

The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



SIKH WARRIORS SMILING THEIR WAY THROUGH FRANCE TO PAY THEIR RESPECTS TO THE KAISER
 THESE ARE ALL TRUE SIKHS, TALL MEN AND GREAT FIGHTERS, WHOSE CURLY BEARDS ARE A MARK OF CASTE. IN FRONT OF HIS
 TURBAN EACH MAN WEARS A BADGE INDICATING THE REGIMENT TO WHICH HE BELONGS. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN AFTER THE
 ARRIVAL OF THE SIKHS AT MARSEILLES. Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

Handwritten signature

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Specialists tell us that most modern ailments are the direct result of eyestrain.

It is a crime to allow a child to read and play under unmitigated electric light.

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No. 9070. Grecian Lantern.

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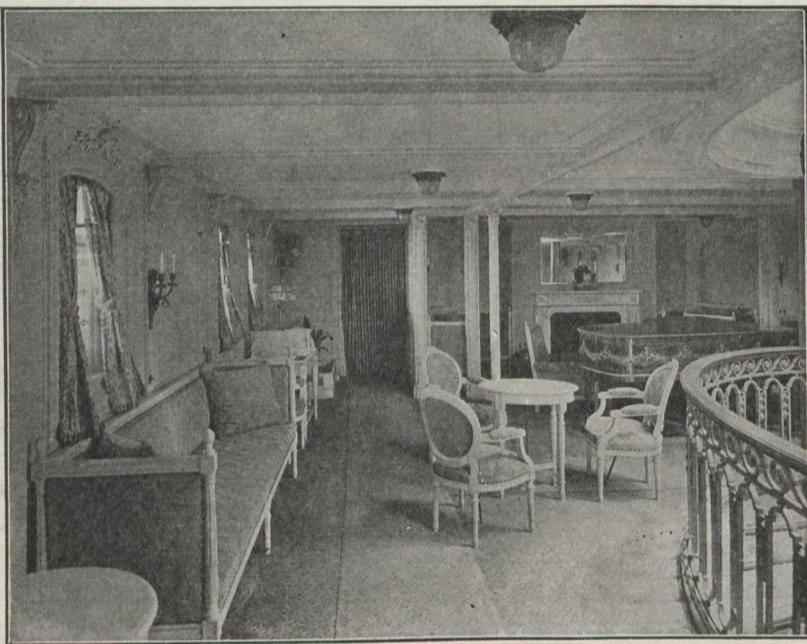
MOONSTONE BULLETIN No. 1

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produces a series of ripples in ever-widening circles that stretch out and out until they finally reach right up to your own feet at the water's edge.

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**Start a Ripple of Your Own by Saying
"Made in Canada"**

4A

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Sunshine and Summer Days

CALIFORNIA, FLORIDA, LOUISIANA, Etc.

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Those contemplating a trip of any nature should consult Canadian Pacific Ticket Agent, who will be pleased to quote rates, arrange reservations and attend to all details in connection with your trip; or write

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Published at 181 Simcoe Street, by the Courier Press, Limited

VOL. XVI.

TORONTO

NO. 21



Refreshing Sleep

A glass or two of the "Beer That Builds" at bed time, will bring restful, refreshing sleep. The tired business man—the woman who is nervous and run-down—will find this tonic and food most beneficial. Rich in food value—easily digested—and extra mild.

O'Keefe's

Special
EXTRA
MILD
STOUT



Your dealer should have it. Don't take a substitute but insist on having the genuine O'Keefe brew.

The O'Keefe Brewery Co. Limited, Toronto.

All O'Keefe beers are brewed only from pure barley malt choicest hops and filtered water.

346



EVERYONE knows, of course, that Lea & Perrins' is the best sauce.

But few people realise that it is also the most economical.

It is easily proved. Make the comparison. You will find you have to use much more of the imitation.

And it cannot give you the same satisfaction.

The white writing on the Red Label :-

Lea & Perrins

Indicates the Original and Genuine WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.

J. M. Douglas & Co., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

Editor's Talk

OPEN competition has begun between our service of war pictures and the space we have at our disposal to display them. A few weeks ago the dearth of war pictures was as bad as the scarcity of descriptive news from the seat of war. The censor still restricts the war correspondent and the descriptive writer. He is much more lenient towards the press photographer, who with his camera follows in the wake of destroying armies and tells the story of the war in retrospect, leaving the editor and the reader to fill in the gaps.

This week, besides the actual war photographs from France and Belgium, we have arranged to publish the only authentic and complete set of photographs of the Canadian army as it steamed out the St. Lawrence in a fleet of thirty-one troopships. We have made arrangements to publish these in full. They are the last pictures possible to get of the Canadian army before it landed in England. They are the last chapter in the series that began with the picking out of Valcartier as a mobilization base. Any pictures of the Canadian troops in future must deal with the troops in England or across the Channel in France. Once the Canadian army is incorporated in the great machine controlled by Lord Kitchener, the chances are very meagre for getting these men in the eye of the camera for the Canadian public. Therefore the Canadian pictures in this issue may be regarded as the photographic valedictory to our men at the seat of war. They should be seen by every Canadian.



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THE Rayo Lamp is scientifically constructed, so that you get a clear, bright light without smell or smoke.

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LAMPS

Rayo Lamps are easy on the eyes—soft and steady—light up a whole room.

Made of solid brass, nickel plated—handsome, made to last. Easy to clean and re-wick.

Dealers everywhere carry Rayo Lamps—various styles and sizes.

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Esterbrook's Relief No. 314 is an extraordinary pen that adjusts itself to any desired slant and writes smoother than the old goose quill. Made of special alloyed metal—won't corrode—and finished like a gold pen.

SEND 10c for useful metal box containing 12 of our most popular pens, including the famous Falcon 048.

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Your home merchant will back up our guarantee on this splendid range. Ask to see

McClary's Pandora Range

and let him demonstrate its many exclusive features to you. A McClary dealer in every town.

The French NATURAL Sparkling Table Water

Perrier

The Champagne of Table Waters

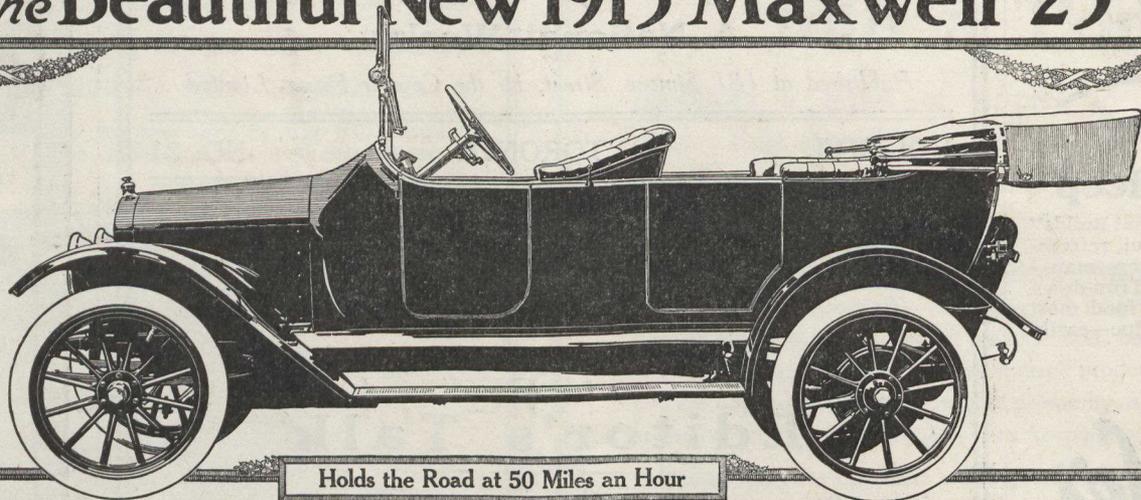
New Price \$925

With 17 New Features

The Beautiful New 1915 Maxwell "25"

New Price \$925

With 17 New Features



Holds the Road at 50 Miles an Hour

The Sensation of the Automobile Year

The biggest automobile value ever offered for less than \$1,400 Our production of 60,000 cars makes the new price of \$925 fully equipped (with 17 new features) possible.

Here are the Seventeen New Features

- 1.—Pure stream-line body.
- 2.—Adjustable front seat.
- 3.—Six high-tension magnets.
- 4.—Three-quarter elliptic rear springs.
- 5.—Tire brackets on rear.
- 6.—Spring tension fan.
- 7.—Kington carburetor.
- 8.—Clear Vision Wind Shield.
- 9.—Foot-rest for accelerator pedal.
- 10.—Tail lights, with license brackets attached.
- 11.—Gasoline tank located under dash seat.
- 12.—Crown fenders with all rivets concealed.
- 13.—Head lights braced by rod running between lamps.
- 14.—Famous make of anti-skid tires on rear.
- 15.—Gracefully rounded, double-shell radiator equipped with shock absorbing device.
- 16.—Instrument board, carrying speedometer, carburetor adjustment and gasoline filler.
- 17.—Improved steering gear; spark and throttle control on quadrant under steering wheel; electric horn button mounted on end of quadrant.

Powerful—fast—unusually graceful and beautiful in its lines—roomy, comfortable and completely equipped with Top, Windshield and Speedometer the New 1915 Maxwell at \$925 has more high priced car features than ever put in an automobile before for less than \$1,400

Automobile experts have refused to believe that anyone could produce a full grown five passenger really beautiful fully equipped car—a car with real high tension magnets—a car with sliding gear transmission—left hand drive, center control, a car with practically every high priced car feature for less than \$1,400

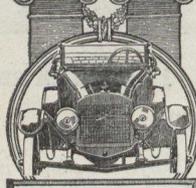
Here it is. Here is a real automobile. Here is the easiest car to drive in the World—here is the greatest all around hill climbing car in the world. Here is an automobile to be really proud of.

Built complete by three gigantic Maxwell Factories at Detroit, Dayton and Newmade.

With Electric Self-Starter and Electric Lights \$70 Extra

The new 1915 "Wonder Car" is on display at Maxwell dealers. See it at once. If there is no dealer in your town write or wire us. Send your name and address for the New 1915 Catalog. Maxwell Motor Company of Canada, Limited Windsor, Ont.

Every car backed by the great Maxwell Motor Co. Inc. Service Stations in principal Cities.



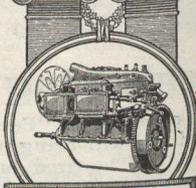
Dead Radiator and Other New Features



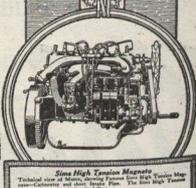
Left Hand Drive and Other New Features



New Crown Fenders and Other New Features



Gray & Davis Self-Starter, \$70 extra



Six High Tension Magnets



The New Adjustable Driving Seat

More than 37,000 "1915" Maxwells Ordered Within Six Weeks After August 1st

ON August 1st, the double page newspaper announcement—reproduced in miniature above—announced the 1915 Model Maxwell "Wonder Car." It was published in the leading newspapers of America and was followed by Maxwell page advertising in this and other prominent national publications.

Within six weeks after August 1st, more than 37,000 Maxwells were ordered by dealers. Everything indicates that, by the time this is printed, orders for at least 50,000 Maxwell cars will have been received.

This tremendous demand proves that the public and automobile dealers have recognized the 1915 Model Maxwell as the biggest automobile value ever offered for less than \$1,400.

The Maxwell Motor Company is now shipping 800 cars a week to dealers. Within a short time, this production will be increased to 1,200 cars per week. To be sure of prompt delivery, go to the Maxwell dealer nearest you and order your Maxwell now.

5-Passenger Touring Car \$925

2-Passenger Roadster \$900 Maxwell Cabriolet \$1105 Maxwell Town Car \$1230

Any Model Equipped with Electric Self-Starter and Electric Lights \$70 extra

"Holds the Road at 50 Miles an Hour"

\$925

Write for the beautiful 1915 illustrated Catalogue. Address Dept. A.P.

Maxwell Motor Company of Canada, Limited

Windsor, Ontario

\$925



The CANADIAN COURIER

The National Weekly



Vol. XVI.

October 24, 1914

No. 21

BRIDGE RE-BUILDERS AND ZEPPELIN DESTROYERS



A Big Contingent of German sappers and engineering corps assembled for repairing a bridge blown up by the French.

DESTRUCION of bridges has been less spectacular but more practical in the war than the bombardment of cathedrals. The ordinary task of building a pontoon bridge has very little to do with the case, when you consider the number of bridges suddenly blown up by an enemy. To-day a bridge spans a river; to-morrow it is blown up; to-morrow a motor-car plunges into a ravine, a troop-train is hurled down an embankment, a regiment is stopped, has to build a pontoon. Most of the battles in this campaign have been waged along rivers; and much of the strategic activity has been devoted to the destruction and sudden reconstruction of bridge-ways. Not long ago five hundred British wounded were drowned in a French river because a bridge had been destroyed and in the darkness the engineer mistook the lights on a road to which he was unaccustomed. It has been even necessary to construct, not only pontoons to carry infantry and horse, but sudden extemporized bridges to carry troop-trains loaded with troops.



Members of the Royal Flying Corps putting a Zeppelin destroyer on a French train after shipping it from England to the place where British air-men lead the world for efficiency.

WHATEVER may be said of Zeppelin utility in war, the fact remains beyond a doubt that the British air-men as represented by the Royal Flying Corps are as much superior to German aircraft as the British navy is more efficient than the German navy. In scouting, patrolling, signaling and actual air-fighting the British air-men have no equal. But aside from the proven efficiency of aircraft in these operations, there is one function of the British air-man that must never be overlooked. Since Germany took Antwerp and marched upon Ostend, one phase of the war has become of tremendous importance. It is the possibility of a Zeppelin air raid upon England. The Zepps so far let loose were built for land raids. Those yet to take the air and most of the six or seven destroyed, were intended for operating over-sea in conjunction with the fleet. To destroy a Zepp in its shed is easier than after it takes the air. After it gets abroad it must still be destroyed. It is the function of the Zeppelin destroyer to bring down the Zeppelin.



THE RIGHTS OF LITTLE NATIONS IN A CONFLICT OF GREAT POWERS; ILLUSTRATED BY SERBIAN RESERVISTS.

"Here was a demand made upon Serbia by a great military power who could put five or six men in the field for every one she could; and that power supported by the greatest military power in the world. How did Serbia behave? It is not what happens to you in life that matters; it is the way you face it. And Serbia faced the situation with dignity." (Speech of Mr. Lloyd George.)

Our Empire's Honour

An Inspiring Speech Delivered at Queen's Hall, London, on September 19th, from the London "Times" Text

By DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

Chancellor of the Exchequer.

that of an imperishable gratitude to the people of Great Britain. (Loud cheers.)

FRENCH SELF-SACRIFICE IN 1870.

THAT was in 1870. Three or four days after that document of thanks the French Army was wedged up against the Belgian frontier, every means of escape shut up by a ring of flame from Prussian cannon. There was one way of escape—by violating the neutrality of Belgium. The French on that occasion preferred ruin and humiliation to the breaking of their bond. The French Emperor, French marshals, 100,000 gallant Frenchmen in arms preferred to be carried captive to the strange land of their enemy rather than dishonour the name of their country. It was the last French Army defeat. Had they violated Belgian neutrality the whole history of that war would have been changed. And yet it was the interest of France to break the treaty. She did not do it. It is the interest of Prussia to break the treaty, and she has done it. ("Shame.") She avowed it with cynical contempt for every principle of justice. She says treaties only bind you when it is to your interest to keep them. What is a treaty? says the German Chancellor. "A scrap of paper." Have you any £5 notes about you? I am not calling for them. (Laughter.) Have you any of those neat little Treasury £1 notes? (Laughter.) If you have, burn them; they are only scraps of paper. (Cheers.) What are they made of? Rags. (Laughter.) What are they worth? The whole credit of the British Empire. (Cheers.) "Scraps of paper." I have been dealing with scraps of paper within the last month. We suddenly found the commerce of the world coming to a standstill. The machine had stopped. I will tell you why. We discovered, many of us for the first time, that the machinery of commerce was moved by bills of exchange. I have seen some of them (laughter)—wretched, crinkled, scrawled over, blotched, frowsy—and yet wretched little scraps of paper move great ships, laden with thousands of tons of precious cargo from one end of the world to the other. (Cheers.) What was the motive power behind them? The honour of commercial men. (Cheers.) Treaties are the currency of international statesmanship. Let us be fair. German merchants and German traders have the reputation of being as upright and straightforward as any traders in the world; but if the currency of German commerce is to be debased to the level of that of her statesmanship no trader, from Shanghai to Valparaiso, will ever look at a German signature again. (Cheers.)

THE ROAD TO BARBARISM.

THIS doctrine of the scrap of paper, this doctrine which is proclaimed by Bernhardt, that treaties only bind a nation as long as it is to its interest, goes under the roof of all public law. It is the straight road to barbarism. It is just as if you removed the magnetic pole whenever it was in the way of a German cruiser. (Laughter.) The whole navigation of the seas would become dangerous, difficult, impossible, and the whole machinery of civilization will break down if this doctrine wins in this war. We are fighting against barbarism, and there is only

one way of putting it right. If there are nations that say they will only respect treaties when it is to their interests to do so we must make it to their interests to do so for the future. (Cheers.)

Just look at the interview which took place between our Ambassador and great German officials. When their attention was called to this treaty to which they were parties they said: "We cannot help that." Rapidity of action was the great German asset. There is a greater asset for a nation than rapidity of action, and that is honest dealing. (Cheers.) What are her excuses? She says that Belgium was plotting against her; that Belgium was engaged in a great conspiracy with Britain and with France to attack her. Not merely is it not true, but Germany knows it is not true. What is her other excuse? France meant to invade Germany through Belgium. Absolutely untrue. France offered Belgium five Army Corps to defend her if she were attacked. Belgium said: "I don't require them, I have got the word of the Kaiser. Shall Caesar send a lie?"

All these tales about conspiracy have been vamped up since. A great nation ought to be ashamed to behave like a fraudulent bankrupt. It is not true what she says. She has deliberately broken this treaty, and we were in honour bound to stand by Belgium. (Cheers.) Belgium has been treated brutally—how brutally we shall not yet know. We know already too much. What had she done? Had she sent an ultimatum to Germany? Had she challenged Germany? Was she preparing to make war on Germany? Had she inflicted any wrong upon Germany which the Kaiser was bound to redress? She was one of the most unoffending little countries in Europe. There she was peaceable, industrious, thrifty, hard-working, giving offence to no one. Her cornfields have been trampled down. Her villages have been burned to the ground. Her art treasures have been destroyed. Her men have been slaughtered; yes, and her women and her children, too. What had she done? Hundreds and thousands of her people, their neat, comfortable little homes burnt to the dust, wandering homeless in their own land. What was their crime? Their crime was that they trusted to the word of a Prussian King.

OUTRAGES IN BELGIUM.

WHAT the Kaiser hopes to achieve by this war I do not know. I have a shrewd idea what he will accomplish, but one thing is made certain, that no nation in future will ever commit that crime again. I am not going to enter into these tales. Many of them are untrue; war is a grim, ghastly business at best, and I am not going to say that all that has been said in the way of tales of outrages is true. I will go beyond that, and say that if you turn two millions of men, forced, conscripted, and compelled and driven into the field, you will certainly get among them a certain number of men who will do things that the nation itself will be ashamed of. I am not depending on them. It is enough for me to have the story which the Germans themselves avow, admit, defend, proclaim. The burning and massacring, the shooting down of harmless people. Why? Because, according to the Germans, they fired on German soldiers. What business had German soldiers there at all? (Cheers.) Belgium

(Continued on page 20.)

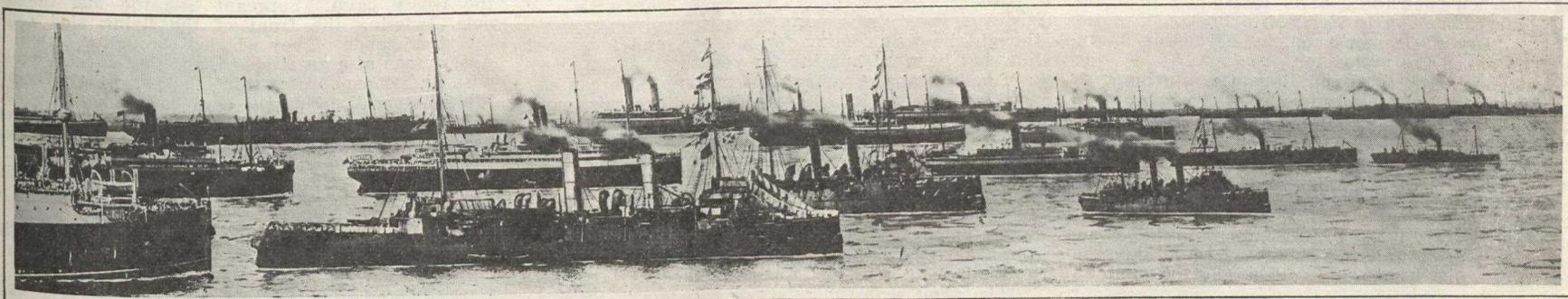
I HAVE come here this afternoon to talk to my fellow-countrymen about this great war and the part we ought to take in it. I feel my task is easier after we have been listening to the greatest battle-song in the world. (Cheers.) [This was a reference to "Men of Harlech," which was sung before he rose.] There is no man in this room who has always regarded the prospects of engaging in a great war with greater reluctance, with greater repugnance, than I have done throughout the whole of my political life. There is no man either inside or outside of this room more convinced that we could not have avoided it without national dishonour. (Cheers.) I am fully alive to the fact that whenever a nation has engaged in any war she has always invoked the sacred name of honour. Many a crime has been committed in its name; there are some crimes being committed now. But all the same, national honour is a reality, and any nation that disregards it is doomed. Why is our honour as a country involved in this war? Because in the first place we are bound in an honourable obligation to defend the independence, the liberty, the integrity of a small neighbour that has lived peaceably, but she could not have compelled us because she was weak. (Cries of "Quite right!") The man who declines to discharge his debt because his creditor is too poor to enforce it is a blackguard. (Cheers.)

We entered into this treaty, a solemn treaty, a full treaty, to defend Belgium and her integrity. Our signatures are attached to the document. Our signatures do not stand alone. This was not the only country to defend the integrity of Belgium, Russia, France, Austria, and Prussia (hisses)—they are all there. Why did they not perform the obligation? It is suggested that this treaty is purely an excuse on our part. It is our low craft and cunning, just to cloak our jealousy of a superior civilization which we are attempting to destroy. Our answer is the action we took in 1870. Mr. Gladstone was then Prime Minister. Lord Granville, I think, was Foreign Secretary. I have never heard it alleged to their charge that they were ever jingoists. That treaty bond was this: We called upon the belligerent Powers to respect that Treaty. We called upon France, we called upon Germany. At that time, bear in mind, the greatest danger to Belgium came from France, and not from Germany. We intervened to protect Belgium against France exactly as we are doing now to protect her against Germany. We are proceeding exactly in the same way. We invited both the belligerent Powers to state that they had no intention of violating Belgian territory. What was the answer given by Bismarck? He said it was superfluous to ask Prussia such a question in view of the treaties in force. France gave a similar answer. We received the thanks at that time of the Belgian people for our intervention in a very remarkable document. This is a document addressed by the Municipality of Brussels to Queen Victoria after that intervention:

The great and noble people over whose destinies you preside have just given a further proof of its benevolent sentiments towards this country. The voice of the English nation has been heard above the din of arms. It has asserted the principles of justice and right. Next to the unalterable attachment of the Belgian people to their independence, the strongest sentiment which fills their hearts is

LAST GLIMPSE OF OUR ARMY IN CANADIAN WATERS

Greatest Armed Force that ever Crossed the Atlantic, Photographed in the St. Lawrence



Such a marine panorama as these 31 troopships, 33,000 soldiers, 8,000 horses and 70 field-guns, convoyed by 11 warships, was never seen in the world before. This photograph was taken under great difficulties at the secret rendezvous of the Armada in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.



Quebec Harbour, accustomed to great spectacles, never saw so thrilling an embarkation as this. The Cubs of the Lion that heard the mother's call.



The Franconia carried 1,200 Canadian troops; a military democracy all traveling first-class.



Col. Sam Hughes coming down the gang-plank.

THE TROUBLE-TRAIL

By SAMUEL ALEXANDER WHITE

Drawing by Fergus Kyle

SERGEANT SILGARDE, of the Mounted Police, pushed open the door of Ransome's Rest, the largest saloon in Forty-Mile Post.

"Bryce Casmar been in here this morning?" he asked the proprietor.

"Just gone out," informed Ransome, moving over to the window and looking up-street. "Yonder he is stopped. See him? Talkin' to yon old crowbait in funeral clothes!"

The Sergeant stuck his head round the door jamb and took a surreptitious squint up the main street of Forty-Mile. A few blocks above he could see Casmar with his back against one of the veranda posts of the N.A.T. & T. store, listening to some harangue from a lean, black-garmented fellow who seemed a cross between a quack doctor and an itinerant phrenologist.

"Old crowbait's a broker," enlightened Ransome. "Got some quartz veins he calls mines up the Chandinu. Tryin' hard to get Bryce to invest real gold in them."

Silgarde idly stretched his hands up to the top of the doorway and raised his whole body so that his moccasined toes swung clear of the floor.

"Guess Bryce won't invest in any mine," he observed. "Unless it's one measuring seven by five by three, with a little wooden slab at the end!"

"What?" demanded Ransome, startled out of his habitual self-complacency. "There ain't nuthin' to that dago business?"

"There sure is. A whole lot to it!" the Sergeant assured him, suddenly launching out through the doorway with a skilful swing. "You keep your eyes open, and you'll see how much."

The trail through the camp which served as Main Street was beaten hard by the feet of men and huskies and polished smooth by sledge runners, but Silgarde did not avail himself of the inviting path. Walking cat-footed in the fluffy, new side-snow, he crept down upon Casmar and the broker. Casmar's back remained nailed to the veranda post as tightly as a patent medicine sign, and Casmar heard no creaking foot-gear, for Silgarde was wearing smoke-tanned mooseskin. The broker, punching his arguments home, was likewise unaware of the Mounted man's approach, but just as he came to his plitudinous phrase: "Not a prospect but a proven mine!" there was a sudden twitching at the holster which hung under Casmar's mackinaw coat. Casmar's hand came down too late. The holster was empty, and he felt a rude poking in his ear.

"You've lost something, Bryce," grinned the Sergeant. "But I'll sure give you back its contents if your opinions don't coincide with mine. Are they coinciding?"

Casmar turned a bronzed, straight-featured face and regarded the Mounted man thoughtfully.

"I guess they are, Sergeant. But what in thunder have I done on you?"

"Nothing. It's the Law you're up against. Pretty nearly time, isn't it? You know you've done as you pleased in the Forty-Mile for a long period. You know I've closed my eyes so as not to see you doing it. I like you, Casmar. I've liked you from the first, when you blew up here from the South devil-go-shift and friend-cut-out. You have sense. What dazzles me is why you didn't use it, why you didn't figure out where your trouble-trail would land you."

"It hasn't landed me yet!"

"Guess again. It sure has. You've gone the limit. You plugged a dago last night, and the dago's going to die."

"But he needed plugging, Sergeant. He sat opposite me, a white man, in Pollino's Cafe and told me to my face that Hasselgreaves, another white man, had blanketed claims on Moose Creek and—"

"An impossibility, gentlemen," cut in the broker. "An impossibility owing to the new method of recording. I can take you both to the recording office—"

"Oh, go to thunder!" ordered Casmar, whirling on him fiercely. And the broker went!

Casmar turned again to the Sergeant.

"That dago business was self-defence," he asserted.

"I calculate it was," replied Silgarde. "You're not the kind to draw unless someone else is drawing. But your reputation's against you, Bryce, and the other Italian who was with Crossetti is prepared to swear that his companion had no weapon and used none."

"It was the usual thing, a knife. Lovesca took it out of Crossetti's hands when he went down. I

thought he was coming for me, too, and I covered him, but he went hunting for you."

"I believe you, Casmar. No man up here can say you ever lied. But it would be Lovesca's word against your own in the court they're establishing. And you know they'd take Lovesca's. As I said before, you'd lose out on your reputation."

The Sergeant had pocketed Casmar's gun. He, too, leaned against one of the veranda posts of the store, his arms folded, and the two men studied each others' faces, creased as those faces were by the blizzard-winds and seared by the Arctic frost.

"Well, what's to it?" Casmar asked at last.

"The American boundary right now," Silgarde told him, "or a chance in the court when they get it working. Take your choice, Bryce. But I wish I were choosing for you."

"Don't worry, Sergeant," laughed Casmar. "The boundary will do. I'm not so struck on the Forty-Mile Post that I can't leave it."

Silgarde unfolded his arms, and a sigh of relief heaved up his powerful chest.

"GOOD!" he ejaculated. "I was afraid you'd be so stubborn you wouldn't go. Your pride's so thundering stiff. I believe it was that that sent you to the North in the first place. Though you'd never say!"

"No, I'd never say," returned Casmar, his lips setting in a grim line.

"Ready to mush now, then?" asked the Sergeant in the awkward pause.

"All I got to do is throw the harness on my dogs."

"Throw ahead. I'm escorting you to the boundary."

Inside a quarter of an hour a sled drawn by five malemutes flashed past Ransome's Rest. Ransome, springing to the window, saw that Bryce Casmar was driving and Sergeant Silgarde steering.

"Never a-fore seen a man goin' by dog-team to that plantin'-ground as Silgarde mentioned," he observed philosophically.

Forty-Mile Post lies at the junction of the Forty-Mile River with the Lower Yukon. Casmar and the Sergeant swung out on the frozen tributary and headed up it. Fifteen miles or so westward ran the line separating the American and Canadian Forty-Miles. There was two feet of snow on the ice, but the trail was well broken, so there was no need for Casmar to travel in advance of the dogs.

He ran beside, the crack of his long whip splitting the frosty calm. Sergeant Silgarde had the gee pole, twisting the front of the flying sled round the river bends. They whirled through the twilight Arctic noon at a great speed, and that speed, coupled with an atmosphere of thirty below, practically prohibited speech. Not till they had covered over a third of their journey and had passed the mouth of Bear Creek was the silence broken. Then it was Silgarde who spoke.

"Didn't think you'd be so fast about championing Forrest Hasselgreaves," he panted, the smoke of his breathing fogging the air.

"Forrest Hasselgreaves is a white man," replied Casmar. "And no dago puts over anything on a white man while I'm round."

"Still, you and Forrest aren't on a very solid friendship basis!"

"No."

"What's the reason?"

"None of your business, Silgarde."

The Sergeant chuckled. "Yes, it is, Bryce," he corrected, letting slip the gee pole and placing a hand on Casmar's shoulder so that they lurched together in the long snowshoe stride. "Yes, it is. Remember, I like you. I like you well, or I wouldn't try to shove a foot into your affairs. But Hasselgreaves is a pretty close friend of mine, and he's told me something of the break-up between you and his girl Lunetta. Now I want you to take the chance of straightening that out. Forrest tells me that Lunetta and young Marvin are on their way in from St. Michaels to visit him. He's over on Moose Creek a lot, and naturally they will be, too. So—"

"That's plenty, Silgarde," interrupted Casmar, shaking off the Sergeant's hand. "I can sure attend to my own affairs. And just remember I'm not taking olive branches from you, Hasselgreaves, Lunetta, or anyone else."

Viciously Casmar flicked his whip into the malemutes, lashing them to full speed. Then, beating them at their own game and leaving Silgarde back at the gee pole, he dashed ahead and commenced to break trail where it was already broken. He stayed thus in the lead past Brown Creek and on to the bend of the Forty-Mile River below the mouth of Moose Creek.

There the Sergeant threw his weight back upon the gee pole.

"Whoa!" he yelled.

The malemutes halted.

Casmar looked about, wheeled, and came slowly back.

"This the boundary?" he asked.

Silgarde nodded. "We're square on the line. Over yonder's the American Forty-Mile and your opportunity to become a law-observer. You sure must change your ways, Casmar. The Mounted Police are the big noise up here now. The Yukon isn't wild and woolly any more. And we've got that disturbing element known as the bad man on the run."

"Got any more advice for me?"

"Yes. Remember you're outlawed. Never turn your malemutes' noses into the Canadian Forty-Mile again. Alaska's your abode. Can you keep that in your head, Bryce?"

"I sure can, Sergeant."

"Then here's your gun!"

II.

THE twilight Arctic afternoon was merging into the gloomy Arctic night as Casmar came up from the bend of the Forty-Mile River to the mouth of Moose Creek. There on the boundary squatted the American customs house. Through it all the gold of the American Forty-Mile was checked on its way to Dawson City, and around it clustered the heterogeneous log and canvas buildings of the Moose Creek Camp. The camp was seething with life. Cabins, stores and restaurants were full, and the Lucky Strike saloon, where Casmar housed his dogs and ate supper, was jammed with Moose Creek men, men from more distant creeks, Wade, Chicken, Franklin, Last Chance, Napoleon, and with Dawson and Eagle freighters.

On the dancing floor of the Lucky Strike glided the usual two-score couples. Storming the bar leaned the usual crowd of besiegers. And around the tables hung the usual host of stakers. Of this latter throng Casmar was a unit, a fortunate unit for once. But he was not bucking the roulette wheel or

(Continued on page 19.)



"You're not drawing, Juneau!"

Indian Troops in France: Sons of the East in the Land of Gauls



During the battle of the Aisne a novel sight was witnessed at the village of Ribecourt when a patrol of French Dragoons met a detachment of Moroccan Spahis. Nothing could better illustrate the cosmopolitanism of the European battles. The French troops are advancing toward the reader. Not long ago this was one of the quaint villages visited by all Torontonians who ever went motoring in France. The ruined gable belongs to a famous little omelet shop.



The gallant conduct of the French Algerian soldiers in the war has already been the subject of special mention from the front. This picture shows a convoy under care of these troops at Frane-le-Port. Note good-humored faces.

These are not the actual Indian fighting men, but a group of their helpers engaged in filling the cartridge belts of the regiment. There are certain things which the dignity of the Indian fighter does not permit him to do.

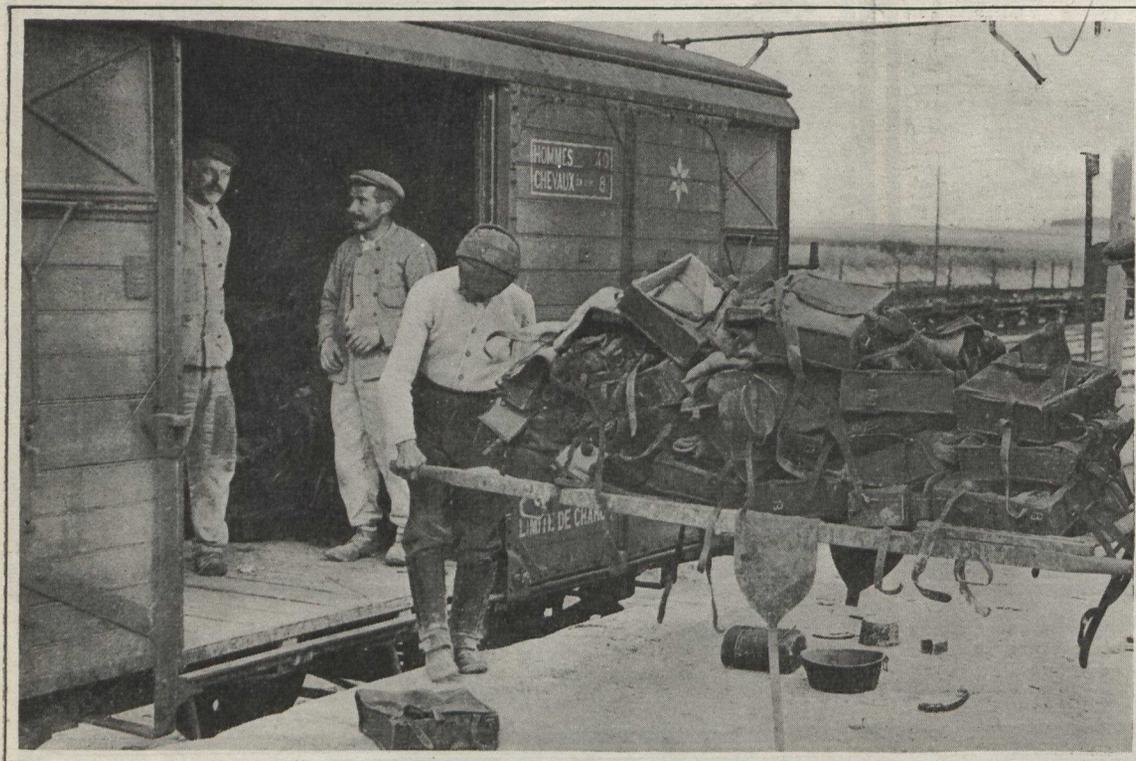


Note the contrast between the northern French countryside and King George's dark-skinned gentlemen-fighters from India, swinging along the road towards the firing line. The censor forbade publishing the exact whereabouts the picture was taken. The troops have been rapidly acclimatized in France, and in spite of the censor's ban on reports, have been known to have played an important part in several engagements already.

Gathering the Wreckage of War



Even a country cart comes handy for collecting rifles and cartridges of wounded and dead soldiers.



Using a Stretcher to carry the kit-bags of dead soldiers to the railway.

TAKING care of the impedimenta is one of the problems of war that accompany the care of the wounded, burial of the dead and the guarding of prisoners. The pictures on this page are the first to show the practical work of salvage that goes on day by day and night by night in the task of clearing up the battlefields. It is the business of generals and soldiers to make battlefields. It is the work of the Red Cross, the salvage corps and the guardsmen to look after the wreckage. A battlefield after the battle has often been described in graphic language. Carlyle's descriptions of the fields on which Frederick the Great fought against the most of Europe are even more famous than Victor Hugo's memorable masterpiece on the field of Waterloo. But even those eloquent descriptive writers would have found new material for the imagination in describing the trail of armies as recorded by the task of those who clean up the battlefields in this war.

The knapsacks of dead soldiers are eloquent. The rifles of dead soldiers are tremendous. There is no time for passing sentiment in the work of gathering these from the fields of battle. In a war which takes the last gun, the last round of ammunition and the last knapsack, the impedimenta of the dead men are

an asset. These guns and knapsacks will be needed again. It is a common saying in this war that a soldier can always be replaced, but a new horse is less easy to get. While the factories and arsenals of the various countries engaged in the war are working day and night to turn out the things with which a soldier fights, and while thousands of men are drilling who will need these things as soon as they are made, what is left by the dead men cannot be sacrificed because of sentiment. The soldier who carries the rifle of a man honourably fallen in the field has a double reason for playing the man. That gun has outlived the man who used it. The same rifle may outlive the second man, and still another. For a gun which is well taken care of has a long life. And a knapsack lives on when the wearer, whatever his number in the regiment he belonged to, has quit wearing knapsacks forever. Or the man whose knapsack and rifle are salvaged from the field may be wounded and only waiting his time and his turn to get back under that knapsack and behind that rifle for another term in the trenches.

Every day we read of the men who are impatient with shattered arms or blown-off fingers or crippled legs to get back to the place where they got the first taste of being near death. The call of the battle-

field to the man who has once been on it is more strangely magical than the lure of the north or the unknown. The man who has never been on a battlefield may have the uncontrollable fear that comes to every man who loves life better than war. Once he has smelt powder and lain in the trench and burrowed himself into the caves where he sleeps and eats, he begins to feel that the field of battle is his home. And when he gets to the hospital he counts the days till he is able to get back again. It may be with his own rifle and knapsack or with another. It makes no difference. The main thing is to get back to where his comrades are doing the work of the king and the country.

The Stone-Crusher Operating Under General Attrition

IN the shuffle of derelict knapsack and guns and the coming and going of millions of men on these continental fields of war, the individual man is of little consequence in the mass. Yet every man carries with him his own individual feeling about the war. He gets to know the strange, ironclad fatalism of the battle of which he sees only a puff of smoke and a patch of land and the men in the trenches at his elbows. In the waging of that battle he may seem to count for less than his knapsack and his gun; but he has the indestructible feeling that so long as he can carry a knapsack and sight over a rifle, he is the one man necessary in the vast machine of war that grinds away day by day and night by night like the jaws of a cosmic stone-crusher slowly wearing down the enemy.

This is a war of slow wearing down, where every battle is conducted on the principle of a siege and must be won by patient plugging and resistance and sticking to it. It is not a war of grand rushes and impetuous charges of cavalry. It is not a war of spectacles. It is a war of the stone-crusher and the siege method, where weight of armies and armaments and the eternal patience of men and officers win out in the final settlement. The old-time picturesque escapades on the field have been replaced by the still more daring and sensational exploits of the men who take the wings of the morning or of the night and fly over the fields of battle. The stage has been altered. Just how great the change has been since the last great war, the common soldier, whose knapsack and rifle are salvaged from the field, knows better than Mr. H. G. Wells, whose anticipations of what modern war would ultimately become are only being feebly tried out in this war.

Captive Balloons Recall Siege of Paris in 1870

USE of captive balloons by the Germans at Antwerp and in operations against British forces has suggested that the enemy's supplies of petrol, if they have not run very low, are at least being conserved. That they have run low has been stated by captured Germans. That probability has been in the minds of observers for some time, for any supply from the Baku fields of Russia has been cut off for some time. Russia's progress in Galicia will control output there. The Balkan war had retarded for some time production in Roumania. Statistics of European purchases from America during the past two years show that Germany had not increased her imports of gasoline to nearly the same extent as had Britain and France. Captive balloons, German reports say, are also in use by the French in the eastern operations around Verdun and Toul. One explanation of their use is suggested by the developments at Antwerp. Belgians have been unable to attack the captive balloon. Its defence by German guns beneath it has been much more effective than any defence which an aeroplane could itself support. It would appear that in siege operations the same observations may be obtained as from aircraft, and with less risk of loss of craft and crew.

In the last Franco-Prussian war, during the siege of Paris, balloons were used extensively, but even the largest had less than one-tenth of the lifting power of the giant steerable balloons now in German use. One great change is in the better gas, inflation being by purest hydrogen instead of inferior coal gas. During the siege forty-five balloons were sent to the outer world from Paris conveying mails or passengers (limited to three). Some remained in the air only three or four hours and fell into German lines, while others got as far as Norway. "Le Jacquard" sent out one night was seen next day over Plymouth, but never heard of again. Gambetta got from Paris to Montdidier in this way. Carrier pigeons were part of the equipment of all these balloons, which thus tried to serve the double purpose of observers and transport. And one of them which fell in Holland even carried dynamite, evidently for the purpose of offensive operations.

The Corruption of Maritz

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

the Kaiser have now their first real item out of which to fabricate a romance of blue ruin for the Empire.



General Louis Botha, Patriotic Premier of United South Africa and commander-in-chief of the troops.

In no part of the world do the interests of Great Britain and of Germany clash so directly as they do in South Africa. It is a long while now since the Kaiser, whose flag flew over German South-west Africa, twice as big as the Fatherland, sent his famous telegram of congratulation to Oom Paul Kruger, who had declared war on Great Britain. The Kaiser disclaimed any intention of opposing Britain. In an interview in the London Telegraph, in 1908, he smoothly pointed out that so far from being a rabid pro-Boer, he had actually drafted a plan of campaign against the Boers and sent it under his own seal to Queen Victoria; and that Lord Roberts, aided by Lord Kitchener, and carried out most of that plan.

Nobody but the Kaiser could have played a double role so magnificently. But why he did not become a pro-Boer, even when Oom Paul stumped Europe for sympathy, is shrewdly set forth by ex-Chancellor Von Buelow in his book, "Imperial Germany." In that book Von Buelow confesses that though France at that time was hostile to England over the Fashoda affair in Morocco, there was not enough hostility to make the French forget Metz and Sedan; and that if Germany had taken up the cause of the Boers, France would have swung to the side of England. He also says, even more significantly, that in 1899, Germany had not got her naval programme, laid down in 1897, far enough to make it safe to go up against England on the sea. So that it was better policy, as taught by the school of Bismarck, to keep out of the row.

AFTER the war Germany went in to develop her great colony along the Atlantic, adjacent to the colonies and republics which England had taken away from the rule of Oom Paul Kruger. This gigantic possession belonged to Germany, all but the small holding at Walfish Bay, held by Great Britain. It was acquired by Germany in 1884, after long dickerings with England, who had gained a foothold in Africa, both in the north and the south, greater than all other European nations combined. The German colony, much of it barren and rainless, had large resources in cattle, vegetables, sealeries and fisheries, guano and minerals. But it was by no means such a rich prize as England had fought to acquire in the four great provinces of South Africa—Cape Colony, the Transvaal, Orange River, and Natal. The commercial jealousy so often alleged by Germany against England had a great feeder in these two domains, one administered by Germany as an Imperial colony, the other in 1909 welded by the statesmanship of England into a loyal overseas dominion, governed by its own parliament, maintaining its own army and speaking English and Dutch as harmoniously as Canada governs herself in both the English and French tongues.

In the event of war between England and Germany, the self-governing Union of South Africa would be a fine field for the operation of German arms, and a magnificent territory in which to rob England of her farthest south and youngest overseas dominion. How Germany regarded this opportunity is very clear from the ease with which the German military

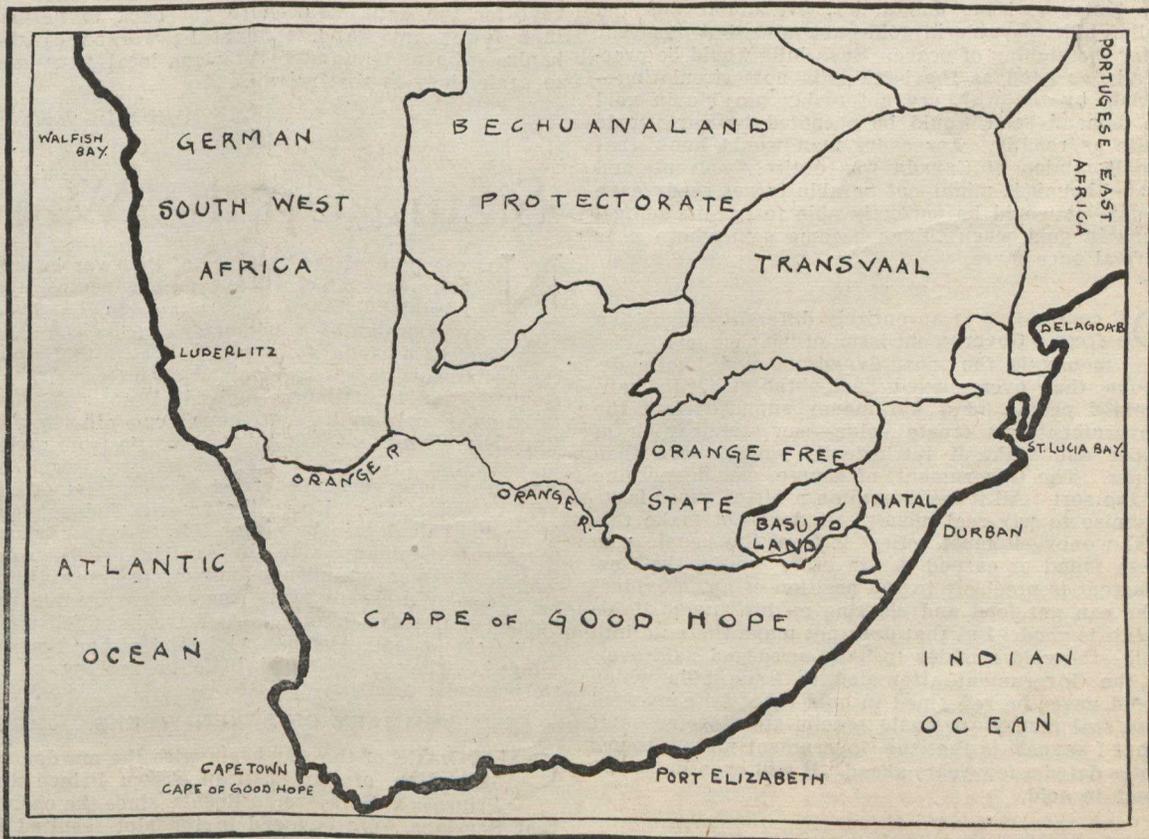
A GRANDIOSE imitation of Mexico has arisen in South Africa with "General" Solomon Maritz in the role of Carranza. This man is the first effective traitor in the British Empire, since the war began, to use German underground methods. With his Boer commando of 750 men in open revolt, he struts about trying to make the German government of South-west Africa and the African-British government of the South African Union believe that he is a menace. Which he may be; the kind of menace that a bott-fly is to a good horse. At the present time the Government of the Union of four loyal provinces is looking after Solomon Maritz by a proclamation of martial law signed by Lord Buxton, Governor-General, countersigned by Gen. Smuts, Minister of Defence, and carried into effect by Premier General Louis Botha, who, since Gen. Beyers refused to continue at the head of the South African army, has made himself commander-in-chief, shoulder to shoulder with Gen. Smuts.

To understand what this situation amounts to in the war, it is necessary to know what action the Union of South Africa has taken and the men through whom she has registered her decision to act. No troops have been sent from South Africa to the front, because more immediately effective work was right over the line fence between the Union of South Africa, self-governed by England, and the colony of German South-west Africa, administered by the Kaiser. When the war broke out, German troops, both regular conscript and new levies to the number of 10,000 with a camel corps, a large number of field artillery and a couple of airships, began to mobilize for the purpose of mischief in the Union. And the forces of the Union were as quickly mobilized by the Government to beat back any invasion.

It was during the first few weeks of the war that Gen. Beyers resigned his commandership of the forces. His resignation was accepted by Premier Botha and Gen. Smuts, Minister of Defence. The open letter of Gen. Botha to Beyers is one of the finest pieces of loyalist literature since the days of the United Empire Loyalists in America. The man who wrote it is one of the survivors from the group of great Boer generals who taught England some of the tactics that have worried Germany at the hands of "General French's contemptible little army." He is well known to Lord Kitchener, Field-Marshal French and Gen. Smith-Dorrien, all of whom had to deal with him in 1899. He is the man who played hob with Gen. Buller at Colenso and Spion Kop; who, after the death of Gen. Joubert, became commander-in-chief of the Transvaal Boers; who, after Lord Roberts had taken Pretoria, carried on with DeWet a system of guerilla warfare which Lord Kitchener was left in Africa to stamp out. In the peace negotiations of 1902 he was the chief Boer representative. When the Transvaal was given self-government in 1907, Botha was called by Lord Selborne to form a government. When the South African provinces were united under the Act of Union in 1909, Gen. Botha became the first Premier of United South Africa. Which was enough to make the German Kaiser weep. Gen. Beyers, who was promptly shelved by Botha in the early part of the present war, is one of the old-style backvelders; a perfect reactionary, who a few years ago, in the South African Parliament, took the ground that there should be no work done in the Transvaal mines on Sunday, even though it should be as necessary as running trains or churches on that day. He is eternally opposed to the Progressive party, who represent the mining and urban interests.

MARITZ the traitor, is a crafty disciple of Beyers, who, as Lieut.-Colonel, was in charge of a Boer commando. When Gen. Botha made his great open-air speech, on Sept. 28th, and sent a thrill of over-seas loyalty into 5,000 people, many of them Dutch farmers, this man Maritz, supposed to be leading his commando as part of a united South African army against the Germans in South-west Africa, was secretly conniving with the Germans. When Col. Brits was sent to relieve him, Maritz had already gone over to the enemy. He had a squad of Germans added to his Boer commando and a ready-made rank of general thrust upon him. He had a number of German field-guns to train on his own fellow-Boers, and those of his officers and men who had refused to fight alongside the Germans he had arrested and sent as prisoners of war to German South-west Africa.

This adventurer went so far as to frame up an agreement with the Governor of German South-west Africa, by which the whole South African Union was to be given its independence and to be made a republic. He generously ceded Walfish Bay, the British wedge of territory in the German colony, to the Kaiser, and had it agreed that whenever he gave the word the Germans should invade the Union which it cost Great Britain a four-years war, hundreds of thousands of men, and hundreds of millions of dollars to make it what it is in a self-governing empire. All which is quite enough for all the Kaiser-inspired Zeitungs in Germany to exaggerate into a secession of South Africa from the British flag. Having missed fire on civil war in Ireland, open revolt in India and separatism in Canada and Australia, the organs of



Map showing the four South African Provinces, Cape Colony, Natal, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, lying next to German Southwest Africa. Solomon Maritz, whose Boer commando defected to the Germans, was from the Orange Free State, whose commandants recently denounced the traitor.

authorities in South-west Africa cooked up the compact with "General" Maritz, guaranteeing the independence of British South Africa as a republic under German suzerainty, and grabbing Walvis Bay from Great Britain.

If Germany, in her prowling about the earth to pick up the leavings of Great Britain and France and other nations of Europe could annex South-west Africa, and in reprisals for the murder of German missionaries hoist the German flag over Kiao Chau, why not extend German influences over the vast and opulent domain of British South Africa? It was a mere matter of history that when Germany had troubles with the native Herreros, whom she was unable to repress, she borrowed troops from Great Britain, and that the traitor Maritz was the officer in command. It was also a mere matter of history

that England had paid a price that staggered humanity for the self-governing domain in South Africa. It was a mere matter of statistics that the Union of South Africa, with its Boer Premier, contained a native population of a little over four millions and a little less than 1,500,000 Europeans engaged in developing a rich country; that it is governed by a united parliament of 130 members, of which Cape Colony sends 51, the Transvaal 45, and the Orange Free State and Natal 17 members each.

All this, with the loyalty and free government established in South Africa in the face of racial and labour and immigration difficulties, was to be used by Germany as a stepping-stone to greater power in Africa at the expense of Great Britain. The corruption of Maritz by the German bureau was the means chosen for the end.

to by Britain's declaration Aug. 4th. That night the British fleet sailed to "capture or destroy the enemy," and it has ever since commanded the sea. Next day Lord Kitchener assumed the duties of War Minister, and by Aug. 16th had landed Britain's expeditionary force of 135,000 men on French soil. It was Aug. 10th before France declared war on Austria, to be followed by a similar declaration by Britain on the 12th. Japan's formal enmity to Germany was announced on the 23rd, eight days' notice having been given. Although German troops invaded France at Cirey, Aug. 2nd, her main operations began in Belgium against Liege, which was attacked Aug. 4th, and entered Aug. 10th. Meantime French troops were over-running Alsace. Naval incidents of the first weeks were the sinking of the German mine-layer Koenigin Louise, destruction of H. M. S. Amphion by a mine, sinking of the German submarine U. 15 by the Manchester, and the pursuit of the Goeben and the Breslau through the Mediterranean into Turkish ports.

On Aug. 16th French troops first got in touch with the Belgians, but German progress continued, reaching Brussels Aug. 20th. French and German troops began the battle of Charleroi Aug. 21st, finished it next day, the French retiring. British troops were first engaged at Mons on Aug. 23rd, and from that date began the heroic retiring movement which after passing Paris on Sept. 5th rested by the 7th on the rivers Seine, Oise and Upper Meuse. But the east French fortresses, Verdun, Toul, and Belfort, had held. Meantime the German forces in Belgium had levied a \$40,000,000 fine on Brussels (Aug. 22), Namur had been reduced (Aug. 24), after 2 days, Louvain destroyed (Aug. 25), Maubeuge masked (to fall Sept. 7th, with guns and prisoners captured by Germans), and Longwy captured (Aug. 28th) after 24 days' resistance. The French Government moved to Bordeaux Sept. 3rd.

From Sept. 7th the tide of invasion of France was turned. Next day prisoners and machine-guns fell to the Allies. The German retreat north and west from the Marne continued, reaching a disorderly state by the 12th, when 160 guns and many prisoners were taken. The Allies' campaign forced removal of German headquarters in France from St. Menébould to Montfaucon on the 14th, on which date the Crown Prince's army was also in retreat.

Russian troops began to advance Aug. 16th, defeating some Germans at Edytkuhen on the 19th. They also took Soldau in East Prussia. The Battle of Lemberg began Aug. 25th, resulted seven days later in the defeat of the Austrians, who lost 130,000 men and 200 guns. Russia's invasion of East Prussia proved a feint to draw German attention from France, and on Aug. 31st Gen. Samsonoff suffered at Osterode, where the Germans claim to have destroyed or captured three army corps. Russians and Austrians were heavily engaged Sept. 8th at Rawaruska, and on the 12th Russia claimed a great victory over Gen Von Auffenberg. On the 18th, Russian official reports claimed the utter rout of the Austrian army in Galicia, with losses of 250,000 killed and wounded, 100,000 prisoners and 400 guns captured. Meantime Gen. Rennenkampf had been forced to further retire from East Prussia on the 16th.

Japan's entry into the war began with an attack on Tsing Tau Aug. 23rd.

Announcement of despatch of 70,000 Indian troops was made in Britain Sept. 9th, and up to that day the Prime Minister reported 439,000 men had volunteered, exclusive of Territorials.

Incidents outside the European fighting were: Conquest of Togoland (Aug. 26), Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse sunk by H. M. S. Highflyer (Aug. 27), National Relief Fund reached £2,000,000 (Sept. 2), H. M. S. Pathfinder blown up by submarine (Sept. 5), French recover Luneville (Sept. 11th), Australians capture German headquarters in New Guinea (Sept. 11), British auxiliary cruiser Carmania sinks German armoured cruiser Cap Trafalgar (Sept. 14), H. M. S. Pegasus disabled in Zanzibar harbour by Konisberg (Sept. 20). French Government protests to neutral powers against wanton destruction of Rheims (Sept. 21st).

CALENDAR, SEPT. 21 TO OCT. 18.

SEPTEMBER 22.—The British cruisers Aboukir, Hogue, and Cressy, an old type of cruiser, are sunk by a German submarine in the North Sea. General Botha is to take supreme command of the operations against German South-West Africa. The prolonged battle on the Aisne turns with slow but sure decisiveness in favour of the Allies.

SEPTEMBER 23.—The Admiralty announce that a highly important and successful raid on the Zeppelin air-ship sheds at Dusseldorf has been carried out by aeroplanes of the British Naval Wing. Violent combats have taken place on the banks of the Oise.

SEPTEMBER 24.—The tendency of the battle of the Aisne to become more like a siege is emphasized in an official account issued by the War Office. A British Expeditionary Force arrives at Laoshan Bay to participate in the movements against the Germans at Tsingtau.

SEPTEMBER 25.—A general and very vigorous action, between the French troops and the German right wing. The Australian forces announce their occupation of the seat of government of Kaiser Wilhelm's (Concluded on page 18.)

Through a Monocle

How to Get Capital for Canada

FOR the life of me, I cannot see why there should be any scarcity of liquid capital in Canada at this time for the financing of profitable enterprises or needed works. That may be because I am not a financial expert. Few working journalists have any chance to take a real and personal interest in finance. We read about it. We may even write about it. But our chief financial "coup" is to carry over from one "pay day" to another—an appalling abyss. Still I feel like telling you what I think about the alleged financial stringency. Or, rather, I want to tell you how I think it could be relaxed.

LET us suppose that a perfectly solvent man—the possessor of broad acres and rows of houses—came to you and said something like this: "I have no ready cash. I could convert my houses into cash, but it would be at a terrible sacrifice. Yet I want you to do some work for me which will be profitable in itself. I can't pay you a penny now; but, as soon as the war is over, I will be able to pay you in full, with good interest." What would you say in reply—supposing that you mightily needed the work and the wage? I fancy it would be something like this: "I should be very willing to do your work and wait for my pay, if I could wait. But I would starve; for I have no resources to go on with." "Very well," says the man of property, "I will go to your grocer, tailor, dry-goods merchant, coal dealer, etc., and guarantee your accounts to be paid when the war is over." "All right," say you, "if they will take the guarantee. It will be as good as gold to me."

THIS would be a difficult thing to put through—in the case of two private individuals—for one reason, because the grocer et al could not very easily pass on that guarantee to the wholesale people who sell to them. But if we suppose that the Dominion of Canada is in this position, that difficulty disappears. It can issue "guarantees" which can be passed on and on and on, indefinitely. It can, for instance, issue one dollar, five dollar and ten dollar bills, payable in gold—not now—but one year after the signing of peace. Such bills would be practically as good as the bank bills now circulating—which, by the way, are not to-day payable in gold on demand—and would be accepted by our people quite as readily. For every man would know that the Dominion of Canada was entirely solvent, and that—though it might not be able to get ready cash to-day—it would be perfectly able to pay its obligations in gold when things become somewhere near normal once more.

OF course this is an entirely different proposition from a Government issue of "flat money." Flat money is the most dangerous and idiotic delusion that ever played "will-o'-the-wisp" to hair-brained people. For flat money supposes that the Government can create value—can stamp a bit of paper and make it intrinsically worth more than paper. The Government, of course, can do nothing of the sort. All it can stamp on a bit of paper is its promise to pay real money. It does not make this real money—it must collect it from the people who have found or earned it. In other words, the Government is precisely in the position of an individual who can get food and clothing on his "note" if his credit is good. But that does not make the note into gold—the gold remains to be secured and paid over. If the Government attempted to issue bills which could never be redeemed in gold—that is, converted into real money—it would precipitate disaster. But what I suggest is that the Government merely issues notes dated a few years ahead. It will eventually pay them in gold.

IF this is absolute foolishness, I should like some financial "sharp" to tell me why. I am open to argument. But if it is not foolishness, and if the Dominion Government can set flowing in Canada

a large amount of fluid capital by this device, then it appears to me that it is the patriotic duty of the Government to do so. Everywhere the wheels of industry and progress are being stopped for lack of financial "oil." Some people are blaming the banks; but the banks are private enterprises—enjoying certain special privileges, it is true—and their owners and managers ought to know what it is profitable for them to do. And by what right do we ask them to do what would be unprofitable? If there is to be an unprofitable venture into financial operations, it ought to be undertaken by the State and not by private enterprises.

WERE the Government to float a lot of their time-notes in the fashion I suggest, they could—to begin with—not only go on with any public works they have in mind, but could inaugurate others which, under normal conditions, might have been held over for another decade. This is the time when we all need lots of work offering and lots of money in circulation. We can far better afford to perform public works now, when the money poured into them will bring timely help to every industry, every utility, every merchant, every worker in the Dominion, than we can when there is plenty of capital available for legitimate enterprises. Then we probably could get both labour and material to-day at lower rates. Lots of men would be willing to sell to the Government or to work for it now—at a reduced price—and take the Government's credit as pay.

THE Government might, it seems to me, do more than that—it might loan its credit to "sure enough" enterprises; certainly to selected provincial and municipal works. It could be our great banker, carrying the nation over a period of stress. We have no right—as I have said—to ask private bankers to do this; but the private bankers could be made the semi-official agents through which it would be done. I have no wish to set up competition to the banks by this system. It is only a temporary expedient which could not be undertaken except for the determination to get back to normal in a few years. And it might be worked by the banks—who understand the various local situations to perfection—in that spirit.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Sizing Up the War

NO estimate of the progress of this war is sane and reasonable without proper perspective. At this distance we are apt to be over-exhilarated by a temporary success and over-depressed by a partial failure. The fact is that since the declaration of war by England upon Germany, on August 4th, six nations, England, France, Russia, Belgium, Serbia and Japan have been almost continuously hindering Germany and Austria from carrying out the programme mapped out by Germany. The programme has miscarried in every important field of operations. Up to the present, independent of an individual gain by either side to-day or a loss to-morrow, Germany, aided by Austria, has been defeated. German optimism-manufacturers may utilize the German press to prove the contrary. But the people of Germany and Austria have been fed upon only German and Austrian victories, either real or alleged. They have heard little or nothing as to German and Austrian defeats.

SUMMARY OF SEVEN WEEKS.

CALENDARS of the war begin with the murder, on June 28th, of the Austrian Crown Prince and Princess at Sarajevo, in Bosnia, since the charge that Serbians were engaged in the plot resulted in Austria-Hungary's declaration of war on Serbia, on July 28th. After this similar declarations followed in rapid fire. Germany declared war against Russia Aug. 1st, against Belgium Aug. 3rd, and was replied

At the Sign of the Maple

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

The Order of St. John

THE traditions of the ancient order of St. John of Jerusalem are being worthily carried on by those who represent it in the present generation. The ambulance department of this historical society forms the senior branch of the Red Cross organization of Great Britain, and most knightly service the Brigade is doing in connection with the present war.

Of the Order, four hundred and fifty men were sent out with the expeditionary force to assist the Army Medical Corps, these were speedily followed by hundreds more men qualified for Red Cross work, and a large number of trained nurses. Two thousand three hundred St. John's men are at present taking the place of the Army Medical Corps in military hospitals in England, thus relieving the latter corps for service at the front, while some more are held in readiness for active service at the direction of the War Office. The Admiralty, too, calls upon them, and one thousand two hundred men of the Brigade were mobilized for the Royal Navy and are now serving in naval hospitals and hospital ships. Additionally, six hundred men are doing duty in various civil hospitals, where the wounded from the front are being cared for. At many coast towns such as Southampton, Portsmouth and Newcastle, convalescent homes have been equipped with a staff of doctors and nurses, and there are rest houses en route, where food is provided for the troops who may be passing through and casualty tents for the treatment of minor ailments are likewise established. Also work rooms, where materials are being made up into garments for the wounded.

Not every one who admires the noble work done by the distinguished Order realizes its great antiquity. It dates back as far as 1048 A.D., when some merchants of Amalfi formed a league for the protection and, if necessary, help of Christian pilgrims to Jerusalem. The original Patron Saint was St. John the almsgiver, a great patriarch. But in 1099, when Godfrey de Bouillon and his crusaders captured Jerusalem, the confraternity was recognized by the Christian rulers of the city, and its Patron Saint was changed to John the Baptist, as being more interesting to the western Christians. From that time the Order grew and flourished, becoming more military in character when the Christians were hard pressed by Saracens in the 12th century. When Saladin captured Jerusalem in 1187, the Order settled at Ptolemais. Its next move, a century later, was to Cyprus, and afterwards, it migrated to Malta.

THE head of the Order was the Grand Master, who was represented by Grand Priors in the eight European states, Provence, Auvergne, France, Italy, Arragon, England, Germany and Castile. The badge was a white cross of eight points on a black field, but in war the Knights of the Order wore a scarlet surcoat with a plain cross on back and front.

In the reign of Edward II., the English branch appears to have attained the status of an English corporation, under the style of "The Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem." Women were admitted as members and a sisterhood was established in Somersetshire. At the Reformation, Henry VIII. dissolved the Order, but it was revived in 1827 with such alterations in its constitution as were necessitated in conformity to the times and to the English Catholic religion as distinct from the Roman influence.

The British headquarters of the Order are at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, E.C., a venerable pile that is a source of pride to the citizens of London and the Empire, dating

as it does from the 12th century. The Priory Church is also well worthy of a visit. In it are interesting memorials and tables to by-gone knights and ladies of the Order.

In time of peace the St. John's Ambulance Brigade does good work through its Almoners Department, which ministers to the relief of poor convalescents, promotes cottage hospitals, maintains a parish nurse in the poor district of Clerkenwell, and organizes a system of transport for the injured. Additionally, the Order takes part in the promotion of useful institutions, such as the Metropolitan National Society, for training and supplying nurses for the sick poor,

and the Victoria Hospital, at Cairo. It was actively engaged rendering aid to the wounded during the Franco-German war of 1870, and has afforded relief to the sick and wounded of our own armies in their recent campaigns, notably during the South African and Chinese wars, in which numbers of Brigade men laid down their lives in the service of their country. A monument to their honoured memory was unveiled by the King in the old Prior Church of St. John's, in whose twelfth-century crypt the Order still holds its services.

It is interesting to note that the Order is co-operating with the Canadian War Contingent Association, and has placed its services at the disposal of the Association. In the year of grace 1914 this historic confraternity has, indeed, been given opportunity to add further lustre to its records and to act up to its fine old motto, "Pro fide, pro utilitate hominum."

There Were Ninety - and - Five

Canadian Nurses, chosen out of five hundred volunteers for field work, to sail with our First Contingent for the Front



Showing in Military Hospital Work-dress (top row from left to right):—Miss Leslie, Montreal; Miss Cromwell, Quebec; Miss Jamieson, Quebec; Miss Burpee, Vancouver; Miss Pelletier, Quebec; Miss Allan, Halifax; Miss Denmark, Montreal; Miss McAlister, Kingston; Miss Pugh, Kingston; Miss Galt, Winnipeg; Miss McLeod, Halifax; Miss Attrill, Halifax; Miss Smith, Montreal; Miss Clint, Montreal; Miss Willering, Smith's Falls; Miss Follette, Port Gravel, N.S.; Miss Binning, Quebec; Miss Ponting, Quebec; Miss Muir, Montreal.



In the Field Uniform (similarly):—Miss Mabe, Montreal; Miss Hinchey, Kingston; Miss Graham, Glasgow, N.S.; Miss Robertson, Montreal; Miss McCullum, Kingston; Miss Pense, Kingston; Miss Gratton, Pictou, N.S.; Miss McCullough, Ottawa; Miss Nesbitt, Ottawa; Miss Mills, Ottawa; Miss Goodeve, Ottawa; Miss Kent, Montreal; Miss Worth, Quebec; Miss Lambkin, Ottawa; Miss Winter, Ottawa; Miss Smith, Ottawa; Miss Hudson, Winnipeg.

News in Brief

MRS. T. F. A'HEARN has won the ladies' golf championship at the Royal Ottawa Golf Club, having defeated Mrs. J. F. Kidd, in play for the gold medal for 1914. As Miss Norah Lewis, Mrs. A'Hearn won a similar distinction in 1908.

At the nomination meeting of the Western Women's Art Association, which was recently held at the Fort Garry Hotel, Winnipeg, Mrs. Alan Ewart, the past-president, was enthusiastically re-elected to office. The Association, in conjunction with the Civic Art Committee and the Industrial Bureau Commission, is planning for November 5th, 6th and 7th, an art festival, from which the proceeds will be devoted half to the Patriotic Fund, one-quarter to the handicraft's shop in connection with the Association, and one-quarter to the Civic Art Gallery.

A dramatic sketch entitled "Sairey Gamp," from Dickens' "Martin Cuzzlewit," was a feature of a varied and successful programme given in the Town Hall, Montreal West, on Oct. 19th, to aid the Belgian Relief Fund. The sketch was presented by Mrs. Barrington, Mrs. Stewart and Mr. Coneys-Nolan, of the Dickens Fellowship Society.

A causerie was held last week under the auspices of the Women's Wentworth Historical Society, at the Hamilton residence of Mrs. John S. Hendrie, wife of the new Lieutenant-Governor, when Professor G. M. Wrong, of Toronto, repeated the address on "Germany and the War," which he had given at the Canadian Club on the previous evening. A delightful episode of the event was the speech made by Mrs. John Crerar, in honour of the hostess, in which she paid appreciative tribute to the work which the latter had done for the organization.

The Women's Art Society of Montreal has included among its interests for this month: an illustrated lecture on "India," by Mr. Gerald Birks; an illustrated lecture on "Russian Architecture," by Professor P. E. Nobbs, and, in the Ceramic department, a talk on "Japanese Colour," by Miss Hagar.

If New York were liable to surprise, it would have been surprised the other day, on the arrival of the redoubtable Christabel Pankhurst, who came to that city unannounced. Indeed, she had assumed the name "MacDonald," as she wished to be spared publicity. How utter are the subversions of this war-time! Miss Pankhurst has not yet declared her mission, but she has vouchsafed the information that she has not come to advocate militant methods. She is the guest, for the present, of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, the suffrage leader.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

A Possible Election

MEN who are supposed to know are in direct opposition as to whether or not there will be an early general election. No one has any accurate information on the subject—all are guessing. Indeed, guessing seems the order of the day in peace and war.

Undoubtedly an election has been discussed. The situation in Manitoba is such that the Conservatives would gain by an early voting contest in that portion of the Dominion. Sir Rodmond Roblin may retire at any time, and the government of which he is now the head is not expected to survive more than a fortnight of the next provincial session. A motion to repeal the famous Coldwell amendments will tumble the house of cards.

In the other provinces there is nothing to be lost by delay. The Conservative cause is in good condition and there is no sign of decay. Indeed, the dying down of the stories of incompetence, waste and favouritism at Valcartier should in the course of a few weeks strengthen the Conservative cause. Party loyalty has been under a severe strain in this respect. That the Government has decided to decentralize the raising of the next contingent and has ordered that the regular military officers be given a chance in this work, is an indication that there is to be no permanent military oligarchy at Ottawa. Premier Borden's actions along this line have considerably increased his prestige with the militia at home and abroad.

This being the case, it is difficult to understand just what motive the Conservatives who advise an election can have. Whatever the basis of their contention, it does not commend itself to the rank and file of the party. The breaking out of the Montreal "Star" need not be taken as an argument against an election, as the "Star" has wobbled so much in politics that no one takes it seriously. Nevertheless, the "Star" on this occasion happens, accidentally or otherwise, to express the sentiment of the non-partisan Conservatives.

A Week of Scares

DURING the past week the Germans have made progress, but it is progress looking toward retirement from France and Russia. One peculiarity of this martial nation is that it beats the big drum when it retires with much the same tempestuous vigour as when it advances. The German lines beyond East Prussia have been drawn back into German territory and the lines in Russian Poland have been straightened out. While this was being done there was much loud talk from Berlin and Austria about the coming occupation of Warsaw and Lemberg. Yet Warsaw and Lemberg are still in Russian hands.

In the Eastern area, the Germans similarly covered their retirement in France by a spectacular raid on Antwerp, which was captured without much trouble. They could have taken that city any time during the past two months, but reserved their coup for the psychological moment. They waited until it was absolutely necessary to impress anew their own people and the world with their military efficiency. Following the capture of Antwerp they rushed towards Ghent and Ostend, and created great alarm in these districts. The allies, however, found a way to stop the rush.

This week of scares has certainly brought it home to the people of the British Empire that there is a long, hard struggle ahead of the Allies. If there was any lingering idea that by the end of the year the Germans would be defending their own territory instead of invading the countries of their opponents, that idea has vanished. The German armies will be unconquered for many moons. Vanquished they will be, but not until the Allies have brought larger armies into action and expended billions of accumulated wealth.

The Canadian Armada

CANADA'S first foreign-service army has arrived in England. Thirty-three thousand men in thirty-one troop-ships, steamed into Portsmouth harbour on Wednesday. The pictures in this journal give but a faint idea of the appearance of this first British-Canadian armada as it swept across the Atlantic. In the English people who watched it ride into Portsmouth harbour, though accustomed to historic scenes since the days their fathers sighted the Spanish Armada, some mixed feelings must have been created. The Lion's whelps were coming home garbed in the panoply of war, and with bands playing and bag-pipes skirling. The cheers that went up must echo around the Empire.

And this is but the first armada. There must be others. The Empire has sent out its clarion call and

Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and India have heard the vibrant notes. The common danger will be met with all the resources of those who believe in British institutions and British ideals of liberty. A peace-loving Empire, skilled in commercial and industrial pursuits, has decided to spend and be spent to subdue the last relic of autocracy and belligerent feudalism.

Canada has given freely, but Canada must give even more. There must be a second armada and a third. The great struggle now forced upon the Em-



POPE BENEDICT XV.

First photograph in his Papal costume.

Photo by Folico.

pire will demand much, but it will not be more than Canada will give freely and promptly.

Why We Are Busy

CANADIAN factories are busy with a few exceptions. The bug-bear of unemployment has gone with the scare that put up the price of groceries in August. And the reason is not far to seek. Canada's factories must supply Canada.

In the good old days when the price of everything was soaring out of reach and paper certificates were passing as real money, Canada was buying about \$300,000,000 of goods more than Canada was selling. Those luxuries and necessities were being paid for annually by borrowings from abroad. Now the borrowings have stopped, and Canada cannot buy more than Canada sells. There is no gold available for out-of-the-country purchases.

This then being the case, Canada must buy more of Canada's own goods. Because of this, Canada's factories, warehouses and farms are busy. It is a new variety of boom, but one to which we will get accustomed within a year.

The United States Army

MANY people, in talking of the Canadian army, underestimate the strength of the United States' army, with which ours is generally compared. The total enlistment in the Republic is more than 80,000. Of these, 14,000 are cavalry, 6,000 field artillery, 19,000 coast artillery, 31,000 infantry, and 9,000 service school detachments. In addition, there are 6,000 native troops in Porto Rico and the Philippines. Within a year Canada may have an equal force under arms both at home and abroad.

Some idea of the cost of such an army may also be gathered from the United States. The annual military appropriation is more than ninety millions of dollars. This does not include pensions or appropriations by States for their National Guard.

The Imperial Army

GERMANY has been poking fun at the puny British Army, but the British papers are emphasizing the fact that there are a million men in training in the British Isles. This can be increased to two million if necessary. Adding the army in France, the Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, and other overseas forces, the Imperial Army must now total about 1,500,000 men. A year hence, there may be a million of these fighting on the continent. That seems to be the aim of K. of K., and he has a habit of getting what he wants.

How Germany "Butted In"

"THE friendship for you and your Empire, which was bequeathed to me by my grandfather on his death-bed, has always been sacred to me, and I have been faithful to Russia when she was hard pressed, especially in her last war."

Thus the Kaiser to the Czar on July 31st last.

"We were fully aware in this connection that war-like moves on the part of Austria-Hungary against Serbia would bring Russia into the question, and might draw us into a war in accordance with our duties as an ally."

Thus the Kaiser in the official memorandum to his people August 1st last.

The interval between the two despatches is brief enough, but the interval between the Kaiser's inheritance and his despatch to the Czar was long enough for him to have crossed Russia's path in all conceivable areas. Yet he sought in his telegram to impress the Czar because he had attacked Russia during the Japanese war, for there is no evidence of any positive act of sympathy with Russia during that period. That is all the Kaiser could mean by being "faithful." Recent history shows that the Kaiser's policy towards Russia has in fact been quite contrary to that bequeathed him and a reversal from the inheritance received from Bismarck. The latter sought to keep Britain and Russia distrustful of one another. It may not be the Kaiser's fault that this has been no longer possible, and that British and Russian diplomats have come to understand each other's plans in Persia and on the borders of India.

BUT in his positive plans the Kaiser has emphatically changed German treatment of Russia's foreign aims. Ignoring the irritation and pin-pricks arising from Germany's tariff policy towards Russia, the most important change has been in regard to the Balkan countries. Bismarck had valued Russian friendship to that extent that he declared "the Balkan States were not worth the bones of a Prussian grenadier." But Emperor William has been willing to stake Germany's national existence on the merits of Austria's protest to Serbia. The explanation of Germany's entire change of policy regarding the Balkan situation may be found by future historians in the disruption of the Dual Monarchy, expected to follow Emperor Franz Josef. Pan-Germanism and Pan-Slavism were then bound to come in conflict, and the Kaiser had ten years ago foretold German policy in a speech at Bonn, in which he asked and answered himself as follows: "Why did the old Empire come to naught? Because the old Empire was not founded on a strong national basis. The universal idea of the old Roman Kingdom did not allow the German nation developments in a German national sense. The essential of the nation is a demarcation outwardly corresponding to the personality of a people and its racial peculiarity." This means that the German element of the Dual Monarchy should come under German control. But Russian interest naturally sought that the Slav element shall come within her control. Pan-Slavism claims the Austrian Czechs and Pan-Germanism the Austrian Germans. Here is the source of Russian-German conflict, which Austria herself has precipitated first by her seizure of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and this year by her ultimatum to Serbia. Such a conflict might have been carried on without British interference, except for German treatment of Belgium.

BUT the Kaiser had also departed from Bismarck's policy in other spheres, constantly "butting in" elsewhere against Russian policy. His relations with Turkey and his projected line of railway to the Persian Gulf crossed Russian plans in that area. Especially offensive, too, were Germany's operations in China. Because of her dominant position in the Far East, Russia had considered herself certainly entitled to precedence, at least, over Germany. Yet in the operations in China following the Boxer rising, the Kaiser manoeuvred Count Von Waldersee into command of the allies. His seizure of the Kiao-Chau was also "butting in" on Russia's sphere, and both these events the Kaiser accomplished in such a way as to leave the impression in other Foreign offices that Russia approved—an additional offence.

G. C. B.



Courierettes.

FRANCE may have its Joffre and Britain its Kitchener, but Boston has its Rudolph and James.

Controller Church, of Toronto, hurt his knee, but he'll be found running for something on election day in the same old way.

Some British grit seems to have got into the wheels of that great German war machine.

When a man calls his wife "Honey," it may be that he means he has been stung.

Toronto has decided not to spend \$125,000 on an asphalt plant. There are other vegetables it needs more.

Every city in France and Belgium that has a cathedral may well be concerned when the Germans get within firing distance.

Przemysl is reported to have been partly burned. Unfortunately the name remains.

It is said that the Germans are getting gasoline from the United States. They can also get a large supply of gas from the pro-German press in the U.S.

It seems that Sir John French did not write those terse reports. His sword was too busy to give his fountain pen a chance.

Torontonians are said to be taking 40 per cent. more books out of the Public Library than they did a year ago. Anything to get away from these daily papers.

Burning the candle at both ends is not the proper way to make both ends meet.

It goes without saying that a doctor's irritation is generally due to his being out of patients.

Toronto Varsity policeman suggests a barrel rush instead of the discreditable scrap. Another suggestion is that they just behave like civilized folk.

Airship arrows are now to be used by French aviators. Thus Mars steals Cupid's ammunition.

Keep your chin up and a grin on your phiz these days and it will make a tremendous difference.

Not Cincinnati.—There's been a lot of talk in the papers about a band of Germans from Cincinnati coming over to take Canada. We don't believe it. Cincinnati finished at the bottom of the National League, and its ball team are all Germans. We should worry!

Bred in the Bone.—General Sir John French has a sister who is a militant suffragette. Fighting comes natural for that family.

The Unpardonable Pun.—Charlie Pick, third baseman of the Toronto ball club, was bought by Washington and made good, running Ty Cobb a race for the batting honors. It is clear that Charlie was the pick of the Toronto team.

Effective.—One of the Czar's war measures is to close all the rum shops in Petrograd so that the people will remain sober.

This seems to be a form of prohibition that prohibits.

The Real Foe.—When Old General Winter gets his hoary armies together, both the Germans and the Allies will find themselves facing a dangerous foe.

Give Her a Chance.—Madame Thebes, the Parisian prophethess, said

that the Kaiser would be killed on Sept. 29, and that the war would end on Nov. 3. She has failed to make good, but we are willing to give her another guess.

Her Plan.—A Colorado woman was arrested the other day for stealing a pair of men's trousers from a clothing store.

What on earth did she want with them?

We are willing to wager that she planned to set a trap for some unsuspecting man.

See?—There are two sides to most everything, but sometimes we are content with one. As, for instance, a mirror.

This Settles It.—The Toronto Star Weekly devotes a whole page to war poems by Canadian rhymsters. After such a broadside at the Kaiser the war may be deemed to be practically over.

WAR NOTES.

France is importing a lot of goats. It is also trying hard to get the Kaiser's.

A British officer reports that the Germans do not care to face a British bayonet charge. Those Teutons are teachable chaps, evidently.

A French doctor calls the Kaiser a Mattoid. There are a lot of other names he might have used, too.

Japs have taken the island of Yap. Will they now call it Jap-Yap?

King George says he hopes Germans will receive the same treatment as British. That depends on where they are and what they are doing.

The Germans have sacked Louvain and other cities. We are not keen to sack Berlin, but we want to see the Kaiser sacked.

There is a place in Belgium named Turnhout. When the Germans got there the people had to.

Germany complains of financial stringency, but the German troops continue to leave their marks behind them.

Defined.—"What is faith?" "It's what you have when you buy a bottle of hair restorer from a bald-headed barber."

Give Him Credit.—Kaiser Wilhelm is said to have a cold in his head. Well, credit where credit is due. He cannot be said as yet to have developed frigid feet.

His Good Reason.—The principal of the school had explained to his pupils all about war.

"Now," he said, "is there any one of you who thinks war is unjustified—that nations should never make war?"

One little chap held up his hand. "What is your reason, Johnny?" "Because wars make history, and I just hate history."

Weather Forecast.—Virginia recently went dry. It is easy for the weather man to forecast considerable moonshine for that State now.

How It Works Out.—Anthony Comstock, the New York moral reformer,

recently complained that a new play presented in that city was immoral. The authorities had to investigate and report on it. Why hire a press agent when Anthony is about and not too busy?

About Censoring.—Those censored despatches from the battle front remind one forcibly of the missing word competitions we used to see in the papers.

Overlooked.—There's just one thing the Kaiser has overlooked. None of his Zeppelins have yet dropped a bomb on the Peace Palace at the Hague.

We Have Known 'Em.—Some people are so fond of hard work that they'd actually like to teach elocution to an oyster.

A Word of Warning.—In a Buffalo bar room is hung this rather timely sign:

"Nix on the war talk. This place is neutral."

Diminution Sets In.—We note an editorial writer remarks that soon the Kaiser will have to hide his diminished head. Rather. His head should be so far diminished that it will be almost invisible by the time this thing is over.

The Severest Strain.—A Canadian school teacher who happened to be in Berlin when the war broke out was detained there for almost two months because she told the German authorities that Canada was her home. This little miss is known in her home circle as a suffragette who almost inclines to militancy, so when she came home safe and sound the other day one of her friends inquired kindly about her trials and experiences in the German capital.

"Oh, pshaw! They didn't amount to much," said the little teacher. "The severest strain was in having to keep silent for seven weeks."

Housekeeper's Rights.—The absolute right of the woman to preserve her unprepared house against the curiosity of critical visitors was demonstrated in Toronto when the Governor-General visited the Workingman's Homes erected by the Toronto Housing Commission. On one doorstep stood a woman with three children at her skirts, and a fourth in arms.

"May I see your house?" asked the Duke, as he approached the verandah. "Will you let me look through your home?"

"Your Royal Highness," said the woman. "I beg pardon—but I've been that busy looking after these—" indicating the children, "that I haven't had time to get the breakfast dishes cleared up yet, and if you—"

"Of course," replied the King's uncle, "housekeeping isn't easy when there are so many little people to look after—is it? Good morning." He passed on.

The woman heaved a sigh of relief.

Fooled the President.—Someone gave the clerk at the Chateau Frontenac a bunch of imitation violets. They were so real that ladies invariably stopped to sniff them—and pass on in chagrin, whereupon delighted bell boys passed the wink round the rotunda. But when Sir Thomas Shaughnessy visited the hotel, and when the President of the C. P. R. stopped to inhale the perfume and a bell-boy snickered the whole hotel, as it were, held its breath for fear of what would follow.

But did Sir Thomas show he had been cheated? Instead, three times, as he passed in front of the desk, he paused to sniff the violets, and did it so sincerely and with such apparent satisfaction that the bell-boys' wonder turned to curiosity, and, finally, they, too, one by one, filed solemnly past to smell the flowers. They could not understand what had made Sir Thomas sample that fragrance so often.



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The Canadian Courier
Toronto

86,000 Injured 10,000 Killed

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

"I FORGOT"

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

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Our London Letter

From Our Own Correspondent

London, October 2.

WE got justly indignant at the nameless brutalities of the Kaiser's Huns; but here in this peaceful England are horrors of daily perpetration that must harrow up the immortal soul of Shakespeare. This is merely a roundabout way of referring to the flood of execrable verse that has been poured upon the public through the too-ready channel of the Press. Of old the exhortation to the British poet was "Strike the Lyre," but in these stirring times the object of their metrical attack is spelled with an "ia," and is that Director-in-Chief of the Potsdam Fabrication Factory. Even Mr. Kipling's poem, "For All We Have and Are" falls lamentably below, in execution, the heights it aims at—in sentiment, and the rest of the vintage from the Press is thin and sour and without body, lacking even the palatable excuse of neat rhyming. But though the 1914 vin ordinaire of verse may well be called a British atrocity we have remaining a robust small-beer of excellent quality—the tuneful and captivating doggerel of a good music-hall song. In spite of war-maps and descriptions of the line of battle, the one geographical fact stamped indelibly on Mr. Atkins' mind is the length of the way to Tipperary. Recruiting, training, travelling, fighting, resting and marching he sings this new National Anthem. Its chief charm being that it has nothing whatever to do with the matter in hand, it has naturally obtained an entire hold upon the British mind, and so powerful are the forces of association that one cannot hear it without a thrill. This irrelevant swinging tune is the marching-song of civilization, it is the battle-cry of the clean peoples on their way to remove the unclean thing—the Prussian women-butcher—from the path of peace. The stations are full of jaunty youths singing this song—and it is woeful to think how many of them must go "a long, long way"—and not return.

But this is a discussion of a musical matter, and should not be serious. Jack Judge, the composer, plodded London with it, but could not find a publisher; eventually Feldman's took it up and had it on their hands for some months an apparent failure, but it began to take at the "Halls" a little, and the war set it jingling in the mouths of the whole nation, for the aforesaid excellent reason that it was entirely irrelevant. This mention of the "Halls" reminds me of an inscription outside the doors of the Empire; I don't mean the great un-sunsettable one to which we have the mutual honour to belong, but the smaller though almost as famous one in Leicester Square. The legend was as follows:

EUROPE.

Invented, Designed and Produced by Wilhelm.

I was admiring the publicity given to this piece of characteristic modesty of the Kaiser when a nearer view told me that it was a "revue" and that there was an initial C before the Wilhelm.

The Making of an Army.

We are an orderly people, and though the war-feeling is as strong as in those first earth-shaking days of August, it is directed into proper channels, and enthusiasm finds expression rather in solid endeavour than in any flag-flapping exuberance. Still the stream of recruits flows steadily in whilst the War Office, like the female progeny of the scriptural Veterinary Surgeon, clamours aloud for more. But the chief difficulty is, as I have mentioned before, to get the non-coms to train the men, for what avails a bed of clay if there be a dearth of potters? Some ingenious souls have been making a small fund of beer-money by enlisting at all available recruiting offices, thoughtfully drawing a day's pay at each, but a liberal use of the telephone is now limit-

ing their more profitable activities. I am more interested to see the stages of training than the actual recruiting, and a seaside camp I have discovered provides opportunities for observation. It is amazing to note the development and improvement in gentlemen who were in the highest degree of that class, so tactfully described by Gilbert as "imperfect abolitioners." One small draft in particular I have watched; they travelled down with me one Saturday; the "thirds" were full, and a harassed lance-corporal and five large but stooping men whose presence was perceptible by other senses than sight and touch, settled themselves in my carriage, informing an unmoved landscape, as we went, that it was a "long, long way to Tipperary," in five distinct keys, mostly minor. The next time I saw them it was they who were harassed by the lance-corporal who, as he told me afterward, was "sweating 'em for their good."

Each week-end there was a difference, and the lance-corporal, who is, by the way, a Rugged Blue of some note, has sent them out, cleaner and straight-backed, to spread the light to rawer rookies than themselves. The "lance" is now a full-blown subaltern, as efficiency and education are quick promoters in these days. "It's a gorgeous life," he told me as we sat in clear sunshine on the windy down. "at first it tired me no end, and my feet were very bad; rugger isn't a circumstance to this everlasting marching, but I'm fit as a fiddle now and the men are shaping beautifully. Of course it's a bit tough for a fellow with no training, but they're all so keen they soon get fit. You saw that mouldy lot I brought down the other day—why four of 'em have got stripes now. Y'see I had to work 'em over a bit. I recruited them myself. Funny thing—" and he stopped smiling. "What's the jest?" I asked.

"Well, I was going to fetch—er—someone from a charity concert in the East-end just before I came down, and a couple of roughs came out at me and made a grab for my chain. Of course they weren't very fit, and—well, I told them they could choose between the police station or the recruiting office, and let them go."

"Let them go?" said I. "It's a wonder you saw them again."

"Oh, they turned up all right, and hanged if they hadn't brought three pals, about as sweet as they were; so I got 'em in with our lot and fetched 'em down; I'm off." And he went down the hill, whilst I thought that the deeds of French's army are not so surprising; if the stuff they are made of is this stock.

Blackberry Blankets.

Blankets are the great need of our soldiers at the moment, both at the front and in the great camps of preparation here; and as I went over the hill home I came across a small, but sure source of supply. A number of children were busily engaged filling baskets with the berries. Torn frocks and little scratched arms and legs gave evidence of much industry, whilst stains in plenty showed that all the fruit did not find its way into the baskets. The small maidens in charge of the party told me that their mothers purchased all they could gather and the hard-earned pennies were then spent on buying blankets for the soldiers. I like to think that Mr. Atkins, on his return from Berlin, will be able to partake of that same blackberry jam that purchased him the blankets he valued so much in the bleak German winter. I hope you in Canada have sent your men off well provided for the winter weather, and if you should feel your consciences prick you on that score, I know the Editor of the "Courier" will see that any that reach him are sent swiftly to the proper quarter. You see what it is to be generous—you are always asked for more. Canada has proved herself the prodigal daughter of the Empire, prodigal of men and food and money, prodigal of loyalty and love.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Less "Baiting" of Railways

AMERICAN railways are receiving more sympathetic treatment from public bodies. The agitation, for instance, against the consolidation of the Lake Shore with the New York Central system has failed to get the support of the Public Service Commission. But the chief event to test the change in official attitude towards the business of transportation will be the re-hearing of the application of Eastern roads for increased freight rates, which opened on the 19th. Should this result in a favourable decision, the credit of American railway issues will receive a most helpful uplift. Public opinion in the United States, as a result of the war, is learning a lot about the interlocking of credit, and realizing that what discredits such a tremendous enterprise as their transportation business reacts on the credit of all industries.

Ogilvie Flour Mills

THE Ogilvie Flour Mills Co. is one of the pioneers in its field. The Company itself was formed in 1902 to take over the old-established business of the W. W. Ogilvie Milling Co., and since that time there has been a steady expansion, the most recent addition being a new mill erected at Medicine Hat. After the formation of the company, in 1902, the assets were very carefully valued, and the Montreal properties, real estate and water powers, were entered on the books at exactly one-half their valuation. Since that time extensive additions have been made to the property list, and the value of the company's real estate has considerably increased, notably at Winnipeg and Montreal, but the book values have not been materially altered. The company's issues have thus proved most satisfactory investments. The annual statement for the year ending Aug. 31st last showed in comparison with the last two years, as follows:

	1914.	1913.	1912.
Profit	\$581,943	\$576,734	\$521,431
Bond int.	132,000	105,000	105,000
Balance	\$449,943	\$471,734	\$416,431
Pref. div.	140,000	140,000	140,000
Balance	\$309,943	\$331,734	\$276,431
Com. div.	200,000	200,000	200,000
Surplus	\$109,943	\$131,734	\$ 76,431
	\$582,466	\$642,217	\$510,482
Written off	\$582,466	\$642,217	510,482
		169,694
Total surplus	\$582,466	\$472,523	\$510,482

Western Canada Flour

THE annual report of the Western Canada Flour Mills Co., just issued, shows an increase of profits, which this year total \$315,246, compared with \$283,293 the previous year. During the year the Company has increased its stock issue from \$1,500,000 to \$2,124,700, so that the amount of earnings does not show quite as high a rate on total capital as for the previous year. The increased capital has gone into investments expanding the Company's interest, but from this a full year's benefit, naturally did not appear in the financial results. The surplus in profit and loss account increased over \$60,000 as a result of the twelve months' operations, and now totals \$760,215.

Brazilian Traction Dividend

DIFFICULTIES of exchange caused anxiety as to the feasibility of transferring funds from Brazil to Canada to enable the Brazilian Traction Co. to meet payment of its usual quarterly dividend in November. All anxieties have been relieved by the declaration at a meeting of directors, at which Dr. F. S. Pearson and Mr. H. M. Hubbard of London both attended. The only change made is that the payment is set for Dec. 1st, instead of Nov. 20th. Through operations in the export coffee trade the Company has been able to transfer funds on a much better basis of exchange than has been nominally quoted in London. Cables from Brazil indicate that both cities, Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo, are meeting existing conditions more satisfactorily than the Brazilian Government itself. The latter is preparing a funding scheme to meet foreign liabilities now past due. Both the city of Rio de Janeiro and the state of Sao Paulo have both met their liabilities when they accrued. During the first six months of this year there was steady growth in the industrial consumption of electric current in both cities.

International Clearing House

IMPORTANT results in the Sterling Exchange market are expected from the visit to America of Sir Geo. Paish and other representatives of the British Treasury. While improvement in reference to the cotton situation is one of the aims, and a general understanding with New York bankers may result from this visit, there has been some suggestion that outstanding indebtedness between belligerents might to some extent be cleared through such a neutral market as New York.

Current Observations

COMPARE the positions of Canada and Brazil. The latter country has been compelled to delay even payment of interest due by the Government, to adopt a paper currency and an extensive moratorium. The market for one of Canada's raw materials, which has been closed, is the German market for asbestos. But this is some other country's opportunity. Why not Canada's? Just as electrical manufacturing companies are capturing the home market for lamps which Germany supplied. Don't forget that money has been obtained to continue railway construction in the West. The policy of fixing minimum prices for dealings in mining stocks has brought instructive developments. It has permitted a gradual clearing off of necessities selling, and now prices of the more substantial securities, such as Hollinger, have actually advanced to about the level of June.

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MANY A MAN

well up in the social and commercial worlds to-day, is credited with having "Plenty to live on," but there is another side to the question. Has he enough to die on? An entirely different phase, for while a man alive may be making a salary upon which he and his family can get along quite comfortably, if he should die his salary would stop instantly, and what has the family left to fall back upon? Often practically nothing. Here is where the crying need of adequate Life Assurance protection is most clearly shown.

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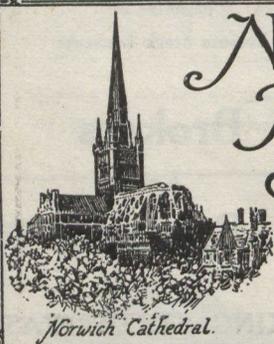
AN individual as executor is mortal. No matter how great his fidelity, his ability, and his experience, he is sure to die some day. In appointing a personal executor, therefore, you should not overlook the possibility that he may die before all your estate is distributed as your will directs.

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Calendar of the War

(Concluded from page 12.)

Land in German New Guinea.

September 26.—Fighting in France is again mainly on the two extremities of the battle line, and is still inconclusive, although the enemy is driven back. The Russians push their advantage in Galicia, and establish their position on the railway to Cracow.

September 27.—Marked progress is reported at the front, bayonet charges being broken by the British, who inflict heavy loss on the Germans. An initial success is scored by the South African force under General Botha.

September 28.—Details are issued by the Admiralty of the British and German losses in shipping since the outbreak of the war, the German tonnage detained or captured being 1,140,000 tons (387 ships), and the British 229,000 tons (86 ships).

September 29.—Germans bombarded Antwerp first line of defence, Serbians recaptured Semlin. Admiralty announces sinking of four British steamships and a collier by the German cruiser Emden.

September 30.—French occupy Seicheprey. Fort Waelhem, one of the strongest of the Antwerp forts, partially destroyed by Germans. The Russians have reoccupied Augustowe, and are rumoured to have completed the establishment of a Russian Government at Lemberg.

October 1.—Officially announced that the Indian contingent landed in France. French reported to have won at Roye. Germans are advancing on three sides of Antwerp. Germans counter-attack in Japan.

October 2.—No longer any Germans on left bank of Meuse. German attempts to cross Scheldt at Termonde are repulsed. Rumoured that Russians took 30,000 Germans and killed in Suwalki and Lodz.

October 4.—French report progress in the Soissons district, and the Woluwe district. President Poincare leaves for the battle front. Germans claim to have invested Termonde. Russians say they have recovered all the ground they lost at Allenstein.

October 5.—French claim to have repulsed attacks on Meuse Heights. Germans say they have taken three of the Antwerp forts, and say they routed the Russians at Nieuwru River. British arrive to help at Antwerp. Russians capture Taruon. China protests against violation of her neutrality.

October 6.—German attack on Lassigny repulsed. Reported that Winston Churchill is in Antwerp conferring on defence. Austrians report defeat of Prussians in Hungary. Russians say they have crossed the border and are bombarding German fortifications.

October 7.—British submarine sank a German destroyer off the Elbe mouth. Unofficial report says the capital of Belgium is now Ostend, not Antwerp. Germans say that two more Antwerp forts have surrendered. Germans have abandoned the bombardment of Ossowitz. Reported mobilization of Roumania.

October 8.—Things look blacker for Antwerp. Other forts have fallen. Russians are reported near Thorn, and they are advancing in Hungary. Germans reported to be leaving Lille. Tsing-Tau's fall cannot long be delayed.

October 9.—Antwerp holds out bravely, but German bombardment is severe. Allies now steadily pushing Germans back into Belgium. New British army reported to be en route from Ostend to Antwerp. Three British aviators drop bombs on Dusseldorf Zeppelin sheds.

October 10.—German submarine destroys Russian armoured cruiser "Pallada" in the Baltic. Germans claim to have occupied Ghent, and also to have routed French cavalry

at Lille. Allies now in offensive along most of the front. Austrians have succeeded in raising siege of Przemysl.

October 11.—Antwerp still holding out; inner forts giving way; King Albert slightly wounded; east and west investment undertaken; the Scheldt is crossed and the railway from Antwerp to Ghent is closed. Von Boehm being pushed back into Belgium; great cavalry engagement between Lille and the sea; strong reinforcements being thrown into Belgium by way of Ostend and Dunkirk; Zeppelin airship at Dusseldorf destroyed by Col. Marix and a squadron of British aeroplanes dropping bombs. Cable despatch reports tremendous activities in the Krupp armament works and the German mines and blast furnaces.

October 12.—Sunday, it was reported that Antwerp was in imminent danger of falling. The Belgian Government removed to Ostend. King Albert remained at the head of his troops in Antwerp.

October 13.—News of the surrender of Antwerp confirmed. The garrison escaped, some to Ostend, some, including 2,000 British marines, interned to Holland where they were disarmed, being in a neutral country. The Germans thus had Antwerp on the extreme right as a fortified base and as a possible naval and airship base for a rumoured invasion of England. It was discovered that among the garrison were several German spies disguised as British officers who gave valuable information to the besieging force.

October 14.—Lille occupied by a German army corps. Belgian Government moved to Havre in France. Germans advance within 27 miles of Ostend. Germans claim all Poland west of the Vistula. Austria retires five prominent generals. Petrograd denies that siege of Przemysl has been abandoned. Boer commando under Col. Maritz revolts in the north-west Cape province.

October 15.—Ypres in France occupied by Franco-British force. Germans occupy railroad stations at Eschen on Dutch border and come within 15 miles of Ostend. Berlin rejoice over capture of Antwerp, and claims that Russians were repulsed from all but a few outlying forts at Przemysl. Petrograd claims to have beaten back Germans between Warsaw and Zvangorod and to have taken 10,000 prisoners, 40 guns and a number of Maxims in the Sawalkiregrin.

October 16.—Allies captured Estaires and made considerable advances in the Wolvre and between Arras and Albert. Headquarters of German Emperor moved further into France. Petrograd claims that Russians broke through German offensive, drove them back twenty miles along the Vistula, and took 20,000 prisoners. Union forces in South Africa capture 80 of the rebels under Maritz.

October 17.—British cruiser Hawke sunk by a German submarine near Aberdeen. Four hundred of the crew were lost; lieutenant-commander, three warrant officers and 69 of the crew saved. French occupy Laventie near Lille; left wing acting between Ypres to the sea. They also take Famescamps, south-west of Arras; 1,500,000 Germans and Austrians engaged against Russians between Warsaw and Zvangorod, along the Vistula, the San and the Dneister.

October 18.—British Mosquito fleet led by the Undaunted, commanded by Captain Cecil H. Fox, sunk four German destroyers off the Dutch coast. Only 34 Germans survive. The British lost one officer and four men. The Allies checked the German advance on Calais and Dunkirk by recapturing Armentieres. The German right wing is in great danger. Von Klux reported as being replaced in command there by the Kaiser.

The Trouble-Trail

(Continued from page 8.)

taking chances at faro. With a Moose Creek man for a partner against two men from Wade he sat in at a game of poker in a quiet corner. So lucky he was that the Wade men went broke and gave up their chairs to a pair of Eagle freighters with full pokes. In the shift of partners Casmar had opportunity to tilt back his own chair and idly survey the room. His eyes roved carelessly back and forth over the hard-bitten visages of the old-timers and suddenly fixed with startled recognition on the face of a tenderfoot sitting two tables distant. The tenderfoot was an American, very young and very drunk, in tailored clothes. With a Last Chance man for a partner he was playing against Juneau George and Juneau George's working mate, Frisco Ramsford.

On the instant that he recognized the boy, Casmar had a wild desire to leave the Lucky Strike. But the rules of the game forbade him. He had cleaned out the two Wade Creek men. He had to give the Eagle men a chance to clean him out. So Bryce pulled his fur cap low over his eyes and trusted to that and the huge collar of his mackinaw coat to act as a disguise against the tenderfoot's blank stares. For an hour the disguise held good. The music and shuffle of the dancing floor, the drone of the man who spun the roulette wheel, the rattle of chips and the whisper of the pasteboards went on.

Casmar heard the youth's voice wander up to maudlin heights, and he played his hands wickedly, with many furtive glances of irritation and anxiety. Then, as he studied his cards for a raise, a table was overturned behind, and he whirled round with the rest.

It was the tenderfoot's table, and the tenderfoot stood upon unsteady feet, shaking his fist in Juneau George's face.

"You robber! You skunk!" he denounced. "You pulled that ace from the bottom!"

"You lie!" snarled Juneau George. With wonderful swiftness the youth's hand snapped out.

"Take that!" he cried. Juneau George shrieked to the sting of a volley of chips thrown squarely in his eyes. His hand reached under his parka, but powerful fingers on his wrist jerked the hand away, and he looked up into the menacing face of Casmar.

"You're not drawing, Juneau!" Bryce warned.

As swiftly as he had grasped it, he released the other's wrist and stepped back a pace, his own right hand snuggling suggestively against his side with the thumb looped in over the loose front of his mackinaw coat.

Juneau George didn't draw. But he glowered malignantly at Casmar.

"Why in thunder'd you butt in?" he demanded.

"Because it looked like trouble for the boy, and I'm strong on the trouble-trail."

"Well, all I got to say is: look out you don't get stopped short on your trouble-trail!" growled Juneau George, rising and stalking off to the faro layout on the other side of the room.

Casmar grasped the boy's arm. "You'd better leave Moose Creek Camp quick," he advised. "And, turning apologetically to his late friends of the play, "we'll finish that game again, boys. I'll have to take charge of the kid now."

"Sure, Casmar, any time you're not busy!" they acquiesced, as Bryce led the youth outside.

In front of the shed where his male-mutes were housed Casmar stopped, picked up a huge gloveful of powdery snow, and dashed it in the boy's face. The snow-bath had a sobering effect, and the tenderfoot began to stammer out his gratitude.

"Say, I—I want to—to thank—"

"Shut up!" interrupted Casmar.

"How'd you get into Moose Creek Camp?"

"My name's Hasselgreaves, Marvin Hass—"

"I know it is! How'd you get into Moose Creek Camp?"

"Sis and I just came north to visit my dad. He's at Forty-Mile Post."

"Yes."

"Well, sis went right through, but I stopped off at Eagle City. I came over here with the Eagle freighters."

"To make a thundering fool of yourself, I suppose?"

"N—no! You see, my dad has some Moose Creek claims that are good. The freighters told me of one I could buy right alongside his. So I came over with them. I had a thousand of my own. I thought I'd do something for myself and surprise dad."

"You've done it, haven't you?" demanded Casmar, harshly. "And he'll sure be surprised, won't he? Where is that thousand?"

Young Marvin covered his face with his hands.

Casmar swore softly as he pulled his sledge forth from the shed, threw the harness on his malemutes, and traced them up.

"Get on!" he ordered, and clutched Marvin under the armpit with such force that he almost threw him upon the sled.

"Can you hang on?" he asked. "Or do I have to tie you on?"

"I—I can hang on," decided the thoroughly abashed youth. "But where are you taking me?"

"Taking you? I'm taking you to the kindergarten where you belong—over at Forty-Mile Post!"

III.

CASMAR hurled his malemutes down-river even faster than he had driven them up. His long whip spoke continually, and he never stopped to talk. Only, at times he turned his ear to the back-trail, listening attentively. Juneau George was a sullen, treacherous character, and there was the possibility of his following them in an endeavour to make good his threat.

By the dim light of the stars and silver aurora they rocked past Brown and Bear Creeks and at midnight came to the mouth of the Forty-Mile River. On the outskirts of the straggling camp Casmar pulled up abruptly.

"Here's the Post," he announced. "Think you'd have been able to make it yourself?"

"Not to-night," confessed young Hasselgreaves, getting up off the sledge. "Even if I had have got out of that fracas at Moose Creek!"

"You wouldn't have got out of it," Casmar assured him. "Juneau George would have fixed you. He's that kind. Plugs tenderfeet from the front and sneaks up behind a sourdough's back. But I'm leaving you here. This trail's the main street. Go up it past Ransome's Rest saloon till you come to the N.A.T. & T. store on the corner. Turn that corner to the right. Your father's is the sixth cabin from the corner."

"But look here," protested Marvin, whom the swift ride through the frost had done much to sober, "I can't let you go like this. You pulled me out of a nasty hole. What's your name?"

Casmar understood that if there had have been enough light young Marvin would have known without asking. He was sober enough now to recognize him, but Casmar did not want that recognition.

"Name?" he echoed. "They call me the bad man, because I'm always on the trouble-trail. And that's a road you'd better stay off, boy. Pull yourself up short, good and short. I know a fellow of your set down South who started the way you're starting, and, well,—there was a girl in it, too. They crossed words one day, and he was so thundering stiff in the neck that he wouldn't go to her and patch things up. Instead, he hit the North, and he's been raising general and particular Cain ever since. He sure was a plague and a pestilence in the Canadian Forty-Mile until to-day!"

"He died, eh?" ventured Marvin.

"No, he was outlawed," explained Casmar, whirling his sled about.

As he straightened out his string of malemutes, there sounded from up

The Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, Ltd.

Thirteenth Annual Report of the Directors of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, Limited, for the Year Ended 31st August, 1914.

The Annual General Meeting of the shareholders of The Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, Limited, was held at the head office of the Company, in Montreal, on 8th October, 1914, Mr. C. R. Hosmer, President, in the Chair.

Among those present were: Mr. C. R. Hosmer, Mr. W. A. Black, Sir Montagu Allan, C.V.O.; Mr. H. S. Holt, Mr. A. M. Nanton, Mr. W. R. Baker, Mr. Shirley Ogilvie, Mr. C. R. Black, Mr. George E. Drummond, Mr. W. H. Evans, Mr. Charles Chaput, Mr. G. M. Heath, Mr. W. P. Fogarty, Mr. S. A. McMurtry, Treasurer, Mr. G. A. Morris, Secretary.

The President submitted the following report, and moved its adoption: A Balance Sheet, showing the Assets and Liabilities of the Company, also profits for the year, is submitted.

The Company's accounts have been audited by Messrs. Creak, Cushing and Hodgson, Chartered Accountants, whose report is presented herewith.

The issue of \$600,000 six per cent. First Mortgage Bonds, which were known as Series "C," the proceeds of which were used towards the cost of the Medicine Hat flour mill and elevators, were disposed of during the current year.

The Company's flour mill and elevators at Medicine Hat have been in successful operation during the year, and are proving to be a wise investment both as regards profits and for the protection of the Company's Western and Pacific business.

The Company's flour mills, elevators and other properties are in first-class condition. Most liberal expenditures are constantly being made to keep them up to the most modern standard of efficiency.

The usual dividends have been paid during the year on the Preferred and Common Stock.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

(Signed) CHAS. R. HOSMER, President.
October 8th, 1914.
Mr. W. A. Black, Vice-President and Managing Director, in speaking of the report, said:

If we except the month of August, when the War started, conditions have been normal, sales in the domestic and export markets being quite up to the average, notwithstanding increased competition; and you will note a substantial margin over dividends and fixed charges has resulted.

During the year all our plants have been carefully gone over, and the cost of all renewals and upkeep has been written off as usual against earnings.

Whilst the harvest in our Northwest has not resulted in as large a crop as the preceding year, the quality in the main is satisfactory, and the total monetary return should equal, if not exceed, that of last year. Some considerable area suffered very severely from drought and heat, but the Dominion Government has taken the matter in hand, and are furnishing Feed where necessary to enable those requiring assistance to prepare the land this Fall and seed for Spring sowing. It is to be hoped that the farmers will make the most of the present opportunity to put under seed the greatest possible area, for owing to the War the demand for grains of all kinds will be very great from this side of the Atlantic, and prices are likely to remain on a high level for at least another crop year. Our recent advices from the West indicate that this policy is being carried out by our farmers, and favorable weather has prevailed for Fall ploughing.

The following gentlemen were elected Directors of the Company for the ensuing year:

Sir Montagu Allan, C.V.O.; Mr. W. A. Black, Mr. Charles Chaput, Mr. George E. Drummond, Mr. C. B. Gordon, Mr. H. S. Holt, Mr. C. R. Hosmer, Mr. A. M. Nanton, Mr. Shirley Ogilvie.

And Messrs. Creak, Cushing and Hodgson were appointed Auditors.

At a subsequent meeting of Directors the following officers were appointed: Mr. C. R. Hosmer, President; Mr. W. A. Black, Vice-President and Managing Director; Mr. S. A. McMurtry, Treasurer; Mr. G. Alfred Morris, Secretary; Mr. J. R. W. Papineau, Assistant Secretary.

BALANCE STATEMENT, 31st AUGUST, 1914.

ASSETS.	
Cash on hand and at Bank	\$ 54,684.67
Bills Receivable	68,584.55
Open Accounts Receivable after making full provision for all Contingencies	1,549,829.50
Stocks on hand of Wheat, Flour, Oatmeal, Coarse Grain, Bags and Barrels	1,234,379.14
Stables, Plant, Barges and Office Equipment	49,470.00
Investments	197,050.28
Current Assets	\$3,153,998.14
Real Estate, Water Powers and Mill Plants in Montreal, Winnipeg, Fort William and Medicine Hat; Elevators in Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan; Property in St. John, N.B., and Ottawa, as at 31st August, 1913	\$5,891,407.88
Added during year for additions to Mill at Medicine Hat, Warehouse at Calgary, Interior Elevators, etc.	236,202.04
Investments for Officers' Pension Fund	6,127,609.92
Goodwill	25,591.75
	1.00
	<u>\$9,307,200.81</u>

LIABILITIES.	
Bank of Montreal	\$ 863,885.51
Accounts Payable	823,367.79
Provision for Bond Interest and Dividends to date	120,250.00
Current Liabilities	1,807,503.30
Officers' Pension Fund	67,231.05
First Mortgage Bonds	2,350,000.00
Capital Account—Preferred Stock	2,000,000.00
Capital Account—Common Stock	2,500,000.00
Profit and Loss Account	
Amount at credit 31st August, 1913	\$ 472,522.84
Net Profits for year	581,943.62
	<u>\$1,054,466.46</u>

Less:	
Interest on A and B Bonds	\$1,750,000
Interest on C Bonds (9 months)	600,000
Dividends on Preferred Stock	2,000,000
Dividends on Common Stock	2,500,000
	<u>6,850,000</u>
	472,000.00
	<u>582,466.46</u>
	<u>\$9,307,200.81</u>

Indirect Liabilities:
Customers' Paper under Discount

\$ 584,242.00
We have audited the Books of the Company for the year ended 31st August, 1914, and certify the above to be a correct statement of the affairs of the Company at that date as shown by the Books.

CREAK, CUSHING & HODGSON, C.A.,
Auditors.
September 24th, 1914.

To the Shareholders of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, Limited,
Montreal.

Gentlemen,—We beg to report that we have audited the Books of the Company in Montreal, Winnipeg, Fort William and Medicine Hat for the year ended 31st August, 1914, verifying the Cash and Bills Receivable on hand, the Bank Accounts, and the Accounts Receivable.

The Stocks on hand of Wheat, Flour and Supplies are valued on a most conservative basis and are certified as to quantity by the Superintendents of the various Mills, confirmed by the Mill reports.

Ample provision has been made for all Contingencies in respect of Customers' Open Accounts, and while no provision is made for general depreciation, a large sum has been expended on Improvements to the Plants, and charged against the earnings of the year.

(Signed) CREAK, CUSHING & HODGSON, C.A.,
Auditors.

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the Forty-Mile River the crunch and whine of sledge runners. Instantly Casmar drew his team off the river into the shadow of a cabin wall near the bank, and the rushing outfit from up-river launched past at full gallop, taking the main trail through the camp.

"That's Juneau George," growled Casmar. "I know his dogs. Hudson's Bays! He's looking for you, and I'd better see you round the N.A.T. & T. corner."

The lights of Ransome's Rest glared on Casmar's outfit as it swung by. Casmar was watchful, but, although no figure appeared outside the log building, there came the bark of a Colt's and the spang of shattered glass.

A fiery heat stung Casmar across the side of the head under his fur cap, and he went suddenly to sleep in the middle of the street.

IV.

WHEN he woke, young Marvin Hasselgreaves and Sergeant Silgarde were regarding him. He lay, propped up on pillows, in the curtained bedroom of Forrest Hasselgreaves' cabin, and he stared in bewilderment at the two beside him.

Sergeant Silgarde grinned at his bewilderment. "Forrest's gone for the doctor and Lunetta's making bandages," he informed. "But you don't need either doctor or bandages. Just a scalp-grazer you got! And they

stun some, eh? First time anyone ever reached you, Bryce, but that's Juneau George's way—shooting through a window. Juneau didn't know I was in Ransome's or I guess he'd have held his hand a bit. He found out, though. Grabbed him before he could pull again!"

Casmar put out a fist to grip Silgarde's.

"Sergeant, you're sure considerate of outlaws!"

"Maybe I am and maybe I'm not, Casmar. You see you don't happen to be one any more. That dago Crossetti had a lot tougher constitution than we thought. He's going to get better. Makes a difference, doesn't it? The Canadian Forty-Mile is open to you again as long as you be good!"

"Oh, I'll answer for his being good!" exclaimed a voice behind.

Marvin and the Sergeant turned about to see Lunetta, the bandages in her hands, coming swiftly across the cabin floor. There was a thrill in her voice, a light in her eyes, such as only one thing awakes in a woman, and the way her hands stretched out to Casmar left no doubt as to the cause. Her haste was equalled only by Silgarde's as he drew young Marvin out into the main room.

"Son," the Sergeant observed, "Casmar's sure at the end of his trouble-trail. Forty-Mile has lost its bad man and gained a law-abiding citizen!"

Our Empire's Honour

(Continued from page 6.)

was acting in pursuance of a most sacred right, the right to defend your own home. But they were not in uniform when they shot. If a burglar broke into the Kaiser's palace at Potsdam, destroyed his furniture, shot down his servants, ruined his art treasures, especially those he made himself—(laughter and cheers)—burned his precious manuscripts, do you think he would wait until he got into uniform before he shot him down? (Laughter.) They were dealing with those who had broken into their households. But their perfidy has already failed. They entered Belgium to save time. They have not gained time, but they have lost their good name.

The Case of Serbia.

BUT Belgium was not the only little nation that has been attacked in this war, and I make no excuse for referring to the case of the other little nation—the case of Serbia. The history of Serbia is not unblotted. What history in the category of nations is unblotted? The first nation that is without sin, let her cast a stone at Serbia—a nation trained in a horrible school. But she won her freedom with her tenacious valour, and she has maintained it by the same courage. If any Servians were mixed up in the assassination of the Grand Duke, they ought to be punished. Serbia admits that. The Servian Government had nothing to do with it. Not even Austria claimed that. The Servian Prime Minister is one of the most capable and honoured men in Europe. Serbia was willing to punish any one of her subjects who had been proved to have any complicity in that assassination. What more could you expect?

What were the Austrian demands? She sympathized with her fellow-countrymen in Bosnia. That was one of her crimes. She must do so no more. Her newspapers were saying nasty things about Austria. They must do so no longer. That is the Austrian spirit. You had it in Zabern. How dare you criticize a Prussian official? And if you laugh it is a capital offence. The colonel threatened to shoot them if they repeated it. Servian newspapers must not criticize Austria. I wonder what would have happened had we taken up the same line about German newspapers. Serbia said: "Very well, we will give orders to the newspapers that they must not criticize Austria in future, neither Austria, nor Hungary, nor anything that is theirs." (Laughter.) Who can doubt the val-

our of Serbia, when she undertook to tackle her newspaper editors? (Laughter.) She promised not to sympathize with Bosnia, promised to write no critical articles about Austria. She would have no public meetings at which anything unkind was said about Austria. That was not enough. She must dismiss from her army officers whom Austria should subsequently name. But these officers had just emerged from a war where they were adding lustre to the Servian arms—gallant, brave, efficient. (Cheers.) I wonder whether it was their guilt or their efficiency that prompted Austria's action. Serbia was to undertake in advance to dismiss them from the army—the names to be sent on subsequently. Can you name a country in the world that would have stood that? Supposing Austria or Germany had issued an ultimatum of that kind to this country. (Laughter.) "You must dismiss from your army and from your navy all those officers whom we shall subsequently name." Well, I think I could name them now. Lord Kitchener (cheers) would go. Sir John French (cheers) would be sent about his business. General Smith-Dorrien (cheers) would be no more, and I am sure that Sir John Jellicoe (cheers) would go. (Laughter.) And there is another gallant warrior who would go—Lord Roberts. (Cheers.)

It was a difficult situation for a small country. Here was a demand made upon her by a great military power who could put five or six men in the field for every one she could; and that power supported by the greatest military power in the world. How did Serbia behave? It is not what happens to you in life that matters; it is the way in which you face it. (Cheers.) And Serbia faced the situation with dignity. (Loud cheers.) She said to Austria: "If any officers of mine have been guilty and are proved to be guilty I will dismiss them." Austria said: "That is not good enough for me." It was not guilt she was after, but capacity. (Laughter.)

Then came Russia's turn. Russia has a special regard for Serbia. She has a special interest in Serbia. Russians have shed their blood for Servian independence many a time. Serbia is a member of her family, and she cannot see Serbia maltreated. Austria knew that. Germany knew that, and Germany turned round to Russia and said: "I insist that you shall stand by with your arms folded whilst Austria is strangling your little brother to death." (Laughter.) What answer did the Russian Slav

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give? He gave the only answer that becomes a man. (Cheers.) He turned to Austria and said: "You lay hands on that little fellow and I will tear your ramshackle empire limb from limb." (Prolonged cheers.) And he is doing it. (Renewed cheers.)

History of Little Nations.

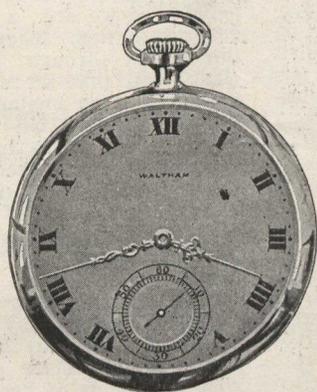
THAT is the story of the little nations. The world owes much to little nations (cheers) and to little men. (Laughter and cheers.) This theory of bigness—you must have a big empire and a big nation and a big man—well, long legs have their advantage in a retreat. (Laughter.) Frederick the Great chose his warriors for their height, and that tradition has become a policy in Germany. Germany applies that ideal to nations. She will only allow six-foot-high nations. (Cheers.) The greatest art of the world was the work of little nations. The most enduring literature of the world came from little nations. The greatest literature of England came from her when she was a nation of the size of Belgium fighting a great empire. The heroic deeds that thrill humanity through generations were the deeds of little nations fighting for their freedom. Ah, yes, and the salvation of mankind came through a little nation. God has chosen little nations as the vessels by which he carries the choicest wines to the lips of humanity, to rejoice their hearts, to exalt their wisdom, to stimulate and to strengthen their faith, and if we had stood by when two little nations were being crushed and broken by the brutal hands of barbarism our shame would have rung down the everlasting ages. (Cheers.)

But Germany insists that this is an attack by a low civilization upon a higher. Well, as a matter of fact the attack was begun by the civilization which calls itself the higher one. Now, I am no apologist for Russia. She has perpetrated deeds of which I have no doubt her best sons are ashamed. But what empire has not? And Germany is the last empire to point the finger of reproach at Russia. (Hear, hear.) But Russia has made sacrifices for freedom—great sacrifices. You remember the cry of Bulgaria when she was torn by the most insensate tyranny that Europe has ever seen. Who listened to the cry? The only answer of the "higher civilization" was that the liberty of Bulgarian peasants was not worth the life of a single Pomeranian soldier. But the rude barbarians of the north, they sent their sons by the thousands to die for Bulgarian freedom (Cheers.)

Tribute to the German People.

WHAT about England? You go to Greece, the Netherlands, Italy, Germany, and France and all these lands could point out to you places where the sons of Britain have died for the freedom of these countries. (Cheers.) France has made sacrifices for the freedom of other lands than her own. Can you name a single country in the world for the freedom of which the modern Prussian has ever sacrificed a single life? (Cheers.) The test of our faith, the highest standard of civilization, is the readiness to sacrifice for others. (Cheers.) I would not say a word about the German people to disparage them. They are a great people; they have great qualities of head, of hand, and of heart. I believe, in spite of recent events, there is as great a store of kindness in the German peasant as in any peasant in the world, but he has been drilled into a false idea of civilization (hear, hear)—efficiency, capability. But it is a hard civilization; it is a selfish civilization; they would not comprehend the action of Britain at the present moment. They say so. "France," they say, "we can understand. She is out for vengeance, she is out for territory—Alsace-Lorraine. (Cheers.) Russia, she is fighting for mastery; she wants Galicia." They can understand vengeance, they can understand you fighting for mastery, they can understand you fighting for greed of territory; they cannot understand a great Empire pledging its resources,

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pledging its might, pledging the lives of its children, pledging its very existence to protect a little nation that seeks for its defence. (Cheers.)

God made man in His own image, high of purpose, in the region of the spirit. German civilization would re-create him in the image of a Diesel machine—precise, accurate, powerful, with no room for the soul to operate. That is the higher civilization. What is their demand? Have you read the Kaiser's speeches? If you have not a copy, I advise you to buy it, they will soon be out of print—and you won't have any more of the same sort again. (Laughter and cheers.) They are full of the clatter and bluster of German militarists—the mailed fist, the shining armour. Poor old mailed fist—its knuckles are getting a little bruised. Poor shining armour—the shine is being knocked out of it. (Laughter.) But there is the same swagger and boastfulness running through the whole of the speeches. You saw that remarkable speech which appeared in the British Weekly this week. It is a very remarkable product, as an illustration of the spirit we have got to fight. It is his speech to his soldiers on the way to the front.

Remember that the German people are the chosen of God. On me, on me as German Emperor, the Spirit of God has descended. I am His weapon, His sword, and His Vicegerent. Woe to the disobedient. Death to cowards and unbelievers.

There has been nothing like it since the days of Mahomet. Lunacy (laughter) is always distressing, but sometimes it is dangerous, and when you get it manifested in the head of the State and it has become the policy of a great empire it is about time it should be ruthlessly put away. (Cheers.) I do not believe he meant all these speeches, it was simply the martial straddle which he had acquired. But there were men around him who meant every word of it. This was their religion:—Treaties: they tangle the feet of Germany in her advance; cut them with the sword. Little nations: they hinder the advance of Germany; trample them in the mire under the German heel. The Russian Slav: he challenges the supremacy of Germany in Europe; hurl your legions at him and massacre him. Britain: she is a constant menace to the predominancy of Germany in the world; wrest the trident out of her hand.

A Diet of Blood and Iron.

MORE than that, the new philosophy of Germany is to destroy Christianity — sickly sentimentalism about sacrifice for others, poor pap for German mouths. We will have the new diet, we will force it on the world. It will be made in Germany—(laughter)—a diet of blood and iron. What remains? Treaties have gone: the honor of nations gone; liberty gone. What is left? Germany—Germany is left—Deutschland uber Alles. That is all that is left. That is what we are fighting, that claim to predominancy or a civilization, a material one, a hard one, a civilization which, if once it rules and sways the world, liberty goes, democracy vanishes, and unless Britain comes to the rescue and her sons it will be a dark day for humanity. (Loud cheers.)

We are not fighting the German people. The German people are just as much under the heel of this Prussian military caste, and more so, thank God, than any other nation in Europe. It will be a day of rejoicing for the German peasant and artisan and trader when the military caste is broken. (Cheers.) You know his pretensions. He gives himself the airs of a demi-god walking the pavement—civilians and their wives swept into the gutter; they have no right to stand in the way of the great Prussian Junker. Men, women, nations—they have all got to go. He thinks all he has got to say is, "We are in a hurry." (Laughter.) That is the answer he gave to Belgium. "Rapidly of action is Germany's greatest asset," which means, "I am in a hurry. Clear out of my way." You know the type of motorist, the

terror of the roads, with a 60-h.p. car. He thinks the roads are made for him, and anybody who impedes the action of his car by a single mile is knocked down. The Prussian Junker is the road hog of Europe. (Loud cheers.) Small nationalities in his way hurled to the roadside, bleeding and broken; women and children crushed under the wheels of his cruel car; Britain ored out of his road. All I can say is this. If the old British spirit is alive in British hearts that bully will be torn from his seat. (Prolonged cheers.) Were he to win it would be the greatest catastrophe that befel democracy since the days of the Holy Alliance and its ascendancy.

"Through Terror to Triumph."

THEY think we cannot beat them. It will not be easy. It will be a long job. It will be a terrible war. But in the end we shall march through terror to triumph. (Cheers.) We shall need all our qualities, every quality that Britain and its people possess—prudence in council, daring in action, tenacity in purpose, courage in defeat, moderation in victory (cheers)—in all things faith, and we shall win. (Cheers.) It has pleased them to believe and to preach the belief that we are a decadent, degenerate nation. They proclaim it to the world, through their professors (laughter), that we are an unheroic nation skulking behind our mahogany counters, whilst we are egging on more gallant races to their destruction. This is a description given to us in Germany—"a timorous, craven nation, trusting to its Fleet." I think they are beginning to find their mistake out already, and there are half a million young men of Britain who have already registered the vow to their King that they will cross the seas and hurl that insult to British courage against its perpetrators in the battlefields of France and of Germany too. And we want half a million more, and we shall get them. (Cheers.)

But Wales must continue doing her duty. I should like to see a Welsh Army in the field. (Cheers.) I should like to see the race who faced the Normans for hundreds of years in a struggle for freedom, the race that helped to win Crecy, the race that fought for a generation under Glendower, against the greatest captain in Europe—I should like to see that race go and give a taste of its quality in this great struggle in Europe. And they are going to do it. I envy you young people your opportunity. They have put up the age limit for the Army. But I have marched, I am sorry to say, a good many years even beyond that. But still, our turn will come. It is a great opportunity. It only comes once in many centuries to the children of men. For most generations sacrifice comes in drab weariness of spirit to men. It has come to-day to you—it has come to-day to us all in the form of the glory and thrill of a great movement for liberty that compels millions throughout Europe to the same noble end. It is a great war for the emancipation of Europe from the thrall of a military caste which has thrown its shadows upon two generations of men and which has now plunged the world into a welter of bloodshed and terror.

Promise of the Future.

SOME have already given their lives. There are some who have given more than their lives, they have given the lives of those who are dear to them. I honor their courage, and may God be their comfort and their strength. Those who have fallen have died consecrated deaths. They have taken their part in the making of a new Europe—a new world. I can see signs of it coming through the glare of the battlefield. The people of all lands will gain more by this struggle than they comprehend at the present moment. They will be rid of the greatest menace to their freedom.

That is not all. There is another blessing, infinitely greater and more enduring, which is emerging already out of this great contest—a new patriotism, richer, nobler, more exalted than the old. I see a new recognition amongst all classes high and



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low, shedding themselves of selfishness—a new recognition that the honor of a country does not depend merely upon the maintenance of its glory in the stricken field, but in protecting its homes from distress as well. It is a new patriotism which is bringing a new outlook over all classes. The great flood of luxury and of sloth which has submerged the land is receding, and a new Britain is appearing. We can see, for the first time the fundamental things that matter in life, and that had been obscured from our vision by the tropical growth of prosperity.

May I tell you in a simple parable what I think this war is doing for us? I know a valley in the north of Wales between the mountains and the sea—a beautiful valley, snug, comfortable, sheltered by the mountains from all the bitter blast. It was very enervating, and I remember how the boys were in the habit of climbing the hill above the village to have a glimpse of the great mountains in the distance, and to be stimulated and freshened by the breezes which came from the hill tops, and by the great spectacle of that valley. We have been living in a sheltered valley for generations. We have been too comfortable, too indulgent, many, perhaps, too selfish, and the stern hand of fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the great everlasting things that matter for a nation—the great peaks of honor we had forgotten—Duty, Patriotism, and—clad in glittering white—the great pinnacle of Sacrifice, pointing like a rugged finger to Heaven. We shall descend into the valley again, but as long as the men and women of this generation last they will carry in their hearts the image of these great mountain peaks, whose foundations are not shaken though Europe rock and sway in the convulsions of a great war. (Prolonged cheers.)

Distance No Drawback.—Harry Lauder tells a story about Rab McBeth, a friend of his, who went up to Glasgow once to see a brother off to America. They said good-bye on board, and then Rab went ashore, and as the great ship slowly drifted away from the quay Rab continued to shout parting words of advice and encouragement to his brother standing on the deck.

"Good-bye, Wull! Buck up, Wull! See an' behave yersel!"

Every time he shouted the ship was a little farther away, and Rab accordingly kept raising his voice more and more. The other people who were shouting good-byes were dumbfounded, and their good-byes were hopelessly drowned in the roar of Rab's voice. When the ship was about half a mile away Rab let himself go with a final tremendous shout:

"Mind and write hame, Wull!"

A man standing near went up and touched Rab's arm.

"If Wull doesn't write when he gets to America," he suggested, "you should just shout across to remind him."—The Argonaut.



The Law of Opposites.

"I'd never marry you!" she said, and positively shook her head;
 "Your hair is dark, and so is mine, Our eyes with rival azures shine;
 Our skins both hold the selfsame hue, And I am thin, and so are you;
 We're far too much alike," said she—"You'll have to go away from me!"

"I know a girl across the street," I answered, "who is very sweet;
 Her hair is gold, her eyes are brown, Her cheek is soft as thistle-down.
 She is my opposite in all— I guess you're right—I'll go and call."
 "You'll go and call on Her?" said she—"What? And you'd go away from Me?"
 —Cleveland Plain Dealer.



Too Bad.—The New Maid—"In my last place I always took things fairly easy."
 Cook—"Well, it's different here. They keep everything locked up."—Tit-Bits.



Disappointed.—An old Scotch couple from the hills decided to visit a moving-picture show on their visit to Glasgow, due largely to the flaming posters which announced "The Battle of Waterloo." As they came out Donald's dissatisfied expression caused his wife to ask: "Whit's wrang noo? Did ye no like 'The Battle o' Waterloo'?" "Waterloo!" the husband grumbled. "D'ye no' ken my grandfeyther fought at Waterloo, an' I didna see him at a' in any o' they pictures."



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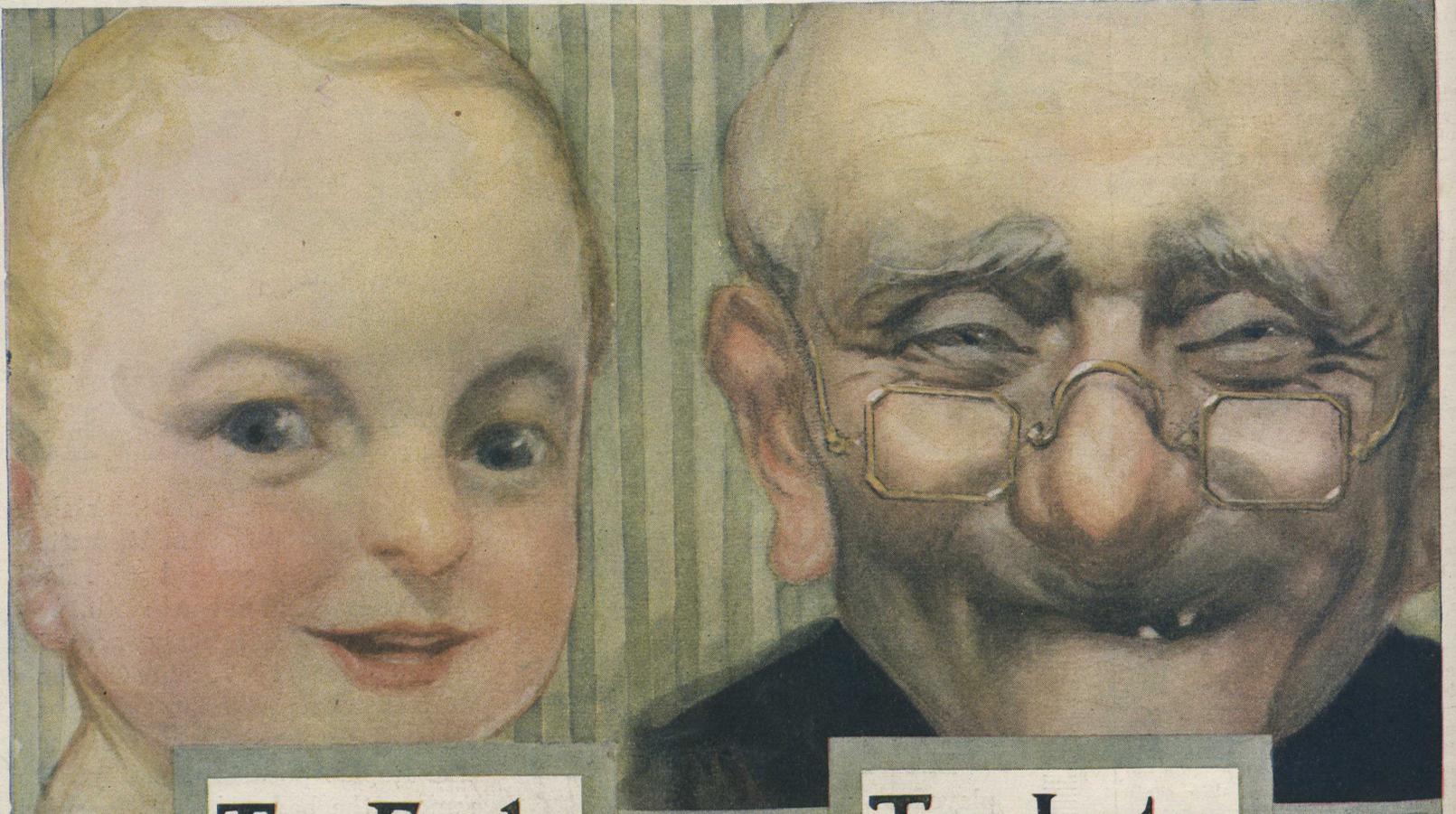
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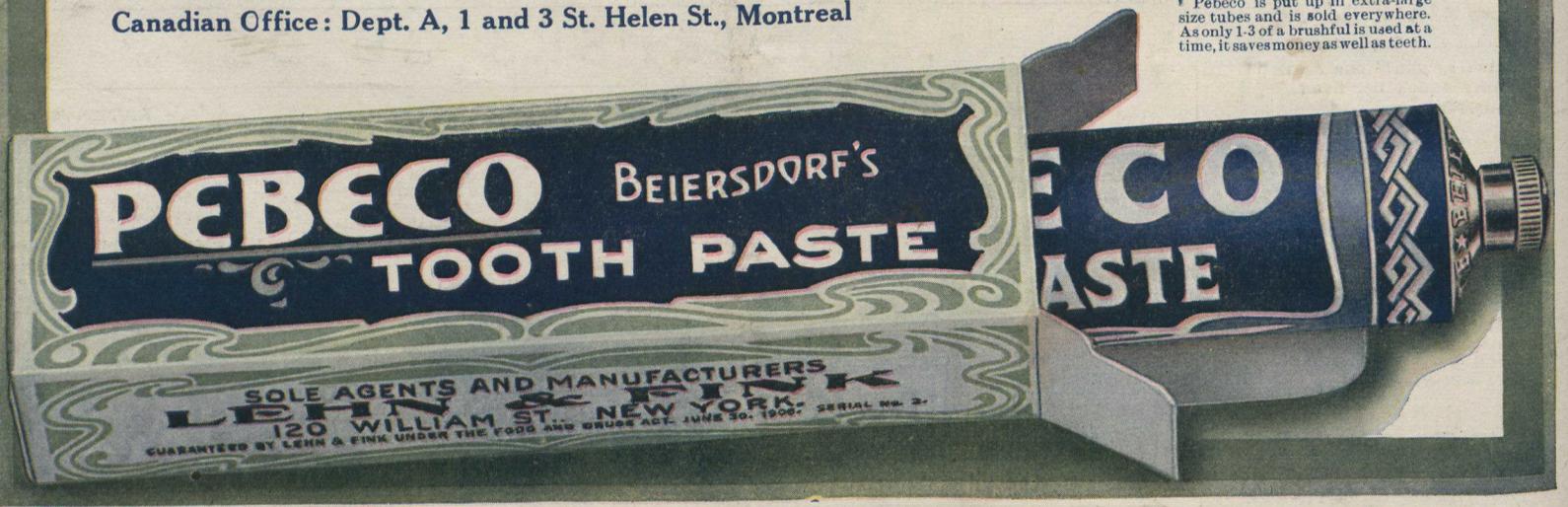
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