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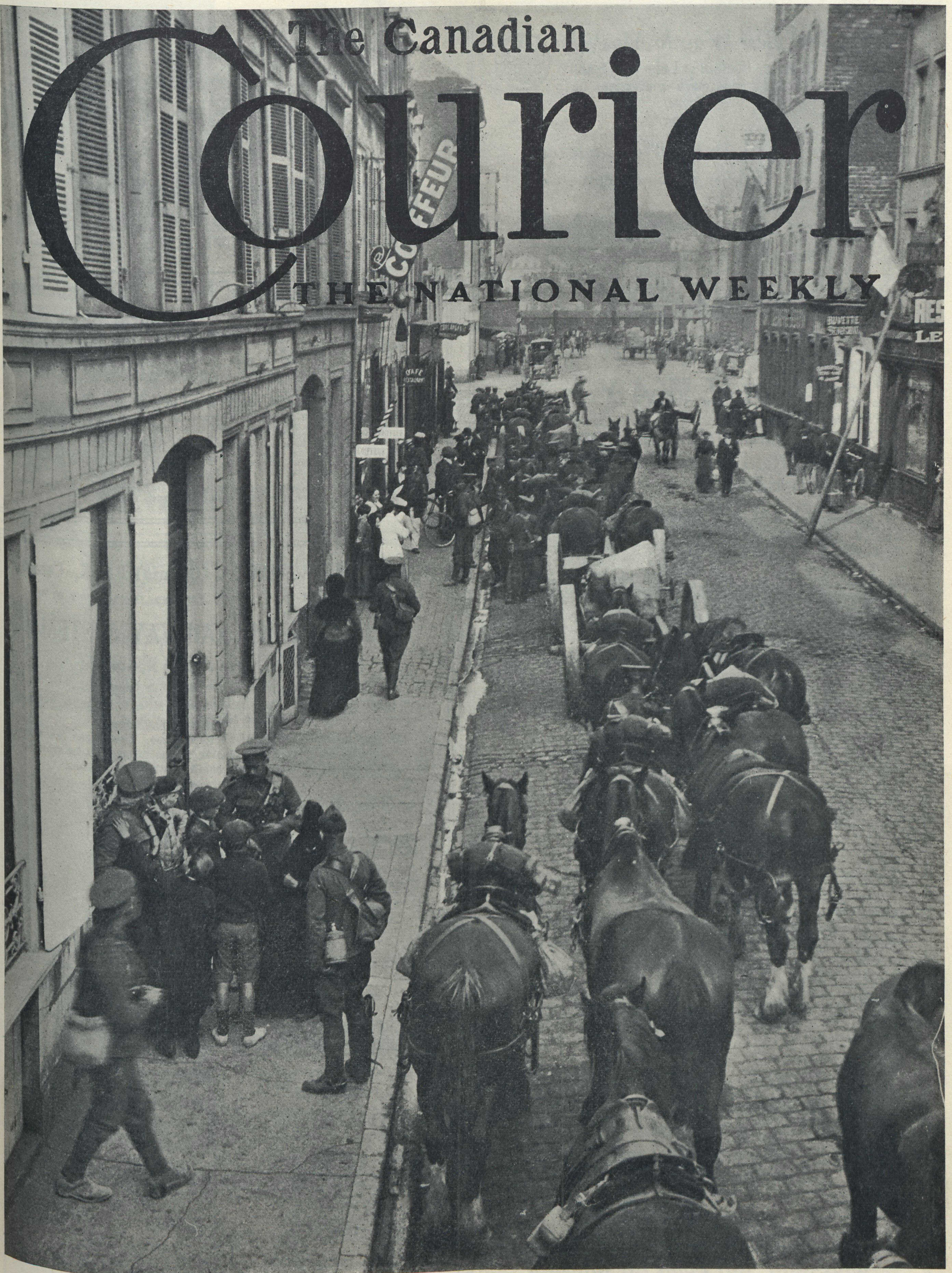
The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



SILENT AS NIGHT THE BRITISH ARTILLERY LANDED WITHOUT A HITCH IN BOULOGNE ON THE 17TH OF AUGUST. SINCE THEN THE TROOPS HAVE CARRIED OUT KITCHENIR'S MESSAGE "FEAR GOD AND HONOUR THE KING"

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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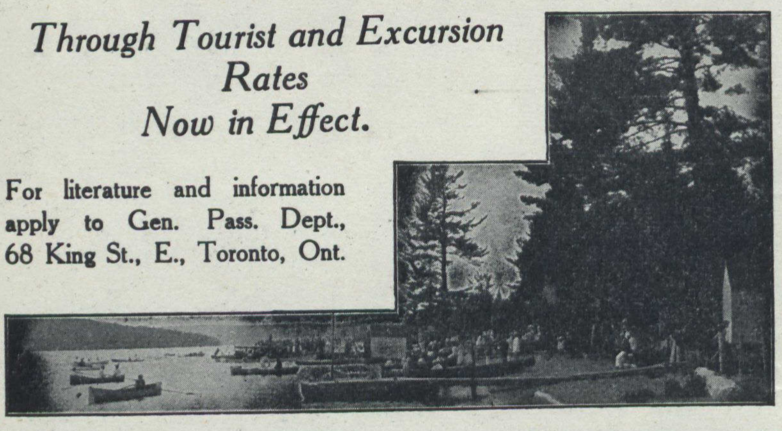

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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VOL. XVI. TORONTO NO. 15

Editor's Talk

NOW that there is so much portentous talk about what the Zeppelin dirigibles and airships are likely to do by way of dropping bombs in Paris and London and explosives on the decks of the British navy, it is worth while to read what a shrewd novelist said some years ago about this kind of warfare. Before airships were as efficient as they are now the late Robert Barr, the cleverest fiction writer that Canada ever owned, wrote an airship novelette somewhat along the lines of Kipling's "With the Night Mail." He called it "The Soul of a Patriot." The story concerns the invention of an airship by an Englishman, for which he could get no encouragement by the British Admiralty. A Dutch steamship captain lends the inventor his vessel for the purpose of experiment. In the course of their adventures the airship manages to sight a German submarine—war having been already declared between England and Germany. How the airship gets into business with part of the German navy and what happened to both forms the main part of the story—which will be published complete, with illustrations, in the Canadian Courier next week.

NO matter how blue things now and then look from this distance, most of us are likely to get more good than harm out of this war. We are all better informed about the way the world makes progress than we were before the war broke out. We are all dealing with first principles somewhat as our forefathers did in the bush days. Since the days of the handspike and the log house in this country we have built up a remarkable system of civilized living that depends upon world-wide credit. Our forefathers not many generations ago scarcely even used money. In the days of 1812 even in peace times the settlers for convenience used as tokens of value bits of stamped cardboard. But the main currency of trade then and for many years afterwards was what another man had that another man wanted. The deal was effected by a "swap." Butter and eggs were exchanged for brown duck and sugar.

We are not likely to get so far back as the "swap" era, even with the curtailment of credit in a time of war. But we are sure to get back to the circumstances and the state of mind where we understand the value of what we have to buy. We won't be parsimonious. We shall become real economists. We shall cease to be prodigal spenders on the principle of "T'ell with the expense." We shall begin to be real investors of our money or our labour or whatever we have to produce in what will be of most use.

OUR men at the front with millions more are engaged in producing the greatest possible efficiency out of the least possible equipment. We at home are engaged in keeping the country and the cause worth their while to fight for it. While our soldiers are efficient it would be foolish for citizens at home to be inefficient. While they fight for the cause we at home fight for the country. They do the fighting; we pay the cost. In that respect we are all one.

In Lighter Vein

His Aim All Right.—Medical Officer—"Sorry I must reject you on account of your teeth."

Would-be Recruit—"Man, you're making a gran' mistake. I'm no wanting to bite the Germans, I'm wanting to shoot 'em."

Beaten at His Own Game.—On the occasion of a mayoral banquet in a small provincial town one of the last guests to leave went to the cloakroom for his coat and hat. He couldn't help noticing the woe-begone look on the attendant's face. The poor man appeared worried and sad, and every little while he sighed and muttered to himself.

"You seem upset," remarked the guest sympathetically.

"I am upset, sir," said the attendant.

"What is the trouble? Haven't the guests tipped you well to-night?"

The attendant answered in an excited voice: "It's not only, sir, that they haven't tipped me, but they've taken the quarter-dollar that I put on the tray for a decoy."

The Old Refrain.—First Old Lady—"My dear, what do you think of this war? Isn't it terrible?"

Second Old Lady—"Awful! But it can't last long; the Powers will surely intervene."

Warning.

When she letteth thee recklessly spend,
And laugheth to see thee go broke,
Thou mayst jolly her on without end,
For she taketh thee but as a joke.

But when she demurreth at price,
And chideth for what thou hath spent.
Thou art treading on treacherous ice,
For the maiden hath solemn intent.
—Puck.

A Little Late.—"Shure 'tis a great joke we have on Casey." "Phat is ut?" "He decided t' c'mmit suicide be goin' over th' falls in a small boat. Jist as th' boat was about to go over, Casey sez, 'Hould on: Oi've changed me moind.' "—Life.

He Got Him.—Purdy—"I hear no more letters can be mailed to Washington."

Sturdy—"Why, how's that?"

Purdy—"Well, he's dead, isn't he?"

Women's Rights.—"Look at her," said the ironmonger, indicating a departing customer. "She sent her wringer here to be repaired. I promised it her for the week, but couldn't keep my promise. Now she wants me to pay a charwoman who came unnecessarily—half a crown, and tuppence tramfare. Then she wants me to pay the laundry bill for the clothes."

The ironmonger breathed heavily.

"But that's not all. Her husband dines out on wash-days, and as he dined out on a wash-day which wasn't a wash-day —y' understand?—she says I ought to pay for his dinner. No, she doesn't ask anything else. And they call 'em the weaker sex."—Tit-Bits.

The Cause Discovered.—A Swede was working for a farmer, who demanded punctuality above everything else. The farmer, according to "The Youth's Companion, told him that he must be at work every morning at 4 o'clock sharp. The "hand" failed to get up in time, and the farmer threatened to discharge him. Then the "hand" bought an alarm-clock, and for some time everything went along smoothly. But one morning he got to the field fifteen minutes late. The farmer immediately discharged him, in spite of his protestations that his alarm-clock was to blame.

Sadly returning to his room, the discharged employee determined to find out the cause of his downfall. He took the alarm-clock to pieces, and discovered a dead cockroach among the works.

"Well," he soliloquized, "Ay tank it bane no wonder the clock wouldn't run—the engineer bane daid."

Too Much.—Polly—"When they came back from their wedding trip he had just \$2.60 in his pocket."

Peggy—"The stingy thing!"—Boston Transcript.

Innocent, But.—A bad case of highway robbery, tried several years ago before Chief Baron Green, on the last day of the Ennis Assizes, resulted in an acquittal. The Chief Baron, addressing the sheriff, said:

"Mr. Sheriff, is there any other indictment against this innocent man?"

"No, my lord," was the reply.

"Then you'll greatly oblige me if you don't let him out until I have half an hour's start of him on my way to Limerick."—Tit-Bits.

The Canadian Courier
The National Weekly

Vol. XVI. September 12, 1914 No. 5

AS THE WAR LOOKS DAY BY DAY

A General View of What the World is Doing and as Far as Possible Why

Not to Forget

NO one should forget why we went to war. The reason was signed by Kaiser Wilhelm in 1907. The Hague Convention in that year decided that—

"Belligerents are forbidden to move troops or convoys of either munitions of war or supplies across the territory of a neutral power."

The Kaiser signed that agreement; so did King Edward and the President of France and the Czar of Russia, or their plenipotentiaries. In 1914 Germany broke the pact. She violated Belgian neutrality by sending an army clean through Belgium, plus convoys of both munitions of war and supplies for this purpose of making war upon France. Great Britain refused to allow it. That meant war. Germany used the club method on a small inoffensive state.

Holland and Belgium were the buffer states betwen Germany and Great Britain and France. Violation of their neutrality meant ending to their independence. A "scrap of white paper" was all that could possibly deter Germany. Against that scrap of white paper recording his pledged word the Kaiser used Belgium as a back door to enter France. In honour of that white paper and pledged word, Great Britain sent 110,000 troops into Belgium, and is now sending as many more.

Most German autocratic traditions date back to Bismarck. This one was not recognized by the man of "blood and iron." The Kaiser violated not only Belgian neutrality—but his own teacher. In 1870, after Sedan, Bismarck asked permission to transport the German wounded home through Belgium. The Belgians objected. Bismarck acknowledged their right so to do, and took his wounded soldiers home by another route.

Let every Britisher, whether at the heart of Empire or at the outposts, remember—Bismarck and the Kaiser. Eighty-five years the neutrality of Belgium had been respected. When Germany broke her word Great Britain protested. When that had no effect she declared war and backed it up on land and sea.

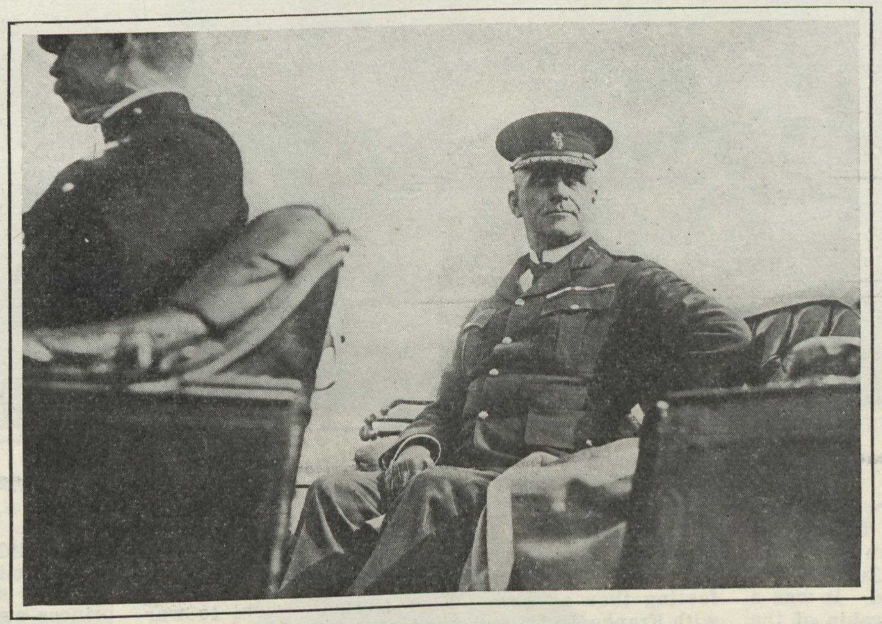
Britain's action has been approved by the world's best public opinion. The action of the maddest monarch since the hermit of St. Helena is universally condemned.

Back to Caesar

LONG before the siege of Liege this war began. In 1871, Bismarck and Von Moltke turned from the conquest of France with $1,000,000,000 of French gold in their chests of war to the building up of the great war machine now being tried out on the fields and forts and fighting armies of France in 1914. England knows it. Most of her leading statesmen know it. They all know it better now than they did a month ago. The First Lord of the Admiralty knows it. The very day of Heligoland Bight he said to an American newspaper man in London:

"This war is for us a war of honour, of respect for obligations into which we have entered, and of loyalty towards friends in desperate need. Now it is become a war of self-preservation. The British democracy, with its limited monarchy, its ancient Parliament, its ardent social and philanthropic dreams, is engaged for good or ill of her people with the formidable might of Prussian autocratic rule. It is our system of civilization and government against theirs. It is our life or theirs."

Winston Churchill was probably thinking at that moment—What is the Home Fleet doing in the North Sea? He recalled Napoleon, alleging that Wilhelm is playing the Napoleonic cards, though as he said the grouping of forces, the circumstances, the occasion, and, above all, the man, are different. He did well to remember the man. In this struggle a Kaiser is nothing; the machine of domination and conquest everything. The machine can produce more Kaisers. The world had but one Napoleon, and he was the living focus of the twenty years' war by which he remade the map of Europe. Napoleon taught war to Bismarck and Von Moltke, who taught the Kaiser. But he created the forces with which he carried it on. Germany evolved the machine that produced the Kaiser. And the Kaiser with that machine is not merely imitating Napoleon. He is going back to Caesar the First, conqueror of France. Rome disposed of Caesar. Europe got rid of Napoleon. Democracy will have to look after the Kaiser.



MINISTER OF MILITIA AT VALCARTIER.
Colonel the Honourable Sam Hughes, the first Canadian Minister of Militia to send abroad a Canadian army at Canada's expense.

KEEPING THE HOME GUARD AT FULL STRENGTH.
As the trains bearing the 48th Highlanders drew out for Valcartier, Col. Currie, commanding officer, bawled back to the officers on the platform: "Fill up the 48th!"

Our Soldiers

MIDWAY between iron soldier and civilian is the militia man. From the loose-jointed, shuffling recruit just being harnessed up with his knapsack, to the trim, lithe Colonel in khaki, you saw the whole eager gamut of war as the boys trudged away from city and town to the railway station. Down at the Armouries—just hunching into the togs of war, sliding from company room to quartermaster's, knapsack and haversack, water-bottle and greatcoat, rifle and cartridge belt—these tailor-made khakians smoked their cigarettes as they stood easy, pulled on their pipes and leaned on their guns, looking as though they had just been up at the Y. M. C. A. Hunched on a packing-case a young trooper kept his courage up by piping on a mouth-organ, "Bonnie Dundee."

Companies fall in at the bugle. Tick off the names in the company book—then pocket the book for a few more check-ups at the concentration camp—and heaven knows when it will be needed again.

"Number!"

Down the line the numbers go. Twenty-three's a gap. Skip him and on to the next. Here's hoping that when the lads shuffle back into the Armouries, whenever it is; when the khaki is scuffed, and the knapsacks torn and the water-bottles heaved out on the briny deep—that twenty-three won't be missing!

Up in the gallery the redcoat band is getting the brass and the big drum; pipers on the floor tuning up somewhere behind. Here's a private in his regimental cap. Number next swats it with his service cap and a line of kilties in dust-brown pit helmets grin.

"That's all right old chap," says he, "I'll quit being a parade guy when I get to camp. Gimme a match."

A strange democratic bonhomie as far as may be in a regiment; the levelling of a common cause that makes mannikins of all, and drill-shed tactics merely the survival of a habit. Company by company form fours and back again, right turn and right about, shoulder arms and stand at ease and stand easy.

Yonder an officer with a huge war head-line thrust from his side pocket harnesses a meek young recruit who last evening didn't know a knap-sack from a water-bottle. Almost comically he submits to the toggeries, strap upon buckle and heft upon load. A few weeks and that pale face will be brown as dust, those slimpsy, shuffling under pins will spruce up to the grand click of preparation for war, and he'll learn to wriggle on the slack of his stomach with a gunstock at his wish-bone and aim at something that looks like a man.

Suddenly as an earthquake almost this eruption of soldier-making has seized the rank and file of the streets. It may be a long way from the first try-on of a knapsack to the keeping cool under the whine of bullets from the smokeless lines of God knows where; but from the crowd gaping at the newspaper bulletins to the recruiting office is only a step when its war, war, War, WAR!

Teaching the old and young idea how to shoot. Recruits at Valcartier being instructed in how to hit a target at war distances.

Gun Cotton

And the Deadly "T.N.T."

WHEN Lord Salisbury swapped Heligoland to Germany for the island of Zanzibar, he replied to military objectors, that soldiers would like to fortify the moon against invasion from Mars Rear-Admiral Mahan, of the United States navy, in Leslie's Weekly sizes up Heligoland as such a danger point that no one could imagine a British flotilla venturing anywhere near it. Heligoland is a fort, a torpedo base and a wholesale supply house for navy mines. Yet several German warships were sunk by the British within gunshot of Heligoland. Mines are more dreaded by sailors than Zeppelins are by landsmen. The efficiency of the Zepps is yet to be proven. The mines are understood. It was a mine that blew up the Petropavlosk, flagship of the Russian fleet with Admiral Makaroff commander. As described by Commander Semenoff, on the Diana, who was an eye-witness, that explosion of gun-cotton was the ghastliest thing that ever happened at sea.

When mines were first invented, many years ago, the explosive was gunpowder. Then came gun-cotton, which is ordinary cotton soaked with nitric acid and compressed into raw cakes. It is exploded by fulminate of mercury. After gun-cotton came "T. N. T.," which is the limit. This new explosive is probably used by the Germans, who have in their line-up of the infernos three kinds of mines; the observation mine, operated by an electric battery from shore; the anchored automatic, which explodes by contact; and the floating mine, which goes where it jolly well pleases and blows to smithereens whatsoever and whomsoever it will, whether enemy, friend or neutral, warship or merchant marine.

The Machine and the Man

How the Kaiser was Able to Mobilize His Millions

KAISER WILHELM has left his main army in France. He has gone to extend greetings to the Russians advancing with the three-headed steam roller in a line as long as from Montreal to Halifax. Compliments must be observed. Meanwhile the war machine that he has left doesn't even know he has gone. The Germans go on feeding themselves into the threshing-machine of the war gods just the same. Their single eye is set on Paris. They are wading through. The reserves fall into the gaps mowed by the artillery and the rifles. The wedge from the north and the thickening lines from the south are crawling closer to each other. Each division knows just what the other is doing. There is a factory clock for each; a schedule to be kept; a programme to carry out. The Kaiser probably expects to come back in his special train so as to be the central figure at the capitulation of Paris. He never misses a spectacle. But at present his machine grinds away without him. Fancy Napoleon leaving his army! This is a marvelous machine that would push back millions and throw a ring around Paris, when the lord high chief of the General Stab is away hunting the bear.

It seems new to the world, this super-organic leviathan of war that spreads itself like a colossal cobra over France, one head down from Belgium, the other up from Lorraine, both intending to converge upon Paris, each head moving when the other does, and knowing when to do it. But in Germany they have had this manoeuvring machine since before the Franco-Prussian war. Away back in 1866 Bismarck and Von Moltke decided that war is not merely hell, as Sherman said just about that time. War is primarily a machine. It must be run as a factory.

Years before the Siege of Paris the German army was the nucleus of what it is now. It was absolute conscription. The country was then divided into military districts. The census taker spied out the name and address of every man capable of shouldering arms. There was the war footing and the peace footing then as now. When Germany went to war with France, in 1870, she had 1,100,000 men all trained to war. To get them she scoured the back concessions and the farmhouses and the villages. The general staff knew where every male warrior lived just as well as the tax-collector did. Military centres were dotted all over the country. At each were the list of names, the guns, the stores, the clothing, the artillery, the boots and the etceteras of war. If necessary, one of these centres could march out to war without any of the others. The mass was decentralized. Each centre, corresponding to an army corps, knew through its officials just what was to be done at a moment's notice as to mustering, arming and equipping, getting of horses and field guns, collection of supplies from its own territory and transports to get the whole sudden machine of that district on its way to the field of war wherever it might be quite independent of the others; but all moving with a common purpose.

That kind of army mobilization had its birthplace in Germany. It was old there before it was cradled anywhere else. The million that mobilized with all the munitions of war in 1870 are nearly all dead now. The five millions mobilized when this war started were even more ready than the million were in 1870. State railway systems built for military use, telephones and telegraphs all owned by the State, instantly became the servant of the mobilization-machine when it began its world-dazzling move upon France via Belgium and Luxembourg. The brains of the machine knew precisely what was the programme. The machine was built and scheduled to act promptly. Any hitch at the start would have been fatal. It worked perfectly; because it was a perfect machine. But a machine is made to be worn out. This one has done its best work. So far it has operated under the most favourable conditions, with its lines of communication all open and its bases of supply all close to the rear of the army. The nearer it gets to Paris the further it gets from its base and the weaker it becomes. Already the Germans have lost the equivalent of three army corps in dead men. The machine was said the other day to be living on horseflesh. Even if true that would bother the Germans very little. Dead horses have been a food commodity in Germany for a long while. But from now on this perfect mobilization—which means the placing an army on the front of war to do business—must be expected to become less and less efficient. By the time it gets to Paris, if ever it does, it will be so different a machine that even the Kaiser would scarcely recognize it. And after it gets to Paris—if at all—it will encounter the greatest resistance ever offered to any kind of war machine known to history.

The Deadly Sikhs

India's Great Six-Footers

WHENEVER the Indian troops get to the front, much may be expected from the Sikhs, who, in the Indian Mutiny of 1859, fought side by side with the British troops before the tragedy of the Black Hole of Calcutta. These warriors are nearly all six-footers, as slow and steady in action as the Ghurkas are wild and swift. They are more amenable to discipline and make more use of the rifle. They are born fighters, who have learned the necessity of saving their fire for the time when it will have the deadliest effect. Their Hindu religion makes them as fearless of mere death as the Mohammedan or the Jap. Their loyalty to the English "Sahib" and to the native Raj make them as much at one with the interests of the State as any German infantryman is for the sake of the Fatherland. They are quiet, reasonable customers, these Sikhs, and well represent the fine loyalty of the leading native princes to the British Crown. There has been talk of what Germany might do to stir up sedition among the Mahommedan races in India. There is still talk of what Turkey may be able and willing to do as a machine in that direction. But against Germany and against Turkey are the great mass of non-Mohammedan peoples in the Indian Empire who recognize in British rule the best they can expect in a world of empires dominated by white races. Against Mohammedanism in India also are the Sikhs and the Ghurkas and the Pathians and many other native peoples who, when the Empire needs them, are ready to swing out to the front as solidly and eagerly as did the Turcos and Spahis from Africa to the tri-colour of France. The black princes of Senegambia have seen the magnificence of Paris. The brown princes and Rajs of India have seen the splendours of London. More than that, they have felt the truth of the British cause.

A Sane War Lord

Kitchener of Khartum in 1897 and Now

LET no one forget when talking of war lords in Berlin and Petrograd and Paris—that the sanest war lord in the world is now in the War Office in London. It's some time now since Canadians thrilled at the name "Kitchener." The last time we tingled over that name was when he was second in command to "Bobs" in the South African War. Of course the Kaiser says that the plan of campaign which he gratuitously drew up, sketched out and sent to Queen Victoria, really won the day against the Boers. But Lord Roberts knows better; and Lord Kitchener was on that empire job after Lord Roberts had broken the back of the war with the relief of Ladysmith, the battle of Paardeberg and the raising of the sieges at Mafeking and Pretoria. It was Kitchener who, by his system of block-houses and armoured trains, succeeded in corraling De Wet, thus completely ending the war. It was he who shot fear into the lolling officers at Capetown and inspiration second only to that of Bobs himself into the troops that retrieved the dark days of Spion Kop and Magersfontein.

Since that Lord Kitchener has been commander-in-chief of the Indian forces till he found India was not big enough to hold both himself and Lord Curzon, Viceroy, who is now helping to raise recruits for the army that Kitchener wants. He went back to Egypt, where he first became known as Kitchener of Khartum, as H. M.'s agent and Consul-General to the land he had conquered from the Mahdi in 1887. And whatever Lord Kitchener knows about the German war machine, whether or not he would qualify as an adjunct of the Kaiser in the iron business of war, this man of iron, who gave the British troops the

MONTREAL OFFICERS TO THE FRONT

Lieut.-Col. F. O. Loomis, commanding the 5th Highlanders of Montreal. In times of peace Col. Loomis is a prominent Montreal Contractor.

Major E. C. Norseworthy, second in command of the Fifth Highlanders. At home he is manager of the Dominion Securities Co.

Major D. R. McCuaig, of the 5th Highlanders, has two brothers going to the front. He is a member of McCuaig & McCuaig, a leading firm of Montreal stock brokers.

Major Victor Buchanan, of the 5th looks every inch worthy of his name. At home he is a prominent stock broker.

greatest moral message ever given to men going to war, got his title to fame—about which he cares absolutely nothing—in Egypt.

It was while he was in the Khartum campaign that the late G. W. Steevens, war correspondent, was so impressed with the Sirdar that he wrote the character sketch part of which is given herewith:

"Major-General Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener stands several inches over six feet, straight as a lance and looks out imperiously above most men's heads; slender but firmly knit, he seems built for tireless, steel-wire endurance rather than for power and agility. But neither age, nor figure, nor face, nor any accident of person has any bearing on the essential Sirdar. He has no age but the prime of life, no body but one to carry his mind, no face but one to keep his brain behind. The brain and the will are are essence and the whole of the man; a brain and a will so perfect in their workings that in the face of the extremest difficulty they never seem to know what struggle is. You cannot imagine the Sirdar otherwise than as seeing the right thing to do and doing it. His precision is so inhumanly unerring, he is more like a machine than a man. He was one of the original twenty-five officers who set to work on the new Egyptian army. And in Egypt and the Sudan he has been ever since—on the staff generally, in the field constantly, alone with natives often, mastering the problem of the Sudan always. He has inherited the wisdom and the achievements of his predecessors. He came at the right hour and he was the right man."

To those who would like to hurry Lord Kitchener in sending more troops to France—and there are not a few Canadians who imagine they could do vastly better than the War Secretary is doing if they only had his ability—this passage ought to be convincing:

"The Sirdar is never in a hurry. With immovable self-control he holds back from each step until the ground is consolidated under his last. Fighting men may chafe and go down with typhoid and cholera; they are in the iron grip of the machine and they must wait the turn of its wheels. Dervishes wait and wonder. The Turks are not coming; the Turks are afraid. Then suddenly at daybreak one morning they see the Sirdar advancing upon them from all sides together, and by noon they are dead.

"No general is unpopular who always beats the enemy. When the columns move out of camp in the evening to march all night through the dark, they know not whither, and fight at dawn with an enemy they have never seen, every man goes forth with a tranquil mind. He may personally come back or he may not; but about the general result there is no doubt. You bet your boots the Sirdar knows; he wouldn't fight if he weren't going to win."

Perhaps that will hold some of the impatient critics for a while. Perhaps, also, the reason why Tommie Atkins has been the desparation of the German infantry is that Tommie knows what Kitchener as well as England expects of him. Let us make no mistake, that of all men in the world, Lord Kitchener is most anxious to see the Allies beat back the Germans from Paris.

Two Montreal Battalions

One Contains Bluenose Boys

FOR purposes of actual war the infantry at Valcartier is now to be divided into four brigades of four battalions each. Each battalion is to be formed independent as far as practicable of the city or section from which the respective composite or unit regiments have been drafted. So far as it concerns Montreal, whose enrolment so far is about equal to that of Toronto, what will be known as the 14th Battalion will be made up of the First Royal Regiment and detachments from several others. Lieut.-Col. Meighen will be provisional commander of the 14th Battalion. Under him will be his own war regiment, the First Royal, composed of his own peace regiment, the Canadian Grenadier Guards, the Victoria Rifles, and two companies of the 65th; and along with that composite regiment to fill up the battalion will be detachments from the 14th King's Canadian Hussars, 63rd Halifax Rifles, 63rd Annapolis Regiment, 75th Lunenberg, and the 76th Colchester and Hants Rifles. This battalion consists of all Montreal and Nova Scotia regiments.

A second battalion from Montreal, the Fifteenth, will have as provisional commander Lieut.-Col. F. O. W. Loomis, commanding the 5th Royal Highlanders, who go as a unit, the 78th Highlanders, from Pictou, and the 93rd Cumberland Regiment. This will be a fairly homogenous battalion of Scotch-Canadians, and should be one of the banner battalions of the brigade to which it belongs.

Lieut.-Col. Frank Meighen commands the First Royal Regiment of Montreal. In times of peace he is a millionaire; a promoter of art and grand opera, and President, Lake of the Woods Milling Co.

Col. W. W. Burland is second in command of the First Royal Regiment of Montreal.

Our Ready-to-Go Militia

All They Want is the Enemy

MOBILIZATION as it is known to Germany does not exist anywhere else in the world. It probably reaches its lowest point in Canada, which up till a few weeks ago was in a state of talking war and prepared for peace. It now seems quite certain that the Canadian army at Valcartier is as fit as a fiddle so far as the men are concerned. They have been marching and swimming and drilling and bunking on hummocks and living on tough beef and skilly. They are in the best of spirits. They are aching in their teeth to get aboard ship and swing off to the front, where they can be of real service to the Allies. Every man in that camp feels himself an ally. He has reason so to do. But no man there will be content until he sees the shore line of France pushing through the haze over the gunwales and gets ready for the march out over the gangplank. Now the trouble is that a lot of the men have no service uniforms. Some haven't enough blankets. They all have some sort of rifle. But they begin to realize that no man, not even Col. Hughes, could have transformed the citizen soldiery of Canada, plus a lot of raw

Lieut.-Col. J. J. Creelman, commanding the 6th Brigade of Artillery. He is a lawyer and a son of Mr. A. R. Creelman.

Major A. L. G. McNaughton, commanding the Third Field Battery from Montreal, is a Professor in McGill University.

Major E. Gerald Hanson, commanding the 21st Battery from Montreal; member of Hanson Bros., municipal bond brokers.

recruits, into a mobilized army division ready to go on the firing line, sans anything that makes him able to hold his own in the actual business of war. Military officers admit that Canada was unprepared to go to war on such short notice. They do not blame the Militia Department for the unpreparedness, whatever they may say as to other phases of the programme. But they do criticize the action of Parliament, which in a time of peace chronically frowned down any extra expenditures on getting ready for war. As Lord Salisbury remarked when he swapped Heligoland to Germany for Zanzibar, people who saw trouble in that might feel like fortifying the moon against a possible invasion from Mars. But there are a lot of enthusiastic people in Canada just now who wish that when Parliament said there was no wolf, there had been enough far-sighted men in the House on either side to see that Canadian regiments were not merely for parade purposes, and that a tall busby, while it looks fine in a church and swinging down the curb, is as absolutely ruled out of this war as a scarlet tunic.

Is the Kaiser Mad?

A Case for Experts

"IS the Kaiser Mad?" asks the Weekly Scotsman, of Edinburgh. The answer was intimated by a clergyman who returned to Canada last week and who was told by Marie Corelli that a surgeon friend of hers had examined the Kaiser and found that he had cancer on the brain. That may be something like the alleged corns on the vocal chords of Caruso—a trifle exaggerated. But if this genius of modern militarism and master of methodical knowledge is mad, it is the madness born of ambition. Napoleon was mad. Wilhelm may aspire to that kind of madness. When he was a lad at school he had a fight with some other young prince or dukelet and got a bloody nose over it.

"There goes the last of my British blood," he exclaimed, as he wiped it away.

Judged from that angle it looks as though Willie Hohenzollern's egomania began before he was able to walk.

Britain's Mine Sweepers

Fighting the Devil With Fire

LAST week the Times' naval correspondent suggested that the Admiralty begin to lay mines to blow up the German mine-layers that have made the North Sea the most dangerous piece of water in the world. Perhaps he knew that a good while ago the Admiralty made sure that Germany would not take her by surprise in the matter of mines. When Reginald McKenna was First Lord of the Admiralty it began to be suspected in England that Germany had no intention of discarding the mine system in naval warfare. The Hague Convention of course prohibited mines just as it did violation of neutrality. But that was only another "scrap of white paper." The admiralty organized a squadron of mine sweepers. Trawlers were put into commission manned by a special section of the Royal Naval Reserve, who are all fishermen and know the North Sea and the habits of a trawler as a child knows its mother. The squadron is manned by 136 officers and 1,136 men. These should be able to lay mines enough to satisfy the Kaiser that the devil must necessarily be fought with fire.

The Colonel Remembers

From 1885 Until Now

WELL does the Canadian Colonel remember when that regiment of his flung itself together in the snow of an early morning of March, 1885, to board a troop train that had to stop for a long ice march before the regiment reached the rails again. That seemed like a trip to the Arctic Sea to settle the hash of a few thousand half-breeds and redskins in the Saskatchewan valley; a time of excitement such as never had been known in the garrison city since the weird days of 1837 and the handspike squads.

The Colonel remembers the mustering at the armouries when the Parliament of Canada offered contingents to the South African War. Not a regiment went as it was; not a man was called out as he had been in 1885, but because of a nameless thrill of empire loyalty in young blood, hundreds of Canadians boarded the troop ships for a land which a few years before they had read about for the first time in the stories of Livingstone and Stanley, explorers. That was an overseas adventure. It struck a young country just beginning to feel that it had a backbone from ocean to ocean, about the time when it was said from a certain pulpit to a soldiers' parade in Toronto, that Canada never would be a nation till it got a baptism of blood somewhere.

So at the Armouries, t'other morning, another bugle stutters from the rear. The ranks came to attention. The bandmaster at the door spoke to the double bass horn. Along the lines went the colonels, inspecting the new khaki-clads.

Somebody in the ranks shouted without order,

"Three cheers for Colonel Blank!"

The regiment gave them and a tiger. That Colonel was marching out with his men. At home he may be a millionaire; at the front he's a soldier.

"Quick march!"

Bang! went the band at the door and wheeled. The Colonel and his officers fell in. Company No. 1 wheeled and followed. And as the bandmaster stuck his red tunic into the sunshine where the crowd crammed the boulevards, the Kilties sent up a cheer for the lads marching out, doubled it and waved their caps regardless of discipline.

The crowd on the streets broke into applause.

BELGIAN REFUGEES ARRIVE IN LONDON.

A large number of refugees from Brussels recently arrived in London. This photograph shows a number of the destitute Belgians with their belongings on the streets.

Girls wept a bit. Stragglers along the front lines stepped out to have a last word with the man on the end of the double four. Down past the monument clicked the undulating grey-green line with the patch of scarlet and brass at the head.

Call it duty or fear of public opinion, adventure or patriotism or what you will, there went as free a corps of civilian soldiers as ever followed a band or carried knapsacks on any field. The Colonel knows it. Most of the men were smiling. They knew it was right. They choked down the old home feelings that now and then and for days past had struck them all of a heap.

In that brief, practical parade from the drill hall to the station, those hundreds of young men realized that when a man carries the honours of his regiment on Sunday parade he has no excuse for sidestepping his khaki and rifle and his knapsack in a time of war. Let us say and believe it as we do, that to every man in it from the Colonel down to the raw recruit under his awkward pack, there was at that moment a bigger feeling of what it means to sacrifice the man for the State, than could be found with a moral microscope in any of the ironclad regiments on the trail of the death's head from the land of the war lords of Europe.

Money Talks

On Both Sides of the Sea

MONEY talks in war more loudly than in peace. Sir William Mulock paid a thousand dollars for a street car ticket and turned the price over to the Patriotic Fund, of which he was chairman for Toronto and York, to the tune of three-quarters of a million. About the same time Hon. George E. Perley, Acting High Commissioner for Canada, was presiding at a meeting in London to form a Canadian War Contingent Association that expects to look after the Canadian soldier's welfare at the other end as efficiently as the Patriotic Fund looks after his dependents in Canada. The Chairman announced that money had already begun to come in. A Canadian member of parliament had contributed a cheque for $5,000 to start the movement. That was Sir Edmund Osler. A gentleman in Montreal had promised a check for $5,000 now and $2,500 monthly for ten months besides.

At Full Strength

Filling the Army in Behind

WHENEVER you are impatient with the War Office and want to know why Lord Kitchener doesn't land three times as many British troops in France as he has done, bear in mind the actual conditions. Those are intimated in a recent speech of Lord Roberts, in which he said:

"Our soldiers are fighting bravely, but they are lamentably few, and it is the duty of every able-bodied man to see that the army is maintained at its full strength."

Which means that in order not to weaken the army at home just as many men will be sent to the front as are recruited by the War Office. The British army is not an attack army. It is a defence force. On a war footing it numbers 730,000 men, every man of whom would be necessary in case England's navy should be worsted at sea and England invaded by a hostile force. It is a volunteer army just as much as our Canadian militia. It must be maintained at its full strength, if possible, even in war. When 110,000 new men are recruited, a second expeditionary force of that number can be sent away. Meanwhile most of that number have enlisted and a second force has been released.

An Overture Out of Date

A Musical Paradox of 1914

SEVERAL years ago Tchaikowski, the great Russian composer, wrote an overture known to most music lovers as the Overture to 1812. In this remarkable piece of music is portrayed the march of Napoleon to Moscow in that year, the horrors of burning Moscow, the clangour of cathedral bells, the trample of hoofs and the scurrying of affrighted citizens, the blaring tumult of "Le Marseillaise" gradually being overcome by the solemn, sonorous melody of the Russian national anthem, very much as the Pilgrims' Chorus in Tannhauser gradually overcomes the songs of Venusberg and the music of the Furies. The present war makes it certain that there are very few places left in the world where this overture can ever be performed again, except as a musical curiosity. The memory of the Russian march upon Moscow is lost in the march of the Russians upon Berlin, while the allies hold the German hordes from entering Paris.

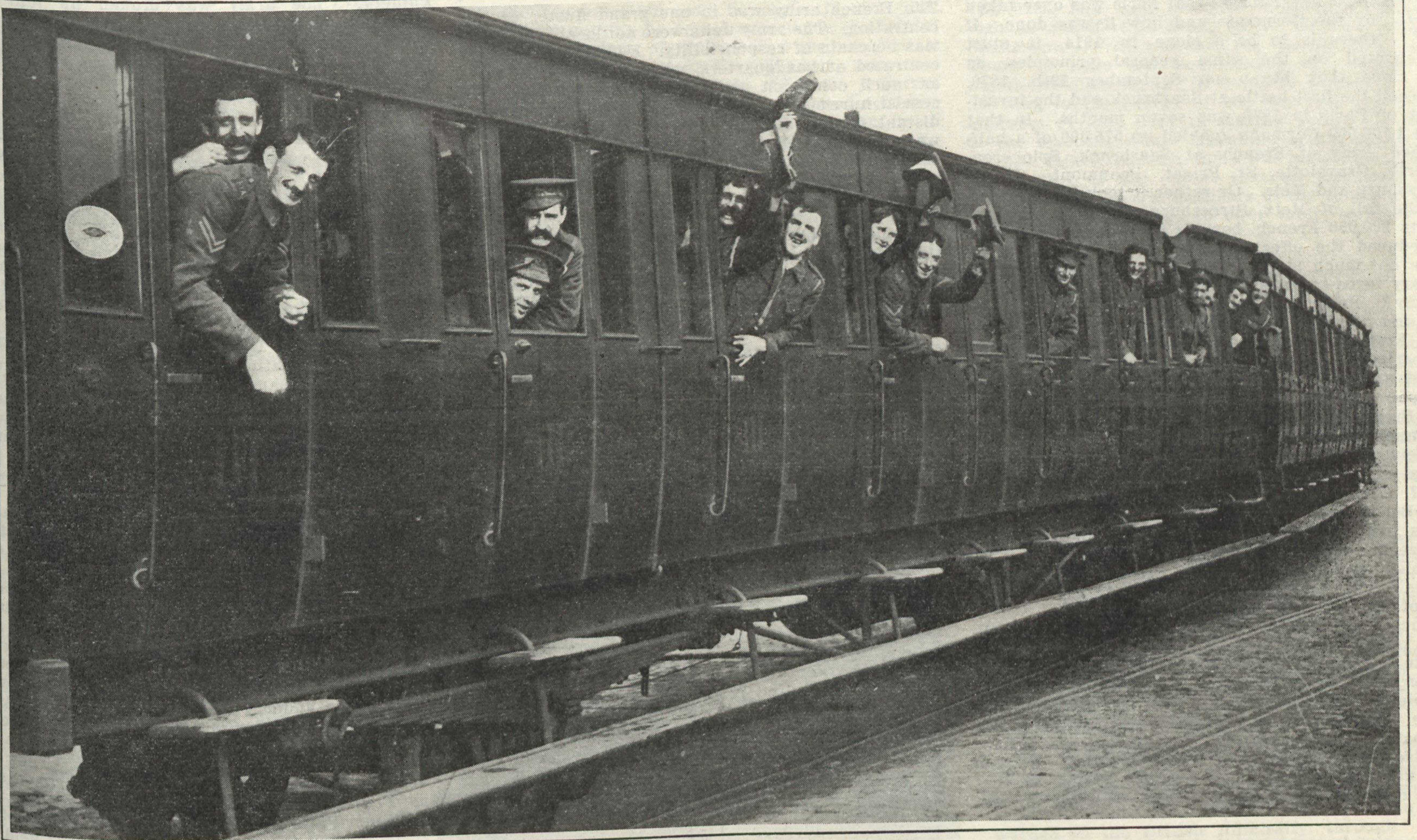
Churches in War

Steeples for Mounting Air-Guns

CHURCHES in war have a variety of uses. Cromwell stabled his horses in Exeter Cathedral, a practice to which the Cathedral Dean of to-day reverts with inherited indignation. Churches have been used in almost all great wars for hospitals, for places of refuge, for housing people whose homes have been destroyed. The Belgians have been using their churches for barracks. It remains for the Germans to make the most ingenious use of the church in war. The Cologne Cathedral has a very lofty tower and a very high nave. The steeple is used as a conning tower and machine guns are mounted on the roof. At Malines, on the firing line, the German field gunners use the cathedral spire for a target. They probably never hit it, but if they come anywhere near the spire they land their shrapnel where it does as much damage as possible. Later despatches state that the Malines Cathedral is almost in ruins. For a country that produced Martin Luther and the flag motto "Gott Mit Uns," this seems to be a pretty good phase of destructive higher criticism.

At Antwerp the Belgians have picked out the highest cathedral spire and hoisted light-weight automatic guns to the top windows, from which they were able to shoot the fear of Belgium into a marauding Zeppelin which did some fancy manoeuvring up and down the wind to fool the garrison. From the heights of the house of worship the Belgians were able to drive the Zeppelin to safer quarters, where it did no damage.

WITH THE BRITISH TROOPS IN FRANCE



"We Should Worry"—The most wonderful trait of the British soldier is his cheerfulness. When the battle comes this is transformed into courage—but not foolhardiness. This picture of British soldiers in a French troop train was taken not far from Boulogne by a British photographer.

British artillery men, their guns and horses, on a French troop train heading for the battlefields in the north. These are typical "Tommies," making the best of the circumstances, and humbly but bravely doing their part.

War Chronicle

Monday, Aug. 31.—The French feil back on La Fere and Laon, driven by the Germans' right flank. The Allies claim successes at St. Quentin and in the Ham and Peronne districts. These were, later, officially confirmed.

Russians reported defeated in an engagement in East Prussia. Austrians suffer heavily in Galicia.

The Czar gives half a million of his reserve men six weeks' leave of absence.

Tuesday, Sept. 1.—French left wing again falls back, but the centre and right (in which are the British troops) still hold.

French War Minister calls for certain of the reservists.

The Czar changes St. Petersburg's name to Petrograd, dropping the Teuton ending "burg."

That the Russians were badly beaten at Allenstein, in Prussia, is confirmed. They still advance, however, and are close on Konigsberg.

Turkey's declaration of war on the Allies is expected, though the Turkish Ambassador in London says that his country will remain neutral.

Austrians reported failing in attack in Galicia.

Wednesday, Sept. 2.—French capital is now Bordeaux.

Allies engaged in battle, the scene of which is from Montdidier to Compiegne, about 40 miles from the Paris fortifications.

It is rumoured that Germans will besiege Antwerp. They are fortifying Brussels.

Russians report another sweeping victory over the Austrians on the Polish border. Lemberg (in Galicia) is officially announced taken by Russians.

For the third day, a German aeroplane hovers over Paris. A French machine attacked it in mid air.

Turkey admits mobilization.

Thursday, Sept. 3.—It is reported that Amiens is in the hands of the Germans. La Fere is also reported as being lost to the French, so that the Allies are retiring still more Pariswards.

Paris itself is being heavily fortified. Only two of the city's gates are now open.

Officially, it is declared that the Austrians have lost 100,000 men in the series of battles with the Russians The Russian advance in East Prussia seems to be unchecked.

Friday, Sept. 4.—Italy and Turkey renew protestations of neutrality despite German representations that they should both join Germany.

Saturday, Sept. 5.—Germans alter direction of their march to south-west of Paris.

Sunday, Sept. 6.—It is reported that the French have retreated from Verdun, and are between it and Paris.

Rumoured that the Germans are attacking Nancy.

France, Russia and Great Britain sign the protocol, and bind each of themselves not to make peace without the consent of the others.

Petrograd declares officially that the Russian army makes sweeping progress in Galicia. Russians occupy Allenstein, and are investing Koenigsberg.

It is reported that the Allies repulsed the Germans at Termonde, and the enemy lost 5,000 men. The British East Indian troops fought in this engagement. Experts think that the Allies have pressed the Germans so hard that they will now be able to assume the offensive.

Monday, Sept. 7.—Germans reported to be attacking the Allies along a line near the eastern frontier, stretching from Verdun to north-east of Paris.

French are said to have driven back the first German army in two places in the Marne Valley.

A Petrograd despatch declares the Austrians to be in full retreat before the Russians. The Austrian lines are reported broken and her men deserting in great numbers. The Austrian army seem to be demoralized, unless German succour comes.

PARIS THEN AND NOW

If There is to be a Second Siege, Remember 1870

WE must never forget that Paris was once taken by the Germans—and how it was done. If there is to be a siege in 1914, it must be enacted on the same general principles as the siege that began on September 19th, 1870. Between the first battle at Saarbruck and the investment of Paris in 1870 was seven months. In that time 1,100,000 Germans gobbled up 575,000 of a half-trained army of French—at Saarbruck, Spicheren, Woerth, Gravelotte, St. Privat, Peaumont, Sedan, Strassburg and Metz. Or rather it took as prisoners by the fall of Metz, Strassburg and other engagements 200,000 French, besides those killed in battle. It reduced the effective army of the French to a force not much bigger than the first British expeditionary force to France in 1914.

Why? Because to begin with the French army was not a real mobilization, but merely a muster. The French had no machine. The Germans had. Conscription in France was a sort of noblesse oblige based upon politeness and patriotism. All that the German machine was, the French army was not. The French were inspired by traditions and the name of Napoleon held by their Emperor the Third. They conceived it absurd that Prussia should claim to be a real military power. What memories had a Prussian? Bah! He had never been a spectacle. Never had Berlin been a contemplated capital of Europe. Paris had. For seven years Paris had the four bronze horses with the chariot of Victory seized by Napoleon from the gate of the Brandenburg Thor in Berlin. The quadriga is now back at the western end of the Unter der Linden.

Since it was absurd for Germany to rank as a military power, it was superfluous for the French to create a war machine. War was not necessarily either hell or a machine. It was—magnificent. Napoleon had made it so. Vive l'Empereur! So while Prussia silently organized its machine down among the farmhouses of the back Strasses, France despised mobilization and trusted in God. France was not prepared for war, because France at that time did not know what modern war really was. The French army was in one grand fluster of concentration. The army units were not localized. There was no chain of responsibility. Everything was concentrated at headquarters, where they had in stock as much confusion as anything else. When a reservist hurried back to the colours he was sent to a distant depot company to get his equipment. He was then hurried back to his regiment, which, of course, was close round his own village. What is called the higher tactical units had no effective peace organization. An army corps in time of war suddenly found itself a mass of inexperienced officers and men about a trained nucleus held together in times of peace. The staff and troops had never worked together. They just muddled through. As long as the tricolour was at the head and the band ready to play, what difference? Store depots were large and very few. Rifles and ammunition and clothing and boots and all the paraphernalia that makes the difference between a civilian and a soldier were massed at centres that could only be reached with much time and trouble. Petty details that should have been left to the military centre officers had to be referred to the War Office at Paris. The whole organization such as it had become was not only headquartered at the War Office, but it was worked out there in detail with a maximum of confusion and a minimum of efficiency. The standing army reinforced by a sudden jumble of civilians was mobbed rather than mobilized to the frontier when if each man had rifle and haversack and boots he was lucky—and certainly he did not know where he belonged, what he was expected to do, who were his real commanders, and where his unit stood.

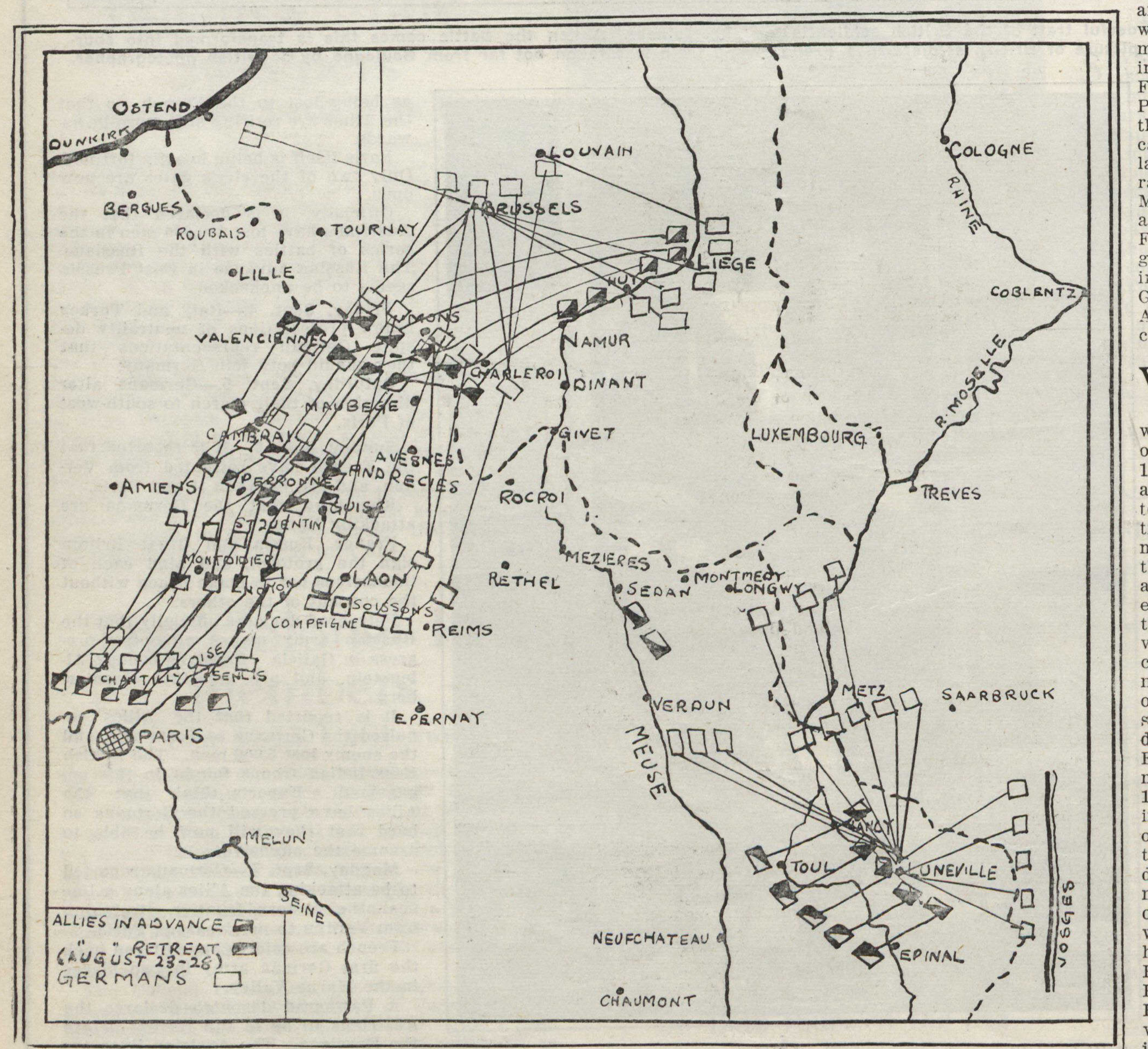
SO France went out to meet the Germans as a more or less inspired mob. The mob was only half the size of the German machine; and it was not half so efficient. The French army had fine officers and brave men and a great cause. But the generals were at loggerheads from the start and they were worse when the war got under way. The nation itself was divided into a Napoleonic and anti-Napoleonic faction, and it was hoped that the war would bury the hatchets. But before the war was over there was a revolution in France and a complete change of administration. There was no unanimity except of desire. There was no machinery. The army was broken up into small divisions operating at random against a force of three armies working in perfect harmony. The Germans massed their units where they did the most good. The French distributed theirs where they kept out of as much harm as possible. There was no lack of bravery or of spirit. The French had more of it than their foes. There was a sad lack of efficiency, equipment and discipline. The German officers were a democracy based on efficiency. The French were an aristocracy based upon rank. The French had the better rifle; the Germans the better use of what they had. In artillery the Germans had the breech-loader. The French muddled along with the slow muzzle plugger which couldn't be loaded again till the smoke had cleared away from the snout. The French cavalry were used in divisional squadrons for magnificent charging performances. The Germans used their cavalry as screens and scouting forces just as they are doing now. The Germans knew precisely what they were expected to do with their machine in a programme. The French flung their forces here and there according to the mood of the commander or the impulse of the moment.

In brief, the French army only found itself—when it found itself beaten and its soldiers cooped up in Metz and Strassburg. They were thrown into a state of defense when they had been the original attack; and they used the forts for protection instead of for attack. The Germans acted on the offensive. They have done so in this war. There is nothing new to the German. In the war of 1870 everything but traditions was new to the French.

In seven months the French army was cut down to a remnant which, when Paris was besieged, set to work to organize a fresh force of 750,000 by conscript levies under a change of government. All the while the Germans were holding back the main part of the French army they were concentrating their own remnant in the field upon Paris. They were repairing the railways and the tunnels blown up by the French. They were keeping open their lines, and when Paris was girdled about by a ring of Germans one man to a pace, with 622 field guns and the outer forts abandoned because they were incomplete, the German lines of communiques were pushing back their arteries into the Fatherland for supplies, using the French railways to within eight miles of Paris to bring them up. Meanwhile, after the siege had begun, the Germans forced the capitulation of Strassburg. That released a large force of Germans and opened a fresh railway line to Paris. Metz surrendered. More Germans were released. The German army was adequately fed outside, while the French citizens were starving within. Hunger became as an ally of the field gun. Paris, in spite of its army of levies harassing the Germans from the rear, was doomed to fall. And the fall of Paris, owing to the French concentration, meant the fall of France.

WHAT was true in 1870 is true of the Germans wedging their way to Paris now, and in a much bigger way. What was true of the French army at the Siege of Paris is not true of the French army in 1914. The French people are solidly united as never before. The army knows—what to expect—from experience. The fortifications of Paris are much stronger, more numerous and occupy a much greater area than they did in 1870. It will take a huge army to invest Paris. The Germans are employing the same tactics in investiture that they used in 1870; three armies converging from as many angles to automatically form a ring about the city with tremendous siege guns well forward in the line of march for the battering ram against the superb artillery guns of the French, the deadly "mitrailleuse," the strong-arm of the French batteries. The French army is not now split up into remnants, as it was in 1870. It is a compact mass with reserves in the rear, able with British support to oppose weight and resistance to the momentum of the vast machine pressing from two directions upon the city. With the great machine weakened by its distance from base of supplies it will be a miracle of modern warfare if the German army is able to repeat history even so far as being able to invest Paris without actually taking it. And if Paris should fall, the war must still go on. For in 1870 there was but one focus; that was Paris. To-day there is a second; that is Berlin.

The removal of the seat of government from Paris to Bordeaux, though it looks panicky on the surface, is probably a wise precaution. Undoubtedly the German programme-makers expected to terrorize France by the impact of the machine.



This map summarises the movements of the opposing forces during the month of August. Broadly, the main German army has swept from outside Belgium, by way of Liege, Brussels and Namur into a line direct north-east of Paris. Little by little they have come nearer to the French capital, as the white squares show. At the end of last week they were about twenty-five miles north-east. The Allies (indicated by the black and white squares) made one real advance movement, that of Mons. Since that, however, they have retired, and re-retired, with the Germans in pursuit on their left and right, but not so much in the centre. The fighting in Alsace-Lorraine has been more or less of a guerilla character, and does not affect the main march to Paris.

At the Sign of the Maple

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

Buckingham Palace in War Time

OUR special correspondent in London contributes the following interesting budget of news concerning the war-time regime as touches the personnel of the royal household. Our writer deals first with the Princess Mary, who is standing with the alleged "reluctant feet where the brook and river meet"; who, in other words, is a lately acknowledged "grown-up." But here is the letter:—

"Princess Mary is filling her role as the first daughter of England with great success and is absolutely invaluable to her mother. The Queen, like the King, has scarcely a spare moment at this critical time, and consequently it is a great relief to her that she can relegate to the youthful Princess Mary many duties which at normal times she performs herself. Entertaining at the Palace is suspended for the moment, but there are a great many Royalties in town just now, and Queen Mary has informal tea parties in her boudoir, to which a number of her own friends and ladies about the court are invited. On these occasions Princess Mary often acts as hostess when the Queen has to be absent.

"All the King's private correspondence falls now on the Queen, who devotes each morning and some time during the afternoon to dealing with it, assisted by five secretaries. A great many reservists on joining the colours write to His Majesty assuring him of their loyalty and expressing their pleasure in being called upon to serve him. Every one of these letters, they often run into one or two hundred a day, is immediately acknowledged. While to other people who write to declare their loyalty, a specially prepared circular letter is sent, as it would be quite impossible to answer each one of these in writing.

"His Majesty himself is kept busy all day following the trend of events. Dispatches are con stantly reaching him from the War Office, the Admiralty and the Foreign Office. Even the smallest piece of war information of which the Government becomes possessed is at once made known to the sovereign. Early hours used to be kept at the Palace, but now the King does not retire until past midnight, and throughout the night a secretary is in telephonic communication with the Government offices and arouses the King if any fresh news comes in. One of the first obligations of those at Court is to keep strict silence on any matter with which they may become acquainted during the course of their duties. So that there is no chance of the secrecy that is so faithfully observed with regard to the movements of our soldiers and sailors being broken, since those at Court are in honour bound not to reveal anything even to their nearest relatives.

"THE greatest economy is observed in the commissariat department of the Palace, but the Queen has issued orders that no extra supplies are to be laid in. Her Majesty's thoughtfulness has been very evident in the treatment of the royal servants. Rather than they should be deprived of their annual holidays which they generally have when the Court is out of town, the Queen decided that certain suites of rooms at Buckingham Palace which were not being used should be closed. In this way domestic work was minimized and the servants whose holidays were due went away as usual. Dinner hour at the Palace has been fixed half an hour later than usual in order to give more time for the completion of the many extra duties which the unusual state of affairs brings in its train.

"The King and Queen visit Queen Alexandra at least twice each day. The Queen Mother takes an active interest in the doings of the Red Cross Society and goes each day to Devonshire House, its temporary headquarters. I noticed her there with Princess Victoria the other day. She looked perfectly charming and was wearing a practical coat and skirt of fine black serge, prettily braided, and had on with it a dainty corsage of black ninon, exquisitely embroidered with a tracery of black silk flowers.

"Queen Amelie of Portugal is another indefatigable worker of the Red Cross. Like the Queen of the Belgians, who is the head of the Red Cross Society in Belgium, she is a qualified doctor and did a good deal of medical work among the poor in Lisbon, where she was much beloved. In her day the ladies of the Portuguese Court were expected to have at least an elementary knowledge of nursing."

Ill-Timed Arrangement

WHEREAS the English militants as a body have suspended hostilities toward Mr. Asquith and the members of parliament who stand with him in resistance of the demand for woman suffrage, there is still a deal of pen-point militancy issuing from suffrage organs in Great Britain which must needs be considered a reproach to women at the present time of peril to the Empire.

While the assertion may be perfectly true that "men know nothing by actual experience of the cost in blood and agony of replenishing the race," it is probable that by sympathy they know it; that most men love the mothers of their children. It is not to be doubted, furthermore, that fatherhood accounts its offspring precious. From which, it is unfair to blame male statecraft for the present opposition to the despot as "The Suffragette," London, does in its latest issue.

"The failure of male statecraft is complete," runs the arraignment. "Governments, by deliberately bandaging and closing up one of the two human eyes given to humanity for vision, have lost all perspective. By shutting out women from the councils of state they have lost the sense of the relative values of material aggrandizement and human life." Truly, some vision has lost perspective, but to ascribe so single and circumscribed a wherefore is to proclaim the sight of the writer's self defective.

When the pledge of honour must be kept with blood, the hand of woman must seek her heart in terror for the race which her business on earth would seem to be to produce and to preserve. But surely balm should be poured from her phial, and not caustic acid, when the war which men have declared is a war of honour. It will be more timely when the holocaust is ended to insist that for the sake of the human race, for the sake of the divinity that is in the human race, women with men must participate in statecraft.

It is for woman suffragists and feminists at large to subscribe to the spirit as well as to the word that militancy has been, at the least, suspended not only in its hatchet and half-brick manifestation, but also in the pricks of its venomed pen-nibs—mightier, no doubt, than either weapon.

MRS. HENRY CROFT, VICTORIA, B. C.,

Who, as Provincial President of the Daughters of the Empire, reported a contribution to the Canadian Women's "Hospital Ship" Fund of $17,000 for the Province—twice the amount expected from these Chapters. The total amount received at Headquarters was well over $200,000, likewise double the amount of subscriptions called for.

The Tourist Teachers

WHILE a few youngsters were naturally tickled that the company of nearly five hundred Canadian teachers, who comprised the "Hands Across the Sea" party under the experienced conduct of Mr. Ney in Europe, were reported "stranded," there were older minds of less prejudiced outlook which were anxious, indeed, at the plight of the tourist school ma'ams.

The teachers, who finally embarked from Glasgow on the Allan liner "Scandinavian," on August 22nd, had been obliged to abandon the finish of their programme—embracing visits to Worcester, Shrewsbury and Edinburgh—owing to Great Britain's military arrangements and the consequent curtailment of traffic. They had previously accomplished much sight-seeing, having been present in England since July 11th, and their interests included a five days' visit to Stratford-on-Avon, where, by the way, the Shakespeare Fete was not, for the obvious reason. There is little but heel-kicking at present, and thumb-twiddling, for F. R. Benson's players.

Owing to the energy of Mr. Ney and also to the kindness of Earl Grey in making public the plight of the teachers whose travelling arrangements the war had interfered with, there was instant hospitality forthcoming to the extent that all the party was looked after. Several members of the company were nurses and were swift to offer their services foi field work.

News in Brief

REPRESENTATIVES of every woman's society in Montreal were called together recently at the Y. W. C. A. to form an auxiliary executive to co-operate with those conducting the local Patriotic Fund campaign. All classes and ages of women attended and flocked eagerly to the platform when the chairman, Miss Helen Reid, asked for volunteers to work under the new executive. Miss Reid was appointed convener of the committee.

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A mass meeting of the I. O. D. E. chapters in Winnipeg was recently held at the Industrial Bureau to appoint a committee to work with the men's executive of the Patriotic Fund workers. The ladies' part will be visiting, chiefly. Mrs. Scott, of the Margaret Scott Nursing Mission, has offered the auxiliary the gratuitous services of the mission nurses in any needy cases which may come to light. Convener of the committee is Mrs. S. B. Steele.

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The Canadian Women's Hospital Ship Fund, which closed as such on Sept. 1st, has reached a total of $218,034.61, over twice the amount originally called for. The said sum has been forwarded to the British Admiralty through Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught, and will be used for a supplementary naval hospital at Haslar, near Portsmouth, which will bear the name, "The Canadian Women's Hospital."

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The Duchess of Connaught, who, to-day, is regarded as an English Princess, is nevertheless the daughter of Frederick Charles of Prussia, the Red Prince, "whose name the mothers of Lorraine villages invoke to-day as the Scottish peasants of old invoked the name of the Black Douglas to terrify their children." He was a conspicuous figure in the Franco-Prussian war.

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Mrs. Arthur Murphy, of Edmonton, president of the Canadian Women's Press Club, known throughout the English-speaking literary world as "Janey Canuck," has recommended to the Women's Press Club all over the Dominion to issue at regular intervals a "home letter" to the Canadians enlisted as soldiers, sailors and nurses in Europe. The Women's Press Club, of Edmonton, was the first to take up the idea. Its officers will issue letters twice a month for distribution among the men and women sent to the front from the Province of Alberta. These letters will contain brief items of news from the various cities, towns and villages and cheery editorials. It is estimated that 20 per cent. of the adult male population of Edmonton, a city of 73,000, has enlisted for service in various branches of Great Britain's army and navy.

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Lady Borden, wife of the Prime Minister, expressed her desire to present colours to the Nova Scotia companies going to the front with the Canadian expeditionary force. Colonel Hughes accepted the offer. He did the same with regard to the offer of Mrs. J. D. Hazen, wife of the Minister of the Naval Service, who wished to present colours to the New Brunswick companies.

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The gift of Mrs. T. W. Crothers, wife of the Minister of Labour, to the soldiers going to the front from St. Thomas was warm foot covering for use at night when sleeping in the open. These, over ninety pairs, were her personal manufacture.

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At a recent meeting, under the auspices of the Household League of Ottawa, it was resolved to advise Canadian women to purchase only Canadian-made commodities so far as possible during the coming crisis. This is calculated to minimize non-employment. Among the prominent women present were Mrs. Adam Shortt, Mrs. Lyman, Mrs. R. H. Coats, and Mrs. J. A. Wilson, national convener, household economics.

The Doom of the "Indomitable"

How the Icelandic Battleships Battered the Barnacles off the Belligerent Hulls of the British Navy

By ROBERT BARR

THE declaration of war found the Government and the country utterly unprepared. Indeed, the formal declaration was not received until after troops had begun to land on the eastern coast of England. It was alleged that the fatal proclamation was sent in time, but that through a regrettable delay, had not been delivered before the blow was struck that staggered Great Britain out of her complacency.

Those who read the London newspapers for the two or three years preceding the outbreak, will be at a loss to understand why the British Government was taken unawares. There is scarcely a newspaper which failed to warn those in power of the possible danger to this country arising from the ever-increasing number of battleships and cruisers that Iceland was building. It was shown conclusively that this new naval force could be intended for England alone, because the sturdy Icelanders had already, by building and purchase, accumulated a fleet very much stronger than that of Germany, and numerically almost equal to that of France, while so far as efficiency was concerned, naval experts from America, who at great risk to themselves had investigated maritime affairs in Iceland, asserted that the Icelandic fleet exceeded those of both Germany and France as a fighting force. Yet Iceland went on building with greater expedition than ever, so, if her ambition was not to attack Britain, it was difficult to understand what nation was the object of her unceasing preparations.

Friends of Iceland (and it need not here be set down that England was permeated with them) showed by speech and printed word that the Icelanders were the most peaceful of all peoples; that they were fully justified in building a fleet suitable for the protection of their subsidized mercantile marine. The pro-Icebergs, as they were termed, called attention to the fact that Britain and Iceland had never been at war with one another; that in times past Great Britain had stood her friend, freely offering up both gold and men for her protection, and that all talk of war between the two islands was not only absurd, but mischievous.

The historical student will be amazed to find how thoroughly ventilated these divergent views were, and how accurate were the articles which gave particulars of Iceland's rise in the world of nations, together with full particulars of the mammoth war ships she was building.

To all this the Government of the day paid no attention. The cordial relations between Russia, Germany and France on the one hand, with Great Britain on the other, seemed to have lulled both Government and people into a sense of false security. The air was full of philanthropic schemes. The British fleet was largely used for ornamental purposes; friendly demonstrations here, naval picnics and Venetian nights there.

The year of the great crisis opened for the British Empire amidst a paen of fraternal good-fellowship. The transference of the capital of Canada from Ottawa to a point exactly mid-way between Vancouver and Quebec, where a grand new city, constructed of marble, had been built for the sole purpose of being a seat of Government, was made the occasion of a series of amazing fetes, stretching from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific. The Queen of England, by pressing a knob of Indian ivory, sent under the Atlantic Ocean a spark that struck into a blaze of electricity the fleet anchored off Quebec, and the spark, racing westward, kindled bonfires to form a belt of crimson across the American continent, and turned on the lights in that section of the fleet anchored off Vancouver.

By happy coincidence, the various States of South Africa had been united into one realm, and the spark from England, travelling under thousands of miles of salt water, lit up other portions of the great fleet at Cape Town, Durban and Port Elizabeth.

AUSTRALIA and New Zealand joined in with celebrations of their own, and the whole British Empire thrilled with patriotic excitement. The battleships of the British fleet, assisting in the civic celebrations, were scattered over the waters of the earth. That month of August marked the climax of prosperity to which the Anglo-Saxon race had reached.

During this month of fervour Iceland struck, and struck decisively. Early in the morning of August 27th, the Icelandic fleet, consisting of seventeen battleships, thirty-eight first-class cruisers, and twenty-five second-class, with their accompaniment of torpedo boats, torpedo boat destroyers and submarines, appeared off Leith.

At first the imposing naval procession was taken as a friendly demonstration, but it was soon seen that this was the opening of a grim tragedy. Before noon the naval harbour in the Frith, that had taken years of time and millions of money to construct, was a mass of ruins, and that night the sky was ruddy with the burning of Leith, while several fires appeared in Edinburgh itself. With the harbour works had been destroyed several battleships and cruisers, which found themselves penned up and helpless under the well-organized attack of the Icelanders. The enemy were disappointed at finding no stores of ammunition such as they had expected to capture. The British Government had been depending for defence on the amity of nations rather than on the ammunition of the Admiralty.

Daylight next morning showed Leith in ruins, but also brought a ray of hope to Edinburgh, as another fleet was seen approaching over the horizon to the east. This sight, however, caused no panic among the invaders, and by nine o'clock the new fleet was close enough to display the Icelandic colours. It was a concourse of transports, capable of conveying an army of at least two hundred and fifty thousand men, with guns and camp equipment, horses and automobiles.

It is known now that the Icelanders expected greater opposition than they met, and that they intended to land at least one portion of their army in Scotland, but the burning of Leith, which they asserted was the result of erratic shells, made landing at that port inconvenient. So battleships, cruisers and transports sailed for Hull.

By the time they reached the Yorkshire seaport, every available ship in British waters had made a rendezvous at Dover, and while Hull was being reduced to the condition of Leith, Britain's forlorn hope sailed up the east coast for the north. The naval battle of Hull is probably the most complete sea disaster recorded in history, except the destruction of the Russian fleet by the Japanese. The Icelandic ships were all modern, and of highest efficiency as regards speed and striking power. The British fleet, though numerically superior to the enemy, contained many obsolete craft, which embarrassed and retarded their friends more than they harassed the enemy. Sir James Ponsonby, the British admiral, had hoped to postpone the battle until the arrival of the "Indomitable," hastening home from Canada, carrying in state the greetings of the Dominion to the old country, and in two days she was expected to arrive at Southampton.

THE swift cruisers of the Icelanders, however, waited for nothing. They sped east, then south, and finally west, till they came upon the British fleet off Harwich, where an indecisive conflict took place. This engagement determined Ponsonby to crush the cruisers if he could, and so he was lured to the north, almost, but never quite, overtaking them, until it was too late to retreat. The Icelandic battleships were superbly handled, and had been so placed that before a shot was fired all naval experts knew that the Home fleet was doomed. From the first it had not the slightest chance of escape or victory. By the evening of the second day the east coast was strewn with wrecks. Admiral Van Rune, of the Icelandic fleet, had fought a running fight, crushing the British up against their own coast.

No war vessel of the Home fleet was left afloat, and the Icelanders could now proceed with their invasion at any spot that suited them, for effective opposition was not to be feared from the territorial army ashore. This invasion they now set out leisurely to accomplish. In the marine contest they had lost five second-class cruisers, while two first-class were sunk. One battleship was disabled, and in spite of efforts to save her, had drifted ashore.

If Van Rune picked up any wireless information regarding the "Indomitable," he made no preparations for her reception. He knew that the British Government, after the naval battle off Hull, had asked assistance from both France and Germany, but in each case the answer had been that the understanding with Britain did not contemplate armed intervention either for or against that country. Russia had forestalled an appeal by declaring her neutrality, an example followed by the United States, and later by Italy. Van Rune learned that the nearest section of the British fleet was hurrying home from Quebec, but as there had been only one speedy "Indomitable" in that contingent, he knew he was quite safe for another four or five days. Therefore, he determined to land one-half of his army at Hull, and the other half at Harwich, where the railways were to be seized, and thus London was to be captured without serious opposition. Once in the Capital of the Empire, he expected to dictate his own terms, and sign a treaty of peace probably before the Canadian fleet arrived.

Acting under wireless orders from Lord Harry Willoughby, commander of the "Indomitable," there was speedily concentrated at Dover all the ammunition available for the twelve-inch guns and other ordnance with which the "Indomitable" was equipped, together with an ample store of provisions and fuel. The "Indomitable," breaking all records, made direct for Dover, arriving a day before she was expected. She landed the Canadian delegation, who proceeded up to London by special train. They were received with all honours by the Queen, to whom they delivered the message of the Dominion; an impressive display which took place with great pomp just as if no such trifle as a war was in operation a few miles to the north east of Windsor Castle.

AT twenty minutes past four in the morning the "Indomitable" steamed out of Dover Harbour and sped east like a Derby winner. She did not pause as she sighted the transport fleet hovering off Harwich; a fleet completely unprotected. Lord Harry saw, with a certain grim satisfaction, that the English themselves had set fire to the terminus of the Great Eastern Railway, and that station sheds, hotel, wharfs and piers were one mass of flames, fanned by strong easterly winds which promised the Icelanders some little difficulty in landing from small boats at Felixstowe.

The "Indomitable" scarcely slackened pace as she approached the transports, but at something more than five miles' distance she began firing with deadly effect from her long guns. Before she reached the fleet seven of the transports had been sunk. The sea was covered with small boats, tossing about on the rising waves, through which the "Indomitable" crashed as solidly as a rock. She passed northward without a pause, unheeding the cries of thousands of drowning men, an act which the continental newspapers unanimously described as one of gross inhumanity, and they dwelt on the uselessness of Peace Conferences when a nation supposed to lead in civilization could participate in such a massacre.

Lord Harry Willoughby, however, had other fish to fry, and cared little for what even his Home Press said about him. He was racing for the north, and approaching Hull, swept a great circle eastward. Van Rune mistook her, with her two funnels, two masts, and mercantile-looking hull, for a German liner from New York, an illusion shattered by a twelve-inch cannon six miles away. The Icelandic battleships spread out in a crescent-shaped line, the convex contour towards the shore, and their united fire was concentrated upon the daring stranger, now withdrawn to a distance estimated at ten miles. None of the Icelandic shells reached her, and her own shells came at such infrequent intervals that Van Rune supposed something had gone wrong. His own fleet was shaking heaven and earth with the detonations of heavy guns. As he stood on the deck of the flagship, the gigantic "Rekievik," a shell struck at the foot of the foremost funnel, penetrated three decks, and exploded.

The great ship reeled as though she had grounded on a rock, and before she could recover a second shell fell almost in the same spot, but further to the port side, sank to her interior, and burst out the armour plating below the water line. When the third shell struck, the Rekievik was heeled over until it was impossible to stand on her deck, and as if it needed but the impact of the third shell, she turned turtle, and disappeared in a cloud of steam and spray.

This appalling catastrophe, happening in the midst of an unharmed fleet, spread consternation. The sea terror in the offing had quite palpably picked out the Queen bee of the hive, slowly, carefully measuring distance, estimating strength of power, calculating the speed of the wind, and had struck three swift blows that crushed the flagship as if she were a wasp.

NOW the "Indomitable" was crawling in closer. The ineffective cannonade of the fleet had ceased. The "Indomitable" also was silent. Only a scattered film of wreckage on the dancing waves showed where the gigantic "Rekievik" had floated but a few short minutes before. Suddenly two shells came together, and both struck the "Hecla." Her funnels fell; the deck heaved up as if rent asunder by an earthquake, crushing hundreds of living men as if they were mosquitoes, and out of a fissure ascended a white balloon of steam. The "Hecla" did not turn turtle as her sister ship had done, but sank like a stone.

This second disaster threw the fleet into confusion; the lack of a head was beginning to be felt. Van Rune and his officers lay quiet under the waves, with their ruined fighting machine. The "Hecla" had carried down with her Admiral Clinch, second in command, but just before he was struck he had flown a signal, ordering the whole fleet to steam out upon the enemy. Immediately after the disappearance of the "Hecla" various ships began signalling contradictory orders. Some of the vessels struck out for the open sea, but slowed down when they found the rest were not following. Thus the ends of the concave line closed in, and for a few minutes the battleships were dangerously massed together, a predicament of which the "Indomitable" was quick to take advantage. At full speed she tore in towards

(Continued on page 21.)

The Obvious in War

THE strategy of the two great armies which have been confronting each other from Belfort to Belgium, has been, remarkably enough, exactly what military writers have long predicted. Each of the belligerent forces have taken the obvious and expected course. There have been no dramatic surprises—no Napoleonic disregard of traditional tactics—no bold strokes cutting across the anticipated plans of campaign. It has been always understood that the Germans, in case of war with France and Russia, would first endeavour to crush France, and then turn about to face the slower Russian advance; and that is exactly what they have done. It has been further understood that they would avoid a frontal attack upon the impregnable fortifications of the French along their frontier from the Ardennes to Belfort, but would execute a great turning movement through Belgium and fall upon the comparatively unfortified Franco-Belgian frontier; and that, again, is exactly what they have done.

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ON the other hand, it has been understood that the cardinal principle of the French defence, after making sure of their line from Verdun to the Swiss boundary, would be to avoid at all hazards the fatal blunder of permitting themselves to be trapped in another Metz or Sedan; and that is exactly what they have done. Arm-chair critics have been inclined to grumble because the Allied lines fell back so repeatedly and with so little reported fighting. Why didn't they stick?—we asked. A few Boer riflemen in South Africa would get on a ridge and hold back an army. Why didn't our armies, with their matchless artillery and numberless machine guns, hold their elaborate fortifications? But the answer to this question is simple. The Germans persisted by grace of their numerical superiority, in trying to get around behind them; and they fell back to avoid a trap. They could have stayed and won more glory. But they were not trying to win glory—they were trying to win the war. So they fell back and kept their armies intact. They no more sacrificed themselves and their chances to glory than has the German navy.

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THE German successes have been won in the good old fashion by getting the most men at the point of contact. They have been able to do this by reason of two things—first, the more rapid mobilization of their whole forces has given them a much larger numerical superiority on the field than they have ever shown on paper; and, secondly, their railway system is a military system, and can be employed to mass their troops just where they need them. I have been surprised that the scouting of the aeroplanes of the Allies has not been better—that is, that it has not kept us better informed as to where the Germans were concentrating their men. Possibly it has done better than we have known. Possibly, the Allies simply could not bring up the men to meet the German thrusts. But, in any case, where the enemy have won, they have won by overwhelming attack. The shooting of our professional soldiers is reported to have been better; and it should have been. The artillery of the French is confessedly better. But it is still possible for two and three to one to win in battle.

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AND that simple, old-fashioned fact is what we are really calculating on to win the war. We expect the Russians to finally arrive in front of the defences of Berlin with two or three to one in their favour. As I write, they have made great strides in their necessary campaign for the driving back of the Austrian forces on their Galician flank. They obviously must dispose of this Austrian menace on their lines of communication before they can safely advance in force into Posen and strike at the heavy line of fortifications on the Oder. They must no more march into a trap than the French and British could afford to allow themselves to be driven into one. But if they hurried forward through their own "Polish triangle" for the purpose of striking an early blow at Berlin, and left the whole Austrian army on their flank in Galicia and a Prussian army on their northern flank in East Prussia, they would run a grave risk of suffering an immense and crushing disaster by seeing their invading armies surrounded, cut off on the rear from their supplies, and compelled to surrender. That would be a Russian Sedan.

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CLEARLY, the Western Allies must exercise patience. They must suffer and be strong until the Russian Blucher arrives. The smashing power of the German army has not been overestimated. Those who told Britain that she was imperilling her priceless Empire by failing to follow the sinister example of her Continental neighbours and provide an adequate army, have been abundantly justified by events. We hold the sea. Our navy is supreme. There is not even any talk about either an invasion or a raid upon British shores. Yet we are in a position of grave peril—as I write—because the armies of France and Britain are being driven slowly back before the German Car of Juggernaut. If Britain had had one million trained men to launch into the fray, there would have been a far different story to tell—indeed, it is very doubtful whether Germany would have ventured upon war at all. No one hates the very idea of conscription more than I do; but where is the difference in suffering between preparing a million men before war breaks out, and flinging the same number—half-prepared—into the horrible maelstrom after war has commenced. The latter is what we are doing. We will easily send a million if we must. But they will be less effective—more of them will probably be killed—and they cannot now prevent the war by their very readiness, as they might conceivably have done had they constituted an army-in-being two months ago.

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WAR is a tragic inheritance from the past. In a civilized continent like Europe, it is a vermiform appendix, constantly inflamed. That is, it is a social organ, which may have had its uses once, but which is only potent for mischief now. But it would be quite as sane for a man to pretend that he had no "appendix," and refuse to get it removed when it clamoured most painfully for that operation, as for a nation to pretend that an imminent danger of war did not exist because war is "so illogical."

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Aid from Australia

Who, like Canada, is Ready and Eager to Help the Mother Country

AUSTRALIA is now a close second to Canada in sending aid to England. She is sending 20,000 men to the front. This, as in Canada, will be followed by other contingents. Australia has somewhat the advantage of this country in what is practically a system of conscription involving the whole male population capable of bearing arms. Junior cadets from twelve to fourteen train ninety hours a year; seniors from 14 to 18 must put in four days, twelve half days and 24 night drills a year; citizen soldiers from 18 to 25 must put in 16 whole day drills, of which eight are in camps of continuous training. A final corps from 25 to 26 makes up the reserve, behind which again is the large corps of rifle clubs supported by the Government. On this basis Australia has a larger percentage of men more or less trained to bear arms than Canada, which has not yet come anywhere near the conscription system.

THE WAR MANIAC

"COME ON EVERYBODY, JOIN THE CARNIVAL OF BLOOD!"

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

DOING your bit? That is the question which every Canadian must ask himself at the present time. One man in Toronto started a movement for a provincial committee to provide employment for those thrown out of work by the war. He talked it over for weeks with various people. Then he got a committee together and there was some real agitation. Finally there was a general meeting of men from all over Ontario. Yet at this gathering probably not two per cent. of the men who were present knew who started it. Certainly the man himself did not tell them. But he had done his bit.

Another man conceived the idea that this would be a good time to start to build a forty-mile, cement roadway between Toronto and Hamilton. This would give employment to 5,000 men for several months and distribute two or three hundred thousand dollars in wages. He dropped his own business for a fortnight and devoted his time and ability to getting the scheme working. He succeeded, and the Ontario Government is naming a commission to supervise the work. This man will not be a member of the commission; his thoughtfulness and sacrifice will be known to less than a score; but he has done his bit.

An editor got the idea that the farmers of Canada should be persuaded to increase their wheat acreage so as to ensure Great Britain's flour supply. He printed his idea and sent marked copies to certain public men who are too busy to read much. Other editors copied his article. The Conservation Commission issued a circular about it. The wheat acreage will be increased. Perhaps he, too, has done his bit.

Such instances might be multiplied over and over again. In a great struggle such as the world is now facing there will be many unnamed heroes. Some will lie in unmarked trenches in foreign lands; some will be cradled in Father Neptune's arms; some will live on in quiet obscurity. Few of them desired fame and none of them asked for it. Every Britisher recognizes, if he is the real thing, that he must do his bit without hesitation and without flourish of trumpets. Few British heroes have been given the Victoria Cross.

Down at Valcartier there are more than thirty thousand soldiers. Most of them were men who had no excuse to stay away. Some of them had to make sacrifices to get there. But each of them will do his bit, whether it be great or small. Some may do it flippantly or lightly; others may be more earnest minded about it, but each will be doing his duty according to his temperament. But there are many more thousands who are staying at home to do their bit in a humdrum, obscure fashion, and to them be equal honour and glory. Both kinds make up every great nation.

A few weeks ago, three hundred Hindus were expelled from Vancouver harbour. They were not worthy to be known as Canadian citizens. Last week, Premier Asquith announced at the Guildhall, London, that an army of these despised Hindus was on its way to fight side by side with Canadians and Englishmen against tyranny and oppression. If this incongruity does not strike the people of Vancouver dumb and banish Stevens, M. P., from public life, then Vancouver has no sense of humour.

Canadian censors have requested that no Canadian newspaper mention the name of a vessel on which Canadian troops shall sail. If, therefore, such information appears in any daily paper, it will be evidence of a lack of patriotism rather than proof of enterprise. The correspondents who told that the Princess Pat's were sailing on the Megantic did that regiment a great wrong.

Col. Sam Hughes has suggested that anyone who criticises a militia officer should be rawhided. Why not adopt the German system and use the flat side of the sword? Rawhiding has been confined to prisons and the continent of Africa for nearly a century. The up-to-date military autocracy use the swordedge or side as suits the civilization of the place where the supposed offence is committed. Colonel Sam will please note that the rawhide went out when Uncle Tom's Cabin came in.

A much to be commended action on the part of the same gentleman is his appointment of a board of examiners to decide which 500 of the 1,500 officers at Valcartier are best fitted to go in command of the first contingent. This is much better than allowing political influence to decide it, as was the case largely in the South African contingents. Some politicians may be disappointed, but the more numerous such disappointments the better for the reputation of the service. Col. "Sam" Steele and Lieut.-Col. Mercer form the board.

For the year ending June 30, the government of the Province of Quebec went behind about two and a half millions, all of which was spent on good roads. The expenditure was justified, yet it would have been better had such spending been offset by an increase in revenue. All the governments of Canada have been too much inclined to add to the public debt. Most of them are paying out too much interest and not enough principal. "Pay your way" is a motto which needs greater public support.

Despite all rumours to the contrary, Turkey and Italy are maintaining their neutrality. Our English correspondent, in his weekly letter, throws a new sidelight on Turkey's juggling with the two German cruisers now in Turkish waters. So far Turkey has behaved well. Italy, on the other hand, frankly and openly regrets she cannot come to Britain's assistance.

Pope Pius X. is replaced by Pope Benedict XV. The new Pope has two brothers in the Italian navy, and seems to be a man of broad humanitarian sympathies. He assumes his responsibilities at a most trying time in the church's history when, as he says, "Faithful are armed against faithful."

OUR LONDON LETTER

London, August 21st, 1914.

By HAROLD TRACY POOLEY

AS I write, the great trial of strength has begun, and when you read this the issue of the first conflict will probably be known to you. In accordance with the strategic plan contemplated for some days, the Belgians have evacuated Louvain and Brussels and fallen back upon Antwerp, and the solid advance of the German right wing continues against the North of France (as I thought likely in my former letters); unless, indeed, it attempts to make for the Belgian coast line, and thence work southwards against France. This latter would be a dashing adventure, but hardly consistent with German tactics, and carrying the double peril of a delay and the impregnable nature of Antwerp and the coast defences. It is impossible at present to judge the course of the battle, much less its event, but the preparations of the Allies were made with the position in view which has so far actually arisen, and the rapid incursion of the French forces into Alsace and Lorraine seems effectually to check the possibility of the enveloping movement so omnipresent in the plans of the German tactician. Roughly speaking, the line of contact from being north-and-south is turning bodily, as it were, on the axis of Luxembourg, north-west and south-east. Of the movements of our Allies in the east, only two facts are certified, and both are eminently satisfactory. Shabatz was a very decisive victory for Servia, and the Russians are marching rapidly upon Konigsberg in the north. The huge grey cloud is gathering fast round Prussia and over north-eastern Hungary, and every one of the disjointed scraps of information that come to hand points to a vast concerted plan of progress on Berlin. It is of the highest importance that the Russian advance should be of unbroken solidity, for, with the prospect of tremendous activity in the western theatre, and protracted slaughter between forces evenly balanced numerically, it is the function of Russia to fight Germany from the east as a python fights; to crush utterly the German power in every mile she advances before she makes the next step.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF POLAND.

TO undo a grievous wrong and to make a master-stroke of policy by one and the same act is given to few rulers, but the Czar has seized the opportunity offered to him by gratifying his long-cherished desire to re-create Polish nationality.

If the effect of his manifesto is, as may reasonably be expected, successful, there is immediately to hand the material which after the war may be built into a very stout bulwark against the aggressive ambitions of any European nation. The wrong to Poland has been the common iniquity which held Russia and the German and Austrian Empires together, but now, in terms of the noblest simplicity Russia offers to put away the evil thing. If the offer of autonomy to Poland is sincere, and there is no reason to doubt it, and the Russian plan is successful, Poland will be a self-governing nation with little more than suzerainty from Russia. In order to reconstruct the country, Prussia will have to be dismembered, and Austria-Hungary despoiled of its eastern and northern territories, a punishment fitting the crime with peculiar aptitude. One does not suggest that there is any ulterior motive in the Czar's suggestion, but it will be the plainest policy for the Allies to bind very strictly the terms of Russia's offer to Poland should the reconstruction be decided on. Poland as an autonomous community would be of the utmost value to the preservation of the peace of Europe. As a subject province of Russia it would be impossible for the Allies in the west to consider her enlargement by the addition of Prussian and Austrian Poland.

CANADIAN LOYALTY.

THE greatest enthusiasm is felt in England at the magnificent demonstration in the Dominion House of Commons on the 19th, both because of the splendid unanimity of all parties in their patriotic expressions and because of the feeling that behind the expression there lies a practical and determined loyalty which has evinced itself in so many material ways. I do not think that we in the old country could ever have realized, had it not been for this war, the spirit of not only ardent but substantial practical loyalty that animates the Five Free Peoples in so splendid a degree, and especially Canada has surpassed in its ready and enthusiastic aid the beliefs of the most fervent optimist of the Britannic Alliance.

THE PRIZE COURTS—THE TWO GOEBENS.

THE very name "Prize Court" smacks of the Spanish Main, of gay adventuring in days long past with a good round sum in doubloons to top off the voyage. But the courts are with us again in modern guise; we are told in the "Times" that they are in "the High Court of Justice; Probate, Admiralty and Divorce Division. Telephone, Holborn 6700"—Shades of Neptune; a prize court with a telephone number! As well picture Drake with a Marconi installation, or good Queen Bess launching one of the stout Devonian's scallawag privateers by means of an electric switch. Among the prizes notified in the papers—and there is a good long list—I notice one called the "Goeben," which naturally brings to mind the other "Goeben" that with the "Breslau" chose the better part of valour and faded imperceptibly into the Dardanelles. The calmness with which the Government here took the impudent assertion from Turkey that she had bought the two ships of war is explained. At the head of the Turkish navy is Rear-Admiral Limpus, "lent by the British Government." He is a determined person, and it is a saying among the people who have served with him, "Limpus will know what to do," so we may rest content that in this case Limpus will know what is to be done, and Brer Turkey Buzzard will—have to do it.

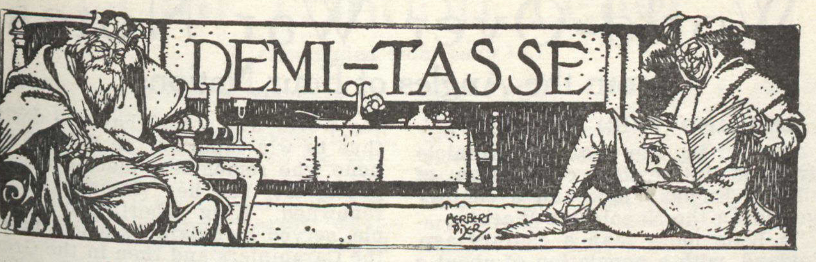
THE ARMY IN FRANCE.

OUR gallant Allies across the Channel look upon the name of Sir John French as one of good omen, and the British soldiers who are in France have been treated with an abounding enthusiasm wherever they have been. It is only within this week that we have heard of the arrival of our troops in France. But it is a significant fact that no dates are mentioned in any of the reports of their arrival, and, of course, no mention of their destination at the front. It may safely be assumed that they were at their stations long before the news of their passage over the Channel was announced in our papers. Such is the admirable secrecy which has covered all the British movements both military and naval since the beginning of the war. I am told that the Highland regiments find special favour in the eyes of feminine France, and that the attention they receive would embarrass anybody but a British soldier. Even the shopkeepers join in the general demonstrations, and one very happy story is told of a Highlander buying a large quantity of fruit in Boulogne, and being waved aside courteously when he took out his "pooch." "Pay me when you come back," said the shopkeeper, "in marks." Which, of course, are coins obtainable only in the Happy Fatherland.

TRAITORS—VOLUNTARY AND INVOLUNTARY.

THE usual accompaniment of war is a series of Spy scares, and we are not without them here. To ask for a "lager" in a thoughtless moment would endanger you if a fresh and zealous special constable were near. A curious sidelight upon German methods—quantity, not quality, is the motto of their Intelligence (?) Bureau—is thrown by a recent police court case in Liverpool. A young Englishman, fired by spy stories of the shilling shockers, has for some twelve months been forwarding information about the Mersey to Germany, obtained from no more mysterious source than Whitaker and the Harbour Board publications. For this he has received a thin but grateful dribble of guineas from Berlin.

(Continued on page 17.)



Courierettes.

THE worst foe this country has is the man who makes a big contribution to the Patriotic Fund and then closes down his place of business or lays off his employees.

Newspapers in Paris are forbidden to publish more than one edition in 24 hours in war time. Such protection to the public might not be amiss in some Canadian cities.

"British bear the brunt" is getting to be quite a common heading in the war news now. History repeating itself.

Twenty centuries ago Julius Caesar complimented the Belgians on their bravery. It is clear that the good strain of Belgian blood has not grown thinner with time.

Toronto, having given nearly 5,000 men and nearly $1,000,000, to help the Motherland, cannot now be referred to as "Hogtown."

With tales of atrocities and murders pouring in, the glory of war is becoming a pretty shoddy old thing nowadays.

The Kaiser insists on having a military tutor for his eight-year-old grandson. The lad may learn enough in that line by watching his grandfather for the next few months.

The war correspondent seems to be having a hard time earning his salary these days.

If you have troubles, just think how happy you should be that you're not a buffer state in a European war.

Country life is ideal so long as you live in the city—and vice versa.

If a rolling stone was able to gather moss, what in the deuce would it do with the stuff?

Dressing on one's slender income is like dressing in an upper berth—rather awkward.

Many employers show their belief in the minimum wage for women by paying it.

Love may be blind, but its hearing is generally good enough to hear money talk.

Rome wasn't built in a day, but it might have been if some of the real estate agents we know had been living then.

Definitions.—A modern chaperon—A good shock absorber.

Waist-line—The most changeable thing about a woman.

Society—Those who don't want what they have and those who want what belongs to other folks.

Manicure girl—A trimmer of men.

Preachers Please Note.—In Chicago the other day a bridegroom knocked down the preacher who had performed his wedding ceremony because the cleric kissed the bride. In war time the clergy should be satisfied with their fee.

Disappearance Note.—Has anybody seen a German band on the streets lately?

Kitchener's Humour.—Many stories and anecdotes are told about Lord Kitchener, who is now Britain's War Minister, and one of the most talked-about men in the world.

As illustrating the grim and satirical style of the great general's humour, a Canadian military man tells of an incident which he says is well authenticated. It happened in South Africa during the Boer war.

The son of an English nobleman had enlisted in London soon after the war broke out, and on account of his position he was given the post of orderly in the quarters of the commander-in-chief. This scion of nobility was a rather superior sort of person, and title loomed larger to him than mere military rank.

One day there was a conference of officers in Kitchener's quarters. The orderly was sent for to carry a message.

He came strolling in with a nonchalant air, smoking a cigarette, and not seeming to notice the other officers, remarked, "Did you want me, Kitchener?"

The group of officers almost gasped for breath, and waited for the storm that they were confident would burst on the head of the offender.

But Kitchener merely smiled.

"Why be so beastly formal?" he replied. "Call me Herbert."

Horrors of War.

Among the horrors of war may be included:

Some scare-head "extras."

The man who knows what they're going to do next.

The chap who insists on arguing about it.

The sensation-seeking preacher who sermonizes on it.

Increased prices on smokes and drinks.

Poems—of all sorts and sizes.

Jingoistic speeches of politicians.

Wise Precaution.—At Toronto Exhibition for the past two weeks a man and woman have worked together without discussing the war.

They are married. She is French. He is German.

"No war news in our house," said the careful husband, when a friend jollied him on the subject.

What They've Missed.—We judge by the behaviour of the German Uhlans that they are not the clever cavalrymen they should be. They have not read Col. George Taylor Denison's book on Cavalry Warfare.

He Liked Her Looks.—A Hamilton man tells a rather good joke at his own expense, and it is safe to say that he will guard his tongue more carefully in future.

He went into a quick lunch place the other day where ladies are served. While standing at the counter he turned to take a long last lingering look at a remarkably pretty young woman. The man at his elbow turned to look, too.

"Some chicken," said the Hamiltonian in low tones, and the man beside him repeated the phrase as an order to the waiter behind the counter.

"No, no," said the young fellow. "I did not mean that as an order. I referred to the girl behind me."

"Looks good to you?" queried the other man.

"Some girl," said the admirer.

"She looks good to me, too," was the answer "That's why I married her."

When the Hamiltonian's order came he had lost his appetite.

The Young Officer.—A slim, fair-haired youth was standing amongst a crowd of men in a military outfitters' shop in London. Bye-and-bye he said to the salesman, "May I be attended to now?"

"You must wait your turn," snapped the salesman, while a tall, pompous officer turned and said scornfully, "Who made that boy an officer?"

At last the boy was measured for his outfit and gave his instructions as to where it should be sent. The salesman bowed low. "All right, your Highness," he said. Then he turned to the man who had referred to the boy so scornfully, "That was the Prince of Wales," he said.

In Sad Shape.—The poor man was making his first ocean voyage. He was very sick. A friend tried to comfort him.

"What seems to be the matter?" queried the consoler.

"I can't keep anything on my stomach," said the ill one.

"Nothing at all?"

"No, absolutely nothing except a mustard plaster and my hands."

Had Enough Of It.—"Why didn't Jack enlist?"

"Several reasons."

"But he comes of fighting stock."

"Yes, that's just it. His grandmother was a U. E. Loyalist, his aunt is a Daughter of the Empire, and his mother is a militant. He's just naturally soured on fighting."

The Proof.—It seems to be a fact that a man doesn't really love women or children unless he lets them impose on him.

A Fishing Recipe.—"What is the best way to get brook trout?"

"Drain the brook away from them."

Described.—Often before the public—the motorman.

Fine Idea.—Why not get the Chinese laundrymen to form a Canadian-Chinese regiment and go to the war. They should be able to present a stiff front.

The Difference.

She wore a dainty bathing suit
And dipped into the drink—
But summer girls are not like suits—
It did—she didn't—shrink.

The Cost of War. — Some newspaper statistician has figured it out that a big European war would cost $54,000,000 per day.

At that rate we could name a few nations whose war chest would survive just about one shot.

About Twins.—We are acquainted with the father of twin babies. He is quite proud of them. He thinks they are cute and clever, and so on. He says they look alike, and coo alike, and cry alike. Whatever one does the other does, too—with one exception. Here comes the bitter blow. They do not sleep at the same time.

Defined. — Teacher—"What is a kiss?"

Apt Girl Pupil—"A conjunction."

Teacher—"Decline it."

A. G. P.—"I can't."

Household Hints.—Since the war began, the price of granulated sugar has risen. Well, anyone who doesn't like it, can lump it!

When you go to buy apples this fall, take care that there aren't any spies among them.

Could Be No One Else.—At the wedding of his daughter, Princess Victoria Louise, the Kaiser, it is said, was several minutes late and kept the assemblage waiting. One of the guests growled under his moustache, "Wish the fool would hurry." A guard standing near said, "Be careful, sir, or you will be arrested for Lese Majesty."

"How do you know of whom I was speaking?" asked the guest.

"There is only one fool in this country, sir, and that is His Imperial Highness."

World-Over War Notes

From the Angles of Four Nations

ENGLAND THEN AND NOW.

A writer in the London Chronicle gives an interesting comparison of military England now and a century ago during the Napoleonic Wars:

"A little more than a century ago, England, with a population of about a third of its present numbers, was maintaining an immense army scattered over the world. In 1809 the local militia alone numbered 200,000, and these were kept in training until the Peace of 1815. More than half a million men were garrisoned in the United Kingdom; another 22,000 regulars were fighting in Portugal; while in India, Ceylon and the West Indies, North America, the Mediterranean, Cape of Good Hope, and Madeira were large bodies of British troops struggling to keep the Empire together. One thousand three hundred regulars guarded the convicts of New South Wales, and 18,000 more were on the high seas. And in spite of a long war, costing a million pounds a week, the country managed to redeem millions of unfunded debts and show a brave front to the world, with bread at 1s. 10d. a loaf."

THE KING OF BELGIUM.

Says Malcolm Macaskill, Belgian correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph, concerning the King of Belgium:

"There is probably no monarch in the world who would have so desired thus to win fame on the field of war, none who remembers more often that peace, too, has her victories no less renowned. King Albert, like his people, served in Belgium's army, first in the Carabiniers and then in the Grenadiers. He has simplicity in thought and deed. Sometimes it is a romantic and splendid simplicity; at other times severely practical. The merely unconventional never deters him. Not many monarchs have driven a railway engine in their dominions; not all would. King Albert on more than one occasion has proved thus his capacity for the things that apply to mechanics. He honours the arts without which he told his people in his speech of accession a country does not truly flourish. Not only did he attend in person the public gathering to fete Maeterlinck when he won the Nobel Prize, but he carried the poet off to dinner at the Palace."

It must be very comforting to this thrifty and art-loving monarch to notice what a mess the Kaiser's army has made of his country.

Don't you really think that if a gang of sophomores could get off the college yell somewhere round the German headquarters, it might have a retarding influence on the German advance?

A Department of Municipal Affairs

The Suggestion of the Ontario Municipal Association

AT the Convention of the Ontario Municipal Association, held in Toronto last week, a very important subject was introduced by Mr. G. H. Kent, the City Clerk of Hamilton. It was the question of the establishment of a Provincial Department, or at least a sub-department, of Municipal Affairs. Mr. Kent's point was that municipal affairs were just as important a part of the life of the people in the Province of Ontario as education was, or some social legislation, or any department which finds acknowledgment as a department with a Minister at its head. Mr. Kent said: "As municipal corporations were creatures of the statute and governed by limitations of the Municipal Act, the business of such corporations is largely controlled by the laws of the province which authorize certain things to be done according to definite lines of procedure."

As he pointed out, the advantages would be many. For instance, from a financial point of view, the change from the present order of things would be beneficial. The present system of municipal borrowing occasions the loss annually of many thousands of dollars to a great many municipalities. In the aggregate, the loss to the province must be very large. Such a loss, Mr. Kent contended, could be avoided either by the co-operation of municipalities or by the Government becoming a clearing-house for municipal debentures. This latter is similar to the plan adopted by the Hydro-Electric. Moreover, a Department of Municipal Affairs would be in the position of an expert, practical adviser.

A second consideration Mr. Kent mentioned was the building of roadways, or the construction of public work of any kind. At present, the municipality has no kind of advice on these matters. It wants, say, a waterworks system. It asks for tenders, but has no one in very many cases who is able to pick flaws in those tenders, no one who knows how to get the best value for the town for the least money. An instance was cited. A town in Ontario was installing a waterworks system. The pipe they laid under the main street was a six-inch pipe! There was no one to tell the municipal authorities that such piping was ridiculous. If there were a Department of Municipal Affairs, there would be experts to help the towns and cities in such matters. A municipality would then be able to write to the Department and ask advice and instruction, and get it.

Mr. Kent went on to point out how his remarks would apply to town planning, prison and asylum administration, uniformity and public accounting. The whole idea was to get some authority which, by virtue of its expertness and quality as adviser, would save the municipalities money. As he said to The Courier subsequently, the municipalities wanted a sort of federal body who would supervise their actions. After all, municipalities were composed of people, and it was the people's money which was being needlessly squandered.

How to Shoot

LORD KITCHENER says: "Never mind whether the volunteers know anything about drill. It does not matter if they don't know their right foot from their left. Teach them how to shoot and do it quick."

A large percentage of the British volunteers come right in the scope of this advice. In a free country like England and Canada no man is expected to learn how to use a rifle in times of peace unless he feels like it. If he wants to go hunting he gets familiar with a gun. Or he may join a rifle association for the fun of aiming at bull's eyes.

But in England there are millions of men who have never handled a gun. London swarms with derelicts who have never smelt gunpowder. In the 300,000 men recently enlisted there are probably 100,000 whose chief knowledge of a gun is that it goes off if you pull the trigger and hits something if it happens to be in the way.

But these men can be taught to shoot a great deal quicker than they can be made to drill. In the opinion of a Canadian military officer a gun-ignoramus can become a good shot in three months with an hour's practice every day. A few weeks on the ranges should make the British volunteer who doesn't understand a gun as good a marksman as many of the German reservists. A man will learn to shoot much more rapidly when he feels that in a few weeks or months he may have something to hit that will be of great use to his country after he has hit it.

Our London Letter

(Concluded from page 14.)

One-tenth of the sum would have obtained ten times the information by the prosaic process of asking for it from the nearest bookstall to the Wilhelmstrasse.

But there is a class of "traitor" who cannot avoid technical treason, whatever part he plays. These are found chiefly among the smaller fry of the Royal families. Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, who had his training in the German army, is clamouring for a commission in the British army, as he is a British Prince. The Duke of Albany, who has a seat in our House of Peers and is Colonel-in-Chief of the Seaforth Highlanders, is fighting with the German army, in which he holds a high command. The Duke of Brunswick is another case of his kind, and he is still wondering, although he is a member of the German army. A more curious instance is that of Lord Taafe, who is a Viscount in the Irish Peerage. His family has been settled in Austria for two generations, and he, though a British subject, is a lieutenant of German dragoons. I hope, for his sake, he will not be taken prisoner by an Irish regiment.

THE PRESS BUREAU.

THE official news issued by the Press Bureau is very interesting, and would be more so if one had not heard it quite authoritatively in the newspapers a day or so previously. At the head of it is the redoubtable Mr. F. E. Smith, who has risen to his present height by a strict application of the Shakespearian adage, "Sweet are the uses of advertisement." One suspects a ministerial practical joke somewhere behind it all, because setting F. E. to keep the news and the newsmen in their places is, as a parliamentary colleague of the Rt. Hon. gentleman remarked to me, "an attempt to suppress by means of the irrepressible." I believe the real meaning of the Bureau, however, is to give the authorities a ready weapon of chastisement should any paper prove indiscreet. But, for the credit of the British press, let it be said that an even and loyal reticence has been universally observed. Therefore, there is no great harm in the Bureau, and it is an edifying and delectable sight to see the elegant and dashing cavalier of Ulster bestriding this innocuous Dobbin.

They do these things better in Germany. There the Press Bureau (which is a department of General Staff) doesn't tell the news long after it is known, it tells it before it happens. It is not cramped by a silly regard for facts, its only limits are those of its wishes. And above and beyond it all, permeating the whole system with his mendacious presence the Arch-Prevaricator nods his Imperial head and says, "Ach, so. Observe, my children Deutschland Uber Alles." The German press have tried hard to enlist the sympathies of the people of the United States, with their stories of Germany's spotless virtue in the matter of this war; but if they had known their Hans Breittmann they would have realized that an American can't swallow in safety the seasoned products which merely brisk-up a German. Hans had joined the Tummers, you remember, with a Limburg cheese, and:—

Ven he open der box it schmell so loud
It strike der music dumb.

Ven der Deutschers cotch der vlavour,
It coorl der hair on deir het;
But dere vas dwo Amerigans dere,
Und, py Tam, it killed em det.

The Temple, London,
August 28th, 1914.

A LITTLE BRITISH ARMY.

A POPULAR song of the nineties used to inform the audience of the Empire that "A Little British Army goes a (big drum) long way." Mons thunders the same tale to-day in a sterner vein and to the audience in a vaster Empire. That little army has struck the first note of what we hope will be a great epic of patriotism. Ill-advised as was the general advance of the allies from the chosen position of defence, the moral effect of that first great engagement of our own troops is enormous. Alone of that 200 mile line of brave men they withstood the onslaught of a vast army; but they did a far greater thing in their return on the line of defence, they came back without one instance of nervous movement. The retreat from Mons was caused by the movement of the whole line and, as every officer knows, a column that can retreat in good order and carrying, as that column did, a sting to its tail, is a fighting force of a value that can hardly be estimated. After the anxiety of the early days of the week and the reported fall of Namur—whose forts we now learn are intact—there appears to be necessary a breathing space, this probably means that the losses inflicted on the German troops were more heavy than those received by the allies, and that they must gather together their army before the supreme effort, which must be made to penetrate the defence of the solid line of Allies. The curtain has fallen again after a momentary glance, and we must await the next small revelation with what patience we may. Reticence is a virtue, as I have repeatedly said, but ther is a lack of method in our reticence in London that makes purposeless what would otherwise be a discreet silence. Already the press is beginning to ask that there shall be some discrimination used by the Press Bureau. Mr. F. E. Smith has probably a just terror of his own unquenchable thirst for publicity, and, so moved by it is he, that he presses to the opposite extreme by issuing nothing but banal accounts, certified in the press days before by eye-witnesses. A great grievance at the moment is the suppression of any list of the casualties at Mons. We know that 2,000 casualties took place, and we—including mothers, wives and children—are to wait, forsooth, until a full list can be certified before one name will be disclosed.

GERMANY'S TASK.

A FRIEND of mine who was in Holland last week tells me that the Germans there are quite confident of victory. The whole plan is, like most Teutonic devices, cut and dried. He took down and Englished the declaration of one of these omniscient persons: "Our troops will go to Paris; our fleet will keep the British fleet continuously occupied, whilst crippling it piecemeal. Having France in subjection, we will turn with one-half our troops upon the Russians, whom we will drive back to die of hunger and exposure in the early winter." "Go to Paris" is a charmingly simple way of putting it. It sounds like a week-end visit, but they are likely to be a little longer getting there. Absurd as the words I have quoted sound, they have the merit of putting with stark truthfulness precisely what the German nation have set out to do. They have not merely to conquer France, they have to crush her so that she can be kept by a fraction of the invading army, which same miraculous fraction is to guard the coasts so well that Britain cannot land a man. The bulk of the invaders are to return and to dislodge a million men without taking breath, and whilst this—this picnic is in progress the British fleet, if you please, is to be kept tickled like a trout in the North Sea by the hypnotic tactics of the German navy—presumably by a wireless attraction from behind Heligoland. That is Germany's task, the accomplishment of which she already envisages. Far be it from me to indulge in slang in these decorous columns, but my friend remarked when he read his note to me: "It's a bit thick, isn't it?"—and I think you will agree that it is.

Money For Our Cities

A Suggestion for s Solution of a National Problem

A GREAT national problem which must be settled speedily is the question of supplying Canadian municipalities with money. A few of them have empty treasuries and most of them have debentures to sell. This was the case when the war broke out, and since then it has been practically impossible for them to do any financing. The upset of the credit system has left most of our municipalities financially crippled.

The question, therefore, arises: "How shall our municipalities get money to carry on the necessary public works and to do their share of finding work for the unemployed?" There are two methods open. One is for the municipalities to go to the banks and make arrangements to get the necessary money. To do this successfully, the municipalities of every province should go as a body to the banks, as a body. A city like Montreal can make its own arrangements. It has secured a loan of six millions from the Bank of Montreal. Toronto and Winnipeg may be able to make their own arrangements also. Nevertheless, it is absolutely necessary that the municipalities of each province should deal as a unit with the question of municipal financing in each province. Moreover, they should deal with the banks as a whole in order that the burden of carrying the municipalities may be fairly distributed among all the financial institutions. It would not be fair to put the main burden of municipal finance in any one province on one or two generous bank managers. It should be distributed equally over all the financial institutions doing business in that province, according to their assets and the business done.

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A SECOND method is available. Instead of going to the banks direct, the municipalities may go to the banks through the Minister of Finance for Canada. In Great Britain, all such matters have been arranged by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who corresponds to our Finance Minister. If our Finance Minister has been slower in dealing with the problem, it is simply because the necessity has not been so great. Nevertheless, the whole burden of municipal finance rests ultimately upon the Dominion Minister, and through him, upon the National Banks. Where a matter is of national importance, it must be dealt with by the national authorities.

Hon. Mr. White took the preliminary step when he secured legislation at the recent session that the Government may take over certain securities and issue Dominion notes against them. Under this Act it is quite possible for Hon. Mr. White and his associates to advance fifty million dollars in Dominion notes to the municipalities, on the security of their debentures. Indeed, he must do something of this kind. He may do it directly, with the municipalities, but it is more probable that he will prefer to do it indirectly through the banks.

There is just one point which must be kept in mind by the municipalities, who are considering this question, and that is that Dominion notes, secured from the banks, or from the Minister of Finance can be used to pay only Canadian debts. Where a municipality owes money abroad, it will need to make other arrangements for its payments. These payments, however, are such a small percentage of the whole that it will probably not be a very serious problem.

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ONE prime requisite is necessary before either the banks or the Minister of Finance can be called upon to aid the municipalities of any province. That requisite is a Municipal Department of each provincial government which will supervise all securities issued by the municipalities of that province. For example, at the coming meeting of the Ontario Legislature an Act should be passed establishing a Local Government Board such as they have in Great Britain, presided over by a member of the Cabinet, and officered by a number of financial experts capable of passing upon the financial situation in each municipality seeking to secure funds. Some of the provinces already have such a board. Those who have nothing of the kind should establish one at once. There must be in each province a Department of Municipal Affairs, by whatever name it is called, which will stand between the banks and the Minister of Finance on the one hand, and the municipalities on the other hand. Some municipalities will want money for purposes which are not thoroughly justified under existing conditions. The burden of refusing this money should not be put upon the banks. It should be the duty of each provincial Department of Municipal Affairs to say what issues are justified, and what are not.

Most of the Provincial Legislatures are to meet at an early date and each Cabinet should consult with the Minister of Finance and with the President of the Canadian Bankers Association as to the legislation which it will be necessary to pass in order to meet this situation. The banks will be quite willing to aid the municipalities, and to provide for their necessary expenses if they can be assured that no undue request shall be made of them, and that they will have all the necessary guarantees that the money shall be used to maintain national interests in the most efficient manner.

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THE problem is not an easy one, but the interests of the whole country demand that it shall be solved quickly and intelligently. This can be done if there is the proper kind of co-operation between the municipalities, the Provincial Governments, the banks, and the Minister of Finance.

Of course, after the banks have taken over these debentures it does not necessarily follow that all of them will be transferred to the Dominion Government. Some of them will be placed with investors in this country who have money to deposit. There is a large number of people who will be prepared to take municipal issues of this kind if they are properly guaranteed and regulated. It may also be that some of these debentures will find their way into the United States and Great Britain. The very fact that the issues are regulated and approved by a Minister of Municipal Affairs in each province will make them desirable securities for those who invest their money in such issues.

The duty of the hour is quick action on the part of the Provincial Governments in order that no municipality shall suffer for lack of funds for necessary and legitimate purposes.

Credit to London Financiers

SOME little time ago it was announced that the sale of C. N. R. bonds totalling fifteen millions out of the forty-five million government-guaranteed bonds had been arranged. That was before the war broke out. Sir William Mackenzie was in London, finishing up the details of the issue, when war was declared, and the consequent tie-up of financial affairs occurred.

It appears that since he has been back, he has had word that the underwriters who have had this issue in hand have been able to provide a large part of the funds. This means that despite the moratorium, which would have let them out, had they chosen to regard it, they have gone ahead, and done what they could for their clients, the Canadian Northern. This is very creditable to London financiers. As a result, the railway will now have the money to go ahead with its programme of expansion, and, incidentally, provide employment for more men on construction this fall than might otherwise have been the case.

New Zealand Problems

Concluded from last week

From Our Special Correspondent

Wellington, N.Z., July 30.

TWO questions agitating many at this moment are the liquor business and the Bible in schools. This is election year, and members of Parliament who particularly desire to keep their seats and so avoid the necessity of sustained effort in securing a living by their own unaided (and unsubsidized) efforts, are particularly interested.

Strong combinations of Church and lay people are out to secure the introduction of the reading of Scripture lessons in the State schools. The Catholic people and a larger body of others of all creeds and no creed at all are up in arms against the proposal. The supporters of the Bible in schools have managed to prevail upon the Minister for Education to introduce a bill to enable a plebiscite of the people to be taken on the question. The opponents are straining every nerve to defeat the bill, and there is a prospect that their activities will be easily successful. Many members of Parliament will feel the cold eye of electors upon them however they vote upon this vexing subject, and sorrow still more because they cannot avail themselves of the refuge of that hoary old friend "a mandate from the electorate." The question was scarcely mooted at the last election; it has sprung up like a mushroom.

The No-License Campaign.

Now for the other. For thirty years the licensing question has been a burning one in this country. Two decades ago the advocates of the abolition of the liquor trade secured legislation granting local option. The vote to close hotel bars grew steadily, till several electorates went "dry," more carried "reduction," and others felt the rushing wind of the storm beating at their gates, but managed to stave off disaster. In very few electorates can the "trade" be said to be really safe. Cheered by progressive success, the prohibitionists thought to force the pace a bit. He got another concession. They had the chance of putting two issues before the people when the plebiscite was taken—which is coincident with the general election. This Dominion no-license vote has grown, and last election it was so healthy that the prohibitionists were spurred on to further action. At present 60 per cent. of the electors must favour no-license to enable it to be carried on either issue—Dominion or local (single electorates). They clamoured for the bare majority. Failing that they asked that the handicap be reduced by 5 per cent.

Two and Two Make Tribulation.

The other day the Government introduced a bill providing for the 55 per cent. vote on the national issue, the local option majority to remain at 60 per cent. The second reading was carried by two votes. This is a non-party measure, and the manner in which Government and Opposition members voted was entertaining. Members themselves, however, do not find the matter entertaining. Some may shelter behind the rampart of pledges; some do not care a rap what either party to the controversy thinks; but there remain a considerable section who, while desiring to keep in the good books of the water-waggoners, are fearful lest the brewers' carts may be like tumbrels, to carry them to political execution on the national day of reckoning. Now comes more entertainment—for the outsider. In committee the 55 per cent clause was knocked out of the bill—and again the majority was two! That was two nights ago. Yesterday the New Zealand Alliance, which is the prohibition organization, decided upon an immediate special convention to consider this wrecking of their bill (for without the 55 per cent. clause the measure is valueless) and to devise a plan of campaign

FRANK H. MORGAN.

The Doom of the Indomitable

(Continued from page 12.)

the panic-stricken Fleet, firing her big guns incessantly, and finally opening out with her smaller cannon.

In war, success is supposed to excuse everything, and history records how brilliantly successful was the daring feat of Lord Harry Willoughby, but more cautious naval tacticians hold that Willoughby was unwise in risking his one ship as he did. If there had been a single Captain among the Icelanders who had not lost his head under the undoubtedly terrifying incidents by which the fight was opened, the result of the second battle off Hull might have been vastly different.

WILLOUGHBY did nothing by halves. He rushed in, across his own danger line, where a single sheel striking a cruiser filled with ammunition would have destroyed her with her own powder, whirled round his ship broadside on, and pounded the Icelandic Fleet into a mass of scrap iron. The action had ceased to be war, and had become simply demoniac slaughter, ruthless and incessant.

Several of the ships broke away, and made for the north. For half an hour it seemed that Willoughby would allow this shattered remnant to carry the tale of calamity to distant Iceland, but it was not so. He did not even take the trouble to pursue the fugitives, but lying there, as if at anchor, flung a shell far over the nearest ships, to strike their leader, now growing invisible on the horizon line. Three shots finished her, as they had finished the "Hekievik." Two shots destroyed the second ship, which was a couple of miles nearer to the "Indomitable," and then the remaining ironclads hoisted signals of surrender, turned, and crawled slowly back to the conqueror.

It was long before this that Lieutenant Horska, of the Icelandic navy, had got together the devoted little band which formed the crew of Submarine X5, a craft containing many of Lieutenant Horska's own inventions, upon which he had counted to make his name known to the world. The easy victories of the Icelandic Fleet had put the submarine question into the background. These dangerous sharks of the sea had not been needed, and Lieutenant Horska's ambition bid fair to be unrealized.

At the beginning of the contest with the "Indomitable," Lieutenant Horska had implored permission from his superior to take out his flotilla of submarines, but this request was not granted. Horska's superior officer went down in the "Hecla," and then this heroic young man took matters into his own hands. In the confusion that ensued, it had been found impossible to gather together enough experienced men to operate the submarine contingent, so Horska had to content himself with fitting out the X5 alone.

The coolness of this capable officer is shown by the fact that while preparations were being made he found time to write a brief account of what he intended to do. This account was found afterwards in his room ashore. At the time of writing he saw the "Indomitable" coming swiftly landward, apparently increasing in size, and the Lieutenant took time briefly to condemn such a dangerous move on the part of the enemy, breathing a hope that his own action may be so successful as to prove him in the right. The Lieutenant concluded by saying that what he intended to do was of such importance to all nations that he had determined, if possible, to write a hasty account of what took place while he was in action on the submarine, as it happened. This account he promised to wrap in an oilskin pouch, which would be found on his person it he did not return. It is from this narrative, written by Lieutenant Horska, that I summarize what occurred, and I know of no greater tribute to the patriotism of those heroes who willingly lay down their lives in the submarine service of all countries, than the fact that one of them, aware of his doom, slowly and helplessly sinking to the bottom of the sea, should, in the green light that filtered through the waves, calmly write an account of what he had accomplished.

By the time everything was in order, the huge "Indomitable" lay broadside on, less than a mile from the shattered remains of the Icelandic Fleet, methodically pounding that remnant into tangled iron and steel. The X5 ran out at full speed on the surface, keeping wide of the confused ruin that was sinking atom by atom under the relentless punishment of the British cruiser, then, afraid of approaching nearer in plain sight, she dived, and made straight for that terrible engine of devastation.

AT this point the Lieutenant pauses in his account to record his own disappointment, and his admiration for British coolness in action, at finding the torpedo nets down, and everything in order, as if the "Indomitable" had been on inspection parade, instead of single-handed, fighting a fleet. The Lieutenant was experienced enough to know by the speed of the "Indomitable" in coming towards the land, that her nets were not then out, yet it was evident that the moment she came to a standstill they had been put in place, and now they formed an impenetrable wall between the submarine and the cruiser's hull. After circumnavigating the "Indomitable" he slowly sank deeper and deeper until clear of the nets, and then moved forward, directly underneath the huge ship. He had but one torpedo to fire, and if that was to serve its purpose he must take no chances. He could fire her one torpedo only straight ahead from the prow. (The alert Lieutenant here notes down several improvements which he recommends to future builders of submarines.) Long as was the "Indomitable," he dare not risk a glancing shot. There was not room for his boat to manoeuvre if he rose between the hull and the torpedo net.

In this crisis he breathed a prayer for himself and his men, as he resolved deliberately to sacrifice their lives with his own, and I judge, from reading his account, that there was a momentary struggle of conscience before he determined that his men should go to their fate ignorant of it. He gave orders that the after-tanks should be filled with sea-water, that the torpedo boat might sink gradually at the stern.

Each man was at his post, clinging to footholds and handholds, as the stern slowly sank and sank, with the prow rising, and the hull coming nearer and nearer to the perpendicular. Lieutenant Horska records the warning of the second in command that if more water was let in, they could not recover a horizontal position. The Lieutenant curtly replied that the risk must be taken, and he was obeyed without protest or sign of mutiny, although every man knew he was doomed. Gradually, through the thick glasses that form the eyes in the prow of the boat, and through the green water above, the wavering darkness of the hull of the "Indomitable" came into sight, like a heavy, obscure thundercloud overhead.

There was deep silence in the submarine, which now stood on its tail, perpendicular in the water, while the Lieutenant himself pulled the string that liberated the torpedo, and eagerly watched it as it rose true, like a blunt-nosed fish, while the submarine herself was steadily sinking towards the bottom.

Here ends the Lieutenant's narrative, which was found where he had said it would be found. Later, divers proved that the torpedo's explosion tore out a large section of the "Indomitable's" bottom, and it is possible that Lieutenant Horska watched the great ship, in her moment of victory, settle slowly down like a closing lid, one doomed craft upon another, for so truly perpendicular had been the shot that the X5 was found in the interior of the "Indomitable," as the dead body of Lieutenant Horska was found in the interior of the submarine he had constructed. The only living thing in that heap of death, was his account of the deed, found in the interior of the waterproof packet in the brave Lieutenant's pocket.

Yearly Pensions

CANADIAN regulations covering yearly rates of pensions to officers and men, on account of wounds or illness sustained on active service are made public. They are as follows:

Rank.	Slightly incapacitated.	Materially incapacitated.	Wholly incapacitated.
Lieut.-Colonel	$600	$900	$1,200
Major	400	600	800
Captain..	300	450	600
Lieutenant..	200	300	400
Sgt. Major (W.O.)	150	225	300
Sergeant	100	150	200
Corporal..	85	130	170
Private	75	110	150

The following yearly rates of pensions to widows will be in force:

Deceased Husband's Rank.	No Children.	One Child.	Two or more.
Lt.-Col.	$547.50	$730.00	$912.50
Major	438.00	584.00	730.00
Captain ...	328.50	438.00	547.50
Lieutenant .	219.00	292.00	365.00
S.-M. (W.O.)	219.00	292.00	365.00
Sergeant ..	147.82	197.10	246.37
Corporal ..	120.45	160.60	200.75
Private	109.50	146.00	182.50

The above are irrespective of provisions which will be made through the national fund.

War Stories

The Tsar has at last round him some one he can trust. He trusts Great Britain. He has never been able to trust his own people, for they could never trust him. A story is told of his unrealized ambition in this regard. His tutor was reading to him "The Lady of the Lake," and they came to the part describing King James, who was hailed by the populace, "Long live King James the Commons' King!" "The Commons' King!" cried the Tsar. "Ah, that's what I should like to be!" But he has never been it.

* * *

John Burns has been very gravely censured by his own, the Labour Party, in Great Britain, because he resigned when Britain's declaration of war seemed imminent Burns is much of a poser, and the late King Edward scored him once for it.

The King had a number of guests at dinner one night in Windsor Castle. As they were leaving the room he stopped them and said: "Wait. I have something to show you!"

Pointing to a chair, he said, "Do you know who sat in that chair?"

The guests did not, and said so.

Very gravely came the reply, "John Burns sat in that chair!"

* * *

Prince Buelow has been retired for several years now. But there are those who say he still lives to

"Mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whispers of a throne"
—the Kaiser's throne.

Buelow was the suavest rascal that ever beamed through a pair of glasses. His retort to Mr. Chamberlain who sneered at the German army is historic.

"Let the man alone," said he in the Reichstag; "he is biting at granite." So said Frederick the Great before him. But—will the granite stand all the biting of the bull-dog's teeth?

The Fifth Wheel

By

Beatrice Heron-Maxwell and Florence E. Eastwick

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Everything moves in a circle and to get to the end, you must often go back to the beginning.

AMONGST the flotsam and jetsam on a Cornish beach, a bottle, square of shape and solid of look, owing to its dark contents, lay at its journey's end.

Tightly corked, with some black substance sealing the top, it appeared to be filled with a roll of thin tarpaulin, and the man who found it, carelessly swung it round, by the neck, against a rock, and splintered it. The tarpaulin fell, unwrapped, on the sand, and disclosed a sheet of paper covered with writing in a laborious hand, and a dagger, short, sharp, with a haft of dark metal inlaid with silver, in the centre of which was a flat knob.

The man's interest was aroused. This was an unusual species of dead sea fruit. He sat down and read the letter, pondering it well in his mind, looked at the weapon with its dim, dark stains, and, finally putting both in his pocket, strode up to the Rectory with them.

Two days later, an account of the finding of the bottle, together with the epistle contained in it and a photograph of the dagger, were published in all the London papers. They solved the riddle which had perplexed so many people—of the Canal Tragedy, as it had come to be called; and freed more than one name from the tarnish of a lingering suspicion.

CONTENTS OF THE OPEN LETTER FOUND IN THE BOTTLE.

"I am a seaman in the merchant service and I am on my last voyage cut from England, for I never mean to touch the shores again. The other side of the world is the one for me, now and ever shall be. Amen.

"But there are things I know which may be best made known to people concerned in them, if so be as trouble has followed.

"I was tramping through Hampshire, on my way from Southampton to Bristol, where I hoped to find the girl I had left behind two years before. She and I had never walked out together, but she knew I liked her and she was kindly to me. I made up my mind on the voyage, I would go and ask her if she would have me. I had some money put by and a lot of things to sell, picked up in foreign parts.

"I called at a place called Spinney Chase and sold a knife—one of a couple I had with me—for two-pound-ten, to the boss. Pridham his name was, and he had a son, a young soldier, who beat me down from the price I asked. I told him there was not another knife like the one he bought off me, in the world, but there was, and I had it in my bundle.

"I started to go on my road when I spied the girl I had come home to find—Liz Bainton. She did not see me, but I knew she was waiting for some other chap, and I watched.

"First I thought it was the young master at Spinney Chase, but I found out my mistake. It was his friend—the son of a lord—who used to play tennis at the Chase and when the game was over go home by the canal bank. Liz used to be there two or three times a week, and they sat and talked together, or strolled along the path towards his home.

"I watched them often, but I took good care no one should see me. I used to sleep in the pinewoods and tramp away miles before I showed myself in any village, because I wanted to be free to do what I liked when the time came.

"I could see she loved him, and that there was no chance for me. But I grew to think he did not love her; only liked to talk to her because she was handsome and different to other girls of her station.

"After a bit he took to coming less often, and Liz would wait and watch and go home without seeing him. I got near enough once to listen to them talking, and I heard him say he had no money, and that his father wanted him to marry some girl who could make him rich.

"Liz said money was nought without love, but he said paupers like himself could not afford such a luxury as love.

"He used to talk like that to her—mock serious, for he was one of those easy-going gentlemen who take life as if it is a bore or a joke.

"But the look on Liz's face told me often what it all was to her, and I made up my mind that if she wanted him and could not have him, he should pay for having made her care.

"The last time I saw them together, it was late at night on the seventh of July. She came along the canal path about ten o'clock and I was in two minds if I would not speak to her and tell her what I had come home for and give her her chance.

"She looked wonderful pretty in the moonlight and she walked to and fro, between the bridge and a sloping path that led up towards the house where he lived with his father and sister. At last—it must have been going on for eleven—he came down the zig-zag, and he was in evening dress, and a fine, well-set-up young fellow he looked—every inch a lord. She gave a little cry of joy and walked quickly to meet him, but when he saw her, he stopped and made as if to turn back.

"'WHY, Liz,'" he said, "you shouldn't be here as late as this. Let me se you a bit of the way home, over the bridge."

"She said no; she must speak to him.

"It was just under the bridge, where it spanned the path, and they couldn't see me unless they had come right past, and then they would only have found a sailor asleep, with his bundle for a pillow, and his face hidden in it. But I could hear most of what they said.

"He told her that he would always be her friend, but they must not meet and talk any more, for though there was no harm in it, it might get known. She said she did not mind; all the world might know, but she could not forget him. He told her that his father was urging him to marry someone, and he had as good as consented, and it might seem as if he was playing a double game, if people talked about him and Liz.

"I could not hear everything because they spoke very low, but I knew that he was trying to say good-bye to her and that she was pleading with him not to, and when he wanted to persuade her to go up the path to the bridge and home, she refused. She was changed from what she used to be, for I remembered her very gentle and yielding, but she seemed so set on her own way that he could do nothing with her. I hated him for having come into her life at all, in his careless way. What did Liz want with a gentleman, let alone a young fellow like him, with no purpose in life?

"At last he said if she would not come, he must leave her and he begged her to go home quickly and try to forget him. He said he was not worth her troubling over, and that was true enough, only she would not see it.

"He took her two hands in his and

lifted them to his mouth, one after the other, and kissed them as if she was a lady; and I never saw a girl's face go so white and despairing as hers did then.

"He stepped away and lifted his hat and Liz stood still, her hands stretched out, watching him without a word.

"'Good-bye, Liz,' he said in his quiet, drawling voice; 'forgive me if I have hurt you. I didn't mean to and you'll be glad some day I said good-bye.'

"Then he turned and went along the path a hundred yards and struck up over the bank towards his home.

"Liz never moved, but when the trees hid him, she suddenly called out, 'Come back! come back! I can't live without you!'

"And burst into dreadful sobs, as if she was out of her mind with misery, and then, all of a sudden, was quite silent, thinking.

"She walked a few steps, and they brought her nearer to me, and she went close to the water and looked into it.

"I was within an arm's breadth or two of her. She looked back over her shoulder and said, in a strange, soft sort of voice, 'Good-bye, my dear—my dear!' and then threw up her arms and stepped forward.

"If I had not been as quick as lightning, she would have been in the water, but I had been ready for this, and I caught her as she jumped.

"She wrestled with me like a mad thing, calling to me to let her be, and then she recognized my voice and stopped struggling and looked into my face.

"'You!' she said, 'how do you come here?'

"I told her I had come to her and that I loved her and I would marry her and take her away from him.

"'I could never marry anyone but him,' she said, 'never. I've made up my mind I won't live without him. You shouldn't have stopped me. It would have been over by now.'

"I told her she ought to be ashamed of herself, caring for a gentleman, above her station, who didn't want her.

"She would not even listen to me. All she said was that there was no difference of rank in love and she would have cared for him whatever he had been. He was the one man in the world for her.

"She begged me to go away and leave her, but I refused and then she started crying again, and made a rush to get past me to the water, but I caught her and held her back. 'Look here, Liz,' I said, 'I've got something to show you—something you had better see if you are fond of him.'

"At that she stopped and waited till I fetched my bundle and opened it, and took out the Chinese knife, the same as the one I sold to Mr. Pridham.

"'If you drown yourself,' I said, 'as sure as I'm standing here, I'll stick this into him. He will never trouble anyone again after that'

"SHE turned like a ghost. 'You daren't,' she said, 'you would be hanged for murder.'

"'I told her I did not care. I would be glad to swing for his murder, and I took my solemn Bible oath I would do it.

"'He cannot escape me,' I said. 'I'll shadow him day and night till I get my chance.' She kept looking at the knife as if she could not keep her eyes off it.

"'It's a cruel knife,' she said, under her breath. 'Let me look at it.'

"I gave it to her and showed her how you pressed the spring and the two blades shot out.

"Then she started begging and praying of me to promise her I would never touch him, saying she should turn in her grave if any hurt came to him.

"It was not his fault, she declared, that her heart was his; he had not tried to make her care for him—only spoken a pleasant word in passing sometimes, when she was sitting on the bank watching the water, until she grew fond of him and came there on purpose, in hopes of meeting him.

"But I would not promise, for I wanted to make her see she must live, to save his life, and I said again so sure as she jumped into the water, I would track him down and kill him.

"She seemed to go quite wild suddenly at that, and before I knew what she was going to do, she lifted the knife up high and drove it down into her own heart.

"She looked at me as she dropped at my feet and said, 'You can't—now,' and then her eyes closed and her head fell back.

"I lifted her on to my arm and drew the knife out, and I knew then that she was done for. It was a ghastly wound; no one could live after it.

"And it came to me, even while I was all of a sweat and shaking and trembling, as I laid her down, that people would think I had done it, out of jealousy.

"It was my knife, and her people would remember I was friendly with her once, and I should be taken up unless I got away, clear and quick.

"She was quite dead—poor Liz!—and not through my fault.

"I washed my knife in the canal and took my bundle and ran along the path for a mile or two, then I struck across country down towards the coast.

"It serves no purpose to tell how I got away. If it was a sailor they were looking for, they would have hard work to find me, for I took care to look like a land-lubber and my own mother would not have known me.

"I never let anyone see me for two days and when I came out from hiding, I was only an hour's journey from where I knew a boat was going to sail.

"I dared not buy a newspaper, but, once aboard, and no questions asked, I borrowed one from the mate and saw there was a lot about the Canal Murder as they called it.

"It seemed to me they were on a false track of some kind and I thought how Liz had said she would never rest in her grave if harm came to the man she loved.

"All the way out I have been thinking it over in my mind, and at last I have got it clear what I am going to do.

"I shall put this letter, with the knife, into a bottle and seal it up and throw it overboard just before we get to port. If it is ever found, it will clear up any trouble; and if it goes to the bottom of the sea it will not be my fault. I shall have done my best for poor Liz anyhow. I suppose there are three dozen chances to one against everything that happens, and that one only crops up now and again. But it is bound to come up from time to time, just like the numbers do on a board, and as Liz paid such a heavy price for it, perhaps she will win. I hope she does.

"As to myself, it would be no good anyone looking for me. When I land, I shall be lost to sight of everyone who ever knew me; and I mean to start a new life among new people and forget the old one.

"I had better say that a lad used to come down to the canal sometimes and sit on the bank, in a clump of willows, fishing, and I think he watched Liz and her friend; but they never saw him and he never saw me. He was a bright-faced lad and I hope no harm came to him.

"Good luck to the finder of this!"

THE END.

No Guard Required.—This is a story of a gunboat in Belfast Lough a short time ago. The nearest Ulster volunteers heliographed a message to her commander on a Sunday morning asking if any men were coming ashore to church, as, if so, they wanted to form a guard of honour. The commander signalled back, "Fifty men coming ashore to church." The guard of honour was formed and lined up to receive the men as they came ashore. "Which church?" asked the commander of the guard of honour. "All to St. ——— to mass," was the startling answer. The guard of honour disbanded at once.

* * *

Runners-up.—"I like athletics for girls. You ought to see how my daughter can run up a rope."

"And you ought to see how mine can run up a bill."—Baltimore American.


Take it
off with
Old Dutch Cleanser
Chases Dirt
Old Dutch
Cleanser
Chases
Dirt
MAKES EVERYTHING "SPICK AND SPAN"