

The Canadian
Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Photo by L.N.A.

A TALE OF THE BATTLEFIELD

A BELGIAN SOLDIER TELLS THE CHILDREN HOW HE GOT HIS WOUNDS IN A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER

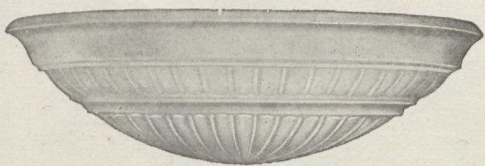
EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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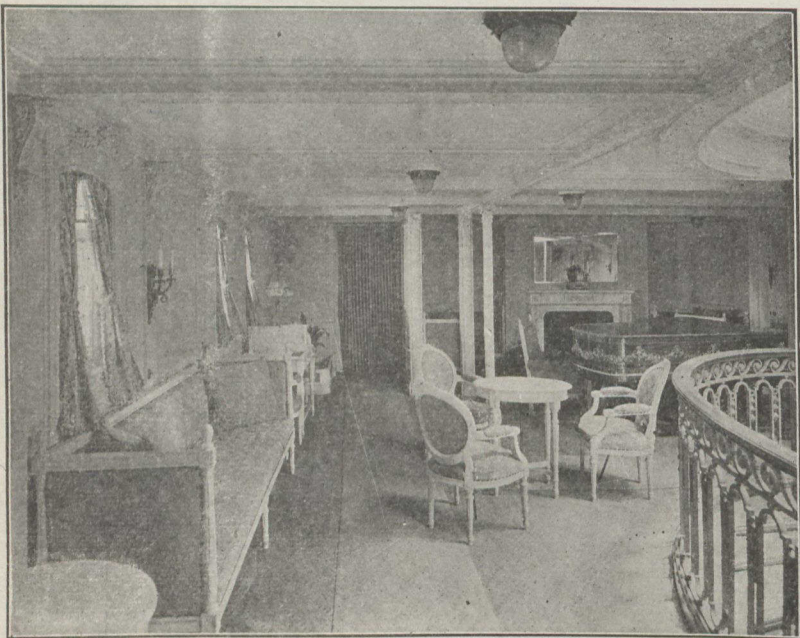
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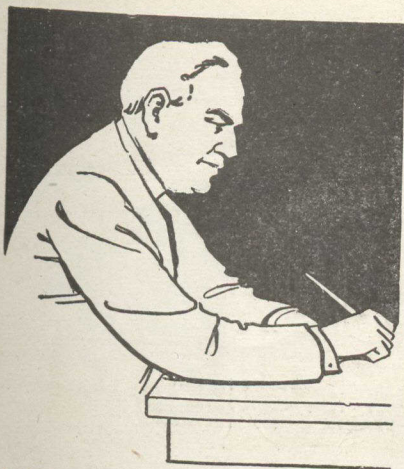
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**The Canadian
Courier**

A National Weekly

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VOL. XVI

TORONTO

NO. 17

Editor's Talk

WHETHER the war will be long or short is about as difficult to determine as the number of beans in a glass jar seen from the outside of a window. The beans would be much easier to count if you were allowed to see clear round the jar. But from one side only, the odds are that the grocer's wife gets the prize anyway, because she put the beans in the jar in the first place.

According to some advices from London, the tacticians predict a long war; not a war to compare with the Napoleonic, or the Seven Years' War, or the Thirty Years' War; but a conflict considerably longer than this country is disposed to expect. Their arguments are probably sound. War is a matter of tactics and manoeuvres. The Germans may be as slow getting out of France as they were swift getting into Belgium. After they have got back on German soil, behind their line of forts, into the valley of the Rhine, the spirits of the Fatherland will begin to exhort the Germans to resist to the last trench the armed tramp of three foreign invaders. This, in spite of growing weakness, may prolong the war—as war of defence for the Germans.

Financial interests in London, however, seem to anticipate a short war; for the very obvious reason that no matter what tactics army leaders choose to adopt with millions of men, they can keep them up only as long as the men can be supplied with food, clothes and ammunition. Germany has been unable to float her latest war loan of \$250,000,000 in New York. It will be necessary to float it in Germany. German ships are idle in the dockways of the world. Food is not going into Germany. How can she prolong the struggle?

This is clearly a case of the beans in the jar. While you look at one side of the jar you lose sight of the other.



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The
**CANADIAN
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The National Weekly



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September 26, 1914

No. 17

TO CHAPS LIKE THESE, SCARS ARE AS GOOD AS MEDALS



These are a few of the Sharpshooting Tommies that got banged up a bit at Mons, where the British had their first heavy fighting. They are now in hospital at Woolwich, ten chances to one hankering to get back to the trenches. Most of them are wounded in the arms. One cynical theory for the preponderance of wounded men in this war is that a dead man needs no looking after on the field, while a wounded man takes another or two to get him away, putting two or three men out of action. But the fact is the Germans have been shooting high by habit and they are not likely to get over it. The modern rifle bullet rarely does half the damage of which it is capable, even when it reaches the mark. One bullet will go through five men in a solid row at a mile range. Some of the dead soldiers found in the present war were shot through from head to heel by bullets that took them while they were lying head to the enemy without entrenchments.



Belgian soldiers in the military hospital in the Gymnasium of Antwerp University. These are some of the men that first blocked the path of the Kaiser. Foremost of the nurses standing in the picture is the Baroness Gevers-Grisar, one of the many noblewomen in several countries who have volunteered their services for the Red Cross work. One Belgian soldier, having his hand dressed, proudly held it up to squint through the hole torn by German shrapnel.

THE SLAV MARCH TO BERLIN

Three Weeks of the Russian Campaign in Condensed Outline

SUHKOMLINOFF, the Russian Kitchener, makes it known to all the world, and especially to the Allies engaged in brooming the Germans out of France, that he intends to converge his three armies of invasion in Berlin. He does not say when. He has learned from the Kaiser's experience that making timetable is one thing and running on it another.

The main thing is—the three-headed Slav march is calculated to terminate at the place where the German Reichstag meets, where Emperor William lives more than he does at Potsdam, where the bins of German war gold glisten in the tower of the Julius Thurm, where the traffic experts follow the movements of all trains in the Fatherland, where the Intelligence Office collected its world museum of more or less useless information based on espionage, and where since the latter part of July war has not been "the bountiful jade." Since ever the Slavs started this march they have announced that they would focus it at Berlin. They say it again, and since signing the three-power protocol they keep on saying it. Here and there they may have changed their original plans of advance. But they have never altered the original intention.

The other day Suhkomlinoff made it clear that for the past few sunrises and sunsets the impact of the Slav armies had been somewhat diverted for a particular reason; that was to clean up Austria, whose chief army was in the way to the march to Berlin. At the time of writing the Slav army has put out of business 300,000 Austrian troops and a thousand pieces of artillery in Galicia alone. As to the actual state of the Austrian remnant opinions differ. The original Austrian army numbered somewhere between 750,000 and a million. But it has

been honeycombed by Slav and Hungarian factions, subdivided by reinforcements sent to help the Germans against the French in Lorraine, whittled down by the Serbs along the Save and the Danube and the Drina, and battered by the overwhelming steam roller advance of the Russian army at Sawa, Lemberg and Przemsyl in Galicia, at Krasnik, Radom and Tomaszow in Poland.

THE entire battle front of the Russian advance extends from Koenigsberg, near the Baltic, to the mouth of the Dneister, emptying into the Black Sea. It is divided into three areas of operations, East Prussia, Russian Poland and Galicia, with three main armies under the supreme command of the Grand Duke Nicholas. The earliest fighting in the first week of August took place in East Prussia. Gumbinnen was the first place occupied by the Russians; afterwards Intersburg. Then came the investment of Koenigsberg, capital of East Prussia; after which the army in that area under Gen. Rennenkampf was held up by German reinforcements. The Germans were able to augment their forces at Koenigsberg, which now stand at 560,000 infantry, 40,000 cavalry and 2,000 guns. In East Prussia Rennenkampf was able to check the intended invasion of Russia by the Germans, and the Germans from sending reinforcements southward to Poland, thus making it necessary to transport Germans from the western lines in France. And it was at Allenstein in East Prussia that the German howitzers played havoc with the Russians.

It is said that the Russians lost 100,000 in killed and wounded, 70,000 prisoners, 500 field guns and scores of machine guns. The credit for this crushing blow to the Slavs in East Prussia goes to Gen. Von

Hindenburg, as commander-in-chief, and to Gen. Leudendorf, of the General Staff, said to be second in strategy only to the late Von Moltke. Petrograd despatches allege that after the victory at Allenstein, Hindenberg was hurried back to France to command an army there, leaving only troops of the second line to hold East Prussia. The correspondent also states that the detachment of 300,000 men from the west, when East Prussia was in danger, really caused the defeat of the Germans on the Marne.

Another Petrograd despatch insists that the whole Russian campaign in East Prussia was designed to help France and England at an obvious and expected cost of men to Russia, who flung her first forces under Rennenkampf into that theatre as the nearest effective line of invasion. There never was any serious strategic intention in Russia to make the Baltic region a battle ground. It was done in order to make it necessary to detach several army corps from France. The ruse worked. Three hundred thousand men were flung back from France to East Prussia, to save Koenigsberg. The German defeat at the Marne and the Russian defeat at Allenstein were the consequences. Russia expected this and was prepared to pay the cost in order to help the Allies in the west. Germany immediately concentrated in East Prussia. She withdrew or withheld several army corps from Poland and Galicia in the main area of invasion. Hence the crushing defeat inflicted on the Austro-German armies at Krasnik and Przemsyl.

Thus over a vast triangle covering central Europe, with Przemsyl as one angle, Koenigsberg as another, 600 miles north, and Paris and the valley of the Marne another on the western edge of Europe, we are compelled to regard the operations of these two Armageddons of at least 8,000,000 men as one brain-reeling, incomprehensible unit of war in which an army of a million here or there is but the moving of a few pawns on a cosmic chessboard.

On the far southern end of this 600-mile battle front the main army of Austria was engaged under General Dankl. The first objective of the



LINES OF ARMAGEDDON FROM THE BALTIC TO THE BLACK SEA

This map shows the area of the Great Triple Battle Front between the Russians and the Austro-German armies, along which a series of great battles has been waged during the past three weeks. At the top is Koenigsberg in East Prussia, near which at Allenstein Gen. Rennenkampf was defeated by German reinforcements from France. Further down in the vicinity of Warsaw is the zone of operations in Poland where the Austrians tried to turn back the centre Russian invasion

heading upon Posen, and where the combined Austrian and German forces of a million men were driven back across the border into Germany by a series of battles fought around Lublin, Radom and Krasnik. Below the Vistula and the San Rivers, where the Teutonic army was trapped by two streams, a bog and a horde of Russian cavalry, turning back the Austro-German invasion of Poland. Below that again is the southern area of

Armageddon centring about Lemberg, where the main Austrian army, reinforced by several German army corps, were badly worsted, first at Rawa, then at Lemberg, then at Grodek and Rzesow and driven back upon Jaraslow and Przemsyl, which at latest advices was invested and would probably be taken by the Russians. The next stand of the Austro-German forces in this region must be at Cracow. Indications of troops are only approximate. Many changes have since occurred.

Russian armies in this area was Lemberg, which after several days' fighting near Rawa was taken by the Russians on September 3rd.

"QUO FAS ET GLORIA DUCUNT"—"WHERE RIGHT AND GLORY LEAD"

BEFORE this happened the second Austrian army had been swung up for an invasion of Russian Poland to meet the advance of the Russians under the Grand Duke Nicholas. This Austrian army was reinforced by a German army under the command of one of the German Crown Princes. In this joint invasion this Austrian army was protected on its right by the main army operating on Lemberg in Galicia. It penetrated to Opole, Krasnoslav and Zamosc. The original intention of the Russian centre army to march through Poland upon Posen in Germany was here effectively blocked for a while by the Austro-German forces. A series of great battles was undertaken on a line extending hundreds of miles from Opole to Bychawe, and including, as centres of attack, Radom, Krasnik and Tomaszhof. The Austro-German army in this battle front numbered 1,000,000 men, with 2,400 pieces of artillery. The Russian forces were at least equal in number. This Poland Armageddon during the last week in August and the first week in September, became a battle front scarcely less important than the cycle of engagements more recently fought between the Allies and the Germans at Marne.

On August 25th, the Austro-German forces, covered on the right wing by the Austrians operating around Lemberg in Galicia, began their advance upon Russian Poland, in order to counteract the offensive movements of Gen. Rennenkampf, who at that time was advancing in East Prussia. The Russian front, not yet completed, covered several hundred miles. In the north part of the line the Russian forces were inferior. The Austrian advance was first directed against Krasnik. After being heavily reinforced from the southern area, the line of attack was shifted southward to Tomaszhof. The Austro-German battle front extended from Opole on the east bank of the Vistula about midway between Radom and Lublin, to Bychawe close to Travniki.

The Austrians flung two bridges over the Vistula and advanced troops from Radom. The Russians, by means of the railways, brought up troops to reinforce their right wing. For six days the Russian centre, near Lacheve, held out against repeated Austrian attacks. The defeat of the Austrian main army at Lemberg in Galicia removed the protection formerly given to the Austrian advance upon Poland. The Russian centre, under Gen. Ruzsky, attacked the Austrians on three fronts over a line of 40 miles in length, centering at Krasnik. On September 9th the Austrians gave way.

By September 14th this Austrian army was pocketed in an angle formed by the Vistula, the San River, a huge tract of marsh and a horde of Russian cavalry. There was nothing left but to retreat across the border into Germany. That ended the invasion of Poland.



Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, one of the special correspondents of the "Daily Mail," described an incident in the course of his despatch concerning a Royal Field Artillery gunner. He says: "A half battery in rather an exposed position was galling the Germans by the accuracy of its aim. Several of the batteries made a combined attack on it. It was a fight between a David and half a dozen Goliaths. One by one its guns were silenced. The men who had been serving them lay dead around. At last only one man was left. He went on doing his best, working steadily and to all appearance calmly. He would have gone on till he dropped, for, although the Germans ceased fire for a few moments, they would have begun again and finished him off, in spite of their admiration for his pluck. But an officer called him away. 'And you can bet,' the narrator ejaculated to Mr. Fyfe, 'that he was mighty sorry to go.'" The four men who work the guns of the Royal Field Artillery are ordinarily protected from rifle fire by the shield of the gun. It may be observed that the limbers are now drawn close up to the gun to facilitate rapid firing. The motto of the Royal Field Artillery is "Quo fas et gloria ducunt."

—LONDON SPHERE.

almost completely surrounded by the Russians, and all hope of their extrication was given up. Petrograd claims this as the greatest success ever recorded in the history of war.

Again, following the 600-mile devious battle front between the mouth of the Dneister and Konigsberg

on the Baltic, the catastrophe at Przemysl leaves the Russian centre army free to swing away from Poland now cleared of Austro-Germans, and to reinforce Gen. Rennenkampf in East Prussia. Or, avoiding East Prussia, it may take the shorter route to Berlin through Posen.

Making a New British Army

London, 11th September, 1914.

Special London Correspondence

VERY interesting it is to watch the method by which the raw material is attracted and caught in order to be made into the finished soldier. All arts of allurements and some of aggression are used, the latter mostly by the "gentler" sex.

At a west end picture-house, recently, there was a sudden glare of light, and instead of the next film, a Major of a guard regiment in all the panoply of his uniform rose, and in a short speech, which needed no oratory, stirred up the audience. A recruiting sergeant, whom he had posted outside the door, was upon the centre of a mob of eager young men driven upon impulse by the gallant and resplendent Major's straight talk. A youth and a girl, who had been quarrelling violently in a sullen undertone in the theatre, were standing near the sergeant; a few minutes later the boy's head very high and the girl, with wet cheeks and swimming eyes, adoring her new-fledged soldier.

A great deal of comment has met the establishment of "select" corps, such as the Public Schools

Corps and the "City" Battalions in the large towns, and the epithet "snob" is freely bandied. This seems scarcely fair, for though a man may be willing enough to take his share of hardship and danger, he naturally prefers to do it in the company of people whose habits and customs are his. The City Battalions for clerks and business men have filled up almost at once, which alone proves that hundreds of good men were kept from enlisting merely by a natural hesitation to be flung headlong into the amenities of an ordinary barrack-room.

A friend of mine who owns much land in the country and is himself too old for service, has sent his chauffeur to enlist and now occupies himself in driving his car round the district and bringing recruits up to the centres, and many people similarly situated are doing the same sort of work.

Still better use of a motor car is being made by an officer who has suffered the loss of a hand. This plucky fellow is becoming a familiar figure in the Midland counties; he has organized what he calls a

"portable recruiter," and with a doctor and a brother officer, he goes about, and men are examined by the doctor where they are found, sworn in and given railway passes to the depot. "Nothing like sending 'em in all hot," he says, and settling back in the car glides off to the next village.

The ladies are most energetic in their endeavours to urge men into the army, and one suburb of London, which was remaining over full of the genus "Nut" has picked up in its recruiting average wonderfully since the girls of the neighbourhood put their heads together and presented with elaborate courtesy a small, white feather to each of a selected band of youths. The very sight of one of these ladies of the White Feather League in that suburb now sends the young men hotfoot to the recruiting sergeant.

Many and ingenious are the methods of advertising the numbers enrolled in each central depot; one having a clock where the place of hours is taken by thousands, another showing a huge thermometer wherein a scarlet fluid mounts daily. At a country

(Continued on page 15.)

Lines of Communication

By LIEUT.-COL. JAMES GALLOWAY

LINES of communications is a term very much in use by all classes of writers since the beginning of the war, but especially since the advance of the German army into France. Just what it means to the average citizen is what this article is endeavouring to make plain. In military parlance by this term is understood as those roads, railways or other means of travel between the army in the field and its base, as well as between the different parts of the army. The latter is especially applicable to this war when it is remembered that the frontage covers a distance of from one hundred to one hundred and twenty miles.

By the term base is meant that part of the country from which it draws its supplies and reinforcements and to which is sent from the front all sick and wounded. It is usually the nearest central point to the frontier of the army's own country, or if the expedition is beyond the sea the landing place or port for the ship would be the "base."

It gets its name, viz., "Lines of Communications," because it consists of a chain of posts or depots usually a day's march (twenty miles) apart, along a road or railway from the base to the army in the field. As this base is easy of access and in the country of the operating army, it must be stationery, but the line must be extended as far as the army and may reach for hundreds of miles, as in the case in South Africa, when it extended from Capetown to Ladysmith, and when it actually took a larger force to guard the lines of communication than was employed in the reduction of that city. The further an army is from its own country the more difficult it is to maintain these lines. When it passes through a hostile country, as in the present war, it requires a large number of men to guard it from the inhabitants to say nothing of the enemy.

It is very dangerous to have these lines severed or even interfered with, as while an army may obtain food supplies locally by purchase or otherwise the supply of ammunition and other munitions of war that must come from the base and that an army in the field is constantly running short of must be supplied or the army fail and retreat must follow as a natural consequence.

LINES of communications are divided into sections for the purpose of command and extend half way from the post on one side to half way to the next post on the other side, not from post to post. The reason for this is obvious, the commander of the sending post escorts the supplies half way to the next receiving post, where it is met by the convoy of the second post and taken over thus at the weakest point in the line there is a double force to guard it. These posts or depots are all numbered from the base, that nearest the army in the field being called the advanced depot. These depots and stations vary considerably in size and importance, their number and composition depending on the district through which they pass. At some hospitals are established, all have rest stations, while many have supplies transport, ordnance and remount depots, the most important ones being where the headquarters of the section is established. The importance of maintaining this line must commend itself to every reader. The amount of protection required varies and depends on the nature of the country and the character of the inhabitants. From what has been said, it must be apparent to every one that not only must a considerable force be left, but an important officer placed in charge of the whole line. In addition he is given a staff of considerable size. In a war such as now being waged, the commander of the forces is responsible for the care of his communications, and from his main body he detaches a force sufficiently strong to guard them, at the same time appointing the officer who is to command them. The whole force detailed to assist the commander at headquarters is one hundred and fifty-six, with thirty-seven horses. Of these fifty-eight are clerks, forty-nine cooks, servants, etc., and the balance officers and non-commissioned officers. This is just an administrative force, and has nothing to do with guarding the depot, unless the case is critical, when every man would have to turn out and assist. In addition, each section has its own commandant and staff, although not so large, then at the base there are eighty-five of all ranks, with twenty-one horses. Of this force fifty-nine are clerks, military police, cooks and servants, the balance being officers. The number and disposition of the force tolled off to guard the lines of communication will depend on the circumstances and be of sufficient strength to ward off any attack that may be brought against it. In such a case the wagons are formed as a barricade, and from behind this, the convoy is defended, if it is attacked during the march from one station to another. The stations are all entrenched, and capable of being defended by a small force. The army having passed this way the country is cleared of the enemy. If trouble comes, it comes from the hostile inhabitants. Few of these have arms of any sort, so the stores are easily defended. In this war, in order to protect

their lines of communications through Belgium, it became necessary for the German army to drive the whole army into the forts or north, and leave a large number of men to keep them there.

The position of these depots or posts are usually selected by the officer in charge of the communications, who determines the size of the garrisons necessary for each. They are selected as being the most important points along the road, and may be bridges, passes or other positions of vantage that may be easily defended and afford a view of the road from every angle. At each of these depots a reserve of supplies is always kept. Sanitary arrangements are carefully looked after by the staff, the size of it depending on the importance of the station and whether hospitals and remount depots are stationed there.



ALL supplies intended for the army are sent by this route, as being the only safe one, a convoy consisting of cavalry and some infantry always accompany supplies of foodstuffs or ammunition, the officer of one post notifying the officer in charge of the other, of its advance; thus informed he sends out his party to take it over half way. The value of stores transported in this way are incalculable, thus the great need of having every possible care taken to guard them. An army in the field live as far as possible on the resources of the country; when these fail, supplies have to be sent from the rear. The ration for each man in the field consists of a pound of bread, one pound of fresh, or three-quarters of a pound of preserved meat. The former may be issued in biscuit or flour, groceries and vegetables, fresh or compressed, sometimes jam, or limejuice. In supplies are included, in addition to food, forage, fuel and other consumable articles. These are provided by the Army Service Corps, in the Quarter-Master General's Department. The forage the animals in the field receive is, of course, brought in the same

way as other supplies, and consists of oats and hay, of the former each horse receives fifteen pounds, and sixteen pounds of hay per day. So nicely have the war office these things worked out that it is found that one officer and thirteen men are capable of feeding four thousand men and one thousand animals. If, however, the unit is required to bake bread for the troops, a bakery section of fifteen additional men must be added for every four thousand rations of bread. The ration mentioned is for men under canvas; for fighting troops one-quarter pound of bread and meat is added. The grocery ration consists of three and a half ounces, and includes tea, sugar, salt and pepper. Each man carries on his person an emergency ration of cylinder shape and containing six and a half ounces net, and is made of cocoa paste and pemmican. It may be eaten in the solid form or made into soup and cocoa respectively (four pints), but it is not to be used without the orders of the officer and then only in an emergency.

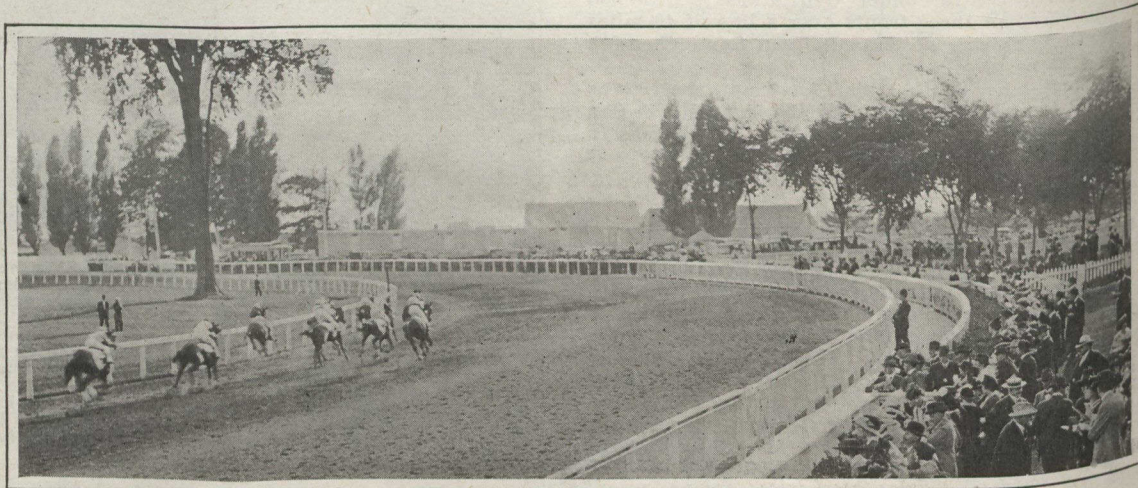
Slav Simplicity

A WRITER in the London Chronicle tells a story which illustrates the simple character of the Russians whose millions of men are engaged in this war.

"A Socialist arrived in a village to convert the inhabitants to Socialism. . . . He thought he would begin by disproving the existence of God, because if he proved that there was no God it would naturally follow that there should be no Emperor and no policeman. So he took a holy image and said, 'There is no God, and I will prove it immediately. I will spit upon this image and break it to bits, and if there is a God He will send fire from heaven and kill me, and if there is no God nothing will happen to me at all.' Then he took the image and spat upon it, and broke it to bits, and he said to the peasants, 'You see God has not killed me.' 'No,' said the peasants, 'God has not killed you, but we will,' and they killed him."

Evidently the moujiks considered themselves the instruments of God.

RACING NOSES OUT WAR BULLETIN



The Fall Meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club opened at the Woodbine, Toronto, on Saturday last, with the "Autumn Steeplechase" and the "Stanley Produce Stakes" as the features.



Royalty was not present to give a centre of attraction, but the ladies in the members' paddock were numerous and well gowned.

The Soul of a Patriot

Story of a Fight Between an Aeroplane and a Submarine

By ROBERT BARR

Editor's Note.—This story was written about three years ago by the Canadian-English editor of the London "Idler Magazine," and is now published for the first time by special arrangements with his widow.

MR. PORTER possessed a gift of dramatic expression out of all proportion to his size and occupation. We encounter this small man of lathes and diagrams half-running, half-walking up the Mall towards Buckingham Palace, his clenched fists raised heavenward; calling vehemently upon his gods.

The blasé Londoners whom he met in his course turned, gazed after him, and resumed their several ways. But one leisurely individual, with the face of a farmer and the roll of a bargee, was so impressed by the spectacle that he wheeled about and followed Mr. Porter, and overtaking him, tapped him upon the shoulder.

"I beg your pardon," said the burly stranger, "but my name is Elijah Hunt, of Sacheverell, Hunt, Brotherhood and Hunt, Ltd., of London, Bristol and Adelaide; and master of the steamship Good Fortune, 8,500 tons register, and . . ."

"Unfortunately in need of a little present assistance, no doubt?"

Captain Hunt ignored the rude insinuation. "And I thought, as I saw you shaking your fists in that ridiculous manner towards the palace, that you might be an anarchist in eruption, in which case you would amuse me; or that you might be some poor devil of a mechanic out of a job, in which case I might possibly render you—er—a little temporary assistance, or perhaps a drink, or possibly even a job," and Captain Hunt grinned the grin of a ploughman, and hitched the hitch of a bargee.

Mr. Porter gazed up, fuming, into the Captain's roomy smile, and suddenly it came to him that his

anger was a very ineffectual little thing. The thought of ineffectuality reminded him again of his tragic position; his helplessness, his utter isolation, possessing no friends but his own paid craftsmen at Cricklewood and Milford.

"Oh," said Mr. Porter, uncertainly, and then his innate sense of humour came to the rescue.

"Well then, Captain, suppose we start off with the drink."

"You see," explained Mr. Porter, across the marble-topped table, "my main trouble is this: the machine is a compromise. In every respect but one, there is some other machine on the market that is superior; to get that one effect I have had to sacrifice a certain proportion of efficiency in every other direction. Now, take the Chatteris monoplane; it is very nearly perfect as a land scouting machine; its wing surface is variable; in the air you can contract the wings, and project yourself like a dart, with incredible speed, or you can extend them, and very nearly hover. But what is the use of these virtues at sea in the absence of a seaplane's absolutely essential qualities? The machine won't float, and can't be made to float—leave alone to rise off the sea. When its wings are fully extended, it will rise with a run of fifty feet; well, you can get that length all right on any big deck, but what about the wing spread? The thing demands a path fifty-four feet wide, which you can't get unless you build a ship for it. And if you contract the wings to their minimum spread of thirteen feet, the machine requires a clear run of seven hundred yards before it begins to rise. Now, on no normal ship—particularly a warship—can you engineer a run-way that is either very wide or very long. Of vertical space, however, you can have as much as you please in these unrigged days. My machine takes off with her wings vertical, like a butterfly at rest, and so requires a very small breadth of path—ten feet, to be exact."

He unfolded some well-thumbed diagrams.

"As soon as she is clear of the ship, this worm gear is set automatically into engagement with the engine, and, in less than three-quarters of a second the wings are brought down so, into the horizontal position, where they lock. The strain, of course, is terrific, but she is built to stand it. The power of the three engines combined is tremendous, over four hundred horse-power. You must have it; there must be no doubt, no hesitation, on the part of these wings. She doesn't begin to rise till the wings are locked down; I have had the launch cinematographed and measured. Sometimes she picks up before she reaches water; more often there is just a kiss of the floats, and she is up and away; sometimes she races along the surface like a wild duck, rising slowly.

"But once in the air, I grant you she is not so handy as some planes; she is stiff and cumbersome; swift and darting in flight; safe as a house, you understand, but a trifle unwieldy. Power is the life of my machine.

"There you have all the vice that is in her; the price, in fact, of her efficiency in other directions."

"And the Admiralty won't look at it?" asked the Captain.

"Precisely that. 'Will it alight on deck?' they ask me. Of course it won't. No aeroplane can land on any normal deck. If you erect a sort of polo-field on stilts above the deck, I can land on that as well as any other aviator—if you call that landing on deck. The authorities did send a man down to see my experiments once, but at the very first trial a run-wheel broke, a thing that might

have happened to the railway carriage he came down in—I wish it had—the machine left the rails, carried away a piece of the hulk it was launched from, turned head over heels into the sea, broke a selection of my bones, and gave me pneumonia; that was last year. Since then the authorities have been sceptical; they are unreasonable, immovable and hopelessly unpractical. That is why I am going to take my machine to Germany."

Hunt almost jumped out of his chair. "Surely you would not do anything so unpractical?"

"Indeed I would. What has this heaven-forsaken country done for me except ruin me? I was once a relatively rich man, Captain Hunt; now I have spent everything, and mortgaged every scrap of



"He unfolded some well-thumbed diagrams."

property up beyond the hilt. I have reduced my staff to its lowest limit, and pared down their wages to an unreasonable minimum. My handful of skilled workmen remain only because they believe in me; there isn't one who could not double his money by leaving me. I can pay their absurd wages for just two more months, and then I am bankrupt.

"Meanwhile, I have a letter in my pocket from Messrs. Rudolf Werner, of Essen, offering me a well-paid position on their experimental staff. Rudolf wants the aeroplane, and by gad, Captain Hunt, I don't see why he shouldn't have it. I showed our own authorities the letter this morning; the cynical beggars congratulated me; said Werner was fortunate in securing my services; hoped they had not influenced me in hesitating to accept the offer. Hinted that I might learn a thing or two at Essen; would like to see me on my return. They won't see me again, because I shan't return. I shall call myself 'Packtruger,' and remain."

"I should be sorry," observed Captain Hunt, "to see that machine leave the country." He was endeavouring to analyze his own patriotism. "I remember being thrashed at school," he went on, "for failing to translate a certain Latin phrase to the effect that it is both pleasant and decorous to die for one's country."

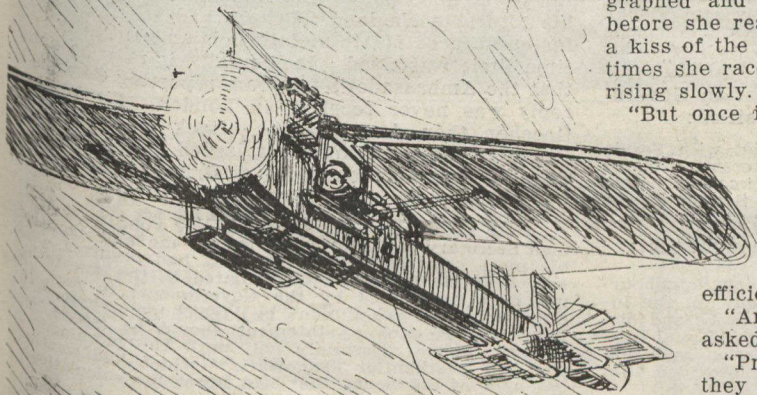
"Perhaps," replied the cynic, "it was worth while to be a Roman citizen in those days; maybe it is worth while to be a German one to-day. But what's the good of dying if one can live? I don't want fame, or baronetcies, or rubbish like that, which I can't use, but I do want to live and work. After all, if a man has a duty to his country, the country has a duty to its man. Now, I know a man called Muller, some sort of a German lieutenant; not the kind of man who goes about dying for countries, but a very sound mathematician and engineer. I met him in London with Rudolf Werner. He was superintending the construction, at government expense, of a large sea-going submarine of his own invention. Absolutely untried, you understand, but his government not only consents to examine his plans, but when it sees the possibilities of them, it pays him gold; votes him an extra salary, excuses him his ordinary duties, gives him absolute control over the experimental ship's construction, and tenders him expert advice which he is free to accept or reject. That is the sort of country I could get patriotic about. Yet here is my own machine, built at my own expense—at my ruin, in fact—complete, tested and successful, and they won't even condescend to look at it. No, I'm going to Germany. Herr Packtruger I shall be. This British patriotism is too damned one-sided for me."

Captain Hunt was no debater. If the engineer's logic was refutable, the Captain did not see the refutation. His own sense of patriotism was something in the nature of a creed, one of the essential things, like sunrise and clothing and the log of the S. S. "Good Fortune"; something one did not argue about.

"How far would a thousand pounds take you?" he asked, with no definite idea in his brain.

"One thousand or ten; any lump sum short of a million would see me just so many months or years

(Continued on page 20.)



"Covered by the rifles of German seamen"



Peace--or a Truce

WE all have so great a horror of the frightful realities of war that, almost from the moment that the first gun is fired, we keep an anxious and open ear ready for whisperings of peace. The few and altogether inadequate pictures of what war means, which come to us in flashes, now from a wounded soldier telling his little story, now from a correspondent who has been permitted to get near enough to the conflict to see the "killed" in their stark attitudes, are nevertheless sufficiently grim and gresome to sicken us with the brute cruelty of it all. If we could really see a battlefield—or even a field hospital—it is doubtful whether the civilian nerves could endure it. So we ceaselessly long for peace—and we long all the more keenly, the longer the terrible massacre goes on.

BUT we should consider carefully what a truce will mean—a truce as distinguished from a peace. I think that it will become a patriotic duty for the most pacific of us to steel our nerves and strengthen our resolution to endure the pain of continued fighting until we shall have won peace—and not merely a truce. I do not want to count our chickens before they are hatched—and I admit that it is a bit early to begin writing about what terms of peace we will "impose" on a foe which still holds our territory; but this war has moved so rapidly that we may easily see a formidable movement for a premature peace by the time these lines are published. And I had rather be ahead of time, with my discussion of such a condition, than be fatally behind time. I should think it highly probable that the moment the German Government comes to the conclusion that it cannot this time decisively defeat the Allies, it will cast about for a chance to make peace on the most favourable terms possible while it is still in a state to pretty well dictate what they shall be. The longer it fights a losing battle, the less will it be able to resist costly conditions proposed by the Allies.

YET at the first hint that Germany has had enough of it and is willing to talk peace, there is bound to be tremendous pressure upon the Allies to accept the "olive branch." Every interest in their own countries which is being hurt by the continuation of the war, will want peace—and a quick peace. Every neutral people, like the American, will press for peace; and we will be threatened with a swing of the public opinion of these countries against us, and for Germany, if we refuse to discuss terms with the Germans when the Germans are willing. Then the "pacifists," professional or merely "constitutional," will sigh for peace. "Let us put an end to this tragic slaughter at all costs," will be heard from the old women of both sexes. And, in democratic countries like France and the British Empire, these forces are certain to exert a vast amount of influence; and we may easily see our Government taking their reddened hands from the iron plough of war before its grim task is done.

BUT we should consider carefully what a truce will mean—a truce as distinguished from a peace. A peace, under modern conditions, is going to be bad enough. This chatter about disarming our fallen foe, is the most irresponsible and misleading nonsense. You cannot disarm a great people like the Germans. No matter how complete a victory you may win, the moment you take your hand from their national throat and give them leave once more to govern themselves, they will begin to re-arm. Any self-respecting nation would do the same thing. It may be possible for Britain to get possession of the German navy, and then to announce that the moment Germany builds another navy which runs beyond a certain limit, war will automatically begin. But it is easy to think of a hundred things which would make such a regulation a dead letter—one of which would be the utter inability of Britain to wage a war against Germany without the help of military powers.

NO; any peace that comes will be an armed peace. But it need not be a mere armistice, if we can decisively defeat the enemy. If, on the other hand, this war is to end with Germany saying—"Well, I didn't bring it off this time; but I'll get ready again and have another 'go' at it," we shall all be in for a far more destructive and paralyzing period of frantic preparation for war than that which so nearly did for us—in a financial way—between the Balkan Wars and the present conflict. The world will simply hold

its breath awaiting the next shock. Industry will feel that it is doing a hasty and tentative business, with a burning fuse leading to a powder magazine, in the basement. Commerce cannot promise delivery more than a month ahead. Capital will stay in hiding. We will be in the hot and oppressive pause between two thunder-storms.

THAT will be the price of a too hasty peace—a further paralysis of progress, and then another war. A real peace may last for a generation. The last peace has lasted since 1870. There have

The White Paper and Dark Persons Or "The Niggers in the Wood Pile"

THERE is little use in reading "white papers" to try to fix the responsibility for the war. Everyone has his own views on the case. But these "white papers" do contain some interesting sidelights on the personal element involved in the ante-war diplomacy. The centres of interest were Vienna, St. Petersburg and Berlin. There were the two situations to be considered, the Austro-Servian and the Austro-Russian which the former created. The German ambassador at Vienna was involved in both. Of him the British Ambassador at Vienna, Sir M. de Bunsen, wrote July 30th:

"Unfortunately the German Ambassador is himself so identified with extreme anti-Russian and anti-Servian feeling prevalent in Vienna that he is unlikely to plead the cause of peace with entire sincerity."

On August 1st, when diplomacy seemed to be exhausted, the Russian Foreign Minister talked freely to the British Ambassador who reported the former, M. Sazonoff, as saying:

"The policy of Austria had throughout been both tortuous and immoral, and she thought that she could treat Russia with defiance, secure in the support of her German ally. Similarly the policy of Germany had been an equivocal and double-faced policy, and it mattered little whether the German Government knew or did not know the terms of the Austrian ultimatum; what mattered was that her intervention with the Austrian Government had been postponed until the moment had passed when its influence would have been felt. Germany was unfortunate in her representatives in Vienna and St. Petersburg; the former was a violent Russophile who had urged Austria on; the latter had reported to his Government that Russia would never go to war."

Yet even then (August 1st) the Russian Government was willing to adhere to this position:

"If Austria, recognizing that her conflict with Serbia has assumed character of European interest, declares herself ready to eliminate from her ultimatum points which violate principle of sovereignty of Serbia, Russia engages to stop all military preparations."

And on July 30th Sir Edward Grey thought that:

"If Austria, having occupied Belgrade and neighbouring Servian territory, declared herself ready, in the interest of European peace, to cease her advance and discuss how a complete settlement can be arrived at, I hope that Russia would also consent to discussion and suspension of further military preparations, provided that other Powers did the same."

Perhaps it was because Austria did not in fact occupy Belgrade and take Servian territory that no agreement could be made. The Servian resistance was too strong for the world's peace.

The British Ambassador at Vienna tells us that Austria and Russia had about reached an agreement on the Austro-Servian dispute when the conflict between Germany and Russia over mobilization loomed larger. He says that as between Austria and Russia an agreement seemed almost in sight. On August 1st the Austrian Ambassador at St. Petersburg at last conceded the main point of issue by announcing to the Russian Foreign Minister that Austria would consent to submit to mediation the points in the note to Serbia which seemed incompatible with the maintenance of Servian independence; that Austria, in fact, had yielded. But Germany's ultimatum to Russia and France was dated July 31st.

Perhaps the most remarkable statement of Germany's position is this:

"We were fully aware, in this connection, that war-like moves on the part of Austria-Hungary against Serbia would bring Russia into the question, and might draw us into a war in accordance with our duties as an ally."

The German "white paper" discloses distrust of Russian diplomacy. On July 29th the German Military Attache at St. Petersburg reported to Berlin a conversation with the Chief of the General Staff of the Russian army as follows:

"He stated that he could not answer for the future, but he could declare most emphatically that no mobilization was desired by His Majesty in the districts touching on our boundary. However, many reports have

been wars elsewhere; but the industrial and commercial activities of central Europe have not been seriously disturbed since Sedan. But Sedan was a complete and crushing victory. The Germans did not make peace at the frontier on that occasion. They made it within gun-fire of Paris. There is, I admit, one possible development which might make so thorough a peace an impossibility. That would be the proven inability of the Allies to establish a real superiority over the German defence. When we have finally made it clear that the Germans cannot beat us, then we must take up the far heavier and more formidable task of beating the Germans. And unless we are witnessing a swift and dramatic collapse of the German military machine—something that does happen sometimes—it is not going to be a short or a cheap job to beat the Germans. We may quite conceivably fail at it, if we lack resolution and the spirit of unlimited sacrifice. But if we do fail, then this war will be a far greater curse to mankind than we have yet imagined. It will be but the beginning of a number of terrible wars in which the civilization and leadership of Europe may come to an end.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

reached here and also Warsaw and Vilna of the levying of reservists in various parts of the empire. I therefore told the General that I was confronted with a riddle as the result of his announcements to me. On his word as an officer he repeated, however, that such reports were untrue; that a false alarm may have been raised here and there. In view of the positive, numerous reports before me of actual levying, I am compelled to consider the conversation as an attempt to mislead us with regard to the extent of the measures that have already been taken."

The German "white paper" contains some apparent inconsistencies. In its general summary it says:

"On the 26th Sir Edward Grey suggested that the difference between Austria-Hungary and Serbia be laid before a conference of the Ambassadors of Germany, France and Italy, with himself presiding over the sessions."

Yet on July 27th, a day later, the German Chancellor cabled to London: "Nothing is known here as yet as to a suggestion of Sir Edward Grey to hold a four-sided conference in London."

The seriousness of the situation did not prevent the use of expressions which some may consider rather slangy. The German Chancellor said he was "pressing the button" at Vienna, perhaps too hard. The Austrian Minister declared he had not "banged the door" in the face of Russian discussion.

Further personal elements occur in the report of Sir W. E. Goschen, British Ambassador at Berlin, on his return to England. Britain had asked Germany for assurances not to violate Belgian neutrality. A time limit was fixed. Incidentally it may be noted that the Ambassador's telegram reporting Germany's reply was never received in London. Sir William Goschen then describes the attack on the British Embassy, after a flying sheet, issued by the "Berliner Tageblatt" has announced that Britain had declared war on German. He writes:

"After order had been restored Herr von Jagow (German Secretary of State) came to see me and expressed his most heartfelt regrets at what had occurred. He said that the flying sheet circulated in the streets had been authorized by the Government; in fact, the Chancellor had asked him by telephone whether he thought that such a statement should be issued, and he had replied: 'Certainly not, until the morning.' It was the 'pestilential "Tageblatt,"' which had somehow got hold of the news, that had upset his calculations."

G. C. B.

The Busy Thames

DOLEFUL pictures have been published of the idle German ships tied up in New York Harbour by the war at sea. Still more melancholy descriptions have been printed of deserted docks and empty ships in German ports. But a writer in the London Times gives a very different picture of what is going on along the English Thames. He says:

"While sailing past these miles of shipping, and listening to the pleasant clangour of human industry from dock and wharf and yard, it is difficult to imagine that a war, such as history has never known and in which the Empire having London as its centre is one of the belligerents, is being waged across the Channel, just a few miles beyond the veil of thick mist which so often hangs in front of Southend.

"London is still the port of the world's commerce, for Britannia rules the waves and the trade routes are open. Foreign names are borne and foreign flags are flown by many of the ships that line each side of the Pool, cheerily employed unloading or loading with the aid of their attendant barges. Nor are all the foreign flags those of neutral countries. The Belgian, French, and Russian colours can be seen among them. Glimpses can also be caught of numerous funnels and masts in the docks telling the same heartening tale of commerce at full swing.

ALL THEY WANT NOW IS A TROOP SHIP

Daily Doings of 30,000 Canadian Soldiers at Valcartier, most of whom expect to be in the Rhine Valley—When?



12th Manitoba Dragoons Trooper shaving. He won't use his razor so often bye-and-bye.



A pontoon bridge of coal-oil barrels and planks over the Jacques Cartier River and a gun of the 13th Battery, St. Catharines, on the way over it.



The Dry Canteen. No intoxicants allowed. But spirits are being kept up without pouring spirits down.



This motor truck, now used to convey visitors over the camp, is one of several that will be sent with the troops to carry baggage and supplies.



Tenth Grenadiers of Toronto march to the rifle butts almost as eagerly as they would to the trenches.

British Records Reports From Gen. French

GENERAL FRENCH'S third report, issued 14th, covers the operations from September 3rd to 11th. During the days between August 23rd and September 3rd, the British troops had retired from Mons to a position south of the river Marne and not far from the gates of Paris. This was one of the most brilliant, though trying, retirements in the history of the British army and was marked by many heroic achievements. General French speaks of it simply thus:

"Practically there had been no change in the situation since Thursday, September 3rd, which marked the end of our army's long retirement from the Belgian frontier through northern France."

General French confirms what was generally believed that the first German army had tried to encircle him. He says that the enemy, "since the battle near Mons on the 23rd of August had been playing its part in a colossal strategic endeavour to create a Sedan for the Allies by outflanking and enveloping the left of their whole line, so as to encircle and drive both the British and the French to the south."

On September 4th the Germans abandoned their attempt and began to swing south-east away from Paris instead of south-west towards Paris. They thus marched diagonally across the British and French front. On September 5th this movement continued and the French Fifth Army was forced to retire. On September 6th, the movement proceeded but the French Fifth Army offered a better resistance. On September 7th, the Allies sized up the situation and began a general advance. The British attacked the German rear guard along the River Ourcq. This speedily had its effect and instead of continuing south-east, the Germans turned north-east. "This was the first sign that these troops had



At Artillery Headquarters—Col. Morrison, of Ottawa, Director of Artillery, and Major W. O. H. Dodds, of Montreal, second in command.

turned back since their attack at Mons," says General French.

On Tuesday, September 8th, further fighting occurred along the Ourcq, and was "of the most sanguinary character." The French regained Montmirail. On Wednesday, September 9th, the French Sixth Army bore the brunt, while the British succeeded in crossing the Marne. There was a stubborn fight at La Fertie.

September 10th saw the British and the Fifth and Sixth French armies pursuing the enemy spiritedly. Prisoners and guns were captured. The prisoners appeared to have been without food for two days, showing the temporary breakdown of their commissariat. A British regiment found itself marching parallel with another unit thought to be British, but discovered to be German; the British trapped it and captured 400 prisoners.

A later report covers the period from September 10th to 13th. On the 11th the British occupied themselves with quick rushes to gather in stragglers. On this day the British realized for the first time that the Germans were retiring all along the line. On Saturday, 12th, the battle of the Aisne began with the British at Braisne. On Sunday, 13th, they occupied a front of fifteen miles, and successfully advanced across the Aisne by means of pontoon bridges.

After that report was issued in London, it was announced that the Indian troops had arrived in France and were being rushed to the front. There is little doubt that Great Britain now has a force of a quarter of a million in France. It will be necessary to send over more than 10,000 men a week to keep that force up to full fighting strength by having fresh men take the place of those who are killed, disabled or taken prisoners. In addition, vast stores of ammunition, guns, supplies and horses must also be transported every week. This in itself explains much of the activity at the Channel, reports which travellers are prone to describe as the sending of fresh armies.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

LET those who have refused to do their militia training in their youth do it now. In Toronto men fifty and sixty years of age are joining rifle associations. This may satisfy their conscience for having refused to be patriotic earlier, but it is a mere waste of time. They would be better employed attending to business, which needs all the attention it can get just now. But all the men under forty-five who have not served in the militia should be enrolled and trained. A lot of them would be useless, but it would establish the principle that every man should know the elements of drilling and shooting. That principle has enabled Australia and Switzerland to do without regular soldiers and yet always have an army ready for the field.

CANADA should have universal training and have it at once. Then every young man between 18 and 26 will be trained for two weeks every year. In a short time every citizen of 26 and over would have served his eight years in the militia. This voluntary service, where a man drills if he likes or pokes fun at the militia if he prefers, is blankety blank nonsense.

GREAT BRITAIN threatens to prolong the war. The "Times" military expert says that "it will take us a good three years to create the military instrument which we require to bring the Germans to book." Let us hope Kitchener does not intend to imitate the stupid Kaiser with whom an army was an end, not a means.

THIS same military expert says "if this long war involves us in unparalleled suffering and expense we must remember that we deliberately chose the path which we pursued, and have no one to thank but ourselves for remaining an unarmed nation amongst nations in arms."

By "unarmed" he means undrilled. The British have plenty of rifles, but they have too few men who have served in the ranks of a civilian army.

Canada, unfortunately, is both "unarmed" and "undrilled."

SINCE Lord Kitchener became Secretary of State for War he wears the uniform of an English statesman, not that of a soldier. Perhaps some one will point this out to our intrepid and spirited Minister of Militia. He should not wear a uniform except on special dress occasions. The Minister of Militia is not the commander of the Canadian army; he is the administrator of the Militia Department.

If Colonel Hughes desires to command the army, let him resign his portfolio. No one will deny his ability to fill the post.

M. R. H. B. AMES, M.P., gave a lecture on the British navy to the Canadian Club of Toronto and most skilfully avoided all political references to our recent naval controversy. He emphasized neither dreadnoughts nor cruisers, and gave Australia full credit for her local navy. Mr. Ames is to be congratulated on his statesmanlike handling of a difficult theme.

READING the details of the German atrocities in the London "Times" and other dailies which have special correspondents in the field, one can easily see why so many Germans have left their native land rather than take part in such brutal service. Apparently the German military training kills the finer instincts of the men who take it. That they have cut off the hands of Red Cross nurses, shot down innocent women and children and committed other unspeakable crimes wherever they went is clearly established. The German soldiers have less humanity than any other soldiers engaged in this conflict of all the nations. This is a sad admission, but the truth must be faced and the remedy applied.

WHATEVER the provocation the British authorities seldom or never arrest an editor. Free speech is encouraged, because the ruling class know that the suppression of criticism is the surest method of making it grow. Every time an editor has been arrested in Canada his reputation and influence have been increased. The case of Senator Ellis is an example. If the militia authorities are not wise enough to know this, it will speedily receive its education. If an editor is wrong in his criticism he should be ignored. If he is correct he

has a perfect right to speak freely. No military officer should meddle with the right of "free speech."

THOUSANDS of men are unemployed in Ontario and thousands of bushels of fruit are rotting on the trees in certain counties of the same province. In some cases the unemployed are in sight of the wasting fruit. The reason for this is the failure of the Ontario Department of Agriculture to organize co-operative marketing associations, such as the apple-growers have in Norfolk county, the fruit-growers have in British Columbia, and the orange-growers have in California. Ontario agriculture, considering the age of the province, is in a cruder condition than that of any one of the Western Provinces.

SUCCESS of an unexpected kind attended the annual exhibition in Toronto. The following week, Ottawa and London held their annual shows and the public patronized them generously. This is evidence that slowly but surely Canadians are recovering from their fright. The normal business life is being restored, although the wave of

FIRST BRITISH HERO



Gen. Sir Horace Lockwood Smith-Dorrien, A.D.C.

One of his first battles was Islandula. He was at Ginnis, in the Chitral campaign, in the Khartum relief force, and commanded the 19th Brigade in the Boer War. Later he was in command in India for three years, and then sent to Aldershot. Became A.D.C. to His Majesty in 1910. When General Grierson dropped dead on a train in France, Smith-Dorrien was chosen to succeed him. In the battle of Mons and what followed, he earned the highest praise from Sir John French for coolness and ability.

economy which started before war occurred is still in full force. A man may be economical and yet conduct his business at high pressure.

There is no reason for unemployment, except lack of confidence. And surely there is no Canadian who has lost confidence in himself, in the future of the Dominion, or in the stability of the Empire which has shown such wonderful leadership in the present international crisis!

A MORATORIUM is possible in Britain, because all Britain's creditors are her own people. The British consols, which represent her public debt, are held in Britain. All stocks and mortgages on public or private properties are held by other Britishers. But in Canada the case is different. Many mortgages on Canadian properties are held by British investors. Some are held by Canadian loan companies, but the loan companies in turn get this money from abroad. Hence a moratorium here would be a serious blow at Canadian credit abroad. In the East many believe that the moratorium on

mortgages passed by the Manitoba Legislature last week is a great mistake, and that no other province will imitate it. Saskatchewan is reported to have decided that such action would only add fuel to the fire and would ultimately reflect unfavourably on investments in that province. Ontario has decided not to pass a moratorium, but to leave to the judges the power to relieve any extreme cases.

Canadians must remember that our greatest asset is our credit abroad. To destroy that is to set Canada back a generation. Therefore the Dominion Government refuses to declare a moratorium, although parliament gave it the power to do so. This should be a warning to the nine provincial governments that the safest way to safeguard their credit is to avoid even the mildest form of moratoriums. If there are extreme cases, let the Provincial Government take care of them temporarily. Shifting the burden to the loan companies or banks is only a subterfuge.

The War Chronicle

Monday, September 14th.—Soissons was abandoned by the Germans and the German armies crossed the Aisne. Apparently this was the culmination of their retreat from Paris which occupied one week. Nancy and Verdun have been relieved, but naturally the allies are tired after their six-day pursuit of the retiring enemy.

Russia's success against the Austrians continues, the list of prisoners grows apace, but a remnant of the Austrian forces is retiring successfully to a new position.

Tuesday, September 15th.—The Germans are holding a line 110 miles long from Noyon, 55 miles north-east of Paris, to a point north of Verdun. Reinforcements have arrived and the retreat is ended for the present, except where the Crown Prince's army is operating east of Verdun.

The Russians announce that their forces have extricated themselves from a difficult position in East Prussia.

Admiral Sir George Patey, of the Australian fleet, reports officially the occupation of the Bismarck Archipelago and the New Zealand occupation of Samoa.

Wednesday, September 17th.—Fighting in France all along the line. In the centre, between Berry-au-Bac on the Aisne and the Argonne, the Germans reported entrenching vigorously and holding their own with heavy artillery. On the wings the allies are making a little progress.

As the Russian campaign develops it becomes plain that the Russian advance in East Prussia was largely a bluff to draw some Germans from France. One writer says that General Rennankampf put over the most gigantic bluff in history. The real Russian attack was that against Austria.

Thursday, September 18th.—Lord Kitchener announces that the British force in France consists of rather more than six divisions of troops and two divisions of cavalry. This will total somewhere between 150,000 and 175,000.

Friday, September 19th.—Reports indicate that the battle of the Aisne continues without definite successes to either party, but with severe fighting. The allies are trying to work around the flank of Von Kluk's army, as was done in the battle of the Marne, nearer Paris. There is no doubt that the allies' left wing has been strengthened for that purpose. Details of the fall of Maubeuge on the 7th are given, showing that the big German siege guns repeated their exploits at Liege and Namur.

Saturday, September 17th.—No change is reported in the situation along the Aisne. The British-French on the left advanced slightly, but the German centre holds fast. The Crown Prince's army, farther east, retires slowly, having apparently abandoned all hope of piercing the fortified line between Verdun and Toul.

Lloyd George made a great speech at Queen's Hall, London, in which he described Prussia as "the road hog of Europe." He declared, "If the old British spirit is still left in British hearts, the bully will be torn from his seat. It will be terrible, but in the end we shall march through terror to triumph."

Sunday, September 20th.—Rumours are current that the Germans are again retiring and that the Allies have won the battle of the Aisne. The world-famous cathedral at Rheims is reported to be in flames.

Monday, September 21st.—Battle of Aisne reaches the bayonet stage. The heaviest fighting is around Rheims, where there are three railway lines. All rumours that the Germans cannot dig trenches are silenced—they understand all the rules of that game. The British are fighting at Chauny. Von Kluk has fortified himself between Noyon and Chauny.

The Russians are bombarding the fortifications of Przemsyl and Jarostaw in Galicia with big siege guns. They have also defeated some of the German forces sent to relieve the broken Austrians.

The Servians have retired from Semlin, but report successes elsewhere. The chief battle took place at Kroupani, ten miles from the Bosnian border. The Servians claim to have defeated 250,000 Austrians and driven them back in panic from the river Drina.

Premier Borden visited Valcartier camp and an announcement was made that the Government expected to send 50,000 men from Canada by November 1st. The first 30,000 will leave this week.



THE KISS THAT CHEERS BUT NOT INEBRIATES.

The famous stone at Blarney Castle was probably to thank for the gift of persuasion which enabled the Cuthbert party later to follow a "charmed" course through a sudden war zone. Madame LeMar is here the osculator.



TEA-DRINKING AT ZWEIZIMMEN.

Toronto tourists who continued to sight-see even when the murder of a vague archduke had ended in visible warfare, and every mile in Switzerland was soldiered. They are snapped here in a moment between excitements.

Sight-Seeing in the War Zone

An Interview with Madame Benita LeMar

By M. J. T.

THE returned Cuthbert party of tourists, which "sight-saw" in the war zone as lately as August 26th, by arriving practically intact on this side the Atlantic, reminds the observer of the boy who declined, individually, to do so when the teacher ordered his class dismissed "in sections." At the first trump of war many parties were disbanded and the units of the fragments were considered lucky to arrive home without becoming factions. In addition to its remarkable cohesion the Cuthbert party was further unique in following up its programme—with digressions—even after the definite outbreak of war.

A member of the said party, Madame LeMar, the well-known vocalist of Toronto, gave a thrilling account to the interviewer of the chain of excitements—not in the bond—with which its memorable two months' trip concluded.

The itinerary up to July 26th had the regulation features. It covered the British Isles pretty thoroughly with honourable mention to the stone at Blarney Castle, which stood the party in good stead later when it came to cajoling obdurate officials, placating outraged deities at wickets, and pacifying avaricious landlords; and also to the militant suffragettes of London, an impressive mass meeting of whom was attended by Madame LeMar and other tourists.

The meeting was mobbed, to the terror of the strangers, although of the unconcern of the wearers of the mauve, green and white ribbons, who continued to "ush" and collect, serenely, and "lifted" (real muscle on this occasion) the amount of \$75,000 for their work. The militants have since then changed their name to the Emergency Relief Corps, and are using their superb organization as diligently as ever, but now in strict accord with Mr. Asquith. Christabel Pankhurst is quoted as saying she hopes he will never disagree again.

"I never in my life heard abler speakers," said Madame LeMar. "I was proud of my sex and I sat in the monster meeting listening with the thrills chasing one another down my spine."

MADAME LEMAR in private life is Mrs. Somers-Cocks, of Pickering, Ont. We had met in her studio at the Toronto Conservatory and it was at this point in the conversation that I sharpened my pencil professionally and she extracted a tiny fork from a Tiffany box of chocolates to ply, in addition to its natural use, in tracing maps of the trip as it grew exciting.

My informant said she had remained in London with one girl member of the party under her wing while the bulk of the company proceeded to Holland and Belgium. They "did" Liege—since "done" more tragically—spent a day in Antwerp, saw Cologne, and set forth in due course for Heidelberg. It was after the tourists had boarded the train and were about to cross the frontier between Belgium and Germany

that they had their first intimation of the loosing of the war-dogs. The result was they walked across the border. The frying-pan was escaped for the fire; they were told they could not cross to Switzerland.

Meanwhile, rumours of pending trouble had made the two of the party in London anxious to make connections with the others earlier than they had otherwise intended. The date of their leaving should have been August 1st, a Saturday. They found on



BY KILLARNEY'S LAKES AND FELS.

An Elysian moment near the Wishing and Wier Bridges, which, on the eve of Armageddon, appears, indeed, as the lull before the deluge. The group includes Mrs. Heintzman, of Toronto.



MARKET-DAY IN VENICE.

"High-heap'd with sun-kiss'd fruits, the boats go by"—and the Cuthberts saw it as the poet saw it, though the venders were whistling Italy's war-song as they doled out the "bronzed melons" and "bloomy grapes."

the previous Thursday, however, that the office was willing to sell tickets for not more than twenty-four hours in advance. They secured passage immediately, therefore, on the last boat to cross the Channel, and also caught the last boat down the Rhine from Cologne to Heidelberg, before the storm.

It was en route from Calais to Lucerne, travelling at night on a train without a sleeper, that the nervous

conductor announced the likelihood of the passengers having to change at Belfort, a fortified town near the Franco-German boundary. They learned at 6 a.m. that war was declared. Then, without changing at the French fort, after all, the tourists were taken to Petit Croix, directly on the border, from which point the line of railway continued through German territory to Basle. But the line of railway had discontinued, destroyed by order of His Imperial Highness, Wilhelm, and the dismayed travellers were confronted with the order, "Tout le monde descendre."

Bag and baggage, lug and luggage, everyone got out and dismally waited. The enterprising of them plied the officials with questions as vain as they were importunate. No one could give information regarding trains. Eventually they returned to Belfort and again the order was, "Tout le monde descendre." Bag and baggage, lug and luggage—the act repeated itself like a grim refrain.

There was much waiting in the fortified town, and little drinking with less eating, black coffee minus milk and little cakes of a sweet concoction being all that could be procured for love or money—especially the latter. Frightened waiters dropped the refreshments between rushings to look in the street where every noise was misconstrued for firing. The place in a twinkling seethed with soldiers. And white-faced women hovered among them, some wringing their hands, some weeping, others singing. Tourists attempted to take snapshots, but policemen warned them promptly, "It is not prudent." Efforts were made to despatch communications, but telegrams failed and mails were disorganized. Nothing to do but accept the isolation.

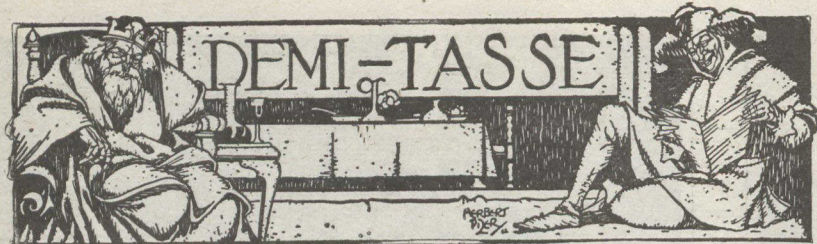
FINALLY a train by way of Delle, where again it was "Tout le monde descendre," bag and baggage, lug and luggage, this time with rolls and cheese for refreshment, and again complete non-success in establishing communication with friends, deposited the not-so-hapless travellers at last at Basle, their desired destination. And so to Lucerne.

Here, dilemma which had branched like antlers, resolved itself into orthodox horns, for here it was they had planned to meet the Cuthberts. Mrs. Cuthbert had wired from Heidelberg that she doubted if the party would be able to cross the frontier. They boarded a train, however, and no one stopped them.

The entire party proceeded to Brunnen. Every mile of the way was guarded. Again a boundary confronted the travellers and again anxiety was dissipated as they made Milan, a veritable ferment of military manoeuvres, it being Italy's centre of mobilization. It was here that the matter of the personal exchequer began to grow extremely interesting. The Cuthberts' credit was good at hotels. But nobody had any money. American sensationists had circulated stories that at Venice, to which the party was going, American express cheques had been suddenly discounted—two to one. And nothing else was honoured anywhere. The statement was surely a fabrication. The Cuthbert party got money the second day in Venice, with little trouble.

Everywhere, the American Express Company's windows were surrounded by shifting crowds of

(Concluded on page 19.)



Courierettes.

LOOKS from here, in baseball slang, as if the Germans would have to warm up a few new hurlers.

If this is civilized warfare, what must the uncivilized article be like?

As Kipling would now like to say, "the bear that walks like a man" is now doing so.

We do not hear Roosevelt's friends likening him to the Kaiser any more.

Flocks of storks are reported to be seen in France. Is that an omen for the Kaiser?

Somehow or other, the world seems to be worrying along without the stock exchanges.

Every once in a while we read that "the cream" of some army has been beaten. In other words, it's whipped cream.

Mme. Caillaux is a Red Cross nurse, but her proper place, it would seem in the light of recent events, would be the firing line.

Germans have their bands march in the rear of their columns. Perhaps German advances are thus accounted for. The poor men have to get away from the music somehow.

"One baby is born in Germany every sixteen seconds," says an American paper. That baby must be awfully tired.

Poor old Mexico's nose is badly out of joint now. The best she can get is an occasional paragraph on an inside page.

There never was a time when money talked in louder tones than it does now.

The Germans might find it worth their while to study French—Sir John French.

It seems odd, but Berlin seems to have no news to give out when the Germans are not winning.

Ontario apples are said to be going to waste. There are a lot of peaches that yet remain to be picked up.



It Looked Like a Scandal.—A practical joker got in his work on the notice board of the Riverdale Presbyterian Church, Toronto, recently, in very telling style.

It so happened that the poster announcing a big garden party had been posted over the announcement of the pastor's subjects for the previous Sunday. Now the pastor's evening topic, it so happened, was "Gambling."

Some wag had remembered this, and when the garden party poster went up, this joker caused consternation and almost a scandal in the church by tearing away the bottom part of it, leaving the whole sign to read as follows:

"Riverdale Presbyterian
—Church—
GARDEN PARTY
Tuesday Evening
Band, etc.,
10 CENTS
7 p.m.—GAMBLING.
Come."



Sufficient Answer.—"Why go to church?" was the theme of a Toronto pastor's sermon on a recent Sunday. Some preachers consider themselves sufficient reason.



Something Due.—We note in the war news that a French private who led a gallant attack on the Germans was kissed by his colonel, and then

promoted to the rank of corporal. After that osculatory salute, the colonel probably felt that he had to make amends somehow.



Tough.—Some people have such a disagreeable disposition that they sour the few drops of the milk of human kindness in their systems.



This Is Odd.—Why do they call her a "grass widow" when she isn't the least bit green?



Poker Wisdom.—Many are called—but more are bluffed.



Consolation.—Matrimony is not quite as bad as it is often painted. A man has at least a fighting chance.

War Notes.

To slightly vary the old line—"Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the country."

Included in the horrors of war are the grand opera performances that will be given now that the best singers are fighting.

"The Hun is at the gate," sings Kipling. Yes, he is at the gate, trying like the deuce to shut it.

It was really a very ungalant thing of the Germans to attack Nancy.

With so many sounds of war to be heard in the world, there will be no need of Wagner music for some time.

Anyway, that famous "scrap of paper" started the biggest scrap that the world has ever seen.

There isn't any "thin red line" any more, but Tommy Atkins seems to be equally at his ease in khaki.

Every little movement has a meaning all its own, and the war expert tries his best to explain what it is.

This war has meant a lot to the cause of bilingualism. Everybody is studying French now.

Sign of the Times.—"To let-cheap" is now the sign of the times on the Palace of Peace at The Hague.



Ten Terse Truths.

The long-winded lawyer is often without a brief.

If you're counting reformers, don't overlook the modiste.

Be a good listener and you'll have a contented wife.

Many a man carries a concealed weapon—in his mouth.

There's one chap who isn't afraid to start something—the motorman.

The trouble with some fellows is that their favourite summer resort is the corner saloon.

The average woman loves a good cry once in a while for the pure joy of it.

Many of the self-made chaps are in sad need of a little renovation.

It takes a couple of weeks in the country to make a man really appreciate the city.

It is always after a fellow goes broke that he picks a winner at 100 to 1.



Danger.—When you find a combin-

ation of beauty and brains in a woman—watch out. There's no more dangerous combination in the world.

Those Tight Skirts.

A young woman we know went down town arrayed in her new autumn gown— It felt tight round her neck, Then she saw that, by heck, She had put the thing on upside down.

Named It Well.—American play producers recently put on a new comedy entitled "Sylvia Runs Away." It lasted less than a week. Sylvia ran away, all right.



The Difference.—Since the Irish volunteers and regulars have been once more brought into prominence by the signing of the Home Rule Bill, a story concerning Queen Victoria and the Irish soldiers may be in order. It was a Royal review. Regiment after regiment, English, Irish and Scotch, passed before Her Majesty. When the Grenadier Guards went past she expressed the warmest of admiration for the faultless technic of the regiment. When a regiment of Highlanders marched past she became positively enthusiastic.

"Magnificent!" Her Majesty is reported as saying. "What splendid soldiers those Highlandmen are!"

Then came an Irish regiment; which one is not stated; probably the Dublin Fusiliers. This time it was not so much the faultless marching and the splendid physique that so impressed Her Majesty. For a moment she said nothing. Then in a low voice she turned to an officer and said:

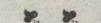
"Ah! That is bloody war!"



Turning the Allusion.—At a luncheon given by the Ontario Association of Architects last week in the Golf and Country Club at Scarborough, Dr. A. S. Vogt, with half a dozen others, was a guest. A previous speaker had made a jocular allusion to the fact that for the first time in history two Napoleons were in the same company, seated at the same table. One was understood to be the chairman, Acton Bond, who in stature and physiognomy considerably resembles Napoleon Bonaparte; the other Dr. Vogt, who has frequently been called the Napoleon of Choral Music, and who is about an inch shorter than the chairman.

When the conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir was called on for a brief speech he said:

"We have heard references to Napoleon I. and Napoleon II., which to whomever they refer, seem quite apropos of the occasion. Perhaps, from what reading I may have done on the art of war I may be pardoned for saying that so far as this speech is concerned I am more likely to resemble Napoleon III., who came to grief in the Franco-Prussian War."



A Poser.—Little Mary was much interested in the conversation of her elders on the subject of nationality. Finally she chimed in.

"What nationality would a baby be if it were born on the ocean?"

"Well, that, dear, would depend on the country from which its mother and father came."

"Oh," said little Mary, "but s'posing it wasn't travelling with its mother and father; s'posing it was just travelling with its auntie?"

Speaking of Crosses.—In this war some men will get the Victoria Cross, some the Cross of the Legion of Honour, some the German Iron Cross, and some the double cross.

Everybody who does not get one of these will find he has some kind of a cross to bear. There will be crosses enough to go around.

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A Letter from New Zealand

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

(Mr. Morgan gives a clear view of the situation in the sister Dominion, a fortnight after the declaration of war. Apparently he could have told more if he had not been afraid of the censor. It is notable, however, that he says one contingent, 1,100 strong, had already departed. Some speed for New Zealand—eh, what!—Editorial note.)

Wellington, N. Z.,

August 17th, 1914.

WE stand in the shadow of a great tragedy—the greatest the world has ever witnessed. A continent is convulsed by the shock of armies in battle, and all the world trembles at the spectacle. The most distant lands are concerned equally with those near at hand to the chief theatre of conflict. A vainglorious ruler has plunged a dozen peoples into the horrors and miseries of war; and brought upon his own subjects the bitterness of defeat in the earlier stages of an enterprise that was obviously expected to be carried through before the enemy (in this case France) was prepared to oppose it. The short cut, through Belgium, necessary to this end being barred, a resort to force became necessary in neutral territory, and so Britain was embroiled as the champion of the oppressed. So also does it come about that we in the far south find ourselves for the first time in our history actively preparing to repel an invader that we fear may just possibly attempt a landing somewhere on our shores from a desperate raiding ship. Not even in Boer War times were the people stirred so much. Then the sphere of hostilities was circumscribed; to-day it is world-wide. To-day a German raiding force may attack us; in a very few days our own New Zealand troops may be thrown upon a German possession, to take it as we hope, and to hold it after as one more key to the mastery of the seas which is the heritage of those who live under the Union Jack. To us the sea is all-important. The advance party of our New Zealand expeditionary force is already on the water, and though the censor will not permit us a glimpse even of what may happen a few hours hence—and not much of the doings of some hours past—it does not require any very great degree of perspicacity to form a conclusion on the subject. But it is idle to pursue that theme; we live in stirring times; the censor is abroad, and he may meander curiously through these pages.

Already we have sent away one contingent composed of the flower of our young manhood, about 1,100 strong. Where it has gone none know but those in authority; but the general opinion is that Samoa is its objective. The ships of the Australian fleet have, it is believed, cleared the way for a force to occupy the German territory, and so far as can be learned at present the ships of the German Pacific fleet are not troubling our waters. That is not to say they are hors de combat, of course, and so while New Zealand is organizing a main expeditionary force for service in Europe particular attention is being paid to our own coast defence measures also. All men liable to serve are practically under arms, the ordinary territorial citizen soldiers being reinforced by rifle club men, who comprise a large portion with years of experience in the old volunteer system. They are, moreover, good shots, and so in the work of repelling an invader they would be of very real value as sharpshooters. The response to the call for men, horses, equipment and money has been remarkable. Political and other party lines have been effaced; even the strongest opponents to the military training system have rallied to the standard in the hour of trial, and we stand a people united to meet any foe who may come along.

F. H. MORGAN.



Billiards Both Thrilling and Healthful

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AND HOW TO KEEP IT

By S. Roland Hall.
NORMAN RICHARDSON, TORONTO,
12 E. Wellington St.

Making a New British Army

(Continued from page 7.)

headquarters in a village inn the ingenious publican opened a bottle of champagne at each hundred and hung the empty bottle next to the sign over his door. As the recruiting was very brisk, the landlord reached a state of hilarious enjoyment early in the day, and the commanding officer finding out the cause of great public interest outside, promptly set a period to this ingenious method of recording the centuries.

Brummagem and Its Big Rumour.

The pursuit of my duties took me to Birmingham this week, and there I unearthed some interesting facts and some even more interesting fancies. I learned that until the day this war was declared the Birmingham Small Arms Company had not received an order for military pattern rifles except one fairly substantial one which went to a place called Belfast, of which you may have heard. Of course the B. S. A. were not officially informed of the destination of that order. With the war, of course, conditions were rapidly changed and now the works hum night and day life a steel hive full of brazen bees and a detachment of police and a half-company of Munster Fusiliers prowl at every vulnerable point; a watch has even been set on the skies lest a stray Zeppelin should come this way.

The B. S. A. works overhang the Great Western Railway, and I have alternated between these centres of attraction seeking information. Rumour tells with her many tongues that great things are afoot, and by the time this is printed they may be in the limbo of Exploded Bubbles, or the still more fatal storeroom of Ancient History. But this is the tale for which I have consorted with men of steel and oil and "hung." Night and day at short intervals there have rushed through the little station train after laden train, close-shuttered in most cases, and bearing, besides the passenger coaches, trucks full of artillery ineffectually hidden by tarpaulins. Passenger trains are shunted upon wayside sidings whilst these mysterious expresses flash past, and eager enquiries are met with an official reticence that appears to be only one degree less exasperating to the almost bursting railway man than to the baffled and indignant passenger.

When a troop train of English soldiery passes the men stand at the windows and make cheerful noises and inform the admiring crowds that it's a "long, long way to Tipperary," but who is it that moves in these shrouded trains? So curious have folk become that the high embankments abutting on the railway have been invaded, and with camp-chair and parasol and the ubiquitous perambulator mater-familias is the most usual feature of the landscape; gazing, a-goggle with conjecture, at the shuttered trains as they hurl past in thunderous mystery.

Dignity and Impudence.

EACH of the reservoirs is being protected by a small military guard and a flying horde of eager boy scouts. One of these reservoirs is upon a bank of the Thames, opposite to the little suburban municipality in whose control it is. The mayor of this place is a small fat man of immense dignity and with that feeling, which is so proper a constituent of mayoral importance, that nothing could prosper for long without his personal supervision. One day he stepped aboard the municipal craft—a dinghy as round as His Worship himself—and rowed across to the reservoir. As he neared the other bank a small freckled face popped up from behind a bush and challenged him: "This side of the river is closed to traffic," it squeaked. "You must come ashore and be searched." "Run along and tell the officer the Mayor has come to inspect the reservoir, my little man," said the dignitary who had

heard the challenge imperfectly. It was the "my little man" that did it, and the pocket Horatius whistled shrilly; in a moment there was a wild scuffle in the shallow water of a cohort of small boys drawn by the signal, and an officer, attracted by the din, saw from above the unusual spectacle of a high civic authority, wet through and purple with apoplectic rage, prone upon the ground, like Gulliver in Lilliput, beneath as many jubilant small boys as could conveniently settle on his ample person, whilst the rest stood round and filled the air with a shrill clamour.

"Thanks to Them Boers."

A GREAT deal of the success of our soldiers in France is due to the lessons of the South African war. There our regiments were thrown in close order upon almost impregnable positions, whilst Fan or Piet sat behind a convenient antheap and picked off his man at leisure. But this time our men knew better, and many German regiments bear the heavy marks of that knowledge. Open order and individual marksmanship are deadly against massed troops. I sought among the wounded sent home some one who had been in both campaigns and came across a cheery and fluent veteran of whom was visible an eye and a section of a very voluble mouth. "It's all doo to them Boers," he said. "We went walkin' up to their laagers like strollin' down Piccadilly, an' they sat down calm be'ind anything 'andy an' picked us to pieces; but we learnt a bit, an' over there—a vague thumb came from the coverlet and waved toward France—"we squatted in our little mud 'oles an' waited. My oath, they came up against the skyline like a wall, none o' your silboots, a blinkin' solid wall, an' we let 'em 'ave it; down they went, an' what's left wavers and breaks, but up comes another lot packed like Twickenham ground of a cup-tie day. We gave it 'em, hot, too, but there was always more be'ind, and though our men kept cool an' fired steady, they began to get near because we couldn't kill fast enough, so we got the word and slipped aside whilst a fresh lot of us nipped through in close order and took 'em on the bayonet. The firin' quiet we 'ad from the Boers, but the steel work was British all right—if only we 'ad 'arf their number we'd be all over Germany in a fortnight, we'd—" A quiet nurse came up and drove me forth, but I went out wondering if his words were not very near the truth—"half their number"—yes, a great deal might be done with such an army if they were cut on the same pattern as that battered old ruffian.

The Making of an Officer.

THERE is a very interesting spot in the sedate Temple now. We have always possessed an Officers' Training Corps of good standing, but never approaching full strength. Immediately after the declaration of war, however, there was a rush to enrol and now it is turning out officers for the Army, the Reserve and the Territorials as fast as it can lick them into shape, and its numbers are far in excess of the maximum allowed to it as full strength. Many young men are eagerly embracing the opportunity of getting a commission without the "grind" of competition and long training. It is a very earnest and a very keen corps, and everyone of them seems to give his whole mind to the task of assimilating the greatest amount of information in the short time at his disposal. As each man is accepted—the qualification of being a member of an Inn of Court is waived, and any public school or 'Varsity man may join—he is put upon the waiting list and drilled daily in plain clothes; after a few days he is passed into the corps proper where he is worked over and lectured to, and as soon as he has rudimentary knowledge he is given a commission and joins his regiment, there to fin-

ish his education in incessant training and manoeuvres. From the great need of officers this method is necessarily very short, but it is nevertheless amazingly thorough, and the look of the corps when it is about its business in Temple Gardens does not leave one with many fears as to the ultimate capacity of its fine and keen young members.

The Enemy Within Our Gates.

"WHAT to do with alien enemies resident in England" is the subject of voluminous correspondence in the daily press. They have, of course, to be registered and may not move beyond five miles from their homes, and they are subject to constant visits by the police. In spite of this, however, some have eluded the watchers over public peace and have made minor attacks upon bridges and railway cuttings. Some nervous persons would have all members of the German and Austrian nations now in England confined within the safe walls of a concentration camp, but these foreigners are, it must be admitted, harmless enough as a rule, and bear little ill-will to anyone but the provoker of the war, their own charming ruler. The desire to avoid registration and its unwelcome publicity has given rise to some ludicrous incidents. A friend of mine who has had a running account with a firm of printers for some time, which he settles quarterly, found himself dunned by them in the middle of August for an account that ordinarily would not be payable until September. Airing his indignation at this abrupt demand, he was told by an acquaintance, "Oh, M—, I believe he's a German who won't register, and he's trying to realize in order to clear out, I expect." My friend couldn't get this confirmed in order to lay an information, but he hit on a rather neat test. "Dear M—," he wrote, "I have sent a cheque for your account, care of the Chief of the Police. If you will call for it there you can have it." So far the cheque is uncalled for, and M— has ceased suddenly his attempt to "realize."

A Belgian 'Bus Load.

THE Prince of Wales' Fund grows daily to yet more amazing proportions, and all the great work of relief and organization which is centred in London goes forward. What has been most astonishing to me is the amity exhibited between committees of this and that association, and their meek subjugation to any established authority. London is a hot-bed of societies for the propagation, encouragement or suppression of everything under the sun, and the more nearly the objects of any two of these associations approximate, the more cordially they detest each other. But circumstances alter cases, and it was my lot, a day or two since, to be edified by the sight of two organizing secretaries of two powerful rival societies in the field of—well, blanket-giving to the heathen, shall we say, meekly entering up tedious classified lists of names in large books at the same desk in the office of Lord Roberts' great organization. Everywhere the same good spirit of sacrificing the foibles of ordinary life is to be seen.

I saw a large number of Belgian refugees this morning at Charing Cross; they were being taken to the country in a 'bus, and as they went through the streets they sang with much fervour the tune of "God Save the King," but the words were Flemish (which sounds exactly like Cape Dutch pronounced with an English accent) mixed with a French patois. However, the crowd was pleased enough and cheered them to the echo. Brave little Belgium, however her exploits may be dwarfed by the titanic struggles of this war, nothing can ever take from her the stainless history of the past weeks, the heroic acceptance of certain destruction, and the fearless struggle against an overwhelming and ruthless enemy.

HAROLD TRACY POOLEY.



WEARING



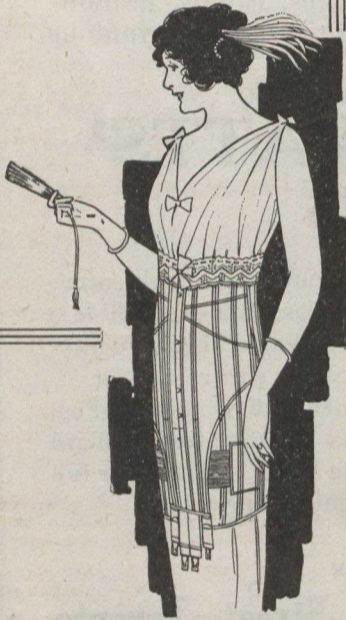
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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Municipal War Finance

AN article entitled "Money and Our Cities" in the "Canadian Courier" for September 12th has been much discussed by bankers and others interested. The "Courier" suggested that the problem was a national question and should be treated as such. Either the banks should deal with it as a body or the Minister of Finance should deal with it in conjunction with the banks. In any case, the "Courier" suggested that no national treatment is possible, unless each Provincial Government has a minister or department which will regulate municipal loans of all kinds as does the Local Government Board in London.

Several financiers have favored us with their opinions. Nearly all agree that the Provincial Governments must act. One banker says:

"You seem to have put the case clearly and well. I entirely agree with you that it is for the Provincial Legislature to move first."

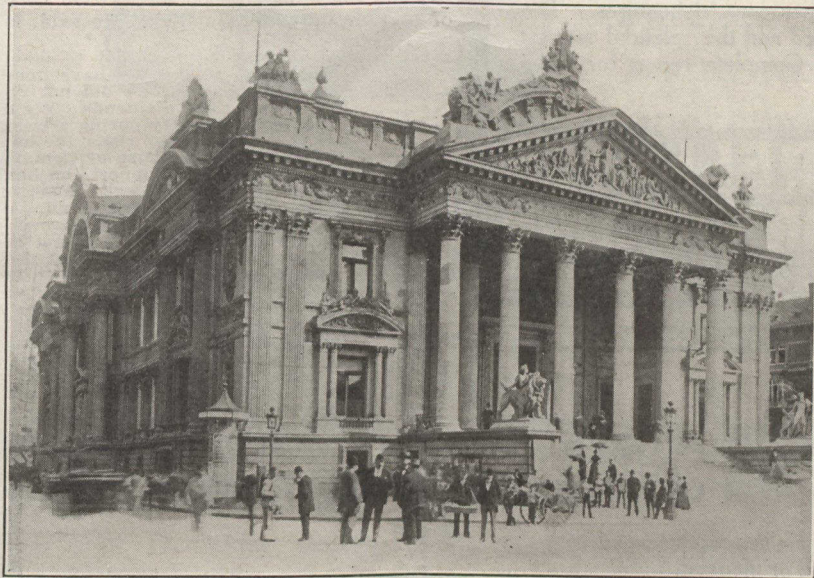
Another writes: "I am inclined to think that each case would have to be considered upon its merits. The establishment of Provincial Government Boards would seem to be a move in the right direction, and will no doubt help matters considerably."

Another is not so sure. He says: "I am afraid that the plan you suggest would eventually result in a very large amount of Dominion notes being issued on a very insufficient basis, which would take us years to overcome in normal times, and might do irreparable injury to Canada's credit."

Another says: Generally speaking, I think the proposals that you make with respect to the money required by municipalities are very reasonable."

The most informing and thorough criticism of the article is from a Canadian financier whose opinions are always taken as authoritative. He writes:

"I am in complete accord with the view that Provincial Government supervision of the borrowings of municipalities is to be desired, though the exact form which such supervision should take is a matter calling for full consideration and discussion. Fifty years ago, or thereabouts, in England the Government took the matter out of municipal hands and created what are called



The only international Stock Exchange which has yet been captured by an Enemy is that of Brussels. This is a good picture of the Brussels Bourse.

Local Loans, and up to date over £70,000,000 has been borrowed. There are two obvious advantages: one is, the municipality obtains a low rate of interest; the other, that it cannot go to excesses. There is one serious difficulty in Canada, namely, that the cities in the Eastern Provinces, with one or two notable exceptions, are open to very little criticism, so that the Eastern Provincial Government would probably not care to interfere, for, obviously it would not be a popular move. In the Western Provinces I am sorry to say that Provinces themselves have been the subject of criticism, not so much for the money they have borrowed for their own purposes, but the reckless extent to which they have guaranteed.

"In connection with loans being made to municipalities by the banks, who in turn would reimburse themselves by obtaining advances of Dominion notes, the great danger is an undue inflation of the country's circulation, unless this method of financing is restricted to very moderate amounts. While the notes of the Dominion are absolute security they are not available for the payment of indebtedness outside the country; they bear no interest and an undue accumulation in the hands of the banks would tend to place them at a discount.

"The facts of the matter are that we have suddenly been deprived of fresh borrowed capital which was coming into the country at the rate of \$30,000,000 per month, besides which, we have to meet interest payments at the rate of \$10,000,000 per month, and it is, therefore, imperative that economy should be practised in all directions and that our efforts should be turned towards meeting our existing and maturing obligations abroad and providing for absolutely necessary current expenses at home, rather than towards commencing new undertakings."

Moratorium on Mortgages

"A GOOD name is rather to be chosen than great riches," was said by a wise man. The late J. P. Morgan used similar language in answering the attack made on New York bankers. He said in effect that an honest man could always borrow money. The principle is at work still and must be considered a factor in all current agitation for financial relief. It is for that reason that the probable treatment of municipalities becomes of most importance since their record is that they have never failed to pay a debt.

The policy which Britain has followed as to relief to mortgagees should also form a basis for any legislation in Canadian provinces. The Chancellor of the

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Real Estate is the basis of the Nation's Wealth. It produces that which both man and beast must have to sustain life. With our rapidly increasing population comes the demand for a corresponding increase in the products of the soil, and this demand will never be less than now. Land cannot be destroyed, and with proper care its producing power may be maintained intact. Land values, therefore, possess that element of permanency that reduces the speculative feature to the minimum.

This corporation's borrowed funds (Deposits and Debentures), and by far the greater proportion of the shareholders' moneys (Capital Stock and Reserve) are invested in first mortgages on improved, productive real estate. To afford an opportunity to all of investing their money with such absolute safety, we issue our Debentures in sums of one hundred dollars. They are a security in which Trustees are authorized to invest Trust Funds.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that a dividend for the three months ending September 30th, 1914, at the rate of TEN PER CENT PER ANNUM

has been declared upon the Capital Stock of the Company, and that same will be payable on and after October 1st next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 20th to the 30th September, both days inclusive.
By order of the board.

W. E. RUNDLE, General Manager

Toronto, September 2nd, 1914

Exchequer introduced a bill in the British Commons, on August 26th, of which the policy is to give the courts a little more authority in such matters, but that is about all that is aimed at, and from the Chancellor's statement it is evident that relief by the courts will be limited to cases where inability to meet such obligations is clearly due to the war. If that is as far as British legislation is necessary, Canadians, more remote from the immediate effects of the war, can scarcely need any greater legislative relief. There may well be a few cases of inability in this country directly attributable to the war where certain lines of business have practically ceased. But the mortgages so involved can form only an infinitesimal part of the total which would be affected by such legislation. There are two parties to a mortgage. Omitting the case of individual mortgagees who may depend on their payment of interest for living expenses, the general credit of the country may be involved through such legislation. Much of the funds loaned on mortgages has come from and will be repayable in Britain, which has been a good market for the debentures of our loan companies. Proposed legislation should be carefully framed not to endanger confidence in such issues. The Canadian Government blue book shows that during the current year leading loan companies had over \$8,000,000 of debentures maturing abroad. The usual dates of maturity are May and November. In normal times most of this amount would be renewed, probably 80 per cent. It is also probable that 50 per cent. has been cared for at the May maturity, leaving about \$4,000,000 to be met in November next. The fact that underwriters of the recent Canadian Northern loan have come forward with the funds promised, without making use of the privileges open to them under the moratorium, shows that British investors still have funds available. It is important to Canadian interests that as much as possible of this \$4,000,000 be renewed. Proposed legislation may well keep this factor in view. Besides, this amount is only the immediate debt. The basis of credit of the whole volume of such debentures is involved. So far as the larger loaning institutions are concerned, many of these companies have been following the policy of having mortgages call for instalments being paid on account of principal, with the result that the company's security is now in excellent condition, easily permitting leniency in cases of necessity. The attitude of the different loaning institutions in this matter will, of course, have an influence on their future business and most probably their course will be inspired by a desire to keep the goodwill of their clients. Any danger of imposition on mortgagors seems limited, in comparison to the injury which might be done the whole credit situation by any hasty legislation. Some method seems likely to be adopted of submitting the matter of mortgage proceedings to the courts under a low scale of fees which should result in protecting all interested without imposing hardship on either party to a mortgage. It is not against the fair, but against the unfair mortgagee that legislation is sought, but too much latitude must not be given to those who can pay but seek to hoard.

The language of the British Chancellor fully outlines the Government's attitude on general policy. He said, in part:

"It may be necessary to take stronger action. A good deal depends upon the banks. I think we have done for the banks as much as they ever could expect of us. But we did not do it in order to strengthen their position or to increase their dividends. We did it in order to enable them to finance the trade of the country during a crisis, and while the government and the country are prepared to take risks, the banks must take risks as well. I have no right on behalf of the House of Commons and the government to pledge the credit of the country to support the banks without seeing how they use that credit placed at their disposal. Some banks have not behaved well, and I think it is better that should be said. We must take it that this has been due to timidity and a good deal to over-precaution. They have had to think about their own depositors. I do not think they were considering their own shareholders. I do not believe that they were considering the price of their shares. They considered themselves to be trustees of their depositors and that they were not entitled to take very great risks. I think the time has come when they really ought to do it, having the credit of the State behind them. I have called their attention to complaints which have come to me, and said it would be my duty to report the decisions to the House of Commons that, unless the trade of the country receives the usual facility for its performance, and even greater facilities in the special emergencies, I had no doubt at all that the House of Commons will take some action to place behind the trade of the country the necessary credit in order to enable it to carry on. (Hear, hear.) I am very glad to be able to say that the banks are financing business much more liberally than they were in a position to do during the first fortnight. I hope that in the course of the next few days we shall receive reports which will show that this more liberal policy is having an effect in certain areas and in certain trades where the restrictions imposed by the banks have undoubtedly acted very prejudicially to business."

Dominion and Scotia Steel Pass Dividends

THERE is relatively small issue of preference shares of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company, only \$1,030,000, compared with \$6,000,000 common stock. That the common dividend should not be paid caused no surprise. The common stock had fallen in the market with this expectation. But the profits of 1913 showed about fifty per cent. earned on the preference shares. It takes only \$20,600 to pay the quarterly dividend, so that the Street concludes the company is hard up when the directors decide not to pay this. The half-yearly dividend on the preferred shares of the Dominion Iron and Steel Corporation, due on October 1st, was admitted to be in jeopardy. In both these cases dividends are cumulative, so that shareholders will all hope to receive them later on. At one time, before the amalgamation of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company with the Dominion Coal Company, the former was in arrears on its preferred dividend nearly \$40 per share, but this was all paid after the company's victory in its litigation with the Coal Company.

Lake Superior Corporation

ANNUAL reports for the year ending June 30th are being issued. None of them can have been affected by the war. They indicate the effect rather of last year's general slowness of trade. The Lake Superior Corporation is practically a holding company only. The income of its subsidiary companies was about the same as for 1913, \$2,511,000, but their interest charges had increased \$441,000, so that the amount received by the holding company was only \$437,880, a decrease of \$355,000.

Canadian Locomotive

THE Canadian Locomotive Company's profits for the year ending June 30th last fell below those of the previous year by \$44,000, and as some securities held had been sold and the proceeds turned into plant, the actual amount available for distribution was \$50,000 less. The accounts show a good margin over the amount required to pay the preferred dividend. But the president states that the company is practically out of orders. The additions to the plant which were under way are now about completed and will enable the company to turn out from fifteen to twenty locomotives monthly when orders do come.

Sight Seeing in War

(Concluded from page 13.)

tourists who read the bulletins from anxious friends desiring news of the whereabouts of travellers.

In Venice, at the American Consul's office, the party was met with the information that they would be unable to get to Florence unless they had individual passports, procurable at a cost of three dollars a head. The British Consul provided passports promptly for all the British members of the party.

The Cuthberts were really a charmed party, for in spite of unconscionable hold-ups at Florence and at Rome, where the hotel was deserted except for some four odious people, and the man in charge, who made it his business to harrow the party with tales of difficulty calculated to prolong their connection with him, they looked upon Naples and did not "die," and paid their intended visit to Pompeii.

Rome, Genoa, Stresa, Interlaken and on to Montreux, the most critical juncture, perhaps, in the whole of a strangely exciting journey. Cooks' were not using their own tickets. They declared no tourists could get through France, and advised going south to Genoa, via Geneva. The party was travelling on Cooks' tickets!

Opportunity to entrain for Pontarlier at last put in its niggardly appearance in the form of a car to accommodate 115 only when 250 blocked the station.

At Valorbe a search was made of the train when Madame LeMar and three of her companions, who had employed the five-franc "Open Sesame," and were gaily ensconced with the trunks in the baggage-carriage, found themselves suddenly thrust in a cupboard and locked in for the space of several moments.

AT Pontarlier the party were subjected to a search, just half at a time being permitted to leave the train and enter the station.

"I was the second woman searched," said Madame LeMar, "and when the entire party was finished, lunch being ordered at the station in the meantime, we were obliged to troop through the streets en masse to the French Consul's office, where it became my business in lieu of a courier to convince five men that seventy passports were quite all that a party of ninety needed."

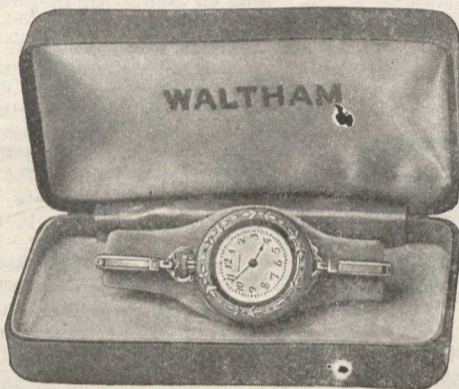
To Paris what a memorable journey! Twenty of the party in a third-class carriage, which had not been swept since the troopers used it, slept, that is to say cramped their necks on the backs of the hard, uncompromising seats, played games, sang, or fretted, according to their needs and inclinations.

Paris was no longer Paris, the Gay, but Paris, the Stern, when the tourists reached it. The museums were closed, the parks were closed. There was no admittance to the picture galleries. Business was suspended in the lesser stores and in the vast store, the Louvre, there was no one to deliver so much as a hat-box. No street-cars threaded the city. Restaurants closed at 9 p.m., and no one went out later without a passport. Napoleon's Tomb was opened for the party, and beyond it raw recruits were in training and old troops marched by at intervals, nearly all of them singing the Marseillaise. Two great search-lights constantly shifted. "Never, never," said Madame LeMar, "did tourists experience anything more thrilling."

London was wild over shipping difficulties. But the passengers for the Royal Edward, who had made their reservations, found that the same had been respected even though they could not present their claims until within two days of sailing.

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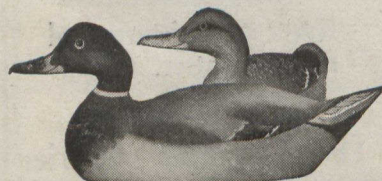
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The Soul of a Patriot

(Continued from page 9.)

further," replied Mr. Porter. "I have no hope that it would help me to disturb the sound slumber of British authority. I want to see something ahead; not exactly for myself, but for the machine. You have a ship, Captain, so possibly you gather my meaning; it is difficult to define."

And suddenly Hunt's mind was illuminated; he realized, for the first time, that mysterious force which drives the brain of an inventor; he glimpsed the god in the man, the creator of things; not, as Porter imagined, because he had a ship, but because he had a son. Suppose that this boy should be rejected by the nation; not merely refused by this profession or that profession, but absolutely rejected by the people at large, through no fault? Would his patriotism, fundamental though it was, stand out? Would he not be tempted to take the boy and try another nation?

He understood the grimy little inventor across the table, and became fond of him. An inspiration came to him.

"What you want, my friend, is a voyage of demonstration. Failing a cruiser, why not try a merchantman? The 'Good Fortune' lies in dock at Avonmouth, overhauling."

Porter gazed at the Captain, while a great new vista of possibilities opened before him—to vanish. He threw up his hands in an expressive "Money," he said, despondently. "I need five thousand to see me clear for the time being, and pay for the ship's fittings. Then there is my little crew to be maintained."

The Captain whistled, and thought. "I believe it can be managed," he said.

AND so it came to pass that the "Good Fortune" steamed down the Bristol Channel with a narrow gauge tramline across her deck and a very peculiar bundle just forward of the bridge.

And while she was away, the crisis developed, and when, on her return journey, she reached the Cape, laden with corn and frozen beef, information was confused and contradictory. At Las Palmas she learnt that all British cables were cut, and that Marconi could get nothing but incoherent scraps of cypher which he was unable to interpret. They met no southward-bound steamers.

That night the "Good Fortune" burned no lights. The next morning she was chased and fired upon by a merchantman, whose flag she could not see; she out-distanced her pursuer. On the morning after that Mr. Porter and a companion saw the sunrise from the height of a thousand feet above the sea-level. Tight to his companion's ears were strapped the padded telephone receivers, and near his mouth the transmitting trumpet: he sought the visible horizon with binoculars. A thousand feet below Captain Hunt gazed at the strong, thin telephone-fibre, as it swayed slowly from side to side. Then, at the tinkle of a bell he entered his dark chart room, took up his receiver, and listened to the din of Porter's powerful engines, and to the attenuated shout of his aerial look-out announcing that no ship was in sight to eastward.

Thus did the voyage continue until the "Good Fortune" found herself in the Channel. At midnight Mr. Porter opened his eyes to see the Captain standing beside his bunk with a shaded light.

"Guns," said the Captain, and as he spoke the sinister reverberations came through to them. "Heavy naval guns; battleships. There is no mistaking that flutter in the air. They are a long way off. Better come on deck. Put on a belt."

Porter made his way to the silent deck. There was no starlight; a haze must be over the sea. Porter felt the tension of the atmosphere, and stood motionless for a minute, listening nervously, intently, trying to locate those soft, ominous con-

cussions that came out of interminable space.

His artificers were at their stations. He wanted to see their faces; the faces of these comrades who had stood by him through thick and thin. He felt his way over to the machine, but in the blackness could distinguish nothing. So, in a hushed voice, he questioned each detail.

"The runway?"

"All clear, sir."

"Jacobs?"

"In his seat, sir."

"Is his telephone right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Cable-drum? Ignition?"

"Right, sir."

He put his hand through the familiar maze of rods that surrounded the vital wing gear, and found a hand there already.

"Ah, Martin!"

"Yes, sir."

"Plenty of oil?"

"Yes, sir; and the petrol tanks are full."

And all through this, the slow, velvety voices that cannot be mistaken for thunder, murmuring "Doom . . . Doom . . . Doom."

As Porter joined the Captain on the bridge a misty, momentary luminescence flitted overhead.

"Searchlight," commented the Captain. "They are nearer than I thought . . . that is, something is pretty near." He walked to the engine-room telegraph. "That searchlight came from the east—I think; suppose we go west, and chance it."

He gave the necessary orders. "Suppose I go aloft," ventured Porter. "I might catch a glint of something above this mist."

"Isn't it a bit risky? Can you locate me? Can you keep above me?"

"Oh, yes, by the cable-drum. The barometer gives the height, the drum gauge gives the length of wire unwound; each time I pass over you the two readings approximate. You have to allow for wind-sag, and so on, but that is easy."

"Very well; if you are willing." Porter turned to go; the Captain accompanied him to the steps, and felt for his hand.

"Well, in case . . . Good luck." "Good luck, Captain . . . just in case . . ."

The great petrol engines shattered the silence of the deck, and drowned for a time the sullen voice of the guns. The two airmen were away with a splash of spray in their faces. Up and up, in figures of eight. Three hundred feet . . . four . . . five hundred feet they read by the dimly illuminated barometer dial. Porter checked it by the drum as the cable unwound: six hundred . . . six hundred and sixty . . . that meant they were two hundred odd feet to one side of the ship. Seven hundred feet, said the barometer; seven hundred and twenty, said the drum. They were almost over the deck now. Jacobs rang up his mate in the chart house below, but got no reply.

Seven hundred and twenty, said the barometer. Seven eighty, said the drum, seven ninety, eight hundred. Jacobs compassed the barometer in alarm; the drum was running very quickly. Seven thirty, said the barometer.

PORTER was staring at the dials, and was swinging the aeroplane to port, thinking he had outflown his lateral allowance—made his figure of eight too long. Jacobs again rang up his mate, and got no reply. Now the drum dial showed that nine hundred feet of cable were out, though the barometer gave the height as seven hundred and fifty. Then the drum began suddenly to wind up, as it did automatically when the lower cable end was released. Porter continued to steer his endless figures of eight, keeping position by guesswork. The din of the engines

drowned all other sound up there in the mist.

In a few minutes the cable was wound up on the drum. Jacobs picked up the last foot or two of cable. The end was torn and broken; soaking wet. That might be mist. He put it to his lips, and tasted brine.

They flew in broad circles until dawn, and then sank down very carefully through the mist, and came to rest upon the calm sea. Porter stopped his engines. It took time to get accustomed to the silence, but presently they realized that the gun fire had ceased. Porter was exhausted and overwrought. He laid his head down upon the steering wheel, and Jacobs, with clumsy tenderness, threw an extra coat over him, then donning another himself, set about making some sort of tea-brew with a petrol lamp and a tin can. They had done it on Milford Haven, so why not in the Channel, with nothing between them and eternity but half an inch of teak and the momentary complaisance of Providence?

Before midday the sun made an end of the mist, but there was nothing to be seen from sea-level; therefore, determining to make for the coast of France, the two launched themselves into the air about noon. Before they had reached any great height, however, they made out a mass of floating wreckage, upon which appeared to be a group of men. They descended as a matter of course, hardly knowing whether to ask aid or to offer it, but on approaching the mass, which turned out to be half a dozen ship's rafts lashed together, with spars, a couple of boats, and a vast quantity of wooden cases, they found themselves covered by the rifles of a dozen German seamen. Even when he realized this, Porter did not think of trying to escape, for the situation seemed little less desperate for one party than for the other. He therefore signed to them for a rope, which was brought out to him in a canvas boat by a pair of men whose placid nonchalance conveyed the impression that if there was anything more ordinary than picking up an aeroplane in the Channel, it was to navigate the high seas on a mass of broken packing-cases.

Porter experienced his first qualm when, on going aboard the raft, he was greeted by a German officer who remarked in excellent English:

"I suppose you realize that you are my prisoner, and that your aeroplane is a prize of war? You must make no attempt to escape, for you will be shot if you do."

"Don't you think you are labouring the farce a little?" asked Porter. The German shrugged his shoulders.

"The Captain will see you in a minute; meanwhile, you may be seated."

Porter endeavoured to conceal his resentment by examining the raft more minutely. As his gaze fell upon a thing he had taken to be a jury mast, his heart sank within him. He turned to Jacobs, who sat beside him on a spar.

"Jacobs, you are without exception the biggest fool I have ever met, and you can safely say the same of me. We ought to be gasfitters, Jacobs, or very small ironmongers, near Sevenoaks. I thought it was a mast, Jacobs."

Jacobs looked intently at the object in question.

"Good God! It's a periscope!"

"PRECISELY that. This platform—until the next storm carries it away, acts as deck to some cursed submarine, whose back and conning-tower are concealed by that mountain of packing-cases. Why didn't we see through it?"

"You don't look for periscopes on a wreck-raft."

"Exactly; we were just gulled, taken right in. And the gentleman with the keen moustache says he will shoot us if we try to escape. Jacobs, we ought to be shot; we

"Mr. Porter! Of all persons!"

ejaculated a gruff genial voice at his elbow.

"Herr Muller! Well, I'm . . ." The brother inventors were shaking hands before they knew it. They stared with interest at each other.

"I wish I had not captured you, Porter: I wish it was not war just now. I do not want to fight mit you already. You are a goot friend, und a good mechanic, but now, of course, I gannot let you go."

"It was a very easy capture; we came down to rescue you. Your disguise took us in completely." Porter spoke with a little suggestion of contempt in his voice.

"I feel what you say," replied the German. "I do not like deceptions no better as yourself; what you see here is what those naturalists call 'protective colouring.' I would be sunk twice a day oderwise. If a Cherman ship come along it would be goot, but none have I seen for three days already. There was a great schlacht mit big ships last night, but where I do not know. That was not my schlacht. I am left over from three days before. We were seven submarines and two small merchantmen, armed, trying to intercept your ships making for Channel ports, but we ourselves got intercepted. There was a great schlacht. A shell hit my propellers, and that or some other explosion strain my outer plates so bad that my submerger tanks start a leak, und fill so quick that not one of them can I empty, and so I sink to the bottom. There I remained till night."

"Well, when night came on, I cast off my emergency weight—a heavy, false keel of lead and iron, made to detach from within for such a case as this—and I come up shust like a bobble in spite of my tanks was full of water. That speaks good for the design as for the construction, eh, Herr Porter? You will appreciate that, eh?"

"All the ships were gone, but there was plenty of this stuff about." He indicated the shattered timber and cargo boxes. "So next morning I collected enough to make this covering. Several warships have passed me since then, but not close enough to torpedo at. Yesterday a big merchantman come too close as was goot for him, and I dorpedoed him in the bow—a bad shot, but, you see, I gannot steer quick. He crawled so far as the English horison, launched his boats, und sunk."

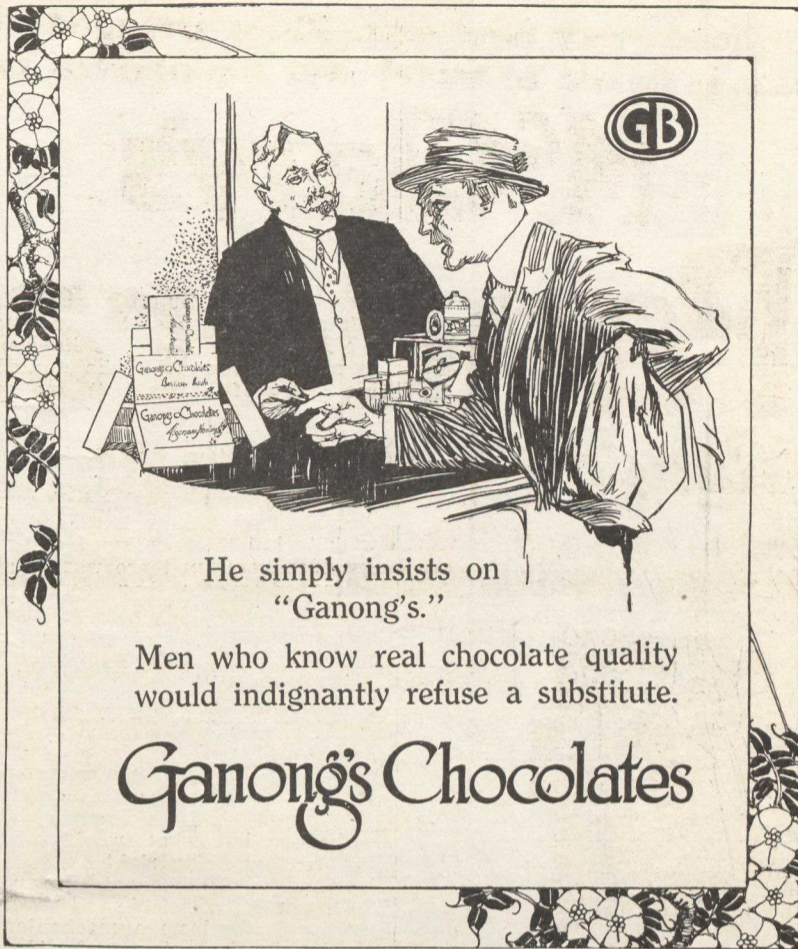
"THAT seems rather poor sport, doesn't it? She was coming probably to see if there were any poor beggars adrift."

"War is not sport, Herr Porter," replied Muller, unemotionally. "That is the mistake you English make. It is no more sport than is any oder murderings, but when I must fight a murderer, will I not fight him mit murder; how else? If I put off my cloak of wreckage, I am helpless, for my propellers are broke und my water tanks are filled. If I permit the merchantman to examine me too close, he will see through my disguise and report me to the first armed vessel he meets. Also," he added, doggedly, "I was sent to destroy British merchantmen."

Again the two former comrades regarded each other.

"War is very like Nature, Herr Porter," went on Muller, "and she is not at all a 'sporting' person. The depths of the sea are full of just such creatures as my little Haifisch, who disguise themselves as stones, and food, and seaweed, to lure the victim. But no doubt my own turn will come. I gannot say I much wish to live after these killings. Und yet I invented this most devilish machine of all . . . to do it . . . I do not understand!" And now, tell me your own adventures."

"I went up from my ship about one o'clock this morning to see if I could distinguish anything above the mist. My engines drown all other noises; I heard nothing, but my 'phone wire ran out, very rapidly, then broke at the lower end, and came up wet with sea-water. So I take it that my ship



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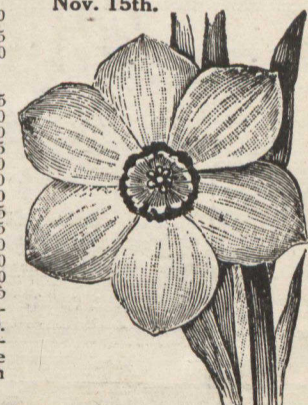
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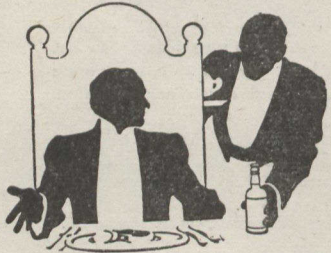
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sank. She was a merchantman, homeward bound."

Muller pondered.

"Some ships passed me last night, steaming very fast. I saw a searchlight, and soon after that I think there was a collision; it sounded like a collision, followed by a torpedo explosion. I guess that was the end of your ship, Mr. Porter, and perhaps another."

The afternoon wore on, with no indications of wind. The Englishmen slept, and Muller set himself to think how best he could make use of the aeroplane. Badly as he wanted to see a German ship, he wanted in his heart of hearts just one more chance at a British man of war, something more worthy of his rifle than these slow, foolish ships of commerce that came nosing stupidly about his very nozzle—looking for possible lives to save! One did not wish to kill them unarmed and without suspicion, but there was no alternative. Now, to bag some wary cruiser, to ambush a crack battleship—that would be worth while, and restore one's self-respect after the other revolting work. But the immediate point was how to apply this new windfall, with effect.

OBVIOUSLY Porter must go aloft to navigate the machine; he could send an armed look-out with him, but what would prevent Porter from flying right away? The look-out wouldn't shoot Porter, for that would be suicide as well as murder. Send up a mechanic who could cut off the ignition? Ah, that was more to the point.

Jacobs and his chief were called on deck next morning.

"I haf a plan," announced Captain Muller. "Will you fly?" Porter hesitated. "Go below, and get some coffee und food, and consult mit your friend."

They did so, and Porter concluded that nothing was to be gained, while something might be lost, by refusing to fly. On deck they saw in the aeroplane the young Lieutenant who had "captured" them, strapping the receivers to his head. The cable end had been brought aboard the submarine, and connected. Muller drew the Englishman aside.

"I thought you would be sensible," he said. "Now I will tell you the conditions. You will go up with Lieutenant Sturm and an artificer; your friend will remain here. Your work is solely to navigate. The Lieutenant's work is to look about and report to me. The artificer's work is to watch you, and to cut off your ignition if you do anything abnormal, or otherwise than Lieutenant Sturm dictates. We have made the telephone cable very fast at this end. It must not break, for it is the thread by which hangs the life of your friend down here. Briefly, if it breaks, he will be shot. In conclusion I may tell you that both the Lieutenant and the artificer are armed. I have tried to provide against any trickery, but all's fair in war. If you can beat my precautions, well, then, I am beaten. I bear you no grudge, Herr Porter. I wish it was not war between us."

The Captain smiled wistfully at his prisoners, and left them. Jacobs touched his chief on the arm.

"About the cable, sir. I know you won't break it without cause, but if cause does turn up, sir, don't hesitate to break it. You're welcome to it so far as I'm concerned."

"So you wouldn't die unwillingly if it happened to do your country a good turn?" asked Porter, suddenly recalling a long-ago conversation with Captain Hunt.

"I'd dearly like to do these blighters in for that last night's work, whatever it cost. You've got my vote. If you can see a way to do 'em in, sir, you do 'em in."

"Are you ready, Herr Porter?" called the Captain.

The two Englishmen shook hands in silence, and parted. Muller, that mixture of grimness and geniality, came up.

"We will just run over the instructions. You are to fly above the fog in figures of eight. If you deviate, your ignition is cut off, and you

plane to the water. If you break the cable or interrupt the messages in any way, your friend is shot. This is not what you call 'bluff'."

Porter stepped aboard the canvas boat.

"I don't think I can beat you, Muller, but I will if I can."

The German artificer helped him politely aboard the aeroplane. The familiar gurgle of water under the floats welcomed him.

"Buck up, old man," said the aeroplane to its maker, "we are together again, at any rate. That is something."

There came the order to cast off. The plane darted away and rose into the fog. Then began the monotonous rhythmic gyrations; the constant comparison of the dials. Suddenly she emerged into sunlight, fog-shreds trailing from her wings and floats. Higher and higher she towered, till the fog surface below looked like a clean white tablecloth—with a dirty finger mark some distance to the east. When Porter saw that, he turned to the Lieutenant, whom he found talking rapidly into the trumpet; Muller, in fact, had been made aware of the smoke before Porter himself had seen it.

And this aeroplane was his invention, and he had threatened to take it to Germany, and here he was, pinned to his threat without reward by a humorous fate. He looked over his shoulder at the mild artificer. There he sat alert, one arm encircling a strut, his hand upon the switch, in the other hand an automatic pistol. A shiver passed up the inventor's spine; for the first time he considered what a long way it was down to the water.

The Lieutenant placed his finger upon the barometer dial, indicating that he wished to descend to nine hundred feet. Porter descended obediently. Porter, a servant in his own house; a slave, rather, spying upon his own country's ships, perhaps compassing their destruction.

A NEEDLE-LIKE mast could now be seen in front of the smoke mark. The vessel was approaching them. The Lieutenant, his eyes alternately to his binoculars and to the compass, was shouting staccato details to the hidden submarine. Porter noted an unpleasant smile upon his face, and resented it. Turning again toward the smoke, he distinguished another mast, and then a third, and behind that, two more. A fleet was approaching them in "line ahead," and at considerable speed. But was it German or British? And in either case, what could he do? To hide in the fog till it was past would cost Jacobs his life, and that, perhaps, to no purpose. The Lieutenant had probably given Muller sufficient data to act upon already.

Suddenly the leading ship, now hardly a mile away, entered a thin place in the fog, and a faintness of horror came over Porter as he realized that he was looking at the British cruiser "LION," like an exquisite miniature in silver-point upon the vellum-like sheet of water below him. There were ragged holes in her funnels, and scars upon her deck, but the guns seemed right, and her speed was evidently good.

The Lieutenant, his work finished, leaned back in his seat. The artificer was in the same attitude as before, his eyes ever upon the driver.

Something must be done immediately. What?

Porter's brain suddenly became clear. He leaned forward to the barometer dial, and suggested mutely that they should rise. The Lieutenant nodded. They rose, as rapidly as the engines would take them. Porter's idea was to make a dash for the cruiser, and he wished to reach such a height that when his plan was discovered, and his power cut off, he could still reach the vessel in a "vol plane." Now, the "vol plane," in the case of a light, normal aeroplane is a fairly simple manoeuvre; in the case of Porter's heavy machine, it was almost reckless, a thing to be used only in emergency swift and steep to the point of danger; so



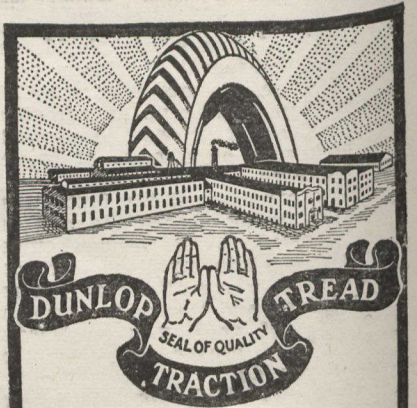
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steep that in order to reach the cruiser's vicinity Porter realized he must attain a tremendous height. All these things passed through Porter's mind as he drove his machine in towering curves upward and upward.

Would he be permitted to reach the necessary height? The barometer recorded eighteen hundred feet. The Lieutenant tapped his arm. Still he climbed upward. The cruiser was nearing. It must be a matter of minutes. The Lieutenant exchanged a glance with the artificer, whose hand rested on the switch; then he turned to Porter, and indicated "downward" emphatically.

The moment had come; praying that the artificer would hesitate, and give him a few more seconds of power, he turned the machine towards the cruiser . . . almost simultaneously the engines ceased their din.

Porter realized that he was not high enough; to reach the cruiser he must have more power; half a minute of it at the very least. He turned toward the artificer.

"Power, you fool, power!" The soldier's hand trembled on the switch, but his eyes were focussed upon his superior officer with the tense, expressionless glare of military discipline. Every second decreased the chance of reaching the cruiser. The Lieutenant, fully aware of the danger, fully aware of Porter's intent, stubbornly reiterated "return; return," pointing backwards as a man might order his hound to heel. Porter saw that he would not be allowed to reach the cruiser; for an instant his mind reeled with anger and chagrin. Then lucidity came to him once more.

WITH difficulty he swung his machine about—it was rapidly becoming unmanageable in this desperate "vol plane." The Lieutenant signed to his subordinate. The engines began to fire. But Porter, as soon as he heard them, cut off the ignition himself, and cursed over his shoulder at the livid artificer:

"No; damn you, not now." The air screamed upward, and roared upon the straining wings. Porter fixed his attention upon the trailing telephone cable below him, but calculation was unnecessary, for the fog veil had become so thin that he could see the boat itself.

Nine hundred feet . . . Eight hundred. A straining wire parted with an agonized cry that cut Porter like a physical pain. The Lieutenant was on his feet, struggling frantically with his receivers. Five hundred feet . . . so furious had become the descent that the dial hands could be seen to move.

With almost superhuman strength Porter managed to keep the runaway machine in hand until he saw that the telephone cable below him was hanging vertical, like a plumb-line.

Then, deliberately, he pulled over the plane lever.

The freed wings, already giving way under stress of air, shot to the upright position, shearing their sluggish gear-mechanism and wrecking each other as they crashed together.

Then, as a hawk pounces upon its prey, so dropped this broken machine upon the defenceless craft beneath, but to be overwhelmed together with its victim in the moment of triumph.

Thus perished Porter and his proud invention, years before it could be foretold by any man that before air-machines should be brought to perfection they might be engaged in a great war. It is certain that Porter knew before his time what must be the ultimate value of such an aerial craft in scouting, at least for naval purposes. But he was never able to drive this belief into the craniums of the Admiralty. Porter was as a man born out of due season who died before his time. Other men less brilliant were to profit by his invention. But when the thing that fights in the air gets into a grapple with the thing that fights under the water—extremes meet. And they also met in Porter.



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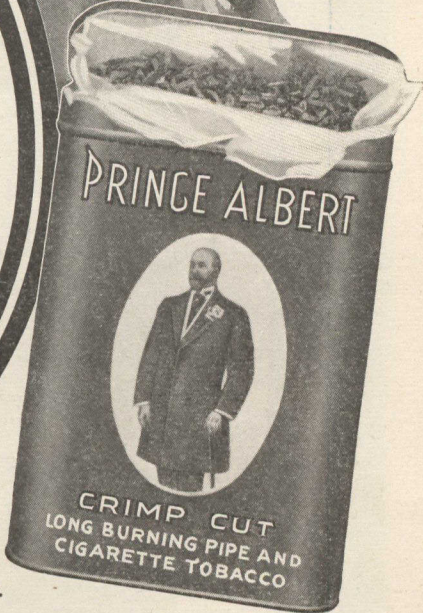
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