

The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



"MY WOUNDED COMRADE"

Photograph by London News Agency

WONDERFUL IS THE CHEERFULNESS OF THE BELGIANS IN SPITE OF THEIR BITTER EXPERIENCES

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

Clean with a Sturtevant

REG. CAN. PAT. OFF.

The Vacuum Cleaner that's Built with a Conscience and Sold with a Guarantee.



Why not banish the broom, the dust rag, and the carpet sweeper---spring house-cleaning, and the dusty furniture you can write your name on, and adopt vacuum cleaning? It's easy---it's sanitary---it's saving---it's the clean way to clean.

Vacuum cleaning enables you to thoroughly clean carpets, rugs, walls, hangings, upholstery, clothes, and mouldings. What's more a vacuum cleaner works conscientiously. It digs deep where a broom cannot go and draws the dust from cracks, from the tops of books, or from between radiators.

Sturtevant

(REG. CAN. PAT. OFF.)

Electric Vacuum Cleaners

(Portable and Stationary)

have the two great essentials, durability and simplicity. In fact the Sturtevant is a masterpiece of simplicity---just one moving part---absolutely nothing to get out of order---runs day in and day out for years. Then they are backed by a company of good reputation. There's fifty years of business integrity back of them. There's also the Sturtevant Company---always ready to back up the guarantee.

17 SIZES TO CHOOSE FROM

No Sturtevant dealer need sell you a cleaner unsuited to your work. There's a Sturtevant for every service and for every purse---for the bungalow, church or sky scraper---for the hotel, office building, or factory. No matter what the work, there's a Sturtevant to do it.

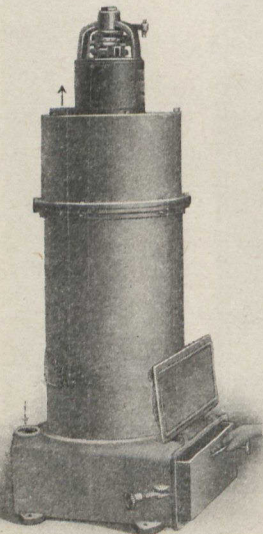
WHICH SIZE DO YOU PREFER?

Why not convince yourself of the superiority of Sturtevant cleaners. "The Clean Way to Clean" describes our portable machines. "Sturtevant Stationary Vacuum Cleaners" describes our stationaries. Fill in the coupon now.

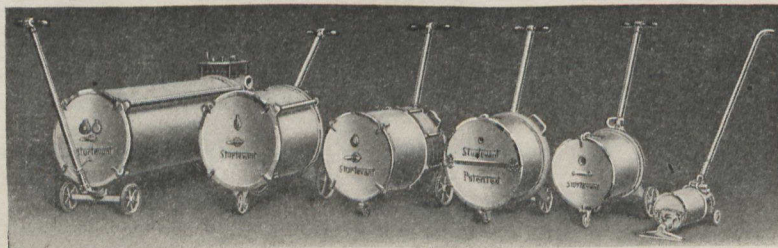
B. F. Sturtevant Company of Canada Limited

Head Office and Works, Galt, Ontario

Reliable Agents Wanted Everywhere



VERTICAL STATIONARY CLEANER



B. F. STURTEVANT COMPANY
OF CANADA LIMITED
Galt, Ontario


Kindly send catalogue on Vacuum Cleaners.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....
cc9

DUNLOP TREAD ALWAYS ON TIME

No petty annoyances, no unnecessary delays-- that's the programme for the Dunlop Traction Tread user.



T. 105

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS
INTERCOLONIAL
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RY

HUNTING IN NEW BRUNSWICK

Written by a **SPORTSMAN** For **SPORTSMEN**

Telling how he **FILLED HIS LICENSE**

1 MOOSE
1 CARIBOU
2 DEER and 1 BEAR

During a three weeks' hunting trip in **NEW BRUNSWICK**

Open Season—Sept. 15th to Nov. 30th.

Write for free copy to E. Tiffin, General Western Agent, 51 King St. E., Toronto, Ont.

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Published at 12 Wellington St. East, by the Courier Press, Limited

VOL. XVI TORONTO NO. 18

Editor's Talk

A FEATURE of this week's issue is a portion of the paper printed in Rotogravure. This is the latest development in the art of printing, and is a mechanical attempt to get the soft effects of an etching or a photogravure in reproduction.

Rotogravure gives a "full-tone" instead of a "half-tone." It also differs from the "half-tone" in that it is an intaglio process instead of a cameo process. The printing ink rests in "pockets" in the engravings, whereas in "half-tone" engravings the ink touches only the high points of the engraving.

Next week a special feature will be a review of the financial situation during the past three months. It has been our custom to publish a Quarterly Financial Supplement, and the practice will not be discontinued.

The following letter is one of many compliments recently received by the Courier on our war service, which in both print and picture we have kept clear of sensation and the element of fake.

Sudbury, Sept. 12th, 1914.

Canadian Courier, Toronto:

Enclosed find subscription until April, 1915, for the Canadian Courier. "Courier" still keeps up to the mark, and is as loyally Canadian and British as ever. The fact that all Canada is thinking and speaking and working the same way, is proof of the correctness of the Courier's point of view and the accuracy with which it touches the pulse of Canada.

W. C. MORRISON.

The Luxury of a Turkish Bath

right in your own home, without the trouble or expense of attending a Bath House. Why fly to drugs for every little ache or pain? By keeping the pores free from dirt and sweat by helping Nature to do her work thoroughly, you have solved the good health problem.



Take a Turkish Bath at home every three or four days. You will be astonished how different you will feel—pains vanish, lassitude disappears, energy is restored, and life seems worth while again. The Robinson Thermal Bath Cabinet provides a Turkish Bath just as invigorating and refreshing as any you can get down town at from \$2.00 to \$5.00 for only 2c. It cleanses the system through and through, helps the work of the excretory functions.

A splendid agency proposition in selected territory for real live hustlers.

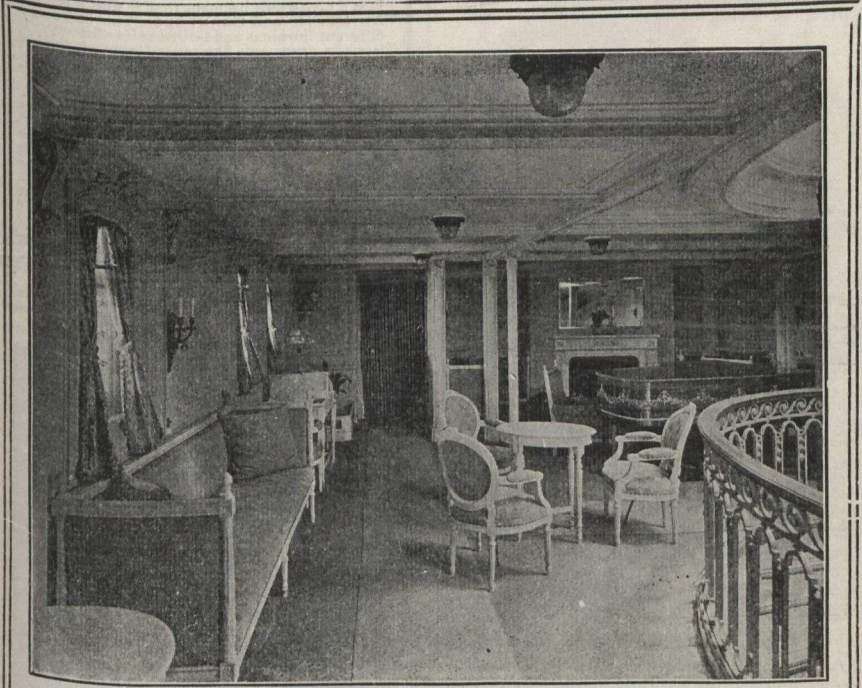
THE ROBINSON CABINET MFG CO., LIMITED
544 The Robinson Bldg., Walkerville, Ont. 66-G

Boys--

who are hustlers to sell papers are wanted in our circulation department.

Now is the time to sell. Never such pictures and reading matter.

Write
The Canadian Courier
Toronto




Canadian Northern Steamships LIMITED

R.M.S. Royal Edward R.M.S. Royal George

Next Sailing from Montreal, Que., October 6th.

Cabins de Luxe — Suites and Rooms
With Private Baths, at Rates That Appeal.

For all information apply to Steamship Agents or 52 King Street East, Toronto, Ontario; 226 St. James Street, Montreal, Quebec; 583 Main Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.



THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President
ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager JOHN AIRD, Ass't General Manager

CAPITAL, \$15,000,000 RESERVE FUND, \$13,500,000

SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNTS

Interest at the current rate is allowed on all deposits of \$1 and upwards. Careful attention is given to every account. Small accounts are welcomed. Accounts may be opened and operated by mail.

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



NORWICH UNION FIRE INSURANCE SOCIETY LIMITED

Norwich, England

:: Insurance Against ::

Fire, Accident and Sickness - Employers' Liability - Plate Glass

Agents Wanted for the Accident Branch

Head Office for Canada
12-14 Wellington St. East

NORWICH UNION BUILDING
TORONTO

Friends!

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
THE FLAVOR LASTS

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

gives friendly aid to teeth, breath, throat, appetite and digestion.

Every Package Tightly Sealed

Children love it for its delicious, long-lasting mint flavor—and because in no other form can they get so much enjoyment for the price — five cents.

Chew it after every meal

MADE IN CANADA, Wm. Wrigley Jr. Co., Ltd., 7 Scott Street, TORONTO

In Lighter Vein

No Harm Done.—Her friends had asked their young hostess to play for them, and she was performing a difficult selection from Wagner. In the midst of it she suddenly stopped in confusion. "What's the matter?" asked one of the visitors. "I—I struck a false note," faltered the performer. "Well, what of it?" cried another guest. "Go ahead. Nobody but Wagner would ever know it, and he's dead."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Hadn't Seen It All.—It all happened in the smokeroom of one of the liners as she was approaching Liverpool. He had during the voyage freely given evidences of his immense importance, but on this occasion he even triumphed over his former exploits. "Yes, gentlemen, I may fairly say that I have seen about all worth seeing in the civilized world. I have visited the Holy Land; I have been to Jerusalem, Rome, Athens, Paris, Vienna. I have seen the finest pictures, the grandest natural views, the greatest sculptures, the—" Just at that moment a voice broke in: "Say, mister, have you ever had the D. T.'s?" "No, sir, I am proud to say I have not," he answered in a shocked voice. "But why?" "Well, then, all I can say is, you have seen nowt."

A Double Fumble.—"Who was that tough-looking chap I saw you with to-day, Hicks?" "Be careful, Parker! That was my twin brother." "By Jove, old chap, forgive me! I ought to have known."—Boston Transcript.

The Keat Explained.—The little agricultural village had been billed with "Lecture on Keats" for over a fortnight. The evening arrived at length, bringing the lecturer ready to discourse on the poet. The advertised chairman, taken ill at the last moment, was replaced by a local farmer. This worthy introduced the lecturer and terminated his remarks by saying: "And now, my friends, we shall soon all know what I personally have often wondered—what are Keats?"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Song of Europe.

Sing a song of Europe,
Highly civilized.
Four-and-twenty nations
Wholly hypnotized.
When the battles open
The bullets start to sing.
Isn't that a silly way
To act for any king?

The kings are in the background
Issuing commands.
The queens are in the parlor
Per etiquette's demands.
The bankers in the counting-house
Are busy multiplying.
The common people at the front
Are doing all the dying.

—Life.

A Case of Gravity.—The latest Boston story is about a small child who fell out of a window. A kind-hearted lady came hurrying up with the anxious question, "Dear, dear! How did you fall?" The child looked up at the questioner and replied, in a voice choked with sobs, "Vertically, ma'am."—Tit-Bits.

A Cheerful Outlook.—Lady (engaging a page boy)—"Well, how soon can you come?" Page (readily)—"At once, mum." Lady—"But surely your present mistress won't like that." Page (brightly)—"Oh, yes, she will, mum! She'll be only too glad to get rid of me."—London Opinion.

Are There Others?—Madge—"You shouldn't say he's a confirmed bachelor unless you know." Marjorie—"But I do know; I confirmed him."—New York Times.

Argument Closed.—Jackson and Johnson are not now on speaking terms. It all arose as the result of an argument which required some mental calculation. "I tell you," said Jackson, "that you are altogether wrong in your conclusions." "Pardon me, but I am not," replied Johnson. "Didn't I go to school, stupid?" almost roared his opponent. "Yes," was the calm reply, "and you came back stupid."—Tit-Bits.

You can't rub me off the map! My name wouldn't be Blaisdell 7200 if I let you do that. I am indelible and I make 7 copies—some pencil, believe me

Sold by all progressive Canadian stationers.

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Company
PHILADELPHIA

FOR SORE MUSCLES,
Sprains, Wrenches, Painful Swollen Veins and Glands, Bursal Enlargements or any Inflammatory Condition

Use and Prescribe

Absorbine Jr.

THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

It is a high grade liniment that is also a positive ANTISEPTIC and GERMICIDE. This makes it a different liniment and DOUBLES its efficiency. It is made from only the purest herbs obtainable. Contains no minerals and is non-destructive of tissue. It is pleasant to use, does not stain or leave a greasy residue. Allays pain promptly.

FOR THE DAILY HURTS
ABSORBINE, JR. is needed daily in and about the home. For the children's bruises, for the many little hurts that come through work in the kitchen and about the house, the stables, the garage, and the grounds. Keep it on hand. ABSORBINE JR., is sold by leading druggists at \$1.00 four ounce and \$2.00 twelve ounce bottle, or sent direct, charges paid.
Send 10 cents for liberal trial bottle or procure regular size from your druggist to-day.
W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F.
282 Lyman Bldg. : : : Montreal, Can.

CHICAGO

VIA C.P.R.

NEW FAST EXPRESS SERVICE

Through Michigan Central Twin Tubes via Windsor now in Effect Daily.

No. 19--"The Canadian" No. 22--"The Canadian"	
Lv. Montreal (Win'r St.) 8.45 a.m. (E.T.)	Lv. Chicago (Cent. Sta.) 9.30 a.m. (C.T.)
Ar. Toronto 5.40 p.m. (E.T.)	Ar. Detroit (Mich. Cen.) 3.55 p.m. (C.T.)
Lv. Toronto 6.10 p.m. (E.T.)	Lv. Detroit (Mich. Cen.) 5.05 p.m. (E.T.)
Lv. London 9.33 p.m. (E.T.)	Lv. London 8.03 p.m. (E.T.)
Ar. Detroit (Mich. Cen.) 12.35 a.m. (E.T.)	Ar. Toronto 11.20 p.m. (E.T.)
Lv. Detroit (Mich. Cen.) 11.55 p.m. (C.T.)	Lv. Toronto 11.40 p.m. (E.T.)
Ar. Chicago (Cent. Sta.) 7.45 a.m. (C.T.)	Ar. Montreal (Win'r St.) 8.55 a.m. (E.T.)

Only One Night on the Road in Each Direction

Solid Electric-lighted Trains with Buffet-Library-Compartment-Observation Cars, Standard and Tourist Sleepers and First-class Coaches between Montreal and Chicago in each direction.

Standard Sleeping Cars will also be operated between Montreal, Toronto, Detroit and Chicago via Canadian Pacific and Michigan Central Railroads through Michigan Central Tunnel via Windsor, on Trains No. 21 Westbound leaving Toronto 8.00 a.m. daily, and No. 20 Eastbound leaving Chicago 5.40 p.m. daily.

Particulars from Canadian Pacific Ticket Agents, or write M. G. MURPHY, District Passenger Agent, Cor. King and Yonge Sts., Toronto.

WHITE HORSE

SCOTCH

ESTAB. 1742

172 YEARS OF QUALITY
OLDEST AND BEST

MACKIE & CO. DISTILLERS LTD., GLASGOW.
J. C. TURTON, MONTREAL, AGENT FOR CANADA.

Luxfer Prisms

throw natural light into dark rooms, thus adding to the beauty of interiors and materially reducing the cost of artificial illumination. For stores, public buildings, dwellings, etc. Let us figure with you on the installation you require.

The Luxfer Prism Company, Limited
100 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.



The CANADIAN COURIER

The National Weekly



HERBERT P. DE R.

Vol. XVI.

October 3, 1914

No. 18

THE HUMAN SIDE OF WAR

Machine and Man A Military Circus Parade

At last we are reminded that war is not merely a murder-machine run by touching a button. For some time after the German war machine began its march upon Paris, the world was dazed by the sudden hydra-headed grip which the mechanical monster got upon Belgium and France. After the fall of Liege came the carnival parade of at least one army of western invasion through the Capital of Belgium, lasting exactly half a week. It was not necessary to march this stupendous four-days' circus through Brussels; it was done to give Belgium a thrill—which it did. Richard Harding Davis, in Brussels at the time, cabled a description of this super-Napoleonic parade, but his story was dubbed "romantic." He had actually underestimated the numbers and extent of the mechanical army which from 1.30 p.m. on Thursday, August 20th, until Sunday morning, rolled its river of hundreds of thousands of spiked helmets, knapsacks and jack-boots through the streets of the amazed Capital.

A vivid description of this triumphant mechanism which in one month has been given such a frightful mauling by the Allies in four areas of battle, is given by Gerald Morgan in the London Daily Telegraph. He says: "I have seen many military parades in times of peace, but never before one on such a vast scale which went without a hitch. It was impossible to imagine that these men had been fighting continuously for ten days, or that they were even on active service. First of all came six cyclists, then a detachment of cavalry, and then a great mass of infantry. Then guns, field guns, then more infantry, then huge howitzers, then a pontoon train, then more infantry, and so on, from half-past one on Thursday until Sunday morning without a break. The pontoon trains especially impressed me. They were carried upside down on trollies drawn by six horses.

"All the horses of the cavalry, guns, and trains were in wonderful condition. Each company was accompanied by its travelling stove, the fire of which is never allowed to go out. The inhabitants of Brussels turned out in thousands to watch the endless procession. The German companies marched by singing all sorts of songs and national airs. They are divided into singing parts, some bass, some tenor, and most perfect time is kept, one company taking up the refrain as soon as another has stopped.

Like everything else, their singing is perfectly organized. One soldier sang out of tune. He was hooted by a Belgian onlooker. The rest of the crowd made signs for him to keep silent.

"This immense horde of armed men, after passing through Brussels, continued their march south, splitting into three columns. One marched via Waterloo to Nivelles, and there split into two portions, the one marching on Mons and the other on Binche and Charleroi, but the flower of the German army, commanded by General Von Kluk, and accompanied by the Duke of Holstein and many notabilities, turned off at Hal, and by forced marches of thirty miles a

advance of the main centre German army upon Paris; that Gen. Joffre was not caught napping, but sent an army into Lorraine to reconnoitre, and later discovered that the centre German army was in the vicinity of Metz waiting its chance to cross direct from Germany into France and on to Paris. And so the world wondered why the French and the British were not moving north into Belgium.

Whether the theory is correct or not, the main army of invasion afterwards came through Belgium. Nearly a million spiked helmets and heavy knapsacks operated by the card index and the clockwork of destruction rolled in the harvest moonlight and the

summer sun down upon the roads leading to Namur, Mons and Charleroi, to Maubeuge and Landrecie, to Cambrai and Le Cateau, to La Fere and Laon. This machine of massacre had on its million belts the German motto, "Gott Mit Uns."

When the last jackboot clicked out of Paris the world knew that war by machinery had begun. In front of the great Mechanical Mass, with scarcely a single tradition alive in the experience of its soldiery, what could a hundred thousand or so picked Britishers, most of whom had seen service of all kinds in many lands, and in accordance with the recognized traditions of fighting, hope to achieve?

The answer is in the battle stories that have come from Mons and Charleroi from Landrecie and Maubeuge, from La Fere and Laon, later in the valley of the Marne and now in the cycle of battles on the Aisne—with that same war machine which banged by bullets and mown by artillery and trampled by cavalry the Allies are now trying to drive out of France.

By the latest reports the Germans are expecting a retreat from the Aisne which they are covering by a huge system of entrenchments and earth-works, at the same time preparing to make the long-deferred bombardment of Antwerp.



AFTER THE GREAT BATTLE OF THE MARNE.

This remarkable photograph was secured under great difficulty and danger just after the battle of the Marne, the greatest battle in history. It shows the Turcos, French troops from Africa, highly interested in examining German accoutrements gathered on the field of battle.

Topical War Service.

day gained Tournai by Enghien and Ath. Then I realized for the first time how the Allied left was being threatened by this overwhelming mass of men."

Mr. Morgan calculated that about 250,000 men marched through Brussels; that many thousands more went direct south from Louvain. If his calculation is as close as his observation of detail—where were the other ten or a dozen army corps, outside of the three corps commanded by the German Crown Prince in Lorraine? The answer of some expert theorists is that this main centre army was nowhere near Brussels; that it never intended to go through Belgium; that the four-days' parade through Brussels was a huge spectacular feint to draw the French army to Belgium and leave the way clear for the

Another Picture The Machine of Dead Men on the Marne

HOW this machine has behaved itself in war is revealed by the graphic description of the London Daily Telegraph correspondent, who says:

"Each German corpse has a knapsack on his back. Nothing was disarranged. Cartridge belts, scab-

bards, equipment of all kinds, rolled overcoats, tent canvas—everything newly folded, laced and buckled. All seems to form an integral part of the body. Even the spiked helmets remained fixed on the heads. Nothing creates the impression of a routed army. If the French corpses reveal the irresistible fury of assault, the German dead display order and discipline. The German army is beaten, but not routed. It retired quickly, but methodically, not resisting the attacks. It withdrew, but not in confusion. It disengaged itself. Besides material it had abandoned also the wounded, but with them it left whole sections of the Hospital Corps to look after them. The French make prisoners of the wounded and their nurses, doctors and dispensers who maintain their rank and authority; and all these form the little German organization which continues to act automatically in the midst of the French army, isolated, imperturbable, with its rigid salutes, imperious commands—as if nothing had happened.”

This is a compact glimpse of what part of the machine looked like since it has been tried out in action against the Allies, and when it was in process of retreat along the valley of the Marne before the next halt of the mechanism along the five rivers that interlace with the Aisne. Critics said of the German infantry before the war that the men were too heavily loaded. It will be noticed from the description that each man carries part of a tent canvas on his back.

Meeting at Mons

British Soldiery Against the Mechanism

AT Mons on August 23rd British troops met the machine in the most desperate fighting recorded in military history. It was here, under the leadership of Gen. French and Gen. Smith-Dorien, both veterans of the Boer War, that the British Tommies were able to show the Germans that the Boers had taught them some tricks of warfare unknown to the machine that fights in masses as the Germans do. It was here that the British, with 75,000 men, unable to get support from the French at the centre and the right wing, were for four days threatened with envelopment by 225,000 Germans. It was at Mons that Gen. French executed his masterly series of retreats in order to save his men against odds of three to one. It was at Mons that the 225,000 Germans tried again and again to turn the stubborn left wing of the British, whose front extended for ten miles towards Charleroi. And it was in the fighting of Mons and Charleroi that the machine tried one of its old tactics so successful at Metz and Sedan, when for days they tried by turning

the left wing to drive the British into the fortress of Maubeuge along the Sambre. With the best part of the British expeditionary force locked up in Maubeuge, there would have been an end, for a while at least, of the hated British factor in resistance. But the superb tactics of British generalship, saving the men in contrast to the German machine method of sacrificing men, pulled the British out of that trap with a loss of less than 6,000 in killed and wounded in four days' battle, while the losses of the Germans were easily three to one.

Our Dead Officers

What the Mechanism Did to Our Men at Mons

NOW we know what a toll of death the machine levied on the officers of the British army in France. Up till the early part of last week nearly eight hundred British officers have been lost to the army; 130 killed, 338 wounded, 279 missing. Of the Coldstream Guards, which has seen generations of fighting all over the Empire, 31 officers gone; of the King's Royal Rifles and the Suffolks, each 25; of the Gordon Highlanders 23; of the Munster Fusiliers 21; of the Cameron Highlanders and the Cheshires, each 19. The field artillery lost 56 officers and the medical corps 52. By ranks the dead and wounded number 32 colonels and lieutenant-colonels, 85 majors and 246 captains. These all fell during the battle at Mons. They include several members of the aristocracy and sons of eminent public men. We are not informed as yet of the casualties among French officers who in the wars of Europe when French armies rolled from the Seine to the Danube and the Drissa have become immortalized no less than British officers in all parts of the world for deeds of daring that inspired the rank and file. German casualty lists so far give us only a few of the many officers who must have perished with the wiping out of such great regiments as the Imperial Guard and the Brandenburg Regiment. Gen. Von Eramich lost his life at Liege before the machine began its work in France. Gen. Leman, of the Belgians, was taken prisoner in the fortress of Loncin at Liege which he ordered to be blown up, killing several officers, saying that Loncin would be his grave; but the explosion spared only Leman whose determination to die with his men was frustrated as cruelly as Marshal Ney who, after the defeat of Waterloo, rode into the jaws of death several times praying to God that he might be killed, when he was spared along with Napoleon on the road towards Brussels. The hero of Liege was taken prisoner while he was unconscious, and confined in Madgeburg, being generously

given his sword by the Kaiser, two of whose sons have already been wounded in battle.

The Human Factor

How the British Bucked the Machine

A NON-COM. of the Royal Berkshire Regiment, invalided home, gave a vivid tale of the fighting at Mons. His description has been corroborated by numbers of others who tell how the human factor of real British fighting more than held its own against the unreasoning onslaught of the machine. He says:

“From the first it was clear that the Germans were trying to turn our left rather than risk an attack on the strongly entrenched position extending along our front for nearly ten miles; but they were a bit put out by the quickness with which we turned about and gave them a hot time there. After a pretty steady artillery fire they came on with a rush, evidently hoping to drive us out before we had time to entrench; but they did not make enough allowance for the speed with which we got to work.

“As they came into view in the open in front of our hastily dug trenches our men opened on them with a steady fire that never once went wide, and we could see clean cut gaps in the tightly packed ranks as the hail of lead tore its jagged way through them. They were a game lot, however, and they kept closing up the gaps in their ranks as though they were so many marionettes. Then they halted for a few minutes, gazed about them in a dazed sort of way, and ran like hares. Their place was taken by another bluish-grey mass behind them, then there was another bolt for the rear.

“This advancing and retreating went on for hours, each retirement unmasking a fresh body of men, and by the time they were close enough to hurl themselves on our trenches it was an entirely fresh mass of men who had suffered little from our fire. As they scrambled up they seemed cocksure of themselves, but they had forgotten our men posted under cover on their right, and just as they were steady themselves for one last rush at us a withering fire was opened on them, and at the same time we cleared the way for the Hussars, who were at them right and left as soon as the fire of our men ceased.

“Hell's fury blazed from the eyes of the trapped Germans as they tried to grapple with their new foe. It only took them a few minutes to make up their minds, and with a blood-curdling wail that I will remember to my dying day, they ran as though all the fiends were after them. They were cut down like chaff, and it was at this point that most of the prisoners were taken by our men. Rifles, bandoliers, caps, and everything else that could be cast off was sacrificed to speed, and many of the scared men outpaced easily the tired horses of our Hussars.

“Later during a lull in the fight we went out to collect their wounded lying near our trenches, and you would hardly believe the fury that was manifested against us. I think they hate us ten times worse than they hate the French, and that is saying a lot.”

Taught by Boers

The British Struck Sudden Terror Into "Gott Mit Uns"

SERGEANT LOFTUS, whose regiment is not mentioned, gives much the same story as the Berkshire non-com.; but he shows more pointedly how the open-order and ambush tactics learned by these same Britishers from the Boers, played havoc with the solid mechanical masses of the Germans. He says:

“As we lay down in the trenches our artillery opened on the beggars in fine style. Soon they returned the compliment; but they were a long time finding the range and they didn't know of shelters, a trick we learned from the Boers, I believe. After about half an hour of this their infantry came into view in solid square blocks, standing out sharply against the skyline, and you couldn't help hitting them. It was like butting your head against a stone wall.”

The rest of his description tallies well with that of the non-com.; but he adds:

“Some of the crack shots were told off to indulge in independent fighting for the benefit of the Germans. That is another trick taught us by Brother Boer, and our Germans did not like it at all.”

“This sort of thing went on all day without bringing the Germans any nearer to shifting us. After the last attack we lay down in our clothes; but long before sunrise were told that we had got to abandon our position. Nobody knew why we had to go, but we obeyed without a murmur. The enemy's losses must have been terrible. Little mounds of dead were to be seen all along the line of their advance; and in the retreat we picked off their cavalry by the score.”

In the battle of the Marne it was recorded that the Germans made solid ramparts of their own dead to protect the lines from the artillery fire of the French.



BERLIN'S PATHETIC BURLESQUE OF A NAPOLEONIC TRIUMPH.

Sept. 2, the Kaiser's first trophies of war were paraded in pageant through the Brandenburg Gate, down the Unter den Linden to the Imperial Residence; 11 Russian field guns, 4 Belgian and a number of French machine guns viewed with pride by the Crown Princess and her sons and Gen. Von Kessel, commander of Berlin. Did these great personages and the excited crowd remember that the four great bronze horses and chariot of Victory over the Brandenburg Gate were taken in a pageant by Napoleon I. from Berlin to Paris, where they remained for seven years till the end of the Napoleonic Wars? And do they imagine that Paris would not like to have the great Quadriga once more on the Champs d'Elysee?



FRENCH ARTILLERY PASSING THROUGH A BURNT VILLAGE.

This exceptional photograph was taken after the Battle of the Marne as the French troops were pressing forward through Chauconier, near Meaux, on the River Marne. The Germans had just abandoned the village and the house on the right is still burning.

Topical War Service.

Sidelights on the War

Dexterously Picked Out in a London Letter

The Temple, London, Sept. 18th, 1914.

"BRING a 'am and see life," said the immortal Mr. Pycroft, speaking of marine adventure; but in these days substitute a can of petrol for the 'am, and you may see a little life ashore. The other morning I left London in the grey dawn to seek Brighton and any intervening adventure. London was still asleep and the great searchlight over Hyde Park Corner gave a last hurried circle and snapped out its pale shaft as if annoyed at the increasing light. Special Constable X—a famous actor at other times—glowered at the car with the eyes of unwonted wakefulness as a yawning porter opened the gate, and I slid out from Middle Temple Lane into Fleet Street, where were a few men hurrying home to that weird breakfast-supper known only to the men of the morning papers. On the way to Blackfriars Bridge I stopped. Ludgate Circus was full of "Gentlemen Gunners," officially known as the Honourable Artillery Company; they were very busy, and by diligent search I found a friend of mine and sought information. "We are ordered on foreign service," he said. "And where?" I asked him. A look of complete scorn at my civilian futility passed over his face. Foreign service to him meant France inevitably, and that accounted for the joy that obsessed Ludgate Circus; but I have heard since that they are bound for India. There will be some comment when they find they are not to go a-hunting in the coverts of North France. They deserve their soubriquet, these gunners, and, like most men of their type, they take as kindly to obedience as they would to command. The man I spoke to is the acute and masterful junior partner in a great city bank, but now he has been leading a perfectly contented existence in which cottonwaste and oil—unlimited black oil—play the dominant parts. But disappointed is the lot of a great many who would be "up and at 'em" immediately.

The Grenadier Guard detachment, in which the Prince of Wales holds a commission, is detailed for home service, and groups of six-foot stalwarts are to be seen about St. James', from whom the mention of the word "front" will produce chapters of lamentations with vivid and complex rubric interlacings.

But this is not continuing the journey. Out of London I stopped, and picked up a friend and his wife. The man was an officer, wounded at Mons, and his wife had been educated at the English Convent in Brussels, and the object of our journey was that the lady might visit the sisters of her convent, who had sought shelter at Hayward's Heath, a daughter-house, whilst her husband and I went on to Brighton to see some of the men in his company who had been wounded. When we arrived the Convent gates opened to us, and though the hour was very early, the nuns were about.

The Belgian sisters wore the great starched head-dress under their hoods, and the old lady who rejoiced in flat Flemish over my friend's wife, might have stepped from an old Dutch picture. To heighten the likeness there was the whitewashed wall—so dear to the Dutch painter's heart—behind her. It appears that the German General had allowed them to leave Brussels and treated them with the utmost courtesy, but once out of his immediate sphere a different tale had to be told. They were made to run a gauntlet of coarse talk, and every form of annoyance short of physical aggression was shown them. The dear, gentle old lady bristled as she spoke, and her robes seemed to fluster. She made indignant cluckings, so that one could picture the piteous-faced nuns clustered round their senior whilst she, indignant at the affront to her timid brood, outfaced the ribald insults of this "God-fearing" and "cultured" soldiery.

Dr. Brighton and the Awful Warning

WE came over the downs and into the good salt air of Brighton in the middle of a scurry of leaves fallen at the first charge of autumn, and ran down the front to an hotel lately beloved of the week-ender, but now given up to the uses of Mr. Atkins at such times as, for adequate reasons, he exchanges khaki for blue flannel. It was well beyond breakfast time now, as that internal mentor, more certain than conscience, told us, and having parleyed with a brisk medico in very new uniform, we went away and had a meal, and returned to see the men. Some were very bad, but most of them were convalescent. A

long and cheery "Brummagan button" stood up and saluted my friend. It was a rueful salute, for all his cheery countenance, for it was a bundle that he raised to his head, his hand swathed in many yards of bandage. He was well enough to get about and we took him and a gentleman of precise conversation from Kent—a private of the Munsters, with a wounded shoulder, to benefit by the air and sunshine obtainable in the swift movement of the car. As we slid along the broad front toward Worthing it transpired that the Birmingham man was an Awful Warning to all smokers. He was "under some pur-trees by the coot-side" (in a pear orchard on the side of a canal), "an' we was waitin' in the trenches all the bloomin' afternoon pickin' out bits, while the big fightin' didn't come our way. I 'ad a little heap to meself an' I was so 'ungry for a fag I didn't know 'ow ter keep up. Then I seen a feller with a packet near me. 'Gie's a fag,' I says. 'Catch,' says he, and I holds out me 'and an' copped a bloomin' bullet. I was that mythered (dazed, perplexed) I couldn't think, and then I went sick as a dawg and wasn't much more use, so they shipped me 'ome." I slipped my case out—"I suppose that cured you of smoking?" He grinned. "Try me, sir," and next minute he was approving the sacrifice of his right hand by vigorous puffs at a burnt-offering held in his left.

The Battle of Bricks

THE little Kentish soldier was a quaint Board School product, over-careful of his English and something of a prig, but game as a bantam. "Four of us were cut off, getting water," he said. "They shot two and caught another man and me—that is, I. We seemed to give them some amusement, and the other man, Private Smith, said, 'Dam funny, isn't it?' an' they give him the butt of a rifle in his mouth, so I 'eld my—that is, kept quiet. Then they tied ropes round our waists and took the long end on their horses (there were three Uhlands) an' we trotted behind in the dust, and I was gettin' about done up, whilst Smith was in agony, sir, plain to see; his mouth was—was sanguinary, as you might say, and swollen horrible-horribly. We came to a village, all in ruins an' bricks lyin' round everywhere, and the horse stepped on Smith's rope and Smith came down and the rope broke. The horse cannoned into the man who was leading me. The third fellow was on in front. Next thing Smith jumps up, swearing thick and spitting blood, and he gets a brick and lets his man have it. It missed the man but hit the horse, and then I could see what Smith had done, (Concluded on page 20.)

The Made Man

Story of a Weakling Who Came to Know His Own Worth

By JOHN HOLDEN

THE town band had blared and blustered through the first half of the weekly concert and the thirsty musicians were seeking liquid refreshment—some, clamorously, at the Golden West bar-room, others more politely boisterous at the soda-fountains.

Men in shirt-sleeved undress and women in non-sleeved full dress sauntered up and down Main Street absorbing the cool of the evening. Bevys and coveys of giggly girls loosed ripples of silvery laughter on the caressing air. Youthful gallants, self-consciously taking a tentative dip into the swirls of feminine society, courageously annexed a shy charmer here and there and proudly piloted her past timid and envious companions into a laughter-ringing ice-cream dispensary. On the stone steps of the Golden Rule Grocery, directly underneath the open window of Judge Morgan's office, the customary gang of tobacco-chewing rowdies swapped dubious yarns and planned small-town devilry.

The judge and I were chatting idly, scantily cognizant of the hoodlums below, when two voices suddenly raised in altercation leaped to our attention.

"Yessir, Bull—I'll bet the drinks you can't cut Milton Cherry out!"

"Got yuh, kiddo. A schooner o' suds wouldn't go so worse—eh, fellows?" The kingpin of local rowdyism eyed an approaching couple with no excess of pleasurable anticipation. "Believe me, though, a guy earns a drink when he braces a skirt like that."

"Stay with your bet, Bull; don't get cold feet."

"Me? You watch! Your Uncle Dud's some masher when he gets going good." Bull Wilson burlesqued a careful toilet and waited for the approaching couple to draw abeam.

"There's a young man that illustrates a point in psychology," observed the judge. "Milton Cherry's mental and physical equipment is as sound as any young fellow's, and yet he's been a butt for ridicule ever since he was a little shaver. Do you know why?"

I acknowledged my ignorance. "Because his mother—poor, foolish woman—couldn't bear to clip his long, golden curls the day she first sent him to school. Of course, his schoolmates nicknamed him 'Baby' on the spot. The name stuck like a swarm of mosquitoes at a summer resort. The natural result soon followed. They say that at first he showed some spirit—tried to whip his tormentors—but he was smaller than they and pretty soon he became a baby in fact as well as in name. You see what he is to-day. He's grown so accustomed to being called a baby and a coward that he thinks he is a coward and slinks around taking the kicks and abuse of everybody."

The object of the judge's derogation slouched rather than promenaded up Main Street in company with a negligent and negligible young woman. Birdie Cramp was a good girl, but a young man of parts would hardly subsist on ten cent lunches in order to buy flowers for her; and, at that, gossipy sisters were wont to affirm that she had set her snares for the lowly Milton only after a fruitless attempt to enslave a more exalted gallant.

As the couple neared the wagering corner coterie, Bull Wilson advanced with clumsy, cap-doffing courtesy. "I got something to tell you, Birdie," he smirked, insinuating his husky frame between the girl and her escort. "Let's walk up street."

BIRDIE hesitated, obviously pleased at the star third baseman's attention, but with a nervous glance at the abashed Milton.

"I—I don't know as we want your company," stammered the latter, cowering from his own temerity.

"That's the talk, Milton! That's tellin' him where he gets off!" The spectators tensed forward, gleefully hopeful of sanguinary action.

"I want to speak to you about the dance Tuesday night," lied Bull. Birdie's eyes must have signalled assent, for a sudden shift of his broad shoulders staggered the slight and unathletic Milton into the gutter; and the victor sauntered off with the silly girl, wigwagging a triumphant hand behind his back.

"You big boob! You coward! Ain't you got no spunk at all?" blazed the loafers in disappointed derision. One of them pushed the rejected one toward another. The receiving tormentor relayed the victim to a comrade. Buffeted back and forth like a medicine ball, his derby pulled down over his eyes, the victim of his own pusillanimity disappeared around the corner, still harried by his loud-voiced and strong-armed persecutors.

"It's a shame," I said.

"It's not!" snapped the judge. "It's what any milk-sop deserves. I wish I had the training of him."

As he spoke the door at the bottom of the stairs burst open and the object of our commentary scrambled up beyond the reach of his pursuers.

"Come here, Milton!" called the judge, and the boy scuffed into the room.

In a padded chair, Milton soon regained his usual stolidly acquiescent composure. "Now, my boy," commenced the judge, in a not unkindly voice, "tell me why you let that bully humiliate you."

"I—I couldn't help it, sir."

"Couldn't you fight him?"

Milton looked up, surprised. "I—I don't know—I guess I could."

"Then why didn't you?"

From his looks, I surmised that the idea had never occurred to Milton.

"Young man," went on the judge, kindly, "I have watched you grow up a butt for the ridicule and

again, 'I'd make a man of that boy if he'd give me half a chance."

"By encouraging him to fight, like any common ruffian?" I doubted.

"Certainly. I suppose your method would be to stuff him with learning—as if mere learning would command the respect of his unlettered tormentors! That's the trouble with you theorizing school-masters—you minimize the value of physical force—as if force, bloody and brutal and cruel as Hell itself, is not the foundation upon which all civilization is reared. If war broke out how many regiments could you decimate with a volley of mathematics or Latin?"

"YOU can't change human nature," I replied. That young man is what he is and that's all there is to it. He's not the ambitious, pushing kind. What's the use of putting fool notions in his head? He's contented enough as he is—why not let him alone?"

"Because he's never had his chance."

"Men who amount to something make their own chances," I insisted.

"Not always. Your chance was furnished by your parents and so was mine," replied Judge Morgan.

Milton Cherry lived with his widowed mother, a weak-eyed, work-worn little woman who did cheap and inefficient dress-making in a down-at-the-heels cottage, the weed-strewn lot of which abutted on my own unpretentious premises.

One evening, a few days after the boy's interview with Judge Morgan, I was putting about the tool-and-trash-house at the rear of my lot when a curious sound from the Cherry shed, across the alley, came stealing in on my senses. It was a sort of dull rhythmic pounding, like a housewife hammering tenderness into a beeksteak, but much faster—the tattoo of a steam rivetter muffled to the dull tone of a distant drum. I listened—and the noise stopped. In a few seconds it recommenced—a rub-a-dub-dub that stopped and started irregularly as though the performer lacked control. Curiosity at length gaining the upper hand, I stepped across to the Cherry shed—to find the mild-mannered and unathletic Milton engaged in the belligerent exercise of punching the bag!

"I'm taking the judge's advice," he panted sheepishly, a new vivacity in his colourless voice. "Lincoln was a strong man—besides—it's good fun. Try it yourself."

At college, ten years before, I had acquired some adeptness in the use of such appliances. Milton was so appreciative of my instructions that before I fully realized what I was getting into I had promised to box with him when he received his set of gloves.

"I don't want to get into any fight," he insisted. "Only to be able to hit back if any one picks on me. I hope you won't mention this."

However, news of Milton's training soon leaked out, and, of course, the town toughs could put but one interpretation upon his actions. He was preparing to lick Bull

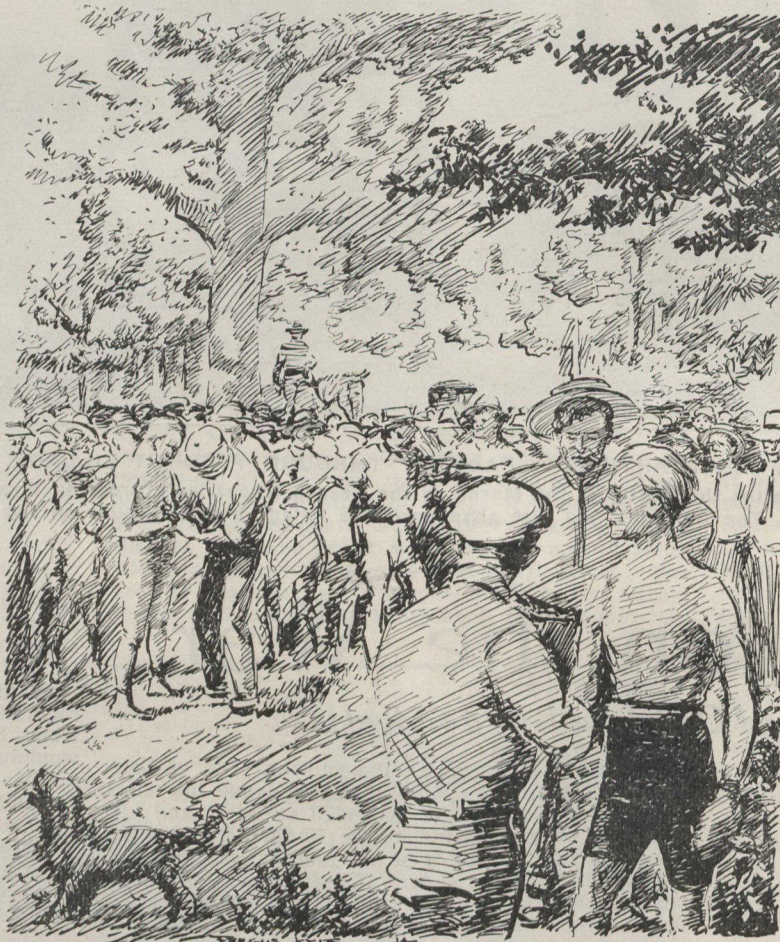
Wilson!

Immediately the hitherto lowly and despised young man became a personage. The juvenile population lionized him. The tough coterie guessed he possessed a little spunk after all. Even the adult population caught the contagion of the idea. Milton Cherry, the insignificant, the puny, the craven-hearted, the poor poltroon who had been a standing joke for years—Milton was training to whip the champion fighter of Watertown! In vain Milton protested that he entertained no such intention. The report spread faster than his denials; in fact, half his auditors disbelieved him, while the other half jeered his denial so vociferously that presently he allowed the report to go unchecked.

WOMEN and tender-hearted old gentlemen said it was disgraceful, the boy ought to be stopped; Bull Wilson would surely defeat and very likely would seriously injure him. There was not one of them, however, who did not accord Milton a hitherto lacking measure of respect, and their respect seemed to be making a new man of the boy. His diffidence and sour expression commenced to fade away. He acquired friends innumerable; most of them false ones, whose one object was to get him into a fight, a few of them sincere enough. His employer took him off the delivery wagon and put him behind the counter, where his rising notoriety and increasing affability brought some new trade, and he was even granted a slight increase in wages.

At his training quarters, as his shed was now

(Continued on page 25.)



"All the sports were on hand, as well as many who did not belong in that category."

tricks of boys not a bit stronger or smarter than yourself. Do you know why they treat you in that manner?"

"No, sir."

"It's because you let them!—let them!—do you understand? Now, Milton, I want you to turn over a new leaf. Fight them! That's the only way you can gain their respect. You can hold your own even with Bull Wilson if you train your muscles—and what if you are beaten? People will nevertheless admire your courage, you will gain their respect and your own self-respect, you will acquire the assurance to secure a better job than delivering groceries—in a word, you can alter your whole life, Milton, by fixing in your mind the belief that you are as good a man as any one."

Somewhat to my surprise, Milton listened with rapt attention. "You think I am?" he queried, his not unintelligent features seeming to light up with some new purpose.

"I know you are!" emphatically asserted his mentor. "Have you read the life of Abraham Lincoln?" he asked, arising and stepping over to his voluminous bookcase.

"No, sir."

"Then here it is. Read it and try to absorb the lesson it teaches—that the highest pinnacle of honour and service is not beyond the reach of even the most humble." The judge handed the book to Milton, shook his hand in cordial good-will, and bowed him out as courteously as though he were a rich client.

"By George!" he exclaimed, when we were alone

A WARRIOR BOLD

The Late Sir James Whitney, K.C.M.G.

WHILE most of the world is at war, let us all, Grit or Tory, take off our hats for a moment to the memory of one of the grimmest and gamest fighters ever known in Canada—the late Sir James Whitney, K.C.M.G. In a time when a "scrap of paper" is enough to set the world's greatest empire at war on behalf of principle, the figure of a man whose personal word made a bond seem ridiculous must be permitted to stand out in full heroic glare. Had he lived in the days of Thomas Carlyle, the late Premier of Ontario would have been immortalized as "the most honest violent gentleman of our times." That he was a Tory everyone knew. Merely a Tory—never. That he had bigotries none of his friends denied. But he stood solid to the four winds like "a great rock in a weary land." What he said while in Opposition he maintained when he was in power. What he thought inwardly he said outwardly. Blunt as Cromwell, he seldom cared whom it hurt. In a time and a place where oblique ways and sidestepping statecraft were considered good tactics, this four-square general of fighting men, himself a great fighter, believed in and practised nothing but the good old battering-ram method that banged the enemy to smithereens. As iron as Bismarck, he was as warm-tempered as Oliver Goldsmith.

since 1873 undertook to administer his Province by a democracy tempered with despotism. He had seen enough of a democracy swayed by the needs of the moment. The blunt lawyer from Morrisburg, descended from good old English stock, volunteer in the Fenian Raid, always a plain, untemporizing Conservative, fought his way into the Legislature in 1888, after he had fought himself to submission in his own private life. He had no brilliant gifts. He was no maker of oratorical phrases. He built up no climaxes of speech. To him speech was always a climax. When he had his coat off on a hot day in the Premier's office, he was eternally ready to blurt the convictions of his soul to a group of reporters, to tread on the corns of other people if necessary, to knock the bottom from the hopes of a bland deputation if he could promise them nothing, or to stand up in the House and with the braying of a great trombone lift his voice against whatever in the Opposition or the Government seemed to him necessary to smash then and there. To Sir James there were no smooth, seductive to-morrows. Everything depended upon to-day.

He was so in the House, on the hustings, in council, in caucus, in the corridors and at home. Always, Sir James—made a knight in 1908—wanted it clearly understood from either friend or foe, that he had certain personal and egotistic convictions, and that it was the business of his party government as far as possible to carry them out. His credo was always on the table; never up his sleeve. His litany he knew by heart. It contained no frills nor poetic embellishments. It was the rugged, virile, and passionately ethical utterance of his momentary and eternal convictions. An Anglican by religion, he was an evangelist in temperament. If something was outrageously villainous, incomprehensible or contemptible—he said so; and very often to Sir James' peculiar form of vision things very often appeared that way. His perennial motto was—"Out with it and down with it!"

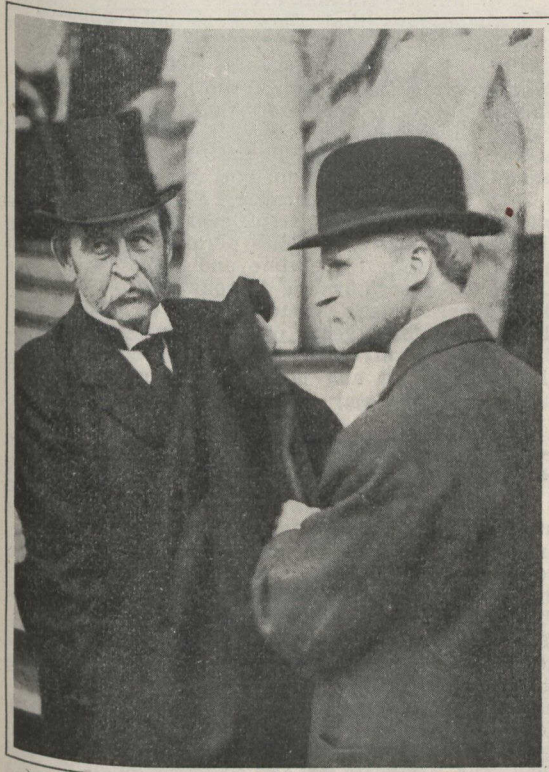
After more than ten years as private member of the Legislature, Sir James was called to lead the Conservatives in opposition to that marvelously astute generalissimo, Sir Oliver Mowat. In contrast to the strategic statecraft of the Liberal school, he seemed to have no more brilliant future in the Legislature than had Mr. Borden when he was called to lead the Opposition at Ottawa. When Sir Oliver was succeeded by the talented A. S. Hardy, the grim bulldog of the front Conservative benches

growled more loudly than ever. At the death of Mr. Hardy, when Sir George Ross became captain of the dubious Liberal ship, the Conservative bulldog bristled in a great anxiety to board the ship and sink her. But his invective wasted itself on the armour-plate of the enemy. His dreadnoughts were now and then blown up by submarines. Sir James stuck to his dreadnoughts waiting for the fight in the open sea.

It came in January, 1905, when, after the smoke and the thunder had cleared away, only a casual craft of the enemy was left. That overturn election was won on a campaign of straight business honesty. The tenure of government was kept up for nine years, so far as the Premier was concerned—by the same methods. Time, success and titles never could change Sir James. When last winter he lay for weeks on the edge of the great unknown, battling for life in a New York hotel; when he was even reported as a dead man; when weeks later he lay in the Toronto Hospital across the hall from his old antagonist, Sir George Ross, who for many years had fought for his life and gave it up within a few feet of his old friend the enemy; when with the tenacity of a man who loved life because of the principles it held and the friends he had made, he struggled to his feet and his desk, and then to the platform on the eve of an election—Canada knew that the gruff, crude figure of almost a great man was once more, almost by a miracle, in public life.

But the fight and what came after it finished him. Intoning his requiem, men of both parties in a time of great national excitement, do so with the feeling that never to have had in public life a man like Sir James Whitney, is never to have lived nationally.

Those who, whether Liberal or Conservative, were inclined to regard this warrior bold as a mere Tory or a man of provincial outlook will do well to remember that Sir James knew more about American politics than perhaps any other public man in this country. He was an inveterate and critical student of American newspapers. At the same time he was a broadminded and enthusiastic Imperialist.



At the Woodbine Racetrack, May, 1914.



At the inauguration of Hydro in Berlin, Ont., 1911.

Through a Monocle

The British Foreign Policy

LET us admit that it is perfectly proper and altogether commendable that all party strife and political discussion should cease during war-time; but war-time—with the vivid, if baleful, light which it casts upon certain vexed problems—is precisely the best time in which to discuss these questions of principle whose right settlement will affect the whole future history of the nation. The stern realities of the situation, demanding immediate and drastic and practical solutions for these problems, sweep away a vast entanglement of sophistical theorizing and academic optimism about them, and enable the plain man to come into close grips with the facts of the case.

TAKE, for example, that much debated question of the right of Canada to take part in the guidance of the foreign policy of the Empire. Some of us out here have regarded this subject very seriously. If Britain wants our help, Britain must permit us to take a fair share in making the foreign policy which we are to help support. Nothing could possibly sound fairer or more reasonable. If Canadians are good enough to die for the British Empire, they must be good enough to join with the men of Middlesex and Midlothian in governing it. We have

in Canada hardly a public man who has not, at some time or other, brought cheers from a Canadian audience by declaring his determination to stand for the equal right of Canada to share in the decision of these great questions of peace and war, of military preparation and deep diplomacy and international politics.

THE treatment of this demand by the statesmen of the beset mother country, has been characteristic. Mr. Asquith—who is more or less of a blunt talker, little given to hypocrisy—first said that it was "impossible." But that truth proved so unpalatable to the overseas dominions that his colleagues bethought themselves again, and came to the wise conclusion that it was wasteful to keep all the blessings of diplomatic guile for the foreigner. Some of it surely might be ladled out to "the Colonials." So they began a great share in the guidance of Imperial policy without really being allowed to place our hands on the Ark of the Covenant. There is no use at this time in going into the delightful little propositions they made us—to satisfy our ill-informed self-importance—for now it is perfectly obvious that, as I have said in this department more than once, it is "impossible" for the overseas democracies to have any real share in the guidance of British foreign politics. It is also impossible for the British Island democracy to have any share either. We are, it is

true, in the same position as the men of Middlesex and Midlothian—we are with them outside the locked door of the committee-room where the Empire is, and must be, governed.

AT the present time, for instance, Kitchener is making war for us. That is precisely the proper thing. It is exactly what we want. If any one were to propose to-day that we supersede Kitchener by a committee of "elected persons," who should constantly take the common or more momentous questions—such as whether the British expeditionary force should be one hundred or five hundred thousand—he would be laughed out of court. Now that we are in the presence of the grim reality of war, and realize that we are fighting for our national existence and our political liberties, we want no nonsense about it. We want the very best man we can get in charge; and we are quite willing to trust him so entirely that we do not even ask to be told what he is doing or how he is doing it. Kitchener is to-day practical dictator of the British Empire. If he were to declare any conceivable thing necessary, the people would promptly hurl from power any government which refused to give it to him.

AND the dear voters of Middlesex and Midlothian! What of them? They are being handed "white feathers" on the streets if they do not join Kitchener's army. What awful nonsense it is to talk, under such circumstances, of the ordinary, busy and little informed voter having a real share in the government of his country, touching these terrible matters of war and diplomacy and international



GERMAN PRISONERS ARRIVE AT ALDERSHOT.

A few days ago 1,600 German prisoners of war were brought to military headquarters and marched from there to the Frith Hill Detention Compound in Camberley.

manoeuvring. He has this share, of course—a noble share. He gives an unlimited proxy to the men whom he trusts. And he was in the same position before war broke out, touching foreign policy. Sir Edward Grey—doubtless in consultation with his little group of foreign policy experts, including, we presume, the leaders of the Unionist Opposition—conducted the whole diplomatic correspondence in secret. The enfranchised "king" in Middlesex and Midlothian didn't know a blessed thing about it—except that war was an imminent possibility. We are now reading this correspondence in the various "white papers," while British soldiers are dying in the trenches on the Aisne.

HOW, in the name of common sense, could Canada have had any more effective voice in all of this than she has had? Note—I think that she has had an effective voice. Her prompt offer of military

assistance undoubtedly greatly encouraged the British people. But if we had made no such offer, we should have been at war just the same. And if any one can imagine so unthinkable a thing as that we had protested against the war, it would have as surely come. In the face of these convincing realities, can we not agree to abstain from talking inflated "flap-doodle" for the future? These tremendous—and possibly tragic—fencing bouts with the secret governments of a military age, must be carried on, on our behalf, by trained "swordsmen" whom we will trust. There is no other way. An open committee can neither wage war nor avert it. The true share of Canada in all this is to put in training a few budding diplomats—possibly as members of the Committee of Imperial Defence—and let them learn the trade. Then we, too, will have skilled "swordsmen" whom we can trust.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

AN interesting story about Lord Kitchener comes to Canada via New York. It is a new explanation of his hurried visit to Paris, in the latter part of August. When General French got cornered at Mons, he sent word to the military governor of the district that he wanted reinforcements at once, but his request was not complied with promptly. Lord Kitchener heard of it, jumped on a warship, and crossed to Havre. He motored to Paris, and demanded that the military governor be court martialled. When the French Minister of War objected, Kitchener threatened to withdraw the British troops. President Poincaré sided with Kitchener and the cabinet resigned. A new cabinet, more in harmony with British ideas, was installed. The governor of the district was removed.

A slight variation was given in the New York Sun last week. It says that the French general who caused the trouble received the orders or request from a junior who had been promoted over his head, "or something of that kind," and refused to open the letter. For this he was shot.

ANOTHER Kitchener story comes from a returned Canadian. When Lord Kitchener was asked to become Minister of War, it was at the request of the Premier, and with the approval of both political parties. He replied that he would take it on condition that he be allowed to finish the job. He pointed out that it would be a long and serious fight and that when it was half over there would be an outcry all through the nations for a cessation of bloodshed. When that cry came it must be disregarded and the war carried on until Germany was completely crushed and every possibility of future trouble averted. After due consideration, the two parties agreed to his condition, and he took up the task.

That there is something in the story, is proven by the agreement afterwards made by the Allies, the one with the other, that there should be no peace until all three powers were satisfied. Moreover, if the story is true, this war will not be over in the year 1914.

STILL another story indicates the wonderful man on whom the British Empire has rested its fate. When Lord Kitchener went to his office, he found two rooms—an anteroom where callers waited and an inside office. He looked it over, ordered his desk to be put in the anteroom and the inner office to be fixed up as a bedroom. He has no time to see callers, and neither has he time to go to his club or residence. He is, literally, on the job day and night.

To describe this man and to picture the confidence which the British people have in him would require the use of too many adjectives and special phrases. It can be felt, but it cannot be described. Where he is, there is no bombast, no ostentatious display of activity, and no confusion. No reporter would dare approach him, and the moving picture man would sooner be hanged than be sent to get a film of the iron-faced war-office Sphinx.

BRITAIN'S wonderful reserve wealth continues to surprise even careful observers. The British investors were asked to supply Belgium with fifty million dollars, without interest. It was a startling and unusual request. Yet Lloyd George reports that he was offered two hundred millions for this purpose.

Three times already the British Government has asked investors to take a \$75,000,000 loan. When the third request was made, the amount was subscribed three times over.

Contrast this with the methods adopted to secure the German loan of five billion marks, or slightly more than a thousand million dollars. The amount was large, but there was no attempt to make the call gradually. The whole loan was peremptorily demanded. The government attached or commanded twenty-five per cent. of all bank balances. Every bank depositor was forced to subscribe whether he wished to do so or not. German merchants who owe money to foreign manufacturers were told to invest the money in the war loan and notify their creditors to that effect. The interest at five per cent. is to be credited to the foreign manu-

facturer and at the end of the war, if Germany is able to pay, he will get his principle with interest. The German Government does not desire, or is unwilling, to trust to the patriotism of its citizens.

CANADA has sent thirty-one thousand soldiers to the front, most of them members of the militia and all of them officered from the militia. Every citizen is proud of this army and prouder still that Canada has been able to contribute this priceless treasure to the defence of the Empire. The men themselves will play no mean part. Like the million bags of flour which we were glad to give, they are an earnest of what the Dominion can do, and will do if necessary. It is not so much the contingent itself; it is the significance of it to ourselves, to the Empire and to the world.

TO ourselves, this contingent is significant because its going forward to Salisbury Plain has shown us that we are British still. There have been times when we doubted it. Occasionally learned and thoughtful Canadians would gather in a group and seriously discuss whether Canada was really a part of the Empire or not. The emissaries of that political organization known as "The Round Table" have issued many pages of tedious platitudes about the extent of our loyalty. Visiting Britishers always discussed it whenever they met a newspaper reporter or a Canadian Club audience. Now, all that sort of human folly is ended. The world knows that our loyalty is boundless and measureless. Best of all, we know it ourselves.

CERTAIN people who have always been opposed to military training are now trying to convince themselves that they were only opposed to conscription or compulsory service. They are most ingenious in performing mental somersaults.

For example, the Ottawa "Free Press" has a naive editorial praising voluntary military service as against conscription. It is well done, but it does not carry conviction. What has been advocated in Canada is not conscription, but compulsory training as they have it in Australia, New Zealand and Switzerland. By this system, every man gets a certain measure of training at a period in his life when he can best afford the time and when he is most capable of absorbing the lessons and reaping the advantages. It is a waste of time to train a man who is over forty years of age. Every Australian, when he is twenty-six years old, has completed his military training and is equipped for the call to duty whenever it may come. So it should be here.

FURTHER, the idea of military service has been broadened. A man who can cook or who knows how to take care of horses in the open country is as necessary as the man who can hit a target at a thousand yards. The doctor, the nurse, the man who can set up a bakery, the electrician who knows telegraphy and signalling, the chauffeur who can drive an armoured automobile, the machinist who can take a quick-firing gun to pieces, the engineer who can build bridges, the aeronaut—all these and a dozen other kinds of helpers are as useful as the soldier in the firing line.

Canada has sent well-trained officers, many well-trained marksmen, telegraphers, machinists, chauffeurs, and all sorts of skilled mechanics and helpers. With them go 7,500 horses, six 60-pound guns, scores of eighteen-pounders, and a magnificent outfit of machine guns and automobiles. The ambulances and the medical corps equipment are of the best. The little army that has been sent out represents a variety of intelligence and training. Indeed, the almost bewildering complexity of a modern military force is to a layman almost as complex as life itself.

Officers Canadian Contingent

Commandant

Infantry—

- First Brigade—Lieut.-Col. R. E. W. Turner, V.C., D.S.O. (Quebec.)
- Second Brigade—Lieut.-Col. M. S. Mercer (Toronto.)
- Third Brigade—Lieut.-Col. A. W. Currie (Victoria.)
- Fourth Brigade—Lieut.-Col. J. E. Cohoe (St. Catharines.)

Artillery—

- First Brigade—Lieut.-Col. H. E. Burstall (Permanent Militia.)

Staff—

- Second Grade—Lieut.-Col. A. C. Macdonnell; Lieut.-Col. Gordon Hall.
- Third Grade—Captain Mitchell; Captain Lambe.
- Director Medical Services—Col. Guy Carlton Jones.
- Assistant Medical Services—Lieut.-Col. Foster.
- Quarter-Master General—Captain Hamilton.
- Chief Cashier—Major Shanley.
- Assistant Cashier—Captain Gagnon.
- Chief Paymaster—Col. Ward.

WOUNDED TURCOS, FRENCH WINE AND BELGIAN FOOD



BLACK AFRICAN WARRIORS BATTLING FOR THE FRENCH.

Algerian troopers, the Bogey of the Germans, nursing their wounds in Paris after the battles at Charleroi.



HER OWN VINTAGE.

Wayside wine for the French Dragoons.



THE GARRISON BESIEGED.

Belgian guarding food reserves at Antwerp.

THE LAST GRAND REVIEW AT VALCARTIER



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAMP AT THE SALUTING POINT.

Right to Left:—Princess Patricia, Premier Borden, the Duchess of Connaught, Hon. Mr. Foster, Hon. Mr. Rogers, the Duke and Col. Williams, Camp Commander.

At last the 31,000 men who for several weeks have been soldiering at Valcartier are on the way to the front. Premier Borden, Hon. Robert Rogers and Hon. Sir George Foster paid an official visit to the camp a few days ago. They inspected the four infantry brigades, the artillery, the regiments of horse, the Army Service Corps and the Medical Corps, and watched the manoeuvres which all but closed the long, eventful programme of soldier-making in the big camp. They realized that in spite of unpreparedness when war broke out, they were looking at an army fifty per cent. bigger than was originally called, and a considerable percentage more fit for Lord Kitchener to take over than most men expected they would be at this time. This army of 31,000, is more than twice the force which Lord Kitchener had to subdue the Mahdi at Khartum in 1897; more than ten times the number of Canadians sent to South African camps of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener in 1899. It is more than a quarter the size of the entire first expeditionary force sent from England to Boulogne under Gen. French. It is as hard and capable an army of young men in all three arms of the service, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, as ever was mustered from the ranks of militia and volunteers in any country.

Getting such a force into what at last became real mobilization was a huge task for a Militia Department which had never faced such an undertaking before. It was too great a task for any one man, even so capable a soldier as Col. Hughes. A democracy, such as necessarily existed at Valcartier in a higher degree than at Aldershot or Salisbury Plain, was bound



CABINET MINISTERS DISCUSS THE REVIEW.

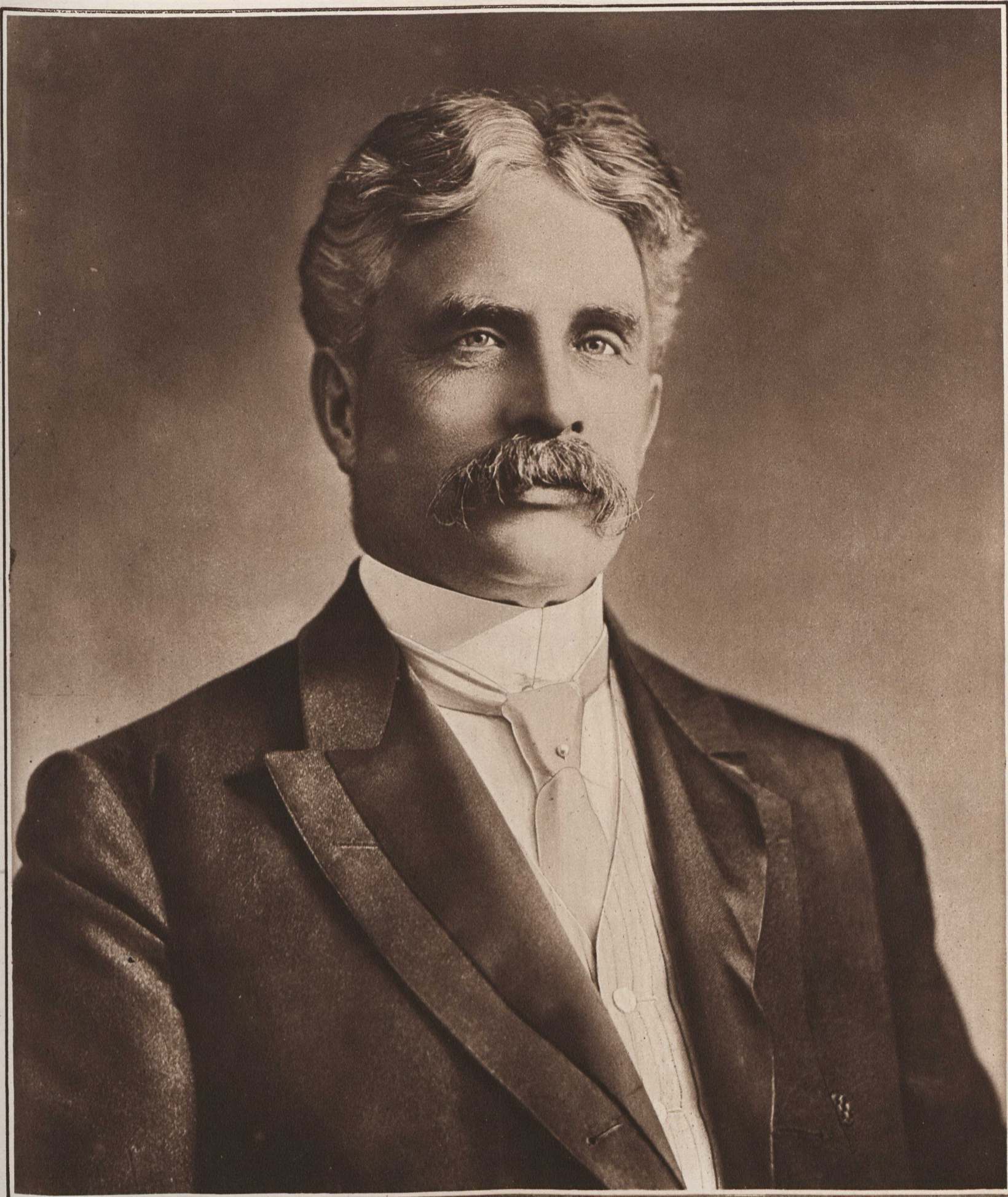
Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Borden, Hon. Sir George Foster and Hon. Robert Rogers watching the manoeuvres.

to have a great variety of opinions and to express as many of them as might become effective. So long as the men remained at Valcartier, impatience was sure to develop into criticism, most of which could have been prevented if the Canadian contingent had been hustled into the troopships weeks ago, before there was sufficient organization to make them a real fighting unit or collection of units.

Ottawa was aware of the difficulty; Col. Hughes knew of it. He had been at the camp a great deal oftener than Lord Kitchener left the War Office to visit the troops in France. He knew that he was grappling with an unexpected peak load, and that if he had been given more time to consider the matter as a practical soldier, he might have done some things that he left undone and left undone some other things that experience with so unusual a problem proved were unnecessary.

What he told the Government no man is supposed to know. But with the visit of the Premier and two of his Ministers to the camp, it became certain that the troops would soon get rid of the handicap thrust upon them by circumstances. It was understood that the official visit of the Premier would time pretty closely with the departure of the men—who as soon as they arrive in England will be under the nominal command of Lord Roberts and in the grip of the great voluntary machine controlled by Kitchener of Khartum. With the last man off, Canada's greatest mobilization is accomplished. In wishing our troops *bon voyage*, all good citizens at the same time wish the next concentration in Canada the benefits of all the experience gained in handling the first contingent.

CANADA'S HEAD IN THE GREAT EMERGENCY



Right Hon. Sir Robert Borden, P.C., G.C.M.G., Premier

THE Bluenose Province has given this country two distinguished Premiers, Right Hon. Sir Robert Borden, P.C., G.C.M.G., and Sir John Thompson, one of the three who completed the Macdonald Administration after the death of Sir John Macdonald in 1891. Sir Robert Borden owes his great distinction to his untiring industry, his ability as a statesman, an upright character, a fine sense of honour and of public service, and the fact that he is the first Conservative Premier of Canada since the trio of knights who completed the Macdonald regime from 1891 till 1896. He was born in the land of poetry, the village of Grand Pre in the land of Evangeline celebrated by the poet Longfellow. He is descended from Samuel B. Borden, a surveyor who came from the American

Colonies to Falmouth, N.S., in 1760, sixteen years before the coming of the United Empire Loyalists. Like other Canadian Premiers, he was a distinguished lawyer before he entered politics. He was made leader of the Conservative Opposition in 1901. Sir Robert owes his Premiership to the fact that he headed the movement against reciprocity with the United States, which in 1911 was more popular in his own Province than in other parts of Canada. Unable in 1912-13 to get the Senate to vote \$35,000,000 for three Dreadnoughts as a gift to the British navy, his Government is now sending 31,000 Canadian soldiers from Valcartier to Salisbury Plain, and from there to France to meet the great emergency. This is the first war contingent ever sent out entirely at the expense of Canada.

WORK WHILE YOU WORK: THE GERMAN MOTTO



THE ARTILLERYMAN'S JOB IS PLAINLY NO PICNIC.

Many a field gun have German men and horses put through mud wallows like this, since they headed away from Paris.



NO ARMY WAS EVER HARDER WORKED THAN THE KAISER'S.

And when the men are tuckered out, as they usually are nowadays, they get as much rest as possible.

AS WOMEN SEE THE WAR

Being Our Regular Semi-Monthly Woman's Supplement in Martial Form

The Editorial Viewpoint

By ERIN

At the Sign of the Red Cross

THE unexpected is happening so constantly in these days that we are prepared for almost any announcement in the morning paper.

Castles transformed into hospitals, Mayfair mansions for medical supplies, and luxurious yachts for naval skirmishing—such are the reversals of war. Consequently, one is not surprised to see, stretched across King Street, Toronto, a steamer whose red cross label indicates the headquarters of the association which is engaged in the care of the sick and wounded in war-time. Two months ago, the Red Cross Society was, to most of us, merely a name of an organization which, we vaguely understood, did noble service in time of war. Now, there is hardly a hamlet in Canada which is unaware of the Red Cross activities.

"How many members are there?" I asked Mr. Noel Marshall, who is one of the busiest men in the Province of Ontario.

"There were hardly any members six weeks ago," was the reply. "Now, we have members all over the country, and are receiving packages daily."

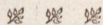
"What do you need?" "Money," said Mr. Marshall, "and other things. You can see what we are preparing to send off."

So, I proceeded to explore the rooms, which were suggestive of packing on a wholesale scale. In the rear were piles and piles of pillows, which were being packed into large bundles and labelled "Valcartier."

"Of course," said the presiding officer, "there is a hospital at Valcartier. At present, there are thirty thousand men there, and, no doubt, Canada will send a second contingent. So, some supplies will be needed there for many days to come. Other packages are sent direct to Great Britain."

I made further inquiry regarding the districts contributing money and supplies and learned that packages from western points in Ontario and the North-West must be sent direct to Quebec in care of the Red Cross Branch in that city until further orders. All packages from points between

Kingston and Woodstock, Ontario, must be sent to the Central Depot in Toronto. To facilitate the most effective handling of packages, it is suggested that none should weigh more than one hundred and fifty pounds.



What You Can Do

THE question which naturally arises, as one surveys the literature and packages of the Red Cross Society, is—"What can I do for the work?" That it is a most practical and beneficent movement, carried on by those who know just what they are doing, and to whom they are sending, is manifest from the first inspection of headquarters here.

In the first place, if you can do nothing else, you can send money to carry on the good work, for every dollar counts in the furnishing of supplies. There are subscriptions coming in daily, but every penny you can spare will be welcome to those who are so earnestly carrying on this humane and patriotic enterprise. Truly, this is a time for saving, but also for an enlightened economy which recognizes that the greatest service we can render ourselves, as well as the State, is to aid those who are bearing the brunt of the conflict. The first thrill and the early bewilderment are over. We all realize that a war of continental proportions is raging, and we are already accustomed to camp news from Valcartier. Those whose enthusiasm was excited by martial clamour, now

have an opportunity to prove their sincerity by devotion to the support of our forces throughout the whole struggle. However humble may be the contribution, however small the task, it will go to swell the woman's share in this great war, and there is not one of us who is unable to do something—whether in dollars or in skilful stitches.

That we may not waste our time in the manufacture of articles which will be of no use to the men in active service, it would be well to apply to headquarters for instruction. Mrs. Plumtre, who is prominent in many social welfare movements, informed me that hand-knitted socks are in constant demand. It must be remembered that there are thirty thousand men at Valcartier, and to supply such a force with suitable footwear is no easy undertaking. But, if you have never knitted a pair of socks in your life, do not begin the experiment now, for it is not an amateur's task. And remember, above all, to attach the members of each pair of socks firmly together, for, strange to say, many well-meaning workers have forgotten this precaution and a solitary sock is both dejected and useless.

THEN there are wristlets—nine inches long and warm and woolly. Much discussion has arisen concerning them, but military men of wide experience declare their usefulness and say that, when drawn down to the knuckles, they are a source of warmth and protection, and (who knows) may help a soldier's fingers to a firmer hold of his weapons.

Just here, one's thoughts digress, and, in spite of all attempts to be practical and matter-of-fact, they go wandering off to forts and battlefields. It is, such a beautiful Sep-



MODERN RIFLE WOUNDS ARE EASILY HEALED.

Convalescent Tommies bidding good-bye to the nurses at the London Hospital; soon to be back in the trenches either on the Aisne or the Rhine.



HELPING THE BELGIAN, FOR WHOM WE WENT TO WAR.

A party of one hundred and fifty Belgian refugees who arrived recently in England and are being extended every kindness, not only by the guardians of the Kensington Institute, but also by the Kensington householders.

ember afternoon, with the golden light of early autumn turning the common streets into a glorified highway and the motor cars into shining chariots. The room looks so cheerfully and prosaically busy, with its bales and packages in the rear, its workers busy with letters or callers and the air of a quiet and capable industry over it all. Surely, these pillows are not for wounded heads, these wristlets for young hands which may be dyed an ugly colour before many weeks are gone! But one tries to banish all thoughts of Lemberg or Liege and to come back to what may be done by Canadians at home.

The Mighty Trifles

REMEMBER, in these days of suspense and trial, that no service is too trivial to be rendered the cause of those who are fighting for freedom. The care of those who are left behind is the business of the individual, as well as the business of the nation. Already, in our cities, the committees of patriotic service are engaged in the work of looking after those who are in need of help and whom the war has temporarily bereft. This is no "charity" in the common acceptation of that much abused word. It is merely a civic duty which it would be our everlasting shame to neglect. If you cannot do anything which looks great to you in this behalf, you can, at least, perform some small personal service for those who are left to watch for news of the brave lads who have sailed away.

In Montreal, such services had begun before the month of August was on the wane, and the other cities of the Dominion were not slow in following the example of the metropolis. It is curious how all other differences melt away, in the face of the common need and the common danger. In the coming winter, which, even before the rumour of war, threatened to be a time of "hardness," there will be need of much patience and a constant demand for practical aid in a variety of service. So, we shall need all the courage and fortitude we possess, to meet the emergencies of war-time appeals.

If the small ways in which we may help seem, at times, to be pitifully inadequate, let us remember that every member of the regiment "counts" in the final charge. It was a small blaze in the Balkans which finally burst into the flames of continental strife, and it was two shots fired in the little kingdom of Serbia last June which echoed in every capital of Europe until the long-cherished national hate and jealousy broke into open conflict. It is quite impossible, in the complications of national strife, to say what is trivial, and, so, in the work of comfort and defence, we realize that the small task has its place in the campaign of usefulness.

The soldier, himself, sets us an excellent example in attention to the details of service, for one of his early duties is to display the virtue of military precision. Exactness is one of his first lessons, and, if we who are not at the front can apply the principle of "keeping your rifle and yourself just so," we shall not be without comfort. The brave words of a Canadian woman come back across years of forgetfulness—

"The soldier craveth naught
Except to serve with might.
I was not told to win or lose—
My orders are to fight."

The clear head and the steady nerve are the visible signs of the new feminism, which is curiously like the old order when it comes to the final comparison after all.

ERIN

A Twice-Told Tale

Belgium's Unutterable Story Rivals the Tale of Troy

By M. J. T.

THERE is an old tale of a city's demolition which for its majesty of subject and masterliness of telling has held the successive generations of even reluctant schoolboys fascinated. But Aeneas recounting for a queen's diversion the fable of Troy and its pitiable downfall, thousands of years ago, is faint in comparison with present reality—a Belgian woman appealing to two countries on behalf of her brave and stricken country people.

Madame Vandervelde, who is now in New York, and who is expected shortly in Canada, is the wife of the Belgian Minister of State, and has come with



Miss Emily Guest, of Belleville, Ont., who lectures in the interests of the Women's Institutes, and who, since the outbreak of war especially, has been advocating technical training for women on the farms.



An elusive group at the Woodbine, Toronto, the races this fall being manifestly forsaken for Red Cross activities and patriotic interests. At the right of the trio is Lady Willison. There was no massed fashion for the cameras.

a tale for American hearing at which every ear must tingle. Tingle to some purpose—her purpose. For Madame Vandervelde comes with an object—the repatriation of Belgian refugees by aid of two countries which prize freedom and the openhandedness of which is as a proverb.

The teller needs not to invoke the Muse for this last most lamentable story, of which she is both the Aeneas and the Virgil. The new Aeneid was written already in the fire of Louvain and the blood of Liege, and she who spelled out the characters of it, scorched upon the lintels of her friends' houses and cut into the bosoms of her kindred, has but to revive the unutterable anguish and speech in hers to set her hearers weeping. Tragedy is the natural mother of epics.

When she reached New York, Madame Vandervelde was ill. She was not able to see the inter-

viewers. From her state-room, however, she gave out a message, claiming success for her self-imposed mission and making known the nature of her credentials. An extract from that communication follows:—

"Madame Vandervelde wishes to tell the American people what she herself has seen—the stream of refugees leaving Malines, the bombardment, the murderous raids of the Zeppelins, the story of the burning of Louvain. She wishes to tell them also of the sublime courage of the Belgian people—men and women—whose land has been ravaged by the horrors of war through no fault of their own, and thousands of whom are now destitute. Thousands have lost all they had, land, houses, farms, money, and the very tools with which they got their daily bread. Thousands of them are even without clothing, and have become wanderers and outcasts at the gates of the earth."

STRANGERS witnessed the sack of Louvain. "The descent of the Huns" and "the reign of terror" are terms in which they attempt to describe it. And if any doubted the wisdom of England in backing Belgium against the marauder, let him hear the convincing tale of a Dutchman, whose chance nationality only saved him:—

"Down the street, as the flames spread, came a party of German soldiers. With the butt ends of their rifles they battered in the front doors of the houses, and as the frightened inhabitants rushed out they shot them down—men, women and children. All this happened in a few minutes; what took place afterwards I did not see. The whole of that awful night I spent in the cellar with my wife and children."

The same was published in the yea-may London Times. Their Ghent correspondent appended to the story: "When the Germans marched out of Louvain they left Pomeranian troops to bury the dead. The Pomeranians, who are the lowest type in the Ger-

man army, went about their work in the manner of ghouls. They drank stolen beer and wine and, intoxicated, dragged the bodies of the victims to the square in front of the railway station. Here shallow trenches were dug in the flower-beds and the bodies thrown in. Hands and arms protruded from the so-called graves."

If aliens tell such stories of the pillage—accounts wherein the key-note is horror—how must the narrative move the listener when the raconteuse is a native of the kingdom which "wears its crown of ruin like a star," when sorrow is the burthen of the story and the poignancy of grief excites compassion!

The United States and Canada weep wisely. They staunch their tears with more than handkerchiefs when their hands go deep down into their pockets, after the recital, and the opportunity has been given them to help. And what does Madame Vandervelde ask of you? Not revenge, but relief. Not destruction, but construction, the re-establishment of Belgians as a people; for exile, reclamation; for waste, fertility; for homelessness in the five pillaged provinces—Homes! For the victims of bodily mutilation, she asks no help; there is no restitution! And they, the descendants of dead heroes of whom Caesar, the soldier, recorded, "Bravest of all—the Belgians," come not back!

So the Belgian woman of the new Aeneid comes as one shedding a luminous aura, in the light of which, her compassionate hearers must see their way anew to the winning of—

"God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain!"

She had small need, surely, of her Queen's letter and of King Albert's word of commendation, in making her appeal to a continent able, in prodigious measure, to "overcome evil with good." Yet the Queen has equipped her subject with a letter, the nature of which is not an arraignment against a benighted and foredoomed invader, but a statement of distress, an appeal for assistance for her people.

For which reason the new Aeneid is mightier than the old one which stirred, but did not actuate, the hearer. Who would not be swift to the succour of the Belgians, true to their 'scutcheon against such fearful odds! The last verse of their national

anthem is valorous, like the spirit of the people, and, like it, tender:—

"Belgium, mother, thus we vow,
Never shall our love abate.
Thou our hope, our safety thou,
Hearts and blood are consecrate.
Grave, we pray, upon thy shield
This device eternally,
Weal, or woe, at home, afield,
King and Law and Liberty!"

An Appeal

CANADIANS who have felt the impulse to assist the unfortunate inhabitants of Belgium and have been at a loss to establish connections have now their opportunity for action. A letter has arrived from Mrs. Innes-Taylor, the well-known vocalist of Toronto, who has been spending the summer with friends in England and is shortly leaving to assist relief in Belgium.

The plight of the Belgians appealed peculiarly to Mrs. Innes-Taylor. She writes: "Perhaps you would like to

claim upon her. She is a leading member of the Heliconian Club and an associate and friend of the Toronto Women's Press Club. The last named body should respond en masse for one of its members, Miss Saunders ("Margaret Bell"), a frequent contributor to the Women's Supplement, is in Belgium in company with Mrs. Innes-Taylor and will act as secretary to the project. But there is no reason why response should be confined to Toronto. We herewith extend the appeal to Canadian women.

In addition to her nursing qualifications, Mrs. Innes-Taylor is a clever linguist. She speaks French perfectly; can converse in German; and, what is most a propos under present circumstances, is familiar with the patois of the Walloons.

Monsieur Carton de Wiart, Minister of Justice for Belgium, is greatly interested in the plan of the Torontonians and also many prominent people in London, including Sir James Voxall, M.P., are giving it their pathy and support.

To prevent mistakes one repeats the



Lady Borden, acting as manager for the A. E. Rea Co., department store in Ottawa, who turned over five per cent of the gross receipts for that day to the Red Cross Society. To her right, Mrs. J. A. Wilson, Secretary the Red Cross Society in Ottawa.

know I lived eight years in Belgium; I passed all my ambulance classes, and lived for eighteen months in a remote Belgian village where I did a lot of practical nursing, having many severe accident cases; the doctor lived ten miles away."

Mrs. Innes-Taylor is an extremely practical woman who possesses, in addition, that abundant sympathy which is needful in the work she has undertaken. Her own words best express her feeling: "I am leaving shortly for Belgium to assist and relieve some of the terrible suffering in the Belgian villages—suffering and distress that beggar description. To do this I am raising a fund for food, clothing and medical supplies. I am appealing to Toronto, where I am known, to help me. Every cent sent will be spent in the best possible way and all funds, or gifts of clothing, or other forms of assistance will be safe sent in my name to Ludgate Circus, London, E.C., care of Thomas Cook and Sons. All money sent can be made payable through the London Branch of the Dominion Bank.

"One cannot put the case too strongly. What the peasants are going through now is colossal! If I could only put in my pen what I feel in my heart, my appeal could not possibly be in vain."



And Toronto, especially Toronto women, will respond magnificently surely to this appeal. It is made by one of its own "sweet singers," who has never been known to withhold her gift when humanity has made its

address to which those wishing to assist may mail communications:—

Madame Kathryn Innes-Taylor,
c/o Thomas Cook and Sons,
Ludgate Circus,
London, E.C.,
England.

Red Cross Day at Rea's

RECENTLY Canada's "first lady," namely, Lady Borden, wife of Sir Robert Borden, officiated in the capacity of general manager in the office of A. E. Rea Company's departmental store, at Ottawa. For one day she was chief of a staff of a thousand helpers, among whom were several Cabinet Ministers' wives. The Rea Company turned their store over to the Red Cross Society for the day and gave five per cent. of the gross receipts to the society's fund. How successful Lady Borden proved as a general manager may be gathered from the fact that the venture netted \$1,759 for the Red Cross Society. Each department of the store was managed by prominent society women in the Capital, and the floor walkers were: Lady G. E. Foster, wife of the Minister of Trade and Commerce; Mrs. W. T. Herridge, wife of the Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in Canada; Madame Lemieux, wife of Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, and Mrs. Frank Oliver, wife of the former Minister of the Interior. At the desk with Mrs. Borden was Mrs. J. A. Wil-

Satisfaction is Assured When Your Floors Are Varnished With Liquid Granite

☐ Liquid Granite is an ideal floor varnish for homes. It not only gives floors and other interior woodwork, subjected to hard usage, a deep, rich finish that enhances the natural beauty of the wood, but it gives a finish that is easily kept looking bright and new. Woodwork varnished with Liquid Granite can be scrubbed with hot water and soap with no harmful effect.

A LIQUID GRANITE FINISH IS Exceptionally Durable

☐ The tough elastic surface produced by Liquid Granite will not crack, check nor scratch white. Even heavy moving furniture will not crack nor mar this finish.

☐ Liquid Granite like all Berry Brothers' Varnishes is of the highest quality. Over 56 years of manufacturing experience assures your permanent satisfaction in the use of all Berry Brothers' products.

☐ For beautiful and durable finishes that give lasting satisfaction—tell your decorator to use Berry Brothers' Varnishes.

BERRY BROTHERS
(INCORPORATED)
World's Largest Varnish Makers

WALKERVILLE, - ONT.

Schools and Colleges


HAVERGAL LADIES' COLLEGE
PRINCIPAL MISS KNOX

HAVERGAL COLLEGE Jarvis St., Toronto

Special English, French, German and Musical Courses for Girls who had intended wintering abroad

For illustrated Calendars and prospectus apply to the Bursar

R. MILLICHAMP, Hon. Sec.-Treas.



Bishop's College School
Lennoxville P.Q.

Head Master - J. TYSON WILLIAMS, B.A.

Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

This well-known boarding school for boys is situated about 100 miles from Montreal, on the G.T.R., C.P.R., and Boston & Maine Ry., giving easy access to New York and Eastern states as well as all points in Canada. The buildings for the upper and preparatory school are beautifully situated, up-to-date, sanitary and well ventilated, and comprise gymnasium, play-room as well as extensive playgrounds. Boys are prepared for R.M.C., Kingston, the Universities, and Business Life by an efficient staff of Masters, mostly graduates of English Universities. School re-opens Wednesday, Sept. 16th. Boarders returning Tuesday 15th. For Calendars, Information, etc., apply to the Head Master.



"Ganong's" are the wholesome Chocolates that children never tire of, nor parents regret giving.

Ganong's Chocolates

son, Secretary of the Red Cross Society in Ottawa. Such a departure on the part of society leaders is typical of the adaptability which is characterizing Canada at the moment.

Relief Activities

TORONTO Chapters of the Daughters of the Empire have sent to the Red Cross, through the Women's Patriotic League, 704 cholera belts, 635 Balaclava caps, 459 pairs woollen socks, 250 flannel shirts, 216 pair wristlets, 440 pillow pads, 193 towels, 114 pairs pillow-cases, 35 knitted mufflers, 37 housewives, 17 suits pyjamas, 23 rolls bandages, 7 dressing gowns, 3 pairs blankets, 10 cans soup, 167 dozen cheesecloth handkerchiefs, and have on hand gifts of money for further supplies when needed.

A rural branch of the Red Cross Society was recently formed at Lan-

the granddaughter of Dr. Forneri, sometime Professor of Moderns at the University of Toronto, and is the great-granddaughter of an officer in Napoleon's guard.

The Vancouver Municipal Chapter, I. O. D. E., of which the regent is Mrs. Henshaw, reports a sum of some eighteen hundred dollars cleared from the patriotic concert given by the Order in the Horse Show Building.

The Women's Patriotic League of Brantford planned to put out a special edition of the local paper as part of their share in a special campaign to assist the National Patriotic Fund.

The Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire has acquired a large number of new Chapters through the enthusiasm roused for country and empire by Britain's championship of little Belgium. The ladies of Notre



ANOTHER PARIS FASHION.

French women are filling the civic vacancies caused by the drafting of men for the army. They may be seen as conductors, ticket-sellers and motormen; in the rural districts, as teamsters.

caster, P.Q., through the initiative of Mrs. Duncan McLennan. The inaugural meeting was enthusiastic. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. A. G. McBain, Lancaster; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. G. MacDonald, Alexandria; Mrs. McCuaig, Bainsville; Mrs. Hugh MacIntyre, Maxville; and Mrs. Sutherland, Lancaster; Secretary-Treasurer and local representative on Montreal committee, Mrs. Duncan McLennan.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught recently paid an informal visit to the Red Cross Headquarters in Montreal. She was accompanied by Sir Edward Worthington and Miss Yorke. Members of the Ladies' Executive who received the royal party were: Mrs. Denison, Hon. President; Mrs. N. B. Yates, President; Lady Drummond, Mrs. Borland, Lady Allan, Mrs. Archer; Miss Phillips, corresponding secretary; Miss Mabel Hickson, acting recording secretary; Mrs. Ernest Stewart, Mrs. Ben Tooke and Miss Birkett.

Among the one hundred Canadian nurses who have been finally selected from the five hundred volunteers for field work is Miss Celestina Geen, of Belleville, who took a post-graduate course at the Halifax military hospital some years since. Miss Geen is

Dame de Grace and also the ladies of Cowansville are recent adherents of the Order in Quebec.

The Women's Patriotic Guild of Vancouver is looking after the wives and families of soldiers who have enrolled for active service. Headquarters in the old Vancouver Club Building, secured by courtesy of Mr. F. J. Proctor, have been suitably furnished for the use of the committee by the enterprise of the Women's Canadian Club.

A Montreal volunteer nurse who has been selected for service at the front is Miss Jean Stronach; she recently left for Quebec. Another nurse who has been chosen for field work is Miss Charlton, head of the private pavilion at the Toronto General Hospital; she was sent off to Quebec with an ovation. Miss Mabel Lindsay, of New York, daughter of Mrs. Arthur Lindsay, of Ottawa, is a third graduate picked for Red Cross service.

Recently the Girl Guides of Toronto gave a highly successful patriotic entertainment, the proceeds of which were devoted to war relief. The beautiful grounds of "Casa Loma" were thrown open for the occasion by Lady Pellatt, who is the national head of the Girl Guides' Organization.

Fill the Salt Cellars direct from the "Regal" package.



137

REGAL TABLE SALT

FREE RUNNING

Electric Service

Means comfort, convenience, economy, and safety.

The home that is completely equipped with electrical devices is a happy one.

All the drudgery of housekeeping is eliminated by electricity.

You can wash, iron, sew, sweep, cook, keep cool in summer and warm in winter, by means of electrical apparatus designed especially to relieve you of unnecessary and fatiguing labor.

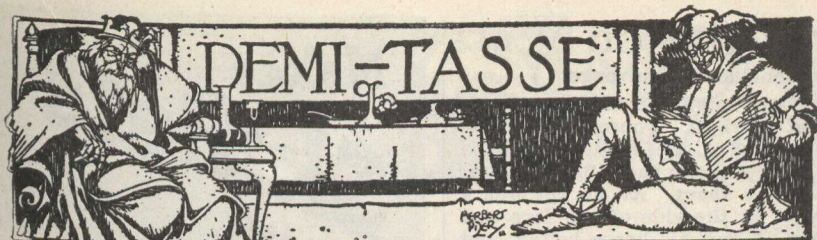
At our showrooms all these devices are ready for your inspection. Competent demonstrators will operate and explain them for you.

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Limited

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

12 Adelaide St. E.

Telephone Adelaide 404



Courierettes.

A FRENCH specialist says love is a disease, and he has a cure for it. We fancy that there will not be much demand for it.

Daily paper says the crops of France are a complete ruin. France is busy reaping another kind of crop just now.

"Black and blue combination is smartest thing in autumn frocks," says fashion writer. You can find that combination in the Police Court.

Many soldiers are anxious to get tattooed before they go to the front. There they may get other tattoo marks.

German soldiers' loss of sleep is likely to be almost as effective as the Allies' bullets.

Those same sleepy Germans would like to get a chance to star as Rip Van Winkle, wouldn't they?

A British Columbia man who says he is too old to fight sent \$1,000 to Premier Borden. His coin may fight more effectively.

"Business as usual," is a good motto, and we might add "Amusement as usual" just to keep ourselves normal.

Why not put a war tax on war poems? The Government might measure them by the metre.

We don't hear of any doctors advising their patients to take "health trips" to Europe nowadays.

Commerce with Germany is forbidden in Canada. Let's all be loyal and forswear weiners.

A British regiment prayed before it charged the Germans. That seems a good combination of faith with works.

It would be poetic justice, wouldn't it, after all this fuss is over, to make the Kaiser caretaker of the Peace Palace at the Hague?

So far the Kaiser has received little but checks in his frantic search for funds.

Oh That 'Twere Possible!

Oh that 'twere possible,
Without more grief or pain,
To let the arm-chair critics
wise
Fight out this darn cam-
paign!

Further Proof.—We read in the news that a French colonel kissed a private on the cheek.

Additional evidence in support of Sherman's definition of war.

A Painful Operation.

To-day I went to my doctor,
And he, in a manner bland,
Performed an operation—
Took ten "bones" out of my hand.

It Surely Is.—A Boston medical man has issued a warning against the common use of radium by the general public. That is our idea of the most unnecessary thing to do.

The Effective Way.—The poet was asked by his friend if he was writing much of late.

"Just enough to keep the wolf from the door," said the rhymster.

"What! Do you read your verses to the animals?"

just trying to follow the general New York custom, perhaps.

Convincing Argument.—It was a debate on the motion—"Resolved that it is possible for a man to live a Christian life on \$6 per week.

The negatives had the better of the argument until the leader of the affirmative got up for his final word in rebuttal.

"Why," he said, "on \$6 a week that's the only kind of life a man could live."

That clinched it.

A Moving Tale.

She stood up in a Belt Line car
And tried to hold a strap,
But at each little sway or jar
She sat in someone's lap.

She landed on a young man's knees
At last, and said with a smile,
"Conductor, will you tell me please,
How many laps to the mile?"

The Hour Had Come.—The young man entered the room with a stern, determined air. He glanced ominously at the parlor lamp.

"Ha," he muttered, "one of us must be turned down to-night."

Cold Old Mars.—We read that Mars is five billion miles away from Venus. What a standoffish old woman-hater Mars must be?

Sure Sign.—"Did you ever study astronomy?"

"Well, when I was a boy and my father got the strap I knew that there would soon be spots on the son."

This is Queer.—Isn't it peculiar that fault is always found—never lost?

Not Enough.—Premier Borden says he will watch the dealers who boost prices. He must do more than watch them. The rest of us are good watchers.

The Exceptions.—Those actors who have not been arrested as spies in Europe and those actorines who have not offered to go as Red Cross nurses are the exceptions that prove the rule nowadays. Also they must have punk press agents.

Safer.—"Should a man count on his friends?"

"It's safer to count on his fingers."

Get This One.—"What is the difference between a poet and a tailor?"
"A poet can make raiment and payment go together, which is more than the tailor can do."

Lloyd George's Story.—David Lloyd George, Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, who figures on Britain's "silver bullet" playing a big part in the present war, is gradually gaining popularity in England, but for years he was the most unpopular man in the country, as far as his political opponents were concerned.

On this score, Mr. Lloyd George himself tells an amusing little story of a fellow who was decorated for saving a man from drowning. The hero modestly deprecated all the praise poured upon him.

"Really I have done very little to deserve this reward," he said. "I saw the man struggling in the water, and I knew that as no one else was by the chap would drown if I didn't

save him. So I jumped in, swam out to him, turned him over to make sure that he wasn't Lloyd George, and then pulled him out."

War Notes.

No doubt the Kaiser has his bad points, but he hasn't given any encouragement to war poets as yet.

It's an odd thing that the censors pass just the kind of stuff that the average editor would cut.

"Forward with God!" is the Kaiser's battle cry. Wilhelm seems to have mistaken the direction, however.

By the way, it will keep the missionaries busy for some time now, explaining things to the heathen.

The war has worked a miracle. It has united the Irish.

This is the "putting-up" season, but the nations are not putting up their swords.

It would seem that Gen. Von Kluck counted his chicks a trifle too soon.

After this war the Krupp firm should be sentenced to the manufacture of plowshares.

The Kaiser keeps on giving away iron crosses to his heroes. He seems to have given one great cross to Germany.

The Kaiser's Fear of 13.

A Mainz gypsy's prophecy is the reason for the Kaiser having postponed his assault on Europe until 1914. In 1849 his grandfather's fortune was told by that gypsy. She hailed him as emperor of a new federation, and as there was none then in sight he asked when it would arrive. She showed him mathematically as follows, taking the year current as basis:

1849
1
8
4
9

1871

She having thus established the Empire for him in 1871, he naturally wanted to know how long he would reign, and that date she fixed by:

1871
1
8
7
1

1888

His final question as to the life of the Empire was answered by:

1888
1
8
8
6

1913

Since this prophecy, made in 1849, had proved true in the first two cases, the Kaiser was careful to await the end of 1913 before taking risks. That this story was prevalent in the Prussian court is stated by no less an authority than Herr von Jagow, German Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

K. of K.'s Perception.—Lord Kitchener's success seems to involve some of the characteristics usually considered necessary for the successful politician. When Commander-in-Chief in India he was inspecting certain districts. The commandant of the district, meeting him at a station, had a Canadian officer as adjutant. On presenting the adjutant to Kitchener, the latter said, "Oh, yes—you are a Canadian!" The story shows how thoroughly the War Minister had studied the Indian army. And it was quite evident that Kitchener's remark was not inspired by any motive of the politician, but was only evidence of his thorough knowledge of all the details of his organization.

If You Want To Economize Use "Diamond Dyes,"



Rose color dyed brown

as a result I have a dandy dress to start school with. With a cream lace collar and ruffle at the wrist, I look as well as any girl in school."

Diamond Dyes

"A child can use them"
Simply dissolve the dye and boil the material in the colored water.

Mrs. J. A. Roper writes:—
"Recently my husband suffered severe business reverses, and it was necessary for me to economize in every way possible.

"I have always been very fond of nice clothes and bought the very best for myself and the children.

"We have never lived extravagantly and it seemed to me the best way to make immediate saving was on my own clothes. I happened to read an article in a magazine which said that any woman could save money by dyeing their old clothes. I must confess that I bought some DIAMOND DYES feeling that I was making a great sacrifice and that my last year's clothes re-dyed would look far from pretty. With a feeling of misgiving, I undertook the work of recoloring several last year's gowns, but now that they are remodeled and retrimmed, and dyed in bright, solid, new colors, they are just as stylish and fashionable as any new clothes I could have bought.

"I send you my photograph showing one of my costumes (green dyed black), which was particularly successful. I earnestly advise all women to use DIAMOND DYES whether they must economize or not."



Green suit dyed black.

Truth about Dyes for Home Use

There are two classes of fabrics—Animal Fiber Fabrics and Vegetable Fiber Fabrics.

Wool and Silk are Animal Fiber Fabrics. "Cotton and Linen are Vegetable Fiber Fabrics. "Union" or "Mixed" goods are usually 60 to 80 per cent. Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fiber fabrics.

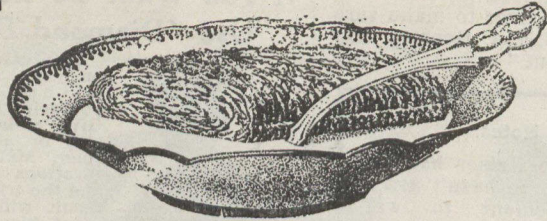
It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect color results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to color animal fiber fabrics and vegetable fiber fabrics equally well in one bath.

We manufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes, namely—Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk to color animal fiber fabrics, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods to color vegetable fiber fabrics so that you may obtain the very Best results on EVERY fabric.

Diamond Dyes sell at 10 cents per Package.

Valuable Book and Samples Free.
Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you that famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual and Direction Book, also 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

The Wells & Richardson Company, Limited,
200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.



In Peace and in War

—in sickness and in health—in good times and in bad times—in all climes and in all seasons—

SHREDDED WHEAT

is the one staple universal breakfast cereal and sells at the same price throughout the civilized world. War is always the excuse for increasing the cost of living, but no dealer can raise the price of Shredded Wheat. It is always the same in price and quality—contains more real nutriment than meat or eggs—is ready-cooked and ready-to-serve.

Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits, heated in the oven to restore crispness and eaten with milk or cream, will supply all the nutriment needed for a half day's work at a cost of not over four cents. Deliciously nourishing and satisfying for any meal with fruits or creamed vegetables.

Made by

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Limited
Niagara Falls, Ontario

Toronto Office: 49 Wellington Street East

61-G



Our "Gravity" design gives greatest convenience, as well as ease of operation with quick and thorough work. Do not overlook the detachable tub feature.

Write to-day for particulars of my FREE TRIAL OFFER

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either. So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't alright."

Well I didn't like that, I was afraid the horse wasn't "alright" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see, I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about me and my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a MONTH'S FREE TRIAL. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that on washerwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week send me 50c a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes. Address me personally, H. T. Morris, Manager, Nineteen Hundred Washer Company, 357 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Power Washers

If you have electricity or Gasoline Power available let me tell you about our "1900" Power Washers; wash and wring by electricity by simply attaching to any electric light socket—no work at all, or the same machine can be operated from a Gasoline Engine.

Sidelights on War

(Concluded from page 7.)

in a temper might be of some use if we went on right. There was a regular mess up of the horses, and the third fellow came back to see what the row was about. All he got was a half brick in the side of the face and he came off and his horse bolted, and then there was Smith an' me—that is, I, dancing round the other two. They couldn't get at us, for the horses were nearly mad, and we watched our time and gave them bricks and more bricks. We got one, and the other went down the road fit to win the Derby, hanging on to his horse's neck, and so we got back to the regiment."

How the Bees Fought for Belgium.

ANOTHER story of the War that rivals the ancient tale of the Roman geese whose hissing warned the Sacred City and so preserved it, reaches me from Belgium. A small fort formed a highly important strategic point of the Belgian Army and the country near was closely watched, for the fort was safe so long as the Belgians could prevent the enemy from placing any big gun on the neighbouring hills. Under cover of the dark, however, a pushful Bavarian battery climbed laboriously to a little knoll from whence it would be easy to drop shells into the forts. But what the Belgians had left the Bees still guarded, and the foremost soldier leading his mules for the sake of quiet, overturned a hive. Immediately the darkness seemed alive with red-hot needles, and the joy of the superstitious Bavarian did not increase when the mule, outraged by the little enemies, that clung to its soft and sensitive nose, neighed. The neigh of a frightened horse is weird enough, but a mule's expression of terror is a blood-curdling sound, and the darkness, the buzzing, and the intolerable pain shattered the nerves of the handful of men in front. They turned and, stumbling over their comrades, the whole wild melee went thundering back down the hill, a pandemonium of man and beast; clanking chain, the eldrich neighing of the mules and a stream of guttural South German profanity intermingled in a wild medley. There was a clatter of rifle fire from the fort and a little party of Belgians came for the hill on the run, but the bees were too angry to distinguish friend and enemy, and were left in undisputed possession until the morning, when the Belgians came and threw up a useful ring of trenches.

Things in General.

RECRUITING has been less active during the last week. It is quite easy to get men, the whole nation having risen superbly to the occasion, but it is another matter to train them. "The backbone of the army," Mr. Kipling tells us, "is the non-commissioned man," and now the posters that we see everywhere are beginning to appeal no longer for recruits particularly, but for N.C.O.'s; for these most necessary persons the age limit is extended as far as 50, and hardly any physical deficiency will debar a man who is able to put the "rookies" through their paces, "make 'em stand up without leaning on each other," as one almost weeping sergeant said to me after an hour's vituperative drill of a half-company of exhausted ex-clerks. The height has been raised to five foot six, which alone keeps out thousands of perfectly fit men, so it is to be presumed that for the present Kitchener has as much material in France as the available machinery can deal with. He preserves and even exceeds his reputation for ceaseless activity. In the last fortnight he has paid flying visits to Paris and Ostend, and has inspected minutely all the Birmingham factories which supply the troops with goods or with arms, notably the Birmingham Small Arms factory. It is said that on his return from Paris he countermanded every order given by his second-in-command in his absence. This is almost too typical of his methods to be untrue, though I heard it from an invariably unreliable source.

HAROLD TRACY POOLEY.

Makes
Skillets
AND
Pans

Spick
AND
Span

WRITE TO
THE CUDAHY PACKING CO.,
Toronto, - Canada
FOR OUR BOOKLET
"Hints to Housewives."

Cawthra Mulock & Co.

Members of
Toronto Stock Exchange

**Brokers
And
Bankers**

**12 KING STREET EAST
TORONTO, CANADA**

CABLE ADDRESS--CAWLOCK, TORONTO



MONEY AND MAGNATES



Leadership in Finance

CANADIAN finance seems to be without vocal leadership. In Great Britain Lloyd George keeps the public informed of what the government and the banks are doing. If the banks do not do what they ought to Lloyd George explains the duty of the banks to the public and lets public opinion do the rest. In the United States William G. McAdoo, secretary of the treasury (minister of finance), is following the same method. Last week he issued a call to all the state banking authorities to help him keep down the rate of interest. He finds that the New York banks are nominally charging outside banks seven per cent., but in reality eight per cent. for funds, and this he declares is too much. If the New York banks, he says, continue to extort such high rates he will refuse to deposit national funds with them and will withdraw other privileges. He also threatens to do the same if they hoard gold.

Canada apparently needs a Lloyd George or a William McAdoo. If our bankers are doing all they can the country should be told so. Then foolish criticism would cease. If the banks are not doing their duty some one in authority should explain the situation so that public opinion would have a proper lead. Is it not time that the Minister of Finance, or the President of the Bankers' Association, should come out from behind Torres Vedras and tell the public what he thinks?

United States Gold Pool

AT Washington the newly-created Federal Reserve Board is raising a hundred million dollar gold pool to pay United States indebtedness abroad. Twenty-five millions will be ready shortly and this amount of gold will be available to send abroad at once. The rest of the gold will be called upon as needed. Each bank contributes according to its ability, but the amount is fixed by the Board. This is a practical measure to prevent the hoarding of gold by banks and to preserve United States credit abroad. Canada will probably have to take similar action, but the need is not yet so great.

Emergency Provisions Unused

CAN legislation compel any one to borrow, or can it compel anyone to lend? These are questions involved in the discussion of the banking situation in Canada as well as in Britain. But there is quite a difference between the courses followed by the banks in the two countries. In Britain the complaint is that some banks after using the machinery furnished by the government for obtaining government assistance, by rediscounting bills, and thus obtaining funds, are refusing to loan these funds to traders. In Canada the complaint is that banks have not used the machinery furnished for borrowing from the government. One complaint is that some British banks do not lend, the other that Canadian banks do not borrow. The Canadian banks' position seems the more consistent, and in fact is based on the claim that as yet they do not need to use the special machinery, that they still are in position to handle all legitimate demands on them, and that the special machinery can be considered as a reserve for future use. In their view this puts the Canadian situation on a still stronger basis. The Canadian banking system and practice have in the past been pointed at as a proud feature of our development. But even Canadian bankers have never passed through conditions created by a general European war. Their lack of such an experience, however, seems to them insufficient ground for now preferring the financial advice of others with similar inexperience and in addition with little or no experience of actual banking.

The ostensible aim of special financial legislation in Britain is to maintain trade. The Chancellor of the Exchequer says: "We must keep up the credit of this country; for, after all, it is upon the strength of the credit of this country that the whole of our trade has been won. We have got to keep the machinery of trade, commerce and industry going so that we shall not find at the end of the war the important business that we have been transacting with the whole of the civilized world has passed away to some other country." In Canada, to furnish relief from unemployment is the term used. Both aim at the same result. But the relations in Canada between the commercial world and the bankers is somewhat different from that in England. British manufacturers and merchants have been longer established and are generally more independent of banking assistance. They employ their own capital. Many in this country have relied on banks for working capital. Business here has expanded more rapidly than working capital possibly could, and, besides, the theory has been held that banking capital can be returned should business contract and in this way interest be saved on working capital. The result is that Canadian industries have been relying on banks more than have British. This important fact must not be overlooked in comparing Canadian with British conditions. At the same time, it must be admitted that the Canadian condition is a natural and not an abnormal one. It is due to the rapid expansion of the last twenty years.

In Canada, such public agitation as has developed for banking assistance has been mostly based on the philanthropic idea that in this way much unemployment may be relieved. Also, with this in view, it is urged that municipal financing should especially receive assistance. Perhaps the advocates of this idea have in mind that municipal credit ranks higher than ordinary commercial credit, and that whatever government operations take place in this department of finance will give a good test of the effect of such legislation both on the applicant and on the position of the government itself. The governmental action both in Britain and Canada has provided machinery by which banks may be furnished funds to go on and make new loans even if existing loans are not being reduced. But the assistance of such machinery cannot affect the financial decision of the banker as to the advisability, or otherwise, of using it and making such new loans. Here comes in the "personal equation," or human element. Although the government says it is willing to take some of the risk, the use of this machinery will not in fact actually transfer the risk from the banker, who may still feel that his first duty is to his depositors. Since existing loans are being so little reduced he might like to conserve the privilege of discounting with the government as a resource to meet depositors' demands should they arise. This was not the main purpose of the government's action. The language of Mr. Lloyd George is quite explicit. He says: "We did not do it in order to strengthen their position. We did it in order to

The Chief Consideration

Is the safety of your money your chief consideration in deciding upon an investment for it?

Then you cannot find a more satisfactory investment than this Corporation's Debentures.

To bring them within the reach of the smallest investor, they are issued for sums as small as one hundred dollars.

This does not preclude their selection by investors of large sums, large numbers of whom hold them for many thousands of dollars.

They are a legal investment for Trust Funds, and many Executors and Trustees save themselves worry and anxiety by investing in them.

They are held in large sums by Insurance Companies, Benevolent and Fraternal Societies, and similar institutions.

Send for specimen Debenture, copy Annual Report, etc.

CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION

Paid-up Capital and Reserve
Fund Exceed Ten Million Dollars.
TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.
ESTABLISHED 1855.

THE CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE CO. PRESTON, ONT.

Manufacturers of
High Grade Bank
& Office Fixtures,
School, Library &
Commercial Fur-
niture, Opera &
Assembly Chairs,
Interior Hardwood
Finish Generally.



Schools and Colleges

London Conservatory of Music and
School of Elocution, Limited
LONDON, - - - ONTARIO



Reopened Tuesday, September 1st.

A thorough course in all branches of music and dramatic art at a moderate cost.

Send for year book and curricula.

Lottie L. Armstrong, F. Linforth Willgoose,
Registrar. Mus. Bac. (Dunelm),
Principal.

Woodstock College For Boys

(Residential)

University and Science Matricula-
tion.

Courses, with manual workshop, give
special preparation for technical and en-
gineering schools. Correspondence invited.
36

A. T. MacNEILL, Principal.
Woodstock College - - Woodstock, Ont.

Alma (Ladies) College

A Christian college-home,
healthful situation.

For prospectus and terms, write the Principal
R. I. Warner, M.A., D.D., St. Thomas, Ont.
63

The Merchants Bank

of Canada

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL

President, Sir H. Montagu Allan.
Vice-President, K. W. Blackwell.
General Manager, E. F. Hebden.

Paid-up Capital \$7,000,000
Reserve Fund and Undi-
vided Profits 7,248,134

220 BRANCHES IN CANADA
General Banking Business
Transacted.

Savings DEPARTMENT at all
branches. Deposits of \$1.00 and
upwards received, and interest
allowed at best current rates.

TORONTO OFFICES:

13 Wellington St. West; 1400 Queen
St. West (Parkdale); 406-408 Par-
liament St.; Dundas St. and Ron-
cesvalles Ave.

The Imperial Trusts Company

of Canada

ESTABLISHED 1887

4% Allowed on Deposits
Withdrawable by Cheque

5% Paid on Guaranteed
Investments

MORTGAGES PURCHASED

HEAD OFFICE:

15 Richmond St. West, Toronto

Tel. M. 214

5% DEBENTURES

Capital Paid Up, \$2,000,000.00
Assets - - \$5,000,000.00

INTEREST
PAID
EVERY
SIX
MONTHS

Those who have the intention of making an investment, should write us for particulars of our five per cent. debentures. The safety of this security is easily explained and the splendid interest return makes them very attractive. Complete report for 1913 sent on request.

STANDARD RELIANCE MORTGAGE CORPORATION

Head Office, 82-88 King St. E. Toronto

THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS FURNISHES A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF INSURANCE

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

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.

Policies issued from \$500 to \$5000
TOTAL BENEFITS PAID, 42 MILLION DOLLARS

For further information and literature apply to
FRED J. DARCH, S.S. E. G. STEVENSON, S.C.R.
Temple Building TORONTO

National Trust Company Limited

HEAD-OFFICE: 18-22 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

J. W. FLAVELLE, President
Z. A. LASH, K.C., LL.D. E. R. WOOD, Vice-Presidents
W. E. RUNDLE, General Manager

MONTREAL
WINNIPEG
EDMONTON
SASKATOON
REGINA

Paid-up Capital, \$1,500,000.

Reserve - - \$1,500,000.

8



Let Your Thirst Guide Your Thoughts to

WHITE LABEL ALE

A long drink of the delicious liquid helps a whole lot when you are tired and thirsty. Try it.

Pints and quarts in crown-stoppered bottles at dealers and hotels.

Brewed and Bottled by

DOMINION BREWERY COMPANY, LIMITED, Toronto

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."

enable them to finance the trade of the country during a crisis, and while the government and the country are prepared to take risks, the banks must take risks as well."

* * *

But the fact is the bankers have been left to decide what risks they will take; that is, what requirements they will consider legitimate and worthy of financial assistance under existing circumstances. In Britain the Chancellor has pointed out what risks are to be taken. He says: "We have got to keep the machinery of trade, commerce and industry going." This is the policy which the Dominion Government's legislation is also framed to promote.

Canadian Banks in August

THE statement of Canadian banks at the end of August shows the changes for the first month during the war and is therefore of special interest. Note circulation increased nearly \$20,000,000, but the total circulation was still slightly below the paid-up capital, so that the emergency provisions had not yet been found necessary. Notwithstanding a reduction of deposits of about \$20,000,000, the cash position of the banks was notably improved, their cash holdings being \$18,000,000 larger than at the end of July. This was doubtless accomplished through withdrawals from call loans outside Canada, which were reduced by \$29,000,000. The amount of call loans outside Canada now are about equal to the deposits outside. The statement shows that advances to municipalities total nearly \$40,000,000, an increase during August of over \$3,000,000. A reduction of over \$3,500,000 in current loans in Canada denotes the temporary slackening of trade. Call loans in Canada increased by \$785,000.

Bank of British North America

THE Bank of British North America always refers to its shareholders as "the proprietors," thus commendably acknowledging a relation which some other boards of directors have been inclined to overlook. The bank has just issued a most satisfactory report for the half year ending May 30th. Net profits were £73,054, or at a rate of about \$730,000 for twelve months. This would be an increase of about \$40,000 over the previous year's profits. As present conditions seem to assure good rates of interest for the balance of the bank's year, the second six months may be expected to exceed the profits of the first six.

United States Railway Credit

AS a means of improving the credit of United States railways, the Interstate Commerce Commission has permitted the reopening of the freight rate case. Hearings will begin Oct. 19th. The case involved is the application of Eastern roads for an increase in rates amounting to about 5%. The decision of the Commission, to be reopened, was delivered in August and granted various increases, estimated to amount to 1½ to 2½ per cent. With American railway securities extensively held abroad, and with over \$500,000,000 of refinancing to be done by these roads next year, their credit has become a matter of national importance. It is hoped by improving this that some foreign selling may be checked. Recently the New York Central Railroad renewed a floating obligation on a basis of 7%.

Bank of England

THE BANK OF ENGLAND has been making astonishing increases in its gold holdings. The holdings shown on September 24th exceeded \$250,000,000, compared with less than \$180,000,000 on June 4th last. In the meantime, New York institutions have lost about \$120,000,000 in the same period. In addition, the Bank of England has "ear-marked" £3,500,000 for the purpose of creating a currency fund. This is in effect a reserve against special issues made early in August. The bank's gold holdings are the largest in its history.

New Cement Director

CANADA CEMENT shareholders are to be congratulated on the election of Major E. C. Norsworthy to the Board of their company. The soundness of Major Norsworthy's opinions on the value of securities has been well tested, and his joining the Cement Company's Board may be taken as endorsing this company's future. The Major is Montreal manager of the Dominion Securities Corporation, accustomed to handling securities of the highest class.

C.P.R. Firm

STORIES of sales of C. P. R. at sacrifice prices are discredited; for, since the closing of the Exchanges, there has been a steady demand for the stock, and this week a bid of 155 still stands in New York. This price is practically the closing price of July 30th, for on that day sales were made at 157½, and the stock is now selling without the dividend of 2½ per cent. paid October 1st. A London cable reports one firm as having bought two thousand shares during the past few weeks. Many believe that there is an extensive short interest in this stock, that sales were being made on German account during July by traders who did not have the stock, and who will, at some time, have to buy it in.

No More Moratorium

NEXT week the moratorium in Britain practically comes to an end, and debtors will have to be prepared to pay up, having had two months to make those preparations. A limited extension is to be made to Nov. 4th, but bills of exchange, obligations in retail trade, rents and so on will now have to be met. Agitation in Canada for any such legislation should therefore find no support.

Toronto Factories Busy

SOME Toronto factories are very busy. The Standard Woolen Mills are working overtime on large orders for military blankets. Saddlery firms are working on orders from France. One manufacturer of felt and straw hats has increased the number of his employees since the war began. The A. T. Reid Co., manufacturers of neckwear, are working with a full staff and three nights a week overtime. What is true of these firms is true of many others. Manufacturers who have hitherto been in competition with German and Austrian competitors find that orders are being wished on them in a most unusual manner.

The same conditions exist in the other large manufacturing centres. Some factories are still working part time but others are working overtime. On the whole it would seem that the unemployment problem will not be as bad as was anticipated.



THE WHOLE HOUSE SHINES

House cleaning is much easier and twice as effective if you moisten your dust-cloth with

LOCO LIQUID GLOSS

A dry dust-cloth merely scatters the dust. Loco Liquid Gloss gathers up all the dirt and leaves a bright, disinfected surface. It feeds the varnish and makes soiled furniture and woodwork look like new.

Loco Liquid Gloss is especially good for cleaning and polishing all highly finished surfaces, such as piano, automobile and carriage bodies.

In half-pint, pint, quart, half-gallon, and five-gallon lithographed tins; also in barrels and half-barrels at furniture and hardware stores everywhere.



THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, LIMITED

TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER
OTTAWA QUEBEC CALGARY EDMONTON
HALIFAX ST. JOHN REGINA SASKATOON

TORONTO Conservatory of Music

A. S. VOGT, Mus. Doc.,
Musical Director.

One of the largest and most splendidly equipped Schools of Music in America.
A national institution, unrivalled in Canada as regards the distinction of its faculty and completeness of buildings and general equipment.
Send for YEAR BOOK, LOCAL CENTRE SYLLABUS of 1914-15 and pamphlet descriptive of the Women's Residence.

Conservatory School of Expression
Special Calendar.

F. H. Kirkpatrick, Ph.D., Principal.
Public Reading, Oratory, Physical and Vocal Culture, Dramatic Art and Literature.

War Notes

The Paris correspondent of the London Times vividly describes what gay "Paree" felt and looked like a week or two before there began to be any expectation of a siege. He says:

"The city is gaily decorated with flags which seem strangely out of keeping with the dead, deserted streets, with the long lines of closed shops, each with a list of those of its staff who have left for the front pasted on the shutters. The Rue de la Paix is a wilderness; luncheon at the Ritz a meal rendered melancholy by the wonder as to what is happening to its absent habitués. Closed are the pleasure resorts of the Montmartre; emptied the caravanserais of the Rue de Rivoli and the Champs Elysees. It is as though the Capital had been drained of its life by the war. Hundreds of thousands still of course remain behind. They stay at home waiting for the news which is not going to be given too quickly—news in the shape of casualty lists."

This was earlier in the war, when by recent estimate fully a million people left Paris. At any time now, however, the Government may shift back from Bordeaux to the capital, and things become nearly normal again.

In many of the bands of captured German scouts wirecutters have been found. Belgian reports say they are for cutting telephone and telegraph lines of the Allies. But it seems more likely that they are employed also for cutting barb wire entanglements which are found across many of the chief Belgian roads, as well as in the outworks of forts.

Says a German newspaper: "English and French words are being wiped out of the German vocabulary. Daily one sees disappearing from shop windows such as—'Robes,' 'manteaux,' 'tailor-made,' 'manicure,' 'confiserie,' 'English clothing.' Waiters now hand you 'speise carte' instead of 'menu.' Several well-known restaurants have been renamed. For example, The Queen's Bar becomes 'Hoch Deutschland,' and the Boheme becomes 'Germania.'" There seems to be no limit to the Kaiser's compliments nowadays.

War Queries

Admittedly Impertinent

Honestly—if you had a Ross rifle could you hit a barn if the door happened to be open?

As a matter of fact—what do you think of that man next door who can't even lug his wife's baby to the street-car, hankering to get a knapsack and a haversack and a rifle?

Did you ever dream you were shot? Isn't it comforting to know that modern bullets can go clean through a man and never leave a hole?

When are we to read about that grand polo match between the Uhlands and the Cossacks?

Don't you think it's important to have good boots—when you find the left flank turning in your rear?

Remembering that Napoleon the morning of Waterloo called his field guns "pretty girls," can't you imagine the Kaiser patting one of his Zeppelins and calling it "Mein Fraulein?"

Probably God doesn't care about Belgian cathedrals being smashed? Ask the Kaiser.

On this matter of drill, do you remember the Irish woman who saw the soldiers go by and said, "Ach! Sure they're all out o' step but my Jimmie?"

Ask your mathematical professor what he thinks of the Zeppelin going round in a circle so as to get a mean average of a dead centre to drop a bomb?

When you were playing Rugby did you ever look forward to anything like this?

Will you ever buy Eau de Cologne any more?

Will the college faculty please tell us if they intend to make us study German along with our French next year?

Test the odor and the "feel"

Ask the salesgirl to pour a little Mennen's Violet Talcum Toilet Powder into your hand.
Its delicate, flowery odor will make you long to use it—to make its dainty, lingering fragrance an attribute of your own personality.
Rub it in with your fingers and note how it completely disappears, at the same time eliminating any "shiny" appearance of the skin.
Note its remarkable smoothness and downy softness—the absence of lumpy and gritty particles.
Remember that this is the same powder which has made the name of Mennen famous for 30 years, the original borated talcum, with the exquisite perfume of fresh violets added.
The solution of boracic acid which Mennen's contains makes it cleansing, soothing, healing and antiseptic. Hence it is a grateful and efficient relief from skin irritations and affections—especially those due to the action of the sun and wind.

For sale everywhere, 25c, or by mail postpaid. Sample postpaid for 4c. State whether you wish the Violet Scent, or the Borated. Address Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder

Let me talk to you about Nerve Troubles.

Our nerves are like an intricate network of telegraph wires. They are controlled and nourished by a portion of the brain known as the nerve centres. The condition of the nerve centres depends upon the condition of the bodily health. When the bodily health is lowered the nerves suffer in sympathy. Then it is that we are tormented with "nerves," headaches, neuralgia, nervous debility. In such cases there is nothing to equal 'Wincarnis,' the 'Wine of Life.' 'Wincarnis' is a powerful nerve food which acts directly upon the nerve centres and gives them new life and new vitality. The result is wonderful. Will you try it?

Begin to get well FREE

Send for a liberal free trial bottle of 'Wincarnis.' Enclose six cents stamps for postage. COLEMAN & Co., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, England. You can obtain regular supplies from all leading Stores, Chemists, and Wine Merchants.

WINGARNIS

The Wine of Life
Recommended by over 10,000 Doctors

Representative for the Dominion of Canada: Mr. FRANK S. BAIL, P. O. Box 577, Toronto. Phone No. Main 2875. Telegrams, "Onit," Toronto.

What and Why is the Internal Bath?

By C. GILBERT PERCIVAL, M.D.

Though many articles have been written and much has been said recently about the Internal Bath, the fact remains that a great amount of ignorance and misunderstanding of this new system of Physical Hygiene still exists.

And, inasmuch as it seems that Internal Bathing is even more essential to perfect health than External Bathing, I believe that everyone should know its origin, its purpose and its action beyond the possibility of a misunderstanding.

Its great popularity started at about the same time as did what are probably the most encouraging signs of recent times—I refer to the appeal of Optimism. Cheerfulness. Efficiency are those attributes which go with them, and which, if steadily practiced, will make our race not only the despair of nations competitive to us in business, but establish us as a shining example to the rest of the world in our mode of living.

These new daily "Gospels," as it were, had as their inspiration the ever-present unconquerable Canadian Ambition, for it had been proven to the satisfaction of all real students of business that the most successful man is he who is sure of himself who is optimistic, cheerful and impresses the world with the fact that he is supremely confident always—for the world of business has every confidence in the man who has confidence in himself.

If our outlook is optimistic, and our confidence strong, it naturally follows that we inject enthusiasm, "ginger," and clear judgment into our work, and have a tremendous advantage over those who are at times more or less depressed, blue, and nervously fearful that their judgment may be wrong—who lack the confidence that comes with the right condition of mind, and which counts so much for success.

Now the practice of Optimism and Confidence has made great strides in improving and advancing the general efficiency of the Canadian, and if the mental attitude necessary to its accomplishment were easy to secure, complete success would be ours.

Unfortunately, however, our physical bodies have an influence on our mental attitude, and in this particular instance, because of a physical condition which is universal, these much-to-be-desired aids to success are impossible to consistently enjoy.

In other words, our trouble, to a great degree, is physical first and mental afterwards—this physical trouble is simple and very easily corrected. Yet it seriously affects our strength and energy, and if it is allowed to exist too long becomes chronic and then dangerous.

Nature is constantly demanding one thing of us, which, under our present mode of living and eating, it is impossible for us to give—that is, a constant care of our diet, and enough consistent physical work or exercise to eliminate all waste from the system.

If our work is confining, as it is in almost every instance, our systems cannot throw off the waste except according to our activity, and a clogging process immediately sets in.

This waste accumulates in the colon (lower intestine), and is more serious in its effect than you would think, because it is intensely poisonous, and the blood circulating through the colon absorbs these poisons, circulating them through the system and lowering our vitality generally.

That's the reason that biliousness and its kindred complaints make us ill "all over." It is also the reason that this waste, if permitted to remain a little too long, gives the destructive germs, which are always present in the blood, a chance to gain the upper hand, and we are not alone inefficient, but really ill—seriously, sometimes, if there is a local weakness.

This accumulated waste has long

been recognized as a menace, and Physicians, Physiculturists, Dietitians, Osteopaths, and others have been constantly laboring to perfect a method of removing it, and with partial and temporary success.

It remained, however, for a new, rational and perfectly natural process to finally and satisfactorily solve the problem of how to, thoroughly eliminate this waste from the colon without strain or unnatural forcing—to keep it sweet and clean and healthy and keep us correspondingly bright and strong—clearing the blood of the poisons which made it and us sluggish and dull spirited, and making our entire organism work and act as Nature intended it should.

That process is Internal Bathing with warm water—and it now, by the way, has the endorsement of the most enlightened Physicians, Physical Culturists, Osteopaths, etc., who have tried it and seen its results.

Heretofore it has been our habit, when we have found by disagreeable, and sometimes alarming symptoms, that this waste was getting much the better of us, to repair to the drug shop and obtain relief through drugging.

This is partly effectual, but there are several vital reasons why it should not be our practice as compared with Internal Bathing.

Drugs force Nature instead of assisting her—Internal Bathing assists Nature and is just as simple and natural as washing one's hands.

Drugs, being taken through the stomach, sap the vitality of other functions before they reach the colon, which is not called for—Internal Bathing washes out the colon and reaches nothing else.

To keep the colon constantly clean drugs must be persisted in, and to be effective the doses must be increased. Internal Bathing is a consistent treatment, and need never be altered in any way to be continuously effective. No less an authority than Professor Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

It is rather remarkable to find, at what would seem so comparatively late a day, so great an improvement on the old methods of Internal Bathing as this new process, for in a crude way it has, of course, been practised for years.

It is probably no more surprising, however, than the tendency on the part of the Medical Profession to depart further and further from the custom of using drugs, and accomplish the same and better results by more natural means; causing less strain on the system and leaving no evil after-effects.

Doubtless you, as well as other Canadian men and women, are interested in knowing all that may be learned about keeping up to "concert pitch," and always feeling bright and confident.

This improved system of Internal Bathing is naturally a rather difficult subject to cover in detail in the public press, but there is a Physician who has made this his life's study and work, who has written an interesting book on the subject called "Why Man of To-day is Only 50% Efficient." This he will send on request to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 339, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this in The Canadian Courier.

It is surprising how little is known by the average person on this subject, which has so great an influence on the general health and spirits.

My personal experience and my observations make me very enthusiastic on Internal Bathing, for I have seen its results in sickness as in health, and I firmly believe that everybody owes it to himself, if only for the information available, to read this little book by an authority on the subject.



POP! POP! POP!

By Malcolm Douglas.

THE little pop-corn people were so very near the grate,
That suddenly their tiny hearts began to palpitate,
And elders felt (I wonder if I've got this right) dee tropp
When a little pop-corn bachelor began to pop! pop! pop!

"Oh, Kernal," said a pop-corn maid, as flustered as could be,
"You'll have to ask my popper, if you want to marry me!"
And little pop-corn maids in confusion giggled, "Stop!"
When other pop-corn bachelors began to pop! pop! pop!

—St. Nicholas.

A GUARDIAN OF GIRLS.

(By Marshall Saunders.)

ONE of the most interesting of the large houses in lovely Queen's Park, Toronto, is Annesley Hall, the girls' residence of Victoria Methodist College.

Next attractive to the bright-faced girls trooping about the Hall, is Paddy—dear Paddy, the pet of the household, and the property of Miss Addison, the lady principal. Does Miss Addison go for a walk? Paddy gambols beside her, his eyes fixed adoringly on her face. If she is absent on business, Paddy is not happy till she returns.

I was there one day when she came



HURRAH FOR HOLIDAYS!

A pyramid of boys and girls who spend their holidays this year at Jackson's Point, Ont.

in, and noted the expression on the dear dog's face as he lovingly circled about her, and looked up into her eyes, which are aglow with a love of humanity that takes in also God's lower creation. The dog's ecstasy made me say to myself, "Is it possible that there can exist persons who are deaf, dumb and blind to the adoration of a faithful animal like this collie?"

One evening after dinner, when guests and teachers had been sitting in the drawing-room talking to the girls about bird protection, Miss Addison told me two interesting stories about Paddy that I asked permission to repeat.

This intelligent dog believes strongly in guardianship for girls. Every night he lies by the big front door, until a maid puts out the hall light. After this light is extinguished he makes his way to Miss Addison's door, and lies beside it all night.

One night about twelve o'clock, she was awakened by a great barking from Paddy. She got up, opened her door, and Paddy, with expressive tail-waggings, led her to the hall light and gazed steadily at it.

The maid had forgotten to extin-

guish it. Miss Addison turned it out, praised Paddy, whereupon, quite satisfied, he went back to his sleeping-rug.

Upon one occasion, Paddy showed that he had a rooted prejudice against visits after visiting hours. One of the girls from the Hall had been out to spend the evening. Having forgotten her latch-key, she was obliged to ring the bell when she returned. It was just a little after her bedtime, and the disapproving Paddy, looking through the hall window, saw that she had with her a young man who had escorted her home.

In great displeasure, he turned to a second girl who had run downstairs to let her friend in, and placed his big body between her and the front door.

The amused girl found that he absolutely refused to allow her to open the door. Every time she put her hand on the knob, he pushed her away.

Finally, the two girls, knowing Paddy's uncompromising ways, requested the young man to leave, whereupon Paddy observing him through the glass, permitted his young friend to enter.

Long life to dear, faithful Paddy, the kind, even if over-suspicious guardian of girlhood!—Our Dumb Animals.

ODD USE FOR A POCKET.

JUST at the bird-nesting season the man of the house wanted a coat he left hanging in a room but little used. When he had taken it off, hanging it beside the window, he was engaged in some warm work among the grain sacks, the window being open for air. That is the way things were left. A fortnight, perhaps, had passed; and, when the owner went to get the coat, as he was about to take it down from the nail, out came a pair of tiny wings and darted through the window. A bird had taken possession of one of the pockets. There was its silky-lined nest, and in the nest were three tiny speckled eggs.

Now this man had other coats: the bird had no other nest. What would be fair to do in such a case? As the father of some dear little children in the home, he was not long in answering the question. Perhaps he brought the children to take just a peep at the nest and the eggs; but he would not abuse the confidence of the sociable little bird, who, had she been a paying tenant, could not have been more secure from being disturbed. This man managed to do without his coat for the sake of lending her the further use of its pockets. And in that cozy place the mother bird hatched and fed and reared her loved brood. When the little wings were enough grown, the young followed her into the beautiful world outside the chamber window, where now hung a coat with an empty nest in the pocket.

THE CANDLE-LIGHT.

ALTHOUGH I'm almost four, sometimes

I'm frightened in the night.
So mother says, "Don't be afraid,
I'll leave a candle-light."

A little light the watch to keep,
Until I sing myself to sleep.

I love to watch the tiny flame
That flickers to and fro,
And watch the straight white candles
Which must always shorter grow.

For when I wake in early morn,
The candle every bit has gone.

If little boys should all grow short,
Instead of growing tall,
Some mornings would their mothers

find
They had no sons at all?

I'm very glad that we all know
The proper way for boys to grow.

—Harriet Works, in Harper's Magazine.

The Made Man

(Continued from page 8.)

called, a group of the idle and curious were on hand every evening. The notoriety of the thing was too much for me, so I withdrew with the sincere admonition that he drop the whole business.

Judge Morgan, however, did not share my opinion. "What if he does get licked," he argued. "Not one beating in a thousand leaves a real injury. You seem to forget that the boy is developing in character much faster than in physique. Whether he is whipped or not is nothing. People will respect him none the less if he battles bravely."

So I ceased my efforts to dissuade the young fellow; in fact, I coached him in secret each morning.

BULL WILSON knew enough of pugilistic etiquette to keep away from the training quarters—but his companions were on hand every evening. They donned the gloves with Milton, who was glad to practise with visitors, and allowed him to worst them in every encounter. "That's the stuff, Milton!" they would cry. "Holy gee! you've got a kick like a mule. Here! a little easier; you forget I ain't a scrapper like you. You'll put it all over Bull, sure. He's clumsier'n an ox."

Outside they would laugh derisively and express their real opinions:

"The poor mutt's got no more chance than a jack-rabbit. Why, I can hardly lay a glove on Bull, he's that fast, and this lunatic is slower'n a load of hay."

"He's not so rotten when it comes to covering up, though," interposed one. "Wonder where he learned it? Coming right down to cases, you gotta hand it to the kid—him spunkin' up that way. Who'd 'a thought he'd have the nerve?"

"Not me—that's a cinch." An involuntary listener in my toolshed, I at last realized the truth of Judge Morgan's contention. Milton was gaining respect.

Milton had news for me one morning. "I'm in for it now," he said. "Wilson stopped me on the street last night. He looked pretty mad. Said I'd been telling all over town how I was going to lick him—you know I never said that, don't you? Well, anyhow, we're to have it out next Saturday afternoon at Endicott's grove. It seemed like I just couldn't get out of it, with his gang hollering at me and all. I don't know—I've been thinking some of going to the city. Do you think I should?"

"Never!" I answered. "You'll do the best you can, Milton, and who knows but what you'll win?" I went on to repeat some of Judge Morgan's arguments. "Anyhow," I concluded, "what is a few blows from a padded fist compared with facing the bullets of the enemy through four long years of war, as the judge did?"

"And as Washington and Grant did," the boy amended, his face aglow with ambitious fervor. "I'll show those brutes I'm not a coward if I'm killed! And say," he added, "you haven't another book you could loan me?"

THE coming fight became the talk of the town. As it was to be staged outside the municipal boundaries, the local constables were powerless to prevent it, and, although there was some talk of asking the county officials to intervene, nothing was done.

Saturday afternoon saw groups of men making their way down the river to Endicott's grove. All the sports were on hand, as well as many who did not belong in that category.

A ring was improvised on the green sward. The contestants stripped to tights, bound their hands with electric tape like professional boxers, had the gloves laced on and the lace-ends slashed. There was a referee, time-keeper, seconds, etc., the same as for a regulation ring battle.

Bull Wilson stripped, broad-shouldered, bull-necked, with arms like rolls of bologna sausage, a sneer play-



Baby's Summer Troubles are prevented and overcome by using the 'ALLENBURYS' FOODS.

SUMMER complaint in babies is caused by improper feeding.

Mother's milk is the best food for Baby, but it is often affected by mother's health. Cow's milk cannot be trusted—it is seldom pure or sufficient in cream-fat—it is acid, contains indigestible curd—hot weather quickly sours it.

The 'Allenburys' Foods provide a thoroughly reliable method of feeding babies from birth. They are scientifically correct—the perfect substitute for mother's milk—always the same—not affected by weather—provide a complete easy-to-digest food. Baby will have no summer troubles and no summer diarrhoea arising from improper feeding, if you use the 'Allenburys' Foods according to directions.

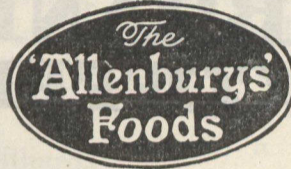
Give Baby the 'Allenburys' Foods this summer, and avoid the hot weather troubles of babyhood.

MILK FOOD No. 1. From birth to 3 months. **MILK FOOD No. 2.** From 3 to 6 months. **MALTED FOOD No. 3.** From 6 months upwards.

Packed in hermetically sealed tins—ideal under all weather conditions. Instantly prepared by adding boiling water only.

Write for free copy of our baby book "Infant Feeding and Management"; a valuable guide for mothers.

The Allen & Hanburys Co. Limited, 66 Gerrard St. East, TORONTO.



Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!



Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound—even whispers do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate the sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay. Write today for our FREE 168 page Book on Deafness—giving you full particulars.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated, 113 Inter-Southern Bldg., LOUISVILLE, KY.



O'Keefe's

SPECIAL EXTRA MILD ALE

---is the most popular of all light ales. Always uniform in purity, flavor and quality. Brewed only from choicest Hops, Malt and filtered water in Canada's most modern and sanitary Brewery.

383

"The Beer with a reputation."

THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. LIMITED
TORONTO

SHOPPERS' GUIDE

PRINTING.

VISITING CARDS—Ladies' or Gentlemen's, printed to order—latest styles; fifty cents per hundred, post-paid. Frank H. Barnard, Printer, 35 Dundas Street, Toronto.

BAKERS' OVENS.

HUBBARD PATENT PORTABLE Ovens—Plans supplied; latest machinery, lowest prices; catalogue free. Warren Manufacturing Co., 782 King West, Toronto.

EDUCATIONAL.

COMPLETE Commercial Course (Arithmetic, Bookkeeping, Penmanship, Business Correspondence, Commercial Law) taught you at home. Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Dept. K, Toronto, Canada.

HELP WANTED.

GET CANADIAN GOVERNMENT JOBS. Big pay. Examinations throughout Canada during November. We coach candidates by mail. Sample lessons and schedule of examination places free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. L 175, Rochester, N.Y.

STAMPS AND COINS.

PACKAGE free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps; catalogue; hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto.

BOOKS.

A DESKBOOK OF ERRORS IN ENGLISH, by F. H. Vizetelly, is an invaluable text book for those who are particular about the language they use. Cloth, \$1.00, post-paid. Norman Richardson, Desk A, 12 E. Wellington St., Toronto.

THE FORCE OF THE MIND, by A. T. Schofield, M.D., explains the scientific relation between the mind and many of mankind's ailments. Cloth, 240 pages, \$2.00, post-paid. Norman Richardson, Desk A, 12 E. Wellington St., Toronto.

PATENTS.

WRITE for our 112-page Blue Book on patents. Tells how to invent and dispose of patents. Trademarks registered all countries. Robb & Robb, 287-290 Southern Bldg., Washington, D.C.

A WORKING MODEL should be built before your patents are applied for. Our modern machine shop and tools are at your service. We are the only manufacturing attorneys in the world. Get our advice regarding your invention. All advice free. The Patent Selling and Manufacturing Agency, 206 Simcoe St., Toronto.

HOTEL DIRECTORY

KING EDWARD HOTEL

Toronto, Canada.

—Fireproof—

Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up. American and European Plans.

MOSSOP HOTEL

(Limited)

TORONTO, ONTARIO.

European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof. Rooms with or without bath from \$1.50 and up per day.

QUEEN'S HOTEL, MONTREAL

\$2.50 to \$4.00. American Plan.

300 Rooms.

THE NEW FREEMAN'S HOTEL

(European Plan.)

One Hundred and Fifty Rooms.

Single rooms, without bath, \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day; rooms with bath, \$2.00 per day and upwards.

St. James and Notre Dame Sts., Montreal.

THE TECUMSEH HOTEL

London, Canada.

American Plan, \$3.00 per day and up. All rooms with running hot and cold water, also telephones. Grill room open 8 to 12 p.m.

Geo. H. O'Neill, Proprietor.

86,000 Injured 10,000 Killed

These official figures for the latest fiscal year represent the unprecedented record of injury and slaughter on the railway systems of the United States. The epidemic of wrecks is rapidly increasing. Since July 1st 268 lives have been lost in railway wrecks, not counting hundreds of casualties. The reason back of almost every recent smash-up can be almost invariably expressed in the two words:

"I FORGOT"

Either the despatcher, the operator, the conductor, the engineer, or the brakeman FORGOT something vitally important. Beyond every mechanical safeguard, every provision of "standard code," or special rule lies the "human factor," and the most important element in this factor is MEMORY. This is true of every branch of the operating department of every railway, and it is true of almost every other responsible position in active life. If you want your memory as infallible as it is possible to get it, study "Assimilative Memory":

How to Attend and Never Forget"

which is the title of the book that contains the complete LOISETTE MEMORY SYSTEM. This system, which formerly has been sold only under the most rigid restrictions and at a high price, develops and brings into action dormant and hitherto unused memory power. It gives a right direction to mental functions and powers, completely abolishing mind-wandering and insuring ACCURACY and PRECISION of thought. It increases by many fold the value of every mind. 12mo, cloth. \$3.00 post paid.

NORMAN RICHARDSON,
12 E. Wellington St., Toronto.

OTARD BRANDY

THE FINEST PURE COGNAC IMPORTED
OTARD-DUPUY-COGNAC



As light as lager, but better for you W-73



SEAL BRAND COFFEE

The
Finishing Touch
To A
Perfect Meal

CHASE & SANBORN
MONTREAL. 147

IRISH LINEN

Yes You know from "Hear-say" that it is unrivalled, but you can know by Experience, by writing to a House that has a record for straight trading of almost a century.

MURPHY & ORR'S name associated with DAMASK TABLE LINEN, BED LINEN, HOUSE LINEN, LINEN CAMBRIC, HANDKERCHIEFS, DRESS LINENS, IRISH LACES, etc., is an absolute warranty. Illustrated Price Lists Free.

MURPHY & ORR, Box 18, Belfast, IRELAND

A bottle of COSGRAVES

each day with your meals
creates instant appetite.

Used in the better homes
because of its quality.

ing about his tobacco-stained mouth. Then Milton Cherry slipped off his coat and a murmur of compassion rippled through the crowd. Spindle-legged, narrow-chested, with long, scrawny arms, taller but at least ten pounds lighter than his stocky opponent, his prospect for victory looked dubious indeed.

The bell clanged and the men advanced. Bull whipped over a feeler and a thin red trickle broke from Milton's nose, dribbled down alongside his mouth and splashed to his chest. But he did not flinch and the audience growled encouragement. Bull loosed another left jab. Milton guarded and a suggestion of applause prodded Bull to determined action. He rushed, swinging with both hands, using small science and less caution, while Milton crouched over, his midriff protected by his attitude, his long arms thrown up over his face in a barrier that Bull could not penetrate. Realizing this, Bull strove to batter it down. A savage rain of blows broke on Milton's arms, head, neck and back; none of them reaching a vital spot, but amounting in the aggregate to a sense-deadening fusillade that surely must soon beat the cowering recipient to earth. Then, in a flash, the incredible happened. Milton, standing stock still, crouching lower and lower, apparently sinking to a humiliating defeat, suddenly flashed back his right elbow shot it forward like a piston rod—and the champion of Watertown sank to earth, quivering and moaning.

I smiled grimly, while a thunder of cheers split the atmosphere. Milton's long morning hours of patient hitting at a small, movable mark, were justified. He was no fighter and a dubious boxer; but he did possess the intelligence to reserve and concentrate all his power in a single blow to a vital spot—the pit of the stomach.

To my surprise, when I called on Judge Morgan he showed scant enthusiasm.

"It might have been better for Milton if he had not won so decisively," he said. "As it is, the real test lies before him."

"What do you mean?"
"The danger of the swelled head. He'll have to be made of good stuff to withstand the fuss people will make over him."

Milton, however, became more studious and gentlemanly than ever. He continued to exercise for half an hour daily, but the greater part of his spare time was spent in study. The Life of Napoleon seemed to interest him greatly. He spent a whole week poring over an unprejudiced biography—and then applied for a position at the New York store. He got it, too.

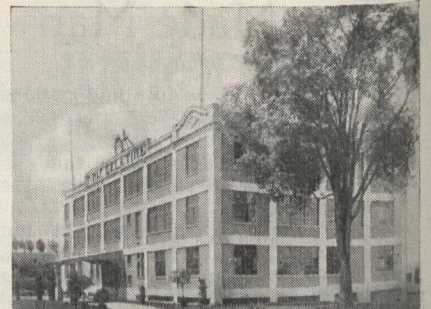
The Milton we had known for years vanished into thin air. Belated consciousness of his present worth and boundless potentiality caused the new Milton to dress well, to mend his speech and manners, to cultivate the society of worth-while men, to work assiduously and to save his money. His toil-worn mother quit dressmaking except for an occasional remunerative job.

Milton's popularity increased with the better class as it waned with the rowdies, and the new trade that he drew to his employer's store was reflected in his salary cheque. The rough element accorded him a wholesome respect, and indeed two or three of them profited by his example and mended their ways materially.

Nor was Milton's popularity confined to the male sex. In time the feminine aristocracy of our town came to overlook his rough-neck notoriety and recognize his real worth, and presently it began to be whispered about that he and Judge Morgan's daughter Alice were "going it pretty strong."

I did not realize, though, that the fluffy-winged little boy with the arrows had achieved such marksmanship until I called on the judge one afternoon in the spring following Milton's sudden rise to comparative fortune.

I found the old man purple with anger. The cords of his neck stood out in fierce relief against his tawny skin. The place was disordered with books that he had flung about in his



This sunlit factory
is the home of

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

Knox Gelatine is made pure and kept pure. Especially designed machinery does all the work—hands never touch Knox Gelatine until you yourself open the package.

It is endorsed by all Pure Food Experts and Teachers of Cookery.

You will find it indispensable to good cooking.

Send for
FREE Recipe Book

The KNOX Book of recipes tells you how to make delicious Desserts, Jellies, Sa'ads and Candies, and improve Soups, Sauces, Gravies, Sherbets, Ice Cream and Ices. It is free for your grocer's name.

Pint sample for a 2-cent stamp and grocer's name.

Charles B. Knox Co.
510 Knox Ave.
Johnstown, N. Y.

Branch Factory:
Montreal, Can.



A LOVELY BABY BOY

This Mother is quite Enthusiastic
over a well Known Food.

Mrs. J. W. Pateman, 133 Boulbee Ave., Toronto, in writing about Neave's Food says "When I first knew one of my friends, her baby Jack was eight months old and dying by inches. She had tried three foods because her Jack could not digest milk. At last, I fetched her a tin of Neave's Food. At the end of a month, Jack was rapidly gaining flesh and was bright and happy. He is a lovely boy now and she declares Neave's Food saved his life. And it did."

Then I recommended it to a friend on Victoria Avenue. She had a baby 6 months old that was not thriving a bit. She put the baby on Neave's Food and at the end of three months, the baby was twice the size.

I have never seen two bigger, stronger boys than mine for their ages and we owe it all to Neave's Food. I have the utmost faith in Neave's Food."

Mothers and prospective mothers may obtain a free tin of Neave's Food and a valuable book "Hints About Baby" by writing Edwin Utley, 14C Front St. East, Toronto, who is the Canadian agent. For sale by all druggists. 49

Mfrs. J. R. Neave & Co., England.

STAMMERING

overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Write for free advice and literature.

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE, Berlin, Can.

rage. For a moment he stood glaring at me like a jungle lion, then his berserk rage exploded.

"It's that cursed brat!" he roared; "that scoundrel that I picked out of the gutter and tried to make something of. This is how he repays me—has the audacity to ask for my daughter's hand in marriage! The gutter-snipe!"

"You mean Milton Cherry?"
"Who else in his position would dare to even think of such a thing?"

"But isn't he doing well?"
"What's it matter what he's doing. The daughter of a Morgan married to a Cherry! Good God! What impertinence!"

I calmed the irascible old gentleman as best I could, though, to tell the truth, I was not overburdened with sympathy for him.

"Said they had it all settled and that only my consent was lacking!" he stormed. "As though that were a mere detail, hardly worth their notice. You watch me fix that scoundrel right now." He grabbed the telephone:

"Hello! Hell-o! Give me Bloomenthal's store. Bloomenthal?
Yes—this is Judge Morgan. Say, you have a clerk there named Cherry. What's that? Best man you've got? Well, I want him fired."

"Yes, I said fired! . . . All right."

He rang off with a grim smile. "I guess that will teach one conceited puppy his place. Rattle-brained girl—I wonder what girls are coming to? They weren't like that in my days. That's what comes of uplifting white trash. I got that place for him. . . . Yes, of course, the store is mine; didn't you know that?"

Next day Milton Cherry was behind the grocery counter of his first employer, affable as ever, facing misfortune with the fortitude of a soldier.

A month later I again sat in Judge Morgan's office. Across the street, on Market Square, the band discoursed and below the open window the customary crowd of band-night rowdies held forth. Presently I noticed Milton promenading up the street with a lady—Alice Morgan. The old judge's face went black as a thunder-cloud.

As the daring couple neared the corner a figure started from the rowdy group and lurched into Milton. The disturber laid a filthy paw on the girl's arm, and like a flash Milton's open hand whipped into his face.

"Git the skoit out'n the way an' I'll show you up," gritted the slapped one.

Alice came bounding up the stairs to the office. No sooner had she left than the rowdy sprang at Milton like a wild-cat. Never had I seen so ferocious an assault. The man's simulated inebriety vanished in a twinkling and he ripped into Milton with a repertoire of blows that only an experienced ring man could command. If Milton ever thought of his solar-plexus punch he had no chance to use it. Before one could count thirty he had gone down under a bone-smashing rain of swings, jabs and uppercuts, and, as he sank to his knees, his assailant vanished amidst the shrieking applause of the hoodlums.

In an instant pandemonium reigned. The band stopped playing. Some one shouted that there had been a murder. The street was in an uproar.

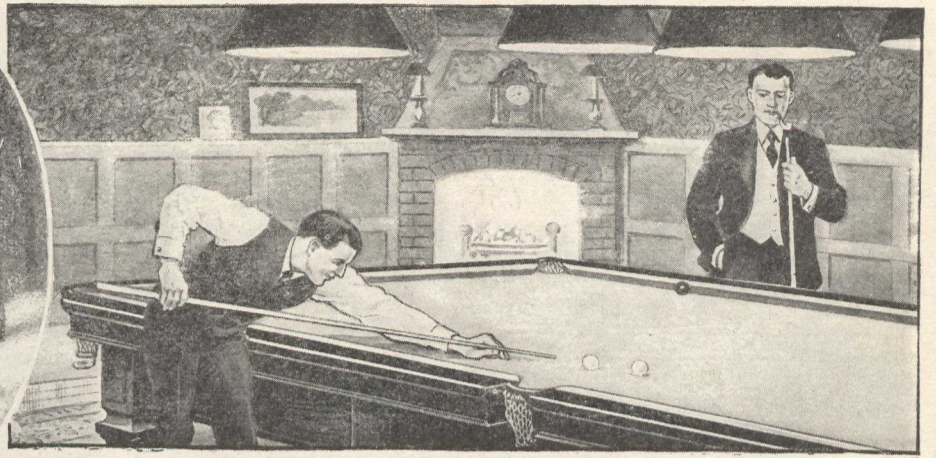
"Air! Air! Give him air!" bel-lowed some one.

Ready hands assisted Milton to his feet. He leaned on his benefactor's arm for a moment, mud-bespattered and bloody-faced, then he smiled a wan smile and turned to his gleeful rowdies:

"Well, boys," he said, "you did the job up brown, didn't you? There's one consolation, though: You imported a real prize-fighter. I hope you're satisfied—because if you are, I am, and we'll just let it go at that."

Some one yelled "Three cheers for Milton Cherry," and a mighty wave of sound broke on the air like a cannonade.

Judge Morgan grasped my arm: "Bring him up here!" he commanded, and as I rose to go I could hear him say to his daughter: "You win, girl."



Those long winter nights

There will not be a dull evening in the home all winter if you install a Burroughes & Watts' Billiard Table. All the family will enjoy themselves playing English Billiards—the most thrilling, absorbing and healthful of all indoor games.

Billiards is a kingly game when played on a Burroughes & Watts' Table—the choice of royalty and

champion players. The thick slate bed, reduced to a mathematical water level and covered with best West-of-England billiard cloth, presents a solid, absolutely accurate surface. The Steel Vacuum Cushions return the balls without a jump no matter how hard they are shot. The Rapide pockets permit you to remove the balls without thrusting in your hand.

BURROUGHES & WATTS' BILLIARD TABLES

The expert billiard player thrills with joy when he plays on such a billiard table masterpiece. The novice rapidly becomes a superior player, because there are no inaccuracies to confuse him as on cheap tables, which soon warp and present uneven surfaces, incorrect angles and slow cushions.

Billiard Tables that sell for less than Burroughes & Watts' are worth less. You

cannot get a perfect billiard table for less than the Burroughes & Watts' price. But don't make the mistake of thinking you cannot afford one of these superb tables. You can afford one just as easily as you can a piano.

Write for prices and further particulars. Burroughes & Watts also make Combination Billiard and Dining Tables and Dominion Pool Tables.



Billiard Table Manufacturers to H.M. the King

Burroughes & Watts, Limited, 34 Church Street, Toronto

Head Office, London, England. Montreal Agents, James Hutton & Co., Shaughnessy Building
Winnipeg Agents, J. D. Clark & Co., 280, Main St. Vancouver Agents, R. H. Cliburn, 312 Water St.

104

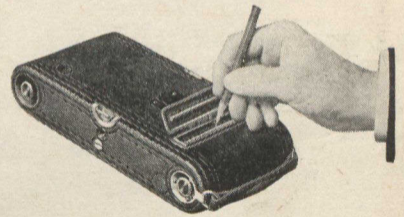


Choicest Bulbs that ever came from Europe

All European markets being destroyed, our experts in the bulb fields of Holland were able to obtain their choice of the finest varieties grown. Shipments have now reached us and are ready for immediate delivery. Write at once for the Canadian Edition of our handsome catalog of

Carter's Bulbs

CARTER'S TESTED SEEDS, Inc.
133B King Street, East Toronto.



The Autographic Kodak

Date and title your negatives, permanently, at the time you make them.

TOUCH a spring and a door opens in the back of the Kodak; write on the red paper of the Autographic Film Cartridge; close door. Upon development a permanent photographic reproduction of the writing will appear on the intersections between the negatives. You can have this writing appear on the prints or not, just as you choose.

The places of interest you visit, interesting facts about the children, their age at the time the picture was made, the light conditions, stop and exposure for every negative, the date—all these things add to the value of every picture.

The greatest Photographic advance in twenty years.

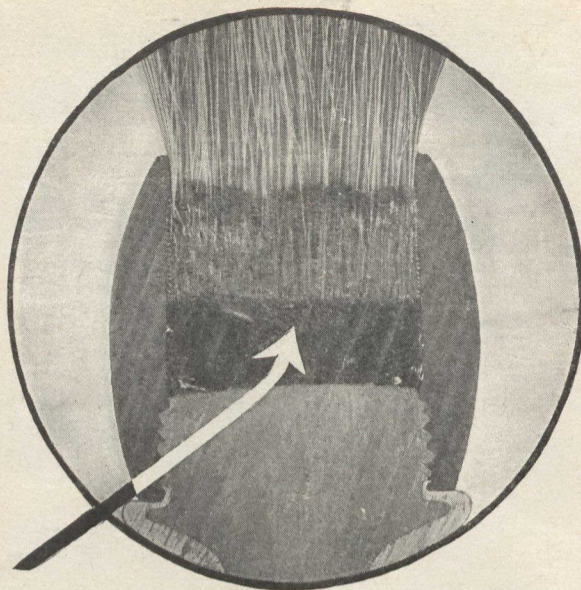
No. 3A Autographic Kodak, pictures 3½ x 5½ in., \$22.50

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited
At all Kodak Dealers. TORONTO

RUBBERSET
Safety Tooth Brushes

RUBBERSET
Enduring Paint Brushes

RUBBERSET
Sanitary Hair Brushes



RUBBERSET
Lifelong Shaving Brushes

RUBBERSET
Everlasting Nail Brushes

RUBBERSET
Hygienic Complexion Brushes

Bristles Held Forever In Hard Rubber

THE inside construction of every RUBBERSET Brush is one unvarying principle—*gripping bristles in hard vulcanized Rubber.* This is true of shaving, tooth, hair, complexion, nail and paint brushes. It is physically impossible for bristles to escape the everlasting hold that this rubber base takes.

The RUBBERSET rubber base is impervious to all uses a brush is designed to undergo. Time has no terrors for RUBBERSET construction, and the problem to make the balance of the RUBBERSET as hardy and lasting as its bristle base has been accomplished by the introduction of *ALBERITE*, a material akin to solid ivory. For sanitary cleanliness, brilliancy, and appearance, *Alberite* is as far superior to other materials as is the RUBBERSET principle to old-style bristle-holding.

RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

LOOK for the name "RUBBERSET" on the brush—if the name isn't there—you can be sure that it is not a genuine RUBBERSET.

The principle of RUBBERSET construction is twenty years perfect. As an invention it is without precedent or parallel.

A RUBBERSET Brush, whether it be a shaving brush, tooth brush, nail brush, complexion brush or paint brush, is emphatically the best of its kind, and that best means you can put your money in and get the greatest value out of it.

In no other brand do you have the vastness of choice—the refinement of styles—the genuine utility—and the real, sound, solid worth of your money. Whatever the price amount of a RUBBERSET Brush, the

measurement is one hundred cents to every dollar you pay. Each RUBBERSET product is standard—standard created by its own superlative worth and complete originality.

This huge brush organization, unequalled in size, in capital, in modernness, in skilled labor, guarantees the perfection of each article. The name RUBBERSET on a brush is our "O.K." mark of production. Look for it—remember it—be guided by it, and if you don't see it, just reflect the fact that it isn't the genuine RUBBERSET.

When you meet substitution get wise to the dealer or go to a wise dealer. He may be the next one on the block, or if he isn't handy to you, just send a postal request for one of our catalogs, showing by picture and description and price just the precise brush you seek.

RUBBERSET COMPANY, (R.C. & H.T. Co. Props.) Factories, Newark, N.J., U.S.A.

