

THE CANADIAN

COURIER



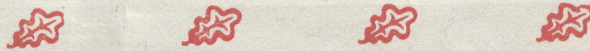
DECLARATION OF WAR IN "LITTLE ITALY"

Indicating how the news of Italy's going to war was received by the Italian colony in London, England.



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STRAW HATS IN THE AUSTRALIAN STYLE.

Part of 38th Battalion at Barriefield Camp, Kingston, togged up for summer drill and manoeuvres. Canada must keep 40,000 men in training at all times to supply reinforcements for the two Divisions now in Europe.

CANADA CALLS 35,000 MORE MEN

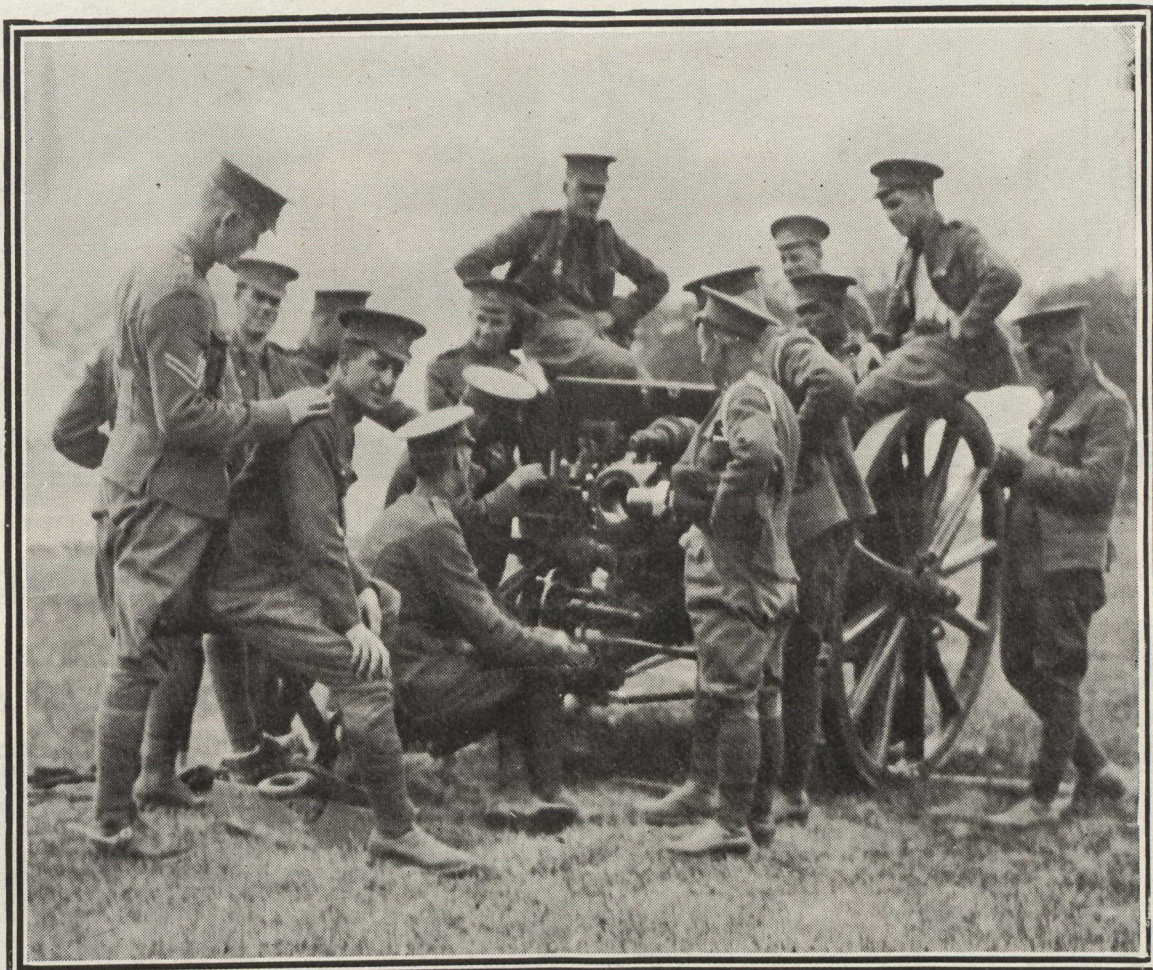
BECAUSE Canada has called for 35,000 more men for service abroad, there is great activity in all the camps and headquarters. Now that the sunshiny days have come, the men are able to do their training in the open. Even the Valcartier Camp, although further north than others, is a warm, attractive spot. Therefore, from Vernon, B.C., to Aldershot Camp, N.S., there is activity and earnest work.

When these 35,000 men are recruited, Canada will have more than 100,000 men who have gone or are going to the front. This does not include the regular militia, the home guards, and other forces not enlisted for service abroad. Up to the present there has been no slackness in recruiting. Whether this next 35,000 will be hard to get remains to be seen. So far, the militia authorities have not had to resort to posters and processions, as they have done in England since the beginning. Probably it will be possible to get this new levy without a special appeal. Certainly there will be no difficulty in getting officers, since thousands of young men have been taking the courses during the past six months.

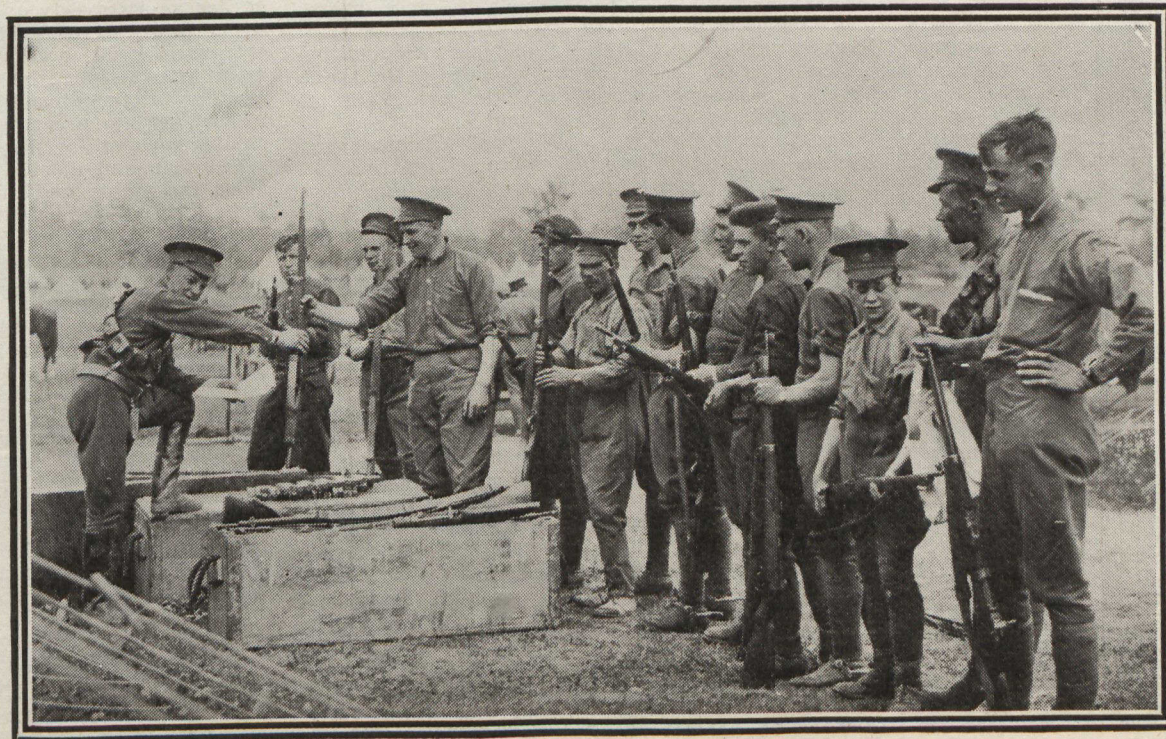
Should the war last another year, there is little doubt that further levies will be made. Canada must recruit at least 10,000 a month. The estimated wastage in two divisions is about that amount.

SOME twenty-seven regiments of infantry and six batteries of artillery will comprise the new force. There will be four new Highland regiments, one from the West, one from Ontario, one from Quebec, and one from the Maritime Provinces. There will be three French-Canadian regiments, including the 57th, under Lieut.-Col. Paquette. The 60th, raised in Montreal by Lieut.-Col. Gascoigne, is included in this draft. The new regiments will include two from Western Ontario, four from Toronto, two from Eastern Ontario, two from Maritime Provinces, and two from each of the Western Provinces.

The six batteries of artillery will be divided in the same way across the



Barriefield gunners examining the anatomy of a field-piece to see how it qualifies for the great Armageddon of artillery in Europe.



Armorer Wallis at Barriefield Camp handing out Mark 3 rifles in exchange for Mark 2. The Canadian rifle is holding up its end in the war.

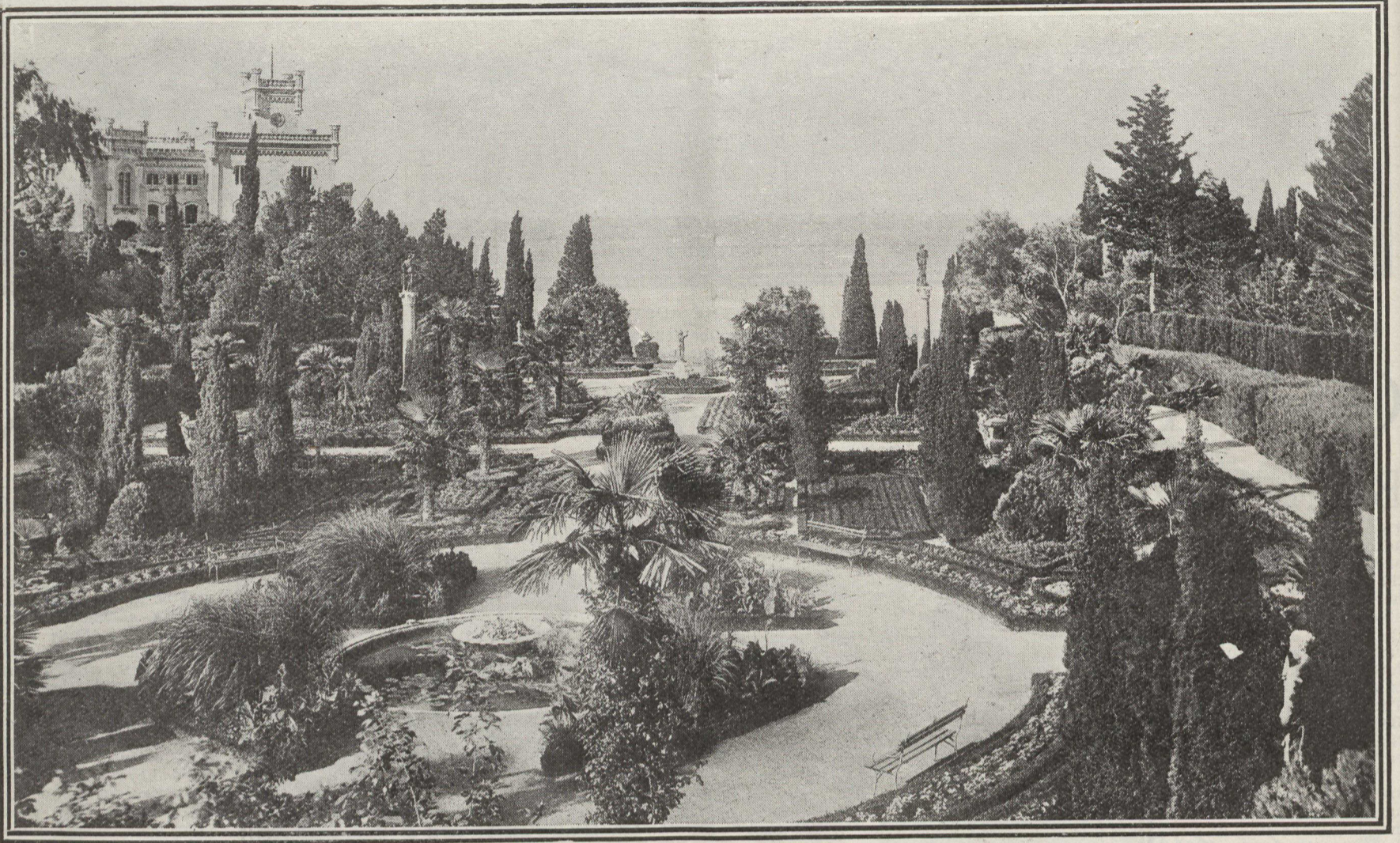
continent—four in the centre, one in the West, and one in the East. Presumably they will be four-gun batteries.

From now on, no one will be able to claim that Canada should do more. Seventy battalions of infantry and thirty batteries of artillery, with all the auxiliary units, is a fair contribution for a country which knew little about military work until August last. Even if more men could have been secured by active recruiting, the equipment of them would have been almost impossible. Our Militia Department naturally lacks a system capable of undertaking such a huge task. Even last week there were men in Niagara Camp who could not go on parade because they lacked boots. True, the shortage was not great, but it shows that there is not an over-supply of equipment. This is partly due to political exigencies, partly to fighting among the boot contractors, and partly to the Department's desire not to over-buy. Frugality beats extravagance.

BARRIEFIELD CAMP, Kingston, from which these typical summer pictures came, is occupied at present by more than 3,000 soldiers. With the exception of not more than 400, all will go overseas as soon as they are fully trained. Col. T. D. R. Hemming, officer commanding 3rd Division, is Camp Commandant, and Col. G. Hunter Ogilvie, A.A.G. 3rd Division, is Adjutant. There are two thousand infantry men in camp. The 38th Battalion numbers twelve hundred, and the remainder are in the lately organized 59th (Provisional) Battalion. Lieut.-Col. Edwards, Ottawa, is in command of the 38th, and Lieut.-Col. Fee, Lindsay, of the 59th. The 8th Regiment, C.M.R., is under the command of Lieut.-Col. Munro, Ottawa, and numbers slightly over 500 men.

The 7th Artillery Brigade is under the command of Lieut.-Col. Stewart, Lethbridge, and numbers about 500 men. This brigade consists of the 25th Battery and Ammunition Column, which was organized in Ottawa, and the 26th Battery, organized in Kingston.

WILL WAR EFFACE THIS BEAUTY SPOT?



Trieste is the greatest port in Austria and the fourth city of the Kingdom. Of its hundred thousand people, three-fourths are Italians. Indeed, it is Italian in architecture, language and customs. For several centuries it was a free city under Hapsburg protection. Previous to that it was Venetian, as the whole

Istrian Peninsula is historically Venetian. Trieste and the Peninsula passed into Austrian hands in the Napoleonic period.

These are the Maximilian Gardens, and in the distance the Maximilian Palace overlooking the Bay. An Italian army is already knocking at the gates.

SIDELIGHTS ON KITCHENER'S ARMY

Our Special Correspondent with Kitchener's Army is Having a Unique Experience for a Canadian. The Warmer Weather and his Promotion seem to be Making him more Cheerful, and in this he Probably Reflects the Present Spirit of the Largest Citizen Army that the World has ever seen

London, May 27, 1915.

By G. M. L. BROWN
Bombardier, Ammunition Column

SINCE my last Courier letter I have travelled the length of England, observed various camps, talked with men from scores of regiments and have had ample opportunity to compare conditions in "Pleasant Vale," where I am now stationed, with those in the country at large.

As a result, I feel constrained to write, at last, my long heralded article, Kitchener's Army at its Best. And I think I can safely assert that while there may be camps less fortunately situated or less ably administered, than mine, there are scores in which conditions are equally ideal; while on the other hand none at all faintly resemble "Seabright" as I knew it in the early weeks of the year. Indeed, "Seabright" itself is to-day a veritable Elysium compared with the pest hole that I found it, though to me it is an Elysium with a distinct Stygian background. And so, with this final tribute, I shall let it fade from my memory.

From "Seabright" we were drafted to "Lighton," which is one of England's most noted watering places; and here we found to our intense delight that we were to be billeted out in well-appointed homes, with comforts, and even luxuries provided, and amply paid for, by a generous and contrite Government.

We were not the first, nor the fifteenth, such draft, I afterwards learned, to be sent from some unsanitary camp to recuperate in a seaside or mountain resort, and "Lighton" alone has received thousands of wretched, homesick recruits, to be fed and fattened and sent on their way rejoicing. "Lighton," incidentally, must itself have increased considerably in avoirdupois by the process, for several thousand soldiers in billet meant a weekly bill of several thousand pounds (the exact allowance for billeted men is, I believe, 19 shillings and threepence), which, to a city of boarding houses in an off season is not to be despised.

It was at "Lighton" that I was first selected for office work (on the promise that I might eventually resume my drills), and here I and my three hundred

comrades discovered that we had been bodily, and quite unceremoniously, transferred from the —teenth Battery to a newly-formed Ammunition Column, to which I have already referred, a transfer more conducive to safety than to honour. Let me explain:

In a Division of the British Army there are so many Brigades of Artillery, each made up of several Batteries and served by a common Ammunition Column, the task of which is to transport the shells from a line ten to fifteen miles in the rear to various points within easy radius of the guns.

But there is likewise a Divisional Ammunition Column—a sort of "also ran" affair, whose function it is to fetch the ammunition from over the green fields, far away, and gingerly deposit it at this high-water point of danger, where the Battery Column receipts for the goods and derisively speeds the parting guest! Safe? Possibly not so safe as a Yonge Street crossing at 2 a.m. on a Sabbath morning, but a perfect haven of refuge compared to—say Broadway and 42nd Street during the noon-tide scrimmage.

SUCH are the tricks of Fortune! Transferred to a secondary or cross-country steeple-chase column from the glorious —teenth Field Battery, whose original fighting complement fell almost to a man while defending the rear of our much-battered army in its heroic retreat from Mons. Never shall I forget that sorrowful little band of survivors—eleven in all, four whole in limb and seven wounded—that crept unheralded back to their home depot. And one of the seven, a pathetic little bugler, a mere lad of fourteen or fifteen, just able to crawl out into the sunshine and gaze at the prosaic, almost unreal scenes about him, the while he fitfully mused in his boyish way on the hideous inferno that had engulfed his comrades, but from which he had miraculously emerged to hobble, in aged immaturity, into a strangely misplaced manhood. This little bugler is the most pathetic victim of the war that it has yet

been my chance to encounter, but oh, if one could view the gruesome scene in its entirety, what battle-hardened war-lord could withstand the heart-rending strain.

To return, however, to "Lighton," with its luxurious billets, its sham drills, and make-believe discipline—here was a state of things that had it not been for our coughs and anaemia might well have been regarded as a travesty upon our profession. Warriors we certainly were not, but rather chocolate soldiers of a rather crude order, who haunted the tuck shops, made love-trysts in the dimly-lighted streets—before or after tattoo, it made no difference—and casually learned of the progress of the war from the concluding reels at the ubiquitous moving picture shows.

But alas and alack—likewise "My Word!"—our *dolce far niente* had an abrupt ending, for what should break out in our ranks but cerebro-spinal meningitis, alias Spotted Fever, the dread disease that many Englishmen have kindly but erroneously attributed to the coming of the First Canadian Contingent. Its origin in this case was clear, for it broke out almost simultaneously in—well, the very place I decided not to mention again—and so still further augmented the death-rate directly chargeable to overcrowding and lack of sanitation.

In our lot, three, I believe, fell victims to this new scourge, and those of us who had not been unduly exposed to infection were wrenched from our happy homes and sent packing to a neighbouring village, where, for a month, we remained in practical isolation. Ten weeks, in all, we were stationed at this dreary village, which I shall name "Queenston," and ten weeks of honest, much-needed drill they proved to be. Except for your scribe, who was appointed Chief Office Clerk with sundry responsibilities and privileges already set down in my narrative.

HERE it was that I originally essayed to write this letter, taking "Queenston" as my text, until two glaring defects began to obtrude upon my vision—first, the contentions among our officers, most of whom, I regret to say, are from overseas, and

secondly, and most important, an almost absolute lack of horses and equipment—with which to pursue our advanced drills. For bear in mind that we are still Drivers and Gunners of the R. F. A.,* liable at any moment to be re-drafted into a Battery, and so amenable to the same rigour of drill and discipline as any other unit in the regiment.

Our removal to our present hut camp at "Pleasant Vale," however, which took place about a month ago, has swept away, as if by magic, practically every abuse and drawback that I have so vociferously and ineffectually described, and transformed us in a few brief weeks from a listless, grumbling, ill-disciplined assemblage into a happy, grumbling, well-disciplined force, ambitious to excel, eager for service, and almost as smart, if I do say it myself, as any of the Batteries with which we now come daily in contact.

In my last letter I described my old pal Nosworthy, with his bandolier, spurs and lanyard, trim-fitting riding togs, and a freshly inoculated right arm. Behold me, also, with bandolier, spurs (yes, and the much-coveted swan-neck variety!) and lanyard, trim-fitting riding togs—well, perhaps not quite so trim as Nosworthy's, as my figure differs somewhat from his in both height and circumference! Likewise, a freshly-inoculated right arm—at least so the records in my custody declare, and just to make sure they were correct, I checked them off myself.

I mentioned that we still grumble. What at? Better ask of the winds that far around bring ozone from the sea. Certainly none of the lads I have recently questioned can tell me, but if one were to ask why, I should hazard the opinion that it's because we are British soldiers, to whom grumbling, like smoking, is one of the prime necessities of existence.

"Look out for the bloke who doesn't grumble," said my friend Sergeant A—, the other day—or, as he styled it, "cribbing"—"I've often noticed that if I've had to put two chaps on some extra hard or dirty job, that the bloke who starts damning me the minute my back is turned is the one who eats up the work."

Really, I believe the Sergeant is right. Never in my life have I had a harder row to hoe than in the Orderly Room of the D. A. C., and certainly never have I worked and growled so assiduously. Possibly some highly-observant Courier reader may have noted this tendency in my letters, in which case I can but ask him in all solicitude to account it to me for righteousness.

*Your scribe, by the way, is now known as a Bombardier, by reason of his newly-acquired stripe.

What, then, are the chief features of our camp at "Pleasant Vale," about which I am so evasively enthusiastic? Open country air, commodious, sanitary huts, excellent food and abundance of it, splendid shower baths, reading-rooms, Y. M. C. A., and canteens, fair—indeed generous treatment from our officers—and arduous but not over-taxing drill. Out of an ill-disciplined body of recruits, lacking in nearly everything that goes into the making of a fighting regiment, from neat-fitting boots to esprit-de-corps, we have suddenly emerged a homogeneous force, fit for our humble, albeit important task of transporting ammunition, and ready—in many cases eager—for a more dangerous task should the opportunity occur.

Oh, yes, I have belittled my Column, but I shouldn't care to see anyone else try it! Barring two officers, whom I should like to interview in civilian clothes just for half a tick, and a few rascals and ne'er-do-wells, we are a tolerably plucky and pugnacious batch of men, and it has just dawned on us that events of great moment are in progress somewhere across the channel in which our services may be required. Not being given to much reading, and having a superfluity of personal grievances to settle, we had nearly forgotten the war.

(To be continued.)

Facts That Talk

PEOPLE in the United States who were worried over the possibility of German-Americans creating riots or civil strife welcomed Italy's entrance in the war. They say that there are enough Italians in the United States to take care of the Germans if they should get boisterous.

A PROSECUTION for perjury has been initiated against the German reservist who swore that he saw guns on the Lusitania. The United States secret service men found him hiding in Albany, and had him arrested and taken to New York for trial. President Wilson intends to nail that particular German lie, though things have come to such a pass that nobody would now believe a German on oath.

GERMANY, with five million men in the field, is supposed to have lost two million in killed, wounded, and missing. France, with four and a half million, has lost 1,300,000, of which 360,000 were killed. Adding the Belgian, British, Austrian, and Servian, the total losses must be nearly 6,000,000 men, of whom nearly 1,500,000 have been killed, died of wounds, or died from sickness and exposure. No

wonder mankind is uniting against the "bloody" Kaiser.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S note to Germany is more like the iron hand in the silken glove. Bismarck said of Lord Salisbury that he was a lath painted to look like iron. Wilson's messages have more than the appearance of iron. He is mild in language, but

DOMINION DAY RECREATED.

Canadian citizens of the Empire will find in pp. 6 and 7 of this issue a good feature to take out and fyle away in a scrapbook, or hang upon a wall somewhere. July 1st, 1915, will be the most significant Dominion Day ever celebrated. According to the official eye-witness with the Canadian troops, the new Canadian nation was born at the Battle of Langemarck. Pages 6 and 7 of this issue illustrate the new British point of view concerning the part this new nation is to play in the Empire.

he will undoubtedly maintain the position he has taken in the Lusitania argument.

MR. EMIL NERLICH, a prominent German-Canadian, gave ten dollars to help an exiled German officer in Toronto. The officer is interned, and it is said to have cost Mr. Nerlich \$25,000 to secure an acquittal on a charge of treason. It has cost some Britishers their lives to befriend German officers who excited their pity.

ROOSEVELT has announced that he intends to support President Wilson in the Lusitania matter because the President "is loyal to the traditions handed down by the men who served under Washington and the other men who followed Grant and Lee in the days of Lincoln." Roosevelt will soon be a popular hero again.

A WRITER in Cotton's Weekly, a Socialist organ published in Toronto, says: "Up to a few weeks ago we knew the German people to be kindly, industrious, and deliberate." We did nothing of the sort. We knew they were brutal, and that the citizen had no chance against the soldier. The only difference then was they confined their brutality within their own borders.

BRITAIN'S BIGGEST RAILWAY DISASTER FUNERAL



About 180 people, mostly soldiers, were killed near Carlisle, when two trains collided and a third ran into the wreck. This funeral took place at Leith, when 100 of the 7th Scottish were laid in a grave 70 feet long, 8 feet wide and 8 feet deep.

AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR

An English Setting for a Story which Pictures the Greatest Tragedy in which Man and Woman Ever Play Parts

By BARONESS DE BERTOUCHE

IT was evening—one of those typical November twilight with which every Englishman has been familiar all his life long. A waning moon was lying low among the clouds, and every now and then great gusts of wind came sweeping through the trees, bending them earthward with the measured sway of vassals doing homage to the night.

Such a moment might well have lent itself to the glories of an accomplished pen or brush; but somehow, with the prosaic old Vicarage in the foreground, the scheme lacked inspiration. Modernity broke out from it at every pore, coupled with that respectability in excelsis which flourishes like chickweed in every Cathedral city.

Minchester Vicarage itself, a comfortable structure of the nondescript period, occupied a pleasant site, about two miles north of the town, but even at this distance, some touch of the local spirit had managed to filter in between the smooth, drab stones of which the house was built. Not that this species of respectability was actually aggressive; it was merely the atmospheric expression of well deserved, well preserved prosperity—the whiff of moral lavender most appropriate to the home of a popular clergyman of the Established Church.

There was not a soul in Minchester who grudged its Vicar either his wealth or his popularity. Everyone, from the Bishop downward, loved and respected him, while to his poorer brethren he was the generous but just friend, with whom no liberties could be taken, yet withal a pillar of strength in times of trouble.

The only son of his mother, the Hon. and Rev. Henry Charteris at the age of fifty was still an eminently handsome man.

Only one detail in its Vicar's life did Minchester venture to criticize, and that was his marriage—an event already six years old. When the news of his engagement first reached the town, the effect it produced was prodigious. But when a few weeks later, the bride herself appeared upon the scene—beautiful as a flower, and young enough to be his daughter—the loyalty of the faithful was put to a severe test. It trembled in the balance, then by superhuman effort survived intact.

The unexpected had happened, and the man who had hitherto gone scatheless among the rocks and breakers of Love's rough sea, had suddenly succumbed to the charms of a penniless orphan, whose personal history Minchester knew nothing about. He had met her, it was said, during one of his rare holidays—they had stayed together in the same country house, and Fate, the meddler—the muddler—had done the rest.

To Henry Charteris, the poet, and dreamer, it was as though a rush of rosy morning had come to lighten the greyness of his own soul, and if the match was ill-assorted as regards age and temperament, these disparities were surely compensated by the passionate devotion which the country parson conceived—almost at first sight—for his beautiful girl-wife.

Herself, scarcely more than a child, the romance of the situation, added to the surprise of a conquest so unexpected, proved all too eloquent advocates in a cause already half won; and it needed but slight persuasion on the part of sympathetic friends to induce Millicent Graham to accept an offer, which half the women of England would have given their eyes to have received. Whether she could ever love her courtly suitor, as he loved her, she scarcely herself could have said; but certain it is, she both admired and revered what she failed fully to appreciate, and having no former loves to kill, she floated happily into the married life with a whole, though unawakened heart.

THAT a charming young wife, London born, London bred, and possessing a natural love of pleasure, could ever prove an ideal helpmate in steering the vicissitudes of a country parish, neither Minchester nor indeed its Vicar had been so foolish as to imagine. Yet, somehow, everyone—rich and poor alike—loved her. She was so beautiful, so sweet and childlike, that in spite of itself, the heart of the chilly old town warmed towards her, and in the end, voted her unanimously its queen.

As for Henry Charteris himself so long as he might worship his pretty Millicent, bask in the sunshine of her bright young beauty, he asked for nothing more; and when a year later, a baby girl was born to them, the great heart of this man overflowed with joy. It was the consummation of his happiness, and henceforth he lived only for his wife, his child and his work. Never once did it cross his guileless brain that this might prove dull and monotonous to a lively girl brought up in the more exhilarating atmosphere of social life.

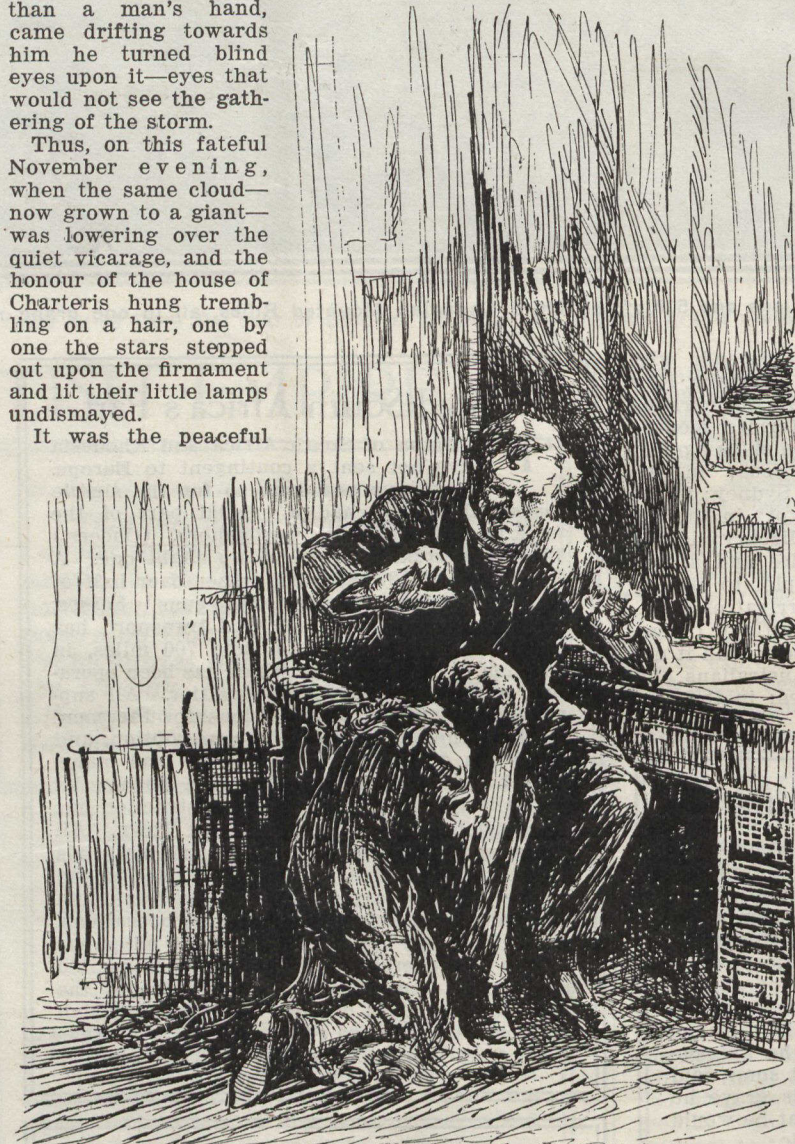
Absorbed in the depth of his own passion, he became narrowed, almost self-centred, and he who knowingly would not have harmed the lowest of God's creatures, became also cruel. It was the old story, the racial warfare between youth and age, the pathetic cry uttered by May to December, that

must go unanswered so long as this world lasts.

Yet he deemed her happy, and bent body and soul to make her so. She never complained, or seemed to prefer other companionship to his own or that of their child, and his trust in her was so implicit, that he flung her almost proudly under the wheels of the very temptations against which he was for ever warning the young and comely of his flock. In his eyes, his wife's beauty was a gift from God to himself—himself only—and he never once stayed to weigh its dangers or measure a few of its fiery possibilities. He saw only the blue serenity of the sky, the glory of the sun at high noon, and when at last, a cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, came drifting towards him he turned blind eyes upon it—eyes that would not see the gathering of the storm.

Thus, on this fateful November evening, when the same cloud—now grown to a giant—was lowering over the quiet vicarage, and the honour of the house of Charteris hung trembling on a hair, one by one the stars stepped out upon the firmament and lit their little lamps undismayed.

It was the peaceful



"Millicent!" he cried. At his voice her head was buried still lower.

twilight hour, when the Vicar was wont to take a few off moments with his books by the study fire, and his little daughter might be seen gravely putting her dolls to bed, with all the maternal solicitude of her five short years.

And Millicent! where was she? Millicent, the beloved, the beautiful! Not in the study, nor the drawing-room, nor yet in her baby's nursery! This could not be she—no, God forbid—this wild-eyed woman, locked into her chamber, penning sheet upon sheet of tragedy and blotting out the writing with her tears. Hark! What was that? An opened door, and then a footfall, and a catch of panting breaths. Someone is stirring in the stillness now, stealing along the corridor, and down the wide, oak staircase. Someone! Someone! . . . Oh, woman, loved of God and man, what ails you, that you must creep like a thief about your husband's house, crouch at his study door, and then dart away into the shadow like a thing of stealth and stain! Back! Back to his feet, his arms, that will open like a paradise of pardon at your lightest touch. Back! young wife and mother, before it is too late! You do not know the blackness of the night into which you plunge or the awakening that must kill your dream when the dawn breaks.

But already her fingers were busy with the fastenings of the heavy hall door, the magic of the moon was upon her, the breath of night in her nostrils, and in an instant she was standing on the red sweep of gravel, looking up into the windows of the home she had left behind. Then a sound reached her—a voice borne downwards through some open pane—the voice of a child, and the child laughed. Only

the sorrowing and sinning know what baby mirth can sometimes mean. A child's tears are harrowing enough, but its laughter can be even more so, oh, how infinitely more! Another moment, and with her hands clasped about her ears, she was fleeing wildly down the avenue of beeches, stumbling, halting, trembling, like a lost petal whirling before the gale.

In the self-same hour, by some strange sarcasm of fate, Henry Charteris was seated by the study fire, reading his Bishop's latest masterpiece—a meditation on the magnificent apology once offered by God to God for the sins of men and women.

"Father forgive them—they know not what they do."

Half a mile away, in a sheltered angle of the cross roads, the flaming eyes of a motor were peering through the dark, and a man might have been seen pacing to and fro, now swearing at the weather, now restlessly looking at his watch, by the light of a cigarette which he held between his teeth.

DOWN the road came the tread of flying feet. There was a sound of snapping twigs, the trailing of a garment over fallen leaves, and he had her safely in his arms, in the panting car, and they were whirling away madly into the night.

"Millicent, my darling! You are mine at last!"

It was the cry of the victor, the man in possession, and he stooped down from his wheel, to the terrified woman beside him, and kissed her once, twice, and yet thrice upon the lips. Dawn was breaking when the lights o' London came in sight and he slowed down under the gaze of those countless eyes, that have seen so much of the gladness, sadness, and madness of this many coloured life.

* * * * *

"Dear Charteris,—An attack of gout has unfortunately laid me low. Will you very kindly preach in my place at the Cathedral tomorrow night? A New Year's sermon, of course—text, 'Faith, Hope and Charity,' etc. Please follow same lines. Cordial greetings (when writing) to your charming wife. I am deeply concerned to learn that she is ill enough to be obliged to pass the winter away from home. How you must miss her! In haste, yours most sincerely,
"Charles Ambrose Minchester."

His Bishop's letter—and the Vicar of Minchester turned and twisted it between his nervous fingers for at least the hundredth time. A messenger had left it at the Vicarage early in the afternoon, and now it was almost eleven o'clock and an answer must be posted that night.

What should that answer be? This was the question he kept asking himself, pacing up and down the study, or sitting moodily in his big leather chair. It was the last day of the year, and though bitterly cold, only the ghost of a fire flickered in the grate. The whole room wore an air of neglect and self-abandonment, and through the uncurtained windows a heavy fall of snow could be seen descending in huge flakes.

ONE glance at the Vicar's face, and the most shallow of observers would have known that winter lay not only upon the earth, but in his heart also. The last six weeks had made of Henry Charteris another man, wiser, sadder, and a good deal older, too. In the first agony of his humiliation he had lain down to die—was fain even to take his own life—but the thought of his mother saved him. "I will arise and go unto my Mother, and will say unto her, 'Mother' . . ."

It was at the feet of this woman of four score years, with the brain of a man and the heart of a child that he redeemed his reason, perhaps also his life. Tenderly, but unflinchingly, she raised the mirror to his soul, showing him his pride, his weakness, and his selfishness, thus mingling wine with the oil she poured into his wounds. The ordeal was a fiery one, but when it was over, he set his teeth, and faced the future like a man. For his child's sake he must stay his hand from vengeance, for the

(Continued on page 15.)

MAINLY PERSONAL

Like Father, Like Son

GENERAL CADORNA, commander-in-chief under King Victor of the Italian army, has already been called the Italian Joffre and the Ven Hindenburg of Italy, and may yet be called names quite as stupidly inappropriate. He has yet to prove that he is not either a greater or a lesser general than any of the great commanders in the field. He is a veteran. He resembles Joffre being up till the beginning of this war somewhat obscure. Joffre was always a great military engineer. Cadorna is a recognized strategist and tactician. He is the son of Gen. Raphael Cadorna, who fought against Austria for unredeemed Italy, and side by side with the British and the French against Russia in the Crimea. He has written books on strategy. He is inclined to the brilliant side, and the success of the Italian army up to the present shows it. He is an iron disciplinarian, and he knows every

change the map of trade even more than the map of Europe. Canada, the youngest great manufacturing nation in the world, will be changed also. And the part that Canada is to play in the world of commerce after the war will no longer be the isolated attempts of individual manufacturers, but a campaign backed by the united personnel and capitalization of the Canadian Export Association. That campaign is considerably the work of F. C. Armstrong who, from outside the ring, was big enough to shoulder an opportunity-organizing idea. And the C. M. A., in carrying out with their great machinery this new propaganda, show that they know how to recognize a good thing and to push it along.

An Exploring Admiral

DUKE OF ABRUZZI, chief admiral of the Italian navy, is said to be a passionate explorer. Some one said of him that he would rather ascend a mountain than a throne. As he is a cousin of the King of Italy, a throne might not have been so far out of his grip in these days of changes. But he found mountains more numerous, and, as a rule, easier to get at. It was the Duke of Abruzzi who got for Italy the furthest north record of any explorer from that country. He did his climbing both in the Polar and the Equatorial regions, where he was the first civilized man to reach the highest peak of the Mountains of the Moon just north of the Equator. When the Duke succeeds in snatching Pola from the Austrians for a nava. base, if he ever does, he will be entitled to feel once more that exalted sense of getting up in the world which he got on the Mountains of the Moon.

King Constantine

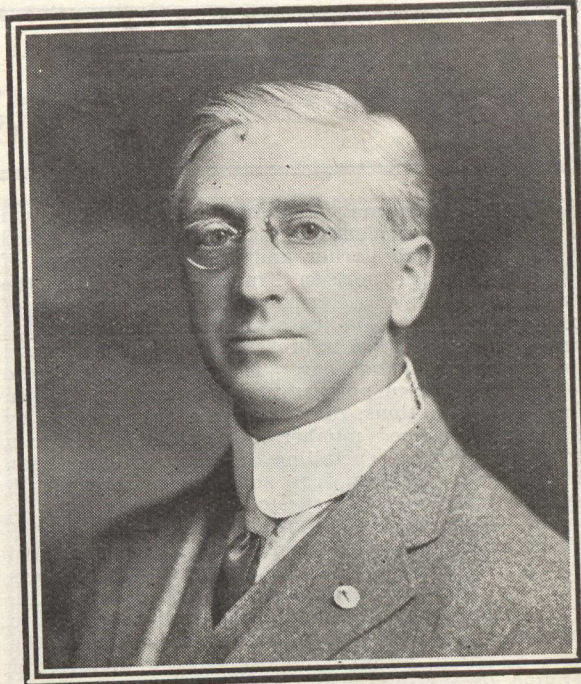
KING CONSTANTINE XII. of Greece is the one monarch whose health is giving the world much concern at present. He is still slowly improving from an illness which threatened to carry him off. He still manages to keep Greece from going to war against Turkey as she was during the second Balkan war, because Turkey is the slave of the Kaiser and King Constantine is married to the Kaiser's sister. His father King George was assassinated by a maniac in Salonica during the second Balkan war in 1913. For family reasons the King would sooner keep Greece out of the war. For popular reasons Premier Venizelos, who resigned some time ago, would rather Greece went to war—not on the side of Germany. For diplomatic reasons the Allies would do nothing to keep Greece out of war, because the people of Greece are anything but pro-Turks. Just now it looks as if the war party, with Premier Venizelos at the head, might carry Greece into war.

New Head of C.M.A.

JAMES HENRY SHERRARD, the president-elect of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, was born a "blue nose," and up to twenty-five years ago was engaged in measuring and weighing merchandise in a general store at Shediac, New Brunswick. One day he boarded an Intercolonial train with a ticket for Montreal in his pocket, and the "Commercial Metropolis" has ever since been his home.

Mr. Sherrard's own particular specialty is manufacturing mattresses, and there is probably no manufacturer in Canada who understands the process better. His manufacturing ramifications are by no means confined to that one particular line of industry, for besides the presidency of the Alaska Feather & Down Company, Montreal, he occupies a similar office in companies located at Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver and one or two other points, in each of whose factories furniture of some kind is manufactured. He is a man who gives much thought to the different manufacturing enterprises with which he is connected. Consequently he is a man of ideas. In the opinion of his business associates he has more ideas to the square inch of gray matter than most men.

Temperamentally Mr. Sherrard is the type of man that tends to secure success in business undertakings. His integrity stands high, consequently he creates confidence; his geniality is outstanding, consequently he makes friends; his powers of persuasion



JAMES H. SHERRARD, ESQ., of Montreal, who was elected last week as President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association for 1915-16.

are exceptionally strong, consequently he is able to induce men to fall in with his views.

Mr. Sherrard is not a man who obtrudes. He would rather a thousand times keep within the shadows than force himself into the spotlight. But he doesn't need to obtrude. His qualities have of late years become so well-known that instead of seeking positions of honour or trust he is sought by them. This is particularly true of his career as a member of the C. M. A. Four years ago he was chairman of the Montreal branch, and at the 1913 convention at Halifax he was put into the running for the high office to which he has just attained, by being unanimously elected second vice-president, although not present at the time. At the convention in Montreal last year he became first vice-president.

As a platform speaker he is perhaps scarcely of the type that sways political audiences. The average political audience wishes to be amused rather than impressed. Mr. Sherrard is of the type that impresses. His delivery is somewhat impassioned, but it is deliberate, lucid, to the point and liberally punctuated with similes and well turned phrases. The speech he delivered before the C. M. A. last Thursday, following his election, was a masterpiece.

BILL IS A CHAMPION "STRAFER."



Germany states that she will hate any other country drawing the sword against her far more than she hates England at present. —From the London Daily Sketch.



A MUCH-WORRIED MONARCH.

King Constantine of Greece has his troubles—a severe illness, a war party that has carried the elections, and a German wife.

hill and valley of the country in which the Italians are now advancing with such spectacular speed. Besides, this fight against Austria runs in his blood. It was Cadorna's father who, in 1848, two years before the present generalissimo was born, headed the advance guard with the instructions—"to march rapidly upon the Isonzo, drive the Austrians from the frontier region, make Trieste his base, cross the Alps and march on Vienna." Gen. Cadorna is carrying out the instructions given to his father. He has advanced upon the Isonzo, has driven Austrians from the frontier, and by his recent capture of Gradisca and Montfalcone is within a few miles of making Trieste his base of operations. The rest of the contract may not be quite so easy. Before Cadorna's legions get ready to cross the Alps and march on Vienna they will probably have a taste of trench warfare; which will test how far Gen. Cadorna is able to pursue the tactics of Joffre in problems of engineering.

Organizing an Emergency

WHEN the Canadian Export Association begins to carry out its programme—a good deal of it before the war is over, but much of it before—it will be turning to practical use the energies of F. C. Armstrong, the Canadian who spent several months shaping the idea among the Canadian manufacturers. Mr. Armstrong is well named for the purpose. He has a strong arm: and he knows how to use it, tirelessly, diplomatically and with great enthusiasm. Most of his life spent in contact with foreign countries pushing sales of goods made in Anglo-Saxon lands, he knows what it feels like to see the goods made by people of his own race winning their way under foreign flags against the hardest kind of competition. Because he has been there as an advance guard, he knows the difficulties and the possibilities. Had the Canadian Export Association been attempted two years ago when Canadian manufacturers were up to the eyes in orders both at home and abroad, it would have had a hard time getting through. When the war came, shutting off a great part of Canadian manufactured exports and reducing the volume of home market trade, it became necessary to see what further and bigger organization might do to put the manufacturers of Canada on a basis to meet the changed trade conditions that will follow the war. The war will

“WAR BABIES”

By THE MONOCLE MAN

THE serious movement in the United Kingdom for the succor and care of “war babies,” and the much earlier and franker movement of the same sort in France—even when the “war babies” have a German father and are born of lust and not love—indicate another point at which this greatest of wars is pressing mankind backward toward primal conditions. There are writers who tell us that veiled polygamy will follow this war in some of the nations, that being the only method by which the reduced number of possible fathers can be prevented from curtailing the number of mothers. The human race has done some queer things with sex relations, under pressure of a great need for population. When population spelled safety—and was regarded as the only possible bulwark against national destruction and individual enslavement—the leaders of many tribes and nations preached the duty of increasing the population without much reference to the feelings of the women, economic conditions, the ideal spiritual joys of monogamy, the dictates of religion, or anything else.

THE cables indicate that the Germans have already thought of establishing something like a baby colony. I do not vouch for this story; but it would be very characteristic of German organization, thoroughness and disregard of feminine sensibilities. It is said that wounded German soldiers, who are incapacitated for labour but not for paternity, are being encouraged to settle in a selected section of the Empire; and that it is expected that devoted German women, who are denied mates or have lost their husbands in the war, will be encouraged to migrate to this section and marry these compulsory “drones.” State funds will finance the colony. This is the story. It may not be true. But such a programme would undoubtedly increase considerably the next German generation—and provide more soldiers for the next German war.

THE debate which is raging in Britain as to what should be done with the “war babies” there, is very significant of the change in public opinion, touching so delicate a subject as illegitimacy, brought about by the titanic convulsions of this tremendous war. We see gentlewomen, usually the stoutest defenders of legitimacy and the sanctity of marriage, usually the first to pour relentless scorn upon those of their erring sisters as step aside from the straight path, now coming forward with proposals to treat these “war brides” as quite an exceptional development, and to rescue their unborn babies at all costs. Some of the women, it is true, are for going only so far as is necessary to save the babies. They deprecate making heroines of the unmarried mothers. But they bow to the national need for a new generation. Only the representatives of the older churches seem to stand steadily by the doctrine that, even in time of storm, the State had better steer by the old compass.

IF this change of opinion is created in conservative Britain, we may look for more startling developments in communities where State necessity is more potent, or where conservatism is a waning or spent force. If the world is to be organized for war—an unnatural and bestial condition—we must expect bestial by-products. This question of birth—if it is to be transferred from the beautiful and idyllic atmosphere of a cherished and beloved family to the pigsty and barn-yard atmosphere of getting the largest litter for “cannon-feed”—will infallibly degenerate to pagan and pre-Christian principles. And birth has a tremendous influence on war. It was in the cradle that Germany won her first victories in this struggle. About level with France, in 1870, she had increased to sixty-five millions, as compared with thirty-nine millions in the years immediately preceding this war. This gave her an advantage of over sixty per cent., and enabled her to more carefully select her soldiers. France could only meet the last army increases in Germany by adopting the murderous three-year term.

NOW, if Germany proceeds, on the declaration of peace, to systematically and scientifically and anti-religiously and non-sentimentally “organize” the business of birth—as she organizes everything else—where will either France or Britain be at the end of another twenty or thirty years if they continue to keep religion in command of the marriage-door, but banish her from command of the marriage-bed? This question is bound to come up if practical Germany points the way to either a human stud-farm or polygamy. It is not at all a question of what we would like or what we believe to be right. We do not like asphyxiating gases. We believe their use to be wrong, inhuman and brutal. And we saw the other day that two leading prelates in the Church of England petitioned the British Government not to descend to the level of the Germans by employing them. But were they listened to? They were not. The iron Kitchener prepared to use them, backed by the judgment of all the Empire.

WE have already seen the prestige of the marriage relation shaken in conservative Britain by the exceedingly minor problem of the “war babies.” Some stand out—right or wrong—but they are a helpless minority. Yet this “war baby” business is a most insignificant affair—so far as population goes—when compared with what the Germans might accomplish by an organized breeding policy. Can they do it? Will they do it? The Germans, under normal conditions, love family life, hate all that this policy of systematic breeding would imply, and are as likely to go in for families, born of affection, as the British. But will the German people live under normal conditions after this war? That is really the root of the problem.

THE naked truth of the matter is that we are fighting, among other things, for the sanctity of the marriage relation. If we can manage to do so thoroughly defeat Germany that we can disarm

militarism or lead the German people to cast it overboard like a fatal Jonah, this whole hideous problem, rising at us like a serpent from the primeval slime, will disappear. But if we leave Germany crouching for another spring—united in a stubborn passion for revenge—still inspired with an insolent ambition to Prussianize the world—we must be prepared to see more laws broken, human and divine, than were ever drafted by The Hague Tribunal.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Breezy Brevities

IF Premier Roblin and his associates overpaid Contractor Kelly \$700,000 and got only \$100,000 back they made a worse bargain than the man who sold gold dollars for twenty-five cents.

CANADA has 12,896,000 acres in wheat this year, an increase of 2,602,000 acres. We have the people to harvest it and the trains to transport, but where are the ships?

BEEF in the carcass is selling in England at a shilling a pound and in Canada at sixpence. This leaves a fair margin for the Canadian exporter. Why doesn't the Government go into the business and thus help to pay our war expenditures? Why let Argentine and the United States get all this trade?

BY the way, would not this be a fine time to ask Great Britain to remove the long-established embargo on Canadian live cattle entering the British Isles? That piece of injustice has existed long enough, and, in their present mood, the British authorities might see their way to remove it.

PREMIER BORDEN will not rush rashly into relief for the unemployed. He wants the mayors who urged action and the provincial premiers to tell him exactly how many unemployed there are and the steps taken by local and provincial authorities to solve the problem.

The truth is the mayors and provincial premiers have done comparatively nothing. The problem is too big and too complicated for them to understand it. All that they have discovered is that the giving of relief increases the number of unemployed.

SIX trusting youths have passed the entrance examination to the naval college at Halifax. Apparently their parents or guardians expect the Canadian navy policy will soon be adopted by the Borden Government.

A WESTERN merchant declares that the Prairie Provinces are now producing enough eggs, butter, and poultry to supply their own needs. This is sudden, but if it be true some of the town-lots may again have a cash value.

THERE are some people in this country now who know just how far and in what direction Bulgaria is from Bukowina, but who would have a geographical nightmare trying to explain how far south Halifax is from Prince Rupert. Geography does not always begin at home.

Canada Can Produce the Goods, But Where Are the Ships?

By JOHN A. COOPER

BEHOLD, fellow-citizen, our country in its hour of greatest opportunity and greatest trial. It is the Hour of Destiny. The past, with all its mistakes, has gone; the future, with all its pressing, insistent possibilities, is at hand. There is only a brief period in which to decide our future course of action.

Our soldiers have been sent across the Great Sea to help the cause of Liberty and Justice—and they have proved Canada's worth in glorious terms on the European battlefield. Shall we at home do less? Shall we be untrue to our opportunity, and our patriotism? War supplies and foodstuffs are important and Canada must supply its share. We must do that for the sake of the Empire as well as for our own economic advantage. But even that is not enough.

The trade of the world is in the melting pot. The course of yesterday's commerce has been altered by war. The new grouping of nations and oceans and ports means a new world's commerce. Already Canada's part in this industrial and commercial adjustment is being determined.

Two or three of Canada's biggest industrial chieftains have gone boldly forth and returned with orders. What they have done reflects credit upon their energy and their enterprise. But there is something more needed. Canada has many factories and diversified products. If Canada is to get its share of this newly adjusted foreign trade, now is the time to make the claim. THEREFORE, THERE MUST BE A GENERAL SCHEME WHEREBY CANADA WILL BECOME A GREAT EXPORTING COUNTRY, AND THAT SCHEME MUST HAVE THE ACTIVE SUPPORT OF THE GOVERNMENT, OF THE RAILWAYS, AND THE LARGER FINANCIAL INSTITUTIONS.

That scheme should originate in the Department of Trade and Commerce at Ottawa. The supplying of reports and information about foreign trade is not enough. THERE MUST BE ORGANIZATION. The manufacturers themselves are forming an Export Association to help all by the direction

of a few experts. This is a wise movement and one that should, and no doubt will, be backed to the limit by the Minister of Trade and Commerce.

To get our food to Britain and our exports to new markets THE GREAT NEED IS SHIPS. The Empire has called most of our big commercial vessels to the transport business, and has sent us none to take their place. Canada cannot export without a merchant marine. Canada has the factories; the factories have the orders; the goods are ready; but where are the ships? Should not the authorities at Ottawa have foreseen that Canadian war munitions and Canadian grain might possibly lie on the docks and go to waste, because there were too few ships?

Supposing Canada gets the greatest crop in its history, and has not enough ships to carry away the wheat and the flour and the bacon and the cheese, what shall the Empire gain? If the ship-owners double the freight rate and drive down the price of wheat to a dollar a bushel or less, what shall we profit? Is it good business that a bushel of wheat shall be worth two dollars in Liverpool and only one dollar in Winnipeg?

All Canada waits for the Government to act—to act quickly and intelligently, as Asquith and Bonar Law and Lloyd George have acted. If the Government does not supply this country with ocean freight facilities at a reasonable figure, there will be a crisis in Canada this autumn. THE TIME TO FACE THAT CRISIS IS NOW. Canada needs a Minister of Transportation, who will restore our merchant marine, who will ensure ocean freight rates of a reasonable character, and who will see that Canada's general export trade is not bottled up by lack of shipping facilities.

A successful handling of the present problem means a development of a permanent nature later on. A successful export trade this year will pave the way for export business on a broader and more permanent basis. This is the ideal to which Canada should work. Hence, the need of the hour is such action as will bring freight-seeking vessels to Canadian ports.

A NEW GAME WHERE "EVERYBODY" GIVES HIS BIT

*Queen Alexandra Rose Day is the Latest Substitute for the Subscription Canvasser for Local Charities—
Toronto Enjoyed it*



Only a few courageous citizens had the temerity to demand change—but they got it.



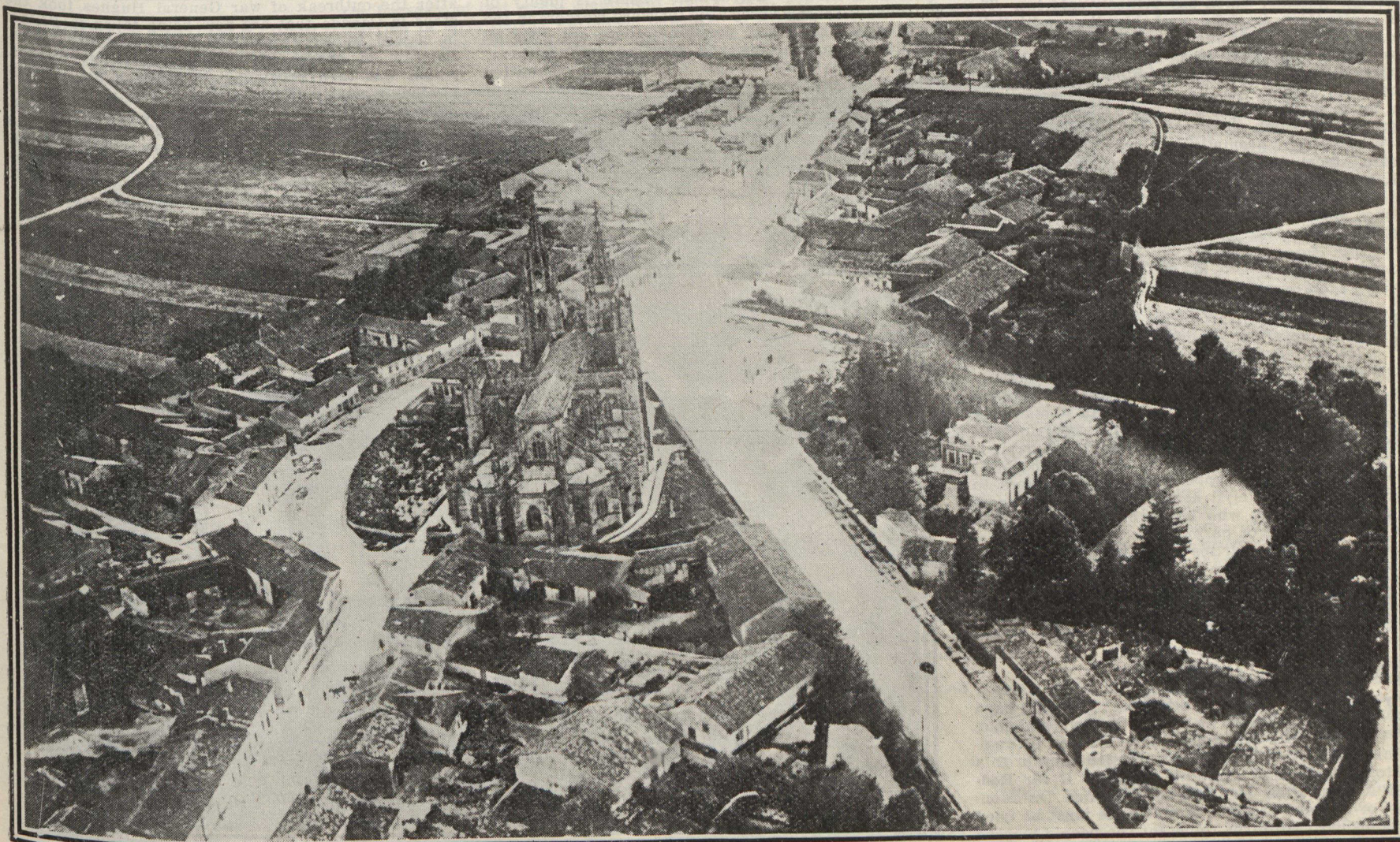
Even our fighting men surrendered to the fair army of flower sellers. Total receipts were over \$21,000, which the I.O.D.E. will divide among nine charitable institutions for children.



The object of the sale is explained to a sympathetic and admiring pedestrian.

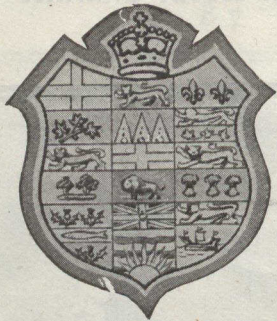
HOW A TOWN LOOKS FROM AN AIR MACHINE

The Air-man Gets More Scenery to the Minute Than Any Other Kind of Traveller in the World



The aeroplane photographer secures some unusual pictures. This one was taken over the village of Lepine, along the firing line in France. At Zeppelin height it would require a telescope to give anything like the detail shown here for the purpose of hitting what is aimed at.

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Patriotism

SHOULD you have a son between eighteen and twenty-six years of age who is not a member of the militia and training for home defence, then you are not a patriot. You may be a pacifist, you may hate war and militarism, you may have religious scruples against military service, but the safety of your property, your family and your country's honour is best safeguarded by having your son set an example to his companions. In Australia, every boy serves in the militia from the time he is eighteen until he is twenty-six; and so it should be in Canada. It is a small and beneficent sacrifice, when universal training spells national safety.

The Glorious Sacrifice

AN estimable Methodist layman, at last week's meeting of the Toronto Conference, explained that in this, the most prosperous district of Canada, there were 24 ministers who received less than \$500 a year, and 47 who received between \$500 to \$700. He explained this by accusing the Methodists of lacking appreciation for the delights of giving.

The explanation is not convincing. The congregations who pay these small salaries are probably giving as much in proportion to their means as the city congregations, which pay princely salaries. The true explanation is more probably the multiplicity of funds and the over-abundance of churches. Better organization and saner ideas at the top would help the first difficulty, and church union would help the second.

In the meantime, why not make the rule that a congregation which does not pay the stipulated salary and pay it promptly and regularly, should be debarred from contributing to foreign missions? Such a rule might work the necessary reform and save many self-sacrificing ministers from being ashamed of the church organization to which they have dedicated their lives.

Ottawa's Patronage List

MR. HENDERSON, retiring president of the manufacturers' Association, congratulates Sir Robert Borden on having abolished the patronage list. Mr. Henderson is a shrewd business man, but it is doubtful if he understands politics. Sir Robert Borden no doubt desires to abolish the patronage list, and so would Sir Wilfrid Laurier if he were premier again. But it is difficult to convince the rank and file on both sides of the House that there is any crime in appointing party workers to the Senate and the civil service, or in giving contracts only to those who have the requisite "pull" with some member of parliament.

The two political parties must be torn to pieces and reconstructed before the patronage list ceases to flourish at Ottawa. Premiers may be idealists, but they often find it difficult to maintain those ideals with followers who possess them not.

The Winnipeg Scandal

WHILE every one will regret that men who have served the state as cabinet ministers should, after years of service, be prosecuted for maladministration, this is no reason for leniency in this Manitoba Parliament Building scandal. If Sir Rodmond Roblin, Hon. Mr. Coldwell or Hon. Dr. Montague, or any one of them, is guilty, he must be tried and punished. However reluctant the people may be to see such men disgraced, it must be if there is any reason for an honest belief in their guilt.

If a bank manager is guilty of malfeasance, he

goes to penitentiary. It must be the same in political life, if purity of administration is to be preserved. Hitherto Canada has been too lenient with political offenders, and the results have been unsatisfactory. The offence in this case has been too bold, too brazen, to be excused on political grounds.

Moreover, the civil servants who carried out orders which they knew were wrong and against the public interest should be tried for complicity. A civil servant has no claim to hide behind a superior when he himself has guilty knowledge.

Purity in public life is absolutely essential to good government, and that purity must be demanded of the appointed public servant as well as the elected servant. It would be disastrous to admit that a deputy or clerk may be excused for wrong-doing because of the orders of a superior.

Sir Charles Davidson, who is investigating affairs in connection with war contracts at Ottawa, should keep this in mind. Junior officials who have assisted in wrong-doing should be punished as severely as those inside or outside who benefited by any wrong-doing which may be discovered.

Indiscriminate Charges

MEN who charge that Canadian public life is corrupt are in duty bound to produce the evidence on which they make their statements. The men who make indiscriminate charges against those in public life are committing a crime if they are not able to substantiate their charges. Indiscriminate allegations do more harm than good. The report made by a committee to the Presby-

THE NEW IMPERIAL CANADA.

What Canada now is and is to become in the Empire is different from anything she has ever been. Theoretical Imperialism is in the melting pot. Practical Imperialism born of a great struggle will be the outcome. Two pages of the current issue reflect this change in the relation of the Overseas Dominions and the Colonies to the United Kingdom. The material on these Empire pages may be useful to speech-makers and listeners on Dominion Day.

terian Assembly regarding political corruption either goes too far or does not go far enough. These gentlemen may believe what they say, and if so they should produce some evidence which will convince the public of their sanity.

Canadian political life is not any too clean, but that political life is more unclean than business practices has not been proved. A candidate may spend money in his election and yet be thoroughly honest and upright. After an intimate connection with elections in the city of Toronto for a period of more than fifteen years, the writer has never discovered a case of corruption. There is plenty of patronage; there are rewards for ward workers in the form of contracts and positions; there are gifts by candidates to churches and sporting organizations; there are payments to men who work in committee rooms; but there is no money spent for votes except perhaps among certain limited classes of foreigners. Even there it is almost negligible.

In rural constituencies there may be some buying of votes, but it is not a common practice. There are men who are willing to sell their votes, but they are seldom sufficiently numerous in any one con-

stituency to decide its fate. Moreover, the "easy mark" candidates usually discover quickly that a purchaseable vote is unreliable.

The greatest danger to the political purity of the country is not the small purchaseable vote, but the negligent preacher, professor and moneyed citizen, who is too selfish to take his fair share in the work of political organization. These gentlemen are the real offenders. They stay out of the political organizations and make an honest candidate's election more difficult than it should be.

If politics are to be kept clean, the men who have the ideals should see that they control their local political organizations. This would be more effective than going about lamenting against a corruption which does not exist or which is almost non-existent. Political patronage and ten per cent. commissions are more to be feared than purchaseable votes.

Protestant Co-operation

FOR two centuries the Protestant Church . . . breaking off into sects—Presbyterians, Methodists, Congregationalists and so on through a long list. A small Protestant population, scattered over a wide area finds this division into sects expensive and unsatisfactory. Now, so far as Canada is concerned, there is a movement towards re-union.

The Methodist Church, through its General Conference, has approved of the idea of co-operation. The Presbyterian Assembly last week affirmed the basis of union, and referred it to its people for a plebiscite. The Congregationalists have re-affirmed their approval. In a short time there will be a national Protestant Church organization.

The economic effect of the approaching union is apparent, but what of the spiritual effect? Will it give a new impulse to Christian work in these Protestant bodies? Will there be greater vision and greater consecration? Most people will answer in the affirmative, and it is well to note that one result of the war is to deepen the spirituality of the people generally because it is clear that material progress is not to be compared in importance, nationally or internationally, with spiritual progress.

The new idea of "the kingdom of God on earth" is being much discussed everywhere, and no doubt the minimizing of sectarian differences by Church Union, as proposed, will help to spread that idea in Canada. Christian influences in private life have been emphasized already, but what religious reformers desire is more emphasis on Christian principles and influences in business and politics.

A Remarkable Tribute

NOTHING more remarkable has ever occurred in Canadian journalism than the tribute of the Ottawa Free Press to the worth, ability, and enterprise of General Sam Hughes. This Liberal paper admits that people thought him insane, and that it has itself poked fun at him. Yet, it says, four weeks after the outbreak of war General Hughes took the steps in Canada that are now being taken in Britain in regard to war munitions. By putting Colonel Bertram in charge of a shell committee, Canada, which was then producing 75 shells a day, is now producing nearly 50,000 a day. Two hundred and forty-seven factories are working on them, and 650,000 have already been shipped. Of General Hughes and Colonel Bertram the Free Press says: "It seems now as though there are in Canada to-day two men whose whole life-training has been such as to prepare them for the present call of the Empire."

SHOULD WOMEN LEARN TO SHOOT?



Among all the allied nations the women are taking an interest in learning to use the rifle. These are Italian society women practising, so that they may help in the defence of the country if need be.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

Red Cross Requirements

No apology is needed for a paragraph or two on what is needed for Red Cross work. We are all concerned vitally in keeping those supplies in satisfactory condition, and the woman who is not so interested is not fit to be a Courier reader. By this time, we are convinced that the war has not ended—that, in fact, the sternest part of it has just begun. For more than forty years, Germany has been storing ammunition, food supplies and a large stock of hatred, and she has ample forces to fall back upon. Efficiency in production and manufacture she has carried to such a point that she can make of war the most complete Inferno which the world has ever seen. This is not pessimistic talk—it is merely facing the facts and preparing to supply future needs.

From the headquarters of the Red Cross Society have come repeated appeals to Canadian women everywhere for money and material. Where there is a branch of the Red Cross, local contributors have a centre for receiving. If you are living in a town or village where there is no Red Cross representative, send direct to the head office at 77 King St. East, Toronto. There will be constant need of dollars and supplies and there must be a steady stream of contributions.

Some of us are not in a position to do the actual work of sewing, but can contribute in other ways. A business woman said, recently: "I cannot do any needlework. My eyes are not strong and office work makes heavy demands on them. I perpetrated an attempt at knitting, but was obliged to give it up. So, I have fallen back on money contributions only, and am enjoying the thought every week of how my 'mite' is helping to give healing and comfort to some Canadian soldier in need."

So, whether in cents or stitches, let us remember the Red Cross every day.

success of Alexandra Day in Toronto, and heartily congratulates you and all those who assisted in this noble effort upon behalf of the great cause of charity.

"(Signed) STREATFIELD."

"Rose Day," the first ever held in Canada, was one of the greatest successes ever achieved by the I.O.D.E. It is understood that other cities in the Dominion are planning a similar day for the benefit

the same institution. Their zeal in matters patriotic affords an example to many Canadian women with more time to spare than the busy "hello girls" of a city such as the Capital.

A Women's Rifle Association was formed last week in Montreal, with an initial membership of over one hundred. The object is to instruct women in the use of weapons, so that should occasion arise they will be in a position to take their share in the defence of their homes and country. The necessity for so doing seems very remote, but the women of Montreal recognize the virtue of preparedness.

That the Victorian Order of Nurses will be in charge of the Convalescent Homes being established throughout the country, has lately been announced by Mr. J. M. Courtney, C.M.G., president of the Order. The nurses will also be available in the cases of invalids who have returned to their respective homes. This new service but adds to the long record of usefulness by which the women of this Order have distinguished themselves throughout the Dominion.

Empire Day was that chosen by Women's Institutes of New Brunswick on which to raise funds for a motor ambulance for the Canadian Division in France. Buttons bearing the patriotic device, "Allied for Right" were sold in twenty-five towns and cities in the Province, with the result that a sum exceeding eleven hundred dollars was obtained. Splendid enthusiasm was shown over the enterprise, and it is hoped that the amount raised will be sufficient to purchase a motor ambulance which will bear the inscription, "New Brunswick Women's Institute"—a tangible testimony of the generous hearts of the people of that Province.



MILITARY WEDDING AT OTTAWA.

On Tuesday, of last week, Lieutenant Henry Bate, son of Sir Henry Bate, Ottawa, was married to Miss Bertha Parmalee, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Parmalee, of Quebec. The bride was attended by her sister Mabel, and the groomsman was Lieutenant Allan Bate, cousin of the groom.

Toronto's Day of Roses

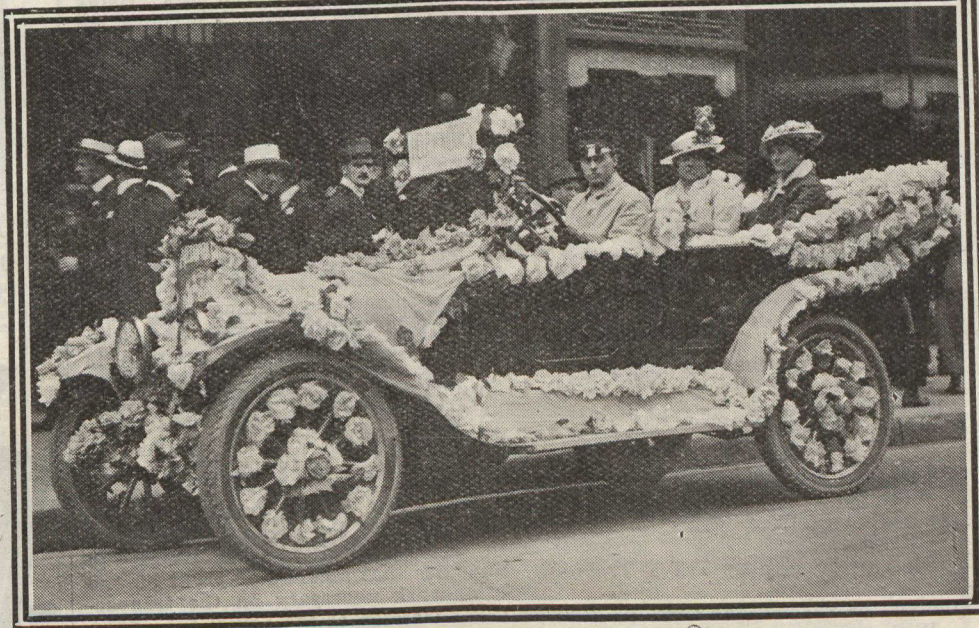
A ROSY glow hung over Toronto on Rose Day. Not alone was the glow a reflection of the flowers themselves, but also from the cheeks of a corps of three thousand pretty girls, in frocks of white and pink, who, marshalled by their fifty captains, invaded the streets at an early morning hour, and from their many points of vantage, and with blossoms (at five cents apiece) as their only ammunition, opened a rosy fire upon the unresisting inhabitants. The city was soon in a state of complete surrender. Every woman wore a rose. So great was the demand for them that the gorgeously bedecked motor cars patrolling the streets were constantly issuing fresh supplies, and the tin buckets into which the offerings went jingled a merry tune of many bits of silver.

The final returns showed that Toronto had contributed to the extent of \$21,206.40. Two thousand of this will be sent to England in payment for the roses, and will be used in the homes for crippled and blind children, for which institutions the day was originally started by H. M. Queen Alexandra. The remainder will be divided among the following Toronto institutions: I.O.D.E. Preventorium, Girls' and Boys' Homes, Infants' Home, Home for Incurable Children, Sacred Heart Orphanage, Protestant Orphans' Home, Hospital for Sick Children, Children's Aid, and Children's Shelter.

On the results of the day being made known, the following cablegram was sent to Queen Alexandra:

"We have the honour to inform you that the first Alexandra Rose Day, given in honour of H. M. Queen Alexandra, proved a great success, realizing £4,000. (Signed) Mary R. Gooderham, president I.O.D.E.; Sara Irving Wilson, regent Municipal Chapter. To this Her Majesty replied:

"Queen Alexandra delighted to hear of wonderful



One of the fleet of five hundred gayly decorated motors which took part in the "Rose Day," held in Toronto, on Thursday last. Apart from their usefulness in forming headquarters at various street intersections, their bright trimmings served as an advertisement for the Day and added much to the festivity of the occasion.

of children's charities, the only purpose for which Alexandra roses may be used.

Echoes of the Week

THE telephone girls of Ottawa are proving themselves patriots of no mean order. Already they have raised funds sufficient to provide a bed in the Duchess of Connaught Hospital at Cliveden, and from the proceeds of the Bazaar held by them in the Racquet Club on Friday evening last, it is expected that several other cots will be furnished

acknowledgment was received by the secretary, saying that Her Royal Highness would take great pleasure in endowing two beds in the Cliveden Hospital, which bears her name, and these beds would be named after the Ottawa Drama League. M. M.

Mrs. McNaughton Manson, author of "Overlands to Cariboo in 1862," has died at Los Angeles, Cal. Mrs. Manson was one of the pioneers of British Columbia, and connected with many women's organizations in that Province. She was President of the Women's Press Club of Vancouver.

Drama League Begins New Year

AT the recent general annual meeting of the Ottawa Drama League, officers for the coming year were elected, these being: The Hon. Martin Burrell, honorary president; Mrs. Madge Macbeth, president; Mr. Lloyd Roberts, vice-president; Miss A. E. Smillie, secretary; Mr. Elmer Campbell, treasurer; and Mr. Du Blois, archivist. The conveners are: Dr. Charles Morse, Educational Committee; Mrs. D. P. Cruikshank, Dramatic Committee; Mr. Roberts, Press Committee; and Mr. W. W. Edgar, Playgoing Committee. There are several other committees to be formed. The financial report for the past year, in spite of the shadow cast by the war cloud, was very satisfactory, showing quite a neat balance in the bank, and the business manager's report on the expenditure in connection with staging Dr. Guthrie's drama, "The Suffragist," was heard with enthusiasm. As pre-arranged, part of the proceeds is to be devoted to some charitable fund, and a cheque was forwarded to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught, who, with His Royal Highness the Duke, had been so gracious as to extend royal patronage to the performance for that purpose. An



Courierettes.

PERHAPS Woodrow Wilson may learn that there are times when a nation can be too proud not to fight.

Mexico gave the United States a great course of training in forbearance.

The Turks and Highlanders escape one worry—that of baggy trousers.

Speaking of coalition cabinets, can you imagine Uncle Sam with one including Bryan and Roosevelt, Champ Clark and Joe Cannon?

German Catholics are praying for peace. They should know by now how they can get it.

Toronto's School Board saves \$15,000 on its coal bill this year. Millennium must be near when coal prices drop like that.

A herd of 50 wild cattle helped the Italians break through strong Austrian entanglements. In other words, the foe was cowed.

It is worth noting that Dernberg's request to the U. S. for safe conduct on the seas was for Dernberg alone.

Germany would take the freedom of the seas from Britain and make it vertical instead of horizontal.

Montreal is in danger of being a couple of millions short in its finances. It might begin the practice of economy by dispensing with its City Council.

The drink question, here and in Britain, continues to be "absorbing" as ever.

Mayor Church, of Toronto, threatened to suspend an official for impertinence, but he lacks the power to do it. So to speak, "Tommy" stepped on his foot.

They are talking of polygamy in Europe to balance up the population. Personally we incline to the view that most men will find one woman enough to support.

Mexico has been advised by Uncle Sam to stop fighting. But those Mexicans will take anything but advice.

Toronto ball team beat the Boston Nationals, world champions, by 5 to 1. Even the worm will turn.

A traveler for a match firm was arrested in Toronto for carrying German literature. Inflammatory stuff for a match traveler to trifle with.

To Be in Style.—"What drove him crazy?"

"He was an architect, and he went insane trying to make plans for a three-cornered summer house with seventeen gables."

This Was a Treat—On Him. "Won't you join us?" he asked of the clerical man,

Who might well be offended at this; But no—they are joined on the orthodox plan,

And \$5 he pays for his bliss.

The Bitter Truth.—Mr. Teeter—Your father has plenty of money, hasn't he?

Miss Totter—No. He had—but he spent it all advertising that he had it.

Moral: Beware.—"Do you know anything about summer flirtations?"

"I once thought I did, but when I tried it the girl married me."

The One Moment.—If there is one moment in her life when a girl does not worry whether her hat is on straight it is when she kisses some fool chap in the summer moonlight

after she has succeeded in getting him to ask her to marry him.

Tough.—The milkman was in a meditative mood. He railed against the cruelties of fate—and the law.

"Strange!" he muttered. "The milk is pure, the water is pure, but when I mix the two they charge me with adulteration!"

Summer in Eden.—"So you like my new gown better than the old one?" asked Eve of her husband.

"Yes," agreed Adam, "it's quite a re-leaf."

War Notes.

Americans may now find a summer trip to Mexico safer than a journey to Europe.

The German apology seems to be an expression of regret, coupled with a statement that they'll do it again next chance they get.

Then, again, we can't help wondering when President Wilson will run out of "note" paper.

Some Torontonians made a terrible fuss about German beer signs, but the consumption of the brands with the Teuton names is undiminished.

"Hate" and "asphyxiate" seem to be the two great words in the German dictionary.

Irish soldiers are said to be good marksmen. Sure, can't an Irishman always make a bull?

Taft says there are worse things than war. Does he mean his nation's neutrality?

"Don't rock the boat," said the politicians at Washington, but the Germans had already torpedoed her.

Why He Sold It.—"I hear you have sold your motor car?"

"Yes—I had to. It attracted an army of tramps around the place."

"You don't say! What were they after?"

"They admired the machine because it wouldn't work."

A Garden Idyll.

Around the garden Johnnie strolled,
As happy as you please;
He saw the pretty flowers and heard
The humming of the B B B B.

He watched the busy insects, and
Grew bolder by degrees;
"I'll just catch one," he said at last—
"That big one I will C C C C."

He made a grab and then his screams
Were borne upon the breeze;
He had been stung, which served him
right,
That tiresome little T T T T.

Indoors he rushed, and there he stood,
With tears and shaking knees;
His mother tied his finger up,
Which quickly gave him E E E E.

Birdology.—Many a man gets up with the lark because he feels like having a swallow.

An Exceptional Case.—A Detroit man has divorced his rich wife rather than live in idleness, as she desired. There are heroes in the world who never saw a battlefield.

The Thing He Fears.—Field Marshal Von Hindenburg, we read, has request-

ed German women to send him no more love letters. It is quite evident that there is something the old warrior is scared of.

Has It?—We are just curious to know whether the abolition of the tight skirt is in any way connected with the prohibition movement.

New Version.—Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard to get her poor doggie a bone, but she could find only a sausage. Towser took it reluctantly, muttering: "Another case of dog eat dog."

Named.—Teacher—How many zones are there on the earth?

Pupil—Five.

Teacher—Right! Name them.

Pupil—Temperate, intemperate, canal, horrid, and o.

Joffre's Mistake.—General Joffre, the French commander-in-chief, says he has not read a newspaper since the war began. If he only knew all the good tips on strategy that the arm-chair warriors had handed out in print, how sore he would be on himself!

Not Workable.—Harry Wheeler, of Chicago, wants to get up a scheme to use peace postage stamps to stop the war.

It would never do, Harry. Somebody would be sure to lick the stamps.

Pity the Husbands.—We note with alarm that women are wearing furs this summer. This looks like another skin game on the part of the furriers.

The Answer.—Somebody asked us the other day, "Why do women want to vote?" We are not a woman, but we gave the best feminine answer we could think of—"Because."

Cuba Conquered.—Now it is the Government of Cuba that is accused of enormous graft scandals. We knew that in the march of time and events Cuba must eventually become civilized.

A Young High Financier.—Rose Day in Toronto developed a new young genius of high finance. A young lad togged in khaki at one of the uptown corners so attracted the sympathetic attention of the young rose maidens that, one by one, they slipped him a rose. He put the roses in his pockets. Later in the day he sold the roses, in competition with the girls—and, of course, turned over the money to the charitable fund.

The same young man lately wanted to buy a pair of rabbits. The price was fifty cents. He was supposed to get the money by pulling dandelions out of a neighbour's lawn. As a matter of fact, he was paid the money in advance. He bought the rabbits. But he didn't pull the dandelions, because he didn't like that kind of amusement. According to his financial scheme, the rabbits were to be turned loose to nibble off the dandelions. In the course of time these rabbits would have other rabbits. And the young rabbits were to be sold for fifty cents, giving the financier that amount of profit on the brain-work necessary on the transaction. Outside of the actual fun of the thing, how much did this young Pierpont Morgan really make on the deal?

Asking Too Much.—French soldiers are now ordered to cut off their whiskers. One would think that the poor chaps were having enough close shaves.

Isn't It Funny?—Isn't it funny how a guy will watch the clock all day until quitting time comes, and then he'll go to see his best girl and sit there all the evening without a glance at the clock?



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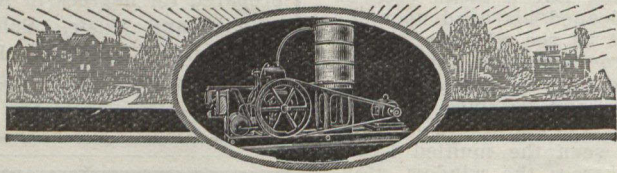
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tered that he almost deemed them the echo of his own thoughts. But before he could turn, she had flung herself Magdalen-like at his feet, and was covering his hands with tears and kisses. Then he knew, and started back as though a knife had struck him.

"Millicent!" he cried hoarsely—"Millicent!" and at his voice her head was bowed still lower, so low, that he could not see her face.

"What do you want here?" he said harshly, "with me?—Is it money?—is it—"

"I have come home, Henry!" she murmured faintly, "I have come home!"

"What?"—and his old pride of race, his burning sense of injury rose flaming in his eyes. "Are you mad, too? Go back to your lover, Madam! Your home is with him, not here. This is the house of an honest man. A sinless child is sleeping above your head!"

"I know," she faltered sobbing. "I know! Oh, for that child's sake, for our baby—have pity on me!"

"Pity!" and his voice was as the lash of a whip—"what pity did you have for me?"

"I am not the wicked woman you think me," she answered desperately. "I swear it, Henry! I have been weak and foolish—see, I ask your pardon on my knees—but not that!—not that—"

A bitter laugh interrupted her. "Henry," she cried, "if you have ever loved me—"

BUT he had freed his hands from her clinging grasp, and striding to the window, stood staring at the snow.

"I was so young!" she pleaded piteously—"so very young!"

"Go back!" he repeated dully, "go back to your lover! Go!"

"I have no lover!" The words were so quietly spoken that their effrontery amazed him.

"You are a liar," he said coldly, and turned upon his heel.

"No! No!" and the words came wildly—with a storm of sobs—"I am innocent—I tell you—"

"Do you take me for a fool, Madam?—the poor fool you once made me—with your accursed beauty—what are you doing here, I say? What do you want? Has that damned scoundrel tired of you already—has he turned you out adrift?"

"I am innocent!" she murmured, not heeding the cruel inference—"innocent!—innocent!"

But the iron had entered into his soul.

"Listen!" he said pitilessly. "You are not so 'innocent' as to have forgotten that there are paid men and women whose trade it is to hunt down social vampires, such as swindlers, adulterers—"

"Stop!" It was she who commanded now—the weak girl-woman, who called to account the grey-haired man. "I have wronged you," she continued eagerly, "have I not confessed it at your feet?—wronged you in thought, perhaps also in word, but in deed never!"

"But you were followed!—seen with that man—actually seen with him in London!"

"At the railway station, yes, but never beyond! Did those whom you paid to track us stay to see me flee from him?—flee like the poor lost soul I was—did they see that too? Answer me!"

"Flee?" he echoed incredulously—"flee! But why?—where?"

"Anywhere," she answered bitterly, "anywhere where he could not follow—out of the world, if I had known the way."

There was a moment's silence, one of those rare pauses, which we all can remember at least once in our lives. The Vicar was the first to recover himself. "May I ask," he said with strained politeness, "to what you attribute this sudden miracle of conversion, this eleventh hour awakening?"

"To a little child, Henry—the sweetest miracle of all."

"A little child!" He was listening hungrily too.

"Yes! a poor beggar-child. I was standing for a moment alone, in the rush of the busy station, and an old woman came and begged of me. She had a child by the hand, a little girl,

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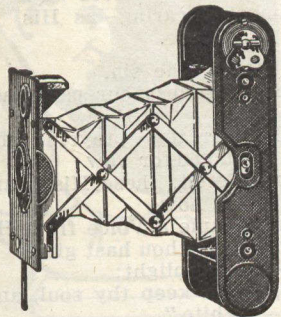
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and, oh, Henry—her eyes were so like Girlie's, only they were full of tears. 'Give the lassie a penny, lady!' she kept saying to me, 'her mother's a bad lot—has run away and left her'—and then—then—the little creature just looked at me, and I knew what I had done, what I was doing—what I was going to do—"

"And then?" Oh, the world of meaning bound up in those two short words.

"Why then, I dropped some money in her hand, just stopped to kiss her, and fled away—away—out into the night—in the din and turmoil of those dreadful streets—"

"Leave off lying!" he interrupted passionately—"all this was six weeks ago! Where have you been since?"

"In the hospital. I have left it only to-day!"

"The hospital! Good God!"

"There was an accident," she said shudderingly—"they told me afterwards—the lights blinded me—I was terrified and mad—I must have run headlong among the traffic—under the horses' feet—they said I was picked up all crushed and trampled—more dead than alive."

"Is this true, Millicent? No! No!—I was forgetting—"

"It is true!" she told him firmly.

"Ask the doctors, ask the nurses, if you doubt my word. For many days I was unconscious, and when I awoke my memory was gone. I could remember nothing—no one—not even my own name. They wanted to send for you—tell you—but it was all gone. Then last night I dreamt of Girlie—thought I heard her calling—and everything came back—everything—and I—I have come back to you!"

The last words were spoken very sweetly, and she raised a timid hand to his arm.

"Don't touch me!" he cried repulsing her, "what of your fellow sinner? What of him?"

"I do not know!" she said sadly, "and I do not care."

"You have seen him?—heard from him?"

"Never! so help me God! You turn from me! Is it so hard to believe?"

"I dare not!"—the words were spoken miserably enough. "Why have you come here?"

"I could not keep away. I want my child."

"She has forgotten you by now!"

"No! No! it is not true," and she burst into an agony of weeping. "Let me go to her! I will! I must!"

"Never!" he said quietly, and set his back against the door.

"But I am her mother!"

"She has none!"

"I am your wife!"

"My wife is dead!"

"Strike me! Kill me!—but let me see my child. Let me kiss her as she lies asleep!" But he only shook his head.

"Is this your revenge, Henry Charteris?"

"My justice, Millicent!"

"Do you call yourself a Christian?" she cried in her despair.

"I am what you have made me," said he—"a stone."

"And I am what God has made me—a mother!"

SHE had risen to her feet now, and stood erect, and he had moved away from the door, confronting her.

The eleventh hour was already on the wing, the Old Year passing, and the Boy-King ready to take his place upon the throne. "Le Roi est mort! Vive le Roi!"—and the bells were waiting to ring in right merrily. Over the snow, the first faint chimes came pealing, and at the sound, Millicent Charteris raised her eyes, her hands, her heart.

"Henry!" she whispered—"Husband!—the bells!—the New Year Bells!" But he neither looked, nor spoke. His soul was far away, and covered with the bloody dust of battle—the battle he was waging with his pride, his conscience, and his passionate heart of man.

Then a strange thing came to pass—just one of those lovely touches of divine magic, which alone know the way to gild the edges of the thunder clouds of life. The study door opened unexpectedly, and a tiny girl stood within it, her "nighty" falling round



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her like an angel's robe. There was sleep in her eyes, but mischief in her heart, and she came tripping across the floor, with the air of a baby queen.

"Teddy and me's come to hear the bells wiv you, Daddy," and her cheery little voice had an authoritative ring about it which under happier circumstances, must have raised a smile.

"We've run away from Nurse, and she's asleep." And with a delighted chuckle she resumed the motherly task of rocking in her arms a shapeless creature which had once been a tawny Teddy Bear. But something in the chill of the room, or its strained atmosphere, must have troubled her, for with drooping lips, she made straight for her father, and caught him by the coat.

"I isn't a bad Girlie, is I?" she asked innocently, and with infinite tenderness he took her to his breast.

"No, no!" he assured her soothingly. "Girlie must let Daddy carry her quick to bed, or she will get ill, and then what would Daddy do?"

She had just nestled on his shoulder, when a sob came from somewhere among the shadows, and with a cry, a struggle, the child slipped to the ground. She had seen her mother!

What was Teddy Bear to her now? What even her Daddy? Uttering a shout of baby joy, she flew to her side, just as some little fledgling might fly to its parent bird, and burying her face among the folds of the heavy cloak, she burst into a passion of tears.

"Mummie! Mummie!" Nothing, more! Only that one God-blessed word, which embodies all the needs, the hopes, the Heaven, of a little child.

To Millicent Charteris this moment was one of untold agony. She could only kiss the pretty lips, the eyes, the hair, while her husband, with shaking hand, signed her to be gone.

"For the child's sake!" he brokenly entreated—"for your own—for mine!"

But the little child who was to lead them had decreed otherwise. Girlie had inherited amongst many good things an ample endowment of her father's strength of character, something of her mother's sweetness, and a lively intuition—the last a gift from the gods. In less time than it takes to tell, she had grasped the situation—Daddy was sending Mummie away, and Mummie was crying—that was enough.

The next moment she had spoken, spoken ex cathedra too. Here was a natural self-willed child whose law was her own warm heart. She was not the heroine of the story book or the cheap drama, therefore her gestures were few and her diction simple.

She merely faced her father with her chubby fist clenched.

"Mummie mustn't go," she cried defiantly. "Girlie wants her!" and the words died off into a piteous wail. "Girlie wants her—ever so bad."

"Henry! For God's sake!" It was Millicent who spoke, but her husband's lips only moved dumbly and she saw a tear go rolling down his face.

"Hal! Hal! Speak to me!"

And this time her hand crept up to his arm—his neck—and his own hand caught hers tenderly and raised it to his lips.

"Millie!" he said tremulously, "I also have been wrong. Forgive me, and ask the God of little children to forgive me too."

Then he gathered them both—wife and child together—into his arms. And the child laughed.

Chant Triumphant

By Agnes Grozier Herbertson.

GOD gift our arms with speed:
God gird our hearts with prayer:
If ever Heaven's trumpets sounded to a deed,
They cleave the air
For the answer that we give to this day's need;
Righteous and true,
God calls our honour His for what we go to do.

If all the flower
And fineness of life were crammed
into one hour,
And the heart that bore it turned to
highest bliss,

There would result no work of greater power,
None dearer to God than this
We offer in the lives we hold or lose—
Almost uncaring—as His love may choose.

Whatever the sin,
The foolishness our past has gathered in,
Whatever the prayers unsaid, the asked-for vow
Untended; these His heart forgives us now.

There came a Voice from Heaven:
"Thy body thou hast given
To me for plight;
Lo, I will keep thy soul, and wash it white."

If ever there were a day
That called a man to cast slight things away,

Gave him his manhood and his conscience knit,
A stand for right and all to risk for it:
To assault the wrong
With noble purpose passionate and strong:

A godlike hour:
Sublime occasion: all-stupendous power:
This, this that day is: and it is our dower!

God lead our arms aright:
God grace our hearts alway;
If ever Heaven's trumpets sounded to a fight,

They sound to-day
For the answer that we give to foulest Might;

Steadfast and sure,
God calls our honour His, and it shall still endure!

—London Chronicle.

The Newest Hate

(By Wireless from Berlin.)

YOU have heard the tale of the German hate
For the impudent folk of a minor State

Who adopted an attitude quite absurd
And expected Kultur to keep its word.

You have heard of the deeds of "frightfulness" done
By the ravening hordes of the furious Hun

In the hope that the victim's heart might tire
Of torture and murder and rape and fire.

Till that little nation was overthrown
We had one foe and one alone,
Belgium!

But when England ventured to take a hand

A hate of a highly superior brand
Was promptly distilled in Kultur's heart

For those who could play so vile a part.

Of the race who could stand by a weaker friend

We declared our intention to make an end,

And our poisonous gas with its reek and smart

Is mild to the hate that possessed our heart.

We advertised freely to make it known
We had one foe and one alone,
England!

And when Italy threatens our land with war

We intend to surpass ourselves once more;

By this, our latest if not our last,
All previous hatreds will be surpassed.
'Tis a hate no language could e'er express;

The world must imagine it more or less,

A hate of which even the merest hint
No decent journal could ever print,

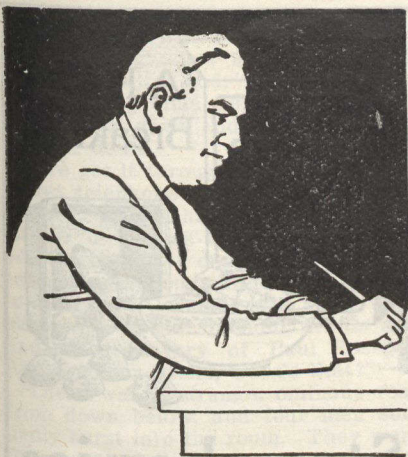
A hate that permeates every bone!
We have one foe and one alone,
Italy!

(To be continued as occasion offers.)

—London Daily Mail.

Convincing Evidence. — Coroner—
"We found nothing in the man's pockets, ma'am, except three buttons, one handkerchief and a receipted bill."
Sobbing Inquirer—"A receipted bill! Then tain't my husband."—Tit-Bits.

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went to the front and stayed there, because the skid-resisting surface forms a permanent part of the tire. T. 106

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

The Financial Outlook

MEN who have had charge of finance which has been intimately related with the London money market are feeling gloomy about the outlook. They foresee that it will be a long time before Canadians will be able to borrow money in London as freely as they did previous to August, 1914.



COLONEL THOMAS CANTLEY, General Manager, Nova Scotia Steel Co., who has recently returned from England, where he was looking into the munitions problem.

This will handicap, they claim, the Canadian loan companies, railways, municipalities and larger industries.

Perhaps these men are right, and then again they may be wrong. It may be the best thing that ever happened to Canada that the supply of money from Great Britain is cut down. It will not be cut off altogether, because the shrewd Scotch and English investors are still sending a portion of their money over here to be invested. The less shrewd investors have withdrawn and the "wild-catter" has now no chance in Great Britain. The boom in suburban property has gone bust, except where there is real merit. The "way-out" subdivision has disappeared, and the man who made easy profits by deceiving the people here and in England have turned their attention to honest labour or war contracts.

The chief effect of the closing of the British money markets to Canadian speculators and Canadian borrowers is the opening of the United States money markets. Canadian municipalities are now borrowing in the United States. The investors over there know Canadian conditions pretty well, and they will take the best securities. They refuse the poor stuff which was formerly put over in London with a touch of patriotism. This is all to the good. Moreover, the Canadian railways are beginning to touch the United States reservoir of gold. It is said that the Canadian Northern is likely to float some of its securities there. Hitherto, only "equipment" bonds have gone south.

When peace returns, Canada will have two money markets to exploit instead of one. Both New York and London will be open to the Canadian who has profit-paying ventures to float.

Greatest of all good results is the economy which is being practised at home. The foolish investments are being cleared up and cashed in. The better investments are receiving attention from people who once demanded twenty per cent. profit and are now satisfied with five or six per cent. The banks, like the private investors, have nipped off the speculators and are paying more attention to legitimate industry and commerce.

This clean-up process is hard on many people. It is making lots of rich men poor. But it is putting business and investment on a more solid basis.

The C.P.R. Dividend.

SOME doubt has been expressed as to whether C. P. R. will continue to pay the ten per cent. dividend which it established in 1911. The fiscal year closes in June, and it looks as if the dividend will not be earned in full. There is a big reserve, quite sufficient to maintain the dividend for some time if the directors wish. Last week the stock touched 150, lowest since 1908.

Whether the dividend is cut or not, the Canadian with money to invest will not likely get C. P. R. stock at a lower figure than he can get it now. Three years hence, in all probability, this stock will again be worth over \$200 a share.

English Sovereigns Are Cheap

HOW to make money by taking advantage of the present low exchange rates may be illustrated. A capitalist in Canada has some money to invest. He decides to buy British Government bonds to the extent of about \$100,000. He orders them in London and they are sent over. To pay for them he goes to a bank and buys British "exchange"—quoted in New York at \$4.78. He gets bonds to the value of £20,000, redeemable in British sovereigns. He pays for it 20,000 times \$4.78, or \$95,600. After the war is over he gets 20,000 times 4.87½, or \$97,500. The profit is thus \$1,900, aside from the rise or fall in the price of the bonds.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR.



The Grain Growers' Guide publishes this cartoon in a recent issue to show that on the product of the farmers' toil all business interests depend.

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The Passing of a Throne

A Powerful, Personal Narrative Concerning the Unparalleled Drama of the War

CHAPTER LI.—(Continued).

By FRED M. WHITE

"THE Kaiser could have stopped it," the man cried. "He could have prevented war. He knew that Serbia had humiliated herself in the dust; he knew that she was prepared for further punishment. But he forced the war on, and then, like the coward that he is, went whining to Christianity and taking God to witness that this trouble had been forced upon him, the blasphemous liar. I tell you that he brought about all this bloodshed and misery and designedly as a bird builds her nest. Did he not boast that he was prepared to lose a million men to bring Europe to his feet? You can multiply that million by two. There is not one house in Germany that does not mourn its slain to-day. There are thousands of houses in which not one man remains. So let that devil stand in the dock with the rest, I say. Strip him of his uniform and his gold lace and silver helmet, take away all the bits of ribbon and tin breastplates he likes to hang upon his coat, and let him stand there in the dock with the rest in a dirty shirt with a crust of bread that he has picked up out of the gutter between his famished lips. To Hell with him."

All this in a loud voice in the Freiderich Strasse as if it had been some sermon thundered in a clarion voice from a pulpit. Just for a moment Rosslyn's guide had forgotten himself, just for a moment he was speaking from the bitterness of his heart. All around him the gaunt, hollow-eyed crowd jostling and streaming down the streets turned to listen and applaud. Here and there along the pavement were the soldiers in soiled and ragged uniforms crawling along listlessly their eyes brooding and vengeful. For the most part they were almost without boots, and their filthy feet bulging through the burst soles. And some of these, as Rosslyn could see by their facings, belonged to the famous Prussian guard.

The shops were closed, there was practically no place of business open. The women, too, were conspicuous by their absence, so that there was no great show of mourning save that nearly every man in the crowd wore a black band round his arm.

Here was Nemesis, here was the bleeding heart of a nation torn open so that the onlooker could see how vital was the wound. Hard and stern as he was, hating the system that had brought this about as he did, Rosslyn was moved to an infinite pity.

"I am tired of this," he said. "Take me to the Royal Palace at once. It will not be my first visit there. And how different the circumstances are!"

CHAPTER LII.

The Real Day.

THIS was a very different Royal Palace to the one that Rosslyn had last visited. All the extravagant hangings, all the pictures and objects of art had been removed till the great rooms were as bare and gaunt as those of a barracks. But every room was occupied now by scores of earnest men writing at desks and tables. Every one of them seemed to have some appointed task and everything seemed to be moving quite smoothly. In one of the inner apartments usually devoted to the personal staff of the Kaiser, Steinitz and Leroux sat busily engaged on the large map in front of them. They jumped up with exclamations of pleasure as Rosslyn entered.

"Now this is a glorious surprise," Leroux exclaimed. "We had an idea that you would come to our assistance. We felt certain that a copy of one of our newspapers must reach you sooner or later. Oh, yes, all the Berlin press are on our side now. And the same remark applies to nearly every newspaper in Germany. But the military party is still comparatively strong, and we have had the greatest difficulty in getting the news

past the Frontiers. Now tell me, how did you get to know?"

Rosslyn proceeded to explain. He introduced von Kemp and gave him his due mead of praise. He told Leroux also that he had seen Vera, and how splendidly she had played her part in the great adventure.

"That is good," he exclaimed. "Very good indeed. I am sure you are glad now that we dragged you into this."

"You may be certain of that," Rosslyn smiled. "Now is there anything else I can do for you?"

"You can do a real deal," Steinitz cried. "In the first place you can take the story of the last few days and let Europe know it. For the time being at any rate the war is going on. We see that the Allies are taking no risks, but if they liked to assume a bold offensive now, then the defence on both frontiers must break like a bubble. I tell you our army will not fight. They have had enough of it. There may be a Prussian regiment here and there ready to persist till the last moment, but they are few and far between. Heavens, what fools we have been. We might have become the greatest nation in the world. We might have carried our products under every flag that crosses the seas, we might have had all the ports and marts of the Globe at no expense to ourselves. We might have won in time by sheer weight of money. But that did not please the Imperial Showman who was once so powerful here. I tell you, my dear young friend—"

"YOU are wasting time," Leroux interrupted. "Listen to me, Rosslyn. Russia is helping us. She is sending us food because she knows we must win, and therefore it is not necessary to sacrifice any further lives. There will be no more lives sacrificed if we can only prevent further munitions of war leaving Krupp's Works at Essen. We want to cut off the output of guns and ammunition there, and if we can do that the war is automatically ended. The people there are on the Kaiser's side because they are being paid enormous wages, and because the food supply stored there keeps them in every luxury. There are forty-five thousand men in those factories, and their wives and children, who live in the suburbs, have nothing to worry about and no anxiety. Now look here. I don't suppose there is an aeroplane in Germany at the present moment capable of flying, and if there were we have no petrol. Now don't reply without thinking. But you must see for yourself that if you could drop a dozen bombs on the Essen arsenals not so much as a cartridge could leave there for months. You might be brought down, you might be killed, but if you succeeded, then, almost single-handed, you would have put an end to the cruelest war that the world has ever seen."

Rosslyn's blood flamed at the mere suggestion. Here was an exploit after his own heart; here was a chance of covering himself with everlasting glory. He did not hesitate a moment; he was ready now to run the risk.

"I'll do it," he cried. "I am grateful for the opportunity. I believe I can carry at least four hundred pounds weight of explosives. Of course, I could not carry a passenger. The question is, have you the explosives? If so, I could be off in an hour."

Steinitz rose excitedly to his feet.

"The bombs are ready," he said. "They are in my house. We will go and find them now if you like."

Rosslyn would have asked nothing better. An hour later, with the bombs attached to his aeroplane, he shot up into the air in great wheeling circles until he was eight or nine thousand feet above the capital. There were thousands of curious eyes that watched him start, but none of them stand-

ing down below guessed the meaning of that flight. He had with him his glasses, together with a large scale map, and he knew exactly which direction he had to steer. It was a clear, bright winter's morning, with not so much as a cloud in the sky, and the whole country lay picked out in dazzling sunshine down below him. Then he turned to the west and darted like a great bird of prey on his errand of destruction. It was no great distance that he had to go—not more than three hundred miles at the outside—and at the rate he was flying he calculated that his journey would be accomplished within three hours. He passed over one town after another, an object of wonder and fear to those below him, but he held steadily on his track, till presently the great belching chimneys and huge workshops of Essen lay below him. He poised over the huge arsenal like a hawk that is about to pounce upon his prey. He dropped lower and lower, quite regardless of the storm of bullets flung upwards, for his plane was armoured at an angle so acute that the missiles glanced off quite harmlessly.

Then he took a sheet of paper from his pocket-book and scribbled a message to those below. He weighted this with a couple of pennies from his pocket and threw it down. With his powerful glasses he could see a man climbing a ladder to a roof whereon the message lodged; he saw a little knot of people scanning it, and he saw the women and children streaming wildly towards the suburbs. They were followed presently by the men, veritable army corps of them, for it was useless to stay there and court destruction when one man up there like a speck in the sky held the town and all its mighty output in the hollow of his hand.

Rosslyn smiled to himself as he thought of it. He was measuring his distance now and working it out to an inch with the aid of his large scale map. Then he reached for one of the pear-shaped canisters attached to the side of the plane and dropped it. He saw the dread messenger of death fall like a plummet down, down, until it struck a steel roof at the base of a cluster of tall chimneys. There was a flash no greater to Rosslyn's eyes than would have been made by a heliograph, and no report reached his ears, but he could see that the clump of chimneys had been wiped out and a huge area of shedding burst into flames. The aeroplane circled over the doomed city, dropping those pear-shaped terrors at intervals, and wherever they fell swift and sudden destruction followed. Very soon the great works below were one roaring ring of flame and drifting columns of vapour; then there came an explosion that seemed to lift to the heavens and set the wings of the plane quivering as if they had been smitten by a sudden gale.

A CANOPY of smoke as black as night arose, and for a time the aeroplane was enveloped in it as if it had been some dusky blanket. It drifted eastward on the light breeze, and as it did so Rosslyn could see that his work of destruction had been accomplished. Nothing lay below him but a heap of ruins. With a smile on his lips and a feeling of triumph in his heart he raced back to Berlin. It was still daylight when he folded the wings of his plane and hurried off to the Royal Palace to report what he had done. But the story had already preceded him. The streets of Berlin were crowded with an eager, excited throng, discussing the message which somehow or other had found its way through from Essen. It mattered little to the frantic mob there whether the good work had been accomplished by a friend or a foe. The devil's factory had been destroyed, and the disastrous war was near its end.

Rosslyn pushed his way through the yelling mob until he reached the



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Royal Palace. He had no occasion to be dissatisfied with his welcome there, for he was grasped by the hands almost painfully, and, indeed, it was quite a long time before he was allowed to sit down and describe his exploit in detail.

"We got it through by means of our secret telephone service," Steinitz explained. "We have friends even in Essen. As far as we can understand, you did not leave one stone of the factory standing on another. Some day in the future Germany will know what she owes to the splendid genius and undaunted bravery of Paul Rosslyn. Ah! my dear friend, what's that?"

There was a strange, ominous roar from down below, and four men suddenly burst into the room. They were dressed as civilians, though they wore military tunics and carried rifles with fixed bayonets. Between them was a man in the uniform of a general officer, though all his gold lace had been cut away, and buckled on his side was an empty scabbard. He glanced defiantly at his captors, but his lips were quivering strangely and his eyes were full of fear.

"What have we here?" Steinitz cried. "A prisoner?"

"Yes, Mr. President. We beg to say we have captured Wilhelm Hohenzollern, once called the Emperor of Germany."

CHAPTER LIII.—THE EVENING OF "THE DAY."

ROSSLYN started back. In the circumstances he was particularly anxious that the Kaiser should not recognize him. He had all an Englishman's repugnance against gloating over a man when he is down. The last time that these two had met the Emperor had been in the full flower of his pride and arrogance, and now he was an utterly broken man. There was not a private in the once great German army who would have changed places with him at that moment. And then Rosslyn remembered that during the previous meeting under this very roof he had been disguised, and passed successfully for a German. There was no occasion, therefore, why he should be in the least reticent. He was going to hear something that might—indeed, probably would—change the history of the world.

Already in imagination he could see himself speeding across the North Sea, carrying home the glad tidings that the war was over, and that the world was free.

But all that would come presently. Meanwhile the living drama was moving under his very eyes. He could see the Kaiser flush with rage, and his hand go to his empty scabbard. He bitterly resented the way in which he had been spoken to. But even his superb insolence and threatening demeanour had no effect upon the two men sitting there on the other side of the table.

"Ah! this is good!" Steinitz said. "Where did you find this man? And who brought him here?"

"This is intolerable!" the Kaiser cried. "Are you mad that you presume to treat me in this fashion? And have you forgotten that you are seated there in the presence of your sovereign?"

"If we are mad," Steinitz said, "then it is the madness of despair. It is the madness of a people driven to the verge of starvation by a bloodthirsty tyrant who was only too ready to sacrifice a great people on the altar of his ambition. A few months ago we were happy and prosperous; a few months ago we had the trade of the world in our hands. We did not want war—at least, such of us as come from South Germany. And Saxony and Bavaria thought as we did. But we were blind; we were so engrossed in our trade that we left the leading strings in the hands of Prussia. We did not even stop to find out the truth when the bombshell of war burst in our midst. We were drunk with victory and mad with pride. We did not know then that you and your accursed wolves had been planning this campaign for years. We did not know that you had made up your minds to violate the neutrality

of Belgium in any case. How could we guess that you meant to level those glorious old towns to the ground! We talked glibly enough of making the world quake with terror at the mention of the German name, and we quoted Bismarck with a smile on our lips. You see, we never thought that the Iron Chancellor really meant it when he said that a conquered people should be left only their eyes to weep with. But that was part of your damned gospel. You took it literally, and so did your army. We said nothing in the hour of our peril, but there are thousands of us in this country aghast at the atrocities that you were perpetrating in the name of Christianity. When this war commenced we were a civilized and respected nation; to-day the world turns from us with a shudder, and places us outside the pale of civilization. But that for the moment is not the point. You have not only betrayed the trust that was placed in you, but you have betrayed your own people. You have treated us like children. You have bled us white with taxation. You have taken our money to spend on arms. You have treated us with utmost contempt. You told us we should be in Paris in a fortnight. The months have gone, and now the Allies in the west are far over our frontier. You told us that the Russians were beaten, and that your army would winter in Warsaw. And now the Russians are within one day of Berlin, with nothing but a ragged hoard of refugees to oppose them. You told us how your boasted Zeppelins would lay London in ruins and destroy the British fleet. And yet London smiles proudly to-day, and the British fleet are so far from destroyed that your crown could not purchase a bag of flour in Berlin to-day. But I had forgotten; you have no crown."

THE words came from Steinitz's lips with a bitterness and contempt that caused the Kaiser to flush angrily.

"You have lost your senses," he cried. "My capital is out of its mind. As I was dragged through the streets the people hooted me—hooted ME, the greatest sovereign Germany has ever had. Now, listen—"

"We are in no mood to listen," Steinitz said. "You will understand in time. The German Empire is dead, buried under a heap of ruins, and you are the Samson who pulled down the temple. Not that it matters much, because the house of swords was bound to fall some day. You cannot keep a whole nation in slavery. And Germany has been your slave for twenty-six years. Now listen to me, Wilhelm Hohenzollern. I am the President of the new German Republic. I was chosen for that post by the unanimous wish of every man in Berlin. There are hundreds and thousands of your soldiers here, and they, too, were allowed a voice in the selection."

"Deserters!" Wilhelm said bitterly. "Traitors!"

"What is a traitor?" Steinitz asked. "If he takes part in a rebellion and the revolt is crushed then he is a traitor, and liable to be shot. But if the revolution is successful, then he is a patriot, and may some day sit upon the throne himself. We are all patriots here, if you please. We are not going to be starved any longer. We are not going to watch our womenkind droop and die so that your troops who still follow you may be fed. And when we heard that you and your suite were skirting round the edge of the capital that you dared not visit just now—"

"Dared!" the Emperor cried. "Dared!"

He advanced to the table and smote upon it with his fist vigorously. Steinitz jumped to his feet and glared at the man who had once been his sovereign. Just for a moment he looked like violence.

"Do you challenge me to repeat the word?" he asked. "Were you not implored to come and see us? You have with you a retinue of five hundred men. You had your general staff, your gilded parasites, and your gold-laced hangers-on. Where are they now? They fled before a handful of citizens armed with a rifle, and they left you to be brought here like some disgraced private. And, mark you, it means dis-

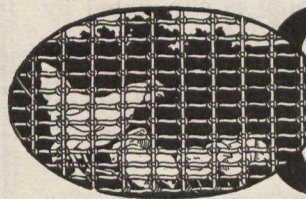


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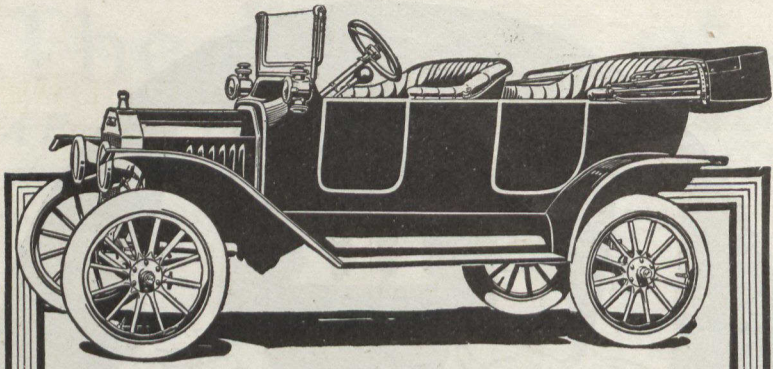
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grace. The Republic has been proclaimed, the movement has spread from east to west, and we can count millions whose arms are ready to back us. You laughed at the movement when you heard of it first; you boasted to your general staff of the lesson you would read to the citizens of Berlin. And they held back the truth from you for their own purposes. But where is the King of Bavaria now? Where are the rulers of Saxony and Hanover? They have gone back to their own people to save their faces and keep their crowns whilst the eagles are gathered together over the spoil. They know only too well that it is Prussia that the Allies are going to destroy to the last stone. We have been prevented as yet from going to the great powers and suing for peace in the name of the German Republic. We have found the means now, and all Europe will know the truth to-morrow. If you are wise you will sign this document that we have prepared for you, and abdicate the throne here and now. It is your one means of salvation."

The Kaiser laughed bitterly. He had made no attempt to realize his position. It did not even seem to occur to him even now that he was a prisoner in the hands of his own people. Not for a moment did the amazing egotism of the man desert him. The people of Berlin had gone mad; they were in the throes of temporary insanity, and they would wake up on the morrow in sack cloth and ashes.

"You are not really serious?" he asked.

Steinitz shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"BERLIN has known what it is to be without food," he said. "We have had to thank our enemies for the bread which is in our mouths to-day. And the enemy is at our gates. It will be no fault of ours if a single shot is fired. And we can have good terms. We shall surrender that useless fleet that you bled us to build—the fleet which is only a menace to England. We shall have to part with our colonies and restore to France her stolen provinces. Our colonial empire, such as it is, has ceased to exist. To Belgium we have to give a hundred millions, and Russia and England will force us to pay the cost of the war."

"And is that all?" the Kaiser sneered.

"And cheap enough, too," Steinitz cried. "Your beloved Prussia will become part of Poland. Your military caste will be deprived of their status and compelled to take up honest work like the rest of us. Do you understand that, Wilhelm Hohenzollern?"

The Kaiser looked around him defiantly. He was trying to grasp the fact that this bitter humiliation was being thrust upon him under his own roof. He could see around him evidence enough of the glory and power of his race, could see it in the pictures and statuary and the hangings on the walls. He could hear it, too, coming up in volumes of sound from the streets; could catch roars of cheers, and presently the regular tramp of many feet.

"My soldiers!" he cried. "My loyal troops! Ah! we shall see who is master in Berlin now!"

"Troops, indeed!" Leroux cried. "But not yours! Look, and you will see the advance guard of the Russian army."

CHAPTER LIV.—WHAT OF THE MORROW?

IT was even as Leroux had said. The streets were filled with a hoard of cavalry, followed presently by regiment after regiment of infantry, each headed by its band. All Berlin had turned out to meet the conqueror, but there was no sign of humiliation or hate or a desire for vengeance on the part of the black masses of humanity below. For the people of Berlin were awake now and fully alive to the way in which they had been treated. They knew that the invader came not in the shape of a conquering oppressor, but as a deliverer after twenty odd years of grinding and military tyranny. They stood for food and safety and the continuation of a great people. They would exact their price, of course;

they would make their nation pay for the sins of their rulers, but they would sleep comfortably in beds, now knowing that there was hope for the morrow. But Germany was not yet dead. She would rise again, like some new and resplendent Phoenix, from her own ashes, once the hand of Caesar was removed.

"Look and see for yourself," Steinitz said sternly. "We are all glad to see those men there, though at the same time the sense of shame oppresses us. But we do not forget that they are deliverers from you and the like of you. And it is not you that they have to deal with. I tell you they will make terms with the German Republic. And when peace comes to be signed here in Berlin the streets will be lined not only with the troops of the Allies, but with German soldiers who are on the side of the Republic. It is the only way to save us from destruction; it is the only way in which we can hold up our heads again. By to-night Berlin will be under the control of a Russian governor. He will send for me and my Cabinet, and he will offer us certain terms. Our task will be much easier when I say that I am representing the German Republic, and that the Emperor has formally abdicated."

"That will never be," the Kaiser cried.

"Well, it makes little difference," Steinitz said coolly. "In that case we shall have to treat you the same way as the French treated Napoleon III. After all, a throne rests entirely on the good-will of the people. You refuse to sign?"

The Kaiser took the sheet of paper lying on the table before him and in a frenzy of rage tore it to fragments. He was beside himself with anger, but all this was wasted on Steinitz and his companion. The former rang a bell and a file of soldiers entered. They did not quail before the man whom they had once looked upon as a connecting link between earth and heaven; they merely turned to Steinitz and obediently waited his orders.

"Take the prisoner below," he said. "See that he has what he needs, but do not forget that he is a prisoner and a traitor to the Republic. Now go."

IT seemed almost incredible, and Rosslyn rubbed his eyes to make quite sure that he was awake. It seemed years to him since he had seen Wilhelm in all his pride and power, and yet it was no more than a matter of days. He was sorry and yet glad that Nemesis had stepped down from her high place and grasped this blood-thirsty tyrant by the throat. He could hear the dragging footsteps of Germany's late master dying away in the distance; then his ears seemed to be filled with the tramp of armed men, as they swept, like some mighty machine, through the streets. What would all Europe think when they learned all this to-morrow, he wondered. He turned eagerly to Steinitz.

"You don't want me to stay any longer?" he asked.

"I don't," Steinitz said. "It might be better for you to stay and hear the official terms of peace. Within an hour the Czar's representative will be here and formally demand what they have already suggested unofficially. Of course, we shall accept them; indeed, there is nothing else to do. To think that I should live to be actually glad to see a foreign army in Berlin! Well, it is no disgrace to us. Our army has made a big fight, and the German is as good a man as ever. But we need not go into that now. What we have to do is to make as honourable peace as possible and start building up the empire afresh. You had better stay here and see what happens. And if you want to go back to London to-night there ought to be nothing to stop you."

The hours dragged on, and more and more troops pouring into Berlin—Russian soldiers and the German troops pushed before them, to say nothing of the thousands of men in uniform straggling in from the western frontier. These for the most part were in uniform, ragged and tired and half starved, and ready to barter all they had for a mouthful of food. They came unarmed; they came with stories

of disaster in the north and west; narratives of big guns abandoned in a wild flight for home and the desire to throw in their lot with the new republic. Russian and German stood side by side in the common bondage of humanity; field kitchens had been set up in the streets, and the starving troops were fed by their well-equipped foe. There was no sign of strife now, for passions had been worn threadbare, and the lust of slaughter had trickled away till the stream no longer ran.

All this Rosslyn watched from the windows of the palace, where he lounged, smoking his cigarettes in rooms hitherto sacred to the greatest of autocratic monarchs and his supple sycophants. He felt perfectly at home there, rejoicing in the knowledge that he had had so powerful a hand in bringing this about. He was anxious to get back to London now and carry the good news. He waited hour after hour, until Steinitz and Leroux returned.

"It is just as I told you," the former said. "The terms are precisely those I outlined to the late Kaiser, subject to the confirmation of England and France, of course. And now, as I see you are anxious to be off, I will give you a minute of the terms in my own handwriting, and you can go."

"Am I to have the pleasure of taking you?" he asked.

"My dear boy, it is quite impossible," Leroux explained. "My place is here, and I should be a traitor if I turned my back upon it. Germany will know some day the debt she owes to you. Meanwhile you can return to London, and, if you start now you will be in time for these marvellous happenings to appear on the breakfast table of every Englishman to-morrow morning. Give my love to Vera; tell her I am well and happy, and that I will send for her in the course of a few days. Perhaps I will come and fetch her, for I shall have much to do in London. The Englishman is a generous foe, and much of the vast hoards of gold we shall need will come from his pocket."

It was barely dark before Rosslyn set his aeroplane going and circled widely over the city. Then he turned towards the west, and set out on his lonely journey. There was nothing to stop him now, and no peril to fear; and it was barely twelve o'clock before the plane settled down outside its resting-place. An hour later and Rosslyn was setting the telephones humming in all directions. It was no part of his programme to confine his information to any one newspaper, and therefore he found his rooms occupied by a score of excited journalists directly he set foot inside them. For the next hour he spoke amidst a silence that was broken only by the scratching of pencils and the fluttering of notebooks. He told the whole story simply and without embellishment. It was a narrative so thrilling and graphic that it actually gained in strength from its very simplicity. Then, utterly tired and worn out, Rosslyn threw himself upon a couch and slept soundly.

He was out betimes in the morning, and made his way directly to Vera's flat. Already the streets were astir with a wildly excited mob that had already heard the news. It was evident enough that no work would be done in London that day. A few minutes later and every street and thoroughfare was fluttering flags and banners. People were beginning to congregate in vast numbers, cheering and shouting and forming into long processions that streamed through the streets. For the moment, at any rate, all social barriers were broken down. Here was the well-dressed city man arm in arm with the hawker of toys; here was the aristocratic club loungeer hobnobbing with the man who brought the coals. There were thousands of women in the procession, laughing and crying in the same breath—in fact, here was human nature, untrammelled and unrestrained, giving vent to their feelings, as if the years had fallen from their shoulders and they were children once again. For a long time Vera and Rosslyn watched this amazing spectacle as it rolled by in a never-ending stream, until they grew dizzy and turned to

one another for relief.

"I shall be able to grasp it presently," Vera whispered. "It seems too wonderful to be true. And to think that you, with that wonderful aeroplane of yours, should have done so much towards bringing about this wonderful result! If it had not been for you the misery and bloodshed might have dragged along for months more. Ah! Paul, if I could only tell you how proud I am of you!"

She smiled through her tears and held out her hands to Rosslyn. He took her in his arms and kissed her tenderly.

"I have been more than rewarded," he said. "Of course, I am glad and proud, but, after all, you are you, and the rest of it is nothing by comparison. The end is here—"

"But is it the end?" Vera asked. The end perhaps, or only the beginning? But, be that as it might, Rosslyn, looking forward, could see beyond the clouds the first faint streaks of a wide and glorious dawn.

THE END.

In Lighter Vein

The Gorgons.—A Philadelphia school-teacher has lately been instructing her pupils in Grecian mythology. It is the plan to have the children read the tales aloud, and the next day recount them in their own language. One lad, to whom was given the assignment to render in his own language the story of "The Gorgons," did so in these terms:

"The Gorgons were three sisters that lived in the Islands of the Hesperides, somewhere in the Indian Ocean. They had long snakes for hair, tusks for teeth, and claws for nails, and they looked like women, only more horrible."—Lippincott's.

Business Instinct.—One of these peripatetic merchants who deals in the jetsam of the suburban villa, such as old iron, old boots, and rags, neatly scored off an irritable householder the other day—or so the story goes. "Any rags? Any old iron?" chanted the dealer, when the man of the house himself opened the door. "No; go away!" snapped the householder, irritably. "There's nothing for you. My wife's away." The itinerant merchant hesitated a moment and then inquired, "Any old bottles?"

Covered It.—Aunt Mary (visiting in the city)—"I want to hear at least one of your famous grand opera singers and then see some of your leading actors."

Nephew (to office boy)—"Jimmy, get us some tickets for the vaudeville and movies."—Life.

One He Knew Of.—Mr. Deal, the undertaker, was never at a loss for an answer when any one attempted to poke fun at him or his profession. One day a would-be wit, meeting him, remarked: "Yours must be a grewsome business, Mr. Deal. I suppose you undertakers never look at a man without wishing him dead?" "You are mistaken," replied the undertaker. "I know some people whom I would be perfectly willing to bury alive!"

Pretty Bad.—Commander—"What's his character apart from this leave-breaking?"

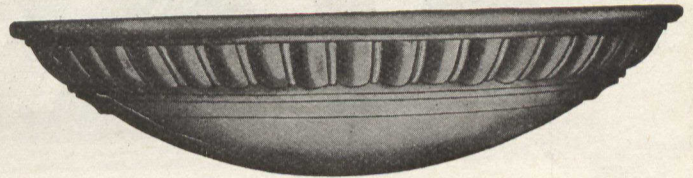
Petty Officer—"Well, sir, this man 'e goes ashore when 'e likes; 'e comes off when 'e likes; 'e uses 'orrible language when 'e's spoken to; in fact, from 'is general behavior, 'e might be a officer!"—Punch.

Saved.—Mrs. Farmer (just back from the county fair)—"Well, Abner, we've all had a narrer escape from being eaten alive! They had a wild cannibal Igorote at the fair, and if it wasn't the same feller that helped us hay last July!"—Harvard Lampoon.

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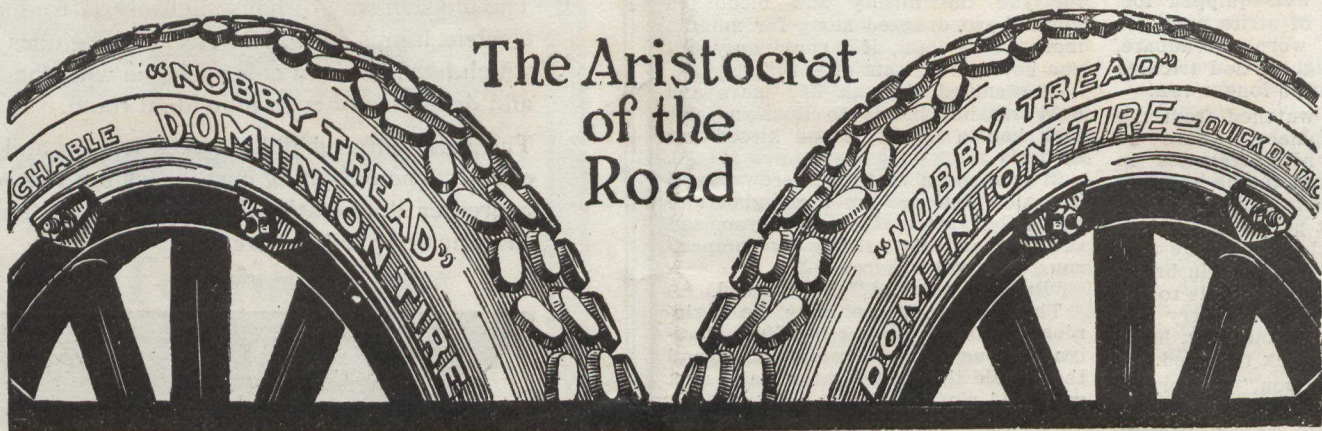
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