

The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



AT VALCARTIER CAMP—SCANNING BULLETINS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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TORONTO

NO. 16

Editor's Talk

NOW that the war has settled down to a fairly regular routine, it is opportune to review the events which have turned the world upside down. Hence the feature of this issue is a general review of the struggle to date. Our staff writer has attempted to put events in their proper relation to each other and to paint a picture in which all the leading figures and important happenings are placed in the proper perspective.

Canada is settling down to business as usual, following the example set by the leading merchants and financiers of Great Britain. The panic is over. The foolish rush to store up unnecessary provisions has ceased. Foodstuffs have dropped to a normal level. The mistress has ceased to believe that she must discharge her maids. The business man who put his staff on half time has restored them to full time. The people of Ontario attended the Toronto Exhibition as freely almost as in peace years.

Patriotism was thought, during the same days, to consist in raising money for charitable purposes. Now it is seen that charity is not more necessary than in other years. What is needed is simply and solely a national policy of "Business as Usual." When industry and commerce pursue the even tenor of their way, there is little need of alms. Bankers, capitalists and manufacturers have a clearer grasp of what is demanded of them and are trying honestly to meet the situation. In this revival of business, every one can help. The financial articles in last week's issue indicated some of the needs of the moment, and others are dealt with in this issue. The press of Canada deserves some credit for having helped to steady the nation in the unusual circumstances of the period.

The story by Robert Barr, which was promised for this week, has been held over for one week, in order to leave room for material of greater current importance. This novelette is extremely interesting and has been appropriately illustrated by Mr. Lismer.



In the old days it was the "four-in-hand," now it is the "four-in-car."

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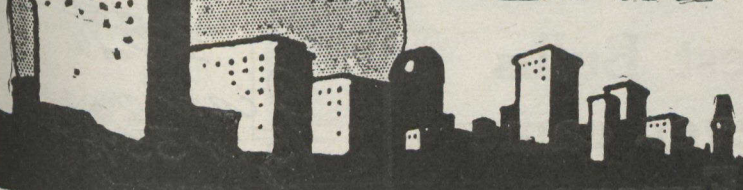
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Golden Tears.—A number of married men were recently dining together at their club. The question was asked: "What trait in your wife do you consider the most expensive one?"

The answers were as numerous as the men in the party. With one it was vanity, another religion, or charity, or love of dress.

The last man to whom the question was put answered oracularly: "Her tears."

There was a sudden burst of assent from every man in the party.

Quite as Bad.—"D'ye ken Mac fell in the river on his way home last night?" "You don't mean to say he was drowned?"

"Not drowned, mon, but badly diluted." —London Opinion.

Safety First.—Finklestein—"Vy do you wear all your jewelry whenever I takes you sailing?"

Mrs. F.—"Vell, if der boat should capsize I want to be sure of being saved." —Life.

Too Well Prepared.—"My dear old fellow! What's the matter? The sea's like a duck-pond!"

"I know, old boy—but I've taken six—different—remedies." —Punch.

A Good Start.—Proprietor of a Concert Party (engaging a soprano)—"Now I want you to understand, Miss Deerly, that I like my boys and girls to be like one big family—no quarreling, no jealousy."

Miss Deerly—"Oh, that's quite all right. I've never heard anything in the work of any other singer to give me the slightest cause for jealousy." —Musical America.

What Next.

What of the styles for next season?
What sort of hats shall we wear?
What modes will show signs of reason?
What shall we do with our hair?
What startling dance will enthral us?
What game of cards shall we play?
What new disease must befall us?
What sort of clubs will hold sway?
What brand-new microbes will hurt us?
What former faiths go adrift?
What new reforms will divert us?
What shall we try to uplift?
—The Club-Fellow.

A Matter of Eyesight.—Uplifter—"I can see good in all things."
Pat—"Can you see good in a fog?" —Judge.

Parallel Case.—"Oh, doctor, I have sent for you, certainly; still, I must confess that I have not the slightest faith in modern medical science."

"Well," said the doctor, "that doesn't matter in the least. You see, a mule has no faith in the veterinary surgeon, and yet he cures him all the same." —Sacred Heart Review.

Worked Both Ways.—Many years ago, when the late Chief Justice Beatty was a young lawyer in Sacramento, a client came in for advice. He said he had hired a horse to go to a neighbouring town, for a dollar, but when he had returned the liveryman asked for a dollar more. "What for?" the client had asked. "For the ride back." The young lawyer gave some instructions, which the client followed. A little later he went to the liveryman and asked how much it would cost to hire a horse to go to Woodland. "Five dollars," was the reply. The client hired the team and went to Woodland. When he returned he rode home with a friend. He went to the stable and paid the keeper five dollars. "Where is my horse and carriage?" asked the owner. "In Woodland," was the unconcerned reply.

Such Luck.—Mrs. Golightly—"What do you think, my dear? Such luck! We leave for Paris in an hour."

Chappie—"Really?"
Mrs. Golightly—"Yes, we're going to Pasteur's. My husband has just been bitten by a mad dog." —The Club-Fellow.

Easy to Answer.—"I wonder how many men will be made unhappy when I marry?" said the flirt. "How many do you expect to marry?" answered her dearest friend.—Man Lacht.



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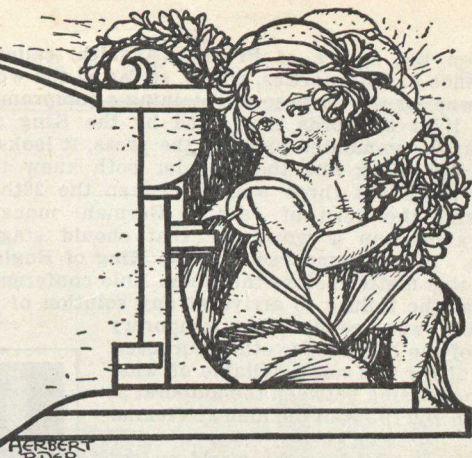
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The
**CANADIAN
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The National Weekly



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September 19, 1914

No. 16

Story of the War from the Beginning

With the Tables Turned and Some of the Secrets Out, We are now Better Able to Connect Up the Events

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

WHENEVER any old Kaspar of the future picks up a skull in Belgium and begins to tell his grandchildren "what they fought each other for," he will probably be puzzled just how to begin and where to leave off. He will remember that on the 28th of June, 1914, a crazy Serb in Bosnia shot the Archduke Ferdinand, heir-apparent to the throne of Austria and his wife at Sarajevo. So Gabril Prinzip, High School student and tool of a Slav conspiracy, started the world at war; when all he knew about it was—Slav vs. Teuton.

People remembered that in 1903 Servians shot King Alexander and Queen Draga in bed and put Peter on the throne; and that in 1912 she plunged into a Balkan war against Turkey. More Pan-Slavism. Ferdinand was the man who engineered the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria in 1908. He was the most problematical of all European rulers. Some say the Kaiser was jealous of him; some that he was a pro-Slav; others that he was an anti-Slav. But the Servians got him.

The Czar of Russia may have known what it meant. The Balkan States were full of Slavs. Russia was in the midst of a labour upheaval that threatened to become a political revolution. Germany was suspected of financing that revolution.

The Emperor of Germany heard about it. He also knew what it meant. Austria was having trouble with those Slavs. Germany hated the Slavs. So did the Slavs—Germany. The greatest war machine in the world was designed, first for defence against a possible invasion from Russia; second, as an engine of attack on Russia and any other part of the world that might come in the way at whatever time it might best suit the schemes of Germany. So for several days the newspapers had not a word of what Kaiser Wilhelm, world-emperor of the Germans, might be writing or telegraphing to the Kaiser Franz Josef, who had been given such a body blow by the Servians. But whenever that correspondence is made public the world will know who caused the war that started between the Pan-Slav and the Pan-German, and dragged the world in after it.

LONG before Serbia flung the fat into the fire, German military writers had been predicting a great war with Germany as the aggressor. General Von Bernhardt, in his book, "Germany and the Next War," said with charming candour words to this effect: "When we go to war with France it must be a war to the knife. We must not merely crush her; we must stamp her into the dust, never to rise again as a great power."

Since that time another writer's book on war became even more pointed. This was the book that the German Crown Prince praised so highly; Lieut.-Col. Frobenius' "Fateful Hour of the German Em-

pire." The writer reckoned that a great war was inevitable because France, Russia and England all hated Germany. He predicted that the German fleet would stay under cover as they have been doing; that a British expeditionary force would land in France or Belgium, not to fight German troops on land, but to get behind the fortifications of the German naval base and try to drive the fleet out to the open sea, where the British fleet would be in waiting—as they are now. He expected that when it came to the world crisis of war England would recognize

French government expect a war? Perhaps. There had been much talk of it; and too often had Germany trod upon the corns of France during the past ten years. It was Germany who demanded the dismissal of Delcasse, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, in 1905, when the foreign policy of France began to interfere with Germany in Morocco. It was Germany who had fleeced France out of 1,000,000,000 dollars as the cash price of peace after the Siege of Paris in 1870, and had taken also Alsace-Lorraine, originally German provinces until 1648. It was Germany who had stood behind Austria, in 1908, when she annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina. A great part of the thousand million dollars in French coins was still in the vast war chest of Germany in the Julius Thurm tower. France knew that. And France, who was an ally of Russia, had good reason for suspecting that Germany might soon be at the head of a world war. For the Kaiser had once genially said, "On our armaments alone does peace rest." That being interpreted—as much peace as is necessary to prepare for war.

ENGLAND heard about the challenge thrown down by Serbia to the German powers. Sir Edward Grey knew as well as anybody what it might mean. So did Winston Churchill, who had more than once asked Germany to proclaim a "naval holiday" in the mad race for a world-conquering navy. But at that time the biggest obvious issue in the British Parliament was whether or not Ireland should be given Home Rule. Ulster was arming for a possible civil war. And all the powers of Europe knew it. On July 18th there was a tremendous naval review off Spithead. The King, on the Royal yacht, passed 493 ships of all kinds built for purposes of naval war. It was the greatest assemblage of warships ever seen in the world. It was

not a pageant. It was a mustering at war strength. Every ship in that aggregation was manned and equipped at full fighting capacity. The King of England knew it just as well as did the First Lord of the Admiralty. It has been said that when the review was over the First Lord advised the British Cabinet to declare war upon Germany at sea, but that the Cabinet voted him down. He had been talking to the Premier of Canada about an emergency; and the Premier knew more about it than he was able to tell the House of Commons. The emergency was arriving. But it was not yet time for England to strike. England had no desire for war. She would not provoke war. Only one country could. That was Germany. And for ten years the newspapers and magazines had been full of articles by writers who talked about an Anglo-German war as though it were due to happen to-morrow.

On July 21, when the Home Rule crisis had reached a deadlock and civil war seemed to be inevitable, the



What one of the German bombs from a nocturnal Zeppelin did to a street in Belgium on the night of Tuesday, August 25th. These bombs were dropped in order to hit the provisional Royal palace, to which King Albert had removed from Brussels. One of them hit a hospital in which were wounded German soldiers. The wrecked house shown here was a hundred yards from the Palace.

See article following page.

that Russia was a greater menace than Germany, and that the only way to keep Russia in check would be to keep the German army as powerful as possible; in brief, that England would conclude a separate peace with Germany in order to safeguard Europe and Great Britain against Russia. The recent signing of the three-power protocol has already given the lie to that expectation.

The President of France heard about the fire-brand chucked by Serbia into the powder magazine of pan-Germanism. So did Gen. Joffre and the Minister of War. Just before that event Mons. Humbert, in the French Senate, had made what looked like a sensational exposure of the fact that the French army in the event of a war was badly off for boots, as it had been in 1870. This was copied into the German newspapers, which were under the thumb of the Kaiser. It caused chucklings in Berlin. Again there were those who said this was a subterfuge on the part of the French to egg on Germany. Did the

King, on the advice of Premier Asquith, called a conference of both parties, which, so far as the world knew, was for the purpose of obtaining a compromise. In the light of words then used by the King and afterwards commented upon by the press, it looks as though the King and the Premier both knew that during the silent three weeks between the 29th of June and the 23rd of July, a German monarch was framing up a world-war that should stagger Europe. It was rumoured that the King of England placed this matter before the Home Rule conference; and that the failure to arrive at any solution of the deadlock was really the temporary burial of the hatchet for other purposes.

Still there was not a syllable of what might be passing between the autocrat at Potsdam and the poor old man at Vienna.

ALL this while, as the world waited on the verge of a war too vast for even a Sphinx to forecast, little Belgium, the back door into France, was supposed to be neutral and independent, her neutrality and independence guaranteed by the signatory powers at The Hague Convention, in 1907. But that Belgium also was in the mysterious zone of expectancy over a great war is proved by the fact that in the session of 1913 Belgium passed a Militia and Defence Act which called for a standing army almost equivalent to a war footing, a vote of a huge increase in the war budget, and outlined the possibility of what might happen if Germany in any possible invasion of France should decide to ignore The Hague Convention affecting neutrality and independence.

So that in the courts and counsels of all the nations now actively at war, with the exception of Japan, it was diplomatically understood by signs without words, that the great war so long looked forward to by Germany and anticipated by the other powers was somehow about as certain to come about as "that far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves"—and was probably scheduled in the brains of the war lords to begin before very long.

Perhaps that shudderingly silent three weeks between the murder of the Archduke and his wife and the ultimatum of Austria to Serbia was the very time when the schedule was being made. The brain of no man was able to say so. No pen was dipped in ink ready to sign the order releasing the dogs of war. Not even Kaiser Wilhelm was as yet ready to write the necessary "sieben buchstaben," his own seven-lettered name, to the declaration of war. Had there been some omniscience on the planet Mars equipped with wireless and a superhuman telescope, he might have decided that the cosmic shuffle of events had produced the "psychological moment."

As has been noted, Germany had her war machine on land almost absolutely ready. It was not possible to squeeze any more from the German people for a war machine that was merely a magnificent creator of manoeuvres, without precipitating a revolution. German writers had freely predicted a great war and prodded the German press and people up to a point of expectancy. The Kiel Canal had been enlarged and finished as a strategic base capable of harbouring the entire German navy under the guns of Wilhelmshaven and Heligoland. Germany had put a crimp into the outflow of gold and had imported \$200,000,000 of gold into the country largely for the augmentation of the war chest in the Julius Thurm. Leaving England out of count, dealing only with France and Russia, perhaps Germany was ready for war. With France unequipped and menaced by Rouge Socialists, with Russia in the midst of a labour revolution, with England on the verge of civil war, and the army said to be disaffected, the time seemed to be now.

Twenty-three days of silence became twenty-four. Then the world got the news that Austria had sent her 24-hour ultimatum to Serbia. The world would like to know whose pen made the final interlinear change in that document. Was it German ink? Russia asked Austria to give Serbia more time. Austria refused. Serbia got her reply to Vienna on time. It conceded all but two points. It was declared by Austria to be evasive. The Austrian ambassador left Belgrade. Serbia mobilized. The seat of government was shifted from Belgrade across the Danube from Austria to Nish further inland. At this time the Kaiser was said to be yachting in the North Sea and the Czar cruising in Finnish waters. Both were said to have hurried home, completely taken by surprise; one to the palace at Potsdam, the other at St. Petersburg.

FROM the evening of July 25th, a state of war without formal declaration existed between Austria and Serbia. Then began the almost heroic efforts of Sir Edward Grey to keep the peace. He warned the Austrian ambassador that if four great powers in Europe went to war, European credit and industry would be smashed. He scarcely realized that the German motto just then was—"Business be damned." On July 27th he stated to the House of Commons that his suggestion to the powers to hold

a joint conference of mediation had been accepted by all but Germany, whose sublime autocrat suavely said that there was still hope of Austria and Russia having "direct conversations." On July 28th England still believed the Kaiser sincere. That day Austria declared war on Serbia. On July 30th the British ambassador at Vienna stated to Sir Edward Grey his private information that the German ambassador understood, endorsed and telegraphed the Austrian ultimatum to Kaiser Wilhelm before it was forwarded to Serbia. And for several days longer, while Germany kept the Triple Alliance guessing as



Showing how an air-flung bomb, when it burst in Antwerp, blew holes in a brick wall over a foot thick, ten yards from the point of explosion.

to her real intentions, she was secretly getting the buttons all ready to touch for war.

Russia began to mobilize in the south and southwest near the line fence of Austria. Some hot-headed French cavalymen skirmished across the border. Belgrade was bombarded. Kaiser Wilhelm held an all-night conference with his ministers and general staff. France was beginning to mobilize.

On July 30th the Kaiser gave Russia and France each twenty-four hours to explain why they were mobilizing or quit. Martial law was proclaimed in Germany; which meant that the world's biggest war machine took full possession of the State, railways, telephones, telegraphs, all public works and as much as necessary of private property. For it must be remembered that Germany was in a state of perfect and constant mobilization in times of peace. All the Kaiser needed to do was to press the button and start the machine.

During one of the very brief intervals in the chain of mobilizations, according to Mr. Barclay Warburton, of Philadelphia, who was in St. Petersburg when the war broke out, the Kaiser sent a personal note to the

Czar giving his word as a soldier that if Russia would cease mobilizing, Germany would. Against the advice of his ministers, the Czar gave orders to quit. For eight hours no Russian troops were moved. For that same eight hours Germany was busy touching buttons from Potsdam. The trick was revealed. The Kaiser's word of a soldier was found to be the word of a brigand. Russia mobilized again. On the first day of August Germany formally declared war on Russia. At almost the same hour German troops were flung into Luxembourg on the borders of Belgium. This was a two-handed stroke that gave the

world a dazzling reminder of Napoleon. British naval reserves were called out. Sir Edward Goschen had informed Sir Edward Grey of the offer made by the German Chancellor that if England remained neutral, Germany would not carve up French territory at home whatever happened to French colonies, in the event of Germany being victorious. Sir Edward Grey continued his conversations, to no avail. On August 3rd he stated to the House of Commons that he had assured France of England's determination to block the German fleet from any exit out of the North Sea or into the Channel for the purpose of attacking France.

THE third day of August there was a naval skirmish in the Baltic between German and Russian ships, and some talk of a bombardment of Sveaborg, with a probable attack on St. Petersburg, which seems to have been postponed. But as yet England had not declared war. England was trying as never in the world she had tried to keep out of it. That same day the mailed fist rapped on the gates of Belgium and demanded permission to move German troops through Belgium into France, because it would be a great deal shorter route than to break through the long line of French forts along the Franco-German border.

King Albert said he thought that was out of order. Belgium was a neutral state and her neutrality had been guaranteed by Germany at The Hague. He did not understand that the Kaiser had arranged to "dine in Paris" on August 15th. For the Kaiser expected that by using the back door of Belgium he could crush France in two weeks and swing his great army across to the Russian borders, where he had left Austria and five German army corps to keep back the "steam roller" which he expected would take at least thirty days to get into effective motion full speed ahead.

Here was the first kink in the programme of the machine. Russia was mobilizing ahead of the Kaiser's schedule; and Belgium thrust Liege into the Kaiser's face. So Belgium being obstreperous—because she was fore-armed and the Kaiser didn't know it—Germany declared war on Belgium, which was a summary way of getting the machine through on time. Liege held out against the Germans and the Kaiser decided to smash Liege, not supposing that England would take any particular notice. But England had already named the navy as her refusal to sell Germany her support of France. Belgium was next. (Continued on page 19.)

BOMBS FROM THE BLUE

Just now the Zeppelin Looks about as Dangerous as "The Flying Dutchman"

WE have become pretty well informed now as to the relative efficiency on both sides of the three land arms of war—infantry, cavalry and artillery. We still wait for news of the fourth great arm, the navy, which by some was expected to prove its efficiency much earlier in the game. And we have had spasmodic tidings of what has been done by the modern fifth arm never used in any great war before—the aircraft.

On the battle-field, air-craft have been freely used by both sides in scouting, for which purpose they are immensely superior to cavalry. From a height of 5,000 feet an air-man is able to give not only news of how the enemy's forces are disposed, and movements of troops, but also to direct the fire of artillery by a system of signals. All the armies are supplemented by aviation corps. The French are popularly supposed to have the finest aerial navy. The British fleet of aeroplanes crossed the Channel and took part in the engagements. During the earlier part of the German prolonged assault on the allies' left wing, the German air fleet was numerically greater than that of the allies, which were later augmented by fresh arrivals. General French, in his report of Sept. 10, highly praised the British aviators who went aloft in all kinds of weather. He said: "Their skill, energy, and perseverance have been beyond all praise. They have furnished me with most

complete and accurate information which has been of incalculable value in the conduct of operations. They were fired on constantly, both by friend and foe. By actual fighting they destroyed five of the enemy's machines."

From what has been said about the tremendous fleet of German air-craft in the shape of bomb-dropping Zeppelins and huge airships, it was expected that by this time, especially when worsted in the three land arms of battle and with the fourth idle on the sea, the Kaiser would have loosed some of his Zepps for bomb-dropping performances on Paris and London. But up to the present, Antwerp is the only city of the allies attacked by the Zeppelin. That was first on the night of August 25th, when bombs wrecked several buildings in the provisional capital of Belgium, one hit a hospital in which were several wounded Germans, and all were aimed at the house in which King Albert had made his temporary palace after the removal from Brussels. As the photographs show, these did considerable damage. One wrecked a building only a hundred yards from the palace.

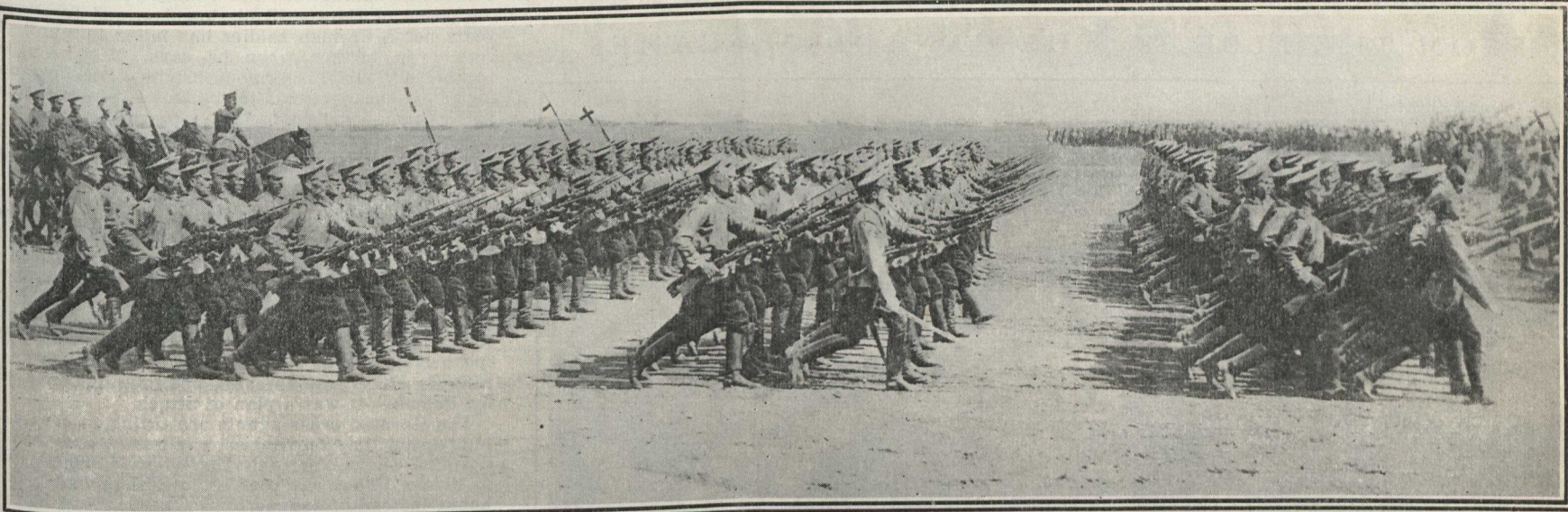
Surgeon Major Seaman, of the U. S. Reserve Corps, who was in Antwerp at the time, cabled the New York Herald concerning this:

"I am with the dead and wounded of the Zeppelin slaughter. The Germans attacked the city like a hyena in the night, murdering helpless women and

NOT HAVING SEEN HIS SHADOW THE BEAR STAYS OUT



The terrifying Cossacks are now on German soil. They expect to picket their horses on the Unter der Linden, in Berlin; and they seem more likely to do it than the Kaiser's Uhlans are to let their steeds graze on the boulevards of Paris. Russia has 60,000 of these terrible cavalymen.



Part of the Russian "steam roller" now pushing on to Berlin. Russian infantry always march with their bayonets fixed.

OFFICERS OF THE COMPOSITE UNIT—THE 1ST MONTREALS



Top Row, Standing—Capt. Warmington, Capt. Hanson, Lt. Brotherhood, Lt. Knubley, Lt. Williamson, Lt. P. Porteous, Captains Barre, McCoombe, Stacie and Shaw.
 Second Row—Capt. Curry, Lt. English, Lt. Grant, Lt. Whitehead, Lt. O'Brien-Twohig, Capt. Ronger, Lt. Adams.
 Third Row, Sitting—Second man, Lt. McCuaig, Lt. Draper, Lt. Holt, Lt.-Col. Meighen (commandant); Lt.-Col. W. W. Burland, Lt.-Col. Hamilton.

children. In the name of civilization let America protest. This was only assassination."

There was some rumour that Seaman would be disciplined for this non-neutral message. But on September 2nd there was another Zepp raid on Antwerp and again he cabled the Herald:

"The second Zeppelin attempt yesterday morning was more clearly than ever aimed at the murder of human beings. Fortunately the shrapnel of the assassins failed in that, though ten were wounded. Official photographs prepared for American officials calculate the weight of each bomb dropped at 300 kilos (660 pounds)."

In the light of these attacks what are the chances that the Zepps will do much damage to London or Paris or to the British navy in the North Sea? According to some writers of the Jules Verne variety, once the Zepps are let loose from their sheds at Cologne, Metz, Cuxhaven and Freidrichshaven and Potsdam, London and Paris might as well take to the caves and the British navy convert itself into a fleet of submarines to keep out of danger. This earth-quaking prospect is based somewhat on the "tour de force" of the LIL, which before the war made a diabolical enveloping trip over the whole of Germany from Metz to Heligoland, from Potsdam to the Baltic in 35 hours, at an average speed of 62 miles an hour, with enough fuel left in her tanks for 16 hours more. She carried tons of explosives and was equipped with a wireless covering a range of 469 miles, and an electric searchlight of 40,000 c. p. effective at an altitude of 4,500 feet. Another of these trips was made across the Channel and gave London a scare, merely by way of paying compliments. Germany is said to have several of these air-demons in her sheds at various points over a wide area. The nearest to France is at Cologne, where it will be remembered machine guns have been mounted on the cathedral roof—for the main purpose of guarding the Zepp sheds.

One of these Zepps may carry ordinary bombs such as were dropped into Antwerp and might be dropped into London. Another may carry a launching tube and torpedo for the destruction of battleships. Each has been tested in times of peace, in dropping explosives, in launching torpedoes, in

firing vertically and at an angle of 45 degrees, in firing at an object suspended from anchored balloons; according to reports, with deadly accuracy. The difficulty of hitting an object as small as a battleship must look at a height of one mile, when the Zeppelin is in motion, is said to have been overcome by steering the dirigible in a circle and dropping from a point calculated as the mean average centre. Each Zepp of the tube-launching variety carries four tubes, each six feet four inches long; and each bomb weighs 85 pounds. The bomb is steel-capped. It penetrates armour plate and explodes after it enters. It is fired from a cabin amidships furnished with two telescopes in opposite directions. It is estimated that a Zepp scheduled to strike London would naturally leave Ostend, where the Germans expected to bring up a few of these pets.

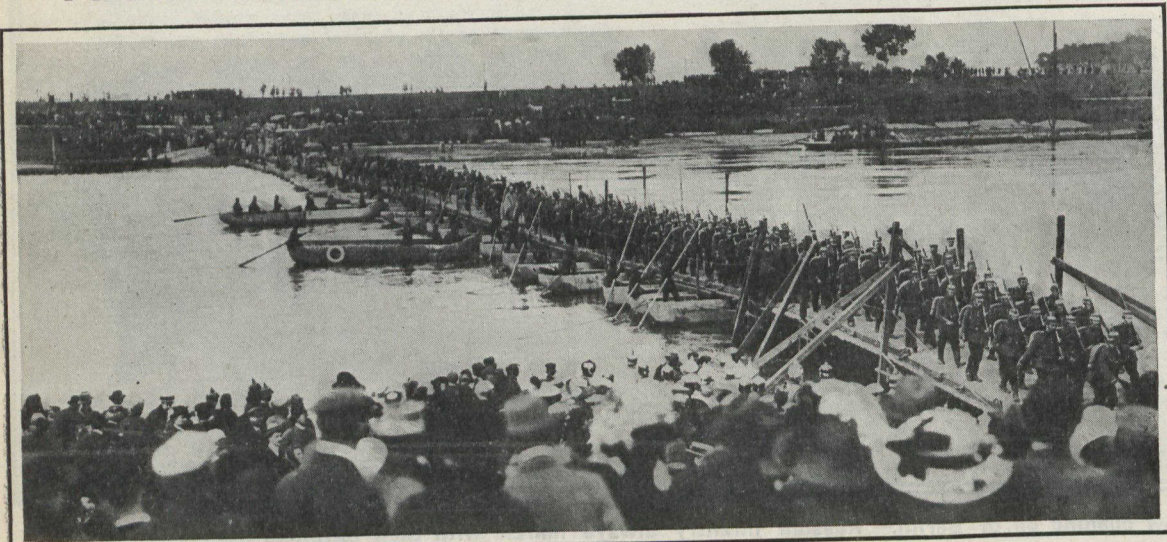
Great expectations. So far it is not proved that any Zepp cannot be hit by an air-gun from below. Already the French and Belgian gunners have played hob with a few bomb-fingers from the blue. And the Allies have not yet begun to bring into play their actual air fighting navy.

Sir Edward Grey, Devil? or Perhaps too Clever a Diplomat

A MR. ROBINS, lecturer in German at Victoria University, Toronto, was at Marburg, Germany, when the war broke. He has reached home, via Holland, and states that: "The prejudice against Sir Edward Grey is the only exhibition of racial feeling against the English that the Germans make. Individually they have the same regard for us that they always had. I saw one cartoon in a newspaper that illustrated the German regard for Sir Edward Grey very well. He was shown with horns, a forked tongue and tail with His Satanic Majesty standing behind him slapping him on the back. The devil was represented as saying, 'Good Boy, Good Boy, you can go one better than even I.'"

Is Sir Edward Grey a devil? Has he misled the

FROM THE ELBE TO THE CANADIAN THAMES



Much has been heard of armies crossing and recrossing rivers after bridges have been blown up. This picture of the German soldiers crossing a pontoon bridge over the Elbe was taken not far from where Napoleon crossed on his mad march to Moscow.



Not seasoned veterans—merely the 7th Militia Regiment of London, Ont., marching to the station on their way to Valcartier.

British people, or was he keen enough to see through the German plans and quick enough to frustrate them?

These are questions which cannot be answered finally for years to come. The historian of to-morrow will write the last word on the subject.

Mr. A. G. Gardner, the well-known English journalist, once wrote a sketch of Sir Edward which has passed into permanent form in a volume entitled "Prophets, Priests and Kings." Curiously enough Gardner does not represent him as a man working for the cause of peace. To the outside world, he is essentially a man who has no other thought than to perpetuate the era in which human liberty has developed so fast and so speedily. Gardner pictures him a student of nature, a cultivator of the rose, a student of the garden and the stars, a lover of retirement, and an ardent disciple of the "Compleat Angler." Yet in his diplomacy, Gardner seems to have noted a dangerous streak. To quote:

"The unrivalled confidence which he commands in the country is not wholly shared by those who regard England as the banner-bearer in the cause of human liberty. For this cause he has done little. His policy is governed by a fixed idea—the idea that peace must be preserved by having 'friends' and that the Concert of Europe is a creed outworn. Under the inspiration of this idea he has committed this country to the support of the most reactionary government in Europe, and has given a tendency to events which is rapidly hardening Anglo-German relations into a condition of permanent antagonism. The entente under him had taken a sinister colour, and the inflexibility of his mind, unqualified by large knowledge, swift apprehension of events or urgent passion for humanity, constituted a peril to the future. His aims are high, his honour stainless; but the slow movement of his mind and his unquestioning faith in the honesty of those on whom he has to rely render it easy for him to drift into courses which a more imaginative sense and a swifter instinct would lead him to question and repudiate."

On the other hand, Gardner's opinions are not without their weaknesses. Writing, in the same volume, of the Kaiser, Gardner describes him as a man with a dove-like character. "For twenty years he has had the peace of Europe in his keeping, and for twenty years not a German soldier has fallen in war." He goes even farther when he says, "He keeps his powder dry and his armour bright. But he stands for peace—peace armed to the teeth, it is true, peace with the mailed fist; but peace nevertheless."

And yet we now know that the Kaiser planned his attack upon France. The German officers had definite information as to how the armies of the Fatherland would descend upon France and race to the gates of Paris. They had plans of every Belgian fortress and roadway. They had determined in advance that Belgium neutrality would not be allowed to stand in their way. The army was ready to move. When war was declared, there was no hesitation and no delay. "The day" had come and every man knew what that meant. The terrible swiftness with which the armies moved showed that everything was arranged. Such actions could not follow upon a plan for defence—it was a plan of attack.

The German press agents are trying to create the impression that the Kaiser was misled and that the German Chancellor, and the Crown Prince were to blame. They say that if the Kaiser had been at home, instead of summering in the fiefs of Norway, there would have been no such catastrophe. And yet we know that when Bismarck and Capri and Hohenzollern and Von Buelow crossed the royal master they had to go. Von Bethmann-Hollweg, the present chancellor, is the Kaiser's man and has always served his master faithfully. To picture him thrusting Germany into war in spite of the Emperor's desire, is asking too much of the imagination.

At best, the German Emperor hoped to keep Britain out of the fight. So far as France and Russia were concerned, he was ready—and he invited it.

This much then, is to be said for Sir Edward Grey—he apparently knew the German mind better than the majority of informed Englishmen. Patiently, year after year, he has drawn the lines closer and closer around German diplomacy. He, sphinxlike, saw all that was going on in Germany and was prepared. That preparation took the form of alliances with France and Russia and Japan. It explains the great British fleet and all that makes it to-day the defender of the world's commerce. He prepared Great Britain for the mad charge of the German army through Belgium into France. He foresaw the great emergency when mediaevalism should make its last great attack upon democracy. He is not a devil—he is a cool, calculating, far-seeing statesman who perceived what was inevitable, and created the ways and means to meet it.

This at least is the popular view, and the cards are all on the table. The Kaiser talked peace, but planned war. Sir Edward Grey knew of the planning and he was ready with his counter move. Whether he was right in his estimate of the Kaiser, whether he took the proper steps to meet the greatest occasion in the history of the world, and whether he left anything undone which might have prevented this useless slaughter of a million men and this fierce destruction of thousands of happy homes, is a question to which the biographer and historians of the future alone may answer.

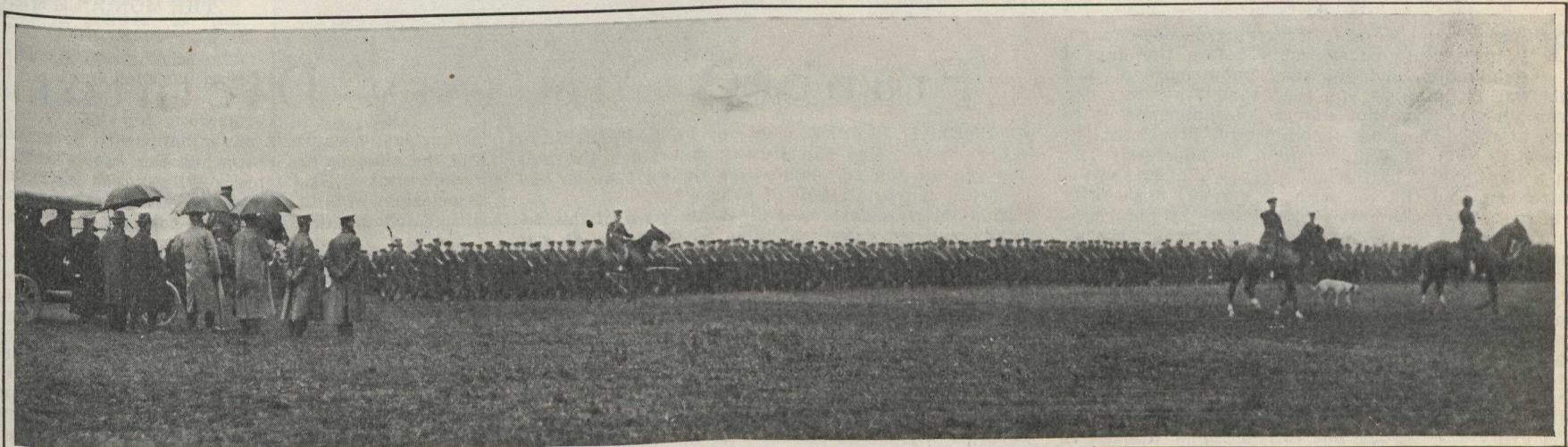
A ROYAL REVIEW IN THE RAIN AT VALCARTIER



On Sunday, September 6th, more than twenty thousand Canadian troops were reviewed at Valcartier Camp by H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, first figure on right, and Col. Hon. Sam Hughes, second figure from right. Colonel Williams, camp commandant, is the second figure from left. Sir Robert Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier witnessed the spectacle.



The Royal Canadian Horse Artillery, in quarter column, passing the saluting point. These are the regular eighteen-pounders, with six horses each. In all there were about 400 guns.



A Double Company of Infantry, passing the saluting point. The Duke is shown, mounted, on the left in front of the automobile.

The First British Battle

GENERAL FRENCH'S official report of the first battle between the Germans and the British was issued last week. The British had barely got into position in northern France, near the Belgian boundary, before the Germans descended upon them 160,000 strong. As the French on the British right had retired, and as there was no support on their left (west), the British were forced to retire. The Germans pursued them relentlessly and for four days some portion of the army was always fighting. They were hopelessly outnumbered in cavalry, artillery and infantry, and an attempt was made to crowd the British into the French fortress of Maubeuge and isolate them there, as the Germans isolated a French army of 130,000 at Metz and another army of 104,000 at Sedan in 1870. The British refused to be put into any such trap and fought their way back until they

got reinforcements of their own troops and support from the French. Finally, at the end of six days, they found they had shaken off the enemy.

The details, as given by General French, may be summarized as follows:

August 21st.—British army concentrated on line from Conde through Mons and Biuche.

August 22nd.—Scouting.

August 23rd.—Cavalry driven out of Biuche, which was occupied by Germans. Hard fighting at Mons.

August 24th.—At daybreak British second division retired to Valenciennes line and later the first division retired to Bavay and Maubeuge easterly from second division. Four German corps attacking them in front and one on the west flank.

August 25th.—General French decided that Germans were trying to get around his west flank and hem him in around the fortress of Maubeuge. Hence he decided to retire further to a line through Cambrai and Le Cabeau. Here he was reinforced by the

fourth division. First corps reached Landrecies.

August 26th.—Further retirement to general line of Vermand, St. Quentin and Ribemont. Germans made heavy attack on second corps and severest fighting of the period occurred. About 3.30 in afternoon, second corps succeeded in retiring under cover of artillery and cavalry. The retreat continued into the night of the 26th and the following days.

August 27th.—Retreat continued.

August 28th.—Retreat continued and finally rested on line from Nayon, Chauny and Lafere. The enemy was thrown off. French cavalry and infantry assisted the British on this date effectively for first time.

The big German war machine was well organized enough to force its own style of fighting on the Allies. It was a kind of fighting which the British had learned to discard in the Boer War. But they took it and made the best of it. The Germans aimed at the total extinction or surrender of the British force. But the British declined the honour.

FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC, IT IS THE SAME STORY



Halifax and Lunenburg Hospital Corps entraining at Halifax for Valcartier. Halifax has seen much of the panoply of war and is always Imperialistic.



Similar enthusiasm at Victoria, B.C., when the 50th Gordon Highlanders, 88th Fusiliers and some artillery left for Vancouver en route to Valcartier. Photo by Young.

Through a Monocle

Give Us a Real Army

THIS war is making one thing very, very clear; and that is that sea-power is not enough to defend such an Empire as we possess. Of course, sea-power is a great factor in even a land war. The Allies would be beaten now without it. Only our almost undisputed command of the sea has given us the chance we have got. Consider for a moment where we would have been without command of the sea. First, we would almost infallibly have seen Italy compelled to fight with the Triple Alliance. We would have had no sea power to menace her coast and her connections with her army in Tripoli, while Austria would have had land power to threaten Venetia. Secondly, France could not have brought up her North African troops. It required a safe Mediterranean for that. Thirdly, Britain could not have sent her most valuable army to the Continent. Fourth, there could have been no talk of contingents from the Overseas Dominions and India. Fifth, there might have been grave interruptions to the shipping of food supplies to the British Isles—an absolutely fatal blow to us. I have been assuming, of course, that, even if we did not possess the command of the sea, neither did the enemy. It would have been simply in dispute.

BUT sea-power, we are discovering, is not enough. I am writing considerably before the day of publication, and you may know more of how this war is going as you read than I possibly can even surmise now; but enough has happened up to date to afford the most uncomfortable proof that our power to hold an Empire might be hopelessly lost on a Continental battle-field, even while our battleships patrolled the sea with a serene superiority which the German navy did not dare to challenge. In two words, Germany might have made herself master of Europe without ordering a gun-boat to poke its nose outside the Kiel Canal. And we have always known, and always admitted—in fact, it has been the basis of our practical alliance with France and Russia—that Britain could not hope to build battleships against a combined Europe. As I write, the British Government is showing by its actions that it perfectly understands that it simply cannot allow France to be beaten. If it costs her every man and every shilling she has, Britain must win out in this war—and win out on land. She must free the soil of France from every German jack-boot. And Canada, in spite of her pacifist-pampered aloofness and optimism, is coming to appreciate the same grim fact.

WE must have army enough to enable us to count as a first-class Power on the battle-fields of Europe. If we had had such an army this last summer, there would have been no war to-day. Germany and Austria would never have challenged three first-class military powers, with supreme sea-power also in the hands of their enemies. But, even if the compelling forces of human rivalry had driven them into war with us under such conditions, the campaign in Belgium would have turned out very differently—there probably would have been no campaign in France at all. If Britain could have landed a million good soldiers in Belgium as soon as France got her troops to her frontier, it is surely fair betting that our united armies could have permanently held the Germans on the line of the Meuse.

WE should not forget that we were able to enter this war under especially favourable conditions upon which we could not and should not have calculated. Our diplomacy had done excellent work—the German diplomacy was anything but Bismarckian. For example, Italy was detached from the Triple Alliance. That was a master-stroke; and, in spite of the friendly feeling of the Italian people for us—something we all value very highly—we should never lose sight of the fact that Bismarckian diplomacy succeeded in getting Italy into the Triple Alliance not by love, but through fear. Bismarck never trusted love; he always employed fear—and self-interest. At that time, it was fear of France. Well, somebody's diplomacy removed that fear—a mighty clever piece of business. Somebody's diplomacy again turned the Adriatic into a bone of contention between Italy and Austria; and there was no Bismarck to sooth Italian apprehensions. The Italians hated the Austrians as much when they joined them as they do to-day; but they loved Italy more. No longer ago than the quarrel over Scutari, Italy was with Austria in a common fear of a Slav window on the Adriatic. Are you quite certain that a Bismarck might not have managed to bring on this war at a time when Italian self-preservation would have compelled that nation to stay in the Triple Alliance, though full of regrets that she must seem to fight her historic friend, England?

THEN we are fighting this war at a time when Belgium preferred to defend her neutrality to seeing the Germans march over her roads. This was not always so under the late King Leopold. Again, every one of the three big Allies is heartily in earnest. Still again, Sweden and Norway, with their suspicions of Russia, are quiet. Once more, American sympathy is with us, and was not alarmed by the activity of Japan. Take it all the way round, we have every diplomatic advantage we could possibly hope for, and Germany every disadvantage. She has but one Ally—the Ally that got her into this mess. Now, it would be fatuous for us to calculate that we shall always be able to defend our Empire under such favourable circumstances. And yet, in spite of these favourable circumstances, it has been, and is going still to be a hard struggle. Obviously, if the gods had not smiled on us, we should have needed a real army very much more—indeed, the lack of it might easily have been fatal.

BRIEFLY, it seems to me that we must either provide ourselves with a real army, or abandon the idea of keeping a real Empire. If we will give up our Empire, then we shall have nothing to stir the cupidity of the powerful. But if we are to keep an Empire, which has been "hand-picked" through the centuries and contains the choicest jewels set in the belt of the world, we must be ready to defend it in an age when national marauders pay about as much attention to undefended "meum" and "tuum" as so many highwaymen.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

France's Military Dictator

GENERAL JOFFRE may not be a Divine-Right autocrat like the Kaiser; but since the war began and for some time before that he has been the virtual dictator of France.

This elderly chieftain of the Latin army of the Republic was not caught napping when the great war broke out. He had taken a few leaves from the book of the late Von Moltke, who always won his battles first on the parade ground. He knew that whenever the Kaiser decided to fling his legions into France it would be with a cut-and-dried programme rehearsed in manoeuvres and conditioned upon the certain loss of hundreds of thousands of men. So while the Germans were fighting sham battles in the vicinity of Potsdam and the Kaiser was dismissing generals who made mistakes in tactics, Gen. Joffre was holding manoeuvres and calling for the resignations of some of the best generals he had because they went wrong in rehearsal. With a Frenchman's respect for good opera he knew that he could not put on a good show without good rehearsals; and that men who made mistakes in rehearsals would make worse ones on the field of battle.

When he was a lad, Joffre started as a military engineer. But because he feared that if he became too much of an engineer he might become too little of a soldier, he joined the French forces to do some real fighting in the colonies. When he came back and for many years afterwards the world heard little about Joffre. He quietly worked himself into the machine that was being rapidly reorganized after 1888. Other men became more or less famous and passed out of the machine into obscurity. Joffre held on and rose to eminence. In the series of magnificent retirements which his army effected between Mons and the environs of Paris, Gen. Joffre proved that he had just so much respect for a mere war machine and no more, and that the emotional French army should not be allowed to become spec-

tacular just because it might happen to be brilliant. And the chances are that when the war is over, the French army will be immensely improved through the associations of Joffre, French, Smith-Dorrien and Co., with Kitchener of Khartum as the man behind.

The Mad Ghurkas

KIPLING, in his story, "Drums of the Fore and Aft," gives some idea of how the mad Ghurkas fought with the Highlanders and the "Fore and Aft" against the Afghans. When the black men from India get to the front these men of the kukri will be with them. They are totally unlike any other fighters in the world. They are born to the fray as a wolf is. Since England conquered these elements, in 1814, they have been among the most loyal of the native troops in India, which number from all races and castes and religions about 170,000 men. Of all these, the Ghurkas are the most ferocious. They have no use for horses except to hamstring them for the enemy. They fight on foot as wildcats do. They use the rifle as a preliminary. The weapon on which they depend to show what a Ghurka really is differs altogether from any other known in war. It is the kukri, a crescent-shaped blade which is more deadly than the sabre of the Cossack or the dirk of the Italiano. When they go out on foot to meet a cavalry charge the Ghurkas grin. When the horses are fair on to them they grin some more and fire once with their rifles. Then they drop, rifles and all. They are supposed to be dead. The cavalry sweep over them. Midst of the charge the mad little Ghurkas rise again. One snick of a kukri hamstring a horse at the same moment that the mannikin wildcats to the saddle and snicks the life out of the rider.

A Flower of the Prairies

On the Frontiers With a Mysterious Baby, a Pack of Wild Indians and a Burning House

By MARGARET ERSKINE

TANNIS drew her hands out of the dough, walked over to the window and looked out, a sullen frown on her brow; just as she expected, it was young Mrs. Wilson. Tannis hated the little English woman, who had come with her husband to the ranch next to theirs, for Mrs. Wilson stood for all that Tannis was not, but longed to be. The feeling was evidently not shared by Mrs. Wilson, for she ran over to see Tannis on any excuse or no excuse at all; Tannis returned to her bread and began sullenly kneading the dough.

Mrs. Wilson rode round the house till she reached the kitchen window. She drew up in front of it. "Good morning," she cried, gaily, peeping in at Tannis, "only making your bread now? Why, mine has been reposing in baked loaves on the kitchen table these two hours or more."

"Good morning, Mrs. Wilson." Tannis picked up a large carving knife and slashed the dough into small portions, using the knife in a manner that sent cold shivers up and down Mrs. Wilson's spine.

"Oh, don't cut your dough in that way, it reminds me of those dreadful Indians out scalping people."

Tannis's eyes glowed with a sudden deep, angry fire. "The Indians are not dreadful people, at least they are not more dreadful than the English or any other nation; they were law-abiding people till you English came and stole what was theirs. Can you blame them trying to get it back in the only way they know?"

"You English people," laughed Mrs. Wilson; "you'd think you weren't an English woman yourself to hear you."

"I'm not English, I am—I am a Canadian," Tannis finished, sullenly. She picked up some pans of bread, walked over to the stove and shoved them into the oven.

"Well, Mr. Courtney is English," retorted Mrs. Wilson; "but don't let's quarrel over the Indians. Do come out into the garden. It's too lovely to stay in the house." She dismounted from her horse, led him round to the front, and tied him to a post. Tannis put the rest of her loaves in the oven, closed the door, then going to the foot of the stairs called up them: "Marie, Marie."

An old Indian woman shuffled down the stairs in answer to the summons.

"Watch the bread, Marie," she said in Indian. "I am going into the garden with Mrs. Wilson."

With a grunt the old woman squatted down on the floor in front of the oven, and Tannis walked out long, straggling beds with a few wild flowers and some tame flowers growing anyhow, some stunted shrubs, and a single maple tree, could be called a garden. Some chairs made by the Indians of bent boughs of pine were scattered about. Tannis drew up two of these

There was a few moments silence, then Marian Wilson spoke:

"It's appalling, when you come to think of it, this country of yours; these endless prairies, that seemed to stretch on and on with no beginning and no ending and eternity of distance, and the silence of them, the horrible, horrible whispering silence; don't you hear it, it just whispers, whispers to me the whole time, I—"

TANNIS leant over and gripped Marian's arm tightly. "Haven't you been here long enough," she said, harshly, "to know that you mustn't talk that way—talk that way; if you do, you know what it means."

"I know," Marian cowed back in her seat, a white, shivering woman. "I try, but I can't help it. I can't; it's being so much alone. Jack's out on the ranch all day and there's so little to do in the house, and when it's done the silence begins to call me and whisper to me, and I am afraid to be alone; that's why I come over here so much. I know I'm in your way, am I not?"

"Oh, I don't mind," answered Tannis, ungraciously. Once again there was a silence, then Marian asked, as if following some train of thought:

"What do you do for a doctor or nurse in case of sudden illness? I told Jack we really ought to have

one near here. Think of having to drive all those miles and miles and perhaps be too late. What do you do when you are ill?"

"I'm never ill," answered Tannis, "and if I were, the Indians are very good doctors, and nurses, too."

"Indians!" exclaimed Marian, in tones of deep disgust. "Oh, I never could bear to have an Indian doctor or nurse. I'd rather die. Fancy owing your life perhaps to an Indian."

Tannis glanced obliquely at her. "You may owe

Elizabeth. The Indians gave it to me; Tannis means Prairie Flower."

"Oh, how lovely! I wish the Indians would give me a name like that. How quaint and appropriate, for you do look like a prairie flower. You're so little and slight, your red hair makes you look like one of those dear, little scarlet flowers, and your big, dark eyes, their centre. You don't mind my calling your hair red, do you?"

"No," answered Tannis, "for it is red."

Marian laughed. "Are you always so solemn, you so seldom smile?"

Tannis looked across the prairies, a curious wistfulness, stamping out the usual sullen glance that had lately grown in her eyes. "There is so little to smile at in the prairies," she said, simply.

Marian rose and shook out her skirts. "I'd better be getting home. I think Jack will be in soon now."

When the sound of Marian's horse's hoofs had died away in the distance, Tannis turned and walked into the house. As she entered the kitchen a smell of burning met her. The Indian woman still squatted on the floor watching the oven door; with a hopeless gesture, Tannis threw open the door. The bread was a black, smoking chip.

LATE summer and short autumn quickly gave place to early winter; for winter comes early and stays late in that prairie country. For two days the snow had fallen with a steady persistency, covering forest and prairies with a white blanket. On the third day it stopped as suddenly as it had commenced. At a window in the front of the house Tannis stood, her eyes fixed on the prints of a horse's hoofs; irregular prints, as if the rider had not been sure of his going. The horse prints traveled onwards and onwards, always going forward, never turning back, till they lost themselves in the distance. So it had come at last, the dreaded thing that had stalked her steps ever since she had married, and had overtaken her at last. There was now nothing more to fear. She knew the worst and life was over, for her at least. Suddenly a shadow fell across the prints, blotting them out for the moment. Tannis looked up, then drew back from the window; she glanced hastily round, and signed to the Indian woman, "Marie," she said, "take my son upstairs."

Marie picked up the rude wicker cradle and disappeared with it. The echo of her shuffling feet was still upon the stairs, when the sound of a knock made by the butt of a riding whip sounded on the door. Tannis walked over to it and opened it.

"How is—good heavens!" gasped Mrs. Wilson, "you downstairs? Don't you think that is rather risky?" While she was speaking she followed Tannis in to the parlour.

"Why?" asked Tannis. "Why?" answered Marian, "why, because—because—no one ever comes down for two weeks at the very earliest and your baby is only—only—"

"Three days old. I could have come down the first day." "The first day!" Marian gazed at her in amazement. "What doctor did you have, and nurse?" "Marie nursed me, and Thunder Bird doctored me; there was no time to send to town and he was in the neighbourhood."

MARIAN WILSON gasped. The whole thing was beyond her. For once in her life she was speechless.

"May I see the baby?" Marian asked, when the silence was growing painful.

"No, oh no," cried Tannis, shrinking back. "I couldn't think of it."

"Why, oh I see. But I wouldn't mind a bit," smiled Mrs. Wilson, indulgently.

"Mind!" cried Tannis, angrily, "what do you mean by saying you wouldn't mind? What are my son's looks to you?"

"Nothing, nothing," replied Mrs. Wilson, hastily. She began to be the least little bit afraid of her hostess; for Tannis glared at her like some untamed

(Continued on page 22.)



"Haven't you been here long enough," she said, harshly, "to know that you must not talk that way?"

your life to an Indian some day."

Again silence reigned. Marian thought it was more uphill work than usual making conversation. She asked herself for the thousandth time why she came. The Dentons were as near neighbours, and Mrs. Denton was a fellow countrywoman, and by all the laws of civilization should be her friend. They thought alike, spoke alike, did alike; while Tannis Courtney's thoughts, speech, doings, were as different as day from night to hers. She was a mystery and Marian Wilson was an intensely curious woman. It hurt her, actually hurt her not to know all about every one; and therein lay, if she had known it, her desire for Tannis's company. On first meeting, she had told Tannis all about herself, her people, her life, and Tannis had told her nothing in return as to who and what her parents were; she looked like a Scottish woman, with her head of red hair, yet denied being one; said she was a Canadian, which Marian interpreted to mean that she was not to be enlightened. In Marian's school-book, Canadian spelt Indian. Marian felt she must solve the mystery if she was ever to know a moment's peace.

"What a curious name yours is," she said. "Is it an Egyptian one?"

"No, Indian."

"Indian!" cried Marian, in amazement. "How strange of your parents to give you an Indian name."

"My parents didn't give it to me. They called me

Why the Allies Must Win

By THE EDITOR

VICTORY must in the end come to the Allied forces, in this greatest of all international struggles. This becomes clearer day by day. When war first broke out the world was staggered. There were only a few men who had thought it out in advance. Lord Kitchener, Sir Edward Grey, and General Joffre must have had a fairly clear idea of what the struggle would mean to the world, and especially to Great Britain and France. Somebody at Petrograd must also have had a tolerably clear conception of how the war would affect the Russian army, the Russian navy, and the Russian nation. There were other men, publicists, journalists, military experts and financiers, who had looked into the future and estimated the force of this possible shock upon the world's diplomacy, the world's commerce, and upon all those qualities and circumstances which are roughly classed under the heading of "civilization."

After all, these knowing and thoughtful men were few in number. The average citizen had no conception of the effect which such a war would have upon the national interests of his particular country or the possible effect upon the business in which he was engaged. Consequently, the world of commerce and business was stunned into inactivity the moment the vast armies of Europe began to move. Even the shrewdest financiers of the United States and Canada were bewildered, while the smaller men, men who have deemed themselves absolute masters of themselves and their destinies, were thrown into a state of mental paralysis.

SIX weeks have passed and the world is fast recovering from its shock. Half the things which men feared do not exist and will not materialize. The universal fear and trembling which swept through the commercial world is disappearing. The shrewdest men in each of the nations were the first to get their bearings, and their clear-sighted confidence in the ultimate result has gradually worked down from grade to grade until it has permeated the whole people. It is to the credit of the British leaders, political, social, and commercial, that they were the first to recover from the trip-hammer blow which the German Kaiser administered to the world. The sublime confidence with which the British race has faced this greatest of conflicts, is magnificent. The wonderful adaptive and constructive capacity of the British people was never exhibited to greater advantage. All that cool, non-temperamental, British indifference was laid aside and the heroic qualities which have made the British people the leaders of the world for several centuries were given free rein. The new conditions were met by new laws, new habits, and unprecedented resourcefulness. A new set of circumstances in the life of the people was countered promptly and thoroughly by new national and personal measures.

It is just these qualities in the British people and their Allies which make for ultimate success. The German Kaiser and his advisers thought to defy the world. They deemed themselves demi-gods who could accomplish every desire. They decided to match their wits, their physical strength, and their highly scientific war machine against those of all other nations combined. The future historian will undoubtedly label their attitude and action as "ridiculous."

WHEN the Germans started to invade Belgium and France, they carried everything before them. They carved their way through the little Belgium army with only slight difficulty. Perhaps they were astonished at the resistance offered by this puny nation, but if so that was but a momentary flash. It required only a few days for the huge German army to crush and twist the face of Belgium almost beyond recognition. Then they wheeled and made a mad rush for Paris.

There is little doubt that they expected to sweep the French armies before them and to repeat the triumph scored by Bismarck in 1870. For a time it looked as if they would succeed, but fates were against them. The French were better prepared and better led than in the previous war. They had the assistance of a British army which made up in quality for any lack of numbers. Moreover, the Germans had against them the public opinion of the world. Under such circumstances a German triumph was an impossibility.

In a military sense the German war machine seems to have broken down in the first place along the lines of communication. The vast quantities of ammunition for rifles and artillery, the still vaster quantities of supplies consumed every day by an army of more than one million men, could not be transported with that speed or precision which was necessary to maintain the German war machine at its best. The farther the German army got from its base of supplies and the longer its lines of communication, the less effective its striking power. In the end it became so enfeebled that the Allied armies were able to hold it in check. Later, the inevitable happened. A re-

reat began and with it came a sad, sad era for the fatuous war lords of Berlin.

YET there were other reasons than those already given why the German defeat was inevitable. The striking power of the great British Empire has never yet been tested. Indeed, in its modern form and strength that Empire does not know its own power. Perhaps Lord Kitchener had estimated it, but if so he never told what he thought. Now we find the announcement made that this non-military Empire, with a standing army of about one hundred and fifty thousand men, proposes to put two million men in the field. The regular army will be increased to 1,200,000; the territorials to 300,000; the reserves to 214,000; the contingent to be brought from India

THE DUKE IN TORONTO



H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught reviewing boy scouts and veterans at Toronto Exhibition. With him (on left) is Scout Commissioner, Noel Marshall, Esq., who is also head of the Red Cross Society for Canada.

will number 70,000, and yet leave huge armies in that country; the Canadian contingents will add 40,000; the Australians are sending 20,000; and New Zealand 10,000. This will make an army of 1,854,000 men available for the defence of Great Britain and for the chastisement of the exponents of "brute force." All this without endangering the local defence of any other portion of the vast British Empire.

Similarly, the Russian Empire is calling up its huge, unestimated military resources. Although less efficient in some respects than the German, French and British forces, the Russian armies are superior to the Austrian, as already has been proven. Given time and numerical superiority, the Russians will crush their way across the Vistula. The re-organization of the last five years has given the Russian army a striking power tremendously superior to that displayed in the Russo-Japanese war.

HAD there been no British fleet, the triumph of the Allies over the Germans would be inevitable. So long as the British fleet rides the ocean it serves only to accentuate the inevitable. It is an essential part of British defence, but it is less essential as a striking force against the heart of the German Empire. Just what will happen when the British fleet proceeds to take active measures and to co-operate with the attacking armies, one does not know. All that it is necessary to say is that the German war lords will be defeated even if the British fleet never strikes another blow.

THEREFORE, let Canadians take heart and be of good cheer. There never was any danger that the Allies would be defeated. There is no possible combination of forces, known or unknown,

which can prevent the destruction of the power of the man who has claimed to rule in Germany by divine right. Germany itself will not be crushed, but the mediaeval feudalism which has hung as a millstone about its neck will be removed. There can be no peace until the German army is crushed and the German navy is transferred to other owners. That means a long, long war. Great Britain has made up her mind that the work must be done thoroughly so that it will not be necessary to do it a second time. Indeed, a long war can be prevented only by some accident or event which will remove the Kaiser from the throne of Prussia and from his leadership in the German confederation.

The War Chronicle

Monday, Sept. 7th.—The week closed with German successes at the full but with the Allies taking strong positions. Hot fighting is reported all along the line, Paris to Verdun, 150 miles. In the Marne Valley, near Paris, the Allies are making their strongest efforts, while the Germans were making their severest attacks between Vitry and Verdun, farther east. The Germans are also attacking Nancy. For the first time in the history of the campaign the German line shows signs of weakening and a victory for the Allies is reported at Precy on the Oise, not far from Paris.

Tuesday, Sept. 8th.—The offensive movement of the Allies begins to develop more strongly, especially in the Paris district. The German right wing is being rolled back from the Oise to the Ourcq. At this point the Allies seem to have turned the retreat of the German right wing almost into a rout. The British and French forces in this district, reinforced by fresh troops from the garrison at Paris, are getting their revenge for the indignities that had been bestowed upon them in previous weeks. Farther east, between Vitry and Verdun, where the Germans are still trying hard to break through the French centre, the honours are more nearly even.

Wednesday, Sept. 9th.—Further success is reported by the French in the Paris district and the Germans have been driven back across the Marne River with considerable losses. The attack of the Allies all along the line seems to be reaching a climax. Apparently this is the time when the Allies' plan to make a hot attack upon the tiring German troops, when they would have the lowest possible supply of food and ammunition. On the other hand, the Allies are close to their base of supplies and have been heavily reinforced from the Paris army, from Great Britain, and probably from India. During the first three days of the week the right wing of the Germans has been pushed back about fifty miles.

A report from Petrograd says that Russian Poland is now free of Austrians, but admits that the Germans are still in that territory. Apparently the first move of the Russian army in this district was intended to prevent a junction of the Germans and Austrians. In this the Russians have succeeded beyond their expectations.

Thursday, Sept. 10th.—In France the Allies are holding their own at every point except Nancy. The British captured a battery of field artillery from the German right wing.

From Austria comes the announcement that the armies in Galicia are under the personal direction of Archduke Francis Frederick, the Heir Apparent. The total Austrian loss in killed, wounded and missing is placed at 125,000. This seems to have staggered the Austrian nation.

Premier Asquith asked Parliament to authorize a new call for another half million volunteers, which will bring the British army over the million mark. The Admiralty admit that the "Pathfinder" was destroyed by a German submarine, not by a mine.

Friday, Sept. 11th.—The Allies' left wing continues to drive back the German right wing around Soissons and Compeigne. The Germans are leaving behind them considerable quantities of supplies, wounded and prisoners. The Allies are growing more and more confident every day and unless something unexpected happens the German advance in France has been permanently checked.

Saturday, Sept. 12th.—Further news from the Allies in France indicates that the Germans have evacuated Amiens, occupied on Sept. 3rd, and are falling back very rapidly. The German troops which retreated from in front of Paris are now nearly back to Rheims. In the east of France the Germans are also retreating and the French have re-occupied several towns. The Germans are evidently making an heroic effort to retain Rheims, which is the centre of their lines of communication.

Monday, Sept. 14th.—Further news from Petrograd says that the number of Austrian prisoners now in the hands of the Russians totals about 200,000. This is almost equal to the German success against France in the war of 1870. That Russia should have been able to duplicate such a memorable achievement spells the downfall of the forces of the Triple Alliance.

Recent arrivals in New York tend to confirm the news that Russian troops landed in Scotland and travelled by train to the South of England, where they embarked for France. Similarly New York prints information to the effect that British and Indian troops from Hong Kong have crossed Canada on their way to Europe.

AS WOMEN SEE THE WAR

Being Our Regular Semi-Monthly Woman's Supplement in Martial Form



OF THE KAISER'S HOUSEHOLD.

On left: The Crown Princess Cecilie. Centre: The Princess Victoria Louise. Right: The Empress of Germany, Dread's natural prey in the present crisis.



Fair Heads That Lie Uneasy

By M. J. T.

WHEN daggers had been gripped for the doom of Caesar, it was not he, but Calpurnia, his wife, whose dreams had foreshadowed the tragic occurrence which made the Ides of March of that year famous. The which instances the common knowledge that she who shares the pillow of a monarch must more than share the unrest which attends it, since "Uneasy lies the head which wears a crown."

There are fair heads in Europe at the moment for whom the last month and over the midnights must have been filled with fateful horror. And where guilt is how great must be foreboding!

Does the wife of Kaiser Wilhelm tremble as the sister of Skule, in Ibsen's drama, feared when her brother, the barked pretender, embarked upon his course of devastation? Does "Sleep no More!" on lips not mortal trouble, rather, an incriminated woman as it broke the rest of the guilty wife of Macbeth? Alas! It is altogether likely that the Kaiserin's heart is a mother's, simply, proud and wracked in the self-same moment, that six tall sons of hers are doing battle.

Another royal woman in Berlin who is probably praying other prayers than the official one ordained by Kaiser Wilhelm is the mother of the Emperor's eldest grandson, the youthful Kronprinzessin Cecilie. A charming picture of the boy is extant in which he is leaning intimately against the gilty (with a "u," if you prefer it) bosom of the highly decorated war-lord whose expression, for the nonce, is strangely human. One wonders, as his mother probably wonders, what chances the boy has now of becoming Kaiser.

There is also the daughter of the mad monarch—his only daughter—the bride of a twelve-month who, by recent advices, is now a mother. Whatever may be said of Kaiser's stupidity, he did a neat thing to arrange that marriage, which salved over a feud inside his country. The bridegroom was the Prince of Cumberland. Does the young wife (not too happily wed if gossip may be trusted) feel with her mother, and the Crown Princess, the weight of curses piled upon her father?

AT that wedding, scarcely a year ago, Princess Mary of England was bridesmaid and her royal mother and the bride's mother bowed from one processional carriage upon the crowded and cheering "Unter den Linden." And now must Her Majesty, England's Queen, contribute a son to the British forces while two of her brothers, the Duke of Teck and Prince Alexander of Teck, are wielding veteran blades against the Prussians. And while Princess Mary supports her mother, the fair head new to its grown-up coiffure must think strange thoughts of a world that sunders cousins. 'Tis Mars' little way.

The Czar of Russia was another royalty hailed by the populace of Berlin when he, too, attended the nuptials of the Princess. He saluted the gay young daughter of his cousin. Russia kissed Germany, so to put it, and the latter, in the person of Victoria Louise, seemed almost willing to "turn the other cheek." The osculations are done, unfortunately. And now, in the city of the changed name, the sad Czarina and her bevy of daughters must spare a thought from their standing sorrow, the little Czare-

witch's illness, to the newer mistress of cloven friendship and the bitter sea of hate that "flows between." The Czar's fair wife was a German princess, and now she must see her adopted country engage to the death against her fatherland—her brothers and cousins fight against her husband. Alix of Hesse is nigh distraught with terror.

So much for the griefs of royal women in three of the greatest of European countries, whose lords, though joined by ties of kinship, are less like a family party at present than the crop which is said to have sprung from a dragon's teeth. And yet there are women in palace chambers who must suffer more by the war than even these do.

There is Belgian's Elizabeth, Albert's consort, and worthy by virtue of her heroic patriotism to share every tribute paid that monarch. Her palace became a hospital and she a ministering angel as soon as calamity threatened her country and need was to serve the sick and wounded. The women of her court had called her eccentric. True, she was a victim of neurasthenia. Her father, a sister, also her brother, she had lost by death in rapid succession—the sister under tragic circumstances. Small wonder if gayety fell shy of her and "melancholy marked her for her own." It took this war to endear her to Belgium. She is crowned anew in the eyes of her country. But there are sharp thorns in the shining circlet, for this woman, too, had a German childhood!

Italy's beautiful queen is a Montenegrin. Her mistress has been acute at her husband's position of enforced oscillation 'twixt right and contract. He has sought to maintain an imperilled neutrality as much for the sake of his well-loved consort, who is sister-in-law and friend of the Servian monarch, as for Italy itself, a land war-weary and confronted with the problem of "taking sides."

In his country of regicides, Francis Joseph has no wife to be wracked with premonitions. The Empress Elizabeth died by the assassin, sixteen years ago at Geneva, even as the price of the crown of distress was exacted by violence all too lately from the poor fated Duchess of Hohenburg. How dread must appear the prospect of succession to the wife of the Austrian Archduke Francis Joseph!

And so is the saga of the poet vindicated. How uneasy lies the head which wears a crown!



QUEEN ELENA OF ITALY

The rare Diana of the hills of Montenegro, whom the King of Italy married for love. She is the sister-in-law of the Servian Sovereign, King Peter.

"Unholy Glee"

WHEN a poet took "Liberty" for his subject and coupled as the foremost champions of it Switzerland and England—

"Two voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty voice:
In both from age to age thou did'st rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!"

he pointed out that in the fight against Tyranny, noble zeal was the animating passion which was

wont to nerve their arms for Right's defence.

"There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him—"

If that, then, is England's tradition, to fight her battles with "holy glee," which can only be done, of course, when the cause is righteous—with such a precept to the credit of the island which is the source and centre of British dignity and freedom—it is much to regret if a British subject forsake the proud precedent for a meaner attitude, if he indulge in "glee," which is far from being "holy," in the present war.

The following appeared since the outbreak of war on the front page of a leading contemporary:—

THE EDITORIAL VIEW-POINT

By "ERIN"

The Wine Press of War

OUR world has changed, in little more than a month, so that we hardly recognize the old round of interests, in which we talked of chiffons and suffrage. The bullet has taken the place of the ballot, as a settler of differences, and the soldier is the man of the hour. Admiral Death sails the high seas, and the world awaits, with a heart-breaking patience, the outcome of all this conflict.

Already one nation has won a place among the historic examples of fortitude and courage. Little Belgium has shown a greatness in the hour of trial, which is both inspiring and tragic. The thought of the desolation which must follow haunts us as we read of the heroic resistance which has been made to the advance of the German forces. Verily, these men and women of Belgium blood have held not their lives dear, to preserve their independence, and the example and memory of their sacrifice will be kept in the world's heart, so long as gallant deeds are honoured. But the terrible havoc of it all! As one thinks of smiling valleys in smoke and devastation, with ruined and forsaken homes, shrines of beauty desecrated, all that centuries had gathered of the noble achievements of industry and art mutilated and destroyed, her sons wounded and dying, her mothers forlorn, who can but feel a passion of horror for the ruler whose maniac vanity has wrought this ruin in Belgium? The victims of tyrannic ambition are reaping the immemorial harvest, and we, who are thousands of miles from the scene of Belgium's sacrifice, can but pray that it may not be long before this frantic course is finished. The penalty which Brussels and Liege have paid will not be forgotten in the day of final reckoning.

Criticism and Counsel

WE have no sympathy with those cosy-corner critics who are doing nothing for the cause which is near the hearts of all loyal citizens to-day, but who elect to find fault with every move of authorities at home and abroad. Such small souls were characterized justly during the Boer War as—

"Ye amateurs of England,
Who keep your native seats
And criticize so glibly
The fighting man's defeats."

The man who is needed to-day is he whose arm can enforce his convictions, while the best service the pen can offer is to strengthen the sword.

Yet there are tried and experienced counsellors, to whom we may well give heed. Enthusiasm is a noble sentiment; but it must be associated with forethought. We are confronted with conditions, such as our Empire has not known before, and the advice of those who have seen hardship and who have some realization of military requirements is of the utmost service. The first impulse of the young girl who desires to serve her country is to volunteer as nurse. This is a generous feeling, in itself, but fortunately those at the head of affairs can accept only a limited number of nurses—and well-trained ones at that—or the fields of Europe would be flooded with amateur Ladies of the Lamp. Next to fighting, nursing is the sternest business of this Armageddon, and it is certainly no task for the inexperienced girlish enthusiast. A man in charge of military aid enterprise complained that much valuable time was lost in replying to requests for nursing positions from those who were manifestly unfit for such high responsibilities. Let our warm-hearted girls, who wish to help, consider what is the most practical service they can offer.

One duty of woman in the present crisis is of a negative order—that is, to keep out of man's way and not to hinder the expeditious carrying out of military aid plans. All our Canadian women have shown that they are animated by the spirit of helpfulness, and most of them are aware of the importance of offering only experienced aid. But we need to remind ourselves that only efficiency counts in "this, our war." The girl who knows nothing of the technicalities and practical experience of nursing, who has not knit a pair of socks in all her bright young days, should not afflict busy organizers with offers of her services in the hospital or of

"We are not vindictive. Justice is all we ask. Make it something slow and lingering with boiling oil or melted lead in it for the Kaiser—"

The same flooded one's mind with resentment, as have hundreds of remarks in the past few weeks, heard upon the lips of both women and men, who are advocating torture for the madman. Torture is the instrument of despotism, surely. It is the maniac's weapon like the toothed bayonet, the explosive bullet and the poisoned barb. The civilized soldier may deal death, but must not gloat in terms of barbarism. Need is for the consecration of swords, including tongues—those double-bladed weapons!

home-made hose of weird manufacture. There is no necessity for her to be idle, however. There are many whom our Empire's defenders have left behind them, who may well have our sympathy to-day, and the most ardent young patriot will find enough to employ her energies most fully.

The Way of Economy

ONE of Montreal's prominent citizens said during a troubled week: "I haven't the faintest idea to-day what I am worth." Of course, he was referring to his financial standing, for it is significant of our commercial estimate that "worth" refers to a man's bank balance, rather than to his intellectual or moral qualities.

The millionaire admitted a condition of ignorance which is the common experience in this season of tumult. We are all in a state of bewilderment as to our resources and liabilities, and realize as never before the truth of the Scriptural warning: "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

In all the conflicting counsel as to what we should give up and what we should retain, necessities and luxuries are discussed with a thoroughness of classification not attempted heretofore. Just let us re-



THE "RED PRINCE'S" DAUGHTER IN TORONTO. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught and her party snapped on their arrival at the Scouts' field, an event of the visit to the National Exhibition.

member this consideration. It is not only a question of "what can I do without," but also of "what can I do without, with the least detriment to others." In the topsy-turvy world in which we have lived since the first week of August, we realize, pathetically and practically, how subtle are the links of industrial and toiling humanity, how each is needed by the other.

"I intended to dismiss my maid," said a Toronto woman, whose modest menage includes only one domestic helper. "But I came to the conclusion that the wiser and kinder course would be to offer her reduced wages and do a little more in the house-



A PATRIOTIC ORGANIZER.

Miss Plummer, of "Sylvan Tower," who is taking a leading part in Toronto in the systematizing of various lines of relief work. Her work is largely co-operative. She was head of the Hospital Ship Fund committee, the "ship" being her original suggestion.

myself. She seemed thankful, even for the reduced wages and the extra housework is not going to hurt any of us." Such a course seems the sane and considerate policy, wherever it can be followed. There are many to whom the coming winter will mean actual want of the bitterest kind, and those who can afford to employ labour should hesitate long before dismissing dependent workers.

Wherever women are assembled in these days, the war and the economic situation are the topics of discussion, and many are the suggestions for "saving a penny."

"If no one can pay cash, we shall all be in the same bankrupt boat," said a woman whose husband has had his salary cut in two. "I'm going to wear my old clothes rather than run in debt. But I'm not going to dismiss my char-woman."

"But what will your dressmaker and milliner do?" asked another.

"I don't know, but the only thing to do is to employ those who seem to need it most."

So the talk goes, and we come nearer to the producer and the consumer, than we have ever done in all these years of household economics and domestic problems. The war has reduced us to the very primitive considerations of what shall we eat and wherewithal shall we be clothed. "Economy" is the watchword for the coming months, but that true economy, which will not lose sight of the community as well as the individual. Never before has so much depended on the wise spending of the hundred cents which make the dollar. The women in the household, as well as the men in the office or the field, may well keep before them Kipling's latest message:

"Though all we made depart,
The old commandments stand;
In patience keep your heart!
In strength lift up your hand."

In Brief--Patriotism

WITH the permission of the Duke of Argyle, Miss Campbell, of Stonefield, Scotland, is collecting a fund to equip a "Clan Campbell" Bed (or beds) in the Scottish Red Cross Hospital. All subscriptions, however small, from members of the Clan will be most gratefully received by Miss Campbell, of Stonefield, Glenakil, Tarbert, Loch Fyne, Scotland.

Sir William and Lady Mackenzie, of Toronto, and a party of friends, were among the visitors observed at Valcartier camp last week.

It was a curious sight at the recent meet at Blue Bonnets, Montreal, to see various groups of society ladies knitting during the intervals for the soldiers at Valcartier.

The Daughters of the Empire, of Victoria, B.C., are taking measures to provide relief for local families bereft of bread-winners by the departure of the soldiers enlisted for active service.

A special button has been struck for the women who have been authorized to visit soldiers' families, under the auspices of the Ladies' Committee of the Patriotic Fund, in Montreal. This became necessary

owing to the embarrassing confusion caused by kind but unpractical women who had been "visiting" without due authorization. Among the official visitors are the wives of many well-known officers.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Patricia, Lady Evelyn Farquhar, Lady Borden, and also the wives of the Cabinet Ministers, supported the Ottawa Red Cross Society by assisting in the sales at one of the Capital's departmental stores which offered a percentage of the dividends last Saturday to the work of that important organization.

The Edmonton Local Council of women is undertaking to deal with the question of the local unemployment of girls. There are said to be some hundreds in that city who have lost positions since the outbreak of the war. An effort is being made to house them for the present and to prevent the unnecessary increase of their number.

Lady Strathcona has contributed \$50,000 towards the maintenance of the Strathcona Horse, the cavalry regiment raised, equipped and maintained during the South African War by her father, the late Lord Strathcona. The Strathcona Horse will be sent with the Canadian expeditionary force as a regimental unit.

"La Presse" is to thank for the following item: "The Parisians have put an embargo upon German rouge and German dyes. And some of them march with grey hairs rather than use dyes made in Germany. This refusal to dye for their country's sake is truly patriotic!"

It is likely that up-to-date opinion in Winnipeg will result in the formation in the immediate future of a Women's Rifle Club. The suggestion came from Miss Boagman, and had considerable support at once from the women attending the St. John's Ambulance classes. Mrs. Colin Campbell, provincial president of the I.O.D.E., has declared herself strongly in favour of Canadian women learning how to shoot. Mrs. A. V. Thomas supports the idea. Mrs. Nellie McClung is somewhat doubtful, inclining to think it would "waste good ammunition." That, however, is inconsistent in a woman who has decidedly "made her mark."

War and Farm Women
At a meeting of friends of technical education, manufacturers, merchants and representatives of the Local Council of Women, in Toronto, an address was given recently by Miss Emily Guest, of Belleville, which presented the claims of women in the province's rural districts to a share in any Government grant which may be made for promoting technical education. It is expected that such a grant will be large, as it is obvious that native designs must supply the Canadian manufactories. At the same time it is vastly important that the women of the farms be educated along technical lines unless they are to remain forever overworked. They are simply clamouring for such education. They want expert teachers to be sent among them. The response in the various rural Ontario institutes, which comprise of some 25,000, to the teaching of the thirty lecturers among them is a guarantee of what they will do, when the Government provides them yet more leaders.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me"

What Montreal Women are Doing for the Relief of Soldiers' Families

Miss Reid and the Patriotic Fund

SHE is here, and we are caring for her—I mean that the women of Montreal society, the women of Montreal clubs, and the women of Montreal homes, are caring for her. She may be the mother, or the wife, or the child, but it is she of whom "Tommy" is thinking, when he whistles "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

When I say the Montreal women are working, I mean, whole-souled, energetic, real work. I have seen it. I have been in the midst of it. Here is one of the great centres—the offices of the Patriotic Fund, at one of Montreal's busiest corners, where Peel Street meets St. Catherine. Here is the Women's Auxiliary of the Fund, receiving, welcoming, sifting and investigating. At the head

really beautiful child in her arms, is given transportation on the Calgarian, to her home country. Only, however, after it has been definitely found that her friends are able to receive her and care for her. On these conditions alone will the Patriotic Fund grant transportation.

How methodically the work is being carried on! The applicant gives a full account of her circumstances, and family, any means of support she may have, and of her ability to work, if necessary. A visit of investigation is made by one of the committee, and the applicant's name is entered on the list. She and her family, if found worthy, will receive a regular allowance twice a month as long as the war lasts. Miss Reid has divided the city into wards and districts. At the head of each has been placed a lady, who divides the families in her ward among her assistants. Each assistant undertakes to visit her particular families twice a week, act as their friend, and give them every help required during the time of war.

Dr. Marian Hansford headed the list of doctors who offered to give free advice and attendance to the soldiers' families. A group of lawyers have offered free legal advice. A long list of dispensaries and nurses and health resources are at the disposal of the committee.

The Red Cross Workers.

TAKE leave now of Miss Reid and her helpers and come a moment to Belmont Street, where is another hive of industry—the Red Cross centre. The heads of this organization have quite all they can do to fill the eager fingers wanting sewing for the soldiers. You recognize many of the society girls—last years' debutantes. A year ago their heads were filled with thoughts of dances, teas, tangoes and pretty frocks. This year they have grasped the knowledge of life in the awful reality and tragedy of war. College girls are here, young matrons and a group of coloured girls anxious to add their help in the work of the Empire.

If you could peep into many an office window on St. James Street, or Peter Street, or Notre Dame Street, you would see the business girl at every available minute, pop her work from her drawer, and knit for dear life's sake to help along the work. The "Boss" knows it, and has willingly given permission.

By the way, we might remember the little Canadian girl who tucked into the boot she was making at the factory the tiny note:

"Good luck to the soldier who goes to the war in these boots. From the little French-Canadian who helped to make them."

A Highlander preparing to go to Valcartier found it, and was very properly touched.

So many fingers to work! So much work to be done. Pneumonia jackets, nightgales, wristlets, bandages—everything that the Red Cross nurse will need in her work at the front—all must be in exact readiness, and made by the patterns authorized. Pyjamas by the thousand have been sent, too. And presently we are going to make protectors for the knees of our Highlanders. When Wolfe's men braved the bitter frosts of a Quebec winter in their Highland costume, did not the gentle nuns, looking through the convent windows, shake their heads in pity, and immediately proceed to knit long, thick woollen stockings to protect the bare knees



MISS HELEN REID ON DUTY.

Miss Reid is convener of the ladies' committee of the Patriotic Fund organization in Montreal. She may be seen, thus, daily at headquarters with her helpers, surrounded by wives and children of absent soldiers.

of it is Miss Helen Reid, daughter of Mr. Robert Reid, of Montreal, and the Patriotic Fund is surely to be congratulated on securing such an able and methodical convener.

Miss Reid, at her desk, is the centre of surrounding assistants, debatable questions, and trying situations. She receives them all with a broad comprehension and a kindly smile. They have been coming for many days past—the applicants, wives and mothers of soldiers, in considerable numbers. If you sit with me for a few minutes and watch the applicants you will be struck by the number of English and Scotch faces, and the voices tell that most of these women have very recently come from the Motherland.

This soft, Scottish voice impels you to listen a moment:

"I winna tak mair than twa dollars for buits for ma lassie to gae to the skule wi'. I hae a' the wark I can dae wi scrubbin', an' it gies me enouch for ma bairn an' masel, but I'm gey pit aboot for the recht claes for her to gae to skule. I'm muckle obleeged for that, but I dinna want ony mair."

Brave, independent little Scotch-woman; worthy you are to use Burns' tongue!

This young Englishwoman, with a

You Can Change the Color of Your Clothes With Ease

You need not be dissatisfied with the color of your clothes. With **Diamond Dyes** you can change garments that do not please you to new fresh coloured costumes. To use **Diamond Dyes** is not difficult. In fact many women find home dyeing to be a fascinating pastime



(Tango Broadcloth Dyed Black.)

Mrs. C. N. Marsden writes:

"My broadcloth suit was tango color. It became spotted, and I felt that it was practically worthless and would have to be discarded. I thought of sending it to a dye place, but one of your advertisements which attracted my attention said it was very easy to dye clothes at home with **DIAMOND DYES**. I felt uncertain about my ability to use **DIAMOND DYES** but I succeeded beautifully, and my suit is now black as coal and looks fine."

Diamond Dyes

"A child can use them"

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

Miss Josephine Howard writes:

"I am an old hand at using **DIAMOND DYES**, having used them for ten years or over since I was a little girl. My first attempt was on a pair of curtains for my mother's birthday present. They came out perfectly, a deep rich crimson.

"To-day I send you my picture in a skirt which I recently dyed navy blue from a light green. It now matches a chiffon waist, and together they make an attractive costume for afternoon wear."



(Light Green Dyed Navy Blue.)

Truth about Dyes for Home Use

There are two classes of fabrics—Animal Fibre Fabrics and Vegetable Fibre Fabrics.

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

It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect colour results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to colour animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics equally well in one bath.

We manufacture two classes of **Diamond Dyes**, namely—**Diamond Dyes** for wool or Silk to Colour Animal Fibre Fabrics, and **Diamond Dyes** for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods to Colour Vegetable Fibre Fabrics so that you may obtain the Very Best results on EVERY fabric.

Diamond Dyes Sell at 10c. Per Package

Valuable Book and Samples Free

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The WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., Limited, 200 Mountain St., MONTREAL, CANADA.

Our London Letter

(Concluded from last week.)

London, Aug. 28th, 1914.

COIL upon coil the great Slav movement comes sliding from the East. It is a shuddersome campaign, this of our great Ally. This is the first time that Russia has moved prepared at all points and with a whole-hearted people behind her. She comes as the head of the Slav peoples, and that fact, crowned by the epoch-making promise to Poland, has made one stream of all the wayward national torrents. There is something very like Freemasonry in the Slav nations, and this has made the present campaign against the bully of the Balkan States and her hectoring supporter, a holy war in the eyes of the Russians. A student of Russian affairs has told me that it is his opinion that no ambition of aggrandisement for Russian aims, no desire for territory, could have moved the great mixed Empire of the North to one-half the degree that the continued oppression of the Slavs in Austria-Hungary and the Balkans has done. Lately in Russia himself, he said that what impressed him more than anything was the fact that this almost religious fervour, instead of finding vent in useless outbreaks of frenzy, concentrated itself in continuous effort directed by their officers. These officers come from a class that is little known. We are too apt to regard Russia as a country consisting of two classes, serfs and nobles, but as a matter of strict fact the backbone of modern Russia is a prosperous and numerically strong middle class: merchants and men of the professions, and from this class the great bulk of the officers in both army and navy are drawn. Russia went into the Japanese War against the will of the people, against the judgment of the majority of the better class; she was dragooned into it by a military clique just as Germany is now dragooned, only infinitely more unwillingly. As a result, she was soundly and deservedly beaten, and she learnt that her barbaric military clique was all wrong. So she extinguished it, and reconstructed her forces, with the result that to-day, when she goes to war on a righteous errand, she moves with magnificent suppleness and with science to back her strength. The declaration of Japan set free her Siberian legions, and they join the invading force at once. So she comes on, coil upon inevitable coil. Germany strikes hard with her hands in the West, but before she is aware of her extremity that cold, irresistible pressure will have crept up about her heart.

WE are a nation of shopkeepers, so our neighbours tell us, and what was originally intended as a slight has at length become a tribute. Commerce is the dominant factor of modern international polity, and in commerce the British peoples pervade the seas of the world, as in war they secure the peace of them. Consequently it is only natural that a concentrated attack should be made upon the trade of Germany, especially that Overseas. Whilst German commerce is confined almost entirely to internal exchange, the long-sought opportunity of ousting it from, at least, the markets of the Empire occurs, and great movements are on foot to reach the much desired end. To read the glib leaders in the papers, and to hear many business men speak on the subject, one would think that trade was to be had for the asking, but I have seen a great deal of the organization of the campaign, and it is a tremendous and a lengthy task to upset the scientifically constructed trade connections of Germany, even with the golden opportunity that now presents itself. But there is in this movement an opportunity for every Britisher. If we could only make it a part of every transaction to ask, "Where were the goods manufactured?" we could revolutionize the trade conditions of the world. This, however, will be difficult unless manufacturers get some government guarantee for their expensive campaigns.

HAROLD TRACY POOLEY.



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All correspondence should be addressed to M. D. Morris, Mgr., 1900 Washer Co., 437 Yonge St. Toronto, Ont.

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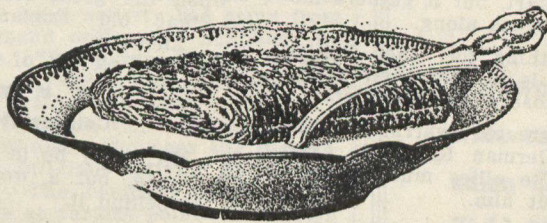
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the cleanest, choicest product of the highest of all human pursuits---the tilling of the soil---a food that supplies all the body-building elements in the whole wheat grain. Shredded Wheat is an evangel of peace and health---a builder of sturdy, robust men and women fit for the day's work. Always the same price, always the same quality.



Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits, heated in the oven to restore crispness and eaten with milk or cream, will supply all the nutriment needed for a half day's work at a cost of not over four cents. Deliciously nourishing and satisfying for any meal with fruits or creamed vegetables.

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It is always an anxious time with Mothers when it is advisable to wean the Baby, to know what is best to feed them on.

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It is used in every part of the world, and has been the standard food in England for nearly 90 years.

It is the oldest, the cheapest, and still the best.

"231 Dorien Street,
Montreal, 30 June 1913.

Dear Sir:—
I received the sample of Neave's Food and can highly recommend it. My Mother used it for a family of 13 children—my wife is pleased with it. Our Baby is increasing daily in weight and she says all her friends shall know of the food.

Yours truly,
C. H. LEWIS."

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always use the genuine
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Imitations of this delicious perfume are numberless, but it has never been equalled.

IT REFRESHES AND DELIGHTS as does no other.

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REFUSE SUBSTITUTES!

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



A clean tooth never decays—the Prophylactic keeps teeth clean



War Notes.

NO burglars in Paris since Aug. 2, says a report. Paris awaits national burglars.

One of the next pages of the world's history is due to be a woman's page—and a sad one.

Latest literary rivalry among the nations is in the development of the best news-censors.

"The women and the children first!" exclaims the Zeppelin crew as it drops bombs in sleeping cities.

G. R. Geary, Toronto's Corporation Counsel, has joined the troops. He wants to fire something more effective than writs at the Kaiser.

Europe's fields are being fertilized with the most costly fertilizer that kings and emperors can find.

The Kaiser gives an occasional iron cross to some heroic relative, but it would keep him busy providing wooden crosses for the brave fellows who died for him.

The Russian steam roller was slow in getting a start, but it gathers momentum as it goes along.

The great thing for the British peoples to do is to keep their hearts as stout as those of their soldiers.

Like that greater warrior, Julius Caesar, the German Kaiser is over-ambitious. The allies must emulate Brutus and cut him.

If we remember rightly, it was two or three weeks ago that the German ambassador at Washington announced that the war was over, and that Germany had won.

The Czar has re-named the Russian capital Petrograd. When it comes the time for him to re-name Berlin he will put no "pet" in it.

Paying the Indemnity.

When the war's over Germania will get

A note that will rather surprise her,

And looking about for a way out of debt

She may suddenly say, "Hock der Kaiser."

Will Convince Him.—After the war, when he sees the Allies' polite request that he pay some rather large bills which he caused to be contracted, the German Kaiser may suddenly decide that it's time for a moratorium.

Sounded Like It.—He—"Does she sing for pay?"

She—"I should rather fancy that it is for spite."

Isn't It Odd?—Man is a nery animal. He finds a nice girl, tells her that nothing is good enough for her, and then asks her to take him.

Young Men, Use Candy.—Doctors now assert that candy is a good heart tonic. Does this explain why so many young men buy candy when they go a-wooing?

Dogs of War.—Hereafter, in the list of dogs of war the German dachshund must be given a place. But the old British bull dog still holds top position.

Some Slaughter.—"Two thousand is the number reported killed and wounded by Sir John French."—Toronto Telegram.

The British General is a far more

bloodthirsty man than we had thought.

Every Convenience.—This is an advertisement recently inserted in a Toronto paper:

"Single beds \$1 each, steam heated, electric light."

About the only thing left to be desired about a bed like that is an automatic alarm clock.

The Solution.—Many a man would be perfectly satisfied these hard times if his wife had a good steady job.

Well Educated.—Hon. Col. Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, the other day received a letter from a little child, addressing him as "Great Lord Sam."

There's no doubt about it, that child has been properly trained.

A Patriotic Poem.

I wish I were a German ship
Upon the great North Sea,
So that old England's fleet could
knock
The stuffing out of me.

Courierettes.

A MAN may be in advance of his age, but a woman is always behind it.

It doesn't help much if a man be regular in his habits, if said habits be bad ones.

Octogenarians in France recently danced the mixixe, proving that people are never too old to learn the modern fool dances.

Experiments in England showed that whiskey can be used as motor fuel. Not the first case, however, of auto-intoxication.

It took twenty-two years for a postcard to travel 30 miles in Scotland. Now we understand why jokes are reputed to travel so slowly there.

Soldiers sometimes find it necessary to trust more to their legs than to their arms.

"What is German honour?" queries a heading in a Toronto paper. And the answer is—it isn't.

Scientists say that the earth will last for 15,000,000 years yet. Think of all the new feminine fashions that can be contrived in that time.

German officers who fail to perform tasks set for them are expected to suicide. Will the Kaiser obey the rule?

And by a curious freak of fortune, the name of the Kaiser was on the list of nominations for the next Nobel peace prize.

Kansas City is to have a skyscraper from which men are to be barred. Truly the women will be up in the air there.

They tell us that the old Romans used to play golf. Now we begin to get some light on the death of Caesar. He probably boasted of his scores.

Every joker will now rise to remark something about the chaps that put the Rurria in Prussia.

There's always room at the top—and a woman can always find room at the bottom for a P. S.

Reversed.—Experts have figured that the cost of war is so great that it costs about \$15,000 to kill a man in battle. We used to hear a lot about the high cost of living, but it isn't

a patch on the present high cost of dying.

It Was New to Him.—Josef Stransky, conductor of the New York Philharmonic orchestra, and one of the most noted musicians in America, while on a visit to Canada recently, related an incident that made his listeners smile.

It is said that America spends \$600,000,000 annually on music, but the millionaire that Mr. Stransky told about had evidently failed to contribute a copper to that total.

It was at a big hotel function in New York that the noted musician met the millionaire.

After the introduction, the man of millions asked:

"What is your occupation?"

"Conductor of the Philharmonic,"

replied Mr. Stransky.

"The Philharmonic? Why, I never heard of that railroad."

Parisian Politeness.—Now that Paris looms so large in the eye of the world, a little story told by a Toronto woman as illustrating the extreme politeness of the Parisian people may be interesting.

"No nation is as courteous as the French," says this woman. "When I was in Paris some months ago I was walking down the Champs Elysees and wanted to find a particular street called the Rue de la Cloche. Not knowing just where to turn off into the side streets I asked a young Frenchman who passed me if he could direct me. He assured me with a thousand pardons that he did not know.

"A few minutes later I heard hurrying feet behind me, and there was my Frenchman, almost breathless. 'Madame,' he said, sweeping off his hat and bowing profoundly, 'did you not ask me the way to the Rue de la Cloche? I was sorry that I did not know, but I have seen my brother and asked him, and I am sorry to inform you, madame, that he did not know either.'"

Just a Bit Sarcastic.—Sydney Rosenfeld, who writes poems and plays with equal ease, and whose comedy, "The Charm of Isabel," was recently given a try-out in Toronto by Miss Percy Haswell, tells with some zest a little story of the late Maurice Barrymore, the noted actor and wit.

Incidentally, the point of the joke is at the expense of Mr. Rosenfeld.

One day Barrymore was swinging down Fifth Avenue, New York, when Rosenfeld met him. The playwright, excited, began to pour a tale of woe into Barrymore's ears.

"Oh, Maurice, have you heard of my misfortune?" he asked.

"No," said the sympathetic actor, "is there illness in your family?"

"Not that, but almost as bad. My little boy, five years of age, got hold of my new play, and tore it to tatters."

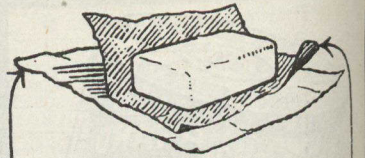
"I didn't know the child could read," said Barrymore, and continued his walk.

You Can't Be Sure.—When a man tells of being self-made, you can't always take it for granted that he is bragging. He may be apologizing.

A Slight Change.
She used to call him "loving spouse,"
But when he's on the spree
And she would fain describe him well
She drops the letter "p."

Consummate Block-Head.—The Kaiser is said to own timber in British Columbia to the value of nine million dollars. Some of it is believed to have gone to his head.

Revised estimates of the cost of the War coming from Paris place the price to civilization at \$22,000,000 a day. This does not include the navy, and is based on a census of 8,000,000 men in the field, each costing \$2.50 a day, as determined by the Balkan War. The balance of the cost will be for artillery and horses.



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Take a Turkish Bath at home every three or four days. You will be astonished how different you will feel—pains vanish, lassitude disappears, energy is restored, and life seems new again. The Robinson Thermal Bath Cabinet provides a Turkish Bath just as invigorating and refreshing as any you can get. It costs from \$2.00 to \$5.00 for only 2c. It cleanses the system through and through, helps the work of the excretory functions.

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This old reliable complexion beautifier has been in actual use for nearly three-quarters of a century, and if you will use it regularly you will know why it has been popular for so many years.



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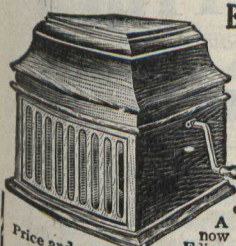
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FINANCIAL NOTES

THE high prices being received for grain and other farm produce seem likely to have an important effect on the supply of loanable funds later in the autumn. There have been fair crops in Ontario, good crops in Manitoba, fair in Saskatchewan and slightly better in Alberta. The British navy assures a market for Canada's surplus products. The war, and even subsequent peace, seem to assure a continuation of high prices, the latter because of the withdrawal of so many men from active employment through the war's destruction.

Because London has been the world's financial clearing house, the British moratorium on bills of exchange became necessary. But Canada is not a rival of London in this respect, and so has less need for any such legislation. In fact, Canadian banks seem well supplied with resources to meet existing commercial requirements. It is a question in bankers' opinion, what these existing commercial requirements should be. One general manager has said: "No industry in a sound position with a legitimate claim on bank support is indulging in anti-bank criticism. Their needs are fully comprehended and met. It is a question of orders. The outbreak of the war caused a reduction of orders. Under these circumstances we took the view that manufacturers must endeavour to run for a minimum amount of time and for a maximum length of time, extending labour and wages over the longest period of weeks." The present policy leaves the banks in good position to finance expansion of industry as it surely will develop with the retirement of the war from its present

prominence in the mind of the commercial world.

That Canada does not need a moratorium is all the more creditable when such far-away countries as Argentina, Brazil, Peru and China have found it necessary, to some extent, and even non-belligerent European countries, such as Italy, Norway and Switzerland. One is less surprised by Turkey.

The mills of the Dominion Textile Company are operating at 100 per cent. capacity for the first time in more than a year. This is not the result of capturing German trade, but of capturing British trade. Nor is it the result of British trade ceasing to operate. It is due to the uncertainty as to the cost of such British products. With exchange unsettled, insurance high and dates of shipment uncertain Canadian dealers have placed their orders at home at a known cost and date of delivery, rather than in Britain at uncertain cost and uncertain delivery. There has not been much trade in this country in cotton products to be taken from Germany. A factor of strength in this situation is that these Canadian mills are all working on orders, not to store up products. The requirements of the Government and others has called for some increase in production, but the great part of the increased activity has come from the demand ordinarily supplied by imports. The active demand in this line is an encouraging reflection of general trade conditions.

The Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company also announces the resumption of full-time activity in its factories. The company operates ten factories at various points in Eastern Canada.

Story of the War

(Continued from page 6.)

between British Ambassador Goschen and Herr Von Jagow, German Secretary of State. Von Jagow marveled that the Ambassador should think war possible between Germany and England all on account of a "scrap of paper," which was the Hague agreement to respect the neutrality of Belgium. But the scrap of paper was beginning to become the changed map of Europe.

That same day the British Parliament voted a war loan of £100,000,000. The very next day the Reichstag in Berlin, having previously shaken hands with the emotional Kaiser, doubled the amount. The British Territorials were called out 150,000 strong, bringing the army up to a war footing of 730,000. Lord Kitchener called for recruits. The country was put under martial law.

The Bank of England rate went up to ten per cent. Stock exchanges closed in all the financial centres of Europe. The machinery of credit had broken down. London no longer had any market for Berlin securities. Owing to the international character of modern finance, Wall Street, financial headquarters of the only great neutral power, was forced also to close its doors. Exchanges in Montreal and Toronto were closed. Gold ceased to cross international boundaries. Every nation involved was absorbed in hoarding its gold, a commodity in which the leading banks of England, France and Russia had an enormous advantage over Germany.

ALL over Europe industries staggered. The British navy swept German shipping from the seas. The ports of Germany were blocked with idle mercantile marine. Harvests uncut began to rot in the fields and were trampled by the legions of war. Harvests reaped could not be gathered. In France and Germany women went into the fields. England took measures to harvest the crop on a national basis wherever necessary.

There would be no direct loss in crop. No armies devastated British harvest fields. With our trade routes held clear by British cruisers, and the German fleet bottled up in Heligoland, with Government guarantees of marine insurance, the trade of Great Britain held as near normal as possible, while the trade of European countries went to the wall. A moratorium, delaying debt-payments for a prescribed period, made it impossible for invested capital to become the plunder of unscrupulous creditors.

Canada voted a million bags of flour for British consumption. The arrival of the first consignment helped to keep the price of flour near a normal level. The famine-price loaf was warded off. Owing to the panicky conduct of a large number of people stocking their cellars with food before the nation had recovered its poise, the Government instituted measures to prevent cornering of provisions. In this country there was an immediate concerted effort on the part of the Canadian Press Association and the Canadian Manufacturers' Association to maintain advertising and the machinery of business going as usual. Manufacturers began to realize that while some industries were bound to suffer, others were already beginning to restore full time, and in some cases overtime, to produce some of the goods formerly imported from Europe.

Gradually, however, England and Canada and Australia settled down to the cool-headed poise necessary in the conduct of a great war when everything possible was being done by the machinery of practical civilization to keep credit and industry and trade together. By government action guaranteeing the banks' paper the Bank of England rate dropped in one day to six per cent., afterwards to five. "Business as Usual" became the motto of England.

On August 8th the Germans bat-

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tered enough of the forts of Liege to occupy the town. The French captured the unfortified town of Mulhausen in Alsace where a large German army was operating under the Crown Prince.

Having occupied Liege and taken General Leman prisoner and having lost General Von Emmich in action, Germany moved towards Brussels. Britain seized German Togoland in West Africa. France broke off diplomatic relations with Austria. The German dreadnought Goeben with the cruiser Breslau took refuge in the Dardanelles under the wing of Turkey. Britain declared war on Austria. That made the combined British and French fleets in the Mediterranean effective against the Austrian fleet.

Two days before the Kaiser's date of dining in Paris, German cavalry were routed by Belgians at Diest and by the French at Spincourt. The Kaiser's army was still in Belgium. The next day the French and the Belgians linked forces. The day that the Kaiser expected to reach Paris the French defeated a Bavarian corps in Alsace and the Czar promised Home Rule to Poland. On August 16th Japan, through the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, gave Germany a week's ultimatum to evacuate Kiao-Chau. The next day there was a naval fight in the Adriatic when an Austrian cruiser was sunk.

Meanwhile the day after the Kaiser had expected to dine in Paris, General French arrived there and was given a different kind of reception. France broke into huzzas, "Le Marseillaise" and "Dieu Garde Le Roi." The Belgian Government moved its officers to Antwerp. The Germans marched through Huy and Jodoigne to Brussels where, without firing a gun, they levied a tribute of \$50,000,000. The Kaiser appeared at Mainz, personally directing his army.

ARMAGEDDON was now arriving. With the Russian "steam roller" advancing in three sections on East Prussia, through Poland and on Galicia; with three or four or perhaps five German armies operating in Belgium and Alsace-Lorraine; with Austria trying to strangle Serbia and to get away in time to check Russian advances; with the British fleet awaiting for the German navy to come out from Heligoland and Wilhelmshaven; with Japan waiting for the hour to go pounding at Kiao-Chau; with German shipping to the tune of more than \$2,000,000,000 a year chased off the high seas by British cruisers; with Italy apparently ready to mobilize against Austria; with Turkey leaning towards Germany and the Balkans ready to go at the throat of Turkey; with Belgian and French troops in active conjunction against the huge German machine in Belgium; with airships and Zeppelins skirmishing in the blue and getting ready to drop bombs wherever convenient; with a British force of 110,000 men and a heavy force of cavalry and artillery getting ready to join with the French and the Belgians in the cockpit of Europe; with daily expectations of the greatest battle since the world began not far from Waterloo; with only Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal and Denmark outside the European zone of actual war—within two weeks after England declared war upon Germany the world was up in arms in a way that began to make Norman Angell's "Great Illusion" a grim reality, and the contention of financiers that the world's business couldn't afford to have a world war the greatest illusion of all.

And by a little after the middle of August, while one half of North America was the only great civilized nation in the world not at war, the other half in Canada was at war because England was at war. On August 18th there was a war session of the Canadian Parliament, which voted \$50,000,000 of a war loan and backed up the Militia Department in its mobilization of an army of more than 20,000 Canadians. Valcartier began to emerge as the second most

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famous military centre to Quebec. City and town and rural regiments began to muster from Charlottetown to Victoria. The Royal Canadian Regiment was called from various centres to Halifax. The Rainbow was put into action on the Pacific in conjunction with French cruisers. The Niobe was put into commission. A squadron of British cruisers was sent across the Atlantic. With a hundred regiments furnishing drafts for the new four brigades being organized at Valcartier, with millionaires and plain people donning the khaki, and other patriotic citizens raising millions for war funds, with guards on all the canals and waterways, with every village and farmhouse in the land excited as never before, Canada was actively in a state of war.

On August 21st an army of 500,000 Russians was reported to be on German soil. Germans drove back the French in Lorraine and occupied Luneville. General Pau more than held his own in Alsace. August 23rd, Japan began operations at Kiao-Chau; they are still going on. Next day came the surprising news of the fall of Namur, which was supposed to be as well fortified as Liege. This gave the first intimation that the German army in Belgium was equipped with artillery that might be effective in a possible siege of Paris. At Neufchateau French and British retired without retreating; thus beginning a series of strategic retirements which for weeks, with very little real news from the front, began to look like a weakening of the French lines of resistance.

AUGUST 25th the British held their lines at Mons but lost 2,000 men. Then began the brief era of "lines holding." A Zeppelin dropped bombs in Antwerp. Belgians defeated a force of Germans at Malines. Next day British troops had a third day's fight with the Germans and retired on Arras.

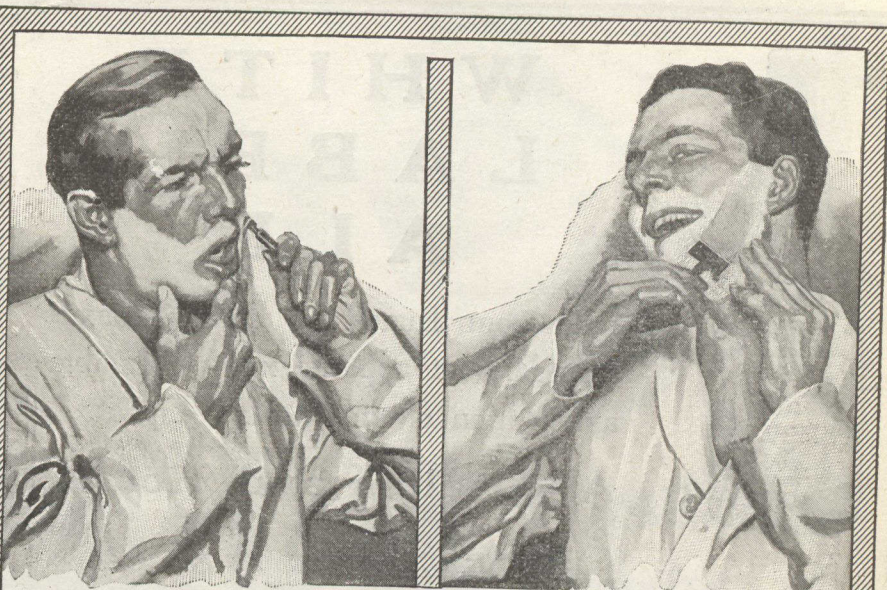
August 27th the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, a German liner and auxiliary cruiser, was sunk by the British Highflyer off the west coast of Africa. Longwy surrendered to the Germans. The German cruiser Madgeburg was sunk by Russian ships in the Baltic. Russians occupied Konigsberg in East Prussia. Next day Admiral Beatty banged five German warships out of business at Heligoland Bight, right under the guns and among the mines of Heligoland. That was the first whimper from the silence of the North Sea.

End of that week the Russians advanced on Lemberg in Galicia. By Sunday, after the heavy fighting between Mons and Charleroi, the Allies were shoved out of Belgium into France. The British lost 6,000 men. Lille was abandoned to the Germans. The long assault on the allies' left flank began to spell a possible advance upon Paris. Monday the French fell back on La Fere and Laon. Tuesday the French left wing fell back again but the British held the centre. British sharpshooting became the terror of the Germans.

Wednesday France shifted the Capital from Paris to Bordeaux. A German aeroplane dropped bombs and a message from Mars into Paris. Thursday Amiens and La Fere fell into the hands of the Germans. The second siege of Paris began to look like a certainty. The German machine with a loss of between 200,000 and 300,000 men was still pushing relentlessly to the gates.

Saturday the Germans suddenly changed tactics and pushed past Paris to the southeast, with the possible intention of concentrating on the weaker side of the outer ring of forts or effecting a junction with the army in Lorraine. The Allies were puzzled. France, Russia and England signed the protocol pledging each to make no peace with Germany without the others.

Sunday the Austrian army was virtually put out of business by the Russians. Monday and Tuesday the Allies took the offensive. The Germans asked for an armistice of twenty-four hours to bury the dead. The Allies gave them twenty-four hours to get out of France.



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A Flower of the Prairies

(Continued from page 11.)

savage guarding its young. "I only meant that I have often seen babies as young before, and I know they are all red and squirmy-looking at first."

"Oh!" Tannis lay back in her chair. "So mayn't I see baby?" persisted Marian.

"No, no." Tannis looked round like a hunted thing. "It's—it's—unlucky," she gasped, at length.

"Unlucky? Why I never heard that it was unlucky to see a young baby before. Is it an Indian superstition? Do you know," Marian leant forward and dropped her voice to a whisper; "I hear that there is going to be trouble with the Indians?"

"Trouble with the Indians?" "Yes, Jack doesn't think there will be; but Mr. Courtney—I met him when I was riding here—warned me to go back; that it was not safe to be alone and unarmed. But I don't believe there is any danger, do you? Besides, they never dare to attack English men."

"Wouldn't they?" Tannis's lips curled slightly.

"No, they'd be punished if they did. Do you think England will stand by and allow us to be massacred?"

"England is a long way off," replied Tannis, "and I am afraid if the Indians were to rise nothing would stop them; did Rafe say soon?"

"No, he just spoke in a general way; but he looked awfully haggard and upset."

"Oh," answered Tannis. "But do you think—a—h!" Marian sprang to her feet with a shriek. "Look! Look! Look!" She pointed out of the window with a hand that trembled violently.

TANNIS'S eyes followed Marian. Her face blanched. She sprang to her feet. "The Indians! Pull in the shutters while I bar the doors."

"I daren't," shrieked Marian. "I daren't open the window with those dreadful people outside."

"Your life depends on it. Bar the doors, then, I'll attend to the window." Tannis threw open the window and drew in the heavy shutters, closed and locked the window. Then she flew to the kitchen and did the same, Marian following her. The two women stood clinging together in the dark kitchen listening to the yells of the Indians outside. The old Indian, Marie, crept down the stairs, the baby in her arms, and squatted on the floor at Tannis's feet. The cries of the Indians increased in volume.

"Oh! oh! oh!" shrieked Marian, wringing her hands, "how can you stand quiet like that? Isn't there anything we can do; send Marie out to stop them?"

"Marie couldn't stop them. She could go if she liked, they wouldn't hurt her, she is one of them, but that wouldn't help us."

"Then I am going upstairs to shoot some of them." She made a grab at a rifle that hung on the wall, but Tannis caught her arm. "Stay where you are. If you shot any of them, they would tear the place down about our ears in a moment. Our only hope is to stay quiet. Maybe Mr. Wilson will hear and come. Listen, they are beginning their war dance; they won't attack till they have finished."

"Listen!" Tannis clutched Marian's arm tightly. An agonizing shriek of an animal in torture rose clear above the clamour, died, and rose again and again; "it's your horse."

With a loud, piercing shriek, Marian threw herself on the floor, and lay there a shuddering, sobbing heap. So the three women waited in the darkness; the Indian woman, squatting on the floor, grunting over the baby in her arms; Tannis, standing a white, motionless statue; while the terrible din went on outside. At last there came a silence that lasted longer. Tannis moved restlessly and addressed the Indian in her native

tongue, who grunted once or twice by way of reply; again Tannis spoke; again the Indian grunted. Tannis gave a little sobbing cry, and Marian raised her head slightly. "Do you think they have gone?" she asked, hopefully.

"No," answered Tannis, "they are going to burn the house."

"Burn the house! Burn the house! And you stand there doing nothing!" Marian sprang to her feet and rushed to the door, battering on it with her hands. "Let me out, I say!"

Tannis turned the key and opened the door. "Go, then," she said quietly.

Marian took a step forward, then fell an inert mass on the steps, as an Indian with a wild warhoop rushed toward her. Tannis dragged Marian in, and locked the door, then she walked over to the wall and took down the rifle.

Marian's eyes followed her, an added horror growing in them as she watched. "What are you going to do?"

"Kill you, and then Marie can kill me, she will be all right." She raised the rifle as she spoke.

"Don't, don't!" shrieked Marian, covering her face with her hands. "What about your baby?"

"Baby!" The rifle dropped from Tannis's hands, and clattered to the floor. "I had forgotten all about my son." She walked over to the Indian woman and took the baby from her arms. Then she walked to the door at the front of the house and opened it.

Marian gave a little gasp of horror and fainted dead away.

Tannis stood on the threshold, her baby in her arms. All around the house branches of trees were piled nearly to the lower windows, and the Indians were still bringing more. "My fathers, and my brothers"—she spoke in their native tongue—"your sister brings you her son, little Owl Face, that you may make of him a mighty warrior and chief."

Fearlessly she held the child toward them. The Indians stood motionless, looking at her. They didn't know what to make of it. No white woman had faced them like this before. What did it mean? Was it a ruse to get them in to the white man's power?

"MY fathers, my brothers." Tannis held the baby out at arm's length.

Finally a young Indian brave stepped forward and looked at the baby. Then he drew back and spoke to the others. Their grunts bespoke their feeling as plainly as words would have done. Tannis scanned their faces anxiously, but they were blank.

"They think I am cheating them," she thought hopelessly. A young Indian, lighted torch in his hand, rushed forward. With a cry Tannis stepped back and locked the door behind her. She leant back against the door and strained her ears. An ominous crackling sounded through the silence. She stepped back into the kitchen and looked at the Indian woman.

"You'd better go, Marie," she said. The Indian only grunted. She bent down till she lay with her ear flat on the floor; then she lifted her head slightly. "Listen," she chanted more than spoke the words, "I hear the hoofs of the white man's horses riding on the plains; they come, many of them, they draw nearer and nearer. I can hear the wind whispering of the far-off Happy Hunting Ground. I can hear the feet of many braves on the journey. I can hear the voices of the fathers greeting their sons. I can hear the wailings of the mothers and the wives. Oh, my fathers! Oh, my brothers!"

"Oh, hush, hush!" cried Tannis, "I can't hear anything but the crackling of the fire. Yes, oh, yes, I can hear them galloping up. Listen, they are shouting. Take my son, I will attend to the English woman."

Tannis rushed across the room and raised the prostrate form of Marian. She slowly opened her eyes. The

sight of the flames, instead of frightening her, as Tannis had feared, seemed to steady her. She rose to her feet. "Is there any way out?" she asked.

"The front way," gasped Tannis. "Cover your face and head with your skirt, bend low and come." The two women, almost crawling on the floor, staggered at last into safety.

Outside they stood looking at the scene in front of them; a company of soldiers were vainly trying to stop the fire by means of buckets of water, but the Indians had fired the place too well. It soon was a heap of smouldering ashes. They left off battling with the flames and went to work to remove the dead and dying Indians, and some of their own men who had fallen. Jack Wilson left them and came toward the two women. "Mrs. Courtney," he said, "you will come back with us."

Tannis hesitated, but Mrs. Wilson broke in eagerly, "Of course you will. You can't stay here, you and the dear little baby. Poor little baby." She walked over to where the Indian woman stood with the baby in her arms. "You have had a—" She drew back in horror. "Mrs. Courtney," she called, "come at once, the Indians have stolen your baby."

TANNIS ran over and took the baby out of Marie's arms. "No, they haven't, this is my son."

"Your son? Why, that is an Indian baby."

"Yes"—Tannis reared her head proudly—"and my son. I, too, am an Indian." She turned and walked swiftly away.

Jack Wilson drew a long breath. "Phew!" he said. "Poor Courtney." "Do you think Le knew?" asked Marian.

"Hardly likely, she looks white. I guess he only found out when the baby came. I have heard of many who have married Indians, and she is very pretty. Her father may have been white. Hush! here comes her husband."

"Where is Tannis?" asked Rafe Courtney, as he came up to them. "I thought she was here with you?"

"Yes, she has gone with the Indian—the baby's nurse, I mean," explained Jack, "through the forest. I say, old fellow, I—I—"

"Thank you," answered Rafe, haughtily. "You will excuse me if I follow my wife? She is doubtless going to her father's house."

Once out of sight of their eyes, Rafe quickened his steps to a run; but he had gone some distance into the forest before he saw Tannis walking with steady, unflinching feet; the Indian woman trailing behind her.

"Tannis!" he shouted. "Tannis!" She neither paused nor turned. "Tannis!" he shouted again, but still Tannis walked on unheeding. In a few minutes he caught up with them, ran swiftly to the girl and took her in his arms.

"Tannis," he asked, "why are you running away from me like this?" Tannis's eyes dropped to the baby in her arms. "Because of my son."

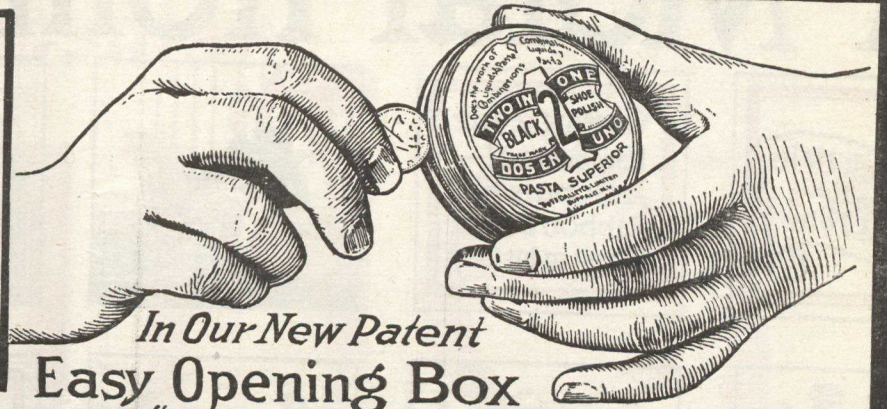
"My son, too," Rafe answered. "No, no!" cried Tannis, trying to draw away from him, but Rafe only held her the tighter. "I cheated you. You didn't dream you were marrying an Indian till this morning, when you saw my son. I couldn't hide him any longer. You saw him and you left me."

"Oh, Tannis, Tannis, my little Prairie Flower! I knew it all the time. Do you think," he went on gravely, "that Captain Kingston would have deceived me? He married an Indian woman and was proud of the fact. I married an Indian woman and am proud of the fact. I saw our son the first hour he was born. I left you only to go for help. Thunder Bird warned me, but I didn't think they would come so soon or I would never have left you. But, thank God, I was in time. Why didn't you show them our baby, they wouldn't have fired the house then?"

"I did, but they thought it was one I borrowed to fool them with. And you knew all the time? And you married me knowing?"

"Yes, and I mean to keep you."

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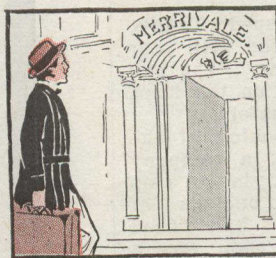
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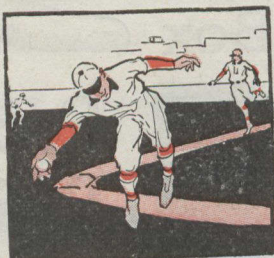
A Moral from the Movies

How Jack Hale made the School Nine

Getting ready for School—Jack puts his Ribbon Dental Cream in his Grip



Jack deciding to try for the Nine wins approval from the coach



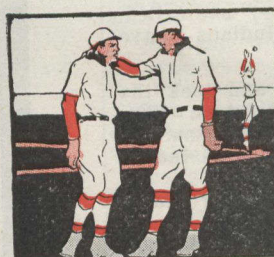
Jack is told to go in training and joins the squad as pitcher



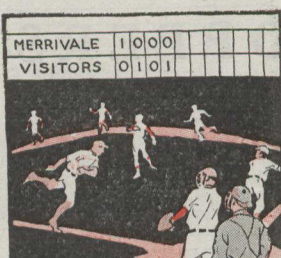
Jack's night and morning routine



The regular pitcher neglects his teeth and has indigestion



The big game—the regular pitcher is in poor condition and weakens



Jack in fine form is put in and saves the game



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