

THE CANADIAN COURIER



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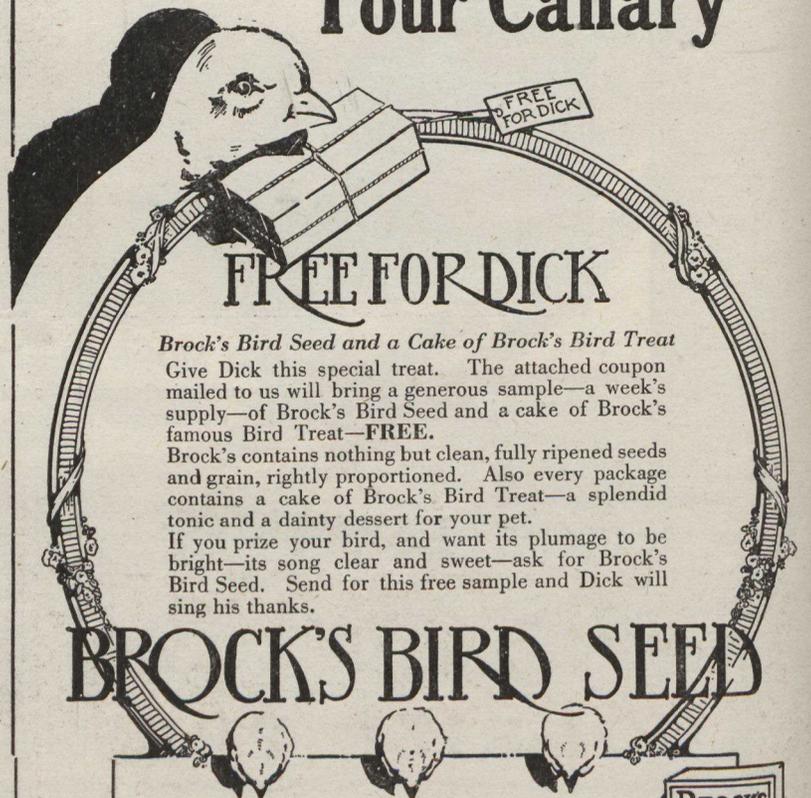
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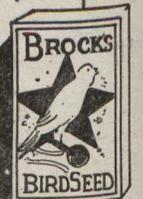
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The
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 COURIER**
The National Weekly



HERBERT
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Vol. XVIII.

October 2nd, 1915

No. 18

PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS

Sidelights on What Some People Think the World is Doing

JUST now, in a broad empire of wheat 800 miles east to west and 300 miles north to south there is, if some superman in an airship could hear it, a strange, vast music. Poets have sung of the music of the spheres. This is the wordless song of a people. Beginning early in September, just when the wild ducks on the sloughs are clouding up for the southward flight in October, it goes on week by week, barring Sundays, through the days of the early frost, on down to the time when the poplar bluffs are heavy with hoar in the morning, when the little lakes become needled with young ice, on into the days of the snow. No poet has ever written the words to that crescendoing song of a busy people. No music-writer has ever made a score that crystallizes its melody. Borne upon the long, low winds, it rises and falls on bluff and coulee, on the broad, flat plain and the hill-sides dotted with homes, on the traveler's camp and the long, black trail in the grass where the low-bush cranberries are ripe. And if that music could be gathered up into one grand melody for the ears of all men to listen, it would contain more joy than all the music of the spheres, because it is the joy of men over the harvest time of the earth. It is the song of the threshing-machine.

ON other fields, thousands of miles eastward, where men are herded as never before in the history of the world, there is music also. Day by day, as the air-craft hover over the lines, the sound of that other and far different music breaks over the world. On still days or with a low wind from the continent that voice of man sweeps across the English Channel and is heard in England. But there is no joy in the booming and crackling of that incessant man-made voice. It is the hell-born song of the artillery thrashing out the lives and the souls of men.

IN the town of Red Deer, Alberta, or perhaps in some threshing-field near it, these fine fall days, there is a sandy-bearded, red-faced citizen of Canada who, as he read the despatches in some of last week's dailies, became very thoughtful. Dr. Michael Clark, M.P., is a universal free trader. He is the only man in the Parliament of Canada who has never ceased to set forth the doctrines of the Manchester school as applied to the trade of the world. To him the world was free to all mankind. Trade routes were more important than tariffs. Revenues he would raise by direct taxation, leaving the food and the clothing and other necessities of the people free from the tariff tax that raises the cost of living. While the government of Canada, whether Liberal or Conservative, became and remained a protectionist government for purposes of national revenue, the man from Red Deer stood out for free trade—as they had it in England. But last week's despatches brought to a climax a movement which for years has been more or less under way in spite of the school of Cobden and Manchester. The government under stress of war, announced through the Chancellor of the Exchequer that part of the cost of the war must be paid by taxes, imposed or increased on sugar, coffee, chicory, tea, tobacco, dried fruits, patent medicines, motor-cars, picture-

films, bicycles, clocks, watches, musical instruments, plate-glass and hats. Free trade as they had it in England is gone. Will it return after the war? That is the question put to himself by Dr. Michael Clark, the member from Red Deer.

MARY ANN is coy again. No particular Mary A.—but the genus domestique symbolized by that title. Thrifty living a year ago caused many people to cut down kitchen and household expenses; factories running then on part time bade

cally so important. That kind of underground ally should have been bagged when the bagging was good.

MR. SIMEON STRUNSKY has been exposing the wiles of newspaper war writers. In the September Atlantic he shows how our old friend, Mr. Clothes Line Cable, has been creating war stories to thrill the credulous multitudes that must have news, no matter what or how. Will Mr. Strunsky turn his eager eye upon the antics of a few of our Canadian heading writers who try to get even with the censor? Will he notice that last week a well-known daily came out with the sensational scare-head, "70,000 Germans taken Prisoners." That headline sold papers. The people who bought them looked in vain to find anything in the news columns about the head-line. On the bulletin-board of a rival daily they found the explanation of this marvelous Russian victory. 70,000 Germans had been taken prisoners by the Russians since the beginning of the grand retreat.

GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE



Reading one of the many congratulatory messages of the Kaiser, in which he refers to "the road along which the Almighty by His Grace has led us hitherto."

"Well, I'm blown if that's fair! It has been my job right through from the start."
 —From the Westminster Gazette.

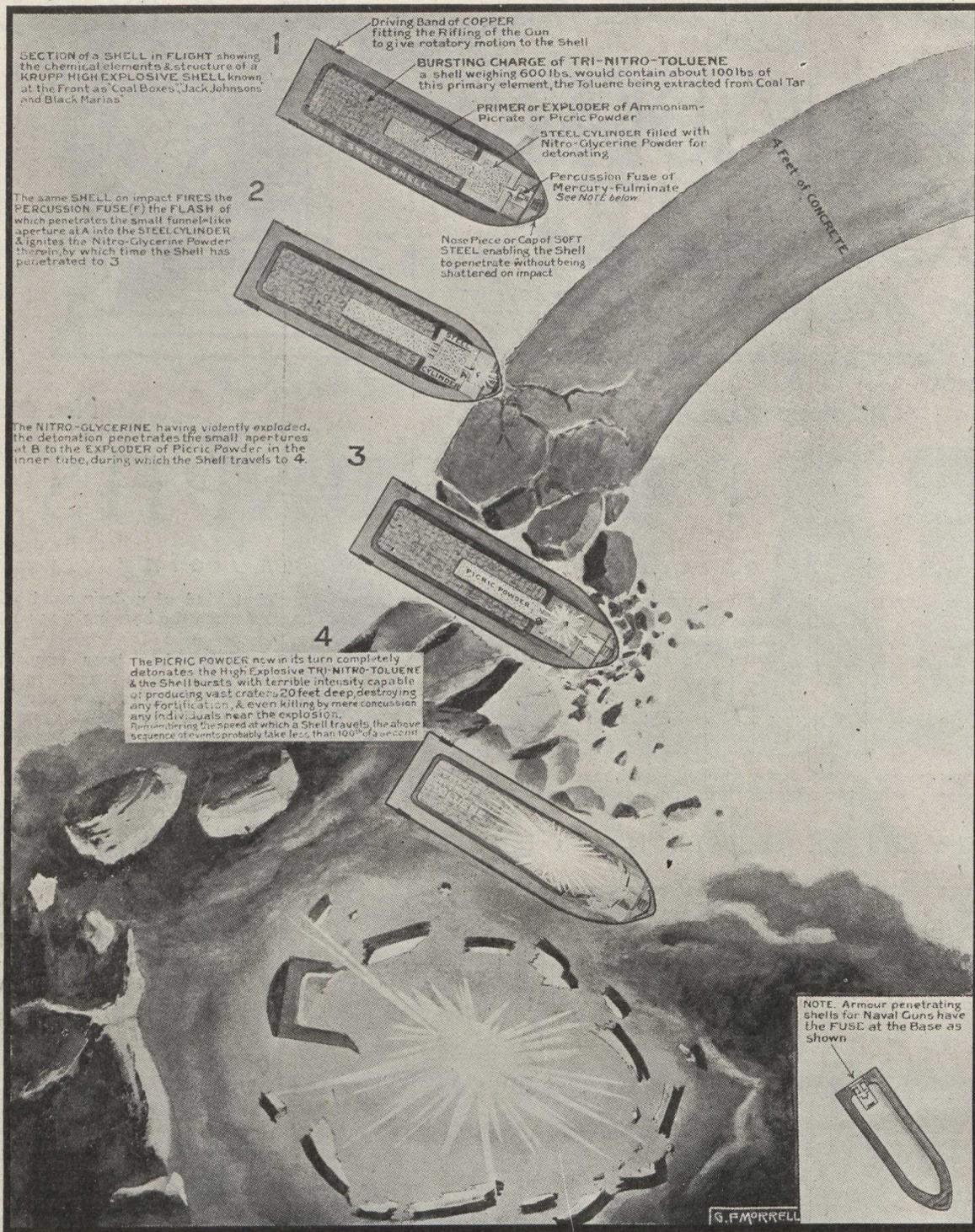
adieu to some of the girls, and for every advertisement asking for domestic help from Mary Ann there were at least twenty applicants, some of them before the mistress was out of bed in the morning. But there seems to have come another shifting mood to Mary Ann. She is marrying a soldier, and till that is over she cannot come.

BULGARIA will not bulge. Ferdinand, "le grand monarque" of Machiavelian hue, conceals his intentions. He is used to that. Radoslavoff, the Premier, denies that there is any secret pact with Germany over the right to transport munitions and troops to Turkey. He is used to denials. Bulgaria no longer has an honest and patriotic brigand like Stambuloff to tell monarch and premier their faults. She has learned by experience how to sell blind horses; how to bamboozle the Balkan League; how to play "Watch Your Step" with Turkey, her recent foe; how to put up for auction among the powers what she has to sell—which is everything to anybody with the highest price and the best security. Bargaining Bulgaria is no ally to lose sleep over. But at present she is the key-log in the jam and she knows it. We can only regret that so cold-blooded a bargainer should occupy a position strategi-

went crazy over his invention.

PUTTING out fire with kerosene oil is the latest scientific achievement. This did not happen in Germany, either, but in Calexico, Cal. The cotton yards there got on fire. Water could not extinguish it, because water runs off a cotton bale as it does off a duck's back, and fire penetrates into a cotton bale where it smoulders at low temperature, but does not blaze. Kerosene penetrates the cotton and puts out the fire, because coal-oil will not ignite except from a blaze. Germany should make note of this. She has plenty of kerosene, but from all accounts she has no great overplus of cotton.

GERMAN scientists claiming that their new process of metallurgy, applied since the war, has multiplied their output of iron and steel, and German-American editors trying to block the big loan to the Allies, belong curiously to the same root idea. If German metal is so abundant and substitutes for cotton can be found for German explosives, why should Germans in America worry about the loan to the Allies? The fact of the matter seems to be that Germany wants to grab a slice of the loan herself and fears there will be none left for old Mother Hubbard.



HOW A 42-CENTIMETER SHELL WORKS.

This illustration, from the Graphic, shows the progress of a big shell at work. The shell is discharged from the gun by nitro-cellulose, in which cotton is the main ingredient. The shell flies through the air and strikes a piece of concrete work. When it strikes the soft nose of the shell bends in and explodes the fulminating mercury. This explodes the picric acid and it in turn explodes the trinitrotoloul or trinitrotoluene, as the English term it.

Why Canada Cannot Make More Shells

And Incidentally Why Canada Would Last Two Weeks in a "Great War"

By CHEMIST

MUCH abuse is being handed out to the British Government, to the Canadian Government, to General Bertram's Shell Committee, and to the ubiquitous D. A. Thomas because Canada did not get more of the shell orders placed on this continent by the Allies. It is interesting to note that these charges are answered by arguments which reveal not only our limited ability to help in this crisis, but our previous unpreparedness in case of a war in which we might have to fight alone.

The truth is simple and clear that Canada would have had more orders for shells if this country had been further advanced in chemistry. There was a shortage of picric acid and toluol. There was no demand for these substances in Canada and naturally no manufacturers had erected a two million dollar factory to make them. Yet these substances were absolutely essential to the making of shells, as shall now be explained.

Before picric acid was adapted in 1886, all explosives for military purposes were gun cotton and nitro-glycerine. In 1901 the aromatic nitro-compounds were discovered.

Gun cotton was discarded as a shell filler because of premature explosions. It is still used in "under water" explosives because, unlike gunpowder, dynamite and picric acid, it will explode even when wet.

Nitro-glycerine cannot be transported pure, and even when mixed with infusorial earth, is affected by frost.

Picric acid is made from phenol or carbolic acid. Phenol is treated with sulphuric acid and later with nitric acid. This gives picric acid or trinitiphenol. Picric acid attacks metals, and the projectile into which it is introduced must be varnished inside. It is soluble in water, and, therefore, cannot be used in mines or torpedos. It can be used only in small shells. In large guns the pressure at firing is so great that the picric acid explodes prematurely. Consequently a new explosive had to be found for big shells.

This was discovered in the hydro-carbon toluol. It is treated as phenol was, with nitric acid, and trinitrotoloul results. Toluol is made from coal, a ton of coal giving up a gallon of toluol. One hundred pounds of trinitrotoloul is used in every 750-lb. shell.

Phenol + nitric acid = trinitiphenol or picric acid.

Toluol + nitric acid = trinitrotoloul.

Trinitrotoloul is neutral and corrodes no metal and it is insoluble in water. These are the two characteristics which gave it popularity. It is less sensitive to shock and friction than picric acid, and may be used in the largest shells. The Germans use it for the 42-centimetre shells.

Trinitrotoloul, being less sensitive to shock, requires more fulminating mercury in the caps of the shell. In the shell, as described in the accompanying illustration, the toluol or toluene is used as the explosive, and both picric acid and fulminating mercury as detonators. This is done to delay the final explosion and allow the shell to penetrate

farther before doing its final work.

Ammonal used by the Austrians is a combination of gunpowder and modern nitrates. It consists of an intricate mixture of ammonium nitrate, charcoal, trinitrotoloul and aluminum. It is not waterproof, but neither is it sensitive to shock or friction. A shell charged with ammonal and fired at armourplate will not explode until after it has pierced the plate.

All disruptives in shells are ignited by an explosive fuse consisting of fulminating mercury and 15 per cent. of potassium chlorate.

This brief description of shell explosives shows what the ammunition worker is "up against." He must get picric acid or trinitrotoloul in addition to fulminating mercury to complete his shell. When war broke out, these substances were not made in Canada except in insignificant quantities. The British Government could not get them, either. A charcoal manufacturer in a neighbouring State is said to be building a plant for the British Government for the making of picric acid. This plant will cost about two million dollars and will supply a considerable quantity. No doubt there are other sources being created which the Governments concerned are not divulging.

Great Britain's failure to get shells was as much due to a shortage of picric acid and trinitrotoloul as to anything else. Canada's inability to get shell orders was largely due to the same cause. We could not supply the completed shell.

How serious this situation was and is may be realized if we consider the possibility of an unthinkable attack from the United States. At the present moment Canada could not make a thousand complete artillery shells a week. This is our state of unpreparedness. Of course, it doesn't matter, because Britannia still rules the waves. But without Britain's help, we would last as a nation at war approximately a fortnight.

Why Russia Retreated

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

EVERY "man in the street" is asking why the Russians have retreated and allowed the Germans to over-run their country. Imagine the Dominion of Canada, abandoning Toronto and Montreal and Winnipeg to the enemy, after removing the money from the banks, the goods from the big warehouses, the machinery from the factories and the locomotives and cars from the railways. What a tremendous national sacrifice? What a sad blow to our national pride? What a terrific waste and disturbance?

And yet Russia has done this very thing. Warsaw, Lodz, Grodno, Kovno, Bielostok are gone, with hundreds of smaller towns, and the great fortresses of Ivangorod and Neo Georgievsk. Why did they do it? Why did they not stand and fight it out to the bitter end as the Canadians did at St. Julien? Of course,

"He who fights and runs away
Will live to fight another day."

But surely this does not apply when you are defending your home and your hearth and the sacred soil of a nation! That they should abandon Galicia was understandable, that they should elect not to defend Poland west of the Vistula was thinkable, but that the Russians should give up so much of "White Russia" without a decisive battle is not what we expected.

LET us go back. When the war broke out, Russia was unprepared. Germany and Austria has been working, as we know, for three years on the accumulation of arms, guns and shells, but even Germany and Austria underestimated their needs for this war. After it began, they came to a standstill because their supplies began to give out, and it was necessary to wait until their machinery was speeded up. Britain underestimated what was needed and is only now beginning to draw even with her enemies. France speeded up early and has made the best showing. Italy took a year to gather supplies before she was ready. Russia was not only short of supplies, but Russia was short of the machinery to make supplies.

Where would France be without her machine shops? Where would Britain be without her machine shops? Where even would Germany be without her machine shops which she got in captured Belgium and Northern France? Why, then, marvel that Russia fell down? Russia to-day is buying rifles and guns, ammunition and shells from all the neutral world that makes them. Russia needs tremendous quantities of supplies, and they are slow in coming. It will be the spring of 1916, before Russia is in a position to drive the enemy from within her borders.

Knowing the unfortunate position of Russia, the Germans decided to seek a decision in the East, while holding the French and British in the West. They had planned to crush the Western Allies first, but that plan failed at the Battle of the Marne. Now, nearly a year later, they resolved to try the plan again, to crush one enemy at a time, and they chose Russia because of her lack of big guns, large ammunition and swift transport. On April 30th, with the four beautiful months ahead of them, they began their drive through conquered Galicia. During May,

“SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE”

June, July and August they drove the Russians back step by step, out of Austria, out of Courland, and out of Poland. They got territory, they got broken railways and broken bridges, they got sick and wounded prisoners, they got some garrisons and some guns, but they got no Russian armies. For these four months they have been trying to “envelop” some army or armies, to force a decision in the Eastern theatre. The Salient at Warsaw was a dangerous one for the Russians, but the troops were, for the most part, safely taken from between the jaws of the nut-cracker. For a while there was another dangerous salient at Kovno, but again the Russians escaped. Again there was another at Vilna, and again they escaped. The Germans have driven the Russians back, but they have not been able to force a decisive battle.

RUSSIA has retreated, but Russia is not broken. At Waterloo, Wellington found the French willing to risk a decision, as he himself was. Hence Waterloo was a decisive battle. Austerlitz, ten years previous, was a similar decisive victory for Napoleon, and was followed by the treaty of Prosburg. Mukden, in our own time, was a deciding battle, and was followed by a treaty of peace between Japan and Russia.

The Germans have fought four months for a decision. Russia has fought four months against a decision. As Wellington prayed for wet weather or so the Russians have prayed for wet weather or October. When September passes, the German advance stops. Already it is slowing up. If there is no decision in September or early October, there can be no decision this year.

Russia is still inferior in men and munitions. In spite of the serious losses of the Germans and Austrians, in spite of their “dragging at each remove, a lengthening chain,” they are still superior in numbers, guns, transport and shells to the Russians. Therefore, Russia is still retreating, and Russia must continue to retreat or halt and accept battle. It may be humiliating, it may be discouraging, but that way only lies ultimate victory—so the Russians think.

AND after all, Russia’s action is not so different from that of the other Allies. When the five great German columns moved down in their resistless march through Belgium and Northern France, the Belgians and British and French retreated day after day. They retired slowly in order to gain strength themselves and weaken their enemy. When they thought they had retired far enough to put them on an equal footing with the pursuing enemy, they turned and fought. Joffre was both wise and lucky and the battles of the Marne and Aisne were allied victories. What the Allies in the East did in August, 1914, and what the Austrians did later on in Galicia, the Russians have done from May to October of 1915.

Whether it was wise or not is hardly the question. It was absolutely necessary. Had the Russians attempted to hold their ground in Poland and Galicia, they would have been overwhelmed by numbers and artillery. Had they been overwhelmed they would have been compelled to sign a separate treaty of peace, which they had sworn not to do.

Russia is paying a tremendous price, because she underestimated, as we all did, the resources and hostile intentions of a powerful enemy. She is paying in territory, in men and in prestige. But Russia is a great Empire, and Russian resources are unlimited. With the help of her Allies, Russia will come back with new armies and new supplies, and once again the Teuton will be swept back into his own territory, there to await the final onslaught of those who have resolved to crush him once and for all.

Proud and Jealous

A MEMBER of the Toronto “Telegram” staff, who is in the fighting line in France, writes as follows to his paper:

“A pretty good story is going the rounds arising out of the rivalry existing between the first and second contingents. An officer of the second remarked to an officer of the first, in London on sick leave—

“We’ve had a h-ll of a time living down your reputation in England.”

“Ah, um,” said the sick man, as he slowly surveyed the spick and span officer of the second contingent, “Is that so? Let me tell you, you’ll have one h-ll of a time living up to our reputation in France.”

“So you see we are already becoming jealous, as well as proud, of our fighting fame.”

Speech Doves

A CARTOONIST in the Philadelphia “Inquirer” pictures Mr. W. J. Bryan as a street-vendor of speech doves. Mr. Bryan offers these to the passer-by with these words:

“Won’t you buy my pretty little peace doves? Only \$1,500 a Peace.”

Some people are wondering if Dr. J. A. Macdonald of the Toronto “Globe” is still drawing his salary as a peace advocate. Perhaps the Doctor will relieve the public suspense—eh, what?



KEEPING THEIR MINDS DIVERTED.

The concerts at the front are a part of the British system. Nearly two thousand of them have been given by entertainers sent over from England. Even the passing ammunition waggons pause for a moment to join in the fun.



WHERE THERE ARE ONLY HUMAN SIGNPOSTS.

This picture shows a motor cyclist scout of the Armee de Sault, as the Salvation Army is known in France, asking a French soldier the way. It will be noted that the roads are none too good.

MAINLY PERSONAL

The Voice of Labour

LITTLE but—oh my! Ben Tillett, photographed in his native town, Bristol, at the recent Trade Union Congress, is one of the drastic little men of England. Broad of shoulder as a middle-weight prize-fighter, he is also broad of brain enough to see the needs of England more clearly than some of the boards of directors and the brewers. His career has always been a storm. News-



Ben Tillett, Socialist and patriot, photographed at the Trade Union Congress.

paper stories about Ben Tillett during the past few years read like the exploits of Jesse James. Popular opinion of him in this country set him down as a natural-born disturber, red-ragger and second cousin to the anarchist. However, this pugnacious, self-made Socialist was, as may be remembered, the first prominent labour leader to be sent by Lloyd George to inspect the British and French lines at the front, that he might return with a message to the munition-workers of Great Britain. He brought back the message. His speeches in favour of burying hatchets and speeding up munitions were fervently effective. He saw the danger and the need. He told it to the workers. And those who heard him knew that he was the real national voice of labour. For Ben Tillett is one of those that have shouldered up from the low places to somewhere near the seats of the mighty. Born in Bristol, he worked in a brickyard when he was eight years old; at twelve, spent six months on a fishing-smack; afterwards artiled to a bootmaker; and when he got sick of the last took again to the decks as a seaman in the Royal Navy. Invalided home, he settled among the dockers and organized the Dockers' Union. A few years ago he was put in jail at Antwerp and afterwards hustled out of Hamburg for helping a strike. As Secretary of the Dock, Wharf, Riverside and General Workers' Union of Great Britain, he took a heavy hand in the big dockers' strike a few years ago. He is a writer of considerable force, an unqualified Socialist and—a patriot.

The International Sphinx

FERDINAND, King of Bulgaria, has now the opportunity of his adventurous career. For a few months past the Czar of the Balkans has held the balance of power in the part of the world that has most to do with the turn of the tide in the war one way or another. Successful in the first Balkan war, humiliated in the second, he has been keeping mum at his palace since the great war began, scheming how he can make his semi-Slav country, which he got by sheer adventure, the dictator of the Balkan States and something of a world power. He has been watching all the cats jump—and doing nothing; nothing that anybody but a secret service man could ferret out. Now and again he sticks one claw cautiously over each side of the wall to see whether the Kaiser or the Allies' diplomats put what he wants into it. And all the while, since the Russians began to retreat, this wily, grand monarch has been secretly hankering to join up with the Kaiser, if so be he could prove in the case of Entente victory that he had not actually broken neutrality. He has been offered all of Macedonia that Serbia got after the second Balkan War. He must have been offered more by the emissaries of the Kaiser. He wants more. If he gets enough more he may permit Germany to send troops and munitions through Bulgaria to the Turks. And he may be able to say in the final settlement—"What was the use of trying to stop it? Bulgaria would have been devastated like Belgium. Now, gentlemen of the Allies, how much do we get out of this—not actually fighting against you?"

Ferdinand is capable of a shifty policy, because he is himself a mixture. He was not born to be King of Bulgaria. An Austrian nobleman of the Saxe-Coburg-Gotha line, he is also a grandson of Louis Philippe of France, and the husband of a German princess. Blood and marriage have been sadly checkmated in this war. But this hybrid

monarch is determined to make his royal connections count for something. So far as Bulgaria is concerned, that country is useful to him about as France was useful to Louis XIV. He was pitchforked on to the Bulgarian throne, to which he had no more right by birth or by conquest than the man in the moon. When Bulgaria, twenty-seven years ago, had escaped from the tyranny of the Turk only to come under the shadow of the Russian bear, there was no king. Prince Alexander of Battenberg had been dethroned. Stambuloff, the peasant patriot and enemy of Russia, sent out a commission to find Bulgaria a king. The commission found him in a Vienna cafe; as a writer has said, "a young officer in the white-laced tunic and gold kepi of Austrian Hussars, who was sitting nearby—how accidentally one can only guess." This throne-hunting cousin to all the kings of Europe was given the throne of Bulgaria. He took it to be autocrat. When Stambuloff, his king-maker, opposed him, he had him put out of the ministry as the Kaiser did with Bismarck. Stambuloff was afterwards openly murdered—and the King was "sorry." And this is the man who says to all the diplomats of Europe—"Well, what will you do for my Bulgaria?"

O Wise Young Judge!

CROWN PRINCE RUPPRECHT, of Bavaria, has been giving his opinions of war and war personalities to the Berlin correspondent of the Neue Freie Presse, at his own headquarters. This able soldier and unamiable personality is the prince who, as commander of the Bavarian army—his father, the King, is too old to take the field—got copies of the Hymn of Hate distributed to his troops. So he is not likely to speak with much warmth of admiration of the British war lords. He said that Kitchener is an able organizer, but much over-rated as a soldier and as a leader. He claimed that Sir John French was less talented than Joffre, although he gave French the credit for the advance at the Marne. With characteristic German perspicacity, he accused Sir Edward Grey of being one of the chief instigators of the war; and he declared that both England and France foresaw and prepared for the war years ago—mentioning instances, thus and so to prove his point. He thought that British vanity had misled the British into thinking that Germany would sue for peace the moment England entered the war, and that King Edward the Peacemaker was a far superior man to King George as a diplomatic force in Europe. He supposed that Kitchener's army was all in Europe, and did not think the British were wise in trying to force the Dardanelles for the sake of Russia. In fact, the Crown Prince said so many astute things to the Berlin correspondent that it seems a pity he could not have been consulted by the Triple Entente before the war began.

At His Own Expense

AT the end of September, Mr. Gerald Birks, of Henry Birks and Sons, Ltd., in Montreal, sailed for France to supervise the work of Y. M. C. A. units among the Canadian soldiers at the front.



Mr. Gerald Birks, who goes at his own expense to supervise Y.M.C.A. camps at the front.

them advice at first-hand on problems which otherwise would have to be referred back to Toronto. He has also been requested by John R. Mott, General Secretary of the International Y. M. C. A., to cooperate with the Y. M. C. A. camps on the French front.

With the example of so many wealthy citizens of

Canada, accented by Mr. Birks, going at his own expense will soon become a patriotic custom in this country. The custom is worth encouraging.



Ferdinand, the International Sphinx of Bulgaria, seems a little more reasonable since the Allies' advance in the West.

For Business Government

SIR HERBERT HOLT has been named by the Financial Post as one of three big representative citizens who think that federal governments anywhere in the world should be organized on business lines. Sir Herbert is the well-known President of the Royal Bank, which is becoming in Montreal one of the big rivals to the Bank of Montreal, and of the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Co. He is quoted as having said that men higher up in England are thinking about politics and positions and votes instead of the best way of prosecuting the war. Sir Herbert should be able to see for himself—pretty clearly. He has never been blinded by politics; has never even been a candidate for a seat in Parliament, although he is one of the ablest organizing heads in Canada. He has never even sat on the Montreal Board of Control. In fact, for a man of his undoubted ability in a big administrative way—especially in the matter of light, heat and power—Sir Herbert Holt has done less public service than any other man in Canada. He is a member of the Ottawa Improvement Commission, which is supposed to beautify the Capital. But he seldom says a word that could be taken for advice by men who are in public harness. Sir Herbert occupies the largest general office in Canada in the L. H. P. building on Craig St., Montreal. He sits there a great deal and from his huge table directs big things. It seems to be a good time for him to help direct a few things not primarily connected with light, heat and power.

A Picturesque Soldier

ST. ELM DE CHAMP, Professor of French at the University of Toronto and by extraction a descendant of the House of Bourbon in France, is invalided back from the front. Standing knee-deep in the water of the trenches he contracted rheumatism, and may not be able to go back to the French or any other lines. That is not a startling fact in itself, but for the fact that "The Count," as he is familiarly called by people who are not his intimate friends, is himself a startling sort of man. For several years this black-bearded, big man with the patrician face, the portentous walk and the boulevardian manner, has been a picturesque figure in Toronto. He may be regarded as the one real habitue that Toronto has of high-class music, operas and plays. So far as is known, de Champ has never occupied more than one seat in Massey Hall, front row, in the balcony, east side, half way between the turn and the stage. He is always dressed "de rigueur"; always enthusiastic, alert and vivacious. His conversational powers in French are very high. He has a sonorous de Reszkian bass voice, and he is very amiable. When the war broke out he happened to be in France. It was said a year ago that during the summer in anticipation of war he was helping to guard bridges. Much as he may be missed from the conviviality of life in the trenches, he has been missed in the musical and art life of Toronto, where he is much more than a big note in decoration.

A ROYAL SOLDIER

H. R. H. The Duke Stimulating Loyalty Among the Patriotic Soldiers of the West



THE DUKE AND THE BOY SCOUTS.
H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught inspects Boy Scouts at Sarcee Camp, Calgary.



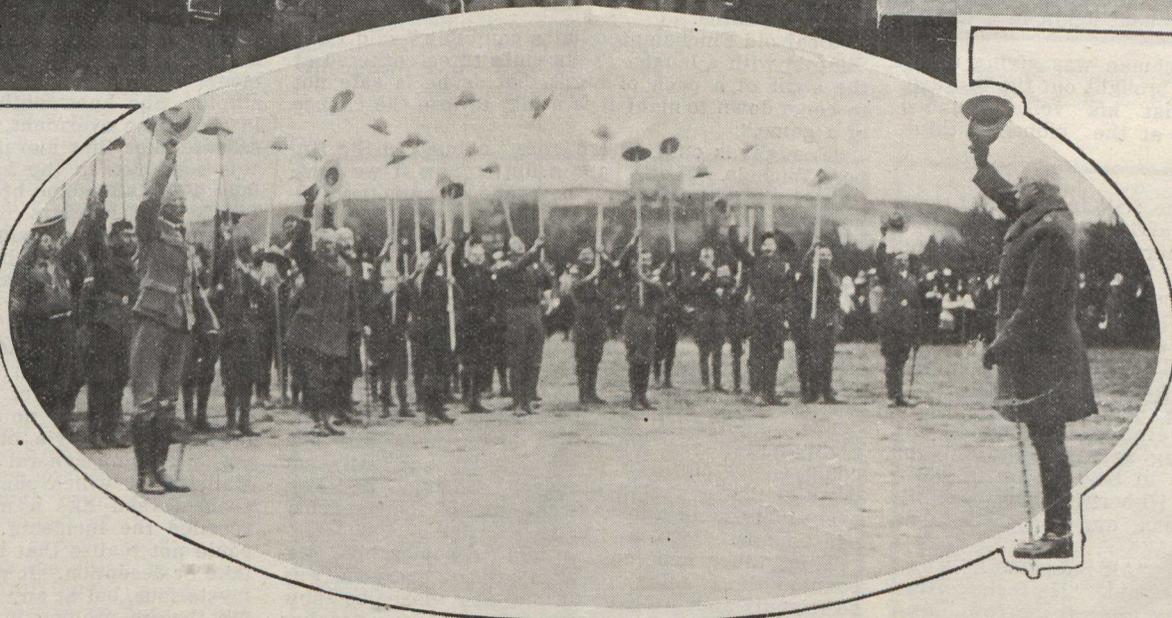
OUR ROYAL FIELD-MARSHAL TAKES THE SALUTE.

With Major-General Lessard, Inspector-General of Western Forces, and a suite of officers, the Duke inspects the March Past of Troops at Sarcee Camp.



THREE CHEERS FOR THE DUKE.

Reinforcements from the 68th Rifles at Moosejaw cheering the Duke as he passed down the lines on Sunday, September 12th. His Royal Highness is wearing the field service uniform of a Field Marshal. When he reviews troops he does it with the expert eye of a soldier who has seen service on the field and has been as a Field Marshal at most of the great troop reviews in England under three monarchs.



THREE CHEERS FOR KING GEORGE V.

Hats flung aloft and hoisted on rifles, the troops at Sarcee Camp respond to the call of the Duke for three cheers for His Majesty, represented by his Royal uncle, brother of King Edward VII.

TALKING TO A LADY.

The Calgary lady in the foreground conceals her identity by turning her back to the camera. She takes her turn reviewing His Royal Highness. In spite of the amused curiosity of his officers' suite, the Duke finds time for a pleasant chat with the lady, who has probably spent many hours on the field waiting for a favourable opportunity to come as near as possible to buttonholing Royalty in Field Marshal's uniform on a horse.

MRS. BROTHERTON'S ADVENTURE

A Detective Story, Without the Detective

By SIR WILLIAM MAGNAY

IT was a red-letter day for Mrs. Brotherton, the rich contractor's widow, when she got an invitation to stay a week at Hallaton Hall, Lord Finchampton's place in Wyeshire. Mrs. Brotherton entertained largely at her house in Mayfair, and was gradually getting to know quite a number of good people in society. She imitated, more or less successfully, the grand manner of a smart hostess, and was notorious for wearing on all possible occasions a dazzling array of jewellery. Her diamonds were very fine, and quite a vivid feature of her personality. She would as soon have thought of travelling without a change of dress as without her jewel-case, and her thirty or forty thousand pounds' worth of brilliants accompanied her wherever she went.

The Hallaton visit promised to be one of the events of her life; she made a point of announcing the approaching honour to all her acquaintances.

She felt—although she had too much worldly wisdom to show it—deeply grateful to that smart young society blood, Harvey Bendyshe, a man who seemed to know everybody and to go everywhere. Bendyshe had been for some time one of her principal society supporters.

"I am so glad you are going down to Hallaton, dear lady," Bendyshe said to his hostess, with a touch of subdued enthusiasm. "You'll love the place, and Finchampton is an absolutely charming and perfect host. Yes; I am so glad he has asked you, I wish I was going too; but I was at Hallaton quite lately, and, of course, dear old Finchy has a lot of people to get in during the shooting season."

"I suppose there will be a smart lot there," Mrs. Brotherton murmured.

"Sure to be," Bendyshe answered, "I fancy Lady Scrymgeour is going, and," he added with a laugh, "there will be some dressy women. But one need not give you a hint to be smart, dear lady."

The dear lady replied by a confident smile, which spoke volumes, and Bendyshe after answering as many questions about Hallaton as tact would allow his hostess to ask, took his leave.

It had been arranged that Mrs. Brotherton was to travel down to Hallaton by the 3.45 train from town, arriving at Hallaton Road station, three miles from the Hall, at 5.30. On the morning of her departure, however, she got a wire from Hallaton to say it would be more convenient to meet her at Rustwick, which was the station before Hallaton. At Rustwick accordingly Mrs. Brotherton and her maid lighted in the dark of a November afternoon. A smart liveried servant met her on the platform, asked her if she was for Hallaton Hall, and conducted her through the booking-office to where a carriage and pair were waiting.

"His lordship," said the man as he settled the rugs, "is suffering from a severe attack of gout, and has not left his room to-day."

Mrs. Brotherton was naturally sorry, but, after all, it did not make so very much difference to her; so long as she stayed at Hallaton the illness of her host was no great matter.

"There is a party at Hallaton?" she asked the man.

"Oh, yes, ma'am. There are several at the Hall. Lord and Lady Slinfold, Sir Hubert and Lady Wichelo, the Honourable Mr. Dawkins, and Captain Manering."

"Oh," exclaimed the lady in a gratified tone, as she settled herself in the comfortable brougham.

"His lordship does not wish his illness to make any difference. He hopes to be about again in a day or two."

As the door shut the coachman was giving directions to the porter who had brought out the luggage. It struck Mrs. Brotherton that his voice sounded familiar, but she could not at the moment think whose it reminded her of.

A BLAZE of light, as the hall-door was thrown open, gave the new arrival a hospitable welcome; she was ushered into the drawing-room where she found the house-party assembled. A lady rose and greeted her with an aristocratic drawl.

"How do you do? I'm afraid you have had a terribly cold journey. Will you have some tea? Isn't it sad about poor Lord Finchampton?"

"I hope he is better," Mrs. Brotherton ventured.

"Oh, yes," the lady answered, as she poured out a cup of tea, "it is nothing very serious, only of course it is a bore having to be shut up in one's room, don't you know? Sir Hubert has just been sitting with the poor dear man, and reports him as being very sorry for himself."

Sir Hubert came forward. "All the same he won't hear of our breaking up," he said. "He feels certain he will be about by the day after to-morrow. And in the meantime we are to make ourselves quite at home."

"Certainly," Mrs. Brotherton thought the party were showing no sign of disobeying their host's wish, and she very soon found herself beginning to feel very much at her ease. There was no stiffness among her fellow guests.

Lady Slinfold, who did the honours, made herself

and all the rest known to Mrs. Brotherton; everyone paid her an amount of attention, which was quite flattering to the good lady, and made her already regard the whole party as her own friends. So the hour passed in free and easy chat till it was time to dress for dinner.

"Have you heard anything about Lord Finchampton?" Mrs. Brotherton asked her maid.

"Well, ma'am," she answered, "I haven't seen anybody much to ask. I don't know where the servants get to here, it is such a funny sort of place."

"What do you mean by a funny sort of place?" her mistress enquired, quite content, however, to be in the house whatever its shortcomings.

"Well, ma'am," the maid answered, "it seems such a curious, rambling old place; more like a farm house than a nobleman's mansion. The place, what I have seen of it, is barely furnished, but then I haven't been able to see much, for most of the doors I pass

HOMeward BOUND

By Arthur Guiterman.

There's a pine-built lodge in a rocky mountain glen,
In the shaggy-breasted motherland that bore me,
And the west wind calls, and I'm turning home
again

To the hills where my heart is gone before me.

Where a lake laughs blue while the dipping
paddles gleam

Where the wild geese are following their leader,
Where the trout leaps up from the silver of the
stream

And the buck strikes his horn against a cedar.
—From "The Laughing Muse."

had a notice on them, 'Private,' or 'No admittance,' or 'This door is not to be opened,' and one that I tried just outside here was locked. I should say his lordship must be rather peculiar."

Mrs. Brotherton was quite prepared to accept the explanation; it was hardly to be expected that peers should be like other people; she had heard too many stories of eccentric noblemen to imagine that. And if Hallaton should be different from the ordinary country house of her experience, why it would be so much the more interesting and amusing. So without paying any very serious attention to her maid's observations and comments on their quarters she put on her smartest gown, decked herself with an all too liberal display of diamond ornaments, and went in a high state of contentment down to dinner. She found everybody very smart and very genial. The dinner was excellent and well served, although something was said about the absence of the butler, who was in attendance on the invalid upstairs. As the champagne circulated the party became quite hilariously jovial, and Mrs. Brotherton, no longer awed by the novelty of her surroundings, threw off her rather middle-class restraint, and became as merry as any of them. Her line was certainly to do as others did in that smart set, and these people were very smart indeed. And how delightful it was to become so quickly and easily intimate with regular society folk.

After dinner someone rather tentatively proposed a game of cards.

"Dear old Finchampton hates gambling," said Lady Slinfold with a laugh. "Gets quite three cornered at the sight of a pack of cards, but as he is safe not to come down to-night it is a pity to lose the chance of a game."

"To-night is ours, at any rate," chimed in Sir Hubert Wichelo. "Let's have a flutter now if we have to go back to cribbage or bagatelle or hunt the slipper to-morrow."

EVERYONE seemed to welcome the suggestion, and Mrs. Brotherton could not well stand out.

She did not care for play, having none of the gambler's instinct in her, still in these circumstances when everyone was so nice to her, a stranger, she could not afford to look churlish, and in her elation she felt rather inclined to cast away her natural prudence. After all it would probably only be for one night, and if she did lose a few pounds why she could easily afford it. Accordingly she gaily sat down with the rest and played Chemin de Fer, eventually rising a loser to the tune of some seventy odd pounds.

This rather sobered her and considerably discounted the evening's enjoyment, but everyone was so friendly and sympathetic that she wished to show herself a good loser, and wrote a cheque for her losses without the slightest sign of annoyance or hesitation.

A message came down from their invalid host to bid them all good-night, hoping they had had a pleasant evening, and saying he felt so much better that he looked forward to being with them next night.

That was a satisfactory announcement, and the party broke up for the night in good spirits. It was late, and Mrs. Brotherton felt unusually tired, so tired that she almost fell asleep before she was undressed.

It had been agreed that breakfast was to be later than usual next morning; all the same Mrs. Brotherton was fairly horrified when she was roused from a deep slumber to be told by her maid that it was nearly ten o'clock.

"Ten o'clock!" she cried, almost in dismay, "why on earth didn't you call me sooner, Fisher?"

"I'm very sorry, ma'am," the maid replied, "but I overslept myself, too, and only woke half an hour ago with a splitting headache."

"Haven't you brought tea?" her mistress asked in no very good humour.

"I HAVE just been down for it, ma'am," Fisher answered, "but I can't find anyone about."

There is only a deaf old woman downstairs, who doesn't seem to know anything about the house; so, as it was late, I thought I had better come and tell you at once."

"It is very extraordinary," Mrs. Brotherton exclaimed in a mystified tone.

"Yes, ma'am, it is, and I can't make it out at all," Fisher said significantly. "It is my belief there is something wrong here."

"Wrong? Here, at Lord Finchampton's? How can there be?" the lady cried, almost scandalized at the monstrous idea. "I don't know what you mean by saying the house is deserted. His lordship must be here; he can't move from his room."

"Well," Fisher persisted, "it is very queer; that is all I can say; there is no one to be seen or heard in the place except a deaf old woman. I don't know where his lordship—"

"Never mind, that will do," Mrs. Brotherton interrupted, angry at the suspicion which was beginning to force itself upon her. "Let me get dressed quickly, and see what it all means. You must be absurdly mistaken."

"I hope I may be, ma'am," the maid responded in no very convinced tone.

As Mrs. Brotherton made an unusually hurried toilet she could not help an uncomfortable conviction as she looked out of the window that the view did not exactly suggest the grounds surrounding a nobleman's country seat. The garden, if such it might be called, was unkempt, and more suggestive of farm lands than of an historic park.

The idea made her more anxious than ever to get down quickly, and her dressing was soon accomplished.

SHE hurried downstairs. On her way the absence of all sign of life struck chill and gave a sense of vague apprehension. She went straight to the dining-room, and gave a gasp of dismay at the sight she saw. The grate contained the burnt-out ashes of last night's fire; the table was bare; not a sign of breakfast. Mrs. Brotherton turned, and went off to seek another room where breakfast might be laid. The drawing-room was empty, and with a dead fire in the grate. What a common tawdry room it looked in the cold morning light! Mrs. Brotherton hurried from room to room, only to find each one deserted, and most of them unfurnished. In desperation she returned to the dining-room, and sharply rang the bell. After some delay, the deaf old woman appeared. No satisfaction was to be got from her; she seemed to know nothing of the arrangements of the house, and in fact was hopelessly stupid. She knew nothing of the people who were in the house overnight, as she herself only came in as caretaker that morning. Yes; she thought there was some tea in the house, and she would get the lady a cup and some bread and butter.

By this time Mrs. Brotherton, with all her optimism, had become convinced that something was seriously wrong. But what could it be? What was the explanation? What had happened since last night when everything had been so delightful? Certainly when she drove up to the house the evening before the darkness had prevented her noticing its rather dilapidated surroundings. She now opened the door, and went out to take a survey of the house.

The sight was by no means reassuring. Could this low, rambling style of building, with its farm-like outhouses and general air of neglect, be the stately Hallaton of which she had heard so much? It all seemed then like a nightmare, and yet when she recalled the incidents of the previous evening she could not realize that there had been a hideous mistake or deception. It was all very extraordinary and mysterious, but at any rate she must have her breakfast before probing it further. She went indoors rather inclined now to come to the uncomfortable and humiliating conclusion that she had been the victim of an elaborate practical joke. Her frugal meal was ready, and she sat down in bitterness of spirit to make the best of the situation.

She had scarcely taken half a dozen sips when

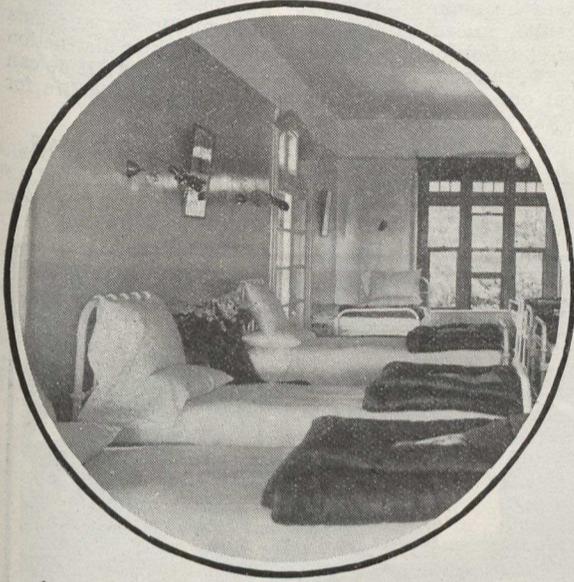
(Continued on page 17.)

GIFT OF A HOSPITAL

Drumbro, Summer Residence of the late Mr. James Ross, at Sydney, N.S., Fitted up for Convalescent Soldiers and Sailors



Lounge and sun room in the convalescent hospital at Sydney; a doctor and two of the nurses.



A dormitory in the Drumbro gift hospital.

DOWN on Cape Breton Island off the coast of Nova Scotia there is a convalescent hospital which before the war was a fine summer residence. The residence was the summer home of the late Mr. James Ross, coal baron of Montreal. The hospital was made a straight gift for purposes of the war by Mr. J. K. L. Ross, son of Mr. James Ross, and by Mrs. J. K. L. Ross. "Drumbro," as it was called, was originally intended as a gift from a patriotic citizen and his wife for the purpose of providing a convalescent home for members of the overseas Canadian contingents. Lately the scope of the hospital has been enlarged to accommodate invalids from the St. Lawrence Naval Patrol. Soldiers and sailors alike enjoy the hospitality of "Drumbro." Soldiers and sailors both have gone out from Cape Breton Island to active service, to the number of 2,500.

Already thirty men have entered the hospital for treatment—soldiers from the camps and sailors from the St. Lawrence Naval Patrol. Some have already returned to duty. Twenty-two are now at the hospital. Pictures of some of these are given on this page along with views of the modern hospital and some of its staff.

Among the number is Steward Thomas Mullins, from H.M.S. "Sydney," recently granted a Distinguished Service Medal. He is the eighth naval man from active service under the guns of the enemy warships to be admitted recently to the hospital. Some of the other seven are from H. M. S. "Carnarvon." Mullins received his medal for distinguished service in connection with the care of the wounded at the Sydney-Emden action at Cocos Island. He and Eng. Com. Coleman form a connecting link between the Sydneys, one in Nova Scotia, the other half round the world in Australia.

Pre-eminently the hospital is a gift. In addition to other national assistances given at the outbreak of war, when the Militia Department last March called for volunteer provision of homes for the convalescent soldiers, Mr. and Mrs. Ross were among the first to respond with the gift of "Drumbro." Coupled with the gift was a further generous proposal that they would undertake to equip "Drumbro" as a hospital and to maintain it until the end of the war without calling upon the Government for assistance. The transformation of the residence was immediately undertaken, and on the first of June the Ross Convalescent Hospital was in readiness to receive patients. For some time the staff of nurses were without work, but now the hospital has become the scene of great activity, both naval and military patients having arrived in numbers during the last three or four weeks. Although overseas patients have not yet come, at the request of the Government, Mrs. Ross most kindly agreed, pending the arrival of the men from across the ocean, to accommodate soldiers who were in training in Canada and also the men from the naval vessels on duty on the coast.

To make the transformation which has taken place possible "Drumbro" was completely dismantled. Today it is a splendid hospital, thoroughly equipped with operating room, public wards, private wards, beds, and the most modern hospital devices. The building is on Sydney harbour.



Mrs. J. K. L. Ross, whose generosity made Drumbro a hospital, spent the summer at her own summer residence, "Cromarty," not far from Drumbro, supervising the hospital. After spending the winter in Montreal, she will return to the work at the hospital next summer.



General exterior view of Drumbro as it was before the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. L. Ross made it a hospital.



Canadian soldiers at the Ross hospital.



Sailor patients from H.M.S. Sydney and Carnarvon.

"THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL"

By THE MONOCLE MAN

"THE love of money is the root of all evil." You don't believe it? Well, think it over. Keep it in mind when you are casually considering some of the evils which do most mightily afflict us. Take, for instance, that of bad government—civic, provincial, national. Why can't we get good municipal government in our large cities on this continent? Well—to put it bluntly—chiefly because most of "the boys" who go in for municipal politics are emphatically and blasphemously "not in it for their health." They have not ceased to chase the Almighty Dollar when they undertook to serve the public. Many of them deliberately go into municipal public life to get as much out of it for themselves as they possibly can—mostly in the form of hard cash. They only make so much pretence of doing the best they know for the city as will veneer their real motives sufficiently to blind enough of the inattentive public to get them re-elected. But, primarily, they are out for the dough. "The love of money is the root of all evil."

BUT why can't we get good men who will try to transact public business, to the best of their ability, in the public interest? Are there not men who, if they undertook to serve the community, would serve it honestly, honourably and diligently. Certainly—lots of them. Why don't we elect them? Because they won't run. And why won't they run? Because they are too busy—making money. If they did run and get elected, they would never steal a penny from the city. More than that, they would never permit anybody else to steal a penny if they could prevent it. They would be on guard, day and night, like good old Alexander Mackenzie. They are not stealing a penny now from anybody. They are not thieves—they are upright business men with a high sense of honour. But they love money—and what money buys. They will not turn aside from the making of money to perform the thankless and fiercely criticized task of serving the helpless, the plundered, the ill-treated people. "The love of money is the root of all evil."

OCCASIONALLY men of this sort can be found who will run. They have imbibed from some source the old and honoured notion of public service. They are a bit old-fashioned, of course. Most of us can't understand them. We think they must be seeking some unworthy end which has not yet revealed itself. But we are wrong. They have money enough for their own needs or else they do not value highly what money can buy; and they genuinely desire an opportunity to help give the community good government. Do we elect them? Usually about once—if we get the proper view of their motives in time. Then we let some shameless and active "grafter" beat them out of sight at the next election because he can spend money lavishly on organization—and our simple and pure-minded civic servant will do nothing of the kind. We have the grace usually to be sorry—but we say we are helpless. Of course, we lie, and lie knowingly. We know we are not helpless. It is only that we will not take the time and trouble to organize to make sure of the election of the good man. And why won't we? Because we are too busy making money. "The love of money is the root of all evil."

YOU go to most business men in a large city and urge them to take time to awaken the duller section of the electorate and organize it into an intelligent mass of public opinion which will make the election of good candidates sure. And what will they say? "I can't afford it." "But," you retort, "these grafters are robbing you every day." In this way, you try to bring the argument down to their cash level and convince them that they are losing money by bad government. They only smile, however, and ask: "Of about how much do you think they rob me personally?" Well, you pitch it high and say: "Twenty-five dollars—fifty dollars—a year." "Well, my dear fellow," replies your friend, if he has come down to brass tacks and is talking frankly with you, "I can make \$250 in the time I would have to spend on municipal organization." "But," you proceed, "you get bad and dirty streets, unsanitary conditions, all sorts of evils not to be measured by money." "Not in my neighbourhood," is the answer; "and I have a country-house. I'm not going to live in this city anyway. Me for a suburb."

"THE love of money is the root of all evil." There are countries in the world where they get good and faithful service in public positions. How do they do it? By finding men who love something else more than they love money. British public life is notorious for this. There they have elevated the esteem of their fellows to a higher place in the list of rewards than mere money. Men will serve the city—the nation—the Empire—in ways which emphatically do not pay; and they will do it because

the community honours them more for this than for the possession of wealth. And right in that last sentence lies the cure for this prolific "root of all evil." After all, it is the esteem of our fellows which in every nation is ranked highest. Show me a community in which "the love of money" is supreme, and I will show you a community which does not very much care how a man makes his money. The "grafter" is as cordially welcomed by his fellows as the honest money-getting genius.

WE are frequently told that, if we would send more "grafters" to jail, we would get honest government. We might. But it is sometimes difficult to send a "grafter" to jail. He does his best

to cover his tracks and prevent the discovery of incriminating evidence. We feel in such cases that we know more than we can prove. But we have our remedy in just such cases—if we cannot send the "grafter" to jail, we can send him to Coventry. Society can impose a more deterring sentence very often than can the judge. If we will not do that—if we so slavishly love "money" that we will worship it whatever stains it may carry—then richly do we deserve to be robbed by "grafters," to have our lives shortened by filthy streets and unsanitary cities, to see our babies poisoned by impure milk, to see our children much more vilely poisoned by unworthy ambitions. We have very top-lofty notions of our morality on this Continent; but it is on this Continent that we ask of an artist—"Does his Art 'pay'?"—that we ask of a literary man—"How much money does he make?"—that we "patronize" the musical genius unless he has caught the public ear and gets the public's dollar—that we draw no clear distinction between the man who is in public life for what he can get out of it, and the man who is in public life for what he can pay into it.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

"CANADA WILL NOT RESORT TO CONSCRIPTION"



Hon. Robert Rogers, addressing a rally at Longueuil Sept. 25, knocked the nonsensical "Nationalist" fear of conscription. Other speakers were M. Philemon Cousineau, leader of the Quebec Conservatives, and Major Barre, of the 14th Battalion, First Contingent.

THREE THOUSAND SOLDIERS' CHILDREN HAVE A JOY RIDE



What may be described as a real joy ride was enjoyed by the children of the men now at the front when the Auto Club of Montreal arranged an outing for the kiddies. Over three thousand of them presented a ticket which entitled them to a seat in one of the three hundred cars, and after a great deal of arranging, the long procession went to Ste. Rose and back, the whole turnout being a huge and cheering joy ride. Photo shows part of the procession passing up Park Avenue, where they assembled.



Lieut.-Col. E. C. Hart, R.A.M.C., of Victoria, in command of "The Life-Saving Fifth."



Photo by ROGNON



Lt.-Col. F. C. McTavish, of Vancouver, second in command of the B. C. Hospital unit.

A patriotic garden party at "Hycroft," Shaughnessy Heights, Vancouver, the re-

sidence of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. A. D. McRae, in aid of the B. C. Base Hospital Fund.

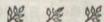
AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

As We See Others

At the Surgical Exchange

A NURSE, recently returned from Paris, declares, that some of the operations, now performed for the benefit of wounded soldiers, are truly marvellous in their ingenuity. Dr. Blake, for instance, of the American Hospital in the French capital, is practising the feat of making jaws from ribs. A man arrives, with the lower part of the face shot away, and, behold, a piece of one of the ribs is taken, to be made into a new jaw. The soldier then goes forth, with not very much of a scar, where the devastating wound had been. Long ago, the first man was deprived of a rib—which was fashioned into a woman and given the name of Eve. Now, some unkind critic will say that there isn't so much difference between a woman and a jaw.

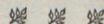


The Disputed Stanza

THE second stanza of the National Anthem does not appear in some hymnals, at all, and clergymen of various denominations have become anxious over the omission. It is a fine, strenuous bit of poetic expression, concluding:

"Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks!
On Thee our hopes we fix—
God save us all!"

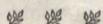
We like these sturdy lines, even if they have not the imaginative loveliness of a Keats' ode or a Shelley sonnet. They express our sentiments of good, healthy, righteous indignation, and are, therefore, quite appropriate to the Church Militant. "Confound," as Archdeacon Cody has explained, is not a bit of coarse profanity, but a perfectly good and true verb in the active voice, imperative mood, expressing a desire for confusion among our enemies. Do we wish for the victory of the Allies? Of course we do, with all our hearts. Then we must wish for the confusion and defeat of the German forces. Let us not be hypocrites in our hymns, but sing our desire for the downfall of the enemies' plans, as heartily as we sing our hopes for the victory of the cause which we honestly believe to be that of civilization and freedom.



A Notable Teacher

THERE have been several interesting studies in literature of the school-master—notably those of Scotland. Every reader of Scott will remember old Dominie Sampson, while Ian MacLaren's "Domsie," in "A Lad o' Pairts," is quite unforgettable. There has been little recognition, in literature or elsewhere, of the woman who teaches—and yet her life-work is that of a real nation-builder. The recent death in Toronto of Miss Frances Esther How, known for nearly half-a-century of teaching life as "Hessie" How, has left a sense of personal loss to a host of friends and pupils. Miss How's work was

in the "Ward," and few envied her the position at Elizabeth Street School. But she made this extremity of teaching, in what was considered a degraded district, an opportunity to raise and help those who were in need. She was not only a teacher, but a friend of many a small person whose only gleam of brightness was the kindness of "teacher." The work to ameliorate those slum conditions and to change their foulness into a decent and livable environment was largely an outgrowth of her early interest in the half-starved, half-frozen little pupils who came to be taught in the ward school. Three years ago, Miss How retired, and the new school was named in her honour. But her real memorial is written on the hearts of those whom she helped, and the record of her service is an inspiring chronicle of faithful and untiring effort. In the story of "made-over citizens," she has played a quiet but effective part, and has contributed to the peace and happiness of many lives.



A Winter of Work

THERE can be no mistake as to the increased need for work, both at home and for those abroad, during the coming winter months. We are not down-hearted—but we cannot be light-hearted,

whose labour should be used to the utmost advantage. The women of Canadian cities and towns worked nobly last winter in the attempt to meet changed conditions and to aid those in distress across the seas. But there must be no slackening in effort, both private and public, if we wish to keep the Hun far from our gates.

ERIN.

"The Life-Saving Fifth."

BRITISH COLUMBIA, since the outbreak of the war, has not been sparing in her contributions to the Empire, and has been well represented in her fighting forces on both land and sea. The Pacific Province lately gave a Hospital Unit, which is spoken of on the coast as "The Life-Saving Fifth," but in military terms as the Number Five Overseas General Hospital. It is not yet definitely known where this unit, which is now in England, will be stationed, but there is a general belief that it will go to the Dardanelles.

The organization, which has been entirely equipped and trained in British Columbia, consists of thirty-five physicians, seventy-three nurses, two quartermasters, two warrant officers and two hundred and ten rank and file. About half of the force was drawn from Vancouver and the rest from other parts of the province. The commanding officer of the unit is Lieutenant-Colonel E. C. Hart, R.A.M.C., of Victoria, and second in command is Lieutenant-Colonel F. C. McTavish, R.A.M.C., of Vancouver.

Of the nurses chosen, all were at the time residents of British Columbia, and the majority were graduates of British Columbia hospitals. The matron is Miss Frederica Wilson, who was for several years superintendent of the Winnipeg General Hospital. Her assistants are Miss Campbell, of the staff of the Provincial Royal Jubilee Hospital, in Victoria, and Miss Tripp, also of Victoria.

Following the departure of the Hospital for England, a campaign was organized by a committee drawn from the Red Cross Society and the St. John's Ambulance Association, for the purpose of raising a sum of \$25,000, to furnish the hospital with X-ray machines and other equipment not supplied by the Government. This campaign was highly successful, the amount realized being in excess of that asked for and amounting to nearly \$30,000.

The first individual effort on behalf of this fund was a garden party given by Mrs. McRae, wife of Lieut.-Col. A. D. McRae, who is now in England acting as Purchasing Agent for the Canadian Forces.

The W.V.R. of Winnipeg

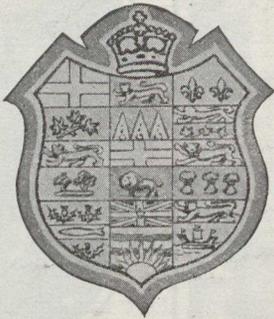
THAT the Women's Volunteer Movement is growing and is likely to extend to every city in the Dominion is demonstrated by the success which has attended the formation of corps in Winnipeg and (Concluded on page 14.)



Officers of the Winnipeg Women's Volunteer Reserve. Dr. Ellen Douglass, organizer and commanding officer, at the extreme left.

either, with this world war convulsing the earth. There is no reason for despair, but there is every reason for sober planning of dollars and time, that we may put both to the most effective use. We have, paradoxically, settled down to a most unsettled state of affairs. The men are financing in millions, for a struggle of Titans, and the task of the women is to keep domestic expenditure so balanced that there will be the greatest comfort for the greatest number. The women who can afford to give employment to others may well consider, before they cut down expenses, for there will be a host of needy citizens

THE CANADIAN COURIER



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EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

TORONTO, OCTOBER 2, 1915

Finance Our Own Share

CANADA should finance her own share in the war. That is becoming clearer every day. Why should we continue to pile up deposits in the banks where there is a plethora of funds, and borrow from Great Britain to pay our soldiers?

This is neither good business nor patriotic. It is not good business because our capital would earn more by being invested in war securities. It is not patriotic because every dollar the British Government has is needed at home.

If Hon. Mr. White would ask Canadians to subscribe to a national loan at five per cent. he would be generously supported by every class. The people would be glad to cut off the ten-million-dollar dole which comes to us monthly. That dole is a disgrace to a free people.

The Hyphenates

SLOWLY but surely the United States is discovering that its hyphenated citizens must be closely watched. Slowly and surely, that nation is discovering that it has been too generous in allowing these foreigners the privileges of citizenship without forcing them to accept its responsibilities.

Canada, too, has hyphenated citizens. Here, too, there must come a broader recognition of the fact that a Canadian who puts another word and a hyphen before the term Canadian is not a citizen in the fullest sense of the word.

The resident of Canada who puts his duty to his religion, or his language, or his former place of residence ahead of his duty as a Canadian citizen, is not a national asset. Such a man is a menace to the national welfare and must be treated as such.

Double Salaries

WHILE the earnings of all professional men and of most clerks in business offices have been reduced during the past year, Canada's civil servants are getting the same salaries as before. As these salaries were not unduly high, there is no urgent reason why they should be reduced. Nevertheless it is a crime against the State that some civil servants should get two salaries.

It is known that those civil servants who have gone to the front as officers in the fighting ranks are drawing double salaries. This is unfair to the officers from civil life who have given up good earnings to fight for their country. But just as vicious is the double salary being paid to civil servants from certain departments at Ottawa who have been transferred temporarily to the military staffs, such as censors, pay clerks and other similar non-combatant offices. For extra work men should get extra pay, but not double salaries.

Sir George Foster has, quite properly, been telling the nation that it must economize. But the Government should set the example.

Beware of Rumours

CANADIANS should remember that there are enemies in our midst and that all sorts of rumours are started in the hope of slowing up Canada's efforts and lessening Canada's ambition. These pessimistic tales should neither be repeated nor believed.

For example, a curious rumour spread in Toronto that Red Cross comforts were being sold to the soldiers and that money was being demanded in France for tobacco and socks donated by Canadian women. This is so absolutely false, so absolutely opposed to the fifty years' record of the Red Cross, that it might be thought no one would be deceived.

And yet, many women believed it and declared they would do no more voluntary work.

Intelligent citizens everywhere should be on the alert for these stories. They will find usually that they emanate from a pro-German source. This should be reported to the authorities so that nothing of the kind will occur again. There is still some space in the detention camps.

Your Neighbour's Honesty

ONE evening recently a gentleman visited a confectionery store and asked for a box of candy. He was under the impression that he was asking for a "pound" of candy. A box was shown him. He inspected it and then, on a sudden impulse, asked the dealer to weigh it. This was done and the scales recorded 12½ ounces—box, packing and contents. He then chose another box and asked that it be weighed—it went 17½ ounces.

There is a lesson here for the public. Patronize the dealer who gives you full value. Further, do not assume that all Canadian manufacturers are honest. They are human, even as you and I and the baker.

Patriotic Giving

PEOPLE who have money to give for patriotic purposes should be careful to see that their gifts are properly placed. The recent trouble in connection with the overseas Tobacco Fund and other gift organizations indicates that people are too easily impressed by novel appeals. The Dominion Government gave a million bags of flour when war broke out, and it is doubtful if it was a wise gift. Some of the Provinces have made equally doubtful donations. Much money has been raised for machine guns and field kitchens which were not necessary.

The wise man will confine his gifts to the two great funds—the Patriotic Fund, of which Sir Herbert Ames is secretary, and the Hon. Thomas White treasurer, and the Red Cross Fund, which is managed by equally responsible citizens. These funds are the only really important national funds, and have first claim upon the people.

Indeed, it might be wise for the Dominion authorities to put a ban upon "Tag Days," "Rose Days," "Kitchen Funds," and all such means of gathering funds unless they are specially authorized by the Militia Department. This would prevent both waste and overlapping.

The Dawn of Victory

CANADA has waited long for the news which arrived on Sunday. The big advance in France was expected last May, but failed to materialize. Since then hope deferred had made many hearts sad. Recently there have been various rumours that something would happen in October. It was known that the shippers of munitions from the United States had been urged to make all possible shipments before September 15th, and that in some cases bonuses were offered for material put on boats by that date. Letters from the trenches indicated that the soldiers were told that important developments were to occur before the winter season arrived. The systematic bombardments in Flanders

and France since about September 10th indicated the beginning of a new era. The ferment in the Balkans had grown so intense that it was apparent something must happen to break the tension.

Now comes news which presages the dawn of that victory which every Britisher felt must come some day—how distant or how near, he did not care to estimate. The shake-up in Russia and the slowing down of the German advance in that part of the great battlefield of Europe was in itself evidence that the ebb tide had nearly spent itself. The Italians were advancing steadily, though slowly. The production of munitions in England had been speeded up to the point at which the British experts had been aiming. It seemed as if something must happen, or the reputation of the Allies would suffer severely. That something happened on September 25th.

That the British and French were able to advance in one day along twenty miles of front and penetrate to a depth of two to five miles proves that the stalemate can be broken if the Allies' are prepared to pay the price in men and shells. That in itself is a great deal. It is quite different, for example, to what happened at Neuve Chapelle. Even if the line cannot be broken yet, it is clear that we are nearing the point where this will be possible.

Most significant is the report that an Allied army may move from a Greek base through Bulgaria toward Constantinople. The Germans were threatening an advance through Serbia and Bulgaria towards the same goal. It was necessary for the Allies to play some card to off-set that report and that possible play. That they are able to do this is further proof that the Allies' strength is rising, not dwindling.

Further, the immense difficulties of the Allies in Gallipoli created some fear lest a disaster might happen in that quarter, of which the political effect in Moslem countries would be disconcerting. The best guarantee of success in Gallipoli is a land army moving on Constantinople from the direction of Salonika. If the co-operation of the Greeks and the Italians could be secured for such a move, the attitude of Bulgaria mattered little. It meant that Bulgaria must reach a decision of some kind, but that decision was more vital to Bulgaria than to the Allies.

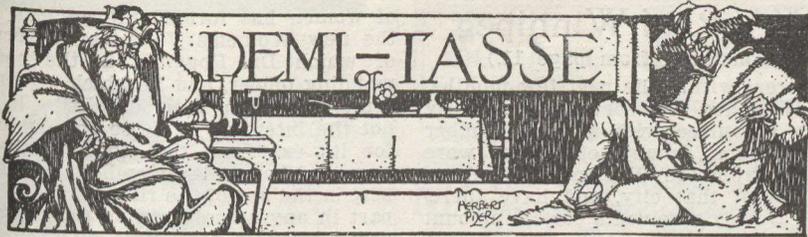
The battle area broadens, and as it broadens, the difficulties of Germany and Austria increase. Belloc's theory, as stated in August, 1914, was that Germany and Austria could not possibly defend all their extended boundaries at one and the same time. Four attacks, he premised, from four different quarters, would be too many for them. For nearly a year, however, the attacks were on only two corners of the Teuton parallelogram. Italy then came in and made the third. Only the fourth remained unfulfilled and that must be supplied through Serbia and Roumania. Now the fourth is developing, and when it gains the strength of the other three, then the end will be in sight as Belloc predicted.

One swallow does not make a summer, neither does one victory spell final success in this last great struggle between error and truth, between autocracy and democracy, between oppression and liberty. Nevertheless, there is much to justify us in feeling that the darkest days are past and that the future, though strenuous and bloody, will bring ultimate victory. That victory is still far distant, but there is a glow in the sky which foretells the coming of a bright and glorious dawn.

MILITARY SPORTS MARK OPENING OF MCGILL'S NEW STADIUM



Montreal society turned out in great force to witness the sports of the McGill Auxiliary Battalion, which was the inaugural event to be held in the magnificent new stadium of McGill University. The various events had a strong military tinge, and were keenly enjoyed both by spectators and contestants. This photo shows an incident during the Victoria Cross race, wherein the contestants had to rescue a fallen companion when under fire.



Courierettes.

WOULD it not be more in keeping with modern tendencies if Uncle Sam substituted "September Morn" for the Goddess of Liberty in New York harbor?

This summer and fall it seems that life is just one damp thing after another.

We read that two girls, while sleeping, were robbed of their locks. Who stole the tresses off the dresser?

The girl who boasts that her gentleman friend can drive his auto with one hand is also admitting something.

One railway in the United States forbids its employes to talk about the war while on duty. Built for comfort as well as speed.

The Kaiser's neckties, it is said, are selected by the women of his household. Now we know why he always wants to fight.

We watch in vain for William Jennings Bryan to drop that title of Colonel. The apostle of peace never lets anything away from him—except real work.

The United States should be used to hyphenated names. Did it not have such noted ones as "Rain-in-the-Face" and "Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse"?

A pitcher of the Boston Red Sox hurled a "beanball" at Ty Cobb. Well, it's only natural that a Boston twirler should include the beanball in his repertoire.

Those Mexicans who have been ex-curturing into Texas seem to disregard the U. S. immigration laws entirely. Bandits are so forgetful.

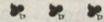
Ten new dances have been announced for the coming season. For further details write Rev. Billy Sunday.

The small boy quite naturally resents the conscription of boyhood—the compulsory school attendance law.

Marriages by proxy are becoming quite common. Now, if only the bills could be paid that way!

Henry Ford has offered \$10,000,000 for the peace movement. We'll agree never to lift a fist again for a tenth of that sum.

Cleveland has built a "fowl house" that cost \$1,800. Just a glorified chicken coop.



A Bit of Sentiment.

When at eve I sit beside her
And caress her soft black hair,
I am blessed with sweet contentment,
Life is calm and peaceful there.

When the daily strife is ended,
And, aweary of the fight,
I direct my footsteps homeward,
Glad for rest that comes with night;

At the gate she always meets me—
Greets me in her cheery way,
And I quite forget the harsh words
That I had in mind to say.

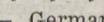
Always patient, kind and faithful,
Helpful, constant, true; I vow
She is worthy, and I love her—
(She's a fine old Holstein cow!)



The Answer.—A magazine is seeking answers to the query:

"What is the best thing all business men can do?"

Why not try sticking to business?



Naturally. — German women are writing love letters to Generals Von Hindenburg, Mackensen, and Prince Leopold of Bavaria. Of course the Crown Prince is horribly jealous.



A Cut Rate.—"Tan shoes, 10c cents, or 3 for 25 cents," reads a sign in a shoe shiner's window. But then so

few people carry an odd shoe with them.



Explained.—Says the Hamburger Nachrichten:

"England's shamelessness is not only abominable; it drives the blood to our heads."

Well, nature abhors a vacuum.



A Hint to the Huns.—Some wise man suggests that if the Germans could get their generals to change places with their diplomats, German diplomacy would be the gainer.

WAR NOTES.

King of Spain says it is time for the nation to double its arms Uncle Sam has folded his.

Mexican bandits show a preference for spending the weekend in Texas.

The war is costing Britain \$21,000,000 daily. Take a split-second watch and figure out the infinitesimal part of a second you are keeping it going.

Henry Ford offers ten millions for the peace movement and sells motor cars to the allies. Some juggler!

Spain has bought two war balloons. Somebody else is going up in the air.

We are willing to admit that it was not a Hun submarine that sank that grain steamer in Lake Superior.

Norman Angell will now acknowledge that his "Great Illusion" is a greater one than any the war has produced.

Count Reventlow has proved that British supremacy is at an end. But the German fleet is still in the shelter of the Kiel Canal.

In the Flying Corps a man may "fall out"—but only once.

Any Others?—W. R. Hearst wants the United States to go to war at once with Britain and Japan.

Richmond Pearson Hobson whoops it up for a war with Japan and Mexico.

Theodore Roosevelt shouts for war with Germany and Mexico.

Uncle Sam hasn't much inclination to scrap with anybody, but he is willing to listen to any other suggestions.



Fitted For It.—"I don't know what to do with my boy Henry," said Black. "He doesn't seem to have a particle of judgment on anything."

"Why not get him appointed a movie censor?" suggested his friend, White.



What He Meant.—Chancellor Von Bethmann Hollweg, the "scrap of paper" man, sat in a cafe in Munich and sipped beer publicly, remarking to an admiring public at the same time:

"Many people must really envy us this happy sociability, which springs from the inner calm."

"Inner calm" is evidently a German synonym for a strong and capacious stomach.



The "No's" Have It.—New York official suggests that to avoid congestion in the schools the school year be lengthened a month and the school day an hour. All little boys and girls in favour of this idea, hands up!



Her Aim. — Sylvia Pankhurst declares that she won't register in Britain. Well, it's some time since her

name got into the papers. Perhaps that explains her balkiness.



Correct.—The man who pays as he goes will find the road smooth for his return.



The Great Invasion.—America, long dreading a European invasion, at last realizes that it has come. Thousands of invaders have landed on her shores. They come from Europe. They are actors and operatic singers.



A Tragic Possibility.—There's a lot of talk about thousands of German reservists in Detroit and Buffalo, crammed full of hate, invading Ontario. If they ever get across and mix that hatred with the product of Walkerville, what a terrible ferment there will be!



The Greatest Strategist. — They were discussing strategy in the present war.

"Kitchener is the greatest strategist of the lot," said Jones.

"You have to hand it to Von Hindenburg, though. He has done things," declared Robinson.

"Don't overlook Joffre," put in Smith.

Just here Brown ventured a suggestion. "I know a man on our street," he said, "who's got all them generals beaten a block. He got a raise in salary a month ago and his wife doesn't know it yet."



The Test.—"Is your son doing well at college?"

"Remarkably well. He writes the most compelling money-getting letters you could imagine."

"Oh, he's taking a business course?"

"No—I get the letters."



A Lesson in Lucidity. — Henry James, the novelist and essayist, has recently taken the oath of allegiance to the King and become a British subject. It is to be hoped that hereafter he will be able to write in English. So far he has found great difficulty in putting English words together in a comprehensible way. He knows enough words, but somehow doesn't arrange them in the right order. The following extract from his writings is given as an instance:

"If at such a time as this a man of my generation finds himself on occasion revert to our ancient peace in some soreness of confusion between envy and pity, I know well how best to clear up the matter for myself, at least, and to recover a workable relation with the blessing in eclipse. I recover it in some degree with pity, as I say by reason of the deep illusions and fallacies in which the great glare of the present seems to show us then steeped; there being always, we can scarce not feel, something pathetic in the recoil from fond fatuities."

POVERTY'S POINTS.

Poverty has its points. Poverty has been described as being no crime, but a mighty inconvenient condition. We take issue with that view. The poor man should be an optimist of optimists. Here are a few reasons why he should be:

Nobody forges his name to a cheque.

Life insurance agents don't worry him.

He is not asked to sit into a poker game.

He is never thrown into a ditch out of his motor car.

Nobody tries to sell him mining stock.

The hold-up man doesn't bother him.

He doesn't see many subscription lists.

He isn't liable to arrest for buying up aldermen.

Fashion's Requirements



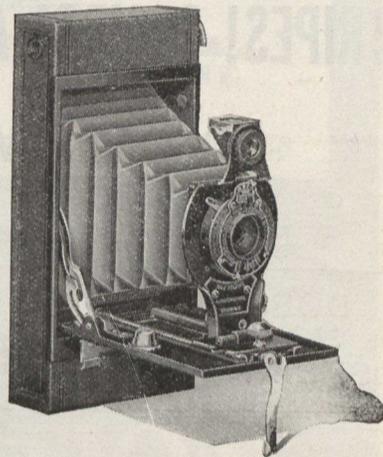
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Cleverly constructed, it is exceedingly compact although nothing has been sacrificed in length of focus of lens or efficiency of shutter in order to reduce the size.

Specifications: No. 2 Folding Autographic Brownie, for 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 pictures. Loads in daylight with Kodak Autographic Cartridge of six exposures. Size 1 1/4 x 3 1/8 x 6 1/2 inches. Fitted with meniscus achromatic lens. Kodak Ball Bearing shutter with variable snapshot speeds of 1-25 and 1-50 of a second, also time and "retarded bulb" actions. Shutter is equipped with Kodak Autotime Scale. Camera has automatic focusing lock, two tripod sockets; is made of metal, covered with a fine imitation leather and is well made and finished in every detail.

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YOU'VE never tasted a meat paste so delicious as Paris Pate. Have you tried it? If not, order a tin or two from your grocer to-day and find out how good it is. Paris Pate is something more than a meat paste—better than ordinary potted meat.

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And so economical, too! A ten-cent tin goes farther than any other food at the price. Try this delicious cooked meat paste to-day.

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Grocers

W.V.R. of Winnipeg

(Concluded from page 11.)

Montreal within the past few months. In Winnipeg a reserve has recently been organized with a large number of members, many of whom were drawn from the Women's Rifle Association of that city, and have therefore already received a certain amount of training.

The Rifle Association was formed soon after the beginning of the war, with Dr. Ellen Douglass as president, and with a membership of nearly three hundred. They met regularly for drill and rifle practice under competent instructors, and attained a high degree of efficiency. They were equipped with rifles and smart khaki uniforms, and when they marched in the great parade that was a feature of the huge patriotic demonstration held in Winnipeg during the summer, they made a splendid showing with their well-poised, military bearing, and the practical demonstration of their work, and were accorded a great ovation by the spectators.

This well-trained and capable body

of women has formed the nucleus of the new Women's Volunteer Reserve of which Dr. Douglass is the commanding officer, and in which new recruits are being daily enrolled. It is not the intention of those responsible for its existence that the Winnipeg corps, although its members are expert in the use of the rifle, should take part in any actual fighting that might occur, even in the event of an invasion of Canada by a hostile force. Its object is, should trouble come, to release a greater number of men for the firing line, by providing an efficient body of trained women, who would be ready for any emergency, such as taking charge of camp cooking, cleaning of rifles, signalling, and first aid.

Dr. Ellen Douglass, commanding officer of the Reserve, is very popular in Winnipeg, where she has practised the profession of medicine for several years. In times of peace she was an ardent advocate of all movements which had for their object the improvement of the social and political status of women, and was especially zealous in the work of social service among young girls. M. D.

Canadian Women's Press Club

MRS. FRANCES FENWICK WILLIAMS, the President of the Montreal Club, has just published, through S. B. Gundy, Toronto, a new novel entitled, "A Soul on Fire," relating to witchcraft, which is said to be distinctly brilliant. Mrs. Williams is widely known as a lecturer on literary and feminine topics. She is a member of the Author's Circle of the Lyceum Club of England, and the Society of Women Journalists. She is also a graduate of the Emerson College of Oratory of Boston. "A Soul on Fire" is to appear simultaneously in four continents—Europe, America, Africa and Australia.

Miss Mary MacLeod Moore, Canadian correspondent of the Toronto Saturday Night in London, is arranging an important course of lectures on subjects of interest to journalists, to be given under the auspices of the Council of the Society of Women Journalists.

Columbia, Mrs. McClung addressed several mass meetings on behalf of prohibition. She also addressed the Women's Canadian Club at Revelstoke.

Miss Clare Sproule, a Saskatoon journalist, visited Alberta recently on her way home from the Pacific Coast. Mrs. Arthur Murphy entertained in her honour while in Edmonton.

Miss Mona H. Cleaver, of the Toronto Globe, visited France recently, and went as far as the battlefield of Marne.

Miss Margaret Forbes, editor of the woman's page of the News-Telegram, Calgary, was married this month to Mr. Walter R. Steer, of Vancouver.

Miss Belle Dobie, of Port Arthur, has just returned from Victoria, where she visited the Battleship "Kent," and talked with the Jackies who sunk the "Nurnberg" and the "Dresden." Miss Dobie also visited the steamer "Mexico Maru," where she met nine Japanese women who had come to meet their fiancés, to whom they had become engaged through the exchange of photographs.

Miss Lillian Whiting, a distinguished Boston author, passed through Canada recently gathering material for a book. Miss Whiting has over a score of books to her credit, some of which relate to philosophy and travel, while others concern the notable and literary people of the New England States. Another notable woman who visited Canada during the summer was Mrs. Samuel Kirkwood Stevenson, the noted lecturer. Mrs. Stevenson is manager for Helen Keller.

Miss Charlotte Carson Talcott, of Bloomfield, Ont., has assumed the editorship of the "Home and Abroad" and "World's Work" pages in the Women's Century, which journal is the official organ of the National Council of Women of Canada.

The marriage of Miss Mary Josephine Trotter, a prominent member of the Toronto Branch, to Dr. Henry Wordsworth Benson, of Port Hope, took place on Wednesday, Sept. 15th. Mrs. Benson was formerly a member of the staff of the "Canadian Courier" and more lately connected with Everywoman's World. Her departure from Toronto is very much regretted, though it is hoped that the short distance between that city and Port Hope will make possible her continued interest in the Toronto branch.



MRS. FRANCES FENWICK WILLIAMS.
President of the newly formed Branch of the C. W. P. C. at Montreal.

Mrs. Ethel Cody Stoddard ("Lady Van"), of Vancouver, has just returned from Alaska, this being her second visit to the Land of the Midnight Sun. Mrs. Stoddard has lately collaborated with Mrs. Jane Parkin on a new legend concerning the "Lions" and the "Sleeping Beauty" of the famous mountains near Vancouver.

The members of the Vancouver Press Club entertained Mrs. Nellie McClung recently at luncheon in the Women's Exchange, at the conclusion of which they were addressed by the guest of honour. While in British



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

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

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Books of the Day

THE FREELANDS. By John Galsworthy, London, Heinemann, 6s.

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer has somewhere said that the chronic perversity of a compositor has made him doubt the rule about the consecutive vowels in "receive" and "believe." Similarly, a person familiar with the Bible and modern fiction might be induced to wonder if, after all, the thing that "abideth," mentioned in the sacred volume, is "charity"—if, in fact, it is not irony. Certainly in this world, where many can die well and few can live well, irony, like a smiling sparkle from a smashed ornament, seems the proper solace of all who have forsaken the ideal and contemplate it at their feet, dead and unforgettable.

The Use of Irony.

It is right to say that a humane artist can use irony without constructing an ironic system, and Mr. Galsworthy shows how a thoroughly amiable and unusually observant artist can make of irony a tool instead of a god. One confidently looks to Mr. Galsworthy for an introduction to real people, of their earth earthy, of their class classy; and one is not disappointed. With the possible exception of a burlesque grandmother, who plays the part of amateur druggist to all who come her way, everybody in his novel is acceptable by an educated imagination. Several members of the family named in his title are admirably drawn. There is the prosperous novelist, as critical of society as any iconoclast, but without industrious destructiveness. There is his opulent brother, safely posed by self-interest and mildly antipathetic both towards reformers and the objects of their special scorn. There is his taciturn Nature-loving brother, whose wife and children are aflame against the tyranny of the countryside. There is his daughter, a veritable shrine of love, who makes the reader remember all ignorant and exquisitely melancholy comradeship with night and dawn and beauty everywhere, which is for many young people their soul's consciousness of birth.

Rulers and Ruled.

Besides these people Mr. Galsworthy gives us the oppressors and the oppressed. There is a lady in his little Worcestershire world who devoutly objects to romances in which the heroine is a deceased wife's sister, and she abhors a pretty girl out of step with propriety. She has power, and, like the police, she would intimidate what she conceives to be vice. In the clash of souls she wins, but her victory is so ugly and tragic that a Dickens could easily have brought it home to her as a defeat. But the old school of despotically "poetic" justice survives only among the third-rate. Mr. Galsworthy is fully aware of the impregnability of one rock—the principles of a narrow rich lady. One of the most impressive pages in his novel is that which records the failure of the two young altruists who called on Lady Malloring to dissuade her from evicting her husband's offending tenant. "They had not yet learned—most difficult of lessons—how to believe that people could in their bones differ from them."

Mr. Galsworthy's drawing of the labourers concerned in the case of Mrs. Grundy versus the rural Eros is excellent in its simple unexaggerated realism. If satisfactory presentation of character makes a good novel he deserves very nearly full marks. There is something more which would make a better novel; at that I fancy he is arriving; and I may add that no realist a la carte has ever arrived at it.

W. H. CHESSON.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Bank of Commerce Staff Changes

MR. JOHN AIRD, Assistant General Manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce since 1911, has been appointed General Manager, succeeding Mr. A. Laird, who has been General Manager of the institution since 1907. For many years Mr. Laird's health has been impaired, and this has necessitated his giving up active work.



MR. JOHN AIRD,
General Manager Bank of Commerce.

Mr. H. V. F. Jones, manager at London, England, has been appointed assistant general manager. Mr. Aird, the new general manager, is a Canadian of Scotch parentage. He was born at Longueuil, Quebec, and educated at the Model School, Toronto. In 1878 he entered the Canadian Bank of Commerce as a clerk, subsequently becoming secretary to the general manager. He was later appointed to the inspectors' staff at the head office. From there he went to Seaforth as manager, and returned to Toronto as assistant manager of the Toronto branch, where he was associated with the late Mr. J. C. Kemp. In 1899 Mr. Aird was made manager of the bank at Winnipeg, and in 1908 superintendent of central western branches. There were no other branches of the Canadian Bank of Commerce in that district when Mr. Aird was appointed at Winnipeg, now there are 137.

Mr. H. V. F. Jones, who succeeds to the assistant general managership, has been London manager since 1908. He was educated at Toronto and entered

the bank in 1887 as a junior clerk and after serving at the head office and Toronto branches, went to the New York agency as accountant in 1898. When the Canadian Bank of Commerce took over the Bank of British Columbia in 1901, Mr. Jones was sent to London, England. He was assistant manager and later manager.

Last Week's New Move

LAST week's stock market was characterized by a big turn in railway shares and a general steadiness in the "war babies." C. P. R. took a big jump, while Eastern American railways all had a fair rise. This is a sign that the market is broadening and not necessarily proof that steel stocks are going back. All the arguments in favour of Dominion Iron and Steel, Nova Scotia Steel, Steel of Canada, and others, are just as strong as they were a month ago. This is a steel age, whether the world is at war or at peace.

The report that Dr. Pearson's holdings in Brazilian had been put in the hands of trustees so as to prevent the sacrifice, helped that stock which is selling around 47. It is still "dirt cheap."

Financial Notes

FOR every \$100 paid into the life insurance companies of Canada, \$36.77 is paid back to policy-holders. At least that was the result in 1914. The companies collected fifty-two million and returned to policy-holders nineteen million. After paying expenses, taxes, and dividends, the remainder is carried to reserve. This "remainder" amounted to about twenty-two million dollars.

The city of Toronto has sold \$3,655,000 of 4½ per cent. bonds to a syndicate composed of Wood, Gundy & Company, A. E. Ames & Company, and N. W. Harris & Company. These bonds are being offered to the public at a rate to yield investors 5¾ per cent. This brings Toronto's borrowings for the year up to ten million dollars. The new bonds are a snap for the investor.

Bank clearings for the week ending September 17th were disappointing. The decrease for all Canadian cities amounted to nineteen million dollars, or 14 per cent. The decrease for the whole of August was only a little over 3 per cent.

The Ford Company of Canada, made net profits, for the year ending July 31st, of 300 per cent. Yet they did not see their way clear to return \$50 to each of the 16,500 purchasers of Ford cars as was done with the 300,000 purchasers in the United States.



MR. H. V. F. JONES,
Appointed Assistant General Manager.

The famous loan now being arranged in New York will be \$500,000,000, and will be guaranteed jointly by Great Britain and France. None of the money is to go out of the United States, so Canada will not benefit. It looks very much like a good "Yankee" deal. The American investors will get a good rate of interest and also a big profit on the merchandise they sell to the Allies. This is much more profitable than going to war on behalf of liberty and justice.

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Mrs. Brotherton's Adventure

(Continued from page 8.)

Fisher, her maid, came in abruptly with something more than concern on her face.

"Well, Fisher, what is it now?"

"Oh, ma'am," the maid asked breathlessly, "have you got the jewellery? I can't find it anywhere."

Mrs. Brotherton started up, now thoroughly alarmed.

"The jewellery? You put it away in the case, Fisher?"

"Yes, ma'am, certainly I did last night. But now the case has gone."

"Gone!" Mrs. Brotherton rushed from the room and tore upstairs followed by Fisher. A feverish search in the bedroom only served to confirm the terrible suspicion that her five-and-thirty thousand pounds' worth of jewellery had been made away with. Utterly overwhelmed, poor Mrs. Brotherton sank prostrate on the sofa.

"Oh, what does it all mean?" she moaned. "What horrible trick is this? I can't have been robbed by these people; it must be a practical joke."

"I hope it may be, ma'am," Fisher responded in no very reassuring tone.

Mrs. Brotherton was far too practical a woman to indulge in lamentations when action was called for. In a few seconds she had risen and, accompanied by Fisher, was making a search through the house. Little but empty rooms rewarded her investigation; no one was in the house save the deaf caretaker. In spite of all, however, the lady clung to the hope that things were not so bad as they looked, that a satisfactory explanation would be forthcoming.

But one thing was certain; they could not stay there, so Fisher quickly packed the trunks and went down to the village to get a conveyance to the station.

"You had better say nothing about what has happened," her mistress warned her, "we don't want to look foolish, and I daresay it will turn out to be some absurd mistake."

She said this now without much conviction, for as time went on the chance of a happy explanation seemed to grow much more remote.

THE village fly arrived, and Mrs. Brotherton set out for the station with very different feelings from those with which she had traversed the same road the night before. But she was now less concerned at the idea of a social fiasco, than at the loss of her jewellery. If she had been robbed she must lose no time in setting the London police on the scent.

Arrived at the railway, the first person whom, to her great surprise, she saw on the platform was Lord Finchampton.

His surprise even exceeded her own. "My dear Mrs. Brotherton," he exclaimed as he greeted her. "I'm so glad to see you so quickly recovered. And delighted you have lost no time in coming to us. But why didn't you send word. Not expecting you so early, there is nothing to meet you."

"I thought," Mrs. Brotherton blurted out in her bewilderment, "I came down to Hallaton last evening."

Lord Finchampton stared at her as though doubting her sanity. "You came to Hallaton last evening?" he repeated in wonder.

"I thought I did," the lady said with an embarrassing laugh, "and that you were laid up, Lord Finchampton."

"Laid up? Never better in my life," he answered her heartily. "I don't understand."

"I am only just beginning to understand the trick that has been played me," Mrs. Brotherton said, as the position became plain to her in all its hideous knavery. "Then you didn't wire me to come by the 3.45 to Rustwick station?"

"Certainly not," Lord Finchampton assured her. "You wired putting off your arrival on account of illness."

Mrs. Brotherton laughed in bitterness of spirit. "Did I? You haven't had Lord and Lady Slinfold, Sir Hubert Wichelo and Lady Wichelo, Mr.



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Dawkins, and Captain Mannering staying with you?"

"Don't know the people; never heard of them. Do tell me what has happened to you."

Walking up and down the platform, Mrs. Brotherton proceeded to give Lord Finchampton an account of her experiences since her arrival the previous night. "I realise now," she concluded, "that I have been the victim of a well-laid plot to rob me of my jewellery."

"And I think I can guess where you spent the night," her companion added. "At Parrott Grange, an old farm house on my property. My agent told me some London people had taken it as a hunting-box. So it seems they were after something more valuable than foxes. It was cleverly planned, and naturally, arriving after dark, you could not see the sort of place you were coming to."

"The people seemed quite smart; I was completely taken in," Mrs. Brotherton confessed miserably.

It was arranged that the victim should go over at once to Hallaton, whence the police, both local and metropolitan, should be set at work.

And now a strange chance made their work comparatively easy.

The evening papers came out with a sensational piece of news. There had been an accident to the Calais-Paris train, and one passenger, a well-known figure in smart society, had been killed. His name was Harvey Bendyshe; and it became a matter of curious comment that he had upon his person between twenty-five and thirty thousand pounds' worth of ladies' jewellery. However much this fact may have been a puzzle to the rest of the world, it was to Mrs. Brotherton the rather startling solution of the mystery of her unpleasant experience. The jewellery was hers, she was able in due course to identify and recover it, while the society butterfly, Harvey Bendyshe, was revealed as a man who had made use of his social position to rob his friends and acquaintances whenever a chance occurred. He had been, in fact, the head of a gang of smart scoundrels, who had for years preyed upon society, and who, but for the accident, might never have been discovered.

"I thought," said Mrs. Brotherton, when discussing the affairs with her host, "the voice of the coachman who drove me from the station was familiar. It was Mr. Bendyshe in disguise."

"Ah," commented Lord Finchampton, "no doubt superintending the big coup of which he was to take the lion's share. Those who thought they knew him best always wondered how he contrived to live in such good style. I congratulate you, Mrs. Brotherton, on getting back the bulk of your valuables, and at the same time providing a solution of the mystery which has been exercising a good many of us for some time past."

Stuck Pig.

MOSES MENDELSSOHN, who was the victim of much abuse, but whose sharp wit always turned the tables on his persecutors, was once sitting in an inn where a number of cavaliers were feasting. They observed the philosopher, and in order to annoy him sent him a plate of apple parings which remained from their repast.

The philosopher accepted the gift gravely and seemed plunged in thought. Then the cavaliers suddenly noticed that there were tears in his eyes.

"Why are you crying?" asked one of them.

"I am thinking of something my dead mother once said to me," replied Moses. "When I was a child I had a very sweet tooth, and mother tried to discourage me. Once when she caught me stealing some sweets she said—'My son, if you keep on this way you shall have to be content some day with the leavings of pigs.'"

"But why are you crying?" reiterated the cavalier.

"Alas!" responded the philosopher, "her prophecy has come true!"



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Sylvia's Secret

by Robert Machray
Author of - "Sentenced to Death," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

Impenetrable Silence.

MAX Hamilton looked from Superintendent Johnson to the other officer, as if inviting his opinion.

"That is the truth," responded Superintendent Reynolds, without hesitation. "How can we be certain that this money—allowance, you might call it, perhaps—was received by her from 'the man in the fur coat'? At the same time, I confess it seems to me that things rather point in that direction—that's as much as can be said."

"Has anything been heard of him?" asked Max.

"Not a word more," said Johnson.

"Then, the reward has induced no one to come forward?"

"So far, it's had no result."

"That is rather odd, is it not?"

"You must remember what sort of night it was that Saturday," said Johnson; "it was cold and frosty, not at all a night when people would be hanging about. And then it was late—eleven o'clock. So it's not so very odd that he wasn't noticed. We don't know either how he got to Hampstead Heath station—by taxi or train or tram, and it may be that he walked. Still, I did hope that some one might have observed him."

"It's not too late yet for information to be brought in," remarked Reynolds. "But four days have passed since the murder, and everybody has heard of it by this time; we may be quite sure that it has been discussed in every house on and about Hampstead Heath; so the outlook does not seem very hopeful."

"Not hopeful, no!—that's how it strikes me," said Johnson.

"It's my belief," said Max, "that you will find that 'the man in the fur coat' and the man who paid Miss Chase this sum of fifty pounds each month are one and the same person. You told me that these payments to her continued up to within a short time of her death?" Max inquired of Reynolds.

"The last payment was made—at least, the last deposit was made in the Mayfair Bank at the beginning of the month," Reynolds replied.

Johnson consulted the bank pass-book.

"Miss Chase paid in the money to her credit on the third of January," said he.

"Then if I am correct in my belief, I should be inclined to think that something happened between that date and her death which led to the murder being committed," said Max.

"Very likely," said Johnson, "but it's only a guess."

"And the payments began shortly after Miss Chase's return to England?"

"Two months after her arrival from Germany, the time of which is fixed pretty well by the opening of the account with the Mayfair Bank," said Johnson, looking once more at the pass-book. "These are the facts, Mr. Hamilton." His tone implied that this was merely going over the same ground again.

"Yes," said Max, "and I intend to publish these facts in my paper in tomorrow's issue. It may be the case that the money, the fifty pounds in gold, was not handed to Miss Chase by the principal in the affair, but by some agent of his who might be entirely innocent. How would it do to extend the scope of the reward offered so as to include this agent, always supposing, of course, there is such a person?"

"A reward for the information he might give?" asked Johnson, and Max nodded. "Yes, that might be done; I see no objection to it. You can state in your paper, after giving the facts of the payments into the bank account, that the reward will be paid to anyone giving such information, pro-

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

PREVIOUS chapters introduce chiefly Max Hamilton, editor of "The Day," Peggy Willoughby, with whom Hamilton is in love, and Villiers Chase, another friend of Peggy's! All at supper together in London. Max leaves hurriedly to catch a night train. Thinking of Peggy he is roused by "All Change" and turns to rouse a lady in the compartment who, upon investigation, turns out to be Sylvia Chase, sister of Villiers Chase—mysteriously murdered. Investigations are at once begun by Superintendent Johnson, who, to confirm a statement made by Max Hamilton, visits Colonel Willoughby. Peggy begins to recognize the fact that she loves Max. A telegram is found in Sylvia Chase's handbag sent from Charing Cross, and making an appointment at Hampstead Heath station. Johnson and Max visit Sylvia's brother, who tells them that she had been a governess in Germany; afterwards, Sylvia's flat, but no clues from either her letters or her German maid Bertha. At the inquest an open verdict is returned. Peggy asks Max Hamilton to find out the truth about the murder. He promises to do his best. It is discovered that Sylvia was not paid an annuity by the Nordheims.

Max Hamilton asks Peggy to marry him. Peggy's parents consent. The engagement was announced in the "Post." Max redoubles his efforts to clear up the mystery. A short article in "The Day" concerning the acquisition by Germany of drawings of a new British gun creates a sensation.

vided always that he is not implicated in the murder."

"It's a capital idea," said Reynolds. "I can't help thinking, the more I consider the matter, that Mr. Hamilton is justified in his belief that there is an intimate connection between the murderer and the man who paid Miss Chase that money either personally or through an intermediary." He went on, addressing his colleague, Superintendent Johnson.

"It may be so," admitted Johnson, "but in a cautious voice. 'As I remarked before, one can't be quite sure, and it won't do to build too much on it.'"

"So much for the bank account, then," said Max, "and its mystery, which I trust will soon be cleared up. What about the other things—Miss Chase's clothes, furs and jewellery? Did they afford no clue?" Max put the question without eagerness, for he knew in advance from Johnson's manner that they had told the detective nothing of value.

"With respect to her clothes and furs, all of which are more or less new and fashionable," answered Johnson, "we know all that can be learned about them. She paid for them by cheque on the Mayfair Bank. Some of the entries in the pass-book show these payments, and the modistes, milliners and furriers who supplied the articles have been seen in the course of the day by experienced officers and they endorse that fact. Miss Chase went to them, selected the things and paid for them by cheque; she was alone on these occasions."

"What about her beautiful and expensive jewellery?"

"We have been able to trace up a considerable part of it—not the whole," replied the superintendent. "Part of it is obviously of foreign origin, and may have been bought or received as presents by Miss Chase during the period of her residence in Germany. But what we have traced up exhibits the very identical fact as that shown with respect to the clothes and furs. The various articles were selected and paid for by cheque by Miss Chase herself."

Johnson turned again to the bank pass-book before proceeding with his remarks, and then said:

"It seems to be the case that Miss Chase spent all her income on her clothes and these other things, but more especially the jewellery. Since

her return to England between five thousand and six thousand pounds were paid in all into her account, and of that sum quite three thousand were spent on jewels of one kind or another. Her brother was right in saying that she had a passion for jewels."

"It may have been her way of saving money," suggested Reynolds.

Max did not speak; he sat quietly thinking over all he had been told.

"It's all very extraordinary," he at length observed. "Here is a young and beautiful woman, Sylvia Chase, living a somewhat lonely life with that German servant of hers—"

"About that servant," said Johnson, interrupting him. "She has written asking if we have any further need of her, and if not if she can return to Germany."

"And you have replied?"

"I have not answered the letter, but as there is nothing against her I do not see how we can refuse. I shall, however, request her to wait a few days longer, and after that she must be allowed to go unless there is some fresh development that necessitates her stopping here. You were saying, Mr. Hamilton, when I interrupted you?"

"It was nothing really new," Max remarked; "I was thinking how extraordinary the whole story is. I was saying that here was this woman, living the life she did lead—a life apparently devoted to literary work, receiving this money from some strange outside source, and spending most of it on jewels; then comes her murder in the train! I wonder, wonder, wonder, what lies behind it all!"

"SOMETHING terrible," said Superintendent Reynolds, with a snap of his lips.

"Yes," said Johnson, "but it's also something that lies very deep, curftained with an impenetrable silence."

"Impenetrable?" protested Max.

"That's how it begins to look to me," said Johnson. "It's the most difficult and mysterious case I have ever encountered."

"But you are not giving it up?"

"We never really give up any case here in the 'Yard,' though we sometimes may appear to do so," said the superintendent, with a grim smile. "But at present I see no light whatever. Do you, Mr. Hamilton?"

Max confessed that he did not, but said he hoped that the suggestion he had made about the reward might bear good fruit. It was in a dejected frame of mind, however, that he left the two superintendents, and went to the office of his journal. As he crossed the threshold of the great building which housed 'The Day,' he was stopped by the uniformed porter who watched the entrance.

"Mr. Beaumont wishes to see you at once," said the man.

Mr. Beaumont, otherwise Laurence Beaumont, was the managing editor of the paper. It was now past six o'clock, and Max knew that as a general thing Beaumont, after having arranged the programme of news for the next day's issue, went out to dine at his home in the suburbs, returning later in the evening to superintend its final shaping. He therefore had waited to see Max; this meant that the matter about which he wished to speak must be important.

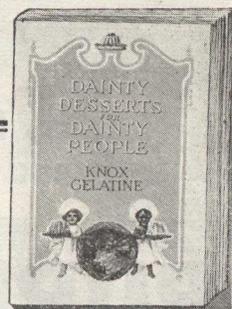
Max proceeded immediately to the managing editor's room. Beaumont greeted him with a smile which, however, was almost instantly replaced by the sober, almost "dour" look that those who were acquainted with him knew meant that he had received unpleasant or unsatisfactory news.

"What are you doing, Max?" he asked, abruptly.

"I'm working on that murder case—the murder in the train."

"The murder of Miss Chase? Tell me if there's anything fresh."

As succinctly as possible Max told



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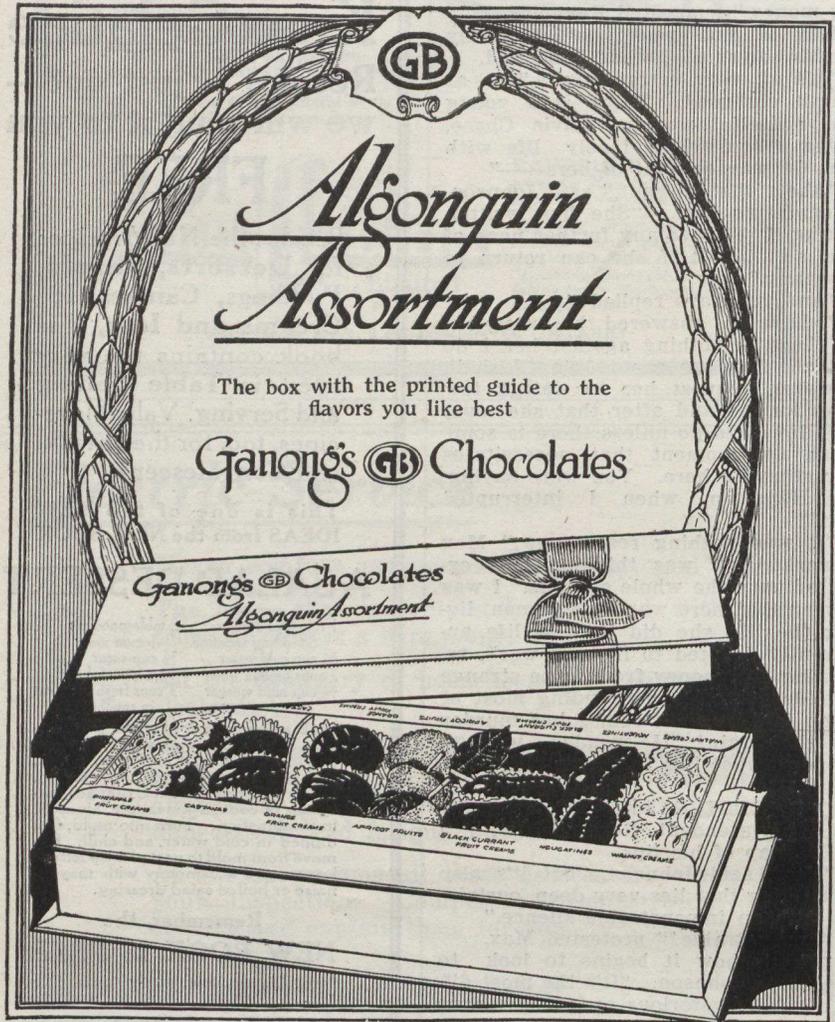
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the editor the gist of his conversation with Superintendents Johnson and Reynolds at Scotland Yard.

"It's a very strange business," remarked Beaumont, after Max had concluded what he had to say. "What was she paid that money for?" he asked. "That's the heart of the mystery."

One of the secrets of Beaumont's success both as a journalist and as managing editor of a great newspaper was the ability, the directness with which he seized and summed up a situation—the quality which is tersely described as grasp.

"When you pluck that out," he continued, "all the rest will, I fancy, follow. But it was not that case of which I wanted to talk to you, Max. It's about a much bigger thing—it's about the new gun. After your telling me that it was Captain Hollander who had mentioned the rumor that the Germans had got the plans of it, I said to you that I should make further inquiries. I have made them, and the result is that I'm afraid there is some truth in the report. From a secret source in Berlin I heard this afternoon in a cypher telegram that some drawings of the gun—just what they are, is not stated—are in the hands of the German Army Staff."

"DID you get any hint of the manner in which they were acquired by the Germans?"

"There is nothing about it in the message, Max. That's another question. The serious thing is that we must reckon on their knowing the mechanism of the gun, and they will take speedy advantage of it—we may be sure of that, for they don't let the grass grow under their feet. And as you are well aware, Max, the tension between us and Germany becomes more and more strained, more menacing day by day. We can no longer plume ourselves on having a superior weapon. Of course, nothing may happen; secrets something like this have been stolen before, there has been an outcry—and then all is quiet again. But I dislike the situation; it might become critical at any moment."

Max bowed assent, but kept silence, waiting for the editor to speak his mind fully; he knew Beaumont had not done so yet.

"It may be necessary for a member of the staff to go to Germany for the paper," Beaumont resumed, "and if the necessity does arise, you, Max, are the man. I must ask you to hold yourself in readiness to go to Germany at a moment's notice."

"That is all right," said Max, quietly. "I suppose I may continue working on this murder case for the present?"

"Certainly. But get ready for the other thing, Max, my boy. You may not have to go, but it's very much on the cards that you will—you understand."

"Perfectly," Max replied, and after some further talk he retired from Beaumont's room, pondering what he had just been told. Were the apprehensions of the editor likely to be realized? It might be so, and then he would have to go to Germany—his duty to his paper made it imperative. But then what about Peggy Willoughby, and the quest she had asked him to undertake? For the time being, however, he put these agitating and distracting questions aside, and devoted himself to his work—which consisted in describing the latest phase of the "Train Murder Mystery."

"It's the completest mystery there ever was," he said to himself, "but I suppose that it will be solved some day."

He wrote several pages of "copy," and read them over carefully before sending them in to the chief sub-editor. Then the thought of what the editor had said with respect to his going to Germany; he felt that, while in other circumstances he would have liked nothing better, he would prefer to continue the investigation of the murder, for his interest in it rather grew than diminished. Then there was Peggy!

About ten o'clock he rang up Peggy Willoughby, and learned that she was out for the evening.

"Please tell her I'll ring her up to-

morrow morning," he said to the voice at the other end of the line.

CHAPTER XV.

A Walk in Hyde Park.

THE routine of Max Hamilton's life while he was in London was such that he went to bed late very frequently, as the exigencies of journalism demanded, and did not get up early in the morning as a rule; when he was acting for his paper in the country or abroad, he had to divide his hours between working and sleeping as best met the requirements of the subject he had in hand, without any idea of pleasing or sparing himself, and therefore could follow no fixed rule.

On reaching his rooms after leaving the office of "The Day" he had a light supper which had been prepared for him by his manservant, and almost immediately afterwards retired—but not, as it turned out, to sleep. As a general thing his eyes closed in slumber as soon as his head was on his pillow, but that night hours passed before the blessing of sleep descended on him, for his mind was greatly agitated. First, there was the murder of Sylvia Chase, the growing mystery of which interested him more and more profoundly, and second, there was what Beaumont, his editor, had said with reference to Germany and his possible trip to that land.

Max, however, fell asleep at last, but with the result that when next morning Peggy Willoughby rang him up on the telephone, as he had requested her to do on the preceding evening, he was not awake. His man, however, aroused him, and he answered the 'phone, but somewhat tardily, a fact on which Peggy did not fail to comment in a teasing manner, until she had heard that he had had a "bad night."

"Why a bad night, Max?" she asked, and then without waiting for his answer, inquired, "Had it something to do with your wanting me to ring you up this morning?"

"In a way, yes," Max replied. "I wish to see you very much."

"In connection with poor Sylvia?" asked Peggy.

"To some extent."

"You are rather vague and a little mysterious, Max."

"Well, I'd rather not talk about it over the 'phone, Peggy. Can you see me this morning, say about twelve?"

"Can't you give me a hint what it's about? I am curious to know if there's anything important."

"It is important—or rather it may be so, Peggy."

"I see you won't discuss it now, Max. Yes; I'll meet you about noon at the Army and Navy Stores."

Max agreed with delight.

So it was arranged, in this apparently trivial way; how vitally significant their meeting was to be to both of them—with what far-reaching effect on their lives—neither of them foresaw. Fate is thus ever at work on the Looms of Life, but not often can be seen by mortal, short-sighted eyes the flashing of the threads, and still less often the patterns that are being woven by the flying shuttles, until the webs are all or nearly all spun.

Peggy having "fixed things up," as she would have expressed it, rang off. Max looked at his letters, none of which interested him particularly, and then glanced at the papers—every London journal and one or two of the provincial were represented on the table in his sitting room. Naturally he devoted most attention to "The Day," reading first the "copy" he had written on the "Train Murder Mystery" on the preceding night.

The mystery still occupied a prominent position in all these newspapers—in some of them the most prominent still—but in Max's own journal the first place had been given not to it, but to a comparatively short article consisting of four paragraphs, in treble-leaded type, headed in bold letters:

**"GREAT BRITAIN AND GERMANY
STARTLING RUMOUR.
REPORTED THEFT OF PLANS OF
THE NEW GUN."**

During the last day or two, the article stated, there had been current

a rumour of the most startling character which, if proved to have any basis in fact, not only reflected gravely on the War Office and the way in which it kept, or rather did not keep, its secrets, but suggested that our national security might be jeopardised.

The rumour in question was to the effect that in some manner at present unknown the German Army Staff had gained possession of some drawings of the new kind of cannon with which the British Army and Navy were to be equipped as speedily as possible, the new species of artillery that was declared to be as superior to that in use as the latter was to the best weapons of, say, a hundred years ago. It had been announced some time back, when the new gun was first heard of, that its secret mechanism was only known to the inventor and certain officers of the Army and the Army Council, and that the gun had not been offered to the Government of any other country; armed with this tremendous weapon, it was maintained, the British Empire could bid defiance to any enemy however powerful.

"We have caused inquiries to be made in Berlin," said the third paragraph of the article in "The Day," "and we gather from a source generally particularly well-informed that there is reason to believe that the rumour is not without foundation. What appears to be uncertain is the exact nature of the drawings which the German Army Staff have obtained—whether they give full particulars or only partial. In either case, however, it would be idle to pretend that we can expect to derive that decisive advantage from the new cannon which has been so confidently predicted. The probability is that the essential feature or features, with which we ourselves do not profess to be acquainted, of the gun are now no longer a secret to the German Army authorities, and that they will lose no time in applying it or them to the manufacture of their own artillery.

"ALL this is serious enough," the article concluded, in a fourth paragraph, "but hardly less serious is the question. How has the leakage taken place? The drawings must have been stolen from the War Office or have been betrayed by some one who had access to them there—which is merely another way of saying they were stolen by him, and handed over to Germany. We demand the most searching investigation into this matter which is of imperial importance. As the number of the men who have seen or know of these drawings must be very small, it should not be difficult to fix the guilt of this heinous act of treachery in the right quarter."

From its characteristic phrasing Max saw that the article had been written by the editor himself; though it contained little or nothing more than the substance of the conversation that had passed between them a few hours before, the subject appeared to gain in point and in impressiveness now that it was set forth in print.

How had the leakage taken place? Who was the traitor? Was he in the camp? Or had the theft been done by some outside person, some unusually clever and capable spy?—it might be so, thought Max, for like most Englishmen who have given the matter their attention he was in no doubt of the ability, resource, daring and, above all, success of the German spy in almost every part of the world. On the other hand, it was possible that the traitor might be in the camp, might, incredible as it seemed, be an Englishman.

While he dressed and breakfasted, Max pondered these problems, and they were still active in his brain, influencing his thoughts, when he met Miss Peggy Willoughby at the Stores, but he forgot them the instant he set eyes upon her, and his mind, for the nonce at any rate, became like a page, or rather a sensitive plate, on which was printed nothing save the most vivid impression of her. This was an effect which Peggy had a way of making upon not a few of her admirers.

Certainly she was a radiant figure

that morning! She was dressed in a long coat of seal-black fur, patent leather shoes with lavender gaiter tops, and a large black hat, banded with gold, which set off her fair hair and the pretty colour in her cheeks. And there was such an entrancing air of health, of vitality, of the sheer joy of life about her! It did one good just to look at her, unless one had a perversely envious nature.

There was perchance a trace of shyness in her greeting of Max when they shook hands, but he did not observe it; he was all love and worship, both eloquently in evidence on the instant, and she would not have been a woman if she had not seen them; seeing them, she glowed with pleasure, and said to herself deep down in her soul that she could love him well.

They left the Stores and struck across to Buckingham Gate, passed the Palace and walked up Constitution Hill to Hyde Park Corner. At first they talked on things indifferent, but after they had left the streets and Buckingham Palace behind, Peggy turned the conversation to what had been published in the morning papers respecting Sylvia Chase; it now was evident that she was troubled by what she had read in them, and hardly knew what to believe about her old schoolmate.

This was probably why it was she did not ask Max what he wished to speak to her specially about. But had he not said that to some extent it was connected with Sylvia Chase? Yet she was curious and even anxious to know. There must be some particular reason for his desiring to see her; she noticed he did not immediately broach the subject, and she left it to him to begin, when he was ready. Besides, she was perplexed and in a measure distressed by what she had seen in the papers.

"I don't understand," she said, in rather a hushed, uncertain, puzzled voice, "how Sylvia came to get that money—it is very strange. I racked my brains about it, Max, until my head ached. I can't understand it at all." "Nor can I," said Max; "it's quite beyond me."

"Of course, she received the fifty sovereigns which she got at the beginning of each month from some one; it looks as if it were a regular fixed payment for something she was doing or something she had done," remarked Peggy, thoughtfully, "for that unknown person."

"Yet while these payments were being made to her—at all events, when she was paying these fifty sovereigns monthly into the Mayfield Bank she appears to have been doing nothing but her literary work," said Max. "There's no sign whatever of her doing anything else since her return to England."

"A H," said Peggy, "she might have done something to earn that money while she was living in Germany—I had that idea, or something like it, before, Max. But if so, why all this mystery about it?—why should Villiers Chase have thought it was an annuity? And it came to such a lot of money altogether! What she was doing, or what she had done, to get such a lot must have been a big thing too. The more one thinks about it all, the more befogged one becomes. What do the police think now? What does that nice man, your friend, the superintendent at Scotland Yard, think?"

"He's just as much in the dark as is everybody else," Max replied. "I'm afraid the police are not hopeful of success now, for all the clues so far have failed; of course, they are not dreaming of giving up the case, but they are not sanguine."

"And you, yourself?" Peggy asked. "Oh, I am not giving it up, Peggy, you may be sure!" said Max.

"You will succeed," prophesied Peggy; "you—you are so clever; everybody says so."

"You know, Peggy, how much I wish to succeed," said Max earnestly. "You can't think I've forgotten that kiss you gave me, and what I promised. Why, Peggy, there's nothing in the world that I would not be glad and proud to do for you if it was in



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my power. Oh, you know it well!" he cried, and his voice suddenly trembled. But he controlled himself, as he went on. "That brings me to what I wanted to tell you, Peggy."

As suddenly as Max had forgotten about the stolen drawings of the new gun when he caught sight of Peggy, so she forgot about the mystery of Sylvia Chase as Max was speaking; when his voice trembled, a tremor that was wholly sweet passed over her.

"Yes, Max," she said, as he paused and looked at her; her tones were low, and her eyes were cast down.

"Last night," he said, "Mr. Beaumont, our chief, called me into his room, and bade me hold myself in readiness to go to Germany at a moment's notice."

"Oh, Max," she said, and looked at him strangely. "But why?"

MAX repeated what his editor had said of the increasing tension between Great Britain and Germany, and spoke about the theft of the drawings of the new gun.

"I read of it in your paper, Max," said Peggy, "and I remember that Captain Hollander spoke of it to us at home a few days ago. Father is dreadfully put out about it. Do you think that you really will have to go to Germany, Max?"

"Most probably—at any rate, I could see that Beaumont thinks so. And I am getting ready. I left instructions with my man to pack up. Still, I may not go, after all. And until I go, I shall continue the quest you gave me, Peggy."

They were now in Hyde Park, walking across it by one of the diagonal paths towards Lancaster Gate.

"What would you do in Germany, Max?" asked Peggy.

"It would depend on Beaumont's instructions—he would receive some definite news, and I should be despatched—that's how it would be."

"And would you be away long?" There was a queer quavering note in the way she spoke.

"There's no saying, Peggy; it would depend on circumstances."

Peggy sighed, and Max heard the sigh, and misinterpreted it.

"Perhaps before I go," he said, "Sylvia's secret—"

"I wasn't thinking just then of Sylvia," Peggy quickly interposed.

"Of me, then were you?" asked Max, and his voice trembled again. He looked at her, and their eyes met; in hers was a pretty confusion, in his the great question, the greatest a man can ask a woman.

"Do you care, Peggy, whether I go or stay, or how long I may be away?" he asked hoarsely. "Oh, my dearest, be frank with me!" he pleaded.

"Yes, Max," said Peggy, "I care."

CHAPTER XVI.

At Duty's Call.

IN the eyes of many people Hyde Park is the centre of London. This is a belief more easily held in the season when rank, wealth and fashion frequent it on foot, in motor-car and carriage, or in what is left of the summer after society has unanimously abandoned the capital, but when the trees and the grass and the flowers are at their best; yet in winter the great park is not without its own attractions—this vast space, open to all the winds of heaven, set in the midst of an apparently endless wilderness of houses and streets.

On the morning when the lovers were walking across it, the air was sweet and pure and keen, the long stretches of grass were powdered with a glistening rime for the day was frosty, the leafless trees, the branches of which were picked out here and there with gleaming white, gave an effect of colour to the scene and robbed it of its winter melancholy, and above it the sun shone in a clear pale-blue sky, bringing all its beauties into view. But neither Max Hamilton nor Peggy Willoughby was conscious of its charms.

For they had passed through the enchantment of love into that beatific state which, temporarily at least in the case of all lovers and in some thrice-happy instances perennially,

finds for itself new heavens and new earth. The magic, the wonder-working of love was upon them; for a space they forgot where they were—they forgot everything but themselves; they looked into each other's eyes, and saw in them the light that never was on land or sea, and their hearts were transported with unspeakable joy. That is love!

They walked slowly, lingeringly; they did not say much to each other at the time of their love—that is, in actual words, but messages, more subtle and yet far more satisfying than can be expressed by forms of speech, passed between them, heart of him beating with heart of her tuned to the key of the oldest "wireless" in the world.

After she had said in answer to his question, "Yes, Max, I care," he had taken her hand, pressed and held it. When after a time she had drawn it gently from him, he had taken her arm, nor did he relinquish it until they reached the street; both were intensely alive to their nearness to each other. The new heavens and the new earth of love's imagining are, after all, the old. He could not take her in his arms—there, in the park, with other men and women moving up and down its paths, though he longed to clasp her yielding body to him, to seal the dear confession she had made.

The opportunity came, or rather Peggy and Max made it between them—they would be poor lovers who could not make opportunities!

When they passed out of the park into the road, they halted as if by mutual consent, and gazed inquiringly at each other.

"I am coming with you, Peggy," signalled the eyes of Max.

"Of course, you are," hers replied.

They walked a few steps in silence.

"Will you come and lunch with us?" asked Peggy, in a voice that shook ever so slightly.

"Yes, thanks; that's just what I hoped you would ask me to do," said Max joyously, in a voice that did not shake at all. "But it's much too far for you to walk, sweet; let's take a taxi."

THE words may not be altogether intelligible as they are written, but she understood them and him very well.

"Let's, Max dear," she said, in a tone that was as firm as his. They would be alone, more or less, in the taxi. Well, why not? At any rate, he might give her a kiss! Well, again, why not? She wanted that kiss, and she knew he wanted one, too!

But the taxi had hardly got into its speed, when it was not one kiss but many. Max seemed to have an unappeasable hunger for kisses, so that she cried out in some shame that the people in the streets would see him kissing her!

"Let them," he said, boyishly. "They'll never see a more improving sight. It will do them a heap of good!" And he laughed loudly out of sheer happiness.

"Don't be absurd," she chided him, and then laughed in sympathy with his mood. "We are just a pair of children," she added.

"Nice children, then," he said, still laughing. "Very nice children! But, oh, I am glad, Peggy darling, that you are a woman and I am a man, and that we haven't to grow up and wait for each other ever and ever so long."

Then the laughter passed from his lips, and his face suddenly became tenderly serious; the many words of love that seemed far away in the park flew to his lips, poured forth and caused Peggy to thrill deliciously.

"Oh, I am so happy, Max," she acknowledged, when he paused from very lack of breath.

"When will you marry me?" he asked, after a brief silence.

"By and by," she answered, with an attempt at mocking him which was not particularly successful.

"It cannot be too soon," he declared masterfully; then bethinking him that his words were too peremptory perhaps, he said in quite a different tone, "Oh, I hope you will not make me wait and wait, Peggy dearest. Why should we wait?"

Peggy had liked the masterfulness

in his voice, but she also liked the softer note. She smiled at him, but did not answer at once.

"Why should we wait?" he asked again—this time, as if he was half afraid he might have to wait a long time.

"Well," replied Peggy; "I should want a little time first, Max. There are such things as clothes to be got—and all the rest of it. Then you haven't asked Papa!" She laughed merrily.

"I hope the Colonel will not object," said Max.

"Perhaps not," she said, and laughed merrily again, as if there was some excellent joke. "I think that will be all right," she added. "He can deny his Peg nothing—not even you, Mr. Maxwell Hamilton!"

"But when is it to be?" asked Max, reverting to the subject.

"In three or four months," she said.

"What an eternity!" Max exclaimed.

"Besides my clothes which must be got," said Peggy, becoming serious all in a moment, "you may have to go to Germany, Max."

Max had forgotten all about it.

"Yes, that's true," he said soberly.

"By this time the taxi had reached the Willoughbys' house in St. Anton's Avenue—both thought the journey had never been done in so miraculously short a time before.

The Colonel and Mrs. Willoughby were at home, and they speedily heard how matters stood. Colonel Willoughby gave his consent willingly and blessed the lovers; Mrs. Willoughby was kind, but perchance there may have lurked in her mind the notion that her pretty Peggy might have made a more brilliant match. Still she was fond of Max Hamilton, and believed that he would make her daughter happy. She wondered how Captain Hollander would take it when he heard of Peggy's engagement; she had imagined that Peggy preferred him.

"It is the fortune of war," she said to herself; "and Captain Hollander is a soldier.

She meant that he would have to bear his disappointment like a gallant and brave man. No one ever denied that Hollander was brave, but there are different kinds of bravery; it is not the cowardly type of man that is really dangerous.

MAX explained his circumstances to Peggy's parents, and there was some talk of the marriage taking place in the spring, but no date was fixed. The engagement, however, was to be announced at once. It appeared in the "Post," indeed, not on the next day, but on that following, and was seen or heard of by all the friends of Peggy and Max. The usual congratulations were received by both parties, and everything for a few days went as happily as the proverbial "wedding bell." Captain Hollander, playing the game as usual, called on the Willoughbys, and said the proper thing.

During these few days the lovers were much together, and certainly were not less in love with each other. The dark fate of Sylvia Chase was a frequent subject of conversation; they did not forget her in the midst of their great happiness. Rather the contrary. For Peggy, on being asked by Max—a question asked by all lovers of each other—when she first knew that she loved him, had told him how much he owed, in the singular way it came about, to that tragic incident.

"It opened my eyes, as it were," said Peggy—and Max kissed the opened eyes!

Therefore Max was not less earnest, but more, in his efforts to penetrate Sylvia's secret. He had, however, to admit that he made no progress. Superintendent Johnson told him that "for the time being,"—this was a favourite expression of that officer—nothing more had been heard of "the man in the fur coat," the reward offered having proved of no avail.

By the end of the week after the finding of the body of Sylvia in the train by Max Hamilton, the attention of the public had passed to another subject—so quickly in these post-haste

days does one interesting theme supplant another. As after the disclosure that Miss Chase had been in receipt of fifty pounds a month from some unknown source, no fresh news appeared in the papers, because these journals could find nothing new—an excellent reason for their silence—to say about it, the public ceased to talk of it, and the dark mystery dropped out of sight practically altogether. Within a fortnight, the tragedy was remembered by very few.

Another subject, however, held the public interest absorbed in an almost painful degree.

This was the rumoured sale of the drawings of the new gun.

The short, but important, article which had appeared in "The Day" had created an immense sensation, not only in Great Britain and other parts of the British Empire, but in all parts of the globe. Though it was impossible to obtain absolutely definite information with regard to these drawings, the impression was universal that the German Army did have in their possession all that was necessary to enable them to construct similar cannon, and therefore that Great Britain had no monopoly of it.

ALL over the country there arose a great clamour, a tremendous outcry. How had the Germans procured these drawings?

An impenetrable reserve was maintained by the War Office; it refused to say one word about the matter. Had Parliament been sitting, questions would have been asked in the House, and some sort of reply might have been forced from the Minister for War, but the session did not commence till early in February.

One thing led to another. As Beaumont had foreseen, the agitation against Germany increased in England, while in Germany a similar ferment was at work with augmenting forces with respect to England. The tone of the Press on both sides of the North Sea became bitter and soon almost fierce. Many predicted the speedy outbreak of what would probably be the most terrible war in history. So critical was the situation that British journalists were privately asked by their Government to modify the expressions of their opinions in their newspapers.

On more than one occasion Max had been asked by his editor if he had everything ready to go to some point in or close to Germany, and Max had answered that he was ready; he had told his sweetheart of these occasions, and had warned her that he might be dispatched at such short notice that he might not be able to see her before setting out. This had given a keener edge to their meetings and partings.

And so it happened.

Some ten days after the murder of Sylvia Chase, Beaumont gave Max his orders. Max had gone to the office awaiting his arrival with much impatience.

"You will leave to-night for Luxemburg, Max," he said. "I have received information from a reliable source that Germany is about forcibly to annex the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. Several army corps are to be marched into it from Treves and Metz, and of course the Luxemburgeois are not in a position to make any resistance. The intention of Germany is to hold it, and overawe France, and through France Great Britain."

Max left for Paris in the evening.

(To be Continued.)

Progressive.

A clergyman had taught an old man in his parish to read, and found him an apt pupil. Calling at the cottage some time after, he found only the wife at home.

"How's John?" asked he.

"He is well, thank you," said his wife.

"How does he get on with his reading?"

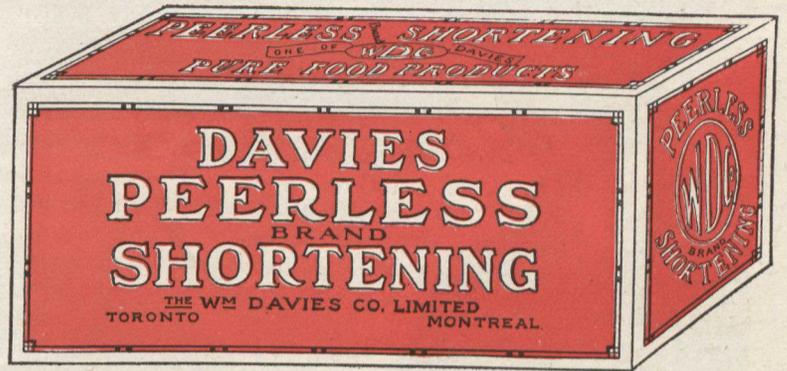
"Nicely, sir."

"Ah! I suppose he can read his Bible comfortably now?"

"Bible, sir! Bless you, he was out of the Bible and into the sporting papers long ago!"—Tit-Bits.

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is the Slogan of Every
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"Peerless Shortening" is the wonderful product of years of careful research and experiment.

One of the most nutritious and wholesome of vegetable oils—Cotton Seed Oil, extracted from small seeds stowed away in the centre of the snowy white cotton boll, is highly refined and then processed to stiffen sufficiently to work perfectly, the result,—

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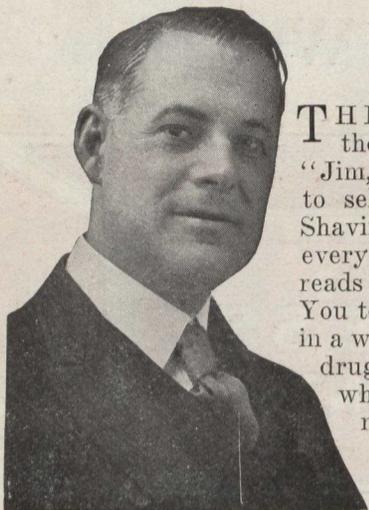


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The Wm. Davies Co., Ltd.
Toronto and Montreal

"My English may not be there, but the facts are straight"

A Salesman's Story



Jim Henry, who is selling you.

THE boss said the other day: "Jim, I want you to sell Mennen's Shaving Cream to every man who reads the Courier. You tell our story in a way that sells druggists everywhere. There's no reason why those same facts shouldn't sell the druggist's customers." He put it up to me, so here goes—and all I ask is that you men forget your prejudices for the moment. I have a real story to tell, and you needn't take the statements on faith. You can prove for yourself the truth of what I say.

The Chemistry of Shaving.

There are differences in chemical composition between "hard" soaps and cream soaps; between other shaving preparations and Mennen's Shaving Cream.

Now, the composition of your shaving preparation determines, more than anything else, whether or not you get the "head barber" shave.

If your skin burns and smarts after shaving and little pin-pricks of blood cover the face; if the lather dries quickly, making you relather several times; if you have to "rub in" to soften the beard—you can blame it all on the soap.

Mr. Mennen experimented three years to perfect a formula for a preparation that would eliminate these nuisances. The result was Mennen's Shaving Cream.

Some real dope on lather.

Have you ever tried to shave without soap—with water alone? You found it about as pleasant as pulling out hairs with pincers. Well, you undergo almost the same torture if your shaving pre-

paration does not give a full, firm, creamy, beard-softening lather.

Now, it is a fact—attested to by all chemists—that "hard" soaps give a different character of lather from a preparation like Mennen's.

The composition of Mennen's is such that it absorbs much more water than "hard" soaps. This gives it the quick, profuse, creamy lathering qualities, and the high percentage of water held in the lather makes it moist and cooling.

Because the lather of Mennen's absorbs so much water, it does not dry quickly on the face. It remains moist at least ten minutes. **No need to be constantly relathering in the middle of a shave.** That's one thing that rings the bell with every man who uses Mennen's.

Again, the peculiar properties of this cream enable it to soften the hair, so that "rubbing in" (which brings the blood to the surface and makes the skin tender) is totally unnecessary.

Here is something so revolutionary that most men balk at believing it. They are so used to shaving the way Father taught them that they persist in "rubbing in" even when they use Mennen's. But take our word for it. You **don't** have to "rub in" when you use Mennen's—save your time and your skin—see whether this isn't a straight tip.

"Hard" Soaps Contain Little or No Glycerin.

In making soaps, glycerin is formed—and glycerin, you know, is worth money. So in "hard" soaps it is usually extracted and sold as a profitable by-product. In making Mennen's, we not only leave the glycerin in, **but we add more.**

You know how soothing glycerin is. Your mother used it on your chapped hands when you were a kid. Doctors prescribe it for its skin-softening and emollient properties. It gives the skin that velvety, soft "feel."

Mennen's takes the sting out of shaving. Wonderful, you say, but it's a fact; and the main reason is that there

is no "free caustic" in it. Those words "free caustic" don't sound very dangerous, but, believe me, I know all about it. I stuck my finger in a caustic tank one day, and I don't want any more on my skin, "free" or any other way.

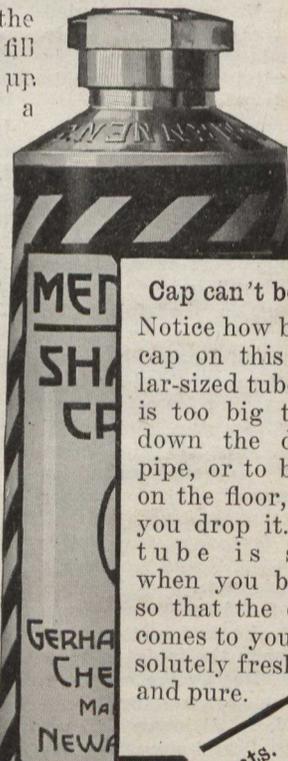
It's the "free caustic" in soaps that causes the thousand stings on your face after shaving, and draws your skin all up. Don't blame this torture on the razor. The razor is second fiddle.

Get a trial tube Now—Prove these facts yourself.

You may discount my enthusiasm, you may want to check me up. Well, there's nothing in the world we want more. Let us send you a medium-sized trial tube.

When you get this tube, follow the directions for use in the package. You remember the story of the painter who put on his signs, "Wet paint—believe the painter." Believe us when we tell you how much cream to use for every shave—not to "rub in" the lather—simply work it up on the face with the brush. Remember, it took three years to perfect Mennen's, and we know **how** it should be used to get the best results. Follow our directions, and you'll boost it as whole-heartedly as I do.

Tear out the coupon now, fill it out, wrap up a dime in a piece of paper, and mail. With the medium-sized tube of Shaving Cream we will send, free, a trial can of the Mennen Talcum for Men described below.



Cap can't be lost
Notice how big the cap on this regular-sized tube is. It is too big to fall down the drain-pipe, or to be lost on the floor, when you drop it. The tube is sealed when you buy it, so that the cream comes to you absolutely fresh and pure.

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The Talcum for Men

Most men like to use a talcum after shaving, but object to appearing in public with a "flour-face." The Mennen Talcum for Men avoids this. It's a neutral tint, and doesn't show. A trial can of this talcum will be sent free to every Courier reader who sends for a tube of shaving cream. Mail the coupon.

Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 18 McCaul St., Toronto, Can.

Enclosed is 10 cents, for which please send me a medium-sized tube of Mennen's Shaving Cream, and a trial can of Mennen's Talcum for Men.

Mail this coupon to-day with 10 cents.

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