

The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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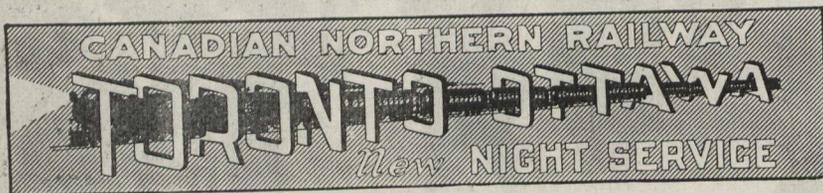
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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NO. 22

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Editor's Talk

A NEW series of gentle humour, blended with practical philosophy, begins in this issue. The title is "Laughing at Life." The author is George Edgar, a well-known English writer, who has caught the genial spirit of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and has succeeded in doing for the reader what the title indicates. The laughter may not be boisterous or hysterical. It will rather be that genial, quiet kind of mirth which, in a time of violent unrest the world over, leaves the reader with no reaction, but merely soothed as by gentle music.

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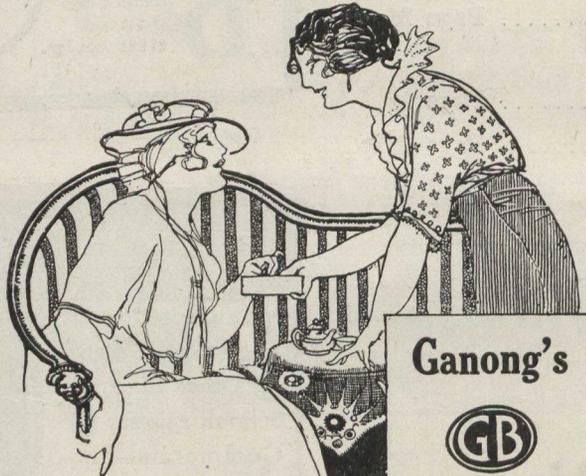
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In Lighter Vein

Rare Courtesy.—"How do you like your new music-master?"

"He is a very nice, polite young man. When I made a mistake yesterday he said: 'Pray, mademoiselle, why do you take so much pains to improve upon Beethoven?'"—Le Figaro.

Utter Proof.—"Do ye love me, 'Erb?"
"Love yer, 'Liza, I should jest think I does. Why, if yer ever gives me up I'll murder yer. I can't say more'n that, can I?"—Punch.

Agile Parent.—"Papa, what is an escutcheon?"

"Why?"
"This story says there was a blot on his escutcheon."

"Oh, yes! An escutcheon is a light-colored vest. He had probably been carrying a fountain pen."—Houston Post.

Overdoing It.—The constable in a small town received by post six "Rogues' Gallery" photographs, taken in different positions, of an old offender wanted for burglary in a neighbouring city. A fortnight later the constable sent this message to the city chief of police: "I have arrested five of the men, and am going after the sixth to-night."—The Argonaut.

Sufficient.—Incredulous friend (to soldier invalidated home).—"What, you captured ten Germans by yourself? Good gracious! How did you do it?"

Tommy—"I just shouted out 'Waiter!' and they came along."—Punch.

Opportunity.—A young suburban doctor whose practice was not very great sat in his study reading away a lazy afternoon in early summer. His man servant appeared at the door.

"Doctor, them boys is stealin' your green peaches again. Shall I chase them away?"

The doctor looked thoughtful for a moment, then levelled his eyes at the servant.

"No," he said.—Lippincott's.

The Bulldog Breed.—Officer—"Now, my lad, do you know what you are placed here for?"

Recruit—"To prevent the henemy from landin', sir."

Officer—"And do you think that you could prevent him landing all by yourself?"

Recruit—"Don't know, sir, I'm sure. But I'd have a dam good try!"—Punch.

Improvement on Nature.—At the orphan asylum the childless Mrs. Hathaway, who had selected an infant for adoption, suddenly showed trepidation.

"Will I have to keep the baby, if it doesn't suit my husband?" she asked hesitatingly.

"Of course you won't have to keep it," responded the accommodating matron. "You can bring the kid back and exchange it any time. We're not arbitrary, like the stork."—Judge.

Painful.

"I can not sing the old songs,"
She warbled. It was true;
And it wasn't a bit less painful
When she tried to sing the new.

—Musical America.

Some Variations of an Old Story.

"Well, what do you say, old girl?"
"My darling, life without you would be a desert waste."

"Only say the word and I'll be the happiest man in the world."

"Kiss me and call it a go."

"You are the only girl I ever loved."

"Is it—yes?"

"I want you to be my wife."

"I've never had any other thought but you."

"We were just made for each other, now weren't we?"

"I love you, I love you!"
"Sweetheart!"—Life.

The Dinner War Map.—Enthusiast (explaining the situation).—"Let this 'ere meat-axe be the Russians a-comin' in on the East; the carvin'-knife's the Frenchies along 'ere; our boys is the mustard-pot; and 'ere's the Germans—this 'ere plate o' tripe."—Punch.



"Folks say I'm 'sad,
I'm really glad,
Sad Iron cried
with glee.
"Although I'm 'flat,
I'm bright at that,
Old Dutch has
polished me."



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The CANADIAN COURIER

The National Weekly

HERBERT PIER



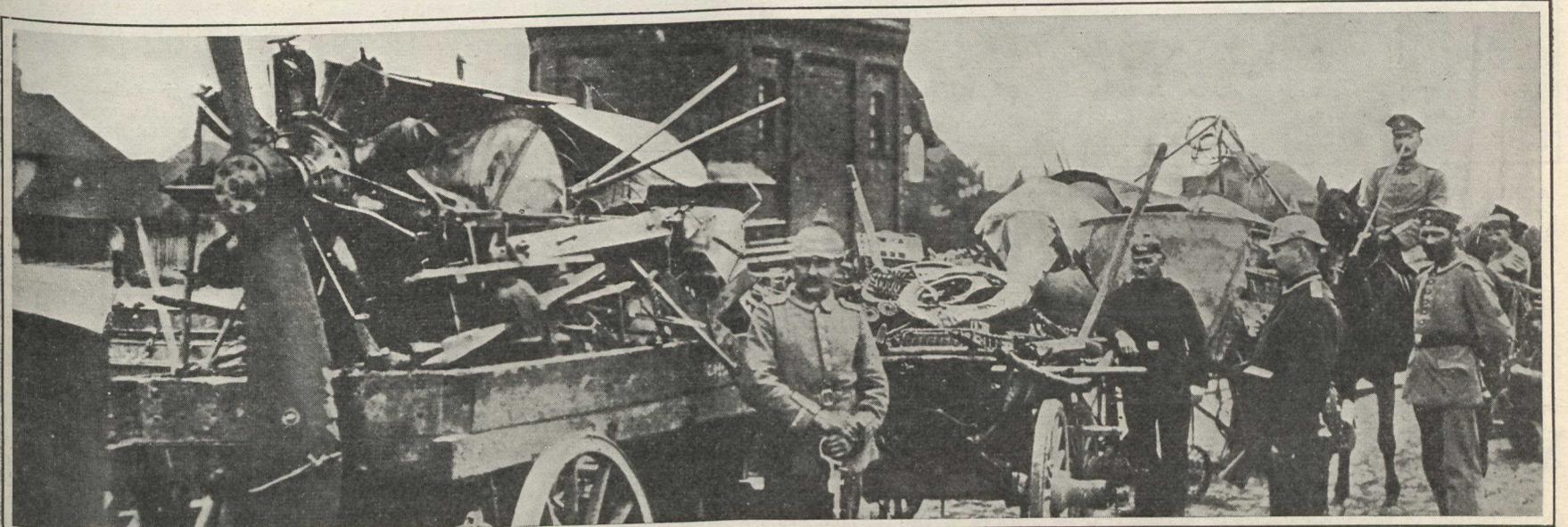
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October 31, 1914

No. 22

CAN ZEPPELINS DAMAGE LONDON?

When Destruction of Aircraft Has Become a Practical Science of Warfare



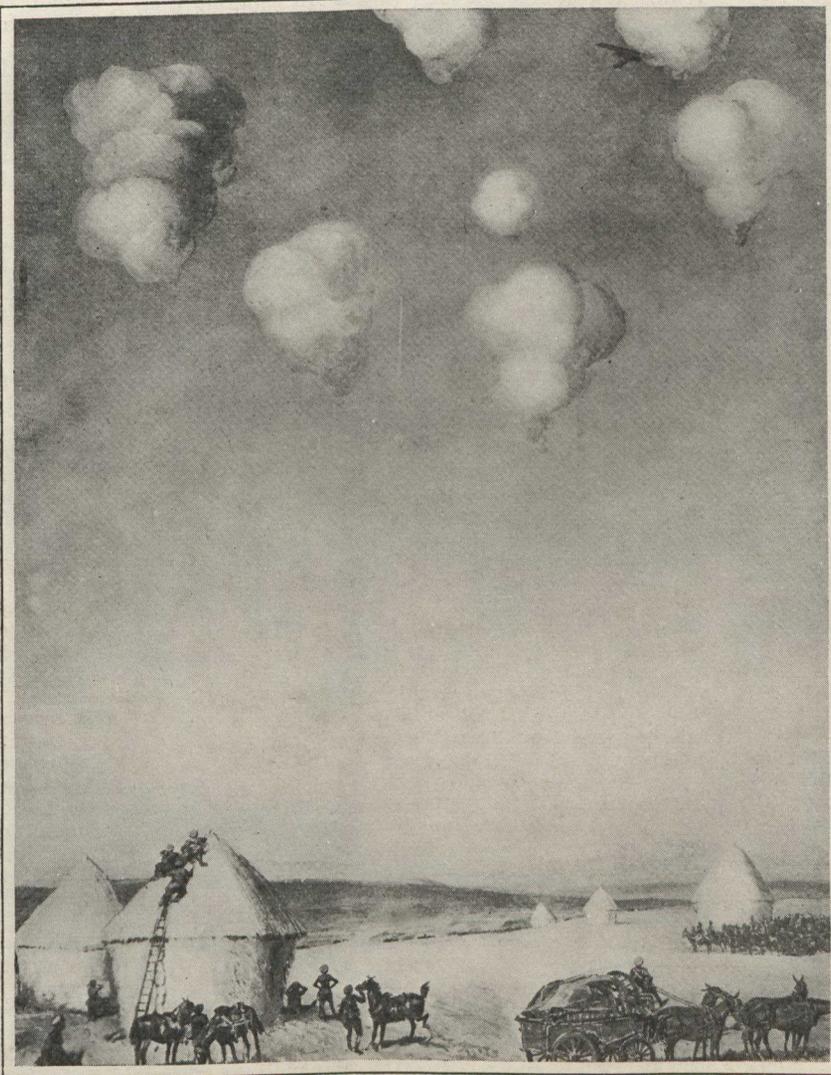
This Russian aeroplane was disabled somewhere above Tamenburg in the eastern lines. The Germans salvaged the remains of the machine. Operator and observer were both killed.

FIRING on aircraft is becoming a practical science. Before the war it was a manoeuvring pastime. Two months ago no nation knew anything of effective value in actual warfare about the ability of one aircraft to fight another. Now, with the varied and constant use of aero-belligerents, it is pretty well known what is the danger from one kind of winged craft and what is the best way to meet it. Aeroplanes and Zeppelins have been destroyed by aircraft and by machine guns mounted on high elevations such as steeples and tall buildings, and by rifles firing either from the ground or from an altitude.

On the field of war the aircraft engagements have been as varied as the operations on the field. Besides scouting and signalling for artillery and generally directing operations over a vast area of conflict, the aircraft have engaged in actual warfare. Aeroplanes and Zeppelins have been brought down on both western and eastern lines of war. The picture at the top of this page shows the remains of a Russian aeroplane smashed by German shells. One not long ago showed the relics of a German aeroplane brought down by a party of English riflemen.

So far as England, and especially London, are concerned, it is the probability of a Zeppelin raid that is most feared and guarded against. Most people in England have faith in the power of the air-patrols and the high-elevation fire both of artillery and rifles to ward off a Zeppelin raid. Why? The reasons are well set forth by the London Daily Express, which first of all believes that Germany has at the most five or six Zeppelins left capable of invading England, and that Germany cannot possibly be building Zeppelins of immediate use in this war, because that kind of craft takes a period of time to build not much less than that required for a warship.

Admitted that a Zeppelin could make the round trip from a coast base and back on her charge of fuel, or say 400



Even a haystack is an aid to riflemen in bringing down aircraft. A modern rifle can kill an aviator at 3,000 feet and disable him at 6,000.

miles, what are the chances for fighting them off? No Zeppelin would make such a trip carrying four tons of explosives without selecting some big, centralized, national mark to aim at. Such a mark is well known to Germany through her system of spies. It is the tremendous group of government buildings that centre about the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey. It is this group of buildings that the authorities are determined to protect from any Zeppelin raid.

ONCE a Zeppelin gets within effective distance, which is said to be 3,000 feet, she is within range of both land rifles and machine guns. Bombs, arrows or shrapnel bullets dropped from this height would strike with a velocity of about 450 feet per second, and in the case of shrapnel bullets twenty to the pound, the missile would have a striking energy of about 100 foot-pounds, which is almost twice as much as is necessary to destroy any object not protected against that kind of fire. It is the business of both aircraft and land guns to make such an attack impossible. One of the most effective means of prevention is the machine gun posted at a high altitude and capable of sending an eight-pound, two-inch projectile 3,000 feet in one and a half seconds. The next most efficient protection is rifle-fire. A rifle bullet capable of killing five men at a mile range is able to hit an aviator or damage his engine at 3,000 feet in height in about three seconds. At the height of a mile such a bullet would be able to give the aviator a knockout in six seconds. As the striking power of a Zeppelin is always vertical, and that of a machine gun or a rifle at any angle at all, the chances for a Zeppelin being allowed to get near enough to any group of buildings to wreck them are reduced to a minimum. At least this is the expert's view of the case. And until it is tried out and found wanting we shall continue to accept that view.



ALBERTA LEGISLATURE IN SESSION AT THE NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS AT EDMONTON. The Premier of Alberta is Hon. A. Sifton, succeeding Hon. A. C. Rutherford, the first Premier after the inauguration of the new provinces in 1905. Since that time the Government of Alberta, like that of Saskatchewan, has been continuously Liberal, with a slowly decreasing majority.

A War Letter from the Pacific

Those Submarines from Chili and the Comedy of the Algerine

VICTORIA, B.C., Oct. 17th.—Here in this last west, this pleasant port that has up to now been only a happy haven for peaceful ships, we, as it were, look at the war through the large end of the binoculars. It is very remote, physically speaking; though the distance of the place of the tragedy makes no difference in our sentiment, and we have seen six hundred of our best and bravest sail away on the crowded ships, and have read the names of our native born on the casualty lists. Time was, too, six weeks or more ago, when we looked from every headland towards the Straits of Juan de Fuca for the signs of hostile ships; and every dynamite blast and every report of the practice firing at the forts in Esquimalt, some of us mistook for the guns of the Nuremburg or the Leipsic. Now calmer grown, we can look back with a smile on our foundationless fears. There is a humorous side to everything, it is said, if one has the happy faculty for discerning it, and even this war, the most devastating and far-reaching the world has ever known, can furnish incidents here and there, which are mirth-provoking and without the slightest suggestion of pathos.

When the first news of the war reached us here, Sir Richard McBride, learning that two submarines had recently been completed at Seattle for Chili, sent word with admirable promptitude to Sir Robert Borden that he would like to purchase them for the Dominion. This he was permitted to do, but so quietly and quickly was the transaction made, that the authorities at Esquimalt did not know it had been completed. It was a clear, sunny morning, when from the lookouts in the forts, two grey-coloured, low-lying crafts could be seen, making all speed in towards the Royal Roads, that water sacred to ships of the Admiralty. Instantly the guns were trained upon the invading ships, and signals challenged them. Those in command of the submarines, secure in the knowledge of their honourable rights, persisted on their way, when, suddenly, a gun boomed, and in front of the leading boat, a high column of water spouted. It was nearly the end of the beginning of our navy. A moment later, however, the sharp eyes of the zealous defenders of our country saw the Union Jack hoisted on the submarines and below it the white flag of peace.

HERE is another little story which makes pleasant reading for us at any rate:

Just before the outbreak of hostilities, one of our sloops of war, the Algerine, was in Magdalena Bay, of the Coast of Mexico, a distance of seventeen hundred miles more or less from Victoria; and anchored near her, was the Leipsic, a German cruiser, known now all over the coast here, chiefly for her ability in eluding pursuit. It was a very warm evening; the officers of the Leipsic were entertaining the officers of the Algerine at dinner. If a thunderstorm had not come up suddenly that dinner might have had a very different and very dra-

matic ending. As it was the Leipsic's wireless was put out of commission by the electric storm, and nobody suspected that a message was being flashed across the ocean, vainly seeking the deaf and dumb wires of the German cruiser. The Algerine carries no wireless. The morning dawned bright and clear, the British sloop-of-war weighed anchor, and, cheered by their German friends in true sailor fashion, set sail for sea. Little did the men on either ship realize that at the moment they were shouting their "good-byes" and "auf wiedersehns," the mobs in Berlin were attacking the British embassy, and the ships of King George had cleared for action and were sweeping all German boats from the North Sea.

There was no great hurry about repairing the Leipsic's wireless, and by some lucky chance, instead of hugging the coast, the Algerine put out for sea, traveling at her usual rate of seven or eight miles an hour. Two days later she met a vessel sailing south and learned the news of the war. Two days later, also, the Leipsic wireless was in order and the crew and the officers learned of the outbreak of war between England and Germany. Then, indeed, she gave chase to her one-time friend, and searched in every bay and cove along the coast for the little sloop of war. She never found her, or has not up to date. Our own cruiser, the Rainbow, in charge of gallant Captain Hose, had set out to escort the Algerine and her sister ship, the Shearwater, back to Esquimalt Harbour.

And that must have been an exciting hunt, though it's never a word the naval officers will say of it; for the Rainbow was all alone, and she could hold no communication with the sloops, neither of which carried wireless; and somewhere out there on the North Pacific the Nuremburg and the Leipsic were waiting and watching. What chance would the British cruiser have against two, and one of them so much larger and more heavily armed a vessel! However, one pleasant morning a grey ship, deep in the water, was seen coming through the narrow entrance to the Straits, and shortly afterwards two smaller vessels followed her. If one had been in the neighbourhood of Esquimalt as the three boats steamed in, one would have heard, as we did, an outburst of splendid British cheers. For the Rainbow had done what she set out to do, and all three of our ships of war were safe in home waters.

N. deB. L.

Long or Short?

Tacticians say a Long War; Economists a Short One

MILITARY experts say the war will be a long one. Economists say that the war will be short. Both, strangely, happen to be right. Judged from the progress thus far, no one could

predict a short war. The slow retirement of the Germans from France, in contrast to their hurried march upon Paris, makes the war look like a wearing-down process that may take years rather than months. When every battle is a practical siege, the slow, long war seems a certainty. On the other hand, up to the present we have been able to see only the tactical side. All the battles have been fought with the German lines of communication leading back into a well-ordered country unbroken by the Allies. The tap root has not been cut. Till it is we know little or nothing as to how long Germany can hold out, even though she should be technically victorious on the field, which at latest advices does not seem likely.

The war must be ultimately won, either on the field or in the supply depots—or both. How long can Germany supply her army and her people at home with food, when her ports are blockaded and her industries paralyzed along with her shipping, and she is forced to depend directly upon the food she can actually produce on her own territory? That is the problem that economists are trying to solve without reference to the tacticians on the field. As one writer has put it, Germany is now in the position of the camel, living on its hump. Evidence of this is directly given by a German writer, Dr. Karl Ballod, of Berlin, who differs radically from the views expressed by Von Moltke. Both Ballod's and Von Moltke's articles appeared recently in the *Preussische Jahrbucher*. Both were published just before the war. Von Moltke contended that Germany cannot be starved out. Vice-Chancellor Delbruck agrees with him. Ballod says:

"In 1911-13 we imported, in round figures, ten million tons of grain and feed, and at least five million tons' worth of grain in the form of 900 million marks' worth of cattle, meat, fat, herring, eggs, butter and cheese. Even if the statistics of German crops are accepted as correct, and if the crops for 1911-13 are put down as amounting to 26 million tons net, it appears that fully a third of the grain required for food is imported, of which the breadstuffs constitute only one-tenth."

In spite of the fact that Germany last year produced 54 million tons of potatoes, a total greater than all the rest of home-grown foodstuffs combined, Dr. Ballod says:

"It is a terrible self-deception to make out that the German people could get along eleven months in the year with the grain which they themselves raise for bread. Get along? Yes, as long as they can import 60 per cent. of the feed needed for cattle."

He predicted that in case of war, German ports would be blockaded to prevent imports. Von Moltke contended that they would not be. Ballod is right. The blockade exists. The process of slow starvation has been begun. Some predict that the industrial fabric out of work and therefore out of food that cannot be supplied by soup kitchens, will collapse first; that the army will follow it. Just at present, however, it looks as though even the slightest appreciable gain by the Allies on the field would be enough to make the starvation process effective. The war may be virtually over before the tacticians have begun to work out their programme. And yet the starvation process may be a slower one than the war itself.

Unpopular Moltke

He is Said to be a Christian Scientist

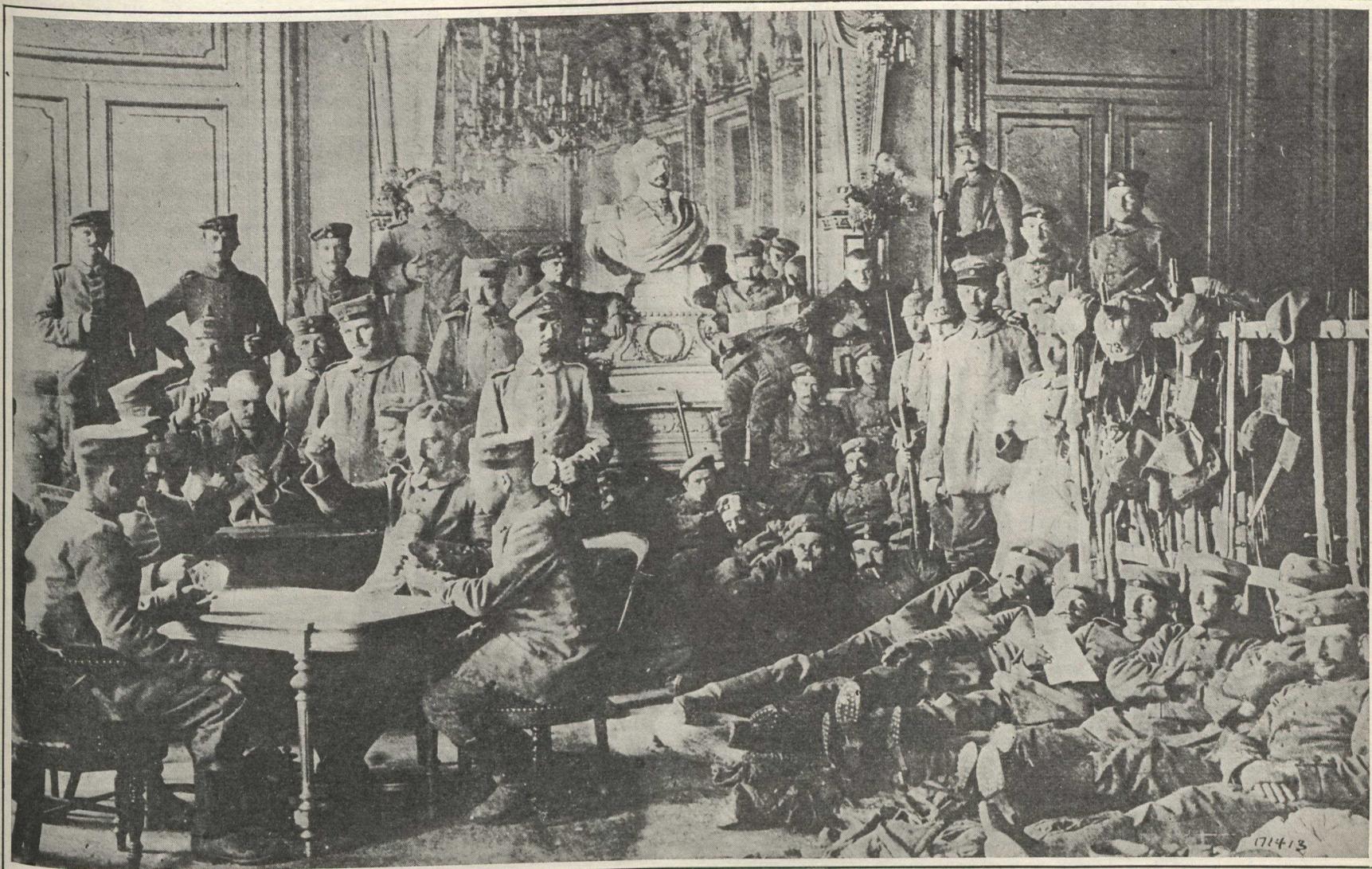
VERY little is known as yet of the real circumstances surrounding the case of Von Moltke, who was said to have been removed by the Kaiser from the chieftainship of the general staff. It is well known, however, that since the Kaiser himself practically assumed the chief command, the policy of the German army has been marked by hysterical manoeuvres. The Kaiser has been now on the west front urging on Von Kluk; now on the east egging on Von Hindenburg and Von Auffenburg. It is his personal war. Neither Von Moltke nor anybody else has much to do with it, except to carry out his ideas, which are often hallucinations.

The Kaiser chose Von Moltke in the first place because he was the nephew of the man who led German arms to victory in 1870. He replaced Count Schlieffen, an able soldier, because the latter declined to be the author of Kaiser manoeuvres which Von Moltke was very willing to carry out. A writer in the London Daily Mail makes out this interesting case either for or against Von Moltke:

"Of Bismarckian bulk, the Chief of the General Staff has never been genuinely popular with Army officers because of his alleged 'softness.' His intimate affiliation with the Christian Science movement has always been regarded as a weakness wholly out of place in a Hun leader. German martinets prefer a chieftain with a square head and a bulldog physiognomy like Von Hindenburg, the idol of East Prussia, who brags—in a statement now appearing in the German Press—that he has never wasted an hour in his life on 'light literature,' and ascribes his 'prowess' to the fact that his mind has never been poisoned by anything so corrosive as poetry and romance."

German Soldiers Very Much at Home

The Kaiser's Warriors are Quite Accommodating and Informal



Before the war this was a fine old Belgian Ball-Room. But the hob-nailed jackboots of the Germans played hob with the waxed floors.

EVERYWHERE the German soldiers go they make themselves peculiarly at home. In palace or castle, private drawing-room, cottage or wine-cellar they proceed on the maxim "To the Victor belong the Spoils." This is probably justifiable warfare from the German point of view. It was sanctioned to some extent by Napoleon, who, however, never permitted works of art to be destroyed, though he made every state his armies entered contribute to the support of the army.

The fourth official report issued by the Belgian Legation who have recently been abroad telling their story to other nations, contains some striking examples of how German officers and soldiers treat property belonging to the vanquished. One section deals particularly with operations in private houses. The Counsellor of the Legation makes various accusations. Furniture he says he found smashed, doors broken down, wallpaper torn from the walls. Doors of cellars were broken open; cupboards and drawers emptied; linen scattered on the floors among shoals of empty bottles. In the houses of well-to-do people oil paintings were found smashed and statuettes broken. In one which was decorated with a ferocious German legend, the commissioner found hundreds of empty and broken bottles in the hallways, on the staircase, and in the yard. The smell of spilt wine was everywhere.

He alleges that he walked on a chaos of torn clothes, pieces of wool torn from mattresses—and still more empty bottles. The drawing-room was full of bottles; dozens of wine-glasses covered the tables and sideboards. Armchairs and sofas were tattered and torn. In one corner a piano with a wine-stained keyboard seemed to have been battered by jackboots. One can fancy some drunken officer with a musical turn sitting at the piano hanging out "Die Wacht am Rhein." All property that could not be taken



Here we have the German version of that good old song, "In Cellar Cool," as sung by German soldiers down among the wine casks of the enemy.

away by refugees, he says, was either appropriated or destroyed. Family jewels, silver plate and money were all taken. The officers occupied the houses of the wealthy. The soldiers were permitted to pillage at will among homes of humbler citizens.

The report on the treatment of churches is quite as vividly graphic. The church at Aerschot is particularly described. The three doors, as well as that of the sacristy, were all consumed by fire. Altars, confessionals, harmoniums and candelabra were broken. Collection boxes were forced open. Wooden Gothic statues, which decorated the pillars, were torn down and destroyed by fire.

Most of this destruction seems to have been part of a premeditated programme. It must be inferred, however, that what happened after the wine bottles were opened was more or less spontaneous. German soldiers have no objection to drinking French and Belgian wine, even though they may prefer the wines of the Rhine. On the body of one German soldier was found a pathetic order written in bad French for use when he got to some good Paris cafe; ordering chickens and wine—which he never got.

While most troops when occupying a town are tempted to pillage and loot, it is certain that British soldiers so far have committed no deeds of this kind. Everywhere they went they have been treated with kindness. At many places the women have freely dispensed wine to the soldiers—when permitted so to do. Whenever the allied troops get into Germany, there may be more provocation to plunder and pillage. But the message of Lord Kitchener, pasted in every British soldier's knapsack, is by now pretty well committed to heart. It especially advises against loot, drunkenness and deeds of violence. Besides, most British soldiers are less fond of Rhine wine than German soldiers are fond of the light wines of France and Belgium.

A Case in Surgery

Billy Staunton in the Boer War Discovers What is More Potent Than a Maxim Gun

By A. PELICAN

THIS story opens in a little Western town on the frontier of the Great West. Were I to tell you the name of the town, you might think that you recognized the characters, in which case you would probably be more interested, but then you would already know the story and there would be very little use in my telling it.

The Empire had called for help. Soldiers were needed, and our hero, Billy Staunton, though far from being a hero at the time, was one of the many to answer the call. His reputation as a polo player became submerged in a regimental number. He was a volunteer, and consequently was subjected to addresses and cheering which he neither deserved nor desired. It was all in the day's work, and Billy accepted it without comment; in fact he was used to it. He had been carried shoulder high from many a polo field, and had breasted the tape ahead of all opponents in a half mile championship.

Billy was taking things more seriously than he had ever done before. He realized that he was going to war and that there was a possibility of his not returning. He awoke to the fact that he wanted to return. There was a reason, which means a girl. She was a trained nurse, and Billy had known her for some years. She was a constant attendant at all the matches, and polo was about the only thing in which Billy had distinguished himself since he came to Canada.

Billy knew he had to say good-bye and considered it a good opportunity to learn his fate.

What is it the patriotic poet says?

"Two things greater than all things are,
One is love and the other is war."

He was in love, but his fate seemed to be war. He met his girl and they quarreled.

"Billy," she said, when he had completed his erotic eloquence, "you are a nice boy and you like me, but you don't love me, at least not enough to marry me, otherwise you would have acted differently. You have known for a good while, Billy, that I was fond of you, and yet, what have you done to build a home? If monopolizing my programme at every dance and handing me tea at every polo match were all one would ask in a husband, you would be the ideal. You are all right, Billy boy, but you have not finished seeding. Your wild oats are not all sown. To put it in a few words—and I do not wish to hurt you, Billy—you do not love me enough to marry me, and I won't promise to marry you. When the cruel war is over, I'll be here and fancy free."

Billy was angry. "I had supposed you thought more of me, Marion, and would take me seriously now and then. Oh, well; a woman is only a woman," and he lit a cigarette. Poor Billy, let us hope he played polo better than he made love.

The regiment left next morning, and Marion was at the train. Billy managed to have a few minutes' conversation with her. She promised to write to him. They always do. Just as the whistle blew for the train to start, Billy caught her in his arms and kissed her. She struggled. They always do that, too. As Billy swung onto the step he waved his hand to her.

"Good-bye, Billy boy," she said, "mind you come back and—" The cheering drowned the rest.

"Here, you," said a sergeant, "get off that step and into your car." Billy obeyed. He had taken a kiss from his girl, but a shilling from the Queen.

The voyage to Cape Town does not lend itself to narrative. Nothing particular occurred, at least not to Billy. The officers in turn took their watch, and the stewards, everything in sight. Neptune came on board as they crossed the equator, and Billy was shaved and ducked.

When the transport arrived at Cape Town, the regiment disembarked and camped at Green Point. On his first afternoon off, our hero, after the custom of all volunteers, presented himself at a photographic studio. Having seen the samples, he selected full length, cabinet size, two positions, at twenty-eight shillings a dozen. The photographs were beautifully finished, and an extremely good likeness. He was not proud, still it was impossible to decide which was the better portrait. He solved the difficulty by sending them in pairs to his relations and particular friends. Needless to say, Marion was the recipient of one package containing two very speaking likenesses, but not a single written word except the address.

The regiment arrived at the front, and went through its baptism of fire bravely, if not brilliantly.

Our hero was a driver in the Maxim gun section. If he felt any discomfort at being under fire, he did not show it. He had been about five months "tearing up the veldt with bullets at \$1.25 per box," to use his own expression. He was not particularly interested in warfare, nor apparently anything else, still he did not belong to that numerically strong corps known in the army as the "fed-ups." He considered that he had undertaken a responsibility, and was

doing his duty as best he could. The raw recruit was rapidly becoming the trained soldier.

To form an estimate of a soldier, one must disabuse his mind of the soldier one meets in fiction. The real soldier is an entirely different character. The soldier of fiction may have flourished in the wars of the Crusades, but we learn from the best authorities that these courageous individuals are now extinct. Billy was just a soldier in accord with modern ideas. He was cool, obedient, and not lacking in initiative, and profited by his experience of each day. He had learned to use the gun effectively. He was a driver, and seemed to have the knack of taking the gun where it was needed most.

I don't know why the gun became known as "Billy's barker," but such was its name in the regiment. Many a time the regiment was hard pressed, and sorely in need of the support of a Maxim. Billy's barker was never late. There was a mild superstition in the regiment that the little old gun never missed. They loved the gun and honoured its crew, of which Billy was the senior man.

Have you ever seen a Maxim gun? It is a most ingenious arrangement. It consists of a barrel set in a water jacket. The barrel can be removed in a moment, and replaced by a new one. The breech mechanism uses the recoil to reload the gun. In fact, it is automatic, and its speed of operation is six hundred shots per minute. This deadly machine is mounted on two wheels and is connected to its ammunition waggon, or limber, by what is termed the trail. On the trail there is a seat, somewhat similar to that of a bicycle, which is occupied by the gunner when in action. By the simple expedient of pressing his thumbs upon two buttons, the gun is fired. It will continue to fire until the pressure is released.

TO return to our tale. It was about twenty miles east of Heidelberg. The scouts started at six a.m., advancing in a westerly direction. Through some error, they had not been informed that it was the intention of the column to turn south and cross the vaal. A sergeant was in charge of the scouts, and perhaps he went too far. The Boers opened with two fifteen-pounders and heavy rifle fire. Down came the whole regiment on the gallop, and the little Maxim was in the front rank. Billy picked his course, as if he were driving at a review. There was no road, but he brought his gun to probably the best position that he could occupy. He judged the range to an inch, wheeled, and opened fire. Billy's barker was protected by a shield; you have probably seen them. They have an opening in the middle about eighteen inches high and two inches wide. This is used by the gunner to sight through. A small mark for a rifle bullet, but still they can find it, and they did this time. The gunner dropped, shot through the head. Billy was arranging the ammunition. He did not wait for orders, but jumped to the fallen gunner's seat.

"You'll pay for that," said he. "I'll spray desolation amongst you until you get me, or bust the gun."

The Boers were charging by this time. Perhaps they thought the little gun was jammed.

"What's the matter with that gun?" shouted the Colonel. "Open up there. Capt. Simpson, kindly look after that Maxim."

"It's all right, sir," replied the Captain. "Billy is at his post."

Billy looked at the Captain and smiled, and bent over the gun. She barked. A field of grain falling before the reaper is the way they pictured the result. Billy had saved them.

Billy might have been in line for promotion, but the fates decreed otherwise. One day as he was galloping into action with his snappy little Maxim, a shell burst in the midst of the team. It disabled the gun permanently, and Billy at least temporarily. The field surgeon reported his condition to be very serious; in fact, his escape from obliteration was miraculous. His right shoulder was broken, and his eyes were apparently seriously injured. His journey of three days, in a galloping ambulance and the scorching heat of the veldt, did not aid his recovery. When he arrived at No. 1 General Hospital, his chances for recovery were none too bright.

The doctor, by whom Billy was admitted, noticed by his identification card that he was probably related to a Surgeon-Major in the same hospital. Surgeon-Major Staunton was sent for, and immediately recognized Billy as his younger, and somewhat wayward, brother. Our hero's critical condition, together with his brother's influence, secured for him a private ward, and a special nurse to look after his needs. The wounds had produced a high fever, and the fever a raving delirium. Several doctors in consultation decided that competent nursing would do more than medical skill to bring about the patient's recovery.

Surgeon-Major Staunton arranged to have a nurse

who had been his dresser. He did not choose her for her personality; all he had ever noticed about her was her skill. She was sent for, and answered the call promptly. While the orderly, who carried her tray of bandages and dressings, placed them in the tent, Dr. Staunton informed her of the particulars of the case. He impressed her with the fact that careful nursing was what the patient needed most, adding in rather a husky voice, "I hope he will pull through. He is my brother, you know."

The nurse entered the tent, and bent over the patient for a moment. Straightening up, she said, "Major Staunton, you may be sure I will do my best." She took up her duties at once.

Our hero was very restless and raved incessantly. At one moment he was swearing at his pony in a hard-fought polo game, the next he was fighting his battles or courting Marion. "Let her bark, boys. The old gun is a snorter. Raise your sights a bit. Oh, mammit, don't sit on the ball. Play polo. Say, Marion, let's walk down to the river. I saw a three-pound speckled trout in a hole there this morning. I bet you a bob I land him." In his quieter spells, he called longingly for Marion.

Surgeon-Major Staunton was constantly in and out of the tent watching his brother's condition. He spent every spare minute at Billy's side. He explained to the nurse that Marion was the name of a Canadian girl with whom Billy was in love.

As the days went on, the patient's delirium did not decrease, and he called continually for Marion. One day, when Billy was at his worst, the doctor said: "I am very anxious about him. I wish his girl lived somewhere on this side of the ocean, so that we might get her here. I can think of only one thing to do, if you would consent. Could you, and would you, pretend to be Marion? If you would, nurse, I believe it would save his life." The nurse consented and the ruse was successful from the first. Billy at once became quieter and rested more comfortably. In a few days the fever had abated and he was his normal self, though extremely weak. Dr. Staunton was delighted, and although he could not yet permit the bandages to be removed from Billy's eyes, he was quite confident of the patient's ultimate recovery.

As time passed, Billy talked a little to the nurse. He seemed to prefer to talk to her, than to have her read to him. He told her many of his experiences in the West, and once or twice broached the subject of Marion. The latter topic of conversation she tactfully avoided in order that the patient might not become excited.

DAY by day his strength returned, and with the exception of his eyes, our hero was on the fair road to convalescence. It had been decided not to remove the bandages from his eyes for some time yet. He was allowed to sit up in a chair in the afternoons and listen to the band, which played for the amusement of the patients. On these occasions, Dr. Staunton often sat with his brother and joked him about his girl in Canada. Billy never tired of the subject, he would talk of her by the hour. "Don't you think," the doctor said one day, "she must have read of your being wounded, and if she loved you, she might have written you, or at least made inquiries as to your progress?"

"I did not say she loved me," Billy answered: "but by Jove I would like to write to her; anyhow I don't suppose she would want a blind man."

"You are not blind. Those bandages will be off your eyes in a few weeks. When you see the charming girls we have in the hospital, I'll wager you will forget all about your girl in the West."

"Not much. She is the only girl for me," replied Billy.

"Talking of girls, Billy, the nurse who pulled you through—and it is she you have to thank for your recovery, not me—is one of the nicest girls I have ever met. Upon my word, Billy, I am more than half in love with her. I have not spoken to her on the subject, but I believe I will some day. Well by Jove, sneaking of angels, here she comes, and I must be off. So long old chap."

"Hello, nurse," said Billy; "no letters from Canada, I suppose."

"No, none to-day. Probably they are delayed in the mail. There is sure to be a letter soon, besides, you know, you must not worry or you won't get better."

"I wonder if I should write to her, nurse?"

"Write to whom?"

"Why, to Marion, of course."

"Oh nonsense, you could not write just now."

"Well, I might ask you or my brother to write for me."

"Don't be in such a hurry. You will be rid of those bandages shortly, and she would like it much better if you wrote yourself."

Billy was becoming quite strong, and each day was led around by an orderly, to exercise his limbs.

At last Billy was to be allowed to try his eyes. The

(Concluded on page 22.)

Two Generals

A Striking Comparison

TWO generals who have been whacking away at each other's battlefronts for many weeks now are very little known about in the public press. These are two of the ablest generals in the war: Rennenkampf and Von Hindenburg. The New York Times calls the latter the Cincinnatus of the war. Cincinnatus left his plough-handles to become dictator of Rome. Hindenburg is an old-timer; one of the old guard that fought under Bismarck and Von Moltke against Austria away back in 1866. How times do change a man! Almost fifty years ago this man, then a young artillery officer, was doing his best to beat the headship of the German Confederation off Austria. Now he is hand and glove with Austria to beat back the Russians; and up to the present he has been doing more at that game than Dankl and Von Auffenburg put together.

As France remembers Sedan, so Austria remembers Koniggratz, the great battle that practically decided the war against Austria and set Prussia at the head of the Confederation. Young Hindenburg had under him at that battle forty gunners with whom he led a fierce charge on an Austrian battery. When he had captured three Austrian guns he fell stunned by a bullet in the head. He lay there for several minutes, supposed by his own men to be dead. They began to retreat. When the advance guard got to where he lay, Hindenburg came to and sprang up. The bullet had grazed his scalp. At the head of his men he made another charge and this time took the three remaining Austrian guns. Then he fainted. Afterward the old Emperor William gave him the Order of the Red Eagle, the first subaltern that ever got it. In the Franco-Prussian war he was a captain and took part in the storming of St. Privat, near Metz. He was in the battle of Sedan, after which for his bravery the Emperor gave him the Iron Cross, made from captured French guns. Not long ago, after the battle in East Prussia, the Kaiser gave Hindenburg the veteran another Iron Cross; this time made of the metal of cannon captured from the Russians.

Rennenkampf

RENNEKAMPF is as renowned a Russian general as Von Hindenburg is a German. He is one of the few Russian generals to come through the searching ordeal of the Russo-Japanese war without a stain on his reputation. Since that time the Russian officers' list has been tremendously keyed up and revolutionized. There are no longer any comparisons necessary. In the case of Rennenkampf there was no need for revolution. It was he who was given the task of repressing the revolutionary outbreaks after the war with Japan. Concerning this brilliant strategist and great commander, Fred-eric McCormick tells a story of his visit to the general when he was in Manchuria in his stronghold near Mukden.

"In the dead of winter, 1904, when the Russian army was in dugouts on the Sha River, I saw the coldest bivouacking I had ever seen. Rennenkampf's line of communications stretched up the icy mountain valleys and across the range at a point called the Great Pass. Miles and miles of snowy peaks. The sun was shining. I found Rennenkampf a pronounced German type, with close-cropped hair like the Cossacks of the Caucasus, but without their beard, and only a heavy moustache not worn in the German fashion. He was apparently about forty-eight years of age. I remember his eyes as rather large and grey. He wore a long military coat with three stars on the shoulder-straps. His other ornaments were a cross of the order of Vladimir and the St. George's Cross. On his left wrist was a heavy gold chain. He had just been attacked by Kuraki and forced to retire, but recovered his lost ground."

McCormick further says that Rennenkampf was always a fierce opponent of retreat. Sometimes when he received a dispatch from some commander down the line that he must retire, he sent back a message to say that if the officer did so his name would be taken off the list. At his headquarters he allowed no one to discuss peace. Though the Japs had small

regard for the Cossacks, it is certain that the Germans do not think that the Cossacks under Rennenkampf at the battle in East Prussia merited anything like contempt. At Gerdauen, near Koenigsberg, he succeeded in upsetting the German plan to outflank him and got back to his fortified position unharmed.

A Russian Red Cross man tells the story of what he saw of Rennenkampf's doings in this area of battle. He said: "I was walking beside one of our carts listening to the sound of heavy artillery when

substituted Tchaikowski, there were some critics who thought the movement very unwise. The boycott has since been removed.

Mr. Krehbiel thinks that the dislocation of all European music at the present time will lead to a greater amount of talent than ever before being released for American and therefore Canadian audiences. He goes on to speak of some of the music leaders from the United States who at present are tied up by war. Dr. Muck, conductor of the Boston Sym-



HOW A KAISER ARTIST SEES THE WAR.

This German picture of an alleged encounter with the Russians was supposed to show the defeat of the first Russian advance at Tannenburg, under General Samsonoff. The picture was displayed in Leipsic.

shouts warned us to get off the road. We did so and not less than a hundred huge motor-trucks thundered past, closely packed, each carrying about thirty men and traveling at not less than forty miles an hour. That was Rennenkampf reinforcing his threatened flank."

Music and War

AFTER all, thinks Mr. Krehbiel, critic of the New York Tribune, we shall not be so short of musical talent this season as we supposed. Neither will there be in the United States, of course, any boycott on any kind of German music—or of any other. How far a boycott of German music could extend in Canada we scarcely know; but when Sir Henry Wood, a day or two after the outbreak of war, took Wagner off the Queen's Hall programmes and

phony, he says, is a Bavarian, and therefore not very fond of Prussia. Mr. Stransky, conductor of the New York Philharmonic, is a Bohemian, and therefore a subject of Austria, whether he wants to be or not. It is safe conjecture that Mr. Stransky would rather be back in New York with his \$30,000 a year salary and his baton than having anything to do with the rifles of Emperor Franz Josef.

The war has certainly disrupted grand opera in Europe. Managers are tearing their hair to get enough male singers to fill the gaps in the roles caused by singers who have gone to the ranks of their respective armies. The Covent Garden season will likely be called off altogether, a musical calamity never before known in London. Besides, the season of Russian opera, so magnificently inaugurated by Sir James Beecham, will be discontinued. German managers, however, are making brave efforts to keep up the opera. The principal tenor for "Parsifal" had to be recruited from barracks.



Through A Monocle

Lessons for Pacifists

AS soon as this war is over, it is entirely apparent that we will have a school of smug "pacifists" who will be telling us, with quite their old unctious, that the civilized world has now had its lesson, and that it will never again permit war to occur. Indeed, they are already singing this soothing psalm of supine surrender. These are largely the same men who told us quite confidently, when we predicted an attack upon the British Empire by the great German military machine, that we failed to take into account the growth of civilizing influences; the internationalizing effects of trade, commerce, and finance; the beneficent work of literature, music and the drama; the elevating and humanizing forces of our common Christianity. Were not the Germans a "cultured," commercial, Christian people; and why should they do this awful thing? Did not their splendid prosperity rest upon peace; and why should we imagine that they would tumble it all into the bloody dust of a great war? The "pacifists" are, of course, anxious to-day that we should forget all this false teaching, now that German guns are thundering against the forces of the Allies; but I am sure that you all remember its glib and superior optimism, down to the last silly syllable.

WE, who predicted war, were "barbarians," "cynics," "worshippers of brute force," "blind to the higher influences," to the "spiritual forces." We were, in fact, a reactionary and degraded lot, our feet sodden with the mire of earth, our eyes holden from the glories of the new day. Our minds were fixed on things of the flesh, whereas these noble prophets were possessed of a lofty devotion to the better things of the spirit. A well-known Canadian clergyman wrote me one day that I was worse than "a Pagan philosopher"—that, in fact, he could find far nobler sentiments in Pagan philosophy than in my writings. I don't doubt it. The Pagans who dreamed the white and glorious dream of the Parthenon, dreamed other dreams of perpetual peace; but the war chariot of Imperial Rome rumbled through their streets, and for nineteen oppressive centuries "the glory that was Greece" was in squalid eclipse—and its revival came only the other day when the latest sons of Greece learned to shoot straight and take cover.

BUT I am not troubled now about the past. The events of last August, set forth in the "white paper," sufficiently justify my "cynicism," my "low, material outlook," my "Paganism." I said that Germany, in spite of her "culture," her civilization and her Christianity, would attack us when the hour came. Was I right; or was I wrong? But what I am troubled about is the future. These same impractical, dreaming, visionary "pacifists" are tuning up their lyres to lull us once more into a condition of comotose imbecility, in which we will prematurely beat our swords into ploughshares and our spears into pruning-hooks, while the Hun sullenly re-arms in his fastnesses to renew the attack the moment he dare do so. We are to disarm—we to depend upon Truth and Righteousness—or that far more dangerous delusion, international opinion supported by an international "police."

NOW, I am the last man to say a word against an international "police" which shall "hold a fretful world in awe," just as soon as such a step forward is possible. But to talk about it under existing conditions, as an immediate consequence of this present war, is even more stupid and shortsighted than it was to assure us last winter that there never could be another European war, so intimately were the interests of the various civilized nations now bound together, and so high a plane of morality had we now reached. I venture the assertion, while the armies are still in the field, that, when this war is over, we will find less excuse—and not more—for predicting permanent peace than the "pacifists" had to go upon before this war broke.

THE lesson of this war." The "pacifists" say blandly that this "lesson" is that war is so terrible and hideous a thing that we can never permit it again. For masterly misinterpretation, commend me to that! Here is the position. The "pacifists" said that war simply could not come. What is the "lesson" which any school-boy would draw? Surely that they were wrong—that war could come under conditions they thought impossible—that, therefore, it might come again under conditions they would again regard as impossible. The

"lesson" surely is that they do not understand human nature; and that they are failures in the prediction business. But the "lesson" they seek to draw, is that the coming of this unexpected war has proven so annoying to all concerned that they may now fairly renew their failed prediction and assert that war can never come again.

THE case is as if a cock-sure child should insist that fire, having become civilized and Christianized, will not burn. You point to universal experience. The child calls you "a back number." In the brutal days of old, it did burn. But not now. So he puts his finger in the fire. It burns. He howls with pain. It is far more terrible than he thought. You say, warningly—"Now you see, my son, fire does burn." "Oh, no," he says, even before he has

stopped dancing with pain. "It is true that it burned this time. I did not think it could be so brutal and Pagan. No one could have calculated on such wickedness. Therefore, I was really right as a matter of logic, still I confess that this particular fire did disappoint me most dismally. But after this terrible experience, it will never, never burn again. We can all play safely with the next fire as soon as this barbaric blaze—the last of its kind—dies down."

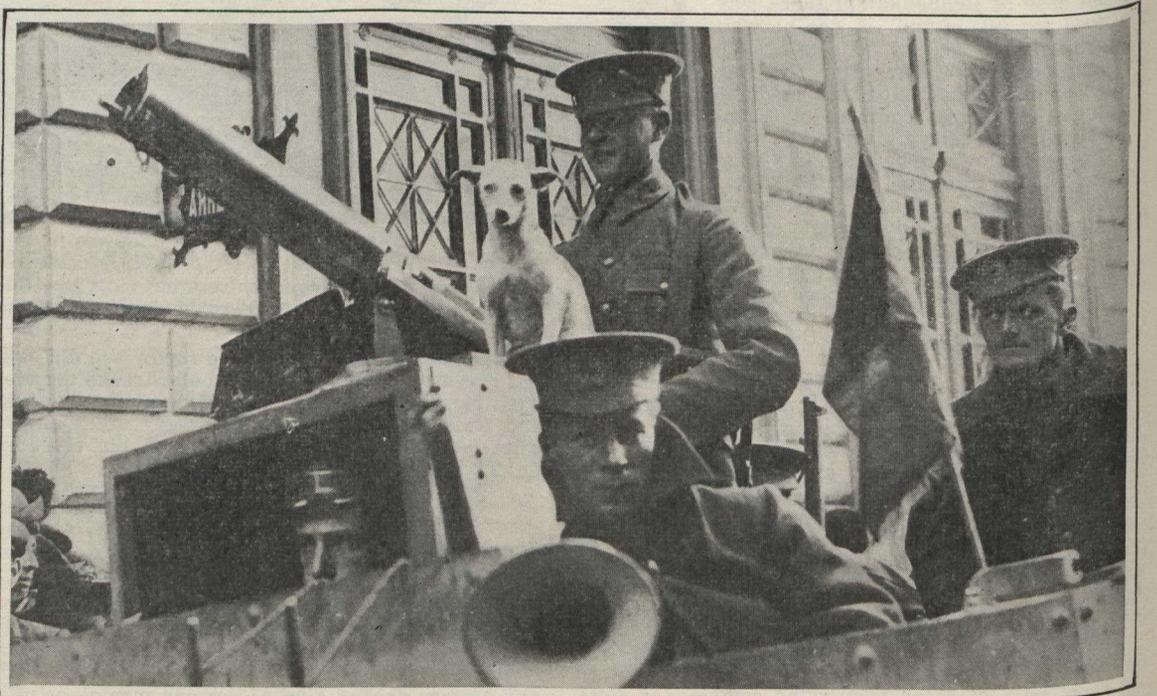
THE lesson of this war for the British Empire is to arm on land as well as on sea. We have learned that our Empire can no longer be defended upon the water. We must, of course, be supreme beyond challenge at sea. That is a vital necessity of our existence. The war would be over now—for us—if our navy were not supreme. But that is not enough. We must have an army, worthy to be the sword of a first-class power. We owe it to our Allies as well as to ourselves. We are escaping luckily this time. The Triple Alliance broke to pieces. Not one of Germany's semi-detached "friends" has fought for her. The Triple Entente has had the support of Belgium, Japan, Servia, Montenegro and possibly Portugal. But we cannot calculate that German diplomacy will so utterly fail on the next occasion.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

A COMMANDEERED WINDMILL AND A DEATH MACHINE

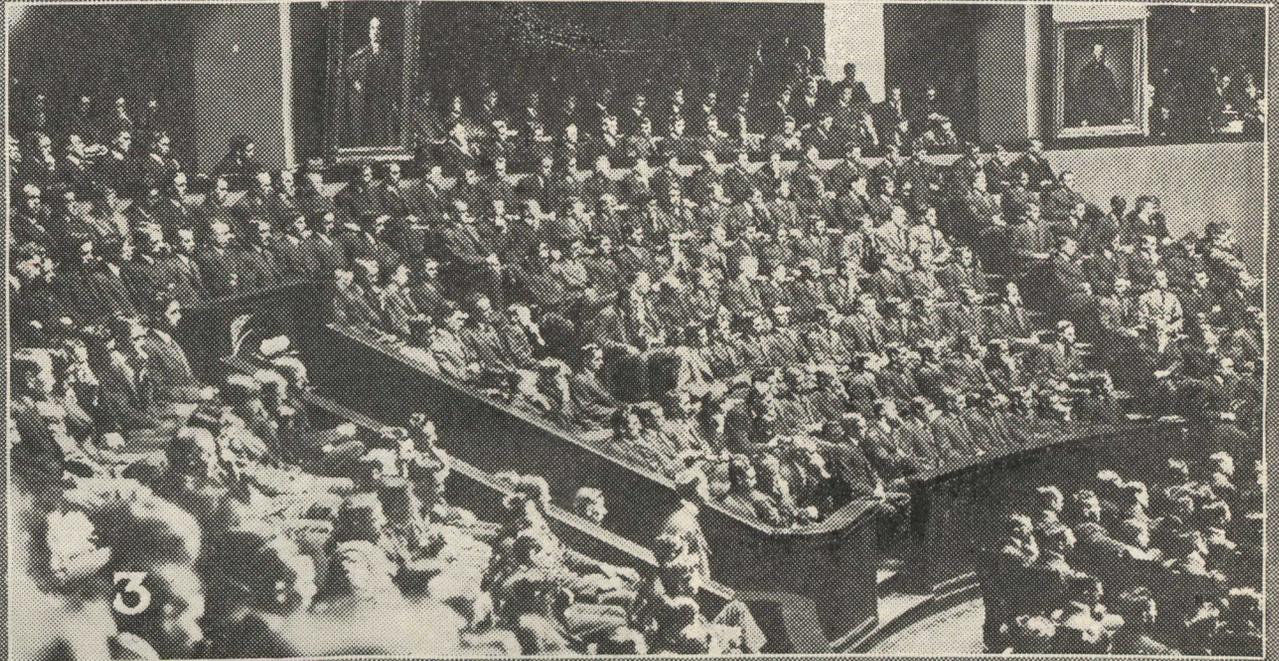
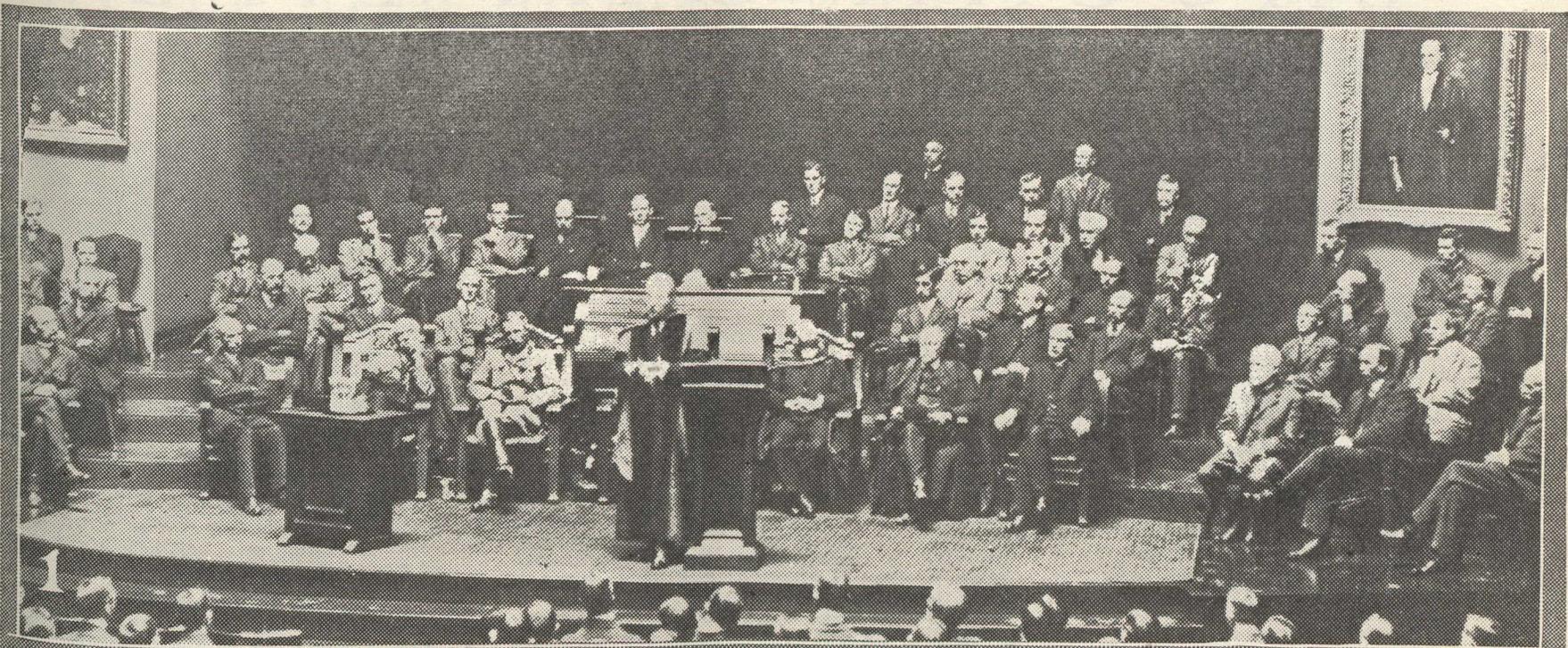


A BELGIAN WINDMILL USED AS A RED CROSS STATION.
A section of the Royal Army Medical Corps starting with a stretcher for the battlefield to bring in the British wounded.



BRITISH ARMOURD MOTOR-CAR IN BELGIUM.
These terrific death-locomotives are in use by hundreds on both lines of battle.

WAR INVADES THE PEACEFUL COLLEGE CLOISTERS



On Wednesday of last week President R. A. Falconer, seen at the left, announced to a huge muster of students in Convocation Hall that the Militia Department have agreed to the establishment of an officers' training corps in the University of Toronto. The top picture shows the faculty, with Lieut.-Col. W. R. Lang, Professor of Physics, addressing the students, who in pictures 3 and 4 are seen listening to the message from Mars and leaving the Hall afterwards.

UNIVERSITIES as military centres are by no means peculiar to Germany. English universities have for centuries been active recruiting grounds for officers and rifle corps. In Canada, McGill University, under the enthusiastic Imperialist, Principal Peterson, has for some time had an officers' training corps. Queen's University, in Kingston, stimulated by the Imperialism of the late Principal Grant, was offered the financial backing of a corps by Major Leonard, but has gone ahead to establish

one on its own account. Many years ago the University of Toronto had an organization known as K Company of the Queen's Own Rifles, which, between 1866 and 1891, furnished more officers for the Canadian militia than any other company or regiment in Canada. In the early '90's, the pacifist group among the University authorities placed "K Co." on the retired list. The organization of the new officers' training corps in Toronto University revives again the old martial spirit which has for many years been

exemplified by that staunch Roman militarist, Principal Hutton, of University College. About 1,300 students have enrolled in the new training corps, which will be under the command of Lieut.-Col. W. R. Lang, Professor of Physics. These young men, when they graduate, will become officers in the local militia in various parts of Canada. And Principal Hutton may now repeat with practical emphasis those stirring words of Virgil in the Aeneid, "Arma virumque cano" — "I sing of arms and the man."

LAUGHING AT LIFE.

A Series of Gentle Humoresques with a Philosophic Turn

Number One—The Peacock Stage

By **GEORGE EDGAR**

Author of "The Blue Birdseye"

LIFE, of course, is a comedy from the moment when a man becomes conscious of himself. And part of the hilarious fun of the odd business of living is the undoubted fact that most of us do not realize how funny we are until we are dead. Dying is tragic; death a long tragedy for the individual, but the comedy of life persists in death. We do not know we are dead—a thought for laughter even in the midst of tears.

A child knows little or nothing of tragedy or comedy. The average healthy young baby, growing from the bib and tucker stage to strenuous boy or girlhood, is largely an appetite and a craving for exercise. The beauty of children is woven round the fact that they do not think. They just wonder and keep on wondering in a world largely composed of make believe. Happy is the child who wonders and wonders. One can believe in two-headed giants, the infallibility of parents, the presence of fairies in the glen, the truth of stories beginning "once upon a time," the certainty of life and the regularity of the food supply. Indeed, a wondering child may believe in anything. I have known a girl child who believed a wholly fictitious Mr. Deeley Darleigh—the nearest phonetic rendering of the name I can get—occupied the entire space of the moon and made little girls good or bad, according to the whim of his moment. I would give my eyes and ears to believe in this stupendously simple idea. The conception of such a personality is much more interesting as a matter of wonder than seriously dwelling upon the intellectual make-up of—shall I say, without political offence—Mr. Asquith or Mr. Bonar Law. Happy the children who wonder. In the words of Polonius, life to them is neither "pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, nor tragical-comical-historical-pastoral." Every bright day is a long fairy tale full of the only refreshing sanity in life—sheer phantasia. The moment the child begins to put two and two together, tragedy enters the life of the individual and comedy incites the looker-on to laughter.

ON GROWING UP.

TAKE the peacock stage. Every boy or girl has a peacock stage. Just as well here to recall the distinguishing features of the peacock. He has a gorgeous tail, of many colours—sharing this in common with Joseph's coat. With the tail spread out in the sun, the peacock, a bird possessing a small head, thinks he is the most glorious of all the glorious things in the world. And the peacock is firmly convinced that he is a singer—one of nature's silvery throated warblers—while all the time his squeaking delivery makes one think of sound as a living entity rolling in the mud, discordantly intoxicated. Myself. I hate to drag the peacock into an elegant article—he is such an ass of a bird—though I forgive him much when he spreads his feathers in the sunlight. But he is youth all over, and one cannot think of adolescent life without seeing the peacock, pouting out his chest, spreading his subtly patterned feathers in the light, and imagining himself, as a singer, to be one of nature's gentlemen.

So it is with our little men and women. They come from the Never-never land to the Ever-present as charming babies. They wander along through the fairyland of childhood, with Jack and his beanstalk, Cinderella, Aladdin, Alice and the Mad Hatter, and the other kings and queens of an enchanted world. They sprawl about as boys and girls—the boys clawing and tigering themselves to exhaustion like puppies playing on a lawn; the girls slapping each other's faces and cementing quarrels with sugar-coated kisses. Little boys attract providential sixpences from kindly old gentlemen and every one may kiss a little girl and load her with caresses. And suddenly the little boys and girls grow up, out of Never-never land, into the hideous Ever-present. They become potential men and women—successors of you or I. From flowers in a garden they develop into excrescences on a landscape, threatening to imitate the adults by growing up. They begin to be men and women—just mere, ugly, undesirable men and women, cumbering a lean and already overburdened earth. They advance through the peacock stage to maturity. Alas that wee children should grow up; that the pat of affectionate regard for the little boy should become the punch one reserves for a male competitor; that the kiss, the rightful salutation for tiny girls, should be transferred into a self-conscious ritual, meet greeting for one who has an engagement ring, talks wholly of furniture, and with the approval of her mother insists on introducing you to all her relations with a wedding-gift accent.

AT THE MIRROR.

YOU, dear readers, know what I am driving at when I speak of the peacock stage—the days when suddenly you realized you were no longer children, but incipient men and women. You hide the secrets from each other, now, when you are lean

and slippered pantaloons, aping the chimney corner, but I give you away wholeheartedly, in the interests of the younger generation, so they may have a weapon against our old saws and wise sayings. Man—middle aged or old, I care not—you remember the day when you first discovered the male might render himself additionally attractive by cunning hair-dressing and an ever-present crease in the trousers. Those hours at the mirror—you remember them—when you operated with an elder sister's curling tongs in the hope that you would achieve the wave made popular by Lewis Waller. And do you recall the first days when you discovered trousers should have a crease from knee to shoestring—how you packed them under the bed and ensured the presence of the crease by sleeping over the garments. Again, remember how, spending hours by the mirror, you discovered the aggressive facts that your mouth was too big, your nose slightly off the straight, your ears mere flapping appendages, your complexion pale and pimply, and your legs inclined to go in at the knees, to be deficient in calf or to run to an extreme length when they turned into feet.

And you, dear lady, seeing yourself now as the mother of three imitators of your own up-rearing—you will remember the thrilling days when you examined your profile through the reflection in a hand mirror held sideways, and decided your nose would not do. You will recall how important a wave became in severely straight hair and how you justified the curling papers. You will smile, when you recall the wrangles you had with mother—shrewd judge of the laundry bill—because she did not see life with you as a matter of pretty white overalls and blue satin bows. You will recall how grateful you were for the present of slippers with glittering clocks upon them—from the same custodian of the family

exchequer; how you discovered silk stockings fitted the shoes with the glittering clocks; how you used powder for the first time and said you were only pale; how you wondered why he remembered your favourite flowers were pink roses; how you danced through every item of the programme and were puzzled because the boy who sent the roses preferred the corridor, the half light, and the privilege of holding your dear hand. Dear hand. Rough now—perhaps. It has worked since then, serving other children and bringing them to the peacock stage. Do you ever look at that dear hand now? Does the man who came to matter to you ever look at it; the man who is not indifferent but blind and forgetful, in these years, when he pays out his jealously hoarded strength as toll to the passing years. With a little smile—the comedy of it; with a deeper sigh—the tragedy of it—both of you still remember. You remember when that hand had more significance than the iridescent glow of one feather in a peacock's tail; when the man, then a boy, held it and thought he had charge of the whole universe.

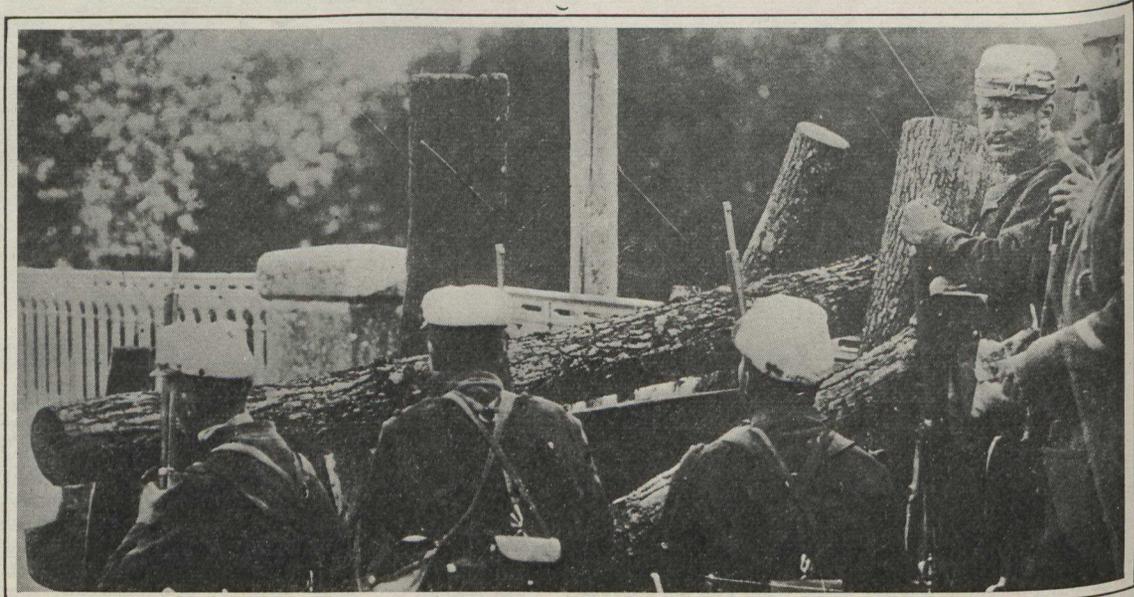
THEIR LITTLE HOUR.

THEY come, tripping down the years—these little people, who tread on the threshold of life. Strutting little boys and simpering little girls. Male hair glistening, immaculate linen and trousers neatly creased; pink faces unspoiled by powder, wavy hair, glad eyes and slender ankles, ending in twinkling feet. Peacocks—all of them; little peacocks full of colour in every feather and every feather full of colour, expecting the sun to pale his ineffectual fires. Collars and ties and extravagant checks, hair combs and beads, bows and bangles, rings on her fingers and bells on her toes, scents, and all the savours of the little feminine people. Peacocks all, despite their sex, their world a gorgeous lawn full of bright sunlight and restful shadows; the lawn a world, and sparsely peopled by one or two splendid heroes and heroines—all merely peacocks.

DUTCH CHARITY AND BELGIAN DEFENCE



HOLLANDERS FEEDING BELGIAN REFUGEES AT MAASTRICHT.
Breaking good Dutch bread for exiled hungry children is no breach of neutrality.



BELGIUM SOLDIERS REVERT TO CANADIAN BUSHMEN'S TACTICS.
Unable to throw up ramparts, they make use of old-fashioned logs flung together for a barricade.

At the Sign of the Maple

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN



MISS DOROTHY COOK

An undergraduate nurse of the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cook, Ottawa. Miss Cook is one of the four lady assistants detailed for duty under Colonel J. H. Burland, Canadian Red Cross Commissioner.

With Unmixed Paints

A HOLIDAY, a car and a country road, friends including two or three children for companions, the time morning, the weather October's utmost! An ogee curve in the road, which could not be taken on such a morning except on alternating pairs of wheels; an ascent, third gear; and there you were on the top of the highest point in N— County.

And what a picture! Not "you," of course, but the panorama. A giant neo-impressionist had done it—had dipped the trees into vats of colour and had set them up overnight to dry and startle. They still dripped paint in the morning sunshine. The pure dye trickled from the mountain-ashes; blotches of it widened beneath the maples; it had oversplashed the roots of the oaks and filled up the hollows in between them. Smear upon smear, daub upon daub, spill upon spill of vital colour blazed upon the landscape like a canvas. Yellow by scarlet, gold by crimson, green by orange to intensify the motley, and afar, to bound the impressionist's mosaic, a single ring of bold, defiant blue. The ring, three parts, was the Blue Ridge Hills and where its sapphire broke to the south, the turquoise of the Lake made up the circle.

One was glad to have met by chance on the road three rollicking girls whose red dresses made them look like ripe and glowing apples. There were bright, plump, real apples basking in the orchards, and, piled at the barn-doors, pyramids of pumpkins.

A wind brought a sudden patter of beechnuts. The children were down on the ground in a trice, shelling the spoil with their small milk-teeth and smudging their faces with once-pink fingers, now earthy from poking among the leaves. The chauffeur stayed with his car and a nut which had got down his collar—a simple exploit; he was striving to be polite and extricate it. The rest of us sat on and off the fence—a slippery one—and chatted. And then it was that "Saul of Tarsus" entered.

"**H**ELLO, Bill," called a man of the party, and "Saul" stopped in his ramshackle buggy, proofs of his "breathing out threatenings and slaughter," clear in the glint of his eye and his gun and in the bumpy bag behind in the box from which a fluffy, black-ringed tail protruded. The man of the party had spied it at once. "Ah ha!" he said. "A coon, and a big one! Many round here? And what else is there?"

"Saul" climbed out and whispered, "Black ones," giving one a glimpse in the bag of a sable squirrel; and then he hauled out three raccoons and bubbled over with the glee of sportsmen in telling how he had converted the game from "the cutest things I ever see" into the poor limp things he held up for inspection.

"Is the pussy dead?" asked one of the children, his eyes big and his baby voice persistent. "Yes, dear," said his mother, "the pussy is dead." And I knew her heart was sick in the golden weather.

Why should the gold have become thus tarnished? The man of the party was telling us all how the huntsman, rattling on now in the road, was as keen at work as he was at sport. "One of our best hands at the shop," he finished. And all the while the little ringed tail was bobbing behind the ramshackle buggy, proclaiming that "Bill" in front was a "Saul of Tarsus"—a persecutor and slayer of innocent life.

A bright, red leaf on the ground attracted my attention. Blood. My little raccoon had stained it, held up as he had been in exultation. And my thoughts sped to the fields of Europe, where life, human, was "watering the furrows," and all for one mean soul's vain-glorification! I looked on the flaming woods around me and saw, there, innocent Louvain ablaze and life taken wantonly—for sport.

Why is the lust to kill within men who have not the might to make alive? M. J. T.

A Revolution in Mourning

TIME was when the measure of her grief was the number of ells of black drygoods which a bereaved woman could swathe about her person. It is to rejoice (if one may rejoice in such connection) that the said time, like the hired lamentation which preceded an orgy of "baked meats," has passed into the limbo of bygone customs. Grief has ceased to be ostentatious, at least in those circles where men are being given to lead in the face of death on the field of honour.

The appeal issued by the Duchess of Devonshire and others that the customary mourning should not be worn for those who perish fighting for their country is meeting with a great response in England. It is felt that the bassard on the old man's arm, the knot of ribbon at the woman's breast will suffice to deter the thoughtless and unwitting from lacerating the wounds of recent sorrow. Which, after all, is the one excuse for "mourning."

But "the heart knoweth its own bitterness." The outward sign, which cannot be the measure, will in no wise change the reality of sorrow which cares not to impose its sacrifice. No pride in the hero can stifle that grief which keeps all its tears to shed in secret. The woman bereft may glory in her dead. In the hero she glories, but for the man she weeps.

The example of the aristocracy in England is bound to be followed in a measure by the people. It will



MISS FLORENCE MORRISON.

Executive Secretary of the Women's Canadian Club of Vancouver—an exceedingly live organization which is rendering practical, patriotic service.

tune to die for their country we shall not show our sorrow as for those who come to a less glorious end."

News in Brief

"**W**OMEN in War and Peace" was the theme of an interesting address by Madame Helidore Fortier, at the opening meeting for the season of the Montreal Women's Club, last week. Madame Fortier is president of the club. A second important feature of the meeting was an explanation by the municipal regent of the I. O. D. E., Mrs. Preble Macintosh, of how women may help in the present crisis.

Miss Nellie Hozier, the younger sister of Mrs. Winston Churchill, is out at "the front" in the role of interpreter in French, German and Russian, and is accepting a large salary for her work. Reports term her "a sensible young woman."

The Women's Employment League of Vancouver the other day decided to make the request of the managements of local stores that preference be given to women and girls who have no homes in the city, in taking on "help." Compliance with such an unwise request might mean the disestablishment of homes which are now largely maintained by their downtown members.

The St. Cecelia Choral Society, of Montreal, is just beginning its rehearsals for the winter under the directorship of Miss Grace Davis, soloist of the Erskine Church choir.

At a recent meeting of the Ottawa Women's University Club it was stated by Miss Arma Smillie that at the International Council of Women, which met in Rome last May, the only delegates who were not in favour of an appeal to The Hague for the more effective international protection of women in time of war, were German.

Mrs. Henshaw, F. R. G. S., is to give a lecture under the auspices of the Vancouver Women's Canadian Club, on "The Romance of Vancouver Island," on November 12th.

The memory of the late Mrs. John Calder was recently honoured in Hamilton, in the unveiling of the portrait of the organization's foundress, at a special meeting of the Women's Wentworth Historical Society, of which the present president is Mrs. John S. Hendrie, wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province. Appropriate speeches were made by Sir John Gibson, Mrs. John Crerar, and the painter of the portrait, Mr. J. W. L. Forster, of Toronto.

A business girls' home has been established in Vancouver, which bears the name "Rosary Hall," and is managed by the Sisters of St. Joseph of Peace. Charges are very moderate and provision is being made for the unemployed.

Charities everywhere this fall are balked by an unusual need of money. The Montreal board of management of the Victorian Order of Nurses has had to repeat its appeal to the public for help.



THE COUNTESS OF ASHBURNHAM.

Who has been actively engaged in Fredericton, New Brunswick, in assisting the local Red Cross enterprise. Her Grace is a systematic worker, as previous to her romantic marriage she held a commercial position in that city.

mean less poverty in this war-time when many a reckless widow would be spending a lump of her Tommy's pitiful insurance in order to do his memory "black" justice. The women who are responsible for this revolution in mourning have all got near relations serving with the colours; yet they say with more than a touch of heroism:—"We know not what their fate is or yet may be. But if it is their for-

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

The Army Canteen

OPINION will naturally be divided as to whether the British authorities should have allowed the establishment of a "wet" canteen in the Canadian Camp in England. There is something to be said on both sides of the question. It is the rule of Canadian military camps that beer shall not be sold within the military lines except in the messes of the permanent garrisons. If this rule is advisable in Canada, then it is equally advisable for the Canadian Camp in England. On the other hand, it is the British custom to allow beer to be sold in limited quantities to British soldiers under military regulations. The British authorities have abolished the sale of spirituous liquors, but have not banished beer from the regimental messes.

As the Canadian troops are now part of the British army, it would have been very difficult to make one regulation for the Canadians and another for the British soldiers. Under the circumstances, the only solution was to give the Canadians the same privileges as the other part of the army.

No one need fear that the Canadian soldiers will deteriorate because of this new rule. Very few of them will take advantage of it. Those who do are men accustomed to a drink of beer and who would have secured what they desired outside the camp. It is certainly preferable that they should get their refreshments within the lines under proper supervision than outside the lines. Moreover, the sense of freedom will be considerable advantage and pleasure to the men themselves. Soldiers on active service cannot be treated as children.

Busy Factories

DURING the past fortnight the British and Canadian Government have placed large orders with Canadian manufacturers. This is having a quick and immediate influence upon our industrial life. There is no doubt that industrially Canada is in a better position than before the war. Had these orders not been received there would have been more unemployment in Canada than now exists. There are many factories working full time and double time that would otherwise have been working half time or been altogether idle. In this respect Canada is gaining considerably by war conditions.

There is no doubt also that part of this improved condition is due to the fact that Canada is part of the British Empire and that the authorities in London appreciate the sacrifices that Canada is making as part of that Empire. The British people are not unmindful of the splendid gifts of foodstuffs and other material sent over by the Dominion Government and the various Provincial authorities.

The financial situation is being taken care of in a similar way by the British Government. Canada is a large borrower in the British money market and the Dominion Government gets considerable sums every year. Just now the Government needs accommodation and the British authorities have arranged the necessary supply. This, again, will have a beneficial effect upon our industrial life in that it will enable the Dominion Government to finance work that would otherwise have been stopped. Freely have we given and freely we are to receive.

Too Much Urban Population

NEARLY forty-five per cent. of the people of Canada live in cities and towns. About the same percentage of the population of the United States is urban—to be exact, forty-six per cent. If the percentage of urban population in the neighbouring republic is near the correct thing, then Canada's percentage should be considerably reduced. In a country like Canada, with millions of acres of arable land untouched by the plough, the urban population should not be greater than thirty per cent. of the whole.

These are facts that the would-be city booster and the real estate fraternity generally should ponder over. Where a country's prosperity is so closely associated with agricultural development as Canada's is, to have nearly half the population living in cities is bound to bring about a reaction in business and trade generally, even if there is no big world war as an excuse.

Paying in Gold

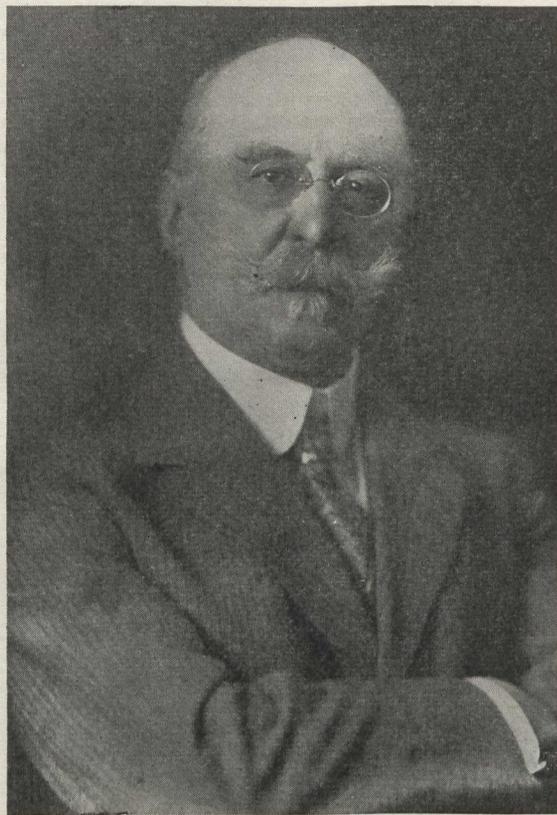
MANY people are talking of buying Canadian goods. There is little need for worry on that score. Canadians cannot buy foreign goods, simply because they have not got the gold to pay for them. The newspapers are trumpeting, advertising agencies megaphoning and the organized boomsters are enthusiastic on the steam piano—but their cause was won before the noise began. Cana-

dians must buy Canadian goods, because they can get no other kind.

Suppose Canada bought a hundred million more goods from the United States than they bought from us, how would we pay the hundred million? We did it in other years by borrowing money abroad. Now this process is stopped, and as there is no other to take its place, the buying must slacken. Hence the Canadian manufacturer will benefit by circumstances over which neither he nor his friends have any control. He will get a renewed start in life, and if he makes honest goods and sells them cheap, he will never again suffer from competition.

Second Contingent

THE method adopted for raising Canada's second expeditionary force will place more responsibility on the officers of the permanent force. This is understood to be carrying out the policy of the British inspecting officers who visited Canada a few years ago and made extensive reports on methods of mobilization. The theory is that Canada's



THE NEW POSTMASTER-GENERAL.
Hon. T. Chase Casgrain, who succeeds Hon. L. P. Pelletier in looking after the letters and newspapers of Canada.

permanent force is a skeleton to be given a body when occasion arises. The occasion has arisen. The district commanding officers have charge of the machinery of body making. This will keep them from grieving about whether they were sufficiently consulted about the organization of the first contingent.

What Does Russia Expect

OH, for a Russian Bernhardt! If we could know what Russia expected to do with her army in this campaign, it would add to the interest, and might relieve anxiety. Everyone knows what Germany intended to do—Bernhardt has told us that. We know, too, how far she has failed. The Kaiser intended to have captured Paris six weeks ago. The Great General Staff had planned it, and therefore it was to be. Perhaps, so far as they now have any positive plans, that may still be their hope—but a vain one. We know what France hoped to do, and she is doing it, resist invasion, and finally drive the enemy out. Her's is a negative policy so far. Britain's aim on land was the same as the French. On the sea, Britain's aim was expressed in the King's message to the Navy, to capture or destroy the enemy. The Navy now commands the sea. That is the aim. The enemy is taking good care to avoid the risk of capture or destruction. We know the Navy is prepared and capable of doing its full duty. But what has the Russian General Staff expected, and how are events meeting those expectations? If Russia had been the aggressor, as the Kaiser claims, Russian plans would have been known. It is good

evidence of her pacific intentions that even now the world is waiting to find out what to expect in that field. Did they and do they still expect to dine in Berlin on Christmas Day?

A New Cabinet Minister

SPeAKING of Postmaster-Generals, was there ever a greater contrast than between Hon. L. P. Pelletier, who has just resigned his portfolio because of ill-health, and the Hon. T. Chase Casgrain, who has succeeded him because of efficiency? Possibly once; and that was between Hon. Sir William Mulock, who gave us penny postage, and Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, who, after the drastic regime of Mulock, introduced us to sunny ways and seductive eloquence.

The postoffice department seems to thrive on contrasts. This counterfoil of Hon. Mr. Casgrain, with his dignified urbanity and suave statesmanship against the turbulent, forensic figure of the legal orator and autocrat, Mr. Pelletier, is at present extremely edifying. Most that Mr. Pelletier was in action, Mr. Casgrain is not. On one thing they are equals: each speaks both French and English with equal fluency.

We have recognized the master hand of Mr. Pelletier in the postoffice department; but it never became comfortable. There was about this Louis something of old Louis XIV.—"L'etat c'est moi." Under Mr. Casgrain we shall have no such absolute rule by divine right. We do not believe Mr. Pelletier, who is in some respects a very tremendous figure in public life and was never meant to subordinate himself to a regime merely for the sake of pleasing the people. We do wish to intimate that his successor will be eminently successful because he will naturally refrain from imitating even the obvious virtues of Mr. Pelletier.

The Hon. Chase Casgrain was born in Detroit. Hence he belongs radically to the branch of the French race that peopled Western Canada in the days of the old wars along the borders. He really belongs to the Essex, Ont., branch of the race. His father was Senator Charles E. Casgrain, and his mother Charlotte Mary Case, of Detroit. The old Senator was one of the transplanted colony of French-Canadians who maintained a hard struggle to preserve their French language and customs and modes of thought among English-speaking settlers. And it was under such conditions that the young T. Chase Casgrain began to get the fine balance of temperament that now becomes one of his chief assets in administering one of our most important and perplexing portfolios.

While still a youth he was sent to Quebec for education, which he got first at the Quebec Seminary and afterwards at Laval University, from which he graduated with much distinction and the Dufferin Gold Medal. He went into law; and for many years in Montreal his name has been almost a by-word as member of the firm McGibbon, Casgrain, Mitchell and Casgrain. In 1882 he was made Crown Prosecutor for the District of Quebec, and in 1883, at the age of 31, professor of criminal law in Laval University. In 1885 he became a national figure by being made junior crown counsel at the trial of Louis Riel, impeached and hanged, at Regina for high treason.

POLITICS soon claimed him. He was too much of a persuasive orator to be content with private life. In 1886 he defeated Hon. P. Garneau in Quebec county for the Legislature, and held that seat until 1890. In 1887 he was made a Q. C.; in 1891 Attorney-General for Quebec, which position he held under two administrations. In 1892 he won Montmorency in the Quebec Legislature and held it until 1896; when, after serving on a commission to reform the legal procedure of Quebec, notably in the suppression of corrupt practices at elections, he was returned for Montmorency in the House of Commons. In 1886, also, he was elected a vice-president of the Canadian Bar Association. In 1904, defeated in Montmorency, he retired from public life and devoted himself entirely to law, except when his ability as a public man made it necessary for the Conservative party to enlist his services; which they did just before the general election of 1911, when he was one of the strong fighters against reciprocity. Since the Conservatives came into power, Mr. Casgrain has been still further recognized by being made Chairman of the International Waterways Commission, which in Quebec, with its great water powers, is no mere honorary distinction.

With such a lifelong fitness for public service, Hon. Mr. Casgrain has no need to depend upon his contrast to Mr. Pelletier to succeed as Postmaster-General. He has every possible qualification for the office; both political and personal. He understands both root languages of this country as well as either Mr. Pelletier or Mr. Bourassa. He knows the peculiarities of both peoples and how to strike a medium of democratic compromise between them. He is a brilliant man; a fine administrator; an effective orator; a man who understands Canadian history and politics and human nature. He knows how to fight without bitterness; how to administer without autocracy; how to serve the public and the country without being a servile politician.



Courierettes.

THE fellow who keeps on getting fat is clearly making the most of himself.

The girl had been reading the war news and wondered what "an enveloping movement" meant. The wise young man slipped his arm around her by way of illustration.

It seems that a Winnipeg poet has been plagiarizing a Hamilton rhymist. War is certainly all that Sherman said it was.

James K. Hackett's tour in "Othello" through Canada lasted just nine days. It was a case of "Othello's occupation gone."

A Bracebridge bigamist was given a year in jail. How would it do to let him live with neither and make him support both his wives?

Married athletes are best, says an American trainer. That may be due to the fact that they have to be always ready either to fight or run.

Buffalo clubwomen want to conduct civic dance socials in the schools. Will Minerva and Terpsichore become chummy.

Andrew Carnegie advises us to "get rid of our kings." Not unless we hold an ace or two.

Speeches of political leaders across the line would give the impression that the Golden Age will begin on Nov. 4.

Kentucky is said to have more whiskey stored up now than the whole United States had ten years ago. Is Kentucky expecting a siege?

Blessed are the poor—for they can't afford to buy a motor car which would keep them poor.

They are now using motor plows for trenching work in the battlefields. What's the use, then, of beating swords into plow-shares?

A Texas man, who is hale and hearty at the age of 115, says he was three times married, and he has never used tobacco or liquor. Just what are we expected to deduce from this combination of circumstances?

One on the Finance Minister.—In the corridors of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa there is told and retold a little incident in which Canada's Finance Minister and the son of a journalist-knight are the principal figures. It gave the friends of Hon. W. T. White a fine chance to "josh" or "kid" him, as the street slang so graphically expresses the line of teasing.

The Toronto News made a feature for some time of a series of articles dealing with the personalities of Canadian public men, notably the members of the Dominion Cabinet. Some of them were written by Mr. W. T. Willison, son of the editor of that journal, Sir John Willison. The young man, while in Ottawa, wrote an illuminating article about Hon. Mr. White, lauded him as an able financier, a shrewd guardian of Canada's material interests, a clean public man, and so on, ad infinitum. It was a very favorable verdict that was brought in by the writer. Mr. White had every reason to feel satisfied with it. So had the writer, for he put his initials at the bottom of it.

Just here the plot thickens. Next day after the article was published, the Finance Minister was bombarded with jocular queries from his friends, such as "Nice things you've been writing about yourself, eh?"—and "That's a fine article you wrote about yourself in the News, isn't it?"

Mr. White was puzzled, and not until he got the paper and saw the initials, "W. T. W.," signed under the write-up

of himself did he understand it. It was an unfortunate coincidence that the initials were his own as well as Mr. Willison's.

Portugal's Place.—When Portugal gets into this war the Allies might find its army quite useful as a messenger boy.

Just a Suggestion.—A man in New York paid \$1,100 for a postage stamp that had been printed upside down. Here's a hint for our Government to raise funds by a simpler method than a war tax. Print a lot of Canuck stamps that way and find chaps who can be as easily separated from their money as this New Yorker.

All Together, Boys!

(Tune: "Tipperary.")

It's a long way to St. Helena,
It's a long way to go,
It's a long way to St. Helena,
(Where Napoleon had to go.
Good-bye, Potsdam palace,
Farewell, Berlin fair—
It's a long, long way to St.
Helena—
But Wilhelm goes there!

War Notes.

What does "Safety First" mean to Europe.

In the casualty list we can possibly find Truth.

Europe will know enough to build armored cathedrals hereafter.

When peace comes it will have been well paid for.

The town of Roze, France, was taken and retaken twelve times. By this time there can't be much of it left to take.

Germany planned to put a million dollar fine on Paris. The Kaiser would probably take a small fraction of that amount now and call it square.

Europe will be able to show tourists a fine lot of ruins during the next few years.

Germans have given 38,000 crosses to their men for bravery. Teuton cross factories must be working overtime.

Carnegie is to finance a peace magazine, but the problem will be to find readers.

Criticizing "Pinafore."—When "H. M.S. Pinafore" was presented at a Toronto theatre recently its melodious numbers were slightly sacrificed to the spectacular side of the production, but there was enough of the Sullivan score left to be criticized by some super-sensitive people.

Many critics, of course, condemn modern opera scores as being "reminiscent" of scores that have gone before. In other words, they accuse the composers of the present day of swiping a bar here and there from a musician of the past.

Sitting in the most expensive seats at this performance were two men and a woman—all bearing the outward evidences of being cultured people. As they left the theatre, one of the men said:

"Pretty good music, that."
Said the second man: "Yes, I liked the score."

But the woman put in: "Don't you think Sullivan's music is a trifle reminiscent, though?"

A Good Example.—William Wilfred Campbell and Duncan Campbell Scott, Ottawa's two greatest poets, have joined the Home Guard and are now drilling. They have come to the conclusion that their bullets will do more harm to the enemy than their ballads. And, by the way, if the rest of the

rhymsters would follow their excellent lead, why not organize a poets' brigade and send them to the front. While they fight they could recite their verses and no German army could face such a withering fire—both metal and verbal.

A War Time Advertisement.—Here's an advertisement from the Toronto Telegram:

"Wanted—Two first-class generals." Fine openings for French and Joffre.

A Chance for Villa.—When General Pancho Villa gets through with Carranza in Mexico he should go over to Europe and take a few lessons from the cultured Germans in the art of waging civilized warfare.

Villa's methods have not met with the approval of the American press, but the former bandit never got on to the fine knack of dropping bombs on cities to kill innocent women and children, and on hospitals where his own wounded lay; he never burned towns and bayoneted women and children because his troops had been fired upon from the vicinity of the town; he never cut the hands off Red Cross nurses; and he never had the nerve to lay a \$40,000,000 fine on a captured town.

'Tis to Laugh.—They made a big splurge in the papers the other day because Major Weiner threatened to cut off a \$10,000,000 gift to Harvard University unless the pro-German Professor Munsterberg was dismissed. Of course the professor made the very diplomatic move of offering to resign. Then it developed that there was some question whether Weiner had the ten millions to give.

All of which has made some very good advertising for Harvard, Weiner, and the professor.

They Have to Be.—We hear a lot about the use of dum-dum bullets, but there seems to be a lot of dum-dum war correspondents over in Europe, too.

His Choice.—Prince William, of Wied, it is announced, will abdicate the throne of Albania in order to join the German forces. William seems anxious to jump from the frying pan into the fire.

A Question of Degree.—To steal a cent—just plain stealing.

To take a dollar—thrift.

To skip out with a thousand—embezzlement.

To get away with a million—"business."

A TIMELY TIP.—A magazine has an article on "How to Read the War News." It omits the prime essential—a few grains of salt.

Easily Picked.—Some baseball experts have been wasting columns of good space in picking out an all-star baseball team. That's no trick. We stand pat for the Boston Braves.

The Problem.—Evidently great armaments do not ensure peace.

Evidently also, some nations will not respect treaties.

Then, how are we going to solve this thing?

A Service to Humanity.—They are putting messenger boys on roller skates now, so that it is impossible for them to read novels as they stroll along. This is real reform.

A German Mistake.—The military governor of Stuttgart issued this order: "It is rigorously forbidden for any women to cast amorous glances at British and French prisoners."

Surely the Teuton tactics are bad. Is not the glance of a girlish eye more to be feared than the soldier's steel?

Wanted—A New Office Boy.—News Editor—"Here's a despatch which says that the German fleet is effectually bottled up."

Office Boy—"Gee, that's corking good news."



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Canadian Courier
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Music and Stage Notes

86,000 Injured 10,000 Killed

These official figures for the latest fiscal year represent the unprecedented record of injury and slaughter on the railway systems of the United States. The epidemic of wrecks is rapidly increasing. Since July 1st, 268 lives have been lost in railway wrecks, not counting hundreds of casualties. The reason back of almost every recent smash-up can be almost invariably expressed in the two words:

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MAUDE ADAMS, the elfin of drama, has always had the purpose and the ambition of a strong man. Elves never work. Maude Adams works always. Her mother was often asked why Maude never married. "Marry?" she said. "She has too

of the navy from the Admiralty to the fo'c'sle, it must look to German eyes like awful impertinence. A few years ago a Canadian visiting at Kiel heard a fearful pow-wow on board a man-o'-war in the canal. All the German jackies were yelling, "Hoch! Hoch

earth are they doing?" asked the visitor. "Oh, the Emperor is to arrive to-morrow at Kiel. They are being rehearsed. That is all. We must have discipline, you know."

Escaped Alive.

One of the many musicians who ran foul of the Kaiser at the Berlin Royal Opera in Berlin was Mr. Emil Paur, well-remembered here for his conducting of the Pittsburg Orchestra. The Kaiser didn't like some of Paur's tempos and told him so—an old trick of his. Paur didn't like the Kaiser's interference. They parted company. The conductor is now in private life, and from his American connection for so many years is said to be quite wealthy.

Ups and Downs.

Robert Lorraine, who appeared in Toronto two seasons ago in the leading role of George Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman," is now operating an aeroplane in the Royal Flying Corps with the British Army. He has for years been an accomplished aviator.

Not Unwilling.

Barrie's chivalrous attitude toward Maude Adams once took an Irish turn, no doubt because at that time the actress was living near Dublin among the Irish peasantry. She wrote to Barrie asking him to come and see her. "I only regret," Barrie wrote back, "that the distance is not twice as far, that I might better prove my willingness."

Kreisler and Inspiration.

Now that Fritz Kreisler, the great violinist is wounded, we remember that on one of his many appearances in Toronto he was much of a puzzle to some of his friends. In the afternoon of a very cold day he was out driving in High Park, and very silent. In the evening when he got back to the house of his host in Queen's Park, he was still very abstracted and moody. Mme. Kreisler watched him solicitously, though she knew what was on his mind. Presently Kreisler went to the piano without saying a word and began to play. When he had finished he said: "Thank you! I have got it now. It was to finish a cadenza which was running in my head all this afternoon."



THE BOER TRAITOR CORRUPTED BY THE GERMANS. Col. Solomon Maritz, seated in front, whose Boer commando in South Africa defected to the Germans in South-West Africa; photographed with some of his fellow-conspirators.

much work to do to get married. An actress must be an actress and nothing else; a wife should be only a wife." It has been said of her that "she does a man's work in a woman's way." One of her own epigrams is, "Genius is the talent for seeing things straight." She is said to be the wealthiest woman on the American stage. She owns a farm on Long Island, a summer home in the Catskills, her mother's former home in New York, and lots of real estate besides. She is fond of the classics and is just now reading particularly in English literature. Though she never carries a dog on tour, she has sometimes as many as forty dogs on her farm. She is an accomplished amateur musician and plays the piano, the cello, the guitar and the banjo and the harp. But these are only her elfish diversions.

An Old Acquaintance.

Albert Hart first came to Canada in the middle nineties, when he appeared in the title role of Wang. The role had been created by DeWolf Hopper, but those who heard Hart in that prodigiously funny caricature of an Oriental potentate never troubled about Hopper's absence. Hart is keeping it up. And he is one of the most off-hand characters on the stage.

"Pinafore" was first produced in London on May 25, 1878, the year the National Policy came into force in Canada. One of the earliest Gilbert and Sullivan collaborations, it made such a hit that it was immediately pirated in two continents. When it was made a feature in the Gilbert and Sullivan revival last year—did the reviewers anticipate this war?

Would Have Done Him Good.

It is a pity the Kaiser never saw "Pinafore." When a playwright is allowed to crack jokes at the expense

der Kaiser!" and an officer stood in front drilling the crew. "What on

A Programme on Shipboard

ON the Canadian transport steamer Tunisian, Friday, October 9th, the following programme was given by the non-commissioned officers of the 3rd Battalion, 1st Canadian Brigade in aid of the Liverpool Seamen's Orphanage and the Canadian Seamen's Charities. The subjoined poem by Canniff E. Haight, a member of the battalion, was read by the author. This is the first war programme ever given by Canadians on a troopship under such conditions.

Piano Solo Sergeant Grant
Minstrel Troupe No. 1 Company
Recitation Private E. Seaman
Song Private Guest
Violin Solo Corporal Young
Comic Song Mr. Davenport
Flute Duet Doyle and Swan
Song Private Cowan
Song Bugler Hanbridge
Pianoforte Solo ... Sergeant Roberts
Comic Song Private Chisman
Song Mr. Carr
Violin Duet Dingle and Crang
Song Private Ogle
Recitation Private Haight
Song Private S. Smith
Comic Song Mr. A. Bustin
Duet Hoaken and Davidson
Song Corporal Ives

"God Save the King."

POEM READ BY THE AUTHOR. Gaspé Bay.

By Canniff E. Haight.

Eight bells rang out on Gaspé Bay,
Three lines of steel at anchor lay,
A silvered sheen of glistening glass,
A sinking sun of golden mass
There gowned us.

A band of thirty thousand men
This sight our land ne'er saw till
then,

'Twas on that day, October Three,
We parted; Fair Canada, from thee,
That found us.

The long awaited word had come,
With merry click the capstan sung,
Each link as housed a tie we part,
No craven fear, but many a dart
Of home, then wounds us.

No parting gun from Brunswick's
shore,
As seaward thirty transports bore
Our answer; to a mother's call
For God, for Country, Home, for all,
From love that bound us.

No thought of conquest in our heart
On duty bound, an honoured part
We play; for Justice, for our right
To live at peace with all; not fight
God sound us.

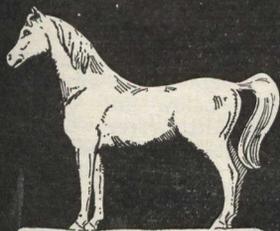
No cost too great in worldly pelf
No greater love than life itself
Can given be, 'midst shot and shell
Through fire or hell we'll call, All's
well!
No fear will wound us.

Then when the roar of battle's past
With treaties signed, and signed to
last;
God grant that we with friends at
home
May peaceful live no more to roam
With love around us.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Cost of the War

ECONOMISTS of eminence are busy figuring out the cost of the war. Many are using estimates prepared before it began, these estimates being based on cost of other wars. There are some official statistics, however, as to actual cost. The British Exchequer's weekly statements indicate a daily average war outlay of \$3,800,000. The French Finance Minister states that their war expenditure is \$7,000,000 per diem. On this basis it would seem that the unofficial Berlin estimate of \$5,000,000 a day by Germany was too low. This was the rate estimated for Germany ten years ago by a Parisian statistician, based on cost of the Russo-Japanese war. His estimates for Russia, \$5,600,000, seem also too low, in view of the size of her army, although her daily outlay in the other war was given at \$3,000,000 a day. Austria's outlay is estimated at \$2,500,000. With Japan and Belgium at war, and allowing for the outlay by neutral states in maintaining mobilized forces, the total daily war expenditure is generally placed at about \$30,000,000. This, for six months, would scarcely reach the total of \$16,000,000,000 estimated by the eminent French economist, Yves Guyot. Probably he takes into account many other items than the actual expense of maintaining the forces.

Britain's Borrowings

Practically all this expense is being met by "scraps of paper." The governments are borrowing, and giving notes or bonds as acknowledgment of their debts. Britain is raising her funds on short-date Treasury bills at a little over 3 per cent. The British market also furnished some funds to France. Britain has also assisted Belgium. Germany is left to her home market, and the scant news from there indicates the placing of a billion dollar loan at over 5 per cent. These, of course, are temporary expedients, and the test of credit will come when short-term debts mature and have to be cared for either by similar or more permanent issues.

Does the cost of new funds have any material relation to the gold supply of any country, or are subscriptions to such loans more inspired by relative confidence in the national credit than by the amount of gold held? Unless for international credit, the amount of gold held may be a matter of minor importance. Germany's international credit is declining. It is authentically stated that a recent transaction was made in New York in German exchange at 85, compared to 97, early in September. There has since been some slight recovery. Yet British credit in New York remains at an abnormally high rate, notwithstanding the formation there of a gold pool of \$100,000,000 to protect the situation. Britain's credit shows the value of mercantile probity. She honours "scraps of paper" which bear her name. This is the element which distinguishes a nation of shop-keepers from a nation of shop-lifters.

Modifying the Shock

STOCK exchanges committees are gradually widening the regulations regarding dealings. Holders of securities of all sorts, including real estate, will naturally seek to buy or sell even in war times. This public demand has developed a stock market in London and another in New York, neither of which is regulated by any restrictions of exchanges. Prices in these open markets show that securities still have values. But they show that the effect of the war had not been fully discounted by the declines up to the end of July. Some stocks, such as C. P. R., have had a relatively steady market at about the prices then prevailing. Others have declined because the conditions created by the war have had special influence on the properties they represent. The same thing would occur in stock markets even in peace. It is not improbable that had the exchanges never closed, prices would by this time have been at the levels now existing in these outside markets. But it would have been reached by an unpleasant route, with shocking periods of panicky conditions. By closing exchanges the financial community has been saved some painful experiences. Such panicky periods would have reflected worse conditions than could be justified by the facts. The fact of curtailed credit is giving the financial community enough worries without having to bear those created by imaginary causes.

To Prevent Slaughter

CREDIT has been curtailed. That is the reason for new regulations by stock exchanges. They are designed to keep conditions as healthy as possible. When a man mortgages real property he does not expect to borrow more than 60 per cent. of its current value. Methods of dealing in stocks generally include loans through brokers up to 80 or 90 per cent. of the current value. Should the current market value decline, the borrower is asked for immediate delivery of more security for the loan, either in cash or in the form of other securities. Failing such addition, the lender is in position of a mortgagee, who may sell at once to repay the loan. The great decline in prices at the end of July has resulted in placing many accounts in such condition. If all such mortgagees took action to sell at the same time, there would be such great pressure to sell as would be harmful to them all. It is to prevent such conditions that bankers and brokers have restricted dealings.

September Bank Statement

THE Canadian Banks' statement for the end of September shows no unusual conditions developed by the war. Circulation of notes has increased as usual at this season, when the crops are being marketed. The creation of the Central Gold Reserve permits this increased circulation of bank notes without the fine formerly enforced. For this reason the gold reserve fund was increased to unusual figures in September, being over ten million dollars for the first time in its history. The banks materially increased their holdings of Dominion Government bills. Deposits in savings accounts were not materially altered and there was a good increase in general deposits, indicating "business as usual." Reduction of current loans shows the commercial world meeting its liabilities, and that there has been some slowing down, during the transition from the former business activity to the new lines of trade that are expected to be developed in this country by the war. Municipalities increased their indebtedness to the banks by over \$4,600,000, whereas a year ago they reduced them during September by nearly \$4,000,000. These advances are now nearly \$7,000,000 above last year, the total being \$44,338,000.

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The War— Canada's Response

Without doubt Canada has responded nobly to the new demands upon her which an international war entails. She has surprised her enemies by the size of her military contribution; she has presented a solidarity of opinion distinctly British and unique, and she has already laid the foundations of an agricultural, industrial and commercial revival worthy of her opportunity.

Canada is benefiting from the war. Following the tremendous arousal of national consciousness she is beginning to translate into national terms the new idea of public service in an expansion of industry and trade that will benefit the citizens of every class.

Canadian Courier's War Service

It may be said that the publishing interests of Canada have, in their turn, responded suitably to the new requirements. Inasmuch as the Press of Canada is a great medium of national expression it should command the generous and ungrudging support of Canadians. For it has given the service. The part the "Canadian Courier" has played in presenting news, pictures, descriptive and illuminative comment upon the war's progress is epitomized in the two following recent expressions from subscribers, to which might be added many more:

"Your Weekly certainly is a credit to you and I have pleasure in it each week, especially with the war articles."

GEORGE A. COOMBES,
Dundas, Ont.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the "Courier," particularly since the outbreak of war. The articles and pictures are certainly of a high order, and combine with its other admirable features to make the "Courier" a magazine of which Canadians should be proud."

HARRY W. SMITH,
St. Stephen, N.B.

Courier Subscribers' Service

The idea of continued support through the extra exigencies of a war has occurred to many subscribers. It is a worthy and gratifying ideal and is in line with the shoulder to shoulder movement in every branch of Canadian effort. Therefore we call for more and more recruits to our Readers' Service Department. Also for the re-enlistment of those whose subscriptions are expiring. To you the clarion call of duty goes out, either go to the nearest newsdealer sergeant of subscriptions and "sign up" for a renewal, or use H.M.S. the mail to carry to us the evidence of your loyal support.

We are expecting a large contingent of new subscribers from each of the nine Provinces. Be a recruit or a re-enlistee. Your ultimate target:

Circulation Department
Canadian Courier
Toronto

A Scar of Dishonour

Story of a Young Recruit and Three Mysterious Cans

By MABEL BURKHOLDER

AS a bystander in a very dense crowd, Tony remained unnoticed; at the same time he was making himself miserable over the thought that many eyes had taken notice of his queer behaviour. He knew his lips were chalky, and his eyes wide and full of fear, as he staggered back against his neighbour like a person about to fall in a faint. Always in his mind ran one question with cruel persistence. Could he ever bring himself to the point of doing as his comrades had done?

One or two persons turned to eye him curiously as he answered that question by an audible mutter:

"No, not on your tintage!"

It was a scene common enough in the stirring times of war. A contingent of troops was departing for the front; and perhaps for the same reason a dog would give if he could speak Tony had followed the crowd until it halted on the station platform. Everywhere bands were screaming out patriotic airs; Union Jacks ripped up and down in the breeze; while the hum of conversation, mingled with sobbing farewells, formed a dull monotone never ceasing. On all sides resounded cries of "Good-bye! God bless you! Don't forget to write! Come back soon!" It was then Tony realized that nobody was looking at him.

A moment later the train pulled out of the station amid deafening cheers. Shortly after, when Tony pulled out of the station there was discouraging silence. He seemed to notice the contrast: no person would have enjoyed being cheered more than he.

Of course, he had done nothing to deserve a cheer. On the contrary, if the public ever found out what he had done, they would hiss him instead. He had been asked to prepare for the front with other young men of the town, and he had run away because he was afraid. He had not been able to screw up his courage even to the point of enlisting as a raw recruit for practice in the armouries. He had hidden himself far out in the country, until the enthusiasm for enlisting had subsided.

Back in the city he was immediately confronted by the old question. His flesh crept, and his hair rose on end, when he found out that it was not too late to enlist even yet. Why not go down to the drill hall at once, with the many others whom the departure of the first contingent had roused to action? Viewing the question in all its lights, Tony at last woke up to the fact that his feet had carried him a mile in the opposite direction.

It had never occurred to the youth who stood condemned in his own sight as a coward and a traitor, that he stood no earthly chance of being selected for going to the front. His undersized body, his rounded shoulders, his low powers of resistance, precluded the idea.

IN his dreams Tony was always a hero. To dream is human: to act divine. At least it is very human to perform astounding feats of valour when the mind is roving through the magic realms of slumberland. Twice, in sleep, Tony had been to the drill-hall; once he had made so bold as to enter the private room where each recruit underwent a physical examination. All about him were ardent youths, full-chested, iron-muscled. Tony followed their example by stripping himself to the waist. A minute later he discovered himself sitting up in bed, shivering violently—for he was naked, and beside him on the coverlet lay the nightshirt he had just thrown off.

Already the boys knew what he was most anxious to conceal. They had caught him trying to amputate the little finger of his right hand with a jack-knife, because he had heard that some men saved themselves from war that way. When the red blood flowed he desisted, because of a queer giddiness in his head. But the scar remained, a white circle

forming a complete finger-ring. He saw it whenever he dropped his eyes, and the boys saw it, calling it his "Scar of Dishonour." If he did not wipe it off, put over it another scar more honourable than the first, he knew his thoughts would kill him.

Still he would not enlist to-day. Perhaps within a few hours a great victory would be announced on the bulletins, which would blast the enemy, pacify the victorious, and stop the demand for recruits. He would take one more day to think it over. Down at Case's Corners they were holding a fall fair. He would walk the intervening miles to see how it proceeded. If he had had money he would have taken the train, but the insignificant item of walking did not dampen his enthusiasm. Tony had travelled in all styles. Once in his palmy days he had hired a rig to go to this same show, and had coaxed a girl to ride around the race-track by his side. No doubt this year he would see the same girl riding with some other fellow who happened to have the price of a horse and buggy.

ARRIVED at Case's Corners, Tony wished himself back. He could not endure the sight of some boy scouts, who, having scarcely left their childhood behind, marched down the road fearlessly, covering themselves with applause. Why was it he could not shake off his horrible fear of being hurt? He put his fingers in his ears to drown the voice of a stout, well-fed individual who had argued for an hour on the duty of enlisting.

"Of course, you are already in training, young man!" he bellowed after Tony's retreating figure.

"Not just yet," Tony heard his voice come from somewhere back in his throat: "I'm waiting till matters get worse. Of course, if I have to, I'll fight."

"Ho, ho! That sounds like the speech of a coward!"

Tony wondered how he had found out at a glance.

"See here, fellow, are you afraid to train?" the man asked.

"Of course not!" Tony cried, sweating in agony of soul.

"Then, why—"

"A widowed mother and small children!" Tony heard himself saying.

His cowardice had made him a liar also; for he had not a soul depending on his work, but was an outcast and alone.

With a sneer the well-fed man passed him over, and Tony was free to proceed. But to escape from the talk of war was as impossible as to escape from the air or the sunshine. The people were breathing war, eating it, soaking themselves in it. Over against the shed that sheltered the prize swine, three stocky foreigners, smelling strongly of beer and sausages, discussed things beneath their breath. Tony could but decide that they were spies.

To one fiercer looking than the others, was addressed these words: "We go mit you! We see the fun, too!"

To which the fierce one replied:

"I go alone. A crowd makes noise only, and spoils everything."

At that they let him have his way. "All right! Goot luck! To-night—at seven—the bridge!"

Tony's mind flew forward on wings of fear. Just below lay the great railroad bridge over the river, the show-place of Case's Corners and the pride even of the city. Now he saw the need of the man standing guard there at the bridge-entrance. As any person would know, by seven o'clock the autumn evening would be gathering in; the crowds at the fair would be tired and anxious for home. Hundreds of them would cram into the coaches of the excursion train sent out from the city for their accommo-

dation. What if this foreigner had designs on the bridge! That heavy knapsack slung across his shoulder—what might it contain? Would the ruffian blow up the bridge, as the excursion train made its way from the fair-grounds to the city?

Tony listened, and heard the big foreigner reiterate:

"I go alone. Crowd spoil everything. Be off—I see you later!"

For weeks the papers had published stories of attempts on the part of foreigners to destroy public works; and Tony believed every report was true. Shivering violently, he moved out of sight. But he could not forget what he had heard.

Tony was stung through and through to find that his story was not believed by the guard at the bridge who was not taking his position very seriously.

"Such individuals flourish only in the newspapers in war times," said the guard. "They don't exist along bridges and canals, and up the shafts of wheat elevators, as far as my experience teaches me."

Crestfallen, Tony departed, crossing the bridge in the direction of the city. Far below his dizzy height flowed the little river which occupied a central position in the great ravine. Tony had picnicked down there before the horror of war embraced the land. He could see no beauty in it now. It was a fit place for dark deeds.

It was seven o'clock. In half an hour the great engine would strike the bridge with a hiss and a roar. Should he run for his very life before the catastrophe happened? Could he ever hope to run so far that he would not hear the crashing of the train to the velvety depths below? He felt a strong inclination to do a brave deed. Running away would beat the Tony of days past; but a new Tony seemed to spring forth to meet the emergency. The bridge's natural protector having failed it, he would stay and cope with the enemy alone.

Tony's quick eyes had caught sight of a man moving against the solid tree-trunks of the valley—a stocky individual with a pack on his back. He had stolen out of the shadows as a thief of the night. Was he not a very big man, or did the mists of evening tend to magnify him? As Tony felt himself going forward to meet the unknown, a great exultation thrilled him.

THE man crept steadily along and seated himself on the ground near where the bridge ended in an embankment of earth. A cement foundation, bedded in solid rock, hid his movements at times, but Tony was sure he was opening his pack and drawing out of it some suspicious-looking cans. And still the attacking party moved forward, the wonder of it wreathing Tony's bloodless lips in a ghastly smile.

"But though I die I will save the bridge!" panted Tony.

Then he saw the man at close range, and knew surely that he was setting some cans in order on the ledge of cement beneath the track. Tony fairly jumped on him, so swift was his drop from the iron-work of the bridge. The burly stranger sprang back, a snarl on his full red lips. For an instant they faced each other, the evil-looking cans lying between.

"Caught!" hissed Tony. "The game is up! You may as well surrender yourself without a fuss. The guard has his eye on you, and will shoot down any foreigner who resists authority."

The burly stranger dealt Tony a crack on the jaw which hurled him backward.

"Mind your own pizness, kid," he snarled; "and I will try to mind mine."

Tony was sustained by a fine frenzy of patriotism. At last he understood how men rushed into battle, eager to spill their blood in the cause of home and country. His temper

was up: he returned to the attack with blood trickling down his face. "You're caught!" he shouted. "Give it up and come with me, or you'll be sorry."

And he flung himself on his huge antagonist with blind fury, striking right and left with a strength which seemed superhuman. As they rolled over and over on the grassy slope running down into the ravine, the excursion train thundered over the bridge. Those hateful cans had not disclosed their secret. They sat harmlessly on the ledge of cement.

Once the big foreigner got a grip on Tony's wrist and twisted it till it cracked; then he bit him through the hand, all to compel his youthful antagonist to let go a determined hold on his windpipe. It was plain that the giant was as much in fear of this small fury which had descended on him, as a crow is of kingbird.

Presently a voice called from the bridge above. "Hey, there! What's all the racket about?"

Tony knew it was the guard, who had been forced to believe the truth of his report and come to his aid. A moment later that able official had separated the combatants, and with great sternness addressed himself to the disturber of the peace.

"I will give you just one minute to explain what you are doing here," said the guard, as important as all such petty officials usually are after the danger is past.

The foreigner shrugged his heavy shoulders, and maintained a stolid silence.

"If explosives are found in your possession," the guard continued, "it will go mighty hard with you, fellow."

Anxiously Tony waited to see the lids of the cans removed. The guard approached them cautiously, the while a slow smile was seen to deepen on the fat face of the foreigner. Then the guard held them up in contempt, at the same time closing his nostrils from the stench they contained. "Fishworms!"

Then the foreigner spoke. "I haf planned to fish. I know spot in the river below where fish pite shust like plazes. Night goot time—quiet. I say to mine friends, 'Stay away—you make too much noise—I go alone.' Dey say, 'All right—see you later!' Den dis midget come—I know not where from he haf dropped. Of course I fight him!"

The guard turned to Tony with a withering smile. But that fleeting, newborn grin died in infancy. Tony had fainted; and all at once the guard realized that he was wounded.

"The kid really thought he was helping save his country!" he muttered.

Presently the guard heard the boy say, as he came out of his state of incoherent muttering:

"I know now what it is to be hurt—it's not so bad—"

Suddenly Tony's eyes fell on his injured hand. The little finger was badly bruised and torn from the foreigner's bite; but the white ring that he noted—was gone!

"It's covered!" he cried.

Indulgently the guard examined the injured member. He had heard the story of the "Scar of Dishonour" frequently from the boys.

"Covered it is, son!" he said.

The Limit of Lying.—"You may not believe it, gentlemen," said one of the group who, having dined at a free-lunch counter, were smoking their cigars in front of a hotel. "You may not believe it, but I have used a fountain pen constantly for four years and have never had the least trouble with it."

"That's remarkable," said another. "Still, I am the father of six children, and never had to walk the floor at night with a single one of them."

There was a silence of a minute or two, and another spoke up.

"I don't doubt it," he said, "for I can testify to something stranger still. I have a bright little four-year-old boy at my house, and I never told any of his smart sayings to my friends."

"Gentlemen," remarked a fourth, after a painful pause "I'm fond of hearing young women practise their scales on the piano after I have retired to rest. It lulls me to sleep."

One or two persons in the group made feeble attempts to say something, but gave it up. It seemed to be felt that this reached the limit.



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Fighting Parsons and Artists

THOUGH this is not regarded as a holy war, at least outside of France, and to some extent in Russia, there are more parsons either actually engaged in the field or upholding the cause than was ever before known in any war which had not religion for its prime cause. Of course, the Germans consider it a holy war, because the Kaiser has so blandly appropriated the services of the Almighty, and has from time to time commended the Creator for doing so well by German arms—according to his way of looking at it. But in England, where no war is considered holy, and never wholly justifiable unless for defence or for honour, there has been a tremendous upheaval of the clergy. The Bishop of

"the dukes." As long as the church militant is a prelude to the church triumphant, the fighting parson may be expected to continue. He has been known in almost every country, and especially among the ranks of the Catholic clergy in Europe.

Painters and Fighting

IF clergymen can shoulder arms why not artists? The answer was given not long ago in London when Sir Alfred Turner reviewed a large corps of British artists who were ready to go to the front; not to make pictures, but as far as possible to make dead men among the Germans. There has been very little chance for the artists to paint this war, owing to



WARDING OFF THE NOCTURNAL ZEPPELINS. Search-light projectors which, under military control, sweep the cloud-roof of London every night spying for hostile aircraft.

London has gone to the front in khaki as chaplain to a regiment. In Scotland a number of clergy under forty have proposed forming a battalion. One of the most thrilling episodes of British arms at the front some time ago was the action of a Devonshire chaplain who, when he was wounded grabbed a rifle and shouted to his flock, "Come on boys! Give them hell!"

The Church Times of London publishes a letter from the English chaplain of St. George's in Paris, who says:

"I have read with interest the correspondence on the subject of the clergy serving in the army as combatants. It may interest your readers to know that the Service Militaire has drawn into the ranks of the French army no fewer than 22,000 French priests. I was talking to a group of English soldiers in the Caserne des Invalides when two French Tommies came up and spoke to me, having recognized that I was an Anglican priest. One explained to me that he was a Jesuit priest, a missionary from China, and introduced his friend as a Dominican prior. The Jesuit told me that two of his friends had been killed in action."

Fighting parsons have been famous in history for many centuries. We have had a good many of these belligerent clericals in Canada, from the lumber camp days until now. They were usually of the pugilistic variety, but no doubt if necessary could handle a rifle or a bayonet just as well as

the censorship. So the painters fling down their palettes and take up the rifles.

At the same time, as everyone must admit, this has so far been a pretty hard war on art, even more than upon the artist. The Germans have destroyed a great number of fine pictures; none of them German works, of course. The Kaiser is a connoisseur. He does not mind destroying what pictures he does not like. In Berlin he is the arch patron of art. He is supposed to know more about pictures than most artists do. Probably he thinks that the best way to help art along after the war is to put out of business as many pictures as possible and thereby increase the demand by lessening the visible supply.

There are some, however, who predict that art will thrive as never it did after the war is over. It is remembered that the fortunes of the greatest art firm in the British Empire were laid just after the Franco-Prussian war during a tremendous revival of interest in pictures that crowded the auction rooms. The Duveens are known in Canada as well as in London and New York. About ten years ago one of the Duveens was in the backwoods of Ontario, along with Mr. Allom, decorator of Marlborough House, in order to help find some great deposits of sodalite, a decorative bluestone much fancied by the present Queen who, while Princess of Wales, got a specimen given to her during her visit to Canada in 1901.



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Canadian Oarsmen in 1914

Invincible at Home; Successful Abroad

By J. T. STIRRETT

CANADIAN rowing for the season which is just closing falls into three divisions: our accomplishments in England, in the United States, and in Canada.

At the British Henley.

Following the precedent which has been tacitly recognized for many years, Canada was represented at the world's greatest regatta, the British Henley on the Thames, by only one club. Four years in succession we have striven to win those two premier prizes of the rowing world, the Grand Challenge Cup for eight-oared crews, and the Diamond Sculls for singles. Four years in succession we have been beaten in both contests. In 1911, Ottawas; in 1912 and 1913, Argonauts; and in 1914, Winnipegs went down after gallant struggles in the eights. In 1911, Cosgrave; in 1912 and 1913, Butler, both of the Argonaut Rowing Club, and in 1914, Dibble, of the Don Rowing Club, all tasted the bitter cup. This year continued the story of unsuccessful but gallant attempts. Our chief consolation is that Canadian rowing is benefited by this adversity which has been desperately fought and cheerfully borne. The British like good losers. At any rate, the victory of the Harvard crew refutes the argument that a winning style and stroke can not be developed on this side of the Atlantic.

In the United States.

Canadians won only two championships of the United States at the N. A. A. O. regatta last year, which is much below the average. In 1911, the Argonauts won six out of twelve. This year they won none at all, but they were close seconds in large fields in every race which they entered. This has been the most successful year in the history of United States rowing, which has heretofore been below the Canadian standard. American oarsmen not only won the World's eight-oared championship, but also retained all their national championships save two. These came to Toronto. The senior single was won by Robert Dibble, of the Don Rowing Club, and the senior quarter mile dash by E. B. Butler, of the Toronto Rowing Club. On the whole, Canadian scullers were slightly superior to the American scullers. Dibble is supreme on long distances both in strength and speed, while Butler is the fastest man on the continent in a sprint. On the other hand, Canadian sweep crews were slightly inferior to the American crews this season, how slightly is shown by the fact that the University of Pennsylvania beat the Argonauts at the People's Regatta by six feet, and the Duluth crew won from the same Argonaut crew at the National Regatta

by only two feet, a narrow squeak. In Canada.

Canadian oarsmen proved themselves to be almost invincible at home this season. Out of fifteen Canadian championships awarded at the Canadian Henley Regatta, only one went to the United States, and this was only an intermediate title. All five senior titles remain in Canada; the senior eight, light senior eight and senior four were won by the Argonaut Rowing Club; and the senior single and double sculls by the Don Rowing Club. This proves that in both crew (sweep) races and sculling races, Canadians were superior to Americans at the home regatta. This superiority cannot be attributed to lack of competition, because some of the strongest American rowing clubs were represented. For example, the Detroit Rowing Club, one of the best on the continent, coached for years by Vivian Nickalls, who is now with the University of Pennsylvania, had four eight-oared crews entered; while the New York Athletic Club, the Montreal Rowing Club and the Detroit Rowing Club tried their best scullers against the Canadians.

Toronto Led This Year.

Toronto won several times as many rowing championships this season as any other city in North America. It is doubtful if any city in the world has half as many victories to its credit. Ten out of fifteen Canadian championships were won by Toronto crews, in addition to the two United States championships won by Toronto scullers. The Argonauts won the senior, light senior and junior eights, the junior four and the light-weight four, while the senior, intermediate and junior double sculls, the senior single sculls and the preliminary eights went to the Don Rowing Club. The Argonauts maintained their supremacy in sweep rowing, three out of four eight-oared races and two out of five four-oared races. The crew rowing of the Argonauts set a very high standard, although it was a shade below that of 1911, which was probably the most successful in the history of the club.

In sculling, the Don Rowing Club won four out of six championships, the senior, intermediate and junior doubles and the senior singles. The Dons seem to have a special aptitude for sculling and have specialized successfully in it.

Owing to the cancellation of the Interprovincial Regatta, which was to have been held in Ottawa on September 7th, because many crew members have gone to the war, rowing men will not have an opportunity to see the annual season-end contests that console those who were unfortunate in earlier regattas.



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Well I didn't like that, I was afraid the horse wasn't "alright" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

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So said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

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Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes. Address me personally, H. V. Morris, Manager, Nineteen Hundred Washer Company, 357 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario.

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Meanderings in Vanity Fair

A Woman's Racy Humoresque

EVERY now and then some one sends us a copy of a ladies' newspaper with some blue-penciled paragraph indicating an editorial opinion of something said in this column. The opinion is frequently of the admonitory kind and intended to do us good. Sometimes there is a suggestion of militancy. Sometimes it is merely explanatory of woman's great work in the world, as for example of Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman's ideal of the home of the future, which will be supplied with comestibles through a sort of subterranean sewer and where the children's little noses will be wiped at stated intervals by machinery. But we have just received a copy of the "Ladies World" and with no blue pencil markings. Perhaps we are intended to read the whole of it, or at least those parts that can be read by a pure male mind without embarrassment. We skip hurriedly the opening article, which asks us to "leave false modesty behind" and announces its intention to "deal frankly with a sacred subject." We are sure

mother would not like us to read that. When a woman announces that she will "leave false modesty behind" or "deal frankly with a sacred subject" we begin instinctively to blush. We know what is coming. We know that she is about to say something that would make an alligator blush. Why a woman came to us the other day to enlist our sympathy for the great cause of eugenics and she said at once that she would leave false modesty behind, or words to that effect, and the things she told us were a perfect revelation. Certainly she left false modesty behind, all kinds of modesty, and a long way behind. We blushed for our sex and began to wonder if we were really doing the maidenly thing in going to an office at all and exposing ourselves to that sort of information. Like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, it was "extensive and peculiar." We understand now why we are so cussed and why we ought not to have been born at all. So we skip that first article.

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sive Motherhood." We skip that, too, not sounding quite nice. The next on the list is an article by a lady who explains how she persuaded her little boy not to say "Gottamit," a very natural thing to say, we should imagine, in that particular household. Probably the cat said it, too, if the truth were known. The lady also recommends the training of the father, because "you can create habits in him as well as in the children." So we should suppose, poor beast, and the habit of saying "Gottamit" among them. But at last we come to the real cream of the whole article. Now at last we know why the "Ladies' World" was sent to us. It is an article entitled, "When You Have Eaten the Melon, Here Is a Use for the Seeds." The lady says she does not know who made the first melon seed bag, and so we shall have to restrain our murderous impulses until the criminal has been detected, Gottamit. But the title is a suggestive one. How would it do to have a series? For example, "When You Have Eaten the Potato, Here Is a Use for the Peel." Almost anything can be used nowadays for the gleeful and ecstatic squandering of time. What is time anyway? There is no charge for this suggestion.

But think of the criminal waste of melon seeds. First, says the writer, you eat your melon. You will notice that she begins at the beginning. You will also notice the precision of the process. A good many people would be simply bewildered to know how to get the seeds out of the melon. Then the seeds must be washed and dried. We are told exactly how to do this. Then you put them in a tin box until you are ready to use them. This, says the writer, is a "necessary precau-

tion." You see you might be taken with an insane atavistic impulse to throw them into the garbage can, and a good job, too. Then you get a saucer with a little water in it. Not too much water, just enough, as they say in the cook books. You put fifty seeds into the saucer just to start with, and you "add a few from time to time."

BUT it would be hardly fair to give away all. It is a minute, definite, precise, and detailed process, and it is described in that exuberantly confidential way so popular with lady writers. On no account use a sewing needle. Use a bead needle, but a sewing needle will do just as well. No, we will not divulge the whole secret. We will quote a single passage just to whet the curiosity of the Bricklayers' Union and the Stock Exchange and let it go at that. Here it is: "Begin the next row by passing the needle through the thick end of one of the seeds, then through the pointed end of a fresh seed, through one bead, through the pointed end of another fresh seed, then through the thick end of the second seed in the first row (counting from the seed where this second row was started). Now through two beads, then through the thick end of the third seed in the first row, through the pointed end of a fresh seed, through one bead, through the point of another fresh seed, through the thick end of the fourth seed in the first row, through two beads." Finally there are various pictures of completed bags, and naturally they can be decorated in any way you wish. For example, you could embroider the word Gottamit across the face or any little sentiment of uplift that may occur to you.

A Case in Surgery

(Concluded from page 8.)

doctor had informed his brother and the nurse that the bandages were to be removed the next day.

As Major Staunton was leaving the tent, the nurse followed him.

"Major," she said, "I think I have outlived my usefulness here. Your brother has almost completely recovered, and I would like to be permitted to return to the surgical ward."

The doctor had missed her work in the surgical ward, and really required her there.

"Very well, nurse," replied the Major; "but you have worked so hard on this case, that I should think you would prefer the duties of looking after a convalescent for a while. I am sure my brother and I can never thank you enough, but you are needed in the operation theatre. You may report for duty there to-morrow, if you wish."

The nurse returned to the tent and told Billy that he would have a new nurse in the morning.

"What rotten luck," said Billy. "I know that I will miss you awfully; you have been so kind to me." The nurse appeared to be in high spirits at her return to the surgical ward. She joked Billy.

"What difference can it make to you. A nurse is a nurse, besides, you have never seen me. You will be so busy writing to your girl that you will not notice the nurse at all. You were interesting while you were sick, but you are not sick any longer, you know. Why, you will be out of here in a week." Billy shook hands with her, and made her promise that she would come to see him before he left for the convalescent camp. She agreed, and laughingly said,

"Good-bye, Mr. Staunton. Give my love to Marion."

After she had gone Billy thought, "I would like to see that girl. If she is half that Bob says, she must be a stunner."

At nine o'clock the next morning, after a careful examination by three doctors, it was decided that Billy might be allowed the use of his eyes, when carefully screened by blue glasses. No reading or letter-writing was to be permitted for some days.

Three days after the removal of the bandages, Major Staunton was talking to Billy's former nurse. He told her that his brother was engaged in writing

his first letter. He asked her to come over to the tent to see Billy.

"The boy is naturally very anxious to see you, and no wonder, after all you have done for him. Come along now, nurse. I have fifteen minutes to spare, and will introduce you."

They found Billy seated with his back to the door, evidently writing.

"Is that you, Bob? Don't bother me now. I'm busy."

"Stand up, you brat, and make your best bow to the girl who saved your worthless life."

Billy jumped to his feet and turned around.

"Marion," said Billy.

"Billy Boy," said the nurse.

"Well, I'll be hanged," said Surgeon-Major Staunton.

German Comment

GERMAN comment on Mr. Lloyd George's speech is illustrated by the Cologne Gazette's comment, which may be considered mild, in comparison with their current views on most things British. It says:

"As was to be expected, Lloyd George, who like his Ministerial colleagues is busily beating the recruiting drum, has quite outdone them in demagogic oratory. With utter impudence he has glorified sniping, though prohibited by international law, as the exercise of a nation's holiest rights, and compared the German army of invasion in Belgium to a pack of thieves, whom anybody is entitled to shoot at sight. Lloyd George knows perfectly well that this comparison is absolute nonsense, and that one can give the civilian population of a country no more insidious advice than to adjure them to take arms against a hostile army. Nevertheless, this Minister, in order to make a deeper impression on an illiterate audience, has not scorned to use the arguments which hitherto have appeared only in letters of terrified peddlers or professional agitators to the Daily Mail or similar papers. We hardly expect that Lloyd George will encounter very emphatic protest against his lying speech, which was characterized on this occasion by gutter-boy wit, but the cultured Englishman knows in the privacy of his own mind just what sort of a fellow Lloyd George is.

The Sea Fight

UP to the present there has been no description worth printing of any naval engagement such as can be found in all good histories of the doings of Nelson and Drake in the days of old. The two reasons are that there has so far been but one naval engagement, and that even there no scribe was present to record what happened. A wounded seaman of the Laertes, one of the cruisers engaged in the flotilla of Sir David Beatty, that sunk five German ships in Heligoland Bight, thus describes what happened that night in so far as he could remember it:

"It was after midnight when a despatch-boat arrived with orders, and though we all suspected that some move was on we heard nothing. In ten minutes we were steaming away as fast as we could, and in about three hours we tumbled to the fact that we were going after the enemy. Not a light was visible on any ship, as we were now off Heligoland, and all eyes were straining in the fog for a sight of the enemy. 'Here they come,' was whispered along the decks, and we were sorely tempted to break into cheers in spite of the orders for silence.

"The enemy's ships, about fifteen, we thought, crept out without the least suspicion of the little surprise in store for them. Just when they were near enough to be likely to see us the order was given, and a brilliant flash of light, followed by a deafening roar, lit up the misty sea.

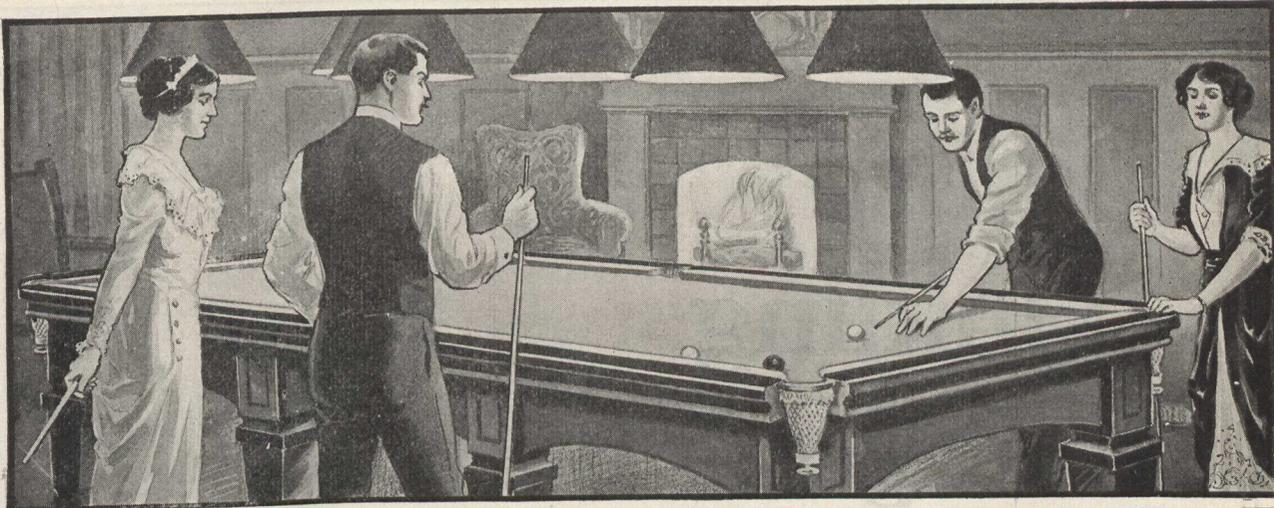
"In the meantime our fast cruisers and destroyers had dashed ahead and got between five of the enemy's ships and the forts. So far as we could see the rest of the German vessels turned tail, but not before they were riddled by a heavy fire from our lads. All the Germans concentrated their fire on two of the vessels that were wedged in between the leading German ships and the landward forts, and the forts opened brisk fire also, but their range was at fault.

"The German fire was brisk while it lasted, but they have a lot to learn about naval marksmanship, and we were all astonished at the muddle they made of their chance. Our ships closed in, the men cheering like mad as they stood at their places, and in less time than it takes to tell the last German gun was silenced."

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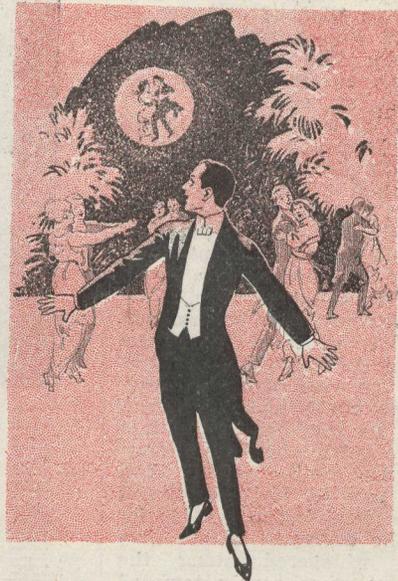
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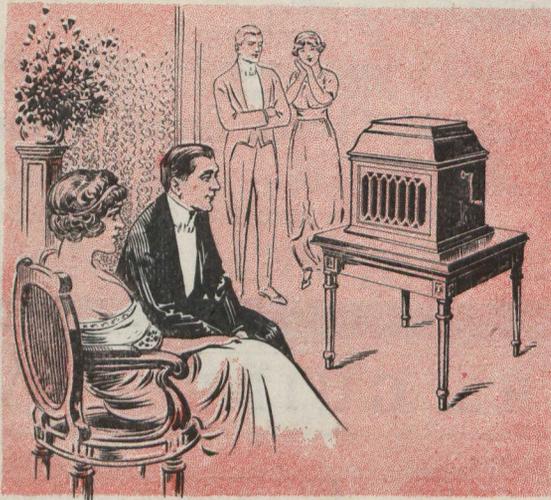


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