit the human form. It is all sel-vage edges, therefore cannot come unravelled, every join is knitted together, not sewn as with ordinary underwear.

ALL BRITISH MATERIAL AND CANADIAN MADE
FROM START TO FINISH

Particular people wear "CEETEE"
Underclothing because they know
it to be the best.

In All Sizes, for Men, Women and Children
The C. Turnbull Co. of Galt, Limited
GALT, ONTARIO 1379

Worn
by the
Best
People

Sold
by the
Best
Dealers

Look for the
SHEEP
on Every
Garment



The
A
l
l
e
n
b
u
r
y
s

Baby's Start in Life and Baby's Health

mean so much
in after years

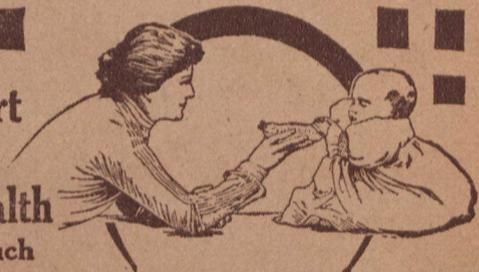
THE first three months are very important, and Baby's Food then, must be simple, easy to digest, and all-nourishing. The "Allenburys" Milk Food No. 1 is Baby's first food until Baby is three months old. Doctors will tell you how good "Allenburys" is, and Baby will thrive on it.

When Baby enters the fourth month, "Allenburys" Milk Food No. 2—a carefully developed food—gives the child what nature demands until the sixth month. The "Allenburys" Malted Food No. 3 is the next step.

Easily prepared—Packed in sealed tins—Of all Druggists.

The Allen & Hanburys Co. Limited, 66 Gerrard St. East, Toronto.

Every mother should write for our free Booklet "Infant Feeding and Management."



FOODS

AVERGAL LADIES' COLLEGE

PRINCIPAL MISS KNOX

AVERGAL COLLEGE Jarvis St., Toronto

Thorough education on modern lines. First Year Uni-
versity work: Havergal Diploma, Honour Matriculation,
and other examinations. Domestic Science Department.
Separate Junior School. Gymnasium. Large Grounds
for Outdoor Games, Skating Rink, Swimming Bath.

AVERGAL-ON-THE-HILL St. Clair Ave., Toronto

Day and Boarding School for Northern Toronto. Large
playing grounds,—cricket, tennis, basketball, hockey.
For illustrated calendars and prospectus apply to the
Bursar.

R. MILLICHAMP, Hon. Sec.-Treas.

The Women of Canada

bear the brunt of those burdens that make the home a perfect place in which to develop sturdy men fit for war or the pursuits of peace. Happy is the housewife who knows how to banish kitchen worries by serving

SHREDDED WHEAT

Being ready-cooked and ready-to-serve it furnishes a hot, nourishing breakfast for school children and can be prepared "in a jiffy." Contains all the rich, body-building material in the whole wheat grain made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking. Always the same quality, always the same price.

For breakfast heat the Biscuit in oven to restore crispness and then pour hot milk over it, adding a little cream. Salt or sweeten to suit the taste. Better than mushy porridges that are bolted down without chewing. A hot, nourishing breakfast for a chilly day. Deliciously nourishing for any meal with sliced bananas, baked apples or canned or preserved fruits of any kind.

MADE IN CANADA

From the Choicest Canadian Wheat by

The Canadian Shredded Wheat
Company, Limited

Niagara Falls,
Ont.

Toronto Office:
49 Wellington Street
East



60-H

"Ganong's" are the wholesome Chocolates that children never tire of, nor parents regret giving.

Ganong's Chocolates

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."

the sober natural shades in vogue for our own British Tommies. Sunday is the great day, for the thousands of the poorer women can be seen approaching the offices of the Automobile Club in the Place de la Concorde,

where "le petit paquet" with its pair of socks, woollen scarf and shirt is tenderly handed over for transport to the long lines across France. Knitting in Paris has now become benignant.

Canadian Women's Press Club

AFTER thirty-four years of residence in Manitoba, Mrs. Nellie McClung is removing to Edmonton, Alberta.

The women of Brantford, Ont., recently published a patriotic number of the Expositor. The editors were Mrs. Everard Cotes, and Miss E. Van Norman.

Mrs. Arthur Murphy, of Edmonton, the President of the Canadian Women's Press Club, upon whom His Majesty, King George, recently conferred the decoration of a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, has received letters of congratulations from all the local branches in the Dominion.

The Fort William and Port Arthur Clubs held their annual meeting last week, when the following officers were elected: Hon. President, Mrs. A. J. Barrie; President, Mrs. J. M. Sherk;

Winnipeg, she was the guest of honour at a tea, on which occasion she was presented with some "rebel" verses and a bunch of steamer letters calculated to alleviate any pangs of homesickness she may have.

Sir Robert Borden has presented the Edmonton Club with an autographed photograph for their club-room.

"The Courtship of Miss Canada" and "War Time in Song and Story," two cantatas by Mrs. F. S. Knight, of the Port Arthur Club, were presented last month in several cities.

The Calgary Women's Press Club are supplying loads of coal to needy families throughout the winter.

Miss Nan Moulton was recently elected to be President of the Winnipeg Branch. The other officers are:



Club room in the Civic Block of the Port Arthur and Fort William branch of the Canadian Women's Press Club.

Vice-President, Mrs. F. S. Knight; Sec.-Treas., Miss Kathleen Mitchell.

Mrs. D. C. McGregor has recently removed from Toronto to London, Ont., where her husband has accepted the pastorate of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church. Mrs. McGregor, who is known to Canadian readers of discrimination as "Marian Keith," has recently published a volume entitled "The End of the Rainbow."

Mrs. J. E. Elliott, of Toronto, entertained the Toronto Club recently in her studio, where an interesting address was given by one of the members on Valcartier. This Club also had an exhibition of etchings of scenes within the war zone, the work of Miss Dorothy Stevens. A little talk was given on each by Miss Estelle Kerr. On Oct. 28th, the Premier of Ontario and Mrs. W. H. Hearst were the guests of the Club, Miss Helen Merrill acting as hostess.

Mrs. Perry, "Phyllis" of the Saturday Post, Winnipeg, addressed the Toronto Club recently en route for England. On her departure from Win-

Miss Kennethe Haig and Mrs. W. G. Bale, Vice-Presidents; Miss Mary Clendenan, Secretary; Miss Margaret Bernister, Treasurer.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, London and Toronto, have published this month a book by Mrs. Arthur Murphy (Janey Canuck), entitled, "Seeds of Pine."

The following have been admitted to the membership of the Canadian Women's Press Club during the month:

Miss Mary M. Clendenan, Manitoba Free Press, Winnipeg; Miss Blodwen Davies, Times-Journal, Fort William; Miss Audrey Abraham and Miss Grace Dunning, The Telegram, Winnipeg.

La Mode and Roman Stripes
A NEW YORK fashion specialist declares that it is better to look the other way should a persuasive seller offer those gay bits of colour known as Roman stripes, and which the girls in Italy wear at all seasons, regardless of the fashion. They are attractive and they do help

to give colour to a sombre suit, but, like all features that have merit, they have been overdone. Even as belts on one-piece frocks they have been discarded, giving place to splendid girdles of ornate Chinese embroidery. As waistcoats they have been replaced by fur.

But not all stripes have been ban-

ished from the fashions. The broadly marked silks like those worn during the French Revolution have been revived for whole gowns, not for trimmings, and there is a wonderful new fabric for evening gowns woven in gold and black stripes, the former being the foundation fabric, something like a cloth of gold.

News in Brief

A PHOTOGRAPH in which unfortunately, there is more masonry than humanity, was recently taken in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, of one hundred and three Canadian nurses, in smart blue uniforms, in the course of their visit to the Palace and the Royal Mews.

The members of the Winnipeg branch of the Canadian Women's Press Club will issue on or about November 16th, "The Christmas Knapsack," a special holiday magazine, which will be sold at 25c. per copy, and the proceeds of the sale will be sent to Lieutenant-General Alderson, in command of the Canadian troops, to help provide Christmas cheer for them. The magazine was the idea of the new president, Miss Nan Moulton, who offered it as her first suggestion to the club when she took office some three weeks ago. As

Ottawa while the Earl was commander-in-chief of the Canadian militia.

Lady Williams-Taylor, of Montreal, is president of the National Committee of the Canadian branch of Queen Mary's Needlework Guild, and the organization is making rapid headway. According to the statement of Miss Catharine Welland Merritt, honorary secretary by approval of the Queen, a room in every local branch of the Bank of Montreal will be available in the various cities as headquarters for the work of the movement, by kindness of Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor.

A western Canadian writer, Florence Randal Livesay, whose original work has consisted largely of translations of folk-songs and poems from the Polish, is giving several addresses in Winnipeg on Sherchenke and other



Mme. Patti at the bedside of a wounded Belgian in Swansea Hospital, London.

the club was not a philanthropic organization, and has little or no funds, in order to secure the necessary financial backing, the members solicited advertising to cover the cost of publication. The business men of Winnipeg gave the undertaking their hearty support, all expressing themselves as pleased with the idea of providing Christmas cheer for our soldier boys so far from home. All the matter in the magazine is original and contributed by the various members of the club. Mr. "Bob" Gordon designed the cover, gratis, and also illustrated most of the stories, articles and poems. The Ransome Engraving firm donated the cuts for the cover—so it is obvious that Winnipeg people have been most generous in helping the effort.

The gifted Canadian actress, Margaret Anglin, has been the magnet all this week at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, in a revival of Oscar Wilde's drama, "Lady Windermere's Fan," which attracted full houses throughout the run.

A marriage is arranged and will shortly take place between Lord Herbert Hervey and Lady Jean Cochrane. Lord Herbert Hervey is a brother of the Marquis of Bristol, and is in the Diplomatic Service; his fiancée is the second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Dundonald, who resided in

poets of the Ukraine, ending with some of her own translations. The Ukraine is particularly interesting just now as thirty millions of the inhabitants are fighting for the Czar, and three millions against him, the theatre of the war being around Lemberg and Przemysl.

Among the equestriennes who have recently been performing in connection with the weekly musical ride at the Horse Show Building, in Vancouver, are Miss Griffin, Miss V. Dana, Miss Macdonnell and Miss Bell-Irving. All of which four have been winners of prizes.

Lady Hingston was last week elected president of the Montreal Associate Branch of the United Irishwomen, at the annual meeting. The retiring president, Mrs. Burland, widow of the late Colonel J. H. Burland, will be asked, as result of a unanimous decision, to become honorary president of the body.

Miss Brenda Macrae, who comes from New York to participate in tonight's programme at Foresters' Hall, Toronto, the concert being arranged by Messrs. Jan and Boris Hamburg in aid of the civic service work of the Toronto Women's Patriotic League, is a former Toronto girl, whose excellent mezzo-contralto is beginning to be noticed by the public.

Panshine

is
Made In
Canada

How gratifying it is to every Canadian housewife to know that the best of all kitchen cleansers—Panshine—is made in Canada by a world-renowned Canadian firm. Every cent you spend on Panshine is so much money kept in Canada—just so much more money to keep Canadian workmen employed. Think this over.

PANSHINE Magic Kitchen Cleanser

It is a clean, white, pure powder that has no disagreeable smell, won't scratch, and will not injure the hands. Ideal for cutlery, sinks, pots and pans, wood-work, and every possible kitchen use. No matter what cleanser you are now using, you will be delighted when you try Panshine.

FREE SAMPLE Your Grocer has Panshine. If you haven't tried it we will gladly send a trial sample tin free. Mention "Canadian Courier." Address Lever Bros. Limited (Panshine), Toronto

SHOPPERS' GUIDE

BAKERS' OVENS.

HUBBARD PATENT PORTABLE Ovens—Plans supplied; latest machinery, lowest prices; catalogue free. Warren Manufacturing Co., 782 King West, Toronto.

PRINTING.

VISITING CARDS—Ladies' or Gentlemen's, printed to order—latest styles; fifty cents per hundred, post-paid. Frank H. Barnard, Printer, 35 Dundas Street, Toronto.

PATENTS.

WRITE for our 112-page Blue Book on patents. Tells how to invent and dispose of patents. Trademarks registered all countries. Robb & Robb, 287-290 Southern Bldg., Washington, D.C.

A WORKING MODEL should be built before your patents are applied for. Our modern machine shop and tools are at your service. We are the only manufacturing attorneys in the world. Get our advice regarding your invention. All advice free. The Patent Selling and Manufacturing Agency, 206 Simcoe St., Toronto.

BOOKS.

ASSIMILATIVE MEMORY, OR HOW TO ATTEND AND NEVER FORGET. Prof. A. Loiset tells how you may strengthen the power of your memory. A perfect memory means increased capabilities, and a larger income. 12mo., cloth, \$3.00, post-paid. Norman Richardson, Desk A, 181 Simcoe St., Toronto.

STAMPS AND COINS.

PACKAGE free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps; catalogue; hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto.

EDUCATIONAL.

TEACHERS' EXAMINATIONS—We prepare you for any grade (non-professional) in any province. Write Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Dept. K, Toronto, Canada.

HUNDREDS CANADIAN GOVERNMENT JOBS now open to Canadian Citizens. Big pay. Examinations frequently. Common education sufficient. Sample examination questions—free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. N. 173, Rochester, N.Y.

HOTEL DIRECTORY

KING EDWARD HOTEL
Toronto, Canada.
—Fireproof—

Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up. American and European Plans.

MOSSOP HOTEL
(Limited)

TORONTO, ONTARIO. Absolutely Fireproof. Rooms with or without bath from \$1.50 and up per day.

THE NEW FREEMAN'S HOTEL
(European Plan.)

One Hundred and Fifty Rooms. Single rooms, without bath, \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day; rooms with bath, \$2.00 per day and upwards.
St. James and Notre Dame Sts., Montreal.

The Prophylactic Tooth Brush

Earned its reputation by "mouth to mouth" advertising



The Punishment Fits the Crime.

THIS is a joke, not by the weekly perpetrator of Demi-Tasse, but on him. It concerns an overcoat, a bunch of copy and the Toronto City Hall. These are not arranged in order of magnitude.

The man whose weekly business it is to grind out the smiles on this page was pursuing his regular vocation as a newspaper writer at the City Hall, which most of the time is swarming with detectives and policemen. In all his experience in creating and carrying round in his pockets the copy for this page, the author had never been arrested by any of the detectives in the City Hall. Maybe it was because he knew most of the strong-arm men, or it may have been his guileless countenance. Anyway, he carried this copy week by week round the City Hall and was never pinched for the offence. If he had been, the story of his arrest would have appeared on this page, as this story is appearing now.

So, one day last week, the regular day on which the Demi-Tasser hands in his copy to the editor, the author walked upstairs in the City Hall and left his overcoat lying loose within dictaphone distance of a number of detectives. He had other work to do in one of the numerous places of public assemblage in the City Hall.

Here the plot thickens. He left the overcoat. As he had often done such a thing before he made no fuss over it, shed no tears and left no one with injunctions to stand guard over the garment. He did not even abstract from the pocket the precious bunch of copy which was to have generated smiles in this week's Courier.

Alas! He never dreamed of the fate that was to befall him with that innocent face. Criminals are not supposed to need their overcoats when they go behind the bars. He was to be separated from his.

BUT there was another criminal that needed his overcoat. He had been dogging the footsteps of the author for some time. He probably reasoned that within a few weeks, if the writer kept on his evil way he would be landed behind the bars anyway where he would not need that coat. When he saw the young man stroll away minus his coat the man chuckled. He knew that around the corner there were a dozen detectives. The very walls had eyes and the doors had ears. It was a cold day on the street. And it was a fine, warm, coat; too good to be going away and leaving it that way; too good to be lying idle. In a time when so many men were out of work, why should a good coat be lying idle, even for half an hour?

Anyway, when the author got back to the room where he had left his coat—the coat was gone. He came to himself after the first shock and realized that the copy for Demi-Tasse was also gone—along with the coat.

Not caring for the coat so much, because any man who can write a weekly Demi-Tasse should be able to keep himself warm without one, he realized that unless a great wrong were to be done to the readers of Demi-Tasse all over Canada, he must get back that copy. He went to the detectives' headquarters and informed the police that right under their noses a man had walked away with his overcoat and a bunch of copy that never could be written again. The police took up the trail. The coat, however, was not to be found. Neither the copy. What appears on this page is not what the thief stole.

"Oh, well," reasoned the author, "I guess the best way is to let the case work itself out. That thief will be sure to read every word of the copy in order to find out the kind of man that owned the coat. If he reads that—he'll get a worse punishment

than going behind the bars. Let the punishment fit the crime."

Which with due deference we submit as a case to our readers.

One on Dr. Noble.—Dr. John Noble, one of Toronto's best known medical men, a member of the Board of Education, is active in the organization of the Military Training Association of that city, and the other night he had a rather interesting time of it when he endeavoured to persuade the men of Earls Court, a suburb peopled by the British-born, to join that organization.

Among the advantages that the Doctor urged was that by joining the T. M. A. the citizens did not obligate themselves to take up arms and turn out, as is the case with the Home Guard.

This argument did not meet with general approval.

"Say, Doctor," piped up one little man near the front, "you ought to be organizing for the Safety First League."

And the laugh was on the Doctor. There was a laugh also a little later on Controller "Tommy" Church, who happened in (civic elections being not far away now), and, of course, Tommy had to make a speech. He was ignorant of the fact that scant success, if any, had rewarded the efforts to establish a corps of the T. M. A., and he rapturously waded into a speech complimenting the men of Earls Court on the splendid organization they had just completed.

War Notes.

No matter who loses in this war, John D. Rockefeller wins. They all use petrol and kerosene.

Mexico is jealous of all the space that the European nations are getting, and tries to edge into the spotlight.

If the Kiel canal would take a tip from the Panama ditch, and have a big slide!

France has commandeered all the taxicabs, well knowing the ability of taxi meters to make fierce charges.

Ireland is ready to admit that Belgium is the most unhappy land on earth—except Ireland.

Antwerp is forced to pay the salary of its German garrison without having the right to fire it.

There are people who incline to the view that it was a British plot that sent Von Bernstorff to Washington. He acts and talks like it.

An English clergyman has entered the aviation corps. You might call him a high churchman now.

In Training.—Miss Katherine Shay, a student at the University of Michigan, who is taking the engineering course, swings a heavy sledge four hours every week as part of her course. We are willing to wager that few men will be keen to marry her.

Hear It?—Italy has barred out American pork.

Now listen for the loud squeal of the American hog.

Politics Defined.—Mayor Mitchel said at a non-political banquet in New York:

"Deliver me from the professional politician. Thank goodness, there are no professional politicians here.

"A professional politician was walk-

ing along a country road one day when a farmer gave him a lift. The farmer, as they jogged along, said:

"And what trade might you be in, friend?"

"I ain't in no trade," the professional politician answered. "I'm in a profession."

"And what profession friend, might that be?"

"Politics."

"The farmer turned his head slowly and looked his guest up and down.

"Friend," he said, "that ain't a profession. It's a disease."

Next.—Down in New York they recently put on a play called "Life." Not long before they had produced one by the name of "Experience."

Why not keep up this single word title style and stage a few like the following:

"Birth."
"Death."
"Marriage."
"Divorce."

Just a Tip.—Dentists ought to make fine orators. They certainly know how to work on people's feelings.

Ambition.

I would not make the nation's laws,
Nor walk the warship's decks,
I care for neither power nor place—
Content if I, but for a space,
Might cash the nation's checks.

Cupid's Repartee.

"Tell me what it is about me
That for you has such a charm?
I was sure she couldn't doubt me
When I answered her 'my arm.'"

Then she looked up with a wink that
I interpreted meant haste,
Saying, "if that's true, I think that
We have little time to waist."

"Clever girl," I murmured, "this is
Happiness! Do you agree?"
"Yes," she answered, "and a kiss is
Cupid's proper repartee."

That's the way of love's beginning—
Smooth and simple as a song;
When a girl is worth the winning
She will help a chap along!

Explained.—"Poor Cholly tried to
blow out his brains and made a fail-
ure of it."

"Guess he couldn't find 'em."

Pithy Points.

A woman is apt to forgive a false-
hood—if it is a compliment to herself.

Many a man with an artistic tem-
perament makes a mess of it when
he draws his own conclusions.

A divorce suit is bound to suit some-
body.

All's well that ends well for the
people in the smart set.

The toper puts spirits down in or-
der to keep his spirits up.

One prize fighter seldom strikes an-
other favourably.

It's easy enough to count the cost,
but some of us find it different to
pay it.

It is to be regretted that the chap
who is always shooting off his mouth
never blows out his brains.

His History.

The boy began on cigarettes,
Which made him very pale;
And then he read dime novelettes,
And now he is in jail.

The Fear.—The people who are
promoting the great Panama Ex-
position may well fear that the nations
of Europe will have little to exhibit
next year but broken weapons and
maimed men.

One Way.—Father—"Look here,
young fellow, you've got to cut down
your college expenses somehow."

Son—"Well, father, suppose we be-
gin on the books?"

Up-to-date Women Use Diamond Dyes

It is the best-dressed women in every community who use DIAMOND DYES.

DIAMOND DYE enthusiasts never wear clothes which have lost their fresh, bright look. As soon as any gown or suit begins to lose its original beauty they recolor it—often making the fabric look better than when new.



Miss Mary Murray writes:

"My last year's suit was a light mustard color. When I took it out this fall and looked it over I thought that I would like to have another color. I talked to some of my friends about taking it to a dye house, and one of them said: 'Why don't you dye it with DIAMOND DYES.' I thought I would try my hand at it, and dyed it a dark blue.

Mustard Color Dyed Dark Blue. "I bought a white pique vestee with collar attached to wear with it."

Diamond Dyes

"A child can use them"

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

Miss Constance White writes:

"I had a very nice light green suit, of which I was very fond.

"At dinner one night a clumsy waiter spilled some soup on it. I did my best to clean it with gasoline, but without success. I was about to discard the suit when my cousin asked me why I did not dye it with DIAMOND DYES. My cousin always looks so sweet that I thought if she used DIAMOND DYES it would pay me to do so; so I went to the druggist and purchased some black DIAMOND DYES for wool or silk.

"The photograph which I enclose will show how well DIAMOND DYES did their work. Of course, the taffeta trimming is new, and I have been wearing a white linen collar with it. I think it is very pretty, and like the suit better than when I bought it."

Light Green Suit Dyed Black.

Truth about Dyes for Home Use

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

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

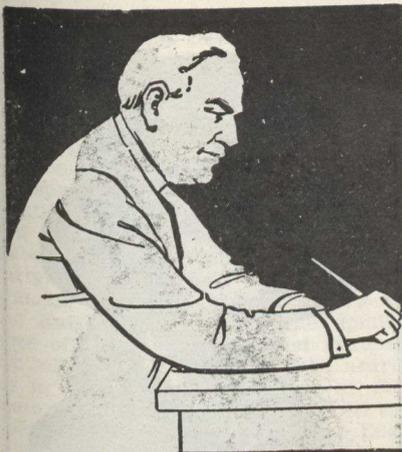
It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect color results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to color Animal Fibre Fabrics, and Vegetable Fibre Fabrics equally well in one bath.

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

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

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

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



BRAIN WORKERS

Require The Most Nourishing Food

in an easily digested form. O'Keefe's Special Extra Mild Ale comes under both heads. It has the rich nutriment of the choicest barley malt from which it is brewed. And its food properties are readily assimilated by the system.

O'Keefe's

Special
EXTRA MILD

ALE

The Beer That
Is Always O.K.

Insist on having
"O'KEEFE'S."

The O'Keefe Brewery
Co. Limited, Toronto.

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

347



OLD FRIENDS,

old books, old songs, old wine, all improve as the years roll by. They seem to come closer to you. You cherish them more, and begin to appreciate their real worth. The same ever increasing value can be applied to Federal Life Assurance Policies. They accumulate as every premium is paid. You realize what a valued investment you have. If you have not got one already maturing, take one out at once, so that some time in the future you will have it to fall back upon, if necessary, as a friend in need.

The Federal Life Assurance Co.
Home Office, Hamilton, Ont.

British America Assurance Company

(Fire)
INCORPORATED A.D. 1868
Assets over \$2,000,000.00
Losses paid since organization over \$36,000,000.00
W. B. MEIKLE, General Manager.

"TALK CORRECTLY and you will THINK CORRECTLY"

Slipshod English promotes slipshod thought. Get into the habit of careless use of words and you will soon be careless in thought. To think correctly and talk correctly, to talk correctly and think correctly, you will find "A Desk-Book of Errors in English" a very serviceable book. "Right to the Point."
12mo, cloth, 240 pages. \$1.00 post-paid.
NORMAN RICHARDSON,
181 Simcoe St., Toronto.

MONEY AND MAGNATES

A More Hopeful View

WITH sterling exchange at its normal level, north Atlantic shipping proceeding as usual, and money rates in London and New York easy, the financial situation is encouraging and favours more hopeful views of the stock market outlook. A sagacious writer at the beginning of the war made the statement that conditions in the market would be satisfactory so soon as the market believed the Kaiser was defeated. That it would not be necessary to wait until the Kaiser knew it. The markets believe that the allies will win, and it now appears as if even the Kaiser knew it. His letter to his troops in East Prussia says, "Now we must turn to the new task of protecting our hearths."

Britain's Financial Strength

CANADIAN financial leaders have been encouraged by developments in London. The most disadvantageous feature of the Canadian position at the beginning of the war was the sudden check to the flow of capital to this country. The recent arrangement by which the Canadian Government is to be financially aided through the Bank of England will to some extent relieve this country from the full effect of the check. The British Government has also undertaken to finance Australia to the extent of \$100,000,000. This pronouncement follows that of similar but smaller aid to South Africa. The Canadian Government in the spring placed a 4 per cent. issue in London, and it has been taken so well since the exchanges closed that the original subscribers have been able to reduce their indebtedness to such an extent that they can meet it without inconvenience. John Bull's purse, as depicted by the cartoonist, is ample to provide for these colonial requirements.



JOHN BULL'S MONEY BAG.

The assistance that the British Government is giving to colonial financing shows that it is "a long, long way to the tip o' the stocking."

000,000 of one, two, and three-year notes, on a 5½ per cent. basis. The rates of these two issues are a good index of the change in the price of money. Last spring Ontario Provincial issues were obtainable on a 4.40 per cent. basis and the City of Toronto's at only a slightly higher cost to the city. In the panic of 1907 investors who were able to secure any Toronto issues on a 5 per cent. basis knew that they had a bargain.

Hollinger Gold Mines

BECAUSE the majority of people who place funds in mining stocks lose is not sufficient reason for condemning the mining industry. Canada has rich mineral resources, and those who develop them are benefiting the country. The Cobalt camp has added millions to the country's wealth, and the Porcupine camp is doing the same. The Cobalt camp was considered a "freak" by reason of the phenomenal riches of certain veins and barrenness of others just beside of them. In Porcupine there has not been developed the same general average of production. The Hollinger Mine so far stands out as the leader. It has been developed by Canadians, and they are reaping a handsome reward for their enterprise. So far over \$4,000,000 has been distributed. The price of the stock is still about the highest level it has ever reached, showing holders' confidence that much more is yet expected. The management has proved itself thoroughly conservative in its estimates in the past, thus inspiring this confidence.

Montreal Greatest Grain Po

MONTREAL is gaining this year in her position as the greatest grain exporting port on the continent. In 1913, a new high record was made when the total exports of grains from Montreal amounted to 54,305,000 bushels, an increase of 15,000,000 bushels, or 39 per cent. over the figures for the previous year. The Harbour Commissioners estimate that this year's total shipments amount to almost 70,000,000 bushels, placing Montreal far and away in advance of any other grain exporting port on the continent. A comparative table showing the shipments of grain from the leading ports of the continent has just been compiled. As a matter of fact, Montreal shipped out almost as much as any two other ports on the continent. The figures show as follows: Montreal 53,974,000; New York, 34,221,479; Baltimore, 28,400,962; Galveston, 21,533,800; New Orleans, 19,727,312; Philadelphia, 14,677,007; Boston, 13,081,921; Portland, 6,900,999; St. John, 5,472,421.

Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

Toronto Street, Toronto

ESTABLISHED 1885.

President—W. G. Gooderham.
First Vice-President—W. D. Matthews.

Second Vice-President—G. W. Monk.
Joint General Managers—R. S. Hudson, John Massey.

Superintendent of Branches and Secretary—George H. Smith.

Paid-up Capital \$ 6,000,000.00
Reserve Fund (earned)... 4,250,000.00
Investments 31,826,618.37

Deposits Received Debentures Issued

Associated with the above Corporation and under the same direction and management is

THE CANADA PERMANENT TRUST COMPANY

incorporated by the Dominion Parliament. This Trust Company is now prepared to accept and execute Trusts of every description, to act as Executor, Administrator, Liquidator, Guardian, Curator or Committee of the Estate of a Lunatic, etc. Any branch of the business of a Legitimate Trust Company will have careful and prompt attention.

We own and offer a
wide range of Canadian City Bonds to
Yield 5% to 5¾%

Particulars Upon Request

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION-LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1901
TORONTO MONTREAL LONDON ENG

Cawthra Mulock & Co.

Members of
Toronto Stock Exchange

Brokers
And
Bankers

12 KING STREET EAST
TORONTO, CANADA

CABLE ADDRESS--CAWLOCK, TORONTO

The Imperial Trusts Company of Canada

ESTABLISHED 1887

4% Allowed on Deposits
Withdrawable by Cheque

5% Paid on Guaranteed
Investments

MORTGAGES PURCHASED

HEAD OFFICE:
15 Richmond St. West, Toronto
Tel. M. 2 4

OUR LONDON LETTER

The Temple, London,
November 3, 1914.

THE blue shoulder- straps with "Canada" in letters of brass upon them, and the maple leaf badges on the men's caps, are becoming familiar objects in London streets. It is interesting to note the contrast between the soldier of the regular British army and the men of the Canadian contingent. Both men of fine physique, the Tommy is best described as "stocky," thickset and burly; on the other hand, the characteristic of the Canadian is lithness, he walks with more swing to his "military swagger" than Mr. Atkins, he is slimmer, and has an indescribable air of what Thackeray called "don't-care-a-damn-iveness." Of course, in comparing them one must keep in mind that the Canadian who has come over with these contingents is a picked man in a picked force, and, consequently, the average is considerably higher than the average of the whole British army.

London, especially female London, has taken your splendid young men very much to its heart, and proud is the damsel who can sport a maple leaf brooch, and these ladies who have discovered a long-lost-sight-of relative among the Canadian contingents raise much envy in the breasts of their friends, a fact which naturally gives any properly constituted female heart considerable satisfaction.

Amesbury, the little Salisbury Plain station, where the Canadians left the train for their camps, is also the station for Stonehenge, and is very near to the proposed Royal residence I mentioned in my last letter. Just as in the forgotten ages the priests of that mystic Druidical circle looked eastward for the sun, so now many of the very flower of your Western manhood look eagerly east for the hope of present glory. May their arms be crowned with signal success, and may they bring their wholesome clean young lives safe back to you in Canada.

Her Dear Majesty

SHOULD I venture upon a description of the work of women in time of war, I should require a whole issue of the Courier, and a command of complimentary adjectives never found outside of France, but I may just mention a few of the innumerable feminine activities with which I have come into personal contact. I have heard Queen Mary described very prettily by a child as "Her dear Majesty," and the simple domesticity of her life makes the description as apt as it is pretty. As well in the private as in the public functions of her great position, the Queen is working heart and soul for the comfort of the men at the front, and the relief of those who have been impoverished by the war. The constant strain of encouraging by her presence the numerous organizations at whose head her name stands, does not prevent Her Majesty from the exercise of the simple arts of knitting and sewing in her scanty spare time. It is said that in every private room of the Royal Household there is some form of knitting or needlework, so that each vacant moment may be seized upon without delay. This is so characteristic that I think it must be true. Among the recent gifts of Queen Mary's Needlework Guild is a large supply of clothing to the Queen's Canadian Military Hospital at Shorncliffe.

The Princess Mary is inaugurating a scheme to send to every one of our soldiers in France a box of smokers' requisites, upon the cover of which a specially prepared picture of the Princess will be enamelled. In this the Princess is following the example of her great-grandmother. Many households to-day treasure very highly the "Queen's Chocolate Box," sent out by Queen Victoria to her soldiers at the Boer War. The Royal ladies share the common toil, as well as their own additional burdens, and they are, as I write, sharing intimately in the common sorrow. Lieutenant Prince

Maurice of Battenberg, who died recently of his wounds, was the son of Prince Henry, who died in 1896, in the Ashanti War, in the service of his adopted country, and of Princess Beatrice, the youngest daughter of Queen Victoria. So that the young Prince—he was only 23—was a first cousin of the King.

And Some Other Ladies

BUT feminine activity, like feminine sorrow and suffering, is not confined to the Royal House. Among the many excellent schemes which have arisen from the war, is one engendered by the Central Committee on Women's Employment. It is a "back to the land" movement, for providing work for the numerous East London factory girls, who have been thrown into unemployment, and consequent destitution, owing to the closing down of works during the war. But the scheme has an additional value, besides the excellent one of staving off unemployment; it includes a very determined skirmish in the war against German trade. Upon the model farms that are being established, besides the normal employments of fruit, flower and vegetable growing, the industries of fruit pulping, vegetable drying, and bottling new unsweetened fruit preserves are being inculcated, all of them for the first time in this country, and all of them formerly centred in Germany.

This is indirect but very real help. The most serious question here at home is unemployment at present, and especially in the case of women.

Upon women, too, so much of the state of mind of the nation depends, and the temper of the men who go out to keep the barbarian from the quiet English homes. In a letter recently issued by the wives of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of Rochester and Southwark, this is very fully and very beautifully remarked; it is addressed to the girls of England, and speaking of the soldiers and the effect upon them of the women's attitude, it says, "For the men and lads who are now leaving to take their part in it, it is a matter of life and death. For many of them it may mean death. Be very careful that, so far as you are concerned, no one of them shall carry away with him, as his last remembrance of the women and girls of England, anything but what is pure and gentle and straight and true."

HAROLD TRACY POOLEY.

Is There a Slav Peril?

(Continued from page 8.)

Moscow, and from Archangel on the Arctic to Turkenstan on the flowery, sunshiny borders of Persia—there are but 50,000 miles of railway, most of which are built and operated by the Government. In this sense alone may Russia be called a glacier; in the slow movement of masses of either troops or population over her sparse railways. But the Russian railway programme for the first ten years after this war anticipates ten thousand miles a year, reaching a grand total of 150,000 miles of railway by somewhere close to the end of the first quarter of the twentieth century. And by Mr. Armstrong's opinion, Russia sees infinitely more value in fifty miles of railway than in one Dreadnought costing an equal amount.

"Russia is not a warlike nation," he said; "but she is a land of simple, plain, trusting people who, when imbued as they are now with one great purpose the ultimate crushing of the pan-Germanic wall that since Bismarck's day has blocked her path to the west—know how to fight and to endure as well as any soldiers in the world."

He paid a high tribute to the cultured intelligence of the middle-class and higher-class Russian who knows many languages and has a keen knowledge of the world; to the statesmen of Russia who have learned what to



The Best Reason Why You Should Drink

SEAL BRAND COFFEE

Is, Because You Will Like It.

CHASE & SANBORN
MONTREAL

148

The Most Popular Perfume in Daily Use

INDISPENSABLE ON EVERY DRESSING-TABLE



REFUSE SUBSTITUTES!

Always be sure to look for our Trade Mark on the neck of the bottle.

LUXFER PRISMS

deflect a clear white out-of-doors light into obscure interiors of stores, offices, dwellings, etc., making them not only abundantly light, but dry and sanitary. They effect a material saving in the cost of artificial light. Let us solve your lighting problems.

The Luxfer Prism Company, Limited
100 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.

Alma (Ladies) College

Attractively situated. Picked faculty.

For prospectus and terms write the Principal
R. I. Warner, M.A., D.D., St. Thomas, Ont.

64



Prepared in Canada

A Soft, Youthful, Complexion

and pearly white appearance that will be the source of pride to you and your friends. This is within the reach of every woman who will consistently use

Gourard's Oriental Cream

The ideal liquid face powder. It does not clog the pores or encourage the growth of hair. One application will render to the skin that soft, rich, pearly white complexion so much desired by the refined women. It far exceeds the results obtained by dry powders and has not their many objections.

Let us send you a free sample, so you can try it at our expense. Send 10c to cover mailing.

At Druggists and Dept. Stores
Small size 60c. Large size \$1.50.

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, Prop.
474 St. Paul St., Montreal
1 37 Great Jones St., New York

avoid in imitating Germany, and what to gain by copying after the model of England in matters of government; to the army and the navy which since the revolution has never known a kopeck of graft in any department; to the abolition of the secret police and the spy system which was too much identified with the revolution itself; and to the Czar of Russia who is a sincere, purposeful man, bent upon carrying out the new modern programme in Russia quite as much as the Kaiser ever was on the dominance of the feudal militarist system. He believes that Russia will be heartily in favour of disarmament at the close of this war; that she will be an open market for the factories of England, Canada and America, but not for a long while for the industrial products of Germany her next-door neighbour? He observes that Russia has already tackled the problem of national illiteracy which she herself recognizes as a menace when the illiterates take part in a revolution that was at one time supported by the educated classes. In this she has been under a severe handicap owing to the prevalence of revolutionary and anarchistic ideas in the great universities—now a matter of history. Popular education and the gradual enfranchisement of those fit to take part in the affairs of state are in the programme of the new modern Russia. And gradually from the top downwards by the diffusion of practical ideas, and from the bottom upwards by the betterment of social and economic conditions, Russia is preparing herself to take part in the new religion of sociology and liberalism that will succeed the great war.

"A Slav peril?" repeated Mr. Armstrong. "A Russian barbarism?"

"Well, if there is—it is the most hopeful peril and the most enlightened barbarism the world ever knew."

New Zealand and War

(Concluded from page 6.)

gle should be concluded at an early date, which there does not seem any hope for at present, our expenditure on actual war preparations and maintenance will not fall short of £10,000,000, or \$50,000,000. And our population is only just over the million mark! I think New Zealanders may justly be proud of the part they are taking.

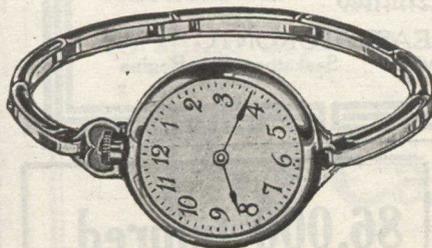
Our big sister nation in Australia, meanwhile, has not been idle. She has prepared a force of 25,000 men to go to Europe, and has sent her warships to capture German New Guinea and the New Britain Islands—a task that entailed some fighting and the loss of several men. The most serious feature of this exploit was the loss of a submarine and all her crew. She got separated from the other vessels, and how she perished or where she lies remains one of the secrets of the ocean. An election has displaced the Liberal Government in the Commonwealth, and in its stead the Right Hon. Andrew Fisher returns to office with a strong Labour Ministry. There will, however, be no change in the whole-hearted Imperialism of the military policy which the Cook Administration carried on, unless it be in the direction of enlarging the measure of aid to be offered—and given—to the Imperial authorities should the necessity arise. The Australian navy has early had its baptism of war, and has stood the test well. It will probably produce a change of feeling in other parts of the Empire regarding matters of naval policy when the more presently engrossing features of the war are past.

New Zealand, politically, is almost at a dead-end. The session will close in a few days, and then we shall be in the vortex of an election campaign which promises to be lively.

A colliery disaster at Huntly, in the Auckland Province, cost forty-three lives a month ago. It is considered the explosion which caused the holocaust was due to the ignition of coal dust. There has only been one worse mine disaster in New Zealand, at Brunner in 1896, when sixty-nine lives were lost.

FRANK H. MORGAN.

A dainty gift
which both adorns and serves



Waltham Convertible Wrist Watch

Although the Waltham Convertible Bracelet Watch is the daintiest and most practical wrist watch which has been devised, its price is by no means forbidding. For example, an exceedingly pretty model, in which both watch and bracelet are gold filled, is offered for \$17.50. It contains 7 jewels and it is guaranteed as fully worthy of the world-wide Waltham tradition for truthful time-telling.

If you are not familiar with the many exclusive advantages of the Waltham Bracelet Watches you should visit your jeweler and examine them. An especially unique Waltham feature is that the watch can be detached from the bracelet and worn alone if desired.

Write us for booklet and general information.

Waltham Watch Company

Canada Life Bldg., St. James Street, Montreal

FRENCH NATURAL TABLE WATER

By Special Appointment

To H.M. King George V.

Perrier

The Champagne of Table Waters

The Ideal Water alone, or with Wines or Spirits.

IN THE BEST HOTELS & RESTAURANTS OF THE ENTIRE WORLD

NEWSPAPER SELLING

for boys on FRIDAYS and SATURDAYS is good for their health and pocket book. It specially helps on that Christmas feeling later on. No trouble about boys selling the "Canadian Courier."

Ask for an opportunity

The Strange Tale of a Fish

(Continued from page 9.)

will pity me. There may be a good many, too, who won't care a rap either way." She mused over this last.

"There's been three more reporters here this morning, asking for pictures," said Cora. "Your mother seen 'em."

"Not a doubt of it," returned the other, dangling a pink foot over the side of the bed.

The motion of that swinging foot brought a flood of memories to her. She saw herself sitting on a big gray rock, dabbling her feet in the crystal waters of a silent pool; she felt herself slipping from that rock almost noiselessly into the deeps and rising to the surface blowing the drops from her eyes and swimming to a wood-scented shore. And her arm twitched with longing, as in imagination her fingers closed over a slim rod, at the end of which three flies swayed delicately on the surface of the pool. She even looked with disgust at the pink draped bed, thinking of a rude couch of balsam boughs, sweeter than all the perfumes of Arabia to the true lover of the wilds. Then her thoughts wandered off to Dick Bartlett and she shook her lithe young body in its lace drapery, as though to free herself of the fetters which bound her to reporters, fittings, a wedding cake ten stories high and all the other tiresome mummeries of a great society wedding.

"I've half a mind to chuck it," she said rebelliously and aloud.

Cora, impatient, disapproving, stood negligee and slippers in hand.

"Can't see any sense in spoilin' dresses just for want of a fittin'," she remarked.

"What's to-day?" asked Mildred, suddenly.

"Monday. And in three more days you'll be gone!"

Mildred laughed.

"And your troubles will be over," she said.

"Your bath's getting cold," suggested the laconic Cora.

All through the tedious morning Mildred kept saying resentfully to herself,

"Isn't Dick the lucky man? Off there in the woods with none of this fuss and flurry; He has escaped everything—and, oh, the showers I have had to endure—they are enough to have drowned me!"

Mrs. Ellery took a different view.

"It is strange that Richard is not back," she said. "I thought he would have taken the night train and reached here this morning. It does not look very gracious, I must say, to avoid all the entertaining which should have been given to both of you."

"He'll be stuffed with it tomorrow," the girl replied.

TUESDAY morning brought no bridegroom. Ushers and best man began to show signs of grouchiness—the only thing they enjoyed about the wedding was the thought of making a fool of Dick. Mrs. Ellery was distinctly nervous and was at her wits' end for excuses when so many inquiries were made for the missing groom. When Wednesday morning came bringing no sign of Bartlett she was in a state of total collapse. Even Mildred, who would have been delighted to forego the ordeal as planned by her mother and called in the society columns "nuptials," and who in the depth of her sporting soul sympathized with Dick, even Mildred felt sorry for her. A dozen times during the early morning she wandered distractedly into her daughter's room, crying:

"What do you think has happened?"

To which the girl consistently answered:

"I don't think anything has happened. He has probably forgotten all about the wedding! You know, nothing is of much consequence when you're fishing."

"Oh!" Mrs. Ellery's tone and manner suggested that she had come to the limit of her endurance. "How can you take the thing so calmly? And why, in the name of Heaven, could you not have chosen a human being instead of a savage like Richard Bartlett. This will ruin you, Mildred, in

spite of all I can do. You take my word for it—it will ruin you."

"Jilted for a fish," murmured the girl, smiling a little. "It is a pretty fancy." Then seeing her mother's face, she cried: "There, now, mother, don't worry any more! I have a plan. Just leave it to dad and me. By to-morrow noon, we will be dressed in our wedding clothes and the affair will be 'the most brilliant of the season.' I mean it!"

Monday had been for Bartlett barren of result. Tuesday the King Pin had taken some notice of the Scarlet Ibis, and once had bitten at him. This was at the exact moment set apart by Dick for saying good-bye to the little lost pool, and making for civilization and Mildred. Unfortunately, the minutes slipped by while His Majesty swam around and about, getting a view of the fly from all angles, and to Dick's consternation he found he had missed the golden opportunity of making the train back.

"By the jumping gods, Peter," he said, "while it is an ill wind—well, there's no use quoting you—while this misfortune gives me another try at the king, it is not giving up trouble for me with a certain severe party I know."

"Madame?" queried the grinning Pierre.

"YOU guess well. But to-morrow, mind, there must be no such stingy margin. We've got to leave in good time. Savez."

"Sure," said Pierre, cheerfully, to the accompaniment of frying bacon.

Four o'clock on Wednesday morning found Dick examining his hat-band. He made a careful selection, and cast. For hours he waited for something to happen, every now and then calling to Pierre to know the time. At ten o'clock he changed his flies, and was rewarded by a sight of the big fish, who was plainly uneasy, but had not sufficient curiosity to deliver himself into the hands of his enemy. Two hours rolled slowly by. Then—

At precisely five minutes to twelve, when the kit lay packed on the trail and Pierre crept through the bushes to tell his M'sieu that time was up, the leader went down with a swift, sure jerk.

"Mon Dieu," whispered the guide trembling, "c'est le roi! You get him!"

Under his tan Dick paled a little. Although his hand and his eye were steady, his nostrils quivered.

Sure enough the King Pin awaking from a delightful nap, forgetting the invasion of his territory by a queer species of fly, he saw a brilliant Ibis skimming on the surface of the pool. He bethought him of a meal, and bit. Even when he learned his mistake, he did not worry. Not he!

With a playful dart, he made for the fallen tree, where there were a dozen snags under and over which he could twist that slender thread and free himself. A sudden backward jerk on a slack line would, he knew by instinct, reverse the fly in his mouth. The kingfisher's wife, sitting on the end of the tree, should see him fool the great beast on the edge of the pool.

The reel buzzed merrily as the fish swam the length of the pool, with Dick's sensitive thumb just touching it. No sooner had the King darted amongst the snags than it tightened a little, and he felt the strain of that annoying hook. He tried several turnings always to find himself held in tighter than he had thought possible of that slim thread the other end of which was in the great beast's hand. Back he darted toward a friendly rock, hoping to free himself there, if not during the run for it. There were sharp jags, he knew, where with so taut a line as that in his mouth, he could saw himself loose. And he rather laughed in his fins, in the swimming.

But to his surprise, when he reached the rock, the line was loosened, in no way could he make it tight enough to saw; indeed, he was obliged to keep swimming in order to feel that it was

How to Keep Your Savings

WE RECEIVE sums of \$500 and upwards for investment for periods of three to five years. We guarantee the investment with interest at 4½ per cent.

This is our Guaranteed Trust Investment plan—a safe and satisfactory way to employ your surplus funds.

**National Trust
Company Limited**

18-22 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO
Montreal Winnipeg Edmonton Saskatoon Regina



As Easy to Light as
a Gas Jet.

TO light the Rayo Lamp you don't have to risk burnt and oily fingers. You can do it easily without removing shade or chimney.

**Rayo
LAMP**

The Rayo is the best kerosene lamp made. It is clean and convenient—does not smoke or smell, because it is made on the proper scientific principles.

The Rayo gives a strong, clear and steady light, and is the ideal lamp for the home.

Dealers everywhere carry the Rayo. Write for descriptive circular.

ROYALITE OIL
is the best for all uses.



**THE IMPERIAL OIL
COMPANY, LIMITED**

Toronto Montreal Winnipeg
Ottawa Quebec Calgary
Halifax St. John Regina
Vancouver Edmonton Saskatoon

86,000 Injured 10,000 Killed

These official figures for the latest fiscal year represent the unprecedented record of injury and slaughter on the railway systems of the United States. The epidemic of wrecks is rapidly increasing. Since July 1st, 268 lives have been lost in railway wrecks, not counting hundreds of casualties. The reason back of almost every recent smash-up can be almost invariably expressed in the two words:

"I FORGOT"

Either the despatcher, the operator, the conductor, the engineer, or the brakeman FORGOT something vitally important. Beyond every mechanical safeguard, every provision of "standard code," or special rule lies the "human factor," and the most important element in this factor is MEMORY. This is true of every branch of the operating department of every railway, and it is true of almost every other responsible position in active life. If you want your memory as infallible as it is possible to get it, study "Assimilative Memory."

How to Attend and Never Forget

which is the title of the book that contains the complete LOISETTE MEMORY SYSTEM. This system, which formerly has been sold only under the most rigid restrictions and at a high price, develops and brings into action dormant and hitherto unused memory power. It gives a right direction to mental functions and powers, completely abolishing mind-wandering and insuring ACCURACY and PRECISION of thought. It increases by many fold the value of every mind. 12mo, cloth. \$3.00 post-paid.

NORMAN RICHARDSON,
181 Simcoe St., Toronto.

FITS CURED

Send for Free Book giving full particulars of TRENCH'S REMEDY, the world-famous cure for Epilepsy and Fits—Simple home treatment. 25 years' success. Testimonials from all parts of the world; over 1,000 in one year.

TRENCH'S REMEDIES, LIMITED,
419 St. James Chambers, Toronto.
Phone M. 4970.

A DESK BOOK OF ERRORS IN ENGLISH

Associate Editor of the Standard Dictionary, treats the hundred and one questions that arise in daily speech and correspondence which are not treated of in the dictionary.

The New York Times: "The scope and plan of the volume, which is of handy size and alphabetical arrangement, strike one as pleasantly sane and sound."

12 mo. cloth, 240 pages. Price \$1.00 post-paid.

NORMAN RICHARDSON
181 Simcoe Street, Toronto

there at all. Then he stopped to think it over.

And Dick sat above him and waited. The fish saw his best plan; it was to lie still and wait, and wait, and wait. So that when the big monster above grew tired and curious and jerked to see if he was still on, His Majesty would pull in the opposite direction, reverse the hook, as it were, and live again.

But the fish tired first. With a vicious jerk, he darted down into a rocky cleft and began to swim rapidly back and forth, there. Had he but known it, that jerk was the happiest signal he could have given Dick. It had not been an easy matter to sit still such a long, long time, with never a sign. But now, with a deep sigh of contentment, he settled himself for a tedious but glorious fight, every thought centered on the end of the slender rod which he held in his bronzed hand.

And Pierre, like an ugly squat shadow, crouched behind him, eyes glittering and beady, landing net in a steady hand.

The sun slipped several cogs nearer the west; the sylvan tunnel grew darker as the tall pines opposite shut out the light; the heavy hush of mid-day settled over the forest and even the birds and insects were silent. Only the agonized flirt of the tiring fish broke the stillness until almost two hours had passed. Pierre, a shade less intent than his M'sieu, heard a noise. He scented human presence and scowled. This was no time for interruption.

"Are you ready?" whispered Bartlett.

"Oui, M'sieu," whispered the man in answer, bending farther forward.

Down the length of the pool came the conquered King. He dragged a little, but he was tired—so tired—that when within a few yards of the spot where Dick stood, he turned over on his side and gave up the fight.

With a whoop which matched Dick's very own, a girl bounded from the bushes, and shouted.

"Bully for you, boy! It was a splendid battle! An inch of slack, a half wink tighter, would have freed him. And, Dickie, he's bigger than mine," she ended, generously.

Breathing hard, Dick looked up stupified. Peeping from a leafy cover was Ba'tiste Laframboise, and out on the edge of the pool stood Mildred

Ellery. "Pierre!" gasped the conqueror, "what time is it?"

"Too late to catch the train, my boy," she said. "No wedding bells for me!"

"Mildred!"

Paragraphs will hardly describe the numerous emotions in the one word. "I came after my reluctant bridegroom," she continued, teasingly. "Unless you have changed your mind," and she made as though to take a beautiful gleaming hoop from her finger.

"Oh, Mil, honestly—you can ask Pierre! We are all packed and ready out there on the trail! He bit, why it was just a few minutes ago, and—

and—"

Of course she should have tortured him further; any self-respecting woman would. But Mildred was not that kind; she was a sport from her heels up, and she knew, she knew. "Never mind, old man," she said. "Let us have something to eat, and push on for the Club. Fortunately for you, dad got the minister to run out his special, and we will be home by midnight. Dad and he are at the Club."

"With or at?" asked Dick anxiously.

"At. You have nothing to fear from them, and probably when we bring you in, mother's joy and relief will be so great she will do little more than weep on your buzzom. But when the first spasm has worn off—"

"I deserve it," groaned repentant Richard. Then with a change of manner, "but, I say, Mil, isn't he a lalla-poullusa?"

"All of that. He is five and three-quarters, I heard Pierre say just now."

Of course the newspapers got hold of the story, and, of course, some of them garbled it worse than others. But they were pretty unanimous in one item. It ran:

"Among the gifts of the bridegroom to the bride was a mounted trout. This splendid specimen was captured but a few days before the wedding, weighs five and three-quarter pounds, and is highly prized by the bride who is an enthusiastic sportswoman herself. Mr. Ellery, the father of the bride, has fitted up a cabin in the woods for the happy young couple, where it is feared they will spend most of their summers."

And for once the papers guessed right.

LAUGHING AT LIFE

Number Four—The Monotony of Weddings

By GEORGE EDGAR

Author of "The Blue Birdseye," etc.

SOMEONE ought to invent a new form of wedding. People are beginning to realise how dreadfully monotonous a wedding ceremony is, but the nearest we have to change is an alteration in the method of going to the celebration. People still walk and drive to the church in the old-fashioned way, but of late more enterprising young persons have motored, cycled, and even flown to the ceremony. I have heard of couples being married in a balloon and down a coal-pit, and now and again folk are married in registry offices. In some respects, through its prosaic form, a wedding in a registry office is as original as any method of being united, but you cannot make the average woman believe in the idea. Though you can be as hopelessly and as positively married in a registry office as you can anywhere else, the process does not seem the same kind of thing. Orange blossoms, a procession of bridesmaids, the "Voice that breathed o'er Eden," and a salute of confetti at the church door, are essentials of the correctly planned wedding. No woman is really satisfied in her heart of hearts with the services of a registrar. They make her think of county courts, of fiscal receivers in bankruptcy, and the interminable chase after the impossible—the perfect housemaid or cook—introduced for a fee by the proprietor of a servants' registry.

The wedding is a family affair. In some respects, I do not blame the family. They are making

sure that Laura or Kate leaves home for keeps, and naturally they are entitled to hold some sort of festivity to betray their joy over the fact. Some girls never do leave home. They remain to criticise the old man after his usual late night at the club, or to see mother is properly dressed when she goes out fine walking. Parents of such girls begin to feel too old to live at fifty. One man I knew, who had a daughter who would not leave home, after trying the usual methods without any tangible gain, began to tell possible husbands that his wedding present, when that particular daughter happened to find a mate, would be £1,000 spot cash. That did it. No power on earth could have kept the girl at home. The man who won her—I recall he wanted to start in the boot trade for himself—would have gone through fire and water for the lady—and the cheque. He considered his enterprise well worth the sacrifice. And the old man—well he paid out the cheque without batting an eyelid, and did not even think about the sacrifice.

Marriage by Proxy.

MYSELF, as I never go to weddings—now—I do not care how monotonous they are. But judging from the experience I have had of a variety of such celebrations, my whole complaint is that it ought to be possible to hold an ordinary number nine-sized wedding without dragging the bridegroom into it. No

Largely increased dividends

Will be paid in January, 1915, to holders of Canada Life policies eligible to share in them at that date.

The Canada Life can do this

because its earnings of surplus in the past five years have established new records in the history of Canadian Life Insurance.

Herbert C. Cox,

President and General Manager

N.B.—The Company will gladly forward on request an interesting illustration of dividends already paid its policy holders. Address Canada Life Assurance Co., Toronto.

5% DEBENTURES

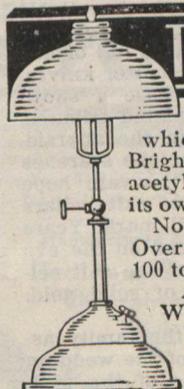
INTEREST PAID EVERY SIX MONTHS

Capital Paid Up, \$2,000,060.00
Assets - - \$5,000,000.00

Those who have the intention of making an investment, should write us for particulars of our five per cent. debentures. The safety of this security is easily explained and the splendid interest return makes them very attractive. Complete report for 1913 sent on request.

STANDARD RELIANCE MORTGAGE CORPORATION

Head Office, 82-88 King St. E. Toronto



The BEST LIGHT

A soft, luminous light, which casts no shadow. Brighter than electricity or acetylene. Makes and burns its own gas. Costs 2c a week. No dirt, smoke nor odor. Over 200 styles, ranging from 100 to 2000 candle power. Absolutely guaranteed.

Write for illustrated catalog. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. THE BEST LIGHT CO. 448 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

A Letter
A Card
A Word
Proclaim a
Gentleman or
Gentlewoman

Personal appearance counts for a good deal in our intercourse. A slovenly letter, a soiled calling card or a bad use of English all betray ignorance or ill-breeding. A gentleman or gentlewoman is known

by their particular attention to all these things. Let us help you to use words with care and discrimination. 'A Desk Book of Errors in English' is just the little book to help you in using the right word at the right time and right place. A very handy and very direct little book. By Frank H. Vezetelly.

12mo. Cloth, \$1.00 postpaid. Norman Richardson, - 181 Simco St., Toronto

YOU NEVER TIRE OF



CUTICURA SOAP

Because of its refreshing fragrance, absolute purity and delicate emollient skin-purifying properties derived from Cuticura Ointment.

Samples Free by Mail

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. book. Address "Cuticura," Dept. 22H, Boston, U.S.A.



Bowel Troubles of Babies

Common sense and Neave's Food will bring any baby through the dreaded "first year" in health and strength.

Neave's Milk Food prevents bowel troubles. It is a perfectly balanced food—and an easily digested food. It is true milk diet—absolutely free of starch—and richer than cow's milk.

Neave's MILK FOOD

(Starchless)
FOR BABIES

is always the same and is not affected by the weather. You can depend upon it and make it baby's only food from birth. Neave's Milk Food is sold in airtight tins by all druggists in Canada.

FREE TO MOTHERS—Write today for free tin of Neave's Milk Food and copy of our book "Hints About Baby", to the

Canadian Agent—EDWIN UTLEY,
14 C Front Street East, TORONTO.

Mrs. J. R. NEAVE & CO., England.

Cash's Woven Names

An Ideal Holiday Gift

Are better than marking ink for wearing apparel, household linen, etc. Any name in fast color thread can be woven into fine white cambric tape. 2.00 for 12 doz., \$1.25 for 6 doz., 85c for 3 doz. duty paid. These markings more than save their cost by preventing laundry losses. They make a dainty, individual gift—have your friends' names woven. Orders filled in a week through your dealer, or write for samples, order blanks, catalogue of woven names, trimmings, frillings, etc., direct to

J. & J. CASH, Ltd.

301A St. James St., Montreal, Can.
or 305 Chestnut St., So. Norwalk, Conn., U.S.A.

\$150 Per Month and Expenses

SAVARY OR COMMISSION—Introducing our King Butter Separator. Produces best grade of butter from cream or milk, sweet or sour, in less than 5 minutes. Write for our free sample and salary propositions.

DE KING Manufacturing Co., Dept. 44, Chicago, Illinois

bridegroom ever wants to go to a wedding. For a wedding, he has to go to the expense of buying clothes he cannot use at any other function. That is a dead loss to begin with, for a man cannot get married often enough to wear out his wedding suit. There ought to be some way of arranging a marriage ceremony without dragging the bridegroom into it. The girl could have her wedding dress, retinue of bridesmaids and procession down the centre aisle. The man who gives her away, might do his duty. Someone could be engaged who, free from excitement, might be trusted to produce the ring without a fumble. The clergy, the organist, the verger, the bellringers, the job master, could do their usual work and draw their fees. Tearful old ladies, smelling strongly of gin, who make a hobby of weddings and funerals, would not be deprived of the spectacle. Poor relations would still have a free junketing, two helpings of lobster and carte blanche at the champagne. No one would really miss the bridegroom. He might remain at his club over his last game of pool, or snooker. And when the wedding was over, someone could easily undertake the task of tapping him on the shoulder, and breaking the sad news to him that he is married. Then he could just catch the 5.25 p.m. and take his seat in the specially reserved compartment.

The Bridegroom's Farewell.

IN all essentials, weddings are alike, whether they happen in cottages or palaces. Everyone forgets the bridegroom for a week or two before the event. They leave him alone and he is the only happy man in those all too brief days before the ceremony. You will find him attending select little Bohemian functions, drinking unwisely, and making apt speeches in return for presents of fish slicers, marble clocks which never go, and pairs of bronze ornaments. Then he gives little farewell banquets on his own account, and makes more speeches. In his attitude to life at this moment, he reminds one of the palmy days at the Old Bailey, when gentlemen of the road, booked through for Tyburn Tree, filled in the interval of grace by holding a series of levees and delivering last dying speeches to the admiring multitude. Before a wedding, no bride can be expected to remember the man whose presence is necessary to make the completion of the ceremony possible. A girl confronted with her wedding has to think hard about clothes all the waking day, and to spend at least eight hours of each twenty-four enjoying the mysterious process of trying on. The old man who is naturally glad he will not have any more dressmakers' bills to pay on her behalf, becomes mighty generous. He feels inclined to open his purse strings, do the thing well, and see that Laura or Kate has at least a gown and a going-away costume worth describing to the reporters in language no one ever understands.

The Day Before.

AS for the wedding itself—well it runs the usual course. Really, the ceremony begins the day before with the house turned upside down. Laura spends the best part of the day completing the "trying on" process with the dressmaker. The rest of the house is filled with empty boxes and a litter of packing material—the contents of the boxes, wedding presents, being exhibited on the sideboard, and every other available table. I never think of wedding presents without seeing houses full of fish slicers, salt cellars, and butter knives. A wedding seems to cause a snowstorm of these electro-plated tributes. And ah! the sadness in the appraising eyes of the bride, as she searches amongst the litter in the vain hope that at least one set of salt cellars will bear the silver hall mark. Years ago, a bride dropped dead on the eve of her wedding. One of the salt cellars turned out to be of solid gold. The shock killed her.

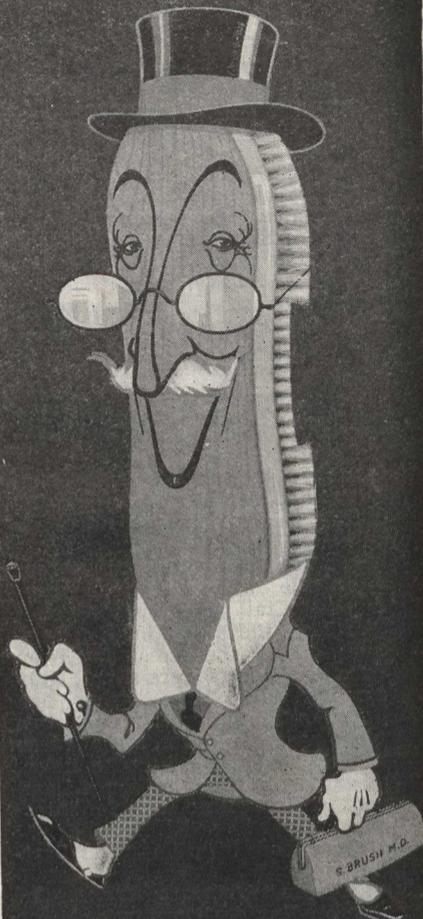
All the members of the family assemble on the evening of the wedding to catch a first glimpse of the wedding dress, the moment it has sur-

vived the last "trying on" process. All the bride's girl friends call—and giggle. Two sips at a glass of port wine and a nibble at the sultana cake of middle-class hospitality, reduce the bride's friends to the giggling state. Uncle Albert—with money and an atmosphere of opulence capable of exciting expectations—arrives from a distance. Travelling not less than fifty miles always starts his gout, and makes him bad-tempered. And Aunt Martha, who lives about twenty miles down the line, has buried two husbands and six children, comes to sniff aloud and hope the bride will be very happy, though you feel she regards matrimonial happiness as the most remote of the miracles. Everyone comes, everyone talks, everyone opens parcels, everyone prices the wedding presents. Even the bridegroom comes late in the evening. He just drops in, so to speak, as a guarantee of good faith. No one takes any notice of him, but if there are any thirteen-year-old children in the house, he is allowed to play with them in the basement or the hall passage. About ten o'clock, overcome with trying on, making an inventory of all the presents, and a mental valuation of each one, down to the last butter knife—the bride faints or becomes hysterical. Uncle Albert, displaying slight inflammatory symptoms, tries to quarrel with the bridegroom. Uncle Albert's anger is diverted by another glass of whisky, and the bridegroom is sent away by the rest of the party, the final impression left on his mind being that all regard him as a man capable of child murder or petty larceny.

What the Bridegroom Remembers.

The rest is confusion—so far as the bridegroom is concerned. Remembers being asked between the hours of ten and twelve whether he has the ring, by forty different people. Remembers all his clothes looked sartorially grotesque, and the crease of his trousers would run away from the correct line. Remembers carrying on a whispered conversation with his best man over a last brandy and soda. Does not remember driving to the church but has vivid memories of arriving there. Recalls the church was very full. Shivers when he thinks of the hour he spent wandering about the steps of the altar. Remembers waiting. Remembers hope revived when there was a bustle signifying a new arrival. Recalls the words he said—with sorrow—when the arrivals turned out to be Uncle Albert, Aunt Martha, a brother-in-law to be and the girl who was contemplating a similar ceremony for the man she accompanied. Remembers waiting again. Remembers still more waiting. Remembers a church full of people seemed to be saying rude things about the cut of his morning coat. Remembers hearing a buzz of conversation—the carriages had arrived. Recalls he took an indelible impression of the approach of the bride, as cool and as triumphant as if she were the first strawberry out of the ice-chest. Remembers confusion, mumbling, a fumble for the ring, ah!—"here it is;" a slip and a jingle as it fell to the floor; a giggle sternly suppressed; wedding march; register signing, the bridegroom laughing at every joke, without listening for the point, and wondering whether the vicar really liked marrying people; showers of confetti; banging of carriage doors; handshaking galore; slow realization on the part of the bridegroom that he was not a criminal; chicken salad, champagne and trifle; Uncle Albert on his legs, gout forgotten, debonair, looking as if he intended leaving his money to everyone; bride's health and speech by bridegroom. "All I can er—er—er—(cheers). That is to say—(more cheers). No one could be prouder than (more cheers). Kindness I have always experienced—(tears and cheers). And finally—" Splendid chap, lucky fellow, be kind to her and all the rest of it. More cabs, tears, cheers, jeers; old slipper on the handle of the carriage; family send-off at the station and showers of confetti; big tips for grinning porters—and then they both waken up in the reserved railway compartment.

MADE IN CANADA



Doc Scrubbing Brush
Works with a rush
When Old Dutch
Cleanser speeds him
Prevents attacks
Of aching backs
And guards the hand
that leads him.



On written request we will mail—free of charge—a booklet, "The Spickanspan Folks," containing six beautiful colored prints especially designed for young folks.

"Old Dutch" 16 Macaulay Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

Against Germany

EVIDENCE of German breaches of Belgian neutrality by construction before the war of concrete foundations for their heavy guns has accumulated. About Namur and Antwerp property had been acquired by some individual and prepared for the approach of the howitzers. Evidence of similar work was found about Maubeuge preparatory to attacking France. But they did not stop at the boundary. Similar work has now been found in France in the hope of capturing the coast. The Times' correspondent is authority for the statement that last year the foundations of a private villa began to be laid on the dunes near Coxyde, 11 miles from Dunkirk and just over the Belgian frontier. The identity of the purchaser of the site remained a mystery. The villa was evidently designed on a most magnificent scale, and all sorts of stories were current about its owner. Some said it was Prince Victor Napoleon. Those who knew best said that it was a wealthy manufacturer from Liege, but his name was never known.

At any rate, the work took a long time, and was done with great care by special gangs of workmen, who all appeared to be Germans. The foundations were in solid concrete, and each section had to be left some time to dry before the next could be begun. Thus the work lasted all through the winter, and was still going on in July. When the war broke out the workmen ceased to come, and the concrete foundations were left to themselves.

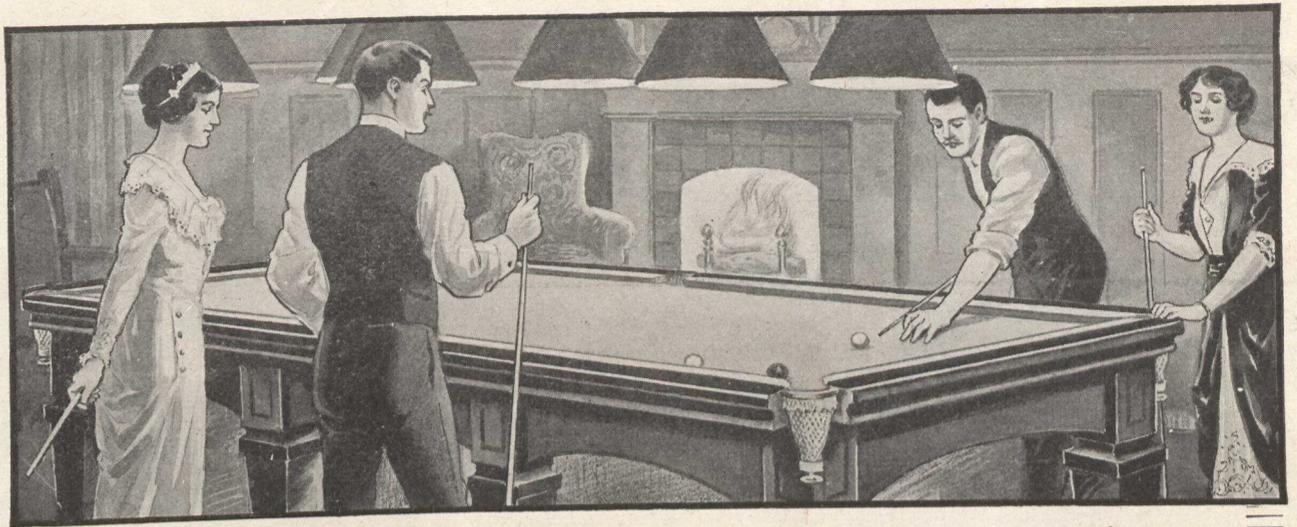
It was only after the revelations of the preparations made by the Germans years before for their guns outside Antwerp that the Belgian engineers began to suspect the mysterious villa. It was noticed that the site was just about the distance of the range of the German heavy guns from the forts to the east of Dunkirk among the dunes. The site was carefully examined, and a party of sappers marched out from Furnes and blew up the concrete blocks with dynamite. "We had to send for an extra supply," said the captain who commanded. "I've never seen such solid stuff in all my life."

Russian Soldiers

THE physique and temperament of the Russian soldiers are winning encomiums from British correspondents who have been with them in this campaign. Mr. Harold Williams, correspondent of the Chronicle, has been struck by their fine quality. He writes: I have seen Cossack patrols in warm-hooded overcoats cantering through forests in the twilight or at early morn; Cossacks in camp smoking round their bivouac fires; and have come across long military trains at wayside stations, where the soldiers stretched their legs after almost interminable journeys, and where they bought bread and cigarettes, and asked for the latest news of the war. One cannot help being struck by their fine physique and their hearty open manner. They are cheerful when marching through the streets of a town, when strolling along in charge of transports, munching turnips, within the sound of cannonade, and even cheerful when suffering from wounds.

A few hours ago I saw a regiment marching off into the firing line. They were little fellows, bronzed and sturdy. During the bustle before the start they chatted and joked. One soldier joked that he had two Williams in his pockets, and produced two pictures of the Kaiser. His mates laughed. Then the word of command was given; the men formed up, shouldered rifles, and, with the band playing they marched off at a swinging step, with a look of shrewd determination in their eyes, out across the field to take their places under whistling shrapnel and bursting shell. Some of them will come back!

When I have talked with wounded men I have always been surprised at their natural intelligence. They are rough-looking fellows, and many of them can scarcely read or write; yet they are fully aware of what they are doing and can describe a battle clearly and minutely.



Billiards!—The Great Entertainer

With a Burroughes & Watts' Billiard Table in your home you will always be in a position to provide the finest kind of entertainment to your friends. They will play on the same make of table that the King of England plays on. They will have kingly enjoyment.

BURROUGHES & WATTS' BILLIARD TABLES

English Billiards, when played on a Burroughes & Watts' Billiard Table, is the most fascinating and thrilling indoor game in the world. The Steel Vacuum Cushions give an absolutely accurate rebound to the ball. No matter how hard the impact, the ball will not jump. These are the only cushions of their kind in the world—the only cushions that are unaffected by heat or cold.

There are other excellent features, too, such as Rapide Pockets, from which the ball is instantly removable without putting in the hand—mathematically level slate beds—best West of England Billiard cloth. But write for further particulars and prices.

You can afford one of these superb tables if you can afford a piano.



Billiard Table Manufacturers to H.M. the King

Burroughes & Watts, Limited, 34 Church Street, Toronto

Head Office, London, England. Montreal Agents, James Hutton & Co., Shaughnessy Building
Winnipeg Agents, J. D. Clark & Co., 280 Main St. Vancouver Agent, R. H. Cliburn, 312 Water St.

105

The Attainment of Loveliness

The care of the skin is the first essential in preserving beauty. A bright cheerful disposition and the daily use of the unequalled "LA-ROLA" will assist any woman to achieve her desire for a complexion that is soft and glowing, a clear, healthy charming complexion is the divine right of women.

BEETHAM'S La-rola

is a delicate fragrant cream, absolutely greaseless, possessing unequalled qualities. An excellent skin protection against the ravages of wind and frost. Soothing and refreshing after the shave.

Get a Bottle from Your Nearest Druggist To-day.
You'll be Delighted with the Results.

Manufactured by
M. Beetham & Son
Cheltenham,
England.

Every tongue's a waggin for White Horse Scotch.

"Bonnie as the Heather"

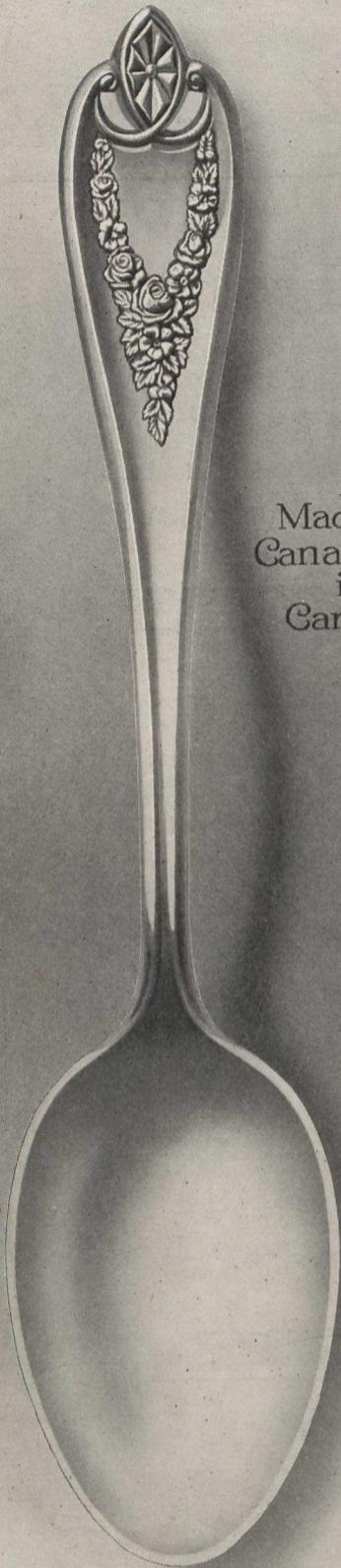


1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

Old Colony

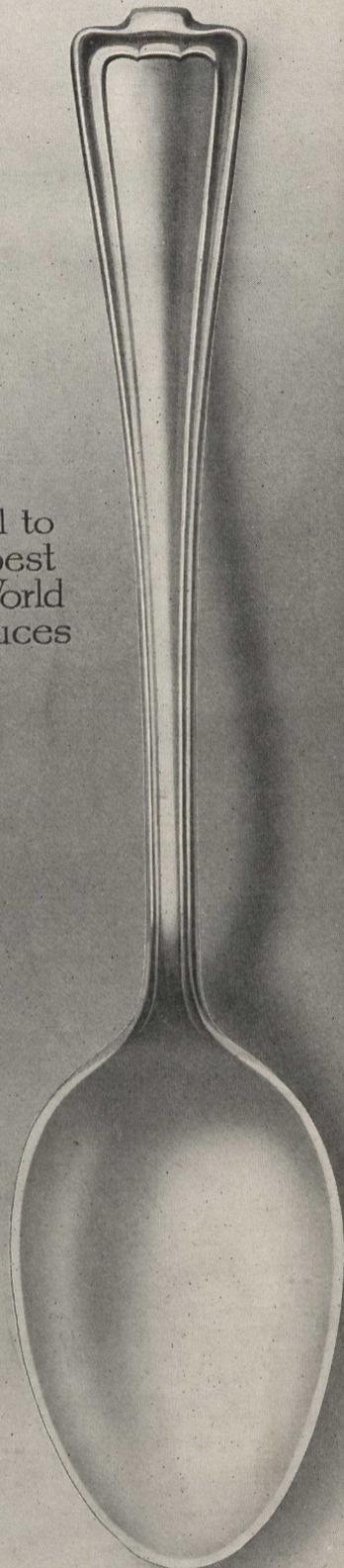
Cromwell



Made by
Canadians
in
Canada



Equal to
the best
the World
Produces



Twenty six piece chest. Old Colony Pattern

Chests of 1847 ROGERS BROS. "Silver plate that wears" are offered in practical assortments. Combinations can be had in any of our patterns, priced according to the number of pieces. As an impressive gift to fit any occasion, it would be difficult to make a happier selection. Sold with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of over 65 years.

At leading dealers. Send for catalogue "1847"

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., LIMITED

HAMILTON, CANADA
MERIDEN, CONN. NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate

MADE IN CANADA

MADE IN CANADA