

The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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A National Weekly

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Editor's Talk

HOW the war affects two parts of this country as remote from each other as British Columbia and Nova Scotia, is illustrated in this issue by the timely article from the pen of N. de B. L., with several photographs, and the pictures from Halifax. It is only a few weeks since Halifax saw the two cruisers, Monmouth and Good Hope, now wrecked in the Pacific. In this issue we have traced the successes of the two opposing navies from the beginning of war until now. Our service of pictures is more complete than ever. Instead of two individual picture services from the seat of war, which we had when the war began, we have now the choice of material from six of the best services extant. And the pictures are appreciated. No other weekly paper in this country has such a wide range of choice or such facilities for publishing the latest and most interesting pictures from the European centres of struggle and of dislocation. What space is left for reading matter we have utilized to the best possible advantage in presenting news and views of the war, which now into the fourth month shows no signs of letting up. Some predict a war of six or seven months longer. Those who do apparently expect that the Allies will make terms before German militarism is smashed. But these are only the expectations of a few.

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In Lighter Vein

Comprehensive Ignorance.—Two Irishmen were philosophizing. Said Pat to Mike:

"Did yez iver shtop to think that wan half of the world don't know how the other half gets along?"

"You're right," says Mike, "and neither does the other half."—New York Post.

Roughing It.—Algy.—"Did you enjoy yourself roughing it this summer, old top?"

Lionel: "No; blawsted luck! First, the chef took sick, then some one stole our safety razors, and, to cap it all, the pianola broke down!"—Stanford Chaparral.

Troubles of a Prophet.—In a certain town the local forecaster of the weather was so often wrong that his predictions became a standing joke, to his no small annoyance, for he was very sensitive. At length, in despair of living down his reputation, he asked headquarters to transfer him to another station.

A brief correspondence ensued. "Why," asked headquarters, "do you wish to be transferred?" "Because," the forecaster promptly replied, "the climate doesn't agree with me."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Why He Objected.—"Now," said the principal to one of the pupils at the close of the lesson in which he had touched on the horrors of war, "do you object to war, my boy?"

"Yes, sir, I do," was the fervent answer.

"Now tell us why." "Because," said the youth, "wars make history, an' I jest hate history."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Nose Out of Joint.—Four Years (in Sunday-school)—"We've got a new baby at our house.

Rector (not recognizing him)—"And who are you, my little man?"

Four Years—"I'm the old one."—Life.

The Miserable Wretch.—The teacher was very earnest—far more so than his pupils—and the subject he chose was about the terrible outcome of laziness and idleness.

With due solemnity, as befitted the occasion, he drew a terrible picture of the habitual loafer, the man who dislikes work, and who cadges for all he gets. "Now, Charlie," said the teacher to a little boy who had been looking out of the window instead of attending closely to the lesson.

Charlie was instantly on the alert. "Tell me," continued the master, "who is the miserable individual who gets clothes, food and lodging, and yet does nothing in return?"

Charlie's face brightened. "Please, sir," said he, "the baby!"

Cable Message.

H. I. M. WILLIAM,
Berlin, Germany.

Please save us two Germans.
Ringling Bros. Circus.
—Life.

Roughing De Luxe.—"Can you build me a piano and leave the bark on the wood?" "I guess so," opined the piano salesman.

"I want it for my hunting lodge. We rough it up there, you know."—Judge.

Reproved.—"See here, milkman, I don't think the milk you are giving me is pure."

"Madam, to the pure all things are pure."—Life.

A Mean Advantage.—Sandy and Donald were discussing the domestic infelicities of a mutual friend.

"Ay, ay," said Sandy, "Jamie Thompson has a sair time wi' that wife o' his. They say they're aye quarrelling."

"What else con ye expect?" was Donald's scornful retort. "The pair feckless creature mairrit after courtin' for only seven years. Man, he has no chance to ken the woman in such a short time. When I was courtin' I courted for twenty year!"

This little dialogue took place on a railway journey, and in the further corner of the compartment sat an Englishman, listening and much amused.

"And may I ask," he inquired, "if conjugal bliss followed this long courtship?" Donald looked at him reproachfully.

"I tell you I courted for twenty years," he said, "and in that time I kent what the woman was, and so I didna' marry."

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The CANADIAN COURIER

The National Weekly



Vol. XVI.

November 14, 1914

No. 24

How War Feels in Victoria, B.C.

Once it was Tourists; It's Soldiers and Sailors Now

IT may be a long, long way from Chili to Vancouver Island; but last week, when our old enemies the Leipzig and the Nuremberg, with three other German cruisers, sunk the Good Hope and the Monmouth, not far from Valparaiso, the inhabitants of Victoria and Vancouver began to realize that it isn't such a long way after all. When the "elusive Emden" was sinking British merchantmen in the South Seas, and the Karlsruhe kept out of reach of the Bristol and the Suffolk on the Atlantic, the inhabitants of our coast cities were not particularly interested more than those inland. But the sinking of the Good Hope and the Monmouth was different. Both these cruisers were in Halifax some weeks ago, part of the squadron which afterwards convoyed the Canadian troops across the Atlantic and captured a German tramp on the way—without sinking her. Their appearance in the Pacific along with the Glasgow had something to do with rounding up the Leipzig, the Nuremberg, the Scharnhorst, the Gneisenau and the Dresden. But the five got them; all but the Glasgow, which steamed away at high speed. The Good Hope was 14,100 tons and the best British ship in the Pacific. The crews fought as British sailors always do; but their ships were no match for the modern German cruisers, either in number or efficiency.

By N. De B. L.

HERE is a picture of Victoria, the Western outpost of Empire on this continent—before the war: Men in flannels and women in duck and blazers strolling to the boat-houses or the tennis courts; motors laden with those on pleasure bent; tallyhos crowded with American tourists, smiling their usual amused tolerance upon the Victoria public in general; cars filled to overflowing with workers on their way to the cement works; little groups of women and children laden with hampers and bundles containing towels and bathing suits, going picnicing to the beaches; Chinamen trotting along under their heavily laden fruit and vegetable baskets; Chinese women with babies on their backs or toddling beside them, looking in the shop windows, and chattering like magpies; turbaned Hindus driving their high carts full of mill-wood.

All the kaleidoscopic movement and colour of an ordinary summer day; such was Victoria on the morning of the fifth of August, with the war in Europe very far away.

Evening of the same day, eight o'clock to be exact, as we hurried along through the cluster-lighted avenues to the business section, we heard the first intimation of what had happened in the shrill calling of the newsboys, "Great Britain declares war on Germany." A few moments and we were down on Broad Street, as near as we could get to the newspaper offices for the dense crowds. It was the same scene that was being enacted in a thousand towns and cities

that night, but one incident stands out vividly.

Some one had procured a Union Jack, and about him had congregated a hundred men or more singing "Rule Britannia." Suddenly a touring car with two German women in the back seat, and a man, a German also, driving, came up.

"Run the English down!" cried one of the women excitedly, and when the crowd closed about the car, and it was stopped, perforce, she stood up, and leaning over the hood used her fists quite freely on the faces of those within reach. She was a small woman, too, young, with fair hair, and her face was scarlet and distorted with anger.

THREE months since the beginning of the war, and what a difference in our peaceful community! Tourists have described Victoria as a vast pleasure garden, set down in the midst of the sea, and have laughed at us for our love of holidays, our devotion to sport, our late hours for opening and our early hours for closing business. Victoria, with its beautiful parks, its avenues of trees, its broom-covered hills and its hedge-enclosed gardens has been for American travellers chiefly a place to come and get married in, or to come and rest in. Even down in the business centres one never gets quite away from the smell of the blossoming fruit-trees in the spring, or the fragrance of the roses in the summer, and there is so much that is lovely to look at out of doors, so many pictures of mountain and sea and sky, with a different frame for each picture, that we have learned to make haste slowly, and there is none of the rush here, none of the nervous hurry that characterizes the neighbouring American cities.

But times have changed. Gone is all our holiday-making spirit, our implements of sport and our sporting regalia have been laid away. The streets are full of people, and all are hurrying, and some of them are anxious-eyed. There is more kaleidoscopic movement and colour than ever, for every other man is in uniform, and one constantly meets groups of soldiers or sailors marching from place to place, or companies of cavalry on duty or out for exercise. The incoming cars from Esquimalt discharge men of half a dozen different regiments, and sailors from as many ships including the little dark men from the Japanese cruisers in port, who look about them with intense curiosity, and always travel in companies of from six to twenty or more. The Japanese sailors take a great interest in the five and ten cent stores, and buy largely of small, useless things, all seeming to fancy the same purchase: one day the favoured article was a child's beaded hand-bag, which the little sailors fastened to their belts, leading us to believe it was some peculiar part of their uniform.

There are more old country people in Victoria than in any other Canadian city of its size, and all of them have relatives at the front in France, or on Jellicoe's ships in the North Sea. Some of them wear the band of mourning, showing that already they have felt the pitiless stab of war. Small wonder



No. 1 Company, 88th Fusiliers, of Victoria, with their Colours, Presented by the Daughters of Empire.



The Little Brown Men from the Japanese Cruisers in Port.



Reading the War Bulletins at the Colonist Office in Victoria.

that the chief interest of the day centres around the newspaper offices. Even the tea-shops have lost their air of gaiety, and the famous palm-room at the Empress, once the daily scene of brilliant assemblies, is depressingly quiet; true, the music still plays, and the afternoon sun pouring in through the windows makes the place like a bright garden, but only sober little groups of people come and go to-day.

OF the soldiers in training here, perhaps the most popular among the infantry regiments is the 50th Gordon Highlanders. This corps of men was equipped by Mr. W. H. Coy, who gave fifty thousand dollars for that purpose. Mr. Coy is a New Brunswick man, of United Empire Loyalist stock, and is honorary colonel of his regiment, with whom he is immensely popular. The 50th boast the distinction of having for their big drummer Mr. Hoy, a man who has served in three campaigns, and whose drum-sticks were presented to him by Queen Victoria for coming off first in a competition with all the drummers of the British Army. The Gordons have sent three hundred men to the front, but are recruited again up to their full strength, and are hoping to the last man to leave on the next contingent. The oldest volunteer force here is the Fifth Regiment of Canadian Artillery, a hundred of whom were the first men to leave British Columbia for active service. The 88th Fusiliers have been in existence less than two years, but make a fine showing, two hundred or more of them are now on Salisbury Plains. The mounted squadrons of B. C. Horse and Elliot's Horse are a magnificent looking lot of picked men, most of whom have seen active service in one or more campaigns, and all the members of the latter having won medals for courage and ability on the battle-field.

The outbreak of the war found Victoria in a state of unpreparedness. The Rainbow, the Algerine and the Shearwater were out somewhere on the Pacific; none of the volunteer forces was at any-

thing like its full strength, and there was only a handful of regular at Work Point Barracks. It is not surprising that there was a general feeling of

Every hour in the day anxious eyes were turned toward Race Rocks Lighthouse to watch for a sign of the enemy's ships, and few people slept very soundly at night, half expecting any moment to hear the whistles of the breweries and the mills, which would mean the call "to arms."

All night the patrol boats moved about the harbours of Victoria and Esquimalt on ceaseless duty, sending their powerful searchlights in all directions. Every ship that came and went through the Straits, every craft that moved in the water became at once a target for their weapon of light. One night, about ten o'clock, word was sent to the city that three German cruisers were making their way up the West Coast of Vancouver Island. From that hour until early morning the soldiers in full fighting trim stood ready and waiting, and many a mother kept sleepless vigil over her children, fearing what the next hour might bring forth. But the German cruisers proved to be our own Rainbow, the Newcastle and the Idzuma, the latter a Japanese man of war.

NO one in Victoria to-day feels any anxiety for ourselves. Nearly every man among us is in military training, our forts are fully garrisoned, our guns well-manned, and all our regiments recruited up to their full strength. Though the sentries at Esquimalt are on ceaseless watch, and every pathway to the Admiralty waters is closely guarded, any one passing along Esquimalt Road may see for himself, over the tops of the houses in the dockyards, in through the branches of the trees, the grey smoke-stacks and the great guns of the grim ships of war, riding at anchor in the harbour, steam up, bunkers full, and the sailors, every man of them, eager for a try at the enemy.

The people of Victoria are nearer the danger zone of naval warfare than any other part of Canada. And though they know it as only sea coast communities can, they are not afraid. But they are certainly very much interested.



Esquimalt Harbour, with the Rainbow to the right; to the left the two cable ships, the Iris and the Restorer, which has gone to Seattle to remain in neutral waters.

uneasiness among us, particularly as the Leipsic and the Nuremburg were said to be only a few miles outside the entrance to the Straits of Juan de Fuca.

Where the Submarines Win Out

PRAYING for Jellicoe is good so far as it goes. The British navy, however, is not sustained upon prayer; and Sir John Jellicoe is probably the most impatient fighter in the world at the present time, because he can't do much but keep the German fleet from getting out. As a factor in the war his navy is bigger than any army. But his army of seamen are hankering for a whack at the Germans, and it's about time they had it. The spirit of Nelson still lives. Marine warfare isn't all submarines and floating mines. The trouble so far is that real seamanship has had very little chance. What can be verified of the sinking of the Monmouth and the Good Hope assures us that the crews fought gallantly.

But this kind of sea-gallantry has been very scarce in the present war. Since the Home Fleet put to the North Sea under Jellicoe with orders to "capture or destroy the enemy," most of the capturing has been of mercantile marine on both sides, and most of the destroying by mines and submarines. Here is the outline of naval operations.

British Successes

GERMAN mine-layer Koenigen Luise sunk by the Amphion; German submarine U15 sunk by the Manchester; Goeben and Breslau, German cruisers chased out of the Mediterranean into the Black Sea, where they were taken over by Turkey; Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grose, merchantman sunk by Highflyer on August 27th; German armoured cruiser Cap Trafalgar sunk by H. M. S. auxiliary cruiser Carmania on September 14th; five German cruisers sunk by Sir David Beatty's squadron in the Bight of Heligoland; 387 German merchantmen detained and captured with a total tonnage of 1,140,000 tons; four German destroyers sunk off the Dutch coast by the British Mosquito fleet under Capt. Cecil Fox in the Undaunted; German light cruiser Hela torpedoed and sunk in a mined harbour by British submarine E9; German destroyer S67 sunk by the E9 near Borkum—both of these without a single British casualty; Leipzig and Nuremberg chased away from our Pacific coast by Rainbow, Montcalm and the Japanese Idzuma; German cruiser Yorck of 9,250 tons sunk by a mine in Jade Bay on the German coast with loss of half the crew; German advance along the Belgian and French coast checked by gun-fire from British Monitors alongshore.

German Successes

H. M. S. AMPHION sunk by a German mine; Pegasus disabled in Zanzibar by the Konigsberg; British cruisers Aboukir, Cressy and Hogue, all old types and semi-obsolete, sunk by

German submarine in the North Sea; H. M. S. Pathfinder blown up by German submarine; cruiser Emden sinks four British merchantmen and a col-

Antwerp, interned and disarmed in Holland; British cruiser Hawke sunk by German submarine near Aberdeen, with loss of 400 crew; Monmouth and Good Hope sunk by a German squadron of five cruisers off the coast of Chili; several merchantmen in the Indian Ocean sunk by the Emden flying false colours; French gunboat, the Zelee, sunk by submarines.

Statisticians may differ over who has the advantage thus far. But, generally speaking, that may be said to rest with the submarine and the mine. The opposing navies, as such, have not been in action. Most of the actual fighting has been done surreptitiously at varying distances from the place where the German fleet is bottled up by the British and kept out of action. Von Tirpitz threatens to take to the open sea. Winston Churchill says the German navy must be dug out of the Kiel Canal like rats from their holes. But they neither come out nor are dug out. The two greatest fleets the world ever saw still lie like sleeping dogs with one eye open. Germany no doubt intended to have two or three naval bases for her fleet on the Belgian coast for an invasion of England. The capture of Antwerp for this purpose need not be taken seriously. Antwerp is no more useful as a naval base to Germany, even if she could get her ships there, than Liverpool would be to England, and for just the same reason. The real reason for getting Antwerp is said to be the protection of Essen and the Krupp works, which are busy day and night forging more and more siege guns such as battered Namur and Liege.

Whenever it comes to a real naval engagement, British expectations will not be so cocksure and pot-lucky as the ill-fated dash of the Monmouth and the Good Hope and the Glasgow into the Pacific against the German squadron of modern warships. We are not yet sure of the real details of this engagement, but are quite convinced that the British cruisers, being of the same period as our own Rainbow, were outclassed by the modern German cruisers built during the past few years.

The immense fleet reviewed by King George off Spithead just before the war is now reduced by a dozen or so; but it is still a greater fleet than any other two in the world. Expenditures on the British navy have been for many years far ahead of the German expenditures. In 1910-11 the British naval budget called for \$203,000,000; against about \$60,000,000 spent by Germany, whose final Dreadnought programme would not have been completed until 1918—which was about the time that the Kaiser intended to have his real war with England. The programme for the present war took no account of

PRAY FOR JELlicoe.

BY HUGH PEDLEY.

"There is no figure in the world at the present moment so dramatic as that of Sir John Jellicoe. A British admiral is always a solitary man; but in war, and in such a war as this, his solitude is appalling."—Harold Begbie.

When the warships lie within the bay
In silent waiting for the day,
And the patient moments come and go,
Pray, men, O pray for Jellicoe.

When alone the chief his vigil keeps,
While the sailor-boy in hammock sleeps,
Ere the winds of battle 'gin to blow,
Pray, men, O pray for Jellicoe.

When forth the grey line steers to sea
Ever to fight, to fight and never to flee,
And the watchman sights the distant foe,
Pray, men, O pray for Jellicoe.

When the air's athrob with wild alarm,
And the sea astir with sudden harm,
And danger's above, and death is below,
Pray, men, O pray for Jellicoe.

When the line of battle at length is drawn,
And high noon ascends from thundrous dawn,
And the ocean heaves with its weight of woe,
Pray, men, O pray for Jellicoe.

When the cloud-veil breaks and the work is done,
When Peace returns from the battle won,
With shining face and with heart aglow,
Praise God, praise God for Jellicoe.

Montreal, Oct. 29, 1914.

lier; 86 British merchantmen with total of 229,000 tonnage detained and captured by Germans; Russian cruisers Pallada and Boyon sunk in the Baltic; 2,000 British marines set to aid in the defence of

England. It was intended to crush France and cripple Russia; to seize coast cities for naval bases from which in years to come to launch what was hoped to be as powerful a fleet as Great Britain's for the invasion of England. That programme has been knocked out of count. The British navy in the North Sea is about three years ahead of the Kaiser's schedule; and Sir John Jellicoe, with his nation's prayers and battleships, is still the greatest guardian of Empire.

Those Krupp Guns

GERMAN militarism will never be completely smashed by the taking of Berlin. The real capital of Germany and the headquarters for the power of German armaments is the city of Essen, not far from the Dutch frontier and strategically protected by Antwerp, now held by the Germans. The taking of Antwerp was not so much a design to make it a naval base, for which it is no better suited than Liverpool. It is said to be mainly for the protection of the town, where the Krupp armament works, with tens of thousands of workers, are busy day and night turning out the munitions of war. Like many big Canadian iron industries, the Krupp works started in a blacksmith shop about a hundred years ago. They are now the biggest thing in Germany; greater for war than Berlin or the pious palace at Potsdam; more effective in the war up to the present than all the Zeppelin sheds scattered over Germany. And without the Krupp works at Essen, the millions of German jackbooters would soon be crumpled up by the Allies.

The biggest thing in the Krupp works—which manufacture both peace and war machinery—is the Krupp siege gun, now at the calibre of 17 inches and so powerful that it has relegated the building of modern forts to the category of museum relics. It was the siege gun that battered down Liege and Namur and Antwerp, and was intended to batter down the forts of Paris. It is the big siege gun that the Germans are struggling now to get planted at Ostend and Calais, in order, with their terrific range, to cover half the English Channel as effectively from land as the British Monitors lately have kept the Germans from occupying coast cities by bombardment from the sea. It is the battle of the long-range heavy-broadside gun that is coming to a head. And the Krupp siege gun is the most terrific of all big guns. The money was voted to build these tremendous guns without the Reichstag knowing what the money was for. Only the war-lords, the Kaiser and the employees at Krupps knew that for years millions had been spent in perfecting the 17-inch gun, which, when it reached the calibre of 11 inches, a few years ago, had such a recoil that the firing of the shell pitched the gun from its foundations. The recoil was overcome by jackets of water and glycerine. The bore was gradually increased. Target practice was systematically carried on. Without the knowledge of the German people, and with the Krupp employees sworn to secrecy, the big siege gun as we know it now was sprung upon the world. One shell for a 17-inch siege gun costs the German Government \$970 before it is fired. The operation of these guns at Liege and Namur was carried on by experts from the Krupp works. Now that England knows what to expect from these monsters, it is idle to imagine that the nation which has built the greatest naval guns in the world will not be turning out guns to match them.

A Canadian Enterprise

MOST prominent of all Canadians helping in the relief of wounded Belgians are Sir William Osler and Mr. Donald Armour. The former is physician-in-chief to the new Canadian Military Hospital, at Shorncliffe; the latter is surgeon-in-chief. This hospital is as distinguished as the two medical men at its head. It is due to the kindness of Sir Arthur Markham in lending his beautiful country home for the purpose; and to the Canada Lodge of Free Masons in London, who first suggested the project of and afterwards undertook to carry it out. The hospital is a

straight gift from Anglo-Canadians and from the Canada Lodge of Free Masons to the Canadian War Contingent Association, of which Hon. G. H. Perley is President. The hospital was formally offered to the Army Council through the Queen's Committee of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, of which the Duke of Connaught is Grand Prior. After its acceptance, the Queen Mary graciously consented to have it called "The Queen's Canadian Military Hospital." Sir Arthur Markham, in besides lending his house for the purpose during the war, has presented the hospital with an up-to-date X-Ray equipment. Lady Markham has taken charge of the domestic arrangements. Miss Amy MacMahon, formerly of Toronto, is Matron, and the entire staff are Canadians.

Sir William Osler, Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, formerly of the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, is probably the most distinguished Canadian abroad in the world of practical science. He is even better known as a medical scientist than Sir Percy Girouard, another eminent Canadian, is known as a military engineer. Sir Percy Girouard is the only man that ever presumed to talk back to Kitchener. Sir William Osler is the only Canadian living who ever achieved unpopular popularity by the invention of a phrase. His famous observation that a man before the age of forty thinks out all he ever

actually does after that age, and that men at sixty are good candidates for chloroform was only a brilliant generality never meant to be taken as a scientific dictum. The photograph of the Canadian Military Hospital on this page was taken by Lambert Weston, of Folkestone.

The New France

A GREAT change has come over gay Paris. Not that of a stricken city as in 1870; but the transformation of a people who have been subdued from the high pitch of gayety, for which Paris is famous all over the world to the stern acceptance of a big national task in getting rid of the Germans. French citizens are no longer merely effervescent and emotional. They are serious and practical and determined. While it is too much to expect Paris to become a monastic retreat, even for the sake of a war, it must be set down as a fact that France as a nation was never so united, so determined, so sincerely in earnest in grappling with the most tremendous problem that ever faced a European country. Men and women are making sacrifices of money and effort who never did such a thing before. And what the French people can do by way of digging up the sinews of war or of peace was well demonstrated after the Franco-Prussian war, when "the long red stocking" of the French people became the national bank.

The change has spread to the army; or perhaps it started there. The French soldier is no longer merely a gallant and chivalrous figure. He is a desperately determined character who has learned from this war, from German aggressive insolence and from British pluck and endurance, that a great war is no longer an affair of gallantry. President Poincare has set this forth eloquently in a letter to Minister of War Millerand, in which he says:

"My Dear Minister,—After a long series of violent combats our armies, together with the allied troops, have succeeded in repulsing the desperate attacks of the enemy. They have given proof in this new phase of the war of qualities as admirable as those shown by them in the victorious battle of the Marne.

"As the hostilities progress, the French soldier, without losing anything of his ardor and courage, is acquiring greater experience and adapting to better advantage his inherent virtues to meet the exigencies of military operations. He is showing an incomparable reserve force for the offensive, and at the same time he is being trained in patience and in tenacity under the fire of the enemy.

"And when, under the fire of projectiles and before a horizon which bursting shrapnel fill with smoke or tear with flashes of light, one sees tranquil peasants pushing their carts and seeding their ground, one understands to an even greater degree how inexhaustible are the qualities of energy and of vitality in this old land of France."



MORMON OFFICERS AT THE FRONT.
"C" Squadron of the Alberta Rangers is composed entirely of Mormons from Cardston and Lethbridge. These are the Officers of "C" Squadron.



CANADIANS HELPING THE WOUNDED BELGIANS.
This is a photograph of the Queen's Canadian Military Hospital at Beachborough Park, Shorncliffe, Kent. The house is the country seat of Sir Arthur Markham, who placed it at the disposal of the Canadian War Contingent Association, of which Hon. G. H. Perley, our acting High Commissioner, is President.

Two Points of View

EX-CHANCELLOR VON BUELOW, in his book "Imperial Germany," has this interesting comment on a German point of view some time before the war:

"Once during the Boer War, standing in the lobby of the Reichstag, I remonstrated with one of the members on account of his attacks on England, which did not exactly tend to make our difficult position any easier. The worthy man replied in a tone of conviction: 'It is my right and my duty as a member of the Reichstag to express the feelings of the German nation. You, as Minister, will, I hope, take care that my feelings do no mischief abroad.' I do not think that such a remark, the naivete of which disarmed me, would have been possible in any other country."

At the same time it isn't naivete that nowadays seems so incredible. The newspapers have been calling it a great variety of names, most of which have more relation to knavery than naivete.

If the Germans had been half as careful about politics before the war was started and less cocksure about their war machine, they would not have been in their present serious dilemma.

When the Bugles Blew Truce

A Cable Despatch Last Week Said That Canadians Will Soon be at the Front

By EDITH G. BAYNE

A WHITE-HAIRED little woman stood upon the wind-swept hill just west of the farmhouse, shading her eyes from the last level rays of the sun, her gaze bent upon the grey curve of road that led toward the village. She had stood thus for many days at this hour. Around the bend of that road would come soon, a tall old man in a wide-brimmed straw hat, who would wave a newspaper aloft, as a sign that all was well. Then she need only wait a few moments until Father would place it in her hands and say: "There, Mother, there, thank God his regiment ain't been called into the fray—yet. Supper all ready?"

Then they would walk slowly up to the house and when the old man had made himself ready for the meal, the two would take their accustomed places at either end of the table, each poignantly conscious of that vacant place at the side. Mother, then, would chatter about many things, of little happenings about the house and in the village, while Father, reading her loving motive quite clearly, would put forth an effort to respond in like manner, as though his thoughts were not thousands of leagues away and his heart heavy with dread, as was her own.

To-night the sun was setting in a blood-red haze, surmounted by banks of grey storm-clouds. There was a tang of frost in the air, and as she watched the end of road below the yellowing maples, the woman drew her shawl closer and wondered if Danny were wearing enough warm underwear. He was rather a careless boy in such matters, and it must be cold over there—cold, sleeping in the open.

There was yet no sign of Father. Someone must have detained him at the village, Jake Crosby perhaps, or Sam Holmes, the storekeeper. They were all old cronies, and at mail time, when the papers were given out, there was a caucus at the store-corner that lasted until dark, depending for its duration upon the length and importance of the war news. A sharp wind that had sprung up from the east caught the woman's old red shawl and sported with it till it fluttered out before her like a pennant. She shivered and again drew it closer to her, while she looked once more, to the westward, where that deep hue of sunset was fading to golden-pink, and where one clear, cold star stood out in the darkening sky above. The fields that lay between the hill and the farthest visible patch of road were bare, with blackened stubble, and here and there in the fence corners flourished hardy, persistent weeds. With the hay and grain harvest, and then the fruit harvest, Father had had almost more work than he could handle since Danny had gone. Now only the pumpkins remained to be garnered. Along the garden paths they lay, great golden globes, and next week they should have pumpkin pie—Danny loved it so! It came to her then with a sense of misery that there were only Father and herself to eat the pumpkin pie this year.

FOLLOWING upon this thought, her memory flashed back to former years, when her other son, Tom—wild Tom Waring the villagers had called him—was at home, before he and Father had quarrelled. He had been ten years older than Danny, and had been high-spirited and hot-tempered, like his father. After the quarrel—what had it been about? Something trivial surely, since she could not now remember the cause—he had left home in the heat of anger, vowing never to return. She had had a few letters from him after a time, letters that were post-marked from strange, faraway places—the Yukon, San Francisco, New Zealand, the Indies. Then the letters had come less regularly. Finally, they had ceased altogether. Father, in the bitterness of his heart, had torn the elder son's photo from the family album and had ordered that his name should never henceforth be mentioned in his presence. Only mother, in her lonely vigils, in the long sleepless nights, with her heart torn with anguish, sorrowed for the wandering boy. Little Danny could scarcely remember his brother. The younger son was different in disposition—easy, pliable, sweet-tempered, the favourite of everybody. She had thought always to have had him, and now—the war! So young was Danny—not yet of age—so young to leave home, and upon such a mission!

Ah! There was Father now. It had grown so dark that she could barely distinguish the slowly-moving grey figure against the dim twilight background. She watched for the usual signal. Then not perceiving it removed her shawl and waved it on high. Still there came no fluttering of white, in answer. She was growing so near-sighted and it was quite dark. Father was coming so slowly, with bent head and flagging steps, that she knew there had been no mail. No mail to-night—that was it. Sighing, she turned and slowly, sadly retracted her steps to the house. There would be a good, warm supper for Father at any rate. Then to-morrow! Blessed hope that springs eternal in the human breast! To-morrow there would be good news, perhaps, news to cheer them up so that they might laugh at all their fears. Everything was ready in the cosy, old kitchen, even to Father's house-slippers, that were drawn up

by his old chair at the window. What was keeping the man? Mother turned to the door and gazed down the lane. Suddenly her heart gave a sickening leap and she strained forward in the hope of persuading herself that she had not seen aright. The tall, loosely-built form of her husband was bent over upon his arms at the lane-gate.

With a low cry, her heart beating with an unnamed dread, she hastened down the steps and across to that bent old figure.

"Father—father! Is it—is it—what is it? Tell me the worst!"

It was a long, long moment before the old man raised his head. "She needed no further sign, then, than that ashen, tense face. He did not speak, but commenced to fumble in his coat-pocket, and when he had found the paper he handed it to her.

"His—his name is there," said the old man, hoarsely, "there, Mother, among the—among the heroes. It was a great victory."

WATER, water; oh for one drop of it! Only one drop to ease the parched, aching throat! It was the single, throbbing desire of all the wounded this dark night. Some articulated the want though in vain, for there was no water within miles and the canteens were long since dry. Others, too weak to call out, obsessed with the thought of it, died there upon the sands dreaming unfulfilled, tauntingly-sweet dreams of crystal brooks and rainbow-hued cataracts the while their eyes were glazing in the last long sleep. The onslaught of the afternoon had been so rapid, so sharp and deadly, with the enemy now retreating, now advancing, and the British army following it up foot by foot, that the field of action had shifted to the lower plains five miles to the east, leaving the dead and wounded up here on this sun-baked plateau in huddled heaps. Many silent forms there were, but so many that were yet writhing and moaning! Grim, ghastly, blood-glutinous war! This is the other side of a glorious victory.

A tall private of a corps of Australian infantry picked his way slowly along from the rear trenches into this cup-like valley in the sands. He had been wounded in the shoulder, and beside this torture his body drooped in the exhaustion that was but the

natural result of forced marches during the past two nights and three days. Water, water was, too, his unuttered cry. Surely in this depression among the low-lying scrubby hills there must be a spring, a tiny silver gurgling stream creeping among the dark grasses, somewhere.

The cries of the wounded fell upon his ears unheeded. He had become inured to this and was helpless to aid—could only drop a word of cheer here and there as he passed. The surgeons? Ah, yes, they were coming, but ye gods! Four square miles of shambles, of bleeding, shattered humanity and twelve surgeons!

The private stumbled over a prone form and fell headlong. The pain of his shoulder now drove all thought of water from his mind for a time, and only half-conscious, he lay through the long, dark hours beside the quiet figure upon which his feet had stumbled. Midnight, more dark hours, and then dawn. What a dawn! Slowly up over the eastern hills rose the sun, tardily, veiled in a thick mist, as though abashed at the sight that would meet his glance down here on these plains. At length the broke forth in his wonted dazzling glory, and the wounded Australian private, cursing feebly at the heat upon his upturned face, rose to a sitting posture, clutching his throbbing head in both hands. After a time his dull, aching eyes fell upon the boyish face of a Canadian volunteer who lay not three feet away. Well he knew the khaki! Had he not fought side by side during this last terrible campaign with those gritty Canucks, and did he not well know their mettle? Here was one of them, a mere lad apparently, gone to his reward. What was that about the "answering cry of the lion's whelps," that was to be heard from afar, when the call for help went out? He could not remember the lines, but here were two of Britain's answers—one badly knocked out for a time, the other—his work done.

Was it, though? He fancied that those heavy eyelids fluttered just then. Yet there was no mistaking that pallor. The face was whitening in death. Fascinated, the private's eyes played upon the still, boyish features, upon the childishly-sweet mouth, the freckles under the tan, the fair hair matted upon the damp forehead. Some odd, uneasy memory began

(Continued on page 22.)

LAUGHING AT LIFE

Number Three—The Engaged Girl

By GEORGE EDGAR

Author of "The Blue Birdseye," etc.

THE engaged girl is literally worshipped by her lover, and it is surprising how the announcement of her engagement breeds a crop of unrequited lovers, who have worshipped her in secret despair from afar. The nicest girls become engaged and directly they induce some confiding male to state a proposal in halting, inadequate phrases and to spend a great deal more money than he can afford on an engagement ring—they cease to be nice girls to the far nicer girls who remain disengaged. They improve after marriage, chiefly because the fierce halo of admiration, created by the ardent lover, begins to thin out like an exhausted ring of cigarette smoke. No longer the pampered idol of one God, capable of exacting tribute of admiration by the most capricious and obvious vanities, the engaged girl, as married woman, becomes human again and tries to please her friends. After this stage is reached, she returns to her place as a charming member of society, and women, who previously hated her for being engaged, begin to pity her and wonder what she saw in Claude, Harry or Algernon, as the case may be, to induce her to take the fatal step.

A SECRET.

ONLY one essentially wrong idea dominates the mind of the engaged girl. She falls into the general error of folk who are passing through the love fever. She imagines the condition of being engaged is peculiar to herself, an original idea, a personal attitude discovered and developed by her own intense individualism. Love has the first effect of isolating the engaged girl's brain and emptying it of all recollection of the love episodes in the lives of other people. She forgets the million million girls engaged long, long before herself, who did just what she is doing, in exactly the same way, to the surprise and wonder of their friends. High and low, rich and poor, all engaged girls perform a set ritual and say much the same kind of thing at successive stages of the game. Tell me how long a girl has been engaged and I will tell you just what she is thinking, saying and doing. All very well for the girl who is acting the thousand year old part—she has the sublime assurance to believe she is not only playing the part, but has actually written it. We, who know the book of words backwards, can tell all that is to be

said and done by the engaged girl, down to the last moment when, in a ravishing "going away" costume, she develops a sudden affection for mother, and subsides into tears and a cab, with an old boot tied on the door handle on the far side.

For the benefit of the people who wish to avoid the engaged girl, I purpose enumerating a few of her symptoms. When the girl catches the eye of the unattached male and holds it, the matter remains a secret for some time. The business becomes a romantic series of meetings and a stream of self-revelation, meandering along in moonlit glades, on lonely hill tops, by the silvery sea and in drawing-rooms lit by lamps with rose-coloured shades. At this stage, not one of a pair of lovers is dangerous. You can avoid them easily because their main purpose in life is to avoid you—though the lovelorn swain, will confide to his very intimate friends late at night, certain reasons why she is different from other girls. There comes a dreadful moment, when the admiring male, seizing her hand and holding it with the pertinacity of a drowning man grabbing the only lifebuoy, babbles out a stream of incoherence, neither he nor his idol can understand. The immediate result is, she invites him to see her parents. The girl becomes engaged and the matter, from being a secret, becomes a public danger. The girl's obvious happiness is too much for her less delighted contemporaries to endure.

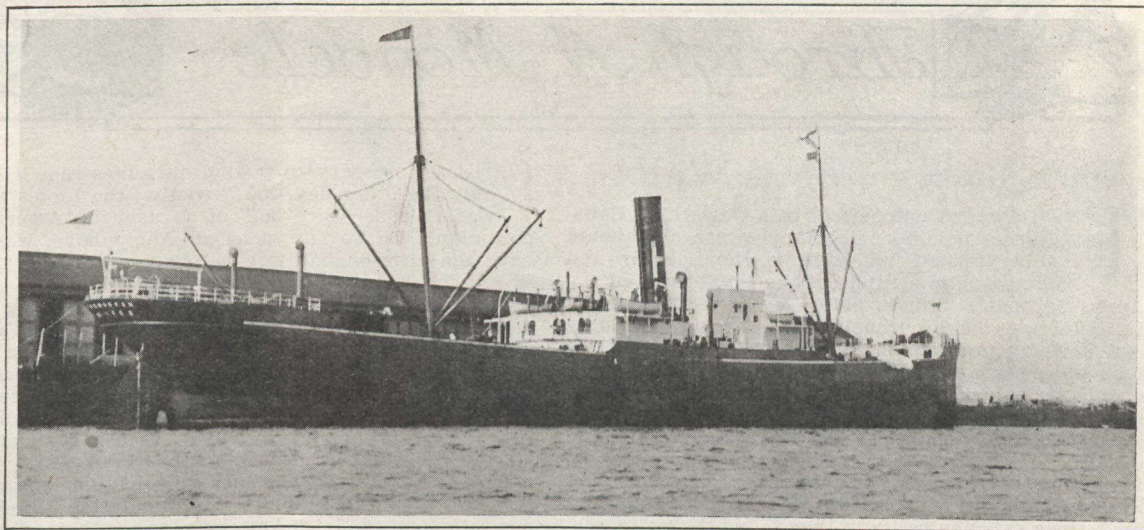
THE RING.

THE first action of the engaged girl is to make sure of the ring—it is in a measure the golden halo of love. An engagement without a ring lacks the finish of a glorious day in June when the sun persists in lurking behind the clouds. Surprising how the nicest girl, with the startled eyes of a fawn, the innocent wonder of a child, and a smile as tender as moonbeams playing on a pool, instinctively betrays a useful knowledge of the value of diamonds. In certain circles, the ardent swain and the newly-won sweetheart go together upon the great business of purchasing the ring. And he knows when he is asked for rings at ten guineas, that though it is necessary to show rings at the price the happy pair think they ought to pay, it is just as well to add a few more

(Continued on page 21.)

NOVA SCOTIA INAUGURATES AID TO BELGIUM

FOR the aid of the most destitute and devastated country upon earth, Belgium laid waste by the Huns of the Kaiser, the maritime provinces have collected a cargo of benevolences. A few days ago the S.S. Tremorvah steamed out of Halifax with 5,000 tons of foodstuffs on board, all ticketed to a Belgian port. These foodstuffs are the direct gift of the eastern people; not alone of Nova Scotia, although that province has gone down for an entire shipload to be forwarded to Belgium. The Tremorvah had capacity of 5,000 tons, and this had to be all foodstuffs, as that is the immediate need in Belgium. This came from Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, P.E.I., and Ontario. Hundreds of tons were held up for future shipment. The Tremorvah was given a brave "bon voyage" by Premier Murray, who issued the first appeal to the people of Nova Scotia.



The ship of mercy, Tremorvah, ready to leave the I.C. R. docks at Halifax with a cargo of benevolences for the thousands of needy Belgians.

Philosophy in Action

By J. E. MIDDLETON

It is not pleasant to see the careless, unthinking manner of university men who have lately entered upon Rugby football. That heroic activity is not a mere amusement. It should be considered rather as a sacred rite, an offering on the altar of Odin. Valour is its foundation, valour is its continuation, and the only spiritual grace worth having is valour. Treitschke and Von Bernhardt prove it. Indeed, the whole mass of German philosophy tends to prove that Rugby football has in it all the characteristics of a noble civilization and a true culture.

For example, the object of Rugby is to win. One must not be hampered by such absurd conventions as Rules. The great need is to kick the enemy behind the ear, so that he will not be a barrier to Culture and the University Idea. As the game progresses, it is the part of a hero to put behind him all the silly ideals of Chivalry. Force alone will triumph.

When the enemy is down, it is an heroic and noble act to dig one's heel into his eye, and twist it around several times. If possible the spirituelle player, thrilled with his opportunity for gallantry, will tackle an opposing half-back and throw him in such a manner that his head will strike a stone. Once prostrate, the contemptible victim will not be able to prevent the philosopher from hamstringing him with a knife.

All these little devices which may seem cruel to unaccustomed ears are glorious deeds intended to display the true beauty of Force and to illuminate in practical manner the world-shaking theories of the notables of Bonn and Heidelberg. So, let our young men remember that Rugby football is a great opportunity, a sacred privilege. Let them understand that to have one's teeth kicked out is to approach the summits of national and individual glory. Let them approach the splendid game remembering that it is the heritage of Odin and Thor.



Barrels of flour from the farms and mills of Nova Scotia going into the hold of the Tremorvah.

GERMANS IN EAST PRUSSIA TASTE THEIR OWN MEDICINE



When the Russians got through with Soldau, near the border of Poland, it looked considerably like some of the Belgian towns left by the Germans. But Soldau was a hostile belligerent town and was subject to the rules of warfare.



Through A Monocle

American Sympathy is With Us

There is one outcome of this war which Canadians should not fail to appreciate, and should never forget; and that is the friendly and sympathetic attitude of the great mass of the American people. Never before in the history of the United States have our neighbours been so strongly and unitedly pro-British. It is almost impossible to pick up a responsible American paper which is not openly on our side in this struggle; and that means that the overwhelming majority of the readers of those papers are with us. The official attitude of the American Government is neutral; and we may be very sure that the leading newspapers of the United States would take their cue from Washington and preserve a safe neutrality, if they found their clientele seriously divided on the question.

It is not necessary to remind ourselves that it was only the other day that "twisting the Lion's tail" was the one "sure bet" of an aspiring American politician. To be known as an Anglophobe, was to have the election half-won before you started. Any of us who have memories will appreciate how complete a swing-over has occurred since those bad old days. This change in American opinion has been due chiefly to three men. Lord Salisbury began the good work when he kept Britain steadily pro-American at the time of the Spanish war; and I seem to recall that he was a good deal criticized for this course, right here in Canada, by people whose patriotism consisted largely in "abusing the Yankees." The next man to take up the task and made a long step forward, was Mr. Asquith, who met the life-long aspirations of the Irish-Americans to see their country granted self-government. The last of three opinion-

makers to win the Americans over to the British side was the German Kaiser. He, and the forces which he represents, have succeeded in thoroughly frightening every intelligent and peace-loving people in the world, and driving them, pell mell, into the camp of the Allies.

AND the greatest of these three is the reverse of Charity, viz., to wit—the Kaiser. The German General Staff may have long regarded it as a commonplace of military tactics that they would violate the neutrality of Belgium when the occasion arose, with as little compunction as a man in a hurry treads on a flower; and they undoubtedly thought that their frequent announcement of this intention had been accepted by the world as due notice, and would largely discount the effect of the act when it was committed. But they were totally mistaken. The civilized world had paid no attention to what it regarded as the "ravings" of their Bernhardis, et al, and had gone upon the assumption that these military "jingoes" slanderously misrepresented the mind of the great, hard-working, "cultured" German people. The consequence was that when the Germans did actually over-run Belgium, it came as an incredible and stunning surprise to these optimistic onlookers. They found, to their utter amazement, that they had a nation of Bernhardis to deal with. The man was not crazed and amusingly rabid—he was typical. And the fact that he and others had foretold this crime, did not mitigate it in American eyes—it aggravated it.

THE KAISER'S GLORIFIED SOAP-BUBBLE



HAVING been soaked in German military literature for some years back, and knowing perfectly well that the Germans intended to invade France via Belgium, I confess that I was at first surprised at the general indignation shown over this step which—to me—was entirely expected. I had been indignant over it when I first realized that it was inevitable, in case of a Franco-German war; but one comes to accept even the most outrageous things in time. So when the Germans went to Liege, they did precisely what I had predicted in writing, again and again, when discussing the probabilities of war. But the American people had not expected it—they had thought the Germans much better than their word—they could not believe that they would ever dare do this deed. And their astonishment and indignation made them violently anti-German in a day.

IT is a thousand pities, however, that they did not believe the Bernhardis; for then they would have been indignant soon enough to serve notice on Germany that, if she did this thing, she must face an outraged and righteously-angered world in arms. Moreover, it is ten thousand pities that the bulk of the British peoples did not believe it. For they did not. Here in Canada, the vast majority did not even believe that Germany had any deliberate intention of making war on us at all. I well remember that on my last return from Europe, I could hardly find a man who would listen to me when I talked of the certainty of a German attack when Germany was ready. But if the British peoples had believed, both in the certainty of the attack and the intention of Germany to ruthlessly ride down Belgian neutrality, they would have seriously armed to prevent it; and with American assistance—they could have surely prevented it.

AT any rate, we now have American opinion with us. They sympathize with the British armies, fighting for liberty and democracy in the French and Belgian trenches, and they look on encouragingly and even admiringly while their "little cousin, Canada," gets ready to plunge into the fray. Moreover, some of them come as near to joining us as they dare. We find them generously helping the crushed and suffering Belgians—we find them assisting the Red Cross activities of Britain—we find them establishing hospitals behind the French lines. For we must remember that some of this American feeling in favour of the Allies is due to their genuine love of and admiration for the French people. Paris has an "American quarter"; and the Americans, who love the life of the French capital, naturally hate to see it menaced by German vandalism, and greatly desire to succour its defenders. Russia, too, is an historic friend of the United States. So the combination is a good one. But the determining factor, which has shifted the whole American nation to our side, is undoubtedly the disregard of international honour and private right which characterizes the ruthless German conception of war. The Germans made the vital mistake of thinking, when almost universal silence met their advertised intention to wage war just as they have done, that that "silence gave assent." It did nothing of the sort. It merely indicated incredulity.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

SO far as this war has gone, since the beginning of the battle of the Aisne, it seems to resolve itself into the old, scientific conundrum: "What happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable object?" That is easily explained. By a law of nature force is never wasted, and an immovable object may be made movable.

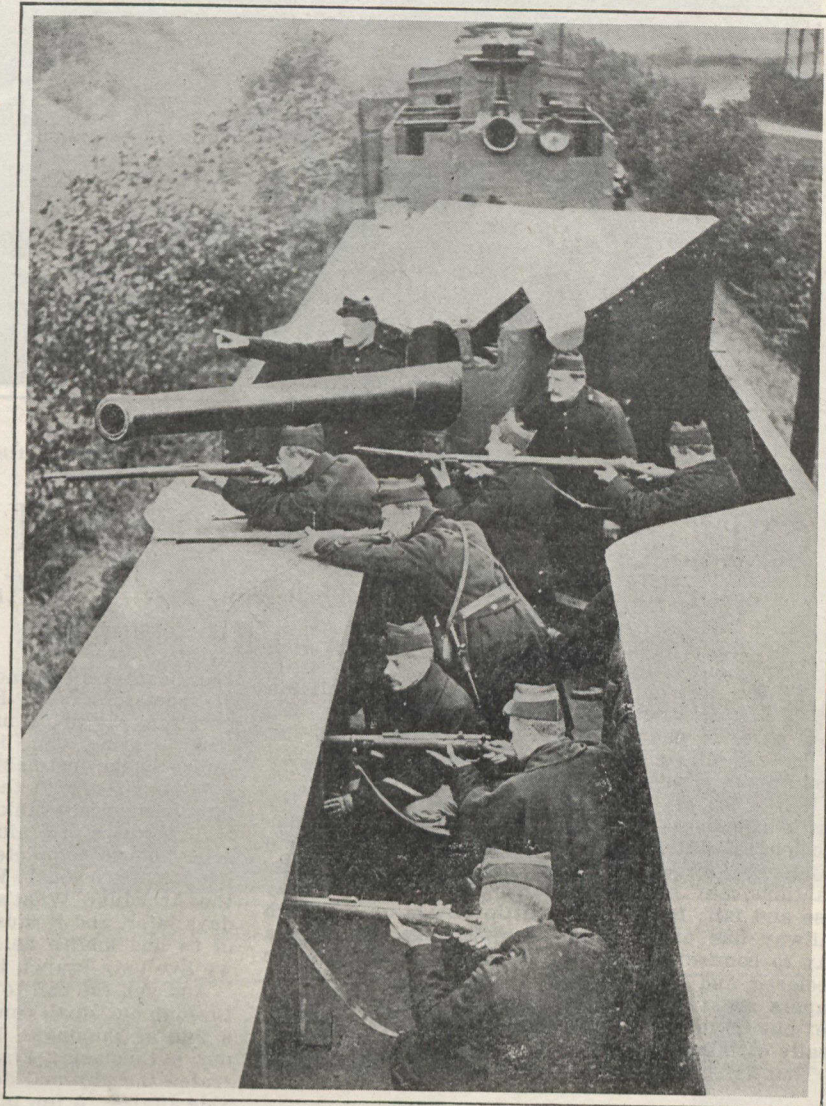
Like all children who blow bubbles bigger than their own heads, this of the German Emperor will be pricked into thin air—some day.

Scenes of Warfare and of Mercy

What War is Busy Making Day by Day, Human Benevolence Must Repair



British anti-aircraft gun from an armored train in Belgium winging the German war-birds that from a height of several thousand feet peer into the British lines of action. British air-men have proved themselves kings of the air in this war.



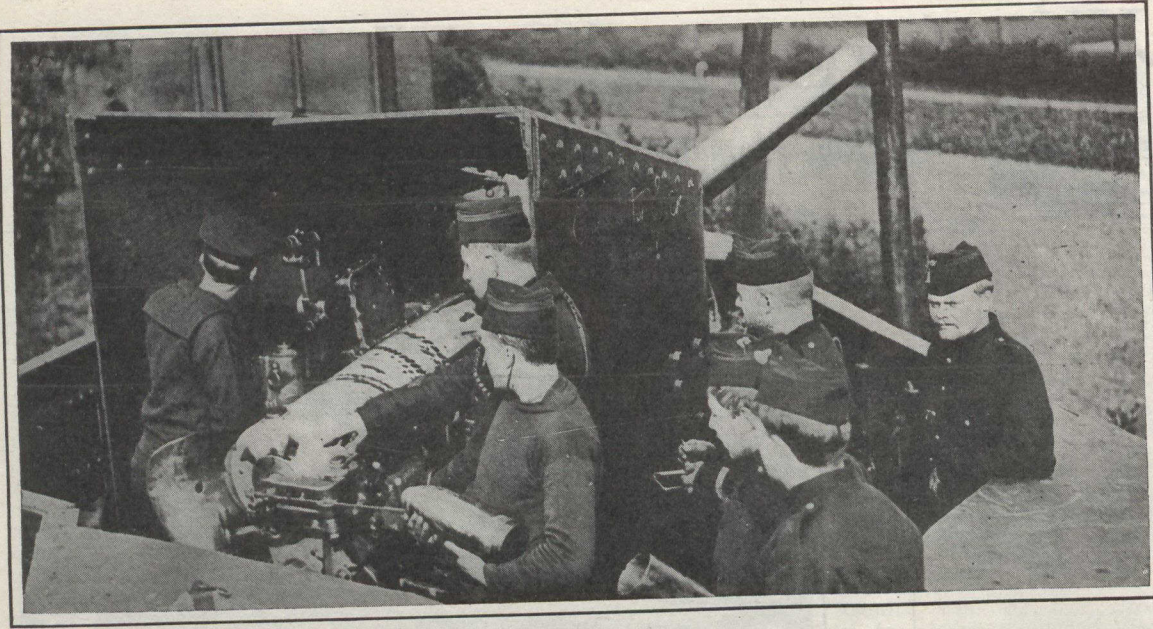
These rifles in a British-Belgian armored train were recently effective in the complete rout of 10,000 Germans, who had almost surrounded a British regiment. This is a new example of co-operation between rifles and artillery.



Red Cross nurses carrying a wounded Belgian soldier.



Baby refugee from Ostend carried backward down a ladder into a trawler.



MARINE GUNNERS GETTING THE RANGE.
Sailors helped soldiers on the British-Belgian armored train in the battle of the coast.

OUR FIRST CONTINGENT

They were only Seven, but they Heard the Empire's Call

By CHARLES STOKES

WE sent only seven. But then the population of our town consists of only 300, fully half of whom are women and children, so that our contribution to Canada's contingent was approximately one man from every twenty.

It is a far cry from Alberta's sunlit plains to the battlegrounds of Europe—so far, indeed, that a commotion, to produce ripples upon the pool of our placid existence, needed to be of the present magnitude. Factions may rage, politicians, even dynasties, may rise and fall; but a remote little village on a branch railway line on the prairies, with only one train a day to connect it with the world in which wars are declared and battles are fought, and weekly newspapers are two days late—such a village is apt to get out of touch with world events unless they are really striking.

That is, perhaps, why our town regarded most

European events almost entirely from the standpoint of spectators. The Irish question, the suffragette question, were both merely topics for debate, with as much bearing upon life as, say, such other debating topics as the justifiability of the execution of Charles I. Compared with the prospects of a good crop, the late Irish crisis ranked as a very decided also-ran; and the price of grain or the architecture of the new school-house completely ousted the suffragettes as a popular discussion. Why, we did not even know that the Archduke What's-his-name was killed until two days later, and it must be confessed, until then none of us had known he had existed; but then, you see, we live on a branch line on the prairies.

And yet, the call to arms, when it did reach us, ran through our small community as a flame runs through a pile of shavings. In some psychic way it thrilled our enthusiasm; I say "psychic," because it penetrated the abysmal depths of our indifference to outside affairs. A few of us had come from the old land; about one-third came from that rather vague locality known as "down east"; a few were Americans, and a sprinkling were foreign—two Dutchmen, one Frenchman, and three or four Russians.

We did not have to wait until two days after to learn that war had been declared; the lone telegraph clerk at the station picked the news hot off the wires the same night, and it was all over town in ten minutes. We were all sitting up for it, as a matter of fact. It came late, as you will remember—late, that is, for us, for it was close upon midnight. In the lobby of the Pioneer Hotel scenes of what might be called the wildest enthusiasm were to be witnessed. Two flags were to be seen—one, a Canadian ensign, hastily requisitioned from the schoolhouse, and the other presented by Seth Long, our oldest farmer. Seth Long—he now calls himself a "rancher" since the new kind of small farmer began to come in—made a speech as well as presenting a Union Jack. There must have been at least eight people in the Pioneer that night, and that is "going some" considering its size. We all sang "God Save the King" and the "Maple Leaf" and "Rule Britannia."

But it was when our seven boys enlisted that we felt the nearness of war. The nearest recruiting station was forty miles away, where the branch line joined the main line; and on the following day nine of our young men slipped away privily on the only train. Gossip was busy during their absence, for the news quickly leaked out! They returned two days later. Seven of them tried to look as if they did not know people were looking at them as they stepped off the car; the other two were downcast, because, for some reason or other, they had not been accepted. The lucky seven were to report again on the Saturday of the following week.

WHO were these seven? Two were farmers—one a young man recently started for himself, the other a farm labourer. Another was a clerk in our only bank. Two were clerks in stores—one a blacksmith—the last a doctor. Three of them were English, one Scotch, two Canadians, and the seventh—well, he was the brightest particular jewel, for he was an American who had just taken out his naturalization papers as a Canadian subject. Only one of them—the blacksmith—had ever been in an actual fighting force before; he was an ex-farrier sergeant in a famous cavalry regiment. But one of the other Britishers had served his time in the old Volunteers.

War wrecks all human plans. Not one of these seven but already had the respect and liking of every person in town; and in two cases, at least, closer

and softer relations were known to be contemplated. But in public the persons most concerned, despite certain curious glances cast in their direction, betrayed no other emotion than pride—pride that was shared by us all, because our boys had heard the motherland's call—

"Lads of desk and wheel and loom,
Noble and trader, squire and groom,
Come where the bugles of England play,
Over the hills and far away."

The following week saw the seven heroes going about their ordinary business, and winding up their affairs, until nearly the close. But on Friday night our over-pent feelings found vent in a little complimentary banquet to them at the Pioneer, a banquet held in a flag-festooned dining-room, and characterized by a little oratory, from Seth Long, and others. At its close, indiscriminate and prolonged handshaking was, as our weekly paper would say, "the order of the day." The seven bore the brunt—why, I do not know, because it was not the final leave-taking, for everyone was intending to go down to the station the next day to see them off—but the habit spread, and we were all shaking hands with one another.

Our only train goes through at 2.30 in the afternoon, and by common consent all business was suspended after twelve on Saturday. Our brass band, consisting of ten players, was on duty long before that time, and, with only a short interval for lunch, filled the air with martial music, parading up Main Street and back again. By two, practically the whole population was at the station. Four of our contingent were already there; a few minutes later appeared the bank clerk, escorted by his colleagues and staggering under a very big pile of baggage. Next came the young farmer; he was one of those whom clinging arms might have restrained, and one of the arms was, indeed, thrust through his own. The blacksmith was the last, and he bore the least baggage of anyone.

Such a crowd! You would have thought it was a picnic, such was the laughter, the handshaking. Thousands of messages were sent to relatives in the old country—it is very improbable whether their bearers have ever come within one hundred miles of their intended recipients—promises to send back picture postcards and letters were freely if somewhat rashly given.

A MURMUR of appreciation ran through our ranks. A figure in black hobbled up the wooden sidewalk to the station. It was the priest in charge of the small Catholic mission in the neighbourhood. Father Lafere was universally beloved, not because we were of the same faith, but because he was a kindly old man who went about doing good. With a beaming smile, he took each of the seven by the hand and addressed a few words of farewell to them. The women left behind he also comforted. The band meanwhile was covering itself with glory, its rendering of the "Maple Leaf" being especially admired. But time was flying by; it wanted now but five minutes to train time, and the baggage man had already wheeled out his truck up to where the door of the baggage car would approximately come to a standstill. The station agent had his orders all ready for the conductor.

In the distance was suddenly heard the clangour of a bell. Across the prairie was seen a trail of black smoke. A quick spasm went through the crowd, and the handshakings were friendlier resumed. Then, as suddenly, the train drew alongside—on time, as usual. Two or three passengers alighted. The brass band immediately struck up again, and everybody on board the train crowded to the windows to see what was the matter. We could imagine them saying to themselves, "Why, it's the boys going to the war—seven of them"; and bearing the tale back with them to be in their flowing cups freshly remembered. A lane was made through the throng for the seven to enter the car, and to deposit their grips and baggage. Then they reappeared.

The conductor was kind to us, for he delayed the departure of the train as much as he conscientiously could. But at last he had to shout "All aboard!" "Good-bye!" we cried, as our heroes climbed the steps. Hands were again thrust out and shaken by whoever could grasp them. Last embraces and last kisses were given. Then a sudden silence fell on everyone, as Father Lafere advanced. He extended his hands and gave them a blessing, and made the sign of the cross, and every head was bared—"not," as someone said afterwards, "because we believed it, but because an old man's blessing could hurt no one." Then the band blared forth again, the conductor and the brakeman sprang aboard, the bell clanged, the whistle hooted, the wheels began to revolve, handkerchiefs were fluttered, "Good luck!" "Be with you soon in Berlin!" "Oh you kid!" and other endearing farewells shouted, and the train was gone, taking with it seven of the flower of our manhood to fight for the cause of right and liberty. There was very little work done in the town that afternoon.

It was a little foolish, perhaps, and the tears that were furtively wiped away afterwards were rather silly. Our best was but tiny. God knows when, if ever, we shall see them back again; but in any case we gave them to the motherland with joy, with pride, with a deep sense of gratitude and duty, and if we had had seventy thousand times seven to give instead of seven we would have given them.



A NEW MONUMENT TO CHAMPLAIN.

This is a sculptor's model of a Champlain statue, to be erected in the Town of Orillia. The sculptor who won the award was Mr. Vernon March, an English artist. Twenty-two designs were submitted. The judges acting under the auspices of the local committee were Mr. William Brymner, P.R.C.A.; Sir Edmund Walker, Mr. Eric Brown, curator of the National Gallery in Ottawa; Dr. Alexander Fraser, Provincial Archivist for Ontario; Canon Green, Mr. F. L. MacGachen, and Mr. J. P. Downey.

Canadian Soldiers on Duty at Home and Abroad

In a very few weeks now some of these men will be on the scene of action in France and Belgium



Fifth Regiment of Canadian Kilties having a cold-water douse at Salisbury.



English ladies dispensing apples to Canadians on Salisbury Plain.

Calendar of the War

THE Battle of the Coast, the victory of the Russians west of Warsaw, driving back the Germans and Austrians about seventy-five miles to Prussian soil, activity in the North Sea, the German naval victory in the Southern Pacific, and the entry of Turkey, as a German ally, into the conflict, have been the important events since the Courier's war calendar was issued up to October 18th.

Oct. 19.—German attacks between Nieuport and Dixmude repulsed. Japanese cruiser Takychiho sunk at Kiau-chau.

Oct. 20.—German-Austrian forces driven back forty miles from the Vistula. Fifth British war loan of £15,000,000 offered.

Oct. 21.—Germans in Poland defeated and in precipitate retreat. Violent fighting between Dixmude and La Bassee. Britain orders enemy's ships from the Suez Canal.

Oct. 22.—French join British ships in Coast battle. Allies advance along the River Lys. Germans retire from Nieuport to Ostend. One German cruiser sunk and one captured by Japanese.

Oct. 23.—Grim struggle around Lille. Seventy allies' cruisers searching the seas for the eight or nine German cruisers at large. Violent fighting around Arras, La Bassee and Armentieres. Russians below Ivangorod capture large quantities of stores.

Oct. 24.—French capture Melzicourt in Aisne valley. Small German force crosses the Yser. British destroyer Badger rams and sinks German submarine.

Oct. 25.—Germans who crossed Yser, near Dixmude not able to progress. Heavy losses on both sides.

Oct. 26.—Kitchener reports "the situation continues satisfactory, ground is being gained and many prisoners taken." Maritz defeated in South Africa. German army still falling back in Poland.

Oct. 27.—Sixteen war ships engaged in Coast battle assisting the allies, who advance near Dixmude. Mines found north of Ireland. Gen. Beyers and Gen. De Wet raise rebellion in South Africa. French enter Lorraine near Nancy.

Oct. 28.—German efforts between Nieuport and Dixmude moderating. Allies progress north of Ypres and around Arras. German cruiser Emden sinks Russian cruiser Jenstchug, and a French destroyer, in Penang harbour, Straits Settlement. Gen. Botha crushes Beyers' commando. Petrograd reports "Germans being pushed back at every point."

Oct. 29.—Turkish warships, including former German boats, the Goeben and Breslau, attacked three Russian ports in the Black Sea. French progress in Lorraine and around Soissons. Russian cavalry enter Radom. Prince Louis of Battenberg resigns

(Concluded on page 18.)



A few of the prisoners at Stanley Barracks, in Toronto, who will not promise to abstain from spying, and are kept under constant guard of an armed Canadian "Tommy" picked in turn from one of various regiments.



A few of Canada's Mounted Men on Salisbury Plain; horses in the background and kit-bags in front.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Home Guards

TORONTO has a Home Guard 1,500 strong and Montreal is building one rapidly. The Montreal plan is better than Toronto's. There each man who joins pays \$35 to provide for his own rifle, ammunition and equipment. In Toronto no such provision was made, as it was expected that the Militia Department would supply equipment. This is manifestly impossible, as the militia authorities have sufficient trouble on their hands now in equipping the contingents and providing for an extra 30,000 men for a permanent army at home.

Canada has never had Home Guards since the days of the Fenian Raids, but they should now be formed in every town, city and village. The Montreal Star makes this suggestion, and it is admirable. It should, however, be a voluntary and self-sustaining force, based entirely on individual patriotism. It should contain only men over forty years of age, the younger men going into the regular militia.

The Canadian Northern

DESPITE all the financial difficulties of the time, it is pleasant to know that the main lines of the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern railways are being finished up. The G. T. P. is now in operation from Winnipeg to the coast, but there is some work yet to be done in finishing up. The C. N. R. is graded from Montreal to Vancouver, but there are a few miles still without rails. These are all in British Columbia, and Sir Donald Mann expects that this work will be completed in December. In short, on January 1st Canada should have three complete transcontinental railways in actual operation.

While it is true that railway receipts are low at present, there will be more business for these transcontinentals next year. The necessity for greater wheat production in 1915 has been firmly impressed upon the agricultural communities from the Atlantic to the Rockies, and the traffic of 1915 should be greatly increased on that account. During the winter, all the Provinces and the Dominion should be taking active measures to ensure that there shall be more men on the land in 1915 than in 1914. Not only that, but measures should be taken to see that these men have the necessary equipment to enable them to produce a crop during 1915. This is one of the most pressing duties of the hour, not only for Canada's sake, but for the Empire as a whole. France, Belgium and Great Britain will require much more foodstuffs from us in 1915 than in any previous year, and Canada will be remiss in its duty if it fails to respond to that requirement.

Our Naval Policy

WITHOUT touching the political aspects of the question, Canadian journals are collecting the scraps of information which will form the basis for Canada's yet-to-be-decided naval policy. Already nearly all are agreed that submarines are needed, though no one in this country talked of submarines before the war broke out. The Government have purchased two submarines and would probably buy more if they could get them. Canada needs twenty submarines, and needs them at once. Probably Mr. Plummer, of the Dominion Iron & Steel Co., would be glad of an order for a dozen. His big mills are not too busy, and the engines could be made for him at the Robb works in Amherst.

A second phase which is interesting many people in connection with the Dreadnought question, is brought up by the recent battle in the Pacific off South America. Some of us thought that Canada should have a fleet unit in the Pacific. Some of us did not. Australia believed in it, and built one which has done magnificent service during the past three months. New Zealand was afraid of the expense, and when it built a battle cruiser, it decided to leave this vessel with the home authorities, ready for the great emergency. This vessel had a chance to see active service in the only naval fight of any size in the North Sea, but was afterwards sent around Cape Horn into the Pacific. The "New Zealand" is now in Pacific waters, and will shortly join the "Australia," the big leader of the Australian fleet unit. Only Canada is without representation in the South Pacific at present. In the North Pacific the "Rainbow" and the two submarines are engaged in coast defence work with Esquimalt as their base.

It would be unfair to argue from these facts that one party was nearer right in the naval controversy than the other, or that the Canadian Courier was justified in its prolonged agitation for a Canadian navy, built in England for the most part, but manned and maintained by Canada. Neither would it be fair to say that British Columbia overlooked her best interests, and for the sake of a few politicians refused to support a demand for a unit on the Pacific.

The truth is, that we were all wrong and all right. Whatever any of us proposed was good. If the three Dreadnoughts had been built, they might be ready to send around Cape Horn with the "New Zealand," and be now on their way to join the "Australia." If we had built "Bristols" as was proposed at an earlier date, they might have been with the ship of that name in the South Pacific. Anything we had done would have been useful.

Yet let us not forget that we did nothing. We talked and argued and bickered about it most shamefully. Let us therefore forget the past, and unite on monitors and submarines. They are very useful vessels, and they have never been in Canadian politics. But, above all, let this policy of inaction cease. Surely in this time of non-partisanship, Sir Robert Borden and Sir Wilfred Laurier can agree on some



"WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT."

Sir John Jellicoe has been one hundred days waiting to capture or destroy the enemy in the North Sea.

naval policy. Whatever it may be, Dreadnoughts, Bristols, monitors or submarines, the Canadian Courier will support it loyally, and so will the majority of the newspapers, Conservative and Liberal. Even the crochety old Senate will vote unanimously in the matter.

Sir Richard McBride's Mission

ACCORDING to a cable from London appearing in the Montreal Gazette, Sir Richard McBride has been in England looking into the question of naval and coast defence on behalf of the Dominion Government. The despatch is important enough to be reprinted in full. It runs:

"Sir Richard McBride, Premier of British Columbia, expects to sail on Saturday for Canada via New York, his visit having extended for one week only. Although the Premier's hurried trip was ostensibly taken in provincial interests the Montreal Gazette correspondent learns that it has really been in the interest of the Dominion that Sir Richard was in Ottawa, and also conferred with Sir Robert Borden at Hot Springs, Virginia, before sailing for England. During the present week, it is understood, Premier McBride has been a daily caller at the War Office, the Admiralty and the Colonial Office, where he has had, it is believed, important conferences on the subject of Canada's coast defence and other matters. As a result of the conferences it is expected that important steps will be taken as regards Canada's coast defence."

If this be true, those who desire to see the two parties agree upon a naval policy, should bestir themselves. If the Conservative party bring out a new naval policy, it may then be too late for the bipartisan settlement so often discussed. There can be little doubt that any naval policy decided upon by

the Government at the present time will be endorsed at a general election, if one should be held in the near future. Therefore, any announcement of such a policy will close the door to a settlement in which both parties would be in agreement.

Belgian Industry in England

ALTHOUGH an intensely industrious people, the Belgian refugees in England are finding some difficulty in obtaining employment, owing to the difference in language. The establishment in London of L'Independence Belge promises to be of great assistance in this field. The Times, too, announces that in view of the large number of French and Belgians in England, advertisements will be translated into French free of charge on request. The sudden arrival of such a large number of foreigners is bound to encourage a study of their language, and, more important, to have an effect on various industries. It is recalled that Flemish weavers helped in the beginnings of many of Britain's textile centres. The suggestion is now made that their proficiency in the knitting industry may help to capture for British manufacturers some of Germany's trade in the machines which heretofore Belgians have imported from that country. The finest flax produced in the world is grown and prepared in Belgium, about Courtrai. Its quality is largely due to methods of culture practised by the industrious peasantry. The refugees from this district who understand the cultivation of flax can practise it in Ireland, with mutual benefits to themselves and the Irish linen industry. Wisely utilized, the present opportunity should produce similar beneficial results in various directions. The intensive cultivation of foodstuffs for which the Belgians are famous might find scope and enable the agricultural refugees to keep themselves. It would increase food production and teach a valuable lesson in the art of small-holding agriculture which the English people are trying to develop with indifferent success.

Supplying Ammunition

By LIEUT.-COL. J. GALLOWAY

IT is very natural for the average citizen to ask the question when he or she reads of the fights being continued into the night and all day for days at a time, "Where does all the ammunition come from?" and how is it distributed to the rank and file in the trenches?

It is in an endeavour to answer that question that this article is written. This spirit of enquiry extends beyond the small arm supply and concerns itself with the big gun that must be supplied also.

It is only with a regiment as a unit of a brigade that it is possible to deal with this question at all. When once that is ascertained it is possible to ascertain the total amount required for a brigade by multiplying the number by the number of units in a brigade.

The supply for a regiment is carried in the following ways: On the man 150 rounds (before going into action, increased by 50 rounds). On pack animals (one to each company) two boxes of 1,000 rounds each. Five small arm ammunition carts, 16 boxes each, making a total of 96 boxes. For this number of rounds the officer commanding the battalion is responsible, as it is on battalion charge. In addition to this, 100 rounds are carried in the brigade ammunition column with the field artillery brigades of a division, and 100 rounds in the divisional ammunition column. This makes a total of 450 rounds per man taken to the front.

Besides this amount carried for the rifle, for each machine gun 3,500 rounds are carried in belts on the general service wagon, which carry the machine guns, 8,000 rounds are carried for each gun in the regimental reserve. In addition to these 10,000 rounds per gun are carried with the field artillery brigade ammunition columns, and 10,000 rounds per gun in the divisional ammunition column.

On the march one pack animal moves behind each company, and 3 S. A. A. carts follow immediately after the battalion; the other two carts are formed into a brigade reserve under a specially selected officer, detailed by the general officer commanding.

When the battalion enters action the animals keep as close as possible to their companies, two carts follow in rear of the supports, the remaining cart in rear of the battalion reserve, and the brigade reserve is kept in rear of the centre of the brigade. The distance the pack animals is kept is dependent upon the ground, but should usually be not more than 500 yards from the firing line while the carts with the ammunition should be within 1,000 yards.

When the boxes carried on the pack animals are emptied the animals are sent back to the battalion reserve, and when the carts of the battalion are empty they send to the brigade reserve, who again send to the divisional reserve for more carts that are full. And so the supply is kept up. The men in the firing line are kept supplied from the pack animals by means of carriers who are told off for the duty. They are supplied with bags for the purpose, which contain 60 rounds. When the number of men that is engaged on each side in this war is considered some idea of the immense amount of ammunition that is used each day can better be imagined than described.

At the Sign of the Maple

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

MISS EDITH MACPHERSON OF OTTAWA, the twice-crowned queen of the May Court Club, which will start with a busy-bee bazaar this season, instead of its accustomed butterfly ball. The club is devoting its efforts to relief work.



MRS. JOHN BRUCE OF TORONTO,

whose duties as Honorary Treasurer of the National Chapter of Canada, I.O.D.E., have become much heavier of recent weeks by reason of the order's fund-raising campaign to mitigate the suffering caused by war.



MADAME DONALDA OF MONTREAL,

who sang on Friday last at the concert in aid of the Westmount Rifles at His Majesty's Theatre. She is now planning to assist with a programme to be given at the Imperial Theatre shortly, in aid of the local unemployed.

UNLIKE most of the "bhoys" from Kerry, Lord Kitchener is said to be a bit stiff-jointed when it comes to picking up the feminine handkerchief, or springing to open a door that confronts a fair one. He is not a hall-marked "ladies' man," fortunately or otherwise, as it strikes one. And yet he is doing his duty like a soldier in visiting (by proxy) at the proper intervals, the headquarters at Devonshire House, where room after room has been thrown open to accommodate the congregation of knitted socks and belts for which the War Minister asked the Queen.

In this connection there is a story extant in which, after the Egyptian campaign, Queen Victoria is quoted as saying, in reference to the hero: "They say he does not like ladies, but he is always quite charming to me."

"WHAT moral is in being fair?" It is Tennyson, I think, who asks that question. And it is the Kaiser who gives it a definite answer in a tale which is going the rounds just now about a grace of his towards the maids of Crefeld.

Now, Crefeld was a regulation Sleepy Hollow—a dull little town on the, yes, Belgian frontier, where nothing the least exciting ever happened—until Emperor William paid it a visit. To honour that occasion a grand ball was given at which a bevy of pretty young women were "dolled up" befittingly and "presented." The Kaiser was charmed with his fair subjects and expressed compunction upon ascertaining that the reason that the majority of them were maids, instead of matrons, was the sad small-town dearth of "eligibles." Chevalier-like, he promised to correct the oversight, to stock the place with inevitable husbands, and he, forthwith, made Crefeld a garrison town.

One wonders if the disgruntled hussars who were transferred ten years ago from Duseldorf to Crefeld, or their successors, are comforted now that that military station is no more on the edge of "a neutral country."

A GROUP of leading Ottawa women, including Lady Foster, Mrs. T. W. Crothers, Madame Louis Coderre, Mrs. Frank Oliver, Madame Rodolphe Lemieux, Mrs. Adam Shortt, Mrs. W. T. Herridge, Mrs. J. L. McDougall and Mrs. J. A. Wilson, have set in motion a movement known as "The League of Early Shoppers," which will undoubtedly go very far this year toward making Christmas more toler-

SOCIETY'S LATEST INVASION OF TRADE

In the Interests of the Montreal Day Nursery.



By kindness of the management of Bryson's drug store, a percentage of the sales on Wednesday last was set aside for this charitable purpose. Our photograph shows a corner of the tea-room, in which are seen Lady Allan and two attractive "helpers" of the Junior League. The room was in charge of Mrs. G. Macdougall.



Directing operations in the various drug departments was Mrs. R. A. E. Greenshields, assisted by a number of prominent women, of whom may be seen in our illustration, behind the perfume counter (left to right), Mrs. McCuaig, Mrs. F. Orr Lewis, Mrs. Alan McKenzie, Madame Donalda, Miss Brenda Williams-Taylor, and Mrs. Stephen White.

able for tradesfolk, including the hundreds of women who serve in stores. The leaders of the League are receiving, constantly, letters of promise of co-operation on the part of the shopping public—women mainly.

One supporter declares that in addition to shopping early, she will also make it her plan in shopping to avoid rush hours on the street cars. Which not only will mean greater comfort to herself, but will set an example in the consideration of the necessities of those who have no choice in hours. The general endorsement of such a principle would obviate that frequent circumstance of the plump and prosperous housewife seated while the fatigued girl from the counter grips the hanger. Not only at Christmas would this rule be in season.

Much in Few

MISS EDITH CHAFFEE is this year's president of the Junior League of Montreal, which was formerly known as the Debutantes' League.

The Local Council of Women of St. John, N.B., recently adopted a resolution, to urge upon all the local housewives the wisdom of buying "made-in-Canada" products.

It is expected that the Canadian branch of the Queen Mary Needlework Guild, which Miss C. W. Merritt, of St. Catherines, is organizing in several Canadian cities, will have its headquarters in Montreal. All contributions, according to the plan, will be received there first and forwarded to England through Mrs. Perley, wife of the acting High Commissioner.

A military wedding in Halifax last week was that of Miss Annie, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Grant, A.D.M.S., to Captain A. K. Hemming, R.C.R. Captain Hemming has been appointed Adjutant of the Eastern Battalion of the Ontario Second Contingent.

It was reported at the recent annual meeting of the Margaret Scott Nursing Mission, Winnipeg, that during the year just concluded the staff had paid some twenty-five thousand visits.

There has just been organized, in Port Arthur, a Women's Canadian Club, for patriotic service, which has a charter membership of two hundred and twenty-five.

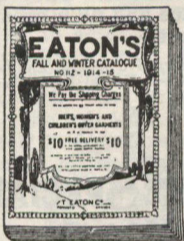
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The Waste Tin Can

THE tons of empty tin cans that are thrown weekly on the large dumps of our municipalities are a source of serious thought on the part of economists every time a depression comes along, and we are forced to look on waste as a by-product capable of producing wealth, or at least reducing expenditures. Along comes the depression in the wake of the great war, and true to established reputation, along comes the engineers who would turn the tin can into gold. But the recent developments of science give the matter a new light, and gradually the scientific press are taking the matter up in a much more serious manner; in fact, it is seriously rumoured that one of our leading universities is going to experiment this winter, and it is known that the new project has received attention at the hands of the chief engineer of one of Canada's great power systems.

What, then, is the mystery, and how can the tin waste produce wealth. The reclamation of tin and treatment to melt the solder off have both proven commercial failures, but the electric furnace has proven its ability to transform the waste tins into steel.

To melt tin cans by an ordinary blast furnace is neither profitable or pleasant; a great danger is also possible in that the small heated tins might be blown out by the blast and scatter fire in their path. Then, again, the heat needed to melt a tin can is enormous—much higher than ordinary cast iron. So it is necessary to look toward the electric furnace.

The ordinary electric furnace has been tried and found wanting, but engineers have recently discovered that if a layer of ordinary lime is kept in a molten state by the passage of powerful electric currents that it will handle the tin can problem in great shape. When the waste tins are thrown into the molten mass they immediately melt, and their impurities are absorbed by the lime. The molten iron—formerly the tin cans—being heavier than the lime, sinks to the bottom of the mass. When sufficient quantities have collected the layer of lime is withdrawn, and the necessary steel making ingredient added to the iron. Steel worth twelve cents a pound has been made with great profit in the experimental furnaces. But this is not all, for, by a simple treatment of the line the tin, solder and other matter may be distilled from its prison home and sold as by-products.

Calendar of the War

(Concluded from page 13.)

as First Sea Lord of British Admiralty. Sir John Fisher succeeds him.

Oct. 30.—Belgians, by flooding the lower valley of the Yser, forced the enemy to withdraw. Turks threaten invasion of Egypt.

Oct. 31.—Allies recapture Roulers and open way to Bruges. British cruiser Hermes sunk in Straits of Dover by German submarine.

Nov. 1.—Naval battle between three British and five German ships off coast of Chili. British flagship Good Hope sunk and cruiser Monmouth beached. The Glasgow escaped.

Nov. 2.—Allies resume offensive, and Germans retreat to east of Yser. Active hostilities by allies against Turkey.

Nov. 3.—German squadron of eight vessels approached British coast, dropping shells within a mile of shore. British submarine D5 was sunk by a mine dropped by fleeing German warships. British bombarded forts of the Dardanelles. Allies hold Ypres.

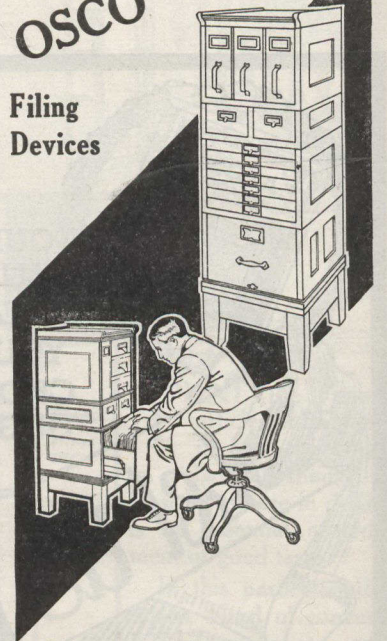
Nov. 4.—Germans fall back along Yser. Allies progress towards Messines in Belgium. The Porte recalled his ambassadors from London, Paris, Petrograd and Nish. Russian general staff reports collapse of German defence on East Prussian frontier. Russians on German soil again. German cruiser Yorck sunk by German mine in Jade Bay.

Nov. 5.—France and Britain declares war on Turkey. Germans renew violent attacks about Arras. Germans rush reinforcements to Belgian field.

Nov. 6.—Fall of Tsing-tau. German fortress surrendered to Japanese and British.

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Good-Bye, Mr. Mantell

GOOD-BYE, Mr. Mantell, you have given Toronto a thrilling week. As Shylock, King John, Hamlet, Richelieu, Lear, and finally Macbeth, you have trod the Alexandra stage like Roscius or Macready. We have had cold creeps and warm enthusiasms. We have pitied you and hated you and admired you, and wondered what you were going to do next with our nervous system already wrought up to a pitch of excitement by the war. You have shown us England and Scotland, France and Denmark; the Cloud-cap'd towers and gorgeous palaces, the bosky woods and the battlefields. Your stage whispers have made us see things in the night. Your heavy-villain, contra-bass fortissimos have bombarded our ears like the sound of siege guns. Your blood-curdling diapasons have played hob with our sense of pitch. Your spotlights and your magniloquent strides have made us blink with juvenile awe. Your orchestral accompaniments have made us realize that most of Shakespeare can be set to music. Your impersonations of kings and princes and lovers have made us feel that "all the world's a stage and all the men and women merely actors." Your thunderstorms and cannonadings and shrieks have dinned into our ears until we know what it feels like to be in the midst of war without going to war.

In fact, you have impressed us with the conviction that no matter what Germany may think of Shakespeare, the immortal bard is still a heritage of the British people. We understand now that when an actor has gone the limit in melodramas and historical romances he may turn to Shakespeare and find a vehicle to express his eternal ego to the last limit of passion that tears itself into tatters, and then calmly go down town to a midnight supper of bluepoints at the hotel.

Candidly we don't think you did equally well in all the Shakespearean roles. But you played up a big average of efficiency just the same, and we take off our hats to you as a resourceful matinee idol of the classic stage. In looking over your portrait gallery of personages during the past week we incline to think that outside of Richelieu you made the best individual showing in Macbeth. The part pretty nearly suits you, Mr. Mantell. It has blood and thunder and witchery and stage whispers enough to satisfy the most jaded palate in the field of drama. It has the loud pedal all over it, and you know how to work that better than any other actor alive. There is nothing dilettantish and not much of the psychic about your portrayal of Macbeth. It goes the limit in realism and a few other things that space forbids us to mention. It struts and frets its hour upon the stage in a grand accumulation of climaxes that sometimes overstep themselves and fall on 'tother side. It was a big beefy finale to a ponderous week of Shakespeare as interpreted by Mantell. You did well to play it last. Any man who could play Hamlet in the afternoon and Macbeth at night in the same day is entitled to admiration. Such a double-headed performance at the end of a heavy week was a climax that would have exhausted even an actor who relied on stage management more than upon personality—let alone Mr. Mantell. All that saved you was the fact that you let the big voice do a lot of the heavy work when your nervous system was soldiering more or less.

Here's hoping that when you come back in Shakespeare, it may not be with the curtain call set down as one of the cues.

He Melted.—A kind-hearted and witty clergyman, entering the house of one of his elders one morning, found the good old man unmercifully whipping one of his sons, a lad of about fourteen years old, and he at once began to intercede for the boy.

The deacon defended himself by saying that "the youth must be early trained in the way he should go. It is best to make an impression when the wax is soft."

"Yes," said the pastor, "but that does not hold here, for the whacks are not soft."

The deacon let the boy go.

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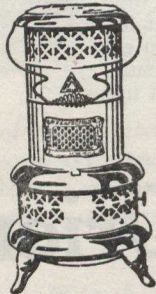
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Studying the Russians

IF not wider knowledge at least, a
new variety is to be one of the
intellectual results of the war.
Geography and language have come
into greater prominence. National
aspirations and temperaments are be-
ing studied. A better knowledge is
growing of other nations' methods and
aims of life. The Russian people
have been little known to Canadians.
Russian writers complain that Britons
have not sought information about
them in the right method, that while
we have some Russian literature
translated into English, we do not
know those books which describe real
Russian people, especially the works
of Gogol, who is represented as the
Russian Dickens. Few works of
characteristic Russian poets have been
translated into English. One critic
expresses the complaint in this way:
The British do not take their ideas of
Russia from Russian literature, etc.,
but from English fiction.

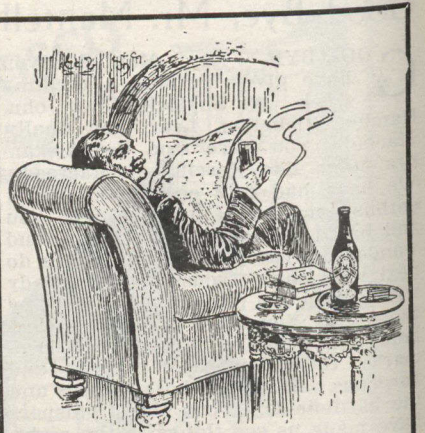
The Russo-Japanese war did stir up
an English interest in Russian affairs,
and from the war correspondents of
that campaign considerable informa-
tion as to the people was presented
to English readers. Their observa-
tions are now of special interest re-
garding the army, which is aiding in
the suppression of Prussian auto-
cracy. Mr. Maurice Baring, who re-
presented the Morning Post in that
campaign, gives his opinion that the
Russian private soldier seemed to
afford the finest fighting material con-
ceivable. In the first place he is in-
different to death; in the second place
he will fight as long as he is told to
do so. He will endure any amount of
hardships and privations naturally and
without complaining. It is often said
that the Russian soldier is admirable
on the defensive, and when qualities
of endurance are needed, but that he
is no good on the offensive. But Mr.
Baring considered this is a catch
word which has no foundation in fact,
the truth being that the Russian sol-
diers will go anywhere and do any-
thing, only that the amount of dash
of which he will be capable will de-
pend on the amount of dash with
which he is led.

"If I were asked my main impression
as to the Russian army," writes Mr.
Baring, "I should answer that the
army was good, but the system was
bad. Which is equivalent to saying
what a Russian officer said to me—
namely, that the Russian people were
good fellows, but the Government, i.e.,
the bureaucracy, was damnable. . . .
The same idea appears to be occur-
ing to the whole Russian nation at this
moment." And it has been a factor in
material improvement in the Russian
army in the ten years elapsed since
the Japanese war.

MR. BARING also thought there was
a lack of generals, which, how-
ever, had been felt by many
nations at many and various epochs,
ancient and modern, from the days of
Xerxes to the days of MacMahon and
Kruger—a lack which is by no means
a Russian idiosyncrasy.

Russians, he concluded, were in-
finitely superior to Japanese in cav-
alry, but the country was unsuited for
the use of this army. Superiority
was also with the Russians in accu-
racy of artillery fire and actual quality
of their guns. Special praise was
given to the Siberian batteries whose
officers were highly instructed and
exceedingly capable.

Russian military authorities had
considered the South African war too
small an affair to observe carefully.
Hence they did not profit from its
lessons. They have profited by their
own war with Japan, and the new Rus-
sian army is a far better implement
than that which the Japanese defeat-
ed. It is bound to be more aggressive.
The soldier did not understand why he
was fighting in China, what had Man-
churia to do with Russia? But the
same soldier now certainly under-
stands why he is fighting against Ger-
mans on Russian soil. An English
officer who watched the Manchur-
ian campaign, expressed the opinion
that you could do anything with Rus-
sian soldiers if you could kindle their
amour propre, and, that once donè,
they would be more formidable in at-
tack than on the defensive.



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Laughing at Life

(Continued from page 8.)

ranging upwards to prices doubling their limit. He knows full well that no ring is half so beautiful as the love it is designed to symbolize, and he also knows Angel Face, with a far away expression will pick the best and even if it breaks Archibald, he will pay, though he may have to square his landlady to carry his overdue account for board another month.

Given a ring, the engaged girl goes to a new world with all the enthusiasm of a crusader equipped in a new outfit of shining armour. For two weeks she is content to show the ring. For this purpose she chooses all the girls who do not possess engagement rings—friends who once thought she was a nice girl. The campaign is opened the moment the engaged girl enters the room. She pulls off her glove, self-consciously, and, if no one exclaims with admiration at the mere sight of the ring, she sinks into a chair, clasps her slim white fingers—with the ring finger outwards—and spreads them in pensive attitude over her lap. The cat!—the other girls whisper. Of course, some one has to see the ring then. Indeed, this method accounts for fifty per cent. of the victims marked out by the engaged girl and she gets the desired opportunity of telling all about Archibald. In some cases she implies by her manner that being bespoke rather than displayed goods, she is luckier than all other women.

Poor Archibald.

Poor Archibald. He only learns by easy stages just what is coming to him. By easy stages too, he begins to wonder why he broke into the fatal, incoherent proposal and got 'yes' for an answer, when he might have kept safely to his account of the way he did a bogie six hole in five, on the local golf course. Even the most determined girl cannot introduce a man to mamma who keeps us a safe line of golf babble. Poor Archibald—he may have gained the whole world with his acquisition of Angel Face but he makes the tangible gain at the loss of his own soul. After the engagement ring has been seen by everyone, the time comes to show off Archibald. Archibald loses life, individuality, possession of his own identity and destiny and becomes a mere appendage of the engaged girl. High teas with her relations; whist drives; church dances; small at-homes; innumerable visits to church and a round of social clubs, are events following each other as doggedly as a line of sandwichmen. And every two minutes, following in the wake of Angel Face's skirts, happy in his mien but as abject as a worm in the eyes of other men. Archibald sees her stop, suddenly catch some one, smile with a delight that never exhausts itself, and look over her shoulder to make sure of the presence of the appendage. "This is Archibald," she says, with joyous pride, for the twentieth time in one hour, and Archibald, for the twentieth time in that hour, comes forward, smiles meekly into the grim, appraising faces of a matron with two marriageable daughters who are lingering on the market, and sees plainly, when they say how charmed they are to meet him, what an ass they really think he is.

Poor Archibald—let us draw a veil over this phase of his humiliation. Nor need we follow him through the dark days following the display of himself and the ring—the day when Angel Face, who has long ceased to sit trance-like and a prey to far-away glances, begins to take an interest in his balance at the bank, which, however justifiable, comes to him as a fresh element of surprise. Only the engaged man knows the hideous humiliation of seeing a spare five pounds, just enough for four uproarious bachelor days by the sea, turned by a feminine will, sedulously building the perfect home, into "the attractive occasional table," in rosewood or mahogany. Only the bachelor knows the torment of his soul when a sovereign bet at five to one, instead of becoming a merry night

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out, materialises as an easy chair, under the tender, insistent direction of a mind full of love for him and a new-found knowledge of the contents of innumerable catalogues of furniture. Poor Archibald has yet to learn that if he drops the ninepenny cigar of his opulent moments and takes to a pipe and a fourpenny mixture, he can, by this simple act of self-sacrifice, create an extra Turkish carpet for the drawing-room, or an over-mantle for the apartment he wishes to call a study and she insists on christening a breakfast-room. Archibald has more to learn about the engaged girl. He has to learn that the dear lips, once a-flutter with sighs and kisses and capable of lisping out endearments of the "ownest own dewdrop of a little gentleman" order, who has been "working 'umself to death at the horrid officiums for ickle angel face" can appraise the value of a forty-

five shilling wedding present to three farthings. He will find at first, with a shock of surprise and then with intense admiration, that the gentle eyes, capable of flattering adoration can also see how a Turkish carpet will look before it is down, and appraise the cost before the floor is measured. He will discover another miracle—that the voice, so thrilling to him when raised in the manner of the ballad singer, can run on, with an even practical note, as it articulates a stream of positive practical knowledge about hot water systems, drawing-room curtains, cooking appliances, the price of coal, and the acquisition and proper treatment of household linen, blankets and silver plate. Ah well! Archibald. There are depths in this world and the lover must pass through the valley of despair. Love is an illusion the nicest girl can break when she begins to talk furniture.

When the Bugles Blew Truce

(Continued from page 8.)

to play tricks with the private's mind. He tried to banish the feeling, but it persisted. He was still staring dazedly at the lad when faint and from far away sounded a bugle call. The music of it, clear and bell-like floated across the sun-baked level distances and called forth a feeble cheer from some of the wounded. The private listened intently. Again it came, and then an answering bugle took it up, while faintly among the distant hills rambled the echoes.

The white-faced volunteer stirred and opened his eyes.

"Water!" he gasped, feebly.

The private shook his head.

"The bugle—what is it—what does it mean?" asked the boy in khaki, after a moment or two.

"It is a truce," replied the other.

"Where is the army? Did we beat the enemy back—back to the frontier?"

"It looked like that, boy, just at dark. But a bullet hit me and I fell. Didn't know anything for a time, and when I came to, the troops had rushed on."

Again the bugle call rang out. In its sweet resonance was a note of gladness, of triumph.

"A truce," murmured the boy.

"Yes, the enemy have called for a truce. We've cornered them up, boy. Victory is not far off now. This is the last great fight, and it's about over."

"Thank God!" said the boy. "You—you're an Australian, I see."

"I am. No—I am not, either," replied the other. "I wear the uniform because I enlisted in Australia. I—I am a—just a rolling stone."

There was silence between the two for a few moments. The boy's eyes closed. When they opened again the private knew that the end was not far away.

"I wish—" began the youth, and then he paused.

"What do you wish, lad? I'm afraid there's nothing I can do now—"

"I know it. But you could, if you would take this locket and send it to my mother—if you live through the war. Will you be so good?"

The youth drew a simple old-fashioned silver locket from the breast of his khaki shirt and held it out.

"Tell her I thought of her through it all. Say I helped to win the victory. It will comfort her to know it."

The private had often read of a scene such as this, and it had always moved him. He was surprised now to feel that the actual experience touched him so lightly. All around were dying men. Was he callous?

"Very well, lad," he said, as though completing an ordinary business transaction. "What is your mother's name and her address?"

"Her name is Mrs. Thomas Waring, Hill Grove Farm, Old Road, Upper Restigouche, New Bruns—"

But the man in the Australian uniform was bending over him.

"Who? What is the name?"

"Waring."

Blue eye met brown eye and held for a long moment. Then the blue

eyes closed and a shudder passed through the boy's form.

"Dead! Dead! Oh, my God it's little Danny! Little barefoot Danny! Dead!"

The private's breath came sharp and short. He passed one hand dazedly across his eyes.

"Danny, boy! Our Danny!" he muttered over and over.

Then he pressed his ear over the boy's heart. It had not yet stopped beating. Quickly he seized his empty flask and held it up to the light. There were a few drops of brandy at the bottom. He forced the spirits between the boy's pale lips.

"Danny—look up! It's Tom—Wild Tom Waring—your brother! Your own brother! See—it's Tom, Danny, boy!"

Oh, had they taught him to forget the black sheep, too? or did he remember?

PRESENTLY the ebbing tide flowed back a bit. The blue eyes opened again—opened and recognized in the dark, unshaven face bending so anxiously above him, the features that he had so often pored over in the old photo his mother had rescued from the flames at home, and which she had kept surreptitiously in the big hide trunk in the garret.

Tom! Tom his hero! Tom the traveller whom he had always admired and secretly envied. Tom, who had been the leading figure in marvellous adventures in every land upon the globe! Yes, it was Tom! He breathed the name in wondering delight.

"Yes, yes, yes, Danny! It's Tom. Oh, thank God, you have remembered!"

Strong sobs shook the voice of Wild Tom Waring.

"Tom—I am going, you know. But you—you will go back and—and be their stay in their old age? Go back, Tom, to mother and father. Promise—promise—"

"I will—I will, Danny! I'll make good!"

"Say I—I found you and sent you."

"Yes, Danny."

"I—I am happy now," breathed the dying lad.

"God bless you, little chap. God bless you!"

Clear and sweet rang the bugle call again. It echoed and re-echoed among the glens, and with the last faint note the spirit of the lad in khaki was borne away. Let the scoffer scoff and the unbeliever sneer, but with that soul's transition there sprang to life new purpose in the heart of the black sheep. For one brother was peace and joy as he passed out, for the other a benediction of fire from which he rose purged, and pure in the sight of heaven.

Along the old familiar way the wanderer passed, his stride halted here and there to note some striking change in the landscape. Snow lay deep in valley and upon hillside. It had been high summer that day long years ago when he had carelessly spurned the home-ties and had gone

out into the great beckoning world—the great world that had taught him so many things, but none that held such gripping truth as that embodied in the lines:

"Be it ever so humble there's no place like home."

At the little sleepy station there had been none to recognize him, though a few loungers had peered curiously at the tall, military-looking man with his arm in a sling, who had said no word to anyone, but had struck out across the fields. Their eyes followed him as he took his way along the old hill road beyond the village.

Here was the old maple grove—the scene of many sap-boilings in the springs of long ago. Further along was the creek, now ice-locked in winter's grip, along the edges of which ran the willows, grown so large, though now so bare. The fishing here had been a fascinating though unprofitable sport to a ten-year-old lad with a home-made fishing rod. He paused at the spot where the old cut-vert had crossed the creek. Shaky and condemned it had been for years before he was born. Now it had been replaced by a smart cement bridge with iron railings! New cottages had sprung up everywhere, and fine brick farmhouses had come into being where before stood the old frame homesteads. He wondered if—the dear old place had gone, too, in the relentless march of time, as he drew nearer to the last hill.

HOME! From the hilltop—where his mother had stood and signalled with her old shawl some mountains back—the wanderer at length spied a clear bright light, the beacon that had burned unquenchable in that same window each night for fifteen years. He did not know this, yet he sensed its message.

The light of home! The early winter dusk had closed in and night was come. Though stumbling often over unfamiliar hedgerows sunk in the snow, over new fences in the old fields, and being nailed continually by a nosy dog, the remaining distance was passed over unheeded by the wanderer. His foot-falls in the soft snow gave back little sound and at length he stood at the door of his old home and knocked. He was obliged to repeat the knock twice before the inmates gave any sign. Then a faint murmur of voices came to his eager ears, followed by slow fattering steps that approached the door. The wanderer's heart was stabbed by sharp remorse and he gulped down a sob. His father grown so feeble!

Slowly the door opened and a narrow gold ribbon of light shot out across the snow.

There stood disclosed a gray, bent old man whose form had once been tall and upright as his own. Pushed up on his forehead were his old steel-rimmed spectacles. One gnarled old hand held an open sheet of newspaper, the other still clutched the doorknob.

"Father!"
The old man dropped the paper and shaded his eyes with a trembling hand.

"Tom!"
He seized the wanderer by the arm and drew him into the light.

"Tom! My boy, my boy! Mary, come here!"

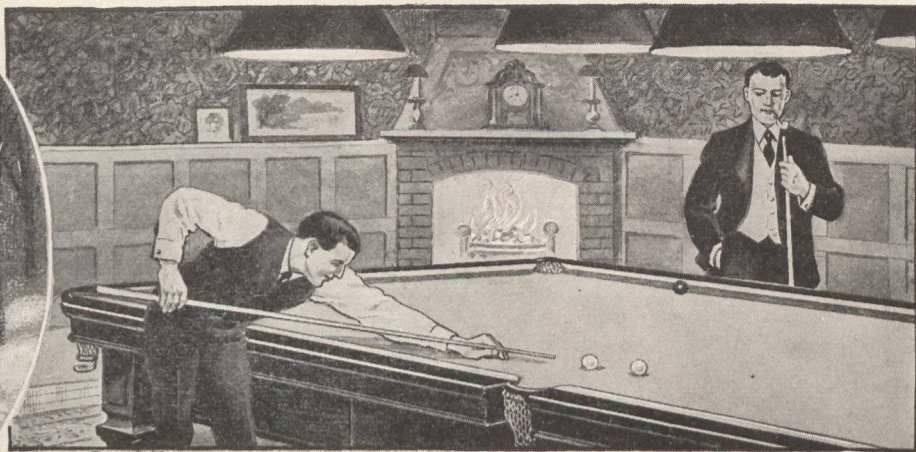
From her seat by the fire rose the little white-haired mother, dropping her work, while her arms flew out and she took one faltering step forward. "Danny—Danny!"

Sorrow had wrought its work upon her. But now there was to come healing and happiness in part.

"No, mother, not Danny," answered the black sheep, humbly, "only Tom, —your wild, wandering Tom. Have you got a bit of room for him in your hearts,—you and father?"

Not since the news of Danny's death had father hoped to see that light again in mother's eyes.

They stirred the fire and drew in close about its warmth, those three, Tom in the centre, holding the hand of his mother, while he told them how Danny had died, a hero of the last great victory, with his mother's name upon his lips, and the bugles far and near ringing truce.



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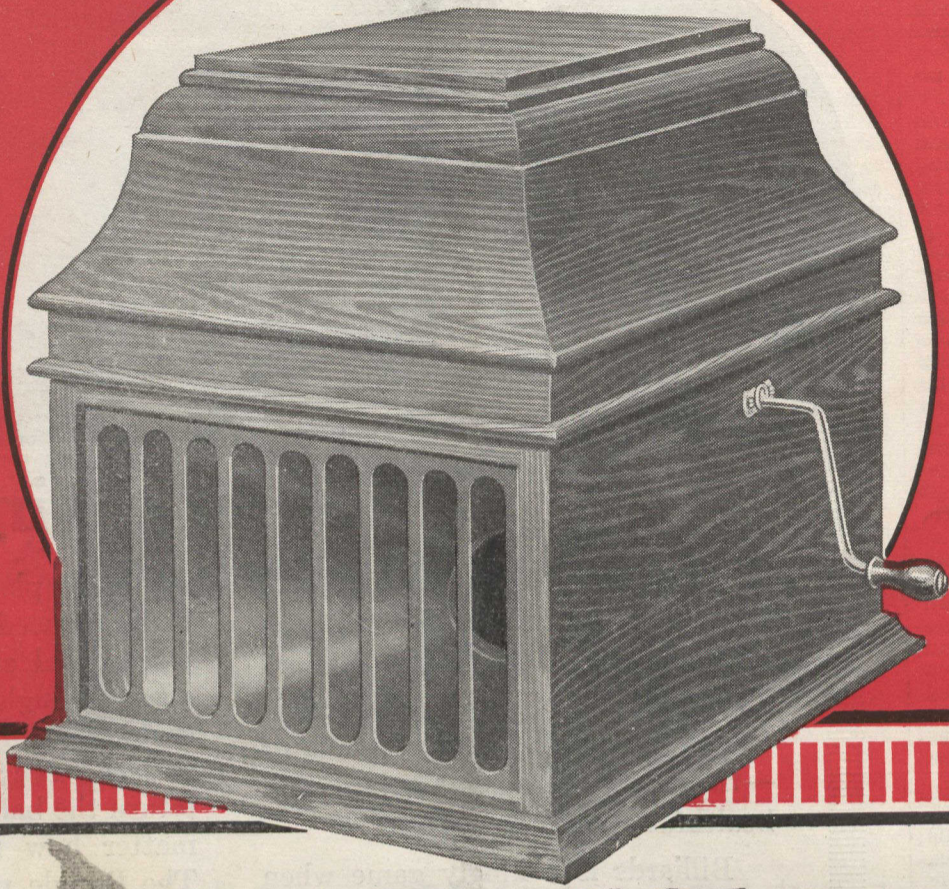
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