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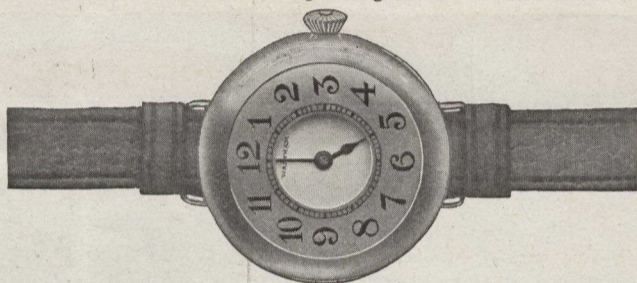
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 COURIER**
The National Weekly



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PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS

Sidelights on What Some People Think the World is Doing

FALL fairs are with us again. Blessed are the people that can go to the fall fair, and much to be pitied for a season are those who have no such thing. Harvest is the greatest product of the earth. A prize pumpkin and a patchwork quilt are among the great art-works of nature and of people. The fall wheat is sown. The corn is ready to shuck. The strawstacks stand up fresh behind the barns with splashes of chaff on the roofs. The farmer's wife has bottled her catsup and done down her peaches. The hogs and the chickens and the turkeys are abroad in the stubble fields picking up the last heads of wheat left by the reaper. The woodpile once more comes in for overhauling. The cider barrel begins to gurgle. The apples are picked. And the first faint tinge of autumn colour comes on the thin straggled lines of the distant bush. Then let us all, or as many as possible, tog up and go to the fall fair—for it is the place where everybody forgets his own failures in observing the beauty or other people's efforts.

HOUSTON STEWART CHAMBERLAIN is a remarkable case for students of international pathology. H. S. C. used to be an Englishman. Some years ago he became infected with a notion—somewhat shared by such eclectic Englishmen as Lord Haldane—that Germany was the only land on earth where the soul of man could find free expression. This clever and captious Briton fell an easy prey to the Germanic illusion. He married a daughter of Richard Wagner, the man who used great music to illustrate the fact that German supermen are the key-keepers of the great halls of Valhalla. No doubt Frau Chamberlain shared her eminent father's hallucination. No doubt she succeeded in warping the anxious soul of the searcher after pure truth, Herr Chamberlain. Now Herr H. S. C. has become a rabid anti-Briton. He has written a book called "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century," of which the Kaiser alone is said to have ordered 80,000 copies. Good business for Herr H. S. C. No English monarch would ever have bought 80,000 copies of a work vilifying Germany. Now along comes the North American Review with an article by Herr Chamberlain in which that acrobatic renegade tears to tatters his native land. He says that the social fabric of England has been "seduced into a devotion to war, trade and piracy," and that "all culture—religion, education, art, law, social customs—must, if it is to penetrate the entire nation, have as its postulate a unity among the people so that the humblest people may share it. It is needless to point out how fully this condition is fulfilled in Germany. In England we find nothing of the sort." That is, of course, since Mr. Chamberlain left England. Had he stayed there and married an Englishwoman he would probably now be ventilating the horrors of German culture. Some men are born to be renegades. Chamberlain is the case of a good egg gone rotten; and the better the original egg the rottener it gets when it becomes a renegade.

A REPORT of the dedication of the new Knox College, at Toronto, printed in the Toronto Globe, speaking of the military noises on the campus mingling with the voices of the speakers within, said, "The apparently incongruous juxtaposition of these two elements in human nature clashing upon this occasion must have struck many of those who sat in the silence of Knox College, surrounded by the latest and most beautiful expression of mediaeval art." That reporter must have been studying for the Presbyterian ministry.

SOME people persistently believe—and the belief has again been recently reiterated in print—that at the retreat from Mons angels appeared over the British troops. Those angels are believed

to have been responsible for the safe retreat day after day before the attempted march upon Paris and before the German rout at the Marne. Many stories have been told by survivors of that retreat circumstantiating the apparition of angels. One of these is told by a lance corporal now in an English hospital, who says that in the retreat at Mons he saw in mid-air a strange light which became brighter until he could make out three shapes, "one in the

ANOTHER ARMY EXPERT



This is not a Nova Scotia horse getting his age limit determined by his teeth, but a real war horse at the front getting his teeth filed so that he can enjoy his meals better.

centre having what looked like outspread wings; the other two were not so large, but were quite plainly distinct from the centre one. They appeared to have a long, loose-hanging garment of a golden tint, and they were above the German line facing us." Other stories more or less vaguely corroborate this. Some people call them mere hallucinations. But suppose they were; why should not the hallucination itself be regarded as a reality? Whenever a body of men, or even one man, is able to perceive by any kind of sense, sixth or otherwise, apparitions that have shape, action and colour, those apparitions

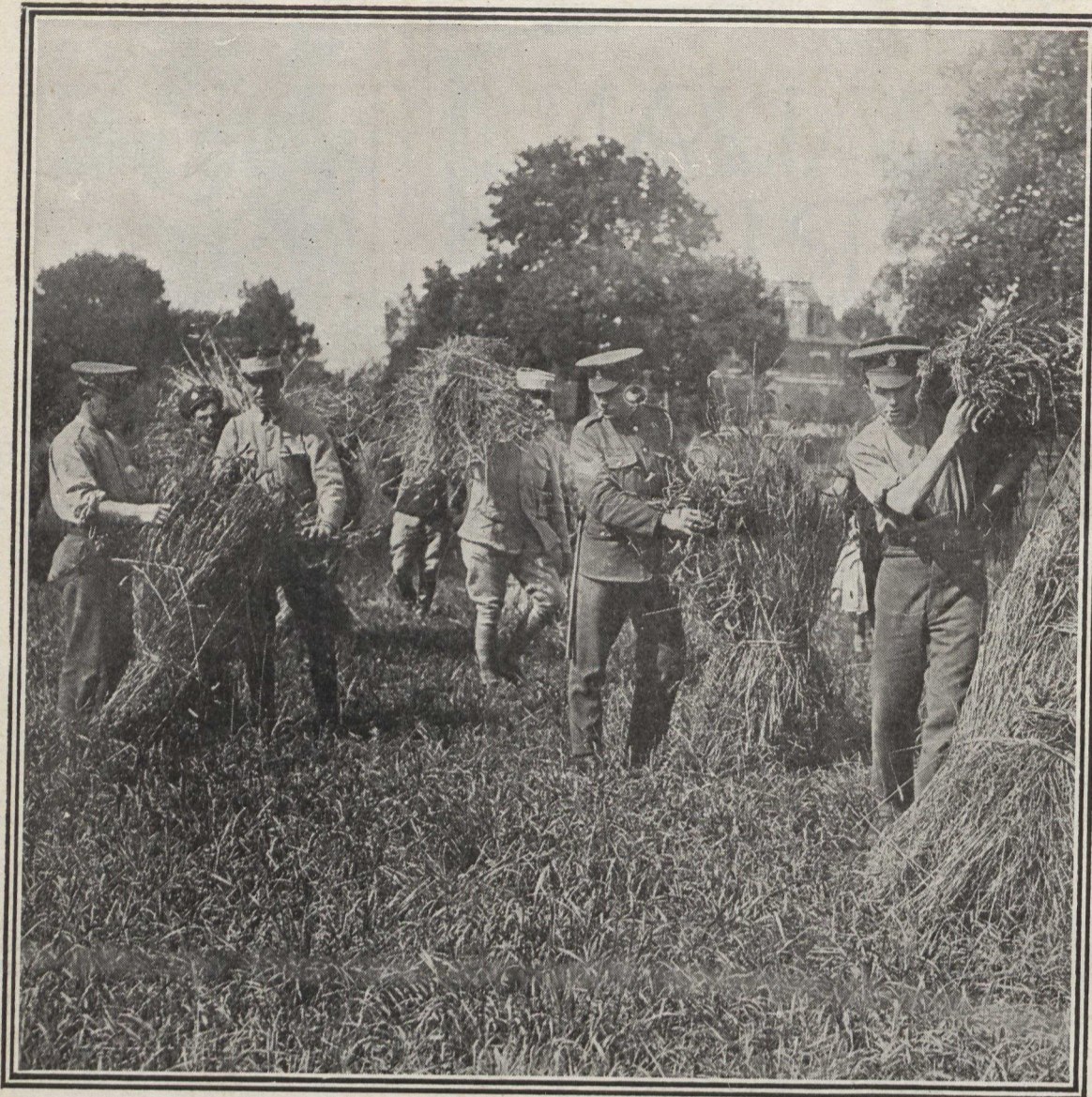
are to all intents and purposes as real to that man or body of men as though they could be tested by weight or substance. Their value is determined by their influence. If British troops are not supposed to believe in angels, why should any troops or anybody credit the apparition of a flying machine? A biplane is not merely a mechanism that goes up and comes down with the expenditure of gasoline. It is an apparition that has a sensible effect on those who behold it, quite apart from the scouting it does, the intelligence it conveys or the bombs it may drop on the lines of the enemy. And unless in this super-scientific war men are permitted to believe also in the supernatural, we shall be a long while knocking that German idea of super-men out of the heads of the Kaiser nation.

SIR SAM HUGHES is credited with not favouring conscription. The proof is in a speech made by him at Merivale, a suburb of Ottawa, last week, when he said that during the Napoleonic Wars recruiting was very slow, until—"finally Bobbie Burns came to the rescue, the democratic bard, the people's idol. He published his famous poem, "The Soldier's Return," and the ranks of the British army were filled as if by magic." The General recited the poem to prove that war does not dull a man's taste for literature. When Lord Kitchener finds this out, he may say to Sir Sam, as the General said to Col. Carrick—"Remember, you are a soldier."

AT last accounts an army of seven men were working on the site of the new Union Station in Toronto. They were clearing away debris left there by the great fire of 1904. If it takes proportionately as long to rebuild after the devastation of war, Europe should be rebuilt in time for the latter part of the millennium.

MONARCHIES, thrones and courtly pageants may be swept away by the democracy of war, but there still remains one ceremonial that no revolution can destroy. An example of this survival of a picturesque mediaeval usage was seen in Canada last week. Mace, and brodered gowns and mortarboards, wisdom and solemnity swept up the aisle in a stately procession to the music of a pipe organ. Latin was spoke. The last words were "Convocatio dimissa est." It was the special convocation of the University of Toronto to confer degrees upon notable citizens of the United States. It was the same then as it might have been five hundred years ago; the same now as it may be a thousand years hence.

DEAR Mr. Ford: You are the most marvelous man of your age. The age belongs to you. The United States has a president, but you are its dictator. You are much more interesting than John D., and a far more brilliant man than Andrew. You are not only a sworn pacifist, but you prevent employees in your factories from enlisting, you have set aside \$10,000,000 to help banish war, you would have soldiers branded as murderers; and you now threaten banks with the loss of your business if they should subscribe to the Allies' loan. You have struck a new note. You are the living example of the ridicule that a man may come to have heaped upon himself when he uses his big profits to exalt his own personality through the medium of the press. In fact, you are so everlastingly humane in your campaign against war and soldiers and human misery sent upon us by Mars, that we expect the next Ford car model will have a device making it absolutely impossible for the car to kill, maim or injure any man, woman or child, even when struck at full speed. Pray go on, Mr. Ford—until the walls of the Ford factories become the gates of heaven.



In his speech at the Arena Gardens last week, Premier Borden said that the French are harvesting right up to the firing lines. This is a picture of British and French soldiers shocking up French wheat.

LAST GREAT GRAIN CROP

By NORMAN PATTERSON

WILL this be Canada's last Great Grain Crop, is a question which several inquiring minds have raised. The tendency in the past five years was toward mixed farming rather than grain-growing. This year of 1915 was made an exception by the "Patriotism and Production" campaign of Dr. C. C. James, director of agriculture for the Dominion. Hence there was a grand crop.

But now the Canadian farmer believes that he has been buccoed and that some one is forcing down the price of grain.

This is a serious charge and one which should be examined carefully by every thinking citizen. If the Canadian farmer decides that he has been "steered" for the benefit of capitalists and politicians, he is likely to break something. If he finds that he has been misled by incompetent and careless advisers he will be likely to decide against taking any more such advice.

At the present time, wherever the fault lies, the farmer believes he has been "stung." He was asked to produce wheat to keep Great Britain from starvation. He was promised big prices for his grain if he did so. He responded to the patriotic suggestion and increased the area under cultivation.

And what happened?

Mr. Farmer has now discovered that Great Britain is likely to buy most of its wheat from the Argentine and the United States. Mr. J. J. Hill, railway president and farmers' friend, has been very active in New York during the past few weeks making sure that part of the "Big Loan" will be spent for United States wheat.

Again, Mr. Farmer has discovered that Liverpool is paying a fair price for wheat, but that the "middle men" are demanding such a huge rake-off that there is nothing left for the real worker. "Patriotism" is a good policy for the farmer, but the ship-owner is not bothered by any such mental disease.

This is what the farmer is thinking. And can you wonder when you see that wheat is selling at 72 cents a bushel in Alberta, 75 cents in Saskatchewan, 77 cents in Manitoba, and 85 to 90 cents in Ontario? Does any one believe that this is a fair price to pay the farmer for a bushel of the finest wheat grown in

the world—for prize wheat in a prize year—for patriotic wheat in a patriotic year?

LACK OF BOATS.

EXAMINING the situation in detail, the main element in the trouble is seen to be an increase in ocean freight rates from 8 to 33 cents a bushel.

Why in the name of all that is patriotic and loyal and Imperial should the freight rate on a bushel of wheat from Montreal to Liverpool be jumped from eight cents to thirty-three cents?

Some say "insurance and war risks." The insurance and other odd charges amount to about 3½ cents a bushel—no more. That includes the best war risks insurance carried by the British Government. Subtract the whole amount, and imagine that insurance in peace time cost nothing, and there is still an increase in freight rates of 22 or 24 cents a bushel—an increase of fully two hundred per cent.

Naturally, every one concerned says, "I am not to blame." Dr. James, author of the "Patriotism and Production" campaign, says, "You can't blame me for the rise in freight rates." Hon. Mr. Burrell, Minister of Agriculture, says "Not I." Sir George Foster, Minister of Trade and Commerce, says "Not I." Hon. Thomas White, Minister of Finance, says "Not I." Sir Robert Borden, Premier, says, "I have the promise that the matter will be attended to," but specifies no date and predicts no reduction. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which controls the C. P. R. steamships, as well as the Allan Line fleet, says, "I do not make the rate. The British Government has most of our boats." Sir William Mackenzie, president of the Canadian Northern and of the Royal Line of Steamers, says, "Don't blame me. Our steamers have all been taken over by the Imperial authorities."

Who, then, is to blame? In the opinion of the writer, the real culprit is Parliament—not the Government, not the Opposition, not the Cabinet—but "Parliament." The blame rests on two hundred and twenty-one members of the House of Commons. (The Senators do not count.) These Members are paid a salary to govern the country and they have failed to govern it. They have not grasped the situa-

tion. They have not forced the leaders to see the situation and take steps to meet it.

The Liberals have left it to the Conservatives. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Hon. Geo. P. Graham and Hon. William Pugsley have said, "What business of ours? We are merely the Opposition." Which is quite true—too true.

The Conservative members, being mostly voting ciphers and purveyors of petty patronage, have left it to the Cabinet Ministers. These are all fine men and are trying to do their best. But a cabinet minister must have a few minutes every day to study himself in a looking-glass. Otherwise, how would he know he was a cabinet minister?

No one does anything, and the owner of a sea-going vessel is getting any price he cares to ask, for ocean-going vessels are in big demand. Wages are high, insurance is high, much valuable freight is moving to Europe, and hence freight rates are necessarily exorbitant as compared with those of peace times.

WHAT WILL RESULT?

NOBODY will seriously believe that the Canadian farmer will ever again grow wheat in large quantity if, in this banner year, he can only get 75 cents a bushel. To tell him that if freight rates were normal, he would get 95 cents will not help. He has been deceived and will answer "Never Again; Never Again."

The Ottawa correspondent of the Toronto News writes his paper on September 20th, to the effect that there are plenty of ships at Montreal to carry away the wheat. If this were true, which it is not, it would make the situation more wicked. If there are lots of ships, why should freight rates be three times, yes five times in cases, what they are in normal times? That correspondent deserves a leather medal.

Mr. Sanford Evans is said to be secretary of a Cabinet Committee which is dealing with this question. Mr. Evans blandly announces in this same despatch from Ottawa:

"I invite letters, telegrams, marked newspapers and personal interviews with individuals and deputations."

What a splendid solution! Nero fiddled while Rome burned. Mr. Evans proposes to read letters and newspapers until the season is over and the wheat is all shipped. Isn't that wonderful!

But why should any one expect the Government to provide ships and minimum freight rates across the ocean? The farmer who grows wheat answers: Because the Government undertook and inaugurated the "Patriotism and Production" campaign one year ago. They may not have looked before they leaped. They may have been deceived by Dr. C. C. James or some other official. Yet they must shoulder the responsibility.

When the British Government found that the meat shippers of Argentine were demanding an exorbitant price for their beef, the British Cabinet did not say, "It is not our fault!" They proceeded to find a remedy. These Argentine shippers were dependent on certain steamship companies to carry their meat to Europe. These refrigerator steamers are absolutely necessary, and if they are not here, the meat goes to waste in Argentine harbours and packing houses. So the British Cabinet simply commandeered all the vessels in this trade, and the beef shippers were glad to come to terms. The power of the British Government, backed by the British navy, is such that no shipper is beyond its power if it cares to exercise it. Sometimes it is necessary to be autocratic to enforce equity and fair play.

Why has the British Government failed to come to the help of the Canadian Government in this matter? Why did it not take the rapid action in the wheat business that it did in the meat trade? The answer is not fully known, but apparently the world has so much wheat that Great Britain finds her food supply one of the least of her troubles.

In the meantime, while all this discussion is going on, Canada is piling up a loss of forty-five million dollars—fifteen cents a bushel on three hundred million bushels of wheat—to say nothing of oats and barley and flax.

POLES and Russians are infuriated because the Kaiser's cold-footed art collector, Dr. Erdmann, has stripped the Palace of Villanov, near Warsaw, of all its art treasures, and intends so to do with the museums and palaces of Warsaw. The treasures are packed in crates and sent to Berlin. But there is nothing so dastardly new about this. Napoleon ransacked all the temples of art in Europe to decorate Paris, which he intended to make the capital of a world empire. After the defeat of one of his armies in Spain, whole caravans of art treasures from Italy were captured. He took the famous quadriga set of bronze horses from Berlin and carted it to Paris; Berlin charioted it back and it now stands over the Brandenburg Gate at the entrance to the Unter Den Linden. The Kaiser is only imitating Napoleon. And he apparently overlooks the fact that when it comes to the last scene of the drama in Berlin, many of these despoiled relics will be useful to adorn the stage on which he makes his conge to the world.

Borden's Untheatrical Message.



The Premier's Speech at Arena Gardens, Toronto

ONLY two of the eight Canadian Premiers since Confederation have been orators; Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir John Thompson. Sir Robert Borden was born to be a statesman. His speech at the Arena Gardens in Toronto Monday evening of last week was intended to be a message from the front and from England to the people of Canada. It was the subdued, almost apologetic narrative of a man whose power of expression has always been subordinated to his sense of public duty. Fresh from the headquarters of Gen. Joffre and Sir John French, from the trenches on the firing lines and the hospitals behind them; only the other day speaking on the same platform with Premier Asquith and Rt. Hon. Mr. Balfour; dined and conferred; entertained by the King; given the freedom of the city of London at the heart of Empire—the Premier of Canada spoke to 10,000 people as though he were reading a story sent in a letter by some one who had actually been there.

Ten thousand people saw him speak; five thousand heard his words; not one could truthfully say he had heard the Premier of Canada deliver a real throbbing message from the seat of war to the people who are sending soldiers overseas. The only reason is that Sir Robert Borden cannot pretend to be what he is not by nature, who in moulding him left out most of the power of expression and compounded the man of duty, public service, conscience, absolute honesty of purpose and the determination to be a statesman. Had Sir Robert Borden been created even ten per cent. a politician, he might have stooped to acquire some of the tricks of oratory for the sake of swaying the crowd that delights in the power of the spoken word. If he were less thoughtful, he might be more a man of action, no matter what form the action might take. Less than half so modest, he might have cast decorum to the winds and proceeded to tear a passion to tatters. Less altogether than he is of an admirable citizen man he might have condescended to become for one hour something of an actor.

But the Premier carried his conscience with him like a restraining hand. The opportunity was there. He failed to make it into a great occasion. The stage was all set, the audience was ready. The Premier refused to be an actor. He preferred to speak his lines without action. For the second time since his election to the Premiership he came before the citizenry of Toronto, not as a party leader, but

as the accredited public representative of all Canada. He made no effort to clinch the common patriotic impulses of his audience into the expression of one grand desire concentrating upon himself.

No man ever came before a united people in this country with more to say—when he said less. He seemed weary. Filled as he was with the sentiment of an Empire being tried out in a great war whose outlines he had actually seen, whose smoke he had smelled, whose ravages he had witnessed, he acted as though he had been forced upon the stage to tell about it, and would be glad when the show was over.

It must be granted that no Premier ever came back from England with so responsible a message; and it must be admitted that no public citizen in any capacity ever felt the power of that message more than the Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Borden. But the impressions he had got remained his own. By a whim of creation he was denied the rare joy of translating those impressions to the multitude—in an age when demagogues are on almost every street corner shouting their heads off and saying nothing.

SIR ROBERT BORDEN can never be staged. The people of this country must take him at a face value of 100 per cent. He is capable of no make-up. Like Cromwell, he would be as nature made him. What does it matter whether the crowd be ten thousand in a tabernacle, or a hundred in some country church? The message must be the same. The personality of the speaker in expression must be the same. The same stage setting must do for all the shows; the same plain, untheatrical and mostly undramatic actor. Climaxes and big inspirational moments must be avoided. Thrills are dangerous and are followed by inevitable reaction. It is no business of a Prime Minister to be a revivalist. He must be a statesman and a citizen whose sense and performance of public duty is equalled only by his innate and overwhelming modesty.

We shall take off our hats to Sir Robert Borden as a plain man and a worthy Premier. We shall never cease to behold in him in the highest degree the embodiment of the great moral and intellectual qualities of a statesman. But he remains the great inexpressible because he has not the power to express the things that make the colour and the life of a great occasion. As a leader of his party in the House, as a debater, as a dignified, clear-headed, parliamentarian with the moral mastery over both

Chairman
Norris.

R.B. Bennett

himself and his party, the Premier is always admirable; a man whom it would be a pride to point out to any stranger wishing to see Canadian manhood in its most honest, straightforward embodiment. There he must be left. If the party or the people wish to drag him out for a show, they must be sure to provide actors enough to complete the bill. At the great meeting in the Arena, Mr. R. B. Bennett, M.P., was let loose as a flying-roller evangelist to turn the platform into a real stage. Mr. Bennett did just what was expected of him; he woke the crowd up, kept them awake and gave them a chance to applaud something every minute. The plaudits denied to the Premier were lavished upon Mr. Bennett, who made several excellent points which he hammered home—and in so doing sometimes gave the crowd the impression of lambasting a tack with a sledgehammer.

Contrast is a great feature in platform politics. We have seen it in many a pair of evangelists from Moody and Sankey down. But when it takes the form of Borden and Bennett—it becomes just a little too much like bright yellow and indigo blue.

For Broken Soldiers

SOLDIERS who are broken in health, temporarily or permanently, should not be kept in idleness. In France and England, the authorities have established schools and workshops, where these men can improve their minds and purses. Crippled soldiers are now busy making toys in both France and England. This is an industry which might be established in connection with every convalescent home in Canada, because there is no regular toy trade to complain of "unfair competition." But above all, let us not forget that idleness is a curse to a crippled soldier.

MAINLY PERSONAL

Youngest Brigadier-General

YOUNGEST general in the British Empire is Brigadier-General Garnet Hughes, recently appointed to command the Fourth Brigade of Canadian troops at the front. It now becomes an interesting problem whether Gen. Garnet Hughes will be known as the son of his father, or whether Major-General Sir Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, will be pointed out as the father of his son.



Brigadier-General Garnet Hughes, youngest officer of that rank in the Empire, son of Sir Sam Hughes.

In any case, it seems to be like father, like son. They are both soldiers. Of the two the son has the less experience in active warfare and perhaps the greater professional brilliancy as a soldier. Thirty-three years of age, the only son of Sir Sam Hughes, the young Brigadier-General has had experience enough to have made some men satisfied with a life work. He studied soldiering when he was a young lad. That ran in the blood. His father enlisted in Fenian Raid days at the age of 14. Garnet Hughes took his first and second class military certificates from the London Military School before he entered the Royal Military College at Kingston. First at the entrance examinations, when he graduated from the R. M. C., he had a gold medal, sword of honour and a D. S. M.

But there was no war to hand in those days, and Garnet Hughes went engineering. He laid out several sections of the C. N. R. line in Ontario, Quebec, on the prairies and in the Rockies. He had a mathematical head. While he was under thirty, he took charge of the construction of aqueducts and reservoirs in Monterey, Mexico, when he had as one of his contractors Gen. Huerta. Well rid of Mexico and Huerta before the war, he went on surveys of the C. N. R. east and west of the Yellowhead Pass, and when he got that done he became chief engineer for the Government works on the Pacific Coast, where he was when the war broke out last year. But he remained a soldier. He volunteered for active service with the First Contingent. His father advised him not to go on account of his wife and child. But the wife of the officer persuaded the General and the son went. Since that time he has seen some of the grimmest



The youngest Sergeant-Major in the British Army, A. Kirkwood, of Ottawa, age 19.

soldiering in the world. He won his D. S. O. at St. Julien and Festubert.

Soldiering was in his blood. He had no need to be the son of Sir Sam Hughes to prove that. But the example of his "up and at 'em" father was never lost on the Brigade-Major. Neither was the personal worth of the Brigade-Major lost on Gen. Aldersen, who, when he made Hughes Brigadier-General, knew that he was promoting not only a fine soldier, but a native-born and descended Canadian. If Brig.-Gen. Hughes' pride in Major-General Hughes is as great

as that other Gen. Hughes' pride in Brigadier-General Hughes—why that's just about what it ought to be. And if soldiering continues to run in the family, at some distant day it will be necessary to get out a new war book entitled, "Who's Who in the Hughes Family?"

Youngest Sergeant-Major

A GAIN be it duly noted that the youngest Sergeant-Major in the armies of the British Empire is a lad from Ottawa, Colour-Sergeant-Major Kirkwood, of the Fourteenth Battalion. He celebrated his 19th birthday in the trenches a week ago last Sunday. He left Shorncliffe last April, member of a reinforcing contingent for the 14th. Corporal, sergeant, and colour-sergeant he went up the scale—this downy-lipped youth from Ottawa. When he enlisted, on August 21, 1914, he was timekeeper in the office of the Dominion Bridge Co., in Montreal. He is now in the land where bridges are being blown up and rebuilt, has been in the actual business of war and is a real soldier. And it was when he was being congratulated by Major Woodside on his promotion that the officers of the battalion discovered that he was the youngest man of his rank in all the British armies.

The Oldest Great Orator

EASILY the oldest great orator in the world is Joseph Hodges Choate, who paid his first visit to Toronto last week and was given a degree of LL.D. "honoris causa" by the University of Toronto. Joseph Choate was chairman at the dinner given by the Pilgrims' Society of the United States to the Anglo-French Loan delegates Thursday of last week in New York. At that dinner he proposed a toast to the Allies. He said—and one may imagine with what eminent authority of utterance this old orator of 80 said it:

"The commission has been working with our leading financial interests after weeks of conference, while had they submitted the question to the American people it would have been settled within 24 hours. We hope the commission will come again, and that this is only the first instalment."

To newspaper interviewers in Toronto, when he got his honorary degree, Joseph Choate said much the same thing. At the Convocation he was well known to most of those present before his introductor said a word, as the man who, from 1899 to 1905, was American Ambassador to the Court of St. James; a great forensic lawyer, a famous orator, a wit, a scholar and a great figure in American life for nearly half the time the American Republic has been in existence.

Through all the dreary lingo of compliment paid to several members of the American Peace Centenary Committee on that occasion, he sat hunched down in the scarlet of his robes, his red, eagle-like visage watching all that went on, hearing every word, patiently waiting till the show was over—and keeping the audience in suspense as to whether at the close he would be called to make a speech. And when Joseph Hodges Choate, the old man of eighty, rose to the occasion, the occasion became worth while. The polite palavering of compliments was all forgotten. Here was a man who was a scholar before most of the men on that stage were born. Standing like the stump of a gnarled old oak, firm as a rock, he sang out in trumpet tones his brief message to that small crowd, which should have been ten thousand. He flung out wit and humour with the subtlety of the trained advocate. He played with the expectations of his audience as he joshed the reporters who that morning had tried to get him to tell what he would say that afternoon. He never smiled. Unlike Taft, who chuckles before his joke is born, Choate kept a solemn face as he skated nearer and nearer to the subject of the war.

And when he got to the topic where he could unburden his message, he made it provokingly plain that he was a neutral with no authority to speak on behalf of his country, but only to voice his own sentiments.

"Wherever any people are fighting for what they call liberty and justice," he said, lifting his voice on high, "that people have my sympathy. Ninety millions of people in my country agree with me on that point."

He did not say who were fighting for liberty and justice. He left it to be inferred. He spoke of the four months at The Hague, when, as representative from the United States to enact international measures that would postpone, delimit or mitigate the horrors of war, he sat with representatives from Germany, Austria and Turkey—"and other outlying nations." But The Hague conventions were already trampled upon and had become scraps of paper thrown to the winds.

Soon the old tribune of the forum would open up in full; and he did—with a majesty and authority that even if expressed on the side of Germany would have kept everybody interested. With the judicial



Joseph Hodges Choate, the greatest living orator of his age, honoured by Toronto University last week.

acumen of a mind trained for sixty years in processes of law, with the memory of old Rufus Choate, of whom he had himself written, the greatest advocate of his day, he ploughed into his masterly arraignment of "the unspeakable nation," Germany. And when the organist was getting ready to strike up The Star-Spangled Banner, the greatest orator in the United States and the greatest orator of his age in the world gave vent to this:

"I have little confidence in, although much sympathy with, all the schemes that are on foot for promoting peace; but it is no use crying Peace, Peace, when there is no peace and no possibility of peace—no possibility of peace until the authors of this awful war are brought to a condition where their adversaries and the whole world can see that hereafter they will obey the rule of good faith, the rule of keeping contracts, the rule that when they make such a treaty they shall stand by it, whether it is to their interest or not."

Thus spoke the great legal mind, the international expert, the orator and the ultimate natural man who in his love of justice and of humanity speaks with a greater voice than all the Bryans and Tafts in America.

The World's Oldest Mason

GOING from youth to old age, it is worth noting, as recorded by the picture of the old man on this page, that the oldest Mason in the world is Abraham Kittlehune, of Kingsville, Ont.,



The oldest Mason in the world, Abraham Kittlehune, age, 109.

who on Sunday last celebrated his 109th birthday. There have been a lot of fine old men in that part of Ontario among the peach orchards and the tobacco fields and the corn crops. "Uncle Abe," as he is called, is probably the most remarkable of them all. He has lived under four British sovereigns. When he was born in Waterford Co., New York, in 1806, George III., who lost the American colonies from the British flag, was still on the throne. When that monarch died, Abe Kittlehune was a lad of 14. When Queen Victoria was crowned, he was 31—and had already been a Mason for ten years. His father died at the age of 105, and his mother at 99 years. Both his parents were from Holland. Mr. Kittlehune was initiated into Masonry at Waterford in 1827. He has been married twice, and has several children, the oldest being Mrs. W. Harrison, of Bay City, aged eighty. He spent part of the summer visiting with his grand-daughters in Detroit, and every day when it was fine went for a walk varying from five to ten miles. At his home in Kingsville there is some fine shooting, and "Uncle Abe," as he is known far and wide, frequently goes out and invariably returns with one or more fine birds.

A BARRACK-ROOM INCIDENT

Which Reflects Something of the Magnificent Character of the British Officer

By KENNAWAY JAMES

Drawing by Arthur Lismer

CAPTAIN BROWNLOW, big, burly, broad of face, and with an eye-glass in his left eye, so large that that organ had the appearance of being framed and glazed, crossed the threshold of the ante room and took up his position at the bridge table with the same precision born of habit as that with which he was accustomed to make his daily report. The others dribbled in from the Mess-room in twos and threes, and Brownlow got impatient and rapped on the table with the new pack of cards.

"Now, then, you chaps," he remarked, "hurry up and let's begin if we are going to play bridge to-night."

"All right, Brownie," replied a tall, thin subaltern, "what's your hurry. You'll lose your money quite soon enough?"

The Junior Captain, a good-looking young man of eight and twenty, straight and clean of limb as a soldier should be, added a last word to an already stated opinion on putting greens in general, and joined the two at the card table.

"That's right," commented Brownlow, in a satisfied tone, "now the Major, and we shall be complete."

"You're getting me into nice habits, Brownlow," that officer remarked, with a smile, as he joined them, "what do you think of yourself for leading a steady married man into gambling?"

"Guest night, Major, guest night," Brownlow remarked, briskly, and spread the cards on the table to cut for partners. The Senior Major, tall, spare, and with the grey hairs well established over his temples, leaned over to take a card, and then the Junior Captain, whose back had been to the table, turned and faced him. The Major's hand hesitated for a moment as their eyes met, and then was withdrawn from the card; the twenty years' Indian tan on his thin, honest face seemed a little paler as he did it.

"I don't think I'll play after all, Brownlow," he said, at the end of a little pause, "I don't feel quite up to it, and I've a letter or two to write before I go to bed."

And then, with a bare nod to Brownlow, he turned and went out of the door behind him.

The three stood at the bridge table until the door had closed without saying a word, and then Brownlow broke the silence.

"What the devil is the matter with the Major to-night?" he asked, impatiently. "In all the years we've been together in the regiment I never knew him do a thing like that before."

As an emphasis of his astonishment his eye-glass fell out.

"Liver!" ejaculated the thin subaltern, who, despite his want of flesh, was of a contented and somewhat humorous disposition; "liver and matrimony late in life. That's what's the matter with the Major."

BROWNLOW seized the mess jacket of a passing subaltern, and drew him none too gently to the table.

"Here, Boots," he remarked, "you some and make a fourth."

"But I can't, my dear fellow," remarked the youth, with a pleasing smile. "I can't play bridge for nuts, and besides, I hate it."

"Don't 'dear fellow' me," replied Brownlow, with an assumed severity, "but sit down and do as the Captain of your Company tells you."

"You'd better be careful of Boots," remarked the Junior Captain, as the boy sat down, with a grin, "he raked us fearfully last guest night."

"That was because I had had too much port," replied the youngster, "that was abnormal. I am always abnormal when I drink port."

"I shall watch your drinks next time, young man, before I ask you to play bridge," remarked Brownlow. "What have you been drinking to-night?"

"Only fizz," the other replied, as they all sat down, "so you're safe."

The cutting had resulted in the two captains playing the two subalterns, but at the end of the second game, Brownlow leaned over the table to his partner.

"What's the matter with you to-night, Mordaunt?" he asked, "you're pretty well as bad as the Major."

The Junior Captain gave a slight start, and then broke into a somewhat forced laugh.

"I'm afraid I've been a bit casual," he said. "I think I'm a bit off my stroke to-night, and if you fellows don't mind I'll turn in. I've got a few letters to attend to."

"Damn their letters," commented Brownlow, pencil in hand totting up his losses as the door closed behind Mordaunt. "I've lost a thick 'un."

Captain Mordaunt walked across the dark parade

ground to his quarters, with his head bent. He mounted the stairs with a heavy tread, opened the door of his room, and came face to face with the Senior Major.

"I took the liberty of coming in here and waiting," the latter said, stiffly, "as I thought it better that what I have to say to you should be got over to-night."

Mordaunt bowed slightly and placed a chair for him at the table.

"I got your note, sir," he said.

Major Hereward took no notice of the chair, but continued standing by the table, his clear, grey-blue soldier's eyes fixed on the other.

"Arthur Mordaunt," he commenced, in that incisive tone a superior officer uses to a subordinate,



"That conviction was that I had, in you, to deal with a man of honour, a gentleman, as an officer should be."

"When a year ago I discovered and forgave what I believed, and still believe, to be an innocent attachment between you and my wife I was guided in my actions at that time, and fortified in the resolution I took to let things go on as they were before by one conviction. That conviction was that, at any rate, I had, in you, to deal with a man of honour, a gentleman, as an officer should be."

The younger man looked up, and there was an ominous twitching of his lips, but he said nothing.

"Now," continued Major Hereward, and there was a quiver of anger in his voice, "I find I was mistaken."

Mordaunt did not answer him at once, but after a few moments, with a great effort at controlment, asked a question.

"Of what do you complain, sir?"

The elder man looked at him sharply under his heavy half grey eyebrows, and there was a curve of contempt about his lips. He did not answer, but took from the breast pocket of his mess jacket a little silver mounted letter case, from this he produced a folded cheque, opened it and laid it on the table.

"This cheque, drawn to bearer for one hundred and fifty pounds, was presented at my banker's last Thursday by you and cashed across the counter."

Mordaunt glanced at it and looked up again.

"Yes, that's quite correct," he said.

"I'm glad you don't deny it," commented the Major, with a sigh, half relief, half regret, "for that saves trouble. The signature on the cheque which purports to be mine is a forgery, as you well know."

Mordaunt started.

"Major, I tell you——" he began.

The Major raised his hand, but Mordaunt had stopped before it went up. Red to the temples, his face gradually paled to a deadly white, while his eyes seemed to have sunken, and had a wild, far away look about them, like those of a person in sudden deep thought.

"It is quite useless to deny the matter," Hereward proceeded, "you have been identified as the person who cashed the cheque, and if any further evidence were needed, the notes which were given you for it, have been traced into your banking account."

MORDAUNT'S white face was convulsed for a moment like that of a person in great suffering.

"True," he gasped, "quite true!"

There was almost a look of pity in the Major's eyes as he went on:

"What on earth did you do it for? You are not in want of money. I always understood you were well off—very well off."

Mordaunt's white face stiffened into resolution, but he made no answer. He shrugged his shoulders in a helpless sort of way.

Hereward waited for a few moments, hoping, perhaps, that he would offer some explanation, but he made none.

"There seems only one thing to be done," he said, at last, with a sigh, "and I assure you it is a bitter duty to me after our long friendship. I don't forget those days out in India, when you first joined and came to my company. I don't forget your devotion to me, I don't forget those days in the Tirah, either, when you practically saved my life——"

There was a quiver in the older man's voice, and he stopped to steady himself.

"It is those considerations," he continued when he was firm again, "which move me to stifle my own sense of duty and to hush this matter up for the sake of the old times that have been."

"If the return of the money will make any difference——" Mordaunt broke in.

Hereward raised his hand.

"No, not on any account. Under the circumstances I would rather not. I am not a rich man, but I prefer to leave it as it is and to lose the money. That will make no difference either way. You must leave the Service."

"Leave the Service!" gasped the Junior Captain, "the Staff College, my future——"

The older man shook his head.

"There are other walks in life besides the Army," he said. "You are young enough to begin again in any of them."

The meaning of the whole thing which had been obscure before now seemed to burst upon the younger man.

"For heaven's sake, Major," he cried, distractedly, "think of what you are doing. Think of what it means to me. Does it ever strike you that I may not be guilty?"

Hereward smiled, and there was contempt in it. He did not spare him.

"Do you wish me to believe that you did not cash the cheque, and that you did not pay the notes into your banking account at Cox's?"

Mordaunt looked at him for a moment as if he were about to speak, and then said nothing, but turned away and wrung his hands. The Major moved towards the door.

"There is no use in prolonging this painful interview," he said, then turned with his hand on the door. "Within a week, Mordaunt?"

The other had turned, too, and was facing him, his handsome features white and immovable.

"Within a week, sir," he answered.

THE door closed, and for quite a minute Mordaunt stood with the same fixed look of intense pain on his face. Then he went towards the table, sank into a chair, and buried his face in his hands.

But this phase did not last long; there was not a tear in his eyes as he stood up again, and went towards his writing case for paper and envelopes. There was the same white look of agony on his face, but it was the look of a man who had suffered before. But now there was one element missing which is usually present in such a face in similar circumstances. He seemed to have lost all hope.

He sat at the table, and wrote a letter, not a long one, but one in which he seemed to be very careful in choosing the words, and the little carriage clock on his soldier's chest of drawers had struck three separate quarters before he had finished and sealed it with the signet he wore on his left hand.

He looked at the letter as it lay on the table with

"Nothing But Our Utmost Can Pull Us Through"

A Powerful Piece of Argument Embodied in a Preface to his Book, "Through Terror to Triumph"

By RIGHT HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

AFTER twelve months of war my conviction is stronger than ever that this country could not have kept out of it without imperilling its security and impairing its honour. We could not have looked on cynically with folded arms while the country we had given our word to protect was being ravaged and trodden by one of our own co-trustees.

If British women and children were being brutally destroyed on the high seas by German submarines this nation would have insisted on calling the infanticide Empire to a stern reckoning. Everything that has happened since the declaration of war has demonstrated clearly that a military system so regardless of good faith, of honourable obligations, and of the elementary impulses of humanity constituted a menace to civilization of the most sinister character; and despite the terrible cost of suppressing it the well-being of humanity demands that such a system should be challenged and destroyed.

The fact that events have also shown that the might of this military clique has exceeded the gloomiest prognostications provides an additional argument for its destruction. The greater the might the darker the menace.

Nor have the untoward incidents of the war weakened my faith in ultimate victory—always provided that the Allied nations put forth the whole of their strength ere it is too late. Anything less must lead to defeat.

The Allied countries have an overwhelming preponderance in the raw material that goes to the making and equipment of armies, whether in men, money, or accessible metals and machinery. But this material has to be mobilized and utilized. It would be idle to pretend that the first twelve months of the war has seen this task accomplished satisfactorily.

Had the Allies realized in time the full strength of their redoubtable and resourceful foes; nay, what is more, had they realized their own strength and resources and taken prompt action to organize them, to-day we should have witnessed the triumphant spectacle of their guns pouring out a stream of shot and shell which would have deluged the German trenches with fire and scorched the German legions back across their own frontiers.

ARE WE GETTING ENOUGH MEN?

What is the actual position? It is thoroughly well known to the Germans, and anyone in any land, belligerent or neutral, who reads intelligently the military news must by now have a comprehension of it. With the resources of Great Britain, France, Russia—yea, of the whole industrial world—at the disposal of the Allies, it is obvious that the Central Powers have still an overwhelming superiority in all the material and equipment of war.

The result of this deplorable fact is exactly what might have been foreseen. The iron heel of Germany has sunk deeper than ever into French and Belgian soil. Poland is entirely German; Lithuania is rapidly following. Russian fortresses, deemed impregnable, are falling like sand castles before the resistless tide of Teutonic invasion.

When will that tide recede? When will it be stemmed? As soon as the Allies are supplied with abundance of war material.

That is why I am recalling these unpleasant facts, because I wish to stir my countrymen to put forth their strength to amend the situation. To dwell on such events is the most disagreeable task that can fall to the lot of a

public man. For all that, the public man who either shirks these facts himself or does not do his best to force others to face them until they are redressed, is guilty of high treason to the State which he has sworn to serve.

There has been a great awakening in all the Allied countries, and prodigious efforts are being put forth to equip the armies in the field. I know what we are doing: our exertions are undoubtedly immense. But can we do more either in men or material? Nothing but our best and utmost can pull us through. Are we now straining every nerve to make up for lost time? Are we getting all the men we shall want to put into the fighting line next year to enable us even to hold our own?

Does every man who can help, whether by fighting or providing material, understand clearly that ruin awaits remissness? How many people in this country fully apprehend the full significance of the Russian retreat? For over twelve months Russia has, in spite of deficiencies in equipment, absorbed the energies of half the German and four-fifths of the Austrian forces. Is it realized that Russia has for the time being made her contribution—and what a heroic contribution it is!—to the struggle for European freedom, and that we cannot for many months to come expect the same active help from the Russian armies that we have hitherto received?

THE RUSSIAN GAP.

Who is to take the Russian place in the fight while those armies are re-equipping? Who is to bear the weight which has hitherto fallen on Russian shoulders? France cannot be expected to sustain much heavier burdens than those which she now bears with a quiet courage that has astonished and moved the world. Italy is putting her strength into the fight. What could she do more?

There is only Britain left. Is Britain prepared to fill up the gap that will be created when Russia has retired to re-arm? Is she fully prepared to cope with all the possibilities of the next few months—in the West, without forgetting the East? Upon the answer which Government, employers, workmen, financiers, young men who can bear arms, women who can work in factories, in fact, the whole people of this great land, give to this question will depend the liberties of Europe for many a generation.

A shrewd and sagacious observer told me the other day that in his judgment the course pursued by this country during the next three months would decide the fate of this war. If we are not allowed to equip our factories and workshops with adequate labour to supply our armies because we must not transgress regulations applicable to normal conditions; if practices are maintained which restrict the output of essential war material; if the nation hesitates, when the need is clear, to take the necessary steps to call forth its manhood to defend honour and existence; if vital decisions are postponed until too late; if we neglect to make ready for all probable eventualities; if, in fact, we give ground for the accusation that we are slouching into disaster as if we were walking along the ordinary paths of peace without an enemy in sight—then I can see no hope.

But if we sacrifice all we own and all we like for our native land; if our preparations are characterized by grip, resolution, and a prompt readiness in every sphere; then victory is assured.

its direction clearly written in his strong, legible hand, and then suddenly turned away from it.

He took down his thick military cloak from its peg behind the door, and threw it ready by him on a chair. Then unlocking the bottom drawer of his chest, he took from it his revolver in its brown leather service case, and laid it by the letter on the table.

MAJOR HEReward entered his warm, comfortable married quarters with a sigh of relief, and sank into a seat by the fire with gratitude in his heart at his perfect surroundings. Certainly they were as elegant married quarters as any that could be found in any garrison in England, and represented without doubt the perfection of refined comfort.

The room in which he sat was a room of many ornaments, and the very lettering on the tantalus spirit stand on the table spelled Wedding Present.

Perhaps there was a little too much of a strong scent about the room, perhaps the bow about the neck of the little Pom which rose effusively from a cushion to greet the Major was a little too big and too pink. Perhaps even exception might have been taken by some people to the strong whiff of cigarette smoke which hung about Mrs. Hereward's lips, as in a low cut dinner dress she leant over the Major's chair and kissed him.

Mrs. Hereward was a young lady of certainly not more than four and twenty, fair of skin and blue of eye, who had two years before left the house of her father, a retired naval officer at Southsea, to share the glory—and considerable private income—of Major Hereward of His Majesty's White Lancers.

They might have passed for father and daughter, for the Major's hard Indian service had made an older looking man of him than his forty-seven years warranted, and she on her part neglected no art either of speech, manner or the toilette which would tend to keep her outwardly at least at one and twenty and—there was no baby to make her

GETTING PEEVISH



"Yes, father, I remember that you told me the war would be over in October." The C. P.'s army got some hard knocks the last Saturday in September.

—Cartoon from the N. Y. Herald.

matronly. As she said to her sympathizing friends in the regiment—and they were many, for she was popular,

"Whatever should we do with the poor thing?"

And her large blue eyes would open wide in ignorance and wonderment at such an un contemplated catastrophe. Perhaps if only for this reason it was as well the "poor thing" was not there.

Major Hereward was an honest man, and a kind, simple soldier, and had the habit of taking things for what they seemed. In this spirit he had taken Madeline, his wife, from the very first day of his marriage at her face value, which was considerable, and had continued to include this item in his periodical balance sheet, for he was careful and methodical, at the same figure without writing off anything for depreciation, and wear and tear of the world.

THE Major drew his chair to the fire, and produced a pipe; he did not fill it, but sat with it in his hand watching the flames in the grate.

"Poor devil!" he muttered.

Mrs. Hereward looked at him sharply, then leaving her seat, crossed the room, and put her hand on his shoulder.

"What poor devil, Tumpty?" she inquired. "Tumpty" being her pet name for her husband used only, at his special request, when they were by themselves.

The Major reached for his tobacco pouch, and commenced to briskly fill his pipe.

"Oh! No 'poor devil' in particular," he said, rather confusedly. "I only said just 'poor devil.'"

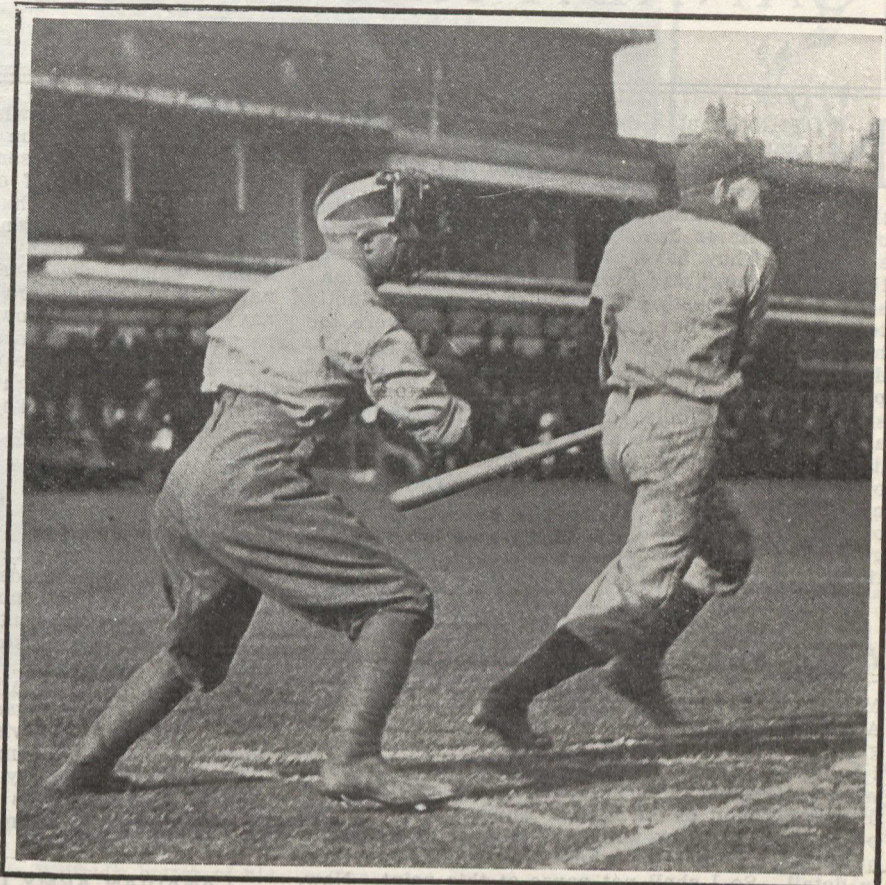
Now the Major could keep a secret from his wife, provided he gave no scrap of it away by accident. This done, however, his case was almost hopeless; Madeline Hereward had so many ways of getting a secret out of him when she got on the track of one that he was a mere child in her hands. She gently disengaged the pipe and pouch from his hold, and put them behind her.

(Continued on page 17.)

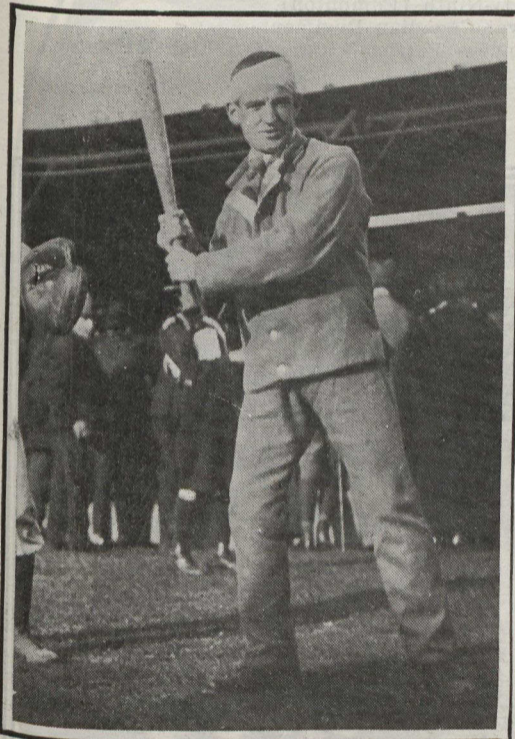
CANADIANS PLAY BASEBALL AT LORD'S, LONDON



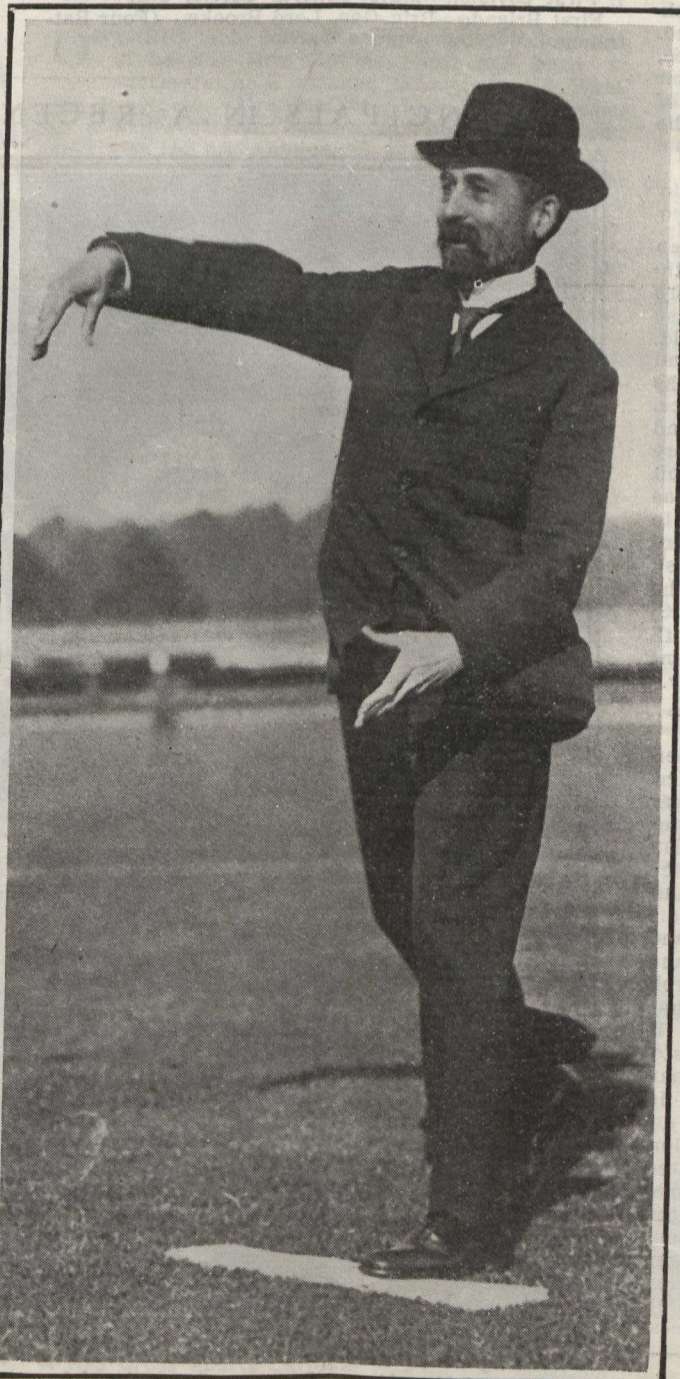
An American batsman and a Canadian soldier-catcher.



Showing an English cricket audience how to hit in baseball.



A wounded Canadian gets some bat practice before the game.



Sir George Perley, according to ancient custom, throws the first ball in a baseball game at Lord's, the most famous cricket field in London—and the world.



This Canadian fielder drops a difficult fly—even as cricketers do.

NO Canadian who has ever travelled on a horse-bus from Picadilly to the West End of London to see a cricket game at Lord's, will ever forget it. Lord's cricket field is as famous and as typically English as Westminster Cathedral or the British Museum. If the match is between Eton and Harrow, or between the Gentlemen and the Players, there will be an exceptional crowd having characteristics seen nowhere else in that metropolitan city. If it is an ordinary county match there will be just as much excitement, but a more ordinary audience.

Occasionally there is a baseball match at Lord's—say once in ten years. Then the audience is a mixed one, with the London-Americans in full strength.

The other day there was a most interesting event of this character, when a baseball team from the Canadian contingent at Shornecliffe tackled a London American team to raise funds for the widows and orphans of Canadians who fall in the war. The audience was Anglo-Saxon—including the Englishman, the soldiers from India and Australia, the majority of the Canadian colony in London, and a great many

London Americans. Such an audience would give the trained observer much scope for a study of all the races which have founded their civilization on the principles of British liberty.

Sir George Perley, as Canada's High Commissioner, was naturally selected to throw the first ball. The accompanying photograph indicates that his style of delivery is more like that of a girl at a boarding-school than that of a professional baseball artist. But the smile makes up for much—and Sir George is said to be very chary with his smiles.

Who won? It does not matter. The game was the thing. It gave the Americans—whether from Canada or the United States—an opportunity to show what the "national" game of these two countries is like. For, despite our nominal preference for lacrosse, it is not as much the national game of Canada as it was. Moreover, there was no great rivalry—because all Canadians and Americans in London are in harmony in wishing and praying for the success of the Allied armies.

Such events as these must be welcome to those who feel the strain of this bloody conflict and nowhere is the strain greater than in the city of London itself.

CANADA HAS MOST TO LOSE

By THE MONOCLE MAN

NOTHING but a dense ignorance of the international situation could possibly justify the feeling which is so common in Canada that we have very much less at stake in this war than have the European Allied nations. Of course, our people never have taken international politics seriously. They have always acted on the theory that "diplomacy" was a wicked mixture of lying and secrecy and deception with which it was distinctly to our credit to have nothing to do. We were too honourable and upright and truth-telling to play the diplomatic game. Only the effete and immoral peoples of the Old World could be got to mix in such a muddy muddle. The consequence is that we, as a result of our hypocrisy, do not understand the direct and important relations which exist between our national future as well as our individual happiness and "diplomacy." We imagine ourselves safely outside its sway, and conceive of ourselves to-day as generously sending soldiers to help other people fight their battles.

A MORE wrong-headed and deadly dangerous notion could hardly exist. The precise opposite is, in my opinion, the truth. We stand to lose MORE by a German victory than do any of the other Allied nations, with the possible exceptions of Belgium and Serbia. This is not hyperbole or metaphor. I believe it to be the literal fact; and I will tell you why. A German victory in this war means the early dismemberment of the British Empire. Most of our people see this now without finding it necessary to have the why and the wherefore explained to them in detail. So I shall not pause at this point. Now, the dismemberment of the British Empire will not mean, I take it, the German occupation of any part of the British Islands. England, Ireland, and Scotland will be much poorer—they will have lost their Empire—but they will be free and self-governed. The greater part of France will be left intact—free, French and self-governed. Germany will not want any more Alsace-Lorraines. Italy will come out of the struggle—even if beaten—still Italy, with the exception of some of her Northern Provinces. Russia may lose Poland; but Russia will still be Russia.

CANADA, on the other hand, will be wholly taken over, occupied, systematically settled and ruthlessly ruled by Germany. There is no more doubt of this than there is that the sun will rise to-morrow morning. Take a map of the world, which shows the British Empire coloured red, and decide what portions of that red territory a wise German Empire would acquire if she had her choice. What she wants, we all know. She wants a land where her people can live and prosper—where there is an abundance of natural wealth for them to exploit—where they can colonize and create an Overseas Germany—where they will stand ever ready to fly to the help of the Fatherland if it be attacked. Where can she best find that within the limits of the British Empire? Not in India—that is too full already. She might like to exploit India—compel her people to consume goods "made in Germany"—but both climate and a swarming population would prevent her from turning India into an Overseas Germany.

EGYPT, she would probably take over commercially under the guise of a Turkish province. But Germans cannot live there the whole year round. South Africa will be tempting; but the Boer population would not take kindly to Prussian methods. They have shown what they think of the prospect by their gallant efforts in this war. Australia is an empty Island-Continent; but a large part of it is said to be uninhabitable by Europeans—and it lies ever under the menace of an awakened and over-crowded Asia. That pretty well calls the roll till we get to Canada. And what of Canada? It has a temperate climate, not unlike Germany itself. It is sparsely populated, and so could soon, by systematic German emigration, be turned into a German Colony. Its natural resources are not matched in the world. It is an ideal land for the overseas development of German Imperial ambitions. The Germans could create here a German-speaking "United States" which they would hope to hold in perpetual fief to the Hohenzollern crown. And, judging by the docility of the German-Americans in the present United States, they would have a comparatively easy proposition. The German race lacks that passion for self-government and individual freedom which dominates and spurs on the English-speaking races.

SO there is no doubt that Germany would want Canada—want it much more than any other possible spoil of war after the defeat of the Allies. And she commonly takes what she wants—

when she can. And who would prevent her from taking Canada, once the British Empire was beaten prostrate and the present gallant Alliance of Free Nations shattered? If our very good neighbours, the Americans, cherish the delusion that for one minute they could prevent it, they are due for a rude awakening—if Germany wins this war. They have a navy which, even to-day, is second to the German navy. But they may be very certain that the German navy—before it overpowers the British navy—will be much bigger and more powerful than it is to-day. And, remember, we are not calculating in this little discussion, on them fighting while the British navy is still able to fight. They show little inclination to do that now, when they could probably win this war

for the Allies and for national independence by simply joining us formally. We are assuming that they will stand aloof, imagining that it is no business of theirs, and see the British fleet blown out of the water.

SO they will then have an inferior navy to that of Germany—much inferior. They will have no army at all in the European sense. Moreover, Germany will not declare war on them. She will simply announce that she proposes to "move in next door," and that she hopes that they will be the very best of neighbours. Then she will land a German army here, strong enough to sweep from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande without serious trouble, and will proceed to take up any border disputes or trade hostilities that she may find in being. It is just possible that, in that day, if it ever dawns, the pundits at Washington may regret that they did not curb the might of Germany when they could have done it by simply signing a declaration of war.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

WHO'S WHO IN FRANCE

A NUMBER of changes have been made in the senior commands of the Canadian Army in France. The number of Canadians in the fighting line is now about fifty thousand, which makes a full army corps and some over. A British Division consists of 18,600 men, and two Divisions make an army corps. General Alderson is the commander-in-chief of the whole Canadian Force in France, which is divided into two Divisions and the Corps Troops. The latter might be termed a reserve division.

Through the courtesy of Major-General Sir Sam Hughes, the Courier is able to publish this week a list of the senior commands revised to October 1st. This is as follows:

CANADIAN ARMY CORPS. (2 DIVISIONS.)

Under command of General Alderson.

1. **First Division—Major-General Currie, C.B.**
First Brigade—Brig.-Gen. Lord Brooke. (Four Battalions.)

Second Brigade—Brig.-Gen. L. J. Lipsett. (Four Battalions.)

Third Brigade—Brig.-Gen. R. G. E. Leckie. (Four Battalions.)

Divisional Cavalry—Brig.-Gen. Rt. Hon. J. E. B. Seely.

Divisional Artillery—Brig.-Gen. H. E. Burstall.
2. **Second Division—Major-General R. E. W. Turner, C.B., V.C.**

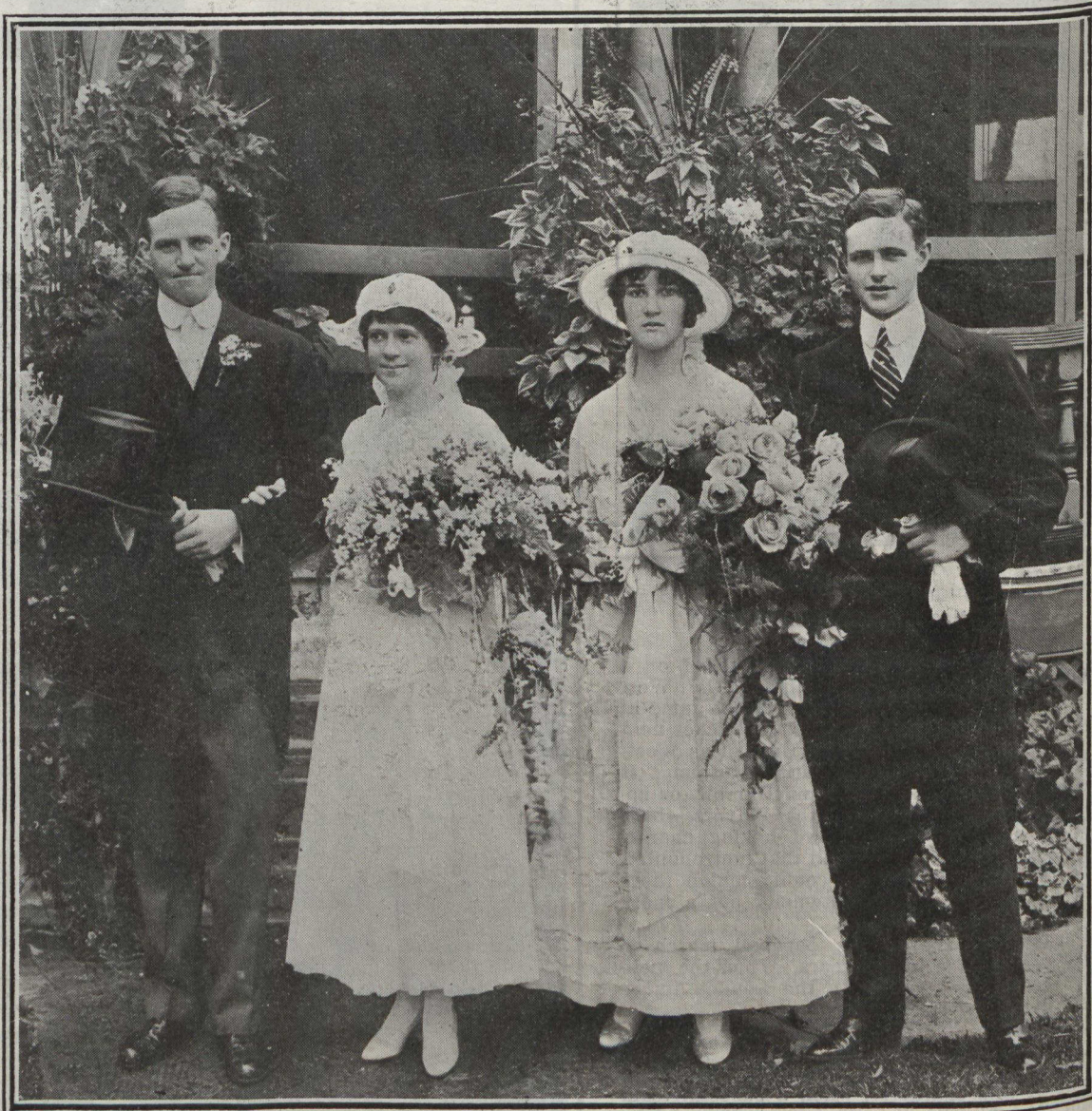
Fourth Brigade—Brig.-Gen. Garnet Hughes. (Four Battalions.)

Sixth Brigade—Brig.-Gen. Ketchen. (Four Battalions.)

Divisional Cavalry—Brig.-Gen. F. O. Sissions.
Divisional Artillery.

3. **Corps Troops—Major-General Mercer.**
Cavalry Brigade—Brig.-Gen. C. A. Smart.
Forty-Second Highlanders (Montreal).
Forty-Ninth (Edmonton).
Royal Canadian Regiment.
Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry.

PRINCIPALS IN A RECENT OTTAWA WEDDING



A wedding which caused much interest in social circles recently, was that of Miss Louise Tamplatt, only daughter of Mrs. Henry Cameron, formerly of Louisville, Ky., and Mr. Allan Bate, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Cameron Bate, of Ottawa. The Maid of Honour was Miss Lois Booth, and the Groomsman, Mr. T. Bate, Flag Lieutenant under Admiral Kingsmill. The group is here seen outside the residence of the bride's mother on Laurier Avenue, Ottawa.



Casa Loma, the beautiful home of Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt, Toronto, was en fete a day in late September in honour of the Girl

Guides of Ontario. Castle walls as a background for Youth amid brilliant autumn colouring, made for a vivid outdoor scene.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

den's back on the job and Sir Wilfrid's better of his tooth-ache. So, I guess we're all right."

Writer and Lecturer

ONTARIO is to have the opportunity this month of hearing Mrs. McClung, who has been so successful as a speaker, throughout our Western Provinces. Mrs. McClung first became famous as a writer of short stories, making a notable success with her first volume, "Sowing Seeds in Danny." Since those days, both in Saskatchewan and Manitoba, Mrs. McClung has taken effective part in campaigns in favour of temperance and moral reform. But we hope that, in spite of her strenuous work, Mrs. McClung has not lost the sense of humour which is one of her greatest charms. We need various and thorough reforms, but we need, also, that sense of life's ironies which keeps the day's work from becoming too great a burden. If we can be made better and happier at the same time, why, we are quite willing to be reformed at once. ERIN.

Western Ontario Chapters Meet

MEMBERS of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire from 38 different chapters in Western Ontario, assembled at a "rally" in London, on September 17th, by invitation of the Municipal Chapter of that city. The idea of the session was to gain fresh inspiration, interchange ideas for the winter's work, and become better acquainted with the members of the ten primary London chapters which form the Municipal body.

The session, which was presided over by Mrs. Niven, convened in Cronyn Hall. An address of welcome by Mrs. H. A. Boomer, honorary regent, London, and reply by Mrs. Duncan Ross, of Strathroy, on behalf of visiting chapters, were opening features.

Mrs. McDougald, of Montreal, Standard Bearer of the National Chapter, gave a most inspiring address, dealing largely with the Order's work in Canada since the outbreak of the war, and appealing to the women present not to withhold their men from enlisting.

A comprehensive account of the work accomplished by the Municipal Chapter, London, inside the past twelve months, was presented by Mrs. R. M. Graham, secretary. Over \$20,000 has been raised and expended in the year, apart from almost \$10,000 handled by the primary chapters. Fifty-four bales of hospital supplies and soldiers' comforts have been sent to the Queen's Canadian Military Hospital, at Shorncliffe, since April last.

The fine contribution of 41.2 tons of jam, forwarded to England in June, from the Municipal Chapter, was also the result of a "jam shower" held in London for one week. The most recent gift of the chapter is a machine gun, and many of the members are now adopting "prisoners of war" in Germany.

Home-Made Toys

AN excellent scheme for the encouragement of toy-making in this country, has been adopted by the Canadian Handicraft Guild, at 586 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal, who are offering prizes (Concluded on page 15.)



A CAPTAIN AND HIS BRIDE.

Captain and Mrs. Herbert R. Alley, caught by the camera as they left St. Paul's Church, Toronto, after the solemnization of their marriage. Mrs. Alley was Gwendolyn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Jones, Toronto. The honeymoon will be spent en route for England, where Captain Alley will shortly join his regiment.

A Rosy Monday

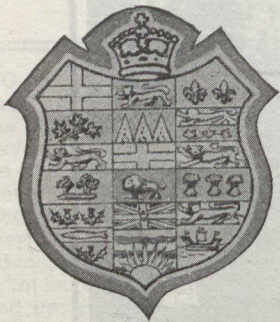
AS a rule, Monday is a day of blues and bluing. It is given over to indigestion and laundry work—neither of which makes for immediate happiness. Just why Monday should be a day of sadness, we cannot tell—unless it be that we do too little and eat too much on Sunday. However, the last Monday in September, this year, stood out as an entirely joyous occasion, for the Allies (specially France) had two or three glorious victories to their credit, and the world looked as if it were rolling Freedom's happy way. Toronto wound up the day with a meeting in the Arena, addressed by Sir Robert Borden and his faithful Western follower, Mr. R. R. Bennett, and the small boy expressed our feelings graphically when he said: "Well, we've licked some Germans. Bor-



VANCOUVER SOCIETY GIRLS SELL SWEETS.

A Red Cross Sports Carnival was held at Brockton Point, Vancouver, during the visit of H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught. Very picturesque were the baker's dozen of girls in nurses' uniform who sold sweets to the populace. From left to right they were: Miss Beth Roberts, Miss Zulette London, Mrs. Douglas, Miss London, Miss Phair, Miss Anita Bell-Irving, Miss Mary Bell-Irving, Miss V. Phair, Miss Kathleen Watson, Miss Valerie Maude, Miss Jean Macdonald, Mrs. E. M. C. McLorg, Miss Mary Pybus.

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To Achieve Fame

ASURE road to fame is to get on a steamer, land in New York, and tell the reporters who come to meet the vessel, that Britain has captured 43-65-73-105 German submarines. It is well to hint that you have been in the company of some British officers and politicians who are "high up." An air of mystery as to where you get your information is essential. If you do the job nicely, your name and your report will be printed in every silly newspaper in the United States and Canada—and there are a lot of them.

Our Own Submarines

OVER in the United States, bids have been received for sixteen new submarines of the "coast defence" type. The price is limited by the Naval Department to \$550,000 each. Canada is moving along the same line, and the submarines now being built here will be a splendid addition to Canada's coast defences.

An Important Vote

ON November 3rd, the State of New York will vote on the question of extending the suffrage to women. Neither the Republicans nor the Democrats have taken any definite position on the question, and it looks as if they had decided that it should be defeated. The vote will be interesting, however, as showing how the sentiment on this subject stands in the most important state of the Union.

Missing Its Opportunity

TORONTO has a "Bureau of Municipal Research" which costs a little group of citizens twenty thousand dollars a year to maintain. This Bureau investigates and gives advice as to possible improvements in the civic administration, but refuses to indulge in personalities.

What folly! What magnificent opportunities ignored! And how ridiculous to think that any government can be reformed without denouncing all those connected with it as "self-seekers," "corruptionists," "vote-stealers" and "robbers"!

A Positive Virtue

MYVES GUYOT, the French economist, addressing the British Association which met recently at Manchester, makes a distinction which is worthy of special consideration. Every nation must practise economy, but even more must it increase production. Economy without increased production is ineffective. Economy is at best only a negative virtue, while the intensity of production is a positive virtue. Every nation must build on the positive virtues in order to ensure economic progress.

This point is commended to the serious consideration of the Minister of Trade and Commerce and the members of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association.

Our Rich Patriots

MARVELLOUS it is how our rich men tell us to economize and be patriotic while refusing to show the same spirit themselves. They preach, but do not practise.

Prominent Canadian bankers, brokers and capitalists are taking a share of the big New York loan, though they know that one condition of it is that "all the money must be spent in the United States." Apparently these gentlemen do not love Canada nearly as much as they love their balance sheets.

The English newspapers are warning the people of that country that they should not buy any of this United States flotation, but save their money for purely British war loans. Indeed, it is clear, that in as far as English and Canadian investors take up this United States loan to the Allies, just that far they are defeating its object.

Every banker, every broker and every capitalist who puts a Canadian dollar in this United States loan should be severely censured by the people of Canada.

Quick Results at Ottawa

HOW quick the Government at Ottawa is to take a "tip" is proven by the following recital of events. In last week's Canadian Courier, the leading editorial was entitled, "Finance Our Own Share," and began with the sentence, "Canada should finance her own share in the war." It was suggested that if the Hon. Mr. White would ask Canadians to subscribe to a national loan at five per cent. he would be generously supported.

The Canadian Courier reached Ottawa on Thursday. On Saturday a despatch was sent from Ottawa to the Toronto "Sunday World" which stated:

"When the next Canadian loan for war purposes is issued, there is no doubt that it will be raised in the Dominion. . . . There are many evidences that the financial interest of the country as well as the people generally would welcome a domestic issue."

Hon. Mr. White has decided wisely. He will find that the Canadian Courier's "tips" are usually based on a close study of public sentiment.

Loose Reasoning

PROFESSOR ROBINSON, of Chicago, who was honoured with a degree at Knox College, Toronto, last week, thinks Great Britain is as responsible for this war as Germany. He finds his reason in the fact that Britain boldly called herself "Mistress of the Sea."

The reasoning was bad. Britain may have aimed to rule the sea, but she ruled it for the benefit of all the nations. She asked no privilege for herself that was not extended to Germany and Austria. She did not attempt to "hog" the sea as Germany would do if she had an opportunity.

Therefore, the Professor is illogical in overlooking the vital difference between Great Britain and Germany. Britain stands for equal freedom among the nations; Germany aims at the exact opposite.

Professor Robinson may be a gentleman and a scholar, but he certainly would be well advised to refrain in future from visiting Canada. There can be neither hospitality nor tolerance for men who are so blind to the real issue of this war as the Professor who last week found it advisable to make such a hasty exit from this country.

Misrepresenting Ireland

SIR ROGER CASEMENT, who presumes to represent "National Ireland" in Germany, tried to get in with the Irish National Volunteers last year without success. He then went to New York

and became some figure among the wilder Irish spirits of that city. After being officially repudiated by Irishmen of every class, he travelled to Berlin.

A somewhat similar case is that of Mr. T. St. John Gaffney, American consul-general at Munich, who has been recalled because of his pro-German utterances, and who now proposes to lecture in the United States on behalf of the German cause. He, too, claims to be an Irish Nationalist with a record, but the Irish people of New York declare that he was repudiated by Mr. John Redmond as a "butter-in."

These are the type of men who are trying to stain the otherwise splendid record of Irishmen in this struggle against tyranny and oppression. They are adventurers and renegades.

Only Two Funds

ALL tag days, tobacco funds, comforts associations, machine-gun donations and so on should be ignored. There are two funds which claim premier attention—the Red Cross Fund and the Patriotic Fund. October 21st is to be a donation day for the British Red Cross Society, of which the Canadian Red Cross is a branch. The Patriotic Fund will need millions more. When these two claims are met, Canadians will find that they have been called upon for all they have to spare.

The Allies' Loan

WHEN the White-Taylor loan was negotiated in New York for \$45,000,000, Hon. Mr. White only allowed the underwriters three-quarters of one per cent. commission. This was said to be a record for a loan of that size. The British-French loan of \$500,000,000 has made just as good a record, the same commission only being allowed. In this case, however, there is an additional rebate of one per cent. to all underwriters who thus get their bonds at 96¼ instead of 98.

British Preference

SHOULD Great Britain insist that all new duties imposed on such imports as pianos, automobiles and so on, apply to the imports from Canada, Australia and other British countries, there will be mixed feelings. The Conservative party in Canada is on record as being in favour of mutual preferences and they will hardly be content to see their favourite dream shattered by a government of which Bonar Law and Austin Chamberlain are members. On the other hand, the Liberal party in Canada is on record as favouring independent action. They will therefore answer that it is entirely a domestic question and that the British Parliament has a perfect right to do as it wishes.

Nevertheless, there will be many people in the Dominions who will agree with Hon. Mr. Fisher, of New Zealand, that these Dominions do not expect the British Parliament to put us on the same basis in the matter of trade as Germany. Many who would not ask Great Britain to put on duties to help the Dominions will, now that duties are introduced for other reasons, wonder why some special treatment is not extended to the other parts of the Empire.

THE NEW KNOX COLLEGE IS FORMALLY OPENED



On Tuesday, September 28th, the new Knox College, Toronto, was thrown open to the public. On the following day the dedication service took place in the college chapel when this picture was taken by the Courier photographer.



This map shows the whole change in the British and French line as effected by the operations on Saturday and Sunday, September 25th and 26th. The Inset Picture illustrates the curious combination of farming and war on the West front; a French farmer cultivating his fields close to the graves of his fellow-citizens.

IS THIS THE GREAT DRIVE ?

WILL the new offensive begun by the British and the French a few days ago resolve itself into a big push, or only a rap on the knuckles? For the first time since the battle of Neuve Chapelle, in April, the Allies have brought the weight of their men and munitions to bear upon important sectors of the line hundreds of miles long between Switzerland and the north coast of Belgium. Was it done to ease the Russians and by arrangement with the Russian general staff? Or was it merely another experiment to see what the Allies were able to do with the German trench fortifications now that they have speeded up munitions? Having made the experiment and satisfied everybody, even the Germans, that they have the necessary "punch" to get through the first and second line of trenches without appalling sacrifice, will the Allies drive again and again; or will they settle down to pile up more munitions, equip more armies, and go nibbling again for the winter? These are questions which no amateur need try to answer. They are questions which even professional soldiers might find embarrassing. But the average man who day by day mentally shoves on this gigantic task of getting the Germans out of France and Belgium, is bound to ask such questions, because for the first time in the history of the world the common man at home thinks himself called upon to be a war expert. For the first time in the history of war the citizen considers himself a soldier. This is a war of business, of organization and of vast machinery. And on the west front it has been since the Battle of the Marne such a slow-moving glacier of a thing, that most men have time to make themselves more or less foolishly wise trying to understand what is going on and trying to forecast what may happen in the near future.

Nobody wants the Allies to strike before they are ready. No sane man wants to over-estimate the push that has already been made. Neither does anybody care to under-rate the power of the Allies to do just the kind of fighting that Germany has imposed on her enemies, and to do it better than Germany as time goes on and organization becomes more complete. We do not expect to take ten years to learn this kind of warfare. It took Britain most of two years to learn how to fight the Boers by their own methods. Those methods have all been discarded. A commando of Boer sharpshooters would have as much chance on that shell-swept frontier of France and Belgium as a cat in an earthquake. But the best soldiers in the world, British, Canadian, French and Belgian, backed up by artillery as powerful as the German artillery, by explosive shells as deadly as the Germans, by national spirit higher than the Germans, if not more united, and led by generals that know the conditions—should be able to rise to the height and the might of this terrific encounter. The armies of France and Britain should be able to gather themselves into that world-crushing strength that no longer waits for Germans to set the pace.

THIS may take weeks, months or a year. Nobody knows how long. All we know is that the job is begun. The great offensive scheduled so vaguely to begin last May seems to have begun this September. The Allies have begun it. The nations behind the Allies are rising to it. The people know that the machinery of the Allies is able to work havoc with the German lines as deadly as ever the Germans worked with our lines or with the Russians. The Allies have begun to shake off their traditional notions about the game of war and to take this conflict as the titanic, overwhelming, world-

absorbing business that it is. The Germans can do no worse than they have done. Their diabolical methods are understood. They are matched by their adversaries. The shuddering menaces are no longer terrifying. Calmly and unwaveringly Joffre and French co-ordinate their forces and map out the advance. They will not needlessly sacrifice armies for the sake of a show or a mere technical decision. They will if need be wait and hold and nibble and manoeuvre—until they have gathered the might that crushes the enemy.

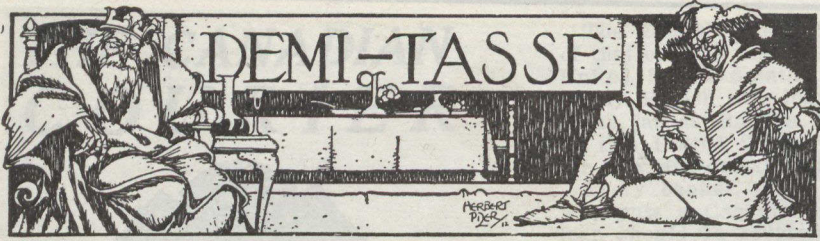
AND the German people through their own newspapers are beginning to know it. They are alarmed. Even the efforts of German experts to poohpooh the danger proves how great that danger is. The big drive may not yet be on. But it is surely coming. Meanwhile the world at home can afford to wait till it comes, without feverishly wanting to send instructions to Joffre and French. They are coming up behind, the armies and the munitions of England and France. And we believe that when they begin to make the Big Drive they will be irresistible.

Champagne Prosperity

OVER in the United States, some of the manufacturers are showing signs of "Champagne prosperity," as described by Myron T. Herrick, formerly ambassador to France. He protests vigorously against a reckless expenditure of war profits.

So, too, in this country, there is a tendency among those who are making money out of munitions to be extravagant. Several imported limousines have made their appearance in Toronto and Montreal, with "war profits" written all over them.

This is the kind of foolishness which leads governments to tax war profits and wage-earners to demand increased wages.



Courierettes.

THE war is shoved temporarily into the shade while the Red Sox and Phillies fight it out.

War steps in the Balkans seem to be mostly side steps.

Prohibition is making such headway in the world that the water wagon is apt to be mistaken for the band wagon.

The plow horses that didn't get away to the war are no doubt better pleased to be dragging a plow.

Chicago wants a submarine stationed there. What is it doing with the East-land?

Chairman Walsh of the U. S. Industrial Commission, thinks that no man should save more than a million. Carried by a large majority.

Uncle Sam has a battleship named after the state of Georgia. If it's built and manned no better than a Georgia jail, it isn't up to much.

The English pound is soon due to recover its weight in the world's financial markets.

A Kansas City woman who has 21 children, wants to adopt two more. Looks like 23 for her all right.

Why doesn't Britain levy fines on German colonies, is a question asked in print recently. Because the Huns have none.

Mrs. J. J. Astor fed a \$2 beefsteak to her dog the other day. Another text for the Socialist orator.

Dr. Dumba completely overlooked the eleventh commandment of the diplomat—"don't get caught."

Doc Cook nearly froze to death on Mount Everest. Somehow there seems to be a coolness wherever he goes.

Woodstock, Ont., has a chief of police by the name of Killing. That should be enough to keep the crooks out of Woodstock.

Archibald finds that carrying a message for Dumba is not quite as glorious as carrying a message to Garcia.

Have you ever noticed that the hen-pecked man wisely does all his crowing away from home?

All kinds of possibilities in the jitney. Striking street car crews in Pennsylvania operated a jitney service to beat the railway company.

The Turks are said to be building railways. That's all right. We'll find them useful later on.

A 72 year old woman in New York is charged with having alienated the affections of a 60 year old husband. Well, that's easily explained. The woman is wealthy.

A MOAN ABOUT HORNS.

I list to the tooting of autos,
Till the heart within me mourns—
Oh, take me away to the country,
Where only the cows have horns.

Of Course it is.—Kissing will be a barbarous practice fifty years from now, declares a Boston doctor. It's barbarous now—to those who have to look on.

Appropriate Material.—You will find that most castles in the air are built of gold bricks.

We Believe This.—A taxi driver in Detroit was held up and robbed. P.S.—It took four men to do it.

Very Much.—Speaking of things that have stayed up during the past

season, we might mention the umbrella.

Anything Will Do.—An actress just back from Europe has gained some publicity by reason of bringing back with her the smallest dog in the world. Possibly her talent is equally small, but anything will do to get her name in the papers.

WAR NOTES.

The "terrible Turk" seems to still be in terror.

Europe is trenching and America is retrenching just now.

Nobody can deny that the Turkish fleet retains its fleetness.

Britain held up a Standard Oil ship. Britain is afraid of nothing.

This war was made in Germany and we've got to see that it is finished there.

To make this fall a perfect fall all that is needed now is the fall of Constantinople.

It's rather hard on Bryan when he finds war munitions for the allies being made in Lincoln, Neb.

The Krupps subscription of \$10,000,000 to the German war loan was a mere transfer of that amount from one pocket to the other.

In Russia the young idea has to be taught not only how to shoot, but how to scoot.

The Kaiser declares that beer is indispensable for the army. That's hard crack at his ally, Wm. Grape juice Bryan.

The Query.—"How will the shirker face his conscience?" asks a Toronto minister.

Well, answer it with another question. "How can a man face something that isn't?"

This Decadent Age.—Now along comes a chap who recommends that talcum powder be used on mules. Alas, we fear we live in a mollycoddie age.

The Need of the Hour.—Some of these days President Wilson will be asking Thomas A. Edison to invent a machine for writing diplomatic notes.

Wise and Otherwise.

One of the best boards of education is the shingle.

Pessimists are misfortune tellers. Lovers need never be too good to be true.

A lighthouse is a good place to learn light housekeeping.

A man who is truthful about everything else will lie after he goes on a fishing trip.

A little learning is a dangerous thing—and to know it all is even worse.

Never say that a man cannot be bought until you have heard the price offered.

A wife who uses face powder and hair bleach should not object to her husband spending some coin on cigars.

Puzzle—Find the Man.—Teddy Roosevelt says he is willing to back any good man for President of the U. S. If he were pressed for an answer, he might be able to find the right man without going far.

He Surely Is.—Connie Mack, the Philadelphia baseball manager, says

he is building up a new team. A glance at the league standing must convince the observer that Connie is beginning at the right place—the bottom.

It's Due.—According to the Cologne Gazette, Von Tirpitz has stated that "the German fleet will soon come out of hiding." Then it will be getting a hiding.

MOTORISTS.

(Being the more modern American national anthem.)

My auto, 'tis of thee,
Short cut to poverty,
Of thee I chant;
I blew a pile of dough
On you two years ago,
Now you refuse to go—
Or won't or can't.

Through town and countryside
You were my joy and pride,
A happy day;
I loved the gaudy hue
And the nice tires so new—
Now it seems you are through
In every way.

To thee, old rattlebox,
Came many bumps and knocks;
For thee I grieve.
Badly thy top is torn,
Frayed are thy seats and worn,
Whooping cough's in thy horn
I do believe.

Thy perfume scents the breeze
While good folk choke and sneeze
As we pass by;
I paid for thee a price,
'Twould buy a mansion twice,
Now everybody's nice—
I wonder why.

Thy motor has the grip,
Thy spark plug has the pip,
And woe is thine;
I too have suffered chills,
Ague and kindred ills,
Trying to pay my bills
Since thou wert mine.

Gone is my bank roll now—
No more 'twould choke a cow,
As once before;
Yet, if I had the yen,
So help me, John (amen)
I'd buy a car again—
And speed once more!

Sure Sign.—It's easy to tell that John D. Rockefeller has been a successful man. He keeps a lot of guards around his place and is rather scared to venture out.

A Truth About Truth.—Some folks like to tell the truth only when it is unpleasant for somebody.

Embarrassing, At Least.

Polaire, the French actress who boasts the tiniest waist in the world, is now prastising on odd war-time economy. She refuses to wear stockings while the war is on, and she is creating somewhat of a sensation in London.

Toronto has a preacher who refuses to wear a hat until his church is completed.

If this sort of thing continues, the scarcity of clothing is bound to be more or less embarrassing.

Appropriate.—In Britain they have a new breechless rifle.

It would seem to be the proper kind of a weapon for the kilted Highlanders.

Too Much.—Prof. Graham Bell suggests that we follow the German example and extract food from sawdust. When next you go out to dine, do not be surprised if your host invites you to help yourself to a splinter off the leg of the table.

Why Of Course!—The London Daily Mail has an article headed "Why Women Speak Well." Why shouldn't they speak well? With all the practice they get we should be surprised if they were not good talkers.

A Perfect Complexion



Gives that delicately clear and refined complexion which every woman desires. Keeps a way skin troubles.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream

We will send a complexion chamois and book of Powder leaves for 15c. to cover cost of mailing and wrapping.
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Attractively situated. Picked faculty.
For prospectus and terms write the Principal
R. I. Warner, M.A., D.D., St. Thomas, Ont.

At the Sign of the Maple

Home-Made Toys

(Concluded from page 11.)

for the best sample home-made toys submitted to them. No entrance fee is required to enter the competition, which closes on November 10th. All toys, however, must be sent to the Guild office with carriage paid and the worker's price plainly marked. After the awards have been made, the toys will be placed on sale in some central locality in time for the Christmas trade.

There seems to be no important reason why the art of toy-making should not flourish in Canada with as great success as the industry attained in Germany. Needless to say no more Canadian money will go to Germany for the purchase of those toys which were hitherto obtained in that country, but that need not deprive our



MRS. R. M. GRAHAM. Sec'., Municipal Chapter I.O.D.E., of London, who addressed the assembled members of thirty-eight Western Ontario Chapters.

children of their playthings. There must be countless Canadians with the required skill and imagination necessary to produce such articles, and it is for the purpose of developing this talent, and eventually creating a toy industry in Canada, that the Canadian Handicrafts Guild has made their offer. Particulars as to prizes may be obtained by application to the Montreal address.

A Popular Appointment

MRS. Lillian Beynon Thomas, of Winnipeg, has been recently named by the new Manitoba Government, as one of the members of the Advisory Board of the Agricultural College. Mrs. Thomas is well known in the Women's Press Club, the Political Equality League and other organizations. She is an authority on all the problems of the farm women. For years she has wielded a powerful pen in the Free Press and other journals, where she is known as "Lillian Laurie," in their interests and for every progressive movement. As a public speaker she is immensely popular and widely influential, and it is felt that the Government could not have made a wiser choice. As an organizer, Mrs. Thomas has few equals in her own province or elsewhere, and she will undoubtedly in her new capacity find congenial and profitable work in getting every woman who is a rural dweller, into touch with the Home Economics Societies and the Agricultural College Extension work for women.

Recently too, Mrs. Thomas has been appointed by the Local Council of Women, of Winnipeg, its provincial

representative on the National Council, so it is apparent that Manitoba wishes to do her honour as one of its most useful citizens.

News Brevities

A gift of a motor ambulance was recently made by the Toronto W.C.T.U. to the Canadian Red Cross Society. It will go to the front with the next Canadian Contingent.

October 8th will be Field Day at the Hamilton Golf and Country Club. The Toronto, Rosedale and Lambton Golf Clubs, all of Toronto, have entered two teams of five players each.

Duke and Duchess of Connaught were represented by Lord Richard Neville, at the Melba Red Cross concert in Toronto on Monday last. T.R.H. will, however, attend the same concert to be held in the Arena, at Montreal, on October 13th.

Hamilton will hold a "Hospital Sunday" on Oct. 17th. The collection will be under the supervision of the Paardeburg Chapter, I.O.D.E., who take this means of calling on the support of the churches and the public to help carry on their winter campaign.

Serbian Relief is the latest cause to gain the attention of the Municipal Chapter, I.O.D.E., of Winnipeg. A "Serbian Hospital Supply and Comfort Week" will be held beginning Oct. 25th., during which time contributions of Red Cross supplies, canned goods and money will be gladly received.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Kathleen Dunsmuir, of Victoria, daughter of Mr. James Dunsmuir, former Lieut.-Governor of British Columbia, to Major Seldon Humphrys, with the British forces in France. Miss Dunsmuir met her fiancé at Havre, where she has been in charge of a motor kitchen, for the purchase of which she raised funds among friends at the outset of the war.

Thursday, October 21st will be "Trafalgar Day" throughout Ontario. The request that such a day be held has been received by Lieut.-Governor



MRS. DUNCAN C. ROSS. Of Strathroy, Ont., who spoke at the recent I.O.D.E. rally at London.

Hendrie from Lord Lansdowne, who states that additional funds are required to carry on the work of the Red Cross. Committees are being formed in every municipality in the Province to superintend the collection of money on that day.



If Tea and Coffee Came in Capsules

as their drug, caffeine, is frequently sold, tea and coffee drinkers would wake up to the fact that tea and coffee are not foods but drugs.

Yet in spite of the warnings of reputable physicians, many persons fail to realize the harmful effects of caffeine, the subtle, habit-forming drug in tea and coffee. Taken regularly this drug—the frequent cause of nervousness, heart-flutter, headache and other ailments—sooner or later gets its hold.

Look tea and coffee in the face—read what physicians and health experts say: (Names on application)

"Some people get the craving for alcohol by first taking tea or coffee."

"Coffee is a dope and narcotic almost equal to opium. Slowly but surely it gets control of its victim and holds him in its grasp a pitiful, helpless victim."

"Coffee is a drug. Those addicted to its use are drug addicts."

"They (the tea and coffee drugs) are comparable to opium in that they induce a habit and should be avoided."

Right now is the time to find out whether or not tea or coffee has a hold on you. It's simple and easy—quit both for ten days and use

POSTUM

the pure food-drink

Made of wheat and a bit of wholesome molasses, Postum has a delicious, snappy flavour, yet contains no drug or other harmful element.

The better health that follows freedom from the tea and coffee drug shows

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Accounts may be opened in the names of two or more persons, withdrawals to be made by any one of them or by the survivor.

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Policies issued by the Society are for the protection of your family, and cannot be bought, sold, or pledged.

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COSGRAVES (CHILL-PROOF) PALE ALE

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Any dealer will fill your order.

For over half a century the Cosgrave label has meant the best in hop and malt beverages.



As light as lager, but better for you.

MONEY AND MAGNATES

The Flood-Tide Has Started

THERE seems to be little doubt now that industrial, commercial and financial Canada is in flood-tide. The era of economy which has swept all countries as a result of the war, has probably been most pronounced in Canada. The Dominion, it must be acknowledged, is as yet a weakling among the countries of the world, but she is a weakling endowed by heredity with brains and by nature with strength and brawn and resourcefulness. We have studied the successes and failures of our immediate family and of our neighbours, and we have profited accordingly—witness the absence of wild speculation in the matter of our war stocks.

Canada's ebb tide has turned, and we are in the flood. Our farmers last year laid out every available acre they could handle to the cultivation of wheat, and they sowed carefully. The result is a larger crop, and one much more heavy to the acre than we have ever had before. Our railways have rushed feeding lines to completion and have reduced curvature on main lines in order to tap every possible acre and to provide facilities for the quickest transportation. Our freight receipts bid fair to eclipse the records of all other years in consequence. Pan American excursionists and summer tourists from the United States are filling our passenger coaches and our hotels. Our gold mines



Funeral of the late Robertson Macauley, President of the Sun Life, leaving his residence, Westmount, Montreal, September 30th.

are not only working to present capacity, but are enlarging their equipments in order that they may help to supply the world's demand for gold. This year's catch of fish has been a phenomenal one, and our coast lines are stocked with the finny products of the sea. While the 1915 lumber cut may not be as large as usual our Government has redoubled its activities in timber conservation, and when that demand reawakens we will be all the better prepared to take care of it. Our largest manufacturing plants are working day and night shifts, on shells and parts of shells, on leather products, textiles and clothing, and on all the infinite variety of small accessories which go to the equipment and furnishing of vast armies at war. And we have the positive assurance that Great Britain will give us all the work we can possibly handle.

The vast machinery of our country is operating smoothly and steadily, oiled by economy. Sentiment, which has so vast an effect upon business outlook, is much improved by reason of the fact that most figure comparisons with last year show remarkable gains. Our Government is backing our banks, and our banks our business enterprises. Summarizing these things, is it not plainly apparent that we have little indeed to complain of—and very, very much to be thankful for.

Financial Notes

NOVA SCOTIA Steel and Coal Co. has arranged to let its subsidiary, the Eastern Car Co., have five of its ships to carry cars to Russia via the Panama Canal and Vladivostok. The arrangement is that the ships will on the return voyage, pick up grain cargoes on the Pacific Coast and take them to Europe. The boats are chartered for long periods and the company lets its subsidiary have the accommodation at very low rates. The rates obtained on the return grain cargoes are said to be the highest ever paid in that trade.

Sales in Toronto on September 30th were such as to show little change for the month. Iron was up 5 points, Steel of Canada up ¼, Smelters 14½, Russell 5, Canadian Car 1½, Locomotive off 2, Scotia Steel up 4, Crow's Nest up 6. National Steel Car was down 5. The rest of the list held about steady during the whole period.

The \$500,000,000 loan which has just been consummated by Great Britain and France to the United States will be 5.94%. The net return to those countries will be \$480,000,000, and the total cost to them, including interest and commission (interest for the five years), will be \$145,000,000.

While Toronto's customs duties showed an increase in September there is a decrease for the nine months of the year, despite the higher duties levied. Toronto is economizing all right. If it were not for the unpatriotic Torontonians who buy high priced American motor cars the decline would be greater still.

During the year ending August 31st Canada imported \$134,000,000 less goods than in the previous year, and \$270,000,000 less than in 1912-13. This is cutting down our purchases with a vengeance. On the other hand, exports increased \$36,000,000. Thus the total gain in trade in our favour is \$170,000,000 for the twelve months.

Brazilian reports an increase in net earnings in August. There has been an increase every month since February.

Barrack-Room Incident

(Continued from page 8.)

"What 'poor devil,' Tumpy?" she repeated.

The Major sat with his finger-tips joined looking rather foolish, but with a pleased expression on his face, such as middle-aged husbands display when being cajoled by pretty young wives.

This was an agreeable phase of Madeline's many-sided disposition, and the Major liked it. There were other moods, say after a surfeit of chocolate and cigarettes, when she was morose and sullen.

"Come, Madeline, give me my pipe," urged Hereward with a hollow assumption of severity.

"When you have told me all about the 'poor devil,'" she replied, with the confidence of former victories.

The poor Major held out for some time, and then like many another good man purchased peace—and his pipe—at the price of a disclosure.

He told her.

Madeline sitting on the hearthrug was stricken with astonishment.

"Arthur Mordaunt!" she gasped—

"Arthur Mordaunt!"

The Major rose and mixed half a whiskey and soda, then handed it to his wife.

"It has been too much for you, Madeline," he said; "drink this, you are as white as a sheet."

He patted her kindly on the cheek, as if he remembered her liking for Mordaunt twelve months before.

There was nothing unkind or vindictive about Major Hereward. When he forgave he forgave altogether.

"To think of Arthur Mordaunt doing such a thing," she said in a voice of astonishment, as she drank the whiskey and soda. "Whatever did he do it for?"

"That's the very question I asked him myself," replied her husband.

Mrs. Hereward raised herself on her knees and turned a tearful face towards him.

"He will go, I suppose," she said; "he won't mind that much, will he? Do you think there is any woman in the case, Harold?" she added.

HE shrugged his shoulders, and gave her a hand to rise, then led her to a seat and put his arm round her.

"This seems to have knocked you up a bit, darling," he said. "I am sorry I told you, after all."

She made a gesture with her hand. "Between husband and wife there should be no secrets," she replied.

Then, as if a sudden thought had struck her she seized her husband's hand.

"What would you think of me, Harold, if I kept anything from you?"

The expression on her face was so spirituelle, and showed such grief for their friend's downfall, that the kind-hearted Major was deeply touched.

Her question he regarded as too preposterous to answer.

"You're too sensitive and too full of kindly feeling, my dear," he said, "you had better go to bed and try and get a good night's rest. You are a foolish girl to have forced me to tell you."

He gently raised her, and led her to the door of their bedroom, leaving it open at her request.

"I feel a bit lonely to-night, Tumpy," she said as she went, "and like to know you are near."

The Major made up the fire, and went back to his seat for a quiet smoke and a whiskey and soda. He filled his pipe in a leisurely way, with the satisfaction engendered by the comfort of the last pipe of the day, and he finally leaned back in his chair absorbed in thoughts of Mordaunt and what his future might be.

"Poor devil!" he muttered again softly in his iron grey moustache.

He had sat thus for perhaps ten minutes, when there came a sharp knock at the outer door of the quarters.

The servants had gone to bed long ago, the Major rose and went to the door himself.

An obvious soldier in plain clothes, with the appearance of an officer's servant, was standing outside.

"What on earth brings you here

at this time of night, Watson?" the Major asked in a tone of surprise.

The man stood to attention.

"I'm on pass till one o'clock, sir," he answered. "I've been to the theatre, sir, and I looked in at Captain Mordaunt's quarters, before I went to bed, to make up the fire and see if there was anything he wanted, knowing it was a guest night at the mess and he would be late, I found this note lying on his table, sir, marked 'deliver at once,' and I thought I'd better bring it round as I saw a light in your quarters."

He held out a sealed envelope.

"It's addressed to Mrs. Hereward, sir," he added.

"Was Captain Mordaunt there?" the Major asked.

"No, sir, he had gone out. His cloak was gone."

The Major took the note, looked at it, and started.

"All right, Watson," he said abruptly, pulling himself together.

"Thanks for bringing it."

The white face of his wife met him as he came back into the room.

"What's the matter?" she asked from the door of her room.

He did not answer her at once, but walked through into the bedroom.

SHE went back to her seat by the dressing table, where she had been brushing her long fair hair.

"This letter," began the Major slowly, "has just been delivered by Watson, Mordaunt's man, and it is addressed to you."

"To me? Why to me?"

She held out her hand for it, and he gave it to her.

The Major was a gentleman all the way through, he did not wait to watch her read it, but quietly went back to his chair in the drawing-room, and his pipe; but about him there was an air of uneasiness. He heard the crackling of the paper as his wife turned the letter in reading it, and then there was silence.

He waited for perhaps five minutes, and nothing happened but the sound of what he took to be the moving of a chair. At last he got up and walked into his wife's room again; she had slid from her chair to the floor, and lay there in a faint. Across her breast lay the open letter, just as it had fluttered as she fell.

The Major took it up, and put it in his pocket, then lifted her on the bed, and ran to the end of the passage to a little room where her maid slept, and aroused her.

He went back to his seat by the fire when the maid had come, and after a few moments' hesitation took the letter from his pocket. This is what he read:

"Madeline,

"When you asked me to cash a cheque for you at your husband's bankers that day last week when I went to London, and told me not to mention it to Major Hereward, lest it should awaken 'old recollections,' I did it in good faith, not knowing that the signature on the cheque was a forgery. I quite appreciate now, too, why you also asked me on my return to change the notes into gold for you at Cox's agents here.

"You has ruined me. I am done for, but believe me I am thinking more of you and how to save you than I am of myself. There appears only one thing to be done to cover it all up, and that I intend to do to-night. When you receive this in the morning, it will be done and over. Good-bye.

"A.M."

Major Hereward sprang to his feet, white and trembling, and made a dash for his wife's door, closing it again, as he caught sight of the maid bending over her. Then after a moment's pause with his hand on the door, he ran out into the night just as he was.

First across the parade ground to the main guard.

Had Captain Mordaunt left the barracks?

"Yes, sir," answered the sergeant,

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and Ill Health is

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UNDERCLOTHING

ALL PURE WOOL - GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE
MEANS ECONOMY PLUS COMFORT

Why do Governments always supply their soldiers with *woolen underclothes*?
Why do experienced travelers always wear *woolen underclothes*?
Why do sportsmen—hunters—sailors, etc., always wear *woolen underclothes*?

Because:—Clean, pure *Wool* is recognized as the only safe and healthful material to wear next the skin to protect against all sudden changes of weather.

"CEETEE" Underclothing is manufactured from only the very finest and cleanest Australian Merino Wool, scoured and combed over and over again until every particle of foreign matter is taken out and every strand is as clean as it is possible to be made.

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In all Sizes, for Men, Women and Children.

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LOOK FOR THE SHEEP ON EVERY GARMENT

1739

"he went out about an hour ago, but he's back again."

"Where did he go?"

"Across to his quarters, sir."

In a few moments the Major was at Mordaunt's door.

He knocked and waited, but no answer came.

He knocked again, and then entered. The room was in darkness. Some minutes elapsed before he found the matches by groping, and then he lit a candle, standing on the mantelpiece. Arthur Mordaunt fully dressed lay on the bed, and the Major gave a gasp as he saw the intense whiteness of his face.

Then to his intense relief the Junior Captain opened his eyes and looked at him.

"THANK God!" cried Hereward, then seizing Mordaunt's hand, and tears in his eyes he added,

"forgive me, Arthur, I know all."

Mordaunt sat up.

"How do you know all?"

"Watson came in here to-night, and seeing your letter delivered it at once."

Mordaunt buried his face in his hands and sobbed.

"Don't be hard on her, Major, don't be hard on her. She's only a girl."

Hereward's face hardened.

"Where did you go to-night?"

Mordaunt dropped his hands and shrugged his shoulders.

"I went down by the river, and might have made an end of it there, but a good impulse came over me, and I pitched the revolver in the water, and made up my mind to face the music."

"Thank God!" exclaimed the Major.

Hereward left him in a few minutes, and went out on to the dark parade ground, and walked up and down to the astonishment of the sentry for nearly an hour, his soul was full of bitterness and shame.

The lights still burned in his quarters, and presently he saw the maid, candle in hand, go back to her room.

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All through the solitary walk Mor-daunt's words had been ringing in his ears.

"Don't be hard on her, Major, don't be hard on her. She's only a girl."

At last he turned and slowly ascended the stairs to his rooms. Once more he hesitated at his wife's door, and then at the sound of a sob entered.

Mrs. Hereward was sitting up in bed, arrayed in her prettiest dressing jacket.

"I have been waiting for you for hours, Harold," she began, applying her handkerchief freely to her eyes, "to confess. To confess that I did it. I did do it, you know, Harold. But I was sorely tempted. Look here, Harold."

She produced from under her pillow three lawyers' letters.

"And, look here, here is a letter from old Lady Blowfield, making a terrible fuss over a paltry hundred pounds I lost at bridge. What was I to do?"

The Major endeavoured to look away and maintain a severe attitude, but his wife's big blue eyes were fixed upon him, and they were full of tears.

"You must recollect, Harold," she proceeded, "that when you married me, an innocent young girl, you accepted great responsibilities. You are nearly double my age, Harold, you must remember that. What do I know of the world? Don't I look to you for everything? and you know you might have made my allowance larger."

"It is overdrawn," muttered the Major, "much overdrawn."

"And if it is," she retorted, "who else have you to spend your income upon? Who has a greater right to your money than your wife? Really, Harold," she continued with growing confidence as her shots told, "I think that upon consideration you will find that you are much to blame in this matter. Listen to me, and I will show you that it is really all your own fault."

Later, when the weak grey dawn was creeping in, and she had exhausted her arguments and herself, and had fallen asleep, the Major in his dressing-room, carefully removing his mess jacket and folding it up thought deeply on these things. He could not entirely drive away from the back of his mind, the recurring thought that in other days, his Madeline's fair throat might have been adorned with a hempen collar for what she had done, but still by the time he had removed his neat black tie, and placed it in a drawer, he was slowly but surely coming round to her way of thinking; that he was the true criminal, and she the artless, innocent, guileless young wife of a harsh old husband. "Yes," muttered the Major in his honest old soldier's moustache, as he undid his waistcoat—"I daresay I've been a bit of a brute to her, one way and another."

Slang on Films

THE American tyranny over the picture houses—so often deplored by patriots—is now making itself felt not only in the films but in the explanatory remarks on the screen. Some of the comments on the full-blooded "comics" of American make are now printed in cute pictorial language, more amusing often than the film. At the North London Palace the other night there was a "feature" film (American slang to begin with) about the woes of a staid old person who married for a quiet life, and found his wife's anti-marriage demureness had been assumed for business reasons. Between the scenes the screen moralised in these terms:—"Keep the soft pedal on your natural instincts or you will slip your mitt." When the large husband finds himself spending money, he reflects, "I am slipping, I am going the route," or as the screen puts it, "It requires only about ten minutes for women to learn to slather it." When they went shopping "she persuaded him to loosen up," but "when she wanted him to show her the bright lights he began to act like a quitter," in other words, "he wanted to rest up and go on a diet."

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Sylvia's Secret

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

CHAPTER XVII.

Snatched From Death.

BEFORE leaving London Max Hamilton wrote to Peggy Wilmoughby telling her that he had received his marching orders, and was setting out that night for the city of Luxemburg, where he did not know how long he might have to remain.

As it happened, it was his first love letter to her; they had always been able to communicate with each other, when they wished by means of the telephone, but Max was aware that she had gone out for the afternoon and evening, and so was not to be got at in the usual way.

It was not a lengthy letter; like most men who have much writing to do professionally, Max was apt to make his private correspondence somewhat brief. Peggy, however, did not think of the shortness of Max's letter; it was so full of the burning love which he felt for her that she deemed it the finest thing ever penned; she read and re-read it not a few times but many; perhaps she kissed it; in any case, she put it away among her treasures; in the dark days of trouble and anxiety that were to sweep down upon her it remained a comfort and a joy; she has it among her treasures still—though once she came near destroying it, as will be told.

He did not mention what reason Beaumont had given for sending him in so hot a hurry to the Continent, as that was a confidential matter between the editor and himself, but he did say that his expedition was in connection with the threatening attitude of Germany. He referred to his want of success with respect to the solution of the mystery that surrounded the murder of Sylvia Chase, but said he hoped to find it on his return, if in the meantime it had not been discovered by others. Little did he imagine that every mile which took him further from England was taking him a mile nearer the revealing of the truth.

Peggy did not get Max's letter till the following morning; it was delivered at the house in St. Anton's Avenue just about the very time when Max was getting into the train for Luxemburg at l'Est station in Paris, that is, shortly after eight o'clock. His journey from London had been unmarked by any incident of note, and indeed he had managed to sleep for two or three hours after leaving Calais, but there had been plenty of time to think. Naturally he thought much of the girl he was leaving behind him, but his mind was also greatly occupied with the work before him.

When Beaumont had told him to start for Luxemburg, one thing had struck him as rather strange, and this was that the editor had kept to himself the source from which he had derived the information regarding the projected action of Germany; this was unlike Beaumont, so far as Max was concerned, for generally he gave him his fullest confidence when he sent him anywhere as a special correspondent. Max tried to guess whence Beaumont had received the intelligence, and came to the conclusion that it had not been through any official or ordinary channel.

As in duty bound, he was in closest touch with all the current news of the time; ever since Beaumont had spoken of the probability of his sending him to Germany, Max had made a special study of the various articles in the British, French and German Press dealing with the agitation; he knew, therefore, that this idea of the annexation by Germany of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, the independence and neutrality of which were guaranteed by the Powers, was something novel; there had not been the slightest hint of such an eventuality; if it actually

took place, it would be in complete violation of existing treaty obligations, and war could not but immediately ensue, unless Great Britain and France were prepared meekly to accept the situation.

That seemed an almost unimaginable thing. Yet, Max, thinking matters out, said to himself it looked as if Germany felt so arrogantly strong that it counted on this almost unimaginable thing being realised, as if, in fact, it could do what it liked in Europe without considering the susceptibilities of the other Powers, and help itself to this or that coveted territory. And if Luxemburg, why not Holland, a country even more desirable? He could not believe that the other two Powers would tamely submit, for that would be suicidal. Therefore there must be war.

It was more probable, he reflected, that Germany was reasoning in the same way. It might be that she wanted to fight the British, just as in past years she had fought the Austrians and the French. He wondered why, if Germany wanted war, it should begin taking the small Grand Duchy; to do that seemed a sheer waste of time as France could be struck at directly elsewhere.

AS Max pondered these things he began to wonder, furthermore, whether his editor, notwithstanding all his acuteness and sagacity, had not been misled into attaching too high a value to what he had heard. Was the story of the proposed annexation true? It appeared to Max to be just a little doubtful, all things considered.

On reaching Paris he bought the French papers and the two journals which are published in English there in the morning, and after quickly scanning their columns he had seen no indication whatever in any of them of the suggested action of Germany with regard to Luxemburg. Had an article on the subject been published in "The Day" there would certainly have been quotations from or references to it in some, at least, of these Paris papers, but as there was none, it was evident that Beaumont had not been so sure of the accuracy of the statement as to make it public.

Apart from this silence on the topic, there was enough, however, in these journals to show the strain and tension of international affairs.

Early in the afternoon Max Hamilton arrived in the city of Luxemburg, one of the most beautiful, romantic and interesting of European capitals; even in the depths of winter it presented a wonderful and extremely picturesque appearance.

It is a city with a much-storied past; it has been occupied in turn by many great nations and peoples—Romans, Franks, Germans, Spaniards, Austrians, French, for it held one of the strongest natural positions and so became one of the mightiest fortresses in the world. Two years before the Franco-German War, a question about it nearly precipitated that terrible struggle between France and Germany, the result of which fatally altered the balance of power; the question was settled at the time by the demolition of the fortress. But Luxemburg did not lose its attractiveness.

It was not the first time that Max had visited it, but he had never before viewed it in winter, and his gaze was charmed with it now. The place was beautiful—he also saw that it was quietly going about its everyday business, as if it had nothing to fear, nothing to dread.

As he had travelled eastward through France, and particularly near the frontier, Max had kept his eyes wide open, but had observed no extraordinary signs of military activity, and

now he found Luxemburg as tranquil and serene as though there was no such thing as even the ghost of a notion that it and the Grand Duchy were about to be gobbled up by voracious Germany.

Max put up at one of the leading hotels, the Grand Hotel Brasseur; there all was calm and repose. He looked up the proprietor of a local paper, to whom his card, with "The Day" engraved upon it, was sufficient introduction; this gentleman spoke gravely of the general situation, said, however, nothing of the annexation of his country, and appeared to be most anxious, above everything, to impress Max with facts and statistics showing what an excellent tourist centre Luxemburg was—which was true, but scarcely a thing to be noted on the eve of a great war, affecting materially its destiny.

Max next saw a deputy, a member of the little parliament of the Grand Duchy, with whom he had made acquaintance in Brussels two or three years before, and had a long conversation with him, in the course of which the subject of annexation was never even mooted until Max alluded to it as one of the possibilities of the future. The deputy laughingly demurred, taking the matter as a joke.

From these interviews Max returned to his hotel with his mind made up. Luxemburg, it was plain to him, was absolutely unconscious of its impending fate—if annexation were its fate. Not in this peaceful city was to be obtained such information as Beaumont, his editor, had sent him to find. Had Beaumont been misled? Max wondered more than ever.

Having reached the "Brasseur," Max dispatched a brief telegram, written in the special cypher code of "The Day," to Beaumont, giving the result of his observation and inquiries. The words, decoded were:

"Nothing obtainable here confirming suggestion. Think annexation undreamt of locally. Not even a subject of talk."

"After he gets my message," said Max to himself, "I shan't be surprised if he recalls me at once."

MAX had some dinner, and then began a letter to his editor. He was in the midst of it when a telegram was handed to him. He opened it and read:

"Try Treves."

This laconic dispatch was unsigned, but Max understood that Beaumont had received his telegram and that this was his reply—this order to go on to Treves, and try to find in it the information he had failed to come upon in Luxemburg; it did not occur to him that it could be anything else but a reply to his "wire," or that it might have been sent by any other person.

From the writing room, in which he had been penning his letter to his editor, Max went to the office of the hotel, and there he learned that he could get a train to Treves that evening about midnight. And to Treves he went, having first finished and posted his letter to his chief. In it he gave an account of his trip and of his impressions of peaceful Luxemburg; he stated he had received the telegram ordering him to "Try Treves," and that he would be in that city next day.

Treves, or Trier as the Germans name it, is only a journey of an hour or two—it depends on the speed of the train travelled by—from Luxemburg, and Max duly reached it in the small hours of the morning. He was as familiar with the one as with the other, for the region in which both are situated, the delightful valley of the Moselle and its tributaries, was one of his favourite holiday haunts. He took a room in the hotel that stands opposite the Porta Negra, one of the interesting



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survivals from the days of the Roman occupation, and after which the hotel is named.

Having breakfasted Max sallied forth into the town—"to see what he could see." The air was wintry, and fresh snow was laying in the streets; he had not been in the city at this season of the year before and it gave him a sense of pleasure to recognise well-known features and landmarks of the place somewhat differently dressed up, as it were, in garments of white. He had not gone very far when a great array of soldiers swung into view in full marching order, stepping briskly forward with that peculiar kick-out-straight-in-front-of-you which is characteristic of the German infantry.

There were hundreds and hundreds of these troops—whole regiments of them, fully equipped.

Here, then, thought Max at first, was something of interest, and such as he was looking for, but as the last of the host of men marched past him he reflected that Treves was a military centre, and that after all it was nothing strange in any German town of this description to behold numerous bodies of soldiers on the move. He went into a shop, purchased some cigarettes, and asked the civil person who served him a question about the soldiers—where were they going? He was told that they were not going anywhere in particular. It was clear that no special significance was attached to this movement of troops by the shopkeeper, who remarked that there were "always soldiers about."

Max thanked him, and passing out of the shop, walked on. Treves is a much larger city than Luxemburg, and making allowance for that fact the former seemed to Max just as quiet and peaceful as the latter. He saw no more masses of soldiers—and thought no more of those he had seen. He was thinking again that surely Beaumont had been misled, and had sent him on a wild-goose chase, when he saw a sight which clutched suddenly at his heart, and made him hold his breath.

A large motor-car, in which were some German officers, was rushing at a great speed up the street; a little distance in front of it there stood a child, a small boy, who either paralysed by fright or unconscious of his danger made no effort to move out of its way. The voice of a woman called to him, but apparently he did not hear it. And on the car rushed towards him without a swerve. The woman called again—a shriek of alarm this time.

There was only one thing for Max to do, and scarcely a second in which to do it—but he did it.

With a spring he dashed from the pavement, caught up the child, and got clear of the car—just in time and no more; it was so close upon him that he thought he had failed.

The child began to whimper in his arms.

"You have snatched him from death," said a woman, who had come up—it was the woman who had called to the boy in vain, and as she spoke she sobbed.

Max had been trying to soothe the whimpering child, and did not immediately look at her; when he did so he uttered an exclamation of astonishment. For the woman was Bertha Schmidt, the former servant of Sylvia Chase; he had last seen her when she was giving evidence at the inquest.

She recognized him at once, and drew back from him with a cry.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Cryptic Warning.

STILL holding the whimpering boy in his arms, Max looked at the woman, Bertha Schmidt, and she looked at him wonderingly, strangely.

"You here!" he said, after a silence, during which he put the child on its feet. "Is the boy with you?"

Suddenly, without replying to his question, she threw herself on her knees before him, heedless of the snow on the ground, and tearfully and wildly kissed his hands; then she poured forth her thanks in a torrent of German which he vainly tried to stem.

"He is my son, my only son," she

said, when she had become calmer and was standing up; "he is my world, my all. You have saved him from a cruel and violent death—I feared to see him killed before my eyes, but you carried him out of danger. Oh, if there is anything I can do for you—tell me, bid me do it, and I shall do it!"

Max, somewhat embarrassed, protested that he had done nothing more than would have been done for the boy in the same circumstances by anyone else; he had done only what he ought to do.

"Do not make light of it," said the woman; "it was the act of a hero. Your peril was great. I saw it all, and I feared that both you and Fritz, my little son, would perish."

She broke out into sobbing again, and the boy, who had ceased to whimper, began to cry afresh.

THE great motor-car had rushed on without stopping; perhaps its occupants had looked back and seeing that no accident had occurred had gone on; by this time it was out of sight. Two or three people, who had witnessed the rescue, stood gazing at the little group of three in the street—Max, Bertha Schmidt and the child. Max now entreated the woman to dry her tears and attend to the boy.

"I shall be myself presently," the woman answered. "You must understand that I returned to Fritz only two days ago after being away from him for a long, long time. Just as I had got him again—to lose him!" she exclaimed incoherently.

Little Fritz Schmidt was about six years old, and in no way a remarkable child, but it was easy to see that he was the apple of his mother's eye, and that she regarded him as a wonder.

"Let me give him some sweets," said Max kindly, and they walked over to the nearest pavement, and soon found a shop.

"How do you come to be in Treves and when did you arrive?" Max asked Bertha Schmidt. "I thought you would still be in London."

"I used to live here," replied the woman. "My dead husband and I had our home in Treves, and this is Fritz's birthplace. I have a brother living here; he is an—" she hesitated for the next word, "—official under the Government. Fritz lived with him and his wife when I was with Fraulein Chase in England."

"You arrived here two days ago?" "Yes. After the inquest on my mistress's death I asked the police if they required me to stay on in London, and four days back they gave me permission to leave."

Meanwhile the small boy had been supplied with a bag of sweets, and had become perfectly reconciled with life again; he beamed on Max whom he now viewed as a kind of Santa Claus.

"It was a very strange affair—that murder of your mistress," said Max; "a profound mystery, to which no clue has yet been found."

"Ah, the poor fraulein!" said the woman. "Poor girl!"

The memory plays queer tricks with even the most intelligent and soundest-brained; this thing it remembers, and that it forgets or seems to forget for science affirms that nothing once impressed upon the memory can be clean forgotten. True it is that after a period—it may be short or it may have lasted for years—during which a matter appears to have passed utterly out of the recollection it will suddenly be brought back again, sometimes by a mere trifle such as a snatch of song, a perfume, a flower, or the particular intonation of a voice. In some marvellous way the brain responds, and the memory recalls what seemingly had gone into oblivion.

Max Hamilton, with Superintendent Johnson and Villiers Chase had paid a visit to the flat of Sylvia Chase in Earl's Court on the night of her murder. The door of the flat had been opened by this woman, Bertha Schmidt, then Sylvia's servant, and Max at the time thought she was scared and frightened on seeing them. A little later, on learning from Captain Chase that her mistress had been

stabbed to death, she had ejaculated in German:

"They have killed her. They have killed the fraulein!"

Max had thought at the moment that the words were very odd ones for her to use. She had burst immediately afterwards, however, into a fit of weeping, and while watching her grief and waiting for it to pass he had forgotten how odd were the words she had spoken, as well as the state of terror into which she was thrown when she first saw them.

Now there was that in the manner in which Bertha Schmidt had just uttered these sentences:

"Ah, the poor fraulein. Poor girl!" which instantly recalled to Max's memory his former impressions.

He now asked himself what the woman then had meant when she said "They have killed her. They have killed the fraulein." Who were "they?" Did she intend by the expression some definite persons? And why had she looked frightened instead of being merely surprised when she had first seen them at the door of the flat? Across his mind there flitted a question. Did she know more about the murder than she had declared? She had professed to know nothing, to be unable to give any information. Had she been suppressing something?

"There has been no trace so far of the murderer," he said; "no clue that has been successfully followed up. It is most remarkable that nothing has been discovered that leads to the detection of the guilty man."

While he was speaking, more to gain time in which to consider the new ideas that had come to him than for any other reason, he gazed inquiringly, almost suspiciously at Bertha Schmidt. He was astounded, however, when she said, in much the same tone as before:

"They who killed her took good care not to be discovered."

"They!" he cried. "Who do you mean by 'they'?"

BUT even as he pronounced these words he saw that what she had said might be only a general expression of opinion concerning the cleverness with which she thought the murderer or murderers had succeeded in hiding or doing away with every trace of their participation in the dastardly crime.

And this seemed to be the case, for the woman said she did not mean anyone in particular.

Max looked at her with some coldness. It was on the tip of his tongue to ask her bluntly if she had spoken the whole truth respecting her mistress but she returned his gaze so frankly, as he judged from her aspect, that he did not make the inquiry.

They had left the sweet-shop, and were in the street when most of this conversation took place; they were walking in the direction of Max's hotel the "Porta Nigra," but before he reached it Bertha Schmidt told him that she and her son must turn off at one of the cross streets; and when she came to it she stopped.

"Is it permitted to ask why you are in Treves?" she asked him, somewhat timidly.

"I am here for my paper," he answered readily; "you may know it is called 'The Day.'"

"You are a journalist—I know that," she said. "I learned that at the time of the inquest, for it was then I heard what you were. Will you remain long in Treves?"

"I don't think so, but I can't tell. It will be according to the orders I receive from London—from the editor of my paper."

She stood for a moment, thinking.

"Oh, be careful," she said, earnestly, in a moved voice. "You saved the life of my little Fritz. I must tell you to be careful here in Treves. Do not forget what I say. It would be better for you not to stay here at all."

"What do you mean?" he asked, in wonder.

"I have said as much as I dare," she replied; "I must say no more, but do not neglect this warning."

Without another word to him, she moved rapidly down the side street,

dragging her boy with her; she did not once look back.

"What a strange woman," thought Max, as he saw her disappear. "What in the world could she mean? How is it that a woman in her position tells me to be careful—careful of what? Of myself, I suppose. Who is she—this Bertha Schmidt? She—to warn me! And she made off so that I should not put another question to her."

But he was in no doubt that she was in stern earnest, and meant to warn him that he was in some danger.

"How can she know?" he asked himself; he felt mystified.

All at once his mind was flooded with suspicions of her; there was another mystery here! "I have said as much as I dare," she had told him. Of whom was she afraid? "I must say no more," she had continued. Why must she say no more? Whence came the compulsion that closed her lips?

"Has it anything to do with the murder of Sylvia Chase?"—the question came quickly, naturally. "Is it part of that dark tragedy?" And again he asked himself whether Bertha Schmidt was not in some way associated with the fate of her mistress, and he could not now help thinking that the answer might be Yes.

Max thought rapidly—much more rapidly than is apparent from the printed words; the woman and the boy had been out of his sight for but a second or two, and could not have gone very far; he felt that he must see Bertha again, and try to gain something more from her, so he hurried in the direction in which she had disappeared. Walking very fast, he traversed the side street for a considerable distance, but did not see her.

"Perhaps she had entered one of these houses," he thought, gazing at the buildings that lined the street.

Proceeding a short distance further, he found that another street crossed that by which he had come; he looked up and down it as well as the continuation of the street on the other side of it; there were men and women and children moving about, but among them were not Bertha and little Fritz.

"It's no use," he at length admitted, and turning back to the main street presently was in his hotel, dominated by a feeling of intense chagrin, for he had a strong notion that he had missed something of immense importance, and that he should not have done so.

"I've been frightfully stupid," he thought and was angry with himself. But pondering the matter more deeply, he felt less certain that there was a genuine foundation for suspecting Bertha Schmidt of knowledge of Sylvia's secret or of being in any way privy to the murder, for what connection could there be between that knowledge or that privy and the warning the woman had given him? What had he to do with Sylvia Chase and her terrible death, save in the most indirect and accidental manner?

He lunched at his hotel at the table d'hôte; there were numbers of German officers present, eating and talking in the hearty German way; bits of their conversation were distinctly audible, and Max speedily came to the conclusion that if there was any prospect of immediate war these gentlemen were but little concerned by it, or that they avoided the topic altogether. There was no air of excitement about them, of anything out of the ordinary. And if war had been imminent, surely they would not have been lunching there at all? One or two of them eyed Max with some keenness, but not with hostility.

WHILE he was still at luncheon, a telegram was brought to him in the dining room. Max opened it—he had suspected it would prove to be a message from his paper, but was rejoiced to find that it was from Peggy Willoughby. He had sent a "wire" to her on the previous day from Luxemburg, announcing his arrival there, and another that morning from Treves, telling her where he now was.

"Letter and two telegrams received. All well," was Peggy's message; it was prosaic enough, but it made Max glow. "She is a dear," said he in his

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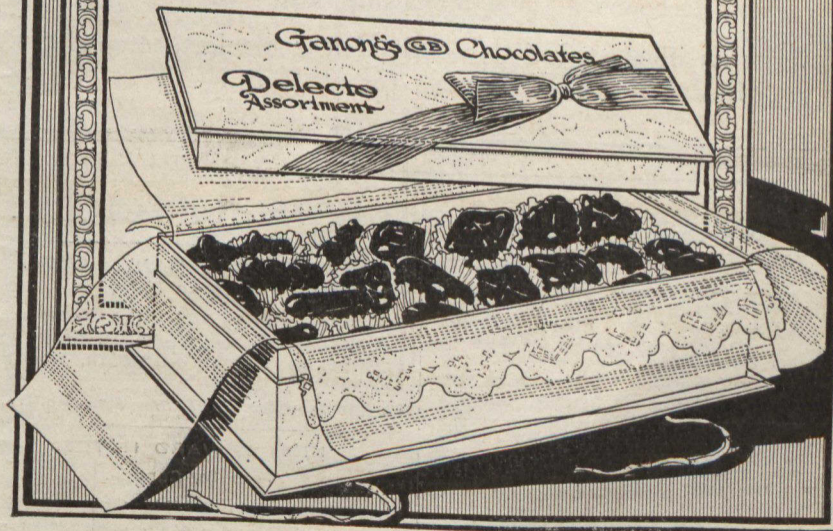


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heart. And then he debated whether he should write and tell her of his meeting with Bertna Schmidt, but as he could scarcely do that without speaking of the warning the woman had given him—a thing that must cause Peggy uneasiness if not alarm—he made up his mind that it would be better not to write to her about that enigmatical person. Then there was his rescue of the child, and about that he wished to say nothing.

Peggy was thus unprepared for the shock of the startling news that nearly overwhelmed her two days later.

CHAPTER XIX.

A Glimpse of the Truth.

IN the afternoon Max Hamilton, apparently in the most casual manner but in reality, with all his faculties on the alert, strolled over a great part of Treves, and crossing the Moselle took a walk through the suburb on the further side. In the dusk he got back to his hotel without incident or adventure, but with the same conviction that he had had in the forenoon and in Luxemburg on the preceding day—the conviction that Beaumont, his editor, had been misled by the information received with respect to the designs of Germany, or rather its immediate action.

Next morning he travelled by train along the valley of the Moselle to Coblenz, returning by the same route early in the evening. Nowhere had he seen any signs of preparation for war, and this conviction was becoming a certainty. Max was thinking that Beaumont had been deceived, and that he himself was on a fool's errand; he had scarcely any doubt now that the report had been a canard. On the other hand, however, there was the unquestionable fact of the open antagonism between Great Britain and Germany, which might lead to a rupture at any moment.

Max recalled perfectly what the editor had said to him on the night when he was told to go to Luxemburg—that several army corps were to be marched into the Grand Duchy from Treves and Metz; it now occurred to him that while he had satisfied himself that the story was false as regarded Treves it might be true with respect to Metz, and that his next move should be to go to that city, the great fortress city which Germany tore from France in the last war.

In thinking over the subject—the probabilities for and against the truth of what Beaumont had been told—while on his journey from London, Max had considered it somewhat singular that Germany should bother itself with occupying the Grand Duchy, already in various ways practically a German state, when it could strike directly at France on the Alsace-Lorraine frontier. Now, if Germany struck in that quarter, the attack would come from Metz.

Therefore Max was of the opinion that if there was any basis for the story at all, it would be found at Metz. And it might be the case that the editor had been purposely misled; perhaps it had been anticipated that he would publish what he had heard, and that thus dust would be cast in the eyes of the British, blinding them as to the real point of the German attack.

By this time, Max reflected, Beaumont should have received the letter he had written to him from Luxemburg, telling him how little it dreamt of its being annexed by Germany. That intelligence must make the editor somewhat doubtful, surely, of the accuracy of the information which had reached him, even if it had come from what he generally considered a reliable source. Max rather expected a telegram from him, and so delayed sending off a message to him, giving his personal impressions of Treves.

Max sat waiting in the smoking room of the Hotel Porta Nigra till about ten o'clock, but as no dispatch came from Beaumont, he thought that if he wished to get a telegram off that night it was now time he sent it. He was considering how to express what he desired to say in the tersest manner when a body of soldiers headed by an officer, a young man, trooped noisily into the room. To Max's pro-

found astonishment, the officer advanced toward him, and the soldiers, of whom there were half-a-dozen, surrounded him; suddenly he recalled the warning of Bertna Schmidt.

"It would be better for you not to stay here at all," she had said to him.

The warning had been a cryptic one, but she had given it with no hesitation, no want of decision. Was he now to learn what had inspired her to speak as she had done?

Before the appearance of the soldiers, Max had not been alone in the smoking room; there were several men in it, and he had merely glanced at them; he now saw they were standing, gazing at him and the soldiers with eyes full of wonder and apprehension. As the officer in command approached Max, he saluted him punctiliously, as one officer salutes another, but Max was conscious of the alarmed scrutiny of the others in the room.

He rose from the chair he had been occupying, and gravely returned the salute of the officer. He had no need to be told that the situation was a serious one for him—the punctilious bow of the other said quite plainly to him that so much ceremony to a man not in uniform had some deep significance. "Are you Maxwell Hamilton of London?" asked the German, in English, which he spoke clearly and intelligibly enough, although the accent was marked.

"Yes," said Max, with a bow. He added with a slight smile, "I speak your language, but you speak mine very well."

In his turn, the officer bowed.

"You are an ex-lieutenant of the British army," he said in German to Max.

"That is true," Max replied.

"At present, and for some time past, you have been on the staff of a London journal, called 'The Day'?"

"Yes, that is the case. I am acting as its Special Correspondent—that is the position I hold on that paper."

"You do not deny your identity?"

"No. Why should I?" asked Max, with a stare.

SO much openness and outspokenness seemed to puzzle the officer. for he looked at Max curiously.

"You are the man," he said in another instant, however, and speaking in a loud voice he continued, "I have orders for your arrest, Maxwell Hamilton."

"My arrest!" exclaimed Max. "On what grounds, pray?"

"Surely you have no need to ask that," retorted the officer.

"Every need," Max returned. "I do not understand in the very least for what reason I am to be arrested. Will you not explain what it is?"

"It's not my business to supply you with the reason for your arrest, but to carry out my orders. I may tell you, however, that you are charged with being a spy—with espionage."

"A spy!" cried Max, and laughed.

"No doubt you will be able to clear yourself," said the officer with mocking politeness. "But I arrest you."

Max knew that any protest was useless; in the circumstances he was helpless against these soldiers.

"Very well," he said. "But I am not a spy; I am here in my capacity of journalist."

The officer gave orders to two of his men, and they arranged themselves on either side of Max.

"Where or before whom are you taking me?" asked Max of the officer.

"Will you not tell me that?"

"I am taking you to see my commanding officer, who instructed me to arrest you."

"Will you not first permit me to dispatch a telegram to the editor of 'The Day'?"

"With what object?"

"To tell of my arrest as a spy."

"You admit that you are a spy?" asked the officer quickly.

"Nothing of the kind; I am no spy. I wish him to know that I am arrested as one—which is a very different thing," replied Max, hotly.

"I cannot give you permission to telegraph."

"You have not the power?"

"Yes, that is it. Tell one of these

men," he said nodding at two of his soldiers, "where your overcoat, hat and gloves are, and they will fetch them. Then I must ask you to show us your room and everything you have got in it; thereafter we will march to the quarters of my commanding officer."

"Perhaps he will allow me to telegraph to my editor in London," said Max, before giving the necessary directions, and the overcoat, hat and gloves were brought to him. Then Max, the officer, and the soldiers proceeded to Max's room, which was thoroughly searched. Max's valises were strapped up; every article belonging to him was seized by the soldiers. All marched out of the room, Max still being between the two soldiers who had at first ranged themselves on either side of him; his valises and other possessions were carried off.

On descending the staircase, they were met by the proprietor of the hotel who, on asking in abject tones, what was the matter, was roughly told by the officer that it was no affair of his, and that the best thing he could do was to hold his tongue. Perhaps he was wondering who was to pay Max's bill, but he said no more, recognising the fact that as a civilian he was but as dirt beneath that officer's feet.

INTO the street Max walked with his captors; it was a bitter night and a fine thin snow was falling which beat upon their faces; save for a word of command from the officer now and again, no one spoke. Max's thoughts were far from agreeable, but he deemed it unlikely that he would be long detained. Yet as he recalled ever and anon the warning of Bertha Schmidt, a feeling of distinct uneasiness would sweep over him. After they had walked what seemed a considerable distance, they reached a great pile of buildings, which he took to be barracks. Presently he was marched into a room of some size, where an elderly man, in a general's uniform, was sitting at a table on which were many neatly docketed papers.

The officer who had arrested Max came forward, and saluted the general; pointing at Max, he informed his senior who he was; they conversed together in tones so low that Max merely heard a murmur, and could not make out what was said. The officer next ordered the two soldiers who guarded Max to fall back.

"The general wishes to speak to you," he said to Max, who thereupon stepped up to the table, at which the general sat, and saluted him, military fashion, to which the other immediately responded, but with a very serious expression on his face.

"You are Mr. Max Hamilton," he said, in perfect English.

"Yes," said Max, and then followed a conversation consisting of questions and answers, very similar to that which had taken place a short time before between the young officer and Max.

Max again affirmed he was not a spy, but a journalist.

"On a particular mission?" demanded the general. "Why have you come to Germany? What are you doing here in Treves?"

Max thought for a second or two before replying.

"I scarcely think I can tell you that, sir," Max answered, "unless with the permission of the editor of my paper. I asked this gentleman," he went on, turning towards the officer who stood in the background, "if I might telegraph to him that I had been arrested as a spy, and he told me that he had no power to grant my request. If you, sir, will allow me to telegraph to him, the matter can all be explained."

"It may be so," said the general, but in a tone of disbelief. "Listen, Mr. Hamilton. I know you are ostensibly a journalist, and on the staff of 'The Day.' I also know that you have been a soldier, that you went through the South African campaigns, and that you are a student of war. I have even read your book on that war. You are

therefore just the very man to make a good spy."

Max made a gesture of dissent.

"Listen, Mr. Hamilton," the general resumed. "Your movements since you left London are known to me. You arrived in Luxemburg the day before yesterday; you came to Treves yesterday; to-day you have been in Coblenz. You have been constantly under observation. What has been your object, if it was not espionage?"

"I cannot tell you, sir, until I am allowed to do so by my editor," Max replied. "Will you let me send him a message which you shall read for yourself before it is dispatched?"

"No I shall not. It would be easy enough for him to concoct something! I also know that you have communicated, not with him, but with a lady in London, a lady whose father was in your army."

"She is my fiancee, and I telegraphed to her on my arrival here only."

Shrugging his shoulders, the general looked at him.

"Enough for to-night," he at length said, and his voice was cold and hard. "I shall see you again in the morning. Take him away," he said to the officer, "and see that he is securely guarded."

Max in another minute found himself in a small room, the windows of which were barred; its furniture consisted of a military bed, and a chair; soldiers were stationed outside the door, and he could hear the tread of a sentry in the yard on which the room gave.

When he was left alone, Max threw himself on the bed. His mind was working with feverish intensity, and sleep was impossible; he was trying to think out all that had happened, and ever there recurred one question, "If his arrest as a spy had been foreshadowed by the warning given him by Bertha Schmidt, how had she known of it?"

"Can the woman be connected with the German secret service?" he asked himself. "It seems very unlikely."

There were the years during which she had been a servant to Sylvia Chase—

Then suddenly Max glimpsed the truth—not the whole, but some part of it.

(To be Continued.)

THE CZAR AS A SOLDIER.

THE Czar's action in placing himself at the head of his army makes it interesting to know that at one time he served as a private, submitting himself to all the privations of the life of a common soldier, saluting his officers and carrying the full equipment, which then weighed nearly three-quarters of a hundred-weight exclusive of the weight of the rifle. He appeared on the regimental roll as "Private Nicholas Romanoff, married, of the Orthodox faith, coming from Tsarskoe Selo." When he was given commissioned rank he set himself severely against snobbishness. A young lieutenant had annoyed his fellow officers by travelling in a tram-car to the barracks, and they were promptly admonished by the Czar, who said, "I hear that to ride in a tram is considered beneath the dignity of an officer in your regiment. I am your colonel, and I have just been riding in a tram. Do you wish me to send in my papers?" The regiment after that lost a lot of its snobbishness.

She Surely Is.—No matter how plain a woman may be, she is sure to be an impossible riddle to some poor chap.

Modernism.—From a description of a high society event in a Brooklyn paper we take this:

"Most of the young women wore infants' dresses and socks, and the young men were in night-gowns, to which had been attached rosettes and bows of ribbon."

It's a serious question whether such young men should be allowed to carry matches. That paragraph is the strongest argument we have seen why Uncle Sam should gather up his "young men" and force them to take a course of military training.



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