

THE CANADIAN COURIER

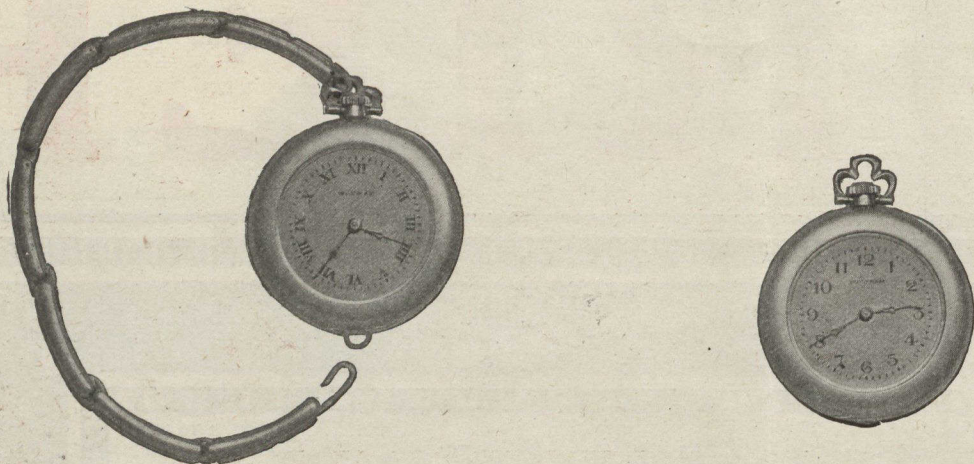


THE RIFLE STILL THE LAST RESORT

French soldiers at the "Hotel de l'Europe," near the front, take a great interest in the British soldier's rifle.



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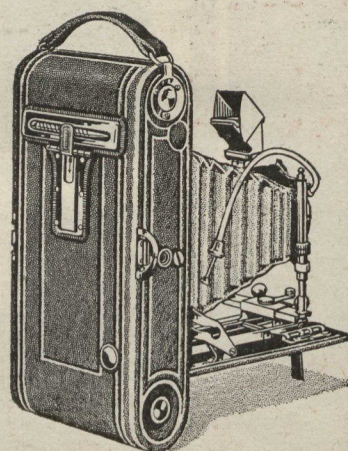
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No. 25

THE DEVIL'S BACK DOOR

Which it Will be the Allies' Winter Programme to Shut in His Majesty's Face

By JAMES JOHNSTON

EVERY new battle front lets loose a fresh lot of opinionators. Those of us who win wars with typewriters are entitled to a new outfit of ideas as to what Germany really means by this spectacular drive into Balkania. That is worth finding out. Almost any man's opinions are more or less interesting. The mere fact that Kitchener has gone down into that part of the world looks to some people as though England realizes this to be the most dangerous frontier of the whole war. Cut loose from the War Office, back again in the near-Orient, where he has always been a kind of military wizard as fabulous as Napoleon, Kitchener begins to look to some of his admirers now like a warrior with a new lease of life and a new mission in the Empire.



SIR BRYAN MAHON,
Major-General of British troops in Serbia.

Well, be that as it may, we shall probably wait a good while before we hear of even Kitchener working any Balkania and Constantinople are not Omdurman. And for all we know K. of K. may not act the part of generalissimo at all. He may not even see Sir Bryan Mahon commanding British troops in Serbia, or Gen. Munro and Gen. Birdwood in charge of our men on Gallipoli. But the fact that he is "somewhere in the near East" means a great deal just now to the imagination, which has come to be one of the assets of those who stay at home and win the war by arguing about it.

Suppose we imagine—that Germany is now making her last great offensive? This is Bellocian, of course. But a little Belloc sometimes goes a long way in a world war. Let us remember that Germany's front is a crooked-sided triangle. One long side is the North Sea and the Channel and the French frontier—hopelessly blockaded. Another by the Baltic and the Russian frontier—and here Germany has gone so far that she can go no further, at a cost of nearly a million men. A conservative estimate puts German losses on all fronts during the past six months as 300,000 a month. Most of this represents the spectacular sweep across Poland and Galicia.

With those two long sides of the triangle blocked to Germany, the little third side was still to be tried. That is Balkania, Constantinople and all that lies beyond in Egypt, Asia Minor and as far beyond that as the German war-machine is able to exert any violence.

WE all know now by what desperate means Germany clubbed the sordid and pro-German Bulgaria into her camp. We know how desperately she has tried to get Greece to follow suit, and Roumania at least to remain neutral; just as she worked for ten months to keep Italy from going to war against Austria. Balkania was a fine field for German so-called diplomacy and brute force. Serbia was the front door of Balkania, with Bulgaria just beyond. Serbia must be steam-rollered. Nothing so very new about that in itself. It was Serbia that started the war, and it was only because Austria was too busy elsewhere that she did not long ago do her best to crush Serbia. But Serbia is only part of the Balkan game; and the Balkan game is part of the greater game of bursting through that third side of the triangle—for what purpose?

Some say to relieve the Turks and keep the Allies from getting Constantinople. That so far as it goes may be all right. But Constantinople is not the probable end of German desperation in that part of the world. Beyond Constantinople lies the British Empire, beginning on the south shore of the Mediterranean. And Germany has long ago had one consuming desire—to do England, and England alone, as much damage as possible before the last great German offensive has spent itself. There would be no use in Germany stopping war until she had hurt England somewhere. Her submarine campaign did England about the same kind of damage as a flock of gnats to a bull. The gnats are just about quiet now. The two naval bombardments killed a few non-combatants and no more will be attempted. A naval invasion of England is not even a German dream now. The break-through to Calais for the emplacement of siege guns to dominate the Channel is an exploded miscalculation. The Zeppelin raids have damaged several areas in London, mainly by fires, and killed a few hundred people. But the winter fogs will keep the Zepps away from England for several months now, and by spring Sir Percy Scott should be able to make London as well fortified against aerial attacks as Paris has been since the war began. In the short nights of summer in that latitude there is small chance of Zepps doing anything. Germany may expect her Zepp campaign to be ultimately as bootless as her submarine menace. The submarine blockade was intended to starve England. The blockade of German ports by the British navy is beginning the long process of under-feeding if not starving Germany.

So, it seems to Germany as though England is most vulnerable now at the point where she has the smallest armies, the furthest from her base of all supplies. That is in the Aegean, the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf. To get armies down there means a six-day voyage from England. Armies once there can't be easily ferried back again. Germany can get armies into that region much more easily, through Serbia and Bulgaria, even though to do so takes the German advance guard, even as near as Constantinople, one and a half times as far from Berlin as Berlin is from the furthest east point occupied by German armies in Poland.

While the Teutons, with the aid of Bulgaria from the south, are acting on Serbia like the proverbial military nutcracker, they are at the same time getting possession of a country rich in many

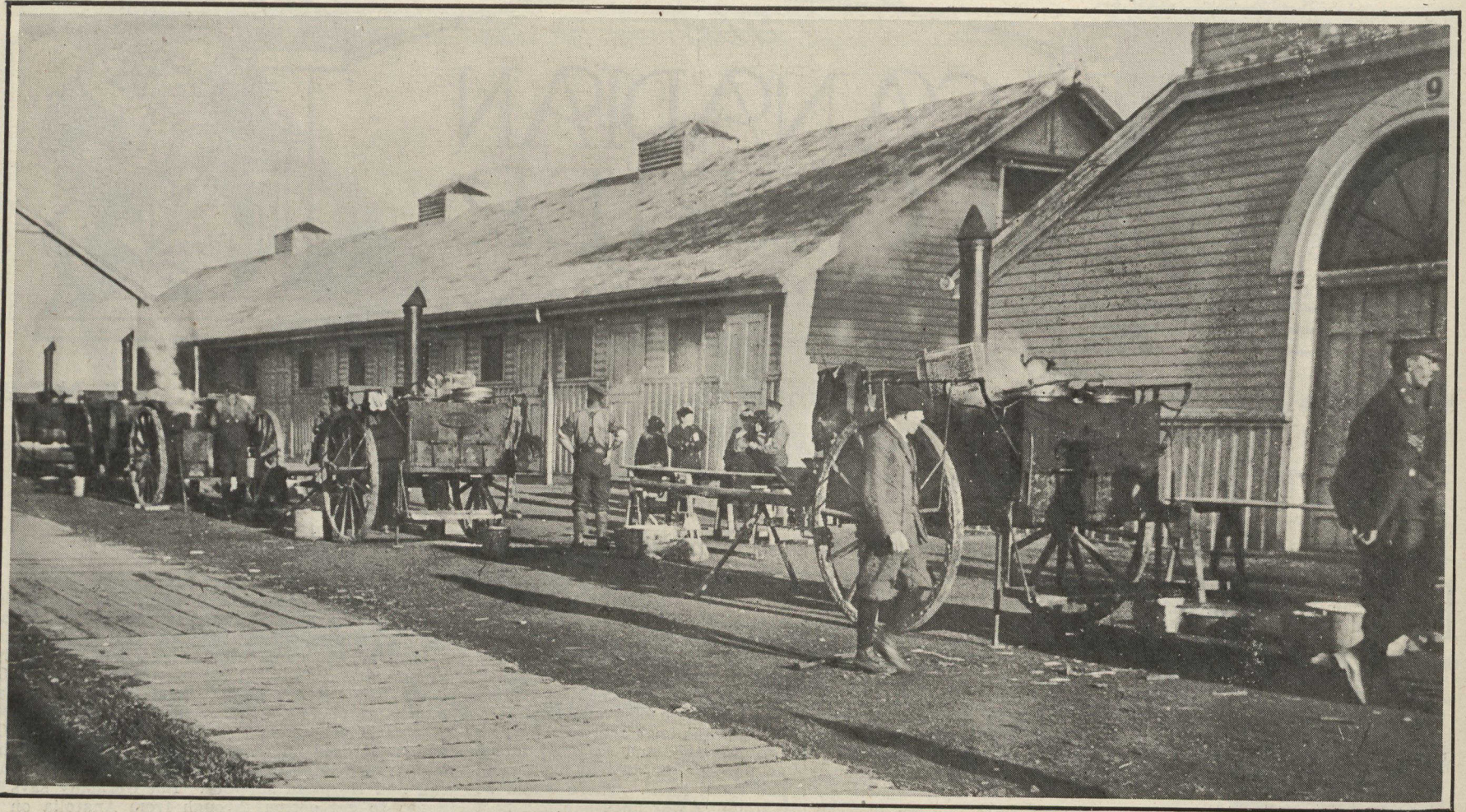
kinds of minerals and other resources. Germany has already commandeered and plundered the Serbian harvest. The map on this page gives some idea of the kind and extent of these war resources. This is a kind of war game already practised in Belgium, France and Poland, in all of which countries Germany has got her hands upon valuable mineral properties of vast extent. So far as raw material of war is concerned this means something to Germany. It does not help the cotton situation, which is supposed to be in a state of blockade from American and Egyptian supplies. But Germany says she hopes to get cotton through from Anatolia on the borders of Persia.

SO far Germany seems to be winning her kind of game in that quarter, just as up to a certain point she won in Belgium, in France, in Poland and Galicia. But it must be borne in mind that in all these countries she ceased to win before she had accomplished her purpose. What she is trying to do in the trans-Balkania quarter is, so far as we can see, even more quixotic than what she has tried to do on any other front. She is trying to bedevil England overseas. The further she plunges down into that part of the world the further she gets from



SHADED AREA OF SERBIA HELD BY GERMANY AND HER ALLIES. (—) FRENCH RAILROADS (---) UNCOMPLETED RAILROADS

Showing how far Germany, Austria and Bulgaria have succeeded in occupying Serbia and the resources in raw material which they have obtained. The Allies are working between Salonica and Strumnitza.



WHAT EVERY CANADIAN REGIMENT NEEDS.

A set of Field Kitchens that will feed a Battalion of one thousand men. The military authorities have now decided to supply every new Battalion with four Field Kitchens out of public funds. Hitherto these Kitchens have been secured by the Commanding Officer through funds supplied by his friends. The new plan is a great improvement—in fact is the only just plan. It will be the same of machine guns. The only essential feature of regimental equipment not henceforth supplied will be a set of band instruments.

her operating centre; and everybody knows from experience by this time that Germany is always weakest when she tries the game of long-distance warfare. England has never known any other kind of war. She has always fought away from home. Germany, like the devil, never cares to wander far from his own fireside. German war genius cannot exert itself in the German way when it comes to fighting along the seaboard. She must have her incomparable railways with Berlin as the centre.

It is pretty generally admitted now that England and France have arrived too late to save Serbia. That country is too close to Bulgaria, the hater of Serbia, and to Austria, who, for over a year, has had it on her programme to crush the life out of that Slav country. German club and cash-bags diplomacy were too powerful in Bulgaria. England trusted too much to Bulgaria, which was known by Sir Edward Grey long ago to be pro-German. There is no honour in Bulgaria and we are better off without her as an ally, even though the price of getting rid of her infernal partnership will be the destruction of the poor little suffering country that is one of the little peoples like Belgium and Poland, whose rights this war is being waged to protect. What England has failed to do in and for Serbia she will not fail to do in the part of the world to which Serbia is the door.

Very pertinently Rt. Hon. C. F. Masterman, in the London Daily Chronicle, asks and answers the question about Serbia:

"But what chance is there of keeping shut that little door to the East? The Serbians are fighting heroically; but everyone realizes that in their present strategic position they may be compelled to retire to the hills. In that case the door may be opened. Can it be kept open? I am doubtful if that is possible in such a country at such a time. Germany forced her way through Belgium and has retained that way by terror and overwhelming numbers. But Belgium is a peace-loving land. Serbia is a people delighting in war. Belgium could be terrorized by unfamiliar atrocity. Serbia has lived in an atmosphere where atrocity is taken and given for five hundred years. Belgium is mostly a flat plain seamed with roads and railways. Serbia and Macedonia form a tumbled sea of hills. The Serbians may break up into guerilla warfare amongst those hills as Spain did before the advance of Napoleon's armies, and prove equally unconquerable."

At present Germany is losing no more men than she can help in the advance through Serbia. She can no longer afford to lose men. Therefore she is blasting her way with big guns through Serbia and saving her infantry.

London John Bull hits off the situation in terse phraseology that leaves no doubt as to England's task and opportunity in the near East. It says:

"We are not a back-door people, but if we have to deal with back doors let us tackle them. We've got the men, we've got the ships, and we've got the money, too, to kick the Devil back through his own back door to the Balkans and lock him into Germany where we can deal with him.

"If we had possessed any mite of sense we should

have taken the necessary measure long ago. Half a million of armed troops in Serbia six or even three months ago would have stopped all the Balkan rot. Now we are faced with the just punishment for leaving poor little Serbia the job of putting her lonesome foot in the jamb of the Devil's back door.

"It's a stiff job, but we can do it. Thanks to the Navy,

we can land the men and the guns to head off the Kaiser from the East. Thanks to the Navy, we can fill the Balkan States with victories. The Dardanelles will be a side-show compared to what we must do in the Balkans. Shall we fail to slam the Devil's Back Door in his face?

"Never while Britain lives!

"Only—let us get on with the job."

SIR CONAN DOYLE'S OPTIMISM

What Britain Has Accomplished

MOST optimistic is Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in his opinion of the British part in the war. Conan Doyle is no mean student of war. Every time he goes into print he leaves a degree of reasonable inspiration with the reader, without being a mere incurable optimist. In his article in the London Chronicle, recently, he says:

"Consider what we have done in the short space of time, and compare it with the opening of any of our greater wars. In our war against the French Republic it was nearly two years after its inception that Howe's victory gave us a gleam of success. In the great war against Napoleon it was again two years before Trafalgar ended the fear of imminent invasion, and 12 years of very varying fortunes before we won through. Now look at the work of 14 months. We have annexed the whole great German Colonial Empire with the exception of East Africa and a district in the Cameroons. Thanks to the splendid work of our Navy, we have swept the German flag, both Imperial and mercantile, off the face of the ocean. We have completely sterilized her fleet. We have repelled her serious submarine attack, and played our game so skilfully that the flux of time shows us stronger, not weaker, in comparison. We have conquered South Mesopotamia from the Turks. We have completely repelled their attempted invasion of Egypt. We have helped to save Paris. We have, with French and Belgian assistance, but mainly by our own exertions, stopped the advance upon Calais, inflicting a loss of several hundreds of thousands upon the Germans. We have, by our intervention at Antwerp, helped to extricate the Belgian army. Finally, and greatest of all, we have raised an enormous voluntary army, which is large enough to turn the scale between the European forces, and we have converted ourselves with wonderful adaptability into the great factory and munition store of the Allies. That is our story, and if any man cannot see that it is a wonderful one he is not merely pessimist, but blind.

"What have we to put on the other side of the account? I am dealing for the moment with large results and not with details. Where have we failed? In the whole world our most severe critic could only point to one place—the Dardanelles. But have we failed in the Dardanelles? I believe that if we should never force the Straits the enterprise has none the less been worth the undertaking. We have lost 100,000. How many have the Turks lost? Cer-

tainly not less. We have held up a great body of their best troops, who would otherwise have been operating against us on the Egyptian and Mesopotamian fronts, or in the Caucasus against the Russians. Ian Hamilton has taken the pressure off Maxwell on one side and Nixon on the other. But the greatest of all results from the Dardanelles expedition is that it has united us with Russia as nothing else could have done. She cannot now say, as she might have said, that we thought only of our own Empire. We have spent our blood and our ships in trying to force the gates which close her in. When the episode remains a historical reminiscence, like the passage of Duckworth in 1807, this great result will still remain."

HE enumerates the battles of the war on land and finds the military record satisfactory. He sees no reason for pessimism:

"Not only have we nothing to reproach ourselves with and a very great deal upon which to congratulate ourselves in the actual war, but we have, as it seems to me, made remarkably few mistakes beforehand. Thanks to the firmness of McKenna in the matter of the eight great ships, and the driving power of Churchill in the years immediately before the war, our Navy was ready, as it has never been before, for a supreme struggle. Of the four army corps which were the most that we have ever thought of sending abroad two and a half were in time for the first clash and the others followed after. We played our part as we said we would play it, and we won our game so far as we can count the gains and losses between Germany and ourselves. If McKenna and Churchill put us in a strong position upon the water, Haldane forged the weapon which was to do such great service upon the land. The British military machine, as we (and the Germans) know it, the splendid Territorial Army, the Officers' Training Corps (which has been of such vital service), the conversion of the Expeditionary Force into a practical reality, all sprang from his clear and far-seeing mind. When one remembers his long defence of the Territorials, the gibes to which he and they were subjected, the ridicule with which his assertion was met that they would have time after the outbreak of war to become good troops before taking the field, and when one sees how entirely his forecast has been borne

(Concluded on page 6.)

KHAKI DAY IN TORONTO

*The Late King Edward's Birthday,
November 9th, was Celebrated
by a Collection for Recruit-
ing, and a Parade of
Eight Thousand Over-
Seas Soldiers*



Sir Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, taking the salute in front of the Parliament Buildings. On his right, Col. Logie, officer commanding 2nd Divisional Area.



The Battalions on parade were the 58th (Lt.-Col. Genet); 37th (Lt.-Col. Brick); 74th (Lt.-Col. Windeyer); 75th (Lt.-Col. Beckett); 83rd (Lt.-Col. Pellatt); 92nd (Lt.-Col. Chisholm); 81st (Lt.-Col. Belson); 95th (Lt.-Col. Barker). On the right, pipers and band of the 92nd coming up to the saluting point. Below, one of the three Batteries of Artillery under Major Peacock.



A company of 95th, which is the newest regiment in Toronto, and is commanded by Lt.-Col. R. K. Barker, who was Captain of "C" Co. of the First Canadian Regiment, sent to South Africa in October, 1899, under Colonel (now General) W. D. Otter. Note that the men are without waist-belts and Webb Equipment. Indeed, only two of the nine Battalions had their complete equipment.

Sir Conan Doyle's Optimism

(Concluded from page 4.)

out, one does not know which is the more surprising, his foresight, or the ingratitude and perverseness of so many of his fellow-countrymen. Future generations will, I think, look upon Lord Haldane as one of the saviours of the country.

"After the outbreak of war we have also been extraordinarily fortunate in our leaders. If one searched backwards through the glorious files of British history one could not pick out a man who was so fitted by nature and training for the supervision of such a war as Lord Kitchener. His cold, mathematical brain, his power of thinking in the terms of the year after next, his enduring, inflexible will-power, his freedom from politics—all of these qualities make him the ideal leader in such a war. And what a collaborator in Lloyd George, who supplies exactly what the soldier lacks, the touch with the democracy, the power of the burning word, the acquaintance with the practical conditions of British life! With such men at home, and with our leaders on sea and land, from Jellicoe and French downwards, we can surely

face the future with a light heart. Our troubles have never really been our own, but have arisen from the fact that the secret preparations of the Central Powers have made them for a limited time more powerful upon land than their neighbours. The margin of strength which is wanted we have to supply. By a miracle of organization and national spirit we shall be able to do so."

THEN he takes a whack at the "whimperers" and those who feel downhearted, but are not foolish enough to criticize and grumble. He concludes:

"The worst of this unreasonable pessimistic criticism is that it takes the heart out of men who are conscious of their own good work, and makes them feel as if good and bad were alike. Also it depresses the public and makes them vaguely think that all is wrong when nearly all is right. The conduct and handling of the Navy have fortunately been largely immune from the carpers, but take as an example the continual reiteration of such a phrase as "The muddling of the War Office." The extraordinary efficiency of our War Office has been one of the surprises of the war. Was it muddling when it sent the Expeditionary Force abroad with such celerity and completeness, with a commissariat which all have

agreed to be unequalled, and with a transport and medical service which are the envy of our Allies? We talk with appreciation of the tenfold expansion of our Army, but Lord Kitchener does not do such things by the wave of a wand. They are carried out by the hard work and organizing power of the War Office, which has expanded itself to tenfold duties within a year. As to the munition question, it is one which came as a surprise to us, as to all the world, but it is notorious that there were economical and not administrative reasons for the delay in the high explosives. Free Trade has no doubt many advantages, but it has its corresponding defects, and if you depend on other people for essentials instead of pre-arranging their production in your own land you are likely to have such a crisis as we have successfully surmounted.

"We take our history morning by morning, and often the morning seems a dark one. It is not thus that it is written hereafter. We see every swirl and backwater, but the man of the future will see only the main current of the stream. There is no cause there for pessimism, but rather good reason why we should be on our knees thanking the Power that guides our destiny for evident proof that Britain still has the old clear brain to plan, and the old strong arm to strike."

ELIZABETH DORE AND OTHERS

Little War Stories Picked Up by the Roadside in France

The Estaminet Pegoud,
Northern France,
Monday —th.

By BRITTON B. COOKE

I AM in two minds about writing this story. It is all very well to think that you people back in Canada have a right to be interested, thrilled, amused or touched by stories from the zone of the Allied armies—that is the all-important phrase on one's passport—but sometimes even a journalist feels like keeping something to himself. These three days in the Estaminet Pegoud have been intimate days. Each has seemed as long as a leap year, and from being a mere journalist bent on a more or less unpopular errand behind our lines, I have become one of our brotherhood of seven, one with Jabot, who keeps the Estaminet, with Pegoud, his dog, with the old woman, who hasn't any name but most wonderful eyes in her old wrinkled face, with sour Monsieur Lebaude, who has pre-empted the deserted farm next door to us and is at present gathering white turnips for our supper, with the Greek from Vancouver, whose pack was confiscated the day before he arrived here, and with Elizabeth Dore. That, I think, counting myself, makes the seven. Jabot, the old woman; Lebaude, the Greek, and I have no desire to lay bare the poverty of the Estaminet Pegoud. The dog Pegoud says nothing. But Elizabeth Dore is the deciding factor. She has craved a modicum of fame for more years than should be revealed. She has thirsted for an introduction to the world and even a very small spot-light much the same as a child may yearn for the pretty coloured medicine on a shelf too high. Though now she is probably averse to it, Jabot consents with a shrug. The old woman washes her hands of the matter, for she had her fun once—before 1870. The Greek is brooding deeply over his bankruptcy, and as I said, Lebaude is pulling white turnips for our supper. Let me recommend them uncooked. We had them for lunch. We lack a pot.

HAVING passed two sentry posts, I trudged for many hours along a beautiful French road and had been bottled up at length at the Estaminet Pegoud. The stopper to the bottle was a French subaltern with the most charming manners outside of court. He met me on the cross-road with a smile escorted me to, as it were, the neck of the bottle, with apologies, and corked the place by collecting paroles from Jabot and me.

"Monsieur," he explained, as he left, "you will understand that certain movements are about now being executed between this point and the German lines and between here and —ville, from which you have just come. And it is the rule that these movements must be carried out with as little observation as possible—even from journalists. You understand?"

I examined the Estaminet Pegoud and was in turn examined by Jabot, its proprietor.

"But this is not an estaminet?" I objected, at length.

"No?" retorted Jabot, "possibly not, m'sieu."

"But—where is the building?"

"There is no building, m'sieu."

"Where does one sleep?"

"Here, m'sieu."

"In the straw stacks?"

"The thatches over the straw are particularly good."

"Can one get anything to eat?"

"Nothing hot, m'sieu."

"Something cold, then?"

"This, m'sieu."

He led the way between two of the five straw stacks that constituted the "Estaminet Pegoud," and

drew from a croney-hole in the side of one stack a large round white turnip. "You see," he explained, turning the root in his hands as though he were Hamlet, and the turnip the last of poor Yorick. "They have cleared the traffic from the roads behind us and in front of us and on both flanks." Where he obtained the military term I do not know. "So that I am cut off from the usual place where I obtain supplies. The village is gone," he pointed to a heap of ruins two hundred yards away in the midst of which was another cross-road and a sentry. "And the old Estaminet"—this time he indicated the nearer of the four corners—"two shells did it. . . . Will m'sieu have the turnip?"

"Not now." We turned to watch the polite subaltern approaching once more with another prisoner. It was the tragic Greek from Vancouver. After him we received the nameless old woman, after her Lebaude the farmer appeared with a hare which he had snared somewhere on the farm. We six had sat down to supper in the open space in the centre of the ring of straw stacks, where Jabot had kindled a very small fire. We had allotted the rights to the various small burrowed holes in the straw stacks and were broiling six pieces of the hare on as many wooden spits when Elizabeth Dore arrived. She, too, came in the company of the young subaltern. She had a basket on one arm and a kid-covered vanity box in her hand. Her coat and skirt, black, were of last year's fashionable cut, and her hat from a year before that again. There was still a little rouge left on her cheeks and a trifle of affectation in her manner. But only a trifle. For it had been raining and the hat, the dress, the basket, the vanity box and the high-heeled suede slippers were wet and splattered with mud. The dog, before anyone else, remembered his manners, and rising from his place in the circle round the niggardly fire, advanced to meet the subaltern and his prisoner. For a big, black, lanky-sided young mongrel, he had great natural dignity. He sniffed at the girl's slippers and he led the way to a place at the fire between the Greek—who had scorched his piece of the hare—and the old woman, who, for lack of proper dental equipment for the negotiation of raw, white turnips had been given an extra share of the hare.

"You will take care of this lady, Jabot," commanded the subaltern. "You had better put her under the wing of the old woman."

"Good," said Jabot, and rose to cut another piece from the all-but-finished hare.

"Sit here," said the old woman, crossly, drawing her ragged skirt closer about her heels.

So the girl sat down and we went on with the hare.

NEAR the wharf where passengers board the ferry that sails back and forth under the very edge of Niagara Falls, there is always a great collection of flotsam and jetsam. In the back-waters of the West End of London is the flotsam and jetsam of European theatrical, musical and artistic life. In the construction camps of the G. T. P. in the mountains, before the war, there used to be strange collections of human beings. So in the Estaminet Pegoud—named after the great aviator—was one back-wash of war. On four sides of us great masses of men were being moved under cover of darkness, so as to alter the disposition of our line preparatory to a big advance. As night fell, the light from fire threw a pale gold glow over the straw-stacks so that, from where we sat on the ground, the yellow thatches on the straw seemed to tower miles high above us like pillars to the very stars of France. One could hear

occasionally a far-off rumbling, as though heavy pieces of artillery were being dragged over the cobbled main road in our rear. Another faint sound might have been the wind in a distant clump of shattered trees, or the steady tramp of thousands of heavy-shod feet passing over those same cobbles. A horse neighed wildly. Once we thought we heard the shout of an officer. The sentry at the cross roads nearest us occasionally challenged khaki passersby.

"Ugh! I don't like sentries," volunteered Elizabeth Dore, the last-comer, breaking the silence round the fire. "They are so stern. I met one of them a little while ago at a cross-road. He said 'Halt! Who goes there?'—and just because I thought it would be better to go right up to him and tell him quietly who I was and what I wanted—why, he must have thought I was a spy, because he said 'Halt' again—very savagely, and brought his gun down."

"So what did you do?" growled Jabot.

"I just said, 'I am Elizabeth Dore, the actress, from Paris, and I am looking for—'"

"Hmph!" grunted Jabot, while Lebaude turned his scowling countenance on the girl also. "You said you were Elizabeth Dore, from Paris! Actress! And no pass-word?"

"No, m'sieu."

"He might have shot you."

"But no. Instead, he brought me to the young officer—who brought me here. He was very polite after he saw my papers."

"But what are you here for?" demanded the old woman, with the black eyes of a young girl. "What business have you near the lines. Have you a right?"

"N—no," the girl admitted. "But you—what are you—"

"I am not a spy, I hope."

"Spy!" breathed Jabot and the man Lebaude together.

"I was once arrested as a spy," whispered Lebaude, "and they were thinking of shooting me until I said my prayers. It was after that they let me go."

"No," retorted the girl, recovering herself, "I am not a spy. Of course not. I have my advertisement with me. See!" she produced from her basket a cheaply printed poster with a coarse-screen cut of herself in decollette printed in blue ink. "That is I. Elizabeth Dore, the actress. That is my poster. I should have been having my triumph in Paris now—but for the war. I suppose I shall never be a great actress now."

"Oh!" breathed the others. "An actress! Then, of course, you are not a spy, but a French woman. Tell us," added Jabot, with respect in his eyes, "what like is the stage when you are behind it. I have never seen even in the back of a Punch and Judy man's box. Is it beautiful?"

She said it was dirty, and she answered a number of questions, then asked some of her own.

"Who are you?" she said, pointing straight at old Jabot and laughing in his face. "I have told you about me. Now you!"

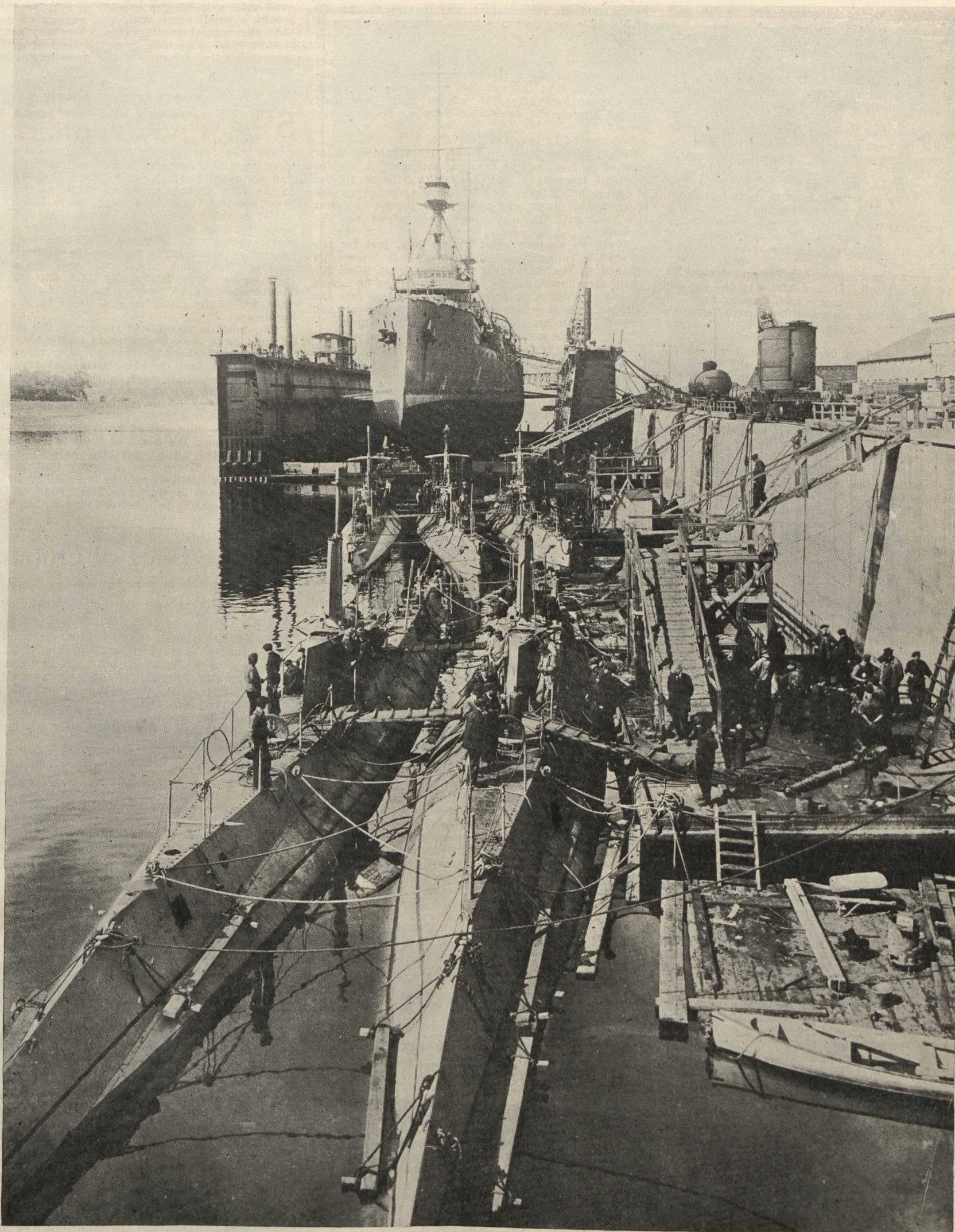
"Me? Jabot is my name. That is all. I lived in this village and kept the Estaminet at the time when the German cavalry got here. They ate everything and drank everything. Then, when the —drove them out they set fire to everything. I was the only one of the village that remained. I hid in a field. I have rheumatism. I had no horse. Besides—where should I have gone? I came here to these straw thatches. I have been here for months."

"But you do no trade?"

"Oh, yes. When the roads are not forbidden by the officers I get some supplies from the farms

(Concluded on page 18.)

FIRST PICTURE OF MADE-IN-CANADA SUBMARINES



SUBMARINES AND STATE SECRETS: A CANADIAN PHOTOGRAPH TOO GOOD TO BE SUPPRESSED BY THE CENSOR. For some time it has been definitely known that when Mr. Charles M. Schwab was not permitted to make submarines out and out in the United States for shipment as units of war to Great Britain, he arranged with the Vickers-Maxim firm in Montreal to manufacture the under-sea craft for the British Admiralty. This is a picture of five of these craft ready to put to sea. Some of the Canadian-built subs. have already sunk Turk transports in the Sea of Marmora and at the Dardanelles. The same company is said to have a contract to build 300 submarine chasers with a surface speed of 25 knots, for the purpose of destroying submarines. This photograph was taken some time ago, but the Courier has had a long struggle with the authorities to get permission to publish it. The Chief of staff of the Naval Service refused at first. But by persistent argument the officials granted special permission to the Courier, and here it is.

THE REEL AND THE REAL

A Mere Man Often Gets Fooled by Appearances

By E. B. JOYCE

“ALLOW me to introduce you to Mr. and Mrs. Robert—
“I beg your pardon. Oh, you know the Johnsons already; oh, yes, to be sure, to be sure.”

How is that? Oh, certainly, they got over that little affair all right. Why, they're such good friends now you would hardly know they were married.

Bob and Mabel had reached that state in married life, which is perhaps one of the shortest and at the same time most “comfortable” stage of this many-sided subject.

They had passed the first state when young couples are apt to go to extremes in their treatment of one another paying greater attention to each little act of omission or commission than the act warrants, but they had not yet reached the stage where they grow callous and indifferent, taking actions or their absence for granted.

Or to put it in more everyday language, they no longer held hands at the breakfast table—but he had not yet got to the stage where, coming home in the evening he divided his attention equally between the “eats” and the newspaper, with “Wifey” a bad third.

He still mentioned to her the little items which happened through the day, and which she would be interested in being connected with Hubby in his business in that sphere of life somewhat indefinitely known and described as “downtown.”

In fact, this evening she was the one who was particularly interested in the paper, so much so that he had to speak a second time before she gave attention to him.

“I saw something quite interesting to-day.”
“Ye—es,” with a sidelong glance at the paper.

No doubt some very interesting piece of news about the advance fashions for the winter months, or perhaps a new way of preserving canned goods without using paraffin for sealing purposes.

Bob sniffed contemptuously.
“Of course, if you don't want to hear it—”
“But I do. I really do, Bob, go on.”

“Well, this morning I was walking along St. James Street, by the Bank of Montreal, and what do you think I saw?”

This was certainly a question. There are many things to be seen on St. James Street near the Bank of Montreal during business hours. Buildings, people, houses, automobiles, street cars, even grass and a few trees, but why continue.

“Well go on. I give up.”
“A moving picture outfit going through the motions—right there in front of the bank.”

Bob paused.
She was not at all surprised. It was disappointing, for in Montreal we do not have many opportunities of seeing the “movies” in the process of being made.

She simply glanced again at the fashion page; or was it the Economy corner? and raised her eyebrows a trifle.

“I see you're not interested.”
“But I am, Bob; really.”

“Well, it was clearing time, about half past ten, and the different bank messengers came down the steps, one or two at a time, and started off to their

banks, and the camera man was turning the handle of his little machine at a great rate, and every now and then he'd get a little nearer to take a closer view.

“Of course they were all real messengers, so they simply walked down the steps and out of the picture, but then at the end one man came out alone. He was so long after the others that everybody around knew right away that he must be a ‘movie’ actor.”

Bob paused to take another bite.
“Well, just as he reached the street another actor jumped in front of the camera, and made a run for the bank messenger, and they had a little scrap, but of course being taken by surprise the messenger was easily beaten down, and the other actor hit him over the head with his pistol, and he dropped to the ground.

“Well, he made a grab for his bag, just for the sake of acting, of course, for everybody knows it's chained to the messenger's belt—at least when it's a real messenger, and he had to drop it, so he looked around a moment, and ‘Registered’ full face into the camera, and then grabbed up the messenger and carried him to an auto behind the camera man.

“Say, it was great! And just think, we may see that very same piece of acting some day at the theatre.”

“Perhaps,” said Mabel, with a curious little smile, and a faraway look in her eyes, “and then, again, perhaps not.”

“What do you mean?” Bob was curious.
“I was just reading about it in the paper,” she said, passing it over to him. He glanced at the printed page.

“DARING GANG MAKE RICH HAUL FROM BANK MESSENGER.”

and below it in scarcely smaller type:
“Fooled large crowd in Business Centre of City by Simple Trick.
“Made use of moving picture machine. Crowd thought it faked play and stood by amused while crooks walked off with big haul of cash, drafts and accepted checks.”

There was lots more of it, but why go into details. Bob has told it well enough to us in his own way.

“Well, I'll be —,” and as he handed back the paper the same faraway look came into his eyes for a moment.

“Say, that was pretty true what Jenkins was saying the other day, even if he didn't mean it in quite the same sense.” Jenkins was the manager where Bob worked. “He said to me:

“With the large and ever-increasing number of new inventions and appliances continually being adapted into business, there are greater and even greater chances of success and reward for the man who uses his brains and endeavours to find new and original uses for any of the appliances which we have accepted for some particular use in the great, complicated, and yet highly systematized methods of doing business at present in vogue. With all the great mechanical and labour-saving devices it still remains for the man with BRAINS to do his part, for machinery, my boy, can never take the place of brains, it is simply meant to help them, and act as a more effective aid to their work.”

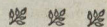
PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS

POOR LITTLE ALICE.

POOR little Alice has been the cause of many strange moments in the history of mankind.

Of course the queen of all the Alices is the demure maid whose story is traced by Lewis Carroll in “Alice in Wonderland.” We have travelled with her through that wonderland. Now we are invited to go along with a modern steenth cousin of hers called Malice, and the title of the book is “Malice in Kulturland.” Do we explain? We refrain. It is too obvious. This is a book of smart sayings about the war. Knowing how clever we are we take a glance into a recent issue of Life and discover that Wallace Irwin has written a dreamy little screed entitled Malice in Blunderland. This is probably a nice bit of writing, as Irwin is always bright. But as it is yet in only No. 1 stage, Down the Elevator Shaft, we reserve judgment until the series is complete, only remarking “en passant” that the thing was probably not written without Malice Aforethought. Again what are we to think of the Canadian Alice who in a recent letter to the Toronto “World” says we should love the Germans instead of fighting them? Then, too, we are reminded of that pensive Alice so tenderly described in the song Ben Bolt, the gentlest, crumpled-up, wilting, little blossom that ever saw the light. Having wept with her awhile, we proceed to ask the searching question embodied in the passionate old ditty, Alice Where Art Thou? Alas! we know not where she is. There is always an Alice in the world. What a pity her name

is the biggest part of Malice! And when shall we have a book with the title Chalice in Thunderland? Why not? No one answers. Then we must write it ourselves.

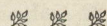


BEATING THE BAND.

EIGHT thousand men on the quick march may be regarded as a good index to the life of any country with the population of Canada. The greatest war parade ever held in this country was the parade last week in Toronto, when the entire army which during the previous two weeks trekked from Niagara, went through the streets of the city that so far shows the greatest aggregate of enlisted men. Everybody of the 300,000 people who saw that inspiring march was struck with the alert physique and the soldierly bearing of the men. A summer of drill and a hundred-mile trek on foot had made of these 10,000 men as competent a small army as could be found in the world. But there was one characteristic of the march that may have escaped even those who observed the tremendous pace at which these men swung through the city. It was the tempo of the march. In every battalion there were a few companies too far from the bugle band either in front or behind to hear the rhythm. Consequently there was a variation in the tempo of the march. But it was a variation exactly the opposite of what is usually seen in a parade. In ordinary peacetime parades the men furthest from the band got down a

half a beat slower than the men up front. In the case of the men marching last week the men furthest away were a good quarter beat ahead of the band.

This may seem like a trifle. But when you think of the difference between being half a beat or a whole beat behind and from a quarter to a half beat ahead, the trifle becomes very important. Ten thousand men with ginger enough to outpace the band means a small army with vim enough to do more than the regulation allowance when they get on active service. The men from the land of quick-steppers will not slack up on the pace when they get abroad.



A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

STRANGE phenomena have been caused by this war. A paragraph from an article in “Le Monde Medical,” on The Wind of the Canon Ball, says:

“On many occasions during the present war men have been suddenly struck dead, so rapidly that they had not even time to move a limb. They were found in the very attitude in which death overtook them, erect, sitting, lying down, still, so to speak, in the act of drinking, eating or what not. As one eye witness expressed it, they looked like figures in a wax-work show, with absolutely life-like expressions. One often hesitated to go near these groups, so natural did they look, and it was only the unnatural duration of their immobility that encouraged the spectators to draw near. On the slightest touch they fell to the ground and some of them even fell to pieces.

“No doubt is possible in respect of the last series. It must have been the pressure of the air, suddenly and violently changed, that wrought these results. The effect is much the same as that observed in connection with certain avalanches where men near at hand, without any wound, have succumbed to the sudden irruption of the column of highly compressed air.”

It was the wind caused by the projectile in bursting that caused the death of these men without one of them being hit by anything harder than compressed air. There was a theory that men found dead in such lifelike postures were killed by poisonous gases used in warfare. The “wind of the canon-ball” seems to be a better-founded theory.

The Price of Empire

How New Zealand Has Paid in Blood

(From our Correspondent.)

Wellington, N.Z., Oct. 14, 1915.

SATURDAY next, October 16th, marks the first anniversary of the departure from these shores of the main body of the Dominion's Expeditionary Forces for oversea service. Two months before that, and within a fortnight of the declaration of war, 1,200 men had been mobilized and dispatched northward, occupying the German colony of Samoa in the last days of August. That was a bloodless conquest.

With the departure of the main body, however, people began to realize that they had embarked on something more than a picnic. They saw sad days ahead, and there have been many. Gallipoli's rugged hillsides have run red many times in the last seven months, and much of that bright colour was cradled in New Zealand. Of the gallant band of 8,000 men who sailed out of Wellington Harbour, on October 16th, 1914, few have escaped scatheless, and many sleep quietly in an alien land out of sight of the Southern Cross.

With reinforcements the number of men serving in the main body has increased to rather over 14,000 men, and up to the end of September our casualties had been as follows:

Killed in action, officers and men	1,017
Died of wounds	451
Died of disease	162
Missing	638
Prisoners of war	20
Wounded	4,327

Total casualties

..... 7,145
Fifty per cent. of this force alone out of action! Of the sick and wounded, 2,000 have now returned to New Zealand, and the balance are distributed in hospitals in England, Egypt, and Malta. The world has grown wondrous small in these days, and one may meet long-lost friends in most unexpected places. Two cousins, one resident in New Zealand and one in Australia, met just before a charge was ordered on one of the Turkish positions near Anzac Cove. They had not seen each other for a decade. A few words of greeting and farewell; then the signal for the assault was given, and the cousins parted. One was killed outright, and the other outlived him only a few days, for he was mortally wounded in the same fight.

The sacrifice of men, however, has not dulled the determination of the people of this Dominion to “See the thing through.” The cost is great, both in blood and in treasure, but we find all parties united in the one purpose: New Zealand will do her best to aid in scotching the scorpion of militarism that has raised its head in mid-Europe but is gradually
(Concluded on page 20.)

DAYS' WORKS IN THE FRENCH ARMY

OFFICIAL FRENCH ARMY PHOTOGRAPHS.



In the small picture to the left at the top French soldiers in the Argonne are being taught to use trench bomb-throwers. To the right, a remarkable photograph of a French 220 m.m. gun in action, concealed in a forest. Next below to the left, French troops making a communication railway line at Decauville. The oval to the right shows French soldiers constructing shelters on the side of a small hill in the Argonne. The oval at the bottom is a splendid picture of a French trench in a village partly occupied by Germans. The last picture is of an old French couple who, after the great French offensive in the end of September, returned to find their home in ruins. All these pictures were obtained through the Photographic Service of the French Armies.

How to Deal with "War Profiteers"

By THE MONOCLE MAN

FRANCE, I see, is sending traffickers to prison who sought unfairly to make fat profits out of the agony of the nation. Austria did the same thing long ago. I do not recall seeing any cases of this sort in Germany; but I rather fancy that a German who would sell a spavined horse to the Government at two prices or take advantage of the nation's need to make an inordinate profit on anything it bought of him, would have the sensation of looking down a gun-barrel aimed right at his head. I suppose you noticed, the other day, that Mr. Thomas remarked that some Canadians were still getting—in spite of the great reduction on the price paid at first—more for their shells than were American manufacturers; and I suppose it sickened you—as it did me. Think of it! Canadians—some Canadians—are charging the British Government more for shells than are the neutral, money-making, "dollar-chasing" manufacturers of the American Republic. Mr. Thomas added—with, I fancy, a sickly smile of his own—that the British Government was "very pleased to thus give a preference to Canadians."

THANK God, our boys are asking no odds. They are going into the trenches beside the British "Tommys," ready to take their equal chances with shrapnel and bullet. But while these high-spirited young fellows are giving up fine prospects in a business way and drilling hard to be ready to "do their bit," we have men in Canada who are greedily lining their pockets with all the money they can possibly squeeze out of the nation, as it turns for help to them in its hour of direst danger. It is almost incredible! But read the evidence before the Davidson Commission. Would you think that you were perusing an account of the patriotic and public-spirited efforts of a loyal people to rally to their Government as it confronts a grave threat against the life of the Dominion? Does it sound like that to you? Yet that is what it ought to sound like, if these men, caught in the search-light, are not traitors, selling the country for a few dirty dollars.

OF course, by no means all our men who are dealing with the Government, are in that filthy boat. I was talking to a manufacturer the other day—I wish I could give you his name—who told me that when the Government approached his firm for certain articles they could supply, they sat right down and figured out the lowest possible price which would ensure them against loss. To do this, they reckoned in a small profit; but they did not put in any "over-head" expenses—that is, such charges as rent, insurance, etc. The result was that the Government immediately ordered all they could possibly turn out; for the fact came out that their price was just about one-third what the Government had been paying. Now, that is what I call the proper patriotic spirit in which our manufacturers should meet this crisis. I shall refrain from expressing an opinion of the men who got the three-fold price before.

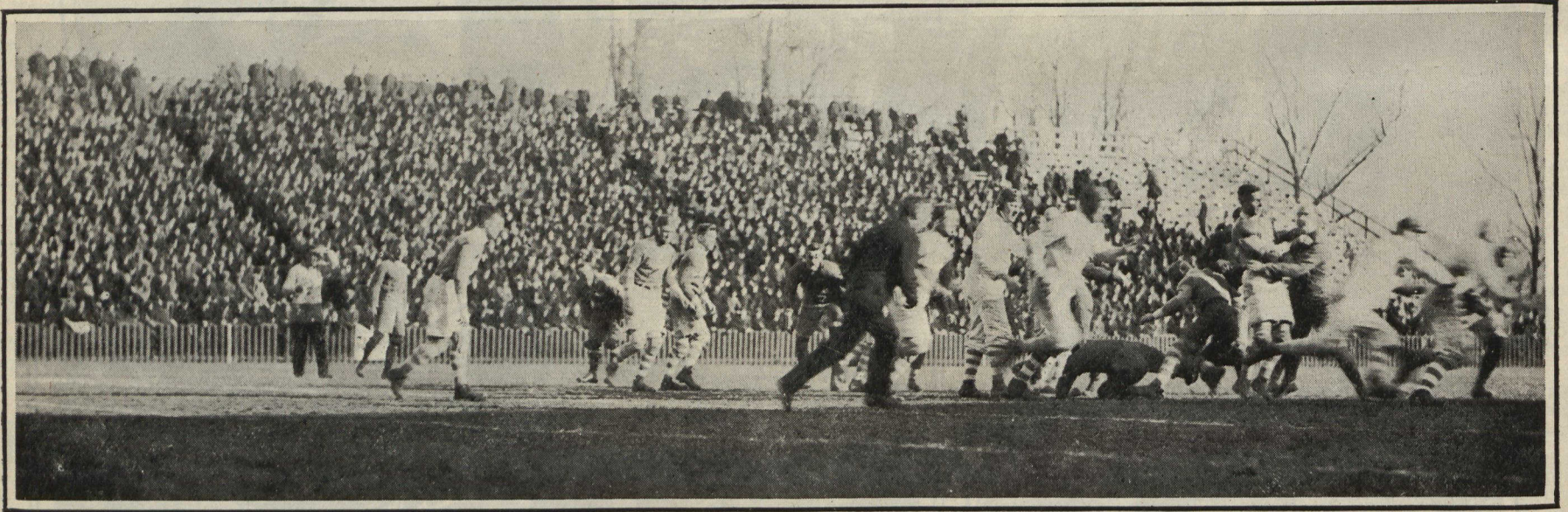
BUT just as sure as you are alive, a lot more of this scandalous business is going to be made public—especially if the war goes on. If the nation must drain its very life-blood to continue the struggle for the liberties of the human race, it is going to turn upon men who are known to have made inordinate profits out of its tragic needs and demand restitution. The British Government is doing this now in a measure. "War profits" are being heavily taxed. The day may come when they will be confiscated. Many of them cannot be hidden from an inquisitorial enquiry. Too many other men know about them. And the whole people, reduced to close living by the economies imposed by a long war—we know nothing about this feature of the case yet in this country—and threatened with further taxation for war purposes, taxation which will bite to the bone, will infallibly demand of the Government that it tax back into the public treasury all these unholy gains which have been won by taking conscienceless advantage of the nation in the confusion and hurry and inexperience and peremptory need of our first preparations for war.

OF course, this is not the first war in which there have been men who thought more of making money than saving the country. Sometimes men of this breed follow the brave soldiers into action—at a safe distance—and are on hand after the fighting is over to rob the wounded. The present variety of hostilities, however, does not lend itself to this form of ghoulishness. Our ghouls find it safer and more profitable to sit in their comfortable offices and increase the number of wounded. It may be your boy who is shot down to fill their pocket books; or it may be mine. But the great thing with them is to get their pocket-books filled, and let us supply the boys. They fill these plethoric pocket-books either by selling the Government poor material—such as lame horses—which will decrease the efficiency of the army and so increase the number of our lads whom the enemy will "get," or else by charging such high prices for good material that in the long run the Government may be compelled to stint the supply or sue for an earlier and insecure peace.

IF the Government needs money to carry on the war—and there is no call for that "if"—it should follow the example of the British Government and tax these "war profits" back into the treasury. Where the "war profits" are abnormal, the tax should, in my opinion, be a hundred per cent. And I would levy an additional fine of varying weight to punish these ghouls for trying to coin gold out of the nation's blood and sorrow. Any citizen called upon by the Government to perform some service for the nation in its hour of need, should take a soldier's view of the summons. The soldier does not stand out for two prices—he serves for a ridiculously low wage. He simply serves, and expects the Government to do no more than keep himself and family alive during his term of service. But why should all the patriotism be left to the man of military age who serves in the ranks? Why should we not look for equal patriotic sacrifices from the men who serve by manufacturing munitions or providing horses? We might fairly look for more; for the latter classes stay safely at home and sleep in their own beds. Why should any of our manufacturers or staid farmers deliberately brigade themselves with the harpies, male and female, who have ever followed a fighting army, fattening on the money which would otherwise have been spent in efficiency.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

TORONTO AND KINGSTON SOLDIERS DRAW A RECORD CROWD



The team of the Toronto Garrison contained more Rugby stars than the Kingston team, and, led by Jack Maynard, scored a victory, 15 to 8.

FOOTBALL stars are enlisting freely, as the game in Toronto last Saturday proved. The team from the Kingston Battery, led by Jack Williams, contained some well known Rugbyists, but two of the men were green. On the Toronto team were no less than eight ex-Varsity men.

Had Williams not been injured, Jack Maynard's team would have had harder work to win. Williams was their "brains," and he fell out in the first quarter. Kingston scored six of their eight in the first half.

Toronto team had



The 34th Battery R. C. H. A., from Kingston, brought a Band of Rooters to Varsity Stadium, who used special megaphones with excellent results.

Jack Maynard, Bickle and Ramsay in back division.

The teams were: Toronto — Flying wing, Knight; halves, Ramsay, Bickle, Maynard; quarter, Woods; scrimmage, Wattans, Hall, Glaze; insides, Clerk, Allen; middles, Lash, Neate; outsides, Adelard, Clarkson. Kingston — Flying wing, Batten; halves, Williams, Wright, Smith; quarter, Stratton; scrimmage, Reid, Barker, Webster; insides, Ramer, Shaw; middles, Dibble, Cook; outsides, Heintzman, Lepper. Referee — Griffith; umpire — Dr. Wright.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

As We See Others

The Close of Khaki Day

THE 9th of November, the birthday of our late sovereign, King Edward, was chosen for Toronto's recruiting day; and it was a happy choice, to observe in this loyal manner a day associated with the monarch of the Entente Cordiale. Toronto was the taggiest town you ever saw, on the second Tuesday of November, and everyone wore the small shield, adorned with the Union Jack and the khaki-clad soldier. All the way from a penny to a twenty-five dollar cheque was paid for the sign of the sympathizing Briton, and many were the work-worn hands which extended a welcome small coin for the Cause.

The Empire Club held a meeting at Massey Hall in the evening, which few who were gathered there will forget. That loyal son of England, Dr. Albert Ham, conducted a musical programme, given by the National Chorus, assisted by an orchestra of thirty players, which afforded the thousands of hearers both choral and patriotic gratification. There was "God Save the King," to begin and to end with, and we sang the "confound the politics" verse just as hard as we could. There was "La Marseillaise," with Miss May Wilkinson as the satisfying soloist; there was Dr. Ham's "Canadians! Follow the Drum," and his march, "Canada," by the orchestra; and there was Elgar's majestic "It Comes From the Misty Ages," which plays whole chapters of history on your heart-strings. It was a most generous programme of songs which were recruiting sergeants, themselves, and which made melody a strong ally of the military powers.

The Speech by Sir Sam

OUR doughty Minister of Militia had a busy day in Toronto on Tuesday of last week, from his visit to Exhibition Park to his Massey Hall speech in the evening. Sir Sam was untroubled and untired, however, when the time for talking came, and was a gallant orator in khaki when, yielding to the call of the audience, he took the conductor's place in the centre of the stage. There was no lack of vigour in the address of our Minister of Militia—and there was a pride in the young soldiers, which it was good to hear from a speaker whose only son is in the thick of the fray.

You will remember, last year, that we were quite astonished to find that our young Dominion, all unversed in the ways of war, had thirty thousand men on the way to the European trenches. Now, there are one hundred and fifty thousand in the Canadian forces, and it is expected that, by next spring, there will be a quarter of a million men from this Dominion of ours, ready to help in the great forward movement of the Allies. General Hughes told, in an unadorned and yet graphic fashion, of the way in which Canada's fighting figures have rapidly ascended, and the audience appreciated the story and the teller.

Isn't it time that journalism began to give Sir Sam credit for what he has accomplished during the past year? To say that he has made no blunders, in the most trying and unforeseen situation that a Canadian Cabinet Minister has ever faced, would be to declare him a paragon or an angel. Neither is a title with which that strenuous son of Mars would be pleased. The fact that this peaceful and agricultural country, which took no thought for a warlike morrow, has been able to send so many soldiers across the seas, in little more than a twelve-month, certainly reflects much credit on the Head of the Department of Militia. As to the work of the Shell Committee, while every member may not wear the white flower of a contractless career, yet the establishment of that committee, and its swift evolution of an industry which is now giving employment to three hundred Canadian factories, show how indefatigable is the General who first declared that Canada could make shells—and ever so many of them.

Of course, it was just like one of Toronto's morning papers to publish this head-line on the morning

of November 10th: "Sir Sam will lead Canadians to Berlin"—thereby endeavouring to convey the impression that the address of the Minister had been a matter of personal aggrandizement. It was only in connection with his pride in our Canadian boys that Sir Sam expressed the wish "to be with them when they march to Berlin." It was a perfectly natural wish, simply expressed—and very much more to the credit of a leading Canadian, than a campaign as peace propagander in the pro-German cities of Detroit and Rochester, such as one of Toronto's editors enjoyed—with the present of a Ford motor car at the end of the peace pilgrimage.

A Gentle Benefactress

THE death of Mrs. Lillian Massey Treble, in California, this month, removed one whose friendship to the cause of education and philanthropy is made evident throughout the country she loved. Mrs. Treble was the only daughter of the late Hart

A. Massey, of Euclid Hall, Toronto, and, although possessed of an essentially womanly and gentle nature, inherited much of her father's business ability, in the grasp of whatever plans she chose to carry out. Her early interests were absorbed by the Fred Victor Mission, in Toronto (named in memory of her youngest brother), and, in the course of its development, Mrs. Treble was especially struck by the importance and popularity of the Domestic Science course. This led her to consider the wider question of such education for girls of the "comfortable classes," and finally to give a handsome sum to the Ontario Government, for the building and equipment of the present home of the Department of Household Science on Avenue Road, Toronto. Frances Hall, at Whitby College, the beautiful organ of the Metropolitan Church, and many a lesser gift attest the generosity of one whose own life was shadowed by much physical suffering. ERIN.



STRATHEARN CHAPTER I. O. D. E., VANCOUVER.

Organized four years ago by Mrs. Douglas Armour and composed chiefly of members of Vancouver's younger set.



THEIR TRIBUTE TO NURSE CAVELL.

Mr. and Mrs. Asquith arriving at St. Paul's Cathedral for the national memorial service to the English woman "who Died Like a Heroine."

Music a Power for Good

AN interesting address illustrating the value of music in physical, moral and spiritual development was delivered in London last week to the Music Club of that city, by Mrs. F. H. Torrington, President of the National Council of Women, and wife of Dr. Torrington, of the College of Music, Toronto. Mrs. Torrington made a plea to parents that they support any movement for the introduction of music as part of the regular curriculum of public and high schools and colleges.

She would teach music to children from their earliest years, and prevent their hearing harsh tones. The value of music in teaching discipline and self-control she believed could not be over-estimated. Missionaries win people from debasing habits through music. The history of the church is the history of sacred music. The speaker de-

plored confirmed bad music taste, resulting from a lack of proper training, labeling this a "dime novel taste" in music.

The value of music was also great as an evangelistic force.

In conclusion, reference was made to the part that music will play in the reconstruction after the war.

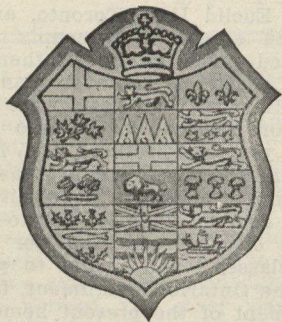
Vancouver's Jr. Chapter, I.O.D.E.

STRATHEARN CHAPTER, Daughters of the Empire, a group picture of which is reproduced on this page, is a chapter of young girls organized four years ago in Vancouver by Mrs. Douglas Armour, who has since directed its work. The girls, some of whom are not yet out of school, have taken part in every movement undertaken by the Order, and have done their share in every branch of patriotic work. The above photograph shows them in the garden adjoining Mrs. Armour's residence, where they met weekly during the summer holidays to make field comforts for the soldiers. Mrs. Armour is seated at the table in the centre of the group. Those at the back, from left to right, are Miss Marjorie Sherwood, standard bearer; Miss Dorothy Proctor, Miss Helen Law, Miss Beth Roberts, secretary; Miss Alix Wilson, Miss Madie Murray, Miss Mary Godfrey, Miss Kitty Armour, Miss Mary Bell-Irving, treasurer; Miss Nell Senkler. Seated at the right of the picture are, from left to right, Miss Hilda Carnsew, Miss Jean Murray, Miss Dorothy McPhillips, Miss Blanche McRae, and Miss Phyllis Calland.

Current Events

"BETWEEN THE LINES," a peace comedy in three acts, is the title of the play that has this year won the \$500 prize in the Harvard University Prize Contest. The play was written by a woman, Mrs. Charlotte Chorpenning, of Winona, Minn. Mrs. Chorpenning was for two years a student at Harvard. She is a widow and a school teacher. Last year's award went to Cleves Kinkead, for his drama, "Common Clay," a production which (Continued on page 20.)

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More False Rumours

SOME time ago, the Courier felt it necessary to deny a rumour that the Red Cross was "selling" supplies to the soldiers in England and France. Again, it is necessary to deny a rumour that any civilian or military officer of the Red Cross in Canada draws a salary. These officials even pay their own travelling expenses.

Mr. Noel Marshall, president of the Standard Fuel Company, has given all his time for over a year to the directing of the Central Office in Toronto. Colonel A. E. Gooderham is now in Europe on a tour of investigation at his own expense. The same spirit animates all the officials.

The men and women who are directing the Red Cross and the Patriotic Fund are exhibiting a self-sacrificing patriotism which is worthy of the highest honour and the most profound respect.

Whimperers

ENGLAND is not the only place where there are whimperers. Canada has them also. They refuse to see that Canada is providing twelve divisions of twenty thousand men each for Overseas, whereas only one was expected. They also refuse to see that the Canadian authorities have worked wonders in supplying military equipment and the manufacturing of munitions.

Still Going Strong

LIKE Johnnie Walker, the Canadian Shell Committee is "still going strong." Despite the fact that it has been condemned, hanged and quartered in the newspapers, it is still in existence.

Some critics seem to talk as if General Bertram was a protege of Sir Sam Hughes, and hence a doubtful personage. This is not accurate. When the making of shells was first mooted, a dozen or so manufacturers met in Toronto to consider the possibilities. The meeting appointed two men to go to Ottawa to talk matters over with General Hughes, who had the first order for 200,000 shells in hand. They found him at Valcartier and told him they were willing to try to make the shells. General Hughes then and there appointed them, with Colonel Lafferty of the Ordnance Factory, Quebec, as a committee to place the orders. The two men who represented the manufacturers on that occasion were Col. (now General) Bertram, of Dundas, and Mr. Geo. W. Watts of the Canadian General Electric Company, Toronto. Afterwards Col. Cantley and Mr. Carnegie were added.

Despite all the criticism, the Shell Committee is still in existence. When its history is written Canadians will probably find that we owe it a debt of gratitude. Up to October first, Canada had shipped more shells than the United States and the average price was lower than for similar material secured in that country. The good work of the committee has saved Canada's steel industry and has made its possibilities known all over the world. The British experts have been tremendously impressed.

Will They Refund?

BURSTS of enthusiasm sent two million dollars to Ottawa to buy machine guns, of which the Ontario Government contributed half a million. Now, Sir Robert Borden has decided that the principle is wrong, and that no further contributions shall be accepted.

To be consistent, Sir Robert must return the two million dollars already received. Or, he should write to the donors and ask them if they will consent to their gifts being turned into the Patriotic Fund and credited to the Province in which they originated.

Sir Robert is to be commended for his decision that there shall be no more "kitchen" funds and no

more "machine gun" funds. These are part of the army's equipment and should be supplied by the army funds only. The Patriotic Fund and the Red Cross give people all the opportunities they need to show their generosity.

Doubtful Common Stocks

COMMON stock of several commercial corporations which have never earned a dividend are now being boomed on the stock markets. Some of these companies are behind in their "preferred" dividends. Some of them are hopelessly in debt to the banks. Yet their common stocks are selling anywhere from \$15 to \$75 a share.

All this is being done in the name of "war orders." The newspapers are working up the fever by publishing inspired items about fabulous war profits. The New York news despatches about Canadian stocks are highly coloured. They seem to know more about Canadian stocks on the New York "curb" than we know here.

If the public must buy, let them confine themselves to preferred stocks. There is less risk in such purchases. The buying of non-dividend common stocks is violent speculation.

Who Pays the Freight?

D. R. C. C. JAMES is reported to have revived an old argument in a new form. Who pays the freight on a bushel of wheat from Montreal to Liverpool, the farmer who grows it, or the man who eats it as bread? This is analogous to the ancient question: "Does the consumer pay the duty?"

When Canada, some years ago, had an agitation to reduce the freight rate on grain from the Prairie

AUSTRALIA IN CANADA.



When the Australian Cadets arrived in Toronto on Saturday last and marched to the City Hall, they carried two flags—the Union Jack and the Australian Ensign, marked with the four stars of the Southern Cross. This is an example for Canada to emulate. Let us not be ashamed of our own flag—even if Sir Joseph Pope has that failing.

stations to Fort William, it was said that the farmer paid the freight. The railways were represented as pillagers of the needy settler when they charged higher rates than are now exacted.

When, some years ago, the question of a preferential British duty on Canadian wheat was under discussion there were people who argued that this would give the Canadian farmer a higher price for his grain. Those who opposed that preference did not deny the soft impeachment but argued that Canada should not try to make extra profits out of the under-paid British workman who consumed the bread made from Canadian wheat.

These and other incidents in our economic discussions are proof that up to the year 1915, the Cana-

dian farmer was led to believe that the freight rates came mainly out of his pocket. Surely, therefore, it is impossible in 1915 to reverse all that argument, and try to prove that 30 cents a bushel freight rate on wheat from Montreal to Liverpool comes out of the British consumer's pocket and not out of the Canadian farmer's purse.

Nevertheless, certain agricultural journals like the "Saskatchewan Farmer" and the "Canadian Countryman" appear to think that the Canadian farmer is not paying any portion of the present exorbitant rates. They are inclined to reverse the ancient theory. If they are right, then Canada might restore the old freight rates from Winnipeg to Fort William; might stop spending fifty millions of dollars on a new Welland canal, and might go back to the ancient cost of transporting grain. We could say: "What does it matter how high the rates are—the British consumer must pay it."

This new-fangled theory will stand only slight examination. The price of wheat in Liverpool is fixed by the competition of the world. When freight rates rise all over the world and the supply of wheat is short, the British consumer would undoubtedly be forced to pay most of the increase in price. But this is not the case to-day. The world's supply is greater than the world's demand and the burden of the increased freight rates is undoubtedly being divided between the producer and the consumer. If Canada could get its wheat over from Montreal to Liverpool, on government steamers, at ten cents a bushel lower than the Americans or the Australians, the Canadian farmer would undoubtedly get the extra ten cents. To-day, the Canadian, the American and the Australian farmer are paying at least part of the high freight rates.

The conclusion, then, if the older theory is still sound, is that the price of wheat in America to-day is only one dollar because there is a combination of plentiful supply of wheat and high freight rates to the world's greatest markets. If it were not so, the Canadian and American farmer would be getting one dollar and twenty cents a bushel. The consumer does not always pay the duty; neither does the consumer pay the freight rates. Much depends on the necessities of each—the necessity of the consumer to buy and the necessity of the producer to sell.

Getting Desperate

TEMPERANCE forces in Ontario must be getting desperate when they are forced to resort to "Billy" Sunday as an advocate. "Billy" will do them more harm than good.

All over Canada temperance has been making splendid progress. Let us hope that a few cranks will not, by their impatience, turn fair-minded people in the wrong direction. It has happened before.

Enemies of Us All

NATIONALISTS, so-called, who tell their French-Canadian compatriots that Canada should not help England and France in this war, should be outlawed by both political parties. Lt.-Col. Armand Lavergne says that the Nationalists are not allied with the Conservative Party. Hon. Mr. Casgrain, Postmaster-General, makes a similar statement on behalf of the Conservatives. Every one knows that Sir Wilfrid Laurier will have no dealings with them. Hence the Nationalists are political outlaws.

To entern them or shoot them would be to magnify their importance. Let us ignore them and punish any one who has political dealings with them. Their crime is unforgettable and unforgivable.

An Uppercut

Editor of Toronto "News" writes of certain principles which, he says, are:

"as platitudinous as a prairie."

Now what has the Prairie done to Sir John Willison? Or does the existence of three Liberal governments on the prairie affect the Knight's opinion of the "Last Great West"?

YOUR LITTLE HUNDRED

YOU think, perhaps, that you are not called upon to help Hon. Mr. White finance Canada's part in the war. If so, you are wrong.

Mr. White wants your little hundred dollars. Canada has eight million citizens—men, women and children.

At least half a million of these citizens have bank accounts.

If that half million people each subscribed for \$100 of Mr. White's loan, they would take up \$50,000,000 of government bonds.

These bonds are as safe as the Post Office Savings Banks or the savings departments of the chartered banks.

And they will pay a higher rate of interest. Have you patriotism enough to loan your country \$100 for five years at a fair rate of interest?

The Annexation Society

OR THE ADVENTURES OF JIMMIE TRICKETT.

BY J. S. FLETCHER.

The first instalment of this story finds the Marquis of Scraye at his historic country seat in England much bewildered over the sudden and mysterious disappearance of the Tsar's Golden Cross, which was a relique presented to his grandfather by the Tsar of Russia. The Cross was kept in a cabinet in Queen Elizabeth's room, made famous by visits from the great Queen to the Scrayes. To solve the mystery the Marquis wires to Nicholson Packe, a novelist friend in London, to meet him at Brychester Station. Packe takes with him his clever friend Jimmie Trickett, whose adventures form a considerable part of the story to follow. Scraye suspects Mrs. X., one of his guests. He tells Packe his suspicions and the reasons why, and asks him to shadow Mrs. X's movements in London. Packe invites Trickett into the plot. The two of them shadow Mrs. X in London. Trickett lands in a millinery shop—one of Mrs. X's haunts—and decides suddenly to go to Paris.

CHAPTER VII.

Councils of War.

AT six o'clock that evening, Jimmie Trickett, idling away the time between his afternoon cup of tea and his hour of dressing for dinner over a French novel and a cigarette, was summoned by Kentover to the telephone.

"Mr. Packe, sir," said Kentover.

Jimmie took up the receiver.

"That you, Packe?" he asked.

"Jimmie," answered Packe. "Come along at once to the Ritz—Scraye and I want to see you just now."

"I'm not dressed," growled Jimmie.

"Hang your dressing; no time for that to-night. Come as you are," commanded Packe. "But come—now! Something important!"

Jimmie made a further growl which the listener might take as an assent. He looked down at himself as he turned away from the telephone. He had exchanged his afternoon grandeur for a tweed lounge suit, and being a very conventional young person who liked to live in decency and order, it went against his principles to go out to dinner save in proper regulation attire. But Packe's tone had been insistent.

"Oh, well, suppose I must," said Jimmie, with a yawn. "Get me an overcoat, Kentover, and blow down for a taxi-cab. I mayn't be in until late this evening, so don't forget that I must breakfast early to-morrow morning—eight, at the latest."

A quarter of an hour later, Jimmie walked into Lord Scraye's private sitting-room at the Ritz Hotel, and found its occupant in close conversation over the fire with Packe. Scraye wheeled a chair into position between them.

"Good of you to come at once, Trickett," he said. "Packe and I are having a council of war and we want your aid. The fact is, there have been developments."

Jimmie dropped into a chair and took the cigarette which Scraye offered him.

"Since our adventure of this morning?" he asked.

"The development has happened to me," replied Scraye. "From what Packe tells me your adventures of this morning didn't amount to much."

"Then Packe draws inferences which I haven't drawn," remarked Jimmie. "I think our adventures of this morning amounted to a good deal."

Packe glanced at Scraye.

"Before you tell Jimmie what you've just told me, Scraye," he said, "I should like to know what Jimmie really does think about what we did this morning. For my part, I think we did no more than follow Mrs. Wythenshawe from Victoria Station to

a post-office in Regent Street, from the post-office to a fashionable hat-shop in South Molton Street, and from the hat-shop to her own house in Wilton Crescent. I confess I see nothing more than that in all we did."

Scraye, with a motion of his right eyelid, drew Jimmie's attention to a decanter of sherry which stood on a small table at his elbow; Jimmie poured out a half glassful and sipped the wine thoughtfully.

"Yes," he said. "I daresay that's all you would see, Packe. Being an inventor of mysteries you won't see plain facts when they're under your very nose. Now, I'm not an inventor nor a creator; I'm a practical sort of chap. We're taking it for granted that Mrs. Wythenshawe appropriated the Tsar's Cross from the Queen's Chamber at Scraye during the night before last, aren't we? Very well; shall I tell you what she did with it?"

Packe laughed; Scraye stopped him with an eager gesture.

"Do!" he said, turning to Jimmie.

"Tell us!"

"Right!" continued Jimmie. "And I guess I'm absolutely right, though I couldn't for the life of me tell you why I'm right. Mrs. Wythenshawe, once possessed of your cross, made it into a neat parcel. She took it to Brychester with her when she accompanied Colonel and Mrs. Durham to see the antiquities of that famous city. She went into Brychester post-office and despatched the parcel to herself, registered, to be called for at the post-office in Regent Street—Upper Regent Street, to be exact. This morning she called at that post-office for it—I saw her bring it out; I noticed, being uncommonly sharp-eyed, that it was registered. She carried that parcel in her hand when she went into the hat-shop. And—she left it there."

"Left it there?" exclaimed both listeners.

"She left it there," repeated Jimmie with great solemnity. "You see, Packe, I did the detective business while you did the ornamental—or shall we say the covering?—work. I have a knack, as I think I said before, of noticing little things. Now, when Mrs. Wythenshawe got into her taxi-cab at Victoria she was carrying one of these enormous muffs which women lug about now-a-days, you know—things you could put a side of bacon into. When she went into the post-office she left her muff in the cab; when she went into the hat-shop she left her muff in the cab again. Consequently her hands were free, and also were open to observation. I observed 'em. She brought the parcel out of the post-office in her left hand—she carried it into the hat-shop in her right hand. When she came out of the hat-shop it wasn't in either hand. To prove my powers of observation to you both, I will merely remark that though I never saw Mrs. Wythenshawe in my life before, she is a lady who uses her hands freely in conversation—gesticulates a good deal."

"That's quite true," observed Scraye.

"VERY good," said Jimmie. "Mrs. Wythenshawe came out of the hat-shop attended by one of the hat-shop's young ladies. Mrs. Wythenshawe talked for a moment with great vivacity before getting into her cab. She used her hands freely. And there wasn't that parcel in either of them. Therefore, I conclude that Mrs. Wythenshawe left the parcel in the hat-shop, or sent it away from the hat-shop. Into the hat-shop she carried it—out of the hat-shop she did not carry it!"

"Ingenious—ingenious!" murmured Packe. "Very ingenious, Jimmie. I

only hope it's true."

"I'm inclined to think that Trickett's theory is true," observed Scraye. "It fits in with what I've learned this afternoon—at least, I can imagine how it may fit in. You see, Trickett, I have heard since I arrived in town at three o'clock of two more thefts of a similar nature to that of which we're aware."

"Two more!" exclaimed Jimmie.

"Two more—in which Mrs. Wythenshawe could not possibly be concerned," replied Scraye. "Listen to what I can tell you about them. When I came up this afternoon, I went to the Antediluvian Club. There I saw Lord Palsgrave and Sir Simon Fleming talking very gravely in a corner of the smoking-room. After a time Palsgrave came over and asked me to join them. Having got me to themselves they asked me with an air of great mystery and secrecy if I was not at Mr. Godenham's when his famous jewelled chalice was stolen? I replied that I was. They asked me to tell them what I remembered of the circumstances. I told them. Then they told me that during the past week Palsgrave had lost a certain illuminated missal, once the property of Henry the Eighth, and Fleming a gold chain which was reputed to have been given to an ancestor of his by Lady Jane Grey the night before her execution."

"Always historical curiosities," muttered Trickett.

"QUITE so—always things that collectors are hunting after," assented Scraye. "Well, as they'd told me so much, I told them my story. But I carefully refrained from telling them that I suspected Mrs. Wythenshawe. For the present we'll keep that to ourselves. Then the three of us carefully went into matters. We discovered that each robbery was effected under similar circumstances—the objects were displayed in some show-room of each house and not particularly guarded—they were all easily accessible. We proceeded to discuss our servants. Not one of the three could think of a servant in his employ of whose honesty he had not a perfectly high opinion. Then we discussed our guests—for in each case the theft had been made while the owner of the thing stolen was entertaining a house-party. All the people at Palsgrave's place were well known in society; so were the guests at Fleming's. I mentioned the names of my visitors; Palsgrave and Fleming agreed that they were all above suspicion. So you see, there's one thing certain."

"What?" asked Trickett.

"That more than one person is concerned in these thefts," answered Scraye. "I am absolutely satisfied that Mrs. Wythenshawe has stolen my cross. But—there are others who are at the same game. And the big question is—what does it all mean?"

"And if Jimmie's theory is right," said Packe, "what has the hat-shop got to do with it?"

Trickett made no immediate reply. He had his own thoughts and his own ideas; he had also his own plans. He was not going to tell Scraye nor Packe, either, of his proposed trip to Paris—that, he considered, was his own concern. But he was already wondering if that further acquaintance with Madame Charles' pretty assistant upon which he was resolutely determined, might not enable him to find out more about this mystery. And when he gave answer to Packe's question it was with deliberate evasion.

"The hat-shop may have nothing to

do with it or a good deal to do with it," he said. "All I know is that Mrs. Wythenshawe carried into the hat-shop the parcel which she got at the post-office, and didn't bring it out again. And it may be that she sent it away from there; what would be easier than that she could call in at one of her tradeswomen's in order to re-address the parcel? For you can bet your last shilling that if that parcel contained the cross she wouldn't keep it about her. For all these things that have been stolen—all these historical curiosities and so on—there is a destination. A destination! Somebody—wants 'em. That's flat."

"Yes," said Scraye, meditatively. "Yes, that's the right word. A destination. That's it, of course. They go somewhere."

"But where?" asked Packe.

"A more businesslike question," said Trickett, "is—what are you going to do to find out where they go? Have you got any scheme?" he continued, turning to Scraye. "You, at any rate, are certain as to your particular thief, even if she's only one of a gang. What are you going to do?"

"I have a scheme," answered Scraye. "I formulated it after hearing what I did from Palsgrave and Fleming. I put it before them; we talked it over. Now I'll tell it to you two. It's this, to make a sort of defence league amongst the owners of these things. We all belong to a certain stratum of society—by quiet, confidential talk we can warn each other. The next time anything disappears—well, the despoiled owner must strike sharp and straight."

"Supposing you had struck sharp and straight yesterday morning?" suggested Trickett. "What would have happened? A tremendous scandal—and possibly you wouldn't have been able to convict the suspected person. If this thing is being done on a big secret scale, you can be certain that all the arrangements are clever to perfection. The particular article once gone, it will be hard work to trace it."

"How shall we bring detection about, then?" asked Scraye.

Jimmie swallowed the rest of his sherry and smiled.

"In Packe's six-shilling sensationalisms," he said slyly, "detection generally comes by accident—by sheer chance—sheer luck in this case—may be close at hand. And it mayn't."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Day Mail to Paris.

FROM his father, an astute North-country chemist who, having invented a patent medicine, had speedily realized that the only way to make a fortune out of it was by plausible and persistent advertising, and had reaped in ample fashion the reward of his foresight, Jimmie Trickett had inherited something more than an income of twenty thousand pounds a year. The paternal Trickett had dowered his son with the faculty of keeping his own counsel in matters which concerned himself, and with the trick of using a shrewd intelligence in conducting his various daily happenings. Consequently Jimmie, whose sole reason for going over to Paris lay in a desire to further cultivate the acquaintance of the hat-maker's pretty assistant, used considerable diplomacy in placing himself once more within her notice. Rash and hot-headed young men would have gone to the length of getting into the same compartment with her at the point of departure; Jimmie took care to do nothing of the sort, though he satisfied himself that she was on the train. He kept the tail of an eye on her at Dover, but he let the boat get half way across to Calais before he approached her. And when he at last drew near to Miss Walsden it was in the most natural fashion imaginable, and as if he had suddenly found good reason for doing so.

This was a fine, bright, spirits-enlivening morning, and few of the people on the Dover-Calais boat seemed inclined to spend the hour of crossing downstairs. Jimmie Trickett, keeping a keen observation on the object of his intentions, watched her until well



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coated and rugged, she had settled herself on a deck-chair amidships. Then he strolled carelessly along in that direction, and affecting sudden realization of her presence beamed upon her delightedly as he lifted his travelling-cap.

"Oh—ah! There you are!" he exclaimed. "I—I wondered if you'd come—didn't see you on the train. I say, it's awfully lucky I happened to meet you because I've mislaid that card you gave me and forgotten the address of the hat-shop."

THE girl smiled, something in her smile emboldened Jimmie, with a murmured asking for permission, to drop into a vacant chair at her side. "Left the card on my writing-table," he added. "Just like me."

"All the same," remarked Miss Walsden, "you would easily have found the place. That is, unless you have forgotten that it is in the Rue de la Paix and that the name is Valerie et Cie."

"Same as in South Molton Street?" suggested Jimmie.

"The same as in South Molton Street—precisely."

"Same business, eh?"

"Just the same business."

"And, I suppose, the same hats?"

"Just the same hats—when they're made—or created."

"All the same," continued Jimmie, desperately endeavouring to make conversation, "I suppose that a woman would rather have a hat that was created as you call it, in the Rue de la Paix, than one that was put together in South Molton Street?"

"If she knew that it really came from the Rue de la Paix—certainly. That would give it an indefinable cachet, in a woman's eyes."

"That's all right," said Jimmie. "I'll be round there in the morning and we'll see what can be done. Don't forget that I never bought a hat before, you know."

"I hope you have brought the photographs of your sister," said Miss Walsden.

Jimmie clapped a hand to the exterior of his breast-pocket.

"By Jove! I forgot 'em," he said, with well-simulated contrition. "I laid them out and then left them, after all. Never mind, my sister's awfully like me. Think of me as her, don't you know, and—"

"That I am sure will be a great help. You seem to credit me with vast powers of imagination."

There was a spice of raillery in this remark, and Jimmie looked narrowly at his companion, who smiled demurely.

"Never mind," he said, "I guess we'll muddle through somehow—I always do. I'll buy her two hats, and if she doesn't like 'em, she can give 'em away to one of the natives. Lovely morning, isn't it?"

"Beautiful!" agreed Miss Walsden.

"Often come this way?" asked Jimmie.

"Know Paris well?"

"I know Paris very well indeed," replied Miss Walsden. "I go to Paris once a month as a rule."

"Oh!" said Jimmie. "Ah, well, I don't know it as well as all that, but I know it well enough to—to know it, don't you know?" Then, with a desperate burst of daring, he added, "I say, we shall have three-quarters of an hour or so at Calais; will you come and have lunch with me? Do!"

"You are very kind," answered Miss Walsden, demure as ever. "Thank you."

"If there's one thing I loathe and abhor," said Jimmie, "it's travelling by myself. Nobody to talk to, you know, and that sort of thing, eh?"

Miss Walsden replied that it was certainly nicer when travelling to have company. Thereupon Mr. Trickett obtained permission to light a cigarette, and having established his footing, he proceeded to make himself agreeable until the boat ran into Calais, where he demonstrated his adaptability and usefulness by taking charge of and looking after all his companion's personal luggage and bribing a porter to convey it and his own to a first-class compartment in the Paris train. That done, he conducted Miss Walsden to the station buffet and exerted himself in the part of playing host with all the solicitude of an elder brother or a grandfather.

This role was one which suited him to perfection; he had a natural gift of being concerned for the welfare and comfort of other people, and by the time they had eaten their chicken and drunk their claret, Miss Walsden thought of Mr. Trickett as a very amiable young man, who was as thoughtful and attentive as he was polite. And she displayed no surprise and made no objection when she presently found herself vis-a-vis to him in a compartment into which no other person seemed disposed to enter.

"And so," said Jimmie when the train was at last rolling southward, "you come over to Paris regularly?"

"At least once a month," replied Miss Walsden.

"To see how hats are being made?"

"JUST so—to see how hats are being made. And to do other things. Sometimes to tell our people in the Rue de la Paix what we are doing in South Molton Street. Now and then, you see, we are seized with brilliant and original notions in London which we think it may be well to transplant to Paris—we don't give them the credit for possessing all the brains. There, for instance, in that hat-box of which I asked the porter to take such particular care, is a creation which has cost Madame Charles and myself several sleepless nights—to-morrow it will be on view in our window in the Rue de la Paix, and within a week half-a-dozen ladies of the beau monde will be wearing—something very like it."

"Why only half-a-dozen?" asked Jimmie.

"Because every hat that we make is a separate creation—we guarantee that we never turn out two hats alike. That is why I say half-a-dozen of our customers will be wearing something like the hat in that box—only something. They will fall in love with the general effect of the creation, and we shall make something resembling it. It would, of course, never do if we ever made two hats alike."

Jimmie meditated on this profound matter.

"Opposite way with men," he observed. "Our object is to be as much dressed alike as possible—no difference in toppers, anyhow. I suppose," he continued, "Madame Charles is the sabled lady I encountered yesterday?"

"Madame Charles is the sabled lady you encountered yesterday—yes."

"Runs both these shows, eh?"

"Runs both these shows, as you suggest."

"Ah!" said Jimmie. "Pleasant sort of woman, I should imagine. I suppose she considers herself a sort of artist, eh?"

"Oh, decidedly so! It requires art to create such hats as ours."

"Does it, really?" exclaimed Jimmie.

"Well, I don't know. I remember that I once went in for a hat trimming competition at a bazaar that somebody dragged me into—they gave me what they called a shape and a lot of laces and ribbons and things and a needle and thread. I won first prize, too—a jolly good cigarette case it was."

"And what," asked Miss Walsden severely, "did they do with the hat?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Jimmie. "Sold it by auction, I believe. It looked jolly well when I'd finished it—it had sweet peas and chrysanthemums in it—artificial, you know. And a couple of pink feathers with yellow tips."

"It must indeed have looked jolly well," remarked Miss Walsden. "I am sure we would have given anything to have had the privilege of exhibiting it in our window in South Molton Street." She turned in her seat and began examining her various articles of luggage. "Let me see now—one, two, three, four, five—I always seem to have so many small things with me," she continued. "They crop up at the last moment. I must keep an eye on that," she added, nodding at one of her belongings, a small hamper of polished wickerwork. "It would be a terrible trouble if that happened to get mislaid or lost."

"What is it?" asked Jimmie, indifferently. "Luncheon basket?"

"Luncheon basket! Indeed, no!" answered Miss Walsden. "Do you think I am going to lunch again be—"

(Continued on page 21.)

The Hygienic and Thorough Cleanser



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It costs \$214,000,000 to run New York for one year. Is it worth it?

Life along the northern frontier of Mexico consists of dodging one bullet after another.

To make Rugby football more like the real thing, why not introduce a little gas?

China's president recently became the father of his 31st child. Teddy Roosevelt sends congratulations.

Ohio stays wet, deciding that she can drink or leave it alone. But she won't leave it alone.

Beauty doctor says girls would be prettier if they ate fewer candies and more onions. Yes, and they'd be lonelier.

Dr. Vi Kyuin Wellington Koo is the name of China's new minister to Washington. Just escaped being a college yell.

Illinois governor is accused of "hiding behind Wilson's skirts." Mean thing to say about Woodrow.

Professional dancers in Chicago are to form a trust. What's the use? Nobody will trust them.

Philadelphia has elected a man named Smith as Mayor. Well, it had to have somebody, didn't it?

The fellow who wants to live high these days is compelled to dig deep.

Scientists say that one kiss in every hundred is laden with germs. Well, come along with the ninety-nine, girls.

To make one of the warring nations fighting mad, just suggest that they are talking of peace.

Out in Frisco they have introduced the speechless banquet. Get ready for the millenium.

About two-thirds of the women of the United States are all puffed up with pride, somebody having told them that they looked like the President's fiancée.

Described.—From the number of appeals for help that are coming across the Atlantic, we surmise that the map of Europe is largely a relief map just now.

Is it?—"A Bare Idea" is the name of a new play produced in New York. Sounds like a suitable title for one of Zeigfeld's girl shows.

He Would.—In his address to his troops, General Kirkoff, of Bulgaria, exhorted them to "give rebirth to the glory of Alexander, the great Bulgarian."

Alexander drank himself to death. If he were on earth to hear that speech he would probably have gone and done it again.

The Universal Habit.—An Eskimo tribe in the far north killed two priests, two prospectors and an explorer. Perhaps the tribesmen suspected them of being spies, as is the habit now all over the world.

The "Eternal" Sarah.—Sarah Bernhardt is to come to America, wearing a cork leg, to begin a tour next month. She will surely be known now as "the eternal," as well as the divine Sarah. It will be stirring news, her coming,

for the oldest inhabitant, who can look back down the vista of the years and remember her first farewell tour.

Probably.—We note in the news a heading about a young preacher who was too fond of gaities. He was probably the chap who put the rev. in rev-ery.

WAR NOTES.

Now that he is about to wed, President Wilson will be more than ever in favor of peace.

Well, Russia has enough real estate to provide good security for a loan.

It's a mighty poor week for war news that does not bring another story of the Crown Prince being killed.

War cabinets seem to be harvesting a bumper crop of bumps.

It seems to be a race between the Huns trying to reach Constantinople by the back door and the Allies trying to get in by the front gate.

At the same time it must be admitted that there is a bit of "hesitation" in that "turkey-trotting" movement of the allies.

Canada figures that each soldier is costing her \$1,000. Good judges of men say the soldiers are worth it.

Germany has at least demonstrated that war is its profession.

A Broad Hint.—Rev. A. Logan Geggie, the Presbyterian preacher, who is known not only in Toronto, but all over Canada for his keen wit and his big heart, is also able to drip satire from the end of his tongue when he feels like it.

He is keenly interested in recruiting and thinks it the duty of every able-bodied young man to be in khaki. He remarked the other day that a certain young preacher, who was making stirring appeals to young men to enlist, while he himself, single and under 35, did not show the example, should don khaki before he made any more speeches.

An example of Mr. Geggie's sharpness of tongue came to light just before the Niagara camp broke up. In a business office he met a young man, somewhat of an athlete, who greeted him with "Good morning, Mr. Geggie."

The Scotch cleric regarded him with a stern glance. "It is a good morning" he said, "at Niagara camp!"

Things Have Changed.—In Corsica they have a saying that the only animal which will not avenge its dead is the sheep.

The man who first said that must have lived before Columbus discovered America.

Not He.—Poets have made the man behind the gun a hero. But neither poets nor historians will succeed in making a hero of the man behind the asphyxiating gas.

BY WAY OF APPRECIATION.

A noted English actress has been offering kisses for recruits. Good idea. She is teaching them to face powder and present arms right early in their martial careers.

The Cost.—Uncle Sam bemoans the fact that the slides in the Panama Canal cost him \$8,000,000. If Sam should happen to get mixed up in a

war, those slides might cost him a heap more.

PASSING IT ON.

The while we nurse our heartfelt woe, Write large these words with brush and pen;

Aye, write them large that all may know:

"Americans can die like men."
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Amid the turmoil and the strife Of deadly conflict, don't you know, In saving or conserving life, The English are a bit too slow.

—Nebraska State Journal.

Yet while we see one half the world, Fighting for right, in war immersed, Your Uncle Sam, his flag still furled, Sticks to his motto, "Safety First."

The Mayor's Mistake.—Thomas Langton Church, Mayor of Toronto, got a rather rude shock one night recently, during the trek of the Canadian soldiers from Niagara to Toronto.

His Worship, accompanied by Controller Thompson, set out to go to the Mississauga Golf Club to attend a dinner given to the officers of one of the marching battalions. They got out on the radial road to Port Credit and found that the Golf Club was some distance from that.

There was not a motor car or a vehicle to be had in the village. They had all been taken by officers and their friends to get to the Golf Club. The Mayor and Controller searched in vain and looked up and down the road for a vehicle which might carry them on their way.

At last in the distance glimmered the twin lights of an approaching rig. It came rather slowly. Finally it neared the waiting pair and they saw a man sitting up on the front of it.

"Hi, there, have you a load?" shouted the Mayor.

"No, jump in," replied the driver. Just then the rig came broadside to the Mayor and Controller and they saw that it was a hearse.

THE MELANCHOLY DAYS

For many years the poets have Sung praises to the fall, But I must say this autumn rave For me has lost its thrall.

The autumn moon is nice and bright, In fact it is a beaut, And it reminds me that to-night I buy the wife a suit.

The autumn leaves are golden and They thrill my very soul, Till I remember—frost at hand— I must get in the coal.

The golden pumpkins are aglow— But still they get my goat, For they remind me I must go And get an overcoat.

WORDS ABOUT WOMEN.

Woman's way of looking after herself is to get a man to look after her.

Any girl will agree that this season all colors go well with khaki.

The chief causes of the feminist movement are the bachelor chaps.

Women are divided into two classes—those who want to be seen and those who want to be heard.

Girls are always watching the clock—either because the man won't come or won't go.

The woman who starts out to keep a man in his place frequently finds him at some other woman's place.

The modern woman finds that virtue consists more in what she refuses to do than what she does.

All wise women conceal their bones and the harder parts of their natures.



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HERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this, its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact, it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and there is, in addition, a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis, the cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound, modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French, and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course, and, in addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

The diploma of graduation is considered by the authorities conducting the examination for Dominion Land Surveyor to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulations of the Law Society of Ontario it obtains the same exemptions as a B.A. degree.

The length of the course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months each.

The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College takes place in May of each year, at the headquarters of the several military divisional areas and districts.

For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information application should be made to the Secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont., or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.

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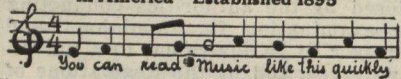
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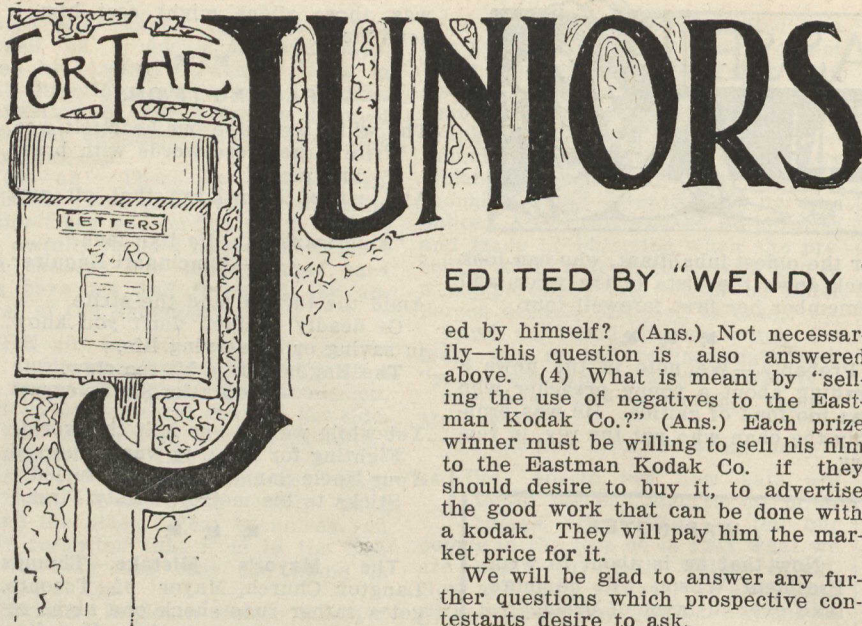
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EDITED BY "WENDY"

ed by himself? (Ans.) Not necessarily—this question is also answered above. (4) What is meant by "selling the use of negatives to the Eastman Kodak Co.?" (Ans.) Each prize winner must be willing to sell his film to the Eastman Kodak Co. if they should desire to buy it, to advertise the good work that can be done with a kodak. They will pay him the market price for it.

We will be glad to answer any further questions which prospective contestants desire to ask.

Dear Juniors:—

When I was told that each week a little corner of the paper would be set apart just for you and me, I straightway went to our artist and asked him to make me a sign—something that could be hung out over our page, so that you would know where to find me. I asked him to make a picture of a post-box too, to remind you that I love to have the postman bring me letters and that I want all the Juniors to write to me. How do you like the sketch he made? I can shut my eyes and imagine I see Juniors of all sizes, fair-haired, blue-eyed, brown-eyed—a long line of them waiting to stand on tip-toe and drop a letter in that box addressed to "Wendy," and you have no idea how glad she will be to hear from you! After you have sent your letter off, then the fun will be to watch for its appearance in our corner, for we are going to publish all our letters, and give prizes for the best of them, too.

Talking about prizes, I hope you have been reading about the great Photographic Contest we have opened for the Juniors. The Kodak is a beauty—and we are going to be ever so proud of the boys and girls who win it and the other lovely prizes. You will read all about the competition further down on the page, and "Wendy's" advice is "send your pictures in early."

I do hope, dear Juniors, that you and I are going to have some good times together this winter. Of course, we are hardly acquainted yet, as this is my first letter to you. But I see no reason why we should not be friends and meet each week in this little corner for a quiet chat.

I have great plans for the things that we are going to do, but you must help me, and the first way to do that is to write me a letter and tell me all about yourself. I want to know your names, your ages, where you live, what your ambitions are, and then when I have a little group of Junior friends gathered around me I can go ahead with my plans. Perhaps next week I shall be able to tell you more about them.

WENDY.

THE MAIL BAG.

TWO of our junior readers have written us asking for further information about the Photographic Contest. We are replying in our corner, rather than by personal letter, as other juniors may wish to have these same points explained to them.

H. McIlverna, of Lethbridge, Sask., would like to know if a picture taken by himself and printed and developed at a drug store will be eligible for the contest? (Ans.)—Yes. The picture need only be taken by the contestant and need not necessarily be developed or printed by him.

George Jacobson, of Outremont, Que., asks (1) if the picture to be submitted may be taken by a No. 2 Brownie? (Ans.) Yes. (2) Is any preference given to the make of Camera? (Ans.) No, the picture may be taken by any make of camera or kodak. (3) Must the films be develop-



Little Billy Howting, who lives in Brantford, and whose father is a soldier, was the youngest of many workers on Red Cross Tag Day and sold, perhaps, the greatest number of tags.

Great Photographic Contest

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

RULES.

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

TWELVE AWARDS.

1. First Grand Prize for best amateur photograph submitted before January 1st, a 3A. Eastman Autographic Kodak. Price, \$22.50.
2. Second Grand Prize: A Waltham Wrist Watch. Price, \$10.00.
3. An Electric Flashlight.
4. A Box of Paints or One Dollar Cash.
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MONEY AND MAGNATES

A Famine in Steel

WHEN the Canadian Shell Committee started to get steel forgings last year, they found that the Canadian Government had a contract with the Crucible Steel Company of the United States at \$3.37 a hundred. The Crucible people refused to supply it to any munition factory other than the arsenal at Quebec. For other makers, they demanded nearly six cents a pound. Naturally, the Canadian manufacturers refused to pay such a price. Col. Cantley, of Nova Scotia Steel offered to try to produce it, and, after considerable experimenting, succeeded. He has been supplying most of the munition factories at the price the Government paid before the war.

If it had not been for Col. Cantley's boldness and his success, Canada would be face to face with a steel famine and our munition factories would have had to shut down for want of raw material. Steel has become very scarce in the United States and the big companies are sold months and months ahead. Very little steel is coming in from that country. The United States Steel Corporation is said to have withdrawn quotations during the past fortnight. The big demand is bound to stiffen prices very considerably.

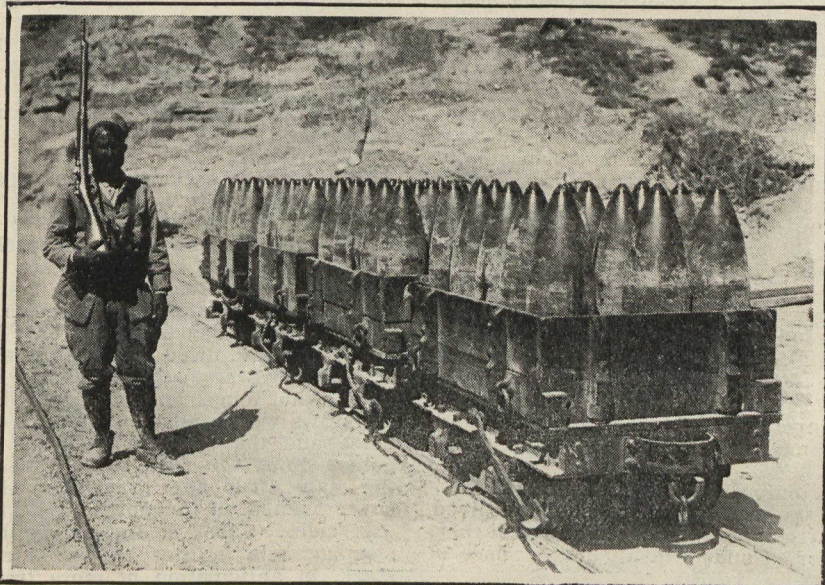
The Canadian Cement Company has taken a big order for 9.2 shells from the British Government, and some people doubt Mr. Jones' ability to get the steel in time. Others again say Mr. Jones will get the forgings, if he has to make them himself.

The Price of the Loan

EVERYBODY is discussing the price of Mr. White's new fifty million dollars' loan. What will he allow the lenders, in five or five and a half per cent.?

Much depends on the state of the money market both in America and England. The evidence is conflicting. New Zealand raised ten millions in London

BIG SHELLS TO BE MADE IN CANADA.



The much talked-of shells contracts have been finally awarded. These are the the 9.2 shells which, it is said, the Canada Cement Company will make. This photograph was taken in the Dardanelles, and shows how these big shells are sent to the batteries from the boats or railway cars.

last week at five. On the other hand, the Allies paid 5% in New York for their big loan. What rate will Canadian bankers and investors demand?

In New York, short money is loaning at 2% to 3% per cent. Money is a glut there. How should this affect a five year loan, such as Mr. White proposes?

In this connection, Mr. White proposes to pay little or no commission to underwriters and bond dealers and sell direct to the public. Would he get as good a price by selling five per cent. bonds through the regular channels as five and a half per cent. bonds sold direct to the public?

These are questions Mr. White must answer, and the answer will be most interesting.

Henry Ford's Canadian Tractor Plant

HENRY FORD is quoted as saying that the plans are perfected and the capital ready for his new Canadian tractor plant. It will be purely Canadian, and thousands of Canadians will be employed under conditions that make them sharers in all profits and real partners in the business. Under such conditions he believes that a tractor doing the work of six horses at a cost less than the cost of one horse's maintenance can be sold for \$200. Each tractor will have six sets of wheels for various kinds of work.

Looks Like Poor Imperialism

REPORT says the British Government has not been able to accept the tender of Canadian packers for large supplies of dressed beef for the forces at the front. The main reason assigned is an extension of long-term contracts with the Argentine Government. The British Board of Trade, however, intends to put a large refrigerator steamer at the disposal of Canadian packers to forward shipments at their own risk, and other ships will be provided, if necessary, to furnish the desired outlets for Canada's surplus beef produce.

Don't Be Deceived

CANADA has a big grain crop, but it cannot all be moved before navigation closes. Don't be deceived by people who tell you that we have 200 million bushels for export. We may not be able to find the ships to take it away. In any case some of it will be on our hands in August, 1916.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

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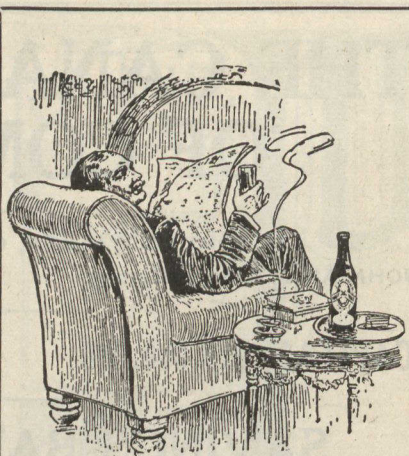
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Elizabeth Dore and Others

(Concluded from page 6.)

farther back, and I can cook as fine a dish of eggs as anyone—even in Paris, M'amselle," with a glance of triumph at the actress.

"And who are you?" demanded Elizabeth of the Greek.

"Patnik."

"Soldier?"

"No."

"What then?"

"I come to sell things to the soldiers," he said. "I clean boots once in Vancouver. I work in Hastings' mill. Then I pack up for Europe when the trade got bad in Vancouver. I say to myself there will be cigarettes and candies and post-cards wanted by the soldiers. I bought a big pack in London. I carry it on my back. I get within a mile of the lines of the soldiers—and I am arrested. My pack is taken away from me. I am put here. I am a ruined man. I have nothing," and he settled into melancholy.

"Whereabout did you shine shoes in Vancouver?" I asked.

He brightened. "On Granville Street above Pender. I had a shop of my own and three boys. I take in so much as thirty dollars on a Saturday there."

"But the good times in your trade didn't last."

"No."

We talked for half the night. Elizabeth Dore produced a package of cigarettes from her basket and a frayed copy of a London illustrated paper which was passed around the fireside. Lebaude, a bachelor with hairy face and arms, had told his story: how he had been forced to run away from his farm in the valley of the Meuse and had come finally to this deserted farm. With the permission of the local commandant he had remained in the vicinity and was now trying to redeem the farm, living meanwhile with Jabot in one of the straw stacks. There was nothing but the white turnip crop left this year, he said, but there would be other things by spring, for he had succeeded in finding a store of seed in a hiding place in what had once been the farmhouse, now a heap of ruins save where the chimney still stood staunchly against the sky. He was a strange, brooding sort of man.

The old woman in her turn would tell only that she had come from a village nearby where she had lived, married, borne children and seen them married and dead all in the space of sixty-five years.

"Were you there when it happened before?" asked Elizabeth Dore with wide eyes. "Did you see the Germans in 1870?"

"I did," answered the old woman with a grim snarling manner of speech. "And they came then as victors. Twice now I have seen them and this time," she began to chant the words, "by all the signs of fire and water and earth and sky—it is as dead men!"

"Mother!" whispered Jabot suddenly crossing himself, "I know now who you are, Old Woman! I know! You are the old crone of the next village. You are Erlane!"

"And if so?" asked the old woman fixing her young eyes on his and making him quake with fear. "And if you think so?"

"I think——" he stammered.

"You think rightly. But what harm? What is a witch but a wise woman? Or are you afraid of a wise woman?"

"No. No," he hastened to say. "The dog fawned on you. He knows good people and evil. He barks savagely at the evil ones."

* * *

Saturday.

A CHAPLAIN from some headquarters has just been here with two messages. One was for me and the other, the more important one, for Elizabeth Dore. His message for me contains permission to visit certain points and only certain points very much in the rear of the front line of the allied armies. The message for Elizabeth Dore is that she is to accompany him and the old woman—on this side of the war zone women are treated with the utmost precision and punctilious respect—to see that which

she came to see. The chaplain has just told me the story while waiting in the lee of one straw-stack for the old woman to find a bit of a lace shawl which she claims to have brought with her the day we were arrested here. She wants to cover her head.

"You see," the chaplain explained, "Elizabeth Dore is half English and half French, born and brought up in Paris. At ten she is an orphan. At fifteen a milliner's assistant—and a very proper one. At eighteen she tries for the stage and is taken on—for soubrette parts or roles where she has to say nothing. She studies furiously. She is diligent and works very intelligently to become an actress. She has the French passion, Monsieur, for gaining fame—even if it is only for a moment. At all events no one would have her for the parts she wanted to play. She was not even a good soubrette until Chambertin, the owner of a poor music hall, fell in love with her, married her and mortgaged himself to the hilt to produce a little sketch—for her. All promises to go well. There is even a mention of her name and the name of the coming sketch in the Paris papers. She is on the verge of her opportunity—when the war comes. Chambertin is hard hit. He is called for the reserve. His theatre is closed—it was only a shabby little place at best—and he goes to war. He has killed two months ago at—. She has come to see the grave. I take her this morning."

"And she never played in the piece?"

"No."

"The army takes pains to be kind sometimes?" I ventured.

"Sometimes."

"But how does the army know all these things. How has it time?"

"That is how the permit came to be issued. Because the Bureau of Intelligences had occasion to investigate the repeated applications of this young woman to get to the zone of the armies. It was arranged finally."

The mud had dried on her skirt and on the suede slippers. She had restored the rouge and improved her eye-brows with a pencil. She and the witch and the chaplain went off together down the road to see one of the many little new graveyards that cover France on the north and the east sides. Jabot is digging another sleeping hole in the biggest straw stack, in anticipation of more trade. The Greek has trudged on toward the port whence he shall sail for England. Lebaude is breaking ground with a rusty spade. The dog Pegoud is looking for rabbits.

Two soldiers went limping by this morning with shining faces. They say there was a great victory yesterday. We are free to walk on the roads now at least for a little way.

Described Them.—Life in the new Army teaches a man to look after himself. This is especially true of the larger camps, and the rule appears to be that "they shall take who have the power and they shall keep who can."

A story illustrative of this is told of one of the Yorkshire regiments now in training. The cold weather had led some of the men to forage for extra blankets one night, and when next morning they were warned that the colonel was coming round for kit inspection they were too busy cleaning and preparing to put matters right again. The result was that when the men paraded some of them had three or four blankets while others had no blankets at all.

The colonel noticed this in his inspection but said no word until he had been wholly round. Then, drawing himself up in front of the men, he thundered:—

"Ahem, major, one half the regiment are simple fools and the other half are bloomin' thieves."

* * *

Already Armed.—A professor suggests that women be trained to carry weapons. He must be blind. Have they not all got hatpins?

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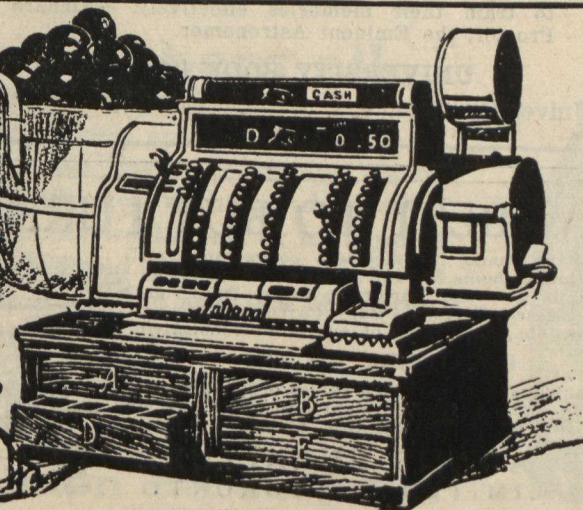
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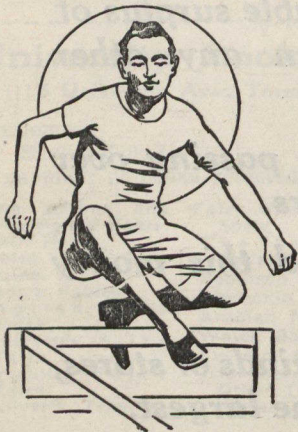
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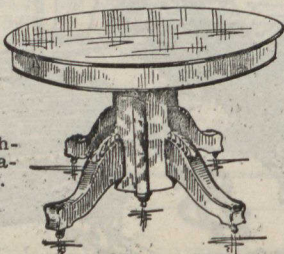
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At the Sign of the Maple

(Concluded from page 11.)

is still being played before New York audiences.

* * *

Eugene Plumon, a Paris lawyer, at present with the British Expeditionary Forces as an interpreter, has been granted a divorce from Maggie Teyte, the opera singer who has appeared in Canada on several occasions, and is well known here. Miss Teyte is at present with the Boston Opera Company, which lately gave four performances in the Arena, Toronto, and which is now playing in New York.

* * *

Mr. Granville Barker, the actor and play producer, spent last week-end in Ottawa, the guest of the Archbishop of Ottawa and Mrs. Hamilton.

* * *

"The Drama, Its Community Interest," is the title of the lecture which will be delivered by Mr. Percival Chubb, President of the Drama League of America, to the Toronto Drama League on the evening of Nov. 25th, in the Conservatory of Music. Mr. Chubb, who is an Englishman, came to America some years ago, and since then has taken a prominent place in the world of literature and drama. He is a leader of the pageantry movement and author of an excellent book on the subject.

* * *

A feature of last week's Horse Show at Madison Square Gardens, in New York, was the riding of Miss E. Coulthard, a niece of Major Kilgour, of Sunnybrook Farm, Toronto. Astride a dashing chestnut, Mayerdale, on the closing day, she cleared the four jumps without a fault and then repeated the feat on Sunday World, a

gilding. Enthusiastic applause followed Miss Coulthard's sensational and skilful riding.

* * *

H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught has received the following additional subscriptions for the Canadian Prisoners of War Fund: Woman's Canadian Club, Montreal, \$250; Women of St. John, N.B., through the Women's Canadian Club, \$100, second subscription. H.R.H. had previously forwarded \$3,000 to the Canadian Red Cross Society in London, and has now cabled a further instalment of \$350.

INFLUENCE CAMPAIGN PLANNED.

NOTICE of a definite decision of the Manitoba Government to take the temperance referendum on the last provincial voters' lists was brought to the Winnipeg W.C.T.U. recently in a letter from Premier Norris, replying to their request that, if possible, the women be allowed to vote on the prohibition question. The Premier pointed out that it would take time and a good deal of money to prepare new lists and hoped that they would agree that the Government had acted for the quickest and best temperance results.

The women temperance workers have their heads together over ways and means of influencing the voters, even if they are not to cast a ballot against the liquor traffic. Plans are on foot for a great temperance demonstration early next year to be held with the co-operation, if possible, of the Sunday School Association. Their idea was to muster the Sunday School children for a temperance parade and mass meeting.

The Price of Empire

(Concluded from page 8.)

becoming ringed with lines of fire and bristling steel. Our quotas of fighting men go forth regularly and in increasing proportions, and will continue to do so till armed legions shall no longer be required—in this war, at any rate.

Canadians Among the Casualties.

Among the New Zealand casualties at the Dardanelles are several names of Canadians, and half a dozen Americans. A careful scrutiny of the lists issued to date disclose the following:

CANADIANS.

Killed in Action.

Bowen, 6|1018, Private Arthur Clifford, Canterbury Infantry Battalion. Next of kin—E. Bowen, Box 155, Nutana P.O., Saskatchewan. Killed between April 25th and May 1st.

Woods, 6|1183, Corporal Stanley Ernest, Canterbury Infantry Battalion. Next of kin—Mrs. L. Maynard, 36 Cheever street, Hamilton, Ont. Killed about middle of May.

Died of Wounds.

Ford, 10|1485, Private Jack, Wellington Infantry Battalion. Next of kin—Mrs. James Thomas, 550 James street North, Hamilton, Ont. Died July 30th.

McArthur, 10|1581, Private John, Wellington Infantry Battalion. Next of kin—Miss Barbara McArthur, 57 Conder avenue, Toronto, sister. Died about middle of May.

McNeil, 8|1304, Private John Angus, Otago Infantry Battalion. Next of kin—Mrs. S. McNeil, Keefer street, Vancouver, B.C. Wounded about end April; died September 2nd.

Taylor, 8|1343, Private Harry Palmer, Otago Battalion. Next of kin—Rachel Taylor, 614 Cuvillier street, Hochelaga, Montreal, mother. Died about end April.

Wounded.

Archibald, 11|853, Trooper John, Wellington Mounted Rifles. Next of kin—Mrs. H. Hall, Kermania P.O., Saskatchewan.

Gibson, 8|969, Private Bertram Clarence, Otago Infantry Battalion. Next of kin—Mrs. Louisa Gibson, 36 Sussex avenue, Montreal, mother. Wounded in side about August 8th.

Hayes, 10|1841, Private John James,

Wellington Infantry Battalion. Next of kin—Mrs. Corrigan, 8 Brant street, Toronto. Wounded shoulder, about August 8th or 10th.

Patterson, 13|928, Trooper John Samuel, Auckland Mounted Rifles. Next of kin—Donald Patterson, M.R.C.V.S., Kiss & Co., Vancouver, brother. Arrived Malta September 4th; prior to that reported missing.

Phillips, 6|707, Private Cyril Morley, Canterbury Infantry Battalion. Next of kin—Mrs. E. M. Phillips, c/o Mrs. Culverwell, 29 Carman avenue, Winnipeg. Wounded hand, September 9th.

Syson, 10|2328, Corporal Harold Walter, Wellington Infantry Battalion. Next of kin—Mrs. W. Long, 401 Indian Grove, Toronto. Wounded right thigh some time in August.

Wharton, 4|867, Sapper George, N. Z. Field Engineers. Next of kin—James C. Wharton, Point Edward, Wakes Island, Ontario, brother. Reported wounded July 14th.

A GOOD LINGUIST.

HE was a shining light of the Intelligence Corps, and before he arrived at Swakopmund his abilities as a linguist were spoken of with bated breath. To him there came his captain. "Glad you've come, Jones," said he; "we need a man who speaks German. Take a file and go down and tell that officer we made prisoner yesterday that I'll parole him, but if he attempts to escape he'll be shot." Off marched Jones, full of the importance of his task. "Sprechen sie Deutsch?" he asked the chap, to the great admiration of the onlookers. "Ja, ja," said the big German, eagerly, glad to find some one who understood him at last. "Oh, yer do, do yer?" said Jones. "Well, the captain says as 'ow 'e'll give yer parole, but if you blooming well tries to skip it, there's a bullet fer ye. See?"

An Idea For the Kings.—Of course this world war is piling up an enormous debt for the nations of Europe to pay off, but the kings might go into the moving picture business when it's over and clean off their liabilities in a few months.

The Annexation Society

(Continued from page 14.)

tween here and Paris. No, that hamper," she continued, gazing at the article in question with a meditative air, "that hamper has travelled with me between London and Paris and Paris and London I don't know how many times."

"Bless us!" exclaimed Jimmy, gazing at the hamper with suddenly awakened interest. "You don't say so! Why?"

"Ah!" said Miss Walsden. "Now you're inquisitive. I'll bet you a pair of gloves that you can't guess in three times what that hamper's got in it?"

"Done!" said Jimmie. "A cat."

Miss Walsden shook her head.

"That's a poor guess," she said.

"You'd have heard a cat before now."

"Flowers," suggested Jimmie.

"Wrong," replied Miss Walsden.

"Very much wrong."

Jimmy took a long look at the hamper. It suggested nothing to him but memories of various picnics in which he had taken part.

"Hothouse grapes," he said. "Eh?"

"Well, that's something like it," admitted Miss Walsden, "for it's certainly something to eat. But you'd never guess, so I'll tell you. It's a Michaelmas goose!"

"A Michaelmas goose!" exclaimed Jimmie.

"Good Lord!—what are you carrying a Michaelmas goose to Paris for?"

"I thought that would interest you," said Miss Walsden.

"It is a present—a peculiarly English, eminently seasonable, present as you'll admit. You see, Madame Charles has in Paris a brother-in-law, Monsieur Charles, who is perhaps, not very well off, and is—no, perhaps, but certainly—an epicure. Monsieur Charles has a love of our good English fare—so whenever she herself comes to Paris, or I come, she brings with her, or sends with me, some peculiarly English present for this brother-in-law. It varies with the season. Sometimes it is Whitstable oysters. Sometimes a brace of partridges or a couple of pheasants. Sometimes early asparagus—sometimes real Kentish strawberries when they are worth their weight at any rate, in silver. I have brought Monsieur Charles a saddle of the finest Welsh mutton. I have brought him a ripe Stilton cheese. When he calls at the Rue de la Paix to-morrow morning I shall present him with this beautiful Michaelmas goose—a fat one!"

"She laughed merrily, and Jimmie Trickett became enchanted.

"I say!" he said. "That makes me positively hungry—I'm looking forward to my dinner. I say! Come and dine with me. I know—do you know it?—the jolliest little restaurant at the end of the Rue Royale—we'll go there. What?"

Miss Walsden considered matters.

"It sounds tempting," she said.

"Very well, thank you. But I must be at the Rue de la Paix at ten o'clock, punctually."

After that it seemed only natural that his companion should allow Jimmie to take all her affairs into his hands. She permitted him to see to her belongings at the Gare du Nord; she accepted his assurance that she would find them all in safe order at the Rue de la Paix when she arrived there. And Jimmie, having given his instructions and distributed his tips to obsequious porters, drove her off triumphantly to the Rue Royale.

It was midnight when Jimmie, highly content with his day's work, entered his room at the Grand Hotel. And there, perched on the top of his suitcase, he saw the wickerwork hamper which contained the unknown Monsieur Charles's fat Michaelmas goose.

CHAPTER IX.

The Wickerwork Hamper.

TRICKETT'S first instinct, on seeing this extraordinary addition to his personal belongings, was to curse the porter whose stupidity had caused the mistake. He had not only given him five francs for his trouble, but the fullest and most minute instructions as to the disposal of the articles committed to his charge. These things—

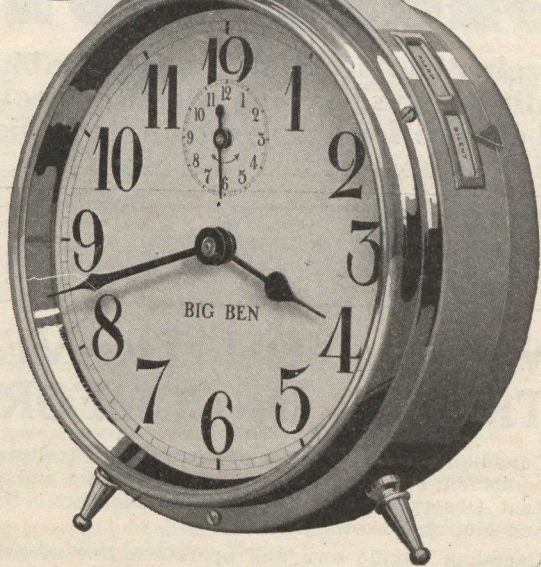
duly specified and properly labelled—in one conveyance to Mademoiselle's address in the Rue de la Paix; these others, also labelled and pointed out, to Monsieur's room at the Grand Hotel. Nothing could be plainer—the porter had comprehended perfectly. And yet here was the wickerwork hamper in company with Jimmie's suitcase and dressing-case and small hand-bag, and at that moment Miss Walsden was doubtless bewailing its absence in her chamber at the establishment of Valerie et Cie. However, when Jimmie looked more closely at the hamper, he saw that it was not labelled in any way whatever. He accordingly forgave the porter and burst into laughter.

"First time I ever shared sleeping quarters with a Michaelmas, or any other sort of goose!" he murmured. "Good job it's a dead 'un."

The humour of the situation began to attract Jimmie. He possessed a sense of inquisitiveness which, if not exactly insatiable, was at any rate ardent. And the more he looked at the wickerwork hamper, and the more he reflected on the oddity of the situation, the more his curiosity was aroused. He lifted the hamper across to an unoccupied table and looked speculatively at it, reflecting on what Miss Walsden told him of its many journeys. It seemed an odd thing to him that anybody should take the trouble to send a fat goose across the Channel, even at Michaelmas. Jimmie knew enough of France, having frequently taken long motor journeys through it, to be aware that in certain districts geese are as carefully fattened as in England. What particular charm was there, he wondered, about an English goose? This decided him. He would have a look at the present forwarded by Madame Charles to the epicure brother-in-law.

THE wicker-work hamper was not locked. It was a smart, well-made hamper, not the sort of thing that can be bought for a shilling or two, but a rather pretentious article, solidly fashioned, well-finished, and fitted with nickel-plated strap-handles, the sort of thing indeed which serves, when properly fitted up, as an up-the-river lunch basket, being about twenty inches in length, twelve in width, and as many in depth. It would not have surprised Jimmie, who possessed two or three articles of the same sort to find, when he had unbuckled the straps and lifted the lid, that it was fitted with knives, forks, plates, and drinking vessels. But when he raised the lid, he saw nothing but carefully disposed folds of tissue paper, on removing which the goose became revealed, enveloped in a dainty cloth, and resting on more tissue paper. It was actually a fine goose, and Jimmie was considerate enough to reflect that it would certainly have been a pity if Monsieur Charles had been denied the opportunity of sticking knife and fork into it. However, he further reflected, it should be duly handed over to Miss Walsden early next morning. It was safe enough until then, and it was lucky that, unaddressed as it was, the hamper had fallen into his hands instead of being left and lost at the Gare du Nord. But as this comforting notion slipped into his mind, another, of a disquieting nature, followed sharply on its heels. Would the goose keep? Jimmie had no notion of house-keeping matters, but it was borne in upon his mind that he had somewhere heard that all fleshy comestibles should be kept on stone shelves or tables in properly appointed larders. Coolness, coolness, that was the thing. Why, else, did the butcher and poulterer fellows advertise on their shop fronts (Jimmie was a great reader of anything that appeared in shop windows, being a confirmed street lounge) that they kept cold rooms in their establishments? Being fond of comfort he had caused a fire to be lighted in his bedroom. Its warmth, he thought, might be bad for the goose, in which he was by that time taking a profound interest. What,

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Advertising Manager, Canadian Courier

then, should he do? Certainly he could ring his bell, hand the goose over to a waiter, and request him to have it placed in a refrigerator for the night. But Jimmie, like all young Englishmen, had a pious horror of unusual situations, and a terrible fear of looking ridiculous, and he thought that it would seem very strange if he was found with a trussed and prepared goose in his chamber; the situation might be decidedly embarrassing.

Looking round him in search of a notion, Jimmie suddenly conceived a brilliant utilitarian one. He would fill one of his wash bowls with water and immerse the goose until next morning. The water would certainly keep it cool—this, at any rate, was the best thing he could do. Accordingly, having divested himself of coat and waistcoat, and turned up his wristbands, he prepared to make the goose safe for the night. He filled the bowl nearly to the brim, and divesting the goose of its linen and cambric, tenderly lifted it out of its soft bed of tissue paper. And in doing this Jimmie became aware that the goose was not the only article which the wickerwork hamper contained.

HIS fingers, straying around the goose's back, came in contact with some hard substance that lay beneath it. They instinctively strayed further; they met more similar substances. And then Jimmie, greatly wondering, realized that these substances were small parcels, lying in the tissue paper padding beneath the Michaelmas goose.

This realization at first conveyed nothing, suggested nothing, to him. All that came into his mind just then was a sudden remembrance of his school days, or of such of them as were marked with a white stone because of his reception of a tuck basket. He remembered that in those welcome gifts there used to be numerous small parcels in addition to the piece de resistance, which was usually a huge plum-cake. He also remembered the feelings of inquisitive delight with which he used to open one parcel after another. Something of the same sort of pleasure filled him now as he gently lifted out the goose, and looked into the hamper to ascertain what lay beneath it.

There, before Jimmie's wondering eyes, lay three small parcels wrapped in ordinary soft brown paper, carelessly tied about with thin string. They might contain lollipops; they might contain tobacco; he had an insane notion that they might harbour the various herbs out of which the proper stuffing for the goose was to be manufactured. But as soon as he took up the first, which was also the largest, he knew that he was handling a book. Even then he was unconscious of anything more than ordinary curiosity when he unwound the wrappings of the book. He expected to see—just a book.

Jimmie Trickett was not a bookish young man. He had no inclinations towards literature. When he wanted to read, he amused himself with French novels, or the last thing on motoring, or a recent volume on golf; sometimes he toyed a little with Ruff's "Guide to the Turf"; on occasion he waded through one of his friend Nicholson Packe's novels. He was not the sort of young man, however, who knows an Elzevir from a Caxton, and he would have yawned with ennui if he had been obliged to spend an hour in those rooms of the British Museum in which the rarer specimens of the printing and book-making art are so jealously treasured. Nevertheless, when Jimmie looked at the book which he dug out of its paper bed from beneath the goose, he knew that he was looking at something remarkably rich and rare, something that was probably worth many, many times its own weight in gold. It was a fat, podgy little volume, bound in old purple calf, its covers were secured by a quaintly chased gold clasp, its leaves were of vellum, beautifully preserved, every page was decorated and emblazoned in colours wonderfully fresh. This was no ordinary book; it was something very, very far from ordinary.

Suddenly Jimmie remembered the conversation of the evening before, the conversation in the Marquis

of Scraye's room at the Ritz Hotel. Why, this, of course, must be that book that Scraye had told them about, the book—whatever did Scraye call it?—oh, yes, a Book of Hours, which had recently been stolen from Sir or Lord somebody-or-other's house. Without a doubt this was it! And since it was there—there, actually there before him, taken by himself from its hiding-place beneath the innocent goose!—why, why—what might there not be in the other small parcels that lay by it? He suddenly pushed goose and Book of Hours aside and turned with feverish eagerness to the wickerwork hamper.

Two minutes later, when he came to full possession of his senses, Jimmie found himself sitting at the table, his chin propped on his hands, staring with all his eyes at these objects. There was the Book of Hours with its purple binding and golden clasps; there was a curious old chain of gold; there was the gold cross, studded with diamonds and precious stones which had been purloined from Scraye. There they were, oh, yes! and there he was, in Paris, staring at them, while the subdued hum of life in the streets outside came gently to his ears. Incredible! Marvellous! But true.

Jimmie sat in that position while a good ten minutes went by. But he was not thinking of the cross, or the book, or the chain. He was thinking of the girl he had left an hour and a half previously. And his thoughts tumbled over each other.

Being of an eminently generous and loyal nature, Jimmie Trickett was not going to believe for one moment that Eva Walsden (he had extorted the girl's Christian name from its owner during the little dinner in the Rue Royale) knew anything of the valuables which lay before him. He had fallen in love with her, that was enough for him to warrant her in his eyes. No, no! She was a catspaw. She was an innocent pawn in the game. She was being used, had been used, by the people who were in the background. But—

A COLD perspiration suddenly bedewed Jimmie's forehead. He started up and paced the room, clenching his fists in his pockets.

"By Gad!" he growled. "If she'd been caught with these things on her!"

This notion so appalled him that he dropped into an easy chair and groaned. Then, realizing that groaning and growling could do no good, he got up again, helped himself to a drink from the tray which had been brought up, took a bite out of a dry biscuit, and thought.

Of course, he saw it all now. That hat-shop in South Molton Street was a receiving shop; Madame Charles was—what? Receiver, at any rate, of these stolen goods; possibly the arch-contriver, the prompter, the guiding spirit in these astonishing thefts. These gifts, these Michaelmas geese, braces of birds, strawberries out of season, what not, were so many covers for sending the proceeds of each skilfully planned robbery to Paris—who on earth would even think of finding valuables under a saddle of Welsh mutton, or a dozen of the finest English peaches? And Monsieur Charles, epicure, was, of course, the recipient, the sharer, the confidential agent. Oh, it was a fine game, a daring game, and so far it seemed to have been played beautifully and easily.

"But I'll swear she knows nothing about it!" muttered Jimmie, savagely. "She's been had for our Cockney brother would call the fair Mug! And by George, I'll see her through it! What an extraordinary slice of luck that the porter chap should make that mistake with the hamper. All right, all right! just wait until to-morrow!"

Then he securely locked the stolen articles in his dressing case, and went to bed and presently slept, to dream that he was a knight-errant, riding forth to rescue Eva Walsden from the tangled thorn-brakes of danger and destruction to which the snares and wiles of evil folk had brought her perilously near.

(To be continued.)

Conceits of the Moment

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

THE SEASON'S SILHOUETTE

THE problem of combining the better qualities of the two silhouettes of the past decade is an interesting one and some designers have achieved a notable success in solving it. For seasons past, the paramount thought has been to keep the lines of the figure slender and graceful. Having now attained this end, many women seem inclined to refuse to cover these lines with bunched-up fulness. Fulness there may be. In fact, fulness there must be, but it must be manipulated to reveal—not to conceal—the figure.

The full skirt, although it has much charm, especially for young girls, has not always been enthusiastically welcomed by smart women of more mature years. The tight skirt of recent seasons, be its faults what they may, was beyond question chic, and although the full skirt may boast more grace, it frequently lacks that elusive quality termed smartness.

Fulness there must be this season. The fronts of dresses should have a tightness which outlines the figure; the backs com-

shop windows display delightful sport costumes, including the softest of wool sweaters, fetching little wool caps, and scarves of white with gaily coloured ends.

New shirt waist models come in crepe de chine, combined with georgette crepe. In many the sleeves are of the latter material, giving lightness to the serviceable appearance of the heavier crepe. Flesh, white and deep cream are the most attractive shades.

Coats will play an important part in the season's wardrobe. The smarter models are shown in velours de laine with deep collar worn high or low, fur trimmed, full and belted.

Evening coats are elaborate. A beautiful model in a Fifth Avenue shop was created in geranium velvet with chin-chilla bandings and deep collar and cuffs.

The newest veil is of filet net with a trailing leaf pattern over it. This may be worn flowing or brought in tightly under the chin and fastened at the back.

Pearls as an inexpensive neck ornament are much in vogue. A pretty strand of flesh-tinted pearls may be purchased for a slight cost and adds much to the richness and finish of an afternoon costume.

THE PRETTIES UNDERNEATH

THE transparencies of the season's blouses and frocks make essential the daintiest of foundations to wear them over. Crepe de chine, chiffon, and georgette crepe are materials which give the necessary softness. These need not be elaborately trimmed to be effective; indeed the more simple designs are the most attractive. For the slim figure a practical and dainty chemise is simply made of flesh-coloured crepe de chine. A deep hemstitched hem at the top gives a double firmness. At intervals in the centre of this hem are inch-wide, picot-edged casings, through which a drawing ribbon is run. Ribbon also forms the shoulder straps. The lower hem is narrower than the upper, but is also hemstitched. This garment is worn over the corset and forms the simplest and daintiest of underbodices.

THE MINIATURE MISS MODE

COATS of velvet or broadcloth will be worn this winter by the small girl, when she is dressed in her best "bib and tucker." Black velvet is a strong favourite, but the mother who likes to be original chooses colour with more individuality for her youngsters. For her, there are this season two shades of green, a beautiful deep rose and three shades of blue that offer great possibilities. For the child who is still in the legging age, the coat should be no longer than the frock, which is, of course, short. The leggings, and usually the bonnet, are made of the same material as the coat. For the child old enough to wear a hat, the mother who considers utility as well as smartness will choose either beaver, velours or velvet of the colour to match the coat or, if becoming, of black.

WHAT'S ON TOP

DESPITE the prediction that hats of all sizes would be worn this season, the preference is decidedly shown for the little hat. Round, close-fitting, and trim, it defies the tricky winds of November and combines with comfort a chicness that is altogether desirable. With a dark suit a little hat of rose-hued velvet upon which is poised a round puff of fur, is very smart. Or a fetching model may be made in velvet in harmony with the colour of the suit, and mounted with a metallic ornament which the makers of millinery trimmings have brought to such perfection. Feather hats are being shown again—the feathers prevented from waving in the breeze by an invisible net covering. A skeleton bow of velvet is poised at a saucy angle. Black velvet hats are also worn, but these are showing greater attention to line and are worn more often to complete the picturesque costume than for a practical purpose.



A charming dance gown of rose changeable taffeta. A flaring tunic which falls in uneven lines over a dainty lace drop meets the pointed basque at the waist line.

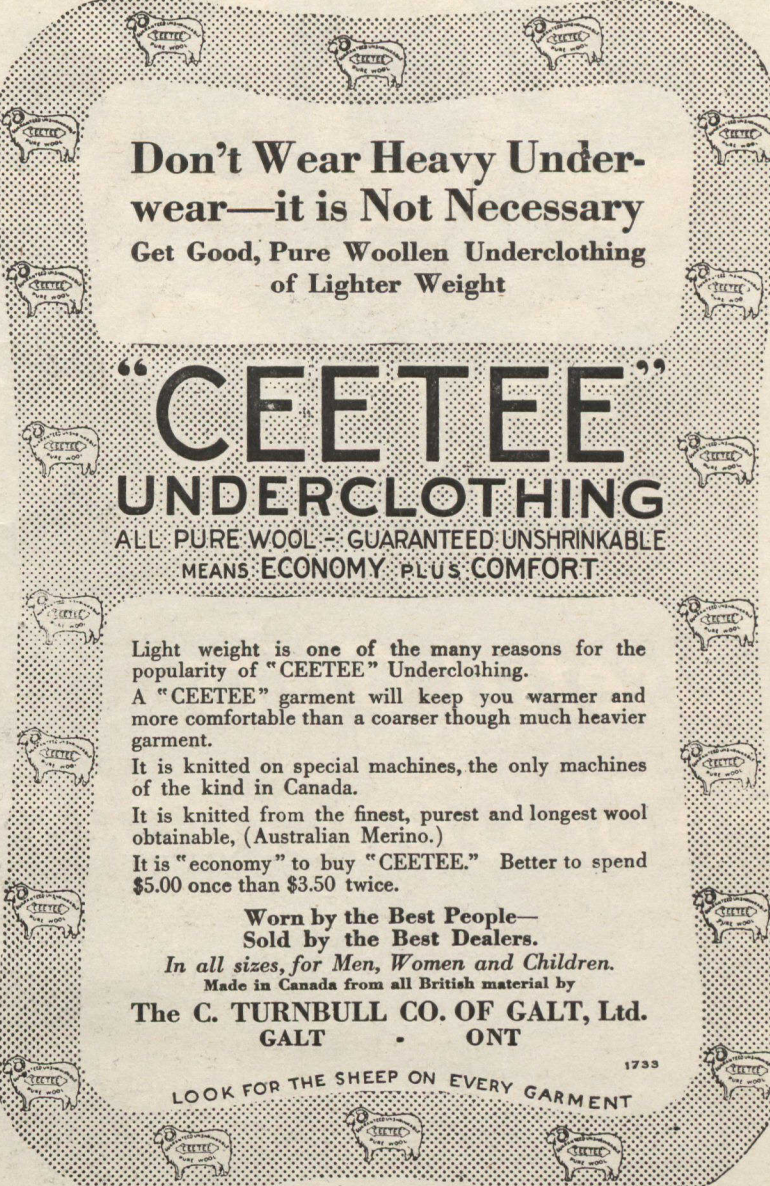
posed of three godet plaits, against which, as seen from the front, the figure is outlined. Velvet suits lend themselves quite as readily to this mode as do the afternoon and evening gowns. The cut, in the majority of cases, is somewhat similar, as the back of the skirt is a section entirely separate from the front.

WHAT NEW YORK SHOPS ARE SHOWING

THE small white turban is very much in evidence on Fifth Avenue. White velvet topped by a pom-pom of fur matching the fur set or suit trimming worn, makes a pretty model for a youthful wearer.

Narrow bands of fur trimming are seen on every suit. The untrimmed tailor-made is not of this season's vintage. All collars button cosily about the neck, and wrists are snugly banded with fur.

Green, tete de negre and blue are the popular colours in street costumes. New York evidently looks forward to a season during which outdoor sports will share the vogue with dancing. Many



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