

THE CANADIAN COURIER



FIRST PICTURE FROM SALONIKA

Greek soldiers and British Bluejackets exchange hats and pose for the photographer.
(Central News).



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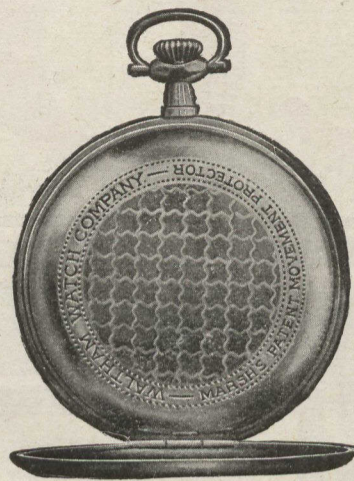
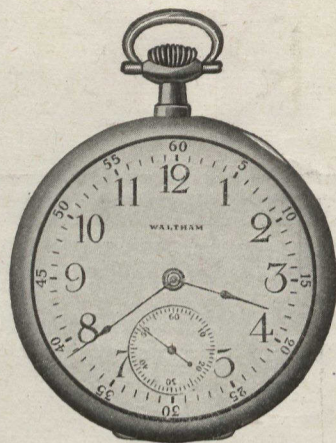
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The National Weekly



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No. 23

NINE MONTHS MORE OF WAR

A Summary of the Bigger Causes Which Make for Victory or Defeat

REASONS of all kinds are being given to support the view that the war will be over in nine months. Some of these reasons are mere guesses, but others have some real basis in fact, even when the deduction may not be fully justified. It will be interesting and valuable, therefore, to examine these various reasons and see what general conclusion is justified, or at least find out how far a general conclusion can be justly and fairly reached. The decided elements are not all known, but most of the uncertainties have become certainties. Only Roumania to-day, of all the nations that might reasonably come into the war, remains without. The man-power on each side is fully defined, and all that goes to make that man-power effective may be reasonably appraised.

THE HUMAN FACTOR.

WHEN the war began, the newspapers and periodicals were filled with estimates of the number of men each side could put in the field. There is no need to rehearse all the arithmetic of those days. It was clear then that the Teutons could put twelve million men in the field; not all at once, but gradually. This they have done. They have lost about four million in killed, desperately wounded and prisoners, so that they have still about eight million effectives.

Bulgaria makes little or no difference to the man-power, as Bulgaria's army is less than four hundred thousand. What Bulgaria has contributed is not men, but a friendly route from Austria to Constantinople. Bulgaria is not a nation just now, but a high-way by which the Teuton may aid the Turk.

To oppose this eight million fighting men which the Teutons still have, the Allies have fully twelve million:

Great Britain	2,000,000
France	3,500,000
Italy	1,500,000
Russia	5,000,000
Total	12,000,000

Thus the Allies have now a third more men than the Teutons. In man-power, the Allies are supreme. If it were a question of numbers only, the Allies should finish the war in three months, instead of nine.

Unfortunately, it is not entirely a question of numbers. The Teutons' eight million are better armed and better equipped than the Allies' twelve millions. The Allies are still somewhat inferior in rifles, in heavy guns and in quantities of ammunition. The Russians have lost a tremendous number of rifles in their recent defeat, and a considerable number of cannon. It will take them six months to replace that equipment, even with the greatest of success in manufacturing on the part of Japan and the United States. The loss of Poland was a heavy blow to the metallic and industrial resources of Russia, as the loss of Belgium and Northern France was to the Allies. The capture by the Teutons of one-third of the Allies' metal factories has been one of the great causes making for a long war. It benefited the Teutons, and weakened the Allies.

Further, the twelve million allied troops are not so well-trained nor so well organized as the eight

By OUR MILITARY CORRESPONDENT

million Teutons. In the early part of the war, the public in England and Canada were fed up on falsehoods about the imminent collapse of Austria and the Austrian army. But Austria has not collapsed and her armies are still in the field. Indeed, it was the Austrian, not the German, 12-inch howitzers which broke the Belgo-French line at Namur, Maubeuge and Antwerp. During the early part of the

will be displaying an incompetence which does not deserve a victory.

PARALYSIS ON THE SEA.

UNDoubtedly the chief reason why the Allies should be able to bring their equipment up to equality with the Teutons is their command of the seas. The wonder of the world is the awful and majestic superiority of the British Sea-Power. Without a battle, with only a few skirmishes, the German and Austrian fleets have been rendered harmless, though not destroyed. The German submarines, for many weeks subsequent to February 15th, when the German submarine offensive began, caused much misgiving in the minds of civilians. But slowly and surely the British gunboats and British mechanical appliances wore down the mobility and offensive power of that submarine fleet, until by October 1st it practically ceased to exist. To-day, the North Sea and the North Atlantic are almost as safe to navigators as in the days before August 3rd, 1914.

Yet the Fleet's work did not end there. Absolute Dominion on the North Sea, the Adriatic Sea and the Aegean Sea was not sufficient. There was still the Baltic; and in recent weeks the work of clearing those waters of enemy shipping has been seriously prosecuted and successfully advanced. We get only occasional glimpses of what is going on there, but it is evident that the northern terminus of the Kiel Canal will soon be as securely sealed as the southern end. The traffic in cotton, iron ore and other contraband, between the Scandinavian countries and Germany is being slowly reduced to a minimum. By the spring of 1916, the British Fleet should be operating fairly freely through the dangerous straits which connect the Baltic with the Atlantic.

THE NAVY'S PART.

AS in the days of Napoleon, the command of the sea is essential to the success of a great campaign on the land. Germany and Austria have given up all hope of regaining command of the sea in any direction. Their boats are resting in their harbours, awaiting the day when the Allies shall have advanced sufficiently to proceed with their destruction.

Further, the British have manufactured a new fleet of thirty monitors and three hundred submarines, with which they will ultimately penetrate every harbour and river in the enemy's coastline. From conquest of the open sea, Great Britain will proceed to the conquest of inland waters. These monitors are single-turreted ships containing one or two large guns. They are vastly superior to the two or three vessels used in the defence of the Belgian Coast in October, 1914. They are more powerful and have guns of much larger calibre. They are shallow-draft, with a double hull, which makes them almost mine-proof and torpedo-proof.

The submarines are, in part, of the "chaser" type. They have a considerable speed and are intended to "chase" other submarines. No one knows the full secrets of these nor of the monitors. All we know is that with this new fleet, it will be possible for the British to land forces in Belgium or on the



Fishing and Beer Drinking are, according to the New York Herald's cartoonist, the only jobs open to the German Fleet walled up in the Kiel Canal.

war, the machine-gun equipment of both Germans and Austria was so vastly superior to that of the Allies that one battalion of Teutons had a defensive power equal to two battalions of the Allies.

But, as Belloc and other critics are inclined to believe, the supply of machine-guns, howitzers and ammunition is now approaching equality. When that equality is reached the superiority of the Allies' numbers will begin to show itself. That point may be reached by the beginning of the new year; but it surely must be reached before the spring of 1916. If it is not reached by that time, then the Allies'

German North Sea coast between Denmark and Holland. This may be advisable when the Great Drive gets under way.

THE FACTORS SUMMARIZED.

NO one now considers that Germany will succeed in her dastardly attempt to put all nations under her feet for any one reason. The stopping of the supply of raw cotton will not alone turn the scale against her. The stopping of foodstuffs will not be the one decisive factor. The shortage of money will not be the deciding element. The dwindling man-power will not in itself cause her to sue for peace. It will be the combination of all of these. Or to put it in another way, the Allies must win at every point to secure a favourable decision.

The Allies must show their superiority in

- (a) Control of the Open Seas.
- (b) Ability to bombard all the ports of the enemy and invade his rivers and bays.
- (c) A man-power superior in equipment and leadership, as well as in numbers.
- (d) A gun and munition resource superior to that of the enemy.
- (e) A superiority in the air which will ensure an advantage in scouting.
- (f) Financial resources sufficient to attain all the foregoing.
- (g) A unity of intention and direction which will match those of the enemy.

So far only one of these (a) is yet attained. The others are only approximately within reach. The monitor fleet is not yet large enough to ensure (b). The equipment is being rapidly brought to the point required by (c). The superiority in the air is almost attained. Financial resources seem likely to stand the strain for another twelve-month without extraordinary measures. The unity of intention is fairly satisfactory, although there are political shadows in both London and Paris.

CONSTANTINOPLE AN INCIDENT.

VIEWED thus it is quite evident that the Allies may be on equal terms with the Teutons within three months, as Belloc has predicted. Germany's excursion through Bulgaria to Constantinople

is only an incident. The front is lengthening in the south as it has been lengthened in the east, and the Teutons cannot defend so long a front with a slowly dwindling man-power. They may crush Serbia and they may reach Constantinople, but the longer their lines of communication, the more vulnerable they will become.

In any case, this duel to the death cannot last much longer and can have only one ending. The combination of causes and conditions outlined above will, when they are all realized, as they bid fair to be in the near future, bring a decision within measurable distance.

PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS

Sidelights on What Some People Think the World is Doing

ONE of the sanest supporters of the Allies in this war is the Scientific American. This is worth noticing. Science plays no favourites. By many people Germany is supposed to have a superscientific hold on the war. But the foremost organ of applied science in America and one of the best recognized exponents of practical science in the world, has no hesitation in publishing articles that look to the ultimate defeat of Germany. A recent shrewd editorial in that paper points out "the greatest tactical blunder of the war." This not the Dardanelles, nor the failure to save Antwerp, nor even the failure of the Germans to get Calais. That blunder was the failure of England, as soon as war was declared, to make cotton contraband of war, as has been done since the submarine war was started by Germany. The writer points out that during the non-contraband period Germany laid in vast stores of cotton which she is now using; but that Germany's claim to have found a substitute for cotton in wood pulp and straw pulp for the manufacture of high explosives is rank absurdity. Either of these substitutes is admittedly inferior to cotton. This means, not merely that German explosive efficiency will be lessened, but that the sights on all the big guns now used by Germany

Equality in three months should bring a decision within six months more. Thus a finish to the war in nine months from now is a reasonable guess, though no one would be sufficiently fool-hardy as to make it in the form of a prophecy. Should Greece and Roumania come into the struggle, the end would be materially hastened. Should Greece remain neutral and Bulgaria be content to allow Russian troops to pass through her territory, then the end may not come so soon. In the end, however, money, resources and command of the sea are the determining factors, and the Allies either have these now in superiority or will shortly reach the superior position.

will have to be changed and the bores altered to suit an explosive of inferior projectile force and different action on gun metal. Thanks for this scientific assurance!

PHOTOGRAPHS are sometimes unintentionally illuminating. Recently two Serbian pictures came into a newspaper office, neither of them published. One was the great prison and fortress of Belgrade, which looks about three times as big as the Bastille. The other was the Parliament Buildings at Belgrade, which resembled a large-sized country tavern. A country that has such a huge prison and such an insignificant Capitol should be able to fight desperately as the Serbians do now.

AN almost uncanny phantom from the borderland of the unseen world is a new book just off the press from the pen of a man who for the past five years people in Canada have almost regarded as dead to the world. The writer is Edmund E. Sheppard, the founder of Saturday Night and once the king of all rough-rider journalists in this country. Sheppard was the untirable and psychic muckraker who ripped open all the hypocrisies of his day, and if none were available fabricated a few for the sake of making sardonic and sometimes savage copy. That same Bret Harte mining-camp figure with the long hair, the sombrero and the editorial bowie-knife in his clothes, now indites a placid and dispassionate work on The Thinking Universe. Sheppard has become a Christian Scientist. The world to him now is merely an object for calm contemplation from his invalid room in Los Angeles. The book will shortly be published in this country.

WHETHER the Allies ever get a concerted plan of war action or not—and they probably will—it looks as though they simultaneously agree upon one thing, that Cabinet shakeups are necessary. England had just got over the coalition shakeup when Russia sent the Grand Duke to the Caucasus and got rid of Suhmkomlinoff. Russia has just about got ready to proceed to new business with a fresh set of heads when France accepts the resignation first of Delcasse, then of Premier Viviani and War Minister Millerand. The one thing that seems to be common to these three great countries is a restless democracy; which is the one thing we have always counted on to win the war.

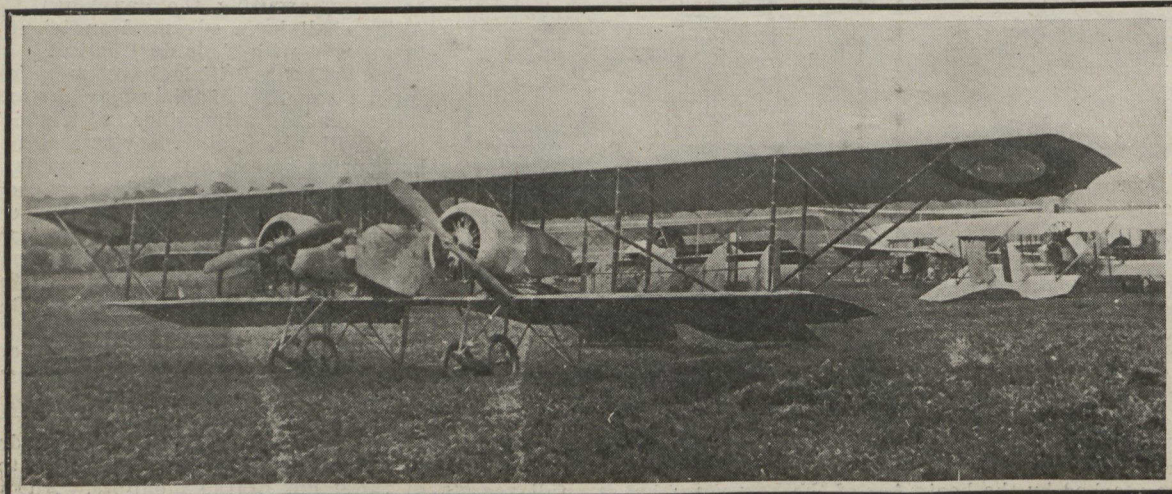
SPEEDING up play productions is one of the newest things in the world. The old-fashioned blacksmith shop method of hammering out fine plays by hand beside the flaming forge of passionate truth is giving way to the machine-shop method of turning them out in batches, orders delivered almost while you wait, plays ready to go to the screen and the movie producer any moment—while the old-style playwright bites his pen-stock and frowns and haggles with himself over another fine line or two. Yes, it is the film dramas and the film actors and the film writers that have so speeded up the play machinery. From all the playwrights in the United States only about six things were produced every year that became real successes. Now the films are turned out by the score and are used by the hundreds, popular favourites almost by the time the ink is dry on the check handed to the author. Wherefore Daniel Frohman thinks that one of these days the stock of really adaptable material in plays will all be eaten up and the film monster will yell for more plays.

A WRITER in the London Daily Mail goes with great vengeance after modern German music, which he says should now be eliminated from English life. To him the horrors of Strauss and Wagner are as bad as those of the Hun butchers in Belgium. He accuses both these German composers of exploiting the licentious in art and cites as a mild example the prelude to the third act of Lohengrin, of which he says "the meaning could not be put into words by any self-respecting writer." This will be news to a large number of people in this country who have heard their church organists play the Lohengrin Prelude many a time as a postlude to divine service. Mr. Vidal Diehl, the writer, says that the Germans intend to inflict on Brussels six months of German music—"part of a gigantic effort the Huns are making to debase the minds of those Belgians who are in their servitude."

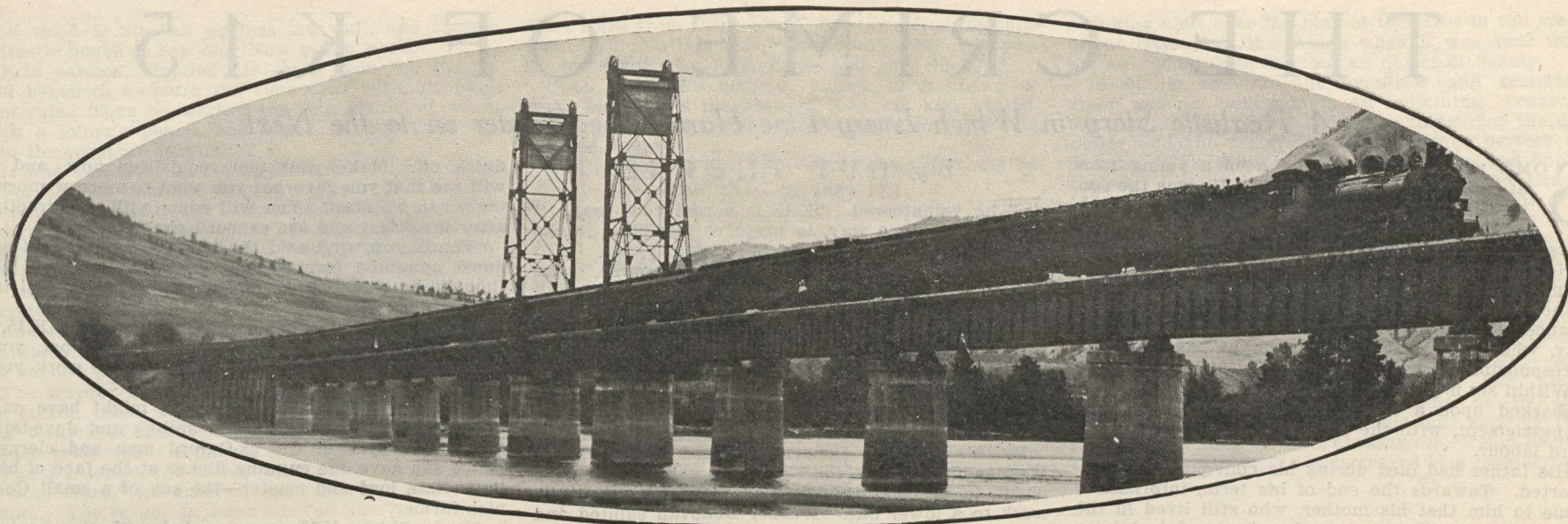
FRANCE—ALWAYS READY FOR NEW THINGS



Gen. Joffre never misses a detail. The great commander-in-chief is here seen questioning some of the young French soldiers who are wearing the new French army helmet.



The first photograph published of the new double-propellor aeroplane used by French air-men. An officially accredited photograph. Taken at the military aviation camp.



The great sixteen-coach C.N.R. transcontinental carrying a party of discoverers over the most modern railway bridge in British Columbia.

20TH CENTURY DISCOVERERS

What the C.N.R. Transcontinental Party Found Out About Canada on the Trip from Quebec to Vancouver

A KEEN-EYED, "from-Missouri" newspaperman up from New York, got off the train somewhere in the Rocky Mountains a couple of weeks ago and wired a bunch of copy to his paper. He took a fresh glance at the long train coiled on the track like a huge serpent with one engine for a head, and he made his wire say to the New York editor that the trip of this official train of sixteen coaches hauled by one engine from Quebec to Vancouver, was the greatest railway event in the history of all America. He had made a discovery, and he represented a great newspaper.

But that was only one of many discoveries made on this memorable trip from Quebec to Vancouver. The man from New York and the men from Chicago, from Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Winnipeg and a dozen other places enroute made discoveries, also. The New York reporter was impressed mainly with one thing: that for easy curves, low gradients and everything that reduces haulage-difficulty to a minimum, this new C.N.R. transcontinental is the most modern engineering product in America. Threading new territory, even for Canada, it has chosen the easiest way in and out. From tide-water at Quebec to tide-water at Vancouver, 3,000 miles west, the party of hard-headed newspapermen, members of Parliament and experienced travellers found a road of marvellous ease and comfort in travel.

A MERE preliminary. The second discovery made by this party of men from any kind of Missouri was that territories which a few days before had seemed off the map altogether were productive of local traffic along the line of this new transcontinental. The old Mackenzie and Mann trick—of making a road earn its keep along its own mileage. In the party of Senators were a number of experienced lumbermen who were impressed with the great quantities of cedar along the British Columbia sections of the road. The valley of the North Thompson is full of cedar, and just back of the valley are other cedar-wooded valleys, tributary and easily accessible. Among the cedar landscapes there were settlements, out-tricklings from the stream of population further eastward, taking hold of fruit districts.

The clay belt was another surprise. Between Sudbury and Port Arthur the new road runs along the southern edge of the clay belt which for years has been a source of doubt to people in older Ontario. Fifteen years ago a 1900 survey of the Ontario Government stated that the clay belt contained a territory larger than the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Jer-



Mr. D. B. Hanna, 3rd Vice-President of the C.N.R., kept his hands in his pockets on that trip like Gen. Joffre.

sey combined, nearly all of it adaptable for cultivation, with plenty of wood for fuel and building and commercial purposes. Still the pessimists doubted. The C.N.R. party had an opportunity of discovering that the pessimists were all wrong. They saw vast forests of pulpwood, somewhat undersized, but yet commercially valuable. When the train stopped they examined the soil and discussed its potentialities. Finally, after consultation, they all decided that the district through which the C.N.R. passes is capable of growing the finest crops provided the climate is right.

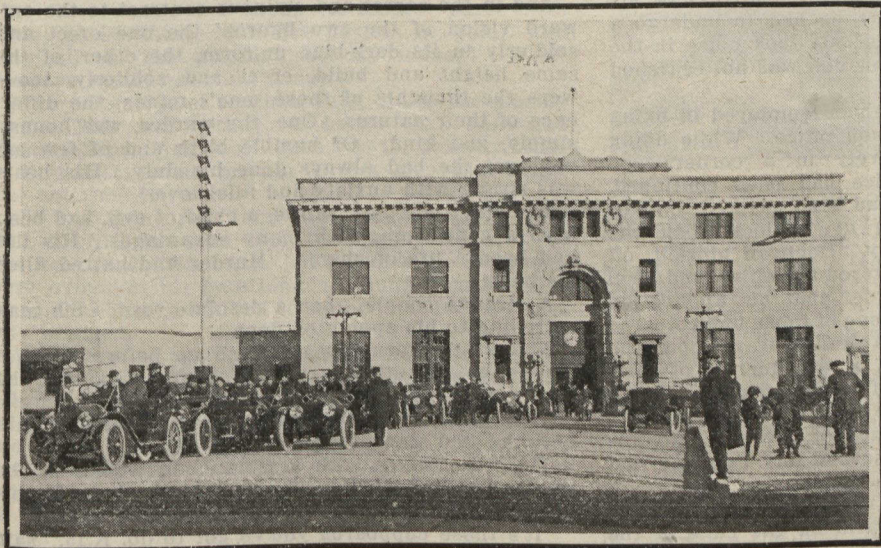
THE third discovery is not less important. They found that Canadian prosperity is returning by way of the Western Provinces. The first rumbles of the financial storm of 1913 and 1914 came from the west. When the west's land boom broke, people thought prices far gone for a generation. Hence, with genuine adaptability, they turned from land speculation to land cultivation, and hence they have the greatest crop in their history. Now the towns confess to a "slightly smaller" population without a bit of shame!

The party was taken around what is practically a belt line, on the way west visiting Brandon and Regina, traversing the southern portions of the Provinces of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, thence north through Saskatoon and Central Saskatchewan to Edmonton, returning through Humboldt, Kamsack, Dauphin and Gladstone. Everywhere north and south threshing was in evidence, and tales of wonderful crop yields were common talk.

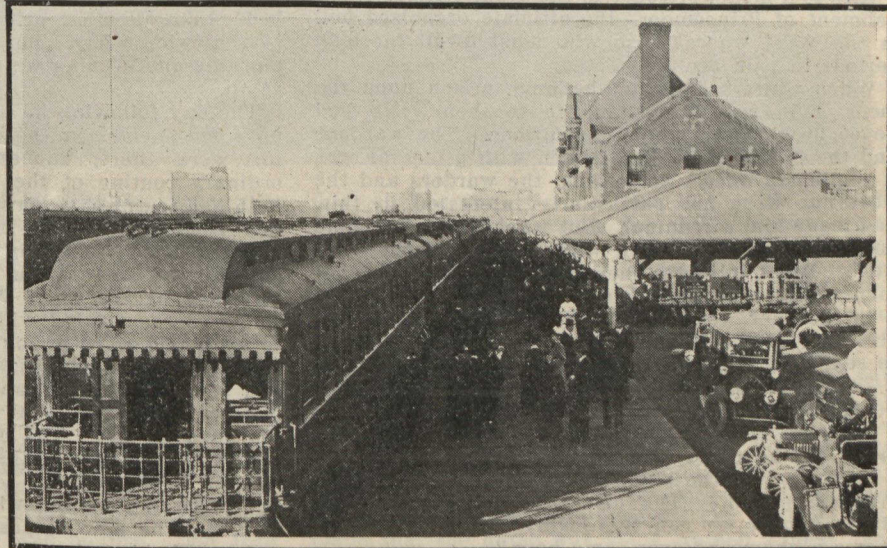
There were murmurings of car shortages at different points, and it was evident that as the threshing nears completion the problem of storage space for grain will become acute. Only here and there had any serious attempts been made to provide granaries, and it was very difficult to understand how farmers could thresh out from 10,000 to 15,000 bushels of wheat, representing practically so many gold dollars, and leave it piled on the ground awaiting shipment.

For the majority of parliamentarians and for many of the pressmen, this was the initial trip west of the Great Lakes, and both parliament and press should be the better for the bird's-eye view obtained of Canada from coast to coast.

The opening of the new route throws no new illumination on the characters of the men at the head of the C.N.R. It only reasserts with emphasis what these men have been since they began to build railways on the continental scale.



C.N.R. discoverers at the new station in Regina.



At Edmonton, first put on the railway map by the C.N.R. in 1905.

THE CRIME OF K.15

A Realistic Story in Which Every Line Hurries the Reader on to the Next

By GUY THORNE

SOME years ago there had been a young man at Oxford called Paul Arnold. He was the son of a country Rector, and if there is any truth in the familiar saying "parson's sons are the worst," he was certainly a striking illustration of it.

He had gambled, drunk, got into debt, and been "sent down" from the University with every circumstance of disgrace. He had been given a second chance, a situation had been found for him in the city, where, by hard work, he might have risen to a responsible post.

Within six months he had been discovered to have embarked upon a skilful and elaborate scheme of embezzlement, with the inevitable result of a year's hard labour.

His father had died during his conviction, broken-hearted. Towards the end of his term, information came to him that his mother, who still lived in the little country village, where her husband had been Rector, was dangerously ill.

During his term of imprisonment old Mrs. Arnold, the one person in the world who still loved him, had punctually paid him such visits as the prison regulations allowed. The man's father had never attracted his son's love. But Arnold's mother, broken down, irremediably saddened as her life was, had steadfastly refused to give up all hope. The old lady's visits, her letters full of sorrow, tenderness and love, were the only bright spots in the tomb-like gloom of the prison, the only gentle influence that Arnold's evil and crime-sodden heart ever knew.

In France, even the worst of criminals would be allowed, of course, under proper escort, to visit the bedside of a dying mother. In England the laws are not so humane, and day by day, as the moments of Arnold's imprisonment expired, the sands of his mother's life were running out.

Eventually, when he was released he hurried to the remote Cornish village as fast as the express train could take him. But he was half a day too late, and the eyes which had never looked upon him without love and gentleness, were closed for ever.

Paul Arnold, who was a linguist, ceased to cumber the shores of England for some considerable time after his mother's death. The thousand pounds which she had left him kept him in quiet luxury for nearly a year in the South of France and under the skies of Italy, where he passed with such English folk as met him as a reserved, cultivated man of early middle-age.

During this quiet year, mingled with his remorse, was a fierce smouldering hatred for the iron laws which had kept him from his dying mother, for the stern regulations which would not grant him even that remission of the final week of his sentence, which would have enabled him to be present at the deathbed.

When his money was spent, hardly without protest, easily and comfortably, Arnold drifted back into crime.

We find him in London again some two years after his foreign experiences. His name appears in a celebrated criminal trial as an active agent in an affair of blackmail, so heartless, so cruel and dangerous, that the reputations of those who were ruined by the criminals concerned, almost immediately acquired an air of martyrdom.

The sentences upon the engineers of this infamous conspiracy were severe, and Paul Arnold, alias this, alias that, was given twenty years penal servitude.

PAUL ARNOLD NO LONGER.

SO much for the history of Paul Arnold. Now there is no "Paul Arnold." There has not been any Paul Arnold for five years. There is only "K.15."

K.15 is a model prisoner in the great convict establishment of Princemoor—the ultimate organized hell in the West where those who must dwell for long periods in pain are sent.

When visitors came to the huge prison upon the moor, K.15 was always shown to them. He had never broken any prison regulations. The wardens and the Governor pointed to him with pride; he was a gentleman once. Something, the wardens and the Governor were not particularly interested in this, had made him a criminal. But what a man has done "outside" interests those who govern prisons very little. What interests them is whether this or that man makes a good prisoner.

In another ten years his sentence would be "revised" at the Home Office in Whitehall. That is to say, that if his conduct had been uniformly good, a slight remission of the terrible twenty years might be possible.

"A good man that, Snell," said the Deputy Governor to the Chief Warden one morning.

"Never gives the slightest trouble, sir," the Chief Warden replied. "The best prisoner in the place. He is a man we can thoroughly trust. It really seems a shame he ever came here."

Donovan, the warden in charge of B. Gallery, Hall H., saluted. "Chief Warden hasn't said too much,

sir," he volunteered. "K.15 is a real good man. I look to him, in a way, to preserve discipline in the hall."

"The Governor is quite right, of course," the Deputy said, "and meanwhile, as Major Carter will be away for a month, you may give this good conduct prisoner any little indulgences that seem good."

"Thank you, sir," said the warden, "I do believe, when I am allowed, in encouraging well-behaved men. You hear that, Donovan?"

"Yes, sir," said the warden of B. Gallery. "It is what I thought myself. I shall pass it on to Turner."

By this time the Deputy Governor and the Chief Warden had come to the end of the gallery, and were about to descend the circular steps of open iron-work to a lower one. Warden Donovan saluted and resumed his march.

"What did he mean, Snell?" said the Deputy Governor, "by 'passing it on?'"

"Well, sir," the Chief Warden replied, "Officer Donovan is certified for leave. He comes off duty at five o'clock this evening, and he is going straight away by the six o'clock train. His old mother is dying, and if what I hear is true, he will have a bit of a rush to get to her in time."

"Poor fellow," said the Deputy Governor, "I thought he looked a bit piqued. Let us hope he will be in time."

A DEADLY HATRED.

K.15 sat in his cell, waiting the summons to work. The servile look that he had worn for years existed no longer. The face of the prisoner was now haggard and terrible. It shone with an enormous purpose, and there was hatred in it, a deadly hatred.

For five long years K.15 had been distilling hatred. It was quite on the cards, he well knew, that he might die in the prison before his long sentence had expired. It was certain that he would go out into the world an elderly, broken, and useless man.

There would be absolutely nothing for K.15 when he was released upon the world—if, indeed, that ever came to pass. Yet for all his quiet manner and excellent behaviour, the prison life was torture. It was a greater torture than it had been during his previous sentences, for now the memory of his mother's death, and the fact that he had never heard her dying words, became an obsession.

He hated prison and prison-rulers with a hatred so intense that it lay lava-hot, unquenchable within him. He had weighed every possible chance. He had summed up his hopeless situation with bitter deliberation. He had come to a final conclusion. He would escape if possible from Princemoor.

Three days before this very morning, K.15 had been employed in a carpentering job in the officers' quarters. They were about to give a concert in aid of a fund which provided pensions for the widows and orphans of prison wardens. K.15—the clever carpenter, to whom such considerable latitude was allowed—had been employed in erecting the temporary stage in the wardens' recreation room, where the concert was to be held.

In a small room at the back of the improvised stage, K.15 had seen upon a shelf a box of black japanned tin, which he recognized at once. It brought back memories of the past. It was a theatrical make-up box. He had seized his opportunity as a monkey seizes a nut. It was an easy matter to cut off a length of dark brown crepe hair, and to abstract a stick of grease-paint of a dark complexion tint.

After his morning's work he had been marched back to his cell for dinner. During the dinner hour he had concealed his thefts in the mattress of his bed. Like all other prisoners he had to undergo a search twice a day. But this only took place in the morning and evening while his cell was not searched at all.

The day following he had been employed in fixing up some shelves in the prison office. While doing his work there, unobtrusively in a corner, the ordinary routine of the office had been continued. K.15 had learnt that leave had been granted to Warden Donovan to date from five o'clock upon the evening of the following day. Donovan himself, off duty for the moment, had entered the office, and been informed by the Chief Warden that his application for leave was granted, while one of those buff-coloured forms which allow prison wardens to travel upon the railway systems of England at a reduction of fare, had been signed and handed to the officer.

It seemed to K.15 that the fates were playing into his hand at last. The chance of revenge also, for during the evening of that second day Donovan had entered K.15's cell.

"You're to come out with me to-morrow, K.15," he said, "to the new outpost farm on the edge of the moor. The building is all finished, but there are one or two carpentering jobs to be done in the house. It's principally shelves and cupboards you've got to

finish off. Make your tool requisition now, and I will see that you get what you want to-morrow morning when we start. You will come with me directly after breakfast and are excused chapel."

"Thank you, sir," said the model prisoner, writing down upon the form from the stores the tools he thought he would want, and returning the pencil to the warden.

Donovan looked over the list. "Very well, K.15," he said, "I see you have mentioned a glue-pot, you have not wanted one before in any of the work you have done?"

"No, sir," K.15 replied, "but if I might have one it would have a lot of time in nailing and dove-tailing." The eyes of the ex-Oxford man and clergyman's son gave one cunning flicker at the face of his immediate lord and master—the son of a small Cornish farmer.

At nine-thirty K.15 was paraded with the quarry company in the prison yard. In the hollow of his right arm-pit was the inch or two or crepe hair he had stolen two days before, kept in its place by a thread drawn from his mattress. Under his other arm was the thin pencil of grease-paint in its covering of tin-foil. When he raised his arms above his head the threads kept the stolen articles in place, and, as he had expected, Donovan's quick passing of the hands over his clothes was the merest perfunctory ceremony. The quarry party, some hundred and fifty strong, tramped out of the prison gates escorted by warders with loaded carbines.

K.15 marched with the rest along the road to the quarries which were a mile away, over his shoulders a bass containing his carpenter's tools.

At the quarry, in obedience to a sharp order, he left the ranks and trudged forward with Donovan a mile and a half into the trackless moor. Here a space of several acres had been recently re-claimed, and a small farmhouse erected.

So trusted and safe was K.15 considered, that he was to spend the whole day at work in the farmhouse. In his bass of tools he carried the bread and cheese which was to form his dinner. It was not thought worth while to march him back again to the prison at mid-day. And Donovan also had a packet of sandwiches in his pocket.

The two men tramped along under the low and sullen sky, the prisoner a little in front. When they were well out of sight of the quarry Donovan gave the order to halt.

"I think I'll have a smoke," he said, in a friendly voice. He felt quite certain that his charge would not give him away.

"I wish I could, sir," said K.15.

"Well, you've brought yourself so's you can't," said Donovan, sententiously, "and that's none of my fault, K.15. Still, I don't say that when we get out there, and after you've eaten your dinner, I mayn't let you have a whiff or two. I have never been hard on you, K.15, and you're a well-behaved man—we'll see."

K.15 touched his prison cap in servile gratitude, and the pair tramped onwards.

The warden puffed at his old briar pipe, but his dark-complexioned face was hard and anxious. There was a look of pain and yearning in his eyes.

The quick-minded convict saw at once that there was something wrong with his jailer. The look in Donovan's eyes had not escaped him. But he imagined that simply an impatience at the last few hours of duty which remained before his leave began.

A STRANGE FATED COUPLE.

THE November day was as dark as at late afternoon. Along the road the heather was brown and lifeless; an utter desolation surrounded them, only broken by the cry of a curlew as it flitted over the moor.

And in the secret and ominous contrast to the outward vision of the two figures—the one erect and soldierly in its dark-blue uniform, the other, of the same height and build, erect and soldierly, too—were the thoughts of these men's minds, the difference of their natures. One, the warden, was honest, simple, and kind. Of humble birth and of few advantages, he had always done his duty. His heart was wrung with anxiety and filial love.

The other complex, subtle, a child of evil, had been born a gentleman, with many advantages. His life had been a life of shame. Murder and hatred filled his heart!

A strange couple, upon a desolate road, each man marching to his appointed doom!

At last the farmhouse loomed up before them, a low range of buildings which stood up against the leaden sky like a silhouette of black.

They came to it, Donovan opened the door with a key, the two men entered.

Their feet rang with a melancholy sound in the empty dwelling as K.15 dumped his basket of tools upon the stone floor.

"It's those cupboards you've got to do, K.15," said the warden, pointing to a couple of recesses on either side of the kitchen fireplace. "You ought to be able to fit in all the shelves before I march you back.

The wood is stacked against the wall, and there's a trestle bench to saw on. Now get to work."

K.15 saluted, emptied his tools upon the bench, and began to measure the cupboards with his two-foot rule. Then he marked the thin planks of wood with a joiner's pencil, and began to saw them off into the requisite lengths.

It was now nearing eleven o'clock.

For half an hour the convict worked steadily. As he sawed he whistled a little tune, and Donovan did not reprove him. The warder had his loaded carbine slung upon his shoulder, and walked up and down the kitchen and the passage beyond. Now and then he strode to the door looking out into the gloom for minutes at a time.

And all the while the sawing went on and the brisk movements of the model prisoner were heard about his bench.

The warder never saw that K.15 had fumbled in his jacket, taken an inch or two of dark crepe hair and a stick of theatrical grease-paint from it, and hidden them under a pile of shavings.

The warder looked at his watch.

"Stop work," he ordered, "and you can eat your dinner. You've got an hour allowed you."

K.15 saluted. "Thank you, sir," he said, "but while I am eating my dinner, wouldn't it be as well if the glue-pot were heated? There's a little coal in the grate and plenty of wood and shavings."

"All right," said Donovan, "make up the fire, and I'll set light to it. And what's more, K.15, I've got a spare pipe on me, and you shall have a smoke."

He smiled kindly at the convict as he said it, and began to fumble in his pockets with both hands, as K.15 turned to his bench for chips of wood.

His chance had come.

He wheeled round, swift as an arrow, with a heavy wooden mallet in his hand.

He saw the anxious, kindly look in the warder's eyes flash into a momentary stare of horrified surprise, and then the mallet descended heavily upon his forehead with a soft and sickening crunch.

The warder fell like a log.

K.15 was upon him in an instant. It took hardly any time to see that the man was absolutely stunned, killed it might be.

With swift, nervous fingers, the figure in the yellow and fantastic clothes starred with the broad arrow, crouched over the fallen man like a panther.

K.15 ESCAPES.

QUICKLY, K.15 dressed himself in the warder's clothes. They fitted him exactly. Then, with the warder's matches he lit the fire, and the water in the glue-pot began to hiss.

There was a coil of wire for fencing in the yard. The convict fetched it, severed two lengths with blows of his chisel and mallet, and bound the wrists and ankles of the unconscious man with cruel joy. Then walking up and down the kitchen, watching the glue melt, he ate his own bread and cheese and Donovan's sandwiches; earing the food like a beast of prey, bolting it like a dog.

In five minutes, when he had finished the food, K.15 saw that the glue was liquid. With practised fingers he fashioned a moustache from the crepe hair and rubbed grease from the stick into the skin of his face until it resembled the complexion of the warder, and hid the prison pallor of his own.

He had plenty of time. His plans were laid. He would make a detour over the moor and strike the station previous to Princemoor—a tiny wayside place. The actual alarm, owing to the exceptional circumstances of his day's work, would hardly be given before he was already in the Plymouth train.

He pulled the peak cap far over his brow. He adjusted the steel chain which fell from the belt of black leather. Then, a thought striking him, he took up the warder's carbine, and slung it on his back. That would give the finishing touch. He could represent himself—if needs be—as pursuing an escaped prisoner. Also, he had a weapon of defiance, or a means of speedy death.

His spirits rose. He examined the pockets of the stolen clothes he wore.

A silver watch and chain. A leather purse with money in it—three, four, five pounds in gold, and some silver! the warder's holiday money! Well! Donovan would not want it now!

A horrid cackle of laughter rang out in the gloomy room. This was better, far better than K.15 had dared to hope. And yes!—here was the railway order to Plymouth—some private letters also that there was not time to read.

All was going well, and K.15 laughed again. He bent down to the man upon the stone floor. No, he was not killed. His heart and pulse, as he felt them, were irregular, his breathing not quite normal. But he would come to himself in an hour or so. He was only stunned.

An hour after mid-day a cold fog rose and covered the moorlands. The stars in their courses were fighting for K.15.

By two he found that his knowledge of the moor had served him so well that he was only a quarter of a mile away from the little station which was his gate of salvation. He actually met the simple porter of the place, walking home to his dinner a mile away.

"Nother of thim got away?" said the porter, in the mist. "Well, he'll be caught again, they always are. Plymouth train? yes, there's one at three. It

don't come from Princemoor. It starts from our station. It's mostly goods, and there's only one passenger coach. So long, mate, and good luck."

Upon a granite boulder, hidden in a clump of trees just above the station, K.15 sat and waited. He looked at his watch—it was years since he had handled one.

Half an hour at the very least before it would be
(Continued on page 18.)

Conquering the Earth

A CROSS a river in Russia there was a beautiful and marvelous bridge that led away from a busy city into the open country beyond where traffic and trains tied cities and towns together in a web of human industry. The bridge was a triumph of industrial art. It was the highest expression of the worker in iron and steel, the skilled engineer, the construction expert, the busy, shrewd labour of hundreds upon hundreds of men in smelters, foundries and factories, on girders and beams and trestles

swinging aloft over the blue of the river in full view of the city. And the bridge when it was done was not only a thing to use, but an object of beauty.

In similar smelters and foundries and factories other men by hundreds in an adjoining country, laboured day by day to produce a thing that the designer and the tester should pronounce perfect of its kind. This thing of steel, copper, wire, and finely adjusted high explosives became under the hands of many men, and almost as intelligent machinery, a marvelous piece of constructive art. To the last man handling it, the modern shell was a thing of beauty. The shell cost more money than would have kept him in food and clothes for a year. Hundreds of these costly and perfect projectiles were piled on a railway car and carried to the mechanical transport lines of the troops massing on the bridge. Great guns were hauled up and loaded with shells. Air scouts gave the direction and distance, and shell after shell was hurled from the guns on to the beautiful bridge. When the shells quit hurtling the bridge was a mass of ruins choking the stream below. The shells in destroying it destroyed also themselves.

A GREAT FILM PICTURE CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA



SINCE production of film dramas began to eclipse anything in real life there never has been the equal of this photograph of an actual scene that took place last week in the Adirondacks. Morning papers on Saturday of last week contained a sensational story of how the William Fox Co., producing the film version of the opera Carmen, played in Canada the week previous by the Boston Opera Co., were being prosecuted by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The cause was the incident shown in this photograph. Don Jose after his killing of Carmen in the play is seized with remorse. Even the most modern resources of the opera stage were unable to show what happened to him as a result. The film-producer steps in and gives the film "fans" the picture. Don Jose leaps on his horse down a high embankment—to his death. This leap might have been faked with a dummy figure and a dummy horse. Instead it was

done on Thursday, October 21st, in real life by "Art" Davis on a horse over the Au Sable Chasm in the Adirondacks. The wild leap terminated in a pool of water, dotted by sharp, ugly crags of rock. Cata-pulted from the great height, both horse and rider struck the water together. In the perpendicular descent, horse and rider turned two complete somersaults. One of the five camera men assigned to cover the scene, fainted as horse and rider fell. Davis was fished out of the pool, the bottom of which he and his horse had touched, and rushed in a special Pullman car to the Flower Hospital in New York, whence it was found he had a broken leg and many bruises. He has a chance for recovery. The horse was uninjured and swam ashore. The A. S. P. C. A. claim that the horse was not a trained animal, that he balked at the leap and had to be blindfolded and sprung from a trap. The platform is shown in the picture.

LIVING UNDER WAR CONDITIONS: 9000 MEN



Ambulances were necessary, although the casualties were few—mostly "broken feet" from hard marching. As each regiment approached a town, the friends (if any) of the men came out to meet them. These are some of the 37th on the edge of Hamilton.



The "Cooker" or Field Kitchen makes the life of the soldier much easier—it trails along at the end of the column, cooking as it goes. When the column halts, dinner is ready.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

The Canadian Army of 9,000 Men War-Marching from Niagara to Toronto

FOR two weeks beginning on Monday, Oct. 25th, the country between Niagara Camp and Toronto has been a spectacle the like of which has never been known in modern Canada. In that period 9,000 men with all the impedimenta and most of the accoutrements of modern war moved from the old camp to the new. Headed by the advance guard of the 37th, followed by that battalion's band, commanding officer and the main body of the regiment, with a flying corps of cycle scouts hovering anywhere in front or rear of the advance guard, the greatest army that ever trailed through any part of Canada turned the Niagara Peninsula and the mainland to the north-east into a scene of almost actual war. Any airman flying over the trail of that army and not knowing what it was, might have imagined the scene was in the Champagne country in France—except for the absence of artillery action and the storming of trenches.

More than a century ago small British armies marched through the bush in Ontario, and the border war of 1812 saw redcoat troops trailing in the name of the King from interior to frontier. But no army ever went a hundred-mile trail in this country equal in size or fighting capacity of this khaki-clad force headed by the 37th Battalion en route from Niagara to Toronto. The men did not march keeping time to the music of bands as the great German army marched through Belgium more than a year ago. They walked, carrying their rifles in any way they chose, hitting the road and trailing through the fruitlands, not with the precise regimental click of the drill-ground, but with the steady, serious advance of a body of trained warriors bent on getting from point to point with the greatest possible ease.

The entire period of road work performed by any one part of the troops covered about five days. The 37th struck camp Monday morning, Oct. 25th. By noon they were under way. The 37th reached High Park in the west end of Toronto some time before noon on Saturday. They had arrived ahead of schedule. The newspaper programme allowed for the formal reception by the Mayor of Toronto at 1.30. Thousands of people turned out to witness the

arrival. Thousands were fooled. The 37th sent word from High Park to the Mayor that they had formally invaded Toronto. The Mayor received them at one o'clock. The 37th were in camp at Exhibition Park before many people knew they had arrived at all.

The men were in first-class condition. Disablements were few. The ambulance had a few cases of broken feet and other trifling ailments. But the 9,000 men, bag and baggage, camp paraphernalia and all, stood the trek as successfully as trained athletes.

British Faith Unshaken

IN a few trenchant descriptive paragraphs Sir John French condenses the great story of the British advance which commenced on September 25th and gave Germany a sample of what she may expect in future—at any time.

September 30.

We have now reached a definite stage in the great battle, which commenced on the 25th last.

Our Allies in the south have pierced the enemy's last line of entrenchments and effected large captures of prisoners and guns.

The 10th French army, on our immediate right, has been heavily opposed, but has brilliantly succeeded in securing the important position known as the Vimy Ridge.

The operations of the British forces have been most successful, and have had great and important results.

On the morning of the 25th inst. the First and Fourth Corps attacked and carried the enemy's first and most powerful line of entrenchments, extending from our extreme right flank at Grenay to a point north of the Hohenzollern Redoubt—a distance of 6,500 yards.

This position was exceptionally strong, consisting of a double line, which included some large redoubts and a network of trenches and bomb-proof shelters. Dugouts were constructed at short intervals all along the line, some of them being large caves 30 feet below the ground.

The Eleventh Corps, in general reserve, and the Third Cavalry Division were subsequently thrown into the fight, and finally the 28th Division.

After the vicissitudes attendant upon every great fight, the enemy's second line posts were taken, the commanding position known as Hill 70, an advance

of Loos, was finally captured, and a strong line was established and consolidated in close proximity to the German third and last line.

The main operations south of the La Basse Canal were much facilitated and assisted by the subsidiary attacks delivered by the Third and Indian Corps and the troops of the Second Army.

Great help was also rendered by the operations of the Fifth Corps east of Ypres, during which some important captures were made.

We are also much indebted to Vice-Admiral Bacon and our naval comrades for the valuable co-operation of the fleet.

Our captures have amounted to over 3,000 prisoners and some 25 guns, besides many machine guns and a quantity of war material.

The enemy has suffered heavy losses, particularly in the many counter-attacks, by which he has vainly endeavoured to wrest back the captured positions, but which have all been gallantly repulsed by our troops.

I desire to express to the army under my command my deep appreciation of the splendid work they have accomplished, and my heartfelt thanks for the brilliant leadership displayed by General Sir Douglas Haig, and the corps and divisional commanders who acted under his orders in the main attack.

In the same spirit of admiration and gratitude I wish particularly to comment upon the magnificent spirit, indomitable courage, and dogged tenacity displayed by the troops.

Old Army, New Army, and Territorials have vied with one another in the heroic conduct displayed throughout the battle by officers, non-commissioned officers, and men.

I feel the utmost confidence and assurance that the same glorious spirit which has been so marked a feature throughout the first phase of this great battle will continue until our efforts are crowned by final and complete victory.

(Signed).

J. D. P. FRENCH,

Field-Marshal, Commanding-in-Chief British Army in the Field.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

Last week, we published the first of a series of letters from Mr. Britton B. Cooke, a well-known Canadian correspondent, who has been spending some weeks in England and France. Other letters will appear in future issues of the Canadian Courier. He has had special opportunities of seeing our troops in the firing line, and his impressions will be accurate as well as vivid and illuminating.

MARCHING FROM NIAGARA TO TORONTO



This is the greatest "march" ever undertaken by Canadian troops. Each battalion will be five days under war conditions. One battalion broke camp each day—the 37th, the leaders, are here shown taking down their tents.



They leave Niagara on their long trek, smiling and determined. Transport wagons ready to start.



The oval picture is typical "army transportation" in 1915. The drinking scene by the wayside may indicate that some water bottles are sweeter than others. The lower picture is typical of the hundred miles of country lying between the Niagara River and the city of Toronto. These photographs were taken by a camera man who followed the moving army much more closely than any camera man or war correspondent is permitted to follow any army in Europe. There was no restriction on the taking of pictures except the weather—which as a rule was excellent for marching, but not always so favourable for photography. The pictures shown here are on'y a selection from dozens almost as good, and they represent a step forward in out-door photography.

Canadians and British Diplomacy

By THE MONOCLE MAN

THE present confusion—as I write—in the British Capital over vital questions of diplomacy, foreign relations, Balkan negotiations and military strategy, will—if we will but look squarely into it—reveal to us just what a certain school of thought in this country are constantly prodding us up to demand when they insist that we should share in the guidance of Imperial policy if we are to be asked to share in its burdens. That is, they argue that we should not have to fight for what our diplomats do unless we help tell these diplomats what to do. Yet if these men have had their ears to the ground, they will have noted that the privileged electors of the United Kingdom have not been telling the British diplomats or rulers what to do in this most critical time in our history—not to any extent that you would notice.

THIS is plain at a glance. How much did the voter in London or Midlothian know of what went on of late in regard to Balkan bargaining or military strategy? The first that he heard of the critical operation of landing Allied troops on Greek soil was after it had been done; and he only heard it then as a vague rumour which as a rule he proceeded to disbelieve. He was not consulted. He was not advised. He was committed to this whole policy before he heard of it. I am not suggesting that he should have been consulted. It is only possible to wage war by secret councils and hidden plans which reveal themselves to the enemy in the form of surprise attacks. It is only possible to conduct a foreign policy by secret negotiations and carefully concealed manoeuvres and cypher communications. There is no use talking nonsense about it. Government by public meeting is impossible, touching matters in which the most profound and well-preserved secrecy is an imperative condition of success.

BUT, in such a time as this, it becomes plainer to the average man how little it is possible for him to know about his own business in these delicate and difficult fields of foreign politics, if he wants that business to be effectively transacted. And, of course, he does. A failure in his foreign policy or his military preparations may mean the needless killing of his boy on the field of battle. But, so long as his foreign policies must be pushed in competition with the foreign policies of secret oligarchies—such as the German—he must meet secrecy with secrecy, or suffer inevitable defeat on every occasion, because his plans are known in advance by his rivals or his enemies.

IMMERELY mention this—not at all to dissuade our people from accepting a share in the government of the Empire—they must inevitably assume that share—but to help in getting before our minds quite clearly what it is we are being urged to demand. It is simply that we send a few of our public men over to London to begin learning the business of diplomacy and foreign politics and international manoeuvring and military preparedness. All this will be good for them and good for us. I am wholly in favour of it. But what I am trying to suggest is that our people should not imagine for a moment that this will mean that they themselves will be asked to share in these intricate and necessarily secret operations. If they are led to expect this, they will be disappointed—they will look for too much from the men we send over—they may interfere with the smooth working of the Imperial machine.

CANADA will have to do exactly what Great Britain and Ireland do—namely, she will be compelled to select a small representative group who will go over to London, learn all they can about the government of the Empire, the intricate business of diplomacy and the best methods of defending the one and supporting the other; and then will share in these tasks on our behalf. We shall have to trust them utterly. We shall not know what they are doing in our name until after they have done it. All we can do, if we do not like what they have done, is to recall them and replace them with other men who will proceed to do precisely as they like behind closed doors. That is, we will be exactly in the position of the free-born British voters in this regard. They can sometimes—where the opposition differs—turn a Government out if they do not approve of its foreign policy; but they can seldom escape from the obligation of carrying out that policy. We, of course, cannot turn the Imperial Government out—all we can do is to punish our representatives who probably will have been no more than pupils of the British experts throughout the whole business.

THE need of saying these things and getting them clearly before our minds, is chiefly to let the thunder out of the campaign which is waged from time to time on the lines that Canadians should

not be asked to share in the costs of Britain's foreign policy until they are invited to share in shaping it. It sounds so plausible that our people may be taken in by it. They may imagine that they are being barred out of the council chamber when their fellow British subjects, who live in London and Midlothian, are sitting comfortably down in "the seats of the mighty," telling Grey and Asquith and Lansdowne how to govern the Empire and fool the foreigner. So that it is just as well that they should realize promptly that they are not being so discriminated against. What is being denied them is—so far as foreign politics go—the little-used power possessed by the British voter to turn out one set of Foreign Office experts and put in another, who will usually proceed to carry out exactly the policy of their predecessors. For, while a Liberal Foreign Minister

does not dream of consulting the British people—or even the British Parliament—or even the whole of his own Cabinet—regarding his policy toward foreign nations, he does consult constantly with the foreign policy experts of the Conservative party; and vice versa.

LET us by all means get into the game as soon as we can. Our contribution of soldiers to the armies of the Empire at the present time is by far the longest step we have yet taken toward representation on the governing bodies of the Empire. Sir Robert Borden speaks with an augmented weight in London every time a Canadian gets into the King's uniform. It doesn't matter so much what they call him or to what committee they call him. Fighting weight is what counts to-day. Let us send our permanent representatives to London as soon as it can be arranged. That is the only path by which we will attain to real Imperial importance. But when academic theorists want us to sell our blood for formal written representation on some Imperial committee—and want us to demand the price in advance—let us realize just what it means.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Balkania the Storm Centre

THERE never was a map of small area representing such a large combination of world forces in focus as this map of Balkania on this page. Chief interest just now centres in Bulgaria. The Allies are landing troops at Salonika for operation against the Bulgars at Strumnitz immediately north. The Austro-Germans are operating along the Danube in the north. Belgrade is in their hands. The Bulgars are advancing from Sofia, their own capital, upon Nish. To the west, at Uskub, they have cut the railway running from Salonika to Nish, necessary for the transport of Allied troops from Salonika. Allied war ships are bombarding the southern ports of Bulgaria on the Aegean. Greece is still in a state of armed neutrality, but will not protest against the further landing of Allied troops at Salonika. Roumania has decided to stay on the fence a while longer. She is not likely to go against the Allies. Neither will she allow Russian troops to pass through to the aid of the Serbs. Russia

must force an entrance through Bulgaria. She is already bombarding the ports of Varna and Burghaz on the Black Sea. Meanwhile, the Austro-German forces are in touch with the Turks, whom they are ready to supply with munitions of war against the Allied forces at the Dardanelles. It seems altogether likely that the main part of this winter's fighting will be done in this area while eastern and western lines hold. With a spectacular and costly success for the time being in the East against the Russians, and a partial success in brute-force diplomacy with the Bulgars against the Allies, Germany finds this a good time to send out feelers for peace on terms of her own suggestion. Germany has tackled the biggest and last of all her spectacular jobs in creating this third front. Constantinople, is twice as far from Berlin as the eastern border of Poland and it can only be reached through a country of much greater difficulty in transportation than Poland.

THE SEVEN STATES OF BALKANIA, BELLIGERENT AND NEUTRAL



This sketch map shows at a glance the complicated area of southern Europe, where the war began in 1914, and where it now converges in diplomacy and military operations. The railway lines from Austria-Hungary through Serbia, Roumania and Bulgaria to Constantinople are all marked, as well as the southward Macedonian line to Salonika, where Anglo-French troops are being landed.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

As We See Others

Smokes for Soldiers

SINCE the outbreak of war, there has been an immense quantity of tobacco bestowed upon our fighting men, and there are few women in Canada who have not sent cigarettes to soldiers during the last twelve months. Surely, it is both wise and kindly to send what is so badly needed. The authorities unite in declaring that the men in the trenches and the convalescents are emphatic concerning the joys of the cigarette-case. It is rather bewildering, then, to find the members of the W. C. T. U., in convention assembled, advising that tobacco should not be sent to the men who are doing the hardest work of the Empire. Surely, these Canadian women, who have done so much work that is excellent and constructive, are wasting their energies in opposition to what can hardly be called harmful. This is, by no means, a normal time, and if the soldiers find cigarettes soothing and nerve-restoring, by all means, let us send them. The liquor traffic is another story, and the fight against its evils is well worth while. But My Lady Nicotine is neither a demon nor a vampire—but a gentle creature of smiles and good-nature amid a vapour of dreamy blue.

The Peace Crank

THE National Council of Women, which assembled for its twenty-first annual meeting in Toronto, during the last week of October, showed that we are able to carry on many good ways and works as usual, even in these distressing days. There was much useful discussion and the Council managed to pass a suffrage motion or commendation, in spite of the protest of the minority. There was a peace crank present, in the person of Miss Chrystal McMillan, who acted as secretary for the International Peace Congress, an organization inspired and hypnotized last year by Rosika Schwimmer, of Austria—a circumstance already mentioned by "Cornelia" of the Toronto "Telegram." As every Canadian woman ought to know, that International Peace Congress, which met at The Hague last spring, was acting in the interests of Germany and Austria, and was, therefore, on the side of the enemies who are mutilating children, murdering women and torturing helpless prisoners. Nice company for a woman of British birth—and "easy" hearers are the members of the National Council, who invited this precious secretary to address them. No, Chrystal, we don't want

you. Your place is with the noble citizens of Berlin or Hamburg—and may you be proud of your friends!

The Eternal Problem

IT is said that, in spite of the talk of hard times and the need for economy, it is as difficult as ever to secure a good domestic helper. For some reason or other, women will not take such a situation unless every other resource fails. Until it is comparatively easy for the ordinary city household to secure a good maid, we need not talk about the desperate need of women toilers. Here is an advertisement taken at random from a Canadian paper, "Wanted, maid-general, family three, no children, no washing, highest wages." Even in this year of much striving to make ends meet, it seems necessary to tempt the domestic toiler, in all manner of ways, if the housewife is to secure the desired help. So long as this class of service remains uncrowded, it hardly seems in accordance with facts to dwell upon how badly off we have become. Until there is a goodly supply of "generals," this country may be considered in a prosperous way.

Treats Along the Trek

THE battalions from Niagara had a memorable march to Toronto last week and probably enjoyed every mile of the way. "Vineland," which is one of the most beautiful spots in that picturesque peninsula, was re-Christened "Pieland," because the hospitable housewives of that neighbourhood assembled in swarms, bearing pies of varied de-



Before this picture reaches our readers the result of the voting on "Woman Suffrage" in New York will be known. Mrs. Herbert S. Carpenter led the State Suffrage Association in the Monster Parade in New York, which was part of the campaign. She is shown here returning the salute of a fellow marshal.



This striking picture from "Somewhere in France" illustrates perfectly the importance of "The Woman at the Front." It was taken after the recent British advance, when the wounded were being sent by train to the rear.

nominations. We have been told that the surest road to a man's heart is paved with culinary concoctions—and a pie is the easiest route of them all. Cream puffs are not always desired, angel cake is a trifle superfluous, but pie, whether it takes the form of raspberry tart or pumpkin splendour, is the daintiest dish to set before a soldier. And, if you wish to taste the Canadian pie at its best, you will find it in lovely, smiling Vineland, where a paradise of fruit stretches down to the blue waters of Lake Ontario. But there is nothing too good for our soldier boys, and we know those good housewives of Lincoln County were never happier than when they saw Colonel Genet's men storming the pie reserves.

Echoes of Red Cross Week

THE most patriotic pockets that ever were, is the verdict on Ontario's response, during the third week of October, to the Red Cross appeal for funds. Just for a few moments, let us contemplate something pleasant and reviving, by way of contrast to those abominable Bulgarians and those wavering Greeks. The collection taken up in Ontario in Trafalgar week should remain in the memory as a most heartening example of how we have aroused to the necessity for helping. Toronto made its citizens feel a glow of "it's worth while to belong," but it must be remembered that all over the province, the proportion of giving was high. In the town of Aylmer, for instance, the record was two thousand five hundred dollars, from a population of two thousand one hundred—over the dollar mark per capita. So, if there is much that is infinitely saddening in the

strife abroad, there is much that is inspiring in the generosity at home. It was a general, sweeping response, from town and city, from hamlet and hill-side, and it's a poor citizen who will forget the Trafalgar Week of 1915.

Ford the Fussy

WE are ever so tired of hearing the opinions of Henry Ford on every possible subject. He seems to have a bad case of a rush of importance to the head. Let him stick to cars and leave large issues alone, for, the more he talks, the more muddled he becomes. He's like the oldtime politicians who discoursed in "one, weak, washy, everlasting flood."

ERIN.

War Work for Winter Months

THE National Relief Committee have issued a booklet on "War Work," which is one of the most comprehensive guides to the requirements of the various societies in charge of relief work which has yet been published. In a paragraph devoted to the needs of the Canadian Red Cross Society, the following statements are made:

"The Butterick Company has most kindly cut a new set of Red Cross patterns expressly for the use of the Canadian Society, and we urge all workers to apply for these, not forgetting to enclose ten cents to cover expenses of mailing each set. Apply to the Red Cross Head Office or Local Branch and not to the Butterick Company.

"All the articles described in this book are wanted continuously unless notice to the contrary is issued.

"Flannel shirts, pyjamas, and hospital suits are never over-stocked, but the garment most in demand is socks. We appeal to expert sock-knitters not to knit wristlets, scarves and helmets, but to knit only socks.

"Kit-bags are also always in demand, and well-made surgical dressings, but bandages should not be made by women who can sew and knit. Bandage-rolling can be efficiently done by men and boys. Some of the best bandages received by the Society are from this source; and for the rest our Commissioner can purchase factory-made bandages in England, in dust-proof cases for the cost of the cotton here.

"We cannot have too large a quantity of the following garments (besides knitted goods described afterwards), which are supplied to the sick and wounded and prisoners, and not to the 'well' soldiers in camp or in the trenches.

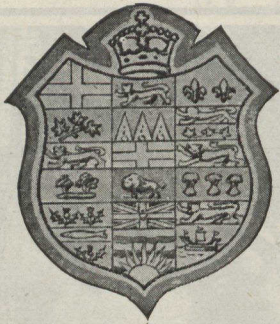
"The following garments are required:

(Continued on page 20.)



Mrs. George Brown, former mistress of Government House, Regina. Mr. and Mrs. Brown have taken the Toronto home of the late Senator Cox and will reside there during the coming year.

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Not Yet in Jail

ANSWERING "Expectant Reader" and "Pro Bono Publico" the Courier is pleased to announce that Sir Rodmond Roblin and his Ministers are not yet in jail. These gentlemen are still free to come and go, and their boyish escapade is rapidly being forgotten. Mr. Kelly, the contractor, is still abroad, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Chicago, and Winnipeg waits in vain for his return.

Answering "Citizen" and "Reformer," the same announcement is made with regard to all those who sold ancient and decrepit horses to the Government in August, 1914. Notwithstanding the patience and persistence of Judge Davidson and Mr. John Thompson, K.C., no man who "did" the Government in horses and horse feed has yet gone to jail.

Indeed, it may be admitted, for the benefit of any who may be ignorant, that the man who "does" a Government is not likely to be incarcerated. The chances are about one million to one in his favour. Ministers of Justice and Attorney-Generals, as we have them in Canada, do not believe that imprisonment is a fitting reward for this brand of business ability.

Doubtful Gifts

CANADA, in a burst of loyalty, sent a million bags of flour to Great Britain. It was a doubtful gift, because the British Government was not accustomed to giving away flour or even to selling it. The flour has been a burden to them. Finally, they sold the most of it and used the money for relief purposes.

The Province of Ontario, in a similar burst of loyalty, contributed \$500,000 to the Dominion for the purchase of machine guns. Apparently this was a doubtful gift also, because it was not stipulated that these should be "extra" guns. The Militia Department had already ordered all the machine guns it needed, so Ontario's half million was thrown into the general fund.

In these days of exceptional generosity and patriotism, the heart is apt to take precedence over the brain. This is something which individuals and governments must watch closely.

Enlarging Our Navy

SIR GEORGE FOSTER, Minister of Trade and Commerce, tried to make arrangements with the British Government to supply ships to take away Canada's big 1915 crop. Sir George failed to impress the London authorities.

Sir Robert Borden went to England and he tried to make such an arrangement. When he returned he announced that "something" would be done. But nothing was done. Sir Robert was disappointed.

Then a committee of the Cabinet was formed to deal especially with this great Canadian problem. Mr. Sanford Evans, ex-Mayor of Winnipeg, and investigator of the Georgian Bay Canal scheme, was made secretary. This committee has succeeded where Sir George Foster and Sir Robert Borden tried. At least it is announced from London that the British Government have placed three captured German sailing ship at their disposal—the Terpsichore, 2,000 tons; the Chili, 2,000 tons, and the Cargl, 3,000 tons.

The Courier would respectfully suggest that when these three sailing vessels have completed the light task of transporting two hundred million bushels of grain to England, that they be rechristened "Foster," "Borden" and "Evans," and added to the Canadian navy. They would be splendid auxiliary vessels in case of a war between Canada and Patagonia. The command of each might be bestowed on three of our most famous honorary colonels, seeing that there are no honorary vice-admirals available. Crews

could be recruited from the Royal St. Lawrence or the Royal Canadian Yacht Clubs.

Napoleon and the Kaiser

EVERY day the resemblance between Emperor William and the Kaiser grows stronger. In 1810, France stretched from the confines of Naples to the Baltic, Holland and the Hanseatic towns having been the latest additions. It was possible to travel from Lubeck to Rome without passing outside the boundaries of Napoleon's domain.

Shortly it may be possible to travel from Hamburg to Constantinople without passing outside the area controlled by the Kaiser's soldiers. Austria is virtually a vassal kingdom of the Prussian, and Bulgaria will shortly be dominated by the same impudent power.

Another comparison lies in the inevitable end of this attempt at world-conquest. Napoleon's final defeat was inevitable from his first campaign, and so is the Kaiser's. Napoleon attempted the impossible, and so did the Kaiser. Napoleon's Russian expedition of 1812 has been much discussed in comparison with the Kaiser's Russian campaign of 1915. It remains to be seen whether the results will be the same, but at present it seems likely. The campaign in Bulgaria has its counterpart in Saxony in 1813. Napoleon's great victory at Dresden in August of that year only postponed the great defeat at Leipsic in October. The Kaiser may occupy Nish and join hands with the Turks, but his Leipsic will come sooner or later.

Between Napoleon's last great victory at Dresden in August, 1813, and the occupation of Paris in March, 1814, there was only a period of five months. The downfall of the Kaiser may be less swift, but it is equally certain. Will it be Elba or St. Helena?

The New Shell Committee

RUMOURS of all kinds have emanated from Ottawa as to what has happened to the Shell Committee which was composed of General Bertram, Honorary Colonels Cantley, Watts and Car-

A MESSAGE FROM SIR HERBERT AMES

"ON behalf of the Executive of the National Canadian Patriotic Fund, I want to thank you for your two admirable editorials, that of September 18th, entitled 'First Duty,' and that of October 2nd, entitled 'Patriotic Giving.' The country has gone mad on war subscriptions. Every day a new fund springs into being. Many individuals are taxing their ingenuity to the utmost to conceive of new objects for which money can be collected, hence your warning that the two great funds—the national Canadian Patriotic Fund and the Canadian Red Cross Fund—must be adequately supported before other claims are taken up, is very much to the point."

negie, General Benson, Col. Greville Harston and Col. Lafferty. These rumours all centred in the charge that these honourable gentlemen had been letting contracts at rather extravagant prices, and that

Sir Robert Borden had suddenly called a halt in their activities.

Of course, Sir Robert could only do this through Mr. Thomas, Mr. Lloyd George's special representative, since the committee was appointed by the British Government. So that it will probably be fair to say that Sir Robert Borden and Mr. Thomas have collaborated in any reorganization that has taken place.

The general opinion seems to be that there will be a new committee under the leadership of Mr. Lionel Hitchens, who has recently arrived from England, and General Bertram. The latter is the only one of the old committee to survive.

No doubt there are two sides to the story, but the old Shell Committee has few defenders. They were too generous to a few firms and neglected to follow the admirable lead set by Hon. Mr. Kemp's commission which has been buying war supplies at tremendously reduced prices. They were probably honest enough, but did not realize that over-generosity is a vicious virtue.

Perhaps the former members of this famous Shell Committee will subscribe for a nice memorial, say, the latest type of German bomb, for Mr. Frank P. Jones, general manager of the Canada Cement Company, who is said to be the chief cause of their loss of power. Brother Jones is a hard fighter, quick on his feet, and with the ability to bore in. If the bomb is not presented soon, Mr. Jones may live long enough to tell a waiting world the interesting details of his famous gloveless prize-fight.

The Call to Arms

BEFORE war broke out, it was decided that in the event of trouble in Europe, in which the Empire was in danger, Canada might send one division, 20,000 men, abroad. That was considered the limit of our abilities. Indeed, in the South African campaign, Canada sent only 4,000 troops. Because the country had grown bigger and stronger, it was thought that we could supply a division this time.

Instead of sending one division, Canada has already three divisions in France, another in England, and more than three in training at home. Already, seven divisions have been raised in only fifteen months.

But Canada proposes to do more. As a result of the King's Appeal to the Empire, the Canadian Government has issued a call for five new divisions. This is the heaviest demand that has yet been made on us, but it will be met cheerfully and promptly as always.

When this is met, Canada will have called to arms twelve divisions, or 240,000 men. This will be a decisive answer to those who think Canada is not sufficiently enthusiastic. It will be twelve times the number that the British military experts, before the war, expected to get from this country in case of a menace to the Empire.

Freedom, All Hail!

An incident, well vouched for, is reported from an Ontario town. A servant who was born in Finland was discussing the war with some of the women of the village. One of these was an Englishwoman with the usual pronounced views. The Finn woman said:

"I don't want the Russians to win. They have not treated my country well."

"Now, you look here," remarked the English woman, "I want you to know that you can't talk those things here. This is a free country and we won't allow it."

MONTREAL GIVES A BOOST TO RECRUITING



The call for more men stimulates our greatest Canadian city. Highland Pipers from New York headed the recruiting march of the 73rd Canadian Highlanders in Montreal last week. The procession is here seen marching through Victoria Square into the crowded financial district along St. James Street.

The Annexation Society

OR THE ADVENTURES OF JIMMIE TRICKETT.

BY J. S. FLETCHER.

THIS is one of the curiosity-cure stories. It has nothing to do with the war. The motif is straight mystery, such as usually calls for the expert talent of Raffles or Sherlock Holmes. The Tsar's Golden Cross disappears from the Royal apartments of one of the great English country seats, and to locate it taxes the ingenuity of both British and French experts in criminology. The crime in the case quite evidently does not emanate from the East End. The Golden Cross thief is not a Hooligan. Who is he? The discovery of the criminal throws considerable light on some aspects of British society under modern conditions. Not a single instalment of this story should be missed.

CHAPTER I.

The Tsar's Cross.

THE MARQUIS OF SCRAYE, opening his eyes that October morning on the familiar face and figure of his valet, who, following invariable custom, brought his master a homely pot of tea and a couple of digestive biscuits at precisely seven o'clock, was quick to observe that the man looked as all men look who have news to communicate, and he sat up immediately, knowing that something had happened.

"Well, what is it, Beevers?"

The valet coughed, glancing at the door.

"Mr. Viner, my lord—he would like to see your lordship as soon as possible," he answered. "He's—in fact, he's waiting outside, my lord."

The Marquis got slowly out of bed and into the dressing-gown which his man held in readiness.

"I suppose that means that something's gone wrong during the night," he muttered.

"Don't know, my lord," said Beevers. "I haven't heard of anything, my lord. But—"

"Well?" asked the Marquis.

"I thought Mr. Viner looked a bit upset, my lord," answered Beevers, quietly. He walked across to the windows, drew up the blinds, and turned to the door. "Shall I bring him in now, my lord?" he asked.

The Marquis thrust his feet into a pair of slippers, and picked up a biscuit as he nodded an affirmative to the valet's question: then he strolled across the room to satisfy himself as to the state of the weather. A moment later he turned from the contemplation of a fine morning to confront his house-steward, a big, solemn-visaged, middle-aged man, whose face, once across the threshold, showed unmistakable signs of anxiety and dismay. He gave a quick glance at the door as the valet closed it from the other side, and the least observant of observers might have safely laid a million to one that when he spoke it would be in a whisper.

"Well, Viner, what's the matter?" asked the Marquis, leisurely, pouring out a cup of tea. "House been on fire, or burglars paid us a visit, or what?"

The house-steward came close to his master, shaking his head. His cheeks and his voice quivered.

"My lord!—your lordship didn't remove anything out of the Queen's Chamber?—last night?" he asked agitatedly.

"Anything out of the Queen's Chamber?—last night?" exclaimed the Marquis. "No, I certainly didn't, Viner."

The house-steward groaned and wrung his plump hands.

"Then, my lord, I'm afraid—in fact, I'm sure, my lord—the Tsar's Cross has gone!" he said. "Gone, my lord—disappeared. The Tsar's Cross, my lord!"

The Marquis set down the cup which he was lifting to his lips. He stared at his house-steward as if that functionary had just informed him that the end of the world was certainly to come within the next hour.

"The Tsar's Cross!" he exclaimed.

"The Tsar's—why, I saw it myself yesterday afternoon, Viner!"

Viner heaved a deep sigh and again shook his head.

"I saw it myself late last night, my lord," he answered dolefully. "So did Peters. You mayn't be aware of it, my lord, but Peters and I—we always take a look round the state chambers last thing. Everything was all right, my lord, at ten-thirty last night. But—the Tsar's Cross isn't there now."

The Marquis sipped his tea thoughtfully. Also he ate the rest of the biscuit which he had been crumbling when Viner entered.

"Burglars?" he said suddenly.

"I don't think so, my lord. Because," answered the house-steward, growing calmer under the influence of his master's imperturbability, "if it had been burglars, my lord, they'd have taken something else. Your lordship is aware of what a lot of valuables is kept in that cabinet in the Queen's Chamber. But there's nothing missing except the cross."

The Marquis nodded. He was thinking hard. He suddenly turned on the house-steward with a sharp inquiry.

"You haven't said anything of this to anyone, Viner?" he asked.

"Not a word, my lord—I came straight to your lordship," answered Viner. "I haven't even mentioned it to Peters—in fact, I haven't seen him this morning."

"That's right—don't speak of it to a soul," said the Marquis. "Now, come along—let me have a look at the cabinet."

HE motioned the house-steward to precede him; outside the room he beckoned to the valet who was waiting in the corridor.

"Beevers," he said, "don't mention to anyone—anyone!—that Mr. Viner has been to see me so early. You understand?"

"Perfectly, my lord," replied Beevers.

The Marquis and the house-steward went along the corridor in silence until they came to a door set deeply in the wall. Viner produced a key; the door, thrown open, revealed an ancient stone staircase, musty of odour and gloomy of aspect. The Marquis descended it, however, with the confidence of one well accustomed; at the foot of its twenty steps he pushed open a swing-door covered with faded tapestry and found himself in the ante-room of the famous state chambers wherein more than one of his ancestors had at various times housed kings and queens, ambassadors and princes. A magnificent suite of seventeenth-century apartments filling one side of the house and looking down on the Dutch garden for which Scraye was famous, the State Chambers were now in the catalogue of celebrated English show-places, and were to be seen on certain days of the week by anybody who was willing to contribute a shilling towards the charities of the neighbouring market-town. People came from near and far to wander through them, to admire the old furniture, the fading tapestry; the pictures, the bric-a-brac, the objects of vertu collected by the Marquises of Scraye since Tudor days—especially they came to see and wonder at the Queen's Chamber, wherein stood the bed, with its sheets and coverlets untouched, wherein Queen Elizabeth had once stretched her royal limbs, and from the pillows of which had probably cursed her serving-women.

Everything in that room remained exactly as it had been when the great Queen walked out of it; so everything was to remain until it dropped to pieces from sheer old age.

THE Marquis and his house-steward passed rapidly to this famous apartment, and without a glance at anything else went straight to a glass-fronted cabinet which was sunk in the panelled wall beside the great sculptured fireplace. This cabinet contained four shelves, lined with faded velvet; each shelf displayed curiosities of evident interest and value. In their time, the Marquises of Scraye had loomed large in the political and diplomatic worlds; several of them had been ambassadors at the principal foreign courts; this cupboard-cabinet, scantily, if at all, protected, contained gifts made to them by various monarchs and potentates. Here was a jewel-set reliquary of the 12th century, given to the sixth Marquis by Pope Clement the Fourteenth, there was a miniature of himself, set in diamonds, presented to the eighth Marquis by Louis Philippe, in acknowledgment of a kind service, delicately rendered. There were rings, intaglios, bracelets, carvings, small pictures, rare snuff-boxes, given to the family by kings, and emperors, and grand dukes, and electors—not in scant number, but in profusion. And there ought to have been and certainly was not, the magnificent diamond cross presented by the Tsar of all the Russias to the Marquis of Scraye, who figured with distinction in the diplomatic negotiations, which resulted in the Peace of Tilsit in 1814.

One glance at the cabinet satisfied the present holder of the historic title that his house-steward had spoken his fears correctly. He turned on his servant with a look of shocked surprise.

"It's certainly not there, Viner!" he exclaimed.

The house-steward's mournful countenance became still more lugubrious. "It is certainly not there now, my lord," he assented. "But it was there last night. It's been taken during the night, my lord. And—I'm sure it's not been by burglars."

The Marquis laid a hand on the glass-fronted door of the cupboard and pulled it open.

"Of course," he said, meditatively, "we've never kept this locked, Viner, have we?"

"Never, my lord," replied Viner, waxing more disconsolate. "If your lordship remembers, I've often said that this cabinet ought to have had a proper safety lock, long since."

"It was never locked," said the Marquis. "My father never had it locked. Besides, if burglars had wanted to have a go at it, Viner, no safety lock would have kept 'em out. Now, who on earth can have coveted that cross? I don't think it's been taken for its intrinsic value, you know, Viner, though it's certainly worth a few thousands for its gold and diamonds."

"Yes, my lord," assented Viner. "Your lordship thinks—?"

"I don't know what to think," said the Marquis. "You see—but then, of course, you know—the thing had such historic associations. No—there are more valuable things than the cross in here—intrinsically. That reliquary, for instance, is worth twice as much. I suppose you've had a look at the windows, Viner? It wouldn't be a difficult matter to get in here, you know, from the balcony."

The house-steward walked across to the range of high windows,

going from one to the other. The Marquis meanwhile put his head into the recessed cabinet, peering about from shelf to shelf. And suddenly he sniffed, as at some particular scent, and he started and drew back, glancing sharply at his servant's back.

"By Gad!" he muttered to himself. "By Gad!—very much by Gad!"

Viner came back across the room.

"The windows are all right, my lord," he said. "As your lordship's aware, they're all fitted with patent catches. But of course, my lord, there are other ways of getting in."

"Yes—yes, of course," said the Marquis, dreamily. "Oh, lots of other ways, Viner! Well, to come back to plain facts, the thing's gone. The thing is, what's to be done now?"

Viner shook his head.

"The police, my lord?" he suggested.

But the marquis shook his head in his turn—decidedly and firmly.

"No," he answered. "I think not, Viner. At any rate, not just now. You haven't said a word of this to anybody?"

"Not to a soul, my lord!"

"Then don't. Don't breathe even a suspicion of it. There's no one knows you've come to me this morning?"

"Only Beevers, my lord."

"I'll make Beevers all right. I don't want anybody in the house to know of this—I shan't speak of it to anyone. Let's see—isn't this a visitors' day, Viner?"

"It is, my lord—from twelve to three-thirty."

"All right. Let things go on as usual. By the by, does anyone point out the particular objects in this room to visitors?"

"No, my lord, not now. We used to, my lord, but there are so many parties come now-a-days that we just let them walk round and see things for themselves. Keeping an eye on them, of course, my lord."

"Very good," said the Marquis. "Now, then, come back with me to my room; I've already thought of what I'll do."

Once more in his bed-room the Marquis sat down at his writing-table and picked up a railway guide. Having consulted this he drew a block of telegram forms to him and began to write.

"I want you to send this wire off yourself, Viner," he said. "Tell one of the men to drive you down to the village with it; I don't want anybody in the house to see it—but yourself. Let me see, now—yes, that will do."

Laying down his pen the Marquis murmured over what he had written.

"To Nicholson Packe, Esq.,

"123a, Charles Street, London, S.W."

"Can you meet me this afternoon at two o'clock sharp at the Salutation Hotel, Brychester? I want to see you on a very important and interesting matter. Scraye."

"That will do," the Marquis repeated, handing the telegram to his house-steward. "Don't forget, Viner, send it off yourself. And then—not a word, not a sign! There is more in this affair, Viner, than you yet dream of."

CHAPTER II.

Mysteries.

ABOUT half-past nine that morning—a fine, bright morning in London—there swung out of the Haymarket into Charles Street a smart automobile driven by a young gentleman who piloted it with the greatest nicety and precision to the door of Number 123a, dismounted, divested himself of a remarkably thick blanket coat, and with a mere word to the liveried youth who had sat at his side, went into the house and leisurely mounted to the first floor, where he presently paused at a door whereon was fixed a small, highly-polished brass plate, on which was incised the name, "Mr. Uicholson Packe." He had no sooner pressed the button of the electric bell which appeared above this plate than the door opened and revealed a neat and obsequious manservant, who bowed as the visitor entered and seemed to indicate that it was a pleasure to see him.

"Morning, Hollis," said the young gentleman, in an airy, nonchalant fashion which thoroughly accorded

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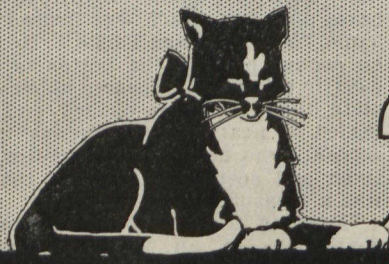
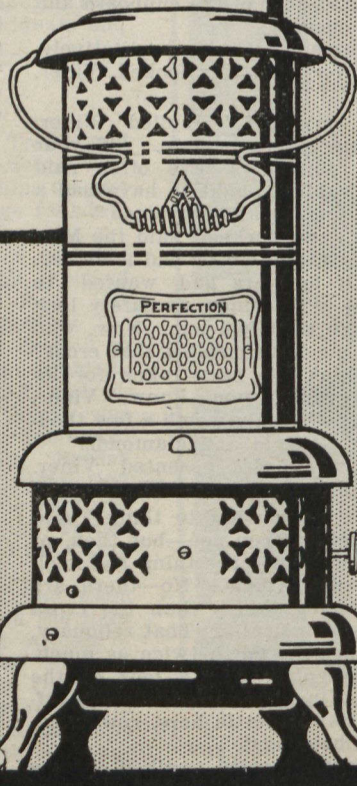
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with his youthful, fresh appearance. "Come to breakfast. Mr. Packe up yet?"

"In a moment, sir," answered the man-servant. "Breakfast all ready, sir. Will you walk into the breakfast-room, Mr. Trickett. A beautiful morning, sir."

"Top-hole," remarked Mr. Trickett, strolling forward into an apartment where a breakfast-table for two was arranged in front of a bright fire. "Been round the Park before I came here—signs of frost there, Hollis."

"I daresay, sir," assented Hollis. "I thought I observed it, sir, when I looked out early this morning. Newspapers, sir—Times—Morning Post."

MR. TRICKETT took one of the newspapers which the valet held out and advanced to the hearth, on each side of which luxurious easy chairs afforded equal prospects of rest. Instead of dropping into either one or the other, however, the visitor confronted himself in the old pier-glass—a genuine Hepplewhite—which stood over the mantelpiece. He inclined his head first to the right, then to the left, examining his fair hair, his pink-and-white complexion, his bright blue eyes—finally he settled his smart necktie, gave a little twist to his infantile moustache, and smirked with satisfaction.

"You're all right, Jimmie, my son!" he muttered. "Look as fit as a fiddler. Wonder what Packe's got for breakfast?"

In order to satisfy himself on this point, Mr. Trickett, having glanced around him and observed that a cold game-pie and a fine York ham graced the sideboard, bent down and examined the contents of two chafing-dishes which were set on their racks in close proximity to the glowing coals.

"Grilled sole—ditto bacon—ditto kidneys," he murmured. "Good! Egad, the early morning constitutional is a fine thing, and must be strictly adhered to—wouldn't give it up for worlds, now. Well, and what's the news?"

Before Mr. Trickett could unfold his newspaper, a door opened and his host entered—an alert, clean-shaven, keen-eyed man of thirty, dark, spare, athletic, who came in rubbing his hands as if in eagerness to set about the business of the day. He gave Trickett a smiling nod as he seized upon a pile of letters, topped by a telegram, which lay at the side of his cover.

"Hullo, Jimmie!" he said. "You look remarkably fit and blooming this morning. Still keeping up the pre-breakfast constitutional?"

"My son, it's the finest thing in the world!" responded the visitor. "This morning I went three times round the Park before turning in here. And I've an appetite on me that would do credit to Milo."

"Satisfy it, then," said Packe. He touched a bell and then tore open the telegram. "Um!" he continued, refolding it. "I'm afraid I can't go golfing this morning, Jimmie. Pity—but I can't. Here, read that."

Trickett pored over the telegram as he dropped into a chair at the breakfast table.

"Who's Scraye?" he asked shortly. "Scraye? Good Lord!—there's only one Scraye in the world, man! The Marquis of Scraye," answered Packe. "You know him."

"Know of him," said Trickett. "Didn't know you knew him, though."

"I happen to know him pretty well," said Packe. "He and I are members of the Omega Club, you know; we often meet there."

"Didn't know that, either," remarked Trickett, giving his attention to the dishes which Hollis had placed on the table. "That's where you're all eccentrics, or lunatics, isn't it?"

"Something of that sort, Jimmie, so it's rumoured. Well, I'll have to go down to Brychester to meet Scraye—he wouldn't wire for me if he didn't want me very particularly. Hollis, give me that railway guide. I must see what trains there are that are likely."

"Tell you what, Packe," said Trickett. "If you're not going along to Walton Heath, I don't think I'll go.

I'll run you over to Brychester instead. The car's outside now."

"Good!" answered Packe. "I'd like that. But, it's nearly seventy miles, you know."

"Get you there by two o'clock as easy as winking," said Trickett. "I know that road. We've three and a half hours, too."

"All right," said Packe. "That'll be a lot nicer than training it. Give me a telegram form, Hollis." He hastily scribbled an answer to the message and handed it to the valet. "Go and send that off at once, Hollis," he commanded. "I'll introduce you to Scraye, Jimmie," he remarked when the man had left the room. "I think you'd fit in, somehow, you two."

"He is an eccentric sort of chap, though, isn't he?" asked Trickett, who was steadily eating, "Bit—queer, er?"

Packe laughed as he poured out a cup of coffee. "In the opinion of some people, he is," he answered. "To me, he isn't. The Marquis of Scraye, Jimmie, is one of those rare young gentlemen who appear in the ranks of our aristocracy at intervals—wideish intervals. Let's see, I forgot if he's the ninth or the tenth or the eleventh holder of the title: I'm not sure if he himself knows, but I'm very sure he doesn't care. He's immensely rich. He's got a house in Berkeley Square, a castle in the Highlands, a villa on the Riviera, and one of the finest yachts that ever was built. And he's got Scraye—which is, as you've no doubt heard, a great show-place. I read in the Morning Post the other day that he's got a house-party at Scraye just now—which fact, Jimmie, adds zest and interest and not a little mystery to this telegram."

"Why?" asked Trickett.

"Because Scraye wants me to meet him at the 'Salutation' at Brychester, which argues that he wants us to meet privately. There is something in the wind, Jimmie!"

Trickett buttered a slice of toast with a thoughtful air.

"You think that because you're a professional novelist, Packe," he said. "You chaps that spin yarns always see mysteries in everything."

"Why else should he wish to meet me at a country-town hotel?" asked Packe.

"Wants to have a quiet drink with an old friend, or a peaceful game at billiards," suggested Trickett. "Got sick of looking after his house-party, I should think."

"An ingenious suggestion, Jimmie, a very ingenious suggestion! But all the same, I think I am wanted for something more, shall we say more psychological?—than a whisky-and-soda or a billiard-cue. I scent mystery, Jimmie, from afar off."

"That's your trade," remarked Trickett, imperturbably. "I suppose you chaps who write can turn anything into a story. You imagine most of your mysteries, though don't you, Packe?"

"Some part of 'em, Jimmie—some part of 'em. They mostly have a modicum to act at the bottom of them. But I was always devoted to mysteries and their solution—that's a bond between Scraye and myself. He's a bit of an expert at that sort of thing—we often discuss problems of that sort at the Omega. But the mysteries of fiction, my son, are as nothing to the mysteries of real, solid, actual, everyday life—do you hear that?"

TRICKETT walked over to the sideboard and considered the cold game pie.

"I've heard that ever since I was a mere infant," he answered, laying hold of a plate. "I wonder they don't stick it in the copybooks. Only, I never come across any of these mysteries in everyday life."

"You mean you haven't run up against one yet," said Packe. "I assure you there are heaps of 'em knocking about; in fact, you can't pick up a newspaper without seeing signs of 'em. What would you do, Jimmie, if you came face to face with a real, live mystery?"

"Hand it over to the police," answered Trickett, coming back to the table with a well-heaped plate. "It's their business. You know, whether

(Continued on page 21.)



Courierettes.

THEY'RE still talking peace conditions. The trouble is that most of the warring nations want to make 'em—not take 'em.

Henry Ford offers a million for peace. Europe is paying a price of billions on billions for peace, which indicates that Henry is something of a piker.

Two New Yorkers are said to be suffering from a sheep disease. Perhaps they are Wall St. lambs.

Safety expert declares that prosperity is to blame for street accidents. It may console the injured to know that they are victims of prosperity.

China is said to be preparing for war. Also she is praying that she doesn't get it.

Scientist tells us that a man breathes 21 cubic feet of air into his lungs every hour. Well, he's lucky that air is free these days.

New Jersey is convinced evidently that women are fit to do most everything else but vote.

Some of those young dramatists who profess to hold the mirror up to nature would give the aforesaid nature a rude shock if she saw the mirror.

London spent \$67,000 in six weeks to see Gaby Deslys. London is hard up for something to look at.

President Wilson has come out strong for apple pie. That ought to make his re-election a sure thing.

A new play, entitled "Just Boys," lasted only two nights on Broadway. One night on that street is enough for some boys.

Pennsylvania boasts that she has a motor car to every 50 inhabitants. Chances are that the other 49 are busy dodging the cars at the street corners.

Out west a man kept up a persistent search until he found 500 four leaf clovers. Probably he regards himself as lucky, but sane folk will think him loony.

A new wrist watch alarm awakens the wearer by pricking him in the wrist. Are they trying to make the wrist watch more unpopular?

Julia Arthur has gone back to the stage. Perhaps she has decided that the stage has gone back too.

Added to the atrocities of war are such Bulgarian battle names as Gheveheli and Kniazeveck.

Matrimonial Note.—The engagement announcements indicate that Woodrow Wilson is not too proud to plight.

Where Ford Fails.—Henry Ford tells the people of the universe that they eat too much. He might add that they do not walk enough.

A Good Excuse.—Captain Von Pappen, the German attache at Washington, says that his phrase, "idiotic Yankees," was meant to apply to some New York editors. We admit that the captain had serious provocation.

Hard to Find.—Col. Roosevelt recently came into Canada on a hunting trip. Perhaps he was homesick for a glimpse of another real live Bull Moose.

Lively Entertainment.—Of late there has been some keen criticism of Ontario's moving picture censors—the Board being accused of letting some films through which are objectionable on moral and other grounds. The editor of a Toronto weekly

paper who holds rather strict views as to amusements has been one of the critics. The manager of a Toronto theatre, speaking of this editor the other day, put his opinion in this little classic:

"He would close up all the theatres and movie shows in town. Then he would open a big place like Massey Hall or the Arena. Occasionally somebody dies in Toronto and they have to be buried. This man would put on the funeral service at this big hall and charge admission."

WAR NOTES.

Of course there's just a chance that the importance of that battle at Lens may have been magnified.

Germans said they would restore Rheims cathedral. Looks as if they might not get the chance.

It would not be surprising to see Italy get into the war some of these days.

Greece thoughtfully refrained from calling back her reservists until the straw hat season was over in America.

The Kaiser has offered Gibraltar to Spain. We are ready to offer Henry Ford's fortune to anybody who can get it.

India has started to make shells, too. Shell-making is now one of the world's biggest industries.

Some bright chap suggests that the King of Greece give the Allies a solo—"I can't get away to fight with you to-day; my wife won't let me."

Casualties are not confined to the trenches. Look at the gaps in the ranks of the cabinets.

The King of Bulgaria should have been a sales manager instead of a monarch.

Rather Hollow.—The Governor of Georgia, since the lynching of Leo Frank, has been talking of the sanctity of Southern womanhood.

But that kind of talk sounds a bit hollow while Georgia's law leaves the age of consent at ten years and permits girls of eight years to be employed in factories.

Old Saying Is Apt.—Now that South Carolina has gone dry, the Governor of North Carolina will be able to put a lot of feeling into his remark to the Governor of South Carolina about the lengthy period between liquid refreshments.

The Hyphen.—United States folk are having a wordy little war among themselves regarding the hyphenated citizens of the republic. When it comes down to the final analysis, the only American who is not hyphenated is the red Indian.

The Objection.—Dowie's successor, Voliva, says he prays to God to reunite the Republican party. Some of the party bosses would no doubt object, however, to bringing outsiders in.

Cured.—"I hear that she married him to reform him."
"Yes. He was a notorious spend-thrift."
"Did she succeed?"
"She did. She left him nothing to spend."

Edison's Idea.—Thomas Edison has invented a voice-mill, which makes a cradle rock when the baby cries. The

harder the baby cries the faster the cradle rocks. Wise babies will queer this invention. They'll cry all the time.

Their Reason.—The Germans are said to admire Shakespeare more than the English do. Probably because Shakespeare is a dead Englishman.

He Knows.—Jess Willard, the champion prize-fighter, declares that if American boys are not taught to fight the United States will degenerate into a nation of white rabbits. It is evident that Jess has been reading current history and noting American skill at writing notes.

The Modern Maid.
"Good sir," the ardent suitor said, "I love your charming daughter; Give me her hand, her lily hand."
Dad said, "Suppose I gotter."
"You're not a bad young rascal, and Your suit I would not knock it— But if you want her lily hand You'll find it in my pocket."

A Word for the Cow.—A cow down in New Jersey gives 734 pounds of milk every week. "Gives," be it noted. But the generosity stops with the cow. There's no more giving after her's.

Senatorial Baths.—It is said to cost \$6 every time a Senator takes a bath in the official bathrooms at the Capitol in Washington. It costs money to clean up Senators, but—it's probably worth the money.

Woman's Way.—She was a beautiful young woman, bubbling over with intellect and high purposes, who had studied and mapped out the matrimonial problem to a nicety.

"Yes, I suppose I shall eventually wed," she said; "a man is necessary to the proper development of a woman's character, but the only kind of masculine nuisance that will suit me must be tall and dark, with classical features and the frame of an Achilles. He must be brave, yet gentle; a Chesterfield in manners, a Kitchener in penetration, a Winston in ambition. In thought and speech he must be as usullied as Jellicoe or French; withal, he must be strong and bold, a lion among men, a knight among ladies."

That evening a lath-framed youth, with mouse-coloured hair and batwing ears, wearing check knickerbockers, a striped flannel blazer, and pincenez, and smoking a coffin-nail cigarette that smelled worse than a burning boot-pad, rattled on the area railings with a ninepenny-halfpenny whagee, and Eva Marjorie knocked three tumblers and a cut-glass fruit-dish off the sideboard in her haste to get to him.

Few of Them.—Some women are so terribly afraid of hurting anything, that they just scold the cream instead of whipping it.

AN AUTUMN LITANY.

From the end seat hog in the jitney—
From the automobile horn that sounds like a screech owl—
From the overlapping of the ice man and the coal man—
From any more Charlie Chaplin film comedies—
From remarkable berries that grow in our friends' back yard in the fall—
From the man who still tells stories of his summer fishing trip—
From the civic politician who starts his campaign two months too early—
From the war reviews—
From tag days—
And from the man who knows just how the war should be run and insists on telling us—
Good Lord, deliver us.



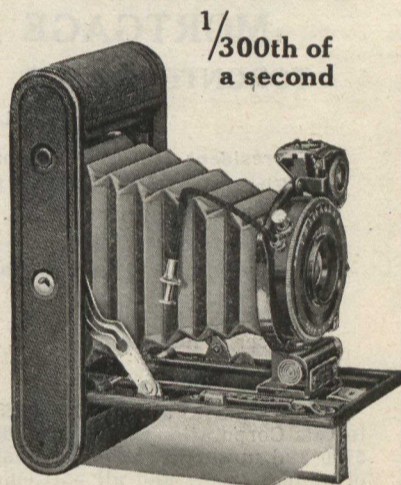
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TIME was, when many people were reluctant to make Wills. They felt that taking death into their calculations, somehow invited it.

To-day, every man realizes that for his dependants the need of careful control of his resources is as pressing after his death as before.

Many have found our advice helpful in providing such control. We invite, and shall respect, your confidence.

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Great Photograph Contest

A Chance to Win Several Big Prizes.—No Entrance Fee

HAVE you a kodak? Is it an old one, or a new one? Would you like to replace it by the No. 3A Eastman Autographic Kodak pictured on another page.

For the best amateur photograph or snapshot taken in Canada by any boy or girl under the age of eighteen years, whether a subscriber or not, the "Courier" will award as a first prize an Eastman Autographic Kodak as shown on page 20. The picture need not be a recent one—it may have been taken this year, last year or the year before. It must, however, have been taken by the competitor, be an amateur production and be endorsed as such by a parent or guardian. It may represent any phase of Canadian life; it may be a portrait; it may be an interior, or it may be a scene of out-of-doors. The following rules must be carefully observed:

RULES.

1. The print submitted must be unmounted.
2. The name of the competitor and the description should be attached to the print.
3. A competitor may submit as many pictures as he or she wishes.
4. If a picture wins the first prize the film must be sent to the Canadian Courier and become its property. Winners of other prizes must be prepared to sell the use of their negatives to the Eastman Kodak Company.
5. Wherever possible, send the film with the print. It will be returned if the picture does not win a prize.
6. During the contest one picture will be published each week and credited to the sender. Each of the pictures used will still be eligible to win one of the grand prizes.
7. Address all pictures to "Junior Prize Competition," Canadian Courier, Toronto.

TWELVE AWARDS.

1. First Grand Prize for best amateur photograph submitted before January 1st, a 3A. Eastman Autographic Kodak. Price, \$22.50.
2. Second Grand Prize: A Waltham Wrist Watch, or a Five Dollar Kodak.
3. An Electric Flashlight.
4. A Box of Paints or One Dollar Cash.
- 5-12. Honorable Mention.

If there is any point you do not understand write the "Editor of the Juniors," Canadian Courier, Toronto, and it will be explained. The sooner a print arrives, the sooner it will be published.

When prints and films are sent in early, and the print does not seem as good as the negative, the Courier will make special prints. This may be a big advantage in the competition. So send your print and your film early. Those that arrive late will be judged on their own merits.

Any amateur photographer having a print not eligible for this competition is invited to send it to the "Editor of The Juniors" with a view to having it published in this department.

New C.P.R. Day Train

Beginning November 1st, business men of Toronto and Ottawa are now able to travel by the C. P. R. on a modern de luxe day-train service. Every day a train leaves Toronto at 1.45 p.m., arriving at the Central Station at 10.00 p.m. in the city of Ottawa. Each day a train leaves Ottawa at 1.15 p.m. and arrives in Toronto at 9.30 p.m. The new short day route is via the Lake Shore line. Each train will be the equal of any train travelling out of Toronto to New York; thoroughly equipped with buffet, library, observation and parlour cars that make life on a train as nearly as possible like a first-class hotel.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

A Compliment to Col. Cantley

MR. D. A. THOMAS, on leaving Canada for England, to report to Mr. Lloyd George, paid compliments to General Bertram and Col. Cantley. While admitting that it was unwise to have members of shell-making companies on the Shell Committee, and admitting, also, that some prices were too high Mr. Thomas showed the other side of the ledger account. The interview reads:



COL. THOMAS CANTLEY,
 President Nova Scotia Steel Co.

"Col. Cantley and the manufacturers on the committee have acted only in an advisory capacity, and in this way their technical knowledge has been of great service. Further, Col. Cantley has expended considerable sums in experiments on shell steel and the results of the experiments have, Mr. Thomas understands, been freely placed at the disposal of other manufacturers."

Similarly he pays a compliment to General Bertram. While some of the prices were too high, yet on the whole the cost of shells had been so low that a saving of fifteen million dollars had been effected on business amounting to \$150,000,000.

When Mr. Thomas left Ottawa, he put all contracts in charge of Mr. Lionel Hitchens. These new contracts will probably amount to \$200,000,000, bringing the total war orders up to \$500,000,000. This is larger in proportion than the war orders placed by the

Allies in the United States, and ensures our industrial activity at its present speed until next summer at least.

The reconstructed Shell Committee will be known as the "Canadian Munitions Committee."

A Warning to Speculators

CANADIANS who have been speculating in New York war stocks should sell out and cash in their profits. While some of these stocks may go higher, the cream of the rise has been skimmed. Those who hang on for a few more points may run into a bear raid which would be disastrous.

Moreover, there is just as much money to be made in Canadian stocks from now on, with less risk. Canadian speculators and investors who neglect their own market are neither wise nor patriotic.



GENERAL BERTRAM,
 Formerly Chairman of Canadian Shell Committee.

two and a half million dollars. Mr. Hewitt, the manager, was heartily congratulated by the shareholders.

Values in October

DURING October, stock values increased considerably. Brazilian rose from 47 to 55; C.P.R. from 160 to 183; Canada Cement from 30 to 39; Dominion Bridge from 170 to 229; Laurentide from 185 to 195; Canadian General Electric from 103 to 125; Montreal Power from 222 to 241; Nova Scotia Steel from 86 to 94; Steel of Canada from 33 to 36; Dominion Steel from 47 to 50.

The fine weather has increased the value of the Western grain crop and made farming conditions more favourable all round. Railways receipts are jumping because of the big movement in grain and the consequent increase in other business.

The outlook brightens day by day, the interest rate is falling, and a wave of confidence and optimism is sweeping over the country.

Consumers Gas Company

TORONTO has cheaper gas than any other city in Canada, and gets it under private ownership. The company is so well managed that, despite increased taxation and war conditions, it did almost as well in the year just ended as in the previous year. The consumption of gas for the year totalled

A November Boom in Stocks

NOVEMBER starts off with every evidence of a general boom in the stock market. C.P.R., for instance, went up 10 points on Monday—a remarkable advance. Such a boom in war times for non-war stocks looks paradoxical. On examination it seems obvious. We have an enormous crop, war orders are coming in by hundreds of millions, savings bank deposits are piling up. People are not as yet touching real estate with a ten-foot pole. Hence investment goes into stocks. November promises to break all recent records.

This boom is not merely speculative. It is based upon sound economic factors in a country which is too far from the war area to be adversely affected by the devastations of warfare, and near enough to take advantage of war business.

Why don't you buy the pencils that are bought by :

- Standard Oil Company.
- New York Central Railroad.
- City of Chicago.
- United States Navy.
- Bell Telephone Company.
- United States Steel Corporation.

They buy the Blaisdell—the pencil that is scientifically built to give the best, the quickest, the cheapest service.

When you buy Blaisdells you don't make a stab in the dark, on the contrary you have the very best of counsel to advise you—the counsel of Experience by the greatest and shrewdest corporations in the world.

Have you ever stopped and considered seriously the inside facts—the real gist—of the lead pencil item? Perhaps you have thought it trivial. But the concerns named above—and many others of like indisputable standing—have not thought it trivial. They recognize in their pencils an item worthy of study because of the bulk used and the total number of paid employees who use them. And they choose—and keep right on choosing—Blaisdells because these pencils meet every demand of convenience, long service, satisfaction in use, and economy.

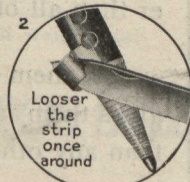
The exclusive form of the Blaisdell—its peculiar construction—makes it as easy to sharpen and so saving of the lead that it is a "revelation" to all who use it for the first time.

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Tell your dealer to send you "the ale that is chill-proof"—Cosgraves.

As light as lager, but better for you.

The Crime of K 15

(Continued from page 7.)

safe to venture down to the train! Even in the fog, it would be unwise to linger on the platform. His disguise, facially at any rate, was but a flimsy one after all.

He smoked, and idly began to read the letters in the pocket of his tunic.

There were two of them, and with a start of surprise, he realized that they both came from a Cornish village he had known well in the past—a village only eight miles from that in which his father had been Rector, and where his mother had died.

This was the first:

"Dear Bob,

"The Doctor says as mother will live till you come, now as you have got leave. Mother knows you are coming, and is waiting to say good-bye. Dear Bob, she says as now she knows you are coming to-morrow she will die happy. If you catch the 7.30 from Plymouth you will be here at station by 9, and a trap will be waiting. Dear Bob, come at once.

"Your loving sister,
"Susan Donovan."

The other letter was headed "The Vicarage," and was brief:

"Dear Donovan," it ran, "don't delay an hour in your journey from Plymouth to-morrow evening. Your mother may, I pray God, last till your arrival.

"As from your boyhood,

Your sincere friend,

"Harold Davidson."

The mist eddied round the pine trees, and cold drops fell from the dark branches upon the sodden turf.

The figure in uniform, hidden in the recesses of the wood, remained absolutely motionless for quite half an hour.

FOR all that time there was no sound from the encircling moor—no sound of battle. And yet the legions of evil, in sable regiments strong, were waging a furious battle in their own country, their known and accustomed country, against one single angel of light.

But now a sound came.

It was the noise of shunting down below in the station, the whistle of an engine about to start; then the groaning movement as the train mov-

ed out into the mists towards Plymouth.

And, above the station, was the sound of sobbing, the sobbing of a broken and contrite heart to which old memories had come, to which—perhaps—the voice of a Mother had spoken from another and happier world than this.

Through the mist!—could he find his way back? Could he find his way back to the lonely farmhouse upon the moor?

For the first time for many years K.15 prayed.

He prayed that he might be able to discover the path through this chilly grey blanket which had descended over the western moors—the path back to the house where War-der Donovan lay.

To release the bound man! to give him a chance of being present at the deathbed of the mother he loved!

In his hurried progress back towards the farm he came suddenly to a mark he recognized—a huge table-shaped boulder. It told him that he was but five minutes' walk from the place he sought.

And then he stopped.

He knew what this would mean. It would mean a flogging for the assault. It would mean parti-coloured clothes and chains for the escape. It would mean that the horror of his life was to deepen into horrors more terrible still.

Then he went on.

It was done! He had untwisted the cruel bonds of wire. He had chafed the wrists and ankles, he had brought water from the well, and poured it over Donovan's head and the great bump which had risen there from the blow of the mallet.

Then he stood trembling and cringing before the prison officer. With nervous fingers he began to unbutton the black leather belt and the tunic that he wore—speaking incoherently the while, trembling very much. As well as he was able, he explained, and then, as the other looked at him with dazed eyes, power came into his voice and he spoke. He spoke of his own mother. He told of the letters he had read.

Then he stood humbly waiting for

VON HINDENBURG TO DATE



THEY ARE KNOCKING THE CHIPS OUT OF THE 'MAN O' WOOD AND IRON.

This amateur cartoon is sent us by "An American" in Denver, Colorado, who says he gets the Courier occasionally from a relative in this country. He adds: "I have derived considerable enjoyment from the Courier." This is intended as a satire on the huge wooden statue of Von Hindenburg in Berlin, in which Germans are privileged to drive nails at one mark for each nail.

the harsh response he expected. The response was that a rough uncultured man, with tears streaming from his eyes, fell upon his neck. Immediately afterwards Warden Donovan marched his prisoner back to Princemoor Jail. The warden accounted for the swelling on his temples and the discolouration of his face by saying that he had fallen over a granite boulder, was stunned for a time, and had been assisted to recovery by K.15. By this means the Model Prisoner was even more kindly treated by those in charge of him than before. And during the next day, when he was again employed in carpentering at the farm—now under charge of another warden—he seemed to hear, during his dinner hour, the blessing of the two Mothers.

Pte. James Gets Even

PTE. WILLIAM JAMES has enlisted in the 33rd Battalion at London, Ont., with a view of getting even with Germans who are responsible for his losing practically everything of value he had in the world. He sailed from Cardiff on the steamer Cameron bound for South America, and when off the coast his boat was overhauled by the German cruiser Emden. The men were given three minutes to come aboard the Emden and were not allowed to take anything. They then



Pte. James, who enlisted to get even with the Germans.

had to watch the German gunners sink the Cameron. Then they were locked up for twenty-four hours, and after that rowed ashore, near Rio Janeiro, on an uninhabited part of the coast, and told to shift for themselves. Young James managed to work his way to New York, and then rode on the bumpers to Detroit, where he has a sister. After getting on his feet again he at once went to London, Ont., and enlisted and has trained steadily for nearly a year in the hope of getting a chance to get even. He is a son of Captain James of the White Star liner Laurentic now engaged as a transport. James was only a couple of days over twenty-one years old when he joined. Since joining the battalion James has become known everywhere as "Jesse James."

The Retort.—She had just repeated the line about the lips that touch liquor never getting a chance to touch hers. "Yes," replied the young man, rather unkindly, "they would find it hard to get through all thatpaint."



Will Your "Boy" Spend Christmas "Somewhere in France"? Then help him spend it Merrily!

Nothing is too good to send to the boys who are serving King and Country. But let our gifts show thought and judgment as well as good-will and love.

Among the few really acceptable gifts—smokes and pipes, chocolates and sweet biscuits, fountain pens and toothbrushes, toilet and shaving supplies—the Gillette Safety Razor ranks as a warm favorite, for one of the real luxuries of trench life is a clean, comfortable Gillette shave.

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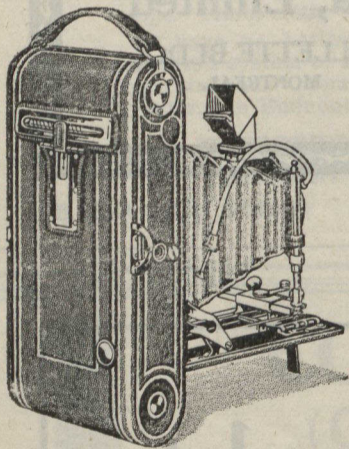
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At the Sign of the Maple

(Continued from page 11.)

"Bed Jackets, flannel or eiderdown.
"Pyjamas, flannelette or lightweight flannel. Finish trousers with tape running string.

"Night Shirts, surgical, factory cotton or white flannelette.

"Day Shirts, flannel or union flannel with collars.

"Dressing Gown, heavy flannel or soft, thick tweed.

"Hospital Suits, blue or gray flannel, lined white flannelette.

"Surgeons' Coats, heavy bleached factory cotton.

"Nurses' Aprons, white sheeting, 72 inches wide.

"All collars should be at least 16½ inches, and should vary up to 18 inches. Mark all garments with size of collar and tie up each size in a separate parcel, six garments in each."

In future issues of the "Courier" we will continue to quote the official information contained in this little book. Anyone, however, who desires a copy for private use, may secure one by making application and remitting

feather pillows, sheets and pillow-cases.

* * *

POT POURRI.

THE pupils of the Montreal Art Gallery are preparing a series of ten panels to serve as scenery for the stage on which the Doll Exhibition and Sale will be held on November 18th. An empty store on St. Catherine street will be converted into a little theatre for the event, and dolls in national, historical and fancy costumes will be shown. The proceeds will be given the Ste. Justine Hospital for babies.

* * *

It is reported in Ottawa that Lady Sybil Grey, youngest daughter of Lord Grey, formerly Governor-General of Canada, and Lady Grey, has been sent to Russia to organize a hospital in Petrograd. Lady Muriel Paget is to share in the work.

* * *

The Suffragettes of England have changed the name of their official organ from "The Suffragette" to "Britannia." The more comprehensive title is adopted as a pledge of loyalty to Britain.

* * *

Miss Lydia B. Conley, an Indian woman, was recently admitted to practice before the Supreme Court in the U. S. A. She is a member of the Wyandotte tribe, has been a lawyer for several years and is the first Indian woman admitted to the Supreme Bar.

* * *

Therese Maltén, the famous Wagnerian prima donna, was sixty years old June 21st. She is now living in a suburb of Dresden, the city in which she won most of her triumphs. Wagner assigned to her the role of Kundry at the first performance of "Parsifal" in Bayreuth.

* * *

What Would You Do?

SOCIAL etiquette is a matter to which the editor of the columns called "Vanity Fair" in the San Francisco "Argonaut" is devoting considerable space. The instance which we quote here is not likely, we presume, to occur to many of our readers more than seven or eight times in their lives, still should such an emergency arise, it is well to have the advice of one who has evidently given the matter deep thought, so that we may not be at a loss as to our correct behaviour.

"The New York Sun attempts to answer a question in etiquette that has been propounded by the corresponding secretary of the Erie Basin Coterie of Brooklyn. The question is as follows: 'What is the correct caper for a gent when, hurrying along the sidewalk in a rainstorm with an umbrella in his right hand and a wet paper bag of eggs in the other, he meets a lady friend to which he wants to act as a perfect gentleman?' The Sun, we regret to say, treats this matter with a frivolous and ineffective jocosity. It reminds us that this same problem was propounded twenty-five years ago to the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Good Government Club of a Pennsylvania village of which the name has momentarily escaped the Sun's memory. Upon that occasion the opinions were divided. Some prominent members held that the eggs should be sacrificed, and that after warning the lady not to step into the wreckage the gent should use his thus liberated hand for the usual salute. But others, equally prominent, held that the umbrella should be abandoned to the winds of heaven and the eggs preserved.

"But actually there are much more embarrassing situations than this. For example, what are you to do if you meet a lady in a cafeteria and while you are actually carrying your laden tray? You can not raise the tray in deferential salute, as you can the umbrella or the eggs. Of course you can smile pleasantly if you feel that way about it, which you won't. But the lady will smile, and it serves you right for going into a cafeteria."



MRS. L. D. CHESMAN,

of Vancouver, under whose direction the Women's Canadian Club of that city, in response to the appeal of the Duchess of Connaught, organized a "Dime Day" on October 16th, and collected \$4,200 for the Prisoners of War Fund.

five cents to cover postage, to the Provincial or Local Red Cross Branches, or to the Head Office, C.R.C.S., 77 King St. East, Toronto.

* * *

The Queen's Message.

HER Majesty Queen Mary has sent out the following message to the women of the Empire in regard to their work in behalf of the soldiers and sailors:—

Buckingham Palace.

To the Women of the Empire.

I desire to express my most grateful thanks for the loyal and untiring support accorded to my guild during the months of stress through which we have been passing.

The response to my first appeal has exceeded all expectations. But we have not yet arrived at a moment for any relaxation of our efforts in this direction, especially as winter is approaching, and I appeal once more to the loyalty and love shown me by the women of the Empire, with confidence that they will continue in the future the splendid and generous support which I have been accorded in the past.

If the provision of comforts necessary for the well-being of our gallant sailors and soldiers is to be continued through the coming winter, our efforts from the Queen Mary's Needlework Guild must be redoubled.

MARY R.

The following articles are urgently needed at Friary Court, St. James' Palace:—Flannel nightshirts, flannel pyjamas, flannel bed jackets, bed-socks, operation stockings, towels.

The Annexation Society

(Continued from page 14.)

it's in books or in real life, there isn't any mystery about any of these things when you get to the bottom of 'em."

"When you get to the bottom of 'em, there isn't," agreed Packe. "But it's getting to the bottom of 'em, my son. Now, frankly, when you were reading my last novel, did you really know who the murderer was until you got to the last chapter?"

"No," answered Trickett, "but when I got to the last chapter I thought I was an awful ass that I hadn't spotted him long before."

Packe laughed with genuine amusement at his guest's disingenuousness.

"Maybe you'll run up against a full-blooded mystery in real life one of these days, Jimmie," he said. "I know of one or two now that would take some solving. There's one outside this very house. Do you know that for thirty years a certain man—you can see him for yourself any morning—has come every day, Sundays included, at exactly twelve o'clock, to the corner of this street, where it runs into St. James' Square, and has paced up and down a certain stretch of pavement for precisely half an hour and then gone away. Who is he? What does he come for? Why does he pace and repace the very same bit of street? Who knows what his object is, what he's thinking, what the whole thing amounts to? Come!"

"Why not ask him?" suggested Trickett.

"That's just what one can't do, my son! If you could go straight up to a mystery and ask it to explain itself, why, then—"

"There wouldn't be any mystery in it, of course," said Trickett. "And that's what I say. There isn't any mystery, when you've got to the bottom of it. For example, there's no mystery about this mysterious chap you're telling about, in his own mind. He knows what he's after. If you spoke to him he'd probably tell you that he came there and did his performance because he liked to, unless he told you to mind your own business. I guess you can make mysteries out of nothing, and—"

At that moment Hollis came back with another telegram in his hand, saying that it had just been delivered. Packe tore the envelope open, and immediately began to frown over the message. He looked across at his guest at last, and he laughed.

"Perhaps you'll say this isn't mysterious, Jimmie," he said. "This is a second wire from the same source. Just listen:

"I hope this will catch you before you leave. By whatever means you come to Brychester, whether by train or motor, don't show yourself in the principal streets if you can help it. If you come to the station, take the narrow alley round by the cloisters and the cathedral and make the 'Salutation' by the side door. If by motor, drive up the side lanes to the back stable yard entrance and come down the yard. I shall be waiting lunch for you in the Waterloo private parlour.

"SCRAYE."

"What do you say to that, Jimmie Trickett?" continued Packe. "Is there mystery in that, or isn't there? Come, now!"

Trickett rose and felt for his cigarette case.

"What I say," he answered, "is short and sweet. The car's outside, and it's ready."

CHAPTER III.

The Lady in the Close.

THE Salutation Hotel at Brychester is one of those ancient hostels which were once a feature of English highroad life and are now rapidly disappearing or being transformed out of all recognition by the changed conditions of things. In the old days, when folk were content to journey at the rate of sixty miles a day its rooms used to be full of guests and its stables full of horses; now its great coffee-room rarely sees more than a dozen people at a time, and grass grows in the stalls which were

never empty of horse-flesh. Room after room in this old house is never used, never, indeed, opened save at race-meeting times or when the Yeomanry come up for their annual training; what trade is done in the place could well be carried on in a quarter of its ample dimensions. Nevertheless there it stands in the heart of the old city, maintaining its outward aspect of old-worldliness under the protecting shade of the great cathedral which saw it built and will probably see it pulled down to be replaced by something more in accordance with twentieth-century notions.

Nicholson Packe, piloted by Jimmie Trickett into the stable-yard of the "Salutation" at precisely two o'clock, was quick to espy the well-known figure of the old head-waiter hanging about the back door of the hotel. He sprang out of the car, throwing off his travelling coat.

"Now, Jimmie," he said, "let's arrange matters. You'll lunch at once, of course, and you'll be somewhere about—coffee-room or smoking-room, afterwards. I've a sort of notion that you may be wanted—a sort of intuitive feeling that you haven't come down here for nothing, you know. So don't run away, there's a good boy."

"When you want me, you'll find me," answered Trickett. "I reckon there's nothing to run away to in this place. Go and find out what your precious mystery is."

PACKE walked quickly down the yard, to be received with smiles and bows by the head-waiter, who knew him of old.

"His lordship's waiting for you in Waterloo, sir," he whispered confidentially. "This way, sir."

He led the way up one flight of stairs, down another, up a third, along one desolate corridor, across another, and finally ushered Packe into a snug private parlour where windows looked upon the Cathedral Close. There, with his back warming at the fire and his eyes fixed meditatively on the luncheon table, stood the Marquis of Scraye, who seemed pleasantly relieved when Packe walked in and the head-waiter shut the door on him.

"What on earth is all this mystery?" demanded Packe as the two young men shook hands. "Why am I to sneak into Brychester by the back entrance?"

Scraye jerked a thumb at the window.

"Popular novelists," he remarked sententiously, are not unknown, either to fame or to sight. They have their portraits in the papers; a lot of people know them whom they don't know. I didn't want certain persons—or at any rate a certain person—to see you in Brychester this morning, Packe—that's why. How did you come?"

"Jimmie Trickett ran me down in his car," replied Packe. "We did it to the minute and kept a yard under the regulation twenty miles all the way."

"And who," asked Scraye, "is Jimmie Trickett? Friend?"

"I thought you knew everybody," said Packe. "Jimmie Trickett is the fortunate possessor of the world-famous remedy known as Trickett's Tabloids—patent medicine, you know. Old Trickett—now gathered to his forebears—left it to him; it brings him in about twenty thousand a year. So Jimmie's a guileless and amiable youth about town, and a real good sort—you ought to know him, Scraye; he'd amuse you."

"Then bring him up to lunch," said Scraye. "You and I can talk afterwards."

"No—we'll talk first," answered Packe. "Jimmie's all right in the coffee-room; you can see him later. Now, what is all this? Something, of course, or you wouldn't be indulging in all this hole-and-corner work."

"Something!" exclaimed Scraye. "Something? By Gad!—I think so. Something that you can exercise your wits upon. But not a word until we've lunched—then you shall hear everything."

"No, again!" said Packe. "I want to

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hear everything at once. Send the waiter away—we can look after ourselves. You'll spoil my appetite by keeping me waiting—I've been on pins and needles ever since I got your last telegram."

"I've been on pins and needles since seven o'clock this morning," remarked Scraye, laughing. He strolled over to one of the windows and looked out on the Cathedral Close below. And suddenly he started and drew back. "Packe!" he said. "Come here—come to this corner of the window and look round the blind. Do you see those people coming out of the north porch there—the three people? Look carefully at the younger of the two women."

Packe, obeying these mysterious instructions, edged his nose to the corner of the window curtains and looked out. He saw three persons crossing the Close from the porch of the cathedral—an elderly gentleman of military appearance, a lady who was presumably his wife, and a younger lady of fine figure and handsome face who was talking to her companions with great vivacity.

"Well?" he said. "I see 'em. What of them?"

"Know any of them?" asked Scraye. "None of them," answered Packe. "Who are they?"

"Three of my guests at Scraye. I knew they were coming into Brycheste; that's why I didn't want you to be about. I didn't want the lady in the wonderful hat to see you. She might know you, by sight, anyhow. You don't know her?"

"I don't know any of 'em—never seen 'em before," said Packe.

"The old gentleman is Colonel Durham—the old lady is his wife. And the young—or younger—lady is Mrs. Wythenshawe. Take a good look at her. It's lucky I caught sight of them just now; it'll save me a lot of trouble. I'm a poor hand at description, and I was going to describe her to you. Now you can see her for yourself."

"Undeniably pretty woman," remarked Packe. "Charming! And who is Mrs. Wythenshawe?"

Scraye laughed. The door opened and the head-waiter marshalled in a satellite bearing dishes.

"Get rid of these chaps," whispered Packe as he turned away from the window. "I won't break bread nor touch liquor until I'm on the way to satisfaction."

Scraye waited until the men had left the room.

"Very well," he said. "Here goes, then. You know our state chambers at Scraye?"

"Of course!"

"You remember the Queen's Chamber in particular?"

"Quite well, and that the bed-linen's never been washed since Elizabeth slept in it."

"Do you remember the inset cupboard or cabinet in that room, in which we keep certain heirlooms?"

"I do."

"Do you remember the cross which the Tsar of Russia gave to my grandfather?"

"Yes, of course."

"Very well. The Tsar's Cross has been stolen."

"Stolen?"

"Stolen — abstracted — purloined — annexed — anything you like. It's gone, anyhow. And—under strange circumstances. That's why I sent for you. I thought of you as by an inspiration. I said to myself, 'I'm not going to have the police poking their noses into this affair, and I won't employ private detectives. There is Nicholson Packe who spends part of his time in writing sensational novels—he's always dealing with mysteries and murders and burglaries and that sort of thing on paper; here's a chance for him to have a go at a mystery in real life.' So there you are."

"Awfully good of you!" murmured Packe, a little doubtfully. "Er—what do you want me to do?"

"Hear all about it, first of all," replied Scraye. "I'll put it in the briefest and plainest fashion. You must know that that cupboard or cabinet in which those things are kept has never been locked—my grandfather, who first arranged the various contents, never locked it, and my father didn't,

and of course, I followed their example. All the same, during some fifty or sixty years, nothings ever been missed. I suppose thousands upon thousands have walked through our State Chambers since we threw them open to inspection, but we've never lost anything. Now we come to this affair. I myself happened to be in the Queen's Chamber yesterday evening, and I saw the Tsar's Cross in its usual place. My house-steward, Viner, who takes a look round every night, saw it also in its place last night at half-past ten o'clock. This morning he came to me at seven o'clock to tell me it was gone. I visited the room with him, saw for myself that it had disappeared, and immediately wired for you. That's all of that part, Packe."

Packe poured out a glass of sherry and sipped it thoughtfully.

"Then, before you go on to the next part, I'll ask two or three questions," he said. "First of all—this hasn't been a burglary?"

"No—no! No burglary. Had it been a burglary, the burglars wouldn't have stopped at merely taking the cross. There are things in that cabinet which are worth much more."

"That brings me to the next question. How much is that cross worth?"

"Oh, I believe, as regards intrinsic worth, some five or six thousand pounds. It is, of course, of solid gold set with diamonds. I never had it valued, but Viner tells me that it was valued in my father's time and that that's about the figure it was then estimated at. But I don't believe it's been stolen for its mere intrinsic value."

"No? For what, then?"

Scraye shook his head.

"I'm not clear on that point—yet," he answered. "I've got a sort of muddled notion—we'll work it out later. That's the principal reason why I want your help. This is no common theft, Packe—it's a decidedly uncommon one."

"I suppose," remarked Packe, "that the Tsar's Cross has some fame which distinguishes it amongst these sort of things? Some of these heirlooms, for instance, are celebrated throughout the world. Is it one of them?"

"It is. It was given, as I think I told you when you were at Scraye, to my great-grandfather by the then Tsar of Russia, at the time the Peace of Tilsit was signed, in 1814. My great-grandfather, you know, was then in the diplomatic service, and rendered some particular help to the Allied Sovereigns. Oh, amongst old English family heirlooms, it is very well known indeed—very famous. Viner tells me that at least one-half of the thousands of visitors who go round the State Chambers every year are well acquainted with its history and always ask to have it pointed out."

"That's something to know," remarked Packe, musingly. "The motive of a theft or a burglary is not always mere robbery. Well—now you've told me all the circumstances relating to your discovery that the cross is missing?"

"All. It's simply—gone."

"Very good," said Packe. "Then I'm going to ask you a plain question. The cross, we conclude, has been stolen. Do you suspect anybody of stealing it?"

Scraye leaned across the table, smiling. He jerked a thumb towards the windows. "Yes!" he answered in a whisper. "I do. I suspect the woman I pointed out to you just now—Mrs. Wythenshawe!"

To be continued.)

Other Intentions.—Recruiting Officer—"And now, my lad, just one more question—are you prepared to die for your country?"

Recruit—"No, I ain't! That ain't what I'm j'ining for. I want to make a few of them Germans die for theirs!"—Tit-Bits.

Long Known.—"Father," said the minister's son, "my teacher says that 'collect' and 'congregate' mean the same thing. Do they?"

"Perhaps they do, my son," said the venerable clergyman; "but you may tell your teacher that there is a vast difference between a congregation and a collection."—Christian Register.

Conceits of the Moment

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

Design for Evening Blouse.

THE up-to-date afternoon and evening blouse is a combination jumper and foundation waist. The jumper is made of chiffon velvet and the foundation is of net and lace. The chiffon velvet is often only a bib-like portion which may or may not meet over the shoulders. It is sometimes broadened to make slightly-shaped bretelles or cut like the top of a Greek sleeveless chiffon. The velvet may match the skirt or may match the color or trimming of the hat. The sleeves, whether long or short, are transparent, and the cuff frills have often a bracelet band of the velvet. A high



A SMART DANCE FROCK.

A combination of golden rod satin and silk net. An attractive tunic of satin falls in soft folds in back and "tucks" up slightly in front, affording a graceful draping. The drapery of soft net and lace is quite full with a panel effect of opalescent beads. The transparent bodice with a deep girde of satin and bead embroidery is simple and smart finishing with a soft bolero-like draping of lace.

lace collar at the back only is held about the neck by a narrow bracelet band of the velvet. Metal thread embroidery in block or border motifs often outlines the edge of the velvet.

Perfuming Our Dreams.

BED linen, to last, should not be used every week, but should be laid away in a chest every now and then for a few weeks. This makes the life of the linen twice its usual length. Before laying the linen away, it should be thoroughly dried and aired. Quantities of lavender should be placed in the chest and between the linen. This will give not only a sweet and clean scent to the linen, but will add to the rest of the individual who sleeps in a bed spread with it, as the psychologists have discovered that the odor of lavender produces rest and quiet. Lavender should be used for bed linen only, and not for wearing apparel or table or hand linen.

Frocking the School-Girl.

FOR the best dress the plaid skirt may be of silk and the overblouse of silk velvet. The underblouse is then of handkerchief linen or thin batiste. When made of thin white material, the blouse is attractive if finished with full sleeves

drawn up at the wrist with black velvet and finished with a ruffle. The neck also has a ruffle and is drawn up with a narrow velvet ribbon.

Dame Fashion's Decree.

THE just-now popular knitted scarf has a rival. Duvetyne scarves have made their appearance. An attractive one is mulberry in colour, edged with fringe in two subtle shades. A hat to match is of duvetyne, topped by a cluster of worsted fruit.

New Paris neckwear shows a novelty in a collar laced up the back and having a jabot falling from the back.

Ribbons have come into their own again. They are seen by the mile in bandings and quillings on frocks of all descriptions. In dainty decorative patterns they appear on the evening gown; they outline panniers, emphasise waist-lines, finish the tops of bodices with arresting lines of soft light, and dangle from shoulder and belt. They come in picot-edge, in tinsel, in velvet, and gros-grain, and may safely be used to any length.

Not quite up to the eyes in fur, but certainly up to the ears—this is one of the (may one say?) earmarks of the winter's mode. The band for the neck, a small muff, and possibly a toque to match—"small furs," as Fashion dubs them—are particularly adapted to the tailored suit. And, as they are so unpretentious, one may indulge in several sets to harmonize with various tailored suits. The flat-haired peltry is first choice of course—beaver, seal, squirrel, kolinsky, cony, chinchilla, and sealskin, although a few long-haired furs are so used.

While skirts are short and full all about, it must be noticed that the fulness is not disposed of evenly all about the figure. In almost all the imported costumes the skirt is almost flat in front. There is, at the most, little fulness beyond that made by the gored flare. Many of the skirts show their greatest fulness at the flare and at the sides.

Coat linings and blouses that match are again seen in this season's styles. Plain taffeta is used or stripes or checks. Where even the coat linings this season take on bright colours it is hard to realize that across the sea black must of grim necessity be the vogue and colour the exception.

Never have there been such beautiful handbags as this season's showing. They come with tops of antique silver, with clasps of amber birds, of jewelled crowns, of green cameo. Some have rhinestone frames, brilliant and sparkling. These gorgeous mountings are combined with soft chiffon velvet or rich silk.



AN UNIQUE MAGPIE SET

of hat and collar, or hat and muffler, if you will. White cony striped with narrow stripes of black fox is the material and venturesomeness is the spirit of the set. Irresponsibly floating white fancy feathers trim the hat, shortly brimmed with velvet.



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