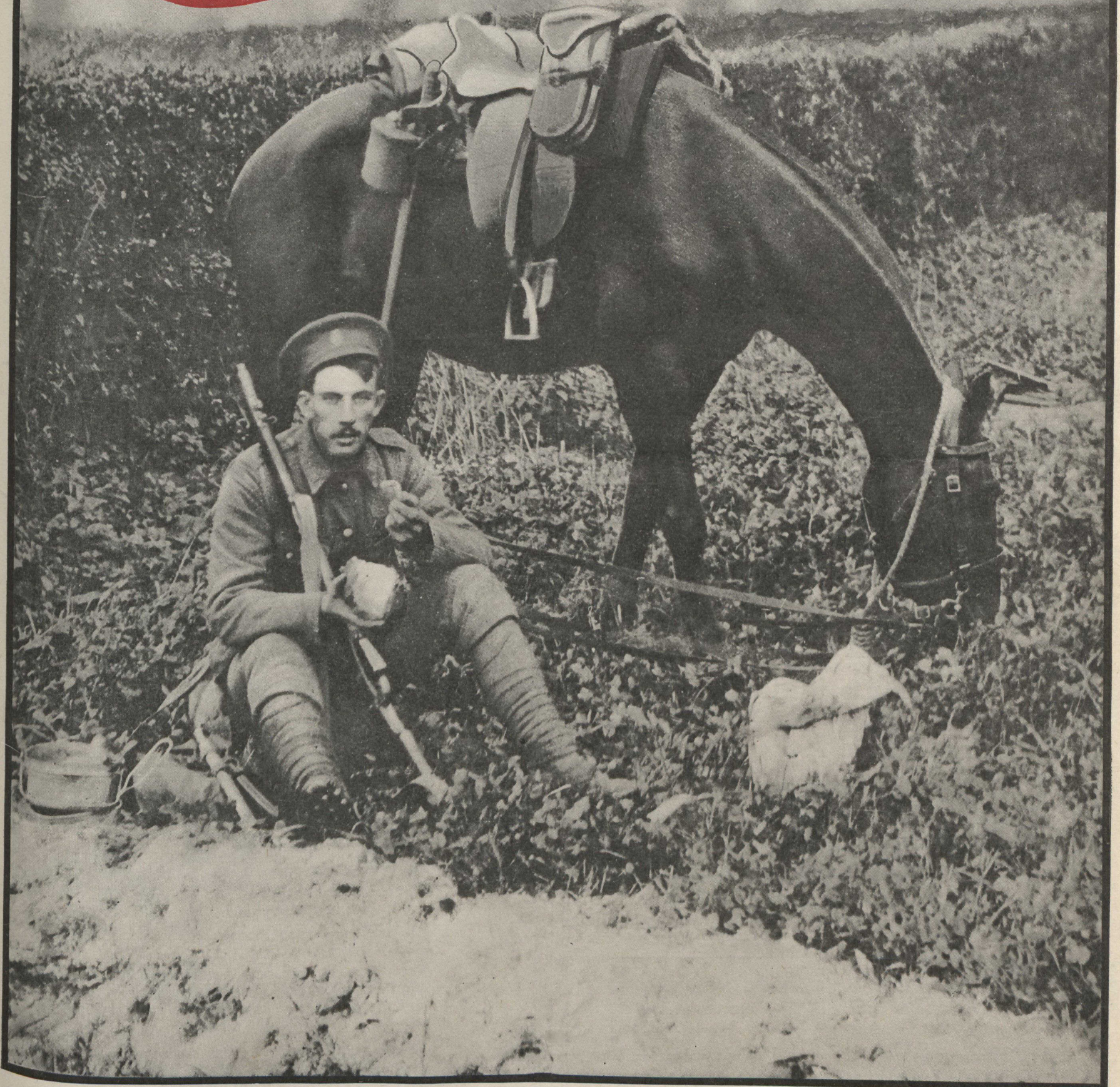


# The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



A CAVALRYMAN'S QUIET, BUT HASTY MEAL  
BRITISH OUTPOSTER IN BELGIUM, HUNK OF BREAD AND RIFLE IN ONE HAND AND THE REINS  
IN THE OTHER, READY FOR ANYTHING

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

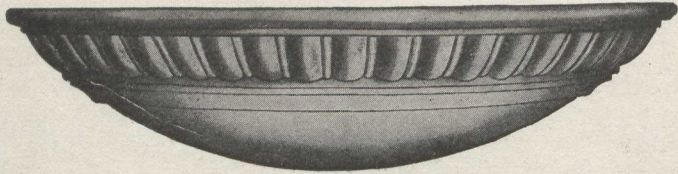
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## NEW NIGHT TRAIN

BETWEEN

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(DAILY)

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

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

Intermediate Stops:

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

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Standard Sleeping Cars    Electric Lighted Coaches

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

(Daily except Sunday)

### General Change of Time

ONTARIO LINES

Effective Monday, Oct. 19th

For full particulars see latest Time Table Folder.

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

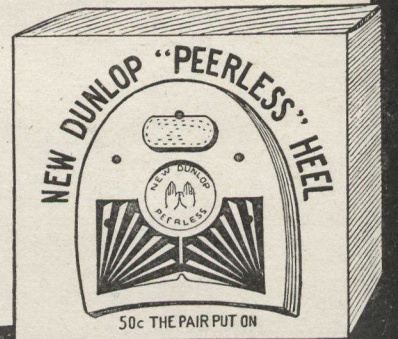
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XVI.

TORONTO

NO. 23

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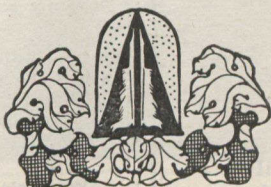
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## THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

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

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

### SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNTS

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

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

## British-Written Books

SHOULDN'T your special—present—loyalty extend to the books you get, particularly when they are otherwise so acceptable? Here is a list of British-written novels—authors either English or Canadian—which you can purchase as Christmas Gifts, with the comfortable feeling that you are supporting the Empire:

### INNOCENT: HER FANCY AND HIS FACT

By Marie Corelli. The story of a woman's heart, and life, and fight. \$1.25.

### THE PRETENDER

By Robert W. Service. A book by this author needs no further recommendation. \$1.25.

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By H. A. Vachell. One of the season's big sellers in England. \$1.25.

### HIS OFFICIAL FIANCEE

By Berta Ruck. A bright, unique story which anyone will read with appreciation. \$1.25.

### THE CALL OF THE EAST

By Thurlow Fraser. A good, old-fashioned love story, by a new Canadian author, who promises to make his mark. \$1.25.

### THE BAIL JUMPER

By Robert J. C. Stead. A stirring Western story, by a Canadian writer who knows his West. \$1.25.

Your bookseller can supply these volumes, and many other British-written books.

## William Briggs

Publisher  
TORONTO, ONT.



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House cleaning is much easier and twice as effective if you moisten your dust-cloth with

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A dry dust-cloth merely scatters the dust. Loco Liquid Gloss gathers up all the dirt and leaves a bright, disinfected surface. It feeds the varnish and makes soiled furniture and woodwork look like new.

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For

SPORTSMEN

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These workers, with their families and those who benefit by their purchasing power, number nearly one-third the population of Canada—supported by Canadian manufactures.

How readily it is apparent that the prosperity and happiness of every Canadian—of yourself—depend on the continuous employment of these people—on the consumption of goods "Made in Canada."

Canadian factories support one-third of our population. Are you helping to support Canadian factories?

**Employ Our Own Dollars to Employ Our Own Workmen.**

9A

## In Lighter Vein

Rare.—"Sadie, what is a gentleman?"  
"Please, ma'am," answered the well-bred child, "a gentleman's a man you don't know very well."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

\*\*\*

Defined.—A youngster whose father was editor of a small town daily, was asked to write a composition on Professional Men.

"When an editor makes a mistake there is a lawsuit and swearing and a big fuss; but if a doctor makes one there is a funeral, cut flowers and perfect silence. A doctor can use a word a yard long without him or anybody knowing what it means; but if the editor uses one he has to spell it. If the doctor goes to see another man's wife he charges for the visit; but if the editor goes, he gets a charge of buckshot. When the doctor gets drunk it is a case of being overdone by the heat and if he dies it is from heart trouble; when the editor gets drunk it's a case of too much booze, and if he dies it's the jimjams. Any old college can make a doctor; an editor has to be born."

\*\*\*

He Knew.—Lawyer—"But, if you were not present when the defendant threw the soup-plate at his wife, how can you swear that she aggravated him into doing it?"

"I'm her ex-husband."—Life.

\*\*\*

A Poser.—The faults you see in the other fellow are nine times out of ten your own faults; otherwise you would not recognize them. Just think that over.

\*\*\*

Good Proof.—Daddy—"No, yer mother never dressed the way you girls do today to catch a husband."

Daughter—"Yes, but look at what she got."—Boston Record.

\*\*\*

The Crisis in the Barber Shop.

The barber to the right of me was hocking for the Kaiser,  
The barber to the left of me was hacking for the Czar,  
A gentleman from Greece was shearing of my fleece,  
While very near a swart Italian stropped his simitar.

And when presently discussion, polyglot and fervid,  
On political conditions burst about my chair,

I left the place unshaven—I hope I'm not a craven,  
But I sort of like to wear a head beneath my hair!

—Don Marquis in the New York Evening Sun.

\*\*\*

Enough!—Willie—"Paw, what is the difference between genius and talent?"

Paw—"Talent gets paid every Saturday, my son."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

\*\*\*

Dangerous Wit.—"What is the charge?" asked the magistrate.

"Nuthin' 't all," snickered the prisoner at the bar; "this's on me."—Buffalo Express.

\*\*\*

Women's Wrongs.—"Just my luck! Sez e' can't go to the front because 'e's a married man."—London Opinion.

\*\*\*

Again the Tempter.—The sailor had been showing the lady visitor over the ship. In thanking him she said:

"I see that by the rules of your ship tips are forbidden."

"Lor' bless yer 'eart, ma'am," replied Jack, "so were the apples in the Garden of Eden."—Tit-Bits.

\*\*\*

Substantiated.—Her Father: "I don't like to say it, Marie, but I think your fiance is a brainless idiot."

Marie—"I'm beginning to think you're right, papa. He has been tangoing three months now and hasn't invented a new step yet."—Life.

\*\*\*

Consolation.—"How did your novel come out?"

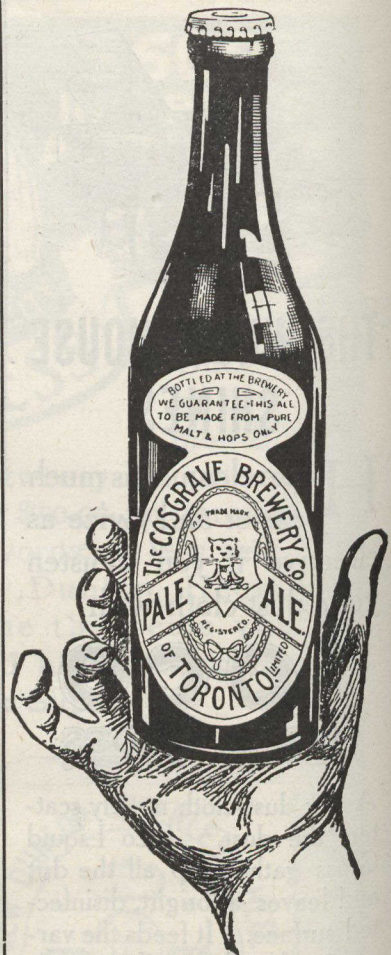
"Well," replied the self-confident man, "it proved beyond all doubt that it isn't one of these trashy best-sellers."—Washington Star.

\*\*\*

D. Dee, Digitarienne.

Dorothea Dee did digits  
(That's what she was hired for),  
Dorothea made men igit;,  
Eyes she had that gave 'em figits,  
Made 'em feel like bloomin' migits;  
That's what she was fired for.

—Life.



"Made in Canada"  
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**Mild**  
(Chill-Proof)  
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Appetizing and satisfying.  
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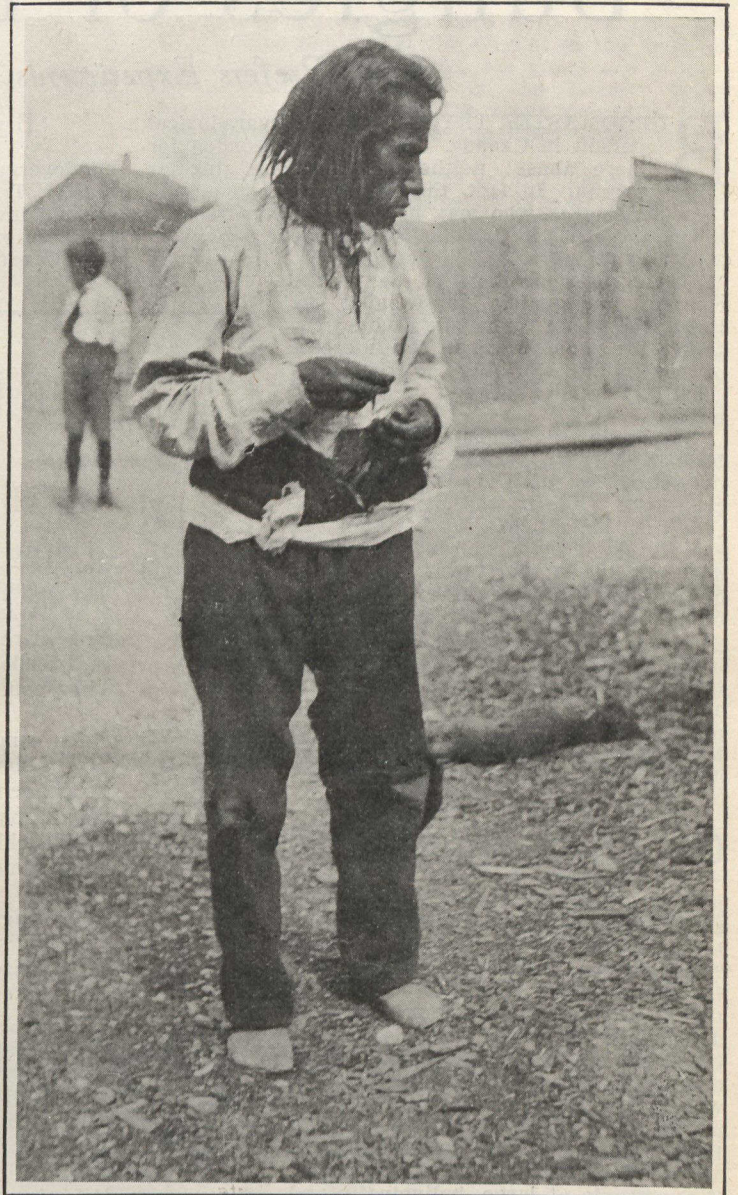
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## BLOOD INDIANS HEAR THE CALL OF EMPIRE



This Blood Indian in the fancy chair would have given his medal to join the British Cavalry.



Even this old gambler of the Bloods got a thrill of loyalty.

By MAX MCD.

**T**HE loyalty of the Blood Indians in Canada to the flag that protects them was made manifest at a meeting held on the Reserve shortly after the outbreak of the present European war. Just as soon as Indian Agent Dilworth had informed the Bloods that England was at war, Head Chief Shot-Both-Sides suggested that a meeting, to see what form of assistance the Indians could offer, be called.

"What can we do?" exclaimed Chief Shot-Both-Sides, who presided at the council.

The Indians were deeply moved, and the suggestion was made by some of them that they should turn over to the Government some \$4,000 that had been funded for their benefit this year. It was finally decided, however, to offer \$1,000 of that amount now, and at a later date, if necessity demanded, to offer the remainder.

Every Indian in the encampment stated that if his services were required by the Great White Father, he was willing to take up arms at once, and expression was given in a formal document which was ordered transmitted to the Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs at Ottawa.

"We the undersigned, Chiefs and Head Men of the Blood Indian Tribe in Council assembled, after due consideration and unanimous consent, beg to submit respectfully the following resolutions:

"Whereas a condition of war exists against the children and Dominions of Our Gracious King;



W. J. Dilworth, Agent to the Blood Indians of the West, who offered their services to Great Britain.

"Whereas, we of the Blood Indian tribe are thankful for the kindly, just, and honourable treatment always given us by the King's Government;

"Whereas, it is our earnest desire that Great Britain may ever remain the guardian of the weak, and the arbiter of the World's Peace;

"We, the undersigned Chiefs and Head Men of the Blood Indian tribe in Council assembled, unanimously beg to inform the Honourable Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs that it is our desire that we make use of \$1,000 of our moneys funded with His Majesty's Government in Canada, to be used in whatever way he may deem it to be of the most advantage to the British arms in their hour of peril.

"And further, we beg of the Honourable Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs to convey to Our Gracious King our assurance that it is our wish that he command us should assistance be required, and that it will be our daily prayer that the British arms be victorious in their battle for the right, that peace will speedily be restored and that His Majesty's Government will still remain the protector of the weak and still sovereign in those pursuits of peace that we have learned to love so well.

"Signed: Shot-Both-Sides, Ermine Horses, Young Pine, Bull Horns, Running Wolf, Heavy Shield, Little Ears, Many White Horses, Weasel Fat, Running Antelope. Witness and Interpreter, J. Mountain Horse."

None of the signatures are by the signers them-



selves, as none are able to read or write except the interpreter.

The Blood band of the Blackfeet Indians was the last to accept treaty from the Canadian Government. The document was signed by Chapo-Mexico (or Crowfoot) and fifty other Minor Chiefs and Head Men, at Blackfoot Crossing, on September 22nd, 1877. On the document sent to the Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs is the name of one Minor Chief, Heavy Shield (or Sakoye-aotan), who signed the original treaty in 1877. The band numbers some 1,140 souls, 805 of whom are pagan. Their wealth is immense, averaging about \$5,000 per capita.

On the occasion of the signing of the treaty at Blackfoot Crossing, in 1877, Crowfoot made a striking speech to Lieutenant-Governor Laird. His skill in dealing with his Indians and his high regard for the treatment accorded them by the Government is seen in his words on that occasion. He said:

"It always happens that far-away countries hear exaggerated stories of one another. The distance between them causes the news to grow as it circulates. I often hear things of far-off places, but I do not believe them; it may be very little, and be magnified as it goes. When I hear such news about you as you hear about me, I don't believe it; but I go to the Indian Agent, or someone else in authority, and ask and find out the truth. Why should the Blackfeet create trouble? Are they not quiet and peaceable, and industrious? Let our white friends have compassion. I have two hearts—one is like stone and one is tender. Suppose the soldiers come and without provocation try to kill us—I am not a child—I know we shall get redress from the law. If they kill us, my tender heart would feel for my people."

In 1875, Sitting Bull, who had fought Custer, visited Crowfoot to secure his help, but he firmly refused.

In protesting his loyalty, Crowfoot said:

"To rise there must be an object; to rebel there must be a wrong done; to do either we must know how it would benefit us. We do not wish for war. We have nothing to gain; but we know that people make money by war on Indians, and these people want war, to steal the right of warring men—that is to fight without the consent of the Government—don't let them. The Queen does not want war when there is no cause. She is not in favour of war. Let the Government know that we favour peace, and want it."

The spirit that prompted the greatest of all the Chiefs of the Blackfeet tribe to utter words such as these is still present with the Blood Indians, and if the Empire should call for volunteers among them, a ready response would be forthcoming. Their interest is great, and they have been besieging the office of Agent Dilworth, since the outbreak of war, for news from the front.

# Bungles of Burgomaster Tryon

*Who Prefers Experiments to Economy in the Awarding of Civic Contracts*

By THOMAS TODD

employers of labour in Toronto, tendered to Burgomaster Tryon on three city contracts. The total amount involved was \$64,538. This would have been business enough to keep a large number of men in that Canadian company employed and competent to

mentioned. Variety is the spice of life."

And it was so.

In Winnipeg the experimental, Canada-last Burgomaster had his innings also. Winnipeg needed 1,100 tons of cast-iron pipe, which would cost about \$50,000. Among the tenderers for the contract was a firm in Fort William and a firm in Birmingham, Ala. The

Fort William firm was running slack; in fact, much of its plant was idle, waiting for something like this only 400 miles away. The tender from Fort William was \$800 more than the tender from Alabama. No doubt had the management known that it was necessary to meet the price of an outside competitor they would have done so.

What did Burgomaster Tryon do about it? He sniffed over the two contracts, buttoned his coat and said:

"Nope. Business is business. We don't care about Fort William. What did she ever do for Winnipeg? I move the contract be awarded to this here firm in Alabama."

And it was so.

The Works Department of another Canadian city bought a year's supply of paving brick at a cost of \$40,000. It happens that Canada has as good brickyards and brickmakers as any in America, and could easily have filled the contract. It was a slack time in the building trade. Hundreds of men were on part time or no time at all.

What did Burgomaster Tryon do? He thumbed over the contracts, bit his top lip, and said:

"I move that the contract be awarded to that firm in Ohio."

And it was so.

FURTHER, on the advice of this cautious burgomaster, a Canadian city sent \$20,000 to the United States for city automobiles. He knew right well that four miles from the City Hall there is an automobile factory, all-Canadian in capital, management and wages, as capable of turning out such automobiles as any other firm in the world. But he said he reckoned that firm might be able to tender on some contracts down in Tennessee or Pennsylvania for all he cared; he moved that the contract go to a United States firm.

And it was so.

It was so again when that same city needed road rollers, and a firm in Western Ontario sent in a tender which happened to be \$35 more than the lowest. Burgomaster Tryon experimented again and placed the order outside. When the Toronto police force needed forty new bicycles, the Burgomaster moved that they be bought outside of Canada—not because Canadian bicycles are not among the best in the world, for he admitted that; but because there was a difference of a few dollars in the price.

By these methods of Burgomaster Tryon operating in cities and towns all over Canada, the municipal authorities have been saddled with some fine problems of administration. Chickens always come home to roost. Hundreds of men who should have been employed in Canadian factories have been pressed into the bread lines that were such a daily spectacle in some Canadian cities last winter. Burgomaster Tryon rubbed his hands and said he supposed the city would have to do something. Men couldn't be allowed to starve. Put them on some sort of road-grading in the dead of winter. Then charity. For the Burgomaster, like Kaiser, puts his trust in God.

BURGOMASTER TRYON is the most paradoxical person in Canada. This is not intended for mere abuse; neither for any one singular person. In fact, the Burgomaster is a multiple personality who may be found in hundreds of towns and cities in Canada from the 5,000 pop. up to 500,000 and more. He is sometimes a mayor, an alderman, a controller—or he is the complex personality represented by those who spend the people's money for things the people want in the interests of the public. For there is sometimes that distinction between people and public.

What the Burgomaster Tryon has been doing in various unmentioned municipalities of Canada during the past little while is what makes the interest of this article. Read it and then see if this burgomaster of experiment does not live in your town; if he is not one of those either in office or expecting to get into office next year. If he is, you may conclude that the Burgomaster is a public menace who should be buttonholed on the street and in the club and round the town hall; and the self-protecting ratepayer should hold the Misfit with his glittering eye while he unfolds a tale of truth to harrow up his soul.

OUR first news of the operations of Burgomaster Tryon comes from a large Canadian city called Toronto. The B. M. knows that just at present the manufacturers of this country are working like Trojans to keep "Business As Usual" on the programme. He knows what sacrifices of profits they are making to do it; how they have determined as a first principle to keep Canadian labour employed on the principle that the employment of labour, whether on the land or in the factory, is the index of a nation's prosperity. He knows all this. He knows that such a programme could only be carried out if the people at large, individually and collectively, stand behind the movement so that the home market can be kept up.

So, not long ago, when the Board of Control placed contracts for the supply of fire apparatus, Burgomaster Tryon went dead against the interests of the people by refusing to let the contract outright to firms in Canada. The total amount was \$50,000; quite enough to represent \$10,000 paid in wages and to be re-spent by labour in the buying goods made in Canada. It was divided among three firms, two of which were in the United States; and these two together got \$30,000 of the amount. The combined Canadian tenders were \$7,000 less than those of the outside firms.

Why is this? Because Burgomaster Tryon wanted to have two or three different makes of apparatus—just to try them out to see which was the best. This experiment Tryon was willing to make at a cost of \$7,000 cold cash to the taxpayers, and an indirect loss to the community of thousands of dollars in wages. The taxpayers will remind the Burgomaster that when the country is faced up with one huge experiment in the shape of a world war, it is a mighty poor time to make other kinds of experiments. If Canada had waited to let England experiment with the war before sending our troops to the front, we should all have been in the same class with Burgomaster Tryon.

Some time before the war, when business began to slump, a manufacturing concern, one of the largest

## THE ANSWER

By A. M. BELDING

THEY who had sought far lands beyond the sea,  
And peopled them with children of the free,  
Who never trembled at a king's command,  
Nor feared a ruthless war-lord's iron hand;  
In Freedom's name, steadfast whate'er befall,  
They come, oh Mother England, at thy call.

From conquest of the wilderness they come,  
Strong-limbed, clear-eyed, imbued with love of home,  
To challenge men whose eager, jealous hate  
Would make the homes of England desolate;  
From field and mart, from camp and cot and hall,  
They come, oh Mother England, at thy call.

The things your statesmen hold inviolate,  
The plighted word, the honour of the state,  
They prize not less, whose vision holds the day  
When these shall rule in universal sway;  
Lest blood and iron should the world enthral,  
They come, oh Mother England, at thy call.

To fields whereon of old their fathers fought,  
Nor deemed the badge of courage dearly bought  
(At cost of life itself, where duty led,  
And noble deeds a deathless lustre shed;  
With hearts as brave and true, whate'er befall,  
They come, oh Mother England, at thy call.

Not lightly do they cross the seven seas,  
To grace a pageant on the English leas;  
For some must make a covenant with Death,  
Where strikes the deadly cannon's iron breath;  
They count the cost and fear it not at all,  
They come, oh Mother England, at thy call.

St. John, N.B.

spend Canadian wages for things made in Canada. It would have placed Canadian pumps, machinery and iron castings in the service of the city of Toronto, and would have been another item in the Canada-First programme of all patriotic and business-minded Canadians.

WHAT did Burgomaster Tryon do about it? He looked over the tenders, three out of four from outside places. When he found that the combined tenders from New York, Glasgow and Philadelphia were \$307 less than the tender from the Toronto firm, he said:

"Well o' course, that settles it. We can't afford to pay \$307 extra to keep our own men employed. I move the contracts go to the three outside firms



# Our Officers

The British Commander as He Actually Is

By SCRUTATOR

THE officer of the British army is all too often misrepresented in the piping times of peace, by malice or by ignorance, as being of the "gilded popinjay" species. An eye-glassed, chinless, lump of affectation, part cad and part fool—that is the grotesque caricature which some of his detractors love to exhibit as his portrait. But perhaps he will get a fuller justice now. The good showing made by the British troops at the front reflects the greatest credit not only on the rank and file, but on the officers also. It is they who have done so much to keep the men in good heart. Letter after letter received from T. Atkins by his friends at home testifies in glowing terms to the splendid stuff of which his officers are made—how they love their regiments, how careful they are for their men, careful for everything, save of their own lives.

The idea that the British army officer's main mission in life is to shine in aristocratic society is strangely wide of the mark to-day, whatever foundation in fact it may have had in other times. It is the case that the patrician families are numerous—represented—largely by their cadets—in the commissioned ranks of the army. But there is, surely, nothing strange in that in the case of a nation "old in arms," and, as a matter of fact, it is common knowledge that many of the very best and keenest officers in the army are found among these self-same cadets of ennobled houses. The abolition of the purchase of commissions over forty years ago, however, has had a two-fold result on the personnel of officers. First, it has resulted in opening the doors to very many whose circumstances would previously have debarred them from aspiring to commissioned rank. Secondly, it has ensured a fairly high standard of education among them. Omitting those officers who have risen from the ranks, those who are appointed to commissions by way of the usual channels—the Royal Military College at Sandhurst for cavalry, infantry and army service corps, and the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, for artillery and engineers—have, before their entrance into either of the institutions named, to pass a fairly difficult examination in general education, which is competitive in so far as the vacancies are filled by those who pass highest, if physically fit. In addition, candidates for commissions have to pass another examination, at the conclusion of their period of training at either Sandhurst or Woolwich, requiring a fair knowledge of technical matters. The young officer's training is little more than at its beginning when he receives his commission. The most important part of it—consisting partly of more detailed instruction in the subjects he has already studied, partly of the practical application of those subjects, and partly of more advanced instruction with its practical application—comes subsequent to his appointment to a commission and after he has joined his regiment.

SOLDIERING is hereditary to a very large extent. The number of officers who, like Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, are the sons of officers is enormous. I have known several soldiering families where all three or four, or five boys have "followed in father's footsteps," by holding commissions. Many officers, too, emanate from the English rectory or vicarage or from the Scottish manse—the army seems to have a powerful appeal for the son of the cleric. The bulk of the officers who are not sons of noblemen, or squires, or soldiers, or sailors, or parsons, are sons of professional men—lawyers, doctors, and so on—with a sprinkling of tradesmen's sons. The total number of officers in the British army as it now stands is a little over 10,000. More than 1,400 have already fallen in action.

It is sometimes said that "Money goes into the cavalry, brains into the engineers and artillery, and backbone into the infantry." But every officer must have private means or else an allowance from his "people," during his first few years in that capacity. For it is absolutely impossible for the just-joined subaltern to live on his pay. This is but \$1.60 a day in a cavalry regiment and \$1.34 a day in a line regiment—not enough to pay the subaltern's mess bills. Hence the allowance from "home" has to be (at the very lowest) at the rate of \$800 a year for the cavalry subaltern and \$450 a year for the infantry subaltern. And much bigger allowances are requisite to meet all the calls on the subaltern's pocket—calls which are almost unavoidable unless, like Mrs. John Gilpin, he has "a frugal mind." The home allowance generally continues until the soldier son gets his troop or his company, and is duly entitled to write himself down captain, drawing the daily pay of \$3.60 or \$2.78 respectively—a period of eight or nine years or so, as a rule, though promotion comes all too quickly in these days.

This allowance from his family which the young officer must have is a heavy tax on many and many a household. For while there are many wealthy men in the service, and while in a few "swagger" regiments practically all the officers are men of large,

and some of very large, means, yet the great majority of the 1,032 officers in the regular army hail from homes that are very far indeed from anything that can be called wealthy. "Brains go into the engineers and artillery." And the just-joined subaltern in the "sappers" or the "gunners" reaps the reward of his brains in the shape of increased pay, a subaltern in the engineers drawing \$2.30 a day and one in the artillery \$1.82 a day. Thus it is possible for the young "sapper" to live on his pay from the first, and officers in the engineers are noted as being, in the main, of inexpensive tastes.

It would be true to say of the average British officer of to-day that he finds his pleasure in his work. The number of those who are inclined to view their work rather as a mere adjunct to their pleasure has for long been on the decrease. Fond of all manly sport the British officer is—and it is well that he should be. But in the great majority of regiments there has been a very noticeable tendency, of recent years, to discountenance such sports as necessitate an exorbitant expenditure. Messes are less extravagant. The presence of the teetotaller in the mess-room is far from infrequent, whereas less than half a century ago it would have excited more astonishment than would that of a polar bear. Officers study their men more. There is no "hail fellow well met" air about the former in their intercourse with the latter—that would not be in consonance with the general system of discipline favoured by the British in all walks of life. But the men know that their officers are solicitous for their welfare and that they are loyal to the core to their regiments.

## Iron Von Kluk

Kaiser's Main Hope in the West

GO over the whole list of the Kaiser's generals, as you find them recorded now and then in the newspapers, and there is none that means so much to the average reader as the lean and tireless Von Kluk, who is said by a celebrated Dutch military critic to be the Kaiser's only hope in the west. It is some while now since this stubborn person of war turned from the grand march upon Paris to take charge of the retreating right wing of the German army. That right wing has been the hard rock of German offense and defense now these many weeks. It has been badly mauled by the British, nagged at by the Belgians and hammered by the French. But somehow no matter what happens in some other part of the line, Von Kluk always manages to get men and guns enough on that wing to keep the Allies' left extremely busy.

When you admit that Kluk is a man of iron who has elevated the German right wing into a chapter of world history, you have admitted most that is of great merit among the German general staff in that region. Most of the other head officers are effete grand dukes and blustering crown princes of sovereign states. Kluk is the eternal battering-ram. He has found out by now that "French's contemptible little army," as the Kaiser called it, is the most

terrific and uncomprehensible force that he ever expected to encounter.

Kluk is not a nobleman. He got to the nobility by hard work. Like Hindenburg, he is a veteran of both the Austrian war in 1866 and the Franco-Prussian war. He remained plain Kluk till he became a colonel. Then the Kaiser dubbed him "Von." He is said to look like a Roman; he has a toothbrush moustache and is highly popular with his men, whom he does not pitilessly sacrifice to the machine like the grand dukes and crown princes do.

Much, however, as we may be compelled to admire Kluk, we shall consider him a greater benefactor to the world at large when his right wing has become a broken pinion.

## Neutral Nations

Lord Bryce Expresses His Views

VISCOUNT BRYCE, who has several times been in Canada, both before he became British Ambassador at Washington and afterwards, has given his views to the press concerning neutral nations and the war. As Lord Bryce has just quit representing England at the Capital of the greatest neutral nation in the world, his views are of particular interest. Writing in the London Daily Chronicle, after surveying the whole ground of England's relations to Germany and other nations in this war, he says:

"History declares that no nation, however great, is entitled to try to impose its type of civilization on others. No race, not even the Teutonic or the Anglo-Saxon, is entitled to claim the leadership of humanity. Each people has in its time contributed something that was distinctively its own, and the world is far richer thereby than if any one race, however gifted, had established a permanent ascendancy.

"We of the Anglo-Saxon race do not claim for ourselves, any more than we admit in others, any right to dominate by force or to impose our own type of civilization on less powerful races. Perhaps we have not that assured conviction of its superiority which the school of General Bernhardt expresses for the Teutons of North Germany. We know how much we owe, even within our own islands, to the Celtic race. And though we must admit that peoples of Anglo-Saxon stock have, like others, made some mistakes and sometimes abused their strength, let it be remembered what have been the latest acts they have done abroad.

"The United States have twice withdrawn their troops from Cuba, which they could easily have retained. They have resisted all temptations to annex any part of the territories of Mexico, in which the lives and property of their citizens were for three years in constant danger. So Britain also, six years ago, restored the amplest self-government to the two South African Republics (having already agreed to the maintenance on equal terms of the Dutch language), and the citizens of those Republics, which were in arms against her thirteen years ago, have now spontaneously come forward to support her by arms, under the gallant leader who then commanded the Boers."

## A STRANGE LOAD FOR A TRAWLER



Folkestone Harbour has seen many a Belgian trawler like this crowded with refugees from Ostend. England is the kind old mother of Europe.



# THE WOODEN CHRIST

*True Story of a Veteran of Waterloo and an Heroic Belgian Woman*

By E. A. TAYLOR

THE crowd was dense, but very silent, and I fidgeted in Nanon's arms. When one is four and sturdy-limbed, it is tiresome being carried unless you are tired.

"Keep still, little Anne," she said. "Look here, and in a minute you will see the man they used to call a 'king.'"

She hissed the last word so venomously that a man by us said with a laugh—"Be careful, Citoyennes, to-day the people must be silent, while Louis Capet goes on his last ride."

A carriage came along, its wheels rattling loudly in the silence. There were soldiers all around it, and a guarded man within, but I hardly saw it, I was too afraid of the look on Nanon's face. She, my nurse, who had always fed and cared for me, now looked at the passing carriage with eyes that were so terrible, that I held out my arms to my father, who was near us, and called to him.

He took me, surprised, and, I think, a little flattered, that I had come from Nanon to him. He was a grave, very busy man, and Nanon and I saw very little of him, in our lodgings over the baker's shop.

"Who is Louis Capet?" I whispered, feeling very safe in his arms. "Is he wicked? Did he hurt Nanon, that she looks at him so?"

"Louis Capet has committed an unpardonable sin," answered my father. "His fathers wronged La Patrie, our France, and we demanded that in a day he should right everything. He did not agitate himself trying to do so—it was a task which only the Deity we have officially abolished could have performed—and we have sentenced him to die."

"You mean that we think he is wicked," I said, bewildered.

"The sovereign people never think, little Anne, as you will learn if you ever try to help rule them, like your fathers before you. They only feel, and that generally wrong. In this case we were holding our one-time king as a sort of hostage, and when the nations—Austria, Prussia, Spain, and England, declared war upon us—we, in the words of Danton, 'we hurl at their feet as our gage of battle, the head of our king.'"

I did not understand him at all, but I sat in his arms content, thinking that even if I ever, like Louis Capet, failed to do something I couldn't, and

Nanon looked at me like she looked at him, my father would never, he was too wise, and he loved me.

We were walking away from the crowd now, and two men passed us, one saying as he looked at my father—"Do you know who he is? He might be an aristocrat in disguise."

"Might be, but isn't," answered the other. "Not so loud with your 'aristocrats,' my friend. That was once a marquis of somewhere, but he is now Citoyen Claret, deputy of the Convention, and one of the patriotic three hundred and sixty-six who answered 'death,' when called on to name the punishment of Louis Capet."

"And answered wrong," said my father, too low for them to hear, "but I thought it was best for La Patrie that he, and perhaps his, too, should die."

TWO years later my father and I were in prison, which did not trouble me. My life in the reign of terror with a father who looked after La Patrie first, and me next, and a nurse who attended all the executions, and joined all the mobs in our neighbourhood, had taught me to amuse myself and not worry when astounding things happened. I had long ago decided that nobody would ever hurt me, and that my private games were of much more importance, to me, than the fate of my country, which I was uninterested in.

So I played cheerfully in the prison by myself, till one evening my father took me on his knee. We were alone in his cell, I remember.

"I am going away from you to-morrow, little son Anne," he said.

I was named like him, Ste. Anne. I fancy it had been the custom in the old family he renounced, to give the eldest son that name, and in the prayerless, creedless world I had been brought up in, the "ste." had been dropped in my case.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Really, Anne, I don't know. As we have decreed that death is an eternal sleep, I suppose I should say nowhere. I wonder how soon you will forget me?"

"Never," I answered, stoutly. "When will you come

back?"

He did not say, instead, he stroked my curls softly, and said: "Anne, once upon a time there was a man, who, like many other men, wanted a mistress, but instead of a woman he gave his love to a goddess, La Patrie. Because she demanded it, he turned against his own people, he broke their traditions, and denied the instincts of his blood. His own class hated and despised him beyond measure, and those he lived among never quite trusted him. He was always lonely, except for one dear small boy, whom often he was forced to neglect because his divine mistress so ordered. Yet he was content, for he believed she was the more glorious because he gave his life to her service. And now, when in a moment of caprice, she will take him from his boy altogether, he wants to tell him to remember that whatever sins his father did, they were for her glory. Had not he and others like him 'sinned' as they did, she to-day might have been a dead, dishonoured thing, partitioned like poor Poland. But, Anne, when you are ready for it, love woman, women if you will, only do not seek after goddesses, they will make you the most wretched of men—and the happiest."

"You do not mean what you say," I said, quickly. "You want I should love a goddess like you, and I will."

"Foolish boy, when she will kiss you one day, and take your head the next."

"Your eyes don't say 'foolish,' and please make your mouth take it back," I coaxed, "because you make me feel I don't understand you."

For a moment I thought there were tears in his eyes, then he laughed. "Oh, certainly, my small man, but what you don't understand is that if you serve a goddess your end will probably be unpleasant. Executions are so distressingly vulgar in their details, and I am certain my executioner will have eaten onions for breakfast—a scent I cannot abide."

"I don't like people who eat onions, either," I agreed, comfortably, for I did not understand that he was to die. "But I will love La Patrie when I am of age to, and I shan't mind if she does take my head, because I shall be remembering her kiss, and that I made her more glorious."

He kissed me then many times, but he did not die  
(Continued on page 22.)

## LAUGHING AT LIFE

Number Two—Love's Fragrant Illusions

Series Continued from Last Week

By GEORGE EDGAR

Author of "The Blue Birdseye," etc.

SOMEONE said—quite a long time ago—that there is nothing new under the sun. Another man, probably equally well meaning, put the same truth in another way, when he spoke of history repeating itself. Both phrases are over-worked and terribly trite. Incidentally, though they come tripping from many tongues, the significance of two closely related phrases is seldom appreciated to the full.

### LOVE AND MEASLES.

TAKE love for instance. The history of love is one persistent repetition. Symbolically, Adam and Eve discovered love in the Garden of Eden, and their unfortunate descendants have been discovering and re-discovering love, ever since. The charm of the act of falling in love is that the process seems different to all who discover it. Love comes as a distinct and separate adventure of the compelling type to every life. In actual truth, love is not a compelling adventure in any life. One would classify it as a disease, common as measles to young people of certain ages. Most people will agree that history repeats itself in the matter of measles. Tommy Brown's measles are very much like Billy Smith's. But people disagree over the symptoms and pathological treatment of love. They refuse to see love as a disease common to all, nor do they like to believe the symptoms run the same course until the patient is either killed, or cured. People regard each case of love as an isolated phenomenon. The truth is, people who fall in love, by the nature of the disease, are oblivious to realities and, mentally, are not capable of seeing the symptoms common to all.

Most people who fall in love are quite young. They really know little or nothing—that is why they fall in love. Knowledgeable people fall in love with lands, estates, and great possessions—never with the glance of an eye, the colour of a hank of hair, or the tremulous cadence of her voice. Instead of worshipping the ground she walks upon, they adore the land her father owns. That form of love is not a disease. It is a commercialized emotion. In real love—the disease—a girl suddenly finds two hours too little for her toilet. At that moment, she begins to powder her nose and to realize that the family

do not understand her. About the same period, the adolescent male shapes his trousers under the mattress on his bed and is particular about the crease. A tie becomes an expression of his individuality. He realizes what a fag it is to take his own sisters about. All these are symptoms of his condition and estate—preliminaries to the form of his distemper.

### WHEN CUPID WINGS THE SHAFT.

THE girl walks in the local park on Sunday, after service, to give the spring fashions a chance. The boy, wondering just what hit him at the Saturday night cricket club smoker, strolls the park in the hope that the balmy air will turn a tongue from a brown paper taint into an anticipatory palate. They meet by accident. The girl sees his spring suiting, the four in hand tie held together with a horseshoe pin, the pattern of the last swift line of socks, and the arresting angle at which his hat is perched. She thinks that this last subtle angle is a matter of taste, whereas he knows the hat just perches on that particular spot through his desire to bare a hot and pallid brow to the cool winds of heaven. She looks at him ardently. He sees her new tailor-made costume, glimpses a pair of neat shoes, thinks the peach bloom of her face proves innocence of cricket club smokers, notes how her red-gold hair caresses shell-like ears, and realizes the hazel eyes are bright with appreciation of himself. He looks ardently upon her. Cupid has winged the shaft. The thing is done.

They meet face to face—ships passing in the night, so to speak. He dares a smile. She responds with a beam which the male christens, mentally, as the glad eye. He looks back and discovers her in the same guilty act. She chances another glance to make sure he has not noticed her and finds that he has. After that, he forgets the brown paper palate, and follows her home at a distance of two hundred yards. He discovers (1) that she lives in the double-fronted villa, with the gables, called "Peter Pan;"

(2) that the girl's station in life makes her unassailable; (3) that her parents keep a bulldog, and (4) that her father is of the massive, severe type, and probably spends the Sabbath acting as a churchwarden. She—well she does not discover anything in particular just then, but she preserves memories; (1) of his taste in ties; (2) of his "nice" eyes; and (3) of the profound respect, the gentlemanly delicacy that prevented him from reducing the two hundred yards' interval in the fatal procession home to a matter of two feet. After, the business only becomes a question of dates, and a matter of ringing a select circle of friends into the unhappy duty of forwarding wedding presents.

### SOME DETAILS.

OF course, there are details. He has to find pretext for an introduction. Easy enough this, though it looks accidental. There is the moment when they first walk and talk together—following, as a matter of course. She happens to be leaving the tennis club in the gloaming and he happens to be going the same way home. He gives her glimpses of a stern masculine personality, worth unappreciated, restricted in opportunity, but ready for the eagle's course upward. And she admits a sympathetic, artistic temperament with great capacity for affection—all unappreciated by the people around her. After—everything is easy. She believes him to be what he says he is—that he has men of Napoleon's weight beaten to a frazzle and in the last phrase. He understands her. No one ever quite understood her until he came. Twenty years after, he realizes the ass he was in ever believing he understood. More men are married through their fatuous belief in their peculiar ability to understand women than through any other reason.

Of course, there was the moment when he first held her hand—she was unwilling. And, when chilled to the bone by a frigid withdrawal, he sat aloof, there was the moment when the hand strayed back, accidentally. Perhaps he looked into her eyes and called them twin stars—they all say the same thing. Inevitably, because the talk flagged; because the world seemed to be standing still; because the moonlight showed her lips trembling with tenderness; because  
(Concluded on page 26.)





# Through A Monocle

## Does Preparation Lead to War?

TO me it has been amazing to see how many thinkers of quite different "schools" have complacently drawn from the existence of the present war the same inference—an inference which seems to my benighted judgment to be, not only wholly mistaken and fatally misleading, but to be plainly contradicted by the most obvious facts of the case. That inference is that the precipitation of the present war by the Germanic Empire proves to a demonstration that "preparedness for war" makes—not for peace—but for war. "Prepare for war," they argue, "and you get exactly war. Germany prepared for war; and a German war came."

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THIS is one of those smug syllogisms, based upon a mere fraction of the pertinent premises in the case, that appeal so often to superficial minds which love their thinking to be made easy. "Germany was prepared—Germany went to war—Germany made the war—it is a German war—therefore, preparation for war leads to war." What could be more simple, easy of mental assimilation—or silly? One minute's thought should remind these people that Germany is not the only nation involved in this war, and that it might be possible that the "unpreparedness" of the other nations had quite as much to do with the Austro-German explosion as their own "preparedness." I presume that, after that minute's thought, we could all manage to agree on the statement that Austria and Germany went to war at this time because they believed that they had a better chance to win now than they were likely to have again in the near future. And why did they think that? Was it because their own "preparedness" for war had reached a climax? Nothing of the sort. German preparations for war were notoriously just taking a leap ahead this year. Her new army "vote," out of the large special tax, had not yet been expended—had not yet, indeed, begun to tell seriously at all. Her navy was still unequal to the task of facing the British fleets; and the ambitious naval programme of her Admiralty had several years yet to run. What shape Austria was in, the decisive test of the battlefield has revealed only too well for the Empire of the Hapsburgs.

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WHY, then, did they think they had a good chance to win this year? A French Minister had just made a statement in the Senate that the French army was in a crippling condition of "unpreparedness." Russia was believed to be rapidly "preparing" her forces, and so was much more "unprepared" this year than she would be next. Britain was so wholly "unprepared" for a land war that she had only a small expeditionary force to send across the Channel. In a word, the three Allies were, relatively, "unprepared." Do you think that that fact had a restraining or an encouraging influence upon Berlin and Vienna? Do you think that more "preparedness" on the part of the Allies would have tended to make war more likely—or less likely? Don't you think that the "unpreparedness" of the Allies was, perhaps, the decisive factor in determining Austria and Germany to fight at this time?

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"OH, but"—say our bemused friends—"if Germany were not prepared at all, she would not have gone to war." That is a most delicious example of putting the cart before the horse. And it will serve very well to illustrate the basic folly of their theory. If their contention has any solid fabric of meaning at all, it must be that they conceive of Germany as having idly provided itself with a huge army and a menacing navy in a moment of absent-mindedness, as it were. It just thought it would like to have these two toys to play with; and it bought them. Then, having bought them and played with them to satiety, it suddenly occurred to the German rulers one fine morning, that—having these fine war machines in their play-room—they might as well go to war.

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IS that the way in which these dreamers read recent German history? If so, they must wear even more owlsh glasses than those which are now so fashionable. Through a monocle, it looks differently. I conceive of Bismarck, Moltke, et al, seeing a very definite use to be made of a superior army; and then providing one for that purpose. First, they convinced Europe that the Britain of that day was incurably "pacifist" by showing the Powers that Britain would stand aside while Prussia ravished Denmark. Then they used that army to smash Austria. Then they made it a bit better and smashed France. Here was a very definite policy, of which

the army was not the cause but the instrument. That policy being carried to completion and Prussia made the military master of Europe, a new generation of Germans hatched out a new policy—"Deutschland ueber Alles." It turned from accomplished European domination to world domination; and then—and only then—did it begin to build a serious navy.

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IT was not German "preparedness" for war which led to war; it was the German determination to win the fruits of a victorious war which led to "preparedness." We must remember that Germany had won several recent wars, without having to fight them, before she was compelled to show

her cards in this case. She won the war of the Delcasse incident—she won the war of Algeciras, when she compelled France and Britain to tear up a treaty they had made and submit to a European Conference at Algeciras—she won the war of Bosnia when she compelled Russia to abandon Serbia after Austria had coolly appropriated two Serb provinces. Then came the rebuff of Agadir. The Allies now had cards of their own to lay on the table; and Germany did not take up the challenge. Then came the brilliant victory of Russian diplomacy in the Balkans, in which Austria lost her hope of reaching the Aegean, lost Novi-bazar, and saw her local prestige shattered. The Servian ultimatum was an effort to recover this prestige; and it was timed by Austria and Germany to strike at the Allies at a moment when the Germanic Empires thought them "unprepared." Thus it was not "preparedness" that caused this war, but "unpreparedness"—the "unpreparedness" of the Allies. And if we wish to postpone as long as possible another war—after this is over—the best way to do it is to "prepare" the pacific and commercial Power of Britain for war with a real army of, at least, a million men.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

## THEY INSPIRED "BOBS" AND THRILLED ENGLAND



CANADIANS ON THE MARCH AT THE OLD WAR TOWN OF PLYMOUTH. Packing their outfits as though portaging in the north, they were cheered like home-coming heroes.



OFF WITH THE SEA LEGS, READY FOR QUICK MARCH. And as they tramped to the troop trains they broke into volleys of British cheers.



# REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

## Three Months of War

**A**FTER three months of war conditions, Canadians are beginning to get a real view of the situation as it affects Canada and the Empire. Perhaps the greatest truth that has been revealed to us, is the nobility of British as compared with German ideals. Few of us had any more than a vague conception of the tremendous hold that materialistic conceptions had obtained among the German people. That they should seriously believe that they could intimidate the world by brutality, ruthlessness and military oppression has come as a shock to those of us who were unfamiliar with German philosophy.

The second truth which has been impressed upon us is the extent to which the Germans have gone in perfecting the machinery for a military triumph. The amount of study and thought which has been devoted to the study of a possible campaign against France and England must have been tremendous. The well-laid plans of both the naval and military arms of their service are so extensive that many men must have devoted years of their lives to the work. That a country, skilled in music, art, science and literature, could deliberately plan such carnage is almost incredible, but the facts are clear.

A third truth which has come home to us is the hollowness of much that we have been living for. The pursuit of pleasure had led us to neglect much that this war has shown to be vital. Wealth is seen to be only a secondary consideration, and is so unreal that it may vanish in a day. The rich man finds that his stocks and bonds and ships and railways are not real wealth when a war occurs. The dukes and earls, capitalists and mechanics, are fighting side by side and living the same life of toil and suffering. The real thing is the vital, living man.

Similarly, the nations have learned the pettiness of much that goes under the name of "politics." The petty bickerings between the various political parties, the strife of capital and labour, the arguments between Conservative and Socialist, the bitterness between orthodox and unorthodox—all these have been relegated to a subsidiary position. Let us hope that when they arise again, they will be taken less seriously.

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## A New Naval and Military Policy

**O**NE of the great lessons of the war is the necessity for more rifle and ammunition factories in Canada. If Canada were attacked by any other nation, we could not defend our frontier more than a few days. There are not at the present time in Canada enough arms and ammunition to supply 50,000 men with what they need for a month. Uniforms could be made or could be done without. Makeshifts in other equipment could be effected, but rifle and ammunition factories are the creation of years.

Canada is dependent upon one rifle and one ammunition factory. There is no artillery factory, and no place equipped to make artillery ammunition. These are also necessary and should be established at once.

Another necessity is a Government shipyard for the making of submarines, torpedoes and mines. These are a necessity according to the experiences of this war. Battleships we can do without. Cruisers we may buy abroad in times of peace. Submarines, torpedoes and mines should be made at home, as they are absolutely necessary to coast defence, whereas battleships and cruisers are largely used for aggressive attacks. If Canada can defend herself at home, the question of aggression beyond her territorial waters can be left for future consideration.

This is a new military and naval policy. All the policies hitherto advocated in this country are shown to be wrong; or at least, must be modified by the lessons of the past three months. To build Dreadnoughts would be a waste of money for us. To build fleet units on the Atlantic and Pacific would be equally foolish. What Canada needs is a supply of submarines and mines. Already the Government has made a beginning by purchasing two submarines. A fleet of twenty should be brought into existence at the earliest moment.

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## Canada at War

**C**ANADA is doing her part in the war, both by contributing in men and material and in keeping business going as usual. Unofficial returns indicate that the acreage sown to winter wheat in Ontario, is almost double that of last year. If this is any guide to what has been done this autumn and what will happen next spring, all over the Dominion, next year's harvest will be enormous.

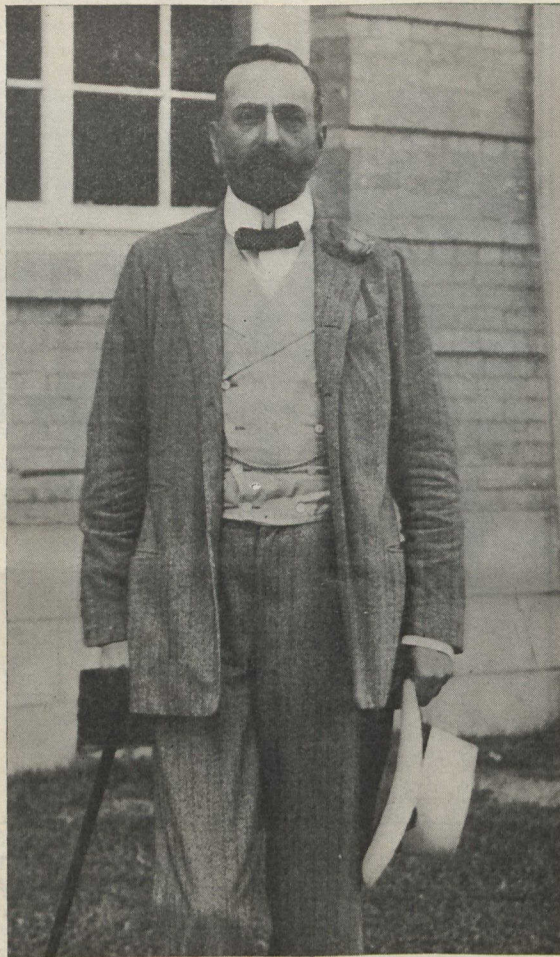
In giving food-stuffs to Great Britain, Canada has done her share. To Belgium, equal generosity has been extended. So far as the nation's responsibility

in this respect is concerned the people have responded nobly. There were no precedents, yet the offerings came quickly and spontaneously.

In men and war material Canada is also doing well. The contingent which went was fifty per cent. larger than was asked for. A second is in course of mobilization and will be ready to sail next month. Canada has one hundred thousand men ready to go on active service if the arms and uniforms can be provided.

One of the latest moves of the Canadian Government is to make regulations which will prevent Canadian nickel going to Germany. As Canada controls a large share of the nickel ore and France controls the rest, Germany can get no further supply. This measure has been advocated for years, but no Government seemed willing to take the responsibility. If the authorities had used the means at their hand, this nickel would now be manufactured in Canada and England only. There were difficulties, of course, but none was insuperable.

Canada is slowly but surely adjusting herself to



PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG,

The Resigned First Sea Lord, as he appeared with his Jack Tars in Toronto at the Canadian National Exhibition in 1904.

new conditions. We are learning the penalties of being a creditor nation and of being content to live upon borrowed capital. The necessity of being economically self-contained is being borne in upon us in a sense of which the protectionists have never conceived. As the individual has learned to keep himself in such a financial position that he can live comfortably through a financial depression or a period of unemployment, so Canada must learn how to live as a nation when the international gates are closed. Canada was buying too much abroad, on the theory that if anything could be bought more cheaply from other nations than it could be made at home, it was good business to do so. Now, we see the foolishness of much that was advocated under the guise of "free trade." While Canada may not adopt a higher protection tariff, the policy of the nation will hereafter be to encourage the making at home of all articles vital to our daily existence.

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## Montreal's Civic Problems

**M**ONTREAL has two particular civic topics at present. The first relates to the rate of wages to be paid to civic employees. The Mayor was anxious to see them increased because of the effect it would have on his popularity. He proposed to make the rate \$2.50 a day for unskilled labour, and this was to come into effect on November 1st. Now, owing to war conditions, the increase has been postponed. Toronto increased its rate

last spring and added nearly two hundred thousand dollars a year to its wage roll. Montreal was more fortunate; the war intervened. In other cities wages are being reduced to give more men employment and probably Montreal will have a chance to see the advantage of this policy.

The second problem is due to Montreal's peculiar constitution. The city charter limits the borrowing power to 12 per cent. of the increase in assessment. As the latter has been jumping up many millions each year and has now passed the \$600,000,000 mark, the city has been borrowing freely. But this year the increase will probably be not more than twenty-two millions. Twelve per cent. of that is about four and a half millions. This is a small amount compared with what Montreal has been in the habit of adding to its debt each year. To make matters worse, there are thirteen millions of treasury notes outstanding, which must be converted into debentures before any new loan can be placed.

## The Case of Prince Louis

**W**HEN Prince Louis of Battenberg resigned his position last week as First Sea Lord, there must have been a mild thrill in Berlin. No doubt the various Zeitungs will add this to the list of calamities in England. But when Prince Louis resigned he was not on active service. The fleet sailed to the North Sea without him, although Prince Louis has been a most loyal subject of his cousin King George and one of the most distinguished officers in the British Navy.

Prince Louis is better known in Canada than most of the high admirals of the Navy. A few years ago there was a remarkable naval demonstration at the Canadian National Exhibition, when Jack-tars and marines, with real naval guns, gave a nightly performance before the grandstand. The spectacle sent a thrill into Canadians in a time of peace. It was the first glimpse Canadians in middle Canada ever had of real sailormen from the British Navy.

Those jackies and guns were all from the flagship of Prince Louis of Battenberg, who at that time, as Rear-Admiral in charge of the second cruiser squadron, was making a cruise on the Atlantic and got his flagship as far up as Quebec. Curiosity was excited in the minds of many Canadians as to why a man with such a German name and descent stood so high in the British Navy. The remarkable thing about Prince Louis is, that though born at Gratz, in Austria, and the eldest son of Alexander of Hesse, he is at the same time the grandson of Queen Victoria just as much as King George is. He has spent most of his life as a naturalized British subject in England, and practically all of it in the actual service of the British Navy. He was naturalized in 1868 and entered the navy in that year as a naval cadet at the age of 14. In 1878 he was made sub-lieutenant; in 1876 a lieutenant; in 1885 a commander; in 1891 a captain; from 1902 to 1904 director of naval intelligence; in 1904 Rear-Admiral; from 1904 to 1906 in command of the second cruiser squadron; from 1906 to 1908 second in command of the Mediterranean fleet; 1908 to 1910 commander-in-chief of the Atlantic fleet; in 1911 commanding 3rd and 4th divisions of the Home Fleet and second sea lord; at the same time being appointed personal A.D.C. to the King. He was afterwards elevated to the position of First Sea Lord, and as such became professional head of the entire British Navy.

Until the declaration of war there was no objection to a prince of German origin and of Austrian birth who had served forty-six years in the Navy being given such a high place. Up till that time Prince Louis of Battenberg was regarded as one of the Anglo-German ties that made for peace. Afterwards the press, agitated by so many evidences of German duplicity both before and during the war, demanded that the man who had worked his way up through forty-six years of service in the Navy and won a medal for service in the Egyptian War in 1882, be asked to resign. The Globe said:

"This war has revealed such long meditated treachery in high places; such astounding evidence that the rulers of Germany do not recognize the same code of national, or even private, honour as ourselves, that suspicion naturally fastens upon every one of German origin."

The agitation came to a head when the First Lord of the Admiralty, in opposition to the advice of Lord Kitchener, landed marine and naval brigades to assist in the defence of Antwerp, which afterwards surrendered when two thousand British seamen retired to Holland, where of course they were disarmed and are still held interned. This was a phase of naval activity in bad contrast to the bold work done by the Monitors in harassing the Germans at Ostend and checking German advances along the coast. All sorts of opinions have been rife as to how far Mr. Churchill was qualified to undertake such a step in opposition to the Secretary of State for War, and without the consent of his colleagues in the Cabinet.

It is now a matter of some credence that Mr. Churchill's action in this case was carried out with the aid of Prince Louis of Battenberg, who, as professional First Sea Lord, stood closer to the First Lord of the Admiralty than any other man, and being relieved of active service in the North Sea naturally wanted something to engage his attention. Since the fiasco at Antwerp, public opinion has been so pronounced that Prince Louis felt it necessary to resign.



# THE SUFFERINGS OF A GALLANT PEOPLE



WHAT AN EXPLODED POWDER MAGAZINE DID TO A BELGIAN.

This Belgian in the British field hospital at Antwerp, was injured when a German shell exploded a powder magazine.



BELGIAN REFUGEES HURRY FROM ANTWERP TO HOLLAND.

A pitiful group photographed at Rosendaal, Holland, October 10th, when Antwerp was about to surrender.



## TWO SIDES TO GERMAN EXPERIENCE



A FEW OF THE WOUNDED GERMANS GOING TO HOSPITAL.

Procession of disabled soldiers through the streets of Compiègne, from the battlefield of the Marne.

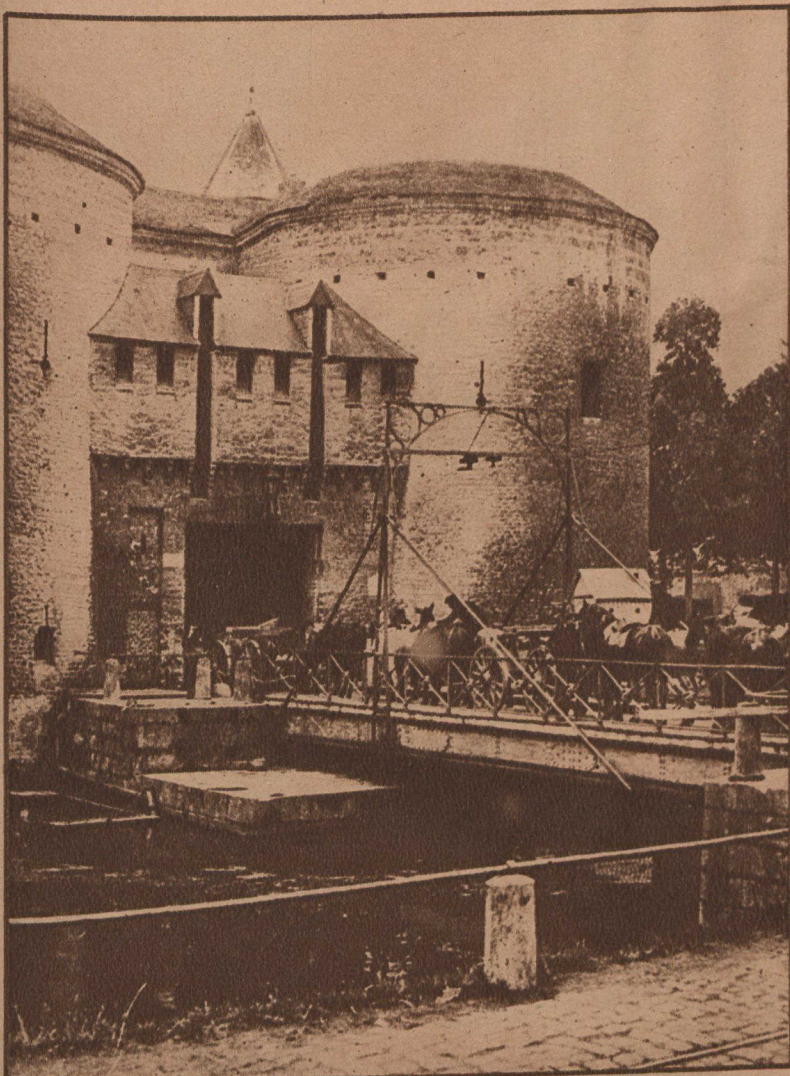


GERMAN LOOKOUTS ON GUARD AT A FORAGE CAMP.

While the food-rustlers are out, others pluck chickens in the camp. One of these men wears the Iron Cross.



# STRIKING SCENES FROM FAMOUS PLACES



**A MILITARY AND MARINE PICTURE.**  
Temporary pontoon resting on barges across the Scheldt.



**ALMOST A MEDIAEVAL VIEW.**  
The Martello Towers and gateway of old Bruges, in Belgium.



**CELEBRATED IN PEACE AND WAR.**  
Seaside view of Ostend, where the British sea-guns sprung such a surprise on the Germans.



# PICTURESQUE AND HISTORICAL PEOPLE



A FAMOUS FIGHTER OF OLD.

Mr. Robert Mantell, as Macbeth, in his Canadian season of Shakespeare.



A HAPPY INDIAN WARRIOR.

He wears both turban and greatcoat with smiling ease.



A CELEBRATED FIGURE IN HISTORY.

Empress Eugenie, relict of Napoleon III., long resident in England, working among British wounded at her home in Farnborough.



# THE WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

FACTS, FANCIES, FRIVOLITIES AND FRILLS

## As We See Others

### Nursery or Schoolroom?

**T**HE Board of Education in the city of New York is having an uphill fight with certain militant ladies concerning the mother-teacher. Some ultra-ambitious women teachers have elected to marry, and have wished to retain their pedagogic positions, even when the cares of a household and the duties of maternity were added unto their responsibilities. The members of the Board of Education recently demanded the resignation of one of these mother-teachers, and the lady refused to resign. Consequently, there is now an undignified struggle going on, as to the teacher's "rights" in the matter, and certain feminist freaks are supporting the teacher in her rebellion.

Surely, it is most undesirable that a woman should attempt to combine the care of a small child and the daily round of a teacher's duties. There are, doubtless, scores of women who could take the teacher's place, but there is no one else who could give the child the care of a true mother. Yet, it seems as if the woman who would grudge her little child every attention in its early years must have so little sense of the fitness of things or the relative values as to be hardly useful as a citizen, whether in the nursery or the school-room. The exactions on nerves and patience in a teacher's life are constant and wearing. Even a woman of more than normal energy cannot hope to succeed in the double role of public instructor and fond parent. We are sorry for the members of the Board of Education in the city of New York. But we are much more sorry for the small person whose mother is so misguided as to waste her time and energy on public school children, when she might be training the Young Idea in her own home circle.

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### When the Old Order Changes

**M**OST women are conservatives at heart. That polysyllable is used in no political sense and refers neither to memories of Sir John or traditions of Hon. George Brown. Women like to keep the old ways, even when the modern may be proved the easier. Have you ever seen a man who went into ecstasies over his great-grandfather's top hat or his grandfather's neckties? A woman, on the contrary, loves to possess the lace veil which her grandmother wore as a bride, or the stained old satin slippers which great-aunt Caroline (who was much prettier than any girls you would see to-day) wore to her first dance. Of course there are men who are collectors of antiques and whose eyes glisten with the passion of a connoisseur over a bit of Old Chelsea or a plate of genuine Delft. But that is science or art—something quite academic—while the feminine devotion to things of the past is entirely warm and human. So, in our changing towns and cities, it is woman who experiences the greater distress as she realizes the bitter truth that: "Here we have no continuing city."

It is the woman who hates to see old landmarks removed, who worries when streets which were once secluded and "residential" become sordid and mean-looking. Yet the conditions of city life force most of us into the convenient but impermanent flat and forbid any storing away of old souvenirs or long-cherished bits of furniture. We all felt the pathos of that picture, "Mortgaging the Homestead," but what artist could make a tragedy of forsaking the flat?

On this continent, we have been in too great haste to forsake the old and too ready to believe that newness is a virtue. This haste brings its own punishment, and we are sorrowfully forced into the admission that perhaps our forefathers knew a few things, after all, and that the accumulated experience of the ages may be worth a cursory glance. The changing of the old order always brings loss and dis-

comfort to many, and even those who are to reap the benefits of the new should not be forgetful of the strength of the former associations.

Women cling so tenaciously to old customs that their refusal to recognize the usefulness of the new sometimes looks like sheer stubbornness. Watch the women on the street-car who are confronted with the plaintive request of the Company to grasp the rail with the left hand as they descend from the car. The vast majority of these feminine passengers firmly grasp their parcels in the embrace of the left arm, grope for the railing with the right and reach the ground with a slight jolt, all because they refuse



MRS. C. I. DE SOLA, OF MONTREAL.

Wife of the Belgian Consul, that city, who frequently plays hostess to distinguished visitors, notably lately the Belgian Commission, among whom was Madame Vandervelde. The original of our illustration was an oil painting from the brush of Buyle, court artist to Albert, King of Belgium.

to follow the Company's advice. It's a trivial instance, but it is quite typical of woman's dislike to obey the rules of the road, when such compliance means a change of custom.

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### A Time for Bargains

**S**UCH a time of bargains you never knew, as we are having in these autumn hours! From nine o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon the counters are filled with perfectly good and lovely garments, which are a "sacrifice" or a "slaughter," according to the mood of the advertising authorities. There are gowns at quite ridiculous figures and gloves absurdly marked down, and shoes which surely never went so low before. It is a perfect carnival of reduction and we revel in the day of

"marked-downs," though we have to take money out of the bank to pay for the latest thing in neckwear. Bargains are a delight, at all times, even if we do not buy any of them, but just go and watch the other women securing a kimono for one cent less than two dollars, and a cake of the best French soap for two cents more than a quarter. A bargain is the most glad some sight in the world, and the woman who is not cheered thereby is only a step-daughter of Eve.

There is no more valuable reputation for a firm to possess than that of advertising bargains that are real bargains. When you hear one fair lady say to another as the car speeds down-town-ward in the morning: "Yes; I am going to Blank's. Their bargains are always the real thing. Those shoes I got there for two, fifty-nine, were really worth five dollars," you know that Blank's has won an unfailing customer. Only when you have convinced a woman that the "mark-down" is merely in price, not in quality, have you reached the triumph of the salesman's art.

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### A Line From "Evangeline"

**L**AST summer, when I was having a happy time near the Evangeline country, I saw that poem in a greater variety of covers than I had beheld in the rest of my days. There was Evangeline in white paper with touches of gold, Evangeline in grey, Evangeline in lavender, Evangeline in black with fleur-de-lis of gold, and, strangest of all, Evangeline in plaid—just as if she were related to Jeanie Deans. Evangeline was also on bonbon boxes and talcum tins, to say nothing of her gentle presence on birch bark post cards and souvenir spoons. But all these imprints can hardly spoil my early picture of the Acadian maid, for I fell in love with Evangeline ever so long ago, as she walked home from church in the Grand Pre of Old France in the Blomidon country.

There is one line in Longfellow's old-fashioned romance of faithful love and broken hearts, which recurs again and again in these days of waiting. That is the summing up of the spirit of Evangeline's search—"the constant anguish of patience." We are all so likely to decry patience as a stupid virtue, one of the least of them. 'Yet it is one of the greatest—not the apathy or the indolence which often usurps the name—but the patience of fortitude which makes no complaint of the inevitable suspense in the days when no news can come, and which awaits calmly the end of the conflict. We have slighted and slandered patience in our times of ease and hurry. Now, we realize the greatness of those who know how to wait, and to whom all the best things come at last.

ERIN.

### Office Methods at Home

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

**"B**UT how can you run your home like your husband's office?" asked a woman of me not long ago. "He needs filing equipment and systems because he has so much information to take care of. But in the home there doesn't seem enough to make such equipment necessary."

I disagree with this viewpoint, and one of the most interesting phases of the new housekeeping is the way women are bringing office helps into the home. There is a great deal of information in the home which should be taken care of in some definite way. There are receipts of bills, addresses of various firms like dyers, and painters, addresses of friends and acquaintances, clippings about this or that interest and a great number of recipes which the housewife cuts from her favourite magazines or paper. What shall she do with this mass of material? Generally she puts addresses in one book and tucks receipts into the pigeonholes of her desk, and takes the favourite recipe her friend has given her and stuffs it into the back of her cook-book. Then when she wants to find—to "lay her hands on"—the receipt, the address or the recipe, she has to



rummage and hunt and pull out many things, thus wasting her time and effort.

The newer, more efficient way is for the housewife to use some kind of filing system, no matter how simple. In every business office worthy of the name we find small drawers or trays filled with cards, or there may be large filing cabinets containing big envelopes, each labeled and arranged in a certain order into which loose clippings and catalogues are placed. Now, the housewife can use one of these small trays, either on her desk, or possibly on her pantry shelf. Such a little pasteboard drawer, fitted with cards 3 x 5 or 6 x 4 costs very little. In addition to the plain cards, a set of "guides" should be bought and a set of month and alphabet cards. These can be arranged in the tray just as the housewife wishes. Every family may have varying needs, but here is an outline which will cover the interest of many families, and which I have found most helpful.

These are the headings of my box: First, General Household Accounts, classified as Groceries, Meats, Milk, Ice, Service, Laundry, Fuel, Furnishing and Repair, Physician and Drugs, Church, Charity and Amusement, Rent and Carfares; second, Household Records, classified as Family Size records (shoes, hosiery, gloves), Linen record (number, cost, price, date of purchase), Cold Storage record, Pantry record, and Anniversaries record; third, Library record, classified as Poetry, Fiction, History, Reference, and Books to Read or Buy; fourth, Family Medical record, classified as Physician, Dentist and Oculist; fifth, Record of Addresses, classified as Social and Professional; sixth, House Hints Division, classified as Toilet and Laundry hints, Baby Hygiene, Garden and Flowers, and Entertainment suggestions; and seventh, Home Financial record and General Inventory.

**U**NDER each heading I have a group of cards. In household accounts, there is one for each item. When I go shopping, I take up this group of cards and enter my expenses on them, just as I purchased. In addition, I check them up weekly, and there at the end of the month is the complete record of household expenses all on twelve little cards.

The other heads I have found most helpful are the Linen Record, which helps the housewife keep track of the number of sheets, etc., which she has, when they were bought, and how much they cost. To those using a professional laundry this plan is invaluable, as it is a perfect check on the laundry man.

The family sizes, too, I could not get along without. Previously, if I saw a pair of marked-down children's sandals, or shirts at an attractive price, I could not buy them because I did not remember the exact size of my little boy's shoes or of my husband's neckband. Now, four little cards in my bag tell me, in black and white, the size of shoes, gloves, hosiery, etc., so that I can with quickness and exactness purchase goods without making a mistake.

I, too, used to have the address-book habit; but the trouble with any book plan of keeping records is that after a while the pages are sure to become filled up and you are bound to have too many "s's" or whenever a friend changes her address (or name) it causes a mussy appearance in the book.

Now, a filing scheme obviates all these difficulties. You can have six names on cards or sixty, and the system expands exactly with your needs. Then there is the one little item of a record of where articles of clothing, etc., are stored away. How much needless effort many women waste hunting for winter underwear with the first chill, fall winds, or vainly trying to locate Johnny's sweater and tassel cap! Some women say to me that writing down on cards in this way is a great deal of bother, but is it more bother to write on a card than it is to waste a half hour or more hunting, pulling and searching for an article needed in a hurry?

I did not include recipes in the groupings above because they should be kept in a separate filing tray, placed on the kitchen shelf, or over the kitchen table. Instead of writing in a book, or pasting in the book which soon becomes crowded and over-filled, the efficient plan is to write each recipe on a separate card and place it under its proper heading in the recipe box. For instance, if we should desire to make a mayonnaise, instead of laying the cook-book on the table where we are working and running the chances of getting it splashed with egg or oil,

we would simply take the card from the box, hang it on a nail or hook at the level of the eye, and proceed to follow it. Then when our hands were clean, cooking being over, we would lay the clean card back in its box. How much more simple, more orderly and efficient is this idea of applying the card filing principle to a cook-book!

Now, there may be larger clippings which cannot

desk and take only a moment to open. In this way, clippings of whatever size or irregularity can be kept neat and orderly.

Another business device borrowed from an office is called a "tickler." This consists of a metal strip on which are fastened cards which keep reminders before you. Such things as dates of meetings, shopping list, appointments, etc., can be placed on these cards and kept constantly before the housewife's attention.



EMPLOYING OFFICE METHODS IN THE HOME.

Mrs. Christine Frederick, of New York City, much-read author of "The New Housekeeping," snapped in the midst of her filing system which she declares will save any woman who adopts it from the home-maker's Gehenna of being muddled.



A PATCHED "JACKIE" IS AS GOOD AS NEW.

When his mender is a British Red Cross nurse who understands that her special business is to assist sailor or soldier, as may be, to obey the order of K. of K., which may be read on the walls of hospital wards at Bordeaux and elsewhere, "Make haste to get well. Your country needs you!"

be pasted on the small cards, as frequently there is an attractive article about women's interests in the Canadian Courier or elsewhere which we should like to save. The plan here is to use large, so-called "filing envelopes," size 9 x 12, which should be labeled according to the material we wish to file, as "Montessori and Child Education," "What Women's Clubs Are Doing," "Home Decoration and Furnishing," etc. These envelopes can be kept near the

**L**ABELS are another help to orderliness.

Manufactured labels can be bought in all sizes and shapes and will find a dozen uses in the home. On the pantry jars of cereals, on the shelves of the linen closet, on the family tool-box and laundry shelf, as well as the preserve cupboard, the label adds to the neatness, accuracy and identification of various articles. There are even books of preserve labels, all printed with "apple," "plum," etc., so that the housewife only needs paste them on to give an attractive appearance to her shelves.

These are only a few suggestions as to the possibilities of a filing system applied to the business of home-making. Once a woman has tried this new housekeeping way I am sure she will never go back to the old, laborious, time-consuming way of keeping her accounts and possessions. If the housewife is to keep pace with the progress other industries are making, she, too, must use

the science and system that have made business so successful. It is the inefficient woman who believes that her home is not as much of a business as is that of her husband, but the efficient woman imitates and uses the office devices which have made her husband's business unwasteful and easy-running.

## Military Nursing

**W**ITH a nursing corps of Canada's own on duty in Europe with our expeditionary force, it is timely to invite the feminine attention to its splendid English organizations which exist primarily for military and naval nursing. An English journal supplies this information:—

"At the head of the military nurses in England is Miss Becher, a brilliant organizer, who was one of the picked nurses sent out under Queen Alexandra's personal instructions to South Africa. She has now her own office at the War Office, where, with the aid of a very capable assistant, she has control of the whole organization known as Queen Alexandra's Imperial Nursing Service, and the entire care of the nursing service of the army.

"The Imperial Nurses are in charge of the military hospitals, and they are the first to be moved to the front in time of war; while Princess Christian's Nursing Service is called up next. Princess Christian's Nurses are scattered throughout the general hospitals of the United Kingdom. They hold first-class certificates, and, it will be remembered, were called out during the South African war.

"Another service which it is expected will play during the next few weeks or months a much more important part than it has done in any previous war, is under the direction of the Admiralty, Queen Alexandra's Royal Naval Nursing Service.

"The offices of the British Red Cross Society began their preparations before there was a word of England's mobilization, and a series of nursing units, numbering over 1,000 persons, were ready to start off immediately to any part of Europe if their services were required by any foreign nation. Since then the work of the society has increased enormously, and it has decided to co-operate with the Navy League, the services of which are primarily for the fleet."

The importance of the military nurse's qualification is scarcely to be over-estimated. Her role is a real one, not theatrical. Knowledge, not sentimentality, is wanted when it comes to patching up wounded "Tommy," who can scarcely wait to get back to the fighting forces. The war nurse has first to remember that she constitutes an army entity as truly as the big nine-pounder, or Kitchener himself in the leader's office. Her part is to fight in the role of mender; to adjust a bandage as a bandage should be fitted, not merely to make it look becoming to a battered tar or a Tommy from the trenches. She must have knowledge of nursing and training in endurance, one ounce of which concoction is worth many tons of imagination. So it was wisely decreed that



the many hundreds of high-spirited but ill-trained Canadian young women who volunteered as nurses for the front after potted courses in first aid work should be firmly although regretfully rejected. The ninety-five who recently sailed with the first Canadian war contingent were all graduates of

the nursing profession who have proved themselves in every way proficient. There is no doubt that, in the coming months, they will acquit themselves creditably as repairers of fighting fellows, together with the European nurses who are likewise taking part in the war of nations.

## An Anglo-Canadian Hostess

By OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT

**G**IFTED with a most attractive personality, Lady La Touche, of whom a pretty portrait is given herewith, is one of our most popular Anglo-Canadian hostesses. Of Irish descent, for her father, Mr. Rothwell, of Co. Meath, who settled in Canada,

that makes the distinguished hostess. In addition to which, this fair cosmopolite possesses a subtle endowment of kindness which renders her innumerable philanthropies, both known and unrecorded, emanations rather than undertakings. Which after all is the only culture—a development of nobility of nature, fostered by training, expanded by travel and matured by the wisdom that uses knowledge.

### "Work" in the West

**O**NE has in hand from a western correspondent a letter which deals in a sentence, whimsically, with the grim condition of unemployment which has overtaken the city since the war. Here is the sentence: "To-day I sent in my last budget of copy to the P—; two others of the staff besides myself, Miss D— and Miss S—, have been 'let out' for the present, so that I would now be a lady of leisure were it not for my well-nigh violent efforts to stem the calamitous tide of idleness which the war is locally forcing upon women."

The idleness of choice has been bad enough at all times, but the enforced joblessness of the present is a condition doubly and trebly aggravated, falling as it does upon the just as upon the unjust. The bow in the sky, not only in the west, but likewise in eastern cities of the Dominion, is the Herculean determination on the part of women's organizations to come to the instant rescue of the workless. Purely culture activities are suspended and women who formerly talked art are knitting their brows to the primitive problem of how to help their sisters earn their bread. By the process women's clubs are vindicated.

In the remote west cities of Victoria and Vancouver, which are far from being at the best of seasons the beds of roses for workseekers that some inexperienced folk imagine, there prevails a deluge of disemploy-



LADY LA TOUCHE.

Former resident of London, Ontario, and distinguished hostess at present in London, England. During her husband's Indian service she entertained the present King and Queen.

was a member of one of the oldest Irish county families, Lady La Touche spent her girlhood in London, Ontario, and it was when on a visit to a married sister in India that she met her future husband, Sir James John Digges La Touche, a man whose name is inseparably linked with our Indian Empire as one who has untiringly furthered British prestige and worked for the good of India. At that time he was a young officer in the Indian Civil Service, but soon he was destined to rise high in the public service, and when eventually Lieutenant-Governor of the united provinces of Agra and Oudh, this brilliant but essentially modest and unassuming Irishman was ruling over forty-eight millions.

Naturally, as wife of the Lieutenant-Governor, a great deal of almost regal entertaining fell to the lot of Lady La Touche, and she was hostess to King George and Queen Mary on the occasion of their memorable Indian tour when Prince and Princess of Wales. All through, the charming Canadian won much appreciation and popularity for her unflinching kindness and the distinction with which she performed her official duties. She took a special interest in Lady Minto's Nursing Association and in the Lady Dufferin hospitals for Indian women and children.

Now that her husband has retired from India and is a member of the India Council, they are living in London, and Lady La Touche's home in Kensington is filled with treasures from the Orient which she collected during her many years in India, and which she brought home with her as being old friends. These include Kashmir carvings, exquisite Indian embroideries and choice curios of all kinds. This hospitable house is a favourite rendezvous for Canadian and Indian visitors, and her country folk from the land of the Maple Leaf are each one given a hearty welcome by their kindly hostess.

Irish by heritage, Canadian by adoption, Anglo-Indian by right of residence, Lady La Touche possesses the kaleidoscopic graces of gaiety, generosity, dignity, elegance and all else



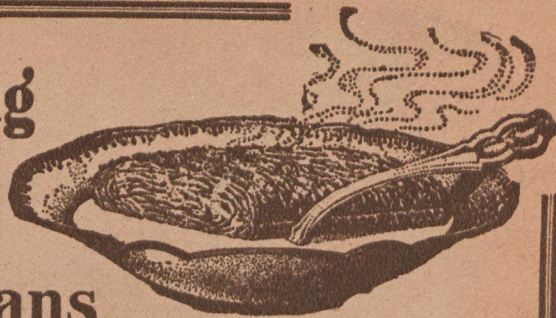
MRS. A. H. MACNEILL.

First vice-president of the Women's Canadian Club, of Vancouver, a gracious hostess and ardent patriot.

ment, to stem which the Local Councils of Women and the allied organizations are bending effort. A clipping from the Victoria "Colonist" informs us that recently the Local Council of Women opened a temporary headquarters there for the relief of unemployment among women. Positionless women and "help"-less employers were brought together by means of registration.

Edmonton, likewise, is facing a sit-

## Building Young Canadians



to carry on the work of this growing commonwealth is the business of intelligent mothers who are willing to study the needs of the little ones entrusted to their care. You cannot build boys and girls out of school-books alone. The body is built out of nourishing foods and rational outdoor exercise. A daily diet of

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

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uation in which one hundred and eighty girls applied last month for work, at the Municipal Bureau. It was estimated by Mrs. Arthur Murphy, who was taking a lead in the local investigation, that these were about one-fifth of the out-of-works. Here again, it is the Local Council which is foremost in the remedial enterprises.

In Winnipeg it was the Women's Civic League which took the initiative in the effort toward the centralization of relief for unemployment. It was

felt here, also, that the Local Council was the organ through which to direct the campaign, composed as it is of representatives of all the affiliated organizations. At work already in the field of helpfulness were the Deaconess' Aid, the Society of Home Economics, and other bodies, who were doing good service, but with the danger of "overlapping and overlooking." A Central Committee is already directing operations from advantageous headquarters in the Industrial Bureau.

**A Woman Inspector of Schools**

By ALICE WETHERELL

HE is an unobservant mortal, indeed, who does not see, in these "feminist" days, the rapid advance that women are making in almost every sphere which they have entered. The educational world has



**MISS MARGARET K. STRONG.**  
Municipal Inspector of New Westminster Schools and President of the Women's University Club, that city.

been, perhaps, as far-seeing as any in granting women a wider field of labour. In this sphere, it is true, our sisters across the border have attained a higher recognition of merit than our Canadian women. We are directed to the outstanding example of Ella Flagg Young, Superintendent of Chicago schools. We are told that in other American cities women are occupying similar positions, and that no less than four states have women as State Superintendents of Education, while county superintendents number into the hundreds.

If Canada is behind in this progressive movement, she has, at least, made a beginning. We find in British Columbia one young woman who has reached this pinnacle of honour. Just last year the School Board of New Westminster, B.C., was in need of a Municipal Inspector (or Superintendent). They advertised in the usual way and had the usual host of applicants. Among the number was one young woman, who for two years had been principal of the largest school in New Westminster. This, the only woman candidate, Miss Margaret K. Strong, was chosen to fill the vacancy at a salary of \$2,400.

**MISS STRONG**, Municipal Inspector of New Westminster schools, is a Canadian by birth. She received her early education at Hamilton Collegiate, from which she graduated into the University of Toronto in 1901 with the fifth General Proficiency Scholarship and the Edgar Levy gold medal. She entered the University of Toronto in philosophy, the only woman of her year in that department. Her college days were marked by brilliancy. In the third and fourth years she tied for the John Macdonald scholarship in philosophy. Just how her fellow students regarded these attainments may be best expressed by a little eulogy written by one of her class at graduating time. This friend says:

"The sweetness and directness of

her character are not impaired either by all these honours, or by her having been vice-president of a philosophical society, and president of Inter-College Y. W. C. A., as well as convener of committees innumerable."

After graduation, Miss Strong was appointed assistant in the Psychological Department at the University of Toronto, where she remained for one year. But ambition urged her to resume her studies once again. The following year was spent at Cornell, where she took her M.A. degree in 1907. Just at this time Wilson College for Women (Chambersburg, P.A.) was looking for a head for the department of philosophy, and Miss Strong was chosen. Here she remained two years. In 1909, she moved to Indiana, Pa., as teacher of psychology and pedagogy in the State Normal School. After two years there, the Canadian girl decided she preferred her native land, and moved once more, this time to New Westminster, as principal of a school of 400 pupils.

**CONSIDERING** the phenomenal success which has attended Miss Strong from the first, one might expect to find a woman of an aggressive type. Miss Strong is quite the reverse. Of a retiring disposition, she made no special efforts to secure her present post, but was rather sought for it. The executive ability which is necessary for such a position, she believes, is not a matter of sex, and she resents any suggestion that she is filling a man's place. "A woman's work in a woman's way," is what she is trying to do. And when one considers that a vast majority of public school teachers, and a fast increasing number of High School teachers in this country are women, Miss Strong's attitude is readily understood.

Miss Strong is very proud of New



**MRS. R. D. RORISON.**

Literary Secretary of the Women's Canadian Club, of Vancouver. She is a student of the dramatic art and has addressed the club on "The Women of Shakespeare."

Westminster schools. Visitors are invariably impressed by the magnificence of the sites chosen. The public schools overlook the beauties of the Fraser River, with its background of wonderful mountains. Then there is the new Duke of Connaught High School in a park of nine acres, in the

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very heart of the city—a town-planning notion to take note of.

One of the first improvements under Miss Strong's regime was a change in salary schedule. The new rule with \$720 as a minimum salary has proved most satisfactory. Another change, even more important, affecting pupils as well as teachers, will be introduced this fall. Household Science and Commercial courses are to be made a regular part of the school programme.

To introduce all such improvements requires much thought and energy. Miss Strong is quite unwearying in giving of herself, but does not allow all this to monopolize her time. A broad-minded interest in her fellows marks her every activity. As a willing worker of the Women's Council, she occupied last year the secretary's chair. And just recently she has been elected President of the University Women's Club of New Westminster.

### News in Brief

THE patronesses of Ottawa's League of Early Shoppers, which was started in the capital last week, include Lady Foster, Mrs. T. W. Crothers, Mrs. Louis Coderre, Mrs. Adam Shortt, Mrs. W. T. Herridge, Mrs. Frank Oliver, Madame Rodolphe Lemieux, Mrs. J. L. McDougall and Mrs. J. A. Wilson.

A feature of the first concert for the season of the Victoria Ladies' Musical Club, which was recently held in the Alexandra ballroom, was the successful debut of the vocal octette which has just been organized by the club, the members of which are: Sopranos, Mrs. Macdonald Fahey and Miss Lugin; contraltos, Mrs. Helmcken and Mrs. Baird; tenors, Mr. Muir and Mr. Mackenzie; and basses, Mr. Quirk and Mr. Hudson.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union of the Province of Quebec, which last week held its annual convention at Olivet Baptist Church in Montreal, discussed education, among other matters, and passed an important resolution addressed to the Provincial Government asking that women be eligible for election to membership in the council of Public Instruction and to the various school boards in the Province.

It has been announced by the Department of Militia, with a view to preventing the initiation of any movement having for its object the raising of funds to send nurses to the war from Canada, that applications from qualified nurses many times over the number required even for ambulance units with a second contingent, are already on file in the department. One thousand eight hundred are on the waiting list.

Mrs. Hay, of the Girls' Friendly Society, in which wide-spread organization she is Dominion representative on the Central Council, was recently the guest of Mrs. Matheson, Bishop's Court, Winnipeg, in the course of a tour of inspection of Canadian branches. Mrs. Hay addressed the local organization on the work accomplished by the G. F. S. and made particular reference to the society's hostels, in Toronto and Winnipeg, intimating that requests for others had come from six more Canadian cities.

Madame Donalda volunteered her services to assist the programme at the patriotic concert arranged by Mr. W. G. M. Sheppard, in Montreal, at his personal expense, for the benefit of the Equipment Fund of the Westmount Rifles. This appearance of Madame Donalda on Friday, was the first attempt of the Canadian prima donna to engage in concert work, since her recent illness.

His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick and Mrs. Wood will occupy "Beaugard," the residence of Mrs. W. T. Whitehead, in Fredericton, for the approaching session of the legislature.

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### Courierettes.

**T**HOMAS A. EDISON is studying fish to get ideas for a new submarine. Is it the sword fish?

There's one issue on which governments never split. That is the issue of getting back into power.

Europe is giving the rest of the world a lot of reasons just now for avoiding war.

George Bernard Shaw refused an offer of \$25,000 to lecture in America. We'd like to hear W. J. Bryan do likewise.

There's so little artificiality about some people that they cannot even make up their minds.

Europe allows the women to do the farm work in war time. Will it let them do the voting in peace time?

The advantage of a barb wire fence is that the hired man can't sit on and loaf.

A Boston boy of six is a wizard at figures. The Kaiser should employ him to figure out some victories.

New York's mayor got a man for a responsible position by means of a want advt. We did not know they filled jobs that way in Gotham.

'Tis a bad year for fiction. Most of the novelists are writing up the war.

The King of the Belgians was once a reporter. Is that why the Germans refuse to let newspaper men accompany their armies?

Medical expert says German bullets are humane. On behalf of the Allies, it should be stated that their bullets are positively beneficial.

King Alfonso says that the finest death a man can die is in battle. How about kings?

The United States has a real reason for celebrating its Thanksgiving Day this year.

The British-German Friendship Society in London has dissolved. The disagreement between the two nations was too great a test of its friendship.

Artists in London have formed a brigade of the Home Guard. They should at least be able to "draw" the enemy's fire.

Madame Thebes, Parisian prophetess, says the Kaiser will die mad. We are willing to wage he's awfully angry right now.

Which would you rather do—go to Europe or call on your dentist?

**Appropriate.**—They have decided to supply mirrors to female prisoners in Ontario jails. Well, the unfortunate women have time for reflection.

**Not Qualified.**—We notice that Henri Bourassa has been talking in public about "National Respectability." What does he know about it?

**The Way of the World.**—"Betty D.", the \$5,000 Pomeranian dog, belonging to Herman Duryea, the American millionaire, had a costly burial down in Tennessee. Tens of thousands of brave fellows over in Europe are tossed into trenches or given no burial at all. It's an odd old world.

**Answered.**—"What are the love letters of the alphabet?"  
"U and I."

**What Did He Figure On?**—An Indiana man requested before he died that two good cigars be placed in his coffin beside him. Now, what was his idea? Surely smoking is not

allowed in heaven. And he would hardly have either the time or the inclination to puff a cigar if he were not there.

**It Was Only Right.**—The old lady was greatly perturbed as the train thundered into the tunnel.

"Do you think this tunnel is perfectly safe?" she said to the conductor.

"Never fear, madam," said the official, reassuringly. "Our company got you into this hole and they're bound to see you through."

### War Notes.

Somebody says that war encourages the arts. Particularly the surgeon's.

There can be no doubt that the German navy believes in the "Safety First" slogan.

Now if we could only get the Kaiser and Mrs. Pankhurst to settle this thing in a duel.

Why all this talk about who started the war? We want to know who will end it.

Brussels paid \$6,000,000 to get its Mayor out of pawn. We know some cities in Canada who would stick at 60 cents.

This is one year that the bear—in Europe, at least—won't hide in a hole.

Looking for Zeppelins must be hard work for those Londoners who have stiff necks.

The last man to go to the front is more to be honoured than the keenest critic who stays at home.

Kitchener says the war may last three years. It's just a question whether Europe can.

**A Bit Too Early.**—Somebody has published already the "Memoirs of the Kaiser." It would have been more interesting to have waited for the final chapter.

**Quite True.**—"Why is a street car conductor like a recruiting officer?"  
"Give it up."  
"He's always trying to get people to go to the front."

**A Kindly Tip.**  
"Kaiser, may we go out to sea?"  
"No, my German navy;  
You'd better bide in the Kiel Canal,  
Avoiding waters wavy."

**Inclusive.**—The spoils of war—Europe.

**Society Note.**—The Canadian contingent, when it got to England, did not want any receptions of a formal nature. They preferred to get an idea of a German reception.

**One Way Out.**—In case those operatic tenors now fighting in the European armies are taken prisoners, they can quickly regain their liberty, no doubt, by singing a few arias.

**Teddy's Idea.**—A reactionary, as defined by Col. Roosevelt, is a chap who cannot keep up with the Colonel.

**One On Wilder.**—Marshall P. Wilder, traveller, author, actor, humourist, and story teller, who has been in Canada lately, relates that when he was in London not long ago he was appearing at the Palace Theatre.

They put on vaudeville at the Palace, and it happened that on the same bill with Mr. Wilder was a trained monkey, named "Peter."

Now it so happens also that Mr. Wilder is not handsome. Anything but that. Also, he is only about four feet tall, which are facts to be borne in mind.

One night a couple of his friends decided to take in his act at the Palace. They had seen the monkey perform previously, and were interested only in Wilder.

Wilder came on the stage and began to talk.

"By Jove," exclaimed one of the humourist's friends in surprise, "they've got Peter talking now."

**Misplaced.**—The Toronto Star the other day published in its summary of the war news this paragraph:

"Queen Victoria of Spain has a son, her sixth son."

But why class this with the war news?

**In Glass Houses.**—It does seem funny to read the American papers and note how they poke fun at those Russian names in the war zone, forgetting a few of their own, such as Illinois, Arkansas, and a few others.

**Hard Hit.**—First Californian—"This state is hit hard by the war in Europe."

Second Californian—"How's that?"  
F. C.—"How can we export our wines to Europe so that they can be imported again into the Eastern States?"

**A Prophecy.**—We are not a war expert, but we venture the opinion that ere long General Demand and General Depression will have some of those other generals in full retreat.

**From Missouri.**—Secretary McAdoo, who looks after Uncle Sam's finances, says there is more currency in the country than ever before. In this instance, the whole blamed country is "from Missouri."

**Something Seriously Wrong.**—We note in the papers that a foreign millionaire came to America to wed a titled lady. What's the matter with the world? Is it upside down?

**Tough Luck.**—A scientist tells us that two thousand feet above the earth the air is free from germs. What's the good of that to European people. They go up in the air to escaped germs and get hit by a bomb.

**How It Goes.**—If you read the scare-heads in the daily papers you will learn that when a general wins a victory he first crushes his enemy, then he surrounds him, then he cuts off his retreat, and finally he definitely checks his advance.

**Tricked by a Title.**—There is in Toronto a certain ex-alderman who is intensely interested in waterworks and filtration matters. He makes a special study of these civic questions and is always keen to find and study any literature or reports bearing on them.

The other day he was passing down Yonge Street, and in front of a bookstore he saw a pile of books, all marked down to 25 cents each. His eye caught the title of one—"Waterworks—Ancient and Modern," and thinking at once that this was a volume from which he might gather useful information along his particular line, he picked it up, put it in his pocket, and handed a quarter to the bookseller.

When he got home he took out the book, and sat down in his den to look it over. The joke was on him. It was a book of temperance readings and songs.

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Gray suit dyed navy blue.

little labor and a very small amount for DIAMOND DYES."

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

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"The skirt was originally a light green. I thought it would be a good idea to have it dyed, and was about to take it to a dye place, when my sister, Mrs. Hill, said: 'Why don't you dye it yourself with DIAMOND DYES?' I decided to try, and thought that I would make it a dark green.

"I bought the dye at the druggists and find that using DIAMOND DYES is a very simple matter.

"If my splendid results are a sample of what other women accomplish with DIAMOND DYES, I don't see how you can make them fast enough to supply the demand."



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Wool and Silk are Animal Fiber Fabrics. "Cotton and Linen are Vegetable Fiber Fabrics. "Union" or "Mixed" goods are usually 60 to 80 per cent. Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fiber fabrics.

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

We manufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes, namely—Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk to color animal fiber fabrics, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods to color vegetable fiber fabrics so that you may obtain the very Best results on EVERY fabric.

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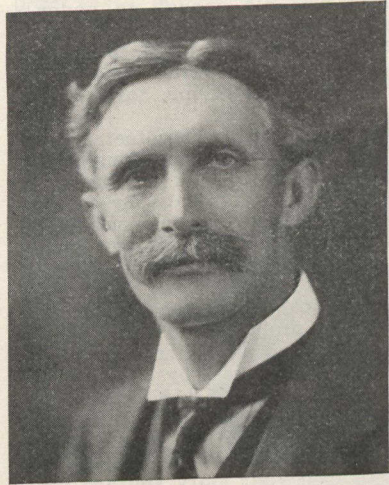
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**MONEY AND MAGNATES**

**To Care for Existing Loans**

**S**TOCK MARKETS on this side of the Atlantic are waiting to see what London will do, and the London Stock Exchange is waiting to know what the British Government will do. Plans presented to the Government aim to have the Bank of England assist the banks in carrying the stock loans that existed before the war, and at the then existing values for securities. Some such provision is necessary to prevent a flood of liquidation. If all call loans were to be called and the collateral all offered on the markets at once, no market could be expected to absorb the offerings. The bankers themselves do not wish to follow any such policy, but they would naturally like to be in position to treat their call loans as a little more liquid than they are at present. If a large part of these loans were taken over by the Government, the banks would be put in the same position as if that portion had been paid, and to that extent would be put in funds to take care of new business even of this class. The United States Government has taken some action, but not to the extent proposed in London. The comptroller of currency has instructed national bank examiners to pass all loans held by national banks secured by stocks listed on New York Stock Exchange at the value of these stocks at close of business on July 30th, minus the usual 20 per cent. margin. Bank examiners are further instructed to report to the comptroller of currency the name of any national banks that have adopted the policy of calling loans on the basis of lower quotations made in New York gutter market. The comptroller stated the policy of the department to be to exercise liberality within the bounds of safety, in order to expedite the return to normal business conditions.



**SIR GEO. PAISH,**  
Britain's Financial Expert, Clearing Up International Problems.

July 30th, minus the usual 20 per cent. margin. Bank examiners are further instructed to report to the comptroller of currency the name of any national banks that have adopted the policy of calling loans on the basis of lower quotations made in New York gutter market. The comptroller stated the policy of the department to be to exercise liberality within the bounds of safety, in order to expedite the return to normal business conditions.

**A Psychological Improvement**

**T**HREE months of war conditions have now passed, and the last of the three has done more than the others towards restoring financial conditions to a more normal basis. The remedial measures are having effect, but chief of all is probably the psychological improvement. Facts are convincing, and the facts are that many enterprises represented by securities in the markets are conducting business as usual; that even in worse cases, securities have some value instead of none at all. The war has not wiped out all enterprises, nor has it wiped out all credit. The slackening of trade has, in fact, resulted in the accumulation of funds in important money centres, with a corresponding tendency to lower interest rates, at least for temporary loans.

**Reducing Loans**

**M**EANTIME, such business as is being carried on through the Exchanges, is aimed to have loans reduced. No offerings through the committees are permitted except of stock held on margin. And even in these cases the seller has to assert that the necessities of the account compel the offering. This process is gradually strengthening the situation. But this does not mean that there will be no stocks left on margin, or that all weak accounts will be cleared up. There are many stocks held on margin for which no buyers can be found at the prices fixed for current dealings. In such cases either there was not a good market at the July prices, or conditions have been changed by the cutting of dividends, etc. There will be many such bad accounts in brokers' books even after all the remedial measures have been given full effect. For instance, since the Exchanges closed, the directors of the United States Steel Corporation have reduced the dividend on the common shares from a five to a two per cent. rate. The official closing price on the New York Exchange was over 51, but on the curb market in New York it has since sold at 39. The official limit on the Exchange, however, is still over 50. The necessity for some alteration in official prices is thus apparent.

**American Exports Grow**

**F**RANCE is arranging a large credit in the United States. The funds are to be used in payment for equipment and war material. This is one of the ways in which the balances owing abroad by the United States are being reduced. The export of foodstuffs is another. At this season of the year heavy exports from America are expected. In anticipation of this, it is usual to draw on London in July. That is what has added to the embarrassment of American finance. Now export trade is growing, and this has forced down quotations for sterling exchange. For example, the merchandise exports of New York normally run \$15,000,000 a week; in August and early September they averaged but \$10,000,000 a week; but for most of October they have averaged very close to \$20,000,000 a week; and a record of over \$30,000,000 is promised this present week. Cotton exports have been dislocated by the war. Now there are encouraging prospects of a resumption in this line, which will continue to improve the exchange market.

**German Finance**

**T**HE Imperial Bank of Germany reports increases in gold holdings, a gain of \$120,000,000 since July. But this has not helped German foreign credit, because Germany is to-day flooded with paper money. Notes in circulation at the end of July were about \$450,000,000, and on Sept. 30 over \$1,100,000,000. German merchants have turned into the Government loans money owing to foreign creditors. Now it has been arranged that subscriptions to the first war loan may be taken by banks as collateral up to 75 per cent of their face in order to allow the holder to make a second subscription. To help the loan, special loan institutions have been set up to advance money on all sorts of securities and property up to \$375,000,000, and about half of this has been used for subscriptions. Meantime, German credit is falling.

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## The Wooden Christ

(Continued from page 8.)

in the morning; there were more changes in the ruling of the fierce France he so loved, and we were set free, soon to go to the country.

"You shall go to school, Anne, and afterwards to war or politics, one is sure to be in your blood," he said, "while I stay here and grow cabbages: they are a useful vegetable, and do not change like people do."

"And goddesses," I added mischievously. I was old enough to understand him now.

"Go to school, and learn to speak respectfully to your parent," he said, waving his trowel at me, "and don't think of goddesses."

But it was a god whose feet I was at a year later—Napoleon Bonaparte. France and I could talk or think of little then but him. Only my father was silent; he was too conscientious a Republican to feel that this new-made emperor was for the good of La Patrie. When I spoke of Napoleon, he would talk of his cabbages, yet I knew he was secretly proud of our victories.

At last I was a soldier, and went to bid my father good-by. He shook his head and smiled. "Ah, Anne, you think yourself very fine with your new epaulets and sword, but your endless wars are making food dearer all the time—to feed your glory you are tak-bread from the babies of Europe."

"But think," I pleaded, "how La Patrie's eagles have been carried in triumph into the cities of Europe? Confess now, you are not as indifferent as you seem to our glory?"

"I will confess nothing," he laughed. "I have no time for anything but my cabbages. Which reminds me, some caterpillars have invaded my garden; so put your sword down, Anne, and help me pick them off."

And in obeying him I spent my last hour at home, then was off, to follow my Emperor—and god—in desolating Europe to make him its king of kings.

FIVE years later I rode over an undulating plain covered with half ripe crops, rye, wheat, barley and oats, and crossed by three roads. To the southwest was the walled chateau of Hougoumont, with its orchard and village. For this was the field of St. Jean, which the English call Waterloo.

On it the star of the emperor was to set in blood forever, but this no one knew on that Sunday morning, June 18, 1815, when we rose from our bivouac among the wet grain.

The story of the battle is an oft told one, and I shall not try to tell it again, only the holding of Hougoumont was of all importance, and the English were first in the chateau. We held the village, but the fire from the old walls rendered our position untenable. We must storm the chateau, or leave the village, and so there the first fierce act of the great battle was fought.

I knew little of it, for I had fallen at the first fire, and had been carried into the village chapel, an old, wooden building out of the direct line of fire, which had been roughly prepared for a hospital by having heaps of straw thrown in it. There for a long while I lay untended, sometimes listening to the storm of battle so near me. And sometimes looking at the huge wooden figure of the Christ on the cross which stood at the chapel door. My only creed was an arid atheism that asked for no god but my emperor, but as the first pains of my wounds dulled I found myself watching the image and wondering by what power that strange myth of a thorn-crowned man, dying on a cross, could have bent the heart and brain of the white man before Him in worship. Only France had risen above all the old superstitions, and she had soon found it convenient to take back her laws prohibiting public worship.

I was not alone in the hospital; nearly two hundred wounded men now lay there on the straw. Most French, but the English were bringing their wounded in there, too, for they had finally driven us from the village, and there was a lull in the fighting there.

Then a nun stood in the doorway by the wooden Christ. A sturdy, middle aged Belgian woman, with a round, plump face, and placid blue eyes. A moment she looked in something like dismay at the work which, single-

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handed, she certainly could not do, then quickly started to bring us water. "This is all I can do for you," she said in her awkward French as she put her cup to my lips, and I thanked her. "But keep your eyes on the image of the Saviour there; think only of Him, and you will find your pain eased, until we can do more for you."

"I thank you, Madame," I said, "but as I do not believe in a God, of any description, I fear your wooden image would not help me."

She crossed herself in horror, and drew back, and when she brought me water again did not speak. Poor woman, she probably knew nothing of life outside her orderly convent walls, and now she was alone with two hundred men, half of whom were raving and cursing in delirium, and all were doubtless to her infidels or heretics, outside her pale of salvation. I wondered that she stayed, but stay she did, and worked bravely, even when the lull in the fight near us ended suddenly. Our howitzers had opened fire on the village, and the air was filled with the shrieking thunder. The chapel was not fired upon, but the hot shot soon had set the village on fire in a dozen places, and the chateau still held out. I listened in vain for the slackening of their fire. Then suddenly I forgot the battle and all that depended upon it.

The nun stood at my feet, with terror frozen on her face. All round us was fire. I could see the long tongues of flame reaching out towards the chapel walls. She could escape, if she did not linger too long, but for every one of us there was nothing but the most terrible of deaths.

"Run, Madame," I said impatiently, "you can do nothing here, and the fire may cut you off if you are not quick."

SHE did not hear me. One quick step, and the next moment she was kneeling at the feet of the wooden Christ, her hands clasped in passionate entreaty, and her face uplifted with lips moving in voiceless prayer, while above her head I saw a long flame dart, like the unsheathed sword of a red death.

I had begun to command, and to beg her to leave us, but I was silenced by her face. I had seen men die, ay, and women, too, in many ways. In France, under the Revolution, death walked so near to us, that we learned to meet him with a jest. But this woman was different; she ignored death for herself. She did not seem to know or care that she could die, as she threw out all her love, and all her soul, to shield and save us.

She was looking at the image, and past it, and then I was almost afraid to look at her, there shone on her face a light so wonderful. I knew then there was a God, for I had seen His reflection.

And, explain it as you will, the flames dropped back; a while they lingered eating up the cottages, but no red feeler fastened itself on the chapel. No fire came past the doorway, where the wooden image of Christ stood, with a woman kneeling.

The fire burned itself out in the village, but the chateau still held its own. The first play in the battle game of St. Jean was lost to France.

Three months later I sat with my crutches at the door of my father's cottage, looking across his tiny farm. "And how goes it with the cabbages?" I asked lightly, as he came up. "Do you think a lame man will be able to help you with them?"

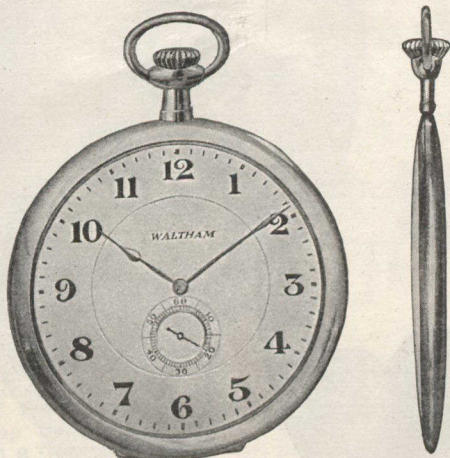
His face brightened. I knew that for a time he had not thought I would live, and he had feared that I did not want to, after the emperor had lost.

"Cabbages are really the only satisfactory thing in the world," he answered. "We will grow them together, Anne. And you must marry; we want children to grow them for."

Then I told him, for I knew he would understand, of the wooden Christ.

"That means you will make your submission to the Church," he said. "Well, you may be right. Evidently when we abolish the Deity, it is only to deify something else, and I can hardly call our gods and goddesses altogether satisfactory. And a woman like your nun would convince any man against his reason, that there was a reality behind the Christ-myth, and its wooden image of Him."

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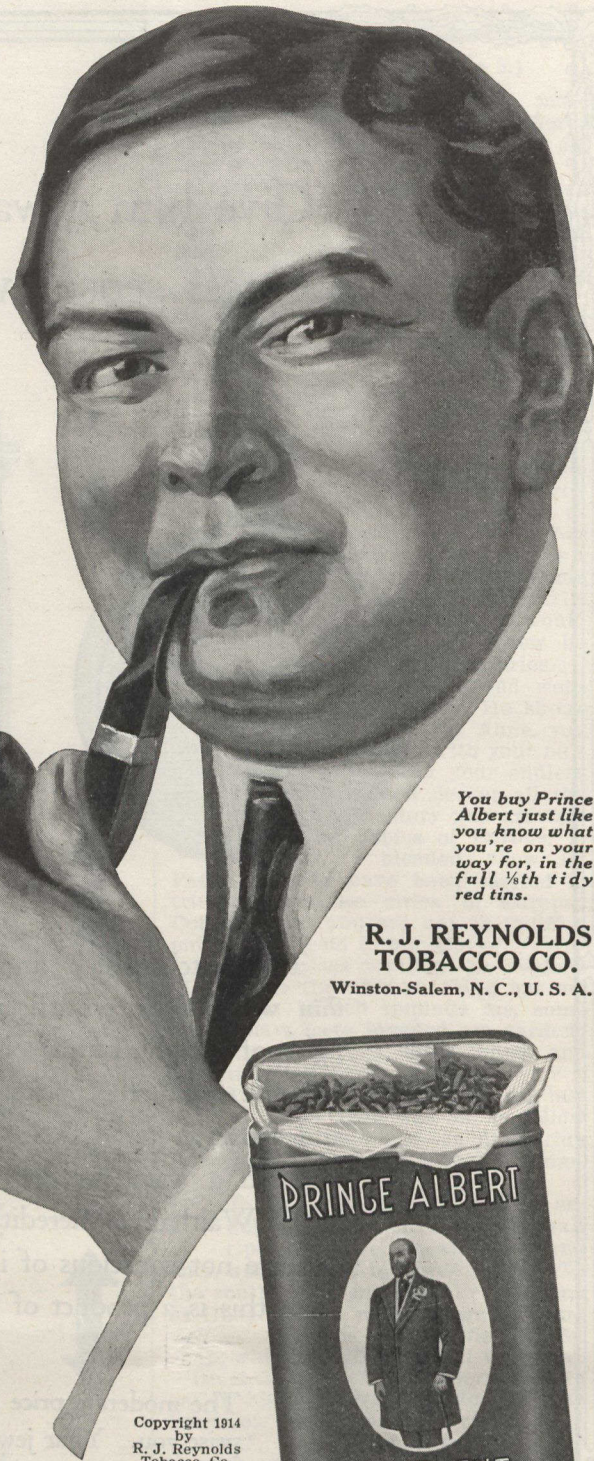


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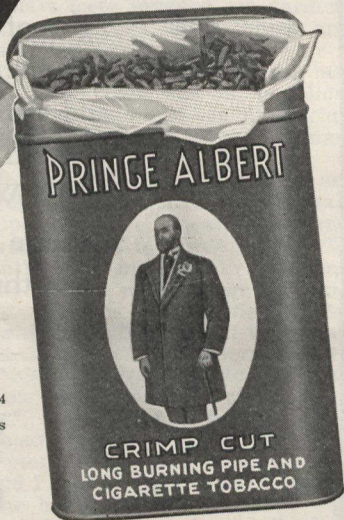
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### The First Sea Lord

At the age of 73 Lord Fisher, the inflexible, iron creator of the modern British Navy, returns to his old post as First Sea Lord to replace Prince Louis of Battenberg. He is noted for his force of character, that, long ago, made his name known and dreaded throughout Europe. It was at the first Hague Conference that he first impressed his forcefulness on the European Chancelleries. He attended the Conference in the capacity of British naval expert, especially chosen for that purpose by the late Lord Salisbury.

At this Conference were gathered the jurists, and pacifists, and Utopians of the nations—the men of many words. And at this Conference, too, Fisher, the man of action, became, for the nonce, a man of words also—and his words, if few, were winged. He is no believer in kid-glove methods of warfare. Baldly and bluntly, he told the Conference so. Then, quite briefly, he gave a vivid and virile sketch of how, if ever he had anything to do with it, Great Britain would make war at sea, should the need arise. The jurists and others were both shocked and hurt. Here was a brutal sea-dog who would growl when he was asked to shake a paw. They passed on (with a shudder) to the framing of those rules of civilized warfare which are proving such a wondrous restraint on the Germans to-day. But they have never forgotten the gross error of taste on the part of the man who persisted in treating of horrid realities instead of dreaming dreams.

It is the same Lord Fisher—only more so—who now has the full technical responsibility for the administration of the navy. When he was First Sea Lord before, he inaugurated a series of vast changes in naval organization, most, if not all, of which have been justified by the years. The principle of Dreadnoughts in which he is a firm believer, though it was hotly opposed at first, is now adopted by every navy in the world.

### A Hambourg Concert

In the soft glow of a tall pink-shade lamp the Hambourg Concert society opened its third regular season last week at the Canadian Foresters' Hall—which is the worst hall to sit in and to get out of in Toronto. And the programme of four numbers was rather the best in some respects yet given by these resourceful musicians. Bach was the opening composer, in a concerto for two violins, with piano accompaniment, in which Mr. Jan Hambourg was assisted by Mr. Max Selinski. Bach was the man who wrote fugues and masses by the linear mile, and really invented the art of polyphonic writing. This concerto, in three movements, vivace, largo and allegro, was in the customary exuberant and clean melodic style of that great composer.

Mr. Boris Hambourg had rather an impressive entry for his Concerto in A Minor by Volkmann. An attendant came out and laid a small rug on the floor and a cushion on the chair. It was all well worth while. In this number Boris proved that even since his last performance in public he has made long strides in virtuosoship. Always a facile technician, he seemed in this tremendously exacting number to infuse into his technic a wealth of expression that would challenge the knack of any living 'cellist, even the great Spaniard Casals. There are snags and skirmishes and acrobatics enough in that concerto to flabbergast any but a near-genius. Boris tackled and conquered them with almost unimpeachable certainty. He swept through four octaves in pitch, drew out great diapasons from the low string, and played melodies on the two middle, at the same time double-stopping on a long intricate trill in the cadenza, then double-stopping on the melody.

Jan Hambourg did a group of three: Siciliano by Bach, arranged by Auer; the great Russian violin teacher; Moment Musicale by Schubert, a dainty bit of rhythmical abandon played with rare skill; a Scherzo-Valse by Chabrier, arranged by Loeffler.

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# The Trip to England

Exclusive Correspondence to the Canadian Courier by Trumpeter H. W. Philp, Signal Corps Headquarters

The following is the first letter from the Courier's special correspondent with the first Canadian Contingent, Trumpeter H. W. Philp, of the Divisional Signal Corps Headquarters, 1st Canadian Contingent. It is the best story yet published from our men in England. It announces the taking of the German transports by the convoy en route to England. It gives some idea of mistakes in provisioning the transports, mistakes which must be guarded against in future, and it is a quietly but vividly written picture of the voyage.

Plymouth, England, Oct. 17th.  
 "O UR voyage is about at an end, I am very thankful and so, too, I think, is everyone in the flotilla. On the afternoon of October 3rd the port column loosed its moorings in Gaspe harbour and began to steam out, soon to be followed by the middle line. Our line, the starboard one, was under way just before the sun began to drop behind the hills. As we steamed slowly out of the harbor one or two of the launches of the fisher-folk bobbed past with their farewells and 'goodlucks.'

"My last glimpse of Canada was the gray coastline about the harbor dimming into the twilight. Slowly—very slowly it seemed to most of us—the ships have moved since then. We have averaged in the neighbourhood of 220 miles a day; our course being set around the southern coast of Newfoundland, then east and northeast. To-day, October 13, we are directly south of Ireland. The formation of the flotilla is being changed to the red, the white and the blue lines, for what reason we do not know. Torpedo boat destroyers have come to escort us. Almost direct east we are going, which leads us to believe that our destination, a thing that has been withheld from everyone apparently, is Southampton. A typical Irish coast storm, the first one on all the voyage, has come out to greet us. We're right glad to meet Oireland, and foggy England, too, will be a welcome change, I fancy.

"At two o'clock Monday morning, September 28th, we were awakened without the customary blasts of the trumpet. Horses were fed, the packing of our spare kit was completed and then we hung close to the fires eating our lunch, the preparing of which had cost the cooks their night's rest. Snow was falling, mingled with chilly, driving sleet and rain.

### Moving at Dawn.

"At dawn we saddled up and moved away, leaving the dismounted sections to come in later by train. The roads were very muddy. Only now and again did they broaden out sufficiently to allow two rigs to pass. So it was necessarily slow travelling for our cable wagon detachments. Passing trains sent our horses into hysterics almost, playing havoc with our ranks, but giving us somewhat of a sideline of interest. At various points along the route watering troughs had been arranged. At some of these places biscuits were supplied us with the compliments of the Daughters of the Empire, and as we went through the one or two hamlets along the route we were again regaled with pieces of cake and bits of maple sugar which the French-Canadian girls and women handed up to us, keeping at a respectful distance from our horses as they did so. Seven hours in the saddle brought the corps into Quebec shortly after noonday. At the Exhibition grounds we bivouacked and awaited orders to embark.

"The first order called for twenty-five men to go aboard the Andania as soon as possible. Before they were paraded orders arrived for the entire corps to move, and horses had scarcely been saddled and the march begun when we were told to remain there for the night. Another counter order came, however, and near midnight we arrived at the wharves. It was hard work there, but at last the horses were all loaded and the wagons hauled to their places. We had been at it from 2 a.m. Monday until

after 3 a.m. Tuesday. Then we went aboard.

"I sought a place alongside the horses on the Corinthian, rolled into my blankets and was soon peeping into slumberland. Not for long, however. 'Parade at shed 18 in half an hour,' someone yelled out, 'we sleep on the Zealandia to-night and go aboard our own boats in the morning.' We slept that night in shed 18 instead, and at 7.30 were awakened and marched to the Andania, having had about three hours' sleep. In the afternoon the Andania was moored in the middle of the river. On Wednesday evening she pointed her nose down the river, to the harbour of Gaspe, where the flotilla was to assemble. Here, impatient, we were anchored until Saturday. Little old Gaspe will not soon forget that sight, I fancy, and the one when the three lines, each headed by a cruiser, steamed slowly out of sight. Another cruiser brought up the rear of each line. When we were well out into the Atlantic, still another war vessel came to guard our starboard side, our port side being open, apparently, until near the end of the week, when another—one of the new type of cruisers—took up its position there. We haven't seen a German anywhere.

### Captured German Tramps.

"One or two German tramps chanced within reach of our cruisers. They are now part of the flotilla. The capture of one of them I was fortunate enough to see. I chanced to be in the bow of the ship after dinner one day, wondering wherein lay the beauties of the deep and almost convinced that only along the seashore, where one's point of view did not rise and fall with each swell, could the ocean possibly be beautiful. Previously to the call for dinner the cruiser leading the middle line put on steam and raced ahead. As I was standing at the bow it was still in view, a mere speck on the horizon. Another smoke was soon to be seen to the south. Later on the cruiser shifted its course and began to return. In the course of two or three hours the tramp, whose smoke I had seen, was standing by to our starboard waiting to fall in line. There didn't appear to be anything strikingly exciting in the capture. Outside of these happenings the voyage has been exceptionally tame.

"For some few of us the most important event of the trip has been seasickness, despite the fact that the old Atlantic has held down her waves to proportions most nearly suited to landlubbers. A heavy swell for two days and to-day's storm have been the only exceptions to a smoothness that was almost lakelike. Personally I can pity those who were seasick. I was there myself, very much there. At times the grub has been fairly respectable, at times very bad. At one meal the Highlanders refused point blank to eat the fish which was served to them. The result was that 'bully' beef and pickles replaced the fish. A pretty good treat it was, too. After one or two strenuous kicks on the part of the men the officers took steps to bring about an improvement; but for a few days, while we were in mid-ocean, some of the meat that was served to us was disgraceful.

"Then one day orders were posted up to that 'owing to a miscalculation on the part of the caterer,' the stores of meat, butter and jam were short.

### A Really Dry Canteen.

"This state of things was aggravated by the fact that only pop and soda could be purchased at the canteens. The canteens were open only at certain hours of the day. Their supply of tobacco, cigarettes and matches was insufficient to last the voyage, and men have been splitting the last named articles to make them hang out. Five cents for two matches, and fifty cents for a 15c box of cigarettes have been prices commonly paid during the last week and I have of-



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ferred \$1 for one dozen or half a dozen oranges and have been unable to secure them. The other night I gave a waiter 25c. to get me one onion. Today everything saleable has been purchased, excepting, of course, in the officers' and sergeants' mess. The conditions of which I speak applied, so far as I know, to the men only.

"A routine of physical drills and inspection has been adhered to all the way across. Small rifle galleries were fitted up and the eyes of the men kept in shooting trim. In addition to this there have been athletic competitions under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. On the decks at night, when the weather permitted it, dances were held to the strains from mouth-organs and whistling. To-night a last big concert is being held in the men's mess. On deck it is black as pitch. A man falling overboard now would stand a poor chance of seeing anything but Davy Jones' locker.

### Approaching England.

"To-day—it is Wednesday morning—the sea has been rough, but is moderating. Land's End was sighted as

we concluded muster parade. At present we are running up the channel within easy sight of land.

Greeted by salutes from big guns which boom out, from where we cannot tell, the flotilla is now picking its way into Plymouth, or just outside it. A blinding searchlight flashes out directions to us from the hills in the distance. In the offing a torpedo boat destroyer is nosing about. The flotilla is now in two lines, each headed by a cruiser. All the way across the Atlantic, and not a German to bother us! Little old Great Britain still knows the game.

"Whether we shall disembark here or not I don't know. Apparently so, for the ship's crew is getting up the hawsers for the mooring. It is a happy Tommy Atkins now who is aboard the ship. No one knows what his lot may be. He has kicked at some of the grub on the ship; he may find worse food still before the game is ended. And the ground is less pleasant than a bunk for a sleeping place. But the real part of his task is here, and he'll soon be off the ship."

H. W. PHILP.

## Laughing At Life

(Concluded from page 8.)

there was a general hiatus in the whispering night; because she sighed, leaned against him, and spoke of his strength reminding her of a great big bear, he kissed her in front of the double-fronted villa, with the gables, called "Peter Pan." From that night probably dated his knowledge of her father, and the discovery that instead of being a churchwarden, he was really a jovial man of the world. About the same period, the "old man" discovered a preference for the breakfast room without a fire, instead of his usual place in the cosy corner of the drawing-room couch. With a singular instinct, surprising in one so stolid and stupid, he gives Romeo and his Juliet a clear field in the drawing-room, where the couch clamours of tete-a-tete whisperings and the fire burns so brightly that the young people become suddenly solicitous about the gas bills.

### The Sublime Revelation.

WHAT a world. They discover love. They discover love in this way, in the present year of grace. Our young folk think a monopoly of the only companionable seat in front of an inviting fire is an accident. They do not recall how Maude found sanctuary there, a prosperous husband, a detached villa, and a knowledge of domestic economy far in advance of her mother's. They never guess how Mamma wondered earnestly whether Albert was as solid with the bank as he made himself out to be; how the old man made certain by cross-examining his friend Dobbs, the manager, at the club. No, they never think; they never stop to think; they simply cannot think. They just go on discovering. Her eyes, lit by the firelight—argument enough. The way he does his hair—with a pat, "just so," from her gentle fingers—is a clincher. The soft trusting pride revealed on her face—no man had seen that wonder before. The conquest in his ardent glance, supplicating, adoring, and yet shyly dominant—no woman had looked upon such a glory. New and different; theirs the sublime discovery; the world a theatre, themselves the players, the play the thing, the centre of the stage reserved to them for an eternity. Gold, frankincense and myrrh; tremulous silences in moonlit spaces; rapt visions of a future rich in achievement—opulent in its wealth of love revealing itself as a rosebud unfolds its fragrance to the sun. And all new—different—tremendous.

### Wonderful Voyagers.

Softly, older folk! Let us steal from the room on tip-toe—the best room in the house—leaving these wonderful voyagers to firelit solitudes. Call them Christopher Columbus and his bride, and leave their uncharted sea to lead them to the possession of a brand new continent. What does it matter if, later, they find footprints

on the virgin land they discovered. And yet—the father who cheerfully gives up his cosy corner in the best room; the mother, who flutters unobtrusively in the background, and is surprised when they blurt out the great discovery; and Sister Maude who long since charted out the untrodden path and hopes, with a slight suspicion of a sniff, that they will be very happy—they all know. Father's grandfather, father's grandfather's greatest great grandparent, and a whole host of greater grandparents faded out of memory, recollection and record—they all knew. They all fell in just the same way to the touch of a dear hand, the glance of a bright eye, and the way she looked as she sat near the lamp with the rose-coloured shade. All the world loves a lover, and knows him at sight before he realizes the tendencies in himself. He helps to justify the older illusion we once wove out of the same gossamer fabric, when the spell is broken, and the dust of the world is on our mothlike wings. Their personal discovery of an age-worn truth gives us faith. Through gazing on them, we link ourselves with Adam, who in the twilight of his world looked into Eve's eyes and saw mystery, promise, witchery, wonder flaming there, light of the world and its unquenchable glory.

### An Important Discovery

A DISCOVERY in the chemical side of Tungsten made in a Canadian electric lamp factory may be the means of greatly extending the life of the tungsten incandescent lights.

The fragile nature of the wire filament has been a source of annoyance to the manufacturers who have spent fortunes in trying to discover the reason for the brittle nature of the delicate wire. It was at length put down to occlusion, a property that many metals possess which enables them to suck in great quantities of various gases without an alteration in bulk, a very similar thing to the absorption of water by a sponge. Every effort was made to drive this occluded gas from the wire during the finishing of the lamp, and its exclusion was beneficial, but it was evident that something was still intervening between this advance and perfection. It has now been found that the brittleness is due to minute traces of an element called molybdenum, so closely related to tungsten that it is difficult to detect. When the lamp is heated the molybdenum distills from the wire in minute quantities and darts about the globe at immeasurable speed, bombarding everything in its path. The elimination of these impurities will in all probability alter tungsten brittle wire into a substance that will compete with wrought iron for toughness.



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**Lord Rosebery Speaks**

**L**ORD ROSEBERY has come far enough out of his "lonely furrow" to give some of his opinions about the war. Speaking at Edinburgh not long ago, at a meeting to encourage recruits, he said:

**Very Near to Damnation.**

"The doctrine is that might is right, that as long as you have a sufficiently large army, to which has recently been added a sufficiently large navy, you can do whatever you like. There is no right or wrong. In the ethics of the world might is right. When that comes to be the principle of Europe, when that comes to be the principle which overrides treaties and regards them as scraps of paper, the world has got very near to damnation. That doctrine had been a curse to Prussia, a curse to Germany, and a curse to the surrounding nations, who had been obliged to tax the sweat and blood of their people to an incredible extent in order to maintain armaments. Might, according to the new philosophy of Germany, meant universal domination. No voice would be raised in Europe without the approbation of Prussia, and every State would practically be the vassal of Prussia. In the time of Prince Bismarck, who was a wise and cautious statesman, the policy of Prussia was restrained, but the persons who had taken his place and discarded him were determined to put the German Empire to the hazard of war in order to acquire a universal domination. What was the benefit which they proposed to grant to their new subjects? It was German culture. We have heard all our lives of German culture as a something to which poor Scotchmen and Englishmen could not aspire," said Lord Rosebery. "It was on a higher level than our lives. They have, I think, more than forty Universities in Germany, a good poultry yard for laying the eggs of German culture. Now what was that German culture? What was its object and its practice? Its first object seemed to be, inspired, he supposed, by the forty Universities, to destroy all other Universities, and they had begun by destroying the University of Louvain, which by solemn treaty they had sworn to preserve. The second object was to drown Belgium, which they had guaranteed by a solemn act, in blood and in fire, and the third was to destroy all historical monuments within their reach and to do what the greatest barbarians in history would never even have contemplated."

Pity Lord Rosebery doesn't get roused a little oftener, if he can always speak like this. He is a brilliant example of a man who can pack more truth into what he says than any other man alive, but doesn't often enough take the trouble.

**Barrie and the Movies.**

Sir James M. Barrie, the distinguished English dramatist, author of "The Legend of Leonore," Maude Adams' new play, whose every visit to America is a distinct event in theatrical and literary circles, had the first glimpse of a motion picture studio when he visited the Famous Players Film Corporation last week in New York. Sir James spent several hours with Adolph Zukor and Daniel Frohman, making complete tour of the Famous Players' immense studio and laboratory.

Sir James termed his visit "a peep into fairyland," and often expressed astonishment at the methods and mechanism of the big plant.

The eminent dramatist, who is the author of a greater number of theatrical successes than any other living writer for the stage, was introduced to the various Famous Players' directors, and also Mary Pickford.

"Are you the world-famous screen idol, the world's foremost film actress, the great Mary Pickford?" he asked, with a charming naive

"I don't know," she replied, "but I do know," she added as an afterthought, "that I'm Mary Pickford."

Sir James discussed motion pictures with great interest, and expressed the belief that the motion camera was the greatest beneficial agency that science has contributed to the amusement and educational world.



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