

# THE CANADIAN COURIER



**A REAL WAR PHOTOGRAPH**

A British Battery in action at the Dardanelles, which at present looks as though it might be open by—say September?

COURIER PRESS, *Limited*, TORONTO

# Electric Service

Means comfort, convenience, economy and safety.

The home that is completely equipped with electrical devices is a happy one.

All the drudgery of house-keeping is eliminated by electricity.

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

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

## The Toronto Electric Light Company, Limited

“At Your Service”

12 Adelaide St. E.  
Telephone Adel. 404



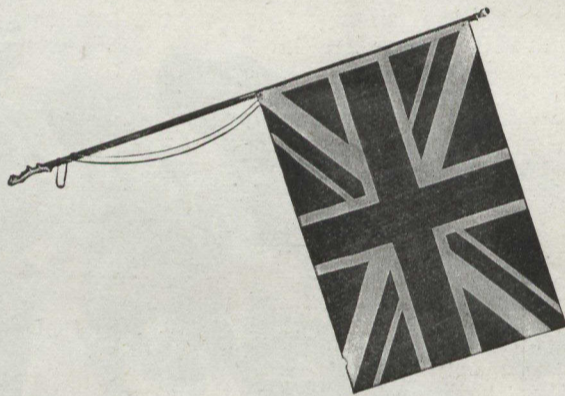
# Algonquin Provincial (Ontario) Park

### A Thoroughly Universal Vacation Territory Midst Wild and Delightful Scenery

### Ideal Canoe Trips—A Paradise for Campers—Splendid Fishing 2,000 Feet Above Sea Level

THE HIGHLAND INN affords fine hotel accommodation. Camps “Nominigan” and “Minnesing” offer novel and comfortable accommodation at reasonable rates.

Write for illustrated matter giving full particulars, rates, etc., to C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto, Ont.



# Live Under the Old Flag

Not merely the flag that “braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze”; but the flag that stands for liberty to every man, for freedom of the home, for the joy of democratic living.

## A FLAG FOR EVERY HOME

Living under the British or the Canadian flag does not mean merely the flag on the Town Hall, the Parliament Buildings and the Armouries. It means the flag directly over your door. Lots of people live under the flag that is owned by somebody else. They imagine that a flag must have a flag-pole on the lawn or on the roof. But the flag for every home means a flag that can be flung from any window, verandah-post or gable.

Believing this, THE CANADIAN COURIER has arranged to supply to its readers, suitable home flags at the moderate prices quoted below.

These flags are Made-in-Canada, and their wearing qualities are guaranteed by THE CANADIAN COURIER. They are cheap enough for the most modest purse and good enough for the wealthiest home.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED. All orders promptly filled by return mail. Send to-day, using coupon. No letter necessary if coupon is carefully filled out.



This Union Jack 32x48 inches, complete with pole (6 feet long), halyard, and window socket, at \$1.45, post paid, is a real bargain. It is designed to fly from an upstairs' window.

The Canadian Courier,  
Toronto, Canada.

## COUPON

Send me a flag. I have indicated with an X the one I want, and am remitting herewith the amount quoted above for this flag.

Name .....

## SIZES AND PRICES:

Address .....

- Union Jack, 32x48 inches ..... 51 cents, Mail Post Paid (Canadian Ensign, same size, 5 cents extra.)
- Union Jack, 32x48 inches (same flag as above), complete with pole (6 feet long), halyard and window socket, \$1.45, Mail Post Paid (Canadian Ensign, same size, 5 cents extra.)
- Union Jack, 24x36 inches ..... 25 cents, Mail Post Paid
- Union Jack, 20x28 inches ..... 20 cents, Mail Post Paid
- Set of Allies' Flags, 6 in number, 15x20 inches, 60 cents, Mail Post Paid

## THE GREATEST SUBMARINE OF THEM ALL

*British E-11, cheered by crew of H.M.S. Grampus, on her arrival in Port after her remarkable Undersea raid*



The exploits of the E-11 in the Sea of Marmora a month ago are still on record as a greater feat of underseamanship than even that of the German U-51, which sailed from Wilhelmshaven and sank two British gunboats at the Dardanelles. The E-11 went through the Dardanelles into the Sea of Marmora, where for more than a week she was the terror of Turco-German warships, gunboats, transports and auxiliary steamers. After she got through the Narrows she sighted two battleships which spotted her, opened fire, "nipped, bunked and ran away." On and under the Sea of Marmora for several days she sighted a big gunboat outside Constantinople, and gave her a "tin fish" that sank her. That day she periscoped a steamer equipped with naval guns and blew her up; likewise two more of the same sort in rapid succession. She entered the harbour of Constantinople and bagged a transport loaded with troops. A few days later she banged another, and, later again she got the other three out of four.

# ONE YEAR OF THE GREAT WAR

*Twelve months ago, Wednesday of this week, Great Britain declared war upon Germany. Twelve months hence Great Britain may still be at war. Time is no object. Until the war is over there is time in the British Empire for just one thing—To Defeat the Enemy of all Free Peoples.*

July 23.—Austro-Hungarian Note to Serbia.  
 July 28.—War declared by Austria-Hungary.  
 July 31.—State of war in Germany.  
 August 1.—Germany declares war on Russia.  
 August 2.—German ultimatum to Belgium.  
 August 3.—Germany declares war on France.  
 August 4.—Great Britain declares war on Germany.  
 August 10.—France declares war on Austria-Hungary.  
 August 12.—Great Britain declares war on Austria.  
 August 15.—Fall of Liege.  
 August 16.—Expeditionary Force landed in France.  
 August 20.—Brussels occupied by the Germans.  
 August 23.—Japan declares war on Germany.  
 August 24.—Germans take Namur.  
 August 26.—Battle of Tannenberg.  
 August 28.—British naval victory off Heligoland.  
 September 3.—Russians take Lemberg.  
 September 5.—End of retreat from Mons to the Marne.  
 September 7.—Germans take Maubeuge.  
 September 15.—Battle of the Aisne begins.  
 September 16.—Russian retreat from East Prussia.  
 September 17.—Austrian Army in Galicia routed.  
 September 22.—The Aboukir, Hogue, and Cressy sunk by submarines.  
 September 26.—Indian Expeditionary Force lands.  
 October 9.—Antwerp occupied by Germans.  
 October 11.—Battle of Ypres-Armentieres opens.  
 October 15.—H. M. S. Hawke sunk by a submarine.  
 October 16.—Canadian troops arrive in England.  
 October 27.—German rush in France stemmed.  
 October 28.—De Wet's rebellion in South Africa.  
 November 1.—Naval action off Coronel.  
 November 3.—German cruisers fire on Yarmouth.  
 November 5.—Great Britain declares war on Turkey.  
 November 7.—Fall of Tsingtau.  
 November 17.—War Loan of £350,000,000.  
 November 20.—Failure of struggle towards Calais.  
 December 2.—Austrians capture Belgrade.  
 December 7.—South African rebellion collapses.  
 December 8.—Naval battle off the Falklands.  
 December 14.—Serbians recapture Belgrade.  
 December 16.—Germans bombard West Hartlepool, Scarborough, and Whitby, killing 127 civilians.  
 December 17.—Turkish suzerainty over Egypt ended.  
 December 18.—Prince Huessin Kamel Pasha appointed Sultan; Abbas Hilmi Pasha deposed.  
 December 25.—British airmen off Cuxhaven. German aeroplane near Sheerness.  
 January 1.—H.M.S. Formidable torpedoed and sunk.  
 January 3.—Russians defeat Turks in Caucasus.  
 January 19.—German airship attack in Norfolk.  
 January 24.—Naval battle off Doggerbank.  
 January 30.—German submarines off Fleetwood.  
 February 2.—Turks defeated on Suez Canal.  
 February 5.—Army Estimates, 3,000,000 men.  
 February 17.—Zeppelins L 3 and L 4 wrecked.  
 February 18.—German "blockade" of England commanded.  
 February 25.—Allied squadron shells forts at entrance to Dardanelles.  
 March 2.—Russian victory at Przasnysz announced.  
 March 3.—Heavy fighting near Basra.  
 March 4.—German submarine U-8 sunk off Dover.  
 March 5.—Zeppelin L 8 wrecked near Tirlmont.  
 March 6.—Smyrna forts silenced by British squadron.  
 March 9.—Bill to extend power to take over or control works for war material introduced.  
 March 10.—The British capture Neuve Chapelle. H.M.S. Ariel rams German submarine U-12.  
 March 18.—Three vessels of the Allied Fleets in the Dardanelles sunk by mines.  
 March 20.—Successful operations by the Union Forces under General Botha.  
 March 22.—Fall of Przemysl. Russians take 126,000 prisoners and 700 big guns.  
 March 23.—Another Turkish raid on Egypt stopped.  
 March 25.—German submarine U-29 sunk.  
 March 27.—French captured Hartmannswellerkopf, in the Vosges.  
 March 28.—Falaba torpedoed off Milford. Russian Fleet bombards Bosphorus forts.  
 March 29.—German offensive movement west of the Niemen checked.  
 April 9.—Russians hold the Carpathian summits.  
 April 14.—A Zeppelin visits the Tyne. Turks routed on the Euphrates.  
 April 16.—Aeroplane drops bombs in East Kent, and a dirigible drops bombs on Essex and Suffolk.  
 April 17.—The British take Hill 60.  
 April 18.—The submarine E-15 aground, is in danger of falling into Turkish hands. To avert this volunteer crews torpedo it.  
 April 19.—The French make progress in Alsace. Near Ypres the enemy try to retake Hill 60.  
 April 21.—The French line is advanced in St. Mihiel area.  
 April 22.—The enemy north of the Ypres salient, using asphyxiating gases.  
 April 24.—The Ypres struggle continues. The Cana-

dian Division's "gallantry and determination undoubtedly saved the situation."  
 April 25.—The Allied forces effect a landing on both shores of the Dardanelles.  
 April 26.—British take the offensive at Ypres.  
 April 27.—The Leon Gambetta torpedoed.  
 April 28.—German offensive at Ypres "definitely stopped."  
 April 30.—Air raid on Ipswich.  
 May 1.—Two German torpedo-boats and one British destroyer sunk off the Dutch coast. The U. S. A. oil-tank vessel Gulfight torpedoed.  
 May 3.—Battle of the Dunajec; Russian retreat in Western Galicia.  
 May 4.—The second War Budget introduced by Mr. Lloyd George, who foreshadows a possible expenditure of £1,132,654,000. Report of Field-Marshal Sir John French on the use by the Germans of asphyxiating gases.  
 May 6.—French established between Lizerne and Het Sast, near the German bridge-head at Steenstraate.  
 May 7.—Cunard liner Lusitania torpedoed and sank

## THROTTLING THE BEAST

THE beginning of the second six months of 1914 was the beginning of the greatest conflict, physical, mechanical, spiritual, financial, commercial, diplomatic and diabolical the world has ever known. On August 1, the great blond beast known as Kultur started a machine going for the purpose of conquering Europe as a preliminary to dominating the world. Since that time the armies and navies of the free peoples have been engaged in throttling the Beast. Again and again it has been said that Germany has failed in her programme; that she was beaten but not crushed when the march on Paris was turned into the rout of the Marne. Whenever there is any doubt on this point, the dry, cold calendar of the war tells the truth. One year ago this week the organized Murder-Machine controlled from Berlin was in full operation like a great cosmic circus. To-day it is blocked, baffled, beleaguered by land and sea, opposed by the armies and navies of all the other great nations of Europe and the national sentiment of United States. The countries round about the Teuton and the Turk have become one international nation for the purpose of ridding the world of a Monster. The greatest overseas Dominion of the great world-Empire has become itself a nation in the struggle. Langemarck, St. Julien, and Festubert are Canadian names in 1915 as Paardeberg was in 1900. The organization of the best part of the world to curb the world-rapine of the worst part of the world has made the Empire from a sublime fiction into a glorious fact; it has changed Canada from an overseas Dominion just out of colonyhood into a young nation. And the cold calendar of one year of war is the index to the greatest moral awakening the world has ever known; greater than the age of Columbus or Martin Luther or George Washington. What the next year's calendar will tell no man can say; except that it will be one year nearer the great victory of free peoples against a people organized for half a century for one great purpose—a war to dominate and tyrannize the world.

by a German submarine off the Old Head of Kinsale, near Queenstown, with great loss of life.  
 May 8.—Germans occupied Libau, on the Baltic coast.  
 May 9.—British attack between the Bois Grenier and Festubert, and gain ground towards Fromelles.  
 May 10.—A German airship raids Southend, Leigh-on-Sea, and Westcliff. About 100 bombs dropped, causing one death, and doing damage to the extent of £20,000.  
 May 12.—H. M. S. Goliath torpedoed in the Dardanelles. General Botha occupies Windhuk.  
 May 15.—British attack between Richebourg l'Avoue and Festubert breaks the enemy's lines over the greater part of a two-mile front. Text of the United States Note to Germany re the sinking of the Lusitania published.  
 May 16.—Russians admit retirement to the line of the San and from the Carpathian Passes.  
 May 18.—Lord Kitchener announces our resolve to use asphyxiating gases; in discussing the shell problem, he said that strenuous efforts had been taken to reduce as far as possible the delay in production; 300,000 more recruits required.  
 May 19.—Mr. Asquith announces the coming recon-

struction of the Government on a broader personal and political basis, for the purposes of the war alone.  
 May 23.—Italy declares war on Austria. "Considerable advance" of the Allies in the Dardanelles.  
 May 25.—The enemy at Ypres uses gas over a front of five miles. French are still gaining ground. Official list of the new Cabinet is issued.  
 May 26.—H. M. S. Triumph torpedoed off the Gallipoli Peninsula.  
 May 27.—H. M. S. Majestic torpedoed by a submarine off the Gallipoli Peninsula. H. M. S. Auxiliary ship Princess Irene accidentally destroyed by an explosion off Sheerness.  
 May 31.—American dissatisfaction with German reply. Docks of Monfalcone, on the Gulf of Trieste, shelled by Italian destroyers. Zeppelin raid on London, six people killed.  
 June 1.—The French captured the sugar refinery at Souchez after a two-days' battle, and made further progress in "The Labyrinth."  
 June 2.—Crossing of the Isonzo by the Italian Army announced by the Italian Staff.  
 June 3.—Przemysl retaken by German and Austrian forces after a bombardment by 16in. guns. Austro-German assault on the railway between Przemysl and Lemberg and advance on Lemberg. Surrendering of Amara, on the Tigris, to the British forces operating in the Persian Gulf.  
 June 4.—General British and French attack upon Turkish positions in Gallipoli Peninsula, as a result of which 500 yards were gained along a front of nearly three miles.  
 June 7.—Zeppelin destroyed between Ghent and Brussels by Flight Sub-Lieutenant R. A. J. Warneford, R.N., at a height of 6,000 feet.  
 June 8.—V. C. conferred upon Flight Sub-Lieutenant R. A. J. Warneford, R.N. Resignation of Mr. Bryan, United States Secretary of State, feeling himself unable to sign President Wilson's second Note to Germany regarding the Lusitania.  
 June 9.—Canada announced her resolve to raise a further force of 35,000 men. British casualties up to May 31 given by Mr. Asquith as 258,069.  
 June 10.—British torpedo-boats Nos. 10 and 12 torpedoed by a German submarine off the East Coast and sunk.  
 June 13.—General Election in Greece. M. Venezelos gained 193 seats out of a total of 316.  
 June 14.—Austro-German advance to Jaworow, north-west of Lemberg.  
 June 15.—French airmen bombarded Karlsruhe; 130 projectiles were dropped on the castle, the arms factory, and the railway station, with reported great loss of life. Mr. Asquith moved in the House of Commons a vote of credit for £250,000,000. He stated the average daily expenditure since April on war services as £2,660,000.  
 June 16.—Mr. Lloyd George took the oath as Minister of Munitions. French advance in the Vosges along the heights commanding the valley of the Fecht; Steinbruck and a suburb of Metzeral captured. Slight British advance east of Festubert.  
 June 20.—Zolkiew and Rawa Ruska captured by the Austro-German forces. Italians consolidated their position on Monte Nero. British aeroplane encounters a German super-biplane having a double fuselage, two engines, and a pair of propellers, over Poelcapelle; German aeroplane driven off, the British pilot landing within the British lines with his machine in flames.  
 June 21.—Further French progress towards Souchez. Metzeral captured by the French. De Wet found guilty of treason and sentenced to six years' imprisonment and a fine of £2,000. Mr. McKenna announces proposals for second War Loan, unlimited in amount, issued at par, bearing interest at 4½ per cent., and available to the public in denominations as low as 5s. Successful French and British attack on Turkish positions in the Gallipoli Peninsula.  
 June 22.—Recapture of Lemberg by the second Austrian Army under General Bohm-Ermolli; general Austro-German advance.  
 June 23.—Mr. Lloyd George introduced the Munitions of War Bill in the House of Commons, and outlined the proposals made for augmenting the supply of munitions.  
 June 24.—Memorandum handed to the American Ambassador, emphasizing the British Government's desire to minimize the inconvenience caused by the war to neutral commerce; the right of confiscation in respect of breaches of blockade has been waived.  
 June 25.—Text of Munitions of War Bill published.  
 June 26.—General Sukhomlinoff, Russian Minister for War, resigns. General Polivanoff to succeed him. Germans succeeded in gaining a footing on the sunken road between Ablain and Angres to

(Concluded on page 18.)

## FIRST WAR PHOTOGRAPH OF MEN IN ACTION



There have been hundreds of pictures of men at war in all countries, and scores of pictures, drawn by artists, of men in action. This photograph of men of the Royal Naval Division making a charge at the Dardanelles and led by an officer is positively the first picture of men caught by the camera in the act of making a charge. The land forces at the Dardanelles are doing a big work. In conjunction with the Navy, they are hemming the Turk in on all sides, east, south and west. In the north Rumania still refuses to let munitions pass through and has engaged customs experts from the Allies.

## VICTORIA CROSS DAY AT BUCKINGHAM



A Quartette of British heroes decorated by the King at Buckingham Palace and being congratulated by their comrades. From left to right the four V. C.'s are—Lance-Corporal Keyworth, of the 24th Battalion; Bandsman Rendle, 1st Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry; Sergeant-Major Barter, 1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers; Sergeant Ripley, 1st Black Watch. A number of bluejackets were decorated the same day.

# ENGLAND, SILENT AND BUSY

*A Servian Writer's Tribute to the People Who are Ultimately to Win the War*

THE English people are silent; but it is remarkable that when these northern men begin to speak they are more eloquent than we of the south. More eloquent is Macaulay than Mirabeau, and Carlyle than Renan, and Gladstone than Mazzini. As if the chill northern mists pressed upon the mouth, their thoughts come to the tongue and go back from the tongue again unexpressed. Englishmen are silent and thoughtful. Never was this island more silent, more thoughtful, or more busy than it is now. The war has given to the whole of Great Britain a solemn aspect. As I stepped upon British soil at Folkestone, I felt as though I had entered Westminster Abbey. All this island is transformed into an abbey; every man is silent, thoughtful, and busy.

In the Dardanelles five great battleships have gone down. In the southern lands such losses would cause countless comments; but they cause Englishmen to become only more silent, thoughtful, and busy. In the Atlantic there was committed the "Superman" crime of the Lusitania, which like some vast sarco-phagus was laid on the floor of the deep. But in England, as the news arrives, lips are only pressed more tightly, the brain is more intensely concentrated, and tasks are more bravely seized. The Zeppelins make daily competition with their brothers the submarines in the destruction of private property and of unarmed and innocent people. At home poisonous bombs may fall from airships, while poisonous gases choke the heroic men in the trenches. Day by day appear the long columns of killed and wounded. But the granite island is silent, thoughtful, and busy! Thus it makes answer to all calamity.

THE English have to-day a sea dominion from Pole to Pole. If their duty to the Allies were to free the waters, they have done that duty brilliantly. To-day a Servian can embark at Salonika, and travel through Suez to the Antipodes, around the globe and back through Gibraltar to Salonika again. During the whole journey he will travel upon the friendly English green sea-fields. English power upon the waters was never realized in such measure—and so effectively—as now. Never was there in history upon land such power as the English are exercising now upon the seas. You will say, "The waters are only a highway, nothing more." No, the waters are more than a highway. They represent nine-tenths of the best strategic positions, which, thanks to these Britons, are now in our possession; but which, without these Britons, had certainly been

By M. LAZARE KOSSOVAC

in German hands. A free highway of the sea preserves the Allies from starvation, makes possible the transport of men and munitions, and transforms what would be otherwise widely-scattered parts into a well-knit and inseparable whole. Imagine if it were not so; imagine if the Germans had such dominion on the waters! Their battleships would now be at Salonika, Kronstadt, Vladivostok, at Naples, Marseilles, and Odessa, at Jaffa and Bombay. Then, from all these sides would creep the German hosts; and who knows how many tribes and nations would not now be fighting against us on the Prussian side? It is, indeed, our happiness that these nine-tenths of

have described in glowing details the successes of their Allies. How beautiful and delicate are the letters of English correspondents from Russia. And as they have been eloquent in praise of the successes of their Allies, so these thoughtful island people have been not less eloquent in sympathetic descriptions of the losses and pains of their friends. One could make books of the articles depicting Serbia's sufferings from typhus, devastation, and want.

The same is true in regard to Belgium. One might think that the English had no pain and suffering of their own. Oh! yes they have, and not a little; but they are silent, and in silence they tend their own wounds and bear their own distress. Silently and thoughtfully they have freed all the seas, from the frigid to the torrid zone. But they have not stopped there; they are helping now to free the dry land. Their troops are fighting day and night in Belgium, in Gallipoli, in Mesopotamia, in South Africa. They have made superhuman efforts to create land forces in as many months as any Continental Power has taken years. We from a distance behold only the glorious sea-power of Great Britain which has just been displayed to all the world. But we do not see these gigantic internal moral efforts which are not less magnificent than her sea-dominion.

MARIUS said, "As soon as I stamp my foot, so soon will arise the legions!" That, however, was only the idle word of a southern mind. King George has silently put his foot upon the earth, and there has in very truth arisen legion after legion. And they are arising still! In this point Germany alone has been self-deceived, and the whole world surprised. All the world regarded the British Isles as the empty wooden horse before the gates of Troy. Albion has shown herself more deft than Ulysses; but she remains very silent, very thoughtful, and very busy.

That a land may gain a nimbus of grandeur and beauty, there must appear upon it a great race or a great man. In this point Carlyle was right. Before the English people, this misty and humid island stood low and uncertain as if it might sink beneath the waters. But to-day it stands as fast as granite, and rises higher than the Alps. And upon this lofty rock stands a nation as one man and as if placed by Providence as sentinel to view with watchful eye every corner of our planet and every movement of nearly two milliard of human beings of all races, all religions, and all States.

## WITH LOYAL HEARTS

By ROBERT ALLISON HOOD

O God, we thank Thee in this crisis great  
The Nation has not flinched from duty's 'hest,  
But all ungrudging have gone forth her best  
To give their blood for right; to demonstrate  
The sacredness of treaties. Hymns of hate  
Have not dismayed us; we have borne the test  
Of modern war's inferno; and we rest  
Assured that they shall conquer soon or late:  
For this we thank Thee; and O Lord we ask  
Help us that we at home too play the man.  
Not ours the glory; but to each a part  
To fill. Be it in field or shop or mart,  
Let us with loyal hearts do what we can:  
So shall fulfilment crown our Empire's task.

Vancouver, B.C.

the best strategic positions the English are holding now and not the Germans.

ENGLISH people know all this, but they never talk about it. They keep silent and think about their own merits! But they are not silent in regard to the merits of their Allies. There has not been a single success, not the smallest achievement of Russian, French, or Serbian arms, which has not been generously praised by these silent Britons. Our Serbian successes at Rudnik and Kosmai have been acknowledged by none so warmly as the English people. Merely chronicling their own successes, they

# THE CANADIANS AT FESTUBERT

*London Times' Reuter Despatch Eulogizes our Troops in the Orchard Fight*

British Headquarters, June 26.

IT was in the Festubert area that the Canadians had the glory of winning their first trenches from the enemy and it was in the fighting in this district that they gave fresh proofs of their powers of courage and endurance.

Among the points captured by the Canadians was a certain orchard, which was held by the enemy in great strength. On the evening of May 20, as the result of a reconnaissance, it was decided that three platoons of the 16th Battalion should attack in front and on the flank. The attack was launched shortly before dark, and the men, most of whom were from Vancouver, charged out into the open under the leadership of Captain Morrison, commanding the company. Scarcely had they begun to advance, however, than they came under a very heavy fire from machine guns and rifles from three different directions. Gaps were caused in the charging lines, but the men never wavered, and continued their progress until they came to a deep creek, full of mud and water, just in front of the orchard.

Before these two formidable barriers a slight halt had necessarily to be made. Then, with a cheer, the men waded through the muddy water, which in many places came up to their armpits, and reached the hedge. Here there was another brief pause, and then Captain Morrison shouted, "Lads, we must get through," and was just about to lead the way through one of the openings when he was stopped by a bomber, Private Appleton, who said, "Excuse me, Sir, but the bombers should go first." So saying, Appleton jumped forward, and darted through the gap, which was so narrow that each man had to follow through separately and take cover.

On reaching the other side of the hedge the Canadians dug themselves in and held on. By this time their numbers had been somewhat thinned, and reinforcements were asked for, which subsequently arrived. Later on the company was relieved and fell back to the rear, after having accomplished

a very fine piece of work against terrible odds.

Another spirited incident was the attack delivered upon a certain redoubt erected by the enemy at the meeting point of several trenches. The little fort bristled with machine guns in strongly-made emplacements, while bomb-proof shelters and specially high parapets afforded good cover to the defenders. Against this two companies of Canadians with a grenade company advanced. The attack was met with a terrible fire from the enemy's machine guns, and the assaulting force suffered severe casualties. Some of the men, however, including a bombing party, reached the enemy's first trench and succeeded in driving the Germans down it for a distance of 400 yards, chiefly by means of bombing. Here a barricade was erected and counter-attacks by the enemy were repulsed.

After the fighting in the last ten days of May there was a comparative lull till June 15, when the Canadians again distinguished themselves at Givenchy. Here they were engaged in the Festubert operations, and one of the tasks of the Canadians was to take a certain portion of the German line, which was strongly defended by two redoubts, filled with machine guns, situated one at each end of the trench. One redoubt was successfully blown up and then blotted out by gun fire, but the other caused trouble. Notwithstanding the fire from this fortin, the Canadian reached the German first line without much loss, the enemy having been considerably demoralized by our gun fire and the mine explosion. Strong German reinforcements, however, began to roll up very quickly, and, in the face of great numerical superiority and an unbearable fire, the attackers fell back down the communication trench, and safely regained their old line.

Among the many gallant deeds done during this local fight, one in particular is worthy of mention. At a certain point in the trench an officer and a private, whose names I have been unable to trace, were working a machine-gun. The tripod slipped,

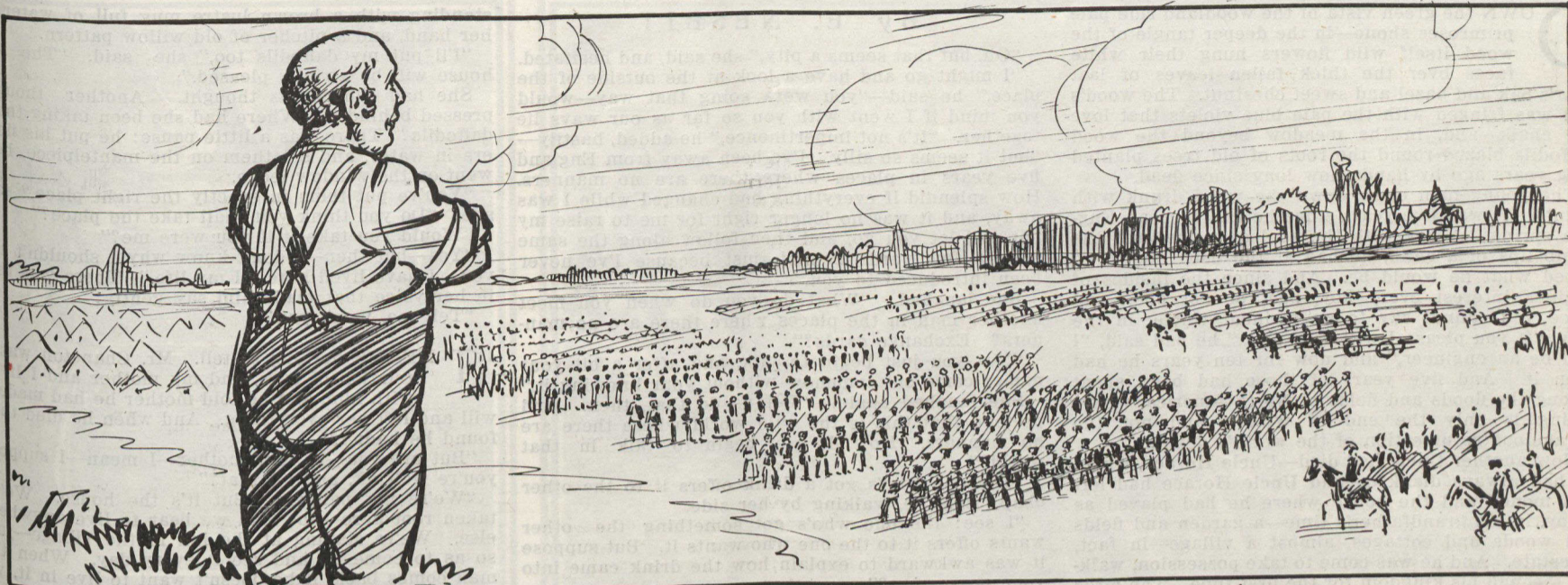
however, and could not be replaced in its original position on the parapet. Accordingly, without a moment's pause, the private, protecting his shoulder with a blanket, supported one of the feet of the tripod on his back, the other two resting on the trench wall. In this position over 1,000 rounds were fired with the gun. The officer was finally killed. The private, being unable to remain in action with the gun, took it off its tripod, and successfully brought it back to our lines.

## Exaggeration

(The Nation, New York.)

WITH regard to the situation in England, there has unquestionably been a great deal of exaggeration. From a shortage of ammunition the correspondents, professional and amateur, have gone on to speak of no ammunition at all. They have pictured the British sitting helpless in their trenches under German fire unable to make reply. This is absurd. What England is actually agitated about is not a shortage of shells for her present battle-line, but an adequate supply for the immense new armies she is creating. Where is the British army? the Germans ask now as they did during the first days of the war. Of that army a million is now in France, probably, and other millions are still drilling. If no British advance in force has been attempted, the reason may not be altogether one of munitions, important though that may be. There are indications that British policy is against any attempt by a portion of her full available strength. If the Germans are to be pushed out of Belgium, the attempt must be made by vast numbers and the attack must be sustained. A thoughtful article in the London "Nation" some weeks ago called for the creation of a "phalanx," a heavy mass of men, a huge human battering ram, such as the Germans drove against the Russians in Galicia.

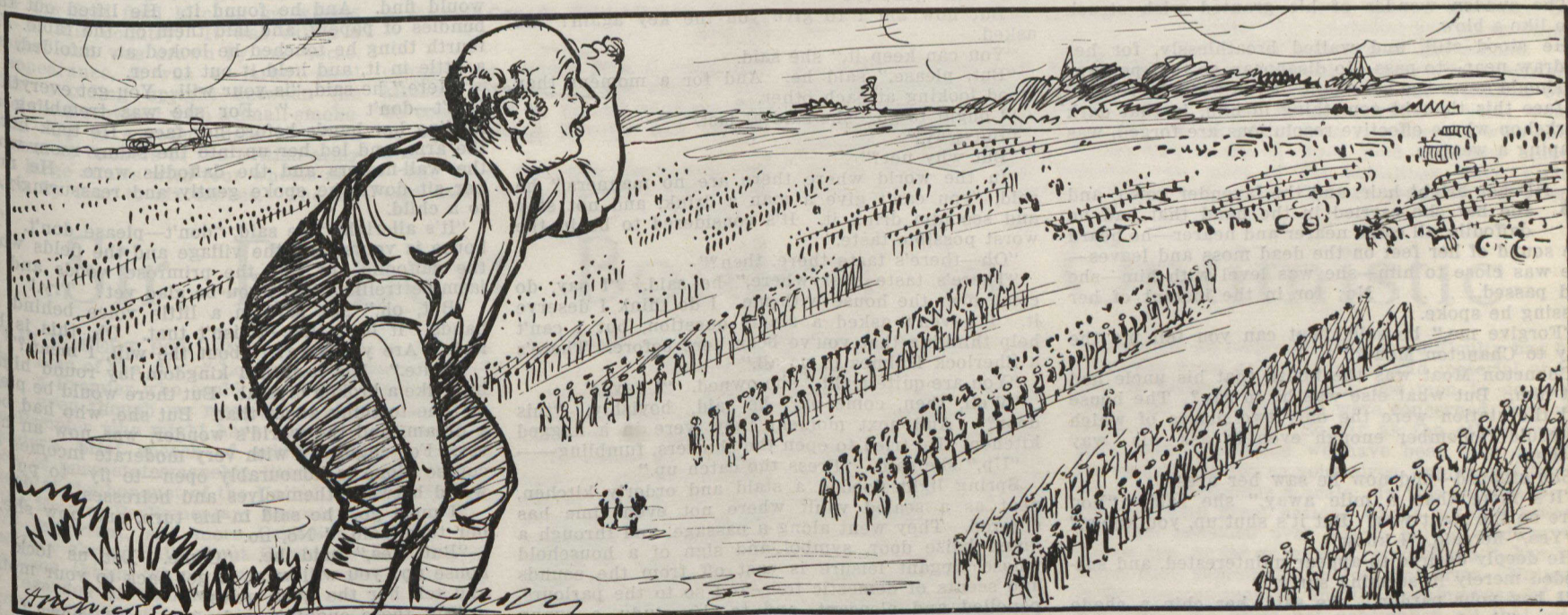
# OUR GRAND NATIONAL CRESCENDO



JOHN BULL, (OCT. 1914) "GOOD BOY JACK CANUCK! THOSE 30.000 ARE A BIT OF ALL RIGHT."



(FEBY 1915) "ANOTHER 40.000 ! 'JACK MY BOY, YOU'RE CERTAINLY DOING YOUR BIT."



(SEPT. 1915) "WHAT? 75.000 MORE? MY WORD! IF KAISER BILL COULD ONLY SEE THIS"

# THE LIE COME TRUE

*Just a Wee Fairy Story in an English Setting*

By E. NESBIT

DOWN the green vista of the woodland ride pale primroses shone—in the deeper tangle of the wood itself wild flowers hung their white faces over the thick fallen leaves of last year's oak and hazel and sweet chestnut. The wood's end was fringed with the pale blue violets that love the chalk—and, in the meadow beyond the wood daffodils blazed round the roots of old trees planted long years ago by hands now long since dead.

The young man came down the wood drunk with beauty. It was five years since he had seen an English spring. A boy with the soul of a poet and the dumb lips of a child, he had at the usual age been asked what he would be. And since the insides of engines interest every boy, poet or not poet, and since you cannot say to an eminent Uncle, in the City, "If you please I will be a poet," he had said, "I will be an engineer," and now for ten years he had been it. And five years of those had been spent among the floods and fields of North America, where spring is only the end of winter, and not the miraculous resurrection of the world's desire.

Now another Uncle had died—Uncle Horace, whom he had always disliked—and Uncle Horace had left him money and the house where he had played as a boy, in his grandfather's time—a garden and fields and woods and cottages, almost a village—in fact, an estate. And he was come to take possession, walking through his kingdom for the first time. The birds were singing, a whole loud orchestra of them, and his heart was singing, too. The birds, no doubt, were singing love songs, or songs of the domestic affections, but the song in Mr. Chancton's heart was a song without a subject. It was, indeed, perhaps less a song than a prelude. One does not live to twenty-nine without some emotional experiences, and he had been in love as he called it—knowing no better—more than once. But the experiences had been curiously disappointing and incredibly unlike the love that poets sang about, the love that wrecks empires and transfigures life. Not one of the pretty girls who had aroused the interest he called love had transfigured more than five minutes of life—and the thought of their inspiring anything that could wreck a Board of Guardians, let alone an empire, refused to present itself as anything but nonsense. Thus, at twenty-nine, he was free—with a heart swept and garnished, and the poet in him, which is the child, too, looked down the vista of brown and green and purple to where the daffodils blazed in the field beyond the shadow and wished—as children wish for the moon—that the Lady of Dreams might come through the wood to meet him, with daffodils in her hands and the light of the world in her eyes.

And then, you know, she came. Life that day was in a bounteous mood. Perhaps happiness attracts happiness. The caged bird singing in the heart decoys the wild, free bird, and they sing together.

She came towards him along one of the narrow paths that intersect the broad green rides. And there were daffodils in her hands; and in her eyes—but he could not see her eyes. Her lips, however, he saw, and her chin, and the soft rose and white of her face, her black hair turning to gold where the sun struck it. Her eyes were downcast, and she did not see him.

The sudden wonder of his granted wish struck him like a blow.

He stood still, and waited breathlessly, for her to draw near—to pass—to disappear, so that perhaps he should never see her again. Even while he refused to face this thought something in him, in that dark workshop where effective resolutions are forged, was shaping a weapon.

AND her bright hair, and the lavender gown, and the hat she carried in the hand that had no daffodils, all came nearer and nearer—he heard the sound of her feet on the dead moss and leaves—she was close to him—she was level with him—she had passed. . . . No; for in the instant of her passing he spoke.

"Forgive me," he said, "but can you tell me the way to Chancton Moat?"

Chancton Moat was the house that his uncle had left him. But what else was he to say? The house and the station were the only two places of which he could remember enough even to ask his way to them.

She stopped—and now he saw her eyes. "It's more than a mile away," she said. "You were on the right way. But it's shut up, you know." "Yes," he said, "I know."

He deeply desired to appear uninterested, and succeeded merely in seeming surly.

"I beg your pardon," she said, her chin a shade higher, "the house is to let—I believe."

He jumped at this. "Yes," he said, "I suppose there's a caretaker, or a servant, or someone—I could get the key?"

"I don't think there's a caretaker," she said. "Then it's no use my going on," said he, "I suppose I had better ask you the way to the station."

"Oh, but that seems a pity," she said, and hesitated.

"I might go and have a look at the outside of the place," he said—"you were going that way—would you mind if I went with you so far as our ways lie together. 'It's not impertinence,' he added, hastily—"but it seems so silly. I've been away from England five years in places where there are no manners. How splendid if everything had changed while I was away, and it was no longer right for me to raise my hat and let you go, and then follow along the same path a few yards behind, just because I've never been introduced to you."

She laughed. "What do you do when you meet another man in the places where there are no manners? Exchange cards?"

"No—you just begin to talk, and after a bit your names come out somehow without your knowing it."

She laughed again. "Let us do that, then. And pretend that this is the wild world where there are no manners. How do you begin to talk in that world?"

"The one who's got a drink offers it to the other chap," said he, walking by her side.

"I see: the one who's got something the other wants offers it to the one who wants it. But suppose it was awkward to explain how the drink came into your possession?"

"You'd offer it just the same. The other chap wouldn't ask questions. And if he did—well, you know what our nurses used to tell us—"

"You'd lie to conceal the secret story of how you got the drink?"

"Certainly, if necessary," he said, coolly.

"Tell me some more about the world where there are no manners," she said. "Are there lions in it? And crocodiles and natives dressed in thatch, with the heads of their enemies hanging round their houses like Chinese lanterns?"

The descriptive touch charmed him; he answered to it as to a spur, and before the mile was out she had heard more of his adventures than had really happened to him. The house came in sight, a big, white, squarish house, among trees, separated from its park only by a sunk fence. She led the way to a gate at the side of the house. It was padlocked. "But I can lift it off its hinges, of course," he said, and did.

"So few people really understand gates," she sighed appreciatively, as she passed through.

THEY went round the house, and noted the green trellis on its southern side, where the bronze jasmine shoots were preparing for their starry summer—the green seat round the cedar, and the dark buds of the weeping ash that made an arbour on the lawn. They tried to peep through the windows, but all were whitely shuttered like the eyes of the dead.

"It's a nice old place," he said, at last.

"Yes—isn't it?" said she.

"I wish we could have got in," he said. "I ought to have remembered to arrange for that."

"When you give the other man the drink he doesn't ask where you got it," she said, and held out her hand with a key in it. "The side door," she said. "And now good-bye—"

"But how am I to give you the key again?" he asked.

"You can keep it," she said.

"But, please," said he. And for a moment they stood looking at each other.

"I ought to go," she said at last.

"But why?"

"But why not?"

"In the world where there are no manners," he said, "you can't give a man a drink, and not stay and see him drink it. It's considered to be in the worst possible taste."

"Oh—there's taste there, then?"

"There's taste everywhere," he said. "I say, do come over the house with me. I do think I deserve it. I haven't asked a single question, but I can't help thinking that you've been here before. There's a Sherlock Holmes in us all."

"You are quite right," she owned. "I have."

"Well, then, come on," he said, boyishly, "this door?" And next moment they were in a flagged kitchen. He tried to open the shutters, fumbling—

"Up," she said. "Press the catch up."

Spring light flooded a staid and orderly kitchen, neat as a sealed vault where not even time has entered. They went along a passage, and through a green baize door, symbol and sign of a household whose elegant leisure is cast off from the sounds and scents of domestic toil—and so to the parlours, panelled and pleasant, and to the study, a sunny room with demure yet graceful furnishings. Not a man's room.

"My lady's boudoir," he said, and stopped on the threshold. "How bright and neat it all is. No dust anywhere, it only wants flowers." He opened the window, and leaning out plucked a handful of wall-flowers from the border outside. He found her

standing with a brown lustre mug full of water in her hand, and a pitcher of old willow pattern.

"I'll put my daffodils too," she said. "The old house will be awfully pleased."

She had echoed his thought. Another thought pressed behind it. Where had she been taking those daffodils? There was a little pause: he put his flowers in water, and set them on the mantelpiece, hers went on the window ledge.

"You've put them in exactly the right place," said she. "Do you think you shall take the place?"

"Would you take it if you were me?"

"Yes—but then—I don't know why I shouldn't tell you. I have lived here all my life." There was that in her voice that made him say gently:

"Tell me, won't you?"

"THERE'S nothing to tell. Mr. Chancton was a relation of ours, and my mother and I lived with him, and he told mother he had made a will and left her everything. And when he died they found he hadn't."

"But are you—is your mother—I mean—I suppose you're well off, and all that?"

"We're not paupers. But it's the house. We've taken root here—how can we bear to live anywhere else. We're staying at the inn in the village—just so as to come up and see it every day. When the man comes back, if he doesn't want to live in it, we thought of asking to be caretakers—we couldn't afford to rent it, but if it's going to be let that's all over," said she. "I don't know why I'm telling you all this. And you guessed about the daffodils."

I was coming up to put them here—because I hate to think of the house being left all alone. He's left the money to some wretched nephew he's not seen since he was a boy, and mother had done everything for him, for years. He was a dear, too. I can't think how he can have done it. I suppose he forgot."

"Has the will been looked for?"

"Of course it has. Mother and I looked everywhere—and so did the lawyers. The will they did find was made nearly thirty years ago, and the lawyers had got it poked away somewhere. But my will—they never found that."

"I stayed here when I was a boy," he said, "and I remember—"

Like a man in a dream he went across the room, and lifted out a row of books from one of the mahogany shelves. Then another, and another. Then he drew the shelves out, and fumbled in the dark hollow—a latch clicked, and the book-shelves swung back, leaving a larger, darker hollow.

"This is the secret door," he said. "Didn't you know it? I expect we shall find your will here."

"But I've never seen this," she said, breathlessly.

HE murmured something about the men of the family as he lit the candles in the two branched silver candlesticks from the mantelpiece. Still deep in that dream he went down into the little dark room—dark it was, and the dust lay thick and soft like a carpet on its floor. She followed him stricken to a shamed silence.

There was a table in the middle of the room—and a cupboard in the corner. It was locked, but he forced it open. He knew now, quite well, what he would find. And he found it. He lifted out three bundles of papers, and laid them on the table. The fourth thing he touched he looked at, unfolded, read a little in it, and held it out to her.

"Here," he said, "is your will. You get everything. Don't—don't . . ." For she was trembling and holding her hands before her face. He took her by the arm, and led her up into the sunny room where the wall-flowers and the daffodils were. He made her sit down, he spoke gently and reassuringly, as to a child.

"It's all right," he said, "don't—please don't. The house is yours, and the village and the fields where the daffodils are, and the primrose woods and the jasmine trellis. Can't you be glad yet? Try."

"But, oh," she said in a little voice behind her hands, "it isn't that—it isn't that. Oh, this is horrible. Are you sure? About the will, I mean?"

"Quite." His beautiful kingdom lay round him in bits, like a broken crystal. But there would be plenty of time to think about that. But she, who had been a dream, and the world's wonder, was now an heirless. For engineers with very moderate incomes one course alone is honourably open—to fly—to put the world between themselves and heiresses.

"I must go," he said in his turn, and now she, in her turn, said, "No, no."

"But, yes," said he. "Come. Let us lock the house up: you will want to get back to your mother and tell her the good news."

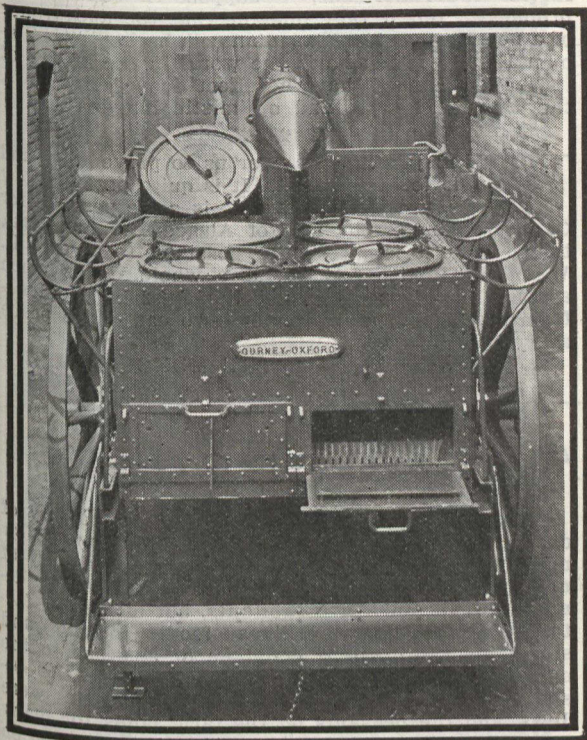
"But there oughtn't to be any good news," she cried, "it was all lies. He never promised to leave us anything. Only mother thought he would let us stay in the house. He wasn't my uncle. Mother was his housekeeper, and he paid for me to go to school and college and—"

"Well—never mind," he said awkwardly.

(Concluded on page 16.)



# COOKING FOOD WHILE ON THE MARCH



An end view of a Canadian field kitchen, showing cooking vessels, fire doors and folding smoke stack.

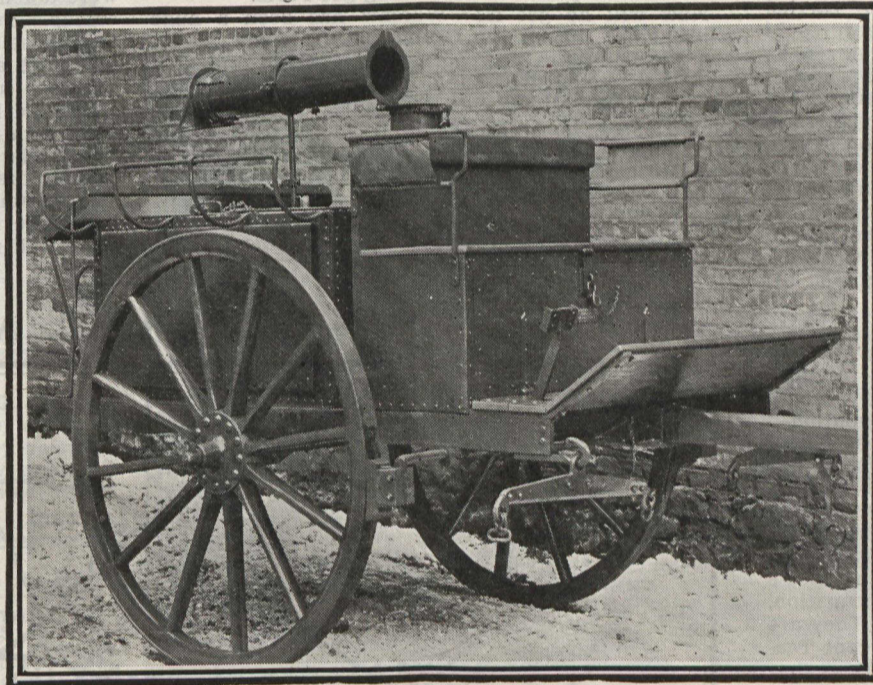


The German type of field kitchen with four wheels. This particular kitchen was captured by the French and is here being put to good use.

**U**NDoubtedly this war has served to emphasize that an army travels on its stomach. The question of feeding the soldiers is given more attention than in any other war that the world has ever seen.

When the soldiers fought in the Crimea, they were always in great danger from the ravages of scurvy. Too often the armies were starving or were suffering from the effects of badly cooked food. To-day, unless an army runs away from its lines of communications it is usually well fed and supplied with pure drinking water. In South Africa the British lost more troops by disease than by the enemies' bullets. The same was true of the Spanish-American war. The Japs profited by the lessons of those two wars and found that by supplying their armies with scientists who could test the drinking water, prevent epidemics, enforce sanitary conditions, and oversee the supply of food on a scientific basis, the efficiency of their armies was doubled and trebled.

When the Queen's Own Rifles, of Toronto, went to England a few years ago to take part in the annual field training at Aldershot, they brought back with them the first field kitchen on wheels seen in this country. It was called a "cooker" and was drawn by one horse. In appearance, it was a large steel boiler standing upright between the wheels and crowned with a small smoke stack. Up to a recent date the field kitchens or cookers of the British army were large affairs with four wheels and drawn by four to six horses. The ac-



A Made-in-Canada field kitchen on two wheels, which will feed two hundred and fifty men.

companying picture of a German field kitchen, captured by the French, may be considered as typical of those used by the German, French and British armies.

The First Canadian Contingent was sent away in such a hurry that it was

not fully supplied with field kitchens. No Canadian manufacturer had begun the making of this important part of the regimental equipment. Even the battalions composing the Second Contingent were not fully supplied, although a beginning had been made in

the production of these machines. The Third and Fourth Contingents are being more fully equipped with them, because they are inexpensive and because they can now be secured from several leading factories.

The two pictures shown here give some idea of the excellent field kitchens now being manufactured by the Gurney Foundry Co., of Toronto. The body is balanced on one axle and the cart can be drawn by two horses. The body contains four steel cooking vessels, each with a capacity of fifteen gallons. The fire box is in two parts, each with its own grate, and each designed to burn coal, wood or straw. The wheels, grates and various other parts are of standard size and make, so that parts can be obtained in England when repairs are necessary. The wheels and axle are of the standard used on the English water-carts. Suitable swinging supports are provided to hold the kitchen in a horizontal position while the horses are detached. The weight is 1,800 pounds and the price is \$475.

The same company have a little different kitchen in which two of the cooking vessels are replaced by bake ovens. Some regiments are taking four of the first style and one of the bake oven style. One regiment has taken three of the first and two of the second.

Any person or association desiring to make a present to the battalion being raised at any particular point, cannot do better than to present it with one or more of these field kitchens. Indeed, most of the battalions have secured kitchens through generosity of friends.

## Sir Robert Borden is Optimistic

*The Premier's London Speech Sentimentally Reviews and Forecasts the Events of War*

"We are not a military nation in Canada; we are a peace-loving and peace-pursuing people with great tasks of development within our own Dominions lying before us. Thus, for a struggle such as this, upon so gigantic a scale, we were naturally unprepared. But even so, relatively unprepared as we were, the Minister of Militia and Defence in Canada succeeded in placing upon the Plain of Valcartier, within six weeks of the outbreak of war, a force of 33,000 men, thoroughly armed and equipped in every branch of the Service—artillery, commissariat, Army Service Corps, and all the vast organization that is necessary in war as carried on in the present day.

"We have sent overseas up to the present time nearly 75,000 men, including troops which are doing garrison duty in the West Indies. We have in Canada to-day 75,000 men in training, with organization being prepared as rapidly as possible for their advent to the front when needed. The response from every province in Canada indeed has been so warm, so

impressive, so inspiring, that our difficulty has been to secure arms and equipment and material and all that is necessary to enable our men to go to the front. So far as the men were concerned, they were there in abundance. So far as the other preparations were concerned we have been very much in the same condition as yourselves, unprepared for war upon so tremendous a scale. In this conflict we are engaged with great nations whose military preparation has extended over nearly half a century, and whose aim, as far as we can comprehend it, has been world-wide supremacy by force of arms. Naturally in the opening months, and the opening year, of such a struggle we could not accomplish all that might be expected at first, but I take comfort in this thought, that for purposes of war or for any other purposes the resources of this Empire are not only abundant but almost unlimited, and there is yet time for that preparation which perhaps ought to have been made at an earlier day. The day of peril came before our day of preparation had fully been reached."

**S**IR ROBERT BORDEN has been given the freedom of the city of London. Canada never had a Premier who could abuse that freedom less, even though we may have had one Conservative Premier who might have enjoyed it more. The Premier's brief speech of acknowledgment was a piece of pure statesmanship literature. His former speech at the banquet of the United Kingdom branch of the Empire Parliamentary Association was larger, more important, and more Canadian. When our Premiers abroad talk about Canada, even the commonplace things which they are compelled to say are regarded as significant. Here are some of the purely Canadian things said by this Canadian-born Premier for the encouragement of those in England who had never heard a Canadian Premier say anything about Canada since the war began. It will be observed that Sir Robert avoided any theatrical references to Langemarck, St. Julien and Festubert. But in the anniversary week of the war what he did say is both characteristic of the man and representative of the country. The Premier spoke as follows:

# CAN CANADA BE GERMANISED ?

By THE MONOCLE MAN

TO those people on this continent who imagine that a German success in this war would not affect their individual lives, I cordially commend a careful consideration of German psychology. To the German mind, the only perfectly happy world is a completely regulated world. They have a profound dislike in Germany for that individual initiative and liberty of action which makes up so large a share of our notion of happiness. The individual cannot possibly know as well what is good for him—as a rule—as the composite wisdom of the best brains in the community will. That is the German theory of life. They say that it is better that the individual shall get the best of everything than that he shall be allowed to choose for himself. They allow no play for personal preference, the free exercise of which is our idea of heaven.

THIS has been beautifully illustrated several times during this war. When our good neighbours, the Americans, demanded that they be allowed to exercise their right to travel at will on any ship they chose between here and Europe, without being drowned by an illegal torpedo attack from a German submarine, the Germans replied with a complicated plan by which American travel across the Atlantic would be systematically regulated in such fashion that no Americans, following the plan, would be so drowned. The Germans undoubtedly thought this a complete and satisfying reply to the American demand. The Americans wanted to get across the Atlantic safely. Well and good. The Germans would fix up a scheme by which they would be carried across the Atlantic in safety. And what more could anybody ask? The German mind could never be brought, in a hundred years, to understand why the American mind rejected that captivating plan. Here was safe travel assured the Americans by Government regulation—the very acme of German perfection. Yet the Americans were not satisfied. They perversely asserted that they did not want to be regulated. They wanted to choose for themselves what ships they would patronize, and still be safe in so doing. It is no wonder that the puzzled Germans thought that they saw "the shadow of England" behind President Wilson.

GERMANS have been applying their system of regulation in another place as well—in those portions of Russian Poland that they occupy. They have established a whole code of regulation—sanitary, vehicular, sumptuary, et al—in these Polish towns. They say that the people living in them are far better off than they ever were before. That is, they are better protected against disease—better supplied with means of transport—better fed and housed—than they were when they managed their own affairs before the war. So they infer that these Poles must be delighted with the German occupation. But they are not—not so you would notice. They are ungratefully sullen and furious at this impudent Teutonic interference with their private lives. Does that put a stop to the interference? Not for a minute. The Germans are going to "do them good" if they have to put them all in jail—or underground—to make them accept these benefits. That is the German idea—make people live by rule, whether they like it or not.

NOW, that will be the underlying idea of any German anti-individualistic attempt to extend the benefits (?) of German "Kultur" to the whole world; and extend them they infallibly will if they get the chance. We British ought to understand something of that feeling, much as we detest and rebel against German "Kultur." We insist upon extending the benefits of our system of government to peoples under our control. Even the Americans have taken up "the white man's burden" in the Philippines. The chief difference in the German point of view is that they feel themselves superior to most white men as well as to races with more pigment in their skins; and they are bound to try to extend the benefits of their system of government to Canadians—and to Americans—if they get the opportunity.

IF they win this war—and then win another in a few years which will enable them to dismember the British Empire, provided they do not do it this time—they will almost certainly get the chance in Canada. For they will take over Canada and make it a Prussian Province. Once they have brought Europe to heel, sunk the British Navy, and gained the power to carve up the British Empire, the American people will not be able to utter a peep against such an occupation of Canada, no matter what they think it will do to the Monroe Doctrine. For them to oppose the planting of German garrisons in Halifax, Montreal and Toronto, would only be to get German garrisons in New York and Chicago. So they will carefully withdraw the Monroe Doctrine out

of range, and accept the theory that the substitution of one European flag for another, north of the Great Lakes and the 49th parallel, does not damage that Doctrine.

THUS we in Canada, in that case, will be Germanized. We will be "regulated." "Verboten" signs will dot our streets and parks. German "Kultur" will be our governing code; and the German spiked helmet will enforce it. For particulars, apply to Alsace-Lorraine. Zabern incidents will become common in Canadian cities; for there will be no virile

British Empire ready to take fire at them. A Prussian Lieutenant, with a guard of "goose steppers," will be able to set aside all our local authorities with a wave of the hand. I don't think we will like it. As for the Americans, I suppose I should not prophesy. But if they imagine that the appearance of a new Germany on Canadian soil, backed by a German Empire which holds the world in the hollow of its mailed fist, will have no effect upon their future, they have a soaring and optimistic imagination.

THERE is just one way for us to prevent it; and that is for us to fight. It is quite possible now for us to lose the war. It is quite possible for Canada to invite the fate of Alsace-Lorraine. But, thank God, it is also quite possible to avert it. When the British peoples, as a whole, do as much as the French peoples and the Russian peoples—from a military point of view—we can make peace at Berlin.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

## Warsaw, the Abandoned ?

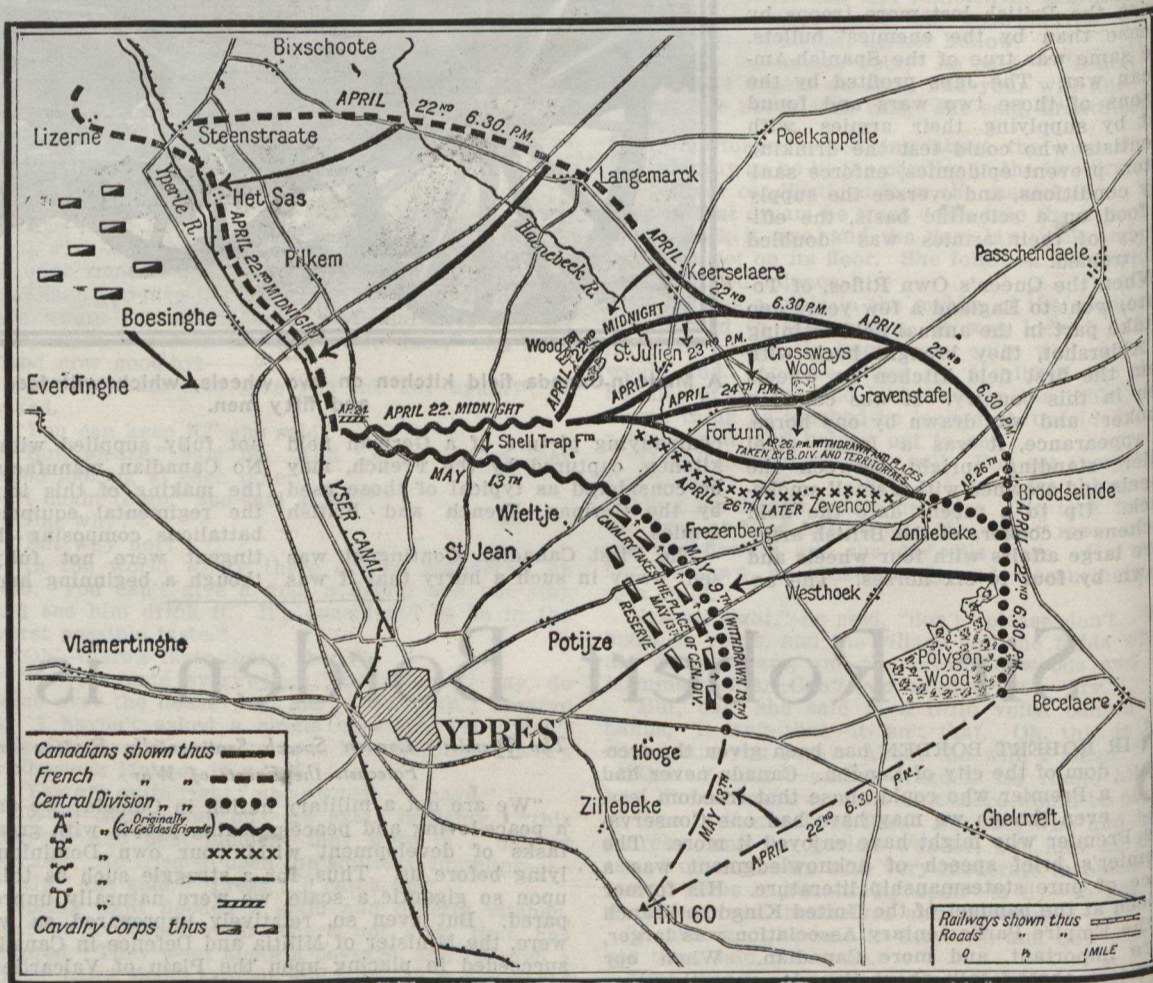
MORE than ever Poland resembles Belgium. Brussels, the capital of Belgium, was peacefully evacuated without destruction by the Belgians early in the war. Warsaw, the capital of the Russian Province of Poland, was reported, in a recent cable despatch, evacuated by the Poles under the direction of the army of the Grand Duke Nicholas. Warsaw, the empty, disorganized hulk, the Stonehenge ruins of what it was a few days ago, was to fall into the hands of Mackensen's armies as Przemysl and Lemberg did a few weeks ago. According to the programme of the Kaiser, Warsaw should have been in his hands last fall, soon after the invasion of Poland began. He wanted it as a consolation prize for not having got Paris.

Now will he get it? Warsaw has been a huge sentimental job on the Grand Duke's hands. With the Russian lines where they have been since the numerous retrogrades, the capital of Poland stuck out as an abrupt salient with three sides exposed to the enemy. But the Grand Duke did his best to save the Russian city next in size and importance to Petrograd and Moscow, because the Czar has proclaimed freedom for the Poles at the end of the war, and Warsaw was to become not only a great commercial, industrial and splendid city, but a city of freemen.

All that is yet to be. Warsaw will be a city of democracy; but it will be a new Warsaw. How magnificently the Russian army scuttled the city of nearly a million inhabitants into a skeleton, denuding it not only of inhabitants, but of metals, factories, bridges, railways lines, food, clothing and stores, everything that could be of any use to the enemy—has been graphically described in the despatches. The Warsawians, half of whom were Jews, and the peasants on the farm lands for many miles about the capital, were said to have massed on to the miles of trains provided by the army.

So the city was left when even the church bells—and there were hundreds upon hundreds of bells—were taken so as not to be melted into bullets by the enemy. Even the wires and the trolley tracks were torn loose and taken away. A city almost as big as Montreal and Toronto combined, under organized direction, uprooted itself and moved away as never a city did in the world before, when so many people went with it. So the cable despatch most eloquently said. The evacuation of Warsaw is the most profoundly dramatic thing about this war of tremendous super-dramas, so many of which originate in the impatient imagination of the correspondent. We still await news of the fate of Warsaw.

## CANADA'S BIRTHPLACE AS A NATION



It was at the Battle of Ypres, the old Flemish town of cloth halls and beautiful architecture, that the British Army in Flanders did its greatest fighting against the Germans on October 31 and Nov. 11, 1914, in the first Battle of Ypres. The second struggle at Ypres was greater and briefer than the first. It began on April 22 and lasted four days. It blazoned the name "Canada" in the world's honour roll of hero peoples. Langemarck, St. Julien and Festubert were all phases of the resistance to the great struggle to capture Ypres. In a long article by Percival Landon, in the London Daily Telegraph, the writer describes the battle of which the above map was made from sketches furnished by himself. He recalls eloquently the words of Gen. Otter at a dinner after the Battle of Paardeberg in 1900: "You have had some of our blood already, and you may have as much more of it as you need." At the second Battle of Ypres the words of the Canadian General were memorably realized.

# TO ALL OVERSEAS BRITONS—ALL HAIL!



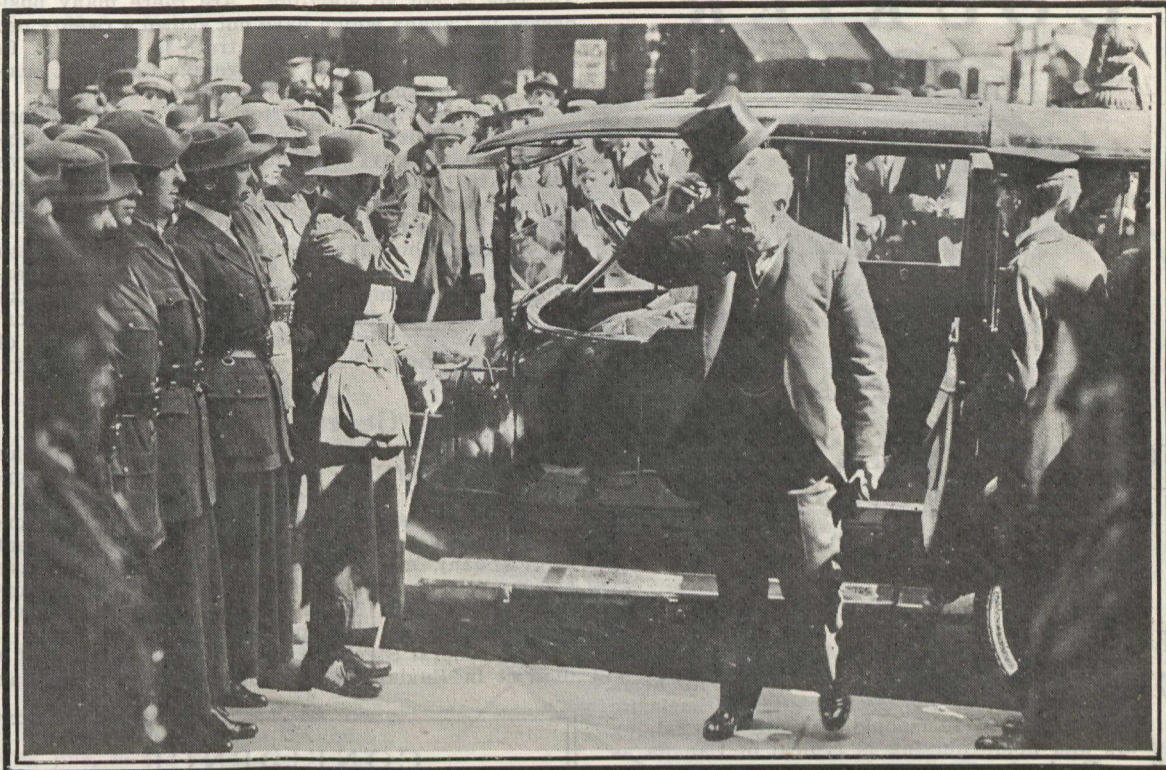
**UP WITH THE OVERSEAS FLAG.**  
When these wounded Australians went jitneying in a motor-bus down to Harefield in England they hoisted the Australian Ensign. This was strictly against the before-the-war rules, but the war has smashed a lot of rules and traditions in England.

## CANADA'S REWARD

(From London Punch.)

THE Canadian troops have fought with such magnificent gallantry in the War that it is good to know that, as regards their own country, they will not have fought in vain. It is the Tagliche Rundschau which sends the glad tidings. "Canadians as a whole," says this paper, "have given such proof of bitter animosity to Germany that they must not be surprised if henceforth every effort is made to prevent the further influx into their land of the virile stream of German manhood."

ONE of these days there may be a grand Empire holiday, not 24th of May, nor July 1st, nor the anniversary of the day when Australia, or New Zealand, or South Africa entered the grand world-federation of commonwealths. In the calendar of world-history there is now but one day that every citizen of the British Empire can feel his pulses thrill and the patriotic shivers go over his nerves. That day is August 4th; the day when England, and therefore the Empire, cast their weight of nationhood into the struggle to rid the world of a menace. When the war is over, Canadians and all other Overseas branches of the Empire will celebrate this date. August 4th, 1914, was the day when the modern Empire, not of mere sentiment or trade or flag-wagging, but the Empire of a common cause in civilization, democracy and individual liberty in living, struck its highest note of achievement. The rights of the old little nations, Belgium and Servia, were the identical rights of young great nations like Canada, Australia and South Africa, and of the great Empire of India. By choosing August 4th as the great Empire Day all over the British world the free peoples of the Empire will commemorate the day when Germany, the professional war state of Europe, forced all peace-loving, progressive and free peoples into the confederacy of a common cause in modern civilization.



**CANADA'S POPULARITY IN ENGLAND.**  
Sir Robert Borden entering the Queen's Theatre, in London, where he was guest at a benefit performance for the Red Cross Society.

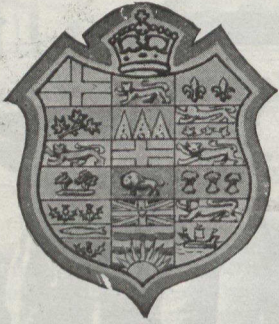


**BERLIN, ONT., ORGANIZES A NEW REGIMENT.**  
Berlin's and Waterloo's new regiment held its first divine Service Parade on the 20th. This is the first picture of the officers. Standing, left to right—Lieut. Henney, Lieut. Curry, Capt. Cunningham, Lieut. Schneider, Capt. Lockhart, Lieut. Whiteman, Lieut. E. Breithaupt, Capt. Macklin. Sitting—Lieut. A. L. Breithaupt, Lieut. Bingham, Lieut.-Col. Bowman, Major Lockhead, Major Schmaltz, Capt. Andrews, chaplain. Sitting, front row—Lieut. Routley, Capt. Williams, Lieut. Kreitzer.  
Photograph by Berlin Portrait Rooms.



**KEEPING ALIVE A GREAT REGIMENT.**  
Calgary law and college students who left July 23 to reinforce the Princess Pats.

# THE CANADIAN COURIER



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY

COURIER PRESS, LIMITED

181 SIMCOE ST.

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

TORONTO, AUGUST 7, 1915

## The War Spirit

**P**UNCH'S picture of Grandpa submitting his head, his hands and his feet to the enthusiastic women of the household who are all studying first aid and home nursing is typical of Canada as well as England. The artist, devising a new steel shield for rifle men, makes it palette shaped. The professor invents a new field gun which looks like his beloved microscope. Every man, every woman and every child exhibits the war spirit in some form or other.

In Canada it has characteristics of its own. For example, the average farmer knows nothing about the war and cares less. He may look at pictures of the devastated fields of France and Poland with a certain amount of curiosity, but it never occurs to him that there is the remotest possibility of his fields being devastated. And if he were asked why his fields were secure, he would probably be dazed. Of course, there are farmers who discuss the war intelligently and have sent their sons to serve the flag, but the average farmer as reflected in the average farm-paper is not as much interested in the war as in the price of next year's Ford.

The working-man, on the other hand, is the patriot. On him falls the hard work and the suffering. He leaves wife and child and sweetheart and goes away with a smile on his face and a sob in his heart. When he feels worst and is most doubtful about the fate of those he is leaving behind, he cracks the blithest jokes and sends forth the heartiest laugh. He is giving his all—and a little more.

As for the professional classes, they are suffering keenly. Their salaries are cut in two—and some of them in two again. Yet they are most active in giving the sons to be officers and their daughters to be nurses, and their wives to be patriotic workers. They themselves dip into their savings account and contribute to the purchase of field kitchens, machine guns and hospital equipment. The professional and labouring classes are the saving grace, the crowning glory of the nation.

As for the manufacturer and the financier, there is not much to be said. Some of them are giving freely and some of them are gaining freely. The manufacturer who makes a hundred per cent. profit, or even two hundred per cent. on saddlery, boots, clothing or ammunition, considers himself still a patriot. The men who work through incorporated companies lose their sense of public responsibility, unless they are most careful. The corporation has no soul. To induce a manufacturer or financier to be patriotic, you must make him an honorary colonel, and then you cannot be too sure of him.

But after all, take us as a nation, with all our faults, we have made good in this emergency. Our Government has blundered and hesitated even as the Governments of Britain and France and Russia have done, but on the whole the rulers of the country have made a good record as records go. The people, considered as a whole, have risen from their hundred years of peace to their sudden military responsibilities with alacrity and enthusiasm. Where their duty has been made clear to them, it has been done cheerfully.

\*\*\*

## Railway Earnings

**M**ORE people have discussed railway earnings this year than ever before. The decline in the net returns of the transportation companies seems to have affected the public mind to an unusual extent. The pessimists have predicted a receivership for the Canadian Northern and a tight squeeze for the Canadian Pacific. Some have suggested that the Dominion Government would be forced to take over all three of our great national systems in order to protect the bondholders and the provinces that have guaranteed bond interest.

This pessimism is not justified. True, Canadian Pacific's net profits, the barometer of Canadian business, have declined from \$42,000,000 to \$33,500,000. Yet this is not so startling. Are there many businesses in Canada which have not shown a twenty per cent. decline in profits? The truth is that C. P. R. has done just as well as the average Canadian business, large or small—no better and no worse.

A prominent wheat exporter stated last week that if Canada realizes the harvest which is now anticipated, the railways will have the biggest twelve months in their history. It will take nearly a year to move the 250,000,000 bushels of grain which Canada is within a few weeks of realizing.

Let those who have been down-hearted take fresh courage. The railways of Canada have bright prospects at the moment and optimism will soon take the place of pessimism. Canada may not "boom" again for five years, but there are distinct signs of a business revival based on agricultural prosperity.

\*\*\*

## Experienced Generals

**R**EPEATEDLY, the Courier urged that a Canadian soldier of high rank should be sent in command of the Second Contingent. That suggestion was based on a belief that if the First Contingent had gone over in charge of a competent commandant, most of its troubles would not have occurred. The Militia Department adopted the suggestion and sent Major-General Steele in charge. The results have been most satisfactory.

Now General Steele has been given command of a district in England which includes the Canadian

## CONFIDENCE

**A** REVIEW of the events of the year, as made in this issue, should give every Canadian renewed confidence. We have come successfully through a dramatic period.

Prospects are brighter than at any time in the past twelve months. The war is going well, if not brilliantly. The Allies are surely getting themselves in condition for an offensive climax in the struggle for personal and national liberty. Canada is producing more and exporting more than at any period in her history. The balance of trade is in our favour for the first time in our history. Retrenchment has brought economic stability. Unemployment has been eliminated.

We enter upon the second year of the war with renewed hope and confidence. This is not the time to mope or croak. Our clear duty is to work and cheer.

camp at Shornecliffe, and another Canadian, Major-General Turner, will take the Second Division into the firing line. This is a splendid arrangement. Another Canadian may succeed General Aldersen in command of the First Division.

The significance of these appointments is that Canada will have, after the war, a corps of experienced generals who will be a valuable national asset.

## THE MAN WHO LANDED THE TROOPS AT THE DARDANELLES



Gen Sir Ian Hamilton has already made a brilliant reputation as the author of the greatest feat on record of landing troops against fearful obstacles. It was his careful study of the Gallipoli Peninsula that made it possible to land the forces that would make the forcing of the Dardanelles a possibility of war. He is here seen (in centre) as commander of the land forces, with Gen. Braithwaite, being rowed ashore from a British warship.

Their knowledge will mean a tremendous improvement in our military spirit and probably a considerable increase in the results obtained from each dollar spent for defence purposes. It is quite evident now that our Militia Department was thoroughly incompetent when war broke out. Some of the deadwood has been eliminated, but there is a need for further re-organization which must wait until the war is over. That these faults have not been fatal, is largely due to the energy and ability of the present Minister of Militia.

\*\*\*

## Listing the Humans

**G**REAT BRITAIN, in perfecting her organization for war, has decided to list her human resources. The National Register Bill, which has just passed through Parliament, provides for a new kind of census. It aims to find out the number of men available for work, and the number of men for each kind of work. There is to be a national stock-taking of the human element which can be employed for war purposes or adapted to them.

Britain has been an unorganized nation—a "laissez faire" nation. Each individual was left to choose his own occupation and to work when he liked, and on terms of his own choosing. It was individual effort which made Britain great as against community effort as in the case of Germany. The people have now decided that while individualistic effort may be best in peace, it is not the best in war.

Great Britain does not want to adopt conscription. The people are opposed to forcing men to do this or that by military law. Nevertheless, they find that volunteering needs regulation. When the war started, good mechanics needed in the munitions factories and good miners needed to get out coal, and so on through the list of industries subsidiary to war, enlisted and left these industries short-handed. The men who volunteered first for Kitchener's Army were too often men who should have been enlisted to stay at home, while the men who stayed behind were those who should have enlisted.

To put the British nation in an efficient state, it is necessary to rectify these mistakes. Something has been accomplished along this line by the Minister of Munitions. To carry the reform further, it is necessary to make a list of all the citizens and then draft the various classes available to the tasks which they can do best. This is not conscription, but organization.

\*\*\*

## Russian Fortitude

**D**ESPITE the shortness of ammunition, despite the lack of adequate railways in the fighting zone, despite the four million fighting men thrown against her, despite a certain superiority of big guns, Russia fights bravely and magnificently. The Russian line has fallen back, but it is still unbroken. Like Bunyan's Mr. Valiant, it never falters nor fails despite the odds against it.

The cleverness of the Russian commanders, the heroism of the Russian soldiers and the patient courage of the Russian people are worthy of the highest praise. Their sacrifice in this great struggle against a ruthless, world-destroying military machine has been great, and should be long remembered.

# AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

## As We See Others

HERE is not a kinder community in the Dominion of Canada, I care not in what province you may be, than the city of London, Ontario. If you have once been a resident of the busy town on the Thames, you will be sure to travel back to it whenever a holiday gives you the opportunity to see Queen's Avenue or Dufferin Park again, while the riverway never loses its charm to those who remember childhood picnics on its banks. And then, of course, there is Port Stanley, just a little run on the new railway, where the breezes from Lake Erie make the summer-time a refreshing season of excursions and sails.

London is the most warm-hearted spot when it takes you by the hand and makes you feel at home, with five o'clock tea—and no lemon in it! Now, a London woman has shown the true, sterling kindness of her patriotism by proposing a pie shower for the soldiers. This good Martha of Western Ontario has let no baking go by, this summer, without sending fruit filled pastry to the boys on Carling Heights, and all who have partaken thereof have arisen and called her blessed and an ornament to her sex. Now, this typical London lady urges the housewives of the Forest City to send home-made good things to eat, to the men every week. She tells of how she had enjoyed watching a soldier eat almost a whole loaf of homemade bread which she had given him. The next time, she made a sort of "skyscraper cake," four stories, well-adorned with a delicious "goo-ey" icing, and she heard, with patriotic joy, that six soldiers had laid siege to that bountifully iced fortress of confectionery and demolished it within fifteen minutes.

The suggestion has been acted upon, with the result that the boys at Carling Heights are having berry pie, such as only mother can make, and chocolate cakes which fill more than one long-felt want. This plea for pie has not been in vain, for, wars may come and warriors may go, but one of woman's highest joys will always be to know that man has relished the products of her culinary art.

In fact, we have learned that the soldier boy's demands, in the ways of luxury, are quite simple and very much what the small boy loved. "What is it for?" asked a visitor to the shower office of the Women's Liberal Association, Toronto, last week.

"Tobacco, chocolate and acid drops," was the prompt reply, and we sent a small contribution that this fighting man might be sweetened and soothed. Now the acid drop (which an old-fashioned visitor called a "lemon lozenge") was new to us as a feature in soldiers' supplies, but we were assured that the man in the trenches finds that it is a great relief to a sore throat or a parched tongue. "Chocolate," said an officer, returned on sick leave from the front, "is always in demand. You cannot send too much of the brown stuff. The boys like it, and it has a curious power of making him forget the trials of the moment. But what the soldier demands first of all from the would-be benefactor (it's usually benefactress) is a cigarette."

So, we shall keep up the contributions of tobacco and chocolate until our Johnnie Canuck comes marching home again. He may be only a grown-up boy in his taste for sweets, but, on the fighting line, he's a man, every inch of him, our blessed Canadian soldier lad!

If you have not given a machine gun yet, you had better hurry up and save your pennies, or you'll be hopelessly behind the times. Everybody's doing it, and high time, too, if we are ever going to get those dreadful Germans out of Belgium and come within hailing distance of gentle peace. Doctors, lawyers, bankers, Free Masons, Varsity students, Daughters of the Empire and Children of the Seven Seas are giving machine guns. The Ministerial Association of Toronto, in solemn session, decided to give an extra good gun, which will go far towards expressing the convictions of the Church Militant. The British Empire has awakened to the need of ammunition, and lots of it—and the Germans are going to be shot back to the place where they belong, if it takes our very last dollar.

Although more than a year has passed, since the Huns set out on the path of destruction, we are grimly prepared for many more months of toil and anxiety. Any other spirit means all the lights of civilization put out by the barbarian. The feeling of the women of Canada today has been well voiced by Mrs. Young, of the sturdy town of Galt, widow of the late Hon. James Young, who was of our best type of public-spirited citizen. Mrs. Young, in giving a machine gun to our Canadian forces overseas, declared that since she could not send a man to fight in the country's battles, she would send a weapon.

A PROMINENT Canadian writer, especially interested in psychical ailments, has recently advocated an interest in some charity or philanthropy as a cure for nervousness, but warns us that the uppermost idea must not be: "How much good will this do to me?" The real cure for oversensitiveness or the nervousness which arises from too much introspection is to forget all personal ills and slights in some overwhelming interest which makes us realize how foolish are all those passions and cares which "wither life and waste its little hour."

I once knew a girl who said that she was cured of a morbid self-conscious-

ness and nervous distrust by becoming absorbed in the study of astronomy. "The stars made me feel so foolish, and finally made me forget everything about my own small worries."

So many of us have found that in the face of a great intellectual interest, or in the strength of a warm sympathy with the needs of a great "cause," the personal has taken its place as only part of that with which we are concerned.

ERIN.



THE RED CROSS AT NIAGARA CAMP.

Matron Leishman, snapped with Wardmaster Elliott and Lieut. G. S. Smith, is in charge of the sick soldiers at Niagara.

## The Suffragist and War Problems

CROSSING from Liverpool to New York we met, on their way home from the great Congress of Women at The Hague, Miss Abbott, who went over with Miss Jane Addams, and is in charge of the Immigration Department at Hull House, Chicago, Miss Mabel Hyde Kittredge, and Miss Constance Drexel, all Americans.

There were many American delegates at the Congress, and many Germans, Belgians and Scandinavians, but no French women and only three British women attending as delegates. These three were all prominent suffragists, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, Miss Crystal MacMillan and Miss Courteney. Canada was not represented, but Miss Laura Hughes, of Toronto, and Miss Wales, a Canadian resident in the United States, attended independently.

"Every second minute they passed a suffrage resolution," said Miss Abbott. "I'm an ardent suffragist myself, but I must confess that I did get a little tired of voting on those resolutions."

"Most significant," she went on, however, "was the attitude of the Norwegian women. They, as you know, have just been given the ballot and are most anxious to justify the action of the government by their use of it. They refused to support any measure without going into every detail with the utmost thoroughness. It was evidenced at every turn that they felt the deepest responsibility for their use of their new privilege of the franchise."

MONA CLEAVER.

## A "White Rose Day" for Canada

IT has been said of Queen Mary that though she has lived all her life among the British people, had it not been for the war they would never have come to truly know her. Certainly, the quick sympathy, the unsparing energy and large charity which she has displayed toward all who have suffered in the war, has gone far to endear her in the hearts of many who hitherto have known only the Queen, and not the woman. It is characteristic of her, too, that though a thousand new demands are now being made upon her interests, the older established philanthropic institutions which have been her special care, shall not be neglected.

Some three years ago Her Majesty, by pressing a button in London, opened at Weston, Ontario, that institution for consumptive children known as the Queen Mary Hospital. Here are gathered together all the children of the Province of Ontario on whom the White Plague has set its seal. The greatest (Concluded on page 15.)



GABY DESLYS IN A NEW ROLE.

Garbed in the tri-colour, looking fairer than the flowers she held, the famous dancer stood beside her lavishly decked motor on French Flag Day in London, England, and sold blossoms, flags and medals to the passers-by.



Courierettes.

**H**UMAN freaks are to be barred from the Toronto Fair. Too bad to thus cut down the attendance, and in a war year, too.

Corp. Craft, of St. John, N.B., has sent home a Bible that saved his life by stopping a bullet meant for his heart. Thus fact outdoes fiction.

A Prince Edward Island bridal pair were barred from entering the U. S. on their honeymoon for lack of funds. You may live a little while on love, but you can't travel far on it.

Chicago plans to enforce an 8 o'clock curfew law to clear children from the streets. Village laws are still good for metropolitan cities.

An Oregon preacher dropped dead in the pulpit while preaching on death. It's a grim thing to jest about, but that man mixed preaching and practice.

A man committed for insanity protested against being removed to Montreal. Toronto would urge this as proof of his sanity.

A plot to kidnap the Mormon chief and hold him for ransom has been nipped. It is peculiar that the plotters did not plan to kidnap some of his wives instead.

We note in the news the statement of a man who was 29 years in a church choir, that he never knew of a row in the choir or a fuss with the pastor in all that time. That choir is ready for heaven right now.

Also we notice a published statement that a new Methodist church "is to be in the neighbourhood of \$45,000." We would also like to be in that most desirable neighbourhood.

Sherlock Holmes is outdone. The Omaha chief of police discovered that a wrestling match was crooked.

The bald-headed barber nearly always knows a sure cure for it.

Baseball as a business is declining, says sporting authorities, and this leaves room for the hope that it may revive as a sport.

They say on the farm that wheat never looked better than this year. Feeling its oats, eh?

In order to be in harmony with this warlike age, the girls must wear those 22-calibre skirts.

Richmond P. Hobson, the much-kissed hero, denies that he is a candidate for the U. S. presidency. Unanimously acquitted.

**Cowardice.**—"I wish you to understand, sir, that I am still the boss in this house," said he, addressing his sixteen year old son and heir. "All right, dad," said the boy, "but you are a coward to make such a boast behind mother's back."

**Unidentified.**—He—"When Black got married the other day one of his friends threw an old shoe at him through the carriage window and it hit him in the head."

She—"Couldn't he find out who owned the shoe?" He—"No, you see it belonged to a horse."

**An Exceptional Case.**—Sue had lectured her little brother severely in regard to his habit of coaxing dimes and nickels from her young gentlemen callers.

But Johnny had had his ears open and thought he saw a loophole. The next time a young man called to see Sue, the small brother explained to him:

"Sis said I was never to take money from young gentlemen that calls on

her, but it's all right, I guess, because dad says you're no gentleman."

**A Large Order.**—The baby was not very well, and the family doctor had been called in.

"You must give the child one cow's milk daily," he directed the mother. "All right, doctor," she replied, "but how will I get baby to take all of it?"

**Quite Safe, Doctor.**—Dr. Wiley, the noted pure food expert, has been lecturing lately on the care of the teeth—and kissing. He says there is more good than evil in kissing. Agreed. He asserts that babies should be kissed, but not on the mouth. Probably true. But when he avers that "women may be safely kissed on the cheek," we feel that the doctor is understating the fact. We are convinced that a considerable number of females can be conveniently kissed elsewhere without imminent danger of losing one's life as a result of their resentment.

**WAR NOTES.**

Woodrow Wilson's essays on the freedom of the seas are very interesting. But what is he going to do about it?

Kaiser William denies that Germany is short of food or ammunition. And he might have added—enemies.

The biggest reputation in the war is being made by the U. S.—in keeping out of it.

A German writer proposes a moratorium in Christianity during the war. The Teutons declared such a moratorium when they ravaged Belgium.

Owing to recent events, the Russian army cannot be aptly described as a "standing" one.

Turkey went into the war with her eyes open, said Enver Pasha. Ere it ends her optics are likely to be both closed and blackened.

That long-distance debate between Germany and the United States has become rather a bore.

Sea serpents have no chance to get into print this year. The submarine has displaced them.

**The Censor.**

The censor is a friendless man and always walks alone, His pencil is a faded blue, he cuts out nerve and bone, He slashes here and slithers there, the writers loudly groan; The censor is a brutal man, his heart is like a stone.

The censor takes a living line and leaves it cold and dead, He catches up a bit o' bunk and knocks it in the head, He cuts and carves and jabs the news and wipes it on the floor, I'd hate to be the censor when this cruel war is o'er.

**The Difficulty.**—"I see by the papers that all the European nations now want peace," said Brown. "Yes," replied Hunt, "but each wants a larger piece than the others."

**The Hero's Story.**—The hero had just returned from the front on sick leave. He was asked by his hostess for a recital of his adventures. "I'm so glad to see you safely back from the war," she exclaimed. "Sit right down and tell me all about it. I'm awfully interested. Wasn't it simply terrible over there? And did you

really live in the trenches for weeks at a time with the shot and the shell screaming all around you? I don't see how you could stand it. Were you ever hit by one of those 42 centimeter guns the Germans have? I mean by the bullet, of course, not by the gun. But then, of course, you weren't, or you would have your arm in a sling or something. Who do you think is going to win? I suppose I shouldn't ask you that though. You soldiers are not supposed to tell military secrets, are you? Did you ever really kill a man yourself, or don't you know? My uncle, who was in the Boer war, says you never can tell whether it's your bullet, or somebody else's, that hits the enemy. I should think that would be awfully annoying. Not that you would want to know that you had killed a man, but still one would want to know whether one is wasting one's ammunition. Oh, must you go so soon? I wish you could stay longer. I have been so interested in hearing your adventures. Call again, soon, won't you? Good-bye."

**Defined.**—She—"What is the 'bone of contention?'"

He—"The dollar that a man offers his wife when he gets his week's wages."

**Vacation Rhyme.**

By the lake, by the sea,  
By the mountain or lea,  
Something says a mosquito  
Is waiting for me.

**Legal, But Risky.**—Down in St. Louis a judge has decided that a man is quite within his legal rights in criticizing his wife's clothes. Maybe so, but it seems to us he is taking unnecessary chances.

**The Proper Way.**—"Are you all ready for your vacation?" "Yes, going camping. I have hired a pretty little furnished bungalow and have arranged to get my meals at the hotel."

"But that's not camping out." "No, but it's camping in—in comfort."

**He is Convinced.**—The former mayor of Terre Haute, who was recently sent to prison for six years, is by this time no doubt a pronounced advocate of the one-term plank for mayors.

**The Modern Method.**—Italy, it is said, has entrenched her entire frontier. In modern warfare a nation needs spades, shovels and picks almost as much as rifles and big guns.

**How Kitchener Works.**—Lloyd George called one day upon Lord Kitchener to explain to him that recruiting in Wales would be far quicker if the men were told that they would form a Welsh army and serve under a Welsh general who understood their traditions and spoke their language.

"But where is your Welsh general?" demanded Kitchener, who does not greatly like to be bothered with details of nationalism.

"We had better discuss that with Col. Owen Thomas, who has come with me and is now in your waiting room."

Kitchener rang his bell and gave orders for the visitor to be admitted. As soon as he saw him he said, "You were in South Africa?"

"Yes, sir," replied the colonel. "Well, you're now brigadier general commanding the Welsh army; you'd better go and get to work at once."

**The difference.**—It is odd the difference that money makes. Plenty of money makes a tramp into a tourist. Lack of money makes a tourist into a tramp.

**THE GUARANTEED Gas Saver**



Automobiles, motor boats, trucks, gas tractors, and gasoline engines of every description, equipped with new Made-in-Canada LESGASS Device give three to five additional miles per gallon; enables Fords and all other cars to creep along at less than five miles an hour on high gear. The LESGASS Device gives any gasoline engine greatly increased power—from 10 to 100 per cent. on slow and medium speeds. Makes the noisiest engine comparatively silent.

**INSTALLED BY ANYONE IN TEN MINUTES.**

The LESGASS Device is simply inserted in the intake pipe. Once in place it never requires any attention, and, besides paying for itself each month in gasoline saved, and general engine efficiency, will last longer than the engine.

**ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED.** We will forward, prepaid, a LESGASS Device on receipt of price, \$3.00. Try it for ten days at our risk; if it fails to do what we claim your money promptly refunded. State diameter of intake pipe, or name of car on which test will be made.

Letters of endorsement and complete information concerning this wonderful invention will be mailed, free, upon request.

**North American Manufacturing Co.** 924 Somerset Bldg. WINNIPEG, Man. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE for this HIGH-CLASS PROPOSITION



**A CUP OF COFFEE**

may mean almost anything — Good, Bad or Indifferent. But a cup of

**SEAL BRAND COFFEE** 157

**MEANS JUST ONE THING—the most delicious beverage ever poured into a coffee cup.**

**CHASE & SANBORN MONTREAL**

**STAMMERING**

overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Write for free advice and literature.

**THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE, Berlin, Can.**

## "White Rose Day"

(Concluded from page 13.)

care and attention is given them, and they are helped to a fair fight against the enemy.

In the multitude of her other duties, Queen Mary has not forgotten these sick children of Ontario. To the President of the National Sanitarium Association she has expressed a desire that there be held in Canada a "White Rose Day" on their behalf, to which she will graciously give her patronage. In Toronto, arrangements are already being made to carry out her wishes, and Thursday, September 9th, is the date decided on which to hold the day. The order for the flowers, which has also been placed, will provide employment for a hundred Toronto girls for some weeks to come. The boxes and trays required will also be made by them, so that the project carries a two-fold good. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy has generously suggested that the C. P. R. building be used as a headquarters for the workers, and it is understood that all the railways will have reduced rates from outside points on that date, to enable visitors to see Toronto in her gala attire. "White Rose Day" will be under the direction of Mrs. G. R. Baker, who has so successfully organized a number of undertakings of a similar nature. No particulars with regard to what will be done by other Canadian cities are yet available.

## Belgium

Heartstruck she stands—Our Lady of all Sorrows—  
Circled with ruin, sunk in deep amaze;  
Facing the shadow of her dark to-morrows,  
Mourning the glory of her yester-days.  
Yet is she queen, by every royal token,  
There, where the storm of desolation swirled;  
Crowned only with the thorn—de-spoiled and broken—  
Her kingdom is the heart of all the world.

## The Canadian Women's Press Club

THE authors and journalists of Montreal have formed a branch of the Canadian Women's Press Club, the President of which is Mrs. Frances Fenwick Williams, the author



MRS. GENEVIEVE LIPSETT-SKINNER,

of the Winnipeg Branch, who is chairing a party of over one hundred girls to the Panama-Pacific Exposition. of "The Arch-Satirist" and the Secretary, Miss Margaret Meldrum.

Mrs. George H. Slipper, a pioneer journalist of Port Arthur, has been elected Grand Secretary of the Order of the Eastern Star. This is a fraternal organization composed of the mothers, wives and daughters of the

She made her breast a shield, her sword a splendor,  
She rose like flame upon the darkened ways;  
So, through the anguish of her proud surrender  
Breaks the clear vision of undying praise.  
—Marion Couthouy Smith.

## Out of the Frying Pan

A FRENCH soldier allowed to visit Paris for a few days in order to see his three motherless children, has been base enough to marry a widow with three children of her own and so to place himself beyond the reach of the military law, which excuses from service all fathers of six or more. And now his comrades at the front have sent him a letter of commiseration, assuring him that should he at any time feel the need of repose he may remember that the trenches are always open to him and that the comparatively peaceful tranquilities of the firing line are always at his service.

## Odds and Ends of News

THE suffragists of Canada have opened a fund for field kitchens for the Allies. Information concerning it may be obtained from Mrs. Edith Lang, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont.

Canadian newspapers are greatly in demand and much appreciated in British hospitals. One of the soldiers' greatest needs is "news from home." Small bundles of papers with the ends left open may be sent to "Lady Drummond, Canadian Red Cross Society, 14 Cockspur St., London, S.W.," for distribution.

Mrs. Mary Fels, the noted single tax advocate, recently visited Winnipeg and delivered two addresses, her subjects being, Single Tax and Woman Suffrage.

Aug. 14th will see the first performance of the three Greek plays which Margaret Anglin is presenting in the Greek Theatre of the University of California, San Francisco.

Master Masons, and of the Masons themselves.

The very clever story by Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, of Vancouver, entitled "The Green Gate," which appeared in the July "Canadian Magazine," is exciting considerable attention.

Mrs. James Kerr, of Vancouver, formerly Miss Betty Ingram, of Calgary, a well-known newspaper woman, is spending the summer in Ayr, Scotland.

Mrs. Reginald Smith, the Treasurer of the C. W. P. C., has been spending some time at Lake Maligne, in the Yellow Head Pass, and has written several articles concerning life among the mountains.

The Calgary Club Woman's Blue Book, published by the Calgary Branch of the Canadian Women's Press Club, is an extremely well edited book of nearly a hundred pages, the make-up of which leaves nothing to be desired. The President of this Club is Mrs. J. F. Price, editor of the Women's Page of "The Western Standard."

Mrs. Bennett, President of the Regina Branch of the C. W. P. C., has been appointed Vice-President and Organizer for the Local Council of Women for Saskatchewan, which office gives her a place on the Executive of the National Council of Women. Mrs. Bennett is at present working on a committee compiling the laws for the better protection of women and children in Saskatchewan. The various clubs of the Province are assisting the Local Council financially in the publication of this pamphlet.

Made in Canada



Road along Lake St. Louis, Point Claire, P. Q.

## Tarvia makes possible Good Roads at Low Cost—

EVERY taxpayer should be vitally interested in good roads.

Good roads in the community mean reduced taxes, increased property values, reduced transportation costs. They are a great factor in the promotion of general prosperity.

From the standpoint of service and low cost the most satisfactory road to-day is a tarvia-macadam.

Tarvia is a coal tar material of great bonding power and is made in several grades to meet varying road conditions.

Under heavy loads a tarviated road is somewhat elastic—not

brittle—and traffic wears it smoother.

Such a road is dustless, mudless and automobile-proof.

The Tarvia also has the effect of making the road surface waterproof and preventing ravelling by rain torrents.

Of importance to taxpayers, its cost is more than repaid by the saving in maintenance expenses.

Thousands of miles of tarvia-roads are giving satisfactory service to-day, and hundreds of towns are using Tarvia regularly. In fact, many up-to-date towns build every new road with Tarvia and find that they save money.

Illustrated booklets free on request.

### Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, the Barrett Manufacturing Company has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems. If you will write to nearest

office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity, the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking. If you want better roads and lower taxes, this Department can greatly assist you.

THE PATERSON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LIMITED  
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

THE CARRITTE-PATERSON MANUFACTURING Co., LIMITED  
ST. JOHN, N.B. HALIFAX, N.S. SYDNEY, N.S.

## To Real Estate Owners:—

Do you intend leaving to your heirs property in the form of real estate? If so, there will be rents to collect, repairs to execute, perhaps property to sell or buy.

In all such matters the services of our Real Estate Department are of value. If you appoint this Company your executor, your estate will be safeguarded by an organization which has long dealt successfully with real estate problems.

Consultation invited.

## National Trust Company

Capital Paid-up, Limited Reserve,  
\$1,500,000. \$1,500,000.

18-22 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

## FORD OWNERS

will be interested to know that they can insure their automobiles against fire (including explosion and self-ignition) at lower rates than the owners of any other make of cars.

### RATES AND CONDITIONS.

1915 Ford Touring Car, \$500.....	\$6.00 for one year.
1914 " " " 400.....	5.50 " " "
1913 " " " 250.....	3.75 " " "

Cars over three years old that have been kept in specially good repair will be insured for amounts and at rates made to fit individual cases. The cars will be insured while in any building or whilst on the road.

## THE LONDON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

Assets .....\$863,554.52  
Surplus to Policyholders .....\$433,061.40

Head Office:  
31 Scott St., Toronto.

F. D. WILLIAMS,  
Managing-Director.

# THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

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

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

## SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNTS

Interest at the current rate is allowed on all deposits of \$1.00 and upwards. Careful attention is given to every account. Small accounts are welcomed. Accounts may be opened and operated by mail.

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

THE

## INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS

FURNISHES A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF INSURANCE

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

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

Policies issued from \$500 to \$5,000.

TOTAL BENEFITS PAID, 42 MILLION DOLLARS.

For further information and literature apply to

**FRED J. DARCH, S.S.**      **E. G. STEVENSON, S.C.R.**  
Temple Building      TORONTO.

"MADE IN CANADA"



## COSGRAVES Half-and-Half

This delicious beer has just the taste you will enjoy—the snap which gives the edge to your appetite.

**IT CERTAINLY IS GOOD**

Order from your dealer for home use. Ask for it at your hotel.

The ONLY Chill-Proof Beer

## ASSIMILATIVE MEMORY; Or How To Attend and Never Forget

By Prof. A. Loissette

The complete Loissette Memory System. Its aim is to increase the power of memory in much the same proportion as the power of the eye for vision is increased by means of the microscope and telescope. 12mo, cloth, 170 pp. Price \$3.00 post-paid.

"I have no hesitation in commending Professor Loissette's system to all who are in earnest in wishing to train their memories effectively."—Richard A. Proctor, the Eminent Astronomer.

**UNIVERSITY BOOK COMPANY**  
Successors to Norman Richardson

8 University Avenue      :      :      Toronto

## The Lie Come True

(Concluded from page 8.)

"I didn't mean to do it," she said, and now she looked at him straight and fairly with her eyes full of tears, "but you said people ought to tell lies if necessary, and then all those things you said about lions couldn't possibly be true, and I thought it would make you more inclined to let mother come back—she's ill now—very ill—I believe she'll die if she doesn't come back. Oh! I don't know how I could. I must have been insane. I'm not really a liar—I don't think—we've lived here all my life," she ended in a half sob.

HE stood staring at her, only half grasping the implications of her speech.

"Then you knew?" he said. "Of course I knew," she stamped her foot, and in her misery the wild loveliness of her beauty reached him with a pain he had not thought possible.

"Have it all then! I knew you were coming down, and I knew you were going through the wood, and I went that way on purpose. I meant to speak to you if you hadn't spoken to me, and to make you like me if I could—and to get you to let us be caretakers. It was all a put up thing, and now you go and do this! You make my mean, wicked lie come true, and give me a fortune as if it were a handkerchief I'd dropped. How can I take everything from you like this?" "I'm only—" he said, not quite steadily, "I'm only offering the other man a drink. And I only made up the lions to amuse you. Don't worry about—"

"About what it costs you. It's not only that. It's you who ought to have it. Look how splendid you are just finding it, and giving it to me as if it were just nothing at all—and I—I don't deserve anything. It's like a horrible judgment—the lie come true—like that."

"But you've got what you wanted," he said clumsily.

"And what's the use of that? What's the use of anything, if I can never look myself in the face again?" She broke into soft weeping, and the quiet sunshine flooded the room and threaded the black hair with gold. He stood helplessly, only at short intervals he said, "Don't, please don't." He had grown very pale. At last he said,

"Listen. And don't be angry. As I went through the wood I was wishing that the lovely lady of my dreams might come along under that green arch, and that I might know what it was to wish to lay down my life for her. I had never known that before. When you came I knew that you were the lady of my dreams. And you are, and I have given you nothing but what was yours by right. And you have given me a vision and a memory that I shall never lose. I worship you. Nothing you have done can alter that. And for yourself—your tears have washed away anything that might have clouded your brightness to yourself. You played a child's trick on me and you are sorry. And everything now is as you wished it. So dry your eyes and let us say good-bye."

She murmured something half articulate.

"Ah, no," he said, "I must go. I know that I have been saying things that are not said. And when one has said such things there is nothing more left to say but good-bye."

"Promise me one thing," she said. "It's all like a dream, and I don't know what to do or say—but promise me one thing, no, two things. That you won't tell anyone about this—and that you'll let me see you again."

"Where?" he asked—even as he told himself that he must never again see her.

"Here, of course," said she, "I shall bring my mother back at once. Whatever we decide she must be made happy again. You promise?"

"Yes," said he, "I will come to see you some day."

They parted. At parting she gave him both hands, and it seemed only fitting that he should raise them to his lips. He left her in the panelled

room with the wallflowers and the daffodils.

AND now to take up the old life in the far countries where there are no manners. But that need not be yet. After all the woods of Chancton are not England's only woods, and flowers grown in other than Chancton fields. So he passed the weeks till spring warmed to summer.

Yet he would keep his promise. He would see her once before he went back to the old life. He went down one day in July when the jasmine leaves covered the trellis and the jasmine was sweet and starry among the leaves.

She came to meet him across the lawn by the weeping ash, her face was pale and her gown was black.

"Yes," she said, answering the kindness of his eyes—"six weeks ago. You never came."

"I am here now," he said, and no more. There seemed to be no more to say.

"I am glad you've come," she said. "I wanted to tell you. I have burnt that will. I cut it up in little pieces and burnt it."

"When?" he asked stupidly.

"That same night," she said. "Oh! do you think that has washed me clean again? You said tears would—but they don't—do you think I can bear to look myself in the face now?"

They had reached the seat under the weeping ash.

"It's all yours again now," she said: "you don't mind my having kept it for a little while—such a very little while—for her?"

"May I kiss your hands," he asked. "Just this once more?"

She held them out, and said, "You'll try to think kindly of me? I shall go away now. I've told you—"

"Won't you—" he asked earnestly, urgently, holding her hands and compelling her eyes to his, "it would sound insane if anyone else heard me say it, but there isn't anyone else, only you—I believe we were made for each other. I do with all my soul. Won't you stay on in the old house and let me come to see you—and let me try to make you think so too?"

She looked at him with eyes that he dared not think he read.

"Yes," she said, "you may try." No one knows when he succeeded—but they were married last Tuesday week.

## Our \$900,000,000 Navy

A BLUE BOOK issued recently on the Dockyard Expenses, etc., for the year ended March 31, 1914, gives some interesting details respecting the Navy.

The total cost of combatant ships on the strength is given at £174,166,488.

Some idea of the gradual growth of expenditure upon shipbuilding can be gleaned from the following statistics relative to the votes for dockyards and ships:—

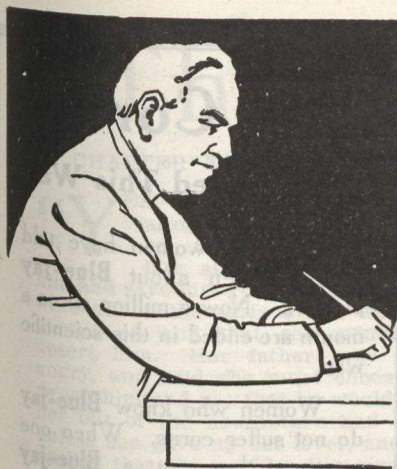
1889-90	£14,899,055
1900-1	£29,998,529
1910-1	£40,419,336
1913-4	£48,732,621

It is interesting to note that £116,012 more than the original estimate was spent on the Iron Duke, the flagship of Admiral Jellicoe, owing to arrears from 1912-13 and replacements of materials destroyed by fire at Portsmouth. Excesses of £323,005 on the Queen Elizabeth, and of £321,707 on the Warspite, were due to acceleration in building.

The cost of several ships that have been mentioned during the year is given as follows:—

Battle Cruisers.	
Lion	£1,970,615
Princess Royal	1,967,927
Queen Mary	1,961,100
Tiger (unfinished)	1,462,457
Battleships.	
Iron Duke	1,944,803
Audacious	1,818,200
Marlborough (unfinished)	1,807,139
Ajax	1,797,088
Centurion	1,794,429
King George V.	1,778,133
Conqueror	1,749,269
Thunderer	1,746,060
Queen Elizabeth (unfin.)	1,417,566





**BRAIN WORKERS**  
Require The Most Nourishing Food

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

**O'Keefe's**

Special  
EXTRA MILD  
**ALE**

The Beer That  
Is Always O.K.

Insist on having  
"O'KEEFE'S."

The O'Keefe Brewery  
Co. Limited, Toronto.  
All O'Keefe beers are brewed only from pure barley malt, choicest hops and filtered waters

347

**Cawthra Mulock & Co.**

Members of  
Toronto Stock Exchange

**Brokers  
And  
Bankers**

12 KING STREET EAST  
TORONTO, CANADA

CABLE ADDRESS—CAWLOCK, TORONTO

Established 1864.

**The Merchants Bank**  
OF CANADA.

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL.

Paid-up Capital - - \$7,000,000

Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits - - \$7,245,140

209 BRANCHES IN CANADA.

General Banking Business Transacted.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all branches. Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received, and interest allowed at best current rates.

TORONTO OFFICES:

13 Wellington St. West; 1400 Queen St. West (Parkdale); 406-408 Parliament St.; Dundas St. and Roncesvalles Ave.; Dupont and Christie Sts.

**MONEY AND MAGNATES**

**Is Germany Bankrupt?**

ACCORDING to the Wall Street Journal Germany is bankrupt. But in a country where government owns and nationalizes everything the bankrupt may continue to do business after he has been discredited on the money market. Germany has accumulated an immense reserve of actual available capital in the form of war wealth. The gold in her vaults is less of an item in this aggregate of wealth than the iron in her mines—and in those of France, Belgium and Poland—the oil in her Galician wells and the men in the ranks. In Germany's inventory of wealth a man is an item of wealth, and his value in war time as a destroyer may mean as much to a desperate country as his value in peace times as a productive agent. Germany's latest Ten Commandments, telling people what not to eat and waste, is more proof of her wastage of wealth than any inventory of her gold reserves.

**War Stock Speculation**

GAMBLING in war stocks has been condemned by people who do not themselves buy stocks enough to know a good investment from a bad one. Many of the Canadian stocks have become war stocks through the simple device of turning the plants into munition producers. The same thing, on a much larger scale, has taken place in the United States. There is nothing to prevent an individual from losing or making money out of war stocks any more than there is of hindering private owners of war plants from making profits on production. The weakness is that war plants are not nationalized so that either individual profits of owners and operators or gains and losses of war stock gamblers are impossible.

**War Stocks as Barometer**

AT the beginning of the war a sagacious writer penned the following phrase: "The markets are waiting until they know the Kaiser is defeated. It is not necessary to wait until he knows it." That phrase is still applicable. During the past month nervousness in the markets has followed developments in the war field and the markets will continue to reflect these. In this view American intervention would add to the belief of the final defeat of the Germans and be a factor of benefit to the value of securities.

One impression from the market would be that the war is still thought likely to last a long time, if the market for war stocks can be taken as a true barometer of public opinion. They show no sign of reactionary movement, notwithstanding the rapid and tremendous advances many of them have made. The fact is that investors will find it necessary to revise the principles by which they have estimated the value of investments. At the opening of the war nearly everyone would have said that the securities representing industries manufacturing railway cars would be one of the most unsatisfactory. The fact is that securities of this class are among the few which investors can now sell at the prices ruling more than a year ago. The investor would have said this was most improbable and that his funds would have been better employed in public utility enterprises, such as street railways, but as a result of conditions created, industrial investment has proved more satisfactory than that of the public utility enterprises.—Board of Trade News.

**Actual Wealth Counts**

THE actual wealth of Canada or of any country is what determines its financial standing; not the fortunes of a few or the profits of the middle class producers, or even the savings banks' deposits of the great majority. The war has not undermined the national wealth of this country. War has not depreciated the real value of any producing plant, except to the extent of loss on investment where a plant happens to be idle. The net result of the financial upheaval, in which the world at present is more or less floundering, is to readjust the values. The man who formerly made a fortune by his deals in stocks is no longer of the same relative importance that he imagined he was before the machinery went out of gear. The same man is probably more of a real producer than ever; what he has to produce is real wealth.

**The Real Cost of War**

WHEN the war is set down as costing Great Britain \$15,000,000 a day it is possible for mathematics to figure out how long it may take to bankrupt the British Empire so long as gold is taken as the standard. But the actual cost of the war to any country is independent of the gold possessed by that country. It depends on the destruction of property, the taking of millions of men from productive employment, estimated as worth so many dollars a day each, the cost of equipping these men with implements and outfits that produce nothing but destruction, the cost of armaments and munitions, the deterioration in value of idle or semi-idle plants, the actual loss in life and in men whose usefulness may be impaired by wounds or disablement. Pure finance may be able to calculate just how many billions the war will cost any or all of the countries at war. But no financial figuring can reckon what is the actual cost of the conflict until long after the war is over. Financiers predicted that a world war of any duration was impossible. Financiers know now that one year of such a war has already passed and no nation engaged in it is yet proven to be bankrupt.

**Money to Get Busy**

WITH the greatest crop Canada has ever produced soon to be calling money out of the banks, the value of money in actual circulation becomes more prominent than at any time since the beginning of war. But the mere transfer of money from the bank to the farmer is only the beginning. If the farmer puts it back into the bank again it is merely a case of the farmer acting as middlemen to transfer the money from bank to bank without its value being felt in general circulation. Much of the money will go to pay off standing debts on land and machinery. Some of it will go into investment. Perhaps the greater bulk of it will be used to increase the average of expenditure, which for the past six months has been lower than at any time in the past ten years. But it is up to the farmer, who is the only producer in the country actually benefitted all round by war conditions, to put that money into circulation and to keep it there.

DEPRECIATION of the dollar value is sometimes more than offset by appreciation in man value. Too many dollars a while ago were high in value, while a great number of men were below par. The efficiency of the man is greater than the deficiency of the dollar.

**Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation**

TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

ESTABLISHED 1855.

President—W. G. Gooderham.  
First Vice-President—W. D. Matthews.  
Second Vice-President—G. W. Monk.  
Joint General Managers—R. S. Hudson, John Massey.  
Superintendent of Branches and Secretary—George H. Smith.  
Paid-up Capital .....\$6,000,000.00  
Reserve Fund (earned) 4,500,000.00  
Investments .....32,496,750.55

**Deposits Received  
Debentures Issued**

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

**The Canada Permanent Trust Company**

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

We own and offer a wide range of Canadian City Bonds to Yield 5% to 6.30%.

Particulars Upon Request

**DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION-LIMITED**

ESTABLISHED 1901  
HEAD OFFICE: 26 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO  
MONTREAL LONDON, E.C., ENG.

**The CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE CO.**  
PRESTON, ONT.

Manufacturers of High Grade Bank & Office Fixtures, School, Library & Commercial Furniture, Opera & Assembly Chairs, Interior Hardwood Finish Generally.



**LUXFER PRISMS**

Deflect our Canadian day light into obscure interiors, making them not only light, but sanitary and healthy. The saving in artificial illumination will more than repay the initial outlay.

Let us advise regarding your problems and figure on the installation you may require.

"Made in Canada."

The Luxfer Prism Co., Limited  
100 King St. W., Toronto, Can.

**LUXEBERRY WHITE ENAMEL**  
Whitest White · Stays White

The touch of lasting brightness can be added to any room, by means of these two unsurpassable finishes — supreme for 57 years. Booklet free from the nearest Berry Bros. dealer or direct.

**BERRY BROTHERS**  
World's Largest Varnish Makers

Established 1858  
Walkerville, Ontario (96)

**LIQUID GRANITE**  
Lasting Waterproof Floor Varnish

**One Year of War**

(Concluded from page 4.)

- the north of Souchez, along a front of 200 yards.
- June 27.—Germans capture Halicz. Russian retreat from the line of the Dneister to the Gnila Lipa. Austro-German army advancing to the River Bug.
- June 29.—German and French encounters at Bagatelle in the Argonne; use of air torpedoes by the Germans. Mr. Walter Long introduced the National Registration Bill in the House of Commons, providing for the registration of all males and females between the ages of 15 and 65.
- July 1.—2,000,000 Teutons, under Mackensen, cross the Tanew between the Vistula and the Bug, take Zamosc and aim at Ivangorod.
- July 2.—Six lines of trenches taken by the Allied forces at the Dardanelles.
- July 3.—Petrograd claims reverses for the Germans in the Baltic Provinces.
- July 5.—Mackensen's armies threaten to split the armies of the Grand Duke.
- July 7.—Russians reinforce their armies to hold Mackensen back from the Lublin railway, running to Ivangorod and Warsaw.
- July 8.—Entire German forces in South-West Africa surrender to Gen. Louis Botha, Premier of South Africa. Archduke Joseph Ferdinand's army partially trapped by the Russians, surrendering 15,000 men.
- July 10.—Italian troops advance toward Innichen in an attempt to cut one of the railways supplying Trent.
- July 11.—German cruiser Konigsberg destroyed by British monitors in the Rufiji River, East Africa.
- July 12.—Italians execute a cavalry raid to within three miles of Trieste.
- July 13.—Germans gain a 600-yard front at Souchez after a two-days' struggle. Italians in the Carnic Alps capture two miles of Austrian trenches.
- July 14.—French damage and bombard from the air a German station. The Crown Prince's forces gain two-thirds of a mile in the Argonne.
- July 18.—Germans under Mackensen press forward over a front of hundreds of miles in Russia. Hindenburg from the north drives Russians south towards the Nerew River.
- July 19.—Lloyd George visits Welsh miners in effort to settle the coal strike.
- July 20.—Austrians lose 20,000 to the Italians advancing on Goritz. Russians along the Vistula continue to retreat. Warsaw environs taken by Germans.
- July 21.—Mackensen delayed in the south and Hindenburg in the north. Fight for Lublin-Cholm railway continues.
- July 22.—Allies make fresh advance at Dardanelles. Italians gain near Goritz. Russian lines hold along the Narew.
- July 23.—Germans reported as suffering heavy losses in the drive on Warsaw. Warsaw still holds. Austrians lose 4,000 in five days' battle with the Italians.
- July 25.—Evacuation of Goritz seems likely. Hindenburg crosses the Narew, forcing first line of defence along the Warsaw-Petrograd railway.
- July 26.—U. S. steamer Leelanaw sunk by German submarine. Germans in the Baltic Provinces move towards Vilna.
- July 27.—French gain control of upper Fecht valley. Austrians retreat near Goritz. Advance on Warsaw almost at a standstill.
- July 28.—Lloyd George announces 26 national arsenals for Great Britain to double output of munitions. Italian artillery wins on Carso Plateau. Warsaw still holds out.

**My Corns**  
Were Ended This Way

Countless women have told other women about **Blue-jay** plasters. Now a million corns a month are ended in this scientific way.

Women who know **Blue-jay** do not suffer corns. When one appears, they put a **Blue-jay** plaster on it. That ends the pain. In 48 hours the corn is gone forever, with no soreness left.

If you can't believe it, ask your friends. Half of them have probably ended corns with **Blue-jay**. If you still doubt it, ask us for samples. Try them on corns of your own.

Don't coddle corns. Don't pare and keep them. Don't use old-time treatments. A famous chemist has made corns utterly unnecessary. That sort of torture is a thing of the past.

**Blue-jay**  
Ends Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists  
Samples Mailed Free  
**Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York**  
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

**FITS CURED** Send for Free Book giving full particulars of TRENCH'S REMEDY, the World-famous Cure for Epilepsy and Fits. Thirty years' success. Convincing Testimonials from all parts of the world; over 1,000 in one year.

**TRENCH'S REMEDIES, Limited,**  
419 St. James Chambers, Toronto. Phone Main 4970.

**PATENTS.**

**TAKE NOTICE** that we, the undersigned attorneys for the patentee, are prepared to supply at a reasonable price any demand for the water purifying apparatus described in Canadian Letters Patent No. 127572, granted August 16th, 1910, to Lucien Linden and assigned to W. J. Stewart. We are also prepared to receive offers for the sale of the patent or for licenses to manufacture under the same. Ridout and Maybee, 59 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada.

**"TALK CORRECTLY and you will THINK CORRECTLY"**

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

**UNIVERSITY BOOK CO.**  
8 University Ave. : Toronto

**DIAMONDS ON CREDIT**

Terms 20% down  
**\$1-2-3 Weekly**



Buying a High Grade Diamond is saving money, not spending it. All written guarantee given with each diamond. All goods sent prepaid for inspection. Write or call for catalogue. We send diamonds to any part of Canada.

**JACOBS BROS., 15 Toronto Arcade, Toronto, Ont.**

Meet me at the **Tuller**

For Value, Service, Home Comforts



**New HOTEL TULLER**  
Detroit, Michigan

Centre of business on Grand Circus Park. Take Woodward car, get off at Adams Ave.

**ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF**

200 Rooms, Private Bath,	\$1.50	Single,	\$2.50	Up Double
200 " " " "	2.00	"	3.00	" "
100 " " " "	2.50	"	4.00	" "
100 " " " "	3.00 to 5.00	"	4.50	" "

**Total 600 Outside Rooms - All Absolutely Quiet**

Two Floors—Agents' Sample Rooms

New Unique Cafes and Cabaret Exel ene

**Origin of a Trade Maxim**

When Pharaoh's finest daughter  
Her daily strolling o'er,  
Saw Moses in the water  
And rushed the babe ashore,  
She first that motto started  
Which no shrewd merchant spurns,  
If he be honest-hearted—  
"Small prophets—quick returns!"  
—Chatter.

# The Sacrifice of Enid

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

By MRS. HARCOURT-ROE

Author of "A Man of Mystery," "The Silent Room," Etc.

"YES, that is her name. She altogether declined to do so. She said that she loved him, and she would cling to him and save him yet. That his errors were all on the surface and were repented of, and that she would not desert him. Her father was very angry, and said she must choose between him and us; that he would turn her out of the house then and there unless she gave up her lover, and she replied that she would never give him up."

"But what did you say?" asked Ronald, whose mental comments on Sir Thomas Iredale were not such as his wife would have wished to hear.

"I implored him to reconsider his determination, but it was no use. He is a man who will be obeyed, and I am sure he expected Enid to give way, and not take him at his word. But Enid is her father's daughter, and she was equally firm. So she went away, and I do not know where she is."

"Do you mean to tell me," said Ronald, who could not longer control his indignation, "that you, her mother, suffered Miss Iredale to go out alone into the world, friendless, and perhaps without money."

"Oh, no. Neither her father nor I could have done that. She has a hundred a year of her own, and he told her she could live with one of her aunts, for all of them are glad to have her. We made sure when she left that she would go to some relative. But she did not, and we have lost all trace of her. I beg you to tell me all you can."

"I must apologize, Lady Iredale, for having spoken with so much warmth, but I thought Miss Iredale was hardly treated. I am afraid I can tell you very little beyond the fact that she is quite well, is living quietly, and that she has good friends who watch over her."

"I am thankful to hear that, but you must tell me more. Who are her friends, and where is she living?"

HE reflected a moment. "I think it would be her wish that I should not tell you anything more."

Her face fell, tears came into her eyes. "I love my daughter very dearly, Mr. Westlake, though perhaps you may not think so. She has always been the best of daughters at home, and was my right hand. I am sorry that you will not tell me anything further."

Ronald was touched, although he thought that any other woman could not have allowed her daughter to be turned out of the house without ascertaining her whereabouts. This course had been enjoined on her by Sir Thomas, and she had obeyed him.

"I cannot tell you any more, but I will take a letter from you to her."

"Thank you, Mr. Westlake; thank you very much. Is she in London? Can I see her?"

"She is not in London, and I am afraid you cannot see her, Lady Iredale. If you will send me your letter to-day I will guarantee that she shall have it. I leave town to-morrow."

"I wonder if she would return home if her father asked her. She was as the apple of his eye, and I feel sure he regretted what he did, although he will never speak on the subject."

"Do you mean return home, and give up all idea of her engagement?"

"Yes."

"Then I do not think she will."

"I will write, and you shall have the letter without fail to-night. And, Mr. Westlake, if you are in town, you will call and see me again, will you not? You have given me great happiness, although you will not tell me much. And perhaps you also will write to me about her if you should see her, and if she will not return home."

"I will."

He gave her his club address.

"But your other address when you leave town?"

"A letter to my club will always reach me."

There was no reason why Mary Williams should be connected with Enid Iredale, still he thought it as well not to indicate any locality as things were at present. Lady Iredale knew nothing of Cornwallis' escape, it would be rash to put her on the right scent.

He had decided to go on the morrow solely because he thought Mary might want him. Enid Iredale! It was a beautiful name, but she would always be Mary to him. As to Cornwallis' demand that he should cease to be her friend he would pay no attention to that until she was married; probably there never was a time in her life when she had wanted a friend more than now.

He had promised to dine with the Ormondes that night. He had not seen them since he was in town, but they were very old friends, and he had thought it his duty to write and tell Mrs. Ormonde of his whereabouts. An invitation to dinner was the result.

MISS ORMONDE received him warmly. She was much attached to him in spite of her outbreaks of temper, or perhaps it might be said that her love for, and jealousy concerning him were the cause of them.

"And how are the Women's Rights, and votes, and clubs, and all the rest of it going on?" he asked with a laugh.

"Couldn't be going on better. I am working hard, we are all working hard, and in time we shall get what we want."

"Which is to legislate and take all the bread out of our mouths. But when that is accomplished I warn you you will cease to rule the world as you do now. We shall withdraw our homage."

"You can't withdraw what you never gave," she replied sharply, then remembering herself, added graciously, "I haven't been down to Willowbridge for such a time. Your father and mother told me to write, and say when I wanted to come. I should like to do so now."

Ronald earnestly desired her absence at this time, but common civility demanded some reply. He said vaguely, "Are you going to write then?"

"Yes, at once. I suppose I couldn't go down with you."

"I am afraid not. I leave early to-morrow morning; far too early for you."

"Of course to-morrow is out of the question; I must get a reply from your mother, and I must see that I have something to wear."

"I thought you were always overburdened with frocks. I remember when I met you at the station last time we had to send a cart for your trunks."

"I had none too many."

"Will not your mother miss you very much?"

"Oh," put in Mrs. Ormonde, "I am always pleased for Louise to enjoy herself."

She was a little faded old lady, very unselfish, and completely ruled by her daughter. It appeared to Ronald that if enjoyment consisted in being away from home, and leaving her mother alone constantly, Louise had a great deal of enjoyment. He thought of what Lady Iredale had said of her daughter, and contrasted the two girls, very much to Louise's disadvantage.

She sang and played to him, and talked and laughed, but the evening seemed to drag, for he was longing to return to Willowbridge, to Mary. He found a letter from Lady Iredale, with a thick enclosure, at his club, and he took the first train to Devonshire the next morning.

CHAPTER XV.  
A Gloomy Outlook.

HIS reflections were gloomy enough during the long train journey.

What was Mary about? Was she not in grave danger by compassing the escape of a convict? He knew little about such matters, but he believed that she had put, and was putting, herself within reach of the law by sheltering a criminal, and had rendered herself liable to imprisonment.

What was he to do? Then he determined to do nothing unless the time arrived for action. He would continue to shelter Cornwallis, and he would conceal from Mary the fact that he knew her lover was a convict until, if ever, she chose to reveal this herself. He supposed that they were waiting until it was safe to take steamer abroad from some port; at present of course all the ports would be watched.

He remembered to have seen the escape of a convict mentioned a little while ago and that all trace of him had disappeared, but he had taken little notice of the paragraph, and had forgotten it until now. Of course the convict was Cornwallis. No wonder he had disliked him so much.

In asking Mary to marry him he had thought he was above her in position, although he had always known she was a lady. But what were the facts? He, who had no grandfather, wanted for his wife the daughter of one of the oldest, and proudest, and best families in England. Still, was he not superior to an unprincipled convict? He was. Would that he could save her from such a fate.

He was still immersed in thought when the train drew up at Willowbridge. He did not wait to see after his luggage, for he was eager to meet Mary.

"Whatever traps there are of mine you can send them down," he said to the porter.

He walked very fast down the hill, returning the good Vicar's greeting pleasantly, but not waiting to exchange a few words as usual.

"If I am in such haste to see her after so short a parting what shall I do when she is married, and I can never see her?" he thought.

She was in her office, writing diligently.

He noted the expression of pleasure which came over her face when he entered, and was delighted.

"I thought it was your father," she said. "He often comes in for a chat. He has been so kind. Well, what have you done in London?"

He answered in a few generalities and enquired how things had been going on at the mill, more especially how Jackson was getting on.

"I think everything has been satisfactory," she replied guardedly; "I have heard no complaints." But Ronald fancied that in some way she was not satisfied with her lover.

"I have some important news for you," he said gravely. "A friend of mine took me to spend the evening at Lady Iredale's."

She turned pale.

"And you saw her? Is she well?"

"She is quite well. She gave me a letter for Miss Iredale."

Her face now flushed crimson. "Tell me all you know, and how you knew I was Miss Iredale."

He told her everything.

"I am glad you know," she said at last; adding painfully: "But did she tell you all the circumstances connected with—"

"With Jackson? She did not. She told me he had come to grief, but gave no particulars."

"It is as well. For everyone's sake I had best not tell you. Give me my mother's letter."

"I will come in again and talk to you if I may in half an hour. And Miss—Miss Williams, pray consider your time your own for the present; I will not let you worry yourself with office work."

"I think it is nearly all done, though you are very good."

When he returned he thought he

## WESTBOURNE School for Girls

278 Bloor Street West

TORONTO, CANADA

A residential and day school—small enough to ensure for the pupils a real home, careful personal training and thoughtful supervision. Pupils prepared for the University. Class instruction in Folk and Aesthetic Dancing as well as Physical Work. Outdoor Sports. Affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

F. McGillivray Knowles, R.C.A.,  
Art Director.

School reopens September 14th.

For Calendar address the Principal, Miss M. Curlette, B.A.

## ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE

MONTREAL

THE RESIDENTIAL COLLEGE  
FOR WOMEN STUDENTS OF  
McGILL UNIVERSITY

Students (both resident and day) prepared for degrees in Arts, Pure Science and Music. Scholarships are awarded annually. For Prospectus and information apply to the Warden.

## BISHOP BETHUNE COLLEGE

OSHAWA

ONTARIO

Visitor: The Lord Bishop of Toronto.

A Residential School for Girls.  
Young Children also received.

Preparation for the University. Art Department, including drawing, painting, wood carving and art needlework. Toronto Conservatory Degree of A.T.C.M. may be taken at the School. Fine, healthful situation. Tennis, basketball, skating, snowshoeing, and other outdoor games.

For terms and particulars apply to the Sister-in-Charge, or to the Sisters, of St. John the Divine, Major Street, Toronto.

COLLEGE RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 14.

## The Bishop Strachan School

College Heights Toronto

FORTY-NINTH YEAR  
A Church Residential and  
Day School for Girls.

New buildings—Beautiful  
healthy situation, with 7 acres  
of playing fields.

Junior School to Matriculation Course. Household Science, Music, Painting.

President, The Right Revd., The Lord Bishop of Toronto.  
Principal, Miss Walsh, M.A. (Trinity College).  
Vice-Principal, Miss Nation, M.A. (Trinity College).  
Head Mistress, Junior School, Miss A. M. V. Rosseter (Higher Certificate, National Froebel Union, late of Cheltenham Ladies' College).

FOR CALENDAR APPLY TO THE BURSAR

## Westminster College = Toronto

A RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL  
FOR GIRLS

Situated opposite Queen's Park,  
Bloor Street West

Re-opens Thursday, September 9th

Calendar mailed on request

J. A. PATTERSON, K.C.,  
President

MRS. A. R. GREGORY,  
Principal

## Alma (Ladies) College

Attractively situated. Picked  
faculty.

For prospectus and terms write the Principal

R. I. Warner, M.A., D.D., St. Thomas, Ont.

64

# THERE'S A DELIGHTFUL 'SOMETHING' about the flavour of "SALADA"

that can only be produced by the skilful blending of really fine 'high-grown' teas. This peculiar charm of flavour makes it unique among teas and is the secret of its 23 years of increasing popularity.

B 80



He simply insists on  
"Ganong's."

Men who know real chocolate quality  
would indignantly refuse a substitute.

## Ganong's Chocolates

## Schools and Colleges

### ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE TORONTO

**A RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS**  
(Founded by the late George Dickson, M.A., Former Principal of Upper Canada College, and Mrs. Dickson.)

ACADEMIC COURSE, from Preparatory to University Matriculation and First Year Work.

MUSIC, ART, DOMESTIC SCIENCE, PHYSICAL, EDUCATION — Cricket, Tennis, Basket Ball, Hockey, Swimming Bath.

**School Reopens September 14, 1915**  
Write for Prospectus.

MRS. GEORGE DICKSON, President. MISS J. E. MACDONALD, B.A., Principal.

## ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE

and Conservatory of Music and Art  
WHITBY, ONT.

Offers Unequalled Advantages for the Training of Your Daughter.

Twenty-eight miles from Toronto, 100 acres of grounds, beautiful gardens, tennis courts, large gymnasium and swimming pool. University graduates give instruction in Academic and Household Science Departments; facilities for Musical Education of the highest order (affiliated with Toronto Conservatory of Music). An intellectual, physical, spiritual and social environment which makes for development of the highest type of strong, capable, Christian womanhood.

College re-opens September 8th. Write for Calendar to  
Rev. F. L. Farewell, B.A., Principal

saw traces of tears in Mary's eyes.

"My mother has sent me money, and her best love and wishes me to return. I love her dearly, but such a course is impossible, neither must I tell her where I am or mention Mr —"

"It will be as well," said Ronald hastily, "for you to call him Jackson, even to me."

"I must not mention his name to her. And my father is probably still unreconciled to me. You must forward a letter for me. Now give me further particulars about my home," and she asked innumerable questions.

"I have seen your portrait in Court dress," said Ronald at length, "and I have heard much about you. I will serve you still to the utmost of my power, but I see that even if Jackson had not been in existence you were always out of my reach: it was presumption my asking you to marry me, but I did not know."

Her eyes softened; she looked at him very kindly.

"If it had not been for him I would have married you, and felt honoured in doing so."

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### The Flight.

RONALD was hard at work late one afternoon; Mary had gone. After a few minutes he saw her return. But when she entered he was struck by the look on her face which was blanched, her eyes were wild with terror.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Will you help me, Mr. Westlake?"

"Of course I will. What can I do?"

"How am I to tell you? I have no time to go into particulars, and every moment is of consequence. It is about Henry Jackson. I have deceived you about him. He is an escaped convict. Help me, I pray you, by helping him."

"What is the immediate danger?"

"As I passed out I saw a man watching the gates where the workmen will go through shortly. The man is one of the warders from Princetown; I saw him and spoke to him when I was there. I know that he is looking for Henry Jackson. Mr. Westlake, you have told me you would befriend me. Do so now, I implore you, by getting him away."

She clasped her hands beseechingly. "It is my belief that a person who helps a convict to escape is himself or herself liable to imprisonment. Pray consider what you are doing," he said.

"I consider him only. Will you help me or will you not?"

"I will help you on the understanding that you do nothing; let the onus fall on me."

"But you may be imprisoned, according to your belief."

"I will risk it for your sake. Stay here."

He entered the mill and spoke a word in a low tone to Jackson, who followed him into Mary's office without going through the usual door. Then he went to the stables and bade one of the grooms bring round his dogcart and fastest horse in five minutes' time.

"I am pressed for time," he said, "I must have it quickly."

The man set to work with alacrity. Ronald ran into the house to his father, saying, "I am suddenly called away, perhaps for a few days, on business. I have no time to go into particulars. Perhaps you will look in at the office to-morrow."

He went away before his father could reply, and fetched a thick, heavy ulster and a cap which he gave to Jackson, bidding him tie the ears down. Before ten minutes had elapsed, he and Jackson were on the road to Plymouth, driving as fast as the horse could go.

"Good-bye," he had said to Mary, "and keep up your heart. We will write," and then he was gone.

He chose the road at the back of the mill, thus avoiding the warder. The horse was good, the eleven miles would be traversed quickly.

"Well," said Jackson, or Cornwallis as he may now be called, "I suppose you know all about me now."

"I know that you are an escaped convict. Miss—Miss Williams had just told me. I suppose you clearly

understand that I am helping you for her sake."

"I am very well aware that you wouldn't do much for my sake. I suppose I ought to be very much obliged to you. So I shall be if you get me off. For Heaven's sake don't let me go back to that death in life."

"I will do my utmost. I was taken by surprise, but I have formed a plan. I must get you away in a private yacht."

"I will leave everything to you," and after this his spirits rose. As he had before thrown the whole burden on Mary, so he now threw it on Ronald. He looked round anxiously as they left Willowbridge, but seeing no one in pursuit, he seemed to think immediate danger was over.

They soon reached Plymouth. It had been dusk when they started, and it was now quite dark. They first stopped at a hairdresser's, next at a yacht-ing tailor's, at neither of which places did Ronald alight, but he had given money to his companion. They put up at the Royal Hotel, and engaged two bedrooms and a sitting-room. Cornwallis kept his hand over the lower part of his face as he went up stairs; the cap concealed the upper part.

Ronald ordered dinner and thought his companion was a long time in making his appearance. At last the door opened and a man of fifty with iron grey, well trimmed hair, and side whiskers entered the room. His face was somewhat lined but his teeth were perfect, as Ronald saw plainly, beneath his moustache. He wore spectacles.

"You have mistaken the room," said the young man.

The new-comer laughed. "The get up is good then? What a comfort it is to be a gentleman once more!"

He wore a yachting suit, and Ronald saw that his figure was magnificent, yet he still could not count him a handsome man, or even a good looking one. There was a scar on his forehead, and his nose was flatter than it should have been.

"But how did you manage it?" asked Ronald, who was relieved to find some of his companion's outward ruffianism had disappeared.

"I was always great at theatricals. I know how to make up. Beerbohm Tree was a friend of mine, and I suppose he makes up as well as any man living. I studied making-up as an art—which it is. The merest stroke of a pencil will entirely alter the expression of a face, and no true artist ever overdoes the thing. At Willowbridge you know I had defective teeth."

"Yes."

"I simply painted a few black with special enamel and they apparently disappeared. I altered my expression because I felt the part I was playing; I was a workman for the time. As to my eyes I touched them up by painting a few crows' feet and dyed my eyelashes. I can make up in any way I please, and why I have been recognized passes me altogether. I have quite resolved to be an actor if I can get away from here."

"I should say it was the best thing you could do. I am afraid Miss Williams had a great shock at seeing that warder."

"Yes. How the deuce could he have tracked me after all the precautions we took?"

ONLY Louise Ormondé could have explained this, for after watching an interview between Cornwallis and Mary she had communicated with the police, saying that both were probably suspicious characters. The escaped convict was still being looked for, and the result was that a warder was dispatched from Princetown to watch the factory. It is probable that he would not have recognized Cornwallis in his disguise, but there was the risk.

As soon as dinner was over they went out. At Ronald's suggestion the suit of workman's clothes was taken to the sea and the garments were thrown in one by one. The night was very dark and no one could see what they were about; by the morning the tide would have carried the clothes far away.

They next visited an outfitter's and bought immediate requisites.

The two men held an earnest con-

versation that night, and details as to Cornwallis' escape were discussed. Since he had helped him Ronald had conquered his aversion to the other man, and found no difficulty in advising him.

"As to money, you can draw on me."

"Thanks awfully," said Cornwallis; "so I will. I will repay you eventually, as I must come into money if I live long enough."

"Don't let that trouble you." But Mr. Cornwallis had no intention of letting it trouble him.

"How did you manage to escape from Dartmoor?" asked Ronald.

"Miss Iredale formed a plan, but it was awfully difficult to accomplish. She'll tell you all about it some day; I'm too tired. By the way perhaps you did not know her real name before."

"Oh yes, I did. What a life you must have had!"

"It wasn't a life; it was an awful nightmare. People seem to imagine that because a man has once written another man's name, or done something he ought not, that he loses all feeling and becomes a brute. I don't say I ever was a model; I wasn't; still I don't think people need go to Princetown on excursions and stare at me, and others such as me, as if we were wild beasts."

"It is perhaps part of the punishment," said Ronald, who could not condone "writing another man's name," so lightly. His kindness of heart, however, caused him to relent as he considered how much Cornwallis must have suffered. "Some of them must be precious ruffians though," he added.

"They are. I never performed outdoor labour; I wasn't strong enough for it."

RONALD remembered for how long a time he had considered the other man a tailor, and again experienced a feeling of repugnance. "You must have been glad enough to get out."

"I thought it would have been heaven, but it wasn't. Miss Iredale had said she had found work for me, but I did not contemplate working in a mill."

"Miss Iredale did for you what not one woman in ten thousand either would or could have done," Ronald said sternly. "An escaped convict's almost insuperable difficulty is to find employment at once."

"Do you suppose I don't know that? Though allow me to add that I am the best judge of Miss Iredale's conduct."

"I suppose you do not forget that you are in the gravest danger still."

"No, I don't forget, but somehow it doesn't seem to trouble me; I can't think why. Well, when I first came to Willowbridge I own I was very discontented, until the idea occurred to me that I would act the part of a workman. When I pictured myself as an actor everything came easy enough; I didn't mind the life at all, in fact I enjoyed it. How they have found me out is more than I know."

"I shall get up at daybreak to-morrow and take the trap back to Willowbridge. I will ascertain what has taken place, and, if possible return here at once. Let me advise you not to go out or to put pen to paper during my absence."

"You must see Miss Iredale and tell her to come too later in the day. I have made up my mind to marry her before I go abroad."

"What!" exclaimed Ronald, startled. "You can do nothing of the kind. The marriage wouldn't be legal. No banns have been published and the whole thing is impossible."

"Oh no, it isn't. She must come; I can't do without her."

"You will have to do without her," said Ronald sharply, shocked at Cornwallis' gross selfishness in wishing any girl to marry a hunted criminal.

"But I have told you that I can't, and I won't. See here," and he took a document out of his pocket. "I thought something of this sort might happen, and I got a special license and I have been keeping it by me. We can be married whenever we like, and I like now."

"Have you no consideration for

her?" asked Ronald angrily.

"I have every consideration. She is awfully fond of me,—women generally are—and will be much happier with me than away from me."

"The best thing I could do on her account would be to communicate with the police and give you up."

"Now don't talk nonsense," said Cornwallis lazily; "you know as well as I do that you won't."

"I know very well that I ought."

"In which case she would never forgive you. You're right enough. I thought when I first went to Willowbridge that you might be a cad, but I found afterwards you were a gentleman. I'll introduce you to my friends later on."

The condescension with which he said this was so ludicrous in the circumstances that Ronald laughed.

"Thank you," he replied; "I am not a man that cares for another man's friends; I make my own or none."

"Oh, they wouldn't mind the mill; they wouldn't really."

THE situation was too absurd, once more Ronald laughed. "You are too good," he replied. "It is growing late; let us go to bed. One question first. Did you not consider it an enormous risk to have your name and Miss Iredale's put in a license? I suppose you gave your real name," he added suspiciously.

"Of course I did. Perhaps it was a risk but I thought the Doctors' Commons people, or whoever they may be, would have too much to think about to connect the names with the real us, and you see I was right. Unless—" he pondered, "unless they put the police on the track. Well, good-night. By the way, I suppose you did not give my real name to the hotel people."

"I did not. Good-night."

Meanwhile events at Willowbridge were not going smoothly. The warder had watched the whole of the work-people leave the factory and had then entered into conversation with the foreman, demanding to see over the factory and giving his reasons.

Simpson's wrath knew no bounds. "Convict? a convict here? It's all lies; it's a tisher of lies."

"Lies or not, I want to see the factory."

Simpson sought Mr. Ronald, but sought in vain. He then went to Mr. Westlake.

"Never heard anything so ridiculous in my life," said that gentleman, at once going to the warder.

"My son, who manages the mill, is away," he said, "but go over it by all means. Look into every hole and corner if you choose. All our men are honest workmen. If they were escaped convicts we should be the first to hand them over to the police."

The warder acted on the permission given him, and searched the factory in vain.

"Sorry to have given you so much trouble, Sir," he said at last. "I suppose we had false information." But he made enquiries in the village and when he found that Henry Jackson had disappeared, he telegraphed for a detective.

CHAPTER XVII.

Flight.

IT was early morning when Ronald drove back to Willowbridge. He gave his horse and trap into a groom's care and then went up the lane towards the farm; he wished to see Mary before the whole village was about.

The air was crisp and fresh, dew hung on the trees and blackberry bushes. He knew that Mary would not be up, but he hoped to call her attention without disturbing the farmer's wife. He knew which was her window, he had asked her long before, and had spent many a half hour in watching it from a distance. He entered the garden and threw a stone softly at the panes. The window was open, the stone fell on the floor.

"Who is that?" asked Mary, who was wide awake. She came forward as she spoke.

"It is I, Westlake. Can you come down to me as soon as possible?"

"Certainly."

YOU CAN

make your skin what you would love to have it



Your skin like the rest of your body, is continually changing. As old skin dies, new skin forms. Every day, in washing, you rub off the dead skin.

This is your opportunity—you can make the new skin what you would love to have it by using the following treatment regularly.

Just before retiring, work up a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of

a skin specialist. This treatment with it will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and before long you will see a decided improvement—a promise of that lovelier complexion which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. It is for sale at dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

Write today to the Woodbury For 4c we Canadian Factory for Samples will send a cake large enough for a week's treatment. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 953 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

Made in Canada



Why not a trip "Way Down East" to the Famous Atlantic Resorts

Which stretch from Boston north to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia? This strip of coast is dotted with places of historic and literary interest. The scenery is varied and delightful throughout, and every kind of summer recreation is afforded. Comfortable hotels and boarding houses are available, with a range of prices to suit every purse.

Old Orchard [Maine] Kennebunkport [Maine] St. Andrews [New Brunswick]

and a hundred seaside resorts in Nova Scotia [Evangeline Land]

are waiting for you. Travel there by the

Canadian Pacific Railway

Full particulars from any Canadian Pacific Ticket Agent, or write M. G. Murphy, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.



SHOPPER'S GUIDE

PRINTING.

PRICE TICKETS that sell the goods. All prices in stock. Fifty cents per hundred. Samples for stamp. Frank H. Barnard, 35 Dundas St., Toronto.

STAMPS AND COINS.

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

BOOKS.

ASSIMILATIVE MEMORY, OR HOW TO ATTEND AND NEVER FORGET. Prof. A. Loissette tells how you may strengthen the power of your memory. A perfect memory means increased capabilities and a larger income. 12mo., cloth, \$3.00, post-paid. University Book Co., Desk A., 8 University Ave., Toronto.

THE FORCE OF THE MIND, by A. T. Schofield, M.D., explains the scientific relation between the mind and many of mankind's ailments. Cloth, 240 pages, \$2.00, post-paid. University Book Co., 8 University Ave., Toronto.

AGENTS WANTED.

SALESMEN to demonstrate and sell automobile specialties; man with car preferred; liberal commissions. Sales-manager, 650 Woodward, Detroit, Mich.

HOTEL DIRECTORY

THE NEW FREEMAN'S HOTEL. (European Plan)

One Hundred and Fifty Rooms.

Single rooms, without bath, \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day; rooms with bath, \$2.00 per day and upwards.

St. James and Notre Dame Sts., Montreal.

KING EDWARD HOTEL.

Toronto, Canada.

—Fireproof—

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

MOSSOP HOTEL.

(Limited)

TORONTO, ONTARIO.

European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof. Rooms with or without bath from \$1.50.

## The Modern Moonstone Method

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

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



No. 6022. Semi-indirect Unit.

We will send you, on application our

### MOONSTONE BULLETIN No. 1

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

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

Made in Canada.

**Jefferson Glass Company, Limited**  
388 Carlaw Avenue, Toronto

## Take Your Vacation at Muskoka Lakes



Beautiful small islands and choice locations for sale.

TAKE THE CANADIAN NORTHERN RY. to the finest recreation districts in Canada, including: Lake St. John District, Muskoka Lakes, Rideau Lakes, Lake Edward, Que., Georgian Bay and Parry Sound as well as many others. WRITE TO-DAY FOR THESE BOOKS—"Where to Fish and Hunt", "Hotel Lake St. Joseph, Quebec", "Muskoka's Lake Shore Line", "Summer Resorts Along the Road by the Sea", "Outdoors in Canada".

Enjoy a real recreation and rest for tired nerves in the picturesque lakes, streams and wooded isles of Muskoka Lakes District.

For further particulars as to rates and service apply to nearest C.N.R. Agent, or General Passenger Department, 68 King Street East, Toronto, Ont.



He went back into the lane beneath the trees.

She joined him before ten minutes elapsed, and he told her what had been done.

"What must you think of me?" she asked, for having allowed you to receive an escaped convict. And without a moment's warning you heard about it and helped me at once. I do not know how to thank you."

"I was not so unprepared as you think. I had known he was a convict for some time."

"And you kept him, and did not reproach me! I have only one thing to say, Mr. Westlake, but I say it from my heart, May God bless you." Her voice trembled.

"Don't," he said hurriedly. "You will unman me. I have not done half as much for you as I should like to do."

"You have risked imprisonment, according to your belief, and are still risking it."

"Even for you I would not steal or do anything really wrong, but I do not think it is wrong to help a distressed fellow creature. If I have put myself within reach of the law I am quite willing to take the consequences. But there is one thing I cannot do; I cannot help you to marry him at such a time," and he told her of Cornwallis' wild proposal.

SHE looked very grave, and to Ronald's arrangement replied. "Since he wishes it I will marry him and go away with him."

"Surely not," he said with excitement, "you cannot know what you are doing. Wait, I implore you, and should he get away safely marry him abroad."

"I know very well what I am doing"; she replied with deeper gravity, "he is right in saying he cannot do without me. That is true; he cannot. I must go with him and take more care of him than he will take of himself."

"I am minded," said Ronald bitterly, "to withdraw my help. How am I to stand by and see you make this awful sacrifice of yourself. Suppose he should be retaken."

"I must risk that. I promised to marry him and I will keep my word."

"Tell me, will you be happy in marrying him?"

She looked at him with reproach.

"There are some questions, Mr. Westlake, which even our dearest friends must not ask."

Then details were entered into and much settled.

"I shall walk back to Plymouth at once; it will excite no remark if I go by back lanes, and it will be safer than taking the train."

"But it is eleven miles."

"That is not much. Do you come to-day, and, if you can manage it, walk to the next station and get into the train there. Do not tell your landlady you will not return. You can write from Plymouth after a time and pay her the rent that is due. But see my father before you go, and tell him if enquiry is made by Simpson about Jackson that he is employed by me elsewhere."

She obeyed his instructions, and in doing so was told by Mr. Westlake of the warder's visit. He did not remark how pale she turned.

"I said," he continued, "that all our workmen were honest. My son would not employ this Jackson if he were a doubtful character."

She turned away with a sigh, reflecting how easy it was to lose a character, and how next to impossible to regain one if people knew of a previous error.

"Mr. Ronald says I am to take a holiday during his absence," she observed.

"Ah, it will do you good. And where are you going?"

"I scarcely know at present, Sir."

She was very grave and subdued during her long walk. She was no joyful bride going to meet her bridegroom. How was this possible? An outcast from her father's house, about to join her lot with that of a hunted convict, and in her heart there was a deeper sorrow still.

Ronald met her at Plymouth station.

"Mr. Cornwallis agrees with me that he had better not show himself

at present"; he said; "though he looks so different from the workman at Willowbridge that I doubt if he could be recognized. You must not go to see him. I have taken a quiet lodging for you; it will be better than an hotel. I hope if all goes well to get you both off to-morrow, for I have hired a steam yacht, which is to start from Millbay as soon as it is dark."

"And our marriage?"

"YOUR marriage," said Ronald, speaking against his will sternly; "will be performed on board the yacht a little while before starting by a friend of mine, a young clergyman, whom I happened to meet in Plymouth. He has seen the license and says the marriage will be quite legal."

"To-morrow is very soon, but I suppose no other course is open to us."

"It is a choice between that or giving it up altogether. I am going with you. I shall land you on the coast of Spain where you had better live quietly for a time. But I have much to hear and to say. I cannot do it here," for the conversation had been carried on in low tones in the waiting room, which happened to be deserted. "Will you not go a little way out of Plymouth with me by train? It will be our last talk together, for after you are married I shall not intrude my society although I shall be on board."

"I will go wherever you like."

The first train going was on the Tavistock line; Ronald took tickets for Bickleigh. The afternoon was beautiful, bright and clear, the Autumn leaves in their rich tints, still hung on the trees. They had the carriage to themselves, which was not surprising.

"I am afraid Horace will be very dull," she said after they had started.

"I gave him plenty of books and papers, and he will have much to think of. I am most anxious not to connect you with him in the sight of anyone as you were seen with him at Willowbridge." They passed through the wooded vale of Bickleigh, all ablaze with Autumn colouring, and alighted at Bickleigh station.

"I am going to take you to Shangh Bridge," he said, "and then on to the top of one of your favourite tors; it is not a very high one and you can manage the climb. We can talk more freely out there."

"I will tell you everything. I know you are putting yourself in great danger for our sakes, and the least I can do is to be open with you, late in the day as it is."

"I shall feel honoured by your confidence."

"You know how I met Horace. I loved him, and believed him all that was good. He got into debt, and, to relieve himself of pressing difficulties, in an evil hour he forged another man's name. I saw him as soon as he had to appear before the magistrates and he told me how grievously he had been tempted by a bad companion, but he assured me of his deep repentance, in fact he seemed broken down by emotion and grief. What could I say when he had confessed his sin? How could I be hard? I felt towards him as a mother to her son in one way, as if he had placed himself in my hands for judgment, and what was I that I should not show mercy? I felt assured that if I forgave him he would, as he promised, thoroughly amend his life, whereas if I forsook him I knew that he would go to the bad even if he were not sent for trial and convicted. So I comforted him and said I would help him in every way possible."

"Do you still think you were right in your course?"

She hesitated. "It is very difficult to decide whether any course is right if you think about it too much," she replied after a time.

"In one way you acted like an angel of mercy, but I say decidedly that you were wrong."

"Perhaps, but love cannot be hard. He was committed for trial; the facts were so clear that neither of us had any doubt that he would be convicted. While he was still out on bail I saw him, and it was then that we arranged a plan for his escape as soon as he should be sent away from London such

as I had read of in the newspaper about someone else, who, by the way, was recaptured in three days' time as he still wore prison clothes."

"You should have desired his punishment," said Ronald sternly. "It would have been far better for him to have served his term."

"Should I desire your punishment whatever you did?" she asked reproachfully. "I did not desire it. Besides I knew that he was not a strong man. I do not believe he would have survived his sentence. It is always supposed that criminals are liberated should their health demand it, but notwithstanding a great many die under prison discipline. We arranged matters as far as we could. I drew out what little money I possessed, and I had a friend who helped me. We found out where Horace was and his number, and we bribed one of the warders very heavily to convey an occasional letter to him. At this time my father turned me out of my home, because I declared my intention of remaining true to Horace."

"Your father was naturally angry, although he was unduly harsh."

"FROM that time I resolved to live only for Horace. I felt leaving my home most bitterly, for I love my mother dearly, but she had not strength to stand up for me against my father. I determined to sink my name, my station, everything, until I had achieved my purpose. I took lodgings in London for a time in a quiet neighbourhood, and I arranged further details for Horace's escape."

"With your friend?" asked Ronald jealously.

"Yes; he was very good to me. He—"

"He was in love with you."

"Into that matter ye will not enter. He had means of knowledge that no one else of my acquaintance possessed. But it was entirely my own idea to go to Willowbridge and get work there. I chose it because of its being near the Moor, and I chose the work because it was almost the only kind I thought I could do which would leave me free. You recognized me for a lady, but I scarcely thought any one would do so in my humble position."

"You might as well expect the sun not to give light. But why did you at once secure work for him?"

"Because no one had any ground for thinking that an escaped prisoner could at once get work in a respectable factory without even the delay of asking for it. If he had come to me when I was at home in town, or in our country place he would have been traced, for his antecedents were well known."

"Why did you cross the Moor in such a fashion?"

"Before leaving London I procured a suit of Horace's clothes, everything complete, and removed all marks from them. Then I bought a red wig, a beard and moustache, and made all up into a parcel, adding a hand-glass and his make up box. It was this parcel that I carried," and she gave details of the manner in which she had disposed of it to the labourer, and the large payment she had made.

Ronald listened, even more astonished at the wonderful forethought she had displayed, and the bravery she had shown.

"But why have gone across the Moor with such a heavy weight; for a suit of clothes and boots and accessories would have tried a strong man."

"I went because I wanted to see if it would be possible for him to find his way across it alone. I came to the conclusion that it would not. The warders also would be less likely to suspect a man going on the beaten track than of taking to the pathless moor. The bicycle was a marvellous help. When I reached Princetown a warder spoke to me a moment by arrangement; he conveyed a letter to Horace, and it was agreed his escape was to be made during a fog. That is why I was so nervous that night."

"When I was such a brute to you," said Ronald warmly.

She smiled, and continued. "He acted in exactly the same way as the prisoner we read about who did escape—only to be recaptured. He managed to file through the bars of his window, and got out during the

fog. He obtained a ladder from a storehouse near, and climbed the outer wall of the prison grounds, descending with the help of a rope made out of his sheets. Then he felt his way along the wall in the fog until he reached the high road. When he had gone, as he judged, some half mile he waited behind a stone wall until he could discern the labourer's cottage I had described—we wrote in German. The rest was easy. He called up the labourer and in a few minutes' time was completely transformed. Then he mounted the bicycle and rode for his life to Moretonhampstead, getting there before his flight was discovered. He took the train to Exeter, sold the bicycle, and came here at once. How they have discovered him now I cannot imagine, but I recognized the pleasant faced warder I had seen at Princetown at once, and felt sure he was looking out for Horace. Oh, Mr. Westlake, since I have lived this dreadful life of fear, and anxiety, and concealment, I have appreciated as I never did before the blessed lot of those who go through life with nothing to conceal, nothing to be ashamed of on their part, who can speak freely of all their concerns. Would that it were so with us!"

BUT Ronald barely heard the last sentence. There was a dangerous light in his eyes as he turned to her and said, "If a woman were to do for me one tenth part of what you have done for Cornwallis, I would kneel before her and kiss the hem of her garment."

Their eyes met, a flash of intelligence passed between them.

"Tell me," he said in a voice of intense, fierce feeling, "do you wish to marry him?"

He had asked her if she wished to marry Cornwallis. She made no reply. Alas! she had discovered, and the knowledge had been pain and grief to her, that the man for whom she had dared and suffered so much was unworthy, and that it was to Ronald she had now given her heart.

There was a long pause, then she said. "If I were to desert him now I should feel as if I were a soldier who had betrayed his country, or a mother who had wilfully failed to rescue her child from danger. He needs me. No one on earth needs me so much. And—and I care for him." And so she did, but it was with a pitying love in which was neither passion nor ought save compassion.

They had now reached the foot of the Tor known as the Dewar Stone. They ascended the steep path in silence, pausing every few minutes to admire the lovely views beneath them of wooded hill and dale, until they reached the summit and she saw beyond portions of the well loved Dartmoor ranges in their solemn beauty.

"I am glad you brought me here," she said. "I shall like to remember this scene when I am far away. Look at the ruined mill below, and the hills fading away into the distance."

She sighed as she spoke; at this moment she felt that she could have stayed on here indefinitely with this good and true man at her side.

"I hope there will no hitch in the arrangements to-morrow," he remarked at length. "Why did not you arrange to marry and leave England sooner?"

"Because every port was watched. I thought mine the safest plan. Now I am sure we ought to return."

He acceded reluctantly. They said little on the return journey, both were glad yet sorry when it ended. The busy streets of Plymouth were thronged with people; cabs, trams and omnibuses were running, it seemed to Mary as if she were in London.

"I do not like leaving you alone in these crowds," said Ronald, "but it will be best for me to do so. You will no doubt spend the rest of your day in buying what you require. Do not spare money; Cornwallis will repay me everything some day. I have already told you where to meet us to-morrow evening. And now good-bye."

He found Cornwallis pacing up and down the room impatiently.

"I was wondering how many more hours I was to be alone," he said querulously.

(To be continued.)



# Thirsty?

Don't be! Just get a wax-wrapped package of this most delicious, refreshing, cooling, soothing confection:

# WRIGLEY'S

THE PERFECT GUM

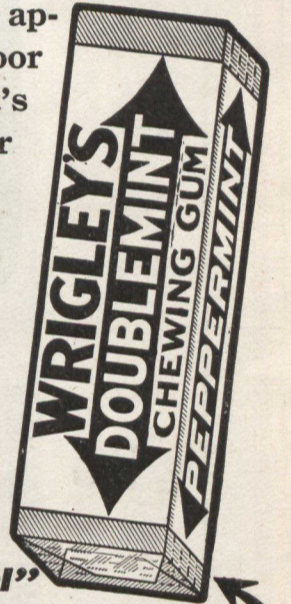
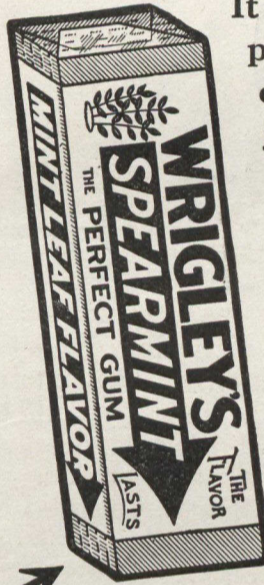
When you're dry and hot it hits the spot. It keeps the teeth clean and bright.

It prods a lagging appetite. It puts a poor digestion right. It's joy immense for five cents.

Two luscious flavors.

MADE IN CANADA

WM. WRIGLEY JR. CO., Ltd. New Factory TORONTO



"After every meal"



# WHITE LABEL ALE

with your Lunch or Dinner coaxes an indifferent appetite into pleasurable anticipation of the meal. Try it.

At Dealers and Hotels.

Brewed and Bottled by

DOMINION BREWERY COMPANY, LIMITED, Toronto

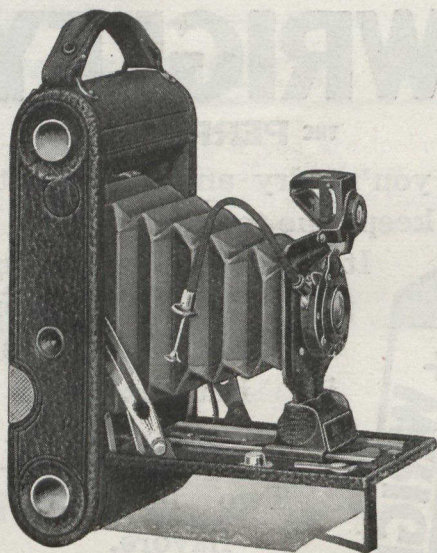
## OUR ADVERTISING POLICY

We will not, knowingly or intentionally, insert advertisements from other than perfectly reliable firms or business men. If subscribers find any of them to be otherwise, we will esteem it a favour if they will so advise us, giving full particulars.

Advertising Manager, Canadian Courier

*If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak*

# The No. 1 Autographic KODAK, Junior



Now fitted with the new Kodak Anastigmat Lens, *f. 7.7* and the Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter

Price, \$15.00

Here are efficiency *and* economy

**THE LENS.** The Kodak Anastigmat *f. 7.7* lenses are slightly faster than the best Rapid Rectilinears. But their marked superiority lies in the perfect definition (sharpness) which they give up to the very corners of the picture. They are not as fast as the most expensive anastigmats, but they are fast enough for the usual hand camera work and no lens gives sharper results. Made exclusively for use on hand cameras, they meet the hand camera requirements.

**THE SHUTTER.** The No. 1 Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter furnished with the anastigmat equipped No. 1 Autograph Kodak, Junior, has variable speeds of 1-25, 1-50 and 1-100 of a second, and the usual time and "bulb" actions. It is accurate, reliable and remarkably free from jerk or jar.

**AUTOGRAPHIC.** It is "autographic," of course. All the folding Kodaks now are. You can date and title the negative easily and permanently at the time you make the exposure.

**A BIT OF DETAIL.** The No. 1 Autographic Kodak, Jr., makes pictures  $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$  inches. It measures  $1\frac{7}{16} \times 3\frac{5}{8} \times 6\frac{5}{8}$  inches. Has brilliant, reversible, collapsible finder, tripod sockets for both vertical and horizontal exposures; covered with fine seal grain leather and is well made in every detail. Simple to use, efficient in its work and economical to operate.

## THE PRICE

No. 1 Autographic Kodak, Junior, with No. 1 Kodak Ball Bearing shutter and Kodak Anastigmat lens, <i>f. 7.7</i> .....	\$15.00
Do., with No. 0 Kodak Ball Bearing shutter and Rapid Rectilinear lens .....	10.50
Do., with meniscus achromatic lens .....	9.00
Autographic Film Cartridge, 6 exposures, $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ .....	.20

*All Kodak Dealers'*

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited - Toronto