

THE CANADIAN COURIER



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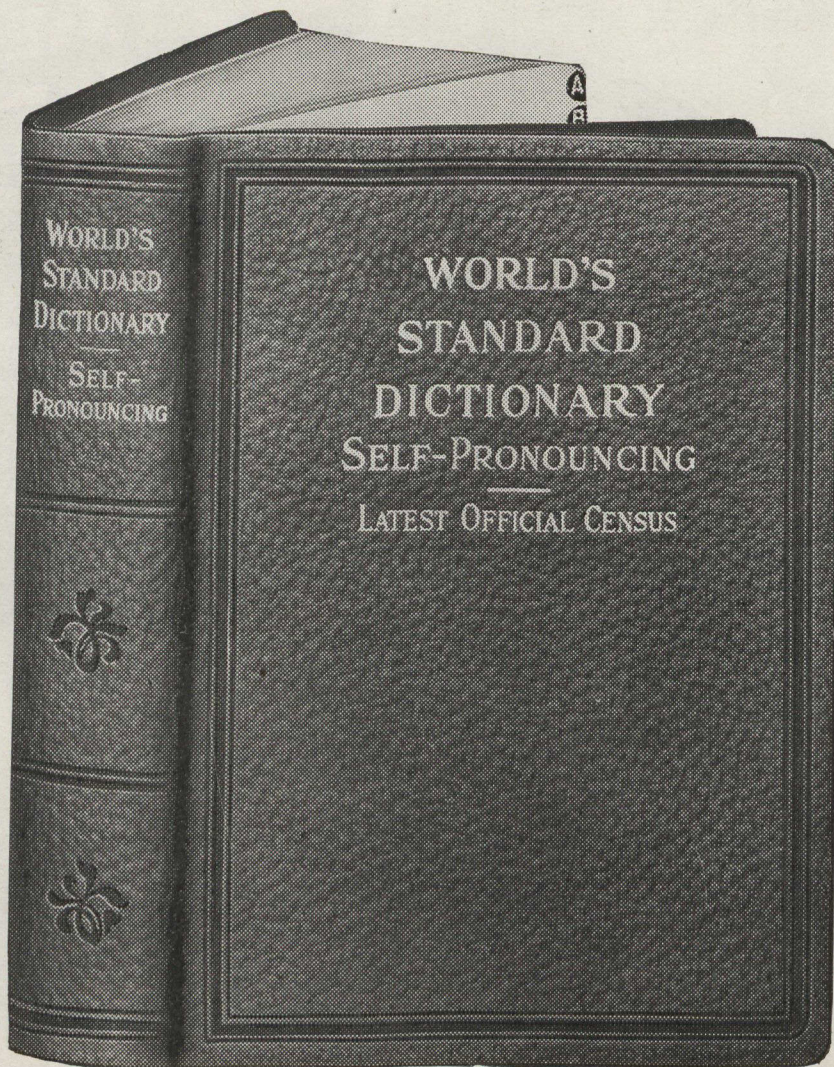
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The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



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PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS

Sidelights on What Some People Think the World is Doing

HELIGOLAND Silver Jubilee took place last week. Twenty-five years ago Lord Salisbury ceded Heligoland to the Kaiser in exchange for Zanzibar. And that seventy acres of rock, if it were now a British instead of a German fortress commanding the Kiel Canal, might have done a great deal to win this war or make it impossible.

GERMAN newspapers are condemning the Chant of Hate. Why deprive the Hohenzollerns of their favourite nursery rhyme?

HON. JAMES DUFF thinks Ontario's crops got \$20,000,000 flogged out of them by that storm from the east. That storm must have been made in Germany.

F. D. L. SMITH, traveling correspondent in the West for the Toronto News, estimates this year's crop at a valuation of somewhere round \$400,000,000. Unless he comes home pretty soon we shall have to borrow money in New York to pay for it.

AND now Count Zeppelin makes one more entry in the scrapbook he intends to present to the Kaiser: Killed in England, August 9th: non-combatants; nine women, four children, one man. Gott sei dank!

WILL somebody who understands modern diplomacy find out from Bulgaria what it is she actually wants, from whom she wants it, and under what conditions?

ONCE it was said of old concerning Macedonia, "Come and help us." Now all Macedonia is expected to say is—"Let me know who is to get me and I'll have the flags changed right away."

OUTER iron gates at Parliament Hill, Ottawa, are to be closed at nights. The gates of the treasury are still open to the contractors who have the necessary political pull.

QUITE a number of Canadian villages and townships are still off the recruiting map. Every village with a thousand inhabitants should have twenty recruits. Every township with two thousand people should have forty representatives with the colours. Why not a central recruiting committee to look after the laggard communities?

HAMILTON City Council voted to give twenty-five machine guns. This is much safer than offering twenty-five submarines. The submarines can be bought.

MORE warships for Vera Cruz. Unless Vera stops making trouble over the line fence, Uncle Sam may find it necessary to have her arrested for disturbing what little peace there is left.

IT is not true that the Kaiser's favourite piece of music is "Sing Me To Sleep." He prefers, "Hold the Fort, for I am Coming."

PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG may have known more about what Germany intended to do than anybody else when he ordered the mobilization of the British fleet last summer. But he was not expected to know that in a few months

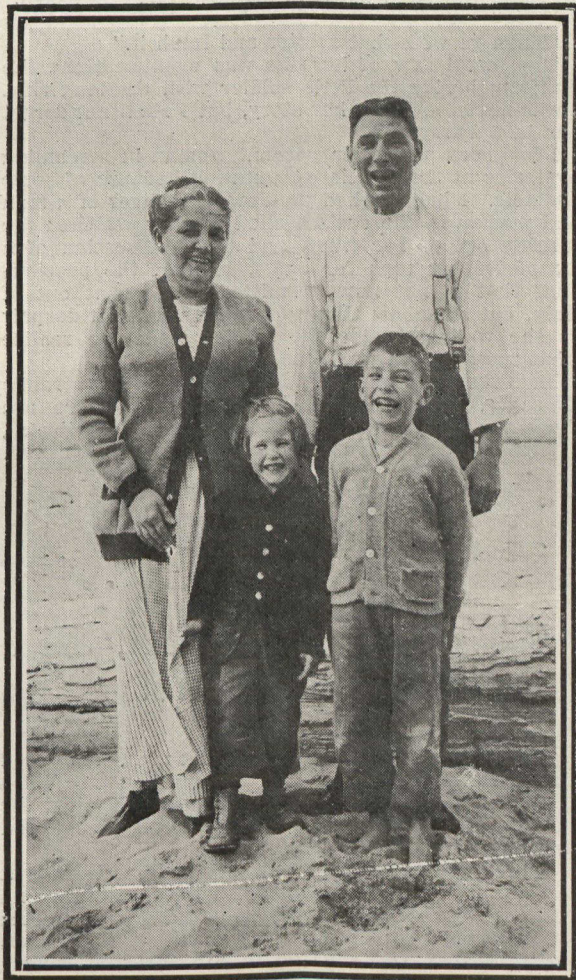
a German name would be regarded with more suspicion in England than a Zeppelin bomb.

WINSTON CHURCHILL is said to be painting in a farmhouse somewhere on or near the Duchy of Lancaster. Nothing like keeping cool in the midst of danger. But unless he is careful a

some crafty German brains in Holland who would doctor the estimates.

GERMANY is trying to substitute wood pulp for cotton in the making of high explosives, in case cotton should be scarce in the Rhineland this year. Well that's not the first time Germany has tried to substitute wood for something else. Consider her woodenheaded German diplomacy.

WHAT HAS JUST BEEN SAID?



Camping family in Okanagan Valley, B.C., seem to have a pretty good-natured idea of what they think the world is doing.

German spy may locate that farmhouse and bang! goes another work of art.

ALL the little wheat-heads in a thousand million bushel crop in all the Russias are whispering to the breezes—"When will the Dardanelles be open?" And all the little bullets and shells that the Allies don't need on the western front repeat the chorus—"Please open the Dardanelles!"

NOW, if somebody with a head for international mathematics would only figure out just how much cotton Holland really needs to keep sheets on her beds and frocks on her children, Britain might decide to pay Uncle Sam a war price for all the rest of the cotton crop of 1915 just to keep Germany from getting it. But we suspect that there are

TO all those who object to Tag Days, now becoming such a popular fad in this country for war purposes, we hasten to explain that the Tag in this case has no connection with Der Tag. It simply means that wherever you may be from Halifax to Victoria you are—It.

IF soldiers are to be sent out West to help harvest the wheat, it may be necessary to explain to some of them the difference between a pitchfork and a bayonet. The one distinction never to be ignored is—that the man who is loading the wheat doesn't expect to be run through when the sheaf goes up on the wagon.

AMONG all the cheerful crop reports from the West, one melancholy fact has been rigidly suppressed by all the correspondents. We have heard of casual rains and occasional hailstorms and ripening sunlight and rising hopes. But none of the crop experts have as yet said a word about the awful snowstorm that buried the Conservatives on August 6th.

FUNNY how everybody is giving machine-guns when there is none to give. Hundreds of people are offering machine-guns knowing that there are none to offer. Wonderful patriotism this!

FATHER WILLIAM GRAHAM, pastor of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church in Pittsburg, declines to accept a fortune of \$15,000,000, because he is too old and rheumatic to enjoy it. Leave it to the average citizen of Pittsburg if old age and rheumatism are sound reasons why any man shouldn't spend \$15,000,000 before he goes to a world where nobody needs any money.

ALL patriotic Germans may have a chance to drive nails in the big wooden statue of von Hindenburg, to be unveiled in the Sieges Allees in Berlin some time this month. Each nail driven in the statue is to cost the citizen one mark. But there are good citizens in Russia who would be glad of a chance to drive nails in Hindenburg himself at a much higher price.

THOSE German professors who propose to make peace terms for the Allies to accept seem to be strong on revolutionizing geography. One thing certain, the Germans need not ask for any additional concessions in Hades. They have enough of that already.

CANADIAN officers write home letters in envelopes on the back of which is printed a guarantee of the writer that the letter contains nothing but personal and family matters. Have German officers such a self-censorship? In the language of the heroine in G. B. Shaw's Pygmalion, "Not—likely!"

WHEN Gen. Hughes visited Gen. Joffre at French headquarters, did he tell Joffre that he had a lot of good men commanded by incompetent officers. In the words of Shaw's Galatea again—"Not b—y likely!"

FRENCH SILHOUETTES

A Nova Scotia Woman's Experiences in Italy and France in War Time

By ALICE JONES

Author of "Bubbles We Buy," "Gabriel Praed's Castle," etc.

CROSSING the border from Italy into France in June was like passing from the glowing youth of one nation to the strenuous middle-age of the other. Italy was still in the first stage of war, the flag-waving, speech-making, flower-throwing farewell to her soldiers. France in the eleventh month of her nobly-faced ordeal had buckled down to the grim realities of nursing the wounded, clothing the returning soldiers and keeping business and shop going without the men-folk. Hardly across the frontier, at Ventimiglia, one felt the difference.

Frontiers are now things like matrimony, not to be lightly or unadvisably undertaken, and in spite of my latest thing in passports, swollen-faced photo stamped and sealed and French vised, I felt a qualm when the train drew up at the first French station, flowery, tranquil Garaver, where once the only person on the platform would be an English old maid or white-haired general. It was from this station that Lord Wolsey's body started on its last home journey to its resting place in St. Paul's. Now, there were armed soldiers here and there, stout, little Chasseurs des Alpes in their serviceable dark blue uniforms and hanging caps.

One of them guarded the door of a small office, into which we were marshalled after the police had passed through the train. Three men sat at a table reminding one of the dread tribunals of the Terror as one passed before them and produced our papers, the passport and the permission to reside in the last Italian town we were in. Neither French nor Italian take any risk in such matters, and one cannot be more than two days in any French commune without getting a permit and depositing one's photo with the gendarmes. Certainly, what with the sentiment of parting soldiers and the demands of the police, photographers must thrive in these days.

My voice sounded to me curiously meek as I answered their few curt questions and underwent their keen scrutiny, but once the ordeal over, we could have the satisfaction of squeezing into as big a portion of a bench as we could get and watching the later sufferers.

AND here I saw a dramatic thing, of which I should have liked to have known the end. A woman of distinctly northern, perhaps German-Swiss type, with an accompanying child, was in difficulties, and, sure sign of a Teuton when hard pressed, was making the mistake of cheeking her inquisitors. For want of a more satisfactory document, she had produced a telegram from a brother-in-law at Nice. "But it's not addressed in your name," objected the centre official.

"That doesn't matter. It's to a man in the hotel," was her stupid answer.

THE I. K. B. GIRL

When a Young Lady Goes Buying Furs in the Ghetto, She May Expect Strange Results

By ED. CAHIN

"NOW," said Mrs. Samuels to her slender and wide-eyed Canadian guest, "this is the Ghetto. I hope that you see all that you want of it to-day, because it's a big journey from away uptown and I hate walking. I ain't maybe as thin as I used to be."

"How terribly crowded it is! And is everybody in business here?"

"Of course; there's no room for anybody that don't work. Even the cripples have pencils and shoe-strings for sale, and the kids have a quarter's worth of gum and candy—no more—so that if they should get hungry and eat up their stock the loss ain't so big. Just look at the fine linen that feller's got on his arm. But this is only the edge; wait until we get down a few blocks—talk about crowded!"

The almost incredible congestion of the district increased as they went on; even the doorways being seldom clear of peddlars, for business, after flooding the streets, had rushed into the basements, conquered all first floors, crept upstairs and invaded quarters meant originally only for dwellings; though the tenants usually combined living quarters with business and signified the combination by putting a sign in the window and a heterogeneous array of pots, bottles and yellow paper bags on the sill, completing the effect by draping criss-cross before the windows and on the fire escapes the frankest articles of the family washing; for the Ghetto dwellers ignore the American prejudice which would relegate all such displays to the rear.

Everywhere there were swarms of people and troops of dirty, laughing, shouting children. Nearly every shop window was lettered with signs in Hebrew and the broken English here and there being spoken was almost drowned by torrents of Yiddish, Russian and every dialect to which German can be distorted.

"Can this be America?" exclaimed Ethel, looking

"It matters very much," the man rapped out. Then came a question I failed to catch, but the half-defiant answer caused a ripple of sensation to run over the listeners; all intent now on the scene.

"Yes, I was maid in a German family at Milan."

It was then I noticed the round spots of pink on the woman's white face and saw the look of an animal at bay in her eyes.

"Are you married?"

"No."

"Ever been married?"

"No."

"Whose is that child, then?"

I did not hear her murmured answer, but I knew, as did everyone else, that they were handling her without gloves.

Her judge tossed her papers to her, saying in a final fashion:

"Here! Take these and go back to Milan, whence you came."

Milan had already been swept of its German population, but we all knew it to be still the most Teutonic city in Italy.

The woman's lips tightened and she seemed to droop, but the official had already stretched his hand for the next passport before she said in a sullen tone:

"I can't go back. I have no money."

"That's enough," he said, then seeing she did not stir. "Here, sit down there and wait," pointing to a bench behind the door which I now noticed already had a depressed woman occupant. It was evidently the bench of penitence.

"Have you hand baggage in the train?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then go with that soldier and fetch it."

The last I saw of her she was walking along the platform beside the little soldier with the long rifle. I was never to know her story, but I shall not forget her in a hurry.

I had seen an Italian peasant woman in screaming hysterics at the Ventimiglia station because of some obstacle. I had marked the downcast faces of a man and woman in the custom shed as they watched the turning out of her trunk and the confiscation of a lot of leather tops for boots, leather, the precious stuff that is not now permitted to be sent out of Italy, but somehow that woman's air of dull despair as she walked beside the soldier made me realize what travelling in war time means.

Mentone Station—but where are the ranks of eager, golden-braided hotel porters, where are the rows of smart motors and omnibuses, where are the broad-backed, grey-clad German

tourists, pushing their vigorous way in and out of the crowded trains regardless of those in their way?

Gold-braided porters, those not mobilized on Swiss frontiers, and grey-clad tourists, may be heaped in nameless graves, for most of them were German or Swiss. Mentone is fairer than ever in her summer setting of peacock blue sea and pink and white oleander blossoms, with the background of dreamy mountains, but her hotels are closed save the few turned into hospitals. The Casino, too, is a hospital, and in its gardens and on the promenade, where on winter mornings a cosmopolitan crowd used to sun themselves, the most frequent figures are uniformed boys and men in the pride of life maimed and wounded or pale and spectral from recent illness. In the Casino enclosure they are often in pyjamas, outside it in shabby war-worn uniforms of the old blue and red type—some in the new, long, loose, coats of pale grey-blue, some in khaki canvas or even in brown corduroy.

And beside the wounded there is another mark of the war in the black veiled women, for the French women are conservative, and even when they wear a white summer dress cling to their black veil. And those black veils are terribly frequent, for the Chasseur des Alpes are recruited here and they have paid a heavy toll in the Vosges Mountains in the terrible winter fighting.

THE plane trees, untrimmed this year, make a dense shade over the road, a shade only broken by golden flecks of sunshine, that flicker on a melancholy little procession. Down the broad avenue comes a humble hearse, but the tri-colour on the coffin tells that here is another life laid down for France.

There is no priest or acolyte, no military music, but behind the hearse comes a little band of tall, straight Senegal soldiers, their dark brown skins showing under their high red caps, their square shoulders, spare bodies and long, thin arms and legs encased in yellow-brown khaki. Sturdy little Chasseurs des Alpes in dark blue form the firing party. And so, on this July Sunday afternoon, they wend their way through old Mentone to the resting place on the height where the dead man will lie facing the Mediterranean that separates him from his Africa.

This morning down the same avenue came a forlorn party of these Senegalese. They came from the station, wearing their light-blue overcoats, some too lame and decrepid to be burdened with the sacks that a sturdier comrade carried. Some lagged and limped, but all save one carried their heads high with the easy grace of the desert, so that one scarcely seemed to note the pathos of their dusty, travel-worn raiment. From what battlefield, east or north, did they come?

about her in bewilderment.

"This is the heaven of the pushcart man," answered Mrs. Samuels.

Hundreds of pushcarts were backed up against the curbs with scarcely space left to pass between them.

There were carts filled with men's apparel—new at some previous date; carts filled with walnuts and almonds; carts boasting bananas and oranges, some of them very bad; carts filled with all sorts of cakes, spiced, seeded and sugared to suit the still eastern taste of the bulk of customers, while, cheek by jowl with them were the barrows of fish merchants with casks odoriferously advertising the various pickled and smoked fish therein. Then there were other carts each with its load of small hardware, crockery, tin-ware or cheap notions. Some were massed high with knitted goods and some with ribbons and feathers. Still others were freighted with pillows in turkey red ticking and many more wobbled beneath the weight of piece goods in heavy bolts. These were only a few, for every conceivable article of portable merchandise was represented somewhere in the multitude.

HERE and there in the press were box-like stoves on wheels with charcoal fires in the middle and baked apples or sweet potatoes or hot buns in an oven which pulled out like a drawer in a table. As it was a very cold day, the proprietors of these wheeled ovens did a thriving business.

"Ain't it awful?" demanded Mrs. Samuels, but Ethel was too fascinated to do anything but look the harder.

Most of the afternoon's shoppers were women, big and little, obese and attenuated.

Nearly all had arms full of purchases or carried all-encompassing string bags, for the pushcart merchants employ no delivery men. Ethel noticed one bag which revealed through its wide meshes such ill-assorted purchases as pink collars, oranges, onions, eggs, smoked fishes and some loose sheets of writing paper.

THEY watched a big-eyed Yiddish beauty buy an egg for a cent, because its shell had been accidentally crushed and it was likely to become that thing of horror to its owner, a dead loss. The beauty produced a small glass from the folds of her shawl and carefully scooped the egg out of the carton departing all smiles at her bargain and watching her treasure with both eyes lest some one jostle it out of her hands.

Presently they came upon a group of rotund, rosy fish women, stretching their numbed fingers over a fire which they had kindled in an old ash can in the gutter.

"I'm cold, too," said Ethel.

"Why didn't you tell me before! Come right in here and have a hot chocolate."

While the chocolate was being ordered and prepared, Ethel sank into an unheeding reverie.

Mrs. Samuels held her peace until the drink was almost finished and then her magpie tongue got the better of her.

"You know, Ethel, your Popper sent you on this trip to have a good time and to learn something, and I brought you to the Ghetto for the experience; not for you all the time to be dreaming about nobody knows what."

Ethel laughed and put down her cup.

"Isch ka bibble! For once you are wrong, Rosa. I was only wondering if I couldn't buy a muff to match the fur on this suit. I saw a fur cart just before we

came in; let's try it."

"There's thousands of fur carts; we don't got to go to that one. And because I'm your Popper's second cousin is no reason why you got to be scared of your life to tell me anything. Are you in love?"

"How should I know? Come on; help me buy a muff. I'll go by what you say, 'cause nobody can beat you judging furs."

"Don't try to flatter me. You know it ain't nice to be so secretive. Deep you are like a river. The idear of your Popper letting you go traveling to Europe and back, alone, and meeting all kinds of Izzies, Ikies and Ignatzies on boats. I always told him he had no business to go to a reformed temple. He's been sitting with the women so long he's got the notion that anything they want to do is right."

"Papa has the right idea, Rosa, so there is no use in your raving. Come along; the muff hunt is now on."

Mrs. Samuels followed, scolding.

At the first pushcart laden with furs, Ethel demanded, "Have you a muff to match this fur on my cuffs?"

"Yiss, medam!"

BUT he had not, and neither had several others who answered as quickly and as positively, for muffs of the peculiar shade of her cuffs were scarce, and therefore every mendacious one of them strove mightily to convince her that she was totally colour-blind and that she would do infinitely better by leaving the matter to their keener eyes than by relying upon her own ignorant judgment or upon Mrs. Samuel's outspoken advice.

Finally, amongst a mass of furs ranging from plain cat to ermine, they found a muff that seemed to be just about right, though the guileful Ethel looked at all the others before she ventured to pick it up.

Then she measured her opponent with her eye. He was dressed in a shabby pair of trousers, much too long; a faded and dusty sweater showed beneath his ragged overcoat and he wore a lambskin cap which was more remarkable for bare pelt than fur.

His hands were soiled as well as chapped, and his swarthy, middle-aged face was ruddy with cold. It was a very shrewd face, typically Yiddish, and Ethel felt that if she could out-bargain this dealer she could congratulate herself.

"How much is this muff?" she asked, finally.

"Fifteen dollars, cheap! I make you the price, lady."

"Too much," Ethel turned definitely away.

"Fifteen dollars!" shrilled Rosa, "well, ain't he got a nerve! Ethel, we will go by somebody else; there's plenty more here."

"Waid! Make me a offer, lady. I em a poor man,

but I ain't t'ick headed," this with a glare at Rosa for interfering.

"I can't make prices for your goods. What is the least you'll take for it?"

"Make me a offer."

Ethel took another step away. "What's the price?"

"Vell, I giv it to you for ten dollars."

"No; that's too much."

"All ridd, take it for six dollars—so cheap I lose money."

HE seized the muff, displayed the lining, ruffed up the fur to show the pelt beneath; pulled out the fancy cord; swept his fingers through the tailed fringe and held it aloft with a grand flourish. "Anyveres else soch a moof costs dwenty-five dollers; least kelkulashun. A fine mink moof!"

"Don't you pay it, Ethel! Don't you pay it! For six dollars it couldn't be a mink. Six dollars is too much to pay for a fake. They paint the stripes on, positively! You never would dare take it out in the rain. Dontcha do it!"

"Paid!" shrieked the outraged furrier, "really mink gets called soch a names! I gif you my woild you wouldn't find annoder soch like dis a moof on Fift' Avenuh. Waid a minit, I don't like to see you go away ankry; I make it for you fife ninety-five!"

"I can't afford to pay that much, but I'll give you five dollars for it."

This was received with such scorn that it seemed that the only thing left to do was to look elsewhere. They started away, but before they had gone ten feet the muff was thrust into their faces. "Take it along wit' you for fife seventy-five, lady."

"Five dollars, she told you," interposed Rosa, afraid that Ethel would weaken.

The vendor's eye was alight with such a fairly hypnotic gleam that Ethel felt herself being influenced and stiffened her resolution. "Five only, and that is too much, because it is too fancy. It has too many tails."

"Too meny! It couldn'd got too meny! Every-buddy's kent get nuff tailses on the moofs. You gotta have it plenty tailses und clawsces."

"Isch ka bibble. I want a nice plain one; and the fur must be thicker—see, this one is very thin."

"Vat? dis ain'd t'in; look how t'ick it iss!"

"No; I don't like fancy things."

"Vell, a plain von iss easy." He lifted up his voice and called:

"Oh, Herman! Commere onct!"

A young man whose back had been turned and who had been talking to the proprietor of another pushcart, came hurrying up, steadying a load of fur scarf pieces thrown over his shoulder with one hand and grasping a brown muff with the other.

The dealer took the muff from him. Ethel was too busy re-examining the fur in her hand to look up, but heard him say, "Herman, bring down some more brown moofs, kervick!"

She heard a creaking side door open and feet go clattering up some bare stairs and then forgot the muffs to come for the one out of the second man's hand was precisely what she wanted.

THEY began to bargain again. The price had been forced down to the four dollar and a half mark and was sticking these while Rosa vehemently declared that it was too much by fifty cents and Ethel agreed when the young man returned.

He still bore his load of scarves and his hands were full of brown muffs. "Would this one do, Madam?" he enquired, stepping up to Ethel.

They looked at each other for the first time.

"You! Here?" they both exclaimed at once and stopped.

Ethel was seized by that swift embarrassment which renders its victims all but imbeciles. She felt herself blushing scarlet and was furiously angry with herself for doing so. She must show him that he had not made her do it, and that though she might blush like a rose, she could still be mistress of herself. She haughtily reared her head and Herman, equally shaken by surprise, of course, misunderstood.

Two new customers were demanding attention. In his embarrassment he turned to serve them, and the older man brought Ethel's attention back to the muff.

"Four fifty is the best price I can make for you, lady."

"I'll take it." Before Rosa could protest she had paid for it and was moving away.

"Oh what a dappes! What did you do that for? You could just as well have had that fifty cents yourself if you had not been in a hurry. Now he is laughing at you for a easy mark. Four-fifty for that, in the Ghetto! You could'a done better. Did you know that young feller?"

Ethel ignored the question, but defended herself as well as she could with a divided mind, for her thoughts were back with the furrier's assistant and her steps lagged as she thought. Rosa was still berating her when she felt a hand on her arm.

It was Herman. He still carried his deforming mantle of scarves and he was a little out of breath from hurrying to catch them. "Miss Maurice—I don't want to let you go away without speaking to me. I never expected to see you in this part of town."

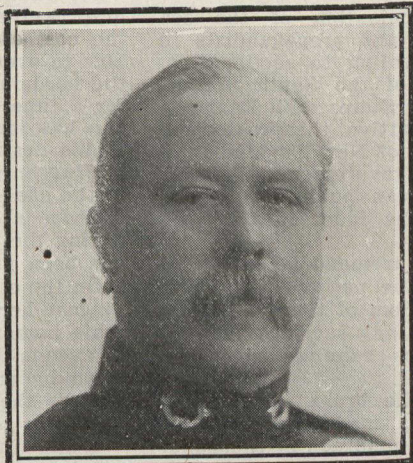
"On the ship, you let me think that you were well off," she remarked, coldly, while Rosa stared.

"You are angry about the pushcart! You don't

(Continued on page 15.)



COL. H. M. RUTTAN.
D. O. C. Military District 10; formerly
Lieut.-Col. 90th, of Winnipeg, and
Brigadier 20th Infantry Brigade.



THE LATE COL. J. W. O'GRADY.
The C. O. of the 90th Winnipeg Rifles,
died after his regiment went to Val-
cartier. One son wounded, one missing.



LIEUT.-COL. DUCHARME.
Officer Commanding the 13th Winnipeg
Battery of Field Artillery. He has no
superstitions about 13.



LIEUT.-COL. C. F. BLANCHARD.
Very worthy successor to the late Col.
O'Grady, in command of the 90th Win-
niipeg Rifles.

HOW WINNIPEG WENT TO WAR

By AIME ANDERSON PERRY

WINNIPEG went to war with the same energy that she puts into boosting business, city-building and even general elections. Winnipeg does most things with a bang. When the politics-machine went out of gear over the Parliament Buildings affair, it made a huge noise, and frankly went almost the limit. When the people got together on August 6, they handled the machine politicians with the energy of a Gen. Mackensen marching through Poland.

So when Winnipeg went to war she took hold with a vim. With a population of 225,000, of whom not less than 50,000 are of alien birth, and on whom, therefore, she cannot count as material for recruiting, she has already sent in Overseas contingents to European battlefields some 7,500 men, and is preparing to send 4,800 more, when the call comes. The first contingent from Winnipeg numbered 3,400 men, but since it was despatched drafts, detachments or reinforcements have gone forward of well over 4,000 men.

The total of 7,500 was made up of the 90th Rifles, one of the oldest Winnipeg regiments; the 106th Light Infantry, the 100th Grenadiers, the 79th Highlanders, the Fort Garry Horse, the 27th Battalion, the 32nd Battalion, the 43rd Battalion, Lord Strathcona Horse, the Princess Patricias and reinforcements, Artillery, Army Medical Corps; Army Service Corps, Field Ambulance, Veterinary Corps, Machine Gun Crew, Engineers, Motor Drivers and Cyclists.

From the first, recruiting has been brisk in Winnipeg. Many of the regiments going with the first draft were recruited to their full strength within a few days of the outbreak of war. No stimulus such as posters or public appeals has been resorted to since, and there yet appears no shortage of men. It is probably true of Winnipeg, as of other parts of Canada, that a very large proportion of those first offering themselves for enlistment were British born, but, as the editor of the Courier has repeatedly

pointed out, this fact bears no special significance, except that to the British born the call naturally came loudest and clearest at the beginning. Canadians, reared and educated for generations in an environment of peace, responded rather more slowly, but the response has not been less satisfactory. On the contrary, as time has passed and the need has become plainer, there has been an ever increasing proportion of native-born Canadians enlisting, and this is as true of Winnipeg as elsewhere. Indeed, after the orders for forces for the Second Contingent reached Winnipeg, the recruiting depots had difficulty in handling all the men presenting themselves, and the lately published lists of Canadian casualties, showing that already over 10,000 of our men have fallen in battle, have only served as a greater stimulus than ever to enlistment.

Already, too, Winnipeg regiments and men at the front have established a high record of bravery for emulation by the regiments and men to follow. The 106th, of Winnipeg, was part of the now famous

"Fighting Tenth" which made the name of Canada a glory at Langemarck. Here it was that Captain H. A. C. Wallace, Lieutenant A. Ransome Ball and Lieutenant Hoskin all met their death, besides many other gallant Winnipeggers whose memory will be kept green in their native city. The 13th Artillery, under Lieutenant-Colonel A. O. Ducharme, and the 79th Highlanders, under Lieutenant-Colonel J. A. Cantile, were in the tremendous engagements at Ypres and St. Julien, which took so fearful a toll of our Canadians, and it was at the latter place that Captain John Geddes, of the 79th Highlanders, was killed. The 90th Winnipeg Rifles, the "Little Black Devils" of North-West Rebellion fame, a regiment particularly dear to the hearts of its townspeople, because of its complete identification with the city life for long years back, has been in repeated sanguinary engagements under the intrepid leadership of Lieutenant-Colonel Lipsett, and has made for itself a magnificent record for dash and gallantry. Among the many heroes from the 90th who have fallen in battle, none has left more sorrowing friends than Captain Ernest McMeans, a young man, who, like Lieutenant Ball, gave up ease and pleasure and finally life itself at the call of duty. In all parts of Canada there has been some criticism regarding the relatively small number of recruits from the homes of the very well-to-do citizens. But if this be true of other cities, it is certainly not true of Winnipeg, where there are very few young fellows who have preferred tennis, tea and safety, to the battlefields. Colonel Lipsett, himself and Captain Bell, of the Army Medical Corps, have lately appeared in the lists of those gaining honourable mention from Sir John French for "gallant and distinguished service," and their fine deeds have made glad the hearts of their fellow citizens.

BESIDES the Overseas Contingents from Winnipeg, there are at Camp Sewell the following Winnipeg regiments: The 61st Battalion, numbering 1,100 men, a composite regiment made up of men from the 106th, the University Corps, and the 90th. It is commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel

Murray, and it is said to be a particularly fine body of soldiers. The 5th Artillery Brigade, with 650 men, is under the command of Major A. G. Carruthers; the Canadian Mounted Rifles have 300 men; the 44th



MAJOR-GENERAL STEELE.

The former hero commander of the R. N. W. M. P., and veteran of the Boer War, was put in command of the 2nd Canadian Contingent, but has lately been given entire command of the eastern camp in England, including Shorncliffe.

Battalion has 800 men; and if plans now well under way are completed, the 100th Battalion, with 1,100 men will shortly receive the sanction of the military authorities and will proceed to organize.

Owing to the withdrawal of the Winnipeg regiments of the Canadian Permanent Force from Osborne Barracks, there has been some local talk of the dangers of the consequent lack of adequate protection at home, and some attempt at the formation of a Volunteer Home Guard. But this movement has not received any official encouragement and it is understood that however many of the troops now at Sewell may be sent to the front, there will always remain a sufficient number of trained men for home defence at or near Winnipeg.

CONTROL of Winnipeg Military District is in the hands of Colonel H. M. Ruttan, a distinguished officer who was formerly Brigadier of the 20th Infantry Brigade, and Lieutenant-Colonel of the 90th Regiment. Colonel Ruttan takes the place of General Steele, the former D.O.C. of the Winnipeg District, afterwards commandant of the 2nd Canadian Contingent Overseas. It is a matter of great pride to his townspeople that this honour should have come to Major-General Steele, their own particular military star. As Colonel Steele, he has been for years one of the great figures in military circles in Canada. His distinguished services in the Rebellion of '85, in the North-West Mounted Police, in Lord Strathcona Horse in South Africa, as D.O.C. of District 13, and later of 10, and as A.D.C. to the Governor-General are all well known to Canadians everywhere, but Winnipeg takes in him the peculiar pride of ownership because of his long identification with the city and all its affairs. When war broke out, Colonel Steele expressed the utmost confidence that Winnipeg would respond adequately to the nation's call for men. His confidence has been amply justified, and to-day this military hero of great experience is not more proud of the honourable part his fellow citizens are playing in the great European Tragedy than are they of his recognized distinction as a soldier. And Winnipeg is proud of both.

THE WORLD AGAINST GERMANY

A Year's War as Seen Through American Spectacles

DESPITE Germany's thirty years of preparation for this terrific struggle and her utter disregard for the laws of God and man; her violation of the neutrality of Belgium and Luxemburg in her invasion of France; her murders from the sky; her bombardments of undefended coast towns, her employment of asphyxiating gases, and her policy of piracy against unarmed enemy and neutral vessels—culminating in the horror of the ages, the sinking without warning of the great Cunard line steamship and the murder of hundreds of harmless men and helpless women and children who were passengers; despite her foul play and fiendish practices, Germany at the end of the first year of the war, which has cost the lives of 4,000,000 men and resulted in the maiming of double that number, finds herself further from the Kaiser's dream of world domination than ever, and the fruits of her ambition have turned to ashes on her lips.

Notwithstanding her temporary successes—and they are only temporary—in the Eastern theatre of war, millions of homes in Germany are in mourning; other millions will be added before the great war, for which the Kaiser above all men is responsible, will be ended.

Germany's commerce with the outer world, owing to the command of the sea by the allied fleets, is nil and her business men, robbed first to fill the war chest of the War Lord, are facing ruin. The great thrust at Warsaw, designed to inspire hope of victory, is really meant to rob them of more money under the guise of subscriptions to another war loan, which will leave the Empire facing, if not really in, bankruptcy.

Germany's colonies are disappearing. First it was Kiao-Chau, taken by Germany from China by trick and theft, and now in the hands of the subtle Japanese. Then followed German South-West Africa, conquered by the redoubtable Boer turned Britisher, General Louis Botha, and added to the possessions of the British Empire, and all signs indicate that every vestige of territory which she has annexed in lands beyond her borders will be lost.

NO GERMAN FLAG ON THE SEA.

THE German flag is no longer seen upon the sea. Her great fleet of commercial vessels have been either captured, are idle at home or are interned in neutral lands. Her great war fleet, too, is locked in behind the Bight of Heligoland, and her only triumphs by sea are those achieved by her submarines in attacks on unarmed passenger steamships or fishing smacks.

Whenever and wherever the British and German navies have met, gun for gun, as in the battle off the Falkland Islands, the British have won, and so at the close of a year of warfare the ships of the German navy, outside of those in sanctuary at Kiel, have

Special cable to the N. Y. Herald from the London correspondent, probably representing the views of J. Gordon Bennett, the proprietor.

been swept from the seas, and Britannia still rules the waves!

Because of this British domination of the sea Germany, through its agents and propagandists in America, has sought by appealing to sectional interests—the cotton growers of the South, for instance—to embroil the United States with England; but these plots have been abortive, the pro-German strikes in the munition works of New England have failed and the Kaiser and his government stand convicted by the jury of American public opinion as murderers, and this verdict is indorsed by every neutral nation in the world.

While Germany has suffered tremendous losses and stands as an outlaw among the nations, the forces that are fighting for the freedom of the world have been compelled to make appalling sacrifices of men and money, the expenditures running well into billions.

Russia, which has borne the brunt of the tremendous struggle with the war-mad Kaiser and his armed hosts, has contributed hundreds of thousands of lives and treasure untold.

France, believing in German promises of peace, and therefore unprepared for the gigantic conflict with the world's greatest military machine, has performed prodigies of valour, and though she has achieved no other victory to compare with the glorious battle of the Marne, her great General Joffre, the first French commander-in-chief to realize that orderly retirement makes for final victory, continues to do nine-tenths of the fighting in the western theatre of the war, and holds the Kaiser's forces with their demoniac methods in peremptory, permanent check until the hour strikes for the great allied advance.

ENGLAND WOULD FIGHT FOR YEARS.

ENGLAND, which entered the war with Lord Kitchener calling for 100,000 men, a call which has been answered thirtyfold—there are 3,000,000 Britishers in khaki to-day—at last realizes that this is a life and death struggle, and just as the Kaiser's troops, after months of terrific fighting, are exhausting their ultimate strength in the effort to crush Russia, at this precise moment England, which fought through a thirty years' war once and is willing to do this again if it be necessary, is beginning to move in deadly earnest.

I do not know whether the censor will permit me to say it, but I know that during the last two months England has been forwarding splendidly equipped armies to "somewhere in France" and to somewhere else, where they will be able to give a splendid account of themselves in the war for liberty, a war

which Mr. Asquith says will continue until the spectre of German military oppression is laid forever; a war which King George says will be fought until the forces of liberty triumph.

So, summing the situation up at the end of the first twelve months of conflict, it appears that at the cost of her national honour Germany has been able to over-run Belgium and has penetrated beyond the borders of France; she has been able to check, for a time, the march of the Great Bear on Berlin; she has lured the Turk—her only acceptable ally—to his destruction, and she has brought the House of Hapsburg and the Dual Monarchy into the valley of the shadow of death.

These are the whole of Germany's achievements during the first year of the great war for which she has been preparing for more than three decades.

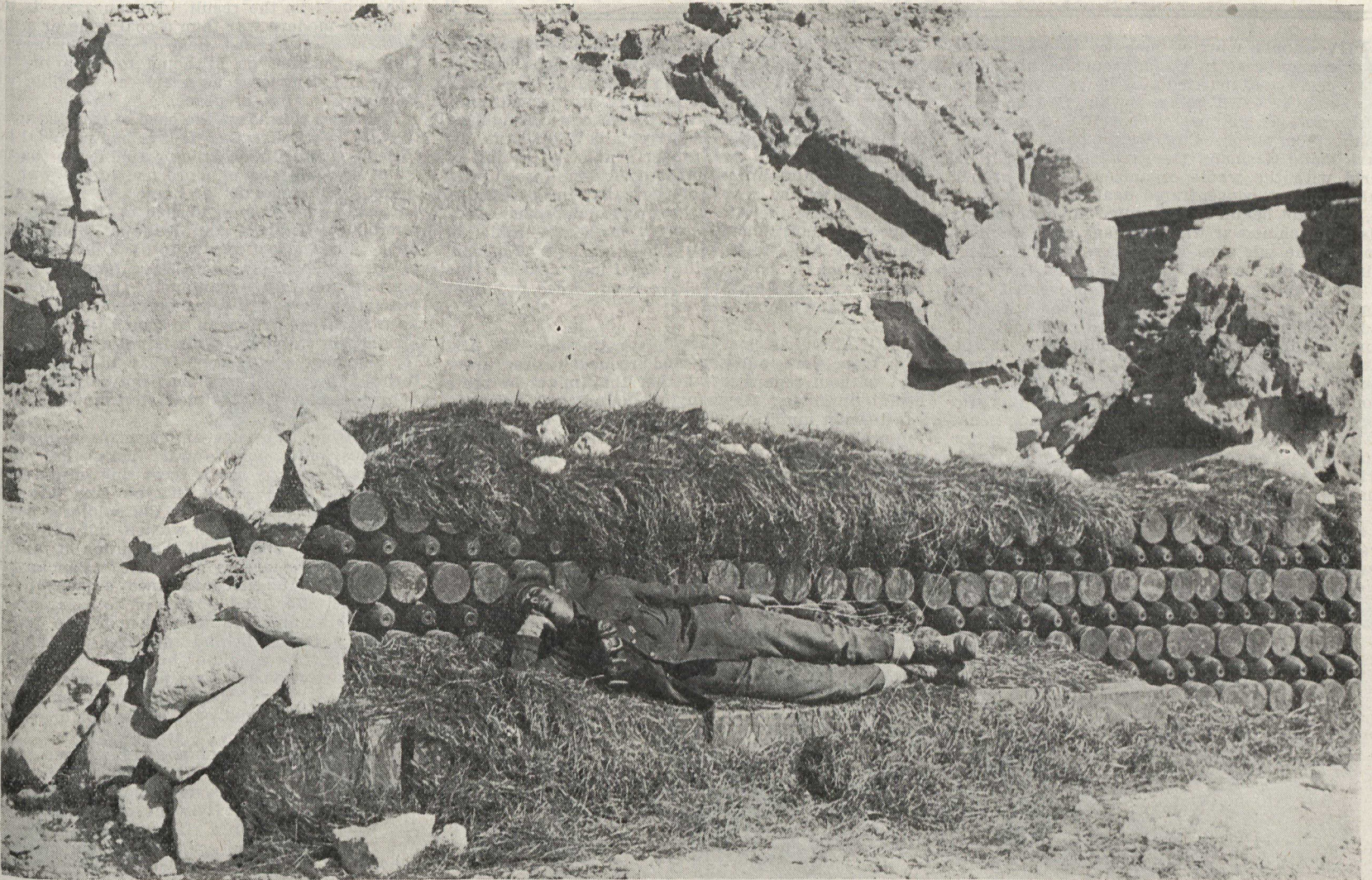
On the other hand, Germany has united civilization against her. The world will never forget the Lusitania horror. Though America may not declare war to avenge the outrage, the stain of the crime will be worn by and the punishment of ostracism therefor will be the lot of the descendants of the criminals for many generations.

While it may be freely confessed that the Russians are being terribly punished by the Germans for the moment, it must not be forgotten that France and England are stronger and better able to fight the conscienceless foe than they were a year ago. It is heartening to remember, too, that while the credit of these two great nations is at the highest, both at home and abroad, and money is theirs for the asking, no one wants German bonds. Neutral investors will not trust the honour of a nation that regards sacred covenants and treaties as "scraps of paper."

The outlook, therefore, at the end of the first year of the war, is that Germany and her puppet—for that is what once proud Austria-Hungary has come to be—will be thoroughly beaten even if, as King George says, it takes ten years to accomplish the task. France, England and Russia have undertaken this work, and they will not stop until military Deutschland is "under" instead of "ueber" alles. Italy has joined the forces of liberty, and the achievements of her army have been superb. Others will follow Italy and align themselves on the side of right, and if the prophecies of the greatest men in the nations of the Quadruple Entente are fulfilled, the war will end in victory for the forces of freedom.

Belgium will be rehabilitated, France will come into her own again, and the Germany of the military despot, of the "Junkers," now a pariah among the nations, will disappear to give place to another Germany, representative of the genius and democracy of that land—a Germany like unto that which Americans believed the Fatherland to be before the "Mad Dog of Europe" made the name German a byword in the mouths and a stench in the nostrils of men.

STRIKINGLY UNUSUAL, THESE PICTURES



HAD ANYBODY EVER A QUEERER BED THAN THIS?

British soldier, at Dardanelles, fast asleep on the edge of a thousand eternities—live shells enough to blow an army to smithereens.



PERHAPS THE BOCHES KNOW HIM?

General Joffre watching the march-past of German prisoners in Alsace going to the French rear under guard of French Infantry.

WHY LET MARRIED MEN ENLIST?

By A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT

WHY should married men go to war? The reason that in Canada such a high percentage of married men have already gone and are still going, is that Canada as a nation has not yet got past the A B C of national stock-taking for purposes of war. The conditions that have made Germany the greatest war state in the world with the whole organized weight of her national resources concentrated against the most of Europe, have not begun to be studied in this country, which is as much at war with Germany as is England or France. The mistakes which have kept England from directing her national weight against Germany for the past twelve months have not prevented Canada from making the same mistakes, even with the knowledge of England's experience to guide us.

Putting as far as possible the single men at the front and leaving as far as possible the married men at home to look after the country, is merely a phase of national stock-taking for war purposes. England has passed an Act of Parliament calling for a national registration of men and materials and machinery for war purposes. The Act was passed as the result of nearly a year of national mistakes and Business As Usual.

It is impossible to ignore the fact that such an Act is a copy of what has been done for the past forty years in Germany, where everything has been organized so as to be most useful for war purposes whenever the machinery of the State should be con-

verted from peace to war. That makes no difference. Germany has made most of the unusual conditions of the war and has forced other nations to face them. National stock-taking is one of the conditions. Trench warfare, submarine operations, air-fighting and air-scouting, high explosives and siege guns, destruction of towns and property and the killing of non-combatants—are all other conditions forced upon the world as the result of Germany's preparedness. Some of these the Allies have ignored because they respect humanity and international law. Some of them they have been compelled to adopt. National organization is one of the conditions that all the peoples against Germany have been forced to accept as part of the business of war.

ENGLAND has just begun to organize. At first men were enlisted and rushed to the front without regard to whether they might be more useful at home. Germany made no such mistake. No German munition-works were robbed of men that the ranks might be filled. The industries of the country necessary for carrying on war were not crippled. The great German war levies were from the land workers whose places could most easily be taken by old men, women and children. England sent munition mechanics and coal miners to the trenches, and later was forced to bring many of them back again to work in the factories and the mines. For the purpose of preventing waste of men by putting men

in wrong places, some people in England favour conscription.

National registration and nationalized munition plants are a first step and are as necessary as nationalized armies. If it were left to individual wealth and initiative to organize armies we know what would be the result. But an army is no more a part of modern war than a coal mine or a munition factory or a harvest field or any business which must be carried on at home to keep the national trade and commerce as nearly as possible where it belongs in a time of peace.

How does this affect the case of married men going to war? Very directly. If it is bad national business to send a skilled mechanic or a miner to the trenches when he would be of more use to the war and the State if he remained at home, it is equally bad national business to send men to the front who have families to support and leave at home thousands upon thousands of men who have no families, many of whom never intend to have families. Many unmarried men take advantage of the fact that married men often go to the front because they realize more keenly what it will mean to their children if Germany should win this war. This is not a war for 1915, nor for any year this side of 1950. It is a war for posterity. Unmarried men may not care for what happens to posterity. Married men must.

BUT what right has any woman to object to her husband going to war? asks the unmarried man who passes a recruiting office every day. Ask the woman. Ask, if you like, the children. Will the patriotic fund or the soldier's pay or the pension look after those women and children? Can the State take upon itself the burden of family maintenance? Are fathers negligible? Can any average family grow up decently into citizenship without the united effort and service of both parents?

Probably not. The married man who goes to war leaving a family behind sacrifices not himself, but his family. As a soldier he may be no better than the unmarried man. As a private citizen he, may be no better. As a national asset in times of peace where all wars must end, he is worth a great deal more.

Suppose married and unmarried men are equal for purposes of war. What about their usefulness to the nation? War is no longer a business of mere armies in the field. It is the organized business of the whole State. In a time of war like the present the resources of the country in men, materials and machinery is at the service of the State for war purposes. Men are no longer free to choose what they shall do to serve the nation. Men must be had for the work the nation has to do. It is not a problem of civil service. It is a problem of state obligation.

But what can individuals or families or communities do to serve the State in a time of war? Unless the Government provide the machinery—little or nothing. The State needs soldiers at the front. It needs heads of families at home. In war times the unmarried man's immediate first business is national defence. The married man's business is taking care of his family. If war makes living conditions harder for that family, it is the married man's business to meet the conditions. When war is as vast as this throws business machinery out of gear, who suffers most even if nobody goes to war? Surely not the single men, who have only themselves to look after.

WHEN war calls, who then should be first to go? Is it not the men who have never heard any other call; to whom the call of home and wife and children and bills to pay and taxes to meet and churches and schools to keep up—has never come? These hardy young chaps who have held down the bleachers at the ball games and the matinee seats at vaudeville and burlesque; those efficient battalions of young men that come swarming out on the streets after the shows are over—are they to hide behind the men who have been compelled to stay away from ball games and matinees because they were married and had other fish to fry?

We are more apt to look for skulkers and slackers among the shiftless populations of older countries, where great cities produce millions of men that normally care little for the State or the home or the community. In Canada the home is at every man's elbow. The community has a claim upon every man and he has a right to a voice in its affairs. The State is a field for every man, and he may if he will sit in its councils. Above all things, what does a nation rush to defend in a time of war? Not the Parliament Buildings, or the town hall, or the church, or the railway station—but the homes of the people; of the women and children.

Must it be left to the men who have built up these homes also to take the main share of defending them? Have the thousands of young men that have been made welcome and happy in those homes nothing to do with going to war that such homes may be kept up?

So it will be if married men continue to go to war leaving unmarried men behind. This is personal to the unmarried men. But unless the State has a care in the matter the married men may continue to go because the country does not refuse them, and the unmarried men may continue to stay at home because the country has never reached directly out with any part of its machinery and made it clear that they are first of all wanted at the front.



I'LL LET GO, MR. BEAR, IF YOU'LL STAY UP THE TREE.

It will be noticed that the cartoonist of the New York Herald did not depict the Bear as saying that he would stay up the tree if the other fellow would quit grabbing him. The Bear is going to come back.

CASUAL SCENES FOR CARELESS FOLK

Peaceful Pictures Caused by Modern War



YACHTING IN THE DARDANELLES.

A Jack Tar on the British Submarine E-14 exercises his sea-legs.



WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING MOST.

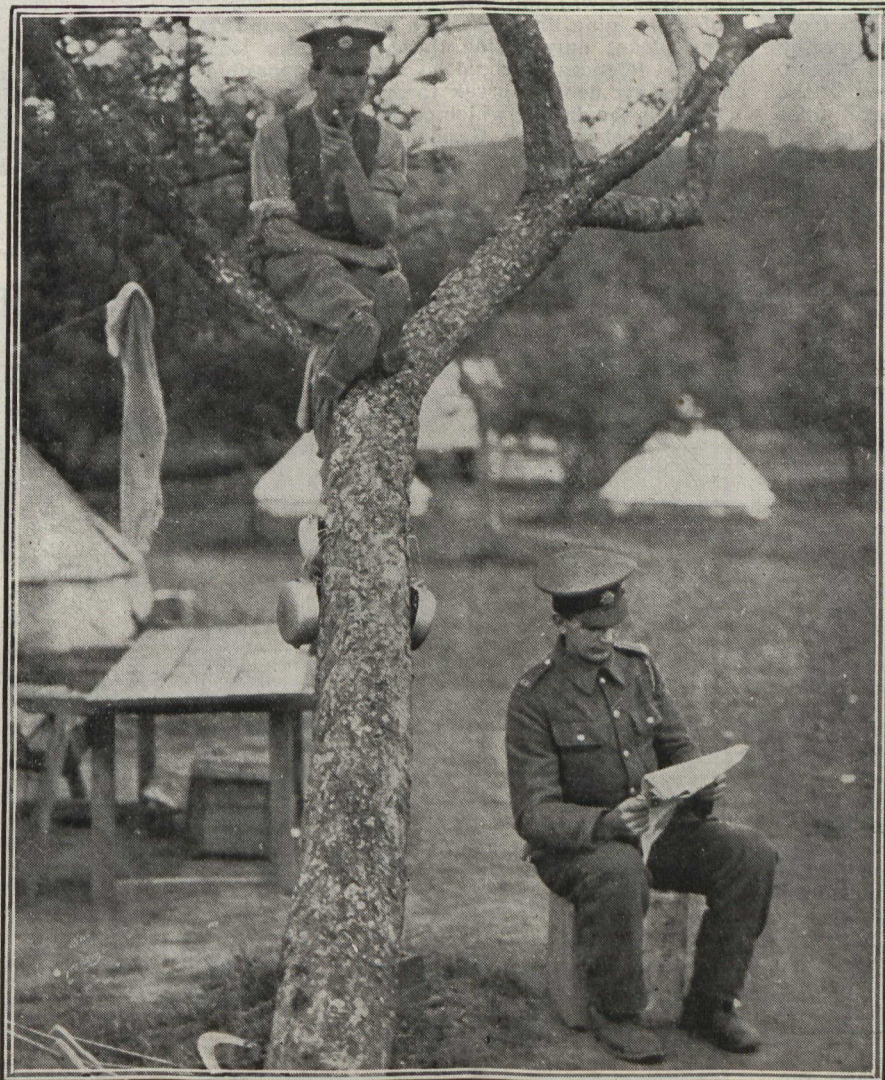
The German machine-gun carried to bed by the soldier every night.

Little Murder-Machine

WAR experts differ on almost everything about this war, except one thing. They all agree that the machine-gun is the one big factor in winning it. Siege guns, high explosives, submarines, air-craft, heavy field artillery, cavalry and rifles all have their limitations. The machine-gun seems to be universally recognized as necessary almost everywhere, on land or in the air, if not on the water. A German prisoner recently said that the reason the Germans were able to hold trenches so easily was because they could leave a peasant and his wife in charge of a machine-gun, and with a knowledge of how to work the gun they could hold a trench against a large body of riflemen.

This may have been slightly exaggerated, but no doubt remains that the machine-gun is the most effective murder-machine in common use in the present war. It can be hoisted to the roofs of buildings and the towers of churches; lugged to the top of a hill and trained on troops below; hidden under a bush or a man's coat; lugged on a soldier's back or on the back of a horse; and according to a picture on this page the German soldier actually takes his machine-gun to bed with him. The gun part of an average machine-gun weighs about forty pounds. It has a bore slightly smaller than that of a rifle, a capacity of 600 shots a minute, and is fed by a continuous automatic series of cartridge belts. The range is 2,500 yards, and at 1,000 yards range the gun has a pivotal traverse of 300 yards, giving it command of a wide area of destruction.

The machine-gun is the cold-blooded, impersonal killing-machine of the present war. Its superior effectiveness compared to the rifle or the field gun is due very largely to the fact that it is the kind of gun that can be used in a trench with a maximum of destruc-



TIME FOR A NICE LITTLE SMOKE.

British soldiers out of the shell zone in the shade of the old apple tree.

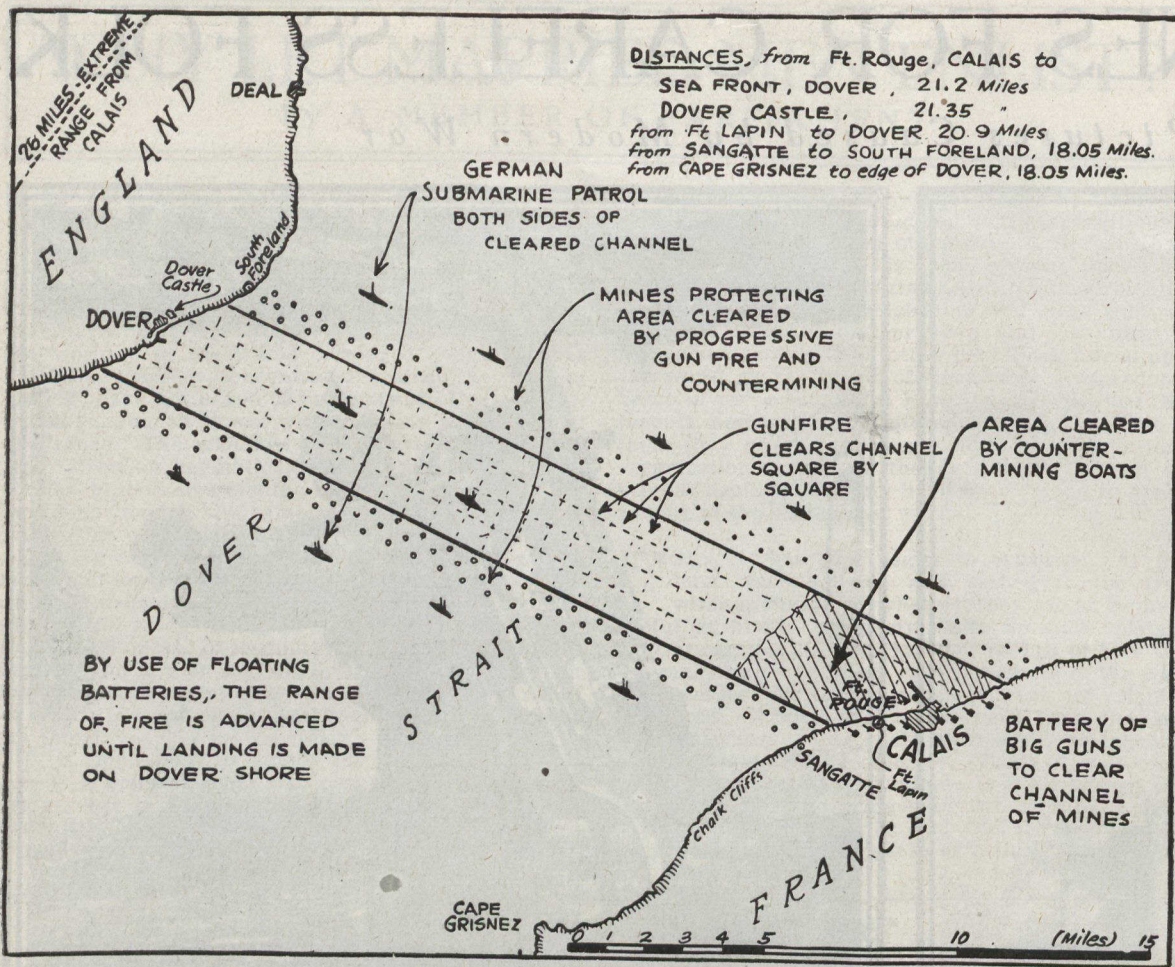
tion and a minimum of men. And the universal use of this deadly arm of service by all the armies in the field is due to the fact that the Germans coolly foresaw how effective such a gun would be in the kind of warfare they intended to dictate to the other powers, and provided themselves with a quota of machine guns per regiment that any of the other armies would take months to equal.

War and Wheat

TRADE gossips in Chicago were busy last week wondering why Europe had cancelled a two-million-bushel order of wheat. There was some suspicion that Europe expected the Dardanelles to be open some time this fall, and that wheat would be lower than the price quoted in Chicago. Canadian farmers are not over anxious to have the Dardanelles opened—if there is any danger of that—before they have a chance to market their wheat at a good war price, which they will need to justify such a huge acreage of wheat.

As a matter of cold fact, wheat at average peace prices does very little more than pay the average western farmer for what it costs him. The cost of raising an acre of wheat under normal conditions is \$12.00. This includes land on a rental basis and all other charges estimated from long experience under a variety of conditions.

The average crop in the west is about 19 bushels an acre. The average price to the farmer in the west is under 70 cents. The total value of an acre of wheat is therefore between \$12.00 and \$13.00. The profit on an acre of wheat at normal prices is less than a dollar. If the western farmers are to get the benefit of a big wheat crop they must get higher prices than usual. And they probably will.



WHY THE KAISER WANTS CALAIS!

A map intended to show the German plan of blocking the English Channel and providing a clear lane by which troops could cross from Calais to Dover.

Calais to Dover—So Easy!

The German Plan of Invading England Explained by a Naval Expert

EMPEROR WILLIAM will never get Calais, but it is interesting to note the plans which these impudent Germans have made with Calais as a base. According to the plan of that German dream by a naval expert for the New York Herald, all that is necessary is to clear a lane in the Channel. After that German transit from Calais to Dover would be about as simple as running a ferry service from Montreal to St. Helen's Island, or, from Halifax to Dartmouth. No doubt the German naval engineers and tacticians are quite too serious about this to see any humour of the fantastically improbable in such a scheme. The naval expert shows how seriously the Germans take themselves over this business when he writes:

"To the popular mind the possession of Calais means the possibility of the Germans shelling Dover, but to military men it means a great deal more. Once the Germans are able to reach Calais they will be in a position to mount guns which will clear the centre stretch of water between the Calais jetties and the Admiralty pier of all nesting mines. This can be accomplished by counter mining through the medium of high explosive shells.

"The shores of Dover, it is known, are to-day blocked with anchored mines. There are leads through these mine fields which are known only to the government pilots, but a vessel attempting to pass through the straits without the assistance of a duly accredited British pilot would to-day be blown to pieces. Before the Germans could make use of the straits it would be necessary to clear the intervening water of mines through counter mining, and the quickest way would be to have recourse to high explosive shells.

"This method of counter mining was arranged for by the American government in 1898, when the dynamite cruiser Vesuvius was held in readiness to blow out a channel through the medium of high explosive shells had it been deemed necessary to force an entrance into Santiago or Havana. The inventor of the dynamite gun, Captain E. S. Zalinski, was known to regard the guns of the Vesuvius as especially well adapted, because of the high explosive used in the dynamite gun shells, for blowing out mine fields.

"Now modern high powered German guns using high explosive shells are able to do all and more than was ever claimed for the guns of the Vesuvius.

"The water between Calais and Dover is at no point of greater depth than thirty fathoms. For a width of about three miles in the centre of the straits the water depth ranges from twenty-six to thirty fathoms. On either side of this strip of water the depths gradually decrease toward either shore, shoaling up to about six fathoms on the French side and to seven fathoms on the English side.

"The currents in the Dover Strait, while strong with certain tides and winds, are not too great to permit of effective mine fields being established, and it can be put down as a certainty that once the Germans have blown a free passageway across the channel they will line both sides of this passageway with protecting mine lines. With a patrol of submarines doing picket duty inside these protecting barriers of mine defences it would be next to impossible for an opposing fleet to break through the passageway.

"This is the danger which confronts England to-day if by any chance the Germans in their new drive succeed in hacking their way through to Calais. The danger is an imminent one when it is known that at this writing not fewer than ten German army corps are known to be en route to that point of the western lines immediately in front of Calais.

"The Germans' advanced position is estimated to be at a point not more than fifteen miles east of Dunkirk. The German long range artillery fire has reached Dunkirk from a point estimated at nineteen and a half miles away. The artillery position is in the rear of the advanced German lines. From Dunkirk to Calais is 19.42 miles.

"While it is known that the British possess long range guns of the navy pattern, it has been demonstrated that the Krupp pieces are outranging in this war any weapon which the Allies have been able to bring into action, and it is conceded that once the Germans are able to blaze a clear passage across the strait they will not be hindered from advancing high powered guns into the strait itself or vessels specially adapted to carrying single guns of high power. The securing of a foothold on the Dover coast, with the ability to rush high powered guns across to hold any ground so taken, would mean the clearing of the land in the rear of Dover and the rendering all the more secure of the strait passageway.

"It is a knowledge of the foregoing that is causing the deepest concern in England to-day."

A Song of the New Armies

A. GLYN PRYS-JONES.

Right, left, right, left, footing it with a swing,
Half a million Englishmen a-serving of the King,
Half a million gentlemen not afraid to die,
They've sacrificed a thing or two, and know the reason why,
(They've heard the case, they've got the grace, and now they've fish to fry!)
And so they're off to Flanders in the morning.

Dry road, wet road, they seldom make a fuss.
They never shirk the smell of work, they never grouse or cuss.
They're brown and tough and splendid stuff as ever you'd wish to see.
(The more the weight at the back of the scrum, the sooner to the Spree!)
And so they're off to Flanders in the morning.

Blue boys, true boys, prowling on the sea,
Up and down, and to and fro, to keep Britannia free.
It's dirty work and shirty work and little rest for bones,
(And p'raps a trip at the end of it to Mister Davy Jones!)
But they'll see 'em safe to Flanders in the morning.

Bright birds, light birds, buzzing along on high,
Soaring up and swooping down the prairies of the sky,
Telling the saucy Taube tales and seeing the Zeppelins home.
(Always risky, sometimes frisky, cutting the Kaiser's comb!)
And they'll help 'em on in Flanders in the morning.

Right, left, right, left, footing it with a swing,
Half a million Englishmen a-serving of the King.
Playing the game for England's name, called from town and wold,
Just the stuff their fathers were—heart's of purest gold—
(And may they all come back again to hear the story told
Of how they went to Flanders in the morning!)

ARE THERE JAP SHIPS IN BRITISH WATERS?



This is a picture of Japanese men-of-war sailors swaggering down London streets with some British soldiers. The question naturally arises—what are these Jap sailors doing in that part of the world?



THE CLOUDCAPT WATERTANKS AND SKYSCRAPERS.

When Toronto wants to look at itself it takes a ferry over to the Island to get this view.

AN ISLAND IN A CITY'S FRONT YARD

WHEN it was decided that in the fulness of time a city should grow up on the north shore of Lake Ontario to be a capital to the Province of that name, it was found necessary to provide that city with a harbour—because harbours are costly affairs. So the obliging waters of Lake Ontario churned up an elongated, right angle of a sand-bar about a mile distant from the city's docks. By and by the waters conveniently went down several feet and left this sand-bar high and dry in the form of an island. Willows grew upon the Island and lagoons threaded their way among the willows. A lighthouse was built, and it was found that Toronto had a natural freshwater harbour second to none in America. Wherefore the city turned this lake to commercial and sporting purposes; a fleet of ferries and of lake boats grew up, and at the toe of the Island there rose an hotel, a baseball diamond and an amusement park. After a great many years Toronto inhabitants discovered that the Island was a goodly place for cottages and picnics.



What makes Toronto so popular as a tourist city is that people can take the all-water route in any direction.



A Peaceful Yacht-Sleep Scene in the offing of the R. C. Y. C., the prettiest spot on Toronto Island.

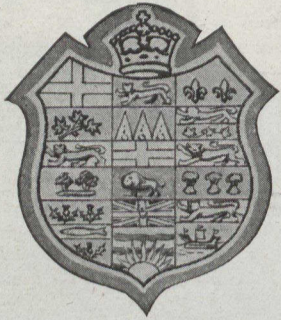


These young picnickers on the Island probably don't realize that they are a tableau of Wordsworth's lines, "We Are Seven."



Down at the east end of Toronto Island a summer tent colony has sprung up—without bugles, drill and parade.

THE CANADIAN COURIER



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Finally and Fully

THE longer the war goes on, the more the conviction is driven home to the world that Germany and Austria were the only nations prepared for war. The plea that Germany was attacked by a ring of nations has now reached the vanishing point.

Busiest Nation on Earth

CANADA has no unemployment just now. The soldiers in the western camp are being given holidays so that they may go out and help the short-handed farmers reap their 250,000,000 crop of wheat. Arrangements, it is said, are being made to send soldiers from Niagara and Valcartier to the West to make sure that the Empire's food supply is all garnered. The next six weeks will be the busiest in Canada's experience.

A Healthy Rivalry

WESTERN CANADA, according to an official Ottawa statement, has given more recruits to the army than the East. The percentages are: Alberta, 3.73; Manitoba and Saskatchewan, 2.78; Ontario, 1.44; Maritime Provinces, 0.79; and Quebec, 0.61. The percentage for the whole Dominion was 1.48 when the calculation was made. Let this healthy rivalry be maintained until the end of the chapter.

A Serious Blemish

WHILE the politicians who bought infirm horses at extravagant prices in the Maritime Provinces are to be punished for malfeasance, something should be done with the dealers and farmers who sold these animals knowing them to be unsound. These men are as guilty as he who would sell his vote for a five dollar bill. They are a disgrace to the name "Canadian" and the national honour demands that they should be punished. Compelling restitution is not sufficient.

Dreams Shattered

AMERICA has its troubles as well as Europe. The "A. B. C." Republic has been conferring in New York in the hope of restoring peace in Mexico. Argentine, Brazil and Chili supply the "A. B. C.," but Uruguay, Guatemala and Bolivia were also represented.

While this is going on the United States is trying to evolve order out of chaos in Hayti. Certain American officers are very busy on this job.

And still there are a few dreamers who thought the millennium came in with the Twentieth Century.

Railways for Defence

RUSSIAN armies are lacking in munitions and aeroplanes because Russia has only one railway—that to Archangel—which gives her access to the Atlantic. A double-track road from Petrograd to Ekatriline on the Arctic coast is being feverishly constructed, and will be ready October 1st. Then Russia will be able to handle the volume of supplies needed. Till then she must fight on the defensive.

Canada has three transcontinentals, with two outlets on the Pacific and three on the Atlantic. What is the military value of these to Canada? Are they worth five hundred millions of dollars? If so, let us stop all this talk about having spent too much on transcontinentals and get down to the real business of creating traffic for them. The trouble is not that

we built railways too fast, but that we were too slow in filling up the territory that these railways have opened.

Canadian Clubs A-weary

MEN get tired and blase, and it is therefore only natural that associations of men should show similar signs occasionally. In all this patriotic work, the Canadian clubs have done very little. The women's clubs have been more active than the men's—the Ottawa club especially distinguishing itself.

Just why our Canadian clubs should have dropped into the background at this particular time is hard to explain. Perhaps they have absorbed so much of the lecture-bureau method that they are unable to undertake real work when called upon. A typical picture of a Canadian club member would be a man with short arms, undeveloped limbs, large eyes and immense ears shaped like the horn of a phonograph.

Heroes and Others

CANADIANS must learn to distinguish between soldiers who are heroes and soldiers who are merely soldiers. There is a fine distinction, somewhat complex in its elements, but one which must be made. All combatant soldiers who have come within sight of the firing line are heroes, even though they may not have actually come within range of a bayonet or gas bomb. Quite a number of Canadians have been killed by shell fire in the danger zones behind the trenches. All non-combatant officers and men who have come within range of shell or rifle fire are also heroes. They have risked their lives or shown a willingness to do so.

All combatant soldiers who have hugged the Headquarters Staff and other positions which have kept them out of the danger zone, may be doing their duty, but they are not in the hero class. There are quite a number of Canadian officers and men who are working hard on various staffs in England, but who are either unwilling to go to the front or who are not sufficiently active to be sent there. These men are not heroes and should not be classed as such.

Similarly there is a considerable number of non-combatants who are performing indispensable duties at base-depots and hospitals who should not be classed with those who have actually risked their lives. The non-combatant must give special proof of his willingness to go into the danger zone or he is no more entitled to be called a hero than many who have remained at home and performed routine duties on this side of the Atlantic.

Manitoba's Lesson

CHIEF among the lessons to be learned from the investigations in Winnipeg is the one relating to election protests. When an election is held, a protest should be lodged only after a

permanent official has passed upon the preliminary charges. When once the protest has been put into the courts, it should be followed through by a public prosecutor. There should be no saw-off possible.

This game of entering protests against elected members and then sawing-off, so many Conservative protests against an equal number of Liberal protests, does injustice to some candidates. Suppose, for example, a man is defeated by open corruption. He and his friends raise \$1,000 and enter a protest. A little while later he finds that the party authorities, without consulting him, have withdrawn his petition to save the seat of some more powerful politician. This has often occurred. The honest candidate is deprived of his seat, and a dishonest candidate takes it and passes as an honest man.

All election protests, according to practice, are entered through the party headquarters. This gives the manipulators there undue power, which they use too often for their own benefit or that of the unscrupulous elements in the party. Thus justice becomes a pawn in the political game.

Many a saw-off has concealed a burst of debauchery. The saw-off is the greatest shield to bribery and corruption in elections that has yet been invented. There will be no absolute guarantee against impurity in electoral contests until the saw-off is banished from our political life.

Were We Boastful?

A CARTOON, appearing in the Courier of August 7th, depicting John Bull expressing surprise over the size of Canada's contingent, met with approval and disapproval. The latter state of mind is well represented by the following letter from a Western subscriber:

Pilot Butte, Sask., Aug. 12.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

Sir,—I think it would have been in better taste if you had waited for John Bull to give pictorial vent to his appreciation of Canadian loyalty—or rather let us call it solidarity—which we are not doing. If we were not willing to do our proportionate share in upholding the Empire to which we belong, what honourable or logical ground could we occupy? We surely do not want to be parasites, living on the blood and sacrifices of others. In some ways we have more at stake than Great Britain herself. Should Germany win, we would get the lion's share of her attention, Canada being as fine a colonizing field as she could wish for. Uncle Sam couldn't save us. In his present condition a protest from him might start out as a valorous shout, but would surely end as a death rattle. It is even doubtful if he would take the risk of protesting, for he "didn't raise his boy to be a soldier."

The common assertion that this is as much our war as Britain's, is no dream, though one would think it was considering the failure of Canadians to do the only patriotic thing in time of war—enlist. The sooner we not only say, but believe, that this is a war in which we are vitally interested, the better for us.

I. SIMPSON.

SIR ROBERT AND CANADIAN NURSES



Our Premier has been making himself agreeable to all classes in England—the Mighty, the Soldiers and the Ladies. Here he is chatting with some Canadian nurses who were guests of Lady Llangattock, at South Lodge, Richmond Gate.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

As We See Others

The Lady and the Limelight

ENGLISH critics of social life and manners have recently had some caustic remarks to make concerning the women who have tried to use the war for the intensifying of the limelight in which a certain type of notoriety-chaser rejoices. On the outbreak of strife, there was a large accession of prominent society women to the ranks of the war nurses—and these women, from duchesses down, protested their willingness to do any kind of work. A few of them were taken at their word, with the result that they objected to certain tasks as menial, and made such general nuisances of themselves that General Joffre is said to have written in despair to Lord Kitchener concerning these inefficient and parasitic creatures. The latter is stated to have replied: "Send them back."

The aristocracy of Great Britain, as a class, has proved its pluck and courage in the splendid sacrifices of its sons in some of the worst conflicts of the war. There is no indictment to be made of British peeresses, as a mass, for the most of them are doing the maximum of work, with the minimum of fuss. But there is a beruffled regiment of useless and meddling female persons who have seized upon the war as a means of personal aggrandizement, and who are making the public weary of their stage patriotism. Anything like real effort would alarm them, except the heavy task of posing for a photograph. That they are in the minority is quite certain; but the presence of any such prattlers makes us understand the man who wrote:

"If England were what England seems,
And not the England of our dreams;
But made of putty, brass and paint—
'Ow quick we'd chuck 'er!—but she ain't!"

Cochrane's Secret

MOST Canadians will remember that extremely handsome soldier, the Twelfth Earl of Dundonald, whose career, as Earl of C. in Canada, terminated so spectacularly, on account of some slight mix-up of the Departments of Militia and Agriculture and the Earl's vigorous comments thereon. Every once in a while, we hear of Cochrane's secret, supposed to be the "prescription" for a deadly destructive agency, presented to the British Admiralty, many years ago, by Admiral Cochrane, grandfather of the Earl who once took a lively part in Canadian politics and gave diplomatic circles a distinct shock.

If there is anything in the story, we really wish that the British Admiralty would put the Cochrane secret into action and blow some of the superfluous enemy away from Warsaw. This is war on the most elegant scale ever known, and its termination within the next year is devoutly to be wished. The workings of the Cochrane concoction can hardly be as splendid as the gases with which the Germans have poisoned the Allies, and the more effective the weapons of the latter, the closer will the war be to its much-desired termination. So, the Cochrane secret, if such exists, may well be revealed in action.

Employing the Prisoners

IT is somewhat difficult to know what to do with our German prisoners. There are several complications, when it comes to discussing what labour they are best fitted for; and yet it is far from wise to allow them to remain in idleness. In Amherst, Nova Scotia, the prisoners have been set to work on the hospital grounds, building driveways and terraces and making such improvements as are in accordance with a plan prepared by one of the prisoners, himself. This man, a German of marked intelligence, was formerly a landscape gardener in Germany, and had charge of a large estate. Some time ago, he prepared two plans of improvements to the hospital grounds and a town park. The plans were submitted to the town authorities, who, in putting the chosen plan into effect, will place the prisoners under direction of the man who drafted it.

While the militarism of Germany has led to such widespread misery as we could not have foreseen, it must be admitted that there are many features in her architecture and her gardening, which Canadians may study to their profit. It is hard to see any silver lining to the war cloud; but, at least, we may turn our prisoners' time and talents to account.

The Daisy Chain

AFTER reading about how the "Adriatic" was dodging about in the war zone, how the Germans were rebuilding bridges in Warsaw and how the Allies are smashing through to within hail

of Constantinople, it was a treat of a refreshing and homely order, to come upon that good old friend of ours—directions for making a daisy chain, in the information column of the evening paper. I have never tried to make a daisy chain, and cannot see, for the life of me, why any grown-up woman should desire to manufacture such an article. Yet there is a certain fascination in the directions for making a daisy chain, which has eternal charm for the feminine reader. How many times, during the last ten years, have women demanded to be told, by the omniscient lady of the information column, the how and the why of the daisy chain! It may be easy for some

The peace propaganda in the United States, as the gentle Jane must know, has a strong German "support," and it is a pity that a woman who has done much for the amelioration of slum conditions should have lent her energies to the cause of the "Lusitania's" criminals.

ERIN.

Quebec in War Time

Quebec, Aug. 16th.

THERE is not much change. If anything, Quebec is more itself than ever! The small boy can still earn an honest penny by haunting the railway stations and helping the overburdened traveller. The traveller, at the present moment, is generally a nice fat old lady, laden with parcels of home-made cake for her boy at Valcartier, and a polite little urchin with a smile is often an aid with the bundles. Cabbies, too, appear to be making a fair profit, and teashops and grocers are not doing badly. The Hotel, judging from its charges, is also in a good way of business, and this year should draw more Americans than ever.

Quebec this summer seems to be polished to a military brightness! The prim little shutters on the old houses are almost as bright a green as the grass in the tiny squares, where the flower beds are in such beautiful order that a fallen leaf would mar their symmetry. The cannons along the old wall are stage properties set for the play of the soldiers and their sweethearts. Such vivacious little girls, with black eyes under wonderful hats, that the French regiment was entertaining the day I saw them. Everyone seemed happy except two young people on the Terrace. They were seated on one of the newly-painted benches gazing out over the Lower Town to the wharves. Her eyes were on an ocean-going ship, but evidently the sight brought painful anticipations, for she looked away with a very sad face.

It was more cheerful at tea time, in the Palm Room, just off the Terrace—cheerful, that is, if one looked no further than the surface. There was an air of the gay Continent—of those old days when the Continent was gay—about the little tables and flowers. Here was a group of three youths around a soldier friend, there a family party down to see "the boy." There was music—clashing happy music, reminiscent of tango teas and "new" dances, which for a moment almost drew one back to the carefree life of 1913. But the partings at the end of the afternoon, when the orchestra wound up with "O Canada" and "God Save the King" brought us back to the grim nightmare of to-day—and all the colour and interest of Quebec cannot keep us from realizing that our men are off to war.

M. S.

Princess Alexander of Teck

PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF TECK, whose picture appears on this page, is the wife of Prince Alexander of Teck, a brother of Queen Mary. Before her marriage she was H. R. H. Princess Alice of Albany. They have one son and one daughter, and they occupy apartments in the Henry III. Tower at Windsor Castle. It is quite possible that some day Their Royal Highnesses may occupy Rideau Hall, Ottawa.

The Gentle Art of Giving

SOMEWHERE in the obscurity of the backwoods of British Columbia there lives a woman with the soul of a patriot. Though thousands of miles away from the heart of the Empire, she has heard the clear, insistent bugle note which calls upon the women as well as the men of the nation to serve in the present need. The following letter, written to Mr. Noel Marshall, Hon. Secretary of the Red Cross of Canada, speaks eloquently of the sacrifice which this lady believes it to be her privilege as well as her duty, to make for the cause of England and the Allies:

"Dear Sir,—A few days ago I got your letter telling me you had sold my brooch and would forward the money to the British Red Cross Society. I offer you my earnest and most grateful thanks for your kindness and for the trouble you have taken. I thought the brooch was worth about \$30, but I did not expect to get more than about half, and I am very thankful to your friend for buying it.

"I am sending you two more small trinkets—a pearl heart-shaped locket and a small amethyst brooch. They will be posted at the same time as this letter. I hope I am not encroaching too much on your kindness in asking you to sell them or get some one else to do so for the benefit of the British Red Cross, and to forward the money to London. I do not know

(Concluded on page 18.)



THE PRINCESS AND THE POOR.

London slum children in fancy costumes who danced at the opening of a Flower Show at All Saints Church. Princess Alexander of Teck, who stands on the left, was much interested in their performance.

women to make out the intricacies of that affair, with two kinds of beads, a double thread of waxed silk and a needle which has a way of pointing from you and making a circle. However, the directions for a daisy chain have a positively dizzying effect upon some of us—and, when we come to where you

DOING THEIR BIT

SUSIE sewing shirts for sturdy soldiers,
Bertha building Balaclava caps,
Clara crochets clever cholera-clingers,
Nora, nobby Nightingalian wraps.

Polly Prim produces pink pyjamas,
Bandage by the bolt bright Bessie bound,
Helen hem-stitched half a hundred hankies,
Wool for wounds wee Wilhemina wound.

Patchwork pieced our pert petite Patricia,
Queenie quilted quite a queenly quilt,
Sophy's shapely socks so soft, so seamless,
Kitty knitted knobby for the Kilt.

Arabella aired aerated apples,
Mary made a million muffattee,
Winnie wove white, wonder-working wash-clothes,
Carrie cut cup-covers cleverly!

Sally sends soft scarves for sundry sailors—
Tilly trickles tenderly a tear,
Bella brings big bundles of boracic,
Pious Patty prays pathetic prayer.

Fanny forwards fancy fan-made fudges,
Cynthia corners cards and cigarettes,
Thrillingly Trix trills the Tipperary,
Sylvia swings-in-line the Suffragettes!

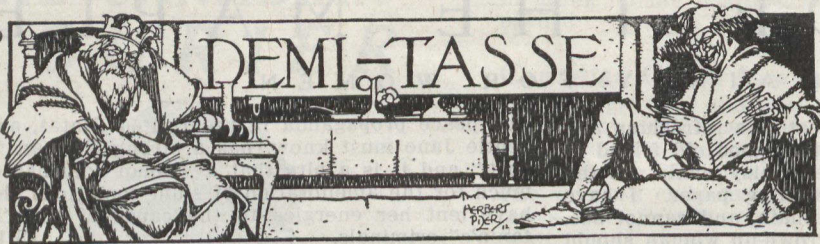
Kate kontributes kisses for the Kaiser,
Flossie feels affinity for French,
All admire, adore, and aid the Allies—
Tender thrills to Tommies in the trench!

HELEN GUTHRIE.

"draw firmly" and have two beads of the second daisy fastened securely to the first daisy, we give up this study of the higher fancy work and go back to something simple and easy like the fight in the Dardanelles.

Helping the Huns

IT is to be regretted that a woman who has accomplished so much good, as has been the achievement of Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, should lend herself to the folly of "peace at any price" talk, such as she has lately been inflicting upon the public.



Courierettes.

SOME of these years they'll have to dredge the Kiel Canal, and then where will they put the fleet?

Alabama is talking of prohibition. The folks from Missouri say it sounds like moonshine.

Many of the grand opera stars are now in the movies. We will now be able to enjoy our grand opera in silence.

Teddy Roosevelt says he is thinking of the country. But the question is—what does he think of it?

Those Mexican chaps would prefer to fight for peace and good government rather than have it given to them.

The wise ball player won't drink, but he likes to see the bases full when he comes to bat.

Another big spot has appeared on the sun. Perhaps this is the place in Old Sol that the Teutons are after.

They trampled on the Stars and Stripes in Mexico, and Uncle Sam would have sent another note there if he had known to whom he could address it.

A Brooklyn widow advertised for a perfect husband. Well, she is probably like the rest of us, asking for more than our deserts.

A scientific study of farm conditions across the line reveals the fact that farmers' wives are often embarrassed for lack of money. Occasionally the farmer is likewise.

The Bull Moosers recently held a gathering in New York. The party is still unconvinced that it is dead.

President Wilson picked the town of Cornish as his summer home. Sounds like an English name. Won't the Germans find this a breach of neutrality?

Some smart Alec is now likely to come along with the remark that it was Von Hindenberg who took the sack out of Cossack.

An old British civilian has challenged the Kaiser to a pistol duel. But if Wilhelm has choice of weapons, they'll hire a hall and hold a debate.

W. J. Bryan has been recommending loganberry juice. Any old thing to keep his magic name in print.

Over in Germany the Kaiser is the recipient of a perpetual copper shower.

A California judge banished a man from his home town. There's a chap who "can't come back."

Good Idea.—A rose 19 inches in diameter has been developed by a Canadian horticulturist. Now there seems to be a chance for a man to get the worth of his money when he buys roses.

Ever Notice It?—Did you ever hear of a case of platonic friendship where the woman in the case was homely?

New York's The Place.—The New York World asserts that there should never be another Thaw case in the State of New York. We can't imagine such a case in any other part of the world.

Quite Likely.—They are building a big umbrella 140 feet high at a Yankee summer resort. Chances are that some other resort will borrow it and forget to return it.

In the Language of the Game.—One of the pitchers on the Chicago White Sox has been sued for \$20,000 for

breach of promise. His was a costly balk.

Police! Police!—Somebody has suggested that President Wilson meet in conference the two ex-presidents, Roosevelt and Taft. Why should riots be thus encouraged?

Not a Competitor.—Jamaica is trying out a flour made from bananas. Not likely to be so popular, however, as the island's more famed product—Jamaica rum.

Too Long.—For 15 days a Philadelphia editor went without food. That's too long—even for a newspaper man.

WAR NOTES

Italy has exempted Caruso from war service. And he is such a heavy charger, too.

The Teutons have seized Przasnysz. Easier done than said.

Vienna reports that the war babies are mostly boys. Wise old Mother Nature.

The German reply to the U. S. note is "sound," says Herman Ridder. Yes, all sound.

The American smart set are not visiting Europe this year. Which proves their smartness.

Woodrow Wilson works his own typewriter. The Kaiser seems to think he will take dictation, too.

"Time for women to quit talking and get to work," says Annie Kenney, of Britain. War has its blessings.

The diamond trade has been hurt by the war, in spite of the countless engagements.

Bavarian soldiers are said to consume 250 carloads of beer in a week. This report is no doubt circulated to stimulate recruiting.

The Logic Of It.—Austria protests against the United States supplying munitions of war to her foes, as the United States is a neutral country.

Austria, however, has no objection to receiving munitions of war from Germany, though Germany has never declared war on Italy.

The Horrors of Peace.—"Rain spoils evening for militia in camp," runs a headline in an American paper. Isn't it just too terrible to contemplate! Imagine those poor warriors on the firing line if it should start to rain—and they had left their umbrellas at home!

Modern Motto. — Blessed is the peacemaker, for he shall inherit both barrels.

They'll Try, Anyway.—We note in the news where Howard Spaulding wed a girl with \$30,000,000. Well, a young couple should be able to worry along on that even nowadays.

The Likeliest.—Haiti is soon to elect a new president. Well, our choice for a candidate is the fellow who can shoot quickest and straightest.

Curio Fakers.—Lincoln Springfield, the English editor, was lunching at the Ritz in London when a Samoan entered and shook him by the hand. "What do the natives do for a living over there?" Mr. Springfield asked the Samoan.

"Oh," said the other, "they sell co-

coanuts, and birds-of-paradise, and Robert Louis Stevenson's inkwell."

Wonderful Woman! — You must hand the palm to woman as the wonder of the age.

In winter time she wears her furs around her waist line to coax pneumonia.

In summer time she wears her furs around her neck in order to be uncomfortable.

Woman is wonderful!

Health Hint.—If you have anything to say to a mule, say it to his face.

'Twould Seem So. — Over in Germany they stamp their favorite little motto, "Gott Strafe England," even on the loaves of bread they bake. Hot cross buns, eh?

New Version.

Lives of millionaires remind us That we should our efforts bend So that we may leave behind us Coin for silly sons to spend.

Carried Unanimously.—"Resolved, that one of the most hazardous occupations in life is to belong to the Austrian rear guard on the Italian frontier." No discussion.

Medical Advice.—"Toe in," say the scientific medical men. "It's healthy. The Indians did." Yes, and look where the Indians are to-day.

Good Reason.—One of the leading Anarchists of France was liberated from jail long enough to be married. Then he returned to his cell. No doubt he will be satisfied now to serve out the rest of his sentence.

Teuton Revenge. — The Germans may now retaliate for the changing of the names of Petrograd and Pryemysl by renaming the Polish capital Warsausage.

Inclusive.—John Wanamaker, the American merchant prince, wants to end the war by having Uncle Sam buy Belgium. Now he amends his suggestion by including a provision for indemnity to buy back northern France. In a day or two he'll think of Poland and Serbia. Why not let the States buy up all Europe and end the darned annoyance?

Something New.—This from the Watchman, of Waverley, Ohio, reminds us that we live in a progressive age: "Samuel Baldwin and wife are the proud parents of a boy daughter." Perhaps this is the new woman we have heard so much about.

He Surely Was.—A Detroit man has wedded his former wife, from whom he was divorced a year ago. He said he had been pig-headed. Of course. She could have told him that. And the chances are that she did.

The Aftermath.—"After the War—What?" is a topic much discussed in the press. It seems to us that one result will be the largest standing army of pension lawyers ever assembled.

Complimentary.—Two men, both very proud of their own accomplishments in business, were trying to pay each other compliments.

"If I could sing as well as you," said the doctor, "I'd never want to diagnose another case."

"If I could diagnose cases like you, doctor, I'd never want to sing again."

"And if I were as big a liar as either of you," said the third party, "I'd sell horses to the army."

The Difference.—Harry Thaw is sane.

In which respect he has a decided margin on the host of his admirers.

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The I. K. B. Girl

(Continued from page 5.)

want to know me any more now."

A small, still, smile played deep in Ethel's grey eyes.

"I am angry now that I have promised to go to dinner with you next week, and, since a promise is a promise, I must go, I suppose."

She turned to Rosa.

"Let me introduce Mr. Appermann; the gentleman I met on the boat."

"Mr. Appermann, my cousin Mrs. Samuels. I am staying with her while I am in New York, and she is showing me the city."

"Glad to meet you, Mrs. Samuels," said Herman, bowing as well as the load on his shoulder would permit.

Rosa acknowledged the introduction with her doubts and criticisms written large in her face. Her disapproving eyes swept Mr. Appermann from the toes of his muddy old shoes to the crown of his rough derby hat. His obvious need of a shave erased all his bright, good looks from her consideration, and she made it so plain that she did not care to linger and did not intend to allow Ethel to do so, that he was hurt.

"Perhaps I had better not call to see you to-night, Miss Maurice. I won't come if you—"

She held out her hand. "If you do not come, Mr. Appermann, I am never going to forgive you, never."

"I'm coming then," he promised enthusiastically, to Mrs. Samuels' evident disgust.

From far down the block, and rising high above the din of the busy street, came a commanding call: "Herman! Commere! A customer! Herman!"

"I got to get back to business. Goodbye until to-night. But wait a minute." He still held her hand and he came close to read her eyes through the obscuring curtain of fast descending twilight. "Why are you angry about the dinner, Miss Maurice? I'll not have these furs with me then!" This last mischievously added for the benefit of Mrs. Samuels.

"Because I see that you can't afford it. A boy who works hard all day in the cold street should not waste his money at night buying dinners in restaurants for girls."

"Oh," said Herman, and laughed, and said goodbye, and gave her hand quite a bold squeeze before he finally released it and ran to answer the still continuing summons.

"HERMAN," repeated Ethel, looking after him, "it sounds sweet, that name, doesn't it, Rosa?"

"No," said Rosa dryly, "the other part, 'a customer,' sounds sweeter to me. A peddler you stand and talk to and hold hands with in the middle of Grand Street! You! In a forty dollar suit and a twenty dollar hat, and me in my best Persian Lamb coat and my diamond ear-rings. How did it look for us to be jabbering to a loafer with cheap furs on his shoulder? I shudder to think what your Popper could say if he could 'a seen us."

"Isch ka bibble. It's too cold a day to be shuddering, Rosa. Let's go uptown where you can get warm. And Rosa, you see Mr. Appermann works, so it's not fair to call him a loafer."

"Why couldn't you tell me? Secretive like a whole family of clams you are. I had the idea that this feller off the boat what's coming to call on you was a somebody great. I thought he at least had one nickle to rub against another in his pocket, and here you bring me to the Ghetto to see a peddler. Now I know what is making you so flighty all the time; you're in love with an empty purse. Oi Oi!"

"I didn't know a thing about him. Do you suppose all the trains in the subway could haul me down here if I'd known he was here?"

That evening Mr. Samuels had hardly begun on his soup before his wife related the whole story in exhaustive and exhaustive detail, concluding:

"The feller's a beggar; he was in rags! I got no use for a young man that's satisfied to wear clothes that

look like the stickers out of a second hand clothings shop. A man ought to show some pains on how he dresses. I betcha he is so stingy that a kiser looks like a spendingthrift beside him. I can't deceive myself, the feller looks like a second mortgage on last year's hats. He's the kind that never makes money or gets it given to him. He's a dead broke and a always going to be broke, and I took a dislike to him the minute I seen him. Now, Bennie, you got to show Ethel that she better have Rifka tell him she ain't in."

Mr. Samuels shrugged and devoured two thirds of the wiener schnitzel by way of reply.

After dinner Ethel went to her room, removed her ultra stylish dinner dress and emerged attired in a white shirtwaist, clean, but patched, and a plain skirt which showed signs of hard wear.

ROSA threw up her hands in surrender. "Mein Gott! I give you up!

You are the queerest girl alive. I thought you went to curl your hair and put on your best dress, but instead, here I see you dressed out of the rag bag. I ask you, with the tears in my eyes, WHY?"

"Well, I wore all my good things on the ship and to-day I had on my new suit. I want Mr. Appermann to see that I can be economical."

"Bennie!" cried Rosa, appealing to her husband, "ain't she trying to make a hit with the man?"

"Am I a judge? I got a auction pinochle game on to-night; don't bother me." And Mr. Samuels departed for the evening.

"Ethel, I hope you ain't got the notion of getting married," said Rosa, heavily. "Because you are twenty-five you don't have to get afraid that you are left forever and marry a schnorrer. A married woman don't have such a easy life. You are very well off now alone with your Popper and no worries. A Eastside peddler is no one to fall in love mit. If you got to love somebody, pick out one with money. You'd never like to be living in the Ghetto. He looks like a feller that would be mean to his wife."

The maid announced Mr. Appermann.

"My fine parlour and my velvet and gold furniture to be wasted. A hundred dollars a month rent my Bennie pays and the first company our cousin gets is a nobody from the Ghetto," moaned Mrs. Samuels.

"I don't care if he is from the Ghetto. Grandpa selig began there and just think how everybody bowed to him before he died and articles were in all the papers about him. Come on in and see Mr. Appermann; he's human, if he is from Grand street."

"No. If the parlour ain't too good for your caller this here dining room is good enough for me. If he should try to sell you a neck piece to match your muff I'll be close enough to hear and to come and help you out."

Ethel found Mr. Appermann as prosperous in appearance as he had been shabby earlier in the day. They chatted more or less easily for some time before he ventured to ask, "What evening will be convenient for that dinner, Miss Maurice?"

"Mr. Appermann, I thought I told you to-day that I'm not going to let you throw away your hard earned money like that; on me, at least. You must not be extravagant."

Taxed with it, she confessed that she already liked him too much to be indifferent to considerations for his welfare. They fenced, as is the manner of man and maid, Herman ever advancing and Ethel ever retreating.

At length it narrowed down to, "You are not ashamed of me that I got a business selling furs out of a pushcart and from over my shoulder?"

"Oh! so the pushcart is yours?" cried Ethel joyfully. "I'm so glad; I thought you only worked for the other man. It's very nice that you are in business for yourself."

HERMAN looked at her with a long, soul-searching look before which her colour rose again. Suddenly he leaned over and shook her hand

Cornless Feet

Are Very Common Now

A few years ago they were not. People pared corns and kept them. Or they used an inefficient treatment.

Then the Blue-jay plaster was invented. That ended corn pain instantly for everyone who used it. But it also gently undermined the corn, so in two days it all came out. And this without one bit of pain or soreness.

One told another about it, until millions came to use it. Now those people never keep a corn. As soon as one appears, they remove it.

We urge you to do that. Prove Blue-jay on one corn. If you hesitate, let us send you samples free. If the pain does stop—if the corn does go—think what it means to you. It means a lifetime without corns. Your own friends, by the dozens, probably, know that this is so.

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Benefits are payable to the Beneficiary in case of death, or to the member in case of his total disability, or to the member on attaining seventy years of age.

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COSGRAVES Half-and-Half

is health-building and nutritious. It is pure and clean. It is made in a modern, sanitary brewery. You'll like its delicious flavor.

All good dealers sell it.

The ONLY Chill-Proof Beer

X-78

heartily. "Believe me, kid, you are the right stuff."

Then he drew forth two well rubbed bank books and from one of them he took a piece of paper, unfolded it, and handed it to her. It was a printed bill form, which read:

AARON APPERMANN & SON,
East Grand Street,
New York,
Importers of Fine Furs.
Wholesale & Retail. Lowest Prices.

"This is my Father and me, Miss Maurice. I'm equal partners with him since three years ago. When I met you on the ship I was coming home from London where I had been buying skins.

"Did you notice the building in front of where we got our pushcart? Well, we own that. The store we rent to a dry goods concern and the other two floors we got our furs, storage and workrooms, with one floor for rent."

"But the pushcart?"

"My Father is old fashioned. He got his start just like that, on the street, and when there ain't much doing inside, he likes to get out and sell goods just like everybody around there does. When I'm home, I help him. We make lots of money on a good day and get rid of the odds and ends of stock. We did fine to-day."

"Oh! was that your Father I was haggling with?"

"You bet it was, and say, he said you were some bargainer, too. He thinks you are all right. I take after him in that."

"But all fun aside, Miss Maurice, we are not rich like the Rothschilds, but we got a few pennies put away. These here are my own bank books. Look; I want you to know how much I'm worth so that you will go with me to that dinner we have been talking about."

Ethel looked. "I guess I'll order a lobster, Mr. Appermann."

ROSA, entering with coffee and a plate of cake, was in time to hear this and to see the bank books before they disappeared into Mr. Appermann's pocket. She had overheard enough to make her think a little show of hospitality on her part was quite proper, and she fairly beamed.

"Good evening, Mr. Appermann, 'awful glad to see you. My goodness what a fine looking young chap you are when you ain't working."

"Good evening, Mrs. Samuels. Thanks for saying that. I was sure you was going to sic the dog on me, for I know I never made no big impression on you this afternoon."

"Oh, Mr. Appermann! You mustn't pay a bit of attention to me; it's only my way. I'm tickled to death to see you if you want to call on Ethel, and I was just telling my husband at dinner to-night how much I liked to see it in a young man that he ain't ashamed to work hard and to wear out his old clothes. Ethel can tell you if I wasn't telling Mr. Samuels how I liked you from the minute I seen you."

"Do try some of this cake. My cooking is all kosher, so you don't have to be scared to eat it."

She poured the coffee.

"Here, Mr. Appermann, have a cup of coffee. I make good coffee if I do brag on it myself. Mr. Samuels gets it from a friend of his in the wholesale business; sixty cents a pound, cost price."

Ethel's spirits rose visibly. Something made her laugh every time she looked at Mr. Appermann, as though there was some delicious secret between them. She rushed to the piano and rattled off a snatch of music and then swung round on the stool for a bit of nonsense, and burnt her tongue with the coffee Rosa brought her, laughed again and said, "Isch ka bibble."

"You seem awful pleased about something, Ethel," said the kind-hearted but utterly tactless Rosa, "and you, too, Mr. Appermann."

He undertook to answer for both. "Miss Maurice is pleased because I have shown her that me and my Father are not so bad off as we might look, even if we are doing business in the Ghetto; and she is generous

enough to be glad."

"Oh, Mr. Appermann, it wouldn't make a mite of difference to Ethel whether you had money or oser a stuck. If she likes you, she likes you. She's just like me this way; she ain't a one to always look at the pocket-book first."

"I know it, Mrs. Samuels. Miss Maurice is all right and as a friend I'm going to tell her something else that I'm lucky in." He smiled, and fixed his keen eyes full upon the complimented Ethel's face. "I've found the girl I'm going to marry—a lovely girl; a regular peach. Congratulate me."

"Mazeltov," said Rosa mechanically, her face picturing her surprise and dismay without any thought of concealment.

"What a surprise; of course I congratulate you," faltered Ethel, her lips sobering and all the happiness fading out of her piquant face. "Is she pretty?"

"SURE, she's pretty," cried Herman, "and the sweetest ever. If I have my way we are going to be married soon and keep house somewhere up here in Hariem."

"You'd better be careful," advised Mrs. Samuels, sad at the thought of this wholesale and retail fur business and this cash in the bank slipping out of the family reach, "you are too young a boy to be getting married. There is always plenty of time to tie a knot that you can't untie. If I was you I'd wait awhile."

"But she is such a dandy girl, I can't bear to wait for fear some other man will come along and marry her away from me while I'm thinking about it."

"Don't be in too much of a hurry. Look around first. Love is blind, and you may be passing by somebody may be not so pretty but who'd make a far better wife."

Rosa glanced at the pale and silent Ethel, and seeing her eyes averted, nodded twice, vigorously, to make it plain whom she meant.

Mr. Appermann seemed not to understand. He was determined to prove his point; praised the girl of his choice and argued persuasively for the holy state of matrimony while Mrs. Samuels argued against until Ethel could endure it no longer.

She sprang up with a half-smothered request to be excused and started blindly for the door. This talk of the other girl was too much. Up to a few moments ago she had not known that she seriously cared for the handsome Herman, and the sudden unveiling of the truth did not make the news of a rival any sweeter. She felt that she must get away or be forced to cry her heartbreak out before them, and for once, there was no consolation in "Isch ka bibble."

She had nearly reached the door when Mr. Appermann stopped her. "Just a minute, Miss Maurice, I want to show you a picture of my intended."

He had caught her hand and there was nothing for it but to stop. She forced her eyes upon the subject which he held before her and found herself looking through her tears into her own face as reflected in the small pocket mirror which Mr. Appermann held in his hand.

"This is my future wife," he said softly, "that is, if she will have me."

Ethel turned a sob into a laugh and threw her arms around his neck. "Oh, Herman!"

"But Mrs. Samuels says I ought not to marry yet," said he after the first perfect kiss.

"Hoiman, my boy," said Rosa, blinking her eyes over the rapidity with which matters had progressed and still holding a piece of cake in her hand, "Hoiman, if the girl you are talking about is Ethel Maurice, you can't marry her quick enough. You couldn't make a mistake on Ethel. I always said if you find the one you want, don't waste time but marry 'em."

Mr. Samuels' step was heard in the hall.

"Bennie!" cried Rosa excitedly, "Come here, quick! Mein Gott, just see what comes of taking this girl to see the Ghetto! Say, ain't I the match-maker though? She's engaged already and Hoiman's going to let the family have furs at cost price."

MONEY AND MAGNATES

Will the Rise Hold?

LAST week the Canadian Courier commented on the tremendous rise in the value of steel stocks. A table given herewith shows some of the leading advances, and the Financial Times of Montreal figures that the total increase in 31 representative Canadian stocks is about ninety million dollars. The great question is, "Will the advance hold?"

There is no doubt at all that the manufacturers who are able to make war supplies of any kind have an abundance of orders. What profits any particular company will make will depend entirely upon the quality of the management. If one must generalize, the statement might be made that at least seventy-five per cent. of the companies making war supplies in Canada for the Allied Governments will make greater profits in 1915 than in any other twelve months in their history. The investor has, therefore, about three chances in four of picking a winner. Of course, attention must be paid to the position of the company under discussion at the time when the war orders were received. For example, a company which was three years behind in its preferred dividends, would not be as good an investment as a company whose dividends on preferred stock were paid up to date.

HOW STEEL STOCKS RISE

A RECORD of Canadian industrial stocks since January 1st shows that the improvement has been rapid, especially in steel stocks. The figures are for common stocks only:

	Low since		
	January 1st.	May 1st.	Aug. 14th.
Ames-Holden	7	7	15½
B. C. Packers	105	116½	112
Can. Car & Foundry	50	64¼	116
Can. Gen. Electric	91	96¼	108
Can. Locomotive	30	39	52½
Dom. Bridge	107	131	140½
Dom. Steel Corp'n.	20	30	45¾
Laurentide	160	160	162
Nova Scotia Steel	46	62	87
Steel Co. of Canada	8½	15	32
National Steel Car	16	16	48½

The average rise in these eleven stocks from their low point of the year is about \$26 a share. This must mean an increase in value of nearly one hundred millions of dollars.

A Question of Exchange

FORMERLY when a Canadian owed a firm in England £100 he paid his debt with a draft costing, in Toronto or Montreal, \$487. Now he can pay the same debt with a draft costing \$470. Thus the Englishman, getting money from Canada or the United States, is losing, while the Canadian and American is gaining.

This is a result of the war, and is technically described as "a fall in the rate of exchange." The cause is the large amount of money coming this way and the small amount going back. There is so much "exchange on London" for sale in America that it goes cheap.

This also affects borrowers on this side. If you borrowed £100 in London, it would be sent over here in the form of a draft. When you take this to a banker he gives you \$470, Canadian currency, for your draft, instead of \$487. This explains why it is more profitable for Canadian Governments and municipalities to borrow in New York than in London. There is no loss on drafts sent here from New York—in fact, there is a profit.

Some Ottawa correspondents are sending out explanations about this rate of exchange and trying to use it as an argument in favour of Mr. White's New York loan.

Dr. F. S. Pearson's Legacies Fail

COUNSEL for the estate of the late Dr. F. S. Pearson, who went down with the Lusitania, has served notice that the estate consists largely of investments in Mexico, and that these have been so depreciated in consequence of existing troubles there that the property will, under the most favorable conditions, be insufficient to provide the trust fund of \$4,000,000 which Dr. Pearson directed should be set aside for his family before other legacies were paid. As a result, his bequests to charity will fail.

Ontario Steel Products is Offering Preferred Stock

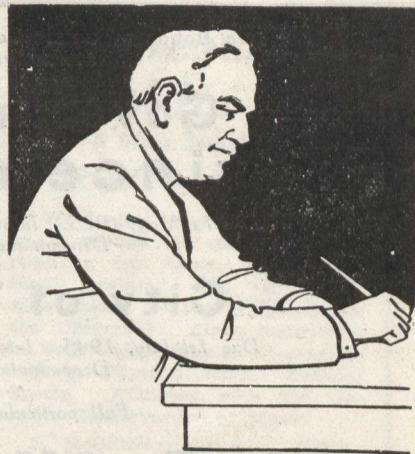
A PUBLIC offering of \$165,000 of 7 per cent. cumulative preferred stock of the Ontario Steel Products is being made at \$72.50 per share, payable \$12.50 on application and the balance in three instalments. The shares of the company are to be listed on the stock exchanges.

Population Not Always a Test

POPULATION is no longer taken as a criterion of value. Two years ago if a given number of thousands of people passed a given corner in a day, that corner was rated as worth so much more than a corner where the traffic was less. Most people know now that the value of traffic depends altogether on what kind of traffic it is. A mob of unemployed doesn't, as a rule, enhance the value of the building it stands around or the properties it passes in parade. Canadian towns and cities will all be the better off for getting rid of the bogey of mere population.

Borrowed \$141,600,000 in United States

INCLUDING the \$9,500,000 C.N.R. issue sold last week in New York, Canada has borrowed a total of \$141,600,000 in the United States since the first of December of last year, when flotations of Canadian issues across the line were resumed. Of this total, \$45,000,000 represent the Dominion loan, \$33,200,000 Provincial loans, \$23,714,647 municipal debenture issues, \$15,500,000 flotations by public utilities, and \$24,190,000 issues of the Canadian railways.



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Require The Most Nourishing Food in an easily digested form. O'Keefe's Special Extra Mild Ale comes under both heads. It has the rich nutriment of the choicest barley malt from which it is brewed. And its food properties are readily assimilated by the system.

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Insist on having
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All O'Keefe beers are brewed only from pure barley malt, choicest hops and filtered waters

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Superintendent of Branches and Secretary—George H. Smith.

Paid-up Capital\$6,000,000.00
Reserve Fund (earned) 4,500,000.00
Investments32,496,750.55

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Debentures Issued

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HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL.

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Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits - - \$7,245,140

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Two Bonds of unquestioned merit at unusually attractive prices.

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Due 1st May, 1925. Interest 1st May and November. Denominations \$1000

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Due 1st July, 1945. Interest 1st January and July. Denominations \$1000

Full particulars on request

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53 King St. W.

Established 1889

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INSURANCE AGAINST

FIRE, ACCIDENT AND SICKNESS, EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY
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Agents wanted for the Accident Branch

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will be interested to know that they can insure their automobiles against fire (including explosion and self-ignition) at lower rates than the owners of any other make of cars.

RATES AND CONDITIONS.

1915 Ford Touring Car, \$500.....	\$6.00	for one year.
1914 " " " 400.....	5.50	" " "
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Cars over three years old that have been kept in specially good repair will be insured for amounts and at rates made to fit individual cases.
The cars will be insured while in any building or whilst on the road.

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Assets\$863,554.52
Surplus to Policyholders\$433,061.40

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31 Scott St., Toronto.

F. D. WILLIAMS,
Managing-Director

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and Conservatory of Music and Art

WHITBY, ONT.

Offers Unequaled Advantages for the Training of Your Daughter.

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College re-opens September 8th. Write for Calendar to

Rev. F. L. Farewell, B.A., Principal

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE TORONTO - ONT.

Autumn Term Commences Sept. 13th, 1915.

A Residential and Day School for Boys. Upper and Lower Schools. Boys prepared for Matriculation into the Universities, for entrance into the Royal Military College, and for Business. Calendar containing particulars sent on application.

Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., LL.D., Headmaster

At the Sign of the Maple

(Concluded from page 13.)

the value, but I think perhaps about \$20.00 for the two together. I should be quite pleased, however, to get half or less for them.

"I have just been reading Lord Lansdowne's speech at the Mansion House, which helps one to realize how great the need is. I see, too, that the "King George Hospital" is to be equipped and maintained by the Red Cross and St. John's Ambulance Societies.

"Should you be willing I have a few other things I would like to send to you as well, for the same cause. I feel very diffident about asking you, but living in the backwoods as I do, I cannot manage these things for myself.

"I cannot tell you how very glad I am that my brooch brought in something for those who are offering their lives for the Empire."

Made-in-Canada Courage.

A RATHER pathetic story comes from the representative of a Canadian newspaper in England, describing the plight of a young wife of a Canadian private, and the plucky manner in which she met and overcame the difficulties of locating her husband.

"Last Saturday nine hundred Canadian wives arrived in England by the Megantic. I played a small part in the fortunes of one arrival. Along with another chap, I was taking a stroll at the West Sandling Camp. As we struggled up a steep hill on our return we were accosted by a young wife who had a baby and a suit case. 'Will youse fellows run and get Pte. — for me?' she said.

"We said we'd see what we could do, and my companion offered to carry her grip.

"It is not heavy. I can carry it," was the reply.

"We walked ahead a few steps and I said to the other chap, 'You carry the baby and I'll take the grip.' We did.

"At the top of the hill we sent a man to locate the lucky hubby, who

was not aware that his wife was coming.

"The man returned with the news that Mr. Husband was in hospital.

"In the meantime I invited the young lady's confidence. She was seventeen. The baby was a year old. She was married when she was 13 and her husband 16 in Oswego, New York. Her home is in St. Catharines, Ontario. She had a big time coming over in the boat—was only sick two days. 'You bet your life' she had lots of money. 'Enough to last her a month.' She wasn't very struck with England.

"When we met her she was a mile from the railway station with a baby and a suitcase. And three thousand miles from home!"

From Here and There.

FOLLOWING advice from England of the patronage of Her Majesty Queen Mary, an official communication has been received from Lt.-Col. Sladen, Government House, Ottawa, advising that Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught have both been pleased to extend their patronage to the Queen Mary White Rose Day Campaign, to be held in Toronto on Thursday, 9th September, on behalf of the Queen Mary Hospital for Consumptive Children.

The joint chapters of the I. O. D. E. of St. John, N.B., are making preparations for an auction sale for patriotic purposes to be held early in September.

A despatch from Portland, Ore., states that the party of Canadian girls who won a visit to the Panama Pacific Exposition by their successful competition in a Circulation Campaign conducted by some dozen newspapers, has reached that city—and been made welcome by the Governor of the State. The party travelled west from Montreal over the new line of the G. T. P. to Prince Rupert and thence to Seattle by boat.

A Plot That Failed

A GERMAN-SOUNDING name is sometimes uncomfortable in this country at present. There is a well-known architect in Toronto whose name has a rather German character, and who looks a little like a German, when, as a matter of fact, he is a French Swiss. A few days ago some of the draughtsmen in the office tried to entangle him in a complication with the authorities—just for a joke. The architect is a well-known designer of big buildings in large cities, and so might easily be suspected of knowing a good deal about the city of Toronto and its environs.

The shrewd practical jokers who aimed to scare a loyal citizen by involving him in a charge of treasonable conspiracy, drew up a fine map of the Humber River west of Toronto, showing all its approaches, embankments, prominent buildings, etc. The specifications were nicely folded up in a blue cover, and over the top was written: "Chart outline, plans and diagram of the Humber River, prepared for His Imperial Majesty Kaiser Wilhelm by _____, and herewith respectfully submitted."

The map was placed very carefully in the breast pocket of the architect's coat—for he is a man who leaves his coat on a nail when he works. The plan was to have a policeman arrest the architect charging him with treasonable conspiracy. The architect, of course, would indignantly deny the charge. The policeman was to search his pockets, discovering the plan. After which, when the architect was scared out of his boots, the joke was to be explained.

But the ruse didn't work. The architect found the map of the Humber River in his pocket before he saw a policeman. And the joke was on the conspirators who had wasted so much

good time and talent in making the diagram and laying the plot. The architect now has the chart as a souvenir of a plot that failed! He thinks it is a pity that it seemed so easy to circumvent a bogus conspiracy.

Havana Humoresques

DOWN in Havana, for instance, people jog along with their picturesque customs and keep themselves happy—because they believe in being picturesque even if they have to stave off paying a few bills to do it. One peculiarly naive custom chockful of native humour was related the other day by a Toronto man who spent several weeks in Cuba. He saw a funeral one day in the marble city and thought it was a circus. The people who followed the deceased to his last resting place seemed to be so glad he was relieved of any further cares that they togged up with plumed horses, painted carriages and pompous outriders, for all the world like a triumphal procession of Indians going to a dance on the prairies. But the really humorous business about dying down in Havana is that even after you are dead you may be liable for debts. Nobody is allowed to own a burial plot in Havana. Everybody pays so much rent a year to the civic authorities for each person interred in the vaults. If the rent is not paid at the end of the year the guardian of the dead person is notified. If it is not paid at the end of the second year, the casket containing the bones of that person is identified by its name and number in the vault, lifted out and the bones thrown on the great careless heap of derelicts in a big field outside the city. We don't seem to have that brand of humour in Canada.

The Sacrifice of Enid

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Wedding.

By MRS. HARCOURT-ROE

Author of "A Man of Mystery," "The Silent Room," Etc.

THE night was cold; a south-west wind was blowing. The sea was not very rough, but quite rough enough for a private steam launch, which was what Ronald had engaged. Enid was a good sailor, but her heart seemed to stand still for a moment as she and Ronald, sitting side by side in the little cabin, plunged into the darkness.

The clergyman, Mr. Wolfe, embarked with them, but he had a strong suspicion he would be de trop on this occasion, and insisted on being outside with the men.

"I have oilskins on, and a little splashing won't hurt me. I like it," he said cheerily.

Both Enid and Ronald preferred his absence.

He held her hand tightly, but said nothing.

"It is a very small boat for the rough seas outside," she said after a time.

"If I had engaged a steamer my purpose regarding Cornwallis would not have been attained. This is a large launch, and thoroughly seaworthy. I trust you believe I would not willingly bring you into danger."

"I do believe it! I am sure of it!"

The thought that went through both minds simultaneously was, might not the best solution of the difficulty be for the big waves beyond the breakwater to close over the launch and engulf them?

But Enid, at all events, instantly put this idea from her as a suggestion of the Evil One. To resign her life willingly in thought seemed to her a species of mental suicide.

What had become of her solicitude for Cornwallis—he who had said he could not do without her.

She sent up a silent prayer for grace and strength.

To Ronald the voyage was one of torture. To be by her side knowing that he loved her with all his heart and yet dared not allude to his love; that he was going to hand her over to another man, for whom he had neither respect, liking, nor even tolerance, was dreadful to him. She, the queen among women, to marry such a man!

The breakwater had long been passed, the sea rose higher. And then both knew that the peril was not inconsiderable. One of the men came forward and spoke to Ronald.

"The sea is getting up, sir. Hadn't we better turn back?"

"Do you consider it dangerous to go on?" asked Ronald, who thought this a direct interposition of Providence.

"Not exactly dangerous now, sir, but I won't answer for what it may be soon."

"What shall we do?" he asked Enid. A bright spot of colour appeared on her cheeks; she set her lips resolutely.

"We will go on," she said.

She was deeply determined to aid Cornwallis, but the thought that followed was that to die with Ronald was not a fate to be deplored.

"The wind and tide will be with us on our return," he said.

"That is so, sir. But we've all got wives and families, so perhaps you will remember it in the pay—if we get back safely."

"Yes, yes," answered Ronald impatiently, adding as the man retired: "What sharks these boatmen are, some of them! Am I doing my duty in taking you into danger? Am I, Enid?" again calling her by her Christian name.

"Yes," she replied firmly.

A wave dashed against the pains of glass, then another.

"We are protected," said Enid.

"What about the poor men and Mr. Wolfe?"

"They are all right; they have on oilskins and sou-westers," he replied.

But although he spoke cheerfully he was by no means easy in his mind, for he did not feel at all sure they might

not (or one of them at all events) be washed overboard. Once he was minded to give the order to turn back, and said as much to Enid.

"In that case," she replied, "the whole of my endeavours for Horace, from long before the time I first came to Willowbridge, will have been thrown away—and your's also."

He said no more, only continued to hold her hand as he would have held the hand of a frightened child.

But the perilous voyage came to an end at last. The lighthouse was reached and, with great difficulty amidst the dashing waves, landed on. As soon as they had ascended the spiral steps they looked round. The lights of some vessel were not far off, and immediately afterwards a boat came alongside, in which Haselfoot was seated.

They entered the small round room at the head of the steps, and Haselfoot stared in amaze, for he instantly recognized the young lady he had met at Plymouth and afterwards seen at the paper mill. What could be the meaning of it all?

But he did not lose his self-possession, and said at once: "I remember meeting you before at Plymouth." He was on the point of adding "and afterwards," but he refrained.

CORNWALLIS now came down. Haselfoot looked at him attentively, and then beckoned to Ronald to come outside.

"Is that beautiful girl going to marry such a man?" he exclaimed indignantly. "Why he has one foot in the grave. It is patent to the meanest intelligence."

"I know it," replied Ronald. "I have done all in my power to prevent it, but he has set his heart upon it, knowing that the marriage will be merely nominal."

"I disapprove of it entirely," said Haselfoot.

"You or my disapproval counts very little," Ronald answered bitterly. "He is determined to marry her, and she will not oppose his wish. We must not keep them waiting; every moment is of consequence."

"So it is to me. I couldn't have come at all if the order had been for an attack to-night."

The parson had been examining the license and putting on his surplice.

Cornwallis and Enid stood side by side. His hair was trimmed, his dress was careful, but on his face there was the unmistakable stamp of—in his view—the dread King of Terrors.

Haselfoot shuddered inwardly, and the clergyman looked on with grave concern. Enid was really lovely, although she wore a look of fixed resolve. Her eyes were steadfast.

To Haselfoot she appeared like some beautiful martyr, who had entered on a course from which she would not flinch.

"Oh, Enid!" exclaimed Cornwallis suddenly, "why did you wear that black dress?"

"I had only one other with me, which was not white," she replied simply. "You know I had no time for preparation."

But this speech deepened the gloom which seemed to envelop everybody, for all divined why she had worn it.

To Ronald there was something awful in this wedding. The flare of the lamp within, the darkness without, the wailing wind, the dash of the waves were all uncanny, but were yet as nothing compared to the unutterable sadness that must be in their minds. The lighthouse men were aware that something unusual was taking place, but the door was shut; and, although more than one burly form hovered round, nothing could be seen from outside.

The service was as short as possible. In a few minutes' time Cornwallis and Enid were pronounced man and wife.

The bridegroom kissed his wife, and

then there was a painful pause, for no one either could or would offer any congratulations.

Haselfoot broke the silence.

"I am afraid I must be off," he said.

Now came the moment for which Ronald had been planning. He was extremely anxious that Cornwallis should not land in his company to be again compromised by his presence. However dark the night there might be spies about.

"We had an extremely rough passage," he said. "The launch is not at all fit for an invalid. Could you give my friend"—he purposely avoided mentioning his name—"a passage back."

Haselfoot looked disturbed. "I am very sorry, but I'm afraid I could not possibly take a lady to-night. If it were only a man I could."

"Oh!" exclaimed Enid hastily, "please don't mind about me. I will go back in the launch with Mr. Westlake and Mr. Wolfe. But it would be most kind if you would take Mr.—" a warning look from Cornwallis checked her—"take my husband," she added with a vivid flush.

"Why, of course I will," said Haselfoot heartily, "but I warn you"—turning to Cornwallis—"that you will be very uncomfortable, and that in all probability the launch will get in first. But I will do my best for you."

Cornwallis then spoke apart to Enid.

"I shall be with you soon, dear," he said. "Sorry I cannot go with you. He"—indicating Ronald—"says it won't do. Remember our name is Walford. To the landlady, and Haselfoot, and everyone. This is most important."

"More lies," thought Enid, but she recognized the fact that they dared not be known as Mr. and Mrs. Cornwallis.

HER husband said good-bye to Mr. Wolfe, and then to the lighthouse men, after which he followed Haselfoot down the spiral steps.

The entire visit to the lighthouse had not occupied more than twenty minutes, although to those who had taken part in the ceremony it had seemed like hours.

"And glad am I to see the last of that poor chap," said one of the lighthouse men, "for I thought he would have died on our hands. He isn't long for this world."

He was, of course, quite unaware of Enid's new relationship, but he noticed that she turned very white at his speech.

"May you be related to him, Miss?" he asked, in some anxiety at the effect of his words.

"Yes," she replied. "I am related to him. And—and—I am afraid you are right in what you have said. But I thank you and all very heartily for all your kindness to him."

"Very welcome, Miss," returned the man in a gruff voice, for Enid's sweet face and voice had made him feel more than he cared to show.

"It is quite time to be off," said Ronald, and they departed.

The waves, as usual, were dashing on the reefs round the lighthouse; some of the cruel rocks were at times visible. But the wind had moderated, and, with the tide, was in their favour.

At Enid's request, Mr. Wolfe sat in the little cabin with her and Ronald. Neither he nor she wished to be by themselves now. There was little or no conversation as they sped through the darkness. The launch rolled and pitched, but all physical sensation was dormant in Enid; her mind was entirely abstracted. What would the end of all this be, and when would it come?

The breakwater lights came into sight, then the town lights; their voyage was at an end. They landed at a different pier to that at which they had embarked, for Ronald considered they could not be too cautious. The clergyman went off at once.

"I must not see you to your rooms," said Ronald to Enid. "It is necessary that you should hold as little com-

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munication with me as possible. But promise me that if you want me you will write."

"I promise. God bless you for all you have done for me and him."

He put her into a cab and, with a muttered "God bless you" and a warm grasp of the hand, he left her.

It was a dreary home-coming for a bride, she thought, as the cab rattled over the stones. To be alone, and to go to a furnished lodging!

And yet, after all she had gone through, this furnished lodging appeared very comfortable. Mrs. Carter had lit large fires in all the rooms, by Ronald's desire, and after the cold, stormy voyage these were very desirable. Everything was in readiness—the table was laid, and a tempting meal had been prepared.

"But where is the gentleman, ma'am?" asked Mrs. Carter.

"He will be here soon. I came first to see that everything was ready, but if," she added with a smile that won the landlady's heart, "if I had come here before I should have seen that there was nothing left to do. I have scarcely any luggage with me."

"No, ma'am, you have not," assented Mrs. Carter, who would have looked askance at the small amount had she not been paid in advance, and also felt convinced both from Ronald's and Enid's general style that her money was perfectly safe.

The hour was late and yet she had refused to eat her supper. She begged Mrs. Carter not to remain up, telling her that Mr. Walford was coming round in a steamer, which might be in at any hour; she would let him in herself.

This seemed suspicious, but a glance at Enid reassured the good landlady.

"You look tired out, madam," she said kindly. "Let me sit up instead of you." But this Enid steadfastly refused.

"My husband will have had his supper, as he is so late," she replied firmly, "and as there is hot water and a kettle, we cannot want anything more. I promise you I will have something to eat now. I had forgotten he would be sure to have had something on board," for she felt sure Haselfoot would not starve him.

At last Mrs. Carter retired. Enid, with some difficulty, kept her promise, then sat looking into the fire. But hour after hour went by and still Cornwallis did not come.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Her Honeymoon.

NO accident had befallen Cornwallis, but a slight accident had befallen the destroyer, causing some hours' delay. The little cabin was cosy enough, and Haselfoot, after supplying his guest with refreshments, had made him lie down.

Sleep he could not. The peril of capture might be imminent; he went in deadly fear. When at last they were nearing the harbour he joined Haselfoot on deck, although it was now pouring with rain. He raised his hand to his head, and knocked his cap into the sea.

"Good gracious, man!" exclaimed Haselfoot; "you'll get your death of cold, standing in the rain with the water dashing on to you. Do go below."

"It was clumsy of me to knock off my cap, but it doesn't matter much," returned Cornwallis coolly. "I dare say you will lend me another to go ashore in."

"That's just what I can't do. I haven't a single thing on board except uniform. There's no room for anything, so I keep my plain clothes at my diggings, which are close to where I land. Do go below." For Haselfoot began to fancy this man's death might be laid at his own door if he remained much longer in the rain.

"I will go below with pleasure. I suppose you will lend me something to land in. It doesn't matter in the least if it's uniform."

"But it matters to me," returned Haselfoot somewhat sharply. "Civilians can't wear uniform."

"Nonsense!" said Cornwallis good-humouredly. "Who in the world is to see us at this hour of the morning? Do you want to kill me by making me

walk through the streets bareheaded, for you know very well that it's very unlikely I can get a cab."

"It would look so absurd with a plain coat."

"Then lend me a mackintosh to go over it, or an old great coat, which will cover it."

With some reluctance the lieutenant produced both cap and coat, and Cornwallis put them on.

"I shan't steal your things," he observed with a laugh. "The very moment I get to my rooms I will return them to you."

MORNING was dawning when he appeared. Enid was keeping watch at the window when she saw two naval men come up the road. They entered the house with a latch-key and the taller of the two went straight upstairs and into her sitting-room.

He had not removed his cap, and she did not recognize him. That he brought ill tidings was her only idea.

"What have you come to tell me?" she asked.

"This," he replied, and clasped her in his arms.

The relief was inexpressible.

"Oh what detained you?"

He told her, adding: "And I'm about dead beat by this time, and I'm sure you must be after sitting up all night. I think I'll go to bed at once, and I advise you to do the same. Good night, my darling. Come to see me the first thing you are up."

She returned his good-night and went to her room. But not to sleep. She lay down until it was time to get ready for breakfast, when she dressed anew, appearing at nine o'clock in the sitting-room daintily as usual, with little trace of fatigue on her face.

When breakfast was ready she knocked at her husband's door.

"Come in," he said faintly.

He was lying quietly in bed, his face very pale.

"I think yesterday was a little too much for me," he said. "If you don't mind, dear, I will stay in bed all day. But you must be sure to sit with me all day, and not leave me. You are my wife now, you know."

She smiled, and said she was aware of the fact, and that she would bring him his breakfast.

"The gentleman was very late last night, ma'am," said Mrs. Carter. "A naval gentleman, I see."

"How did you know he was late? I trust he did not disturb you," replied Enid wearily, feeling compelled to ignore the latter part of Mrs. Carter's sentence, and being grievously ashamed of doing so.

"Oh, no; he was quiet enough. So was Mr. Haselfoot, but I just peeped out of my door when I heard the latch-key."

Enid sat with her husband until she was summoned to the sitting-room to see Mr. Haselfoot.

"I called to see if I could be of any service, and to enquire after Mr. Walford after his journey," said the young man a little awkwardly, for although Enid smiled it seemed suddenly apparent to him that he had intruded.

"My husband is very tired to-day; he is in bed. I hope you will not think it unkind, Mr. Haselfoot if I tell you that he is not strong enough to receive visitors, either now or when he is up. Indeed, he must have total rest. And all my time will be taken up with him. Please do not be offended, for you have been so very kind," she added appealingly.

He at once succumbed.

"I am not offended. I quite understand, and I shan't trouble you. But if you want anything done, either for you or for him, send a message, and I shall be very glad to do anything I can. I'm just off for a cruise, so you will have quiet in the house, and Mrs. Carter will be able to give up all her time to you. Good-bye, Mrs. Walford."

So Enid's honeymoon was spent in the total seclusion of a sick room.

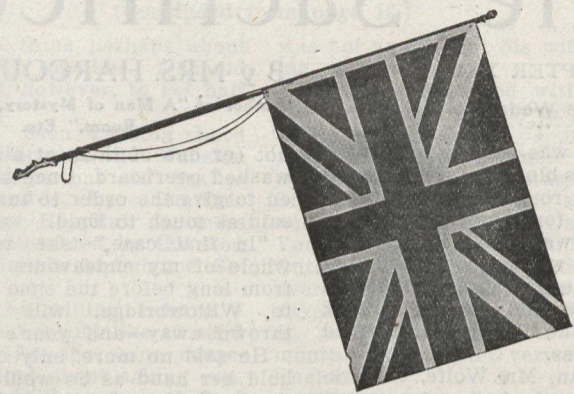
CHAPTER XXV.

Escape or Capture.

"ENID," said a weak voice.

"Yes, dear."

"Come nearer. You must never sit where I can't see you."



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She moved her chair close beside him and took his hand. She wore a plain blue print dress and nursing apron; her beautiful hair, with its golden lights, was piled in large waves on her well-poised head; her complexion had not suffered from her confinement to the house, and was as fair and radiant as usual. He looked at her approvingly.

"You look very nice. You do your hair ever so much better since I told you how."

"I take great pains with it to please you."

"Yes; I can't bear an untidy woman near me, even if she were as pretty as you are. I wish you could be dressed as you ought to be, and seen by everyone, as I thought once you would have been when you married me."

"Never mind that, dear."

"But I do mind. I mind everything. Lying here day after day and looking at the walls with their big flowered pattern, and the neat lodging-house furniture (satin walnut at five guineas the set) isn't very exhilarating. I must think of something, and now that I am weaker my mind is on the go the whole time."

An overwhelming compassion was in Enid's heart as she looked at her husband's wasted cheeks and thought of what he might have been; but she could not put words to her thoughts, although she longed to raise him to higher things.

"Enid," he continued, finding she was silent; "it hasn't been much of a life. Is it quite certain it's nearly over?"

She took both his hands. "The doctor says so, dear," for at her urgent entreaty he had at length consented for a doctor to be summoned.

"I wish now that I had never left the prison. You won't let them take me, will you?"

"How is it possible they should take you, dear? Who could connect the naval officer that entered these rooms with—with Horace Cornwallis?"

"Well, I don't suppose they would. But don't leave me, Enid. Somehow I haven't enough nerve left in me to die. People talk about it being so easy to leave this world when you are weak and ill, but that's all nonsense. It's ever so much easier to die when you are well. If it's true that the result of all our actions follows us into another world, what sort of a life shall I have? I am afraid, Enid, I am afraid."

THEN she remembered that this was the man whom once she had loved with her whole heart, for whose sake she had given up comfort and friends, and braved untold dangers, and with this remembrance a power not her own seemed to overshadow her. Her lips were suddenly opened.

"We all have sinned, dear; some more than others. But you know very well who it was that suffered for us."

"And you believe it is true?"

"True?" she repeated, her voice ringing, her face lighting up. "I am sure it is true. Think of what others have experienced—men sin-stained and heavily laden."

"What have they experienced?"

"Let me tell you what one man experienced when he was dying—Laurence Oliphant."

"I have heard of him. But he was a good man."

"He was. But listen to what he has left on record: Christ has touched me. He has held me in His arms. I am changed—He has changed me. Never again can I be the same, for His power has cleansed me. I am a new man."

"If I could feel like that I should be glad. But Oliphant did a lot for other people. I'm afraid I haven't much good to look back upon."

That was true. His had been in reality a miserable, wasted life, though outwardly full of pleasure. Self had been the predominating aim of his life, and now that he was dying self brought him no comfort. She knew that even if he repented of his past misdeeds, which had been many and great, he had only the last days of a life to offer, and her heart sank within her.

But the divine power which seemed to have taken possession of her now influenced him. She talked to him

feeling that her words were not her own.

"So you think there might be a chance given even to such a fellow as I am?" he said at length.

"I do. I am sure of it."

He lay back exhausted. She gave him milk and brandy, and he went to sleep, awakening apparently much better. But his mind still dwelt on the subject of their conversation. His first words were:

"It will be a very uncomfortable thing to become thin air, or a sort of essence, for I suppose that's what it will be."

"Oh, no," replied Enid warmly; "have you not read what Swedenborg says?"

"What do I know about Swedenborg?" he asked impatiently.

"He was a clever, practical civil engineer in Sweden. But he had visions as St. John had, and says he constantly conversed in another world with spirits, all of whom had bodies the same as we have, although spiritual ones, with greatly extended powers. Does not St. Paul tell us that there is a spiritual body?"

"I'm glad to hear of it. I thought it meant a sort of impalpable ether—if I ever thought anything about it. If these things are true, why was I brought up as I was, without even hearing religion mentioned, except to be laughed at as 'cant'? It's either true or it's false; and, for myself, I believe it's true."

"You may be quite sure, dear, that every allowance will be made for what in the beginning was not your fault."

"I hope so. I don't say I repent. I don't say anything, but I should like to think, as a drowning man, that a rope might be thrown me."

"Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,

O Lamb of God, I come,"

repeated Enid softly.

But there was no response.

CHAPTER XXVI.

His Escape.

THERE was a sound of loud talking as Ronald Westlake approached the house where Haselfoot and the Cornwallises lodged.

Ronald had considered that all danger must be over now, and thought that he might at all events call on Haselfoot and ascertain a few particulars concerning his friends upstairs.

But at the sight of the group at the door his heart failed him. Involuntarily he stood still, for two of the men were policemen and the third the warder from Princetown.

Mrs. Carter, her broad face very red, was confronting them, gesticulating in her excitement.

"Which I say and mean that you are talking nonsense. The only lodgers I have are two naval gentlemen, and one of them is very ill and can't be disturbed. Go away! You must mean some other house."

"I should like to see this naval gentleman who is so ill," said the warder. "Is he a very good-looking young man?"

"Well," replied Mrs. Carter, dubiously, "there may be those who call him handsome, but I can't see it myself. And as to young, he's forty-five if he's a day. Too old for his beautiful wife, who is a saint on earth, if ever there was one."

The mention of the beautiful young wife was quite sufficient for the men, who had wavered for a moment. They forced their way in and encountered Haselfoot, who, hearing the voices, had come out. He had just returned from a cruise, and had had no news of the lodgers upstairs.

"You are harbouring an escaped convict here," said one of the policemen.

"I am doing nothing of the kind," replied Haselfoot hotly. "I would not do such a thing. What are you talking about? Why, it would be as much as my commission was worth."

"But you are. We have reason to suppose that the man upstairs is an escaped convict. We have discovered that you took him in your ship and disguised him on landing. You and this gentleman"—pointing at Ronald,

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who had now come in—"have connived at his escape."

Ronald was silent, but Haselfoot, on whom a light had suddenly dawned, which made him furious, replied with intense anger: "I have not. I know nothing about the man upstairs, except that as it was very rough weather I gave him a passage in my vessel, and that he is married to a lady with whom I have very slight acquaintance. They are lodgers quite independent of me, are they not, Mrs. Carter? I have nothing to do with them whatever."

"No, sir; you have not," replied the landlady.

It was evident that the men did not believe a word of Haselfoot's. They expressed their determination to go upstairs.

"Don't let Mrs. Walford be taken by surprise. Tell her first," said Ronald to Mrs. Carter.

As the men left the room Haselfoot turned on Ronald, prepared to reud him.

BUT at this moment a footstep was heard, and Enid appeared. There was a look on her white face which overawed every man present. She had the countenance of a woman who had endured up to the pitch of agony.

"Why are you here?" she asked the policeman in a clear voice, though, alas! she knew only too well. They said afterwards that had she ordered them out of the house they would have had no choice but to obey her—she had a constraining force about her at that moment.

They answered her question.

"I have been telling these men what nonsense they are talking," said Mrs. Carter.

"But they are not talking nonsense," replied Enid. "You wish," she continued, turning to them, "to see my husband. Come upstairs, and I will show him to you."

Ronald felt like a pitiful coward beside her. There was something grand about her action, her gesture, as she threw open the door, while Haselfoot felt as if he would like to run anywhere out of sight of such a painful majesty.

She went upstairs. The men followed, hushing their footsteps insensibly.

"Here is the man you are in search of," she said, throwing the bedroom door open.

The room was draped in white; there was an awful sense of stillness. Ronald looked, then looked again, astonished and appalled.

For on the bed, clothed in white raiment of the dead, lay, not the man he had seen, but a Greek god cut in marble, an Apollo, with every feature perfect, chiselled still more finely by the hand of death. His chestnut hair curled slightly and drooped a little on his white brow, his finely-carved hands were folded on his breast. This Henry Jackson, the red-haired, untidy mill-hand? This the grey-haired, scarred, flat-nosed man he had been with at Plymouth? It was impossible.

Then he understood what people meant when they said Cornwallis was the handsomest man they had ever seen; he understood why Enid had given him her heart.

The men looked at one another.

"I had no idea of this!" exclaimed Haselfoot in distress; "none whatever. Why were we not told? I am very sorry for you, Mrs. Walford. When did this take place, and does anyone know?"

Enid made no reply, for no one knew. Cornwallis had died as she was repeating the verse of the hymn, and she had resolved that no eye should behold him save that of the undertaker. Neither Mrs. Carter nor the doctor had even seen him without his disguise. She performed the last offices for him herself, though she felt as if her strength would never carry her through. No sooner had they been performed and the room made ready than the men had arrived.

Haselfoot left the room. The officers followed him, leaving one of their number to guard the door.

Ronald returned to Enid.

"How splendid he is! But what you must have suffered!" He continued.

"I am afraid I must talk of other matters. These men will take me, if not now, as soon as they can get a warrant for my apprehension, if a warrant is necessary. I have made up my mind. The poor fellow who is gone gained nothing by trying to evade the law. I will not follow his example. My motives were good, but my actions were a mistake. I think I would rather undergo punishment, for I feel as if I deserved it. But they do not suspect you. Go while there is time. I will shield you in every way possible, and my father will supply you with money. If you would live for a little while with my mother, and comfort her, in the midst of your own grief, it would be very kind."

She turned her eyes to him.

"You are going to prison for my sake," she said firmly, "to shield me. But I refuse to be shielded. I will go to prison also."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Explanation.

"**N**OW," said Haselfoot to Ronald, as soon as he had come downstairs, "perhaps you will tell me the meaning of all this, and say why I have been made a cat's paw of."

His anger had cooled down considerably since he had seen the dead form above, but he was angry still and snarled it.

"I will tell you," replied Ronald gravely, and told him the entire story, from beginning to end. "I feel I owe you a sincere apology, and I tender it now," he added. "I am aware that I might have brought you into trouble, but—" he paused a moment, then continued, "whatever I did was done for the love of her."

Haselfoot listened attentively. When Ronald had finished the other was conscious of a choking sensation in his throat. He held out his hand and grasped Ronald's.

"What a girl! What a heroine! I should have done what you did myself, if I could. Don't say another word about apologizing; no apology is needed. But now what about yourself, for I am afraid you will find yourself in an uncommon tight place."

"I know I shall, but my fears are more for her than for myself."

"Surely they can't come down on her for shielding her husband."

"He was not her husband then. I fear the worst."

Haselfoot's frank face wore a look of profound concern. "Can't anything be done?"

"I fear not. I have been wondering how Cornwallis was traced, and have come to the conclusion that either the lighthouse men must have talked when they landed after their shift was over, or else that some of your men, hearing that the search for Cornwallis was not over, suspected something, and gave information."

"But what could my men have seen? Simply that I gave a friend a passage for a few hours—a most common occurrence."

"It wasn't common, though, for you to go to the Eddystone lighthouse. Who can tell how things get known?"

"The man upstairs told me that although they showed a bold front to Mrs. Carter they only came here on surmise, not from knowledge."

"Poor chap! He is out of it all at last, and a good thing for him. But what a transformation in appearance!"

"Yes; he was uncommonly clever. If he had been a better man he might have done great things. Well, poor fellow, he's gone. Who are we that we should judge him? No doubt the mercy of the great Father is far greater than that of man. God help us all if it is not!"

"I will go away and live on board for the present. She shall have my rooms until she can make her plans. She will want her friends down."

"My good fellow," said Ronald, touched, "she will not want them long. But thank you very much. It is the best arrangement that could be made."

Haselfoot went out and telegraphed for Ronald's father, who came at once.

"I would have kept this from you and my mother if I could, but as it is im-

possible. I am glad you have come," said Ronald.

"But something must be done," said Mr. Westlake. "To think of you and that sweet girl being in such a position is terrible. And, after all, what have you both done? Nothing but show kindness to a poor fellow-creature, who, God knows, was in want of kindness. I will give money. I will pay any amount if they will not prosecute."

"My dear father, you cannot buy the law—at least, not the English law. But if you could, I would not allow it; neither would Mrs. Cornwallis. We have both suffered more than I can tell you since we began a course that was not open. We will have no more double-dealing. I am grieved for you and my mother, but I must pay the penalty."

"Why do you call her Mrs. Cornwallis? Who was the man, and who was she?"

Ronald told him.

"I am not surprised that I took such a fancy to her and was willing you should marry her even when I thought her an unknown typist. She has the manners of a queen, but a most gracious queen. I can't understand her having loved that red-haired fellow."

THEN Ronald obtained Enid's consent for his father to see Cornwallis, the majesty of whose appearance had even increased as death sharpened his features.

Tears came into Mr. Westlake's eyes.

"Is it possible?" he said. "Poor fellow! Poor fellow!"

He turned to Enid, who in her black dress looked almost as white as the dead man.

"My dear, you shall never want a friend if you will honour me by making use of me. Both my time and money are at your service. It is no time for false delicacy. Money you must have and plenty of it."

Downstairs he wrote a cheque for five hundred pounds, and insisted on her taking it.

"I must insist," he repeated.

Enid thanked him from her heart. She knew that her father was so rich that such a course as accepting money from an outsider ought not to be necessary. But her father had shown her so much harshness that her love for him was estranged. She felt Mr. Westlake was nearer to her, for was not he Ronald's father.

"And my wife shall come to you and stay with you."

"No," said Enid firmly. "Indeed, I thank you again and again, but I would rather be alone. It will not be for long," and added with a pitiful smile.

Then Mrs. Carter came in and proposed getting lunch. "To think, sir," she said, addressing Ronald, "that all this should happen in my rooms."

"Indeed, Mrs. Carter," said Enid in a tone of deep distress, "I am more grieved than I can tell you. I seem to bring trouble upon everyone."

"My dear," returned the good woman, taking her hand, "there's no call for you to worry about me. The person every one is sorry for is yourself," which speech so pleased Mr. Westlake that he slipped a sovereign into her hand.

"I feel sure," he said as soon as the good woman had gone, "that if you both were to go abroad at once nothing further would be heard of the matter. Poor Cornwallis is dead; you—" turning to Enid, "were his wife, and no one could blame a wife for helping her husband. The whole business will be allowed to drop. Let me beg of you to go, you at all events, Mrs. Cornwallis."

But both Enid and Ronald refused firmly.

"Henceforth let me live my life without fear and deceit, even if I suffer for it," she replied.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Awaiting the Trial.

HAD Enid alone been concerned it is more than probable that no proceedings would have been taken, but the police were determined that Ronald should be apprehended. As to

Haselfoot, they had discovered that he had acted in entire ignorance.

So Enid and Ronald were brought before the magistrates and committed for trial, their defence having been reserved.

Bail was allowed in both cases.

But before this took place Sir Thomas Iredale died suddenly, having heard nothing of his daughter. In spite of his anger against her, he left her a large sum of money, and Enid was now a rich woman.

Lady Iredale came to her, as soon as Sir Thomas was buried, and it was a great comfort to mother and daughter to be together once more. Lady Iredale asked few questions and Enid told her as little as possible, for the whole affair was unutterably painful to her. The one idea in her mind was, "Thank God he died before those men came! Thank God! Thank God!"

The human heart is only capable of bearing a certain amount of suffering; beyond that numbness ensues. She had gone through so much that she could feel little more. The idea of her being tried, which formerly would have caused her agony to contemplate, scarcely seemed to touch her. Her great endeavour was to console her mother.

"Never mind, mother dear," she would say. "Let them do their worst. Life is very short, and there is a far happier life beyond," for at this time life appeared to her as to the Psalmist—a span long, earthly happiness an impossibility. And she just twenty-four years of age, beautiful and rich!

On hearing Mr. Westlake's tidings his wife was overcome with grief.

"I must go to him at once," she said. "What do they mean by injuring my good and noble son, whose only fault is that he is too kind to others."

So she and her husband and Louise, who insisted on accompanying them, came to Ronald, who, dearly as he loved his mother, would greatly have preferred their staying at home.

"I must see this noble girl," said Mrs. Westlake. "Take me to her, Ronald."

HE did so and she was charmed. Lady Iredale left them to themselves, for she was wise in her generation, and then Enid in a few well-chosen words expressed her deep gratitude for all that both Mr. Westlake and Ronald had done for her at the time when they had thought her a poor unknown girl.

"My dear," said Mrs. Westlake, "I am not surprised at anyone doing anything for you; you have such a sweet face and look so good. Only why did you let me think you were an elderly lady?"

"But was it my fault that you thought so, dear Mrs. Westlake?" asked Enid with an involuntary smile; and that lady, fumbling with her handkerchief, which more than once she had put to her eyes, said she supposed it was not, that perhaps Mr. Westlake had been having a joke with her. "Though," she added, "if you had been an unknown typist instead of Sir Thomas Iredale's daughter it would have made no difference in their eyes."

She was loud in praises of Enid on her return to the hotel, much to the disgust of Louise.

"For my part I cannot see anything in her to rave about," said that young lady; "with her great staring blue eyes and reddish hair she reminded me of a great wax doll. I haven't see her since she was a widow, so perhaps she has improved. There was room for improvement I am sure."

"I don't know what you mean, Louise," said Mrs. Westlake indignantly. "I think her perfectly beautiful in her plain black dress, with her clear, white complexion and lovely expression. And look at her style! How graceful she is when she moves! How beautiful her tall, slender figure is!"

"The aristocracy can do no wrong," replied Louise with a sneer. "I question if you would have discovered all these beauties and graces when she was a mill-hand."

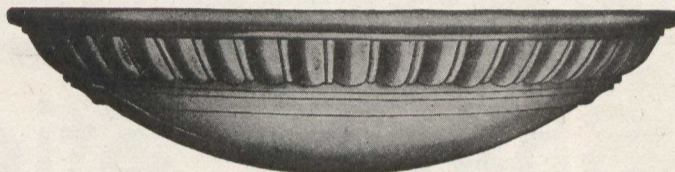
Ronald winced at this coarse speech. "She was not a mill-hand long," he exclaimed angrily.

(To be continued.)

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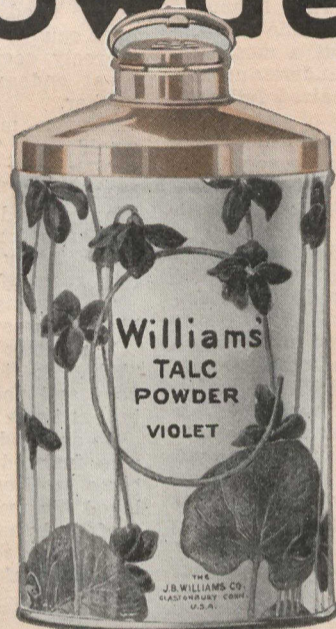
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