

THE CANADIAN COURIER



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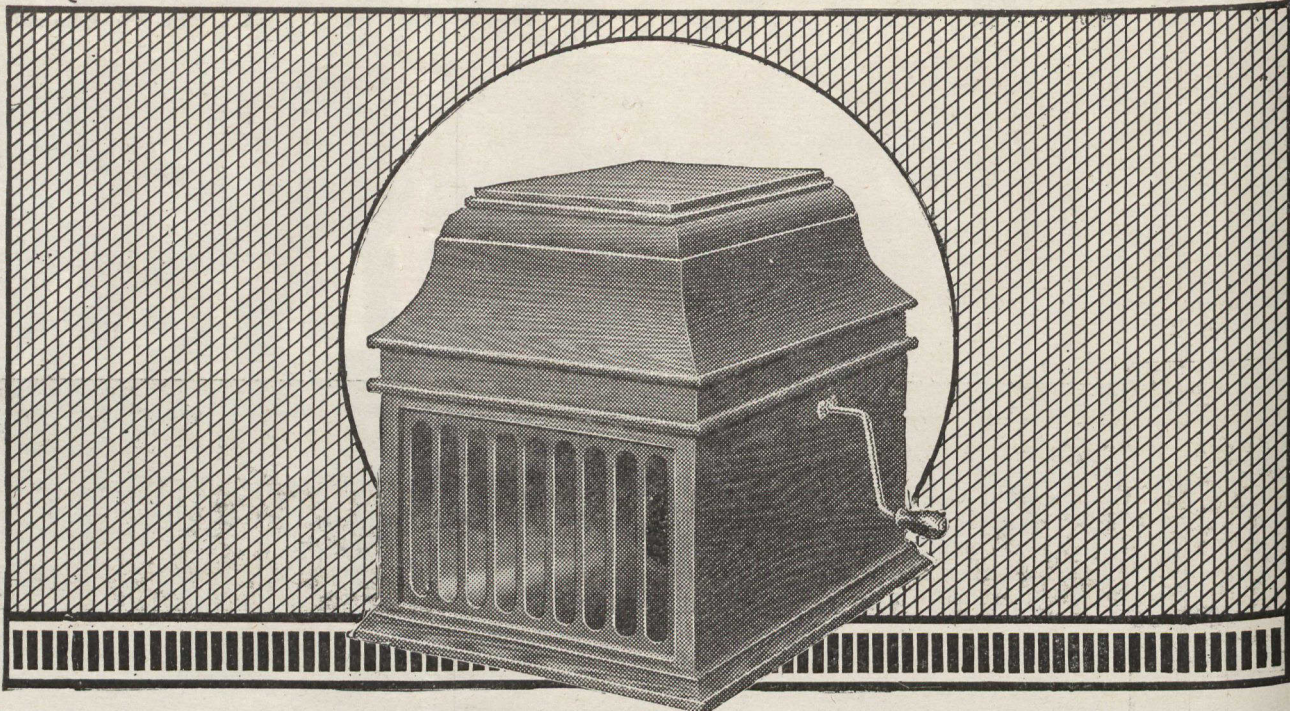
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The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



Vol. XVIII.

September 18th, 1915

No. 16

PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS

Sidelights on What Some People Think the World is Doing

CZAR NICHOLAS is now generalissimo on land and sea. There have been photographs of the Czar and the Grand Duke Nicholas, his cousin; and the Czar up against the giant looked very wan and puny and just a little scared, you might think. Also many years ago there was a photograph of Bismarck and the present Kaiser, which looked very much like the popular dog picture, Dignity and Impudence. It looked absurd that the slim lath of a Prince could ever oust the super-man Bismarck. To many it may seem quite as ridiculous that the little Czar should fill the boots of the Grand Duke. But the Czar may surprise the world. He certainly has the loyalty of the Grand Duke; and the pro-German influences in Russia will be clean rooted out when it's Czar against Kaiser. In which case we re-echo the last line of the Russ national anthem—"Long live the Czar."

HENRY FORD has won the admiration of all America and a good part of the world for his practical wisdom in conducting business on a profit-sharing basis. Just before the war he was summoned to the White House to help President Wilson discover the psychological reason of hard times. Since the war his factories have been busier than ever. Now he sets aside a million dollars to be used in a campaign against war, would have every soldier wear a badge labelling him as a murderer, offers a large cash prize for a history of war "that shall not make demigods of soldiers," and has kept all of his 20,000 employees but ten men from joining the National Guard. By the same token, perhaps, Mr. Bryan drives a Ford car.

AT last the only national wonder of the world we have is to be taken down. The leaning tower of Pisa held its place among the sacred seven wonders a good while. But the cracked and crumbling tower over the Royal Victoria Museum in Ottawa had begun to give Pisa a hard run for popular interest. According to Hon. Robert Rogers' investigation by experts, this monument to Laurier is unsafe and must come down before it begins to fall through the roof, damaging our national works of art. It was no longer possible to patch up the tower as they do with English cathedrals. The stooping tower of art was not built that way. Liberal optimists may have hoped that the tower would stand as long as the Tory Government. But the tower is to be taken down by the Tories.

HEROISM in this war is for the most part unrecorded. Much that is least talked about in the newspapers is of the grim variety. That doctor at the Dardanelles who lost both legs and was left on the field and, himself as near death as a man could be, crawled from man to man of the wounded men about him doing what he could to relieve their sufferings—is a greater and grimmer hero than he ever could seem to be if he had got the Victoria Cross. That kind of heroism transcends all human decoration, because it is the next thing to the inspired action of a god.

DR. CABANES, a French scientist of high repute, has written a history of the Hohenzollerns. In his title he calls this monarchical outfit "Une Dynastie de Degeneres!" The book has special reference to the Kaiser, whom he traces down from the Great Elector 1688 through a pretty direct line of monstrosities cropping out in his son Frederick, whose chief regret was that he could not behold his own funeral; in Frederick William I, who tried to kill his own son by his own hands and the fantastic experiment of producing giant soldiers by forcibly marrying his gigantic guards to the

biggest women he could find; again in Frederick the Great, who taught that a king is above all law; his nephew, Frederick, a visionary; and on down by direct descent to the present Emperor, in whom the House of Hohenzollern comes to a climax of moral degeneracy. It seems about time the Hohenzollern dynasty went on the international scrap-heap.

DERNBURG, DUMBA AND CO. have been doing a fine line of business in the United States. Dr. Dernburg, the Kaiser's press agent, has been deported as an undesirable alien. Dr. Dumba, the Austro-Hungarian ambassador, is to follow suit.

HIS BACK TO THE ENEMY



The only time a British soldier turns his back to the enemy is when he is using his pocket periscope. This is a simple little instrument consisting of two mirrors at right angles, and arranged so that it can be adjusted to a sword or a bayonet and held above the parapet of a trench without danger to officer or private.

Washington does not like Dernburgs and Dumbas. "Sorry you didn't like my friend Dernburg," says the Kaiser. "Tastes differ. Shall I send you another?" "Sorry you don't appreciate my representative Dumba," says the Emperor Franz Josef. "But I can find plenty of work for him at home. By the way, there are a number of able gentlemen in Austria whose acquaintance you have not made. Let me

know the kind of man you would like to experiment with, and I may be able to accommodate you."

The trouble with the Dernburgs and Dumbas is that they carry on their experiments with United States diplomatic psychology instigated by their own governments, and when it comes to bringing these international meddlers up with a short turn, the governments of Germany and Austria are not held responsible. We must conclude that Dernburg and Dumba are both submarines.

THOSE who knock about freely in the music and studio life of London and Paris say that Mdme. Clara Butt, the great English contralto—now Mrs. Kennerly Rumford—was the real original of Trilby. Perhaps when Trilby was written, in 1894, or thereabouts, the super-contralto of magnificent proportions may have suited Du Maurier's notions of what Trilby was. She herself thought so, for she is said to have struck Trilby attitudes on the platform in order to make a hit. Time works changes. The contralto is still great. But any Svengali who should undertake to hypnotize the Clara Butt of the present day would need to hypnotize the audience to make them believe he was doing it.

ANDREW CARNEGIE, arch-pacifist and iron-master, please take notice. Be not discouraged, Andrew, Laird of Skibo. There is still peace in the world. Your illustrious friend Wilhelm the Kaiser is still working for peace. A year ago now you may have doubted this, when he began to devastate Europe. At that time you were too old to look with complacency on the destruction of property that to rebuild would make a boom in iron and steel. You had built the million-dollar Peace Palace at The Hague, and it began to look like a peaceable white elephant. Take hear O peace propagandist. The white elephant is not dead. Lo and behold, your peace-worshipping War Lord has offered to submit two cases to The Hague Tribunal. One is the indemnity over the unspeakable horror of the Lusitania. The other is the question of whether or not the Arabic intended to ram the U boat that sunk her without warning. So if you will abandon Skibo and open up the Peace Palace at The Hague, you may have a nice, comfortable time keeping on fyle the questions which the Kaiser, having smashed all international laws, is now willing to submit to the tribunal of international law. And when the Allies have finished the war, these questions may come up as it was in the days of old.

SENATOR HUMBERT speaks out once more like a man in prophesying victory for French 3-inch guns and the Allies against the guns of the Germans. It was Senator Humbert, member of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, who before the war made the revelations about French boots and French unpreparedness for a great war. He now writes for the Associated Press a statement of victory which for real perspicacity based upon observation goes the orations of Premier Viviani one better. He says:

"I have heard that a German officer boasted that the troops of the Kaiser would take Calais whenever they willed, by 'paying the price,' which he set up as 50,000 killed. This boast is silly. The Germans can pay our terrible three-inch guns a bloody price of 50,000 or 500,000 men if they please without getting anywhere. France in any case has had for centuries the genius for artillery. Once more she has given a proof of this in her marvelous three-inch guns, which no German cannon anywhere near approaches in perfection."

This is some of the best practical proof yet to hand of what France is doing.



Six binders drawn by a "caterpillar" engine did the harvesting this year on the 4,160-acre Crowfoot Farm in Southern Alberta. The six binders mowed down the crop in a 48-foot swath. The cost of the binders and engine alone would be equal to the value of a good crop on a fair-sized farm.

FIGHTING THE BATTLES OF WHEAT

News of our Great Agricultural Army Now Operating in the Grain-fields

OCTOBER, 1915, will see the greatest drive ever set in motion in this country. By that time the biggest wheat crop ever produced in Canada will be on the march out from the prairies to the markets of Great Britain. An army of farmers is behind the movement. The farmers of the West this year will have somewhere in the neighbourhood of 200,000,000 bushels of wheat to move out of the country by rail and water, thousands of miles to the British consumer and the armies in the trenches of France and Flanders.

The total crop of all grains estimated this year for the country west of the Great Lakes varies from 537,000,000 to 566,000,000 bushels. Of this, about two-fifths in bulk, quite half in weight and much more than half in value will be wheat. The lowest mean average of the rosier estimates gives the West nearly 100,000,000 bushels more wheat this year than last. It is the wheat that moves out. And it is the increase in the wheat bushelage that will make the transportation in Canada this year the most complicated labour of Hercules Canada ever had.

Call it Patriotism and Production, or just plain production—or paradox. But it happens that just when we have the most wheat to move we have in sight the least machinery for moving it beyond the terminal elevators. In all probability, before navigation closes, 100,000,000 bushels of grain will have been railed to the spout of the hopper at the great lakes terminals. From past experience, less than half this amount can be carried down the lakes and out to Canadian ports. The balance will have to get an outlet through American ports just about the time when the belated billion-bushel wheat crop of the United States sets on its grand march out.

THERE is no doubt about the capability of the box car and railway end of our transport system to handle this colossal cumulative mass of wheat. The tie-up must occur at the Montreal and eastern elevators. Our ships are not as numerous as they were in the years when we had less wheat to export. Many of them are busy transporting troops and munitions of war. The war can't wait. Some of the wheat must. Joffre and French and Kitchener will not declare a war holiday in order to get Canadian wheat across the Atlantic. Steamship companies can't move the wheat fast enough without sufficient ships. Governments must act. The Canadian Premier has already said that facilities would be provided to move Canada's record crop. He does not say what facilities. Negotiations are said to be under way. As the Imperial Government has requisitioned Canadian ships for war purposes, will it also provide other ships for wheat purposes?

Time will tell. Meanwhile, the farmer army is busy speeding up the movement that will tax the capacity of railways and steamships and elevators and corporations and governments. That army began the movement last fall in extra fall ploughing. It took it up again this spring with more and more

By **NORMAN S. RANKIN**

gasoline tractors and horse teams than ever were known before. Nature joined the movement with the finest series of crop-making weather programmes ever seen in that grain empire 800 miles east to west and 350 miles south to north. There were bad weather zones, but they were scattered and did not materially affect the output.



In this sea of Marquis Wheat, 320 acres in one field, the heads were six inches long.

The season opened earlier than usual. "Precipitation," as the scientists call it, began in good time. At one time optimists joined with pessimists in predicting an overplus of rain. The weather wizard, Foster, from across the line, gave out a dark intimation that not a binder would be in operation west of the great lakes. Foster was fooled. Ceres, the crop god, chose a psychological moment when old

Sol was put into commission to ripen the grain that was headed out on a total grand area of 20,589,023 acres. For three weeks at the most critical time most of the grain belt had good weather.

And it was a vast empire of grain heads—wheat, oats, barley and flax—raved about by experts and amateurs of all descriptions. Some of the wheat-fields of the West are too immense to be well seen with the naked eye except from a roof. The old joke about the farmer starting off to plough came true many a time. "Why does he bid his family good-bye?" asked the tenderfoot. "Oh, he's going off to plough and he won't be back till next week," was the reply. "You see, it takes a week out here to go from one end of a furrow to the other and back again."

A trifle exaggerated; but some of these farms are of fabulous size—4,000 acres and more. They have come right to the front this year. In Alberta, just to be specific, there are a few of these plantations: George Lane's—cattle-breeder and old-timer; Pat Burns, the cattle king; the Noble farm at Nobleford; the Crowfoot farm in the Irrigation Block.

AND it was on these big farms that the grand rush of the binder machine reached the dimensions of a spectacle. It was a hungry year for binders. "My kingdom for a binder," shouts the agricultural Richard III. "Binders, binders—more binders." On the Crowfoot farm, six binders got out behind a caterpillar locomotive that looks like one of those German siege guns in transit. They cut a swath 48 feet wide—eight feet to a binder, that if pulled by horses would take two teams.

Binder twine became an immediate problem. Bushelage and straw had increased with intensive farming. Ordinary years some of these fields took two pounds of twine to the acre. This year they took three and a half pounds. From a place called Taber, in Alberta, comes the information that in some cases six pounds of twine was needed for an acre. Saskatoon has been fetching in twine by carload lots to supplement the under estimates of the farmers.

It was the highest average of crop ever known and the greatest record of individual big crops. In Alberta the average jumped from 20.19 bushels to 23 bushels. Individual crops went as high as 40, 50 and even 54 bushels. Estimates of from 30 to 50 bushels per acre have come in from all parts of both provinces. In the Irrigation Block, close to Calgary, the estimates are even greater than these. "Without doubt," said Immigration Commissioner J. Bruce Walker, after a tour of the West, recently, "both as regards quantity and quality, it is the finest crop I have ever seen." Mr. Walker is conservative in his statements, and knows thoroughly what he speaks about.

To get down to the small farms, intensively cultivated, and their yields. It is conceded that Bob Comer, who came in from Colorado State last year, and took up an irrigated farm in the Bassano Colony,

has on the land where he last year raised 400 bushels of potatoes to the acre, a crop of Marquis wheat, estimated by beet-growers from all over the country, to run 60 bushels per acre, at least. At Medicine Hat, a crop of 36 acres in the Wolchester District yielded 54 bushels to the acre, and Lethbridge now raises its estimate of grain yield from 30 bushels to 35. Eliminating the water-optimism from all these statements, we are conservatively able to deduct a crop yield considerably in excess of anything the West has yet produced.

"What will the crop be?" is the question that thousands are asking. Figure it out yourself from the government's estimates. But do not forget that the crop area of Western Canada is roughly 800 miles long by 350 wide—a huge territory to generalize about. Vice-President Bury of the C.P.R. says 240,000,000 bushels of wheat, and another competent authority raises him 10,000,000. A great amount of new land, hitherto uncultivated, has this year been brought under crop, owing to a great extent, to the efforts made by the Canadian Government to encourage further cultivation to feed the warring allied nations. A conservative estimate of the additional land under cultivation is 10 per cent.

And the men to harvest this crop? For the first time in history the West sends men east. British Columbia has sent its unemployed down to the prairies to gather the wheat, oats, barley and flax. And some of the soldiers who have not yet gone to the front are helping the Empire on the battlefields of harvest.

REPORTS from all parts of Western Canada more than two weeks ago indicated harvesting well to completion, with threshing in swing at many parts. In Alberta, cutting first began at Lethbridge, winter wheat, on August 5, while in Saskatchewan, the information to hand is that it commenced at Dundurn on August 9, Marquis wheat, and at Wolseley with Prelude wheat, on the same date.

For the Western Canadian farmer is—to use a term that has recently become familiar—fully mobilized. He can take the field at an instant's notice and in force. Waiting the order to advance, whole batteries of machines were drawn up in line, and not very far behind them, the heavy artillery, the threshing machines, are now being examined and repaired, every wheel being oiled, every part assembled, everything in readiness; while the elevators, the fortresses that are to hold the prisoners, have been overhauled and put in order so that their capacity shall be equal to the demand. This was the situation a month ago; to-day, the army, the machines, and the elevators are at work—and overtime—even on Sunday.

One further fact is worthy of notice. Fertile soil with water and sunshine will produce crops. The West has the fertile soil and the sunshine, and this year it has had what will probably prove to be the record rainfall for thirteen years. During the months of April, May, June and July more rain fell in Southern Alberta than during the whole of last year. In that district the rainfall last year totalled 10.18; to the end of July this year it was 11.47. In spite of the floods that took place in July, and which it was feared would wash out the crops in many places, the biggest crop in the history of the West is being realized.

Speaking in Winnipeg last week, Hon. Frank Cochrane, Minister of Railways, confirmed what

Sir Robert Borden had previously said about the provision of ships adequate to transport the export crop. Sir Robert had told him that complete arrangements had been made to handle all wheat seeking an outlet until the end of September.

"After that," he said, "further arrangements will be made. The Admiralty will release more ships, as they are required for this purpose, and I do not anticipate any difficulty. It is a question, however, of how much wheat will be offered. At present the farmers may not want to sell."

Whether farmers choose to sell or not in great quantities at present, the fact remains that the wheat must be got out before next harvest.

The Man Who Would Not

By NORMAN PATTERSON.

BEFORE the war, if you asked a young man to go into training as an officer in the militia, he would not.

Before the war, if you asked a rich father to encourage his son to do the hard work of a lieutenant in the militia, he would not.

Before the war, if you asked an employer of labour to give ten per cent. of his men two weeks' holiday to go to "camp" to get their annual drill, he would not.

Before the war, if you sought subscriptions to buy band instruments, cookers, machine guns for hard-drilling volunteer regiments, the man with money to spare would not.

Before the war, if you asked a Canadian mother to encourage her son to learn rifle-shooting, so that if danger ever threatened he would be able to take his share of home defence, she would not.

Before the war, if you suggested to a County Council or a City Council that it should give an annual grant to the local regiments within its boundaries, they would not.

Before the war, if you argued with a University President that there should be military training at every university, because a large supply of citizen army officers would do away with the necessity of a standing army, he would not.

Before the war, Lord Strathcona established a fund for the physical training of school-boys. Dr. James L. Hughes tried to induce the school-inspector in every county in Canada to encourage his teachers to earn part of this fund, but he would not.

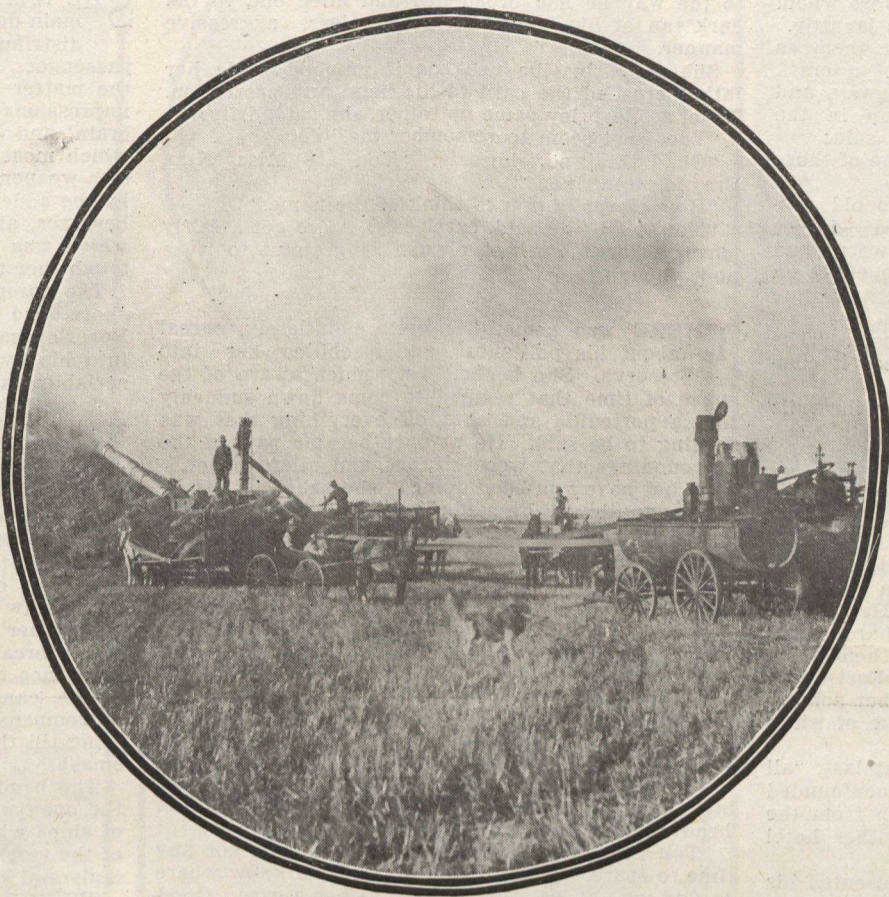
Before the war, when the students of government suggested that more business-like methods of administration should be introduced into the government departments at Ottawa, the member of Parliament laughed and would not.

Before the war, if you suggested that the physical and moral qualities of the people were more important than minerals and fisheries and pulp-wood, and stocks, and real estate, and general money-making, the man who heard you dubbed you a dreamer, and he would not.

Before the war, when an intelligent citizen was asked to think over the situation and try to make up his mind as to whether he should put his citizenship before his partisanship, he would not.

Before the war, if the average citizen was asked to admit that his wife, his daughter, his sons and his wealth, belonged to the State if the State chose to call upon him to surrender them, he would not.

Since the war, Canada has got a new view of herself and her citizens a new view of their citizenship. This is the most remarkable feature of the war-period—not the number of soldiers nor the bushels of wheat, but the transformed Canada.



Bringing up the heavy artillery. Threshing wheat, thousands of bushels a day, at Indian Head, Saskatchewan.



Wheat loaded by a stock machine is dumped out like a load of gravel for threshing, at Pense, Sask.

THE CHOICE—By VANCE PALMER

A Love Story Full of Psychology and Oriental Colour

THE sampans were plying backwards and forwards across the water like small insects disturbed, and the cries of the boatmen rang out as they parried with one another in re-
partee. As the big liner with the red funnels slipped about her; when she hove to the effect was that of a carcass surrounded by busy ants. But the Bluff towered over her, dwarfing her as everything else beneath it—the rambling town, the narrow-throated streets choked with the petty commerce of the East, and the rippling stretch of water on which the sunlight lay.

From the door of his shop, Beverley could see more sampans loosing themselves from the wharf and heading out, while two or three motor launches with flags trailing astern fretted about busily. Such a stir seemed out of keeping with the lazy heat of the

afternoon, and the temper of the town. Even in the main street and in the palm-shaded walk above people lounged about with lazy indolence, or lay back in their rickshaws as if enough effort were to be found in watching the automatic movement of their coolies' legs. There was something in Beverley's fibre that kept him from slipping into the sloth and softness of the East, and a look of impatience flitted across his face as he glanced up and down the street.

"Confound that boy," he said to himself. "He ought to have been back an hour ago. The young waster is playing fan-tan in some side-street or other, I'll guarantee. Perhaps I'd bet'er go myself."

He bit the end off a fresh cigar, and made his way down to the Bound. At the nets in the playing-ground near the water a few young men in flannels were languidly knocking about the balls that the pigtailed Chinese boys tossed up to them; it seemed

to him that the boys were the only ones to get any amusement from the activity. He slipped into a sampan at the stone landing-place, and the old man sitting huddled up over a bowl of rice sprang quickly to the swivel oar in the bows.

"I'm not likely to meet anyone I know," was the thought that flicked through Beverley's brain as they moved off.

Yet it was that likelihood more than anything else that kept him from leaving his cards personally on most of the liners that entered Hong-Kong roadstead. He had stepped out of his social caste deliberately, and it did not hurt him to know that when his name filtered through the casual smoke-room talk it was handled carelessly; that he was looked upon as a unit of the scattered clan of "Gentleman—Once." That point of view was easy to laugh away, for the hardness in his fibre that had kept him clear of eye,

firm-muscled, and free from all the flabbiness that the East smears upon the weak, had also made him insensitive. It mattered nothing to him that as curio-dealer he was looked down upon by a handful of men he despised. There were others though before whom it would not be so easy to carry himself as jauntily.

The big hull of the liner towered over them as they tossed about in their cockle-shell of a craft. There were traders hurrying up the gangway, and passengers coming down. Somewhere up in the spaces of the main-deck an excited voice said:

"Oh, dad, I should like to go ashore in one of those sampans."

The person addressed, a stout, choleric old gentleman with a white helmet and coloured glasses stirred slightly in his deck chair. The worry and bustle of going ashore seemed to have an effect on one or more of those elaborate illnesses he had come East to combat.

"Don't be foolish, Nina," he said, brusquely. "The launch will be here directly. Can't you see it coming, Mac?"

The tall, dark man who was lounging by the rails said, slowly:

"Yes—it's coming now."

IT edged up silently feeling its way to the bottom of the gangway. The girl leaning over the side was absorbed in watching a family sampan in which an almond-eyed baby played about, securely tied to the mast by a coil of rope, while a couple of fowls clucked in a cage at the bows. Her brown eyes were full of interest, but it was hardly this or any other particular thing that made them glow, nor was it the scent and colour of the East. She stood tapping one of the lower rails with her pointed shoe, and the wind billowed out her blouse of white silk that was cut low at the neck.

"Come along, Nina," said her father, at last, "all the rest are going. I don't believe that confounded steward has brought my dressing-case up from the cabin. . . . Hallo, what's this? Another hotel advertisement?"

Beverley had come up the deck and presented his card.

"No," he said, briskly. "Just a reminder that if you want some rare old china it can be had at that address. I don't want to brag, but we have opportunities of acquiring it that others haven't. We have a buyer continually in the interior, and he knows every bit of pottery that's worth having from Lhasa to Newchwang—"

He went on talking in an extravagant style that was not habitual to him, for just then he particularly wanted to feel at ease. Under the deck-awnings he stood, big and voluble in his white ducks and yachting-cap, a rather cynical smile twisting his lips, as if he were listening to some automatic cheap-jack,

while the girl watched him strangely. He did not once glance at her, though every nerve and fibre of him seemed aware of her gaze. As for Nina, her brain seemed chiefly alive to physical impressions, to the way he had broadened and filled out, to the dark tan of his face, and his careless, aggressive manner.

She stood by the rails as if numbed while her father crushed the card in his hand and passed on. Then, as Beverley came up to her, she said, drily:

"You don't seem to remember me."

"Oh, I think so," he said. "You are Miss Nina Brayne, aren't you?"

"How clever of you to think of the name."

"Not at all," he said, carelessly. "I've got a fairly long memory. I'm not always as grateful to it as now, though."

THERE was something quite pointlessly unreal about his politeness, and it chilled her into reserve. She became very much aware of the space of time that seemed to come down suddenly like a portcullis and shut off everything that was waiting to be said. He at once became part of the surroundings that were strange and alien to her.

"What have you been doing?" she asked, at last.

"Oh, anything," he said, flippantly. "At present if you want any china or old curios, I can fit you out. I don't think I happen to have a catalogue with me."

He felt in his pockets, and there seemed something ironic about his action.

"Mac's here," she said, quickly. "He travelled over with us."

"Naturally."

"It was just by chance he happened to join the same boat. He had to take a six-months' holiday or risk a break-down. I think he's looking after the baggage now."

She glanced over to where the stewards were fussing about with suit-cases and hand-luggage at the head of the gangway.

"Tell him I'd like to see him when he's got any time to spare," he said, abruptly. "He'll know where to find me—at least I gave your father a card. Good-bye for the present. I may happen to see you again before you leave."

There was a sting in his bow, and the cool way in which he sauntered off.

Her face was flushed as she rejoined her father, who was sitting himself in the launch and adjusting his smoked glasses.

"Who was that?" he asked, "you seemed to know him, Nina."

She looked out absently over the strip of dancing water.

"Mr. Beverley," she said, "a friend of Mac's. He came East four or five years ago."

"Beverley," he said, thoughtfully. "Beverley? Ah, yes, I remember. That young man who—well, well, I suppose it's no good raking that up now."

SHE re-arranged her skirts and looked up at the main deck where Beverley was wandering about distributing his cards among the few remaining passengers. He seemed unconcerned and intent upon the matter in hand. In truth, there was a host of impressions busily sorting themselves out in his brain, and combining with that fund of cynicism which most men carry secretly hidden in their soul as a weapon for their own protection. He was struck by the added sincerity and depth that had come into her eyes, and the lack of that provocative coquetry which was once so apparent, but time might have taught her that the most effective art conceals itself.

The sampans were now scurrying towards the shore, and the last passenger had left the decks. Beverley sauntered down the gangway, and slipped into his own boat, lying back in the bows and scribbling a note as they headed towards the shore.

"I must see Mac," he thought. "There's no reason at all why he should try to dodge me."

And when the string band was playing that night in a little cafe overlooking the water, he strolled in and took his seat near the window. He was wondering a good deal how Mac would look, and whether there was any possibility of resuming that close friendship that had knit together their boyhood. The thin mist of his cigar-smoke quickened his vision, and he saw again the two of them in knickers fighting each other's battles doggedly; then at college together breaking the same rules and burning the same allowance of midnight oil frantically just before the exams. came; then again as young men setting out in company for the long struggle, careless of anything till the irony of things brought about the final smash.

The band was playing an airy waltz, and through the open window he could see the lights of a score of ships winking across the water. The soft fingers of the tropic night seemed to touch all things caressingly and lay a spell upon them.

"Well, Phil," said a voice behind him.

He turned round to see Mac standing there, looking uncomfortable and ill at ease, inclined to a forced and exaggerated geniality. It made him stiffen himself unconsciously.

"Well," was all he could say.

They sat down together, and the Chinese boy hurried up with a trap and glasses. The talk that followed was about trivial things, and they watched each other closely as men do who know that their words are divorced from the reality of their thoughts. Mac's thin, dark face had become lined and furrowed, and his eyes were a little restless.

(Continued on page 17.)

GERMANY'S TASK IN RUSSIA

Another Optimistic Article Based Upon Sound Military Observation

By COL. F. N. MAUDE, C.B.

MY last article pointed out some of the difficulties which beset the further progress of the Germans into Russia, as a preliminary for examining the probability of any transfer of considerable forces from Poland into Flanders, dwelling specially on the impossibility of consolidating a hastily reconstructed railway in the time before the coming of the autumn rains. The creation of good roads—it would have to be "creation," because there are no metalled roads in Russia—would be an obvious method of alleviating the situation, but, unfortunately for the Germans, they are in this case also up against physical difficulties equally insuperable under the limitations of time and labour which confront them, because there is no material of any description except timber in the whole theatre of operations, not even gravel in the river beds.

In a somewhat similar case in Baluchistan we had to import our ballast for railways by sea from England, via Karachi—an expedient obviously impossible to Germany at the present time. Even timber for corduroy roads, at best a poor expedient for really heavy traffic, is only available in the immediate vicinity of the forests, for the Germans have no longer any horses to spare for haulage, as the Russians have driven them all before them in their retreat. These are the bed-rock facts in the situation, which people who make war from their arm-chairs consistently overlook, and science without time and labour at its command is as powerless to overcome them as we were in the Crimea more than half a century ago.

THEN AND NOW.

IT is odd how close is the parallel between the situations then and now. There, too, our progress depended upon the accumulation of siege artillery and ammunition in quantities adequate to level the Russian parapets with the ground, but throughout the long winter the two miles of mud separating the harbour of Balaklava from the base depots delayed all progress till the weather conditions changed, and even then things went slowly

enough; but for each mile we then had to traverse the Germans now must cross almost a hundred.

Little aid, therefore, can be expected by the Germans from any visible means of communication except the railways, and since it takes days to accumulate ammunition enough for a single day's fighting, her further advance can only take place by a series of spasmodic efforts, which can only recur at fixed time intervals, the duration of which the Russians, knowing the extent of damage they inflicted on the bridges and track, can estimate with a considerable approach to accuracy. The German heavy guns must of necessity be divided into groups, because not only would no man in his senses dream of distributing them uniformly, say, one to the mile of front, but because, being dependent on the railways, they must remain in close proximity to them, because the difficulty of lateral distribution from the railway depots remains in any case.

On the days, therefore, when the German guns break out into activity, the Russians, who, being at present unhampered by heavy transport, possess the advantage of mobility, can operate between the flanks of the groups of siege artillery, and then when the necessary pause in the fire of the latter sets in they can press forward again by siege methods and threaten to storm the works by which the siege guns are protected in such a manner that any move or withdrawal of the latter becomes an impossibility. But as soon as the Russian troops arrive in adequate numbers—and sooner or later this superiority must be established—the pressure on the intervals between the siege-gun groups must become so heavy that withdrawal becomes a necessity, and how that withdrawal is to be effected in face of an army which has proved itself superior in all forms of normal fighting—i.e., without the support of heavy guns—is a problem I will leave to the German Staff to settle; and I do not envy them the task.

Of course it is impossible to state with accuracy here in England how long such a condition may endure; but one has only to consider what would

happen if the relative difference in efficiency on the two sides became extreme—i.e., if the Russians were as superior to the Germans in fighting power as, say, the British were to the mutineers in India in 1857, or as superior in numbers as the Allies were over the French after Leipzig, when they simply disregarded the fortresses held by the latter and swept on through the gaps between them on their way to Paris. The idea is the same; the difference lies only in degree.

RUSSIANS AS FIGHTERS.

THAT the Russians are superior as fighters I maintain, primarily on their exploits last year, and in particular by the extraordinary courage and endurance they displayed in the long-drawn-out series of combats in the Carpathians, where the nature of the ground and climate denied them even the full degree of support in their attacks which their normal complement of field artillery would otherwise have afforded them. And that the Germans fully recognize this superiority I deduce from the fact that they have been compelled to abandon all their previous conceptions as to the value of mobility and to adopt the siege artillery solution as the only practical method of placing themselves on an equality with their eastern adversaries.

They are as well aware of all these points as I am myself, because we all drew our inspiration essentially from the same source, often from the same persons; and in everything they have done since their great offensive broke down last winter I can see only a series of desperate efforts to impress diplomatic opinion by the extent of the temporary and local successes gained. They, the Staff, know quite well that anything approaching a decisive victory is now beyond their reach, and hope only that they may be able to conceal their own material weaknesses by a show of external success. As for the detachment of German armies from the eastern front to reinforce the enemy operating in France and Belgium, that is at present, and in the near future, impossible.



BEAUTY BOY AND LADY FLOSSIE
Best brace of poodles in the show. Owned by Mrs. Gammon, Hamilton.



WINSONE SABLE ATOM.
Pomeranian owned by G. E. Ward, Toronto.
First in classes under 8 pounds.



DAYDREAM AND BUTTERFLY
Prince Charles Spaniels, shown by the Celamo Kennels. Both winners of firsts.

D O G S
WINNERS, CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION, TORONTO.



OAKLEY RED ROSE
A Cocker Spaniel owned by F. M. Whittemore, Waterdown, Ont., winner of two firsts.



SHOW ME A GERMAN!
Coster's Diamond, winner of one first and four seconds. Owned by H. A. Wilson, Toronto.



LUCKY WEAVER AND CALMO PERFECTO
Cocker Spaniels, shown by Mrs. F. W. Lewis, Toronto. Winners of six prizes.



DRUMASHIE DANDY
Collie, owned by D. Taylor & Son, of Chicago. Winner in several classes.



PRINCESS NORDICA
White Bull Terrier, owned by Mrs. W. Lane, Hamilton.



BEDFORD BELL
Collie, shown by Mrs. T. F. Stevens, Toronto, winner of two firsts.



MISS RUBY
English Toy Spaniel, shown by Mrs. A. G. Lester, winner of a first.

A GREAT ARTILLERY PHOTOGRAPH



A great painter might have made this picture, which as an epic rivals any of the fabulous labours of Hercules. These Russian sappers and gunners are hauling a heavy field cannon over a specially built track on to a temporary platform built of tree-trunks and pine-wood slabs. The gun is mounted on two sets of wheels, big wheels running on the ground, low truck wheels operating on railway tracks. It was not built for gasoline traction, and is not a siege gun. It is a field-piece capable of transportation anywhere, even over the swamps of Russia. The only problem seems to be getting men enough around the gun to move it. And this picture of moving a great Russian gun, taken in Poland, is one of the great epical photographs of the war.

WAR PICTURES

By G. WARD PRICE

In London Daily Mail

IT is often the trivial things that bring out the bitterness of war.

A party of French soldiers, on their way from hospital to a convalescent home, were waiting the other day in Creil Station for the train.

Some, with arms hung in neat white slings, still had the healthy flush of face which a year's soldiering in all weathers had given them. Those whose greater injuries had kept them for months in sickly smelling wards were pale and haggard, and their trench-stained blue uniforms hung meagrely upon their shrunken frames.

A gruff sergeant was calling the roll, checking each name on the tally as its owner rose from the row of forms where the convalescents were sitting and crossed over to the other side of the room.

"Durand," he called.

"Here, sergeant," was the answer, as a young man, walking almost buoyantly, despite his shattered arm, rose from the little group.

"Legrand."

"Here, sergeant," and the full-bearded father of a family, happy to have escaped with what the French soldier has learned to call a "good wound," followed him.

"Fagot."

"Here, sergeant." The reply came from a broad-shouldered fellow sitting by the table. He did not rise like the others, however, but stayed seated.

"Stand up, man," exclaimed the sergeant, testily.

"But—"

"Don't argue. Stand up!" shouted the sergeant.

The convalescent put one hand on the table by his side and the other on the shoulder of the man sitting next to him. Then he straightened his arms with an effort, so as to raise his body in the air, and there it hung, and the sergeant and everyone in the room could see that the soldier had no legs, only two stumps cut off just below the thigh. Moreover, on the broad chest of this maimed ruin of a man were the yellow ribbon of the French Military Medal and the crimson ribbon of the Legion of Honour, the first of which, especially, means that you are lucky to have lived to wear it.

The sergeant stopped short in his tally-keeping. He drew himself up and saluted with a characteristic French gesture. "Pardon, my brave fellow," he said. "I did not know."

The children playing in the beautiful gardens of the Champs Elysees are always the prettiest sight in Paris. That stretch, only a few hundred yards long, of carefully tended flower-beds and dainty lawns hidden among the trees is in summer the most charming part of the most beautiful capital in Europe.

The little girls, dressed as if they were beautiful big dolls, are the most exquisite of all the flowers in the gardens. Their games and make-believes under the trees go on just as they always did. The old women who run the tiny roundabouts and swings, the little boys who lead the goat-carriages, have known no falling-off in their prosperity since the war began. Silvery squeals of laughter, the flashing of sturdy little white legs over skipping-ropes, scamperings and ball-catching, and the immemorial Punch and Judy at the corner are just as vigorously carried on as if the Germans were thousands of miles away instead of only sixty.

But one change has indeed come, though very likely the children have not noticed it.

To the sparkle of their pretty frocks and merry little faces there has grown up gradually, and deepening day by day, a sombre background of black. And the children, when they stop for a moment out of breath with their play, often wonder why it is that their mothers or their nurses who used to join so willingly in their games now wear those ugly clothes and stay sitting on their chairs under the trees, sometimes crying quietly when they think that no one sees them.

THE tourist pilgrimage to the battlefields, which will go on all our time, and for many years after, has already begun. You can take the train to Meaux from Paris in the morning, and from there, with a permit that the officer at Meaux station gives you, one may take a carriage and drive round all the afternoon over the country where some of the fiercest and most important fighting of the war occurred, now nearly a year ago.

Except for one thing you would hardly know that the peace of this rich land had ever been so desperately disturbed. But that solitary sign is grim and significant enough. Everywhere among the ripe corn stand the crosses that mark the places where men fell for France and where they were hastily buried—white crosses for the French; black posts

with a lozenge-shaped mark on them for the German dead. Fields that are heavy with the fruit of the earth's eternal reproduction are dotted thickly with these marks of man's destruction.

Mile after mile has its soldiers' graves scattered here, clustering thickly there, on the slopes of the hills, in the heart of the valleys, in the very gardens of the cottages, and in the middle of the villages that are re-peopled now but were then deserted by every emblem of life but battle.

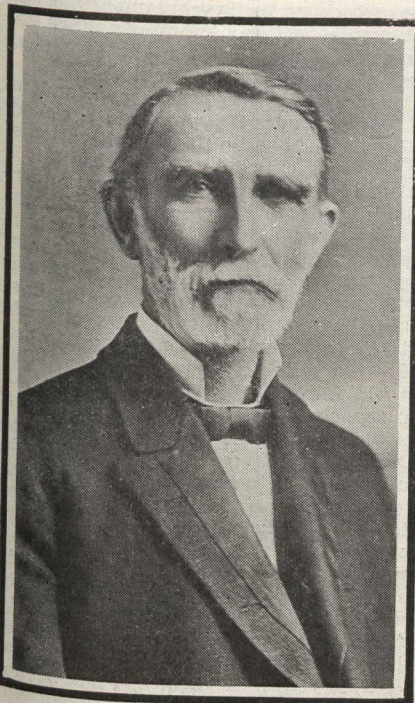
It was a particularly impressive visit for me, because I was here for two days while the fighting that filled these graves was going on. There is the field in which I stumbled over the dead body of a Zouave, killed an hour before, lying on his back among the clover. It is golden with corn this year, but one of the crosses that rise among the grain must be his grave. The village is busy with harvest work again where I talked with the outpost of his comrades, two of them living—and eating bread and cheese without concern—while the third lay between them dead.

The woods where the Chasseurs d'Afrique went streaming gallantly by on their white Arab horses are sleepy in the sun; the long lines and grey heaps of huddled German dead are buried; the shell-cases have been picked up; the dead artillery horses and disembowelled cows that dotted the fields, with stiff legs sticking grotesquely in the air, are gone, and the horrible stench of death and burning and decay that hung like a foul miasma over miles of this fair country on those warm, misty September evenings has been blown away by a year's clean breezes.

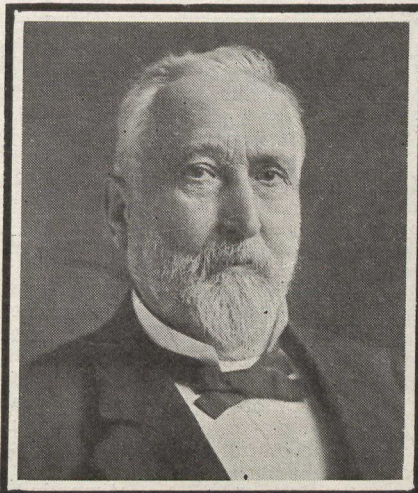
Who would believe it all happened? There are still shattered churches and houses pitted with shrapnel and machine-gun bullets to be seen in Barcy and Varedes, and some of the smaller bridges on the Marne are not yet repaired. One roadside inn, where a German shell has stuck, without exploding, half-way through the wall, has already changed its sign and calls itself "A l'Obus" (the Shell Inn); but it is inevitable that the tourists of a few years' time will hardly believe that the country they see is really the greatest battlefield of history.

Farmers will guard the crosses of the dead till the war ends. Already, where the corn is cut, the reaping machine has carefully avoided them; but when peace comes the noble dust that lies there will be taken up and reburied in some national Pantheon. Then all that we shall have to remind us of those great and terrible days will be a hideous granite monument like the one that already disfigures the battlefield on the road from Meaux to Barcy, commemorating with as much taste and dignity as a municipal Coronation fountain the heroes who died there for their country.

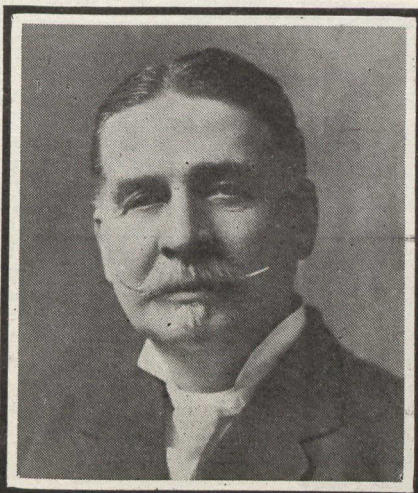
THE WORK OF NEW BRUNSWICK



Lieut.-Governor Wood, who merged the local Patriotic Fund with the general.



Judge J. Gordon Forbes, President Patriotic Fund Executive, St. John.



Mayor James H. Frink, of St. John, headed many patriotic activities.



Premier Clarke, in his official capacity, took an important part.



Col. M. MacLaren, M.D., in charge of No. 1 Canadian Hospital, France.



Transport Caledonian leaving St. John, N.B., with the 26th Battalion.



Lt.-Col. B. R. Armstrong, of the Artillery, active in getting recruits.

War Activities in the East

NEARER than most provinces to the battle front, New Brunswick has not been behind in contributions to the war. To get an estimate of what has been done involves much more than counting the men enlisted and battalions sent over-sea. One day Mayor Frink, of St. John, announced in the city papers that Col. Massie, of the A.S.C., in England wanted an automobile. The papers were scarcely on the street before he had the money for the machine. When field kitchens were suggested the Mayor's office was flooded with contributions. When a couple of citizens set out to canvass for machine guns, the cost of ten guns was subscribed so quickly that the canvassers almost lost their breath. Twice the number have since been subscribed for. That started the machine gun movement in other towns, cities and villages. Fredericton, Moncton, Woodstock, St. Stephen, Chatham, Newcastle, and Sackville have contributed from three to five guns each. The county of Queens, almost all farmers, is said to have the best machine gun record of any rural municipality in the East. St. Andrew's flashed up the cost of three guns in three days. As to men, about 4,000 have been recruited from New Brunswick; dead, wounded, on the firing line, in camp at Shorncliffe and Valcartier, on home defence, or as recruiting units. In getting these recruits the military authorities had the help of the Board of Trade, City Council, Rotary Club and clergy of St. John. The embarkation of the 26th in the First C.E.F. was the greatest popular demonstration ever known in New Brunswick. That battalion is now in English training camps. The Divisional Ammunition Column, mobilized at Fredericton under Col. W. H. Harrison, went with the 26th. The Army Service Corps, under Col. Massie, was attached to the second contingent. The Canadian Overseas Rail-



Lieut.-Col. J. L. McAvity, officer in command of the 26th Battalion, Second Contingent.

way Construction Corps were in barracks at St. John several weeks before embarking. The 55th, recruited immediately after the departure of the 26th, is now at Valcartier, has been up to full strength twice, but reduced by drafts for other units. New Brunswick contributed men to the Princess Pats.

Surgeons and physicians have gone from New Brunswick. Dr. Murray MacLaren from St. John began duties at Salisbury plain, where under his direction manor houses were turned into hospitals and 1,200 men were under the care of his staff. Dr. MacLaren is now in charge of No. 1 Canadian hospital at Etaples in France. Dr. Corbitt, of St. John, was one of his surgical staff. Dr. Duval, of New Brunswick, was among the severely wounded, and is still in hospital. Col. Dr. McKee, oculist from Fredericton, is now at the Dardanelles. Dr. Edwin J. Ryan, of St. John, is with him. Dr. Brydges, a New Brunswick surgeon, is in France.

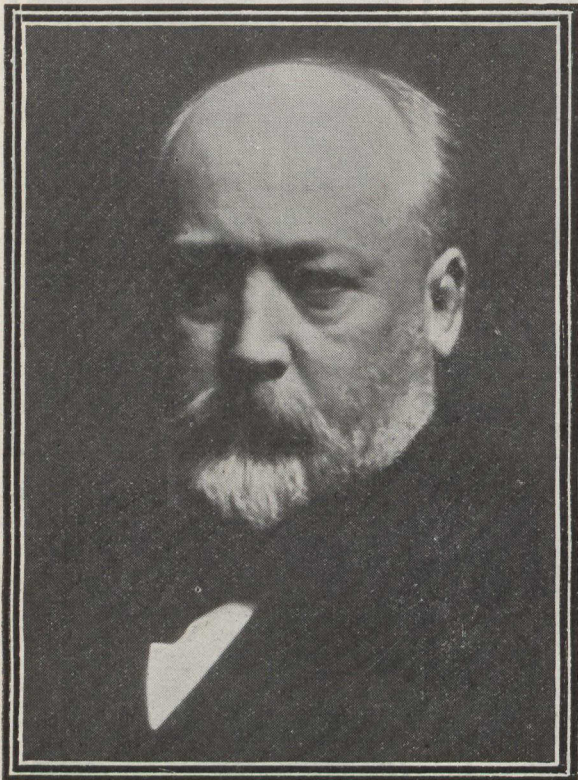
Patriotic funds were organized immediately after the outbreak of war. A mass meeting was called by Mayor Frink, of St. John, and a committee of one hundred was appointed to create a soldiers' relief fund. An executive was formed, with Judge Forbes as president. With the assistance of the Lieutenant-Governor this fund was merged with the general Patriotic Fund of Canada. About 700 families are getting financial aid from the St. John office at present. The whole amount furnished by New Brunswick to this fund is about \$150,000.

As St. John is an all-winter port much war business in forwarding men, horses, hay, grain, and all sorts of war supplies is carried on there without interruption. New Brunswick mechanics are busy manufacturing munitions—shrapnel shells, war brooms and saddlery. The Made-in-Canada campaign has been strongly supported in the province. And the Government, it will be remembered, sent 100,000 bushels of potatoes as a gift to England.

A GREAT MAN GONE

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE has left the world of work of which for many years he has been one of the great geniuses. For several years since his retirement from the C.P.R., which he did more than any other man to create as a great practical scheme of transportation, he had been rail-roading Cuba. That work also he just about finished,



Sir William Van Horne, whose death last Saturday recalls a remarkable double career.

and at last began to slack up on his energies to become a mere citizen of Montreal.

Those who have never seen or talked to Van Horne have missed a glimpse of one of the world's remarkable men. Looking back over a strong, adventurous life in Canada, the United States and Cuba, this eminent American-Canadian citizen of Canada may have reflected that he has said a number of things which now might be hard to prove. What Van Horne thought about the war he had never so far as is known given to the press. Three years ago, when the writer of this interviewed Sir William in Montreal he gave his opinions about German methods and the Kaiser. What those opinions were can best be told by recalling them just as they were set down at the time—when the German menace was being talked of in this country, and when men with the wisdom of Van Horne were as guilelessly uninformed about what the menace really was as the average citizen. The writer said then:

"Van Horne believes in Empire. He considers Kaiser Wilhelm perhaps the greatest Emperor that ever lived. He does not believe in the German war scare. He believes that warships are but symbols or pawns in the game. The real war to his mind is bound to be in trade. He told several stories about the Kaiser—whom he had never met but greatly wanted to meet some day; how the Kaiser got information for his consular reports concerning the Laurentide Paper Co., information which he himself, president of the company did not possess, for the Kaiser never permits an agent to make a copy of such; ditto, the mines of British Columbia; similar the story of how the Kaiser got German rails on the road from Argentine to Chili—involving a State breakfast to Von Stumm the German rail-maker; similar again when the Kaiser expended a State dinner to get the Hamburg-American line into somewhere or other; and finally how expertly Wilhelm found out what it was worth to Germany to steal American students from Paris and get them into Berlin.

"He's the greatest administrator of modern times," declared Sir William. "There are alleged great personages in Europe not fit to polish his boots."

No doubt Sir William Van Horne found time since the war to revise his opinions about the Kaiser. But in most other matters—art, literature, music, philosophy, language, railways and great people—he had accumulated too interesting a collection along with his remarkable art treasures to part with them. Such as they are in all their oddly humanizing variety, they are Van Horne's. No man in this country ever rolled up such a mass of interesting opinions about things in general without writing books to exploit them.

"I believe in the gospel of sweat," he said. "The

only thing wrong with us in Canada is—we don't sweat enough."

"Roosevelt knows the philosophy of humbug. That's something. We need some better word than humbug to express what it means. The world is ruled largely by humbug."

But there was nothing of the cynic about this, more of the Gargantuan humorist. Sir William intended at that time to write his semi-philosophy of living into a book—which he has probably never done. But there are hundreds of men in Canada who have been brain-stimulated by Van Horne into bigger things than they knew how to think for themselves. And in all his doing of big things Van Horne must be remembered as a man who always regarded it one of the luxuries of life to be able to think things out for himself and to build up a more or less unscientific philosophy.

Van Horne lived two lives more successfully than most men because he had prodigious bodily strength and a brain that was never satisfied with the ordinary activities of business. As a railroader he was one of the world's geniuses. He began railway life in the United States as an office boy, in the railway station of his native town, Joliette; compelled at the age of fourteen to make his own way and to help support his family.

Gifted with a limitless capacity for hard work and a towering ambition, he soon mastered railroading in various branches; telegraphy, ticket-agency, train despatcher, superintendent of telegraphs, divisional superintendent, general manager; and, finally, while still a young man, he became general superintendent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

At the age of 37 he left that post and the country in which he might have become a great national figure to become general manager of the C. P. R. That was in 1881, when the first great Canadian transcontinental was little more than a financial enterprise. The first sod of the main line was turned in May, 1881. The last spike was driven in 1885. Van Horne was made general manager of this prospective "streak of rust" in November, 1881; and it was largely due to his dynamic activity that the work of building such a railway was pushed at such a colossal rate. He became president of the company in 1884, and still in his forties proceeded to make himself a great citizen of Canada, in whose future he believed more profoundly than did many native-born Canadians.

The lure of the C. P. R. caused William Van Horne to become not only a real Canadian, but a great Imperialist.

The Flood Tide

By A. FINANCIAL EXPERT.

THERE seems to be little doubt now that industrial, commercial and financial Canada is in flood-tide. The era of economy, which has swept all countries as a result of the war, has probably been most pronounced in Canada. The Dominion, it must be acknowledged, is as yet a weakling among the countries of the world, but she is a weakling endowed by heredity with brains and brawn, and by nature with courage and calm resourcefulness. We have studied the successes and failures of our immediate family and of our neighbours, and we have profited accordingly—witness the absence of wild speculation in the matter of our war stocks, and our quick appreciation of the seriousness of the situation overseas.

Canada occupies a suburban position as regards the metropolis of the world itself. We are largely a race of farmers, and our ideas and our actions are influenced to a very considerable extent by the majesty of out-of-doors. Added to this, we have been favoured by the opportunity for proper perspective, as we have been far enough away from the seat of disturbance to be enabled to eliminate details and to grasp the significance of outstanding factors. Cables on war news, even at press rates, run into huge costs, and events have been depicted to us in synoptical form and summarized into brief chronicles as compared with the enormous volume of detail which has been reproduced for the edification of the people of England. To no extent at all has Canada suffered from the violent fluctuations in the value of the pound sterling for the reason that we are, at least are sure of fair and proper treatment from Great Britain, and because few of us are rich enough to dabble in the millionaire's game of exchange speculation.

And so, by reason of our comparative isolation, we have profited to a very considerable, although as yet intangible extent. Intrinsic profit has been given to us as well in much the same fashion that a village or town prospers by an overflow of business from a nearby city. England and the United States may be regarded as two manufacturing plants of monstrous proportions. Both are being worked to capacity, on day and night shifts, but the consumer, the God of War, has still more business offering. And so the

villages, Canada, Australia, Japan, are given the overflow.

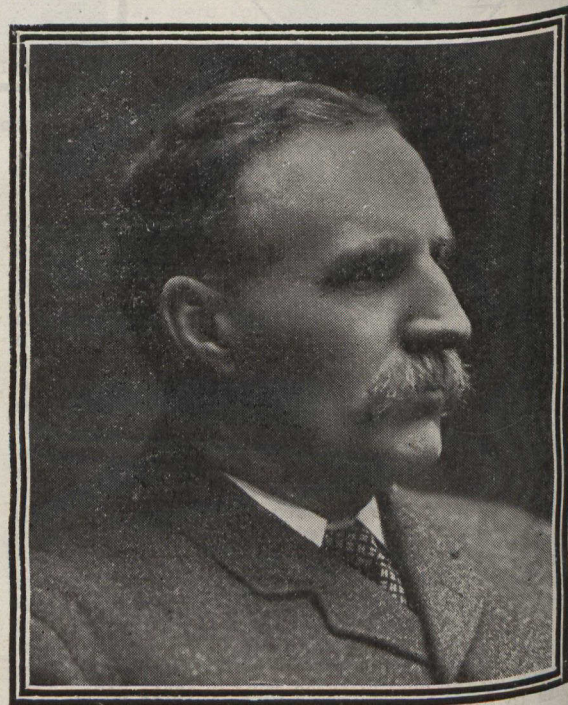
So it is that our own manufacturing plants are now working to capacity, on day and night shifts, on shells and parts of shells, on leather products, textiles and clothing, and on all the infinite variety of small accessories which go to the equipment and furnishing of vast armies at war. And we have the positive assurance of Great Britain that we shall have all the work we can possibly handle.

So, indeed, Canada's ebb tide has turned, and we are in the flood. Our farmers last year laid out every available acre they could handle to the cultivation of wheat, and they sowed carefully. The result is a larger crop, and one which was so heavy to the acre that stookers had hard work keeping up with the binders, that the swaths cut by the binders themselves had to be narrowed or the blades would choke, and that caterpillar trains travelled at half their usual speed. Our railways have rushed feeding lines to completion and have reduced curvature on main lines, in order to tap every possible acre and to provide facilities for the quickest transportation. Our freight receipts bid fair to eclipse the totals of all other years in consequence. Pan-American excursionists and tourists from the United States are filling our passenger coaches and our hotels. Our gold mines are not only working to capacity at the present time, but are enlarging their equipments in order that they may take advantage of the insistent, world-wide demand for gold. Our silver mines are running steadily, although not at capacity, and the metal is being laid aside in storage against the time when its market value per ounce shall have risen from 15 to 20 per cent. According to the best posted mining experts, this will occur immediately upon the cessation of the war. This year's catch of fish has been a phenomenal one, and our coast lines are stocked with the finny product of the sea, which will ultimately find markets in countries where seafarers have been turned into soldiers and trawlers into transports. Even as regards our lumber industry, while the 1915 cut may not be as large as in former years, our government has redoubled its activities in timber conservation, and when the demand is re-awakened we will be all the better prepared to take care of it.

The machinery of our country is operating smoothly and steadily, oiled by economy. Even sentiment, intangible, illusive sentiment, which has so vast an effect upon business conditions, is much improved by reason of the fact that the present earnings of Canadian industrial and public utility corporations make a much better showing. War periods now compare with war periods, instead of with peace periods as heretofore, and the effect is plainly apparent, even although the result of comparisons is only visionary and has no actual substance. And last, but not least, our government is backing our banks and our banks our business enterprises. Summarizing these things, is it not plainly apparent that we have little to complain of and indeed much to be thankful for.

A Patriotic Sportsman

MR. W. T. TRENHOLME, a farmer of Montreal West, who won the King's Plate of \$2,000 at the opening day of the autumn meet of the Montreal Jockey Club at Blue Bonnets, has offered



Mr. W. T. Trenholme, who offered his \$2,000 King's Plate money back to His Majesty.

the money back to His Majesty to do with as he may see fit. Mr. Trenholme has written the King stating that the honour of winning the King's prize with "Red Post" is all he desires, and that he loyally and respectfully puts the money he won at his Sovereign's disposal, to be bestowed where he thinks it will do the most good.

The horse was bred by Mr. C. S. Campbell, K.C., and purchased by Mr. Trenholme as a yearling.

THE CONTRASTS OF WAR



THE DECIMATION OF A GLORIOUS FRENCH REGIMENT.

A few weeks ago the 71st Regiment contained 4,000 men in the violent fighting area of the Argonne. Since the German offensives in that region the 71st is reduced to 1,800 men. This photograph is a grim picture of some of those who gave up their lives for France, and in so doing did to the Germans what has never yet been photographed.



THE REFUGEE PUSSY CAT.

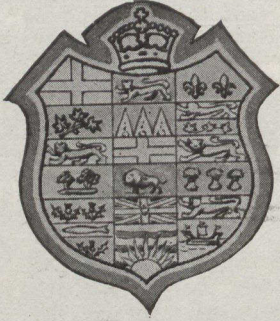
A French officer trying to make advances to a kitten that strayed into the trenches after the bombardment of a village in the Argonne.



AN AMUSING GAME OF CARDS.

French officers in the Argonne playing a game called La Manille. They are killing time while the soldiers wait for an opportunity to kill more Germans.

THE CANADIAN COURIER



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY
COURIER PRESS, LIMITED

181 SIMCOE ST.

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 18, 1915

Uncle Sam's Latest

OUR Uncle Samuel has framed a new commandment: "Thou mayst murder women and children and destroy liberty, but thou shalt not interfere with my right to manufacture munitions."

German Slavery

SLAVERY has been restored in Europe by the German conquerors. The metal workers of Belgium must make guns and ammunition for the Huns or be shot. Unless the German military autocrat is humbled and the cancer of Prussianism removed from European civilization, slavery will be re-established on that continent.

Yet the descendants of the Men of the North who died that the black slaves might be free, calmly sit back and permit the establishment of slavery in Europe without a protest. Neutrality under such circumstances savours of selfishness and cowardice. Surely the people of the United States must soon see that their present position is untenable.

Australia's Glory

WHEN Australia's fleet and New Zealand's soldiers swept the Southern Seas of the German flag, Canada was proud of the glory which came to these two sister Dominions. There is now even greater reason for pride. The achievements of the Australians and New Zealanders on the Gallipoli Peninsula have been more glorious than the destruction of the Emden and the conquest of the German South Sea colonies. Their dash and courage and resourcefulness have brought them undying fame. They are now in sight of the Dardanelles and will soon have done what, at one time, was thought to be impossible. They are driving a wedge through the Turkish fortified lines, which forecasts the beginning of the greatest victory which has yet come to the Allied Forces on land.

The price may be high, but the Lion's Whelps have proved their mettle. When this business is settled the Empire will emerge with a unity and a strength which spells triumph for the civilization in which the British Overseas Dominions must play an even greater part. So mote it be.

Sight Restored

A REPORT from Queenstown says that a blind Canadian soldier on the Hesperian regained his sight on being thrown into the water. The incident suggests that some similar experience might be devised to cure those blind politicians who are still talking party politics and trying to force a Dominion election. All inventors should get busy on this great national problem.

Made in Canada

ONE day last week a lady sat in an automobile on King Street, Toronto, directing the girls who were selling roses. She was a striking, well-dressed woman. Her gown was made in France, the trimmings of her hat came from Germany, her belt buckle was from Austria, her shoes were made in the United States, and the limousine came from the same country. She was selling roses made in England—on behalf of a Canadian charity.

National Service

OVER in Great Britain they are fighting it out between Voluntary Service and National Service. The former is the present system, where each man volunteers if he thinks it advisable, just as

in Canada. The latter is the new name for a modified form of conscription.

Before the war no one believed in National Service. Now a large body of opinion has grown up, which is based on the doctrine that in time of stress the State has the right to say whether a man shall fight or make munitions or dig coal.

Which will come off victorious—Voluntary Service or National Service? All depends upon the events of the Great War. If matters grow worse for the Allies, National Service is bound to come in some form. In Germany, Austria, France, Russia and Italy, the principle of National Service is admitted. In Great Britain alone the voluntary principle survives.

Canada is vitally interested. If Great Britain adopts the principle of National Service, Canada would likely follow suit. No one likes the idea—but these are days of stern necessity.

The First Duty

NOT every five dollars given to a patriotic fund is wisely used. There are some funds in which the collectors themselves take ten per cent., and in others in which there are other forms of leakage. There are other funds which are not patriotic—but simply expedient.

The man who desires to give five dollars and have every cent of it effective should confine himself to the Red Cross Fund and the National Patriotic Fund. These are managed by well-known citizens, upon well-defined and efficient lines. After a citizen has decided upon his monthly contribution to these two funds, he is then free to give to the lesser funds, such as those for prisoners of war and convalescents.

Indeed, it might be laid down as basic principle, that every citizen must contribute regularly to these two central funds, or he is not doing his first duty.

More War Orders

AS has been pointed out in this paper from time to time, the Allies cannot go much farther with their purchases in the United States. They have not the gold to pay for them. On the other hand, the Allies can purchase more in Canada, because it will be easier to arrange credit here. Hence Canada is likely to get more war orders in the future. Canada is part of the British Empire and Canada must extend credit to the Allies if necessary.

Sir Robert Borden and his colleagues have been pressing this on the British Government with a fair amount of success. The difficulty has been that the War Office authorities thought Canada produced nothing but timber and wheat. They are just beginning to discover what splendid factories there are in this country and how varied are the products which these can produce.

Knowing His Employees

HOW many employers in Canada know their employees? We talk about keeping men out of bar-rooms, of making them progressive by home-study, of keeping them physically fit by sports,

of teaching their wives to be real mothers and happy women, of making their children strong and gay—but who is doing it? Are the employers of labour busy on the job?

So far as the writer knows there is only one set of employers in Toronto that have a club and an athletic organization that is worth while. There are numbers of baseball clubs and hockey clubs and all that in connection with factories, but they are purely incidental—not a part of a system. Occasionally an employer provides a lunch room, then rubs his hands and thanks his God that he is generous. The banks and financial companies have a pension fund and let it go at that.

The employer who does his duty is the man who employs someone to study the employees and report to him on measures that are needed for their health, education and happiness. He must have an organizer who knows every man, woman and child connected with the warehouse or factory, directly or indirectly.

Henry Ford's system may not be all-wise, but he has the organizers at work. They will probably do the right thing if he will let them. Caesar Cone's system, as described in the New York Herald, is to supply his cotton operatives in North Carolina with cottages at \$3 to \$5 a month, to distribute flower and vegetable seeds every spring, to employ expert women to conduct cooking and sewing classes, to teach the mothers how to take care of their babies, to furnish their homes and so on. There are other instances of this kind in the United States, but where are they in Canada?

Double Salary

RUMOUR has it that several officials of the Dominion Government drawing salaries from \$2,500 to \$4,000 a year have been sent to the front to earn a second salary of \$3,000 to \$4,000. This is surely unfair. Why should one colonel be worth \$7,000 a year to the Government, and another colonel, equally capable, but not a civil servant, be worth only \$4,000? No civil servant should lose anything by going to the front; neither should he gain anything. That is the rule adopted by the Toronto City Council, and it is excellent. These double salaries for civil servants should be cancelled.

Wicked Suggestions

A WICKED joker spread the story that the next great war would take place between the two leading yellow races. And when someone asked him, innocently, if he meant Japan and China, he calmly answered: "No—Japan and the United States."

A similar wicked fellow suggested that Sir John Eaton name his battery, now in England, the "Eaton Gunless Battery." And another wicked chap remarked that it would McNaught be right, because it would cause a distinct Russelling in high military circles.

That other wicked suggestion about making rear-admirals instead of honorary colonels has at last found its way into the newspapers, after two or three months in the clubs. But one newspaper man spoiled the joke, and insulted his readers by saying that the emphasis was on the "rear." That journalist should be superannuated.

AN EVENT WHICH BREATHES OPTIMISM



On Thursday of last week, Mr. A. D. McTier, general manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway (with hat) watched Mayor Church (reading) lay the corner-stone of a new station in the northern part of Toronto. This will be used jointly by the Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern. This is not the long-talked-of new Union Station.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

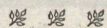
A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

As We See Others

White Rose Day

ON the second Thursday in September, Toronto suddenly bloomed in a luxuriant flowering of white roses, all in honour of the cause—fighting the White Plague. The Queen Mary Sanitarium, at Weston, was established some years ago, as an institution where children suffering from tubercular trouble might be treated. The work has grown in a manner to gratify the founders, and poor little kiddies, on whom this blight has fastened, are yearly being released from its grip. The ravages of war are manifest and appalling—but just as terrible are the ravages of this cruel and secret foe, whose strength is revealed only by the statistics of our health department. If you wish to accomplish the best work in citizenship, you must begin early. The curing or healing of the tubercular child is the best bit of campaigning in the fight against the White Plague.

Toronto bought white roses, right and left, on the ninth of September, and three hundred and ninety of the city's best motors were at the service of the young workers and their captains. Bank managers rallied to the financial climax of the cause, and from all citizens went willing contributions to the work of saving the small persons.

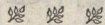


A Lesson in Fathercraft

THERE has been an infinite deal of rubbish talked in the last few years on the subject of motherhood. The writers of these weird articles are usually young men who have their diploma honours fresh from the parchment manufactory—but sometimes a wise girl graduate undertakes to tell mothers and grandmothers just how Mary is to be fed and Johnnie is to be clothed. Occasionally an irate mother has a few words to say on the subject; but she is generally too busy, looking after the temporary and eternal welfare of Mary and Johnnie, to spare a half-hour for an article on how she is training the dear little creatures.

There are a few more-up-to-date-than-usual philanthropists in New York who have a School of Mothercraft, in which simple matters relating to the infant's bath, diet and lingerie are dealt with, in a most illuminating and instructive fashion. Recently, it has been proposed to establish, also, a School for Fathercraft, where anxious papas might be instructed in the proper way to handle and amuse the very young child. One of the principles of this school is that the parent shall use every endeavour to protect and safeguard the welfare of the child in future years; and, for each day's delay in so doing, he shall receive a bad mark or demerit at the school.

Mr. Patrick Carrigan, a resident of the city of New York, having heard of the proposed school, sought to qualify as a pupil by visiting various neighbours last month, demanding their promise to protect and care for his few-hours-old offspring. Incidentally, however, Mr. Carrigan used a revolver in enforcing his request, and the neighbours, not understanding the methods of the latest Foolishness in Fathercraft, were so unkind as to call upon the police to explain the limitations of the Sullivan Law to Patrick of the Paternal Heart.



Hurrah for Hamilton

MAY I be permitted, in a burst of personal confidence, to declare a fondness for Hamilton—which increases with the fast-fitting years, for age fails to wither Hamilton or make her any-

thing but the splendid, big-hearted city that gives herself royally, either in friendship or war. On the eighth of September, Hamilton just had the time of her life in a fete which made the Amateur Athletic Grounds (otherwise the old Cricket Field) look like one vast bouquet of colour and fragrance. Of course, Hamilton was not merely amusing herself—

hospital supplies as the end in view of all the gayety. It was hoped that ten thousand dollars would be realized—but Hamilton might have known better than to set any limit for her citizens. After the day's work and play were over, they counted just eighteen thousand dollars, which Hamilton fete had made for the soldiers. It just does one good to think of Hamilton and how it is working, and the Hamilton women don't know the meaning of the blues or the dumps, although there has been tragedy enough and to spare in that beautiful city since the boys marched away. Yes, I know that every city in Canada is doing its bit—but I merely wish to remark that Hamiltonians have given between seven and eight dollars per capita in patriotic donations since the war began. So, whether it is dollars or machine guns, the chief city of Wentworth is veritably set on a hill.

ERIN.



THE NEWLY-WEDS.

A picture of Mr. and Mrs. Chang Yat Jun, taken after the wedding ceremony on August 28. The bride's bouquet and her flowing veil are concessions to Western custom.

she does not enjoy a whole afternoon and evening without meaning a great deal of happiness for someone else. This time, Hamilton was celebrating, with

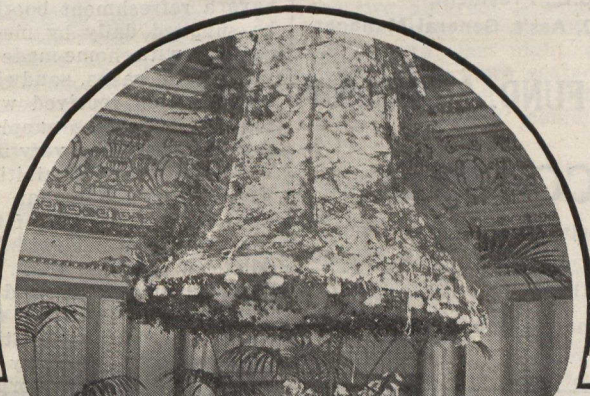
A Chinese Honeymoon in Canada

VISITORS to the Pacific Coast always find a certain fascination in the glimpse of Oriental life which its cities afford. The sojourner in Vancouver or Victoria invariably asks to be taken to the Chinese and Japanese quarters, where the shops, with their decorations representing a strange and foreign standard of art, with their alien wares and with their soft-voiced and courteous attendants, the restaurants, with their mysterious foods and drinks, which make a subtle challenge to the adventurous spirit, and the theatres, amazing and bewildering, never fail to cast a spell over the imagination.

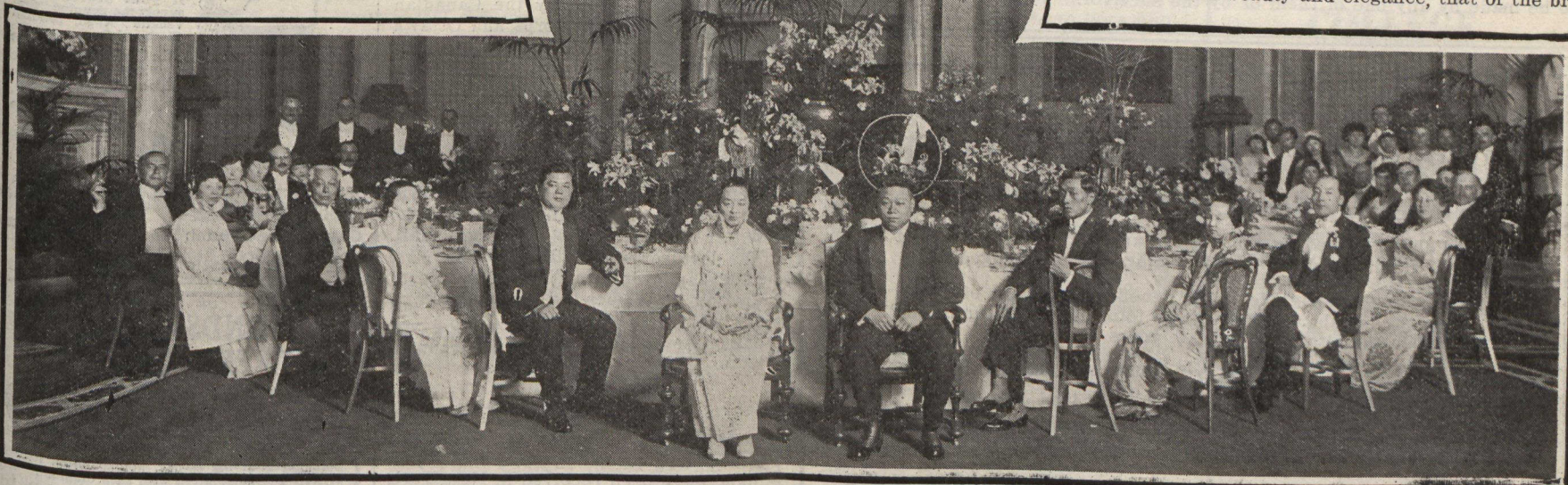
But the casual visitor never penetrates beyond the streets and shops of the Oriental quarters and departs without having gained even the slightest knowledge of the private life of the dwellers therein. There is in Vancouver a Chinese society and a Japanese circle, of whom but little is known by the majority of the residents of that city. It is only upon the occasion of some important event of an official character, such as the visit of a Japanese admiral or a Chinese diplomat, in whose honour formal functions are arranged that members of these circles come out of their seclusion and those who are privileged to meet them learn that they are persons of education and refinement.

A few of the white residents of Vancouver were last month favoured with invitations to a wedding, when two members of this class of the Chinese colony were married, the nuptials being celebrated with elaborate ceremonial and lavish festivity. The groom was Mr. Chang Yat Jun, and the bride Miss Mamie Yip Sang. The parents of the youthful couple, both of whom were born in Vancouver, are among the most wealthy and influential of the many wealthy Chinese residents of the city. The bride has been well educated, and the groom is still a student at McGill University College, where he has completed his second year.

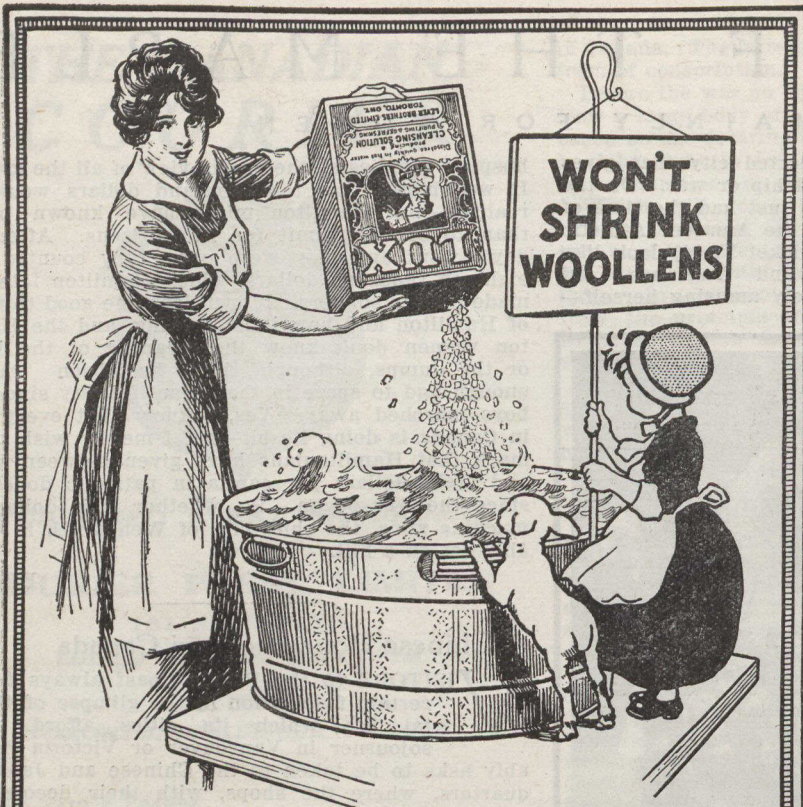
The marriage ceremony, which was marked by much formality, took place at the residence of the Chinese Consul, and was followed by a banquet at the Hotel Vancouver, at which sixty guests were present. The table was laid in the beautiful oval dining-room of the new hotel, and the floral arrangements and other appointments expressed the last word of the art of the decorator. The menu cards and place cards were charming examples of Chinese art, and exquisite favours were presented to the guests. An orchestra was stationed in an alcove behind a floral screen, and its music filled the intervals between the toasts and felicitations. All of the Chinese ladies in attendance wore native costumes of much beauty and elegance, that of the bride



AN ORIENTAL WEDDING IN VANCOUVER.



A banquet at the Hotel Vancouver in celebration of the marriage of Mr. Chang Yat Jun and Miss Mamie Yip Sang, both members of prominent Chinese families. The bride and groom are seen seated under the huge wedding bell, which served as a canopy for the beautifully decorated table.



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MILLIONS of these little LUX wafers are working wonders every wash-day all over Canada. In color they are like cream—to the touch like silk. The fine, soft, creamy lather LUX makes, is splendid for woollens—it never shrinks or hardens them. In fact, all kinds of garments, woollens, silks, laces, linens, etc., dainty or otherwise, are really preserved by LUX. It leaves them luxuriously clean, but with the fabric absolutely free from matting and shrinkage.

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being an embroidered robe, marvelously wrought on a wondrous fabric, a typical product of the Orient.

M. D.

The Duchess' Fund.

MEMBERS of the Woman's Canadian Clubs throughout Canada who desire to contribute to the fund which H.R.H. The Duchess of Connaught has asked for, may send their subscriptions through the Canadian Courier. This fund is for the relief of Canadian prisoners in Germany. These prisoners are receiving only twenty-five cents a week and this is not sufficient to buy the necessary food and comforts.

Her Royal Highness has already cabled \$2,500 to the Canadian Red Cross for this purpose. Every Canadian Club member should assist in this urgent undertaking. Full information may be secured from this office or from the treasurer of the Woman's Canadian Club, 270 Cooper Street, Ottawa.

The need is urgent and contributions should be sent promptly. Where possible, the member should agree to give, say a dollar a month, during the war, or until such time as those who manage the fund say that sufficient has been received.

More Work to be Done.

MAJOR Doherty, M.D., of New Westminster, who has just returned to Canada from England, says that there should be no cessation of the work of supplying socks, bandages, clothing and tobacco. The women have done well, but he wants them to realize that there is just as much to be done this winter as last winter. The Major is Assistant Director of Medical Supplies at the Head Office of the Canadian Medical Forces in London, and is therefore in a position to speak with authority. His is a trumpet call to further effort.

Fall Fairs Assist Red Cross

TAKING a leaf from the book of the Toronto Red Cross Society, whose attractive booth at the Canadian National Exhibition was a reminder to many thousands of people of their duty to this Society, both the Red Cross of London and that of Ottawa will be represented at their respective Fairs. At the Western Fair the Red Cross will have a refreshment booth, which will be supplied daily by members of the Society with home-made dainties in the form of cakes, sandwiches and tea. Every penny received will contribute toward Red Cross supplies, the need for which is still a very urgent one.

At the Central Exhibition at Ottawa, the Women's Canadian Club will occupy a large portion of the Fine Arts Building in which will be shown exhibits of patriotic work, soldier's comforts, supplies for Red Cross work, outfits for men in the trenches and hand and machine knitting. The ambulance to be given by the Canadian Club to the Medical Corps and Ottawa Red Cross Society will also be on exhibition.

Here and There.

Calgary women are listening with keen interest to a series of cooking lectures being given by Mrs. Brown-Lewers at the Herald Better Foods, Better Homes school in Paget Hall. The lecturer was introduced by Mrs. R. R. Jamieson, president of the Local Council of Women, and many prominent women of Calgary are acting as patronesses and giving the course of lecturers their support.

A consignment of toys made by painters and sculptors in Paris, who have been deprived of a means of livelihood, have been received in New York and sold for the benefit of the artists by whom they were made. On the work of one sculptor \$250 was raised.



Economy is to-day the duty of British People.

Economy means spend judiciously and get value for your money.

False Economy is to buy a shoddy article simply because the price is low. It means buying another to replace it in a short time, and the garment is not worth repair.

True Economy is to avoid extreme fashion. Buy a good article, of sound material, and well made, that will give long wear, continual comfort and pleasure to the wearer, and will look well to the end. Such garments are worth taking care of and repairing.

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Courieriettes.

BRYAN will lose his job on the Chautauqua circuit when the American war correspondents return.

Now that Henry James has become a naturalized Briton he will probably write his novels in English.

If Mr. James wrote about the war the censors would think his stuff was in code, and might hold it up, anyway.

Seems as if the main crop this world will harvest in 1915 is one of trouble.

A physician told the Kaiser to lead a quiet life. Yet they say the Huns have no sense of humour.

It is said that there is a decrease in mountain feuds in the U. S. Possibly the feudists have moved to the big cities.

We note that Montenegrins annihilated some fresh Austrian troops some time ago. It doesn't do to get fresh with the Montenegrins.

Bryan's new volume of lectures is published at 30 cents. The man who fixed the price had a peculiar sense of the fitness of things.

A lynching party in the Southern States drowned a man instead of brutally hanging him. Thus culture conquers.

Pretty girl kissed a policeman, say the papers, for directing her to her destination. Who said a policeman's lot is not a happy one?

Funny to find a man who wants to stay at Sing Sing. But then he's the governor, and wants to hold his job.

Teddy Roosevelt says that the noblest role is that of a mother. That's one strenuous calling the Colonel can't try.

America has sent millions of horse-shoes to the Allies. No, not as lucky charms, but as merchandise.

Every warring country is praying for victory. They can't all win, but the praying won't hurt them.

The Kaiser has given away thousands of iron crosses and he is leaving millions more to Teutons yet unborn in the form of war taxes.

The American eagle has taken quite a course in international cooing of late.

Every time the Germans capture a Russian soldier they also capture a healthy appetite.



Humour.—A writer in a Milwaukee paper asserts that the United States would be protected from invasion by her submarines and aeroplanes. That writer should be working on space rates for the comic papers.



A Real Test.—China's national hymn is so long that it takes half a day to sing it. It must test the patriotism of the Celestials to stand up that long.



Flighty.—There is no limit to American ingenuity. A man in the great republic is reported to have invented a fly trap with printed directions for the fly on how to enter.



Correct.—It is better to give than to receive, and this is particularly true when you are in a fight.



Great Expectations.—At the recent annual meeting of the Canadian Press Association there was quite a discussion as to the qualifications which a reporter should possess.

Several wise journalistic magnates expounded their ideas and pictured a

newspaper man which would be a genius, an angel and a slave, all in one.

One editor man laid it down as his view that the reporter should have a grounding in all the main branches of education, a good knowledge of all the sciences, a comprehensive idea of political science, political economy, international law and relations, and should be able to speak at least two languages.

Thereupon one of the hard-working newspaper men at the table passed a note over to one of the debaters. On the note was written "How much do you want for \$6 a week?"



About Money.—Money talks. Nobody can shut it up. But it can shut most everybody up.

WAR NOTES.

How can Uncle Sam be said to be unprepared for war, with Roosevelt always ready?

The Huns will have a lot of trouble wiping the Russians off the map. There's too much map.

The Balkan States are hard put to it to decide just which is the under dog.

Looks as if Davy Jones will have quite a large submarine fleet when the war is over.

Some of these days the Sultan of Turkey will be issuing a blue book—deep blue, or perhaps black and blue.

It costs \$1,250,000 an hour if the Queen Elizabeth fires her guns at capacity. Gaves us some idea of the high cost of firing.

Somebody has discovered that General Joffre is of noble descent. France is more interested just now, however, in where he is going than in where he came from.

It used to be the thin red line of Britain, but now it's the thin bread line of Germany.

Described.—We do not mean to be unkind to our American cousins, but the present vogue of "sport shirts" and other eccentric styles for both men and women across the line move us to the conclusion that the great U. S. is rapidly becoming "the land of the brave and the home of the freak."



Joy For Them.—These are great days for the small boy in the Germanic empire. The price of soap is soaring skyhigh in Hunland.



Her Aim.—Chicago man gave up his seat in a street car to a woman. Afterwards she married him. She probably figured on a permanent seat.



Very Likely.—"Men are what they eat," said the medical scientist. "Then," retorted the cynic, "I suppose critics live chiefly on roasts."



Mixed Metaphor.—Ald. Sam McBride, the stormy petrel of the Toronto City Council, always speaks to the point when he has anything to say, and he never minces words. His language is at times rather picturesque, and sometimes he even mixes his metaphors a bit.

The other day he was giving an interview on the matter of choosing a judge to conduct the investigation into certain charges made against an alderman.

"We want a judge who will get the facts out—who will dig and dig, let the chips fall where they may," as-

serted Mr. McBride, and then he wondered why the reporter smiled.



The Excuse.

I'm very fond of exercise,
I'm getting much too fat,
And I would take some exercise
If it were not for that.



Mistaken Identity.—"A burglar got into my house about 3 o'clock this morning, when I was on my way home from the club," said Jones.

"Did he get anything?" asked his friend, Brown.

"I should say he did get something," replied Jones. "The poor beggar is in the hospital now. My wife thought it was I."



Humour of the Battlefield.—Among the incidents of the fighting between the British and the Germans in Africa is recounted a rather humorous affair of the wireless.

It seems that the British and the Huns indulged in considerable badinage by wireless, the British being at Luderitzbucht and the foe at Windhuk. The German officer in command wirelessed to the British commander: "Stop your men playing football, and teach them to drill instead; Kolmanskop will make a good parade ground."

That night a reconnoitring party went out from the British camp, reached Kolmanskop, and killed four Germans and wounded another.

Next day the British colonel wirelessed to his enemy:

"Took your advice; scored four goals and a try."



Logic.—"Mamma, when people are in mourning, do they wear black night gowns?"

"No, of course not."
"Well, don't they feel just as bad at night as in the daytime?"



A Discerning Critic.—"Some time ago, when I was playing 'Drake,' my box-office keeper came to me in great perturbation," said Sir Herbert Tree, the English actor-knight.

"I think," he remarked, "you ought to reconsider your bills outside the theatre."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, it leads to confusion," he proceeded. "At the head of the bill is printed, 'Proprietor and manager, Sir Herbert Beerholm Tree,' while among the actors you are simply described as 'Herbert Tree.' They think you are two different persons. A gentleman came to the box-office after seeing 'Drake' last night, and said: 'I want to buy more seats for to-night. That young Herbert Tree is a fine actor. I never could stand his father!'"



Track Athlete.—Section hand on a railway.



Oh, to be a Man!—Little Willie wished he was a man. His kind-hearted uncle asked why.

"Well," said Willie, "I'm bossed around by pa and ma and the teacher. A man's only got his wife to boss him around."

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A good way to make your watch go? Let a pickpocket see it.

You want to know what a bone of contention is? Offer your wife one dollar out of your week's wages.

Will heaven protect the working girl? She doesn't need protection as much as the movie plays make out.

Are clothes closets convenient in a house? Why yes. You can hide in them when the rent collector calls.

Is it a lie to tell a woman she is as pretty as a picture? No, there are all kinds of pictures.

Can you tell a woman's age? Perhaps you can, but if you do you're taking big chances.



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**MONEY AND
MAGNATES**

Manufacturing Mysteries

EVERY company making war munitions or military supplies is anxious to conceal its profits. In ordinary times, a company doing big business is proud of it, and is willing to have the fact known. Just now it is difficult. If a company is making big profits, the fact is concealed lest it should come to the ears of those who place the contracts and prices should be reduced. Government buyers are showing skill when the orders are large and reductions in price are not uncommon.

Nevertheless, mere secrecy or silence are not to be interpreted as an evidence of profits. Some companies have lost money on their war contracts, although the majority have made money. There is no doubt, whatever, that Dominion Iron and Steel, Nova Scotia Steel, Canada Car and Foundry and Steel of Canada—the largest of our steel companies—have all been busy on profitable business. A half dozen smaller companies are also doing well.

Indeed, one may go so far as to say that the war has saved Canada's iron and steel industry, and a year hence all accumulated dividends will be liquidated.

A "Punch" Joke

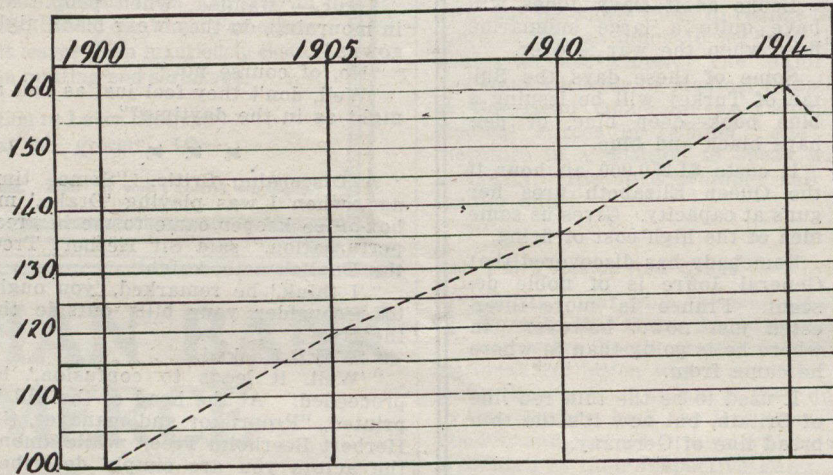
MANY people in Canada will appreciate a joke which appeared recently in "Punch." A well dressed "loidy" and her well dressed youngster have just passed on their way to the "movies." Two neighbouring women see her go by and one says to the other:

"Yes, she's off to the cinema again, and I don't blame 'er. Make the most of it, I say. Who knows? We may be 'aving peace upon us at any moment."

So the Canadian manufacturers who are busy on war orders should "make the most of it." Peace may come sooner than they want it.

House Rents Fall

NOTHING was more remarkable in our "boom" conditions than the rise in house and store rents. Roughly they rose thus:



During this fifteen year period rents rose more proportionately than wages which in turn rose higher than "retail prices." Rents led the way. But since the outbreak of war, they have gone down. An apartment which rented at \$50 to \$60 before the war can now be secured in Toronto for \$40. This is typical of what has happened all over Canada in the rent of houses, stores and factories.

The chief cause of the rise in city real estate and the increase in rents was the growth of our urban population. This growth was as follows:

- 1871—14 per cent. of population.
- 1881—14 per cent. of population.
- 1891—31 per cent. of population.
- 1901—37 per cent. of population.
- 1911—45.5 per cent. of population.

Conversely the chief cause in the fall of rents is the decline in urban population and the movement "back to the land."

Financial Notes

GREAT BRITAIN still holds 62.88 per cent of C.P.R. stock. The British investors have sold less of their holdings than the Canadians. Our holdings have declined from 23 per cent. to 13.64 per cent. since June, 1913.

Flour prices have dropped \$1.25 a barrel in the past fortnight. This does not mean that the milling companies will have less profits. They are now buying grain mighty cheap.

Laurentide Company, Limited, making paper at Grand Mere, showed increased profits for the year ending June 30th. This is unusual for a Canadian industrial, and hence speaks well for the Laurentide management. The company is also selling power. Mr. George Cahoon is vice-president and manager.

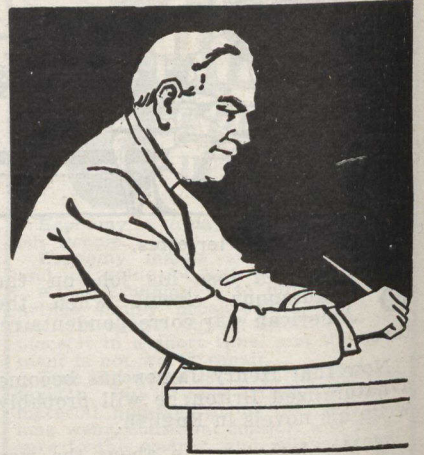
The rise in the price of Russell Motor stocks reflects war orders rather than an improvement in the motor trade.

Toronto has rejected an offer to purchase its four million 5 and 10 year bond issue on a basis of 5 3/4 per cent. The city hopes to do better. Ottawa and Hamilton are paying 5 1/2, or a fraction over.

Spanish River Pulp and Paper Company surplus for the year ending June 30th was \$268,330, as compared with \$45,820 last year.

Sale of municipal bonds in August were \$1,807,415, as compared with \$546,830 in August, 1914.

For the twelve months ending July, the Canadian Government collected duties amounting to \$78,784,427, as compared with \$117,580,866 in the same period two years ago. On the other hand, exports show an increase of nearly two hundred million dollars.



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obscure interiors, making them not only
light, but sanitary and healthy. The
saving in artificial illumination will more
than repay the initial outlay.

Let us advise regarding your problems
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"Made In Canada."

The Luxfer Prism Co., Limited
100 King St. W., Toronto, Can.

THE CHOICE

(Continued from page 7.)

"I thought you were in Manila," he said.

"That was four years ago. Just about the time you left off writing. I didn't stay there long."

"I was expecting you back every day," said Mac, looking out of the window. "There was no reason why you should stay out here."

Beverley laughed. "Perhaps not. But neither was there any reason why I should come home."

There was silence for awhile. Then the question that had been slowly working in Mac's mind formulated itself: it was one on which all his thoughts revolved.

"But—why did you give up your practice, Phil?"

Beverley looked at him curiously, and a flippancy came to his manner, a flippancy that seemed designed to hide his feelings.

"This trade suits me better," he said. "Besides—the story followed me. In the East, you see, there is so little to talk about."

He saw Mac wince, and that wince revealed him more than anything else. It was the involuntary expression of a man who had come to evade things and shrink from looking reality in the eyes. At the back of Beverley's mind was the thought that Mac had turned out a weakling.

When the band had stopped playing he said roughly:

"You'll have to take a practice here, Mac. Nina seems half in love with the East already."

Mac coughed, and his eyes narrowed as he looked at his companion again.

"I don't see the connection," he said carelessly.

In the morning when the burning sunlight shimmered on the roofs and the strip of water a rickshaw pattered down the street, and turned the corner of the narrow alley. There was a steep incline towards the shore-front, but Beverley's shop was at the top of the slope. He was dusting some vases when Nina entered, but the rustle of her skirts made him turn round. There was a fresh and wholesome grace about her always, and now a slight hesitancy had entered her manner, the heightened colour of her cheeks showing up against the blue motor veil that trailed behind her.

"I just thought I'd look in," she said, as if feeling her way.

"H'm," said Beverley. "You surely haven't seen all the sights already."

"There'll be plenty of time to see them all."

"Well, yes. I suppose so. I understood the boat was going on in four or five days though."

HE went on dusting the blue vase, his face hard and expressionless as if carved out of steel.

"We haven't decided whether we're going to break our journey here or not," she said.

"It's hardly worth while," he said brusquely. "The place can be exhausted in four or five days. . . This is rather a fine bit of work. The moderns have lost this particular shade of blue and all their experiments can't get it back again."

"I am very ignorant of china," she said.

"I don't know much about anything else," he replied.

She looked at him keenly, and then took up the vase in her hands.

"Do you wish to pretend that you have only begun to live since you came out here?"

"That is the only part of my life I want to remember particularly. The rest—well it's over and done with."

"I am glad you find this so satisfying," she said slowly.

He looked at her as if trying to fathom what lay behind her flushed face and nervous movements.

"Did you merely come here to rake up the past, Nina?" he said dryly. "I shouldn't have thought there was anything in it very pleasant for either of us. As for me I haven't got a memory

worth playing with for an hour."

She saw that somehow they had come to a deadlock. Driving back along the shore-front she leant back in her rickshaw and tried to think. Was it merely coquetry that had prompted her to seek him out that morning, and had he divined aright? The restless crowd surged by her in jumbled disorder, fusing and intermingling with her own thoughts, till her mind grew tired.

At lunch the next day on the balcony her father said suddenly:

"I saw that Beverley this morning. He used to be a partner of yours, didn't he, Mac?"

MAC seemed a little embarrassed and took a second helping himself of fruit-salad.

"Yes. We went through our course together and shared a practice for about a year."

There was a little silence, and Nina looked out to where the liner was lying at anchor with the lighters still busy about her. Her father went on eating, his short-sighted eyes fixed on his plate.

"Funny how quickly a man goes down hill as soon as he takes the first step. He looked broken and worried when I saw him, and tried to dodge me. I suppose he recognises that he's a failure."

"You're mistaken, I think, dad," said Nina dryly. "I fancy he's been more successful than most."

"Oh, well, it depends upon what you call success. Most men go to pieces when they've bungled things as he did, and it's only a question of time. I don't suppose he's ever likely to forget what stranded him here."

Mac pushed his chair back, and his face flushed.

"It was merely a mistake," he said warmly, "you exaggerate its importance, I think. Any doctor is liable to do the same thing in moments of stress, and besides the child didn't really die of that: it would have died anyhow. The thing was taken too seriously at the time."

Brayne dabbed his moustache with his serviette.

"Well, well, Mac, I don't blame you for defending Beverley, for you were his friend. It's the business of a doctor to avoid mistakes, though if they occur he has to pay the penalty. If you'd done the same you'd be a good deal harder on yourself than you are on him."

"I don't know that I would. There are worse crimes under heaven than for a young doctor to put ten grains of chloral instead of one in a mixture."

He rose, pale-faced and tight-lipped, fumbling a little nervously with his chair. Nina had never heard him defend Beverley before.

That afternoon Mac came up to her on the balcony when the sun was dropping low.

"You're coming for a drive with me, Nina?" he said.

"No," she replied, "not this afternoon."

"We may not have many more chances."

Nina saw nothing further of Beverley till one night when her rickshaw was pattering along the shore-front in the dusk. The hour held a nameless charm, and there was the unsteady dance of stars on the water, and the tinkle of cottage-pianos on the heights above. He had come up behind her, and their coolies trotted along together instinctively; but there was no reality in their first few words. Then he leant over, and his voice was rasping and uneven.

"Why do you stay here so long?" She crushed some papers in her hands.

"I don't know. Why did I come here at all?"

"Don't ask me to fathom a woman's reasons," he said roughly. "The point is that this place won't help to recruit your father's health."



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Notice is hereby given that a dividend for the three months ending September 30th, at the rate of

TEN PER CENT. PER ANNUM

has been declared upon the Capital Stock of the Company and that same will be payable on and after October 1st next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 20th to the 30th September, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board
W. E. RUNDLE, General Manager.
Toronto, September 1st, 1915.

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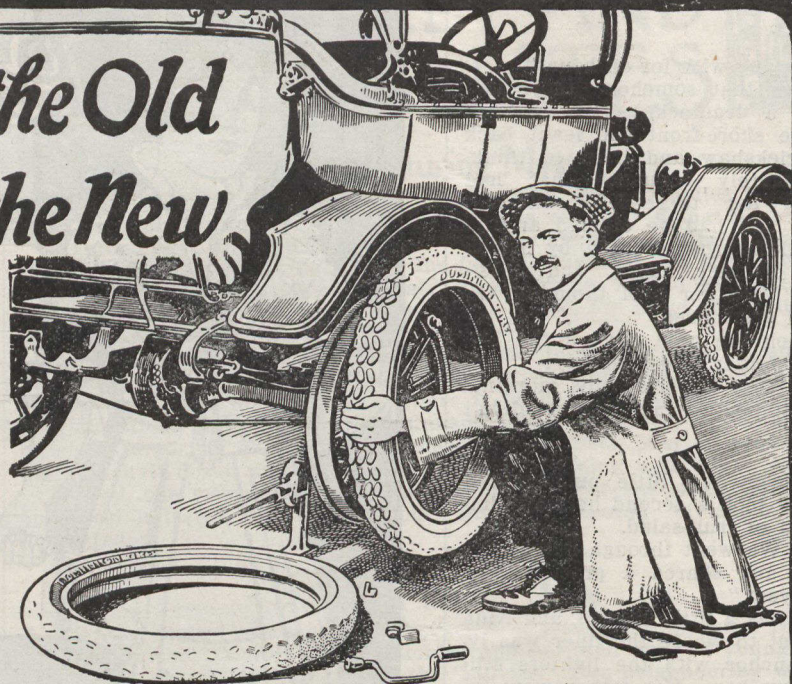
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Head Office:
MONTREAL, QUE.



"He seems to think it will."
"I know better," he replied. "This is the season that dengue comes to us and all manner of fevers. If you care for him you'll get him away at once."
"I don't believe you're well yourself."

"I—oh, I'm all right. There isn't any softness left in me now."
And he drove off hastily through the narrow, crooked streets where the Bluff cut into the purple of the sky. When the climb began he dismissed the rickshaw and walked on with lips shut tight.

"If she is capable of loving anyone, she loves Mac," he thought bitterly. "Why in Heaven's name should she try to stir up this in me again? Perhaps she would like to flatter her self-love by making me show myself as weak."

The bitterness showed itself more emphatically every time he met her, and often he turned down side-streets so that he might avoid her eyes. Then one evening when he lay in his hammock on the balcony his Chinese boy brought him a note. He went down to the hotel slowly, and in the wide hall he met her.

"Why did you send for me?" he said abruptly.

She looked at him, and the lace at her breast stirred.

"Dad has taken ill—a slight touch of fever, I think. You were the only doctor he knew of here."

"I wish you would forget I was a doctor once," he said impatiently.

"It was he who remembered," she replied.

He passed in, and she went up to the balcony to wait. The moonlight left a path of silver on the water below her, the sky was pricked with faint stars.

"Well?" she said dully when he came out.

"It's only a slight touch," he said. "He ought to have taken quinine when he first felt it coming on. Why on earth didn't Mac attend to him?"

She looked up at him.
"Mac's gone. He left by the San Francisco mail two days ago."

"Why?"
"There was no reason to make him stay."

"You told him you did not love him."
"That would be nothing new, I have told him so nearly every week for the last five years."

"Then why did he go?"
"He told me one thing," she said, "it was not you who made that mistake five years ago."

His face twitched.
"There was no need for him to tell that."

"No, it never really mattered, except for the effect it had on your life. But why did you pretend it was your mistake?"

"My career didn't matter. It would have ruined—the other fellow."

"Mac?"
"One acts from romantic motives when one is young," he said brusquely. "You told me you loved him, didn't you?"

"That was five years ago."
"Yes—one's feelings change so quickly."

Her eyes were smarting painfully, and she wondered if it had ever been in her power to hurt him as she was being hurt now.

"It wasn't true even then," she said thickly.

"It had all the appearance of the truth."
She looked at him, and her lips were unsteady, but she saw by the glow of his eyes in the dusk that something stirred:

"Was it that made you so cynical?"
"Perhaps. One gathers as much cynicism as one has need for. You made me need a lot then, Nina."

"I was just a girl."
"And I was twenty-five. It seems a very long time ago."

"It is a long time, ago, but—tell me, Phil,—have I grown so very old?"

"Nina," he said playfully, "you are very like a girl I used to know before—the world stopped moving for awhile."

The Force of Mind

Or the Mental Factor in Medicine
By A. T. Schofield, M.D., M.R.C.S.
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SO WHY TAKE ANY CHANCES.

Sold by good dealers everywhere—also to be had at all hotels and licensed cafes.

Sylvia's Secret

by Robert Machray
Author of "Sentenced to Death," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.
An Open Verdict.

THERE is a widespread belief in the truth of the saying that "murder will out," but it is not a belief that is always or even often justified, for the list of unsolved murder mysteries is as long as it is alarming. Nor can there be much doubt that not a few deaths, reported as due to natural causes, particularly to "heart-failure," are in reality murders.

"There must be something soon," said Peggy Willoughby hopefully to Max Hamilton, as she bade him good-bye that Sunday afternoon, and she meant that some trace of the man who murdered Sylvia Chase must be quickly come upon by the police or others. She had been brought up with faith in the idea that "murder will out."

When she returned to the drawing room, this was in her mind, and she repeated the words to Hollander, who instantly agreed with her.

"Oh, yes," he said readily; "our detectives are very clever, I believe; they will speedily ferret out the truth."

"I can't imagine who can have done it," said Colonel Willoughby, wholly absorbed in this, the chief problem, presented by the case. "Nor can I see what motive the murderer had in destroying the poor girl—that is what beats me completely."

"No doubt when the facts are known," said Hollander moodily, "it will be seen that there is very little mystery about the affair."

"The facts so far don't help us very much, do they?"

"There must be something soon," said Peggy again.

"I have always thought travelling on our railways was so safe," said Mrs. Willoughby, speaking from another point of view, "but after this I shall never feel quite comfortable unless I have a proper escort. There is no communication between these first-class compartments except from outside. When you are in one of them you can't tell what is happening in the next—and it might be murder! In trains abroad you can see from one compartment into another."

"That is a safeguard," said her husband. He went on assuringly: "But there are very few of these murders in trains; at least, in England, they are exceedingly rare. Robbery has always been the motive, but there was nothing of the kind here. I cannot understand the affair at all! How unlikely it is that poor Sylvia Chase had an enemy—an enemy who was determined to kill her, and yet there must have been some one just like that—the man who sent that telegram to her." He turned to Hollander as he spoke. "I never was so puzzled in all my life."

"It certainly is very strange," said Hollander easily, "but when all is known the explanation may be very simple."

This conversation is given because it was typical of a great many other conversations which took place on the morning of next day, Monday, when the newspapers gave the story of Sylvia's murder to the world. Of all these journals, *The Day* had, as was to be expected in the circumstances, the fullest account.

After leaving the Willoughbys, Max had gone to the office of his paper, where he found that some particulars of the murder had already been sent in by a news agency which had obtained them from Scotland Yard. They were somewhat meagre, but correct so far as they went. They mentioned that it was he who had come upon the body in the train and had identified it as that of Sylvia Chase.

While he was reading this narrative several members of the staff of *The Day* gathered round

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

PREVIOUS chapters introduce chiefly Max Hamilton, editor of "The Day," Peggy Willoughby, with whom Hamilton is in love, and Villiers Chase, another friend of Peggy's! All at supper together in London. Max leaves hurriedly to catch a night train. Thinking of Peggy he is roused by "All Change" and turns to rouse a lady in the compartment who, upon investigation, turns out to be Sylvia Chase, sister of Villiers Chase—mysteriously murdered. Investigations are at once begun by Superintendent Johnson, who, to confirm a statement made by Max Hamilton, visits Colonel Willoughby. Peggy begins to recognize the fact that she loves Max. A telegram is found in Sylvia Chase's handbag sent from Charing Cross, and making an appointment at Hampstead Heath station.

him. They had heard the news, and now eagerly and excitedly asked him to tell them the whole story. Before he could comply with their request he was rung up on the telephone by the managing editor, who was still at his house, which was situated in one of the southern suburbs of the great city. Max had been in communication with him already, and they now arranged that Max was not to write out the narrative, but to dictate it, in the form of an interview, to another member of the staff, and that a condensed copy of this should be sent to any journal or news agency that wished to have it. Max immediately set to work; and, while one man took down his words in shorthand, the others listened.

"How lucky it was for you," said one of the latter, "that you were able to prove an alibi, and so quickly! If the constable or Superintendent Johnson had arrested you, you might have had no end of trouble."

MAX laughed a little, but said soberly enough, "it was very lucky indeed for me."

"The thing to be done is to find the man in the fur coat who bought the two tickets at Hampstead Heath station—that is the heart of the mystery," said the news editor. He was a clever journalist, and rather prided himself on being a successful amateur detective, but in the position he occupied he could not make any independent investigation. That must be done by some other man. He looked at Max and asked: "What would you like to do in connection with the case, Max? Shall I leave it in your hands?"

"That is just what I wish," said Max. After the story—in newspaper parlance it was a "great story" which was set forth in *The Day*—was in type and had been revised, Max rang up Scotland Yard and had a short conversation with Superintendent Johnson, who told him that he and another detective had been to Sylvia's flat, had gone over everything in it, and satisfied themselves that it afforded them absolutely no clue.

"What seems to me most remarkable," said Johnson, summing up the results of his second visit to the flat, "is the total absence of what might be called purely personal things. You would think that Miss Chase had no friends outside her literary work. There are no photographs to speak of, and no letters of a purely personal character. It is so strange that I am almost inclined to wonder if by any chance all such things had been removed."

"You remember that her brother said she was absorbed in her work, and didn't go very much into society," said Max.

"I know he said so, but still it seems unnatural for a young and

handsome woman to cut herself off so completely from the world, as appears to have been the case," persisted the superintendent.

"Have you any news?" Max next asked.

"Only this: Miss Chase dined at her club, the Ladies' Military, at 7.30 last night, and stopped there till shortly after ten. She walked out of the club; the porter asked if he should call a taxi for her, but she said she did not want one, and bade him good-night. He says she was in good spirits, and was very well. And there for the present the matter stands," said Johnson in conclusion, "for we have not yet been able to hear what she did after leaving her club—whether she went by train or otherwise to Hampstead Heath station, nor have we heard of anything out of the way in the shape of a strange vehicle at or near that station last night about eleven—everything was quite of a normal character."

"All very disappointing, I'm afraid," said Max. "But something may turn up at any moment." This was another echo of Peggy's hopeful words.

"It's all downright mystery still," said Johnson.

THE first edition of *The Day* went to press at one o'clock in the morning. Just before that hour Max rang up the superintendent again, and was informed by him that there had been no further development—that, in fact, there was no fresh news, but that the inquest would be held on Tuesday.

The "Train Murder Mystery," as it came to be called, caused an immense sensation throughout London and the whole country. The youth, beauty, and social position of the victim of the tragedy, as well as the extraordinary circumstances in which it was enveloped, excited public interest in the highest degree, and evoked the profoundest sympathy.

Mrs. Willoughby had raised a note of alarm with respect to the danger of railway travelling. It was by no means a new note, but Sylvia's fate gave it fresh point, and made it bulk largely in the public mind, so that there was a general outcry. There were letters and suggestions on the subject in most journals.

One result of the murder was that Max Hamilton came in for a great deal of prominence, but it was a kind of prominence which he was far from desiring. For a few days, however, he was the most talked of man in England. It was a huge advertisement, which afterwards was to serve him well, though he could not have foreseen it, in a strange and wholly unexpected connection with the case, but for the time being it was most disagreeable and unpleasant. Queer people came to see him. He was inundated with the strangest letters, he was in some danger of having his life made a burden to him.

However, there was one vital question, and everybody, like the news editor of *The Day*, was asking it. The general consciousness fastened itself on it—Who was the man in the fur coat that had been with Sylvia Chase at Hampstead Heath station on that fatal night?

The inquest did not answer the question.

It is unnecessary to set forth the evidence produced by the police at the inquest, for that would be to repeat a very large part of the preceding narrative. There was no new evidence. The doctors, Maxwell Hamilton, Bertha Schmidt, the telegraph clerk, the railway ticket clerk, and Villiers Chase were the principal witnesses, and what they said was, and could be nothing but, what they had previously stated. To all intents and purposes

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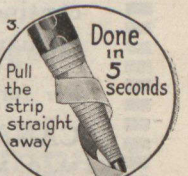
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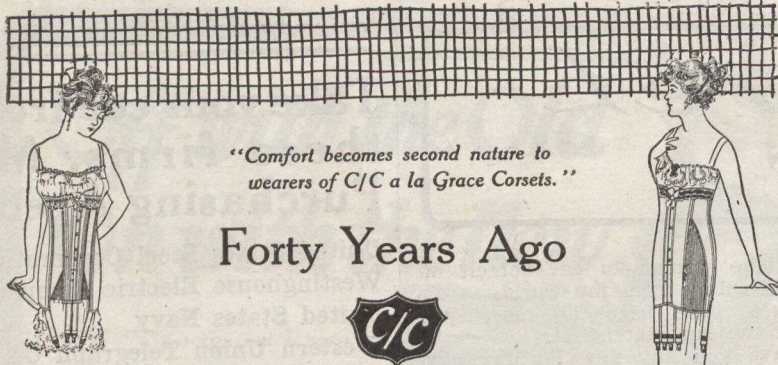
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the newspaper of the Monday had imparted every scrap of information that was possible.

One thing, however, must be noted afresh. Villiers Chase, in giving a biographical account of his sister, repeated the statement which he had made to Superintendent Johnson with respect to the annuity which she had enjoyed from the Von Nordheims. He said he did not know its amount, but had always thought it was something substantial. He was under the impression that she had told him that was the case, but could not remember exactly.

The coroner, an elderly gentleman of benevolent aspect, but an extremely shrewd judge of mankind, asked both Villiers Chase and Bertha Schmidt if they had no suspicion who had killed Sylvia. He put the question most pointedly to the maid. Both replied that they did not suspect anyone; they could think of no one as likely to be guilty of such a crime.

"The evidence points to Miss Chase having met a man, a man who was wearing a fur coat, at Hampstead Heath station late at night," said the coroner to Villiers. "One imagines that she must have known this man pretty well," he observed, "and, while I do not desire in the least to pain you, Captain Chase, it is my duty to enquire into this matter, and I must ask if your sister was engaged to be married—did she have a love affair?"

"I should answer, certainly not," said Villiers. "I never heard of anything of the kind. She was never engaged, so far as I know. If she had been or was engaged surely I should have been told of it. She was not the kind of woman to have love affairs. She was a proud girl, and not at all the sort of person to fall in love readily. Besides, she was too much interested in her work, which was her life."

The coroner thanked Villiers, and then asked if he had ever heard of her having any love affair during her residence in Germany.

Villiers had heard of nothing of the sort, nor did he believe there had been any. With sternness he declared that his sister was not a "flirtatious person."

BERTHA SCHMIDT was even more positive than Captain Chase in asserting that Miss Chase had had no lover.

"She was a cold, reserved woman, my mistress," said Schmidt. "Men did not come very frequently to see her, and when they did it was generally in connection with business—so I understood. Whenever I heard any part of the conversation, and made it out, it was always on grave and serious subjects relating to the fraulein's literary work."

"You have no notion who was the man in the fur coat?" asked the coroner.

"No, sir; none," said Schmidt.

The coroner looked at Superintendent Johnson and then at the jury before making his charge. He was thinking he had never come across a more mysterious case. Here was a young and pretty woman, well connected, highly educated, of some literary distinction, meeting a man late at night who had sufficient influence over her to make her "do that kind of thing," as the coroner phrased her action in his thoughts. Had there been some clandestine love affair, unknown to her brother or her maid? But what need that it should be clandestine? So he asked himself. It was a perfect puzzle.

He ended by directing the jury to return an open verdict, remarking that no doubt the police would continue to prosecute their investigations with the utmost assiduity.

"That a cruel and dastardly murder has been committed there is no doubt whatever," he said. "What evidence there is leads us to suppose that it was perpetrated by the man in the fur coat who bought the tickets at Hampstead Heath station, but there is no direct evidence. An open verdict, therefore, will be best in the circumstances of this most mysterious case."

After the inquest Max and the superintendent exchanged a few words. "What do you think?" asked Max.

"I don't know what to think," said Johnson, simply. "Still, it's early days yet! I don't admit that I am beaten."

CHAPTER IX.

A Startling Development.

FULL accounts of the inquest appeared in all the evening papers of that Tuesday; the murder was a subject of universal interest, and the journals were bought in enormous quantities and eagerly read; nowhere were they more eagerly read than in the house of the Willoughbys. None of them had been present at the inquest which, they soon saw, had disclosed little or nothing that was not known to them already. Still, as was perfectly natural, they discussed it.

"It all comes just to this," said the colonel; "an open verdict, with a presumption against the man in the fur coat, but no clue as to who he was or is. The coroner rather hinted that love might enter into the tragedy, but it seems a mere guess, with nothing to warrant it."

"Yes," said Mrs. Willoughby, "and how unlikely it is in itself! If she had a lover, why should he kill her? From jealousy? But jealousy of whom? But even if she had had a lover, and had made him jealous, why should he have murdered her? One reads of that sort of thing happening among the passionate races of the south, but surely never in England!"

"That's exactly what I think," said Colonel Willoughby. "I do not believe the solution of the mystery lies in that direction at all; it must be looked for elsewhere."

"I agree with what Villiers Chase said," remarked Peggy, who had been listening to the conversation of her parents. "Sylvia was too proud a woman to have love affairs, and certainly far too proud to have some secret love affair."

"Too proud for love!" exclaimed Mrs. Willoughby. "What an idea, Peggy!"

"I did not perhaps express myself well," replied Peggy, smiling. "Of course, love is a far greater thing than pride. I meant that she was a cold creature, absorbed in her work, as her brother said. She did not take much interest in men. I never heard of her name being coupled with that of any man."

"That confirms what Villiers and the maid stated," said Colonel Willoughby. "But don't you see how all that adds to the mystery? For there was a man—we know that; the man she met, and who must have had some hold over her."

"I have been wondering if it could have anything to do with her life in Germany," said Peggy.

"With her life in Germany—that's an idea if you like!" said Willoughby. "Well, the police, we may be sure, will make all sorts of inquiries respecting it."

"But it's nearly five years ago since she left Germany and came to live in London," said Mrs. Willoughby, by way of protest.

Colonel Willoughby made no reply, and at that moment Captain Hollander was shown in, and was made welcome.

"We were talking of poor Sylvia Chase," said Willoughby. "The inquest has disclosed nothing new; there's no hint even of who her murderer was."

"So I understand," said Hollander, briefly. "I have seen the papers."

"There seems to be no clue whatever," said Willoughby. "But Peggy was saying a moment ago that perhaps the murder may in some way be connected with her life in Germany."

"That strikes me as a far-fetched notion," said Hollander, without hesitation. "She was governess-companion to the Von Nordheims, and her life with them was not marked, I should imagine, by anything out of the ordinary. I knew the Von Nordheims, and I met Miss Chase for the first time at their place in Prussia. But that is a long time ago," he said, "six or seven years ago at least."

"You had known her all that time?" asked Willoughby.

"Yes," replied Hollander. "You see, I knew her brother, Villiers, some time before I met her, and when I did meet her she spoke of him. The Von

Nordheims were very kind to her, and she appeared to be perfectly happy with them." He addressed the last words to Peggy.

"Oh," said that young lady, "I was just turning things over in my mind, and it occurred to me that Sylvia's fate might be traced ultimately to have depended on something or some one in Germany."

Hollander shook his head.

"It is such an inexplicable murder," she said.

"Indeed, it is," he agreed, and his manner implied that it was idle to talk of it, since that was the case. Besides, he had something else to talk of—it was a mere pretext, for he had come really to see Peggy, and if opportunity favoured him to make love to her. He had by no means forgotten the special interest she had exhibited in Max Hamilton's conversation two days before as well as that she had shown with regard to the journalist himself, and he was anxious to find out, if it was possible, what that special interest might mean, particularly with respect to his own prospects.

WHAT he had to speak about was in itself a splendid pretext—so splendid that he was certain that it would not appear a pretext at all to the Willoughbys.

There was prevalent at this time, as there had been for a considerable period before, in British military circles the deepest distrust of the designs of Germany. The colossal size of her army, the menacing growth of her fleet, the vast expansion of her commerce, the magnificent development of her industries, and, what was most significant, the steady increase of her population were facts with which every one was well acquainted; what these facts might portend so far as the British Empire was concerned was not understood, except by naval and army people, who viewed them with scarcely concealed alarm.

Supreme on the continent of Europe, Germany's only real rival was Great Britain, still the greatest power in the world, and it was often said that the conquest, or at least the humiliation, of England was the real object that lay behind the enormous activities of Germany. From time to time there was a general "scare" in the Press and throughout the country over the "German Menace," but these panics had been short lived, and their cumulative effect had been to make the bulk of the population somewhat indifferent—the cry of "Wolf, wolf," was raised so frequently, and apparently with so little justification, that it came to be heard with something like contempt. But though this was the state of affairs with the majority of the public, it was not so with men like Colonel Willoughby. To him the "German Menace" was the most real thing imaginable.

It was of this that Hollander spoke. The references which had already been made to the life of Sylvia Chase in Germany made easy the passing of the conversation to the general subject of Germany, and when he began to speak of a certain rumour which had reached his ears, the subject was so interesting that Willoughby forgot, for the time at any rate, to speculate about the murder of Sylvia Chase; nor was the subject much less interesting to Mrs. Willoughby and Peggy, for they, too, through the Colonel and other army men with whom they came into constant contact, were imbued with hostility to Germany.

And if the subject was interesting, Hollander, the man who now introduced it, was also interesting—more especially because he had his own sources of information; in other words, it was tacitly understood by those "in the know" that his position on the General Staff of the British army was merely a nominal one, and that he was in reality the boldest and cleverest member of the Intelligence Department of the War Office, otherwise and more popularly known as the Secret Service.

Himself of German descent, his family had been settled in England for three generations, but it had never ceased to keep up some intercourse with its German relatives and connections. Hollander paid frequent visits to them, and it was believed

that these visits were a cloak, as it were, covering up a profound and widespread system of international espionage, of which he was the centre and the inspiration.

Naturally such things were not shouted from the housetops; they were whispered amongst service men. Colonel Willoughby, for one, knew; even Mrs. Willoughby and Peggy had more than a suspicion, and Hollander rather rose than fell in their estimation by reason of it, for they judged that his vocation was one of the utmost danger and called for all manner of fine qualities—devotion, courage, coolness, patience, foresight and a consummate skill.

"Have you heard what they are saying about the new gun?" he asked Colonel Willoughby.

There was a report current that the Army Council had adopted a new kind of cannon of great size and power. In what way it differed from the cannon then generally in use was not specified; indeed, there was a great deal of mystery about it, but it was thought that a process had been invented by which it was no longer necessary to have guns "wired."

"No," said Willoughby, with quick interest; there was that in the tone of the other which at once excited his attention.

"It is being said," Hollander continued, "that some plans of the new gun have found their way across the North Sea."

"Oh, I hope that's not true," cried the Colonel.

"I fancy it is," Hollander answered. "I heard of it in a round-about way, but for all that I think the rumour is probably true."

"We have been betrayed again, then?"

"It must be so."

"BY whom, I wonder? Surely not by one of our own countrymen!" said Willoughby, indignantly.

"It is difficult to believe that any Englishman would be a traitor!" exclaimed Peggy. "It is far more likely, is it not, that the Germans have got the plans of the new gun, if they've really got them, through some spy?"

"They have spies everywhere," said Mrs. Willoughby. "Everybody is aware of it!"

"Yes, Germans," said the Colonel. "Not Englishmen!"

As he spoke in an almost fierce voice, Max Hamilton entered the drawing-room.

"Have you any news?" asked Peggy, as she shook hands with him.

"About the murder?" he asked, and as she nodded assent he went on, "There's nothing, I believe, that's not in the evening papers."

"We have seen them; they tell us only what we already knew," she said. "I hoped you might have some fresh news."

"There may be some to-night yet," said Max. "Presently I shall ring up the office, if you will permit me, and see."

"Oh, thank you, yes, Max," said Mrs. Willoughby, who had been listening. "We were wondering if the murder could have come out of anything dealing with Sylvia's life in Germany—and then we were talking of the success of German spies in England."

"I don't quite see the connection," said Max, with a charming smile that deprived his remark of all rudeness.

"There isn't any," she returned, also smiling. "First we talked of poor Sylvia, and then of something Captain Hollander had heard, but which had nothing to do with Sylvia."

"Have you heard of it, Max?" broke in Colonel Willoughby. "Have you heard the rumour that German spies have contrived to steal some of the plans of the new gun?"

"No, sir," Max replied to the Colonel. Then addressing Hollander he said, "Do you think the rumour is true?"

"I think it quite likely to be true that copies of the plans are in the hands of the German Staff; sooner or later, and it generally is sooner, they hear of everything we do," Hollander answered.

"The country is filled with their

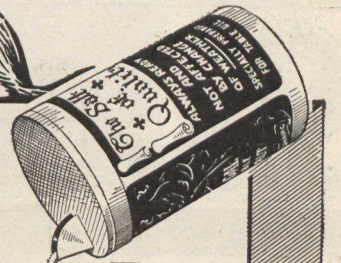
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spies," cried Colonel Willoughby, passionately, "and we are not half careful enough of our secrets." He mentioned several "secrets" which had passed into the possession of the Germans—how, had never been ascertained. He then went on to say he could not possibly believe that Englishmen could be traitors. This led to some conversation on spies and espionage which Max thought somewhat dull. About half-past ten he telephoned to the office of his paper, as he had suggested, to see if there was any further news respecting the murder, and received a message in reply announcing what he saw at once was a startling development.

"A telegram has just come from Smiles, our correspondent in Berlin, said the voice at the other end of the 'phone,' "and he wires that the Von Nordheims state that they paid no annuity to Sylvia Chase — the denial comes from the Graf Von Nordheim himself."

Max's face was a strange study at that moment. After a short pause he inquired if there was anything more.

"Nothing," said the voice.

CHAPTER X.

A Strange Love Quest.

"SHALL I ring off?" asked the voice telephoning from "The Day" to Max Hamilton.

"Not yet, please," Max returned. "Wait a moment, or, better still, put me on to the managing editor, I suppose he is in."

"Yes, he is; I'll connect you at once—"

"Is that you, Max?" inquired a different voice—that of the great man himself.

"Yes. Have you heard a rumour that the German Army Staff have succeeded in getting some plans of the new gun we've been complimenting ourselves on inventing?"

"The new gun! You've heard that about it, Max?"

"I have to-night, and from a pretty good source. I thought you might like to ascertain if there's any truth in it."

"All right. I'll see what can be found out. Is that all?"

"Yes, good night."

"Good night."

Max rang off, but he did not immediately leave the telephone-box, a sort of cupboard, which stood in the hall; he was thinking, not of the rumour about the new gun, but of the startling development in the story of the murder of Sylvia Chase.

That unfortunate woman, it now was certain, had never had an annuity from the Von Nordheims. If she had actually told her brother, Villiers, that she was paid that annuity, she was intentionally deceiving him. It might be that she had not definitely told Villiers that, but had led him to suppose it was the case. Even so, she had deceived him.

What did this new fact mean? What light, if any, did it throw upon the murder? Max asked himself.

Now, while going over her flat with the Superintendent, Villiers Chase and Bertha Schmidt, Max had seen unmistakable evidences that Sylvia was in very prosperous circumstances. The finely furnished flat, the beautiful clothes, the costly furs, and the rare and expensive jewellery all spoke of her being in the enjoyment of a considerable income. He remembered that it had occurred to him, as he had noted these signs of her being very comfortably off, that as a literary woman, even of some standing, she could scarcely have made enough money to account for her having all these things, especially the jewellery, and even the annuity, of which her brother had spoken, hardly seemed to explain everything.

But there had been no annuity! Whence, then, had she derived her income—the income which paid for the flat, the clothes, the furs, the jewels?

Instantly another question arose in his mind. Could the income have come to her from the man, who, he believed, had killed her?

He had been present throughout the inquest, and had followed all the proceedings thereat with the most sedulous care. He had heard the coroner

ask Villiers Chase if Sylvia had been engaged to be married—if she had a love affair. Max had thought the question rather a cruel one, but supposed the coroner deemed it necessary to put it. He had listened while Villiers had replied confidently, "I should answer, certainly not," and had gone on to state that his sister had never been engaged, and had never had, so far as he knew, a love affair. Max recalled perfectly all that Villiers and that Bertha Schmidt had said on this point.

Were Villiers and the maid wrong? Had there been a love affair after all—one of which both of them were ignorant?

It was possible, but somehow Max did not believe that there had been a love affair. What he had known and observed of Sylvia Chase agreed with the statements of her brother and of the maid; as Villiers had remarked of her, she was not a "firtatious woman."

And if love had not been the tie which bound her to this unknown man, what had the tie been?

But Max could not stand any longer in the telephone-box; the Willoughbys would notice how many minutes he had been out of the drawing-room, and might be surprised; he could not stop in the box and go on making vague guesses as to the connection between Sylvia Chase and the man who had given her the money, and probably had murdered her.

"I suppose I must tell them," he meant the Willoughbys—"what the news is, though it's perhaps not exactly nice. Still, it's no good suppressing it, for it will be in 'The Day,' to-morrow and, very likely, in other papers too."

So when he returned to the drawing-room, and was asked if he had heard anything, he told them precisely what had been said to him over the 'phone.

"She had no annuity from the Von Nordheims!" exclaimed Colonel Willoughby. "Villiers distinctly said she had."

"He must have been mistaken," said Max. He went on to speak of the evidences he had noted of Sylvia's prosperity, and how he had thought that the amount she made by her literary work could hardly account for it. "If she didn't have this annuity, I can't account for it at all," he wound up by saying. "What one saw meant that she had a fairly large income—a really good income."

"Where did it come from?" asked Willoughby.

"Yes, that is the question," said Max. "I don't know what the answer to it can be unless you say it has something to do with the man who killed her, and yet the answer might not lie there at all. Still, that is the idea that comes naturally into one's head. What is sure is that the mystery steadily deepens."

"I am not so sure of that," objected Hollander. "There was a hint in the evening papers—or was it the coroner who gave it? suggesting that Miss Chase may have had a love affair—"

"The coroner asked Villiers Chase if Sylvia had been engaged to be married," said Willoughby; "I think that was it, but I'll look at one of the papers—please wait a moment."

HE went into his "den," and almost at once returned with a newspaper. The Colonel usually wore a cheerful and even confident air; he was the sort of man who is disposed to see and to make the best of people and things, which is a very excellent way of going through the world. As he came into the drawing-room his face was clouded.

"It was just that," he said. "The Coroner asked Villiers Chase if Sylvia had been engaged or had had some love affair, and Villiers replied that she had never been engaged and had never had a love affair—though how he could make the latter statement I don't quite see, for she might have had several love affairs without his knowing anything about them."

"Villiers said he had never heard of any love affair in connection with his sister," Max observed.

"She might have had more than one such affair without Villiers having

heard of them," persisted the Colonel. "That is true, but there was her character, and you can't pass by what her maid said; she was positive that Miss Chase had no lovers, and she was likely to know."

"With the ordinary run of mistresses, that might and probably would have been the case, but Sylvia Chase was not an ordinary mistress," said Colonel Willoughby. "You see, it's like this—" Willoughby hesitated, and then resumed. "Let's be frank. It seems to me that if Sylvia had a rich lover, you can account for her income—for the flat, the clothes, the furs, and the jewellery of which you spoke, Max; is it not so?" he asked, turning to Hollander.

"I agree with you entirely," said Hollander.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Peggy, in a voice that quivered with indignant feeling.

"I don't believe it, either," said Mrs. Willoughby earnestly.

"Yet the Colonel's supposition of there being, or of there having been, a rich lover in the case appears, as he suggested, to explain part of the mystery," said Hollander, in a grave judicial tone. "That is what I meant when I said to Max a minute ago that I was not so sure that the mystery had become greater; though he thought it had. If the detectives can discover this man, this rich lover, the mystery, I feel certain, will soon be solved."

COLONEL WILLOUGHBY nodded approval, but his wife shook her head dissentingly. Peggy sat up very straight, and her colour had risen a little; it was she who now spoke.

"I think you are quite mistaken, Captain Hollander," she said, and her voice was very firm; there was indignation in it still, but something that was more like angry resentment, for she was greatly vexed and moved. "I do not believe that Sylvia had a lover at all. The idea that she had a rich lover who gave her all these luxuries is absurd, besides being very cruel and very unjust—I, for one, can never believe it!"

"Nor I," echoed Mrs. Willoughby. "It was merely a supposition," professed the Colonel, "which we were discussing." He thought it "quite nice" that his womenfolk should stand up for Sylvia, but as a man of the world he thought he knew better than they what the world was. "We were trying to fill up the gaps in the case."

"What other theory can there be?" asked Hollander, looking with open admiration at Peggy, whose heightened colour was vastly becoming.

"I have none," said Peggy, "but I shall never accept yours." She was speaking to Hollander not to her father.

"Yet there is a good deal to commend it," Hollander answered. "We have just to think of a secret love affair—Oh, I grant you it was very well kept below the surface, so that even Miss Chase's maid knew nothing about it whatever, and then, that, after lasting a long time in all probability, for Miss Chase's prosperity was not a think of yesterday but had continued for some years, there was some violent quarrel, followed by the violent act—the murder in the train. It is perhaps melodrama, but it is not impossible! Life is really full of melodrama—of happenings every whit as sensational. You must remember,"—he was addressing Peggy—"that after all you know very little really of Miss Chase's life."

He spoke in the same grave judicial tone as before. The Colonel thought Hollander had spoken very sensibly; Mrs. Willoughby began to have a half-fear that there was something in what he said, but Peggy was simply enraged, and she disliked him as she had never done before.

"I knew her at school," retorted Peggy, warmly, "and what a girl is at school, so she is in after life. What was said of her at the inquest was true—she was a cold proud girl, and she was a cold proud woman. I shall never believe that your theory is the right one, Captain Hollander, never!"

Hollander shrugged his shoulders slightly, but the look in his eyes expressed a certain admiring amusement—admiration of Peggy as a pretty woman, and amusement at her simplicity.

Max had been sitting listening to the conversation; he thought Peggy was splendid in her defence of the dead girl, and his whole heart went out to her—perhaps it was shining in his eyes, eloquent of his love for her, for when she turned from Hollander and looked at him, her face suddenly took on a still deeper colour—she was blushing like a red, red rose!

"What do you think, Max?" she asked. "You are saying nothing!" There was a faint note of reproach in her accents.

"I think just as you do," he replied at once, to her great delight. "I don't think this is a love affair at all—Miss Chase came by her income in some other way; what it was I don't know—and her brother did not know, but I suppose the whole truth will be brought into the light before long."

"By the detectives?" asked Hollander, with a sneering smile. Observant always, he had seen the little play that had taken place between Max and Peggy, and it was gall and wormwood to him; he also had seen that the line he had taken up had been in the nature of a false move, so far as she was concerned, but there had been other reasons for it. Besides, he had been annoyed that Max had come in that evening.

"Perhaps," said Max, tranquilly.

"Oh, Max," Peggy broke in excitedly; "couldn't you help? Couldn't you do something? It almost looks as if you ought to! Just think how you came into her story—and from this house too! Cannot you make it your business to find out the truth? Oh, if I were you, I should!"

Max gazed into her eyes—were they not saying to him, "Will you not do this for me?"

Her father laughed at his daughter's outburst, and said, "Max, dear Peg, has his work to do."

"Yes," said Max, smiling, happily, albeit the monosyllable seemed enigmatical, but Peggy seemed to understand.

What next took place filled the rest with wonder—one of them with a divine joy, and another with blackest rage.

For acting on an impulse she could not withstand, and it may be had no wish to withstand, Peggy rose from her chair, walked across to Max Hamilton, put her hands on his shoulders, kissed him, and then went swiftly out of the room.

"Well, I declare!" said the Colonel, and laughed aloud; he added, playfully, to Max, "You've received your commission, my boy."

"Yes," said Max, and could say no more!

(To be Continued).

SONG FOR RECRUITS.

A NEW recruiting song, "Kitchener's Question," has come to hand; words and music by Muriel Bruce. The words are very direct and simple, as may be judged by the chorus:

"Why aren't you in khaki?"
Says Kitchener, this means you.
Why aren't you in khaki?
An old excuse won't do.
"For I want five million men," says Kitchener,
"Brave and strong and true."
Why aren't you in khaki?
And this means you.

The tune is a stirring march, quite effective, easy and tuneful. It should become popular. Published by the Empire Music and Travel Club.

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A noted American writer and orator likes the prairies, and goes West every summer. During a recent trip he was overtaken by night in a little village of Nebraska. He stayed at the local hotel. In the morning he wanted to take a bath, and consulted the landlord about it.

The landlord shouted back to the kitchen—"Hey, Jim, this here gent. wants to take a bath. Bring the fixin's."

Soon afterwards a boy appeared carrying a cake of yellow soap, a towel, and a pickaxe.

"What's the pickaxe for?" asked the visitor.

"Why," said the landlord, "you'll have to dam up the creek."

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* Less than 2 grains left. Even this he could have stuck on a new stick—no waste with Colgate's.

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