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No. 22

PTE. HANDCOCK'S PROMOTION

A Tale of the Trenches

By LIEUTENANT R. DURAND

In London Daily Mail

In the eyes of the foolish they seemed to have died; And their departure was accounted to be their hurt. —The Wisdom of Solomon, iii. 2.

“B LIMEY! 'Oo's in command now?” Private Handcock (hate five ho 'An-cock, as he described himself when drawing new boots from the quartermaster-sergeant) dragged himself from underneath a pile of dying Prussians. He had survived, breathless but unhurt, a desperate onslaught—the second that day—on the trench in which he was stationed. The last Prussian survivor of the previous charge had died fifty yards away, writhing, moaning, and blaspheming among the wreckage of the trench's barbed-wire screen. In their second charge the Prussians had reached Handcock's trench and fought hand-to-hand with its defenders. They had died to the last man, but had taken so many gallant British lads with them into the Great Beyond that not one man in twenty had survived their attack.

Handcock looked up and down the winding trench. His platoon commander was lying face downwards, blood spurting from a little red hole among his yellow curls. The platoon sergeant, sobbing and choking, a bayonet thrust in his lungs, was sitting propped against an ammunition box. He might live, thought Handcock, if the ambulance men reached him soon enough, but he was past taking over command.

“'Oo's in command?” shouted Handcock. “Corpril 'Obbs! Corpril Tyson! Ain't there any bloomin' corprils left?”

“Looks like they've outed them all,” panted a man from his post ten yards farther along the trench. “Corporal Dawes went west first time they attacked and Corporal Macdonald's past caring who wins the Boat Race. There's Hicks and Jimson and Harris the other side of me, and me and you and Silly Billy over there, and that seems to be all.”

“Then I'm in command. 'Strewth! 'Oo'd 'ave thought it. Privit Lance-Corpril Brigadier Genril 'Ancock takes command of the platoon—an' the company too, so far as I can see, pendin' orders. Now, boys, get to work. You, 'Arris—you're a City gent when at 'ome—get into the funk 'ole an' telephone that Privit 'Ancock regrets to report that—”

“Telephone's smashed,” replied Private Harris (of Messrs. Harris, Lovell, and Doubleday, solicitors, Gray's Inn). “The last cannonade did for it.”

“Well, then, Jimson, you'd better 'op along with a message. You've got a bullet through your arm, by the look of your tunic, so you won't be much use with a gun. Say wot's lef' of us is too weak to defend the firin' trench, so we're fallin' back to 'old the 'ead of the communicatin' trench. Remainder! Right turn! Quick march.”

And just then, little more than a hundred miles away, the first cuckoo of the year called across a peaceful Sussex valley that spring had come.

“O UR relief ought to be 'ere in 'arf an 'our's time,” said Handcock, when his little party halted at the head of the communication trench. “But if I know anything of them 'Uns they'll make another charge before then, an' if they can take the communicatin' trench our boys 'll be in the soup. We'll block up this end so as to 'ave cover to fire over. Come, boys, get lively.”

“What are you going to block it with?” asked Harris. “Empty ammunition boxes won't stop a bullet and there's no time to dig.”

“Corpses, of course. There's enough and to spare of them. We'll take the sergeant-major for a start. Funny thing! I never really liked the man till now, an' yet I believe 'e was a good sort at 'eart. Git 'old of 'is legs, two of you, an' I'll take a pull on 'is 'ead.”

By great good luck, Handcock's party had time to finish their gruesome task undisturbed.

“Now, lads, collect all the guns you can lay your

'ands on an' charge the magazines,” commanded Handcock. “We won't 'ave time to reload when the 'Uns come buzzin' round.”

“The reliefs ought to be here soon if Jimson got through all right,” said Hicks, a few minutes later.

“The Germans 'll be 'ere sooner,” replied Handcock. “They're comin' now. Stan' to arms—one hundred yards—at the 'Uns—six o'clock—all the rounds you've got—rapid fire.”

The Prussians came on in a mass on which the fire of Handcock's command had scarcely more perceptible effect than if it had been summer rain.

FRESH FROM THE TRENCHES



This photograph was taken just after the recent Drive of the British near Lens, in France. It shows the mud-spattered condition of the men as they leave the trenches to clean up and get a rest.

They swarmed into the vacated trench with a Berserk yell of victory, but recoiled in confused heaps before the fire poured on them across the grisly barricade of dead. So close packed were they that only a few at a time could reply to it, and thus Handcock's party and the Prussian swarm were momentarily almost equally matched. As Handcock threw away

the sixth rifle he had emptied and turned to pick up a loaded one he seemed to feel a red-hot gimlet pierce his throat. He reeled and fell, but as he fell he saw the leading man of the relief party appear round the traverse of the communication trench. There was work to be done before anyone had had time to notice him, but before he died Handcock was able with due formality to hand over his first—and last—command to the officer commanding the reliefs.

“We kep' 'em back till you come, sir,” he gasped. “An' all the boys did their bit—and—wipe my mouth again, sir—an' most of 'em's dead—an' my number's up, too—but—otherwise—all correct.”

ALL correct? All was correct there in the muddy trenches where men believed and acted on the belief that many things—shirking, for example—are worse than death. But on the other side of the Channel all was far from correct. There, picture palaces and theatres filled nightly; and young men sold neck-ties to other young men and behaved just as if no war were raging, except that they wore “patriotic” badges in their button-holes; and makers of ammunition, the big-gun ammunition that saves men's lives, loafed idle for days together because, being paid about ten times as much as Handcock had been paid, they could afford to do so. A month after Handcock died, Jimson, released on sick leave from Millbank Hospital, spent one miserable day of liberty and then went back and urged the P.M.O. to let him return to work.

“I want to get back to my pals, sir,” he pleaded. “I've no use for the lot I met yesterday. I want to be among the sort of men that a fellow can have a drink with without feeling ashamed.”

After the War—What?

By VISCOUNT BRYCE

Extract from his Presidential Address to the British Academy

EVERYONE feels that after the war we shall see a different world, but no one can foretell what sort of a world it will be. We all have our fancies, but we know them to be no more than fancies, for the possibilities are incalculable. Nevertheless, it is worth while for each of us to set down what are the questions as to the future which most occupy the public mind and his own mind.

Will the effect of this war be to inflame or to damp down the military spirit? Some there are who believe that the example of those States which had made vast preparations for war will be henceforth followed by all States, so far as their resources permit, and that everywhere armies will be larger, navies larger, artillery accumulated on a larger scale, so that whatever peace may come will be only a respite and breathing time, to be followed by further conflicts till the predominance of one State or one race is established. Other observers of a more sanguine temper conceive that the outraged sentiment of mankind will compel the rulers of nations to find some means of averting war in the future more effective than diplomacy has proved. Each view is held by men of wide knowledge and solid judgment, and for each strong arguments can be adduced.

The effects which the war will have on the government and politics of the contending countries are equally obscure, though everyone admits they are sure to be far-reaching. Those who talk of politics as a science may well pause when they reflect how little the experience of the past enables us to forecast the future of government, let us say in Germany or in Russia, on the hypothesis either of victory or of defeat for one or other Power.

Economics approaches more nearly to the character of a science than does any other department

of inquiry in the human as opposed to the physical subjects. Yet the economic problems before us are scarcely less dark than the political. How long will it take the great countries to repair the losses they are now suffering? The destruction of capital has been greater during these last eleven months than ever before in so short a period, and it goes on with increasing rapidity. It took nearly two centuries for Germany to recover from the devastations of the Thirty Years' War, and nearly forty years from the end of the Civil War had elapsed before the wealth of the Southern States of America had come back to the figures of 1860. One may expect recovery to be much swifter in our days, but the extinction of millions of productive brains and hands cannot fail to retard the process, and each of the trading countries will suffer by the impoverishment of the others.

This suggests the gravest of all the questions that confront us. How will population be affected in quantity and in quality? The birth-rate had before

1914 been falling in Germany and Britain; it had already so fallen in France as only to equal the death-rate. Will the withdrawal of those slain or disabled in war quicken it? and how long will it take to restore the productive industrial capacity of each country? More than half the students and younger teachers in some of our Universities have gone to fight abroad; and many of these will never return. Who can estimate what is being lost to literature and learning and science, from the deaths of those whose strong and cultivated intelligence might have made great discoveries or added to the store of the world's thought? Those who are now perishing belong to the most wealthy and vigorous part of the population, from whom the strongest progeny might have been expected. Will the physical and mental energy of the generation that will come to manhood thirty or forty years hence show a decline? The data for a forecast are scanty, for in no previous war has the loss of life been so great over Europe as a whole, even in proportion to a

population very much larger than it was a century ago. It is said, I know not with how much truth, that the stature and physical strength of the population of France took long to recover from the losses of the wars that lasted from 1793 till 1814. Niebuhr thought that the population of the Roman Empire never recovered from the great plague of the second century A.D.; but where it is disease that reduces a people it is the weaker who die, while in war it is the stronger. Our friends of the Eugenics Society are uneasy at the prospect for the belligerent nations. Some of them are trying to console themselves by dwelling on the excellent moral effects that may spring out of the stimulation which war gives to the human spirit. What the race loses in body it may—so they hope—regain in soul. This is a highly speculative anticipation, on which history casts no certain light. As to the exaltation of character which war service produces in those who fight from noble motives, inspired by faith in the justice of their cause, there can be no doubt.

WHAT BECOMES OF OUR WHEAT?

By NORMAN PATTERSON

NEARLY everybody has learned that Canada has, this year, the biggest wheat crop in its history, but very few know what will become of it. They have a vague idea it will be sold, but to whom and how and when, they are not clear. Yet here is a country with 336 million bushels of wheat, and the job of selling it must present some difficulties. To carry it to the flour mills or elevators or ships will require 336,000 box cars, or 8,400 trains of forty cars each. Allowing for three hundred working days in the year, this would mean 28 trains a day from somewhere to somewhere every working day in the next twelve months.

After the farmers have delivered it to the stations, and it has been loaded on the trains and sent off "somewhere," the great distributing business begins. In the first place, the flour mills take a considerable portion. They would probably, during the year, take one-fifth of the total crop. The other four-fifths, less what the farmer keeps for seed, must be shipped out of the country. It must eventually find its way out via Montreal, New York and other harbours.

Just now Montreal and New York are the chief export points. Wheat from the Maritime Provinces must go out via Halifax and St. John. That produced in Quebec and Ontario goes largely to Montreal and Quebec. The wheat from the West goes mainly to Fort William and Port Arthur. A little goes West

to Vancouver and out that way, but the bulk of it goes East. From Fort William and Port Arthur, twin ports at the head of Lake Superior, the wheat goes down the lakes to either Buffalo or Montreal. That which is unloaded from boats at Buffalo goes on to New York. That unloaded at Montreal is transhipped by the big elevators there to steamers for Europe.

Later on in the year, the grain will move from Fort William and Port Arthur, "all rail" to Montreal and St. John. Up to December 1st all the grain goes by boat down the lakes, although some is transhipped at Port McNicoll, Goderich and Port Colborne, and then by rail to Montreal.

Between August 15th and October 15th, 4,265,791 bushels of Canadian wheat went out of New York. That is not a great deal, but it helps. Between October 15th and December 15th, the quantities shipped that way may be larger. This wheat goes to New York in bond and thence it proceeds by vessel to Spain and Italy.

MONTREAL is always the main shipping point for Canadian wheat and flour. This year is no exception. Between September 4th and October 16th the shipments from Montreal amounted

to 9,634,896 bushels, according to the returns furnished to the secretary of the Montreal Board of Trade. There may have been some unreported shipments, but this is the approximate total. At least one and a half million bushels are being shipped from Montreal each week.

It will be noted that the shipments from Montreal, of Canadian wheat, are just twice as large as those from New York. There has always been considerable rivalry for Canadian trade between these two ports. Montreal has done well to maintain its supremacy. When the new Welland Canal is opened, three or four years hence, Montreal should do even better than it is doing now. Then the big lake freighters, 400, 500, and 600 feet long, will not be forced to unload at Buffalo, but may go on to Kingston or Prescott.

Where is the wheat going from Montreal? This question can be answered fairly accurately from the records of the ships as chronicled in the Montreal "Trade Bulletin." Between September 23rd and October 2nd inclusive, sixteen steamers carrying wheat as whole or part cargo left that port. Ships like the Scandinavian, Sicilian, Pretorian and Corsican carried small quantities as ballast. This varied from 22,000 bushels on the Corsican to 64,000 bushels on the Pretorian. Other vessels carried from 123,000, on the Welshman, to 323,000 bushels on the Grinton. Of these sixteen vessels, eleven cleared for British ports, one for France and four for Italy. Of the total amount on these vessels, one-half went to Great Britain and the other half to other European countries.

This, then, is the record of our wheat movements. The Canadian mills will take about 70,000,000 bushels and grind it into flour. This flour will partly go to supply the home demand and partly for export. Another 36,000,000 bushels will be needed as seed. Probably another 10,000,000 bushels will be bought by American millers for grinding and mixing purposes. This leaves 220,000,000 bushels for export via ocean ports.

FINALLY, the question arises: "If Montreal ships 1,500,000 bushels a week and New York takes 500,000 bushels a week, how long will it take to export the whole surplus Canadian crop?" The answer is found by dividing two million bushels, the amount being shipped per week, into two hundred and twenty million bushels, our total available supply for export. And the answer is 110 weeks, or slightly over two years.

From this calculation it is manifest that Canada will have to find means to increase its shipments or find itself in August of next year with one-half of its export supply unsold. This is Canada's great problem at the moment. There are not enough ships to take away the wheat. Even the present rate of shipment may be diminished when navigation in the St. Lawrence closes in November, and when shipping on the Great Lakes closes in December. Then there will come a lull which will continue until May of next year.

The problem was foreseen in the spring, when it was evident that Canada, barring accidents, would have a large crop and when ships were growing scarcer and scarcer. The Government at Ottawa took the matter up and tried to find a solution. Great Britain has promised to help, if possible, but Great Britain has other big transportation problems on hand and so far the assistance has been almost nothing.

Just what will happen, no one can tell. In any case, the outlook is not promising and the price of wheat will probably fall as a result. One thing seems certain, the Dardanelles will not be open in time to let out Russian and Roumanian wheat this autumn. That means that Italy, France and Spain must come to America for their supplies. This may prevent wheat dropping below the dollar mark, around which it has been hovering for some time. On the whole, however, the outlook is not encouraging.

SOME OF THE RIFLES THE RUSSIANS LOST



This unusual photograph of a camp of stacked rifles taken by the Germans from the Russians indicates that Russia has arms enough to lose a few and still be able to assume an occasional offensive.

SEEING A GREATER CANADA

Opening of the New C. N. R. Transcontinental from Quebec to Vancouver

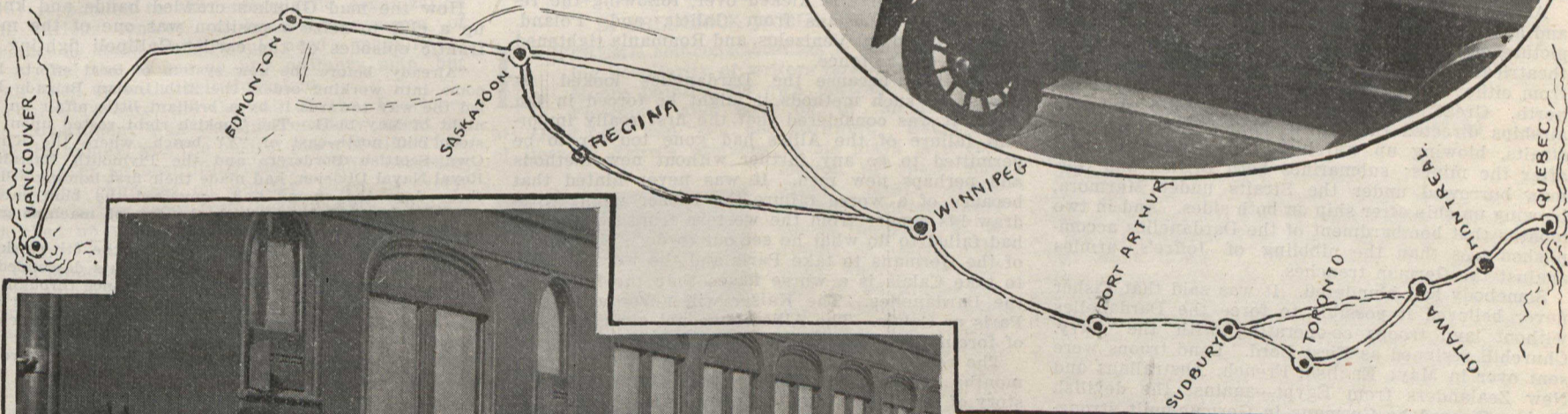
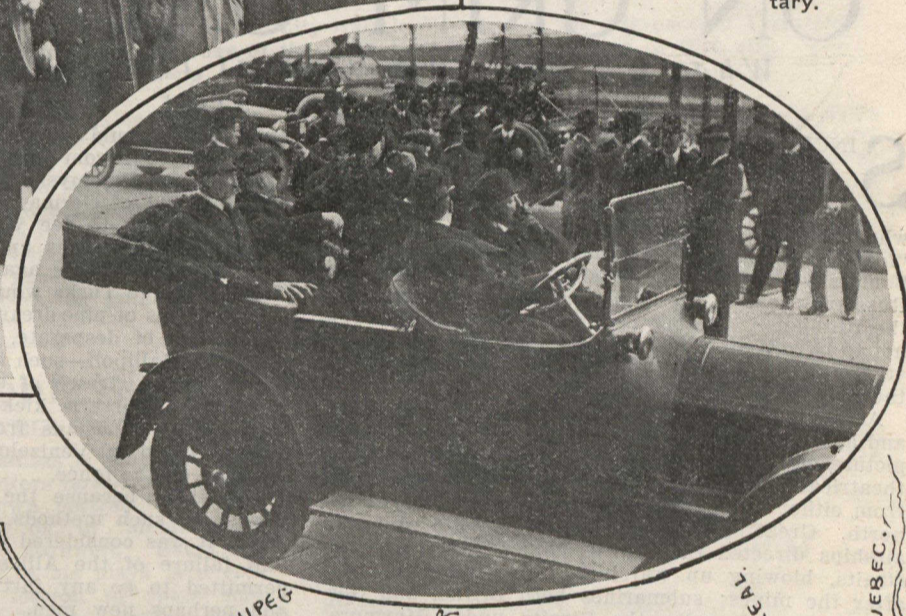
SOME time in the near future the pictures on this page will be of tremendous historical importance. They represent the kind of thing that does its best to repair the ravages of war. The opening of the third transcontinental railway of Canada by a remarkable journey of 200 railwaymen, parliamentarians, senators and newspapermen from both Canada and the United States, which began at Quebec on October 12th, and ended one direction at Vancouver about a week later, is the greatest national event of a peace character since the war began and for some time before that. The special train was sixteen coaches long.

Sixteen years ago, on November 15th, the Canadian Northern Railway Company was incorporated, and at the close of that year there were 252 miles of road in operation with 500 miles under construction. Year by year the hundreds grew into thousands. January 23, 1915, the last spike in the transcontinental was driven at Basque, B.C. Now about 10,000 miles are in operation.



The C.N.R. Party at North Bay.

Taken at Winnipeg. Sir William Mackenzie sixth from the left; Mr. D. B. Hanna, second from left; next him Mr. H. M. MacLeod, manager in west; to his right Mr. W. H. Moore, Secretary.



In the oval picture above the route map are a number of the party in motor-cars going on a tour over Winnipeg, which was a C.N.R. terminus long before Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa or Quebec or Vancouver. The bottom picture shows a representative group of the great party taken at Port Arthur.



This is a sample of the almost back-to-the-savage methods of fighting at the Dardanelles, as described in Sir Ian Hamilton's report. Australian gunners on Gallipoli, stripped almost naked in the terrific heat, shelling a Turkish battery, from which they are themselves under fire.

ON GRIM GALLIPOLI

Wha We Have We Hold at the Dardanelles

By JAMES JOHNSTON

SINCE March, 1915, Dardanelles Straits and Gallipoli, leading to the Sea of Marmora, and to Constantinople, have been the greatest gamble of the war. Somebody blundered when the allied fleets were sent down there to "force" the passage—without land troops. Who? Some say Churchill—not Fisher. Why? To let out Russian wheat to the Allies and let in munitions to the Russians. Another reason—perhaps Russia was not to have it all her own way in the capture of Constantinople, the dream of Russian occupation since the days of Peter the Great.

Anyway, two months passed, when the Elizabeth and a host of smaller ships from two navies enacted picturesque war, beginning at Seddul Bahr. More theatrical pictures came from the Dardanelles than from either of the two great fronts of battle to the north. Great shells burst on forts that fired back; airships directed the attack; mines burst in the straits, blowing up warships; mine-sweepers went after the mines; submarines both British and German burrowed under the Straits under Marmora, blowing up ship after ship on both sides. And in two months that bombardment of the Dardanelles accomplished less than the nibbling of Joffre's armies against the German trenches.

Somebody had blundered. It was said that Fisher never believed it possible to force the Dardanelles without land troops co-operating with the navy. Churchill resigned as First Lord. Land troops were sent over in May; English, French, Australians and New Zealanders from Egypt—against the devilish Turks officered by Germans in German-built strongholds of all modern description under the cover of rockbound forts made into deadly arsenals by German engineers and gunners. Sir Ian Hamilton landed his troops. It was a deadly job. He spent weeks examining the beaches before he selected the landing places. And the landing of those troops in small boats against the deadliest of fire from the Turks on land, against the fort guns, was one of the greatest feats of daring and management ever set down to the credit of a British General. Sir Ian Hamilton had good commanders under him. He had fine troops; British and French, as good as any on the west front; Australians and New Zealanders, weary of waiting in hot Egypt and anxious to be up and at the Turks or any other enemy, in a part of the world just about as hot and a hundred times more deadly; Senegalese tirailleurs and Ghurkas with their knives; a gallant, motley and daredevil force of men against the worst odds of the whole war—and they knew it. They were engaged in the greatest gamble of the war—and they knew that, also; so did the commanders; so did the War Office and Kitchener; so did the Germans and the Turks.

It is now six months since Hamilton landed his troops on the Gallipoli Peninsula. Last week he was called home to make a further report. There had been wild guesses as to the date when the Dardanelles would be forced; when Constantinople would be in the hands of the Allies; when Russian wheat would begin to come out and the speculators' price would come tumbling down; when guns and

ammunition would be got in to the Russians and the Russian retreat from Galicia would turn again; when Lemberg and Przemysl would be retaken and Poland would be rid of German armies; when the Balkan States, waiting to see which way the cat jumped, would join the Allies and there would be a solid wall of enemy forces against the Germans and the Turks, and the Turks would get out of Europe.

Six months of pipe dreaming in the world at large; six months of desperate, devilish fighting for the troops on Gallipoli—such fighting as never was done for so long a stretch of time anywhere else in the war. Then Bulgaria kicked over, following the retreat of the Russians from Galicia and Poland. Greece kicked out Venizelos, and Roumania tightened her hold on the fence.

And then, because the Dardanelles looked as though by such methods it might be forced in ten years, it was considered that the first really important failure of the Allies had gone too far to be permitted to go any further without new methods and perhaps new men. It was never hinted that because of a worse failure the Kaiser might withdraw his armies from the western front because he had failed to do what he set out to do. The failure of the Germans to take Paris and the worse failure to take Calais is a worse fiasco than the failure at the Dardanelles. The Kaiser will never get either Paris or Calais. The Allies have not given up hope of forcing the Dardanelles.

The report of Sir Ian Hamilton for the first few months of the land operations on Gallipoli is the story of continuous daredevil deeds. Here is one:

SNIPERS IN TREES.

"Next morning (May 7) we opened with shrapnel upon the enemy's trenches opposite our extreme left, and at 10 a.m. the Lancashire Fusiliers Brigade began the attack. But our artillery had not been able to locate the cleverly sited German machine-gun batteries, whose fire rendered it physically impossible to cross that smooth glacis. Next to the right the 88th Brigade swept forward, and the 15th Royal Scots, well supported by artillery fire, carried the fir trees with a rush.

"This time it was discovered that not only the enfilading machine-guns had made the wood so difficult to hold. Among the branches of the trees Turkish snipers were perched, sometimes upon small wooden platforms. When these were brought down the surroundings became much healthier.

"The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, of the 87th Brigade, were pushed up to support the left of the 88th, and all seemed well, when, at 1.20 p.m., a strong Turkish counter-attack drove us back out of the fir clump.

"At 3 p.m. the Lancashire Fusiliers Brigade again reported they were definitely held up by the accurate cross-fire of batteries of machine-guns concealed in the scrub on the ridge between the ravine and the sea, batteries which also enfiladed the left flank of the 88th Brigade as it endeavoured to advance in the centre. Unless we were to acquiesce in a stalemate the moment for our effort had arrived, and a general attack was ordered for 4.45 p.m., the whole of the 87th Brigade to reinforce the 88th Brigade, and the New Zealand Brigade to support it.

"Despite their exhaustion and their losses the men responded with a will. The whole force, French and British, rose simultaneously and made a rush forward. All along the front we made good a certain amount of

ground, excepting only on our extreme left. For the third time British bayonets carried the fir clump in our centre, and when darkness fell the whole line (excepting always the left) had gained from 200 to 300 yards."

SPARKLE OF BAYONETS.

At first open fighting was the order. The General says:

"The French Corps reported they could not advance up the crest of the spur west of Kereves Dere till further progress was made by the British.

"At 4 p.m. I gave orders that the whole line, reinforced by the 2nd Australian Brigade, would fix bayonets, slope arms, and move on Krithia precisely at 5.30 p.m.

"At 5.15 p.m. the ship's guns and our heavy artillery bombarded the enemy's position for a quarter of an hour, and at 5.30 p.m. the field guns opened a hot shrapnel fire to cover the infantry advance.

"The co-operation of artillery and infantry, in this attack, was perfect, the timing of the movement being carried out with great precision. Some of the companies of the New Zealand regiments did not get their orders in time, but acting on their own initiative they pushed on as soon as the heavy howitzers ceased firing, thus making the whole advance simultaneous.

"The steady advance of the British could be followed by the sparkle of their bayonets until the long lines entered the smoke clouds. The French at first made no move, then, their drums beating and bugles sounding the charge, they suddenly darted forward in a swarm of skirmishers, which seemed in one moment to cover the whole southern face of the ridge of the Kereves Dere.

"Against these the Turkish gunners now turned their heaviest pieces, and as the leading groups stormed the first Turkish redoubt the ink-black bursts of high-explosive shells blotted out both assailants and assailed."

NEARLY THE LIMIT.

How the original idea of open fighting resolved itself into siege warfare of a most active character is outlined in the report:

"On May 11, the first time for eighteen days and nights, it was found possible to withdraw the 29th Division from the actual firing line and to replace it by the 29th Indian Infantry Brigade and by the 42nd Division, which had completed its disembarkation two days previously. The withdrawal gave no respite from shells, but at least the men were, most nights, enabled to sleep.

"The moment lent itself to reflection, and during this breathing space I was able to realize we had now nearly reached the limit of what could be attained by mingling initiative with surprise. The enemy was as much in possession of my numbers and dispositions as I was in possession of their first line of defence; the opposing fortified fronts stretched parallel from sea to straits; there was little scope left now, either at Achi Baba or at Kaba Tepe, for tactics which would fling flesh and blood battalions against lines of unbroken barbed wire. Advances must more and more tend to take the shape of concentrated attacks on small sections of the enemy's line after full artillery preparation.

"Siege warfare was soon bound to supersede manoeuvre battles in the open."

GHURKAS UP A CLIFF.

How the mad Ghurkas crawled hands and knees up a cliff to seize a position was one of the most frantic episodes of the earlier Gallipoli fighting.

"Already, before the new system of local efforts had come into working order, the 29th Indian Brigade had led the way towards it by a brilliant little affair on the night of May 10-11. The Turkish right rested upon the steep cliff north-east of "Y" beach, where the King's Own Scottish Borderers and the Plymouth Battalion, Royal Naval Division, had made their first landing. Since those days the enemy had converted the bluff into a powerful bastion, from which the fire of machine guns had held up the left of our attacks.

"During the night of May 10 and 11 the 6th Gurkhas started off to seize this bluff. Their scouts descended to the sea, worked their way for some distance through the broken ground along the shore, and crawled hands and knees up the precipitous face of the cliff. On reaching the top they were heavily fired on. As a surprise the enterprise had failed, but as a reconnaissance it proved very useful."

THE DAREDEVIL ANZACS.

Australians and New Zealanders have done much of the heaviest fighting in the Dardanelles. Australian casualties total up to 29,000. How highly Sir Ian Hamilton valued the fighting qualities of those "warriors from the south" is indicated in the following:

"Turning now to where the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps were perched upon the cliffs of Sari Bair, I must begin by explaining that their role at this stage of the operations was, first, to keep open a door leading to the vitals of the Turkish position; secondly, to hold up as large a body as possible of the enemy in front of them, so as to lessen the strain at Cape Helles. Anzac, in fact, was cast to play second fiddle to Cape Helles, a part out of harmony with the daredevil spirit animating those warriors from the South, and so it has come about that, as your Lordship will now see, the defensive of the Australians and New Zealanders has always tended to take on the character of an attack.

"The line held during the period under review by the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps formed a rough semi-circled inland from the beach of Anzac Cove, with a diameter of about 1,100 yards. The firing line is everywhere close to the enemy's trenches, and in all sections of the position sapping, counter-sapping and bomb attacks have been incessant."

A Big Amateur Photographic Contest will be announced next week. The first prize will be a \$22.50 Kodak.

WHEN THE SCHOOL CHILDREN OF TORONTO DID THEIR BIT



One hundred and twenty automobiles brought the Red Cross collections of the school children to the City Hall, in Toronto, on the afternoon of Trafalgar Day. The scene, when a small band from each school handed its bag of coin to the Mayor, was one of the most thrilling ever enacted in that city. The children gave over eleven thousand dollars and the teachers over six thousand.

Ontario's Outburst

LAST week staid, respectable Ontario just about lost her head in finding the exact place and the size of her heart—or somewhere thereabouts. Up to the time of going to press the people of Ontario had contributed practically \$2,000,000 to the British Red Cross. The enthusiasm behind this superb amount of solid cash was never quite equalled in that Province before. It was the first plebiscite that had the dimensions of a Provincial Tag Day. The organized enthusiasm of people in general responded to the enthusiastic organization in the various centres of benevolence—some of these were so small that it would need a magnifying-glass to find the names on any ordinary map, but they all lined up with their donations.

Of course Toronto, the Capital of the Province, whose government was the intermediary agent in getting the money, was the busiest place of all. That city was never so beautifully busy. The overture began in the churches on Sunday, when to every church door a boy scout from headquarters wheeled or marched up with a message for the minister. Churchgoing Toronto got the idea of the big push first. On Monday evening, in Convocation Hall, came the first act in the drama with a great meeting of speeches and songs, with the Lieutenant-Governor in the chair. Tuesday morning the big push began in earnest, when 250 men, divided up into ten teams, under the direction of a general committee, went out in decorated automobiles, on street-cars, in horse rigs, on foot, into offices, factories and stores, up elevators and stairways, meeting for lunch at headquarters on King St., comparing notes, totting up aggregates. Wednesday was a crescendo. Thursday brought the climax, Trafalgar Day, when 40,000 school children went at the grand finale. Late in the afternoon a long procession of jubilant decorated motor-cars carrying money lined up at the City Hall, where speeches were delivered. In the evening, headquarters on King St. was busier than any political headquarters night of a general election.

The March of Brains

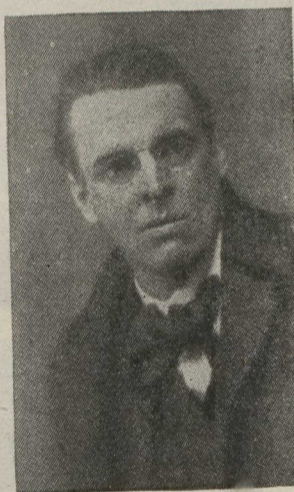
NOW is the season of pure mentality; the time of year when mind begins again its conquest over matter. For the past two or three months our pure intellects have been idly vacating in the vagabond woods, at indolent summer resorts, on invigorating farms with pitchforks, on steamboats comforted by scenery and summer magazines. The knowledge acquired or partly digested during the previous year has been simmering down to the quality of real thought. College men must have some time to think. The only time is during vacation. For the next few months our academic squirrels, whether in universities, high schools or the upper forms of the public schools will be gathering the nuts that they expect to eat next summer. Old Rufus Choate, the great American counsel, used to say that a busy lawyer's vacation is the time between the question he puts to a witness and the

answer he gets. The student's vacation comes between the last question he answered on an exam. paper and the first "come-all-ye" of the professor who looks over his class on the morning of college opening. There are in college halls this week not less than ten thousands students. Since they last jostled one another on the campus the world has considerably changed. But none of these changes disturb the thoughtless process of gathering the material of knowledge.

A Yeats Confession

By FREDERICK JAMES GREGG

EXTREME self-consciousness is the most striking peculiarity of writers nowadays. George Moore painted his own portrait in "Mike Fletcher," and, later on, in "Memories of My Dead Life" and "Hail and Farewell." Every one of Bernard Shaw's prefaces to his plays is a confession of some sort.



W. B. YEATS.

Their most distinguished contemporary among the poets, W. B. Yeats, is going the same way. The first part of an autobiography, "Reveries over Childhood and Youth," is to be the next book brought out a few weeks from now by the Cuala Press, the notable publishing house at Dundrum, in the County of Dublin.

Perhaps it is because he has had such a crowded life that Yeats sees nothing incongruous in taking the world into his confidence at such a comparatively early age. He began young. His first poems were printed in the Dublin University Review before he had left the high schools of Erasmus Smith, and his first volume appeared at a time when most boys are entirely occupied with college examinations. As far back as 1908 his "works" were brought out by Bullen in eight lordly volumes—with the well-known Sargent sketch and other portraits and a full bibliography.

Yeats has come at times under powerful individual influences, as in the case of William Morris, John O'Leary and John E. Taylor. But he has affected others more than others affected him. This dreamer of dreams and disciple of Blake and the mystics has been a wonderful doer of things, as well as a writer of things. He founded the Irish Theatre; discovered John M. Synge and persuaded him to turn dramatist; so influenced George Moore that he turned his back on Paris and London and joined the movement; got

Bernard Shaw to work on that fine play, "John Bull's Other Island"; persuaded Lady Gregory that she could write comedies; lured Dr. Douglas Hyde away from his politics for a time, and is largely responsible for theatrical experiments in various places like those of the Ulster and the Manchester Players. Indeed, the development of the small theatre in America and in Europe has been to a considerable extent a result of his efforts.

Not since the wild youth of Victor Hugo had a play caused a riot in a theatre until Yeats put on Synge's "Playboy of the Western World," and the struggle between prejudice and the other thing was repeated in New York.

Yeats has interested in a new form of the drama not only Irish and English work-people, but the wise men of Oxford, Cambridge and Harvard.

The Profit in Wheat

Editor, Canadian Courier:

Sir,—Wheat is a live question, not only to farmers, but also to city people. Your article in the issue of October 9th was, to some extent, forestalled in the Agricultural Year Book, under the heading, "Too Much Wheat?" Your article overlooks the aspect of patriotism and the fine contribution which the Western farmers are making to the Empire's need for food. Some Western agricultural papers appreciate this situation, particularly "The Saskatchewan Farmer," in its issues of September and October.

Let me present the situation in what may be to your readers a new aspect:

Value of Wheat Per Acre.

	Average yield bush per acre.	Average price to farmer.	Value per acre.
1910	14.89	\$.75	\$11.17
1911	20.80	.64	13.31
1912	20.38	.62	12.64
1913	21.04	.67	14.10
1914	15.37	1.42	21.98
1915	25.89	.80	20.71

Some questions:

Is not the Canadian farmer getting this year about as much per acre for his wheat as he did last year?

Who is, this year, paying the ocean rates—the Canadian producer or the European consumer?

Keeping in mind that it costs about \$12 per acre to produce wheat, what is there in the present situation to make any one suggest that the farmer thinks that he has been "buncoed"?

In view of the above, is the farmer really going to stop trying to produce big grain crops?

C. C. JAMES.

Toronto, Oct. 22nd, 1915.

[Editor's Note.—Dr. James states interesting facts, but he overlooks the main issue. The farmer would make \$20.71 an acre, if he could sell his wheat. But can he sell it? An article on page 3 of this issue shows that at the present rate of shipment from Montreal it would take two years to get our wheat out, and Montreal itself will close up in a few weeks. Who will buy our wheat when navigation closes?]

MICKEY AND THE DUCHESS

A Tale of the Part Played by Two Horses with Irish Characteristics

By KATHARINE TYNAN

THE beginning of the story was when Larry Casey presented himself at the hall door of Castle Lambert one morning of early spring, leading by a bit of rope a big chestnut colt, who was later on to receive the name of Mickey.

The arrival was observed by Miss Kitty Lambert, who at the moment was making a very good breakfast. All the dogs on the hearthrug—there were five of them—broke into a senseless yapping, lifting up their heads and serenading the portrait of Achilles Lambert, who had voted against the Union and had walked fifty miles to do it, his horse having broken down on the road. "Sure the Lamberts were always kind wid the people!" a peasant would say telling this tale of Achilles.

Mr. Dominick Lambert, who had a crumple of anxiety between his eyebrows, that gave him an odd likeness to his terrier, Garry, looked up from the pile of letters out of which he was sorting the envelopes that had a commercial look, and his face showed a mild protest against the noise the dogs were making.

"Fools!" said Kitty, running to the door. "It's only Larry Casey with the little horse."

To call the colt that was going to be Mickey a little horse was scarcely accurate. Mickey was tall for his age already, and as he was only two years old he might add a hand to his stature. There would be plenty of going in him by and by. Kitty said to herself, though not to Larry Casey, that the colt would do. Feeling him all over in the correct manner she came at last to see the expression of his face. He was looking at her with something human in his eyes, something of anxiety.

"He's afraid of his life you won't buy him, Miss," said Larry Casey, "for he knows if you don't he'll have to go up to Sewells, for I must have the price of him by Lady Day to pay the rent. He doesn't like going among strangers at all."

"He does look rather sad, poor fellow," said Miss Lambert, stroking the colt's long nose. "I believe he's been crying, Larry."

"Och, he feels it terrible, lavin' the woman and the childer. He was as good as a nurse in the house. An' yet he had terrible anxiety for a horse so young, for he was always afear'd o' the bog-holes for the childer. Sure I left them bawlin' murder after him, the crathurs. There never was a kinder baste."

"He does look very sympathetic."

By this time Mr. Lambert was at his daughter's elbow. Very soon the bargain over the colt was

signed and sealed. Forty pounds was paid over to Mr. Casey, who had begun by asking eighty-five. He had been almost tearful about parting with Mickey, but his tears dried up after he had laid away Mr. Lambert's cheque in an inner pocket of his coat, and had drunk "a glass for luck."

"I wish now, Miss," he said, "that you'd had the sister as well. Ye'd have been a lovely pair. She was bought by wan o' thim little officer boys from the Curragh. She was a dale prettier nor the colt, and being a poor man I couldn't refuse the price was offered."

"I expect you had the 'officer boy,' Larry," said Mr. Lambert.

"I won't tell you a lie about it, sir. He gave me seventy-five for the filly. I was thinkin' before he came that maybe Miss Kitty'd take her for thirty. But sure it wasn't to be."

SOMETIME that summer Mr. Percival Lumley, a rich English gentleman, bought Owl's Castle, which the Kavanaghs were no longer able to keep up. The Kavanaghs and the Lamberts had always been friends as well as neighbours, and there had been a particular friendship between Jim Kavanagh, the heir to an impoverished property, and Kitty Lambert. On the lady's side it had never been more than friendship. On the youth's—Jim Kavanagh was a subaltern in the Royal Irish Regiment—there was something more sentimental. The night before he rejoined his regiment to sail for India for five years, he had sung his favourite song with a note of meaning which had made Kitty sad and angry at the same time. It was the song of another soldier who had left a girl behind him not for him, and was dying on a field of battle.

"Ah, darlint," said he with a sigh,

"You won't be a widow, for why,

Sure you never would have me, avourneen."

The memory of Jim, and the thought of Mrs. Kavanagh and her old mother and her Aunt Fanny living in England genteelly on the money Mr. Lumley had paid for Owl's Castle filled Kitty's heart with rankling ill-will towards Mr. Lumley; quite unreasonable, of course, but then Kitty was not reasonable where her loyalties were concerned.

The first time Kitty met Mr. Percival Lumley—it was at Mrs. Lefroy's garden party—she was quite

snappy with him, to the distress of Mrs. Lefroy, who had hoped that the Lamberts and Mr. Lumley would make friends.

Mr. Lumley at the moment was staying with some of the officers at the barracks. Owl's Castle took a good deal of being made habitable, and he had to hang round till he could get a bit of the house finished to shelter him. Meanwhile there were the soldiers—and there were quite a number of the neighbouring gentry willing to house Mr. Lumley while Owl's Castle was a-doing. Also there was the Angler's Rest by the lough, a comfortable little hostelry with a kind landlady. Usually Mr. Lumley preferred the Angler's Rest.

He was a rather typical Englishman, tall, square, long-limbed, with a clean shaven face, blue eyes, in one of which he carried a single eye-glass, and reddish fair hair.

He was very humble with Kitty, explaining to her—as though he understood her animosity—how carefully he was handling the Kavanagh's old house.

"There must be a water supply," he said—"and new drains must be laid, and there must be bathrooms. Electric light, too; it is impossible to light those great spaces with lamps or candles. For the rest I am preserving the character of the place as much as I can."

"But you can't," said Kitty, rudely. "Without the Kavanaghs Owl's Castle will not be Owl's Castle. You should call it Melrose or Tintern, or something like that."

Mr. Lumley turned a little red, but answered Kitty quite good-temperedly.

After that when he and Kitty met he used to hang about in her neighbourhood, seldom approaching her, but with an obvious interest in her, which annoyed Kitty beyond measure.

KITTY went that August for a visit to her Aunt Maria in Bath. She hated Bath, and she said that Aunt Maria, who was only Uncle Terence's widow and not a real aunt, stifled her with her curtains and carpets and tea-parties and stuffy drives in closed carriages, and her assemblages of old ladies and clergymen of all sorts, and old sailors and soldiers, all of whom were zealots of one kind or another, but sometimes very dear old boys for all that.

She arrived home in October—her duty done and over, for Aunt Maria did not insist on many visits from her Irish niece, although she was given to

SOMEWHAT BADLY MAULED IN THE BIG ADVANCE, BUT HAPPY



English and Scotch soldiers wounded in the great forward movement a few weeks ago. After the peppering they got at the front these men seem to have no fear of the camera. This photograph was taken by special permission of the British censor in France.

A FINE STUDY IN THE PHYSIOGNOMY OF GERMAN SOLDIERS



These are a few of the Germans recently captured in the fighting in the Champagne. Examined closely, they look like neither professional murderers nor world-conquerors; more like simple-minded citizens who would much rather be at home caring for their families.

make a grievance of it if she was left too long.

It didn't make Kitty better disposed to Mr. Percival Lumley, who had got into Owl's Castle by this time, that Aunt Maria knew him and had the highest possible opinion of him. She had catechized Kitty minutely about him, and had even shown her the string of pearls which she meant to bestow upon her for a wedding present, if Kitty's marriage pleased her.

Kitty would have said, if anyone had asked her, that Mr. Lumley was the fly in the pleasant ointment of her home-coming.

She was so enchanted to be with her father again that for three whole days she forgot to think of Percival Lumley, till one day when she was smoothing the pucker out of his forehead, which made him so like Garry, he mentioned Percival Lumley with a wistful air.

"He's a very agreeable fellow, Kit," he said. "I don't know how I'd have got on without you but for him. I've been a good deal at Owl's Castle. By Jove, the place is transformed, and yet not spoilt. Nothing new about it, but everything warm and comfortable, and in the best of taste. The Kavanaghs weren't better neighbours. That bird you're eating was one of a brace sent over yesterday."

Kitty said afterwards to herself that the pheasant had tasted bitter in her mouth as soon as she knew that it came from Mr. Lumley, but that was hardly true, for she had an excellent appetite, and the bird was all a pheasant should be.

She had been obliged to hear a good deal of praise of Mr. Lumley during those first days at home, and she had not the heart to snub her father, who always looked so wistful, poor darling, and was always receiving bills by post instead of cheques. Aunt Maria from time to time had sent a cheque to her brother-in-law. She was very rich, and she had neither chick nor child, nor any near relative on her own side, so Dominick Lambert had not resented these sisterly offerings. But this year none had come. Kitty had not been as in former years the bearer of the precious document, which should smooth out the crumples from Papa's forehead for a while.

A few days later there was the opening meet of the season at Creggs Hill. Kitty was going to ride Mickey for the first time. He had been broken in and accustomed to a side-saddle; Timothy Hafferman, the groom, having ridden him in Miss Kitty's saddle, with a discarded skirt of Kitty's which had come down to Mrs. Hafferman.

"Lumley took so much interest in it, Kitty," said Dominick Lambert, looking more like Garry than

ever. "Such a kind fellow, Kitty! I'm so glad to have him for a neighbour."

"I wish we could have kept the Kavanaghs," said Kitty, coldly, and was grieved afterwards for the snubbed look in her father's face.

THERE was a big meet at Creggs Hill and Kitty had a new habit, a gift from Aunt Maria, as well as her new horse. Not that she thought of Mickey as a new horse. Mickey looked at her as though he had known her during a long life. He took his fences beautifully, like a bird, and he had a mouth as soft as silk. She felt very exhilarated as she followed with a feeling that there was but one will between the horse and his rider.

At the last moment Dominick Lambert's old horse, Trooper, who was sixteen if he was a day, had gone lame, so he was in the stable, and his master sitting by the fire at Castle Lambert, quite willing to confess to a touch of sciatica now that there was no possibility of his going out with Kitty.

"Lumley will look after you, Kit," he said, as she stood, drawing on her gauntlets, and looking as pretty as a picture of a horsewoman as could well be imagined, by the fire in the room he particularly affected.

"I shall have plenty of people to look after me," said Kitty, with a little tightening of her lips.

"I wish you did not set yourself so much against Lumley. Such a kind fellow!" said the poor gentleman, with a sigh, which was to annoy Kitty after she had left him with an irritable remorse.

When she caught sight of Mr. Lumley at a distance on the lawn at Killeera, Sir Myles Dillon's place, she rode away in an opposite direction, and talked so gaily to young Humphrey Dillon that the boy's heart was somewhat flustered. All the time she had a sense which annoyed her of how well Percival Lumley looked in the saddle, how fresh and clean and comely, with the bunch of violets in the lapel of his scarlet coat.

She got away pretty close up to the hounds, and for a little while her vexation was lost in a joyful excitement. But presently as she pounded across a ten-acre ploughed field something sleek and beautiful came alongside Mickey with a delicate, swift rush. She did not need to glance at the rider to see that it was Mr. Lumley's mare, Duchess. She bade him a chilly good-morning, and tried to get on; but Mickey held back or Duchess pressed on, for they were level riding through a narrow breen, where there was hardly space for two horses.

Mickey and Duchess whinnied to each other as they went along the lane side by side.

There was a glorious run across the fields and over the low hedges, with the old dog fox in front of (Continued on page 18.)

A B.-P. Story

MANY people wonder why General Baden-Powell is not in the Great War, but all those who know the antagonism between him and K. of K. are not surprised. When K. of K. went to South Africa, with Roberts, to take charge, he is said to have given B.-P. a month to get out. Like a true soldier, B.-P. got out and said nothing.

B.-P. is peculiar. A Canadian officer tells a typical story. He was a lieutenant at an outpost in South Africa—a "rail-head" seventy miles from Bloemfontein. Word came that B.-P. was coming up to inspect the line of block-houses. The Mess, consisting entirely of junior officers, thought to do the General honour by giving him a nice little dinner. So the Canadian jumped on the armoured train that was there, went down to Bloemfontein and bought some fish and a few other little delicacies and brought them up next day. When the General arrived, the dinner was duly served. But much to their dismay, B.-P. at once began to find fault with such luxury. They explained as best they could—told the whole truth, in fact.

B.-P. would not relent. It was extravagance and he would have none of it. He ate the army rations only and left his hosts to enjoy their delicacies with such appetites as they could muster under the circumstances. But they never quite forgave him.

JIMMIE TRICKETT.

By special arrangement with Ward, Lock & Co., the well-known publishers of London, England, the Courier will, next week, commence the publication of a splendid serial entitled "The Annexation Society," by J. S. Fletcher. It is a mystery story of the higher class, and is sure to attract the attention in Canada which it has already excited in England. "Jimmie Trickett" is one of the greatest characters created in fiction since the days of the incomparable Dickens.



A sample of what British big guns did to German trenches in the big advance a few weeks ago. Official photograph by permission of the Board of Censors B. E. F., taken by Central News.

SEEN FROM THE TOP

Tragedy of Three French Towns Glimpsed by a Canadian from a Captive Balloon

By BRITTON B. COOKE

Northern France, Behind the British Lines,
September 30th.

YESTERDAY, with many misgivings—for of all things there is nothing so treacherous as the invertible part of the alimentary canal—I went up in a captive balloon and with a pair of sixteen-diameter French binoculars looked out over the face of Flanders. A captive balloon is nothing. For a casual visitor there is not even any considerable danger in it. But from this altitude one can overlook much of Flanders, an arena in which Empires have again locked horns, and one gains strange impressions, the only things the Censor over here allows to be exported. From the front line trenches, where we were three days ago, the captive balloon seems very remote from the danger zone. Like a sausage which has been crumpled in at its upper end, it hangs in the haze of Indian summer just over a certain hill in the rear of the Canadians. It seems to be out of sight of the enemy. But as a matter of fact, from the balloon the Canadian Front Line trenches seem to be at one's very feet, and one is tempted to think that by a little stretching of the neck one might be able to peer right down on top of the Germans in their trenches on the far side of the valley.

"Look," said the official observer, "can you make out those tall objects over there to the right?"

"Masts?"

"No. Smoke stacks."

"What do they represent?"

"That is Lille."

They were indeed smoke-stacks, but no smoke came from the tops.

"Now can you see just beyond Lille two other groups of chimneys, side by side?"

"Yes," squinting. "What are they?"

"One is Tourcoing. The other is Roubaix."

"Yes."

"Do you want the story of those cities?"

"Is there a story?"

"Is there? I know it, because before this war I was interested in the silk and dye business. I ought to know."

So up there, pointing out over the warm September landscape of France, with the heat rising in zig-zags and an occasional aeroplane buzzing overhead like a saw snoring relentlessly through the heart of a British Columbia fir, I learned the tragedy of Lille, Tourcoing and Roubaix. It might be, for all appearances, the tragedy of Galt, Preston and Hespeler, or Vancouver, Victoria and New Westminster, or Truro, Halifax and St. John.

EVERYONE knows that the Germans tried to monopolize and did to a large extent monopolize the dye trade of the world. Everyone does not know that France had her eye on the ad-

vantages and disadvantages of that situation long before American trade journals dreamed of writing special articles on dyes, or Japan subsidized her dye-makers. Certain French merchants and manufacturers determined that if they could not produce the actual dyes in France that at least they would produce the most beautiful dyed fabrics. Germany might sell the colours. France would make it possible for beautiful women to wear those colours in exquisite fabrics. One thing alone menaced the plan of the French manufacturer. It was the cheapness of German labour.

In Belgium, labour used to be cheap. To get Belgian labour and keep French factory conditions and French tariff advantages, the manufacturers one by one built factories in Lille, Tourcoing and Roubaix, which are pleasant cities, well-equipped with transportation facilities, not too heavily taxed for municipal affairs and close to the Belgian border. Belgian labour was enlisted; came to work every morning at a very early hour, and late in the day trudged home over the boundary to their less expensive Belgium. Thus the gorgeous fabrics of these three cities—and other border cities, such as Hulluch and Comines, began some fifteen years ago to issue into the goods warehouses of the world. Railway traffic from these cities increased enormously. Buyers from the new world no longer spent only a glorious holiday in Paris, but had to come down to these border cities. The Germans, unable to compete, were forced into the position of supplying a raw material for the French fabric-makers. Lille, in five years, sprouted real millionaires in her fashionable residential section. Rich men brought motor launches to the Canal De La Haute Deule—which, you can see on any war map which, if you follow it, will take you clear to La Basse and Bethune—and the equipages which took the children for the air in the forest beyond Emmerin rivalled those of Paris. Lille, Tourcoing and Roubaix grew fat and powerful and the Germans who had hoped through their mastery of colours to become masters also of the fine-fabric trade of the world were discontent.

WHEN the Germans captured these cities they treated them with elaborate care. That much is known from the refugees. Even in days of peace the owners of the mills guarded their machinery jealously against the inspection of outsiders. There were countless secrets that accounted for the particular qualities of various goods. When the cities were abandoned many of the special parts of the machines were removed. Some machines were destroyed by their owners. But others had to be left intact. A few of these in German hands are said already to have given away some of the secrets of the manufacturers. German experts were imported on the day following the military occupa-

tion of these cities, in order that the details of the machinery might be studied.

"M'sieu! M'sieu!" wailed a little French manufacturer—one of those from Lille—in the course of a conversation with the officer from whom I obtained this story. "Our poor Lille, *Notre pauvre Lille*—she will never be any more! For why? They have already taken away our machinery. They have stolen many of our secrets—though not the most important ones, praise Heaven! But will they ever see Lille fall back into our hands whole?"

Little by little the Hun is being forced back out of France. An inner wall of defence he may have, but it does not contain these cities. He must abandon them. Yet to take them we must bombard them and even before that—"Ah, M'sieu," concluded the little manufacturer, "the Germans will blow up our cities. The cellars, where we used to keep simple things like dyes and old parts of machinery—these are now full of the abominations of war! The day the Germans are driven from these cities, that day will they fire the fuse. You have seen Ypres, M'sieu? Desole? A ruin? That will be our lovely Lille, our Tourcoing and Roubaix."

YOU know the Hamilton Mountain and the road which runs along the top for no other purpose, you might think, than to let people see how beautiful Hamilton is from above. Or you recall the heights above the Caledon Club, where the road struggles breathlessly up toward Orangeville? Or, better still, you know the highest hill up behind Doon, where you can see Preston and Galt and Hespeler all together in the exquisite Ontario landscape? Then you can tell something of what it is like to be swaying high up in the air over France and looking at the things the Germans have done—and may do. The landscape is much the same as that of middle Ontario, except that the trees are naked from the ground to a point very near the top, so that when the afternoon haze rises obscuring the trunks of the trees, the tops appear to float like little handmade clouds over roads, fields and farm-houses. There may here be more roads, and instead of going primly east and west and north and south they twist every-which-way and seem to tread on one another.

Imagine, then, that you once lived in Galt and were prospering there in a trade. Suppose that your family had lived in Galt for a long time and you had been born, taught to speak, schooled, whipped, ensnared by beauty, accepted, married, given children and grown bald in Galt—could you look on it from the hill at Doon and see it in the hands of a blood-stained enemy and not be moved?

This is one of the tragedies of France.

Only a miracle can save this French Galt-Preston-Hespeler group from destruction; that would be the ending of the war before the Germans are driven out.

Brown Bobs Up Again

BOMBARDIER BROWN bobs up again. For many weeks this genial correspondent from anywhere en route and from as near the front as possible has been dead to the world of newspaper publication. His several letters published in the Courier since last winter have been some of



the most casual things ever got together, written under conditions that would paralyze a conventional correspondent. How Brown wrote these letters he himself describes in his latest communique, dated from Port of Embarkation. These were written, as he says, "in sickness, in health, in light and in darkness, when I had a little leisure and when I had to steal it or bribe some one to get it—paying for rooms in which I have to write," etc., etc.

Many weeks ago we wrote Brown asking

him for a photograph. He says in the communique: "I enclose my photograph—a poor one—and will try to get another soon. It was taken in a Tommy Atkins place at Aldershot, here they take about three seconds, and devil take the lights and shadows."

Brown's difficulties in all such matters he off-handedly explains:

"My latest task, assigned me by the Colonel, has been messing the whole column—550 men. This was because I made a success of messing my own section, which I took over as soon as we arrived at Camberley. To reorganize the messing system, cut out 'graft' and wastage, train the cooks and orderlies into systematic habits and inoculate the 'square deal' into all took all the energy and ability I possess, and kept me going night and day.

"This will explain why I have not finished my last two letters. Well, I shall surely finish them as soon as I land in France."

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

Do They Realize

ON Monday morning's train from North Bay to Toronto, in the chair-car, were three women—two spinsters and one married woman. The spinsters, apparently sisters, were big, strong women, who would have made admirable nurses. They were also intelligent and well-bred. One sat with her hands folded and smiled and chatted the hours away, as if no war was going on in the world, and as if she had never heard of the Red Cross. The other was embroidering industriously on some fine garment, evidently a piece of dainty lingerie. The third woman had two children, a girl about four and a boy about seven, and she, too, occupied her leisure moments with delicate fancy work.

In none of their faces was there a glow of satisfaction for duty done or sacrifice made. Yet the spinsters seemed fairly well pleased with themselves. They had never known wealth, but neither had they ever been touched by poverty. They were merely oblivious to anything in life but themselves and their little circle in which they lived. The young mother's face was comely, but hard. The lines about the mouth were a trifle stern. Her's was a face which might have been made really beautiful if moulded by the subtle fingers of self-sacrifice and self-abnegation. The several rings on the left hand and the diamond band on the right, as well as other signs, indicated a bank account in somebody's name that might have provided wool for a thousand pair of socks without serious impairment. Yet she was devoting herself to her corcheting as in the days of peace, before the merciless Hun was let loose upon a unsuspecting and helpless world of women and children.

THESE women had not heard the call. And who is to sound it? Whom can we look to, to strike the clarion note which will cause these women to lay aside their little fripperies and turn to the relief of suffering humanity? Who will cause them to feel that every stitch must be for a wounded soldier or a mother who is suffering in devastated Armenia, Serbia or Belgium? Who will arouse the vast body of women who have not yet realized that in this war their knitting, their serving, their bandage-winding and their prayers are absolutely necessary to the success of the Allies' cause? Without woman's sacrifice, this war cannot be won!

TRAVELLER.

More Hunnishness

THE execution of a British nurse, Miss Edith Cavell, in Belgium, on the charge of having aided British and Belgian prisoners to escape, has showed the world, if it needed proof, that the Germans are exercising martial law to the utmost in the country which once was under the gentle rule of King Albert, and which we hope to see restored to that intrepid monarch. The Huns have no consideration, for either age or sex, in carrying out what they are pleased to call their regulations, and it is to be hoped that the population of the British Isles is, at last, convinced that the Hymn of Hate is no meaningless lyric and that German war business spells brutality of the most "efficient" order. The murder of this woman adds a new name to the long list of

British heroines who have died for their country.

Oranges and Other Fruit

THE birthday of the Kaiserin, the lady who is so fortunate as to be the object of the German Emperor's domestic devotion, fell on October twenty-second, and was celebrated as "marmalade

tion taken up to which the Dominion has yet contributed. There were flags and boxes everywhere, with the Boy Scouts looking their bravest and the Girl Guides smiling their sweetest. It was, indeed, a scene of practical patriotism which showed that "our heart's right there." And, somewhere in the shadow, there was a sailor-like figure standing, and "for Nelson's sake" some of us gave our pennies to save the "silver-coasted isle" which he loved. The Red Cross tag was worn by all of us and one more "long pull, strong pull, and a pull altogether" was made by the British Dominions Overseas.

Welcoming the Wounded

THERE seems to be some confusion in Toronto, regarding soldiers returning from the front. It was stated that certain crippled soldiers had returned to the Capital of Ontario, solitary and unwelcomed, not knowing where to turn. Now, it is bad enough to arrive in the Union Station, Toronto, on a bright morning in June, when one is feeling fit and strong. But to descend into the gloom and grime of that scene of desolation on a rainy afternoon in autumn, is enough to make any invalid soldier wish that the Germans had ended his earthly career for him. There are several societies, now contending in more-or-less amicable fashion, for the honour of meeting the returning heroes; and it is to be hoped that the result will be satisfactory to the soldier, who, after all, merely wishes a square deal and cares not at all for too much oratory.

ERIN.



THE MARCHIONESS OF ABERDEEN, AND OFFICERS OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

Photographed at Toronto, where the annual meeting is being held. From left to right, lower row: Lady Taylor, Vice-President; Mrs. Torrington, President; the Marchioness of Aberdeen, Advisory President; Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Carmichael, New Glasgow, N.S. Top row: Mrs. Adam Shortt, Ottawa, Provincial Secretary; Mrs. George Watt, Brantford, Treasurer; Mrs. W. E. Sanford, Hamilton, Vice-President; and Mrs. Frost, Smith's Falls, Vice-President.

day." The Kaiserin requested that, on the occasion, gifts of jam and marmalade should be sent to the German soldiers in the trenches, in compliment to her. Of course, it was kind and thoughtful of the consort of dear Wilhelm to think of such a sticky present, but we hope that some British lemons will soon reach the German trenches, as a token of esteem and regard.



NEW PORTRAIT OF MR. AND MRS. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Who recently returned to New York from Bar Harbour. Mr. Carnegie apparently finds America more interesting than Scotland in these stirring times. They are burning libraries in Europe, not building them.

The Trafalgar Tag

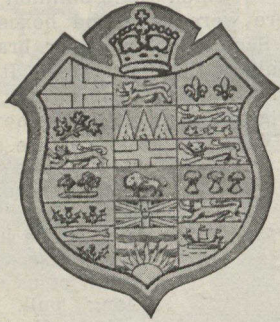
ARE we down-hearted? Why, we are not even in debt, to say nothing of being bankrupt, to judge by the response made to the British Red Cross Society's appeal for funds, on October twenty-first, Trafalgar Day, which saw the biggest collec-

The Kiddies "Do Their Bit"

THE school children of Toronto came in for a great deal of praise when the results of their three days' collection in conjunction with the Red Cross campaign, carried on in Canada last week, became known. All the criticism which was made as to the advisability of allowing the children to assist in the collecting, was swept away in generous enthusiasm, when on the last day of the campaign Mayor Church and a number of city dignitaries stood upon the steps of the City Hall and received from the long procession of gaily decorated motors, each named for the school it represented and each filled with a joyous load of boys and girls, the white money bags containing the results of their labour on behalf of the Red Cross of England. Cheer after cheer arose from the spectators as the amounts of each collection were read and the hearts of the children beat high with thankfulness that they had been allowed to share in Canada's gift.

Another ovation was given them late on the evening of the same day, after all the small workers themselves were tucked away in their beds, when Lieutenant-Governor Hendrie announced to the huge audience which had filled the Arena to hear the opening performance of the Boston Opera Co. and to see the incomparable Pavlowa and her ballet of Russian dancers, that Toronto alone had contributed more than double the amount that was considered would be its share. Second only in enthusiasm to the applause which greeted this news, was that which met the statement that the combined collection of school children of Toronto had reached the sum of seventeen thousand seven hundred odd (Concluded on page 20.)

THE CANADIAN COURIER



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The Ottawa Mystery

OTTAWA almost always can be depended upon to have a mystery lurking around one of its numerous side streets. The leading one at present is on the main street—it touches the high, open places. Will General Bertram's famous Shell Committee continue or be discharged? If they quit, will we be told why they were dropped by the British Government? If they continue their honourable career, will they "get even" with those who have spread strange stories through the land?

Another Blunder

ASIDE from the horror and brutality of the stealthy murder of Edith Cavell at the dead of night, Germany has added another blunder to the growing list. Some of the excesses in the early days in Belgium might have been excused by "haste" and "inexperience." But the brute, von Bissing, can use neither of these in his defence. Prussian officialdom stands revealed as the vilest and bloodiest inquisition in history, and the world now knows that all that has happened since August 3rd, 1914, in Belgium and Servia, and Armenia, are part and parcel of a deliberate policy. Even the pro-Germans in the United States have lost their faith in German humanity.

A British Election

BY January the present British Parliament will have run its seven-year limit. There must be an election or a special Act extending the life of the Parliament. Which shall it be?

Those in favour of an extension argue that an election would be unwise, because it would endanger the national efficiency in the Great War, and that it would be unfair because millions of British voters on military duty would not have a chance to take part. On the other hand, some believe that the election should take place as usual.

Canadians will watch this situation closely because the action taken by the British Parliament will probably be followed here should the war last another year.

Give Mother the Vote

WHETHER mother shall be a politician or not is to be decided on November 2nd in the States of New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. Eleven of the Western States have already given mother the vote. The East will decide in a few days whether or not they will do so. If these four leading States vote "yea," the rest must follow.

And if the United States decides to give women a more active share in electing governments, what about the Canadian Provinces? Will they follow suit? This is a question our publicists may be called upon to answer at an early date.

Bravo, Botha!

GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA has won his third great victory for the British Empire, since the war began. First, he put down the insurrection in the Union of South Africa. Then he led an expedition into German South-West Africa which met with brilliant success. Now he has scored his third victory at a general election. The Nationalists of South Africa have been thoroughly defeated at the polls.

Botha is now free to turn his attention to sending an expeditionary force to help the Allies in Europe. If Botha himself could go to Europe and help to direct the defence of liberty against the Huns, it would create great enthusiasm throughout the British Empire. He undoubtedly has extraordinary

military genius, and his presence on the staff of Sir John French would be of inestimable advantage.

Petty Theft

WHY steal from the hotel-keepers that which the law says is legally theirs? It is not the British method; the Britisher gives compensation.

The Saskatchewan Government, in extinguishing all liquor licenses for hotels and stores, committed an act of confiscation without parallel in the British Empire. Alberta proposes to do the same. And now Ontario is working along the same line, more slowly but just as surely.

Is Petty Theft justifiable on moral grounds? Is our national honour not to be balanced in the scale with our temperance principles?

Republican Armies

MR. OWEN JOHNSON, writing in "Collier's," speaks of Joffre as "The Leader of a Republican Army," as if this were something exceptional. And indeed it is. We have been so accustomed to think of the Mexican or Chilian or Peruvian armies as "republican" that no one in this country would have thought of putting the French Army in the same class. Now that Brer. Johnson has done it, we can but conclude that there are two kinds of Republican armies—one European and one American. Perhaps Mr. Owen Johnson will forgive us if we say we prefer the European brand.

May we add, also, that if the United States ever acquires an army Canadians hope it will be of the European variety. Canada prides herself that her army is fit to fight side by side with Joffre's "Republicans" and Canada would therefore prefer to see the United States, when it finds the time, follow the Joffre and Kitchener model.

A NEW SERIAL.

Next week a new serial will be begun, a mystery story of exceptional quality. "The Annexation Society" is a thrilling tale of a peculiar organization which had its headquarters near London, England, and which almost terrorized the owners of rare bric-a-brac and priceless heirlooms. The author is Mr. J. S. Fletcher, whose stories are well-known to all readers of British literature.

A Worth-While Argument

MR. HENRY FORD has done us all a service in enabling us, on this continent, to express more clearly our views on peace. Mr. Ford is fully convinced, no doubt, that any active move for peace under present conditions would be decidedly unpopular. He has probably made up his mind to put that ten millions "in hock" until the war is over, and not to give away any more Ford motor-cars to itinerant preachers who make slushy utterances about the value of peace. Mr. Ford's gift

to the Canadian Red Cross indicates that Mr. Ford has quickly absorbed the Canadian view-point and has decided not to try to change it at the moment.

Canada is and always was for peace, but in the words of the song:

"We don't want to fight
To show our might,
But if we fight
We'll Fight, Fight, Fight."

Canada has no desire for peace until the German Peril is removed forever as a world-menace.

Competitors

EVER since the Dominion Government floated one-year notes in New York at five per cent., other financiers have been trying to "beat" the market. The city of Toronto sold some nine-months notes in the same financial market at 3½ per cent., or five per cent. per annum. This was almost better than the Dominion Government loan, because there was no "convertible" option as in the case of Mr. White's offering.

Then came the announcement that Hon. T. W. McGarry had negotiated a loan for the Province of Ontario for nine months at 3½ per cent., equal to four and a half per cent. per annum. This is better still. This money is being used to retire treasury bills paying four and three-quarters and now due in London.

This is healthy rivalry. It is pleasant to see that Canadian financiers are trying to exercise the "policy of thrift" which is being so strongly urged as a national duty at the present time.

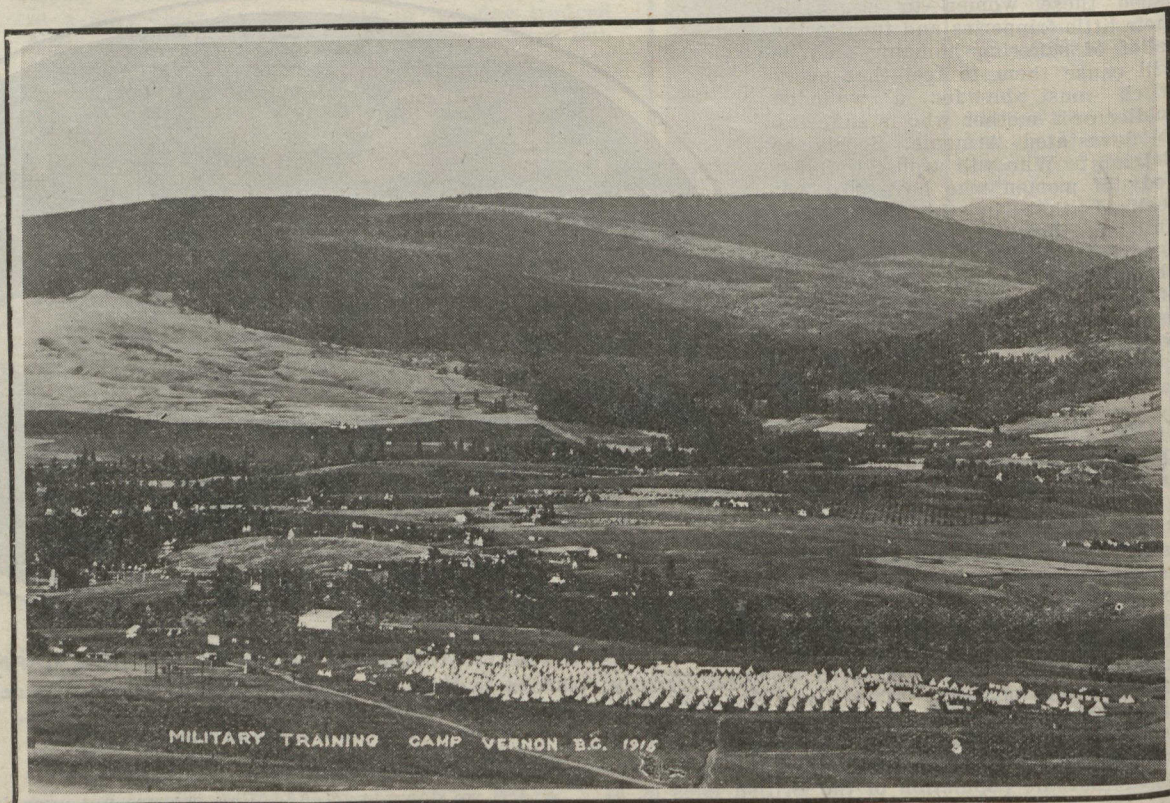
Our Favourable Balance

PROFESSOR NICHOLSON, of Edinburgh, a high economic authority, says: "Sometimes it is of real importance to the Nation, as a whole, to have a favourable trade balance. Canada is in that position in 1915. It was necessary that this country should have an excess of exports over imports, because it could not sell securities abroad as freely as in peace times. Our interest bill abroad, amounting to about one hundred and fifty million dollars, had to be paid, and we had other obligations to meet. Because Canada tried to meet this situation bravely, our favourable balance in 1915 will probably be over three hundred millions. This balance will be secured thus:

Credit Side.	
Exports of Merchandise	\$500,000,000
Exports of Securities	200,000,000
	<hr/>
	\$700,000,000
Debit Side.	
Imports of Merchandise	\$400,000,000
	<hr/>
Excess of Exports over Imports ...	\$300,000,000

This credit balance spells prosperity. It gives Canada the money necessary to pay all current foreign indebtedness and the capital necessary to finance the permanent investments of the Provincial Government and the municipalities. It may also supply some capital for new industrial and commercial undertakings, though this is doubtful.

CENTRAL MOBILIZATION CAMP FOR B. C.



One of the prettiest camps in Canada is that at Vernon, B.C. This bird's-eye view shows the camp and the outlying residences of Vernon. Kalamalka Lake, sixteen miles long, with a good bathing beach, is a few minutes walk from the camp.

Sylvia's Secret

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

CHAPTER XXV.

Journeys End in Lovers Meeting.

IT was not Peggy Willoughby, but her father, the colonel, who answered Max Hamilton's call on the telephone.

"Is Miss Willoughby in?" asked Max, and a gruff masculine voice responded that she was not in, but was expected back shortly—who was it that was speaking, and was there any message for her? Max thought he recognized the colonel's tones, and inquired if he was correct in this supposition.

"I'm Colonel Willoughby," was the reply. "Who are you?"

"Max Hamilton."

"Max Hamilton!" said the colonel, with an audible shout of astonishment. "Is it really you, Max, my boy?"

"Yes."

"Where are you?"

"At the telephone in the post-office in Parliament Street."

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Willoughby. "That's good! When did you return to London, my boy?"

"In the afternoon."

"Well, I am glad, and won't Peggy be delighted! What was your message? Were you coming to us to tell us all about your adventures and so forth?"

"Something of the kind," said Max. "Can you come to dinner?"

"Much pleased—but make it at eight o'clock, if you can, colonel. I must go home and change."

"Eight, then—right," said Willoughby.

"Thank you!" And they rang off.

When Peggy returned to the house in St. Anton's Avenue, she was met by her father, whose beaming face instantly apprized her that he had some good news to communicate, and she conjectured that he had probably heard from her lover. Seeing the colonel's happy expression she smiled sympathetically, though her heart was somewhat heavy. Ever since she had received Max's telegram she had been oppressed by the question, "Does he owe his freedom to Captain Hollander?"

"Prepare yourself, my Peg, for a great but most pleasant surprise," said the colonel—and paused.

"What is it, father?"

"Oh, I am so glad—and you will be more than glad, my Peg," said Willoughby, with an accent of tenderness. "Max is in London! He telephoned to me a few minutes ago from Parliament Street, and he is coming to dinner at eight to-night as ever was!"

Peggy's beautiful colour became deeper—then she turned pale, so that her father, who was watching her solicitously, was afraid that the suddenness of the news, albeit very happy news, had been too much for her, and that she was about to faint. But she rallied herself, and smiled again.

"I should not have been so abrupt—I ought to have prepared you better," said the colonel, regretfully; "it's been a shock!"

"A shock! Oh, no, father," said Peggy. "I—I am as glad as glad can be! Did he tell you anything particular about how he had contrived to get back to England?"

"No, he'll tell us to-night, of course," said Willoughby, who was puzzled by Peggy's reception of what he had told her—it was hardly as enthusiastic as he had anticipated; he did not know of the bargain she had made with Hollander, and how it weighed her down.

"Yes," said Peggy; "he'll tell us to-night."

"What will he have to tell me?" she asked herself. Since she had bidden Hollander good-bye she had not heard from him, and she had tried to conjecture what his silence might mean. Well, she would soon know what fate had in store for her, but she prayed

with all her soul for strength and courage.

When Max had seen Beaumont and the Minister for War, he was still wearing the clothes with which Bertha Schmidt had supplied him in Treves; there had been no time or opportunity for changing them, even if he had had the money for purchasing other garments. As it was, he had not more than barely sufficient funds to carry him to London, and these he had borrowed from Bertha, who, indeed, would willingly have given him a larger loan, if he would have taken it.

After telephoning to the Willoughbys, Max went to his own rooms—the sight of them again, after his enforced absence, was, it can readily be imagined, very agreeable. He tubbed, and made a complete change. He still looked travel-worn and a little pale and haggard, but there was nothing noticeably amiss with his appearance when he was seen by Peggy Willoughby at dinner.

Max had counted on having a few minutes alone with her before that meal, but when he went into the drawing room he was received by her father and mother, who both showed how unmistakably pleased they were to see him again; Peggy, however, did not appear till just before dinner was announced—a circumstance which keenly disappointed him, and when he did see her he felt there was something about her that increased his disappointment.

Not that she did not seem as lovely and as desirable as ever—nay, she was more than ever lovely and desirable; but he was subtly conscious, in spite of the warmth with which she welcomed him, that there was some constraint upon her—it was indefinite yet tangible, and it chilled him. He had set out with bounding pulses, full of joy at the prospect of seeing her again, of clasping her in his embrace, of kissing her sweet lips! "What can be the matter?" he mused, as he gazed at her.

Before Peggy had come into the room, her father had asked Max for the story of his adventures, and had been astonished when the latter replied that he really had no story to tell.

"Oh, come, Max!" the colonel had protested; "there must be a story!"

But Max shook his head.

"The Germans released you—was that it, Max?" asked the puzzled colonel. "I should never have thought they would!"

"No, they didn't release me. Two nights ago I knocked down one of my gaolers and stunned him," said Max, very quietly—he never liked to think of that episode. "I put on his uniform, and aided by good luck and a heavy snowstorm succeeded in getting out of the barracks in which I had been confined. The Grand Duchy is only a few miles from Treves, and the same snowstorm, continuing, helped me to reach the frontier without being recaptured."

EVEN to Max this statement sounded extremely bald, and he was not astonished by the remarks the colonel made upon it.

"You must have had the most amazing good luck, Max!" exclaimed Willoughby. "Were there no soldiers about the barracks?"

"It was late at night, very dark, and snow was falling heavily," Max made answer.

"But all the exits from the barracks would be guarded, surely!"

"I got past the guard," said Max. "I was extraordinarily fortunate."

"You must have been—and I had no idea there could have been such slackness in the German army as your escape proves there must have been," remarked Willoughby; "even a late hour and a heavy snowstorm don't quite account for it, Max, my boy!" observed the colonel, with a very du-

bious expression on his face. "You were very lucky, Max; that's all that I can say."

"Uncommonly lucky," said Max.

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Willoughby, who while listening to the conversation of the two men with interest was still more interested in conjecturing why it was that Peggy was so late in coming into the drawing room. But when her daughter did come, she found a perfect explanation in Peggy's attire, for the young lady had put on one of her most becoming dresses—a pale-blue frock, which Max had admired—and had otherwise taken pains with her toilette.

The talk during dinner was hardly as gay as might have been expected in what should have been joyful circumstances. Willoughby referred more than once to the wonderful luck Max had had, and of course Max repeated his story—the story he had told the colonel and Mrs. Willoughby—for Peggy's benefit, and she said she thought it was "quite romantic enough for anything."

SHE noticed, with a sense of relief that was almost painful in its intensity, that he had said not a word of having received any assistance. He was not indebted, then, to Captain Hollander! But she said to herself that she must tell him about her bargain—otherwise Hollander might speak of it some day, and trouble might be made. This thought kept her pensive.

Soon after dinner the lovers were left to themselves in the drawing room, and they rushed into each other's arms—"Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all its chords with might." Peggy shed some natural, happy tears as he embraced her fervently and passionately, and he kissed her tears away; once more they confessed their love and murmured their vows. He observed with delight that no longer was he sensible of that feeling of constraint upon her; she was radiant!

It seemed to him that his absence from her, and all that he had undergone, had but endeared him the more to her, and therefore might be said to have been worth while. What, then, had been in her mind when she met him again? Or had he been mistaken?

Some minutes passed all too swiftly; then Peggy remembered.

"I have something to tell you, Max," she said, withdrawing a little from him. "It's something I'd much rather not tell you, but I think I ought to do so, as one never can tell what may happen."

Both her face and her voice edged with seriousness as she spoke, but Max smiled happily at her. What could she have to tell him, he wondered, that would mar their love for each other—and was not that everything?

"Yes, Peggy," he said gently, but her next words made him start violently.

"It's about you and me"—there was a distinct pause—"and Captain Hollander."

"Hollander!" exclaimed Max, in a queer tone.

"Yes, Captain Hollander," said Peggy. "Listen, Max, dear, and be patient with me. When I heard you were arrested as a spy and cast into prison at Treves I was in great distress—"

Max took and pressed her hand.

"And that distress grew and grew as the days went by, and nobody was able to do anything for you," she went on, returning the pressure of his hand. "I was always asking myself if there was nothing I could do to help you. Then there came a chance, as I thought it might be, for effecting your liberation—the chance came through Captain Hollander. Seeing he knew Germany so well, I asked him if it was not possible for him to assist you to

freedom, and he promised to do what he could for you, but on one condition. Can you guess what it was, Max?"

As she put the question, she observed that his face, which was now pearly turned from her, was dark with some emotion—some powerful emotion, but what it was she could not read.

"Max!" she said.

"Yes," he answered, turning his face to her; its strange and almost terrible expression made her suddenly afraid, but as she looked at him its aspect became less formidable.

"Captain Hollander told me he would help you to escape from Treves," she went on, "on condition that I married him. And I said that to get you out of the hands of the Germans I would do even that, Max!"

They had been sitting side by side; Max had now risen to his feet, and his face worked with rage—which Peggy misinterpreted.

"Oh, Max, don't be angry," she cried. "Not with you, you dear," he replied; "never with you!"

She had risen, and she came up close to him.

"Max! Max!"

"Sit down, dearest," he said. "Give me a moment to think."

"What is it, Max?" asked Peggy, after a while. "Tell me, dear."

"Yes," he at length said. "I shall tell you. It is about this man Hollander. He is not what you think him—what I thought him, Peggy. First of all, I must say that I did receive assistance in my escape, but it was not from him; on the contrary, that I went to Treves and was arrested was all his doing."

"What!" cried Peggy, staring.

"Wait an instant, dear. I cannot tell you how I got that assistance, for I have promised to keep silent about it, but if it had not been for that assistance I should still be in prison. Nor can I tell you how I came to know about this man Hollander; you must take it from me, Peggy, and believe it as I believe it. I heard it all in such a way that I can have no shred of doubt."

"Oh, I shall believe you, Max, though what you say seems very strange."

"It is strange—more than strange, Peggy; it is dreadful!"

Max sat down beside her, and pondered how best to tell her.

"Peggy, dear," he said after some seconds: "you have not forgotten Sylvia Chase?"

"No, Max," she replied, wonderingly; "what has she to do with it?"

"She was a German spy or secret agent—that's how she got the income that puzzled us all so much."

"Max!"

"It is true, and she was killed by another German secret agent because at the last she repented and would have made disclosures—"

"Oh, poor Sylvia," said Peggy, interrupting him.

"The German secret agent who killed her—prepare yourself, dear, for something most unexpected—was Captain Hollander."

Thereafter he told her nearly everything he had learned from Bertha Schmidt, but said never a word about that woman.

"Oh, poor Sylvia," said Peggy, interrupting him.

"The German secret agent who killed her—prepare yourself, dear, for something most unexpected—was Captain Hollander."

Thereafter he told her nearly everything he had learned from Bertha Schmidt, but said never a word about that woman.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Unmasked at Last.

EVENTS moved quickly, and the end of the drama, so far as Hollander was concerned, came with truly dramatic suddenness.

Max had suggested to the Minister for War that no time was to be lost, and no time was lost. Profoundly impressed by Max's revelations of Hollander's treachery, the Minister set to work at once to have them confirmed, if that was possible, by direct evidence. He knew that the greatest confidence had been reposed in Hol-

The Annexation Society

A MYSTERY STORY

By J. S. Fletcher

Next week, a new serial story, entitled "The Annexation Society," will begin in The Canadian Courier. The writer is the well-known English novelist, Mr. J. S. Fletcher, whose stories rank with those of the authors of "Sherlock Holmes" and "Raffles." The mysterious disappearance of the Tsar's Gold Cross from the Royal apartments of one of the best known country seats in England discloses a mystery which taxes the skill of British and French experts in criminology.

The "mystery," thrilling as it is, is not all the story. The author has woven into his romance a wonderful picture of British society under modern conditions. He tells a story which appeals to the student of science and economics as well as to the seeker after diversion and entertainment.

CANADIAN COURIER

lander, and that much harm must have been done by him, if what Max had said was true; he did not doubt what Max had said, but after all there were only his statements to go upon, and much more was needed—these statements must be supported by convincing proof.

Shortly after Max had left him, the Minister, excusing his attendance at the House of Commons to his colleagues on the plea of pressing business of the most important nature, proceeded to the War Office; it was "closed" for the day, but as there are always a few officials in residence, he sent for one of them, and ordered him to fetch with all haste the chief of the Intelligence Department—a title which covers the secret service of the army—Colonel Chambers. When this officer arrived, as he did in a remarkably brief space of time, and was informed by the Minister that there was reason to suspect Captain Hollander of playing a double part, that while pretending to be a British secret agent he was in reality in the pay of Germany, he protested that he could not credit such an assertion, and declared that Hollander, who was rather a pet of his, was the most efficient and successful man in his Department.

"Hollander is in Germany at the present time," he continued, "on a special mission, and I believe he will accomplish it."

"What is this special mission?" asked the Minister.

"To discover by what means the Germans obtained possession of the drawings of the new gun," said Chambers.

"Would you be surprised to hear," asked the Minister, with the suavity of manner for which he was famous in the House, "that there is some foundation for the belief that it was this very man Hollander who obtained these drawings and handed them over to Germany?"

CHAMBERS started violently and his face went white. He looked at the Minister, who returned his gaze so steadily that the words, "Impossible, sir!" which he was about to utter, froze on his lips. Instead, he said, "Is it possible?" in tones of the deepest dismay.

"I understand," was the reply, "that it was he and nobody else who gave the drawings to the Germans."

"May I inquire how you have come to understand that, sir?" asked Chambers.

"I cannot tell you that just now, colonel. But I can tell you what I want you to do at once. I presume that you know where Hollander's rooms or apartments are in London?"

"Yes, I have the address. He also has a room here in the War Office."

"Have them searched thoroughly. As Minister for War I give you the fullest power and authority to make a thorough investigation. And I must tell you, further, that there must be no delay; you must begin your investigation immediately; get whatever assistance may be necessary; and report to me at the House, if it is still sitting, and if it is not, come to my residence—I shall not retire for the night till I have received your report. The matter is as serious as it well can be."

"You believe he is guilty, sir?"

"I fear he is guilty," said the Minister.

"If he is, then all I can say is that I have been grievously mistaken in him—he must be the most consummate scoundrel!"

"He is, I fancy," returned the Minister. "Now pray proceed with the search; I am going back to the House, where I shall probably remain till a little after eleven; thereafter, you will find me at my home."

Colonel Chambers bowed himself out, and a moment later the Minister left the War Office.

The Minister was sitting on the front bench on his side of the House of Commons towards the close of its sitting that evening when Colonel Chambers' card was brought to him; he went out forthwith and met the officer, whose face, he could not help noticing, was sombre and sad; it was impossible not to leap to the conclusion that proofs had been found which

confirmed Max's statements respecting Hollander.

"Well?" asked the Minister when alone with Chambers.

"The man," said Chambers, "is the most consummate scoundrel imaginable; he is a secret agent of Germany—there is abundant evidence against him; he had hoodwinked us all along. I—I feel very strongly about it, so strongly that I must tender my resignation."

"Do nothing of the kind," said the Minister, kindly. "Let me hear what you discovered."

"I discovered several things that incriminated him, but perhaps this paper is enough." He held up a sheet of foolscap, on which was a list of names, with sums of money opposite them. "It is the pay-roll," he resumed, "of the members of the German Secret Service employed and paid by Hollander in London."

Chambers passed the document over to the Minister, who read it carefully. Among the names on it he saw that of Sylvia Chase, with fifty pounds per mensem against it; under her name was that of Bertha Schmidt, with five pounds per mensem, but as the Minister knew nothing about her, he did not give the item any attention. Still here was ample witness of Hollander's guilt, and of the truth of much that Max had told him.

"It is quite enough by itself—this paper, to condemn the man," said the Minister. "Where did you get it?"

"In his room in the War Office," said Chambers. "There is a safe in it, and I had it opened."

"I suppose he thought it a capital place for keeping such a document, for no one would ever have dreamed of looking for anything of the sort in that place," observed the Minister. "And there are other proofs?"

"Yes; but I did not bring them with me; I did not think more would be required in addition to that damnable pay-roll."

"Now, colonel, I wish to say what I am going to do. In the first place, however, I desire the matter kept to ourselves," said the Minister. "Next, Hollander must be allowed to return at the time you expected; if he is recalled, he may suspect something; on his return, he must be arrested. When do you expect him?"

"Very soon—in a day or two."

"I shall see those other proofs when I come to the War Office to-morrow," said the Minister, concluding the interview. But before he went to the War Office next day he received a message by telephone at his residence from Colonel Chambers, reporting that Hollander had arrived in London by the early Continental train, and was now at the War Office under arrest, though he had not been apprized of the reason for it. What was the next step advised? What was to be done with the man? A court-martial—or was he to be given over to the civil authorities for trial?

"I shall consider the matter," said the Minister, "and let you know."

BY profession a lawyer himself, the Minister laid the subject before the great law officers of the Crown; he had decided beforehand, however, on a court martial, but he was glad to find them express a similar opinion; they took the view that the public interest demanded that Hollander's case should be kept as free from publicity as was possible—at least for a time.

Hollander, securely guarded, was conveyed by night in a motor to Aldershot, where he was told in general terms of the charge against him, and that he would be tried by court martial. He strenuously denied that he was guilty, and asked what proof there was, but was informed that it would be produced at the proper time. Still insisting that he was innocent, he requested that the court martial should be held without delay, and waived any rights he might have had by which it could have been put off for a while. He tried to think out how the truth had come to light, but in vain, yet he faced the situation with desperate courage. He even resolved on his course of action if the worst came to the worst.

The military authorities granted his request, and the court martial sat

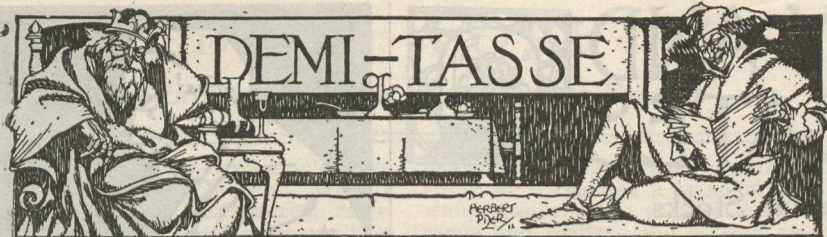
(Continued on page 21.)



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COURIETTES.

IN Illinois they have organized a "Famous Fathers" club. The house fly should be a charter member.

Chicago boasts that it is building a model police station. But it will be a long time getting a model force to fill it.

C. W. Morse, the bank-wrecker, was released from jail because he was about to die. He is now operating a line of 30 steamships—while he awaits the end.

Italy's king had a horse shot under him the other day. Got to beat Sir Sam Hughes to the front page somehow.

One of the main points of difference between a man and a woman is that a man can pick out his winter hat in less than two and a half hours.

The price of milk has risen in some places. We wouldn't mind if the cow got the difference, but she doesn't.

The Swiss herders are said to be missing the tourist this year. More money in the imported goat.

Vice-President Marshall says he is for Woodrow Wilson. Well, what of it? So is Mrs. Galt.

Now that Britain has destroyed nearly all the Hun submarines, Germany is willing to make all kinds of concessions to Uncle Sam, re undersea warfare.

A New York man paid \$1,000 to "have the devil knocked out of him." Salvation is not free to him.

Health experts say that one kiss out of every hundred is laden with germs. Well, 99 are quite enough for us.

Bulgaria's premier says she "must wrest from her enemies all that she has lost." The Allies will give her no rest.

Recently they organized a Baby Show in London and a Zeppelin raid followed. The Huns could not miss such a fine chance.

Germany is rather short of cotton, but she is still able to spin some fine yarns.

Price of radium is now \$15,000,000 per pound. This does not include postage.



A Melancholy Moan.

As soon as the ice-box
Gets over its thirst
The furnace gets hungry
And wants to be nursed.



Their Purpose.—Grandmother was scolding about modern girls and how little they know of housework.

"Why, I don't believe they know what needles are for," she exclaimed. "Oh, yes, we do," replied Geraldine, her grand-daughter. "They use them to make the gramophone play."



Philosophical.

This world is but a fleeting show,
And no wise man regrets it;
For man wants little here below
And generally gets it.



The Impossible.—They have done a great many startling things in this world war. The improvements in the art of making war are wonderful.

But so far we have not heard of anybody being able to cut the wireless.



The Eternal Feminine.—A Brooklyn woman poured alcohol over her sleeping husband and set fire to him. If a

woman can't roast a man one way she'll try another.



A Problem Solved.—A reader writes to ask us if he can get married on \$8 per week.

Why, of course, man. You can get a license for \$2 as good as the best; for \$5 you can square the preacher who ties the knot, and then you'll have \$1 left for a wedding breakfast.

And after that? Oh, well, why worry about the future?

WAR NOTES.

A young French soldier, wounded in the trenches, was found to be a laundress. She no doubt preferred war to the wash tub.

Among the horrors of war might be enumerated the kisses that generals plant on the cheeks of heroic privates.

These are the days when the map-makers of Europe are busier than a one-armed paper-hanger with the hives.

The baby submarine seems to be the latest infant industry.

Most popular officer in the Allied armies now is Major Offensive.

There's one thing about the Turkish army—it's always in good running order.

There is one thing recently floated that the Hun submarines can't get at—the Anglo-French loan.

By this time Henry Ford seems to have reached the conclusion that it's a wise man who can hold his tongue.

Entries on the European war track may be made at any time.

Contrary.

They offered him a seat 'way back,
It was a foolish stunt,
He wouldn't take the same, alack!
Instead he took affront.

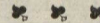


The Way To Get It.—There is a great deal of discussion as to the possibility of peace-making in Europe these days. Britain's determination to get peace by conquering the enemy is well illustrated by the case of the man who found himself in the police court as the result of his attempt to settle a quarrel.

"I was only acting the part of a peace-maker," said the man.

"But you hit one of these men and knocked him senseless," remonstrated the magistrate.

"Yes, I did," admitted the accused. "But that was the only way to get peace."

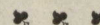


In a Sense, He Does.—There's just one man who may fairly be said to enjoy poor health. He's the doctor.



An Autumn Verse.

Woodman, chop that tree;
I'll burn it everyough.
In youth it sheltered me,
But coal is dearer now.



Wanted A Wide Range.

He had just proposed. "The man I marry," she said, "must be a hero—brave, daring, gallant; he must have enough to support me com-

fortably; he must have a country home; he must have kindness and courtesy, and above all, honesty."

The suitor took up his hat. "That's all very good," he replied, "but this is love—not a department store."



SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

If you see a woman looking in at a millinery window it is a sign that hubby is going to be touched.

If you hear a public speaker begin by saying, "I had not expected to be called on," it is a sign he will talk for 40 minutes.

If you hear a man say that he is absolutely neutral it is a sign that he is a liar.

If you meet a plough-manufacturer who has become wealthy, it is a sign that it pays to beat your plow-shares into shrapnel shells.

If you see a man smiling happily as cold weather approaches it is a sign he is a coal dealer.

If you catch the youngsters looking at the calendar and counting on their fingers it is a sign that Christmas is coming.

If you hear a man proclaim his honesty it is a sign for you to keep your eyes peeled and both hands in your pockets.

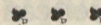


Easy.—"How do they tell if the newly-built ships are good ones?" "They take them out to sea."



Changing Fashions.

She bought a smart new hat in haste,
And took it home (no time to waste)
To wear that very night. Meanwhile
The hat had quite gone out of style.



The Retort Courteous.—Mr. Jones—"Women must consider it a terrible fate to be an old maid."

Mrs. Jones—"They do, John. Look at the human excuses they marry to escape being old maids."

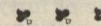


In a Scotch village, where a young doctor had lately started practice, a workman had the misfortune to get his finger bruised badly in one of the mills. A doctor was sent for, and, on properly dressing the finger, the man nearly fainted. He was asked if he would take a little spirits to revive him.

"Mon," he exclaimed, with feeling, "that wud just be the very life o' me!"

The doctor gave him a good glass, which he greedily swallowed, and, on recovering his breath, his first words were:

"Weel, doctor, I ken unco' little about yer skill, but, mon, ye keep grand medicine!"



Why He Didn't.—In a certain Sunday school the teacher was endeavouring to explain that a man could not expect to reap if he never took the trouble to sow. "But what he does sow he will reap," he continued. "To make matters plainer, I will ask you a question. If I planted turnip seed, what do you think I should get?"

"Turnips!" shouted several.

"Right," said the teacher. "But it doan't allus come off," put in one precocious youth. "It didn't wi' neighbour Wurzel."

"Indeed!" remarked the teacher.

"Yis," went on the bright scholar. "E sowed some taters a little while ago, but 'e ain't reaped none."

"Well, perhaps he's gathered them?"

"No, 'e ain't gathered 'em."

"Well, dug them up, then?"

"No, nor dug 'em up, naythur."

"Oh, I see," smiled the teacher. "The potatoes are not ready yet? He will gather them by and by."

"No, I don't think as 'e will," persisted the scholar.

"Why?" asked the puzzled teacher.

"Why, yer see," responded the other, calmly, "we gathered 'em when he was in town, the day before he was going to."

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Bulge in Canadian Stocks

WHY, about October 15th, did there begin a big rise in Canadian stocks? That is the question which is agitating the minds of those who have made money and those who would have made a profit if they had known. Why does a dead market suddenly become a live one without any apparent change in conditions?

The secret undoubtedly is a changed attitude on the part of the Banks. The Big Bankers sat on the safety valve as long as they could. Their compatriots in New York were doing the same stunt. They hated to see United States Steel go from \$44 a share to \$88, and hated worse to see Bethlehem Steel go from \$44 to \$500. They deplored the wild speculation in Wall Street and did their best to stop it. The Canadian banker did the same here, and was more successful. Even in September when the brokers were crying for more latitude, the call loans in Canada were reduced, instead of being increased. The bankers stood firm, hoping the Wall Street gale would blow over and leave us undisturbed.

The bankers of Canada were wise, but they were holding back Niagara Falls. Despite restricted business of a general commercial nature, the riches of this continent are piling up. The Allies have ordered a billion dollars' worth of material in the United States, and one-quarter as much in Canada. The crops were enormous. Money is piling up. Stocks must rise.

Finally, about the middle of October, the bankers gave in. Slowly, almost stealthily, they open the door and the golden flood began to ooze out. Dominion Bridge and Canadian General Electric led the way, and the other stocks followed suit. The new readjustment is on in full force. Brazilian, which has clogged the market for a long time around 45, suddenly jumped to 58. Even at that price it is paying over seven per cent., as against three for Dominion Bridge at 196, nothing for Canada Cement at 34, nothing for Steel of Canada at 35, four per cent. on Laurentide at 194, and four per cent. on Montreal Power at 237.

The result of this "new freedom" was a wonderful activity on our two leading exchanges. Bank clearings in Toronto for the week ending 21st were the highest since the war began. Bank clearings everywhere were up. True, there is trouble with the Shell Committee at Ottawa, and orders are held up, but every one knows that shortly another hundred million dollars' worth of orders must be placed—may be placed before this article appears.

Wise? Perhaps not; but people have the money and they are bound to buy. Some of them will sell again, but many of the new purchasers will put the stuff away in the strong box and await developments.

American Bankers and Canadian Securities

A NEW development in the call money situation is the fact that New York bankers will now make loans on purely Canadian stocks, whereas up to this time they would only loan on those listed in New York. It has, of course, always been possible to get money in New York on C.P.R., Mackay, Twin City, etc., but up to this fall New York correspondents of Toronto brokers have not been able to get the purely domestic securities accepted as collateral. Of recent weeks, however, Canadian brokers have succeeded in getting money on such collateral, and loans of this nature have recently been made at a rate as low as 3½ per cent.

"Baby Bonds" of Allied Loan

NEW YORK advices state that the \$100 denomination of the Anglo-French credit loan bonds are proving attractive to the small investor. From all parts of the United States have come advices that there is a splendid demand, and the securities are expected to continue in good favour owing to their high yield, 5½%, and undoubted backing. For years bond men have advocated the issue of more "baby bonds," and the subscriptions so far are said to prove the merit of their ideas in this regard.

Our Bulging Money Bags

A YEAR ago, September 30th, the Canadian chartered banks had \$1,006,000,000 on deposit. On the same date this year they had \$1,052,000,000, an increase of forty-six millions. This is a decided increase, and shows that Canada is not getting poorer in actual cash, even if business has been somewhat restricted in certain lines. When the crop money begins to show, as it will in the October and November statements, deposits will make an even better showing.

During the same twelve months periods, current loans by the banks show a decrease of fifty millions. Thus the banks have nearly one hundred millions more money on hand than they had a year ago. They have sent \$45,000,000 of that to New York for temporary use. The rest is lying idle in the vaults.

United States Contributed to British Red Cross

A NUMBER of United States firms contributed to the British Red Cross collection made in Canada on Trafalgar Day. The largest was a \$5,000 contribution from E. W. Bliss Company, munition manufacturers, Brooklyn. Others were: Pierre G. Dupont, president Dupont Powder Company and Dupont Fabrikoid Company, of Wilmington, Del., \$2,000; Jos. Schlitz Brewery Co., Milwaukee, \$100; Johnson & Higgins, New York, \$500; Hall China Co., East Liverpool, Ohio, \$25; Kelly Springfield Motor Truck Co., Springfield, Ohio, \$250; Rome Packing Co., Rome, N.Y., \$50; Lafayette Hotel, Buffalo, \$25; Acme Machinery Co., Cleveland, Ohio, \$25; Henry Disston & Sons, Ltd., Philadelphia, \$100; Gugler Lithograph Co., Milwaukee, \$25; Rogers Browns & Co., Buffalo, \$100; Canadian Postum Cereal Co., \$50; Waldorf Astoria Hotel, N.Y., \$50; Mrs. Jas. B. Forgan, Chicago, \$500; J. Ogden Armour, Chicago, \$500; James A. Pat-ten, Chicago, \$500; Lurnen Bearing Co., Buffalo, \$25; John D. Larkin, Buffalo, \$100; H. J. Heinz Co., Pittsburg, \$1,000; Hotel Biltmore, New York, \$500; Potter & Johnson Co., Pawtucket, \$500; Wrigley Spearmint Gum Co., Chicago, \$1,000; John R. Thompson, Chicago, \$50.

James J. Hill is quoted as saying that this year's crops across the line are worth about \$10,000,000,000, a total greater than all the gold mines of the world have produced in 25 years.



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CAN DOGS FORETELL ?

A Little Chat About a Mysterious Faculty

IN the course of a recent article, says a staff writer of the "Weekly Scotsman" of Edinburgh, reference was made to a dog's premonition of danger. It will be remembered that a brown spaniel refused one morning to go for a walk, but was forced to do so. In less than a quarter of an hour it returned, so badly injured by a savage dog that it had to be destroyed. Did this dog, by some mysterious sense, know of the impending danger? There are plenty of people who have studied the ways of the canine race who would give a prompt reply in the affirmative. An old friend (Mr. C. H. Lane) who has probably had as much to do with dogs as anyone living, and who is the author of several books dealing with canine subjects, writes:—

"I have not the slightest doubt that dogs, in many instances, can foresee dangers to themselves and others, and will take prompt measures to avoid them. Some examples are sent herewith, all of which are believed to be quite reliable. I am thoroughly assured that dogs can communicate with each other. I have known, and heard of many cases, and illustrations of some of these are given herewith, all considered genuine and from trustworthy sources."

Foreseeing Danger.

SOME few years since the inmates of a house in High Street, Bristol, were aroused by the loud barking of a large black retriever dog, "Jack," on the premises. On going downstairs to ascertain the cause, it was discovered that the premises next door were on fire, which had attracted "Jack's" attention and induced him to give the alarm. The house was cleared of its contents and all the inmates escaped, but "Jack" was so intent on remaining on guard that he remained for about four hours, after giving notice of the danger, and although he escaped injury from the fire or falling timbers, etc., he suffered so much from being exposed to the fumes and smoke that he died next day from the shock to his system.

Another instance of sagacity also occurred at Bristol, when a nursemaid, wheeling a perambulator with a baby in it down Spring Hill, one of the steepest hills in the city, being suddenly seized with a fit, loosened her hold of the little vehicle, which instantly went rapidly down towards a flight of steps, and apparently certain

destruction, when just before the steps were reached a large retriever, which happened to witness the occurrence and realized the danger, seized the front part of the little carriage, and so probably saved the life of the child inside.

Timely Warning.

EARLY one Sunday morning an attempt was made to burgle the premises of Messrs. M'Leod & Pollock, Argyle Street, Glasgow, jewellers, by breaking through one of the skylights. The building was one storey high, so the roof was easily reached. About 2 a.m., Mr. M'Leod, who slept at the back of the premises, was awakened by his Scottish terrier "Lochiel," which did not bark, but jumped on the bed, and continued scratching and pulling the clothes until his master rose up.

"Lochiel" uttered a low growl, and kept looking up, as if to draw attention to what was going on above them. Afterwards a piece of glass fell into the room, and Mr. M'Leod looked up and saw a man creeping about on the roof. He telephoned for the police, and owing to the timely warning of the dog, they were enabled to arrest the intending burglar before he had time to hide or escape.

At the time of one of the levees there were great crowds in Pall Mall and district. Mr. Edward Smithson was invited by a friend, Mr. Charles James, to accompany him in his carriage from St. James' Palace down Pall Mall when, to their surprise, the Dalmatian dog, "Spot," which usually ran with the carriage, insisted on getting in also! Nothing would induce "Spot" to get out, and while passing through the streets amused himself by looking out of the window at the soldiers, police, and crowds of people collected. When they had got into quieter quarters "Spot" was glad enough to get out of the limited space in the carriage, which he followed, as usual, without any difficulty. There is no doubt he considered he was in danger of being run over or lost in the dense crowds, and that the carriage was the safest place!

Anticipating.

MR. G. S. LAYARD was given a fox terrier, "Jock," on condition that if it did not suit him he should return it to the donor. A few days afterwards Mr. Layard was sitting, with his wife, in the drawing-

THE SQUARE DEAL IN HOLLAND



These are some of the British Marines who took part in the unsuccessful attempt to save Antwerp, and are now interned in Holland.

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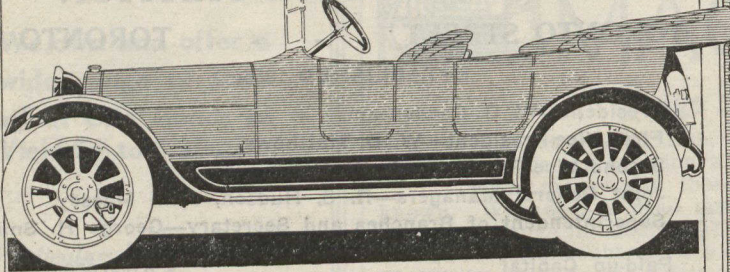
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room and "Jock" lying on the hearth-rug by the fire. He said to his wife, "I don't seem to care for 'Jock,' and shall write to his late owner that I shall send him back." Mrs. Layard urged him to do so then and there, and after discussing the matter he rose to write the letter. Just then the servant came into the room to take "Jock" for a run before shutting up the house. No sooner was the garden gate opened, than away ran "Jock," into the darkness, and he has not been seen since!

He had been taken out in the same way before, and always returned on being called! He seemed to have had foreknowledge that he was to be sent off!

Dr. Barford, of Wokingham, had a Welsh terrier, "Taffside," which had a great objection to the regulation muzzle, took it off, and hid it somewhere. He was seen by a policeman without his muzzle, and his master summoned. The case was to be heard on one Saturday (Dr. Barford's children had told "Taffside" he was a wicked dog to lose his muzzle, and his master would have to go to the Court, but, really he, "Taffside," ought to be there, as he was to blame for losing the muzzle.) The case was postponed on account of illness of the policeman. Dr. Barford was told of the postponement by letter, but forgot to tell the children. On Saturday's Court being

held, the Magistrates were greatly astonished at seeing "Taffside" appear in Court, sitting solemnly in front of them. This story is related by Miss A. M. Wood, of Wokingham, who does not say how "Taffside" learnt the day and place where the Court would be held!

Communicating Together.

DR. WALTER F. ATLEE relates that a man named George Cosgrove had his arm broken, and often came to his surgery for attention. He was always accompanied by a large, fierce-looking bulldog, which watched the doctor most carefully, and kept very unpleasantly near while he was dressing and bandaging his master's arm! A few weeks after Cosgrove's recovery Dr. Atlee heard a noise at his surgery door, as if some animal was scratching it. On opening the door he saw Cosgrove's bulldog, accompanied by another dog holding up one of its front legs, evidently broken. They gravely entered the surgery. Dr. Atlee applied splints and adhesive plaster after straightening the injured limb. They left immediately afterwards, but the dog which came for medical attention was not again seen by the doctor, but must have been told by Cosgrove's dog that Dr. Atlee was the man for him, as he had cured his master!

Mickey and the Duchess

(Continued from page 9.)

them, who had given them many a good day's hunting and had saved his skin so long that he was considered all but immune.

The two horses kept together all day, and the riders willy-nilly. They ended up fifteen miles from home, with the early afternoon drawing in and the rain coming on to a downpour. All through those hours Kitty had remained sulky. She could not acquit Percival Lumley of a most ungentlemanly persistence in following her about all day. She had not been free of him for one second.

NO words had passed between them. They had gone on doggedly riding through the mist while Kitty's rage and scorn grew. Now, when she turned about for home, he turned, too, Duchess pressing up as closely against Mickey as was consistent with the safety of riders.

"Your mare is fouling my horse," said Kitty, icily.

"I am so sorry," said Percival Lumley. "I thought it was your horse's fault. Duchess is certainly very wilful to-day."

She scorned to answer what she thought was an impertinence. The field had quite melted away. The master had jogged off in another direction, and the hounds had disappeared. They were quite alone in the wet October afternoon in the midst of the sheets of rain. And all of a sudden Kitty felt a sense of exhaustion. They had covered a deal of country, and she had eaten nothing since morning, when she had been too excited to eat anything but a poor breakfast.

"Somewhere about here," she said, "ought to be Larry Casey's farm, where Mickey was reared. I wonder if he will remember. Mrs. Casey would give us a cup of tea. I am rather-tired."

Then she did what she had never done in all her healthy life. She seemed to fumble with the reins, and then dropped forward. She would have fallen if he had not been quick. As it was he caught her just in time.

She had the briefest interval of unconsciousness before she came back to his alarmed face and the knowledge that his arms were about her and her cheek resting against his scarlet coat.

"Are you better, darling?" he asked, and she forgot to rebuke him, answering a little uncertainly that she was all right. She did not know what had happened to her.

"That pair of fools," he said, as a loud whinnying reached them, "seem to have found Mr. Casey's. I am so

sorry that Duchess was such a fool to-day."

"I thought it was Mickey," she said, smiling faintly. "At one time I thought it was you and I was very angry."

"No wonder. I couldn't make Duchess behave like a reasonable horse. She made her mouth like iron when I tried to give her room."

"Oh," said Kitty, finding the support of his arm comfortable—"Mickey was just the same. I might just as well have been pulling at the Pyramids."

"You must have thought me a vulgar, presuming cad."

"Oh, no," said Kitty, with a shocked air. "Of course, I never thought such a thing!"

And she really believed what she said.

They moved forward in the direction from whence the whinnying came.

"I really believe that Duchess came from somewhere about here," said Percival Lumley. "I bought her from Algy Savile, of the Hussars; he wanted something heavier. She is a trifle light for me. She would make an ideal lady's hack."

A gate banged and a voice came to them between the insane whinnying of the horses.

"Biddy! Biddy! Come out, for goodness sake, an' the childher wid you. Keep quiet now, darlin', will yez. If it isn't the colt an' the filly broke away and come back to see us."

The riders were abundantly fed and warmed under Mr. Casey's hospitable roof, while Kitty's riding habit and Mr. Lumley's coat were being dried. Kitty, in a loose jacket and skirt of clean stiffly starched pink print, belonging to Mrs. Casey, was more bewitching than ever while she sat by the fire, her eyes shining, her cheeks and lips glowing, her curls in a soft, wild confusion. The horses were being accommodated in the stable they remembered, while the small Caseys entertained them, renewing old ties.

"Wasn't it odd?" Kitty asked Mrs. Casey, as she drank the steaming tea with rich cream in it that was so delicious after the cold rain and the hard riding, "that neither Mr. Lumley nor I knew that the horses were brother and sister?"

"It was, then," said Mrs. Casey. "Sure they're delighted to be wid aich other. Horses have great nature in them. I wouldn't like to be partin' them. But sure there's no call, seein' the way things is."

"Imagine it being so apparent as all that," whispered Percival Lumley into Kitty's pink ear.

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IT was Mr. Bernard Ridder who said at the loan-protest mass meeting in New York:

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"Let us start a great German-American bank, national in scope. We are able to initiate any institution that will help to build up German-American interests in this city and country."

In the last paragraph above the word "American" twice appears. Readers will notice that in each case it may be omitted without at all affecting the sense.

Unanswerable

"PLEASE, lady," begged the wayfarer, "could you give a poor starving man a bite to eat?"

"No," snapped the lady. "I don't believe in helping disreputable vagabonds like you. Besides, from the smell of your breath, I have every reason to believe you are drunk."

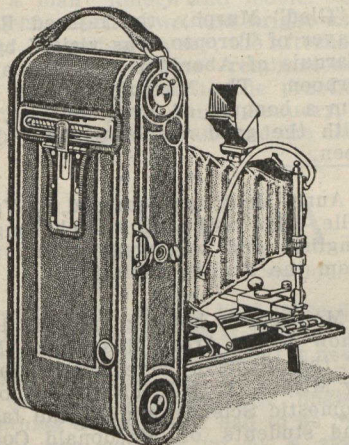
"Maybe I am, lady," replied the tramp. "But do you really believe a couple of slices of bread would make me any drunker?"

Real Sympathy

A PARTY of Scotsmen had been having a little celebration, and unsteady were the steps of the home-goers in the morning. One fell by the wayside, and called for help from another wayfarer. The would-be good Samaritan tried to steady himself as he looked down upon the fallen one, and then settled matters by saying: "I canna help ye up, but I'll lie down aside ye."

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THIS magnificent autographic camera, the latest creation of the Eastman Kodak Company is offered as a prize to the younger readers of the Canadian Courier. The age limit is eighteen years. The prize goes to the person sending



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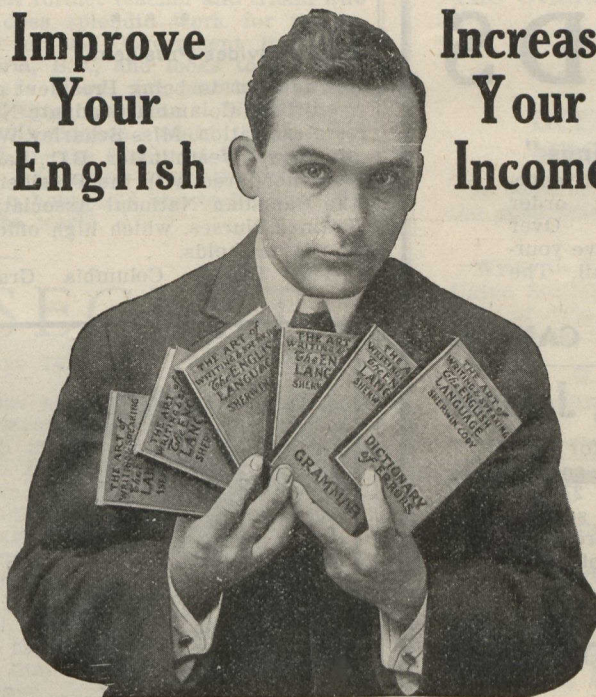
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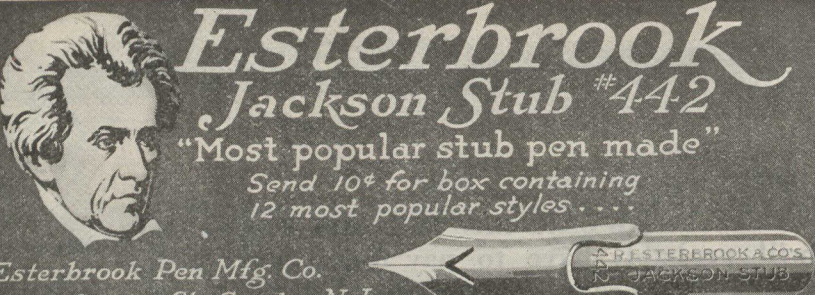
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War Thoughts of an Optimist

By BENJAMIN A. GOULD

An American Citizen Now a Resident of Canada

The author's father after graduating from Harvard studied at the University of Gottingen and received his first Ph.D. degree from there, and although throughout his life he was closely connected with German scientific men and received the German Imperial decoration of the Order Pour le Merite, these associations have not blinded the son to the iniquity of the German cause in this war.

Mr. Gould's mother was a Quincy, and on this side he is a great grandson of Josiah Quincy the President of Harvard, and is connected with the Adams family which gave two Presidents to the United States.

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At the Sign of the Maple

(Continued from page 11.)

dollars—an amount far over and above even the most sanguine expectations of those conducting the campaign. The spirit of earnestness with which the younger students of Toronto worked in the great cause, was demonstrated by one small boy who spent every spare moment of the three days standing on a busy corner, selling the

and been submitted to the Executive Committee, but the Association has not had it presented to the House yet.

The idea of the bill is not to prevent anyone from nursing, but to afford protection to the public in the cases of the nurses who are qualified. At present nurses may make a profession of having certain qualifications which they



THE FLEMING CONVALESCENT HOME FOR CANADIAN SOLDIERS. Luton House, which is situated in Selling, Kent, was the first Canadian home in England to be equipped, financed and organized by Canadians for Canadians. The idea of its establishment originated with Mrs. Sandford Fleming, of Ottawa, whose picture the Courier published last spring on her departure for England for this purpose.

little Red Cross Flags. "Well," he remarked, after the campaign closed and he had carefully noted the exact sum of the children's donation, "I guess \$17,787.00 ain't so bad for a bunch of kids to make in three days."

We forgave him his slang, and would have patted him on the back were it not a bad thing to do to a little boy with a very much inflated chest.

* * *

B. C. Provides President.

In addition to being President of the British Columbia Graduate Nurses' Association, Miss Scharley Wright, of New Westminster, B.C., has also been honoured with the Presidency of the Canadian National Association of Trained Nurses, which high office she at present holds.

The British Columbia Graduate



MISS SCHARLEY WRIGHT

of New Westminster, B.C., who has been elected President of the Canadian National Association of Trained Nurses.

Nurses' Association was formed in Vancouver about three years ago. One of its principal purposes is to secure registration for graduate nurses. With this end in view a bill has been drafted

do not possess, and registration would be a safeguard in such cases. A graduate nurse means one who has studied for three years and been graduated from an approved school.

* * *

News Brevities.

It has been suggested that the school children of Ontario erect a monument in memory of Edith Cavell, the British Nurse murdered by the Huns for lending assistance to British and Belgian prisoners.

* * *

"Glad" Murphy, the injured Rugby player of Toronto, was visited by the Marquis of Aberdeen last Sunday afternoon. The Marquis brought with him a bouquet of lovely flowers, sent with the good wishes of Lady Aberdeen.

* * *

Anna Held has returned to Vaudeville. She will sing French songs in English, and will wear gowns fresh from the French capital.

* * *

Montreal is holding an Ideal Home Show at the Arena this week. Many of the displays have been arranged by Miss A. E. Hill, of the School of Domestic Science, and by the faculty and students of Macdonald College. The success of the enterprise demonstrates the growing interest taken by housewives in the scientific management of the home.

* * *

Mannikins in the latest models of the Coutouriers of London, Paris and New York, are to be a feature of the Saturday afternoon and evening performance at the Orpheum Theatre Montreal. It is the first introduction of such a feature in any Canadian theatre.

* * *

Delegates of the National Council of Women now in session in Toronto, this week visited the industrial farms for men and women and the city's health laboratories.

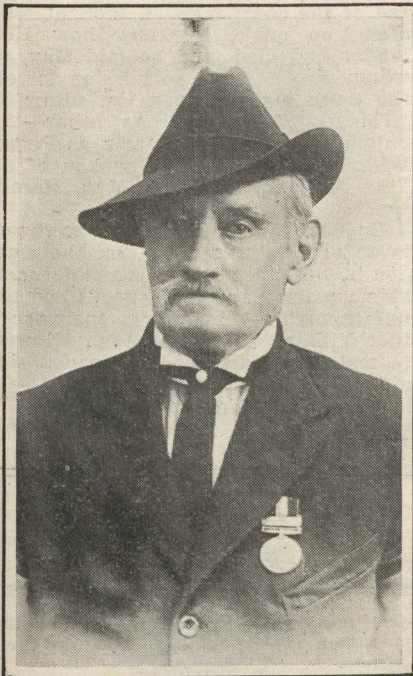
Other matter of special interest to women readers will be found on last page of this issue.

Grandson of General Shrapnel

Who is an Artist in Victoria, B. C.

By BELLE DOBIE

WHEN an inexperienced girl meets a man of forty with a bald head she generally looks upon him as being old. This was the impression the writer had the day she took her first painting lesson from Edward Scrope Shrapnel, A.R.C.A., 1578 Clive Drive, Oak Bay, Victoria, B.C., formerly of the teaching staff of Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. A few weeks ago, hearing that my teacher was still in the land of the living, I had a keen desire to meet



E. S. Shrapnel, A.R.C.A.

him once more, so started out to look for him.

After numerous directions from the man on the tram-car, and several pedestrians as well, I found the artist and his family comfortably housed on Clive Drive, a very romantic spot, such as an artist would choose. I did not find a man "ninety and feeble," but one just seventy-two and bright as a dollar. Needless to say, the afternoon was spent in college reminiscence, with reference made to the practical joker of that time, Angie Beaudry, of Quebec, who one day amused the class

by painting a sunflower on the professor's bald head. This he took much pleasure in recalling.

Strange to say, as I approached the home, I noticed the professor and a photographer busy getting a picture from a large portrait, which was that of his father, Major H. N. S. Shrapnel, to be reproduced later with that of his grandfather, General Shrapnel, inventor of the shrapnel shell so much in use to-day in warfare. These two pictures, with those of the artist, and his son, A. P. Shrapnel, of the 88th Fusiliers, Victoria, appeared the following Sunday in a Victoria paper, illustrating an article on the "descendants of the deadly shrapnel shell." I must not forget to mention that the artist who painted the general's picture was Mulready, a well-known portrait painter.

After an hour's chat with the artist and his wife tea was served in "old style" manner. Their home is a very hospitable one, so much so, that the visitor is reluctant to leave. Their daughter, Mrs. Davie, wife of the late Dr. Davie, of Victoria, and a son, Mr. A. P. Shrapnel, expects to leave shortly for the front. Mrs. Davie has offered her services as a nurse with the hospital staff then going forward with its equipment from British Columbia. Miss Gladys Shrapnel, the youngest member of the family, now in Victoria, was six years in Brussels studying under Caesar Thompson with the violin. She has many friends there, and naturally is anxious about them.

Mr. E. M. Shrapnel left Whitby twenty-four years ago to live in Victoria. He was founder of the Vancouver Art Association. In those days he made weekly trips to Vancouver to teach his pupils. He is known far and wide in Canada, having taught hundreds of boys and girls to study nature by means of drawing and painting. All those who chance to read this will be more than pleased to hear of their former teacher and friend who still does splendid work for the interior of the Government Buildings, Victoria, B.C., and looks to-day as if he were good for another twenty years, time is so kind to him. This is a family Canada might justly feel proud of—the family of Shrapnel, the word originating from the name, almost a household one to-day throughout the world.

SYLVIA'S SECRET

(Concluded from page 14.)

two days later; it was held in secret, and all the members of it were sworn to secrecy; what took place at it never reached the Press, and its extraordinary and intensely dramatic finale—something about which had to be published—was covered up by a statement that, in a way, but only in a way, was correct.

For on being confronted with damaging evidences of his guilt, and understanding thoroughly that the game he had played so long and so successfully was up, Hollander, to the astonishment of all who heard him, not only admitted that he was a German secret agent, but positively gloried in it.

"Germany is my fatherland, not England," he said. "England I have always hated; Germany have I always loved! No wish is dearer to my heart," he went on, impetuously, "than to see Germany supreme in the world, and England at its feet. For that I have worked and planned and plotted. And Germany shall yet be supreme; it is its evident destiny; the day of England is passing, its sun is setting while that of Germany rises higher and higher day by day."

"We cannot listen to this," said the President of the court martial, gravely. "However you may seek to justify your guilt in your own eyes,

it does not concern us. You admit you have acted the part of a traitor!"

"All is fair in love and war," retorted Hollander, passionately. "And I have but served the country that has my heart's allegiance in the manner which was open to me."

"Enough," said the President; "enough!"

HE consulted his colleagues, and then asked Hollander a question after glancing at a sheet of paper.

"What have you to say about Sylvia Chase?"

"Nothing."

"She was, like yourself, a secret agent of Germany; her name appears on this list." He glanced again at the sheet of paper, which was the payroll that Colonel Chambers had shown to the Minister for War, and which was the most incriminating of the documents brought against Hollander. "She was found murdered some weeks ago in a first-class carriage on the North London line. It is said that it was you who killed her; is that the case?"

Hollander was silent.

"It is the case?" asked the President.

"I did kill her," said Hollander, in the same passionate tones he had em-



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MOOSE - - - Nov. 1 to Nov. 15 Inclusive

In some of the Northern districts of Ontario, including Timagami, the open season is from October 16th to November 15th, inclusive.

Write to J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal; C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto; or any agent of the Grand Trunk System for copy of "Playgrounds of Canada," giving open seasons for small game, Game Laws, etc.

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WHITE LABEL ALE

UNEQUALLED flavor and quality place White Label Ale an easy first; and a standardized system of production assures a never-changing excellence.

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ployed earlier. "She deserved to die—she had to die! After being in the pay of Germany, she threatened to turn upon it, to make disclosures, to reveal secrets; it was impossible to allow her to do so. She had sworn on her life to be true to Germany, and her life was forfeit! It was not murder, it was an execution! I killed her, and she knew why I killed her."

There were murmurs among the judges, but they were stilled by a wave of the President's hand, as Hollander continued in the same voice.

"For her death, too, there is a justification."

"You know what this confession must mean?" asked the President.

"That I shall be hanged for murder!" cried Hollander. "Personally I care no longer what happens to me. I have blundered somewhere and somehow, and can be of no further service to the Fatherland. My race is run! But I have no fear of the future. I see my country at the head of the world—the head of the world. I am the least of her sons, and I have failed! I have foreseen that this, or something like this, might occur—that I might fail, and I have provided for it. I defy and curse you all!"

"Is the man a maniac?" several members of the court martial were asking themselves, as they listened to these words.

But if he was mad, there was method in his madness.

Before anyone could prevent him, Hollander had drawn from his coat a long thin narrow instrument of steel, resembling in shape a stiletto but smaller, and had driven it into his

heart with firm, unerring hand—dying instantly, even as his victim Sylvia Chase had perished, and by the same weapon.

As he fell in a heap on the floor, men rushed forward.

"He is dead," they said, after one glance at the body.

"Perhaps," said the President, dwelling significantly on his words, "it is best so!"

"Indeed, it is," said another officer who sat beside him.

It was announced in the Press that Captain Hollander had committed suicide; there was much speculation as to what had led him to act in this manner, but the facts were suppressed, and the subject soon dropped—in a world that is ever busy with itself about the "newest thing."

The Minister of War, who of course was told everything that had occurred at the court martial, thought Max Hamilton ought to know how Hollander had died, and he told Max, to whom also he gave permission to tell the truth to Beaumont, the editor of "The Day," and to one other—the lady who used to be known as Peggy Willoughby but is now spoken of as "the fascinating Mrs. Max Hamilton."

Superintendent Johnson, however, is under the impression that the murder in the train is still an unfathomable mystery, and will always remain unfathomable. He saw in the papers that Villiers Chase had been allowed to resign, but attached no special significance to the statement.

[The End.]

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Decorative.—The head of a big London business concern is exceptionally tall, and his height is further accentuated by his exceeding slimmness. The other day a visitor from the country called to see him, and was duly asked to sit down.

After they had concluded their business the visitor rose to go, and his host rose also, and seemed to rise and rise. The visitor, letting his glance travel upward, as though inspecting a new species of skyscraper, and with an expression of awed admiration, ejaculated:

"Great Scott, old man, your parents must have trained you on a trellis!"—Tit-Bits.

Which Would Be the Goat?—"It is true," severely said the lady of the high ideals to the successful writer, "that you have gained much prosperity by your writings, but you have written nothing that will live."

"Perhaps not," returned the author; "but when it comes to a question of which shall live, myself or my writings, I never hesitate to sacrifice my writings."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Used to It.—The man had been haled before the magistrate on some trivial charge.

"Let me see," said the judge. "I know you. Are not you the man who was married in a cage of man-eating lions?"

"Yes, your honour," replied the culprit. "I'm the man."

"Exciting, wasn't it?" continued the justice.

"Well," said the man, judicially, "it was then; it wouldn't be now."—Ladies' Home Journal.

French Politeness.—As a truly polite nation the French undoubtedly lead the world, thinks a contributor to a British weekly. The other day a Paris dentist's servant opened the door to a woebegone patient.

"And who, monsieur," he queried in a tender tone, "shall I have the misery of announcing?"—Youth's Companion.

In the International League.—Japan—Can play any position and makes all the managers nervous.

Russia—A big fellow, but so slow he has to make a homer in order to get to first.

Belgium—The innocent spectator who was hit with a foul ball.

Turkey—A pitcher who looked easy, but who is making a lot of trouble.

Uncle Sam—The man who owns the pop, peanut, and refreshment privilege.

War-Correspondents—The men who

can't get into the press-stand because the managers have given all the seats to their friends.

Czar—The manager with loads of substitutes, but too few regular players.—Walter Camp in Collier's Weekly.

The Angels of Mons.

It may be just that folks have flocked
To glorify a pretty tale;
It may be truth that Something blocked
That desperate battle trail,
And, anyhow, the story's growing stale.

But, true or not, there's this is right,
Sure as man lives and murder's done,
Fate never mixed another fight
Since wars were first begun
With so much Freedom to be lost or won.

And swearing Tommies, beaten back,
But rallying still their broken line
Against the howling Prussian pack,
May not have seemed divine,
But still did heroes' work and did it fine.

Whether they saw the shining crew,
St. George and all the rest of it,
Or only found a job to do
And meant to stand their bit,
Something or Someone gave them grip
and grit.

Too Evident.—Nervous Old Lady (on small English railway)—"Oh, dear! how we're rocking! I'm sure an accident will happen to this train!"

Elderly Aboriginal—"It's along o' their bein' short-handed wi' skilled men, mum, so my son 'e offered to drive her just to oblige, and" (confidentially) "I don't think 'e knows much about it."—Passing Show.

Willing to Learn.—"Well, Dinah, how are you and your new husband getting along?"

"Firs' rate, Miss Betty. I been 'greeably 'sprized in dat man."

"Does he treat you all right?"

"Yessum. He sho do, and I ain't had ter hit 'im but one time. I never seed er nigger learn as quick as he do."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Family Pride.—Hoping to be the first to relate some unwelcome news, the youth rushed into the house and said:

"Father, I had a fight with Percy Raymond to-day."

"I know you did," replied the father soberly. "Mr. Raymond came to see me about it."

"Well," said the son "I hope you came out as well as I did."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Conceits of the Moment

This, That and the other Smart Thing that Women Will Wear

New York Shops Are Showing:

DAINTY and practical negligees in materials of cotton crepe, albatross, satin charmeuse and crepe de chine. The more useful models are designed in albatross and finished with embroidered collar and cuffs of crepe de chine. Many of the skirts are accordion pleated, attached to an elastic waist-band. The more elaborate models are hand-embroidered and trimmed with lace of a cobweb fineness.

Fur sets, consisting of hat, neck-piece and cuffs, to be worn with tailored suit.



That newly accepted sleeve which consists of a full upper section puffed at the elbow and a long close cuff is a point of interest in a Georgette blouse of brown chiffon and velvet, which also subscribes to the edict of high collars. Shadow lace forms collar and front of waist, the foundation is of white chiffon, and cuff, girdle, and band at the base of the collar are brown velvet.

A combination of dark brown velvet, trimmed with nutrea, an inexpensive fur closely resembling beaver, makes a clever and becoming set.

Perfectly tailored shirt-waists of pussy willow taffeta in either flesh colour or white. Such a model is invaluable in the up-to-date woman's wardrobe.

For the school girl still at the half-hose period, a plaid frock with a long-waisted blouse and short pleated skirt. With this is worn a tam o'shanter.

Stockings of boot silk, with striped tops, hand clocked in black on white, or white on black.

"Killarney," a "French perfume made in America," being the slogan of the firm of chemists who introduce it. There are thirteen different preparations in the series, including the perfume, toilet water, bath salts, cream, face powder and rouge.

Many charming evening frocks for the young girl simply modeled in chiffon, taffeta and net.

Leather coats for winter wear in the motor—calfskin coats to serve the same purpose. These are shaved down to the softness of chiffon velvet, dyed Burgundy red and collared and cuffed in skunk.

Washable satin underclothes in white or flesh. Nightgowns, bloomers and underbodies are being shown in this material.

An Object Lesson in Dress.

THE Palace Theatre on Broadway, New York, has introduced another continental custom in the appearance of Miss Sadie Mullen, a model in the recent Fashion Show. Attired in the latest mode, Miss Mullen will be present at each afternoon and evening performance, seated sometimes in a box, at others in a

back row or a front, in order that everyone may have an opportunity of studying at close range the perfect details of her costume and benefit by the object lesson which she presents. The idea of living models appearing in theatres is a custom which originated in Paris, was taken up by London, and now for the first time has been adopted by New York.

Dame Fashion's Decree.

The question of shoes proves to be simplicity itself. They are to be high, laced and severely plain. Provided the suit be dark, it is admissible to wear a kid that tones with your costume, but under no other consideration. The champagne effects of yesterday are entirely taboo.

Lace pelerine capes hang down the back of evening gowns to or just below the waist. While they are too lacy to change the contour of the silhouette, they add a great deal of delicacy to the robe.

The evening dress that has not its glint of gold or silver will be unusual this winter. Nearly all the evening silks and satins have a metalized design scattered over the surface of the material. In even the velvet gowns a shimmer of gold or silver is seen in the embroidery or the laces or chiffons that are used in combination with the plain materials.

As regards gloves there was diversity of opinion. As in shoes one suggested that coloured kid might be safely worn to match the suit. But this met with a flat contradiction from an authority of note. Only white or biscuit colour was admitted, in kid or, if desirable, chamois. But it must be real chamois, capable of being washed without shrinking.

A chic tailored costume in a checked serge is suitable for morning wear. The large side pockets in the coat are proof enough that tailored suits must have pockets to be smart. These same huge pockets are often duplicated in miniature form and placed on the upper part of the coat, making the jacket with four pockets on the front.

Evening shoulder scarves have become wide and long. Many fall to ankle length,



A muffler of white and black fox, and a muff made in the new round shape. Snuggled up to the ears in fur so fine and cosy, Miss Winter may defy the nip of Jack Frost and still be very much in fashion.

and come in black and gold lace or delicate shades of chiffon.

Any silks that have been laid away in boxes or trunks for any length of time are sure to have a dead scent about them. To keep silk fresh it should be laid away loosely in boxes filled with tissue paper. Between the crushes of the paper and beneath it there should be quantities of violet sachet. This sachet will fight off any tendency the silk may have to grow musty smelling.

The high quality of Purity Flour comes from First—The selected wheat we use. Second—This wheat, milled to a rigid standard under the closest supervision of miller and chemist.

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Delecto Assortment

The rich chocolate coating is delicately flavored to harmonize with the flavor of the center.

An unusually delightful assortment.

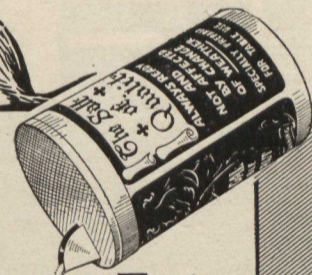
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REGAL Table Salt

is not affected by climate or weather changes. It never gets damp—never clogs the shaker—but is always dry and free running.

ASK YOUR DEALER!

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Turn the screw
and the soap
comes through

Absolutely New!

Palmolive---the new olive oil shaving soap. In a unique oval holder---with a thumbscrew at the bottom which advances the soap only as used. Sanitary and practical. Both the soap and the mechanical feature of the holder must appeal to every man who shaves himself.

PALMOLIVE SHAVING STICK

Palmolive Shaving Stick, the newest Palmolive product, was made especially for **men with tender faces**. The delightful qualities of Palm and Olive oils are as effective in a shaving soap as they are in Palmolive Toilet Soap, used by millions of discriminating women.

These oils give Palmolive Shaving Stick its wholesome green color. They make the abundant lather which stands up, does not dry on the face or draw the skin. The beard is softened properly. **There is no pull with Palmolive.**

Absolutely neutral---no free alkali to irritate and make the face sore after shaving. And no reminiscent soapy odor when you are through. Palmolive has a refreshing faint Oriental perfume.

The case for this new Palmolive is made of pure, non-corrosive aluminum in the convenient oval shape so easy to use and to pack. A key at the bottom of the case pushes up the soap as needed, **without its touching the fingers**. The cover protects the exposed part when not in use. The oval shape is an extra convenience.

Palmolive Shaving Stick keeps dry and in perfect condition to the last. The beveled edge at the top prevents water from running down around the soap to make it soft and soggy. You can use it up **entirely**, with as much comfort at the last shave as when it was brand new.

If your dealer has not yet secured his supply of Palmolive Shaving Soap write us, enclosing 25 cents, and we will send you a full-size package in the wonderful new aluminum holder, and also generous free samples of Palmolive Soap, Palmolive Cream and Palmolive Shampoo.

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