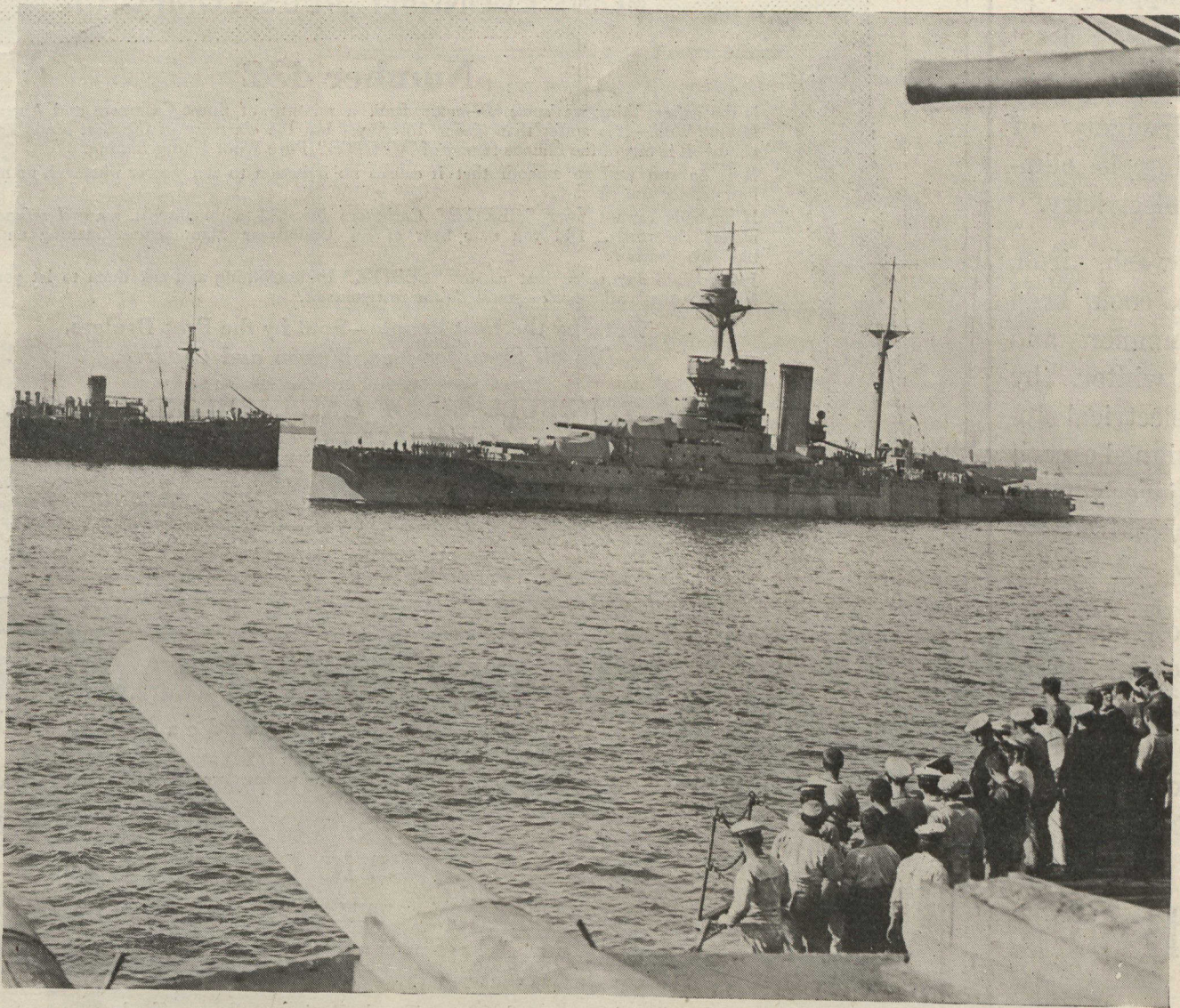


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HOW GERMANY STANDS TO-DAY

At Least One-Third of Her Fighting Force Obliterated

By RT. HON. C. F. G. MASTERMAN

PROLONGED wars have always brought periods when all seemed lost and the faint-hearted inclined to raise the cry "We are betrayed." It was so in the long struggle against Napoleon, when Pitt saw three of his Coalitions smashed one after the other, and at one time this country was fighting the whole of Europe alone. It was so in the four years' struggle in America, when it was only "Father Abraham," who never despaired of the Republic. There is some such faint-heartedness about to-day. Yet the war is pursuing its course far more successfully than anyone could have predicted two years ago; and it is obviously evident that in one year's time, or two, or perhaps a little later, the defeat and utter ruin of Germany is assured.

First, let it be granted, that in modern warfare no objective rarely matters, or really, that there is strictly speaking no objective but slaughter of the male population of the nations. Instead of small standing armies wandering about Europe to capture capitals or to be destroyed, we have nations rising up against nations intent only on the massacre of each other. We have not—yet—to attain the Rhine, or capture Frankfurt or Berlin or occupy Germany. We have just to destroy by killing, maiming, capturing, or otherwise rendering inefficient, the adult, efficient male population of Germany. When more than a certain percentage of these have thus been annihilated for military purposes the game is over. And the point at which further resistance becomes impossible is dependent upon the clearness with which the German people will face realities, and the moment when they recognize that they are faced, not only with defeat in battle, but with the destruction of the race.

HERE we are faced with conjectures and various interpretations, often seemingly backed with logic yet often leading to results with divergence of millions. We have the estimates of the British War Office, and of the French War Office before us. We have the actual list by name of killed, slightly or severely wounded—not sick—in the published German casualty lists, which I believe to be accurate, although generally dilatory a record, and although they are now forbidden to give the totals of each class, I have no private information; but from these and other evidence, and giving (as is right) the full benefit of the doubt in any case to Germany, I believe that I am, if anything, understating losses if I estimate as follows:

The total number of German potential combatants between 18 and 45 at the commencement of the war was a little over 13½ millions.

From these deducting 25 per cent. for inefficient

Hon. C. F. Masterman, late Financial Secretary to the Treasury, writes very little for newspapers. When he does, he writes with a strong grip of what he is talking about. As he says himself, he is no optimist; but in taking the most conservative view of the war as it stands to-day he is forced to the conclusion that Germany, no matter what frantic efforts she makes on any of the three fronts, is a great brute slowly bleeding to death.

(a low estimate), we have something like 10 millions of potentially efficient combatants.

It is doubtful if Germany has ever armed more than 7½ millions of these: leaving 2½ millions (a meagre estimate) to work the railways, the coal-fields, the great iron and steel works and all the machinery of supplies.

And of these 7½ millions, I think one is quite safe

tween the Marne and the Vistula and beyond. Soon their very graves will be forgotten, and the world will be as though they had not been.

Some three-quarters of a million are either maimed, prisoners, or so injured that they can never return to the scene of war. The bulk of them will remain as evidences, hobbling through city and villages to the children of the coming generation, a burden on their profit and production; evidence of the infinite folly of those who delighted in war, and staked in one mad adventure all that Germany which had been built up for nearly 50 years—staked and tremendously lost.

And another million at least form a "constant" of those severely or slightly wounded, and all the sick. Some of these will die, some live on a crippled life, the bulk return to duty. But for each one returning from the giant hospital one new sufferer will be substituted; so that though the individuals change, the loss remains the same, and will remain the same until peace comes.

I have not counted Austria in these figures. First because, although we have no reliable figures for Austria, it seems certain that her actual loss has exceeded that of the Germans; second (and principally) because the resistance is a German resistance; and if the Germans contemplate the real possibility of the bulk not only of their armies, but of their male efficient population being destroyed, they will sue for peace regardless of Austrian or Turkish opinion.

AND GERMANY CALLS THIS WAR



This is one of the many recent pictures of Zeppelin destruction in London. The bomb fell between two houses. On the left is a bed where mother and daughter were thrown into the street; on the right a boy was pinned down by the roof. Absurd stories have been circulated, not only in Germany, about the havoc wrought to London by these attacks. A well-informed London newspaper man in Canada last week estimated that a Zeppelin raid goes about as far towards making any real change to the great city as a contractor in peace times tearing down a single building—and London contains a million buildings.

in asserting that 2½ millions have been destroyed in this first year of war.

Of these some three-quarters of a million—the flower of the manhood of Germany—lie dead on alien soil. No trump of King or Kaiser, blown as in the old legend when the Fatherland is in danger, can rouse them from their eternal sleep. They rest forever in massed heaps of dead or solitary graves, be-

ONE-THIRD of their fighting population, one-quarter of their whole efficient male population, destroyed in one year of war—no nation has ever yet suffered such punishment; and there is to-day in Germany grief and misery and the counting of the cost of it discernable beneath the heavy hand of the military machine. I think by this time next year, if the war continues, that number should be more than doubled. More than half the manhood of Germany will be destroyed. And before the three years' limit which Lord Kitchener has given (according to Lord Escher's statement) be attained there should not be much left that could offer serious resistance between the Vistula and the Rhine.

I am not an optimist (optimism to-day being alone in this country a quality held in derision). On the contrary, I have refused to accept optimist estimates of many of my "expert" friends; though I profoundly hope they are true. My desire is to see things as they are, and their consequences as they will be, so not being deceived. But the observer who wishes the truth should keep his attention rather on casualties than on territories. Germany can be destroyed equally in the heart of Russia, beyond

RUSSIA'S BUSINESS NOW IS TO COME BACK



These pictures were taken in the region round about Riga, where the German armies have been making a last attempt to break through. The upper photograph shows Russian infantry on the march. They seem to be well supplied with rifles and equipment, and are certainly superb specimens of military manhood. There never has been any doubt about the ability of the Russians ultimately to come back—though the force of the counter-movement may not be felt until spring.



The lower picture shows Russian artillery entering one of the picturesque little Russian towns in the Riga district. It was the lack of heavy artillery and high explosives that caused the great Russian retreat in Galicia and in Poland. But while retreating the Russian line was at no point broken by the German drive, as von Hindenburg and Mackensen had hoped. By spring the Russian artillery should be able to co-operate with the accumulated munitions of the Allies on the Western front.

Belgrade, or within the boundaries of France. So long as the daily toll of death and wounds goes on, so long we are every day nearer the inevitable end. And the factors which make one believe that that toll will increase rather than diminish are these three: We assume that her losses will be greater in the coming year, and greater in proportion to those of the Allies, because (1) the steady increase in man power of the Allies. For this first year of the war the brunt of power and fighting force has been borne by two only of the Quadruple Alliance; and of those two France alone has put forth her full strength. Russia, having lost millions, can put millions of equally good soldiers in the field, directly equipment is ready for them; and confront an exhaustible German man power with an inexhaustible Russian. Italy has practically only begun her fighting; so has England. I should doubt indeed if more than two million and a half British troops have actually been engaged with the enemy; and for the bulk of the past year far less than these. Behind the British Isles lies the British Empire.

And the second factor is munitions. Here, also, the German preponderance is slowly but inevitably giving place to a preponderance of the Allies. We are multiplying munitions in Britain, France, Russia, Italy. We have, behind, all the world to draw upon—the United States, Canada, the islands of the sea. All this enormous and increasing stock will be used sooner or later to batter to pieces German lines and German soldiers protecting them, as at Loos and Champagne. Not to-day, or to-morrow, but before the end comes, a moment will arrive when there will be found not enough German soldiers left to retain Germany's enormous extended frontiers. Then lines must break, and we shall be near an end.

And the third factor is the slow but steady and ruthless operation of sea power; a grip that has never failed at long last. It is as if a man was caught by the throat, struggling wildly as he feels the grip tightened—doing infinite damage—but suffo-

cated at last. For the first year it is only felt as an inconvenience; in the second year it becomes intolerable; in the third year the end may come. The whole of the German Press (in so far as it is allowed utterance) is full of complaint to-day at the rise in prices, the absence of necessities, the protest that the population are feeling the life growing more and more impossible, since all German trade has been swept off the seas.

For this is a world war and a world survey is necessary, if we are to obtain a true vision of Germany's present position. How does she stand to-day after a little more than a year of it? Her colonies, in which she took so much pride, have been snatched from her. Her international trade, which supported the bulk of her industrial population, has vanished like the baseless fabric of a vision. Her ships lie interned in ports of all the continents; her exports and all the profits which depended on her exports from Patagonia to Korea have ceased like the sud-

den shutting of a door. Her great floating palaces, which were her pride and the wonder of the world, each cost millions to build, are lying useless in her own ports or rotting in the ports of America, or, having been converted into armed cruisers, like the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, lie masses of twisted iron at the bottom of the Atlantic. In internal affairs her efforts have made her hopelessly bankrupt. She dares not raise a farthing by taxation. She is carrying on the war by the simple expedient of mortgaging private property to the State, giving payment for such mortgages in paper money and then taking the paper money as a new "loan" to the Government. The result is that six months after the war is over Germany would be compelled to convert or repudiate; for her paper money would be worthless outside Germany.

This lunge into S. E. Europe may prolong the end and increase the losses involved; it cannot prevent that end being attained.

PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS

MONTREAL is having an exhibition of American paintings. A writer non-deplumed Keir O'Scure, in Beck's Weekly, says, touchingly, concerning one of the pictures: "The veritable soul of autumn is caught with a sure touch in 'Cobbe's Creek,' the sole exhibit of Daniel Garber." We should like to be absolutely sure the writer did not mean the "sole of autumn" and the "soul exhibition of Daniel Garber." There is a vast difference in this distinction.

AND now the movies have driven Trilby off the boards. In September the present season of Trilby opened in Toronto to capacity houses. It went from there to Montreal, where in the burn-

ing of the Princess Theatre the company lost heavily in properties though saving most of the costumes. It is now in the United States, and up till lately was continuing the phenomenal success with which the present season opened in Toronto and last season in New York, with Neilson-Terry in the title role and a number of eminent actors in the cast. But as soon as the Boston engagement is over the company will be called in. The reason is not any decadence in the public appreciation of Trilby, but the fact that there are a number of film productions of the play on circuit in the same cities booked for the original show—and the film version is killing the original. The manager is suing Wm. P. Brady, who has the dramatic rights of the book for, as he says, not living

up to his contract to allow no film versions of Trilby to appear in any city on the Trilby route until after the original play had appeared. Such is the irony of fate; when a copy beats out the original. Something mysterious about these phantom movies. Melancholy to think of it. Never mind—Canada had the honour of opening the second season of the original and paying our respects to a really great Trilby.

WE often wondered how it was that every issue of Punch seemed so happy in its selection of material and the sort of family, sitting-round-the-fire character of everything in it—even to the whisky ads. Now we understand. According to a representative of the happiest paper in the world who was in Canada a few days ago, it seems that every time Punch gets out a number the entire staff meet for dinner somewhere; over a full meal they discuss what are the features that are to appear the following week. Now, we know some editorial staffs in Canada who, if they did that sort of thing, would leave a bad brown taste in the mouths of most of their readers the following week.

SARA BERNHARDT will soon be on her way to the United States. The great French actress gave her opinions on the war to an interviewer in Paris. She spoke with great vehemence about the murder of Miss Cavell; letters threatening her life if she came to America she intends to ignore; she is coming whether or no, and intends to keep on glorifying the stage in a country obsessed by the movies. When asked her opinion of film dramas, she said they were good for deaf people, and the war was making a good many people deaf—some of them mentally. The war, she thinks, will help to ennoble the stage.

Last week the great French actress achieved a great triumph in Paris by her appearance in a one-act play, "The Cathedral." Several white-clad figures represented each a famous cathedral destroyed or injured by the Germans in the war. Bernhardt herself represented Strasbourg Cathedral. The imagination of the French temperament may be judged from the words of the despatch: "As emotion took possession of her, her voice rang out with all its old-time vigour, until ending with an appeal to everyone to arms as the country is in danger, it held its own against the full orchestra."

WHAT the democratic spirit amounts to and is able to accomplish in war is well illustrated by the story published recently in the Winnipeg Telegram of the young western millionaire who enlisted as a private and died on service abroad. Talmage Lawson was a cowboy, son of an Irish Methodist minister who went west in the early days. He was as handy with a horse and a gun as a good carpenter is with his tools. When he found himself a cowboy out of a job he bought a ranch near Calgary. Later, when land began to move in the west, he sold out and bought another near Saskatoon. The land boom made him a millionaire. He used part of his great fortune to buy and establish newspapers. One of his newspaper ventures was the Saskatoon Star, of which he was the owner when he started before the war on a trip round the world.

When the war broke out the cowboy-rancher millionaire was in Egypt. He immediately cancelled the rest of his journey, when he might easily have kept out of reach of the war, and went post haste to London. There he heard that Canada was also at war. He preferred to enlist in Canada. He came back here and enlisted; too late to be with the first contingent. January last found him in Winnipeg with the Saskatoon volunteers. He might have bought a commission. He preferred to go as a private. When he got to the front he found that his platoon was commanded by Lieut. Austen B. Smith, formerly one of his reporters on the Star, and that his sergeant was Joe. B. Shaw, one of his linotype operators on the same paper. Did he buck? No, he had broken too many bucking bronchos for that. The young millionaire saw the humour of the situation and served in the ranks under men who were still drawing pay on his own paper. In the list of casualties from the 28th Battalion, Pte. Lawson was among the dead men. His death as a private and the big life story that preceded it are one of the finest illustrations of what the democratic spirit means in a free country.

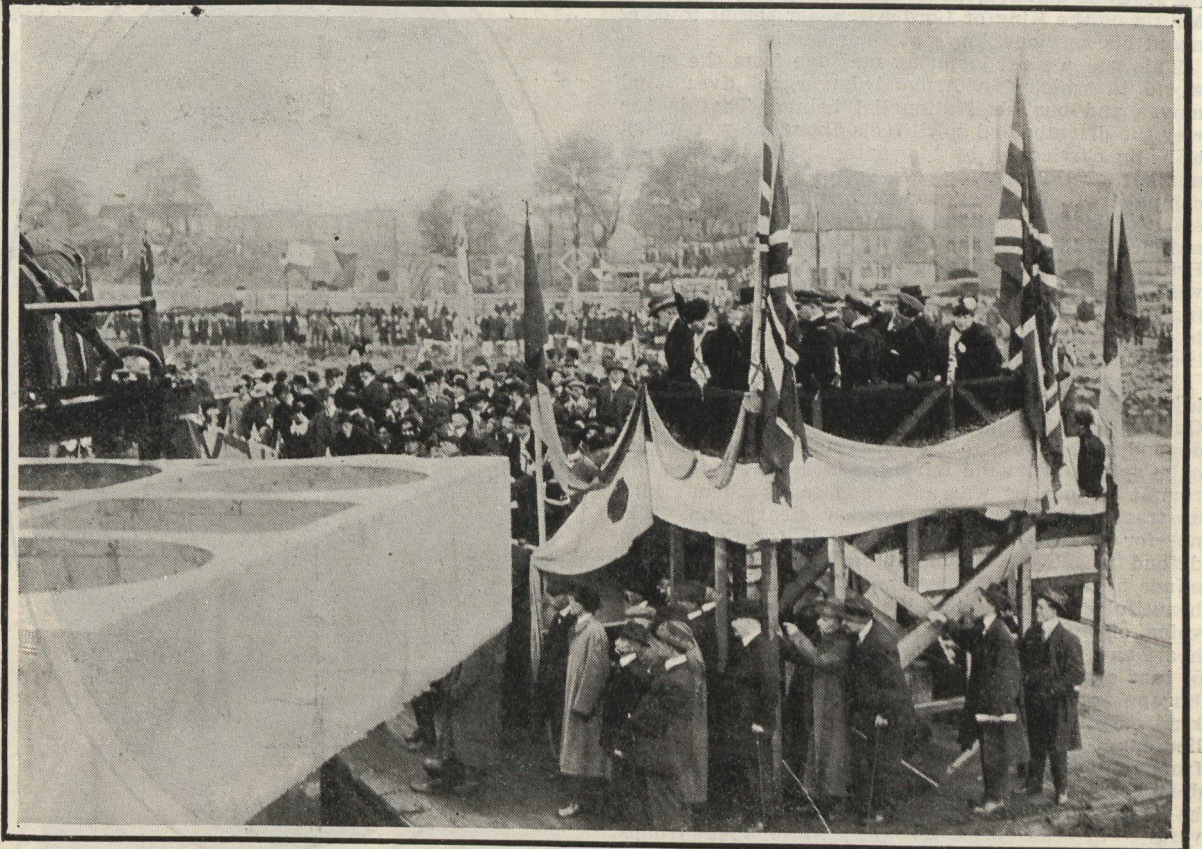
THE Montreal Daily Mail has taken the trouble to compile percentages of recruiting in various Provinces in order to show that the French-Canadian falls far below other people in Canada when it comes to going to war. The figures are quoted as .61 per cent. for Quebec, against 1.44 for Ontario, 2.55 for British Columbia, 2.73 for Alberta, 2.78 for Manitoba and Saskatchewan, and 0.79 for Nova Scotia. Various editors explain the failure of Quebec in the same way, largely attributing it to the unpatriotic efforts of Mr. Henri Bourassa. The Halifax Chronicle explains why the showing of Nova Scotia is so little better than that of Quebec by saying that unemployment in that Province is almost unknown, there are no idle men to recruit from, and that Nova Scotians have enlisted in large numbers

elsewhere. Meanwhile, Quebec seems to occupy the bottom rung of the ladder in spite of the gallant 22nd French-Canadian Regiment at the front.

WHATEVER may be the various opinions about the mathematical sanity of "the boundless Belloc," there is never any doubt as to his cheerful optimism. His most recent estimate that Germany's offensive can last only three months longer might be multiplied by two without causing any grave alarm among even the most optimistic of Belloc's boundless readers. In fact, most of Hilaire's almost hilarious estimates are capable of being curtailed in the light of experience without leaving the average man sad. Belloc is on the right track most of the time. The only difference between him and

most of the other forecasting experts is that he deals in larger masses of thought. Millions are mere opportunities to Belloc. He seems to dispose of legionary armies as though they were lead soldiers on a chess-board, each man representing an army corps. He is the algebraist of war. They say that what with traveling, lecturing and book-making, the wonder is that he finds time for so many optimistic expositions in land and water and other mediums. His critics allege that his methods are those of an amateur who, with a map or two, a Beedeker and a few army gazettes, is able to cook up the most astounding mathematical legends with which to console the rest of the British Empire. And Belloc has plenty of critics. Still—what would this gigantic war be without the "boundless Belloc"?

CANADA'S GREATEST CORNER-STONE LAID



Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Borden, laying the corner-stone of the new ocean terminals at Halifax, Nova Scotia, October 21. The corner-stone, the white object seen in the picture, is one of the concrete blocks of which the new piers will be composed, and is the largest and weightiest corner-stone ever laid in Canada. Each block weighs some thirty-two tons. This concrete block, as seen in the picture, is being lifted off a flat car by an immense and very powerful crane and is then slowly lowered into the water and placed in position by divers. It is estimated that the terminals, when completed, will cost about forty-six million dollars. Much of the prosperity which has attended Halifax since the outbreak of the war is attributed to the employment given and money disbursed by this great undertaking.



The Premier of Canada addressing the people of Halifax on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the new ocean terminals. The picture shows, beside the Premier, Lady Borden, Mrs. Chas. Archibald (a personal friend of Lady Borden and her hostess while in Halifax), Hon. Frank Cochrane, Minister of Railways, Lieut.-Governor MacKeen, and two officers of a French warship. It will be noted that the flags of the Allies form the decorations.

MAINLY PERSONAL

The Good Ghost Lavergne

ARMAND LAVERGNE, the trumpet medium of the young Nationalists, has appeared at a seance in which the voice from Lavergne says that he will not volunteer to be a commander of a battalion which he might be allowed to recruit at Montmagny. The voice from the spirit world says that Mr. Lavergne—who in peace times was a soldier—does not believe in volunteering to recruit battalions to help Canada in this war; that the only time to go to war is when you are attacked by somebody else; and that if Canada were attacked by whomsoever he would favour conscription for purposes of defence; nevertheless, if the Minister of Militia or the King or Lord Kitchener see fit to command his services, he is at their service.

This was a most inspiring message from the spirit world in which Mr. Armand Lavergne lives and moves and has his Nationalist being. That is the way the disembodied spirit feels about the war which is being carried on by his materialistic brethren—a number of them being his own French-Canadian compatriots. It is a great comfort to know that the spirit of Armand still keeps in touch with the French nation fighting for its national existence, with the British Empire in the crisis of the Empire's life, with Canada as an integral part of the Empire sending troops to Europe to help defend that Empire. It is all the more comforting because in his ordinary life upon this earth Armand Lavergne was a soldier.

But he went into the other plane, the idealistic, idyllic part of the universe known as any part of Quebec that indulges the Nationalist dream of independence. From that exalted nebulous sphere the calm spirit of Armand Lavergne looks down upon the tumult of men at war and encourages them with abstract doctrines. He sees very clearly that it is not for us to defend England; it is for England to defend us. That is something which our carnal minds never would have thought out. It comes with beautiful clearness from Armand Lavergne, like the voice of an untroubled angel bidding us all take heart and be at peace no matter with what millions of tons of murder the enemy may be rampaging over Europe and as far as possible over the rest of mankind. Still it is nice to know that the Nationalist lieutenant of Mr. Bourassa is willing to come down from that exalted spirit Utopia in which he leads a detached, dispassionate existence and go to war if he is so commanded. With the spirit of Armand Lavergne at the head of our Nationalist troops even the angels at Mons might be considered very ordinary apparitions by comparison.

Mayor Martin, Compatriot

MAYOR MEDERIC MARTIN, of Montreal, sends his respects to Mr. Stephenson Blake, of Toronto, and says it is not true that French-Canadians are so lukewarm over the war as Mr. Blake supposes. The reason for the letter was that

Mr. Blake sent a \$1,000 check to Mayor Martin to be used in aid of the British Red Cross in Montreal; but when he heard rumours that Quebec priests discourage French-Canadians from enlisting, that French-Canadians desert in large numbers, that one regiment, the 49th, was made up of a lot of foreigners, and that another regiment, the 41st, recruited a year ago, has not yet got up to 800 men—and so forth—he gave orders to cancel the check.

To these allegations Mayor Martin replies; for him with very temperate language. The theatrical Mayor very soberly assures Mr. Blake that the allegations are much exaggerated. He admits that he does not know the exact proportions of French-Canadians who are at the front or on the way there. For his information, be it said, that the Montreal Daily Mail gives the percentage as .61, the lowest in Canada. He says that Sir Sam Hughes, not long ago, expressed his satisfaction at the part taken by French-Canadians in the war. But Sir Sam has since invited Armand Lavergne to raise a regiment. He alleges that the 41st was long ago up to full strength and will soon be on the firing line. As to the

mixed 49th, he says it is not the lack of French-Canadians, but the need of certain other men for this, that or the other. He pertinently inquires what about the 57th, now about ready to depart; about the French-Canadians who enlisted in English-speaking regiments—does Mr. Blake know their number? No, neither does Mayor Martin. More pertinently still, he asks if Mr. Blake has never heard of the gallant 22nd, a French-Canadian regiment somewhere in France or Belgium in the thick of the fight.



HON. ARTHUR MEIGHEN, P.C.,
Solicitor-General, who denies the rumour that he intends to enlist. He is more necessary at Ottawa.

ing under Col Gaudet. He mentions several French-Canadians who have served gallantly in the trenches; the hospitals equipped by French-Canadians; the large amounts raised by Quebec municipalities for the war; the first recruiting speech delivered in Canada—by Sir Wilfrid Laurier; and the numerous recruiting rallies held in French-Canadian centres.

A most amiable reply and very much to the point.

Gallieni, the Veteran

GEN. GALLIENI succeeds M. Millerand as French Minister of War. Here is a fine veteran in the right place. Gallieni is one of the marked men of this war. His career as military governor of Paris, which he has been since the war began, is enough to give him a big place in the counsels of the nation. The defence of Paris was at one time a very precarious matter. With Gallieni in charge of the city, no Parisian got hysteria. Close as it was to the lines of battle with great armies wedging down upon the Capital and Zeppelins near by, Gen. Gallieni has managed to keep Paris life in Paris as normal as living in London or Berlin. He is a veteran who has studied war by experience. He is one of the score of generals who know as much about war as Joffre, even if most of them lack Joffre's powerful personality in the practice of war.

Sir Max Aitken—C.O.?

SIR MAX AITKEN has perhaps got weary of being merely chief eye-witness with the Canadian troops at the front. In this field of writing he has done some good work. He now wishes to do something a little nearer the front without the shadow of the censor always over him. He has offered to raise a battalion in his native province, New Brunswick, or if not permitted to do that, to serve as an officer in a New Brunswick regiment at the front. There is no doubt that either offer—probably the latter—will be accepted. Sir Sam Hughes is not passing over with scant courtesy millionaires who are able to raise battalions. Besides, New Brunswick is a fine field for recruiting. No other province has shown a better spirit in the war, in all the numerous activities that require men, money and materials. Sir Max himself is the right sort of stuff.

He is a man of action. He has always been swift to do what came into his head. A few years ago he was dazzling the financiers of this country by his rapid climb from down-at-the-heels to the financial apex of Montreal. He had the golden touch, the wizard's wand, then. Since he has gone to England as an M.P., Sir Max has not been idle. He has become a very prominent figure in the public life of the Old Country. His opinions about Imperial politics were always welcome to the political leaders. By all means, let us see Sir Max at the head of a New Brunswick battalion.

More Useful at Home

WITH somewhat of a sigh of relief we learn that there is no truth in the rumour that Mr. Arthur Meighen intends to enlist. The Solicitor-General, now P. C. and a member of the Canadian Cabinet, would no doubt make a fine soldier. He has succeeded so well in Parliament that we should expect him to make his mark in the army. A few years ago there was no man in Parliament more diffident and somewhat awkward in debate than Meighen. But he began to study the art of debate. He studied the leaders in debate. He saw what made Laurier and Foster such able debaters. And he was not satisfied until he had himself become what he now is, one of the best fighters in the House.

Meighen did not get to be a parliamentary fighter by studying merely the art of rhetoric. He learned more by fighting. Certain members opposite used to take great joy out of bull-baiting Meighen, the member for Portage. For all these, including Mr. Carvell, from New Brunswick, Meighen had a nice long Eskimo dog-whip coiled up under his desk. When he rose and cracked that whip across the floor he snicked the ear of a member here and there and then sat down. He is always ready. In the House he is one of the strong men needed now and then by the Premier in debate. In the Cabinet he will not be less useful with his clear-headed ability.

Ready, Aye Ready

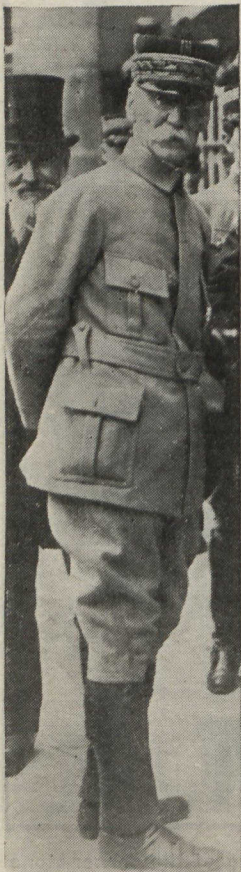
"READY, Aye Ready" might almost be written of the 73rd Highlanders, of Montreal. The new overseas battalion—allied with the great Black Watch and wearing its uniform—is rapidly nearing its full strength. Over one thousand men, gathered from all over Quebec, are enlisted now, and Col. Peers Davidson, who has had the recruiting field almost all to himself for the last month, is giving way to General Meighen, who is to raise and equip the Grenadier Guards.

Col. Peers Davidson is a soldier and the son of a soldier. His father is Sir Charles Davidson, Fenian raid veteran, formerly commander of the 3rd Victoria Rifles, of Montreal, and a jurist of wide repute. Col. Davidson is soldier and lawyer, too. He is a King's Counsel in professional life, and when the war broke out he was a major in the Fifth Royal Highlanders. He had joined that regiment eight years before; he worked so enthusiastically that his company won the most efficient company prize. When the outbreak of hostilities came and the 13th Battalion was being formed, he was unable to leave the city. He wanted to go with the 42nd Battalion, but he was held back until the 73rd was raised. That battalion will be in barracks in Montreal all winter, but with the 13th and the 42nd it will give a fine account of itself when it reaches the battle zone.

Col. Davidson was born in Montreal in 1870 and is the eldest son of Sir Charles Davidson. He was educated at the Montreal High School and at McGill University, from which he holds the degree of B.A., M.A. and B.C.L. He was appointed a King's Councillor in 1906; he is a director of the Crown Trust Company, and a lecturer on law frequently. He is a yachtsman, too, and was commodore of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club in 1907. He is a very prominent club man, although he is one of the busiest men in Montreal. This week he brought his Highlanders home to Montreal from Valcartier, where they had been in camp for a month.

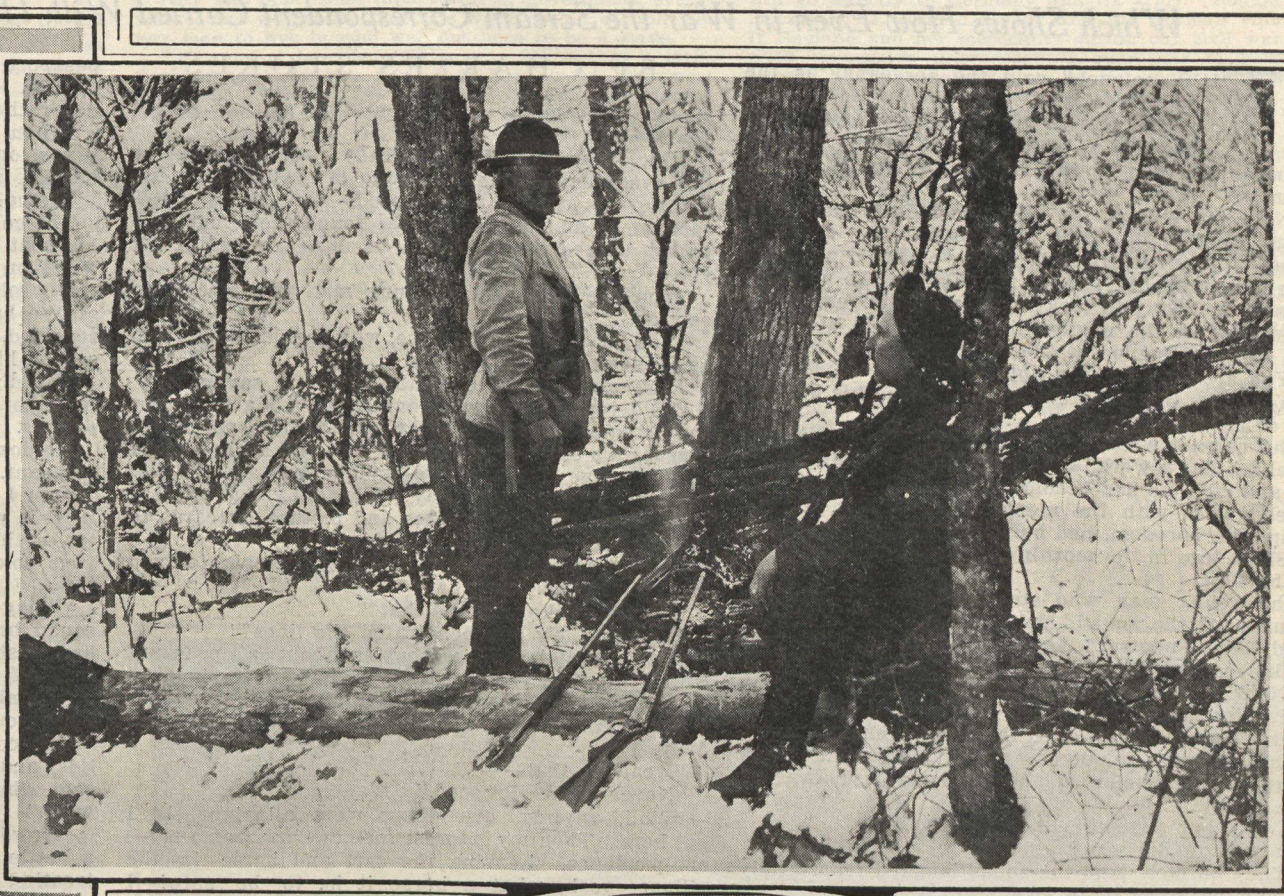


COL. PEERS DAVIDSON,
Commanding Officer of the
73rd Highlanders in Mont-
real.



GENERAL GALLIENI,
The Minister of War in the
new French Cabinet.

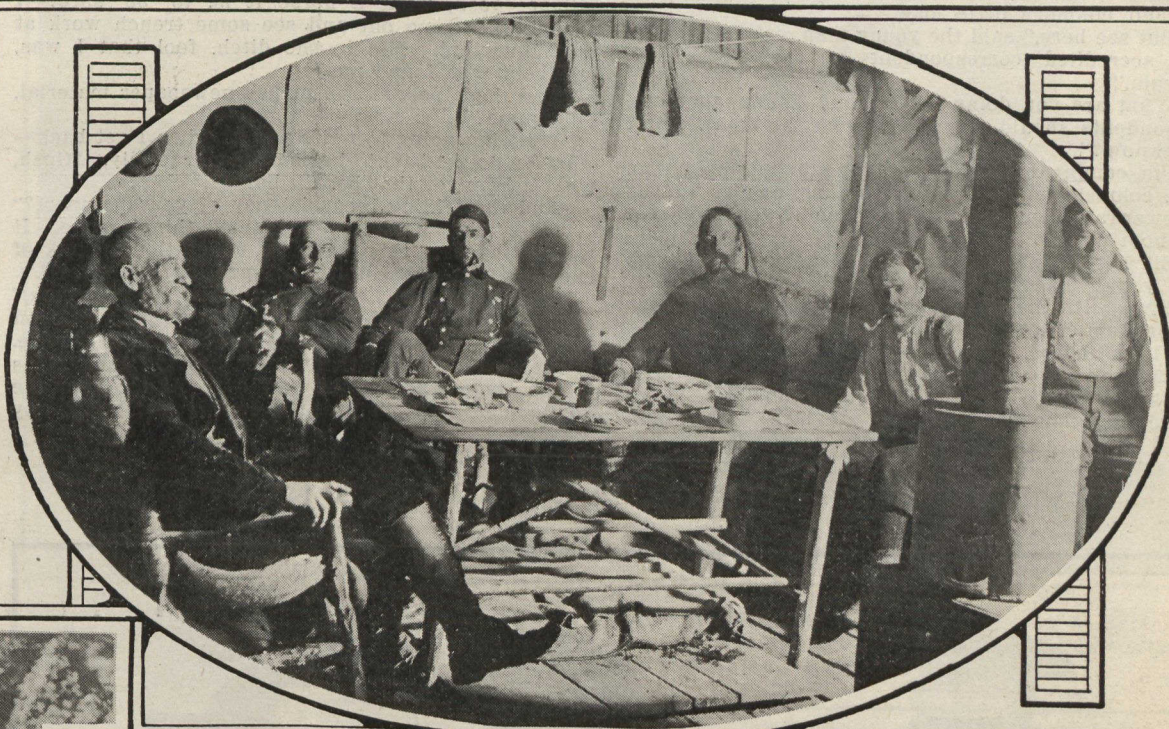
A DAY WITH RED DEER HUNTERS



THE JOY OF THE HUNT

HE who has not seen the sun rise over the November tree-tops and who has not tasted the eggs and bacon of the hunter's early breakfast, has missed one of the greatest experiences in life. The deer-hunters of America are in a class by themselves. They get nearer to nature than the botanist. They know more of the value of exercise and fresh air than the most modern of medical men. They know why the Red Indian was happy and unprogressive, and they know how primitive is the white man when he comes into mortal combat with the animal world.

Once he has gone for a fortnight's hunt of the red deer in the forests of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick or Maine, there is not stopping time. The outing becomes an annual affair. Year after year he goes back to the same old trail over rock and bog and stream, seeking the same old stimulant—the glorious elixir of trailing the elusive red deer to his lair.



1. He is not averse to partridge and rabbits. 2. He fully enjoys the beauties of the "first snowfall." 3. His temporary home is crude, but comfortable. 4. "Horsing" in the deer is heavy, but joyous work. 5. His trophy is brought to the edge of the lake, where the canoe is in waiting.

WORSE THAN DEATH

Which Shows How Even in War the Scream Correspondent Carried With Him Memories of Home

By CHARLES STOKES

"THIS, colonel," said the sergeant, "is the spy I spoke of."

The colonel turned slowly round from the fire at which he was drying himself. "Where did you capture him?" he asked, indifferently.

"Near the village, sir. He was hiding behind the hedge lying in the ditch as I brought my company home. It was nearly dark, and we should not have seen him, probably, but for the fact that he betrayed himself by trying to look at us, with the result that he slipped in the muddy ditch and made a noise." The sergeant smiled at the recollection.

"You are sure he is a spy?"

"Yes, sir. Upon searching him I found his pockets full of papers and maps."

The colonel was very, very tired. He had had a gruelling day's work, and, in addition to being worn out and cold, he had become, early in the day, bored. Lately, what with the monotony of killing, his old complaint, boredom, had begun to trouble him again.

"Shoot him in the morning," he said, turning again to the fire.

The young man who stood behind his back, in advance of the squad, looked aghast. "Why, good Lord, I'm a neutral," he blurted out. "I told your thick-headed fellows that!"

"Nearly all say that," replied the colonel, still gazing into the fire.

"But I'm an American," the young man went on, seemingly more in anger at a stupid mistake than in any apprehension at the sentence just awarded him.

"Lost your passports, haven't you?"

"Yes—how did you know?"

"They all do." And the squad laughed respectfully at their colonel's little joke.

"But see here," said the young man, earnestly, "I'm the accredited correspondent of the New York Scream."

"What are you doing here, then? Newspaper correspondents should stay away from the front, didn't you know?"

"I'm coming to that, if only you'll let me finish. Say, colonel, I'm as tired as you are, and as wet as a sewer-rat—can't I sit down, even if you have got to shoot me?"

"Sit here," said the colonel, flickering an eyelid. The young man sat down promptly, and proceeded.

"I was with the other correspondents, three or four hundred miles away—as near as they'd let us come—and I was bored to death—"

Then the colonel looked up. "So am I," he said.

"Shake!" cried the spy. "Indigestion?"

"Partly. The food we are provided with would

sicken a—camel. And then—I'm getting on in years—"

"Oh, I can guess! Practically retired, eh?—club life every day—same old group of fossils, daily difficulty of killing time—bored—war broke out—thought to find new interests—found them, but they palled after a time? As bored as ever now? I get you."

"You are evidently a young man of some perception."

"You bet I am! Otherwise, why should the Scream have given me this job?"

"You were bored to death, you were saying."

"So I resolved to push on—make a big scoop for the Scream, and see real war—what? So I purchased a peasant's outfit—clothes and cart and horse—speak the language like a native—and here I am."

"Here you are, as you say! How did you get here?"

"Walked. Sold cigarettes and picture-postcards to the soldiers, and packs of cards."

"I must add that as well as being clear-sighted you are resourceful, too."

"Does it strike you like that?"

"Tell me how you penetrated the lines?"

"Easy enough. Who troubles about a peasant? Still, I was lucky—I must admit that—never held up once."

"Something more than luck," said the colonel, drily.

"Meaning that—?"

"Never mind. Proceed."

"Well, anyway, everything went all right till I got here. Then my interest for news overcame my—prudence. Leaving the cart and horse in the village—gosh, what a horse it is, to be sure!—I thought I'd come out and see some trench work at close quarters. Hid in the ditch, fool that I was, and your men found me."

"And those papers and maps—newspaper material, I presume?"

"Yes—I'm going to write a book when I get back—if ever I do get back!" he concluded, ruefully. "Gosh, what a hummer that book'll be!"

"And the trifling inconsistency of your passport?"

"I don't know where the blamed thing's gone. It was in my cart this morning, under the packets of chewing gum—honest it was—put it there myself."

"Search the cart," said the colonel. "Young man," he said, "you are either a lucky imposter or a damned fool. Take him away," and he turned back to the fire.

The squad clicked their heels, brought their rifles to the slope, and led the way out. At the door the young man said: "I presume if they can't find any

passport I shall still be shot in the morning?"

"Yes. You'd be shot to-night only it's so unpleasant out in the rain."

"Then, colonel—and these are my parting words—if you love literature for its own sake you'll be sorry, because my book—"

"Come!" cried the sergeant, and they were gone.

The colonel resigned himself to his boredom, hung his coat over a chair to dry, and threw some more wood on the fire. Then he dozed a little. About thirty minutes later the sergeant stood before him.

"We have searched his outfit thoroughly, sir," he reported, "but we can find no passport. Shall I search his person?"

"Hardly necessary. If he has it on him, he will produce it when he realizes our intentions are serious. Follow the instructions."

He dozed again; and was again interrupted by the sergeant. "The spy, sir, asks if he can see you?"

"Am I never to sleep?" roared the colonel.

"It is very important, he says, sir—a personal matter, nothing to do with his sentence. He said, 'Tell your colonel it will probably relieve his boredom some.'"

"Bring him in, then." In a few minutes the same squad brought the prisoner back. By this time he had washed his face and hands, brushed some of the mud off his clothes, and combed his hair.

"Thanks for this—you're a prince!" he said. "Can I see you alone?"

The colonel looked at him through narrowed eyelids, and then nodded. "You can go, sergeant," he said, "but post two men outside. And send some wine."

"Now," he resumed, when they were alone, and a bottle of passable wine was between them, "I am treating you in a manner that is entirely without precedent."

"So I gather."

"To be frank, I can't quite convince myself whether you are speaking the truth, or not. If you are a spy, you must be shot. If, on the other hand, you are a neutral, you become our guest—a forced guest, it is true, whose liberty must be circumscribed, but still a guest. As either, you are dangerous, you see. Not being able to satisfy myself that you are not a spy, I cannot consider you in any other light, and therefore you must be treated in the customary manner: but I'm giving you the benefit of as much doubt as possible, and am treating you as a guest in order that your last hours may not be too—er—morbid."

"You have quite made up your mind about shooting me?"

"Most assuredly."

"Isn't there anything about my appearance—my talk—"

"Oh, yes. But you know we have hard and fast rules—a nuisance, I grant, but inevitable. We do not make them, and cannot break them."

"Gee, you talk like the railroad tickets in my country! Say, do you shoot many spies, colonel?"

"Quite a number. In a way, it's my special department. Will you have a cigar? But what did you want to see me for?"

"I confess I've taken a liking to you, colonel, and you look about the only man to trust round this joint." The other bowed. "Well, now, were you ever married?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever wish you weren't?"

THE colonel leant back, and fingered his moustache several moments before replying. "What makes you ask that?" he said, at length.

"You said you often used to be bored—"

"My dear wife," said the colonel, impressively, "was an angel direct from heaven. During the forty years she brightened this planet, she took care that no one forgot it."

"My case exactly! And was your wife's mother firmly convinced that her angel child had married a devil?"

"Well—well—I suppose so, young man."

"And did she come to stay with you?"

"Frequently."

"There now—doesn't it show you! All men are brothers, whatever their countries, eh?"

"I don't quite understand," said the colonel, "whether I am called upon to express sympathy, or what."

"Neither! You can shoot me as much as you please—I don't care—shoot me now, do—anything but go back to a home with a mother-in-law as a permanent guest! Oh death, where is thy sting?"

"It is now"—he pulled out his watch—"a few minutes past eleven. Hope I'm not keeping you up?"

"Go on," said the other, politely.

"In a few hours I shall be in the boneyard, providing you don't relent, eh? At precisely the same minute that your firing party lets go, that mother-in-law of mine cops—well, not a fortune, perhaps, but a nice little nest-egg, anyway."

"Your mother-in-law—not your wife?"

OFFICERS WHO HAVE DONE "IT"



This is a snapshot of three London officers with the First Canadian Contingent. On the left, Major Wood Leonard, who has been recommended for a decoration for good work in the Great Drive in September. Centre is Lieut. J. Herbert Scandrett, who transferred to the British Royal Flying Squadron, and is now home with a badly broken arm. Right is Lieut. C. F. McEwen. All were originally officers in the 3rd Field Artillery Brigade, C.E.F., under Lt.-Colonel J. H. Mitchell.

"Yes. That's the crooked part of it. That's why I'm here, appealing to you, not as a prisoner to his judge, but as a man. Help me to get even with my mother-in-law!"

The colonel cogitated. "On principle I will—principle, mind, not as a personal favour to you."

"Thanks, colonel, a thousand times. Now to unravel. I am not distorting the facts when I say that one of the chief reasons why I accepted the Scream's offer to come here was my dislike of living any longer in the same house as my wife's mother. Heaven knows," he said, rather bitterly, "until I was married myself I always thought this mother-in-law stuff was only the feeble humour of the comic supplement—one of the seven original jokes handed down from before the flood! But I've found it wasn't."

"Even as you or I," quoted the colonel, softly.

"When I married my little Eva, I thought I saw the prospect of a real Eden opening before me! And so we did have an Eden, for six or seven months, until that old plague settled down on us. Since then, I've taken to drink and Lord knows what else, but no use—I can't dodge it. The way that woman runs my house! I've told Eva hundreds of times I won't stand it, and Eva says she won't stand it, either, and we both agree we won't stand it, and then the old dame comes in again after her walk, and in two minutes we're eating out of her hand! Does that bore you?"

"It's not surprisingly novel."

"No, you bet it isn't! I could go on for hours about her—but you know what it is. The long and the short of it is this. My late lamented Uncle Silas, whose sole legatee I was, took an inveterate dislike to my wife. I didn't mention, did I, that my little Eva used to be on the stage—musical plays, you know?"

"No, you didn't."

"The old fellow was one of the select men of the up-country church, and thought the stage was hell. So when I married Eva he was very wroth, and refused to see her. He didn't, however, cut me off with a nickel, because he was rather fond of me. But what did he do—the vindictive old cuss!—but to put a clause in his will to the effect that if I predeceased my wife all the money he left me was to

(Continued on page 18.)

World's Greatest Talkers

A Chicago Lawyer's Letter to a Canadian

JOHN M. ZANE in private life is a Chicago lawyer. He is also an American with a voice. At the annual dinner of the Chicago alumni of Michigan University, some time ago, John M. Zane made what he calls an impromptu speech on the war. He was the toastmaster and for a few moments he broke away from all ordinary decorum to say what he thought about the various countries fighting against Germany. The speech was casually sent to a friend in England, who promptly got it into the Westminster Gazette as a sample of what one American thinks about the war. From the Gazette it was copied into the Daily Mail and into several other papers throughout the Empire.

What John M. Zane said about the belligerent countries in that little speech, however, is not half so strong as the things he said afterwards in correspondence with Mr. Melville P. White, a friend of his in Toronto. After noting that he had three great-great-grandfathers in the Revolutionary War and two of the same ilk in the War of 1812, and therefore has some right to speak as an American, he goes on in his first letter to express his congratulation at the way Canada has gone to war. He eulogizes the way the British Navy has guaranteed the safety and liberty of the world outside of Europe.

In his second letter replying to Mr. White the Chicago lawyer came back again with a still stronger statement of what an American thinks about the war. This time he eliminated everything but what he thinks about the United States. What he says concerning the part that the greatest Republic in the world is not doing in a war of ideas is probably the strongest indictment of American so-called neutrality ever written by an American—and therefore by anybody. He says:

"It is true, as your correspondent says, that we are the greatest talkers in the world about freedom, and yet our Government, when free government wherever it exists is in peril from a people as thoroughly autocratic as the Prussians, says not a single word to show where we stand. It is surely nothing better than hypocrisy, or rather utter cowardice, for us to say that neutrality means a suppression of ideas that favor free government."

"But if we had looked at the war merely from the low standpoint of our selfish interests, leaving out of view the fundamental issue, we ought to have seen instantly that if Germany wins and England loses command of the ocean, Germany would at once give us a choice between a devastating war and the bitterest of humiliations. Even now, if the German warships could keep the sea, we would have no commerce of any sort. The wayfaring man, though a fool, ought to be able to see that result and to realize what a German victory means."

"Suppose that Germany were dominant over the earth, with her fixed idea that the German methods are the best in the world and must be made to prevail by 'blood and iron'; imagine Prussian corporals in To-

ronto, Melbourne, Bombay and Hong Kong dictating to people what to say or do; what would become of that easy intercourse and free dealing which makes the British Empire such an elevating force even in Egypt, India or Singapore? Suppose the great countries of the world vassals of the Teutons ready to impose with cruelty and oppression their forms of government everywhere, and we realize that this world would be unfit for any man to live in who was not born to be a slave.

"It was not long before this war began that a large German company was formed to buy two provinces in Brazil. When it was suggested that our Monroe Doctrine would prevent vast German acquisitions in South America, the reply was that Germany had the power, the men and the guns to treat the United States with contempt. But when the German bankers asked what would be England's attitude, and were told that England would determine her course when the time came, the enterprise was abandoned. If it had not been for the English fleet, Germany would have ridden roughshod over our futile objections.

"In the light of such things it is strange to well-informed people everywhere that our Government made its initial and ignoble failure to voice the overwhelming sentiment in this country, and to make at least some protest over the violation of neutral rights in the brutal sacking of Belgium. It is equally strange that our dealings with the German embassy and its propaganda of disloyalty among us is so puerile and indulgent. It is stranger still that the national resentment for the piracy and murder in the case of the Lusitania, and now that of the Arabic, has been allowed to decline into a flabby exchange of meaningless assurances.

"But worst of all is our apparent willingness to be used as a German tool in protesting against the most efficient blockade known in warfare. There is no doubt that certain large mercantile interests among us desire fraudulently to circumvent the blockade and reap rich rewards by shipping to neutral ports, whence the goods will go directly to Germany and its army. Behind this movement is German money and the German embassy. If England and her merchants during our civil war had tried to consign unprecedented quantities of goods to Mexico, there to be reshipped to the South, our protest against such a palpable evasion would have been well justified. Yet our Government seems now to insist that it is our duty to claim that Denmark and Sweden have the right to be called neutral ports for the reshipping of contraband to Germany. And this too when the English blockade is built upon our own doctrines and our own judicial decisions.

"It is certainly no wonder that while we already had the active hatred of Germany, we have now earned by our hypocrisy the contempt of the Allies. If you ask me why this is so, all I can say is that we are ruled by the pettiest set of weak-kneed politicians that ever cursed any country. They find their support in that large, indolent, craven mass of ignorant and weak, but often well-meaning, people, whose only idea is to submit to outrage in order that an outrage may be repeated. This large mass is supported by the infuriated, unassimilated band of traitorous Germans who are willing to live under a free government, while being at heart Hunnish slaves.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN M. ZANE.

RUSHING TO THE AID OF SERBIA



The Courier is proud of its photographic service. These genuine pictures of Allied troops at Salonika have been rushed through without delay. Here the French Infantry are marching to their camp, with a Greek band on the right playing native airs.



Already two British Divisions (40,000 men) have gone forward from Salonika to the aid of the sorely pressed Serbian armies. This picture was taken just outside Salonika, where the Allies have a big camp.

The Ignorance of Our "Pacifists"

By THE MONOCLE MAN

THERE are a number of things which the action of Germany in ruthlessly precipitating and relentlessly prosecuting the present war should have taught mankind. Yet one has only to read the writings and speeches of some of our publicists on this beatific continent—Canadian as well as American—to see that we have not yet been taught these obvious and even compelling lessons; and that there are sincere and somewhat accepted leaders of opinion who are preaching even to-day, in the face of the roar of the guns, the more pleasant prophecies of international law and order and of a firmly settled peace. Sometimes we try to admire these men for keeping their faith and enthusiasms amidst a drizzle of discouragement; but the truth is that they are very dangerous men who may succeed in bringing the free institutions and spacious civic liberties of this continent down in irreparable ruin.

SURELY one of the truths taught us by this war is that it is by no means inconceivable that a nominally civilized nation may deliberately arm itself in secret and go out stealthily to rob an unarmed but wealthy sister nation. Our pleasant prophets have been in the habit of lifting their Pecksniffian hands and unctuously urging that "this is impossible!" And they did obtain almost universal credence for this comfortable gospel before the beginning of the present war. That was not surprising. Decades of peace and closer international relations had led most of our people to believe that the days of planned predatory wars were over. But the amazing thing is that men should still be found who ignore the plain and ugly teachings of the war and continue to administer blandly their old brand of soothing syrup. They talk as if the moment this horrible strife is ended, the Millennium would come in, when it would be pure pageantry for any peaceful-minded nation to spend money on idle soldiers.

OUR good neighbours, the Americans, are in, perhaps, the greatest danger from this sweet poison. They are a nation of great wealth. They are well worth burglarizing. If Bismarck a half century ago remarked that London would be "a great city to sack," we may be sure that his successors, who have bettered his pagan doctrine of "blood and iron" by demanding the blood of babes and maiden nurses, have not failed to note that New York would be a great city to hold to ransom—as unhappy Lille has been held. An American writer in the current "Century" magazine lays before his fellow-countrymen some cold facts which they will do well to heed. He relates that "a responsible staff officer of one of the great European powers" pointed out to him that "it is true that your country is very large, but its heart is very small and very vulnerable." Then he called for a map and showed what he meant. He drew a line from Chesapeake Bay along the series of natural strongholds to the Canadian boundary at the top of Lake Champlain, and said that this line (600 miles in length, about that of the line across the Western front) was the first natural line of defence for the eastern section of the United States. It is much stronger, naturally, than that held by the Germans in France and Flanders. The mountains are higher and the rivers and lakes wider. Such a line, he said, could be held by 400,000 trained European troops. Consequently all that is necessary for an enemy to do would be to land, say, half a million men at different points on the American coast, quickly dispose of the few forces the Americans could bring into action, fight his way to this line of natural strength, fortify his army along it, when they would hold the life of the United States within the hollow of their hands. "The country east of it would become a second Belgium, wherein the slightest resistance or insubordination on the part of individual men would result in the visitation of dire reprisals upon entire communities." This new American "Belgium," while containing only three per cent. of the United States in area, would contain half the wealth of the nation and twenty-five million people. If Germany held this grip on the vitals of the American Republic, she could levy indemnities on New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, et al, at will, and dictate her own terms of peace.

I HAVE given space to this picture because it is not a fancy sketch at all, but a quite possible reality if predatory war is permitted to pay handsome dividends in the case of the gigantic speculation ventured upon by the Prussian oligarchy last year. The Germans are out to-day to discover whether international highway robbery is still a paying business. They are following up the policy they

liked so well in 1866 and 1870. Possibly they had not read the super-pacifist puerilities of one "Norman Angell" and so learned that they did not profit by the victories of 1866 and 1870 at all. Anyway, they are trying it again. And if they emerge from this war without being crushed, they will call it a profitable investment; for they will then proceed to "cash in" on their formidable military prestige in all parts of the world.

UNLESS, I repeat, they are crushed, and the lesson taught the whole world that even the best armed national highwayman is now bound to be borne down by the combined law-abiding nations, the doctrine will be re-established that might makes right, and that the only law of the international highway is the foot-pad's law that all wealth lies at the disposal of the man with the best pistol. I have already said in this department that I believe that the first prize coveted by the Teuton highwayman

would be the British Empire; and that the choicest bit of the British Empire to German eyes would be fat and unplucked Canada. But it is also true that, if the Germans are allowed to roam the world, with one hand on a revolver-butt and the other held out for loot, they will presently note the fact that the United States presents a dazzling temptation to the thug—and has practically no guardian on the premises to keep him at bay.

NOTHING, to my mind, can prevent such an outcome from this war, short of a firm and punitive peace dictated in Berlin by an allied army, and emphasized by the cession of large sections of German territory to the Allies as a guarantee of good behaviour. As Germany took Strassburg in 1870, because she regarded it as "a pistol aimed at the heart of Germany," so the Allies must seize and hold some Prussian pistols aimed at the hearts of her neighbours. More than that, Germany must indemnify Belgium, Serbia, France and Russia for injuries inflicted. A "stalemate" will leave the international highwayman at large. Even such a complete victory over Germany will not wipe out the fact that, in the Twentieth Century, a great nation did try to burglarize civilization, and there will be no sure guarantee that it may not try it again.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Neither Last Nor Least in Great Trek

83rd Battalion from Niagara Camp, Marching in Front of Toronto City Hall



On Friday of last week, the 83rd Battalion, under command of Lieut.-Col. Reginald Pellatt, reached Toronto after marching a hundred miles from Niagara. As it passed through the city to its winter quarters, it was reviewed by the Mayor. Toronto's garrison of overseas troops now consists of six battalions of Infantry, three batteries of Artillery, cyclists and other details. These include the 37th, 58th, 74th, 75th, 83rd, and 92nd Battalions. Later the 81st and 95th will be added.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

As We See Others

A Leacock Interlude

IN the midst of atrocities at the expense of Armenia, and brutalities to be perpetrated by the Bulgarians, we pause, for a happy hour or two, to bask in the light of "Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy." Such is the title of Professor Stephen Leacock's latest book, which takes us all the way from "Spooof, a Sample of a Thousand Guinea Novel," to "In The Good Time After The War." The author gives us many a hearty laugh in the melodrama of "Spooof," which is a parody or perversion of the Eternal Triangle story—and ends in the eloping couple taking the tiresome husband, Mr. Overgold, with them, in order that he may pay the inevitable bills.

These stories and sketches have appeared, during the last year, in various magazines, but they will stand more than a "serial" reading and are an infinite relief in these days of distress and lamentation. Not that we would say that the writer is any light-hearted ignorer of the tumultuous days in which we are living. The manner of his readings, in behalf of the Belgian Relief Fund, last spring, leaves no doubt as to his earnestness. But the genius of this political economy professor who is a humorist in his hours of ease, "cleaves ever to the sunnier side" of all life's complexities, and refuses to suffer total eclipse because of the walls of the pessimist. Such a citizen is a benefactor, indeed, and should be given a Distinguished Service Order, or the degree of B.B.—meaning banisher of blues.

Chrystalisms

THAT professed advocate of peace, Miss Chrystal Macmillan, stirred up more trouble in less time than any other lecturer who has come to Toronto, and her departure has not evoked "will ye no' come back again?" Some called the lady traitorous, and others called her tactless, while the valliant peacette who moved the vote of thanks after Chrystal's lecture has been censured by a vote of patriotic Toronto women. After all, it is not pleasant to have Britain's warfare classed with the outrages of the Huns—and that by a woman who calls herself a British subject. This was hardly her attitude in the lecture—but it certainly was the inference from her interview with the "News" (Toronto) representative. Chrystal, dear, Canada bids you a firm farewell.

A Sister to Santa Claus

MRS. HENSHAW, of Vancouver, known in years of peace as Julia Henshaw, the author of delightful articles on Canadian flora, especially the wild-flowers of the Rockies, has been appointed Commissioner for the National Service Committee, now intent upon raising a fund of a hundred thousand "quarters" for a hundred thousand gifts for a hundred thousand men. The destined recipients are the Canadian soldiers overseas, and it is their countrymen (to say nothing of their countrywomen) who are to send these Christmas tokens of goodwill. Mrs. Henshaw is lecturing this month throughout Canada, explaining the work of the National Service Committee, the work involved being her personal contribution to the cause. On the 1st of December, this indefatigable lady expects to sail for England, to arrange for the distribution of the gifts under the direction of the Canadian War Contingent Association in London. Best wishes to the lady of the Christmas "quarters"!

Unsportsmanlike

THE attack on the equestrian judgment of Lady Beck, made by an "Exhibitor" in New York, is an absurd, but somewhat annoying instance of pro-Germanism. Lady Beck has had the honour to be chosen as one of the judges at the National Horse Show in New York. This critic of her fitness for such an appointment declares that Lady Beck knows of equestrian qualities, only through second-hand information from her husband, Sir Adam Beck, of the Remount Commission. As all Canadians of equestrian tastes and discrimination are aware, Lady Beck, from her girlhood days as Miss Lillian Otta-

way, daughter of the late Cuthbert J. Ottaway, of England, and Mrs. P. D. Crerar, of Hamilton, has been a fearless rider and a devotee of equestrian sports. All who know her will resent this foolish and unjust attack on one who is not only an expert equestrienne, but a charming gentlewoman. ERIN.

The Wonder Of It

SACRIFICE and greater sacrifice is the key-note of the women's work in these days. The wonder of it is the way in which all smaller society matters are pushed into the background and women

ENGLAND'S JOAN OF ARC.



One of the best photographs taken of Edith Cavell, the nurse murdered by the German civil governor of Belgium. A monument to her memory is to be erected in Trafalgar Square.

are living only for war-work. A few have not yet seen the light, but the circle widens day by day. If the work is great, the glory of the doing it brings great rewards.

Opening the Auditorium

(By our Ottawa Correspondent.)

EVERYBODY knows about the Victoria Memorial Museum, monument to a by-gone administration, and its Famous Crack. Every one knows that the main tower, tons upon tons of stone, pulled away from the main building in an aloof and hostile manner, rivalling the European Pisa. Everyone now knows that the sad work of demolition is taking place, and turret by turret, stone by stone, that sagging tower is being pulled down. But people do not know that a generous Government has tried to compensate for any disappointment we may have felt in regard to the tower, by opening the large, handsome Auditorium for the initial use of the Drama League and the subsequent use of scientific and educational bodies.

The first of these, on November 12th, was by Granville Barker, the English producer manager, whose presence in this country is explained by the serious word "contract." Before the outbreak of the war he had signed agreements to give a number of lectures, and the iron-bound laws bind him to his pledged word. Otherwise he would be in France

with our khaki boys.

The title of his address was, "Some New Ideas in the Theatre," a subject as interesting as it was instructive and authoritative. For Mr. Barker speaks from personal experience when he deals with the producing of anything from "Oedipus" to "Androcles and the Lion."

The Hon. Martin Burrell introduced the speaker.

TO honour His Majesty the Emperor of Nippon, the Consul-General of Japan and Mrs. Yada sent out many invitations to a reception, held in the Chateau Laurier, on Nov. 10th, in honour of the Coronation of His Majesty the Emperor of Japan. The affair was a brilliant one, under the gracious benignity of the host and hostess, lifting the grey cloud reflected from across the seas for the moment and bringing us in closer touch with our Eastern neighbours. It is neither extravagant nor fulsome flattery to state that anything over which Mme. Yada presided would be an assured success.

FAR-FAMED May Court Club, that philanthropic organization in which Lady Aberdeen, Lady Minto and Lady Grey evinced such interest, and Her Royal Highness the Princess Patricia honours by her frequent presence, held a unique fete a week ago upon the occasion of opening their new rooms. These were divided into booths something after the fashion of a country fair; there was a mysterious fish pond in which strange and unclassified varieties of fish were caught, there was a Punch and Judy show, there was a Cafe Chantant and a real theatre with a live little one-act play, produced by the Drama League. There were fancy work booths, candy booths, cake booths and the ubiquitous fortune-teller. There were four pictures of Her Royal Highness the Princess Patricia on sale, and these were quickly snapped up. Artistically and financially, the affair was a brilliant success. M. M.

The Martyr, Edith Cavell

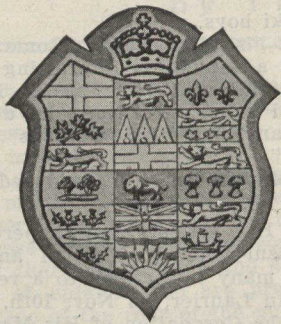
The Case in Her Behalf Reviewed by
a United States Lawyer

NOW that it has been decided to erect a public memorial in London to the memory of Edith Cavell, it is of some interest to recall the story of the tragedy that has made this woman the Joan of Arc to England. The statue will stand in the midst of a sea of traffic in Trafalgar Square, between the National Gallery on the far side of the square, and the old church of St. Martin's in the Field nearer to the Strand. The statue is to be the free gift of Sir George Framp-ton, R.A., president of the Royal Society of British Sculptors, and recognized, therefore, as one of the most able sculptors in England. He will have an inspiring subject. And perhaps he will have no better material for his labours than just such a portrait as the photograph on this page.

The memory of this martyred woman will never grow old in England nor in the really civilized world. In fact, it seems as though her memory will be kept green for a long while in the uncivilized part of the world known as Germany. A few days ago Mr. James M. Beck, the eminent United States lawyer who summed up the case against Germany a year ago, reviewed all the arguments in the case of Miss Cavell in an article in the Philadelphia Ledger. Mr. Beck concludes that Miss Cavell was wantonly murdered. He recalls the attempted justification made by Germany after it was recognized that the world at large would regard the execution as a murder. It was said in Germany that though Miss Cavell had earned a living by nursing, she charged extortionate fees that only the wealthy could afford to pay. This was another of those German lies in the form of a slander against a woman already murdered by the nation represented by the slanderers. There is no question of the fact that Miss Cavell nursed not only British and Belgian, but even German soldiers. A woman who would do this would not be likely to practise extortion for deeds of mercy.

Mr. Beck points out that all the charges against Miss Cavell have come from German sources. This alone should be enough to prove her a martyr. The Germans claim that she was given a fair trial. Mr. Beck shows what that fair trial was. She was denied (Concluded on page 20.)

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Motor Cars for Recruits

A STORY comes from a certain rural district telling how two new motor cars were sold in that part of the country. The recruiting officers were busy among the farmers and the pressure was so strong that two farmers who had sons discovered that their boys had decided to enlist. Each farmer thought the situation over, and decided that these sons must be kept at home. Each called his son in and offered him a motor car if he would stay at home. Each of the sons, unwilling to flaunt his father, decided to accept the offer. Hence there are now two new motor cars in this district.

This did not occur in the Province of Quebec. It happened in one of the oldest and richest counties of Ontario, and it happened in two families in which English has been the mother tongue as far back as their history goes.

One can but hope that some day soon, those boys will see the foolish position in which they have placed themselves and that two somewhat elderly citizens will find themselves with two motor cars in their possession for which they have no immediate need.

There may be other cases of this kind. The paternal instinct is strong. But parents must realize that in this great struggle there are higher instincts than the safety of the individual. Besides, a man may save his life and lose all else.

Relying on Ourselves

CANADA is learning to rely on herself. Up to last year, this country relied on London. When London gave us money and Britain gave us settlers we were happy; when the supply fell low we were unhappy.

Now Canada is shaking off the vassalage for the first time in history. We are supplying our own capital by keeping our purchases abroad lower than our sales. The balance of trade in our favour, including exports of both merchandise and securities, will be over three hundred million dollars this year. In merchandise alone it will be eighty or ninety million.

We are even starting in to loan money to our own Dominion Government. Mr. White, Minister of Finance, is preparing to ask for forty-five or fifty millions of dollars in exchange for domestic securities. He will get it.

Canadians never had sense enough before to buy their own securities and pay interest to themselves. We have been going on the plan that only the foreigner was entitled to interest on our debts. Now we propose to pay interest to ourselves.

It is fine, splendid, magnificent. The war has broadened us and deepened us. Canada is now getting to be a real country.

Father Good Times

DESPITE the war, or rather because of the war, Father Good Times has arrived back in Canada. October was the biggest month in Canada's history, speaking industrially and commercially.

The sales of grain were the largest in the history of the country. Never was so much money poured into the lap of the farmer in the same period of time.

The factories turned out more goods than in any other month in our history, with a few exceptions. The exports of manufactured goods broke all records.

Railway earnings for the month, of the three big railways, showed an increase of five and a half million dollars over October, 1914, or 34 per cent.

Bank clearings were 785 million, as compared with 712 million in 1914, and 863 million in 1913. Not a record, but the first increase during the war.

Father Good Times is here. If you are not getting

your share, it must be your own fault. Better seek out the reason and pass an amending by-law.

Public Ownership

SAVE us from our friends is an expression which public ownership might use if it had a voice. In Toronto, the Street Railway Company offered to operate on a piece of roadway, one-quarter of a mile in length, connecting its city lines with a suburban line. It asked no recompense for the service, not even extra fares. Because of a fancied adherence to the doctrine of public ownership, the Mayor of Toronto instructed that this piece of track be torn up and that the offer of the Street Railway Company be rejected.

Now, when the people object to walking that quarter of a mile twice a day going to and coming from work, the city is discussing putting free motor-busses on the route. This would cost a pretty sum and would be assessed on the general taxpayer.

Truly some of the friends of public ownership in Toronto are strangling the principle just as, in days of yore, public service corporations strangled the principle of private ownership of public franchises.

Racial Animosity

CANADA is in danger of breeding racial animosity. Mr. Langelier, police magistrate of Quebec, recognizes this and pleads for toleration.

"A certain number of English-speaking citizens—they are exceptions happily—seem to believe we are

A TRIBUTE.

A Canadian officer at the Front, writing to his father-in-law in Montreal, sends this message, dated October 18th:

"There is one battalion who has sprung a surprise on us, that is the French-Canadians (22nd). They are first class, jolly and seemingly fearless. They really are good soldiers and liked by the rest of the brigade."

still in 1759 when our fathers were conquered by their fathers. And, also, there are a number of French-Canadians who think the English people are trying still to conquer us."

The subject has come to the fore again because of Lt.-Colonel Lavergne's refusal to raise a French-Canadian regiment for Over-Seas service. There are also stories going about that certain French-Canadian priests have tried to suppress recruiting because they think France has brought this punishment on herself by her treatment of the Church.

In spite of all explanations and denials, it is quite evident that a section of the French-Canadians are not enthusiastic over this war. That, however, does not justify English-speaking Canadians in classing all French-Canadians as disloyal, or in cultivating

racial animosity. The Lavergnes and the Bourassas are not the whole of Quebec; neither are the religious orders the whole of the Church.

By not participating in this Great War, the French-Canadian will lose more than he will gain. Lavergne will cease to be a national figure even in his own province. Henceforth, neither the Conservative nor the Liberal party can afford to have him within its fold. It will be the same with all of that ilk.

After the war, there will be a clear declaration on the part of the people of this Dominion that all those, French or English or any other nationality, who failed to do their duty in this world's crisis, must henceforth deny themselves the pleasure of public life. There can be no compromise on that point. The party which receives the support of the so-called "Nationalists" will be doomed to defeat whether that party be Conservative or Liberal.

Doubtful Patriotism

SOME criticism of the choice of Lady Beck as a judge at the New York Horse Show has been printed in the daily papers of that city. The reason behind the criticism is said to be Sir Adam Beck's patriotic work during the war.

Let us see. Sir Adam Beck bought a lot of horses for the Canadian Government. That may or may not have been patriotic. Sir Adam also prevented French and British agents from buying horses here and forced them to spend about three million dollars in the United States. Was that patriotic?

The Canadian horse breeders think Sir Adam Beck played them one of the meanest tricks ever. Sir Adam prevented the spending of three million French and British dollars for the purchase of Canadian horses. The Canadian farmer who has horses to sell does not think highly of Sir Adam Beck's patriotism.

Perhaps the New York papers intended "patriotism" to mean service to the United States not service to Canada. If so, Sir Adam was patriotic.

President Wilson Revolts

ON Wednesday of last week, President Wilson made a revolutionary speech at the fiftieth anniversary of the Manhattan Club, New York. He announced a new army scheme, whereby 400,000 citizen soldiers will be enrolled within three years. This is the beginning of universal training in the United States. He also announced other developments in military and naval preparedness. The United States has definitely abandoned its peace-at-any-price attitude.

Further, President Wilson denounced those Americans with alien sympathies who have been causing him trouble. He declared that "it is high time that the nation shall call them to a reckoning." This is a definite warning to Bryan and his hyphenated sympathizers.

After fifteen months of thinking, President Wilson has come out definitely on the side of those who, though they love peace, believe that the peace and the liberty of the world can be secured only by force of arms.

A VICTORIA GROUP PICTURE MARKING AN EPOCH



This group picture was taken on the steps of the Legislation Building at Victoria, B.C., on the occasion of the visit of the Parliamentary party from Eastern Canada. On the extreme left, in front, are Sir Wm. Mackenzie and Sir Richard McBride. Next in order are Senator Lafortune (Montreal), Mr. Francis McCrea, M.P. (Sherbrooke), Senator Cloran (Montreal). On the extreme right is Mayor Stewart, of Victoria. In the second row, from the left, are: Senator Daniels (St. John), Senator DeVeber (Lethbridge), Senator Edwards (Ottawa), Senator Casgrain (Montreal), and Senator Prince (Battleford).

The Annexation Society

OR THE ADVENTURES OF JIMMIE TRICKETT.

BY J. S. FLETCHER.

The first instalment of this story finds the Marquis of Scraye at his historic country seat in England much bewildered over the sudden and mysterious disappearance of the Tsar's Golden Cross, which was a relique presented to his grandfather by the Tsar of Russia. The Cross was kept in a cabinet in Queen Elizabeth's room, made famous by visits from the great Queen to the Scrayes. To solve the mystery the Marquis wires to Nicholson Packe, a novelist friend in London, to meet him at Brychchester Station. Packe takes with him his clever friend Jimmie Trickett, whose adventures form a considerable part of the story to follow.

CHAPTER IV.

Secret Theft.

PACKE laid down his knife and fork and stared at his host with eyes full of wonder.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Your own guest?"

Scraye frowned, nodded, and let his features relax into a sardonic smile. "My own guest!" he answered. "My own guest! What's more, I'd lay any man a thousand pounds to a bad shilling that she's got it. Packe—I'm certain."

Packe picked up his knife and fork again and went on eating.

"Oh, well!" he said, after a period of silence, "I suppose you know your guests. But, by Gad, you know, Scraye, that's a serious charge to bring against a woman."

"I'm not the sort to bring a charge against anybody without good grounds, and unless I'm absolutely persuaded that I'm right," said Scraye, stoutly. "I'm sure I'm right in this case. If I'm wrong—if that woman hasn't stolen my cross—if she hasn't it in her possession or where she can lay hands on it, then I'll never be certain of anything in my life again! I repeat, Packe—I'm certain. Certain!"

"Grounds for your certainty?" asked Packe.

"I'm going to give them," answered Scraye. "Now, first of all, you don't know Mrs.—for fear of any possible eavesdroppers, we'll refer to the lady as Mrs. X.—I repeat, you don't know her, and you haven't heard of her?"

"I don't know of her. I may have heard of her—may have read of her in such society news as I do read. Her name doesn't suggest anything to me at present, anyhow."

"Well, she's a pretty well-known society woman anyway. She's a widow—her husband was in the diplomatic service. He was some relation of Lord Bennington's, and she belongs to the Greycastle family. She's a woman who's travelled a lot. She's one of the most expert bridge-players in England. She possesses a fine soprano voice. She's a born teller of good stories. She's full of go, and she's clever enough to be a woman's woman as well as a man's woman. She's always perfectly gowned, and she's never dull. And, consequently, she gets more invitations to places than any other woman in society. I've been meeting her everywhere for the last three years, and she's the life and soul of every house she goes into."

"An attractive personality," said Packe. "I'm becoming deeply interested in her."

"You'll be more so before we've done. Now, as you are aware, Mrs. X. is at this time one of a house-party which I've got at Scraye. It's only a small party—eight of 'em altogether. It's the first time she's ever been at Scraye—odd that I never asked her before. Very good—now we diverge to another path—a side-path which leads up to a peculiarity attaching to my family. You mayn't know it, Packe, but we Scrayes have

been celebrated for hundreds of years—there are lots of references to it in the family archives, at least I'm told so by the librarian at Scraye—for a remarkable keenness of smell. Our olfactory powers are developed abnormally. I am making no boast when I assure you that I can smell violets, for instance, half a mile away from the lane or wood in which they are growing."

"Remarkable, indeed!" said Packe. "I suppose it's sometimes useful to have such an unusual development—you'd be able to smell an outbreak of fire, for instance, as soon as it started?"

"I could certainly do that. Well, now, when I went to the Queen's Chamber this morning, I naturally put my head into the cabinet. I immediately recognized a certain very delicate, subtle perfume—the perfume of a preparation obtained by distilling a number of Eastern flowers. It is a very subtle, elusive perfume—I dare say no ordinary nose would have caught it. Mine did. I recognized it instantly. I knew it with as much infallible certainty as I know the sight of my own hand. Also I knew that of all my acquaintances there is only one person who ever uses that perfume—she imports it, at considerable cost, from Teheran. That person is—Mrs. X."

SCRAYE looked at Packe with something of a triumph as he spoke the last words. But Packe shook his head.

"No proof!" he said. "As Mrs. X. is a member of your house-party and has been in the house some days, she may have been in the neighbourhood of that cabinet several times, and—"

Scraye lifted a finger. "Wrong!" he said. "She hasn't. The day after my house-party assembled, I myself took those of them—only three—who'd never been to Scraye before round the state chambers. I'm absolutely certain that Mrs. X. has never been in them since until—last night. When she was in them, with me and the other two—we didn't open the cabinet—we looked at the things through the glass door. None of the three were much interested in those things; they were much more interested in the old furniture and the tapestry. I'm right, Packe!"

"Well—and what next?" said Packe. "This—and it's of the highest importance. As soon as I recognized the delicate odour of that perfume I saw that I'd got to think quickly—just about as quickly as ever I did in my life. And I did think quickly! I compressed an awful lot of thought into the few minutes which elapsed between my making that discovery and wiring for you. And now just a moment until these waiters have been in and set us to rights again, and then I'll tell you what will probably surprise you more than anything I've told you up to now."

Packe waited, thinking wonderingly of the woman whom he had seen chatting with such vivacity to her companion as they crossed the sunlit close outside. She was a handsome woman, a pretty woman; the sort of woman that all men admire; through the open window he had caught the sound of her clear voice and merry laughter. Was it possible that such a woman could be a thief; that such a woman could steal from the house in which she was a guest; that she could laugh and jest, knowing that she had betrayed hospitality? If so, then there were surely mysteries in human nature more complex, stranger than in the world of intrigue and of crime; perhaps he was on the threshold of one? And suddenly he thought of

Jimmie Trickett, practical, downright, unimaginative, who was doubtless indulging a healthy appetite for cold roast beef and bitter beer in the coffee-room, and he laughed.

"Now then, we'll proceed," said Scraye, when the waiters had once more left them alone. "And as I said just now, Packe, I think you'll be more surprised by what I'm going to tell you than by what I have told you. I said I'd got to think quickly this morning. So I had. The thinking, however, wasn't so much thinking as recalling certain affairs. Now, look here—I daresay, as a professional weaver of stories connected with crime, you keep a pretty sharp look out on the papers, with an idea of getting notions about murders, burglaries, and so on?"

PACKE admitted the truth of the insinuation with a silent nod.

"And so, of course, you're familiar with the facts of, say, most of the big robberies of late years," continued Scraye. "But I'll tell you of something you don't know, of something that's never been made public. You may be surprised to learn that during the last three years there have been robberies in some of the big houses in England and Scotland which were certainly of the character of that which occurred at Scraye last night."

"You mean of heirlooms and that sort of thing?" asked Packe.

"Precisely. Heirlooms, and that sort of thing. That's a fact—though, I tell you, it's not known to the public. Indeed, it's only known to a few people. I'll particularise. There was the case of the famous miniature of Mary, Queen of Scots, which has been in the family of the Duke of Strathdonan ever since the time of James the First, who is said to have given it to the first Duke. That disappeared most mysteriously. It's never been heard of since."

"Have inquiries been made?" asked Packe.

"Wait a little—I'll tell you about that later. Let me go on with my catalogue of crime. That's only one instance. Another was the case of Lord Dilflower's famous first folio of Shakespeare which disappeared from his library one day about fifteen months ago. Yet another was the abstraction of a certain very fine example of Meissonier's work—a small battle-piece, about a foot square—which was quietly abstracted from Sir Ralph Curtis-Wyatt's gallery a year since. You see, Packe, in all these cases it is always something small, something easily taken, something easily conveyed away and hidden for the time being, which forms the object of these thefts. Now, I've given you three instances. I'll give you another before we come back to the one which most closely concerns me. Last spring I was staying for a few days with Mr. Godenham, in Worcestershire—I don't know whether you know him or not, but he's a great collector of antiquities, curiosities, and objects of vertu. He possessed a certain wonderful jewelled chalice, which, according to good experts, had belonged to Glastonbury Abbey, and dated, it is believed, from the time of St. Dunstan. That disappeared during the time I was staying in the house. And—now listen!—I remembered this morning that the lady to whom we are referring as Mrs. X. was also a member of Godenham's house-party. What do you say to that, Packe?"

"What I say at present," replied Packe, "is that I should like to know what Mr. Godenham said about his loss?"

"Just so. Well, Godenham, like myself, kept the matter very quiet. He happened to be aware of the losses at the Duke of Strathdonan's, and at Lord Dilflower's. He mentioned his loss to me. He had a queer theory. Perhaps—since my own loss of this morning—I'm inclined to agree with it."

"What is it?" asked Packe. "The existence of a theory is of the first importance in a matter of this sort."

"Godenham's theory is this," replied Scraye. "You are doubtless aware that there are collectors in this world whose sole object is mere possession. They don't want to exhibit their collections; they're not keen about gloating over them themselves; all they want is the knowledge that they possess. In plain language, they're obsessed—they're the victims of a species of mania. You know that there are men who believe themselves to be the only possessors of the only copy of some rare edition, for instance? Such men, if they hear of the existence of another copy will spend money like water to get it—only to throw it into the fire as soon as it's theirs. Well, Godenham's theory is that some such maniac as these is at the bottom of these thefts—probably some American collector, who wants to possess himself of these notable curios—and who employs agents to procure them."

"Of whom you think Mrs. X. is one?" suggested Packe.

Scraye shrugged his shoulders.

"What does it look like?" he asked.

"I'm certain of the facts concerning my cross—I'm certain she was at Godenham's place when his jewelled chalice was stolen. And—I'm going to get at the bottom of this mystery—somehow. I won't call in the police; I won't employ private detective assistance. I want you to help me. When it's all done, you can spin one of your mystery stories round it."

Packe, who by this time had satisfied his appetite, lighted a cigarette.

"Sounds attractive," he said. "But what do you want me to do?"

"This," replied Scraye. "This—to begin with. To-morrow, Mrs. X.'s visit to Scraye comes to an end. She goes to town to-morrow morning by the 10.3 from Brychchester; she arrives at Victoria at 11.52. Now, for certain reasons of my own, I want an accurate observation keeping on her movements during the rest of the morning—say until she goes home to her own house, which, by the by, is in Wilton Crescent. I suggest to you that you should manage that observation."

"You want me to shadow her?" observed Packe.

"Or get some trusted person to do it," answered Scraye. "If you could do it yourself, all the better. I thought—you see—that your ingenious mind would suggest some method by which the thing could be safely done. She doesn't know you; at least, we think so—and—"

"I can manage it—with help," said Packe, ruminatively. "I think I see a way. But I shall want help. And the man who can give me that help is downstairs—Jimmie Trickett. Look here, Scraye—do you mind letting Trickett into all this? I can already see how he'll be of the greatest help."

"He's safe—he's to be trusted?" asked Scraye.

"Answer for him with my life," responded Packe. "And he's practical and full of common sense."

"Then," said Scraye, "ask him to join us at once."

CHAPTER V.

Pursuit.

DULY called into conference over coffee and cigars, Jimmie Trickett listened to the Marquis of Scraye's recital of the matter in hand with a countenance which was impassive almost to the point of stolidity. At the end he turned to Packe with a business-like nod.

"We can do that on our heads, Packe," he said lightly. "That is, if you'll play up to me."

"What do you suggest, Jimmie?" asked Packe.

"A plain thing," answered Trickett. "You say the lady arrives at Victoria at 11.52 to-morrow morning? Very good. At 11.45 to-morrow morning



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then, Packe, you will stroll into Victoria and will ascertain the platform at which the Brychester train pulls up. Alongside that platform you will observe in the carriage-way the usual string of cars and carriages. Amongst the cars you will see an elegant motor-brougham driven by a chauffeur in a dark, olive-green livery. That chauffeur will be myself, and when I see you, I shall touch my cap to you. You will give me a nod, and will then mingle with the other folk on the platform. When the train comes in, you will unobtrusively spot your lady, and you will quietly observe into what conveyance she gets. You will then step into my motor-brougham and tell me through the speaking-tube sufficient to enable me to follow that conveyance. After that, you can leave it to me to do the rest in a fashion that will satisfy you."

Packe looked at Scraye, who nodded his head with satisfaction.

"Good," said Scraye. "That should be excellent."

"You're certain about your makeup, Jimmie?" asked Packe. "You can lay hands on the brougham and the livery?"

"Certain of everything," answered Trickett. "You do your part, and I'll do mine. I shall know what I'm about."

"Supposing she drives to several places?" suggested Packe. "How are you going to hang about while she visits there?"

"I say—leave it to me," repeated Trickett. "I once played this sort of game before, for a lark, and I'll carry you through. After you've once pointed out the quarry, and you yourself are safe in my brougham, just do what I tell you, and you'll be all right. But I say," he continued, turning to the Marquis, "if your suspicion's correct, and she's got hold of the thing, do you really expect that she'll carry it about her?"

"What else should she do with it?" asked Scraye, a little surprised.

Trickett laughed.

"Bet a million to one she's got rid of it already!" he said. "She must be a fool if she hasn't. However, we'll see. Packe, we ought to be getting back. I've got to dine with a man to-night."

Packe turned to Scraye as they all rose.

"Afterwards?" he said. "What about afterwards? I mean after whatever we do or don't do, to-morrow?"

"I was going to say," answered Scraye. "All my guests leave me to-morrow morning. I shall go up to town in the afternoon. As I shall only be there for a day or two I shall stay at the Ritz. Come there, both of you, to-morrow evening at eight and dine, and then you can tell me what happened and we'll talk more."

PACKE and Trickett went out to their car and drove away from Brychester as unobtrusively as they had entered it. They were a couple of miles on their journey before Trickett spoke.

"So that's what you call a mystery, is it, Packe?" he asked.

"And a good one," replied Packe. "What do you call it?"

"Case of good, plain theft," answered Trickett. "What amazes me is the innocence of a chap like Scraye. The idea of thinking that she'd keep that thing anywhere in her own neighbourhood after once getting hold of it! Pooh! What do you suppose she came into Brychester for this morning? To look at the Cathedral? Not much. Packe, I'll bet you a new hat that the first thing she does to-morrow is to drive to—no, I won't tell you—I'll write it down on a scrap of paper and give the paper to you to open after she's paid her first visit, and then we'll see if I'm not right."

"You're qualifying for the detective service, Jimmie," said Packe. "It's a bet, and, of course, you'll lose it."

"Wait till noon to-morrow," responded Trickett, coolly. "And by the by, while we're on the subject of to-morrow, just remember two things of importance. One is, bring money in your pocket. And the other—don't forget I'm your chauffeur."

Packe walked on to the arrival platform at Victoria next morning expecting Trickett's second admonition. He

strolled slowly along the line of cars and carriages which awaited the train, and was somewhat doubtful as to whether he ought to be glad or not that there were so many of them. It might, he thought, be difficult for Trickett to successfully follow that in which Mrs. Wythenshawe drove off. But suddenly he caught sight of Trickett's youthful face, and for the moment was constrained to turn away lest he should burst into laughter. For there was the neatest and most highly-respectable of coupe motor-broughams, and there on its driving seat, arrayed in a perfectly-fitting livery of olive-green ornamented with gilt buttons, was Jimmie Trickett himself, stolidly reading a newspaper. He presently caught Packe's eye as it was turned towards him, and without a flicker of his rosy countenance he solemnly raised a gloved hand to his peaked cap.

Packe, restraining his feelings by a mighty effort, nodded carelessly and walked down the platform. Within another minute the train came in—an express, which, originally starting from the south-west of England, made no stop between Brychester and London. It was a long and crowded train that morning, and Packe had no difficulty in keeping an observing eye on its alighting passengers without attracting attention to himself. Posted on the fringe of the bustling crowd he managed to pass everybody in review. He saw Colonel Durham and his wife; a moment later he saw Mrs. Wythenshawe, attended by a maid. In the middle of the platform they paused, the mistress evidently giving some instructions to the servant, who presently turned away in the direction of the luggage-van. The next instant Mrs. Wythenshawe had stepped into a taxi-cab stationed a little in advance of Trickett's brougham, and Packe, seeing that the way was blocked for both vehicles, leisurely made up to his own. Trickett descended and opened the door, once more saluting in correct fashion.

"The third taxi-cab before you," muttered Packe. "The tall woman in dark furs."

"I spotted her," responded Trickett. "Get in and behave yourself."

Packe dropped back into a luxurious seat, laughing at the humorous side of the adventure, and wondering what it would lead to. Presently the brougham moved off; when they were clear of Victoria and were gliding away up Buckingham Palace Road he saw that the taxi-cab which Mrs. Wythenshawe had entered was only a little in front of them. Unconsciously, he memorized the number which he saw plainly on its rear panels. And suddenly he remembered a twisted scrap of paper which Trickett had given him the afternoon before when they stopped for a cup of tea half-way between Brychester and London, and he pulled it out of his waistcoat pocket and fingered it.

"Wonder if Jimmie's going to be a true prophet?" he thought. "I suppose we shall see presently. There's one thing certain—she's not going straight home to Wilton Crescent."

THE two cars ran on at a steady pace, regulated by the first one, past Buckingham Palace, along the Mall, round into St. James' Street, and into Piccadilly. They rounded the corner at the Circus and turned into Regent Quadrant. And as they passed Vigo Street, Packe became aware that Jimmie Trickett was slowing down, and looking out, he saw that the taxi-cab was stopping. A moment more, and Trickett came to a full stop. He glanced round through the glass panel at Packe with the ghost of a wink, and the next instant was at the open door of the brougham.

"Get out, go into that tobacco-shop, there, immediately in front of you, and buy something, anything, but keep one eye on me," commanded Trickett as he once more went through the cap-touching ceremony. "I'll watch her—she's going into the post-office."

Packe went across the pavement into the tobacconist's shop. He could only think of cigarettes—he became muddled when asked what kind he

(Continued on page 21.)



Courierettes.

WITH so many weddings in the White House, life for the congressmen and senators is just one wedding present after another.

It is evident that Uncle Sam should fortify the Panama Canal against itself.

Now that saloons close on Sundays in Chicago, the Windy City's Sabbath will be a day of rest—not of arrest.

The melodrama of real life these days is making the stage thriller a back number.

Hen pheasants warned England of approaching Zeppelins recently, thus rivalling the geese, whose cackling saved Rome.

A woman was scared to death by a raid on a gambling den. To her, discovery was more to be feared than gambling.

Mexico announces that she doesn't want a foreign loan. Maybe she couldn't get it.

Sulzer says Roosevelt is a political corpse. Well, they say one corpse should know another.

A Philadelphia girl, chosen as the most beautiful maiden in the U. S., says she isn't. She is certainly the most sensible.

This big war began in the Balkans. Would it not be an odd turn of fate to see it decided there?

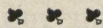
Woodrow Wilson will put real meaning into that Thanksgiving proclamation this year.

There are fourteen parties in the Russian Duma. We in Canada might be worse off than we are.

Telephone company comes along with the announcement that it will educate its office boys. The office boys we have met know it all now.

Brooklyn judge hands out a decision that a baby cannot be enjoined from crying. Must have taken a lot of thought to come to that conclusion.

Health expert figures that family of five can live on \$1.05 per day. Perhaps—for a day or two.



Well Named.—"Two is Company" was the name of a play that lacked audiences and died after a couple of performances on Broadway. Evidently at that play three was a crowd.



What Will Happen.—William Jennings Bryan wants the United States to take a vote of the people before it ever engages in a war. While the republic would be taking the vote its foes would take it.



Safety First.—There is safety in numbers. Never depend on one button or a single safety pin.



Evident.—Seth Low, former Mayor of New York, says that many women are unfitted for the ballot. No doubt. We have also seen a man or two to whom the same might apply.



Hard Work.—Brown—"I hear you have a Government job now?" Jones—"Got it the other day." Brown—"Is it hard work?" Jones—"Not after you get it."



In Logical Sequence.—"My Lady's Garter" was announced as the opening attraction at the Booth Theatre, New York. After the advertising had been done the management made a

change of plans and produced "A Pair of Silk Stockings."



Woman on Equal Plane.—Now that the Germans have shown by the Zepelin raids and the murder of Edith Cavell that they treat the sexes on an equality, Hon. David Lloyd George has announced that women workers on war munitions will be paid the same wages as men for the same kind of work. Example is a wonderful thing.



Progressing.—"We have long heard of 'the unspeakable Turk,'" but look at this progressing list:

- Belgium,
- Poland,
- The Lusitania,
- The Arabic,
- Edith Cavell.

Will it not soon be "the unspeakable German?"

WAR NOTES.

One thing there is to the credit of the Turk. He does not claim alliance with the Lord.

A Teuton woman proposed marriage to a Russian prisoner. Yet the Kaiser says this is not a war of conquest.

No doubt President Wilson is more concerned just now with domestic relations than with international affairs.

By the time the war has continued for another year some of us will learn what a kilometer is.

Woodrow Wilson may be too proud to fight, but we note that he's getting married again.

Henry Ford thinks his new submarine will be such a terror that it will end warfare. It should, if it's anything like his cars.

There are no swear words in the Japanese language. That must be hard on the Jap militia minister.

Who said that Bryan would go to Europe and make peace speeches? He couldn't get paid for them there.

Spain will remain neutral. It needs all its money to raise King Alfonso's large family.

About the Greeks.—Those Greek statesmen who have been so long debating the offers of the allies must have among them some men from Missouri.



Consistency.—Modern woman prides herself on her progress and her enlightenment. She is now a feminist. She has broken the fetters of the barbaric age. She is free.

But she pierces her ears. She pinches her feet in tight shoes. She almost chokes herself with collars or else bares her chest and invites pneumonia. She binds herself in things she calls corsets. She paints and powders her face.

But she has burst the bonds of a barbaric age. She is free.



The Hun Motto.—"One atrocity deserves another" seems to be the motto of the modern Hun nation.



Knew What She Wanted.—A school teacher, during the hour for drawing, suggested to her pupils that each draw what he or she would like to be when grown up. At the end of the lesson one little girl showed an empty slate.

"Why," said the teacher, "isn't

there anything you would like to be when you grow up?"

"Yes," said the little girl, "I would like to be married, but I don't know how to draw it."



Kissing the Cook.

I kissed the cook—ah, me! she was divine,
Cheeks peachy, dark brown eyes, lips red as wine,
Long apron with a bow,
A cap as white as snow—
A far too tempting show—
I kissed the cook!

I kissed the cook, this angel from the skies,
And yet I did not take her by surprise;

'Twas mean, I will allow,
But if you'll make the vow
To keep it, I'll tell how
I kissed the cook.

I kissed the cook—poor, helpless, little lass,
The chance so good I could not let it pass;

Her hands were in the dough,
She dare not spoil, I know,
My Sunday suit, and so
I kissed the cook.

I kissed the cook—I might have been more strong,
But then, I guess, it wasn't very wrong,

For just 'tween you and me—
The cook—my wife is she—
So I'd a right, you see,
To kiss the cook!



Quite True.—"Death Threat Keeps Ferdinand From the Front," says a headline. True. It keeps a lot of lowlier men from the front, too.



A Modern Maxim.—The man who boasts that he has not an enemy in the world very probably has nothing else of value.



The Way She Figures It.—A girl in Chicago has married a count who is 74 years old. She has it all figured out, no doubt, that though she takes the count now she will see that he takes the count later on.



Use it Again.—Here's a heading from a daily paper:

"Carnage and Ruin Mark Great Champagne Battle."

Might be worth while keeping that head set in type. It could be used for a description of a New Year's Eve celebration in Toronto.



Missed Something.—Green was a raw recruit, and in his ignorance of the ways of the Army had committed some slight offence. When brought before the colonel, that worthy was pleased to let him off with only a sharp admonition. The facts of the case appeared in the regimental orders, and when Green read the account he rushed off to his sergeant breathless with indignation.

"Why, sergeant, it says in the orders that I was 'discharged with an admonition,'" he complained. "An' all I got was a good wigin'." Some other fellow 'as been and kept that admonition and means to do me out of it. Now, I wants to know what it is, for I mean to have it. I don't mean to be cheated out of anything!"

AMBIGUOUS SIGN.

In a Toronto store, on a stand full of umbrellas, is a sign, "Umbrellas, \$1 up."

The other day a chap with a sense of humour strolled in and said to the manager: "They're \$1 up, I see. How much are they down?"

"That's all right," replied the manager. "It's a good joke. A lot of fellows come in here to give it to me. And then they feel that they ought to buy an umbrella—the joke's worth it. That's why we keep the sign there. Which umbrella will you have? This one?"



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HAVE you a kodak? Would you like to replace it by the No. 3A Eastman Autographic Kodak pictured on another page?

For the best amateur photograph or snapshot taken in Canada by any boy or girl under the age of eighteen years, whether a subscriber or not, the "Courier" will award as a first prize an Eastman Autographic Kodak as shown on page 20. The picture need not be a recent one—it may have been taken this year, last year or the year before. It must, however, have been taken by the competitor, be an amateur production and be endorsed as such by a parent or guardian. It may represent any phase of Canadian life; it may be a portrait; it may be an interior, or it may be a scene of out-of-doors. The following rules must be carefully observed:

RULES.

1. The print submitted must be unmounted.
2. The name of the competitor and the description should be attached to the print.
3. A competitor may submit as many pictures as he or she wishes.
4. If a picture wins the first prize the film must be sent to the Canadian Courier and become its property. Winners of other prizes must be prepared to sell the use of their negatives to the Eastman Kodak Company.
5. Wherever possible, send the film with the print. It will be returned if the picture does not win a prize.
6. During the contest one picture will be published each week and credited to the sender. Each of the pictures used will still be eligible to win one of the grand prizes.
7. Address all pictures to "Junior Prize Competition," Canadian Courier, Toronto.

TWELVE AWARDS.

1. First Grand Prize for best amateur photograph submitted before January 1st, a 3A. Eastman Autographic Kodak. Price, \$22.50.
2. Second Grand Prize: A Waltham Wrist Watch. Price, \$10.00.
3. An Electric Flashlight.
4. A Box of Paints or One Dollar Cash.
- 5-12. Honorable Mention.

If there is any point you do not understand write the "Editor of the Juniors," Canadian Courier, Toronto, and it will be explained. The sooner a print arrives, the sooner it will be published.

When prints and films are sent in early, and the print does not seem as good as the negative, the Courier will make special prints. This may be a big advantage in the competition. So send your print and your film early. Those that arrive late will be judged on their own merits.

Mirandy's Reason.—Mrs. Bosbyshell heard that her ebony-hued cook, the pride and joy of the kitchen, was about to take another plunge into the matrimonial sea. So she decided to ascertain the truth of the report. "Mirandy," she said, "I hear it rumoured that you are going to be married again, this time to Joe." "No'm, I ain't gwine git mahried ag'in, Miss Lucy," replied Mirandy. "I kinda like Joe, but I ain't gwine mahry him." "What's the trouble?" asked Mrs. Bosbyshell. "Ain't no trouble, Miss Lucy," said Mirandy, "but yo' see I done been mahried three times already, an' to tell yo' de truff I'm gittin' mighty tired payin' out good money to dem undah-takahs."

Why He Worked.—"Ye nave turned very industrious lately, Tim," said one Tipperary man to another. "That I have, bedad," replied the other. "I was up before the magistrate last week for battherin' Cassidy, and the judge tould me if I came back on the same charge he would fine me tin dollars." "Did he?" said the first speaker. "And ye're working hard so as to kape yer hands off Cassidy?" "Don't ye believe it," said the industrious man. "I'm working ha-r-r-rd to save up the tin dollars."

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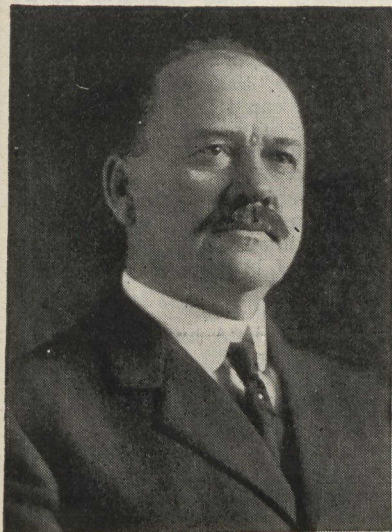
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MONEY AND MAGNATES

The New War Orders

SOME people have been inclined to believe that there was some doubt about the new war orders that have been talked about for nearly three months and which caused the Shell Committee to burst into its several parts. Last week Mr. Lionel Hitchens, whom Mr. Thomas left in charge at Ottawa,



Mr. E. J. CHAMBERLIN,
A new Director of Molson's Bank.

started to distribute the long-expected orders. Nobody knows exactly where these orders went nor the total value. It is announced on fairly good authority that Mr. Frank P. Jones, General Manager of the Canada Cement Company, got an order for twenty million dollars' worth of shells. It was thought that on account of Mr. Jones being one of the chief causes of the readjustment in the Shell Committee that he might not share in the reward. It is a considerable tribute to Mr. Jones' force of character and to the confidence which he inspires in those he meets.

Nearly all the companies that have previously received orders have shared in the new distribution. While the prices are lower than they were at the last distribution, it must be remembered that the companies have learned the business and are now able to manufacture more economically. Moreover, the orders now being placed are large enough to enable a manufacturer to keep his machinery going night and day. This is another saving element.

October and the Railways

OCTOBER and the grain movement brought prosperity to the railways such as they have not known for two years. When grain is moving freely it seems to stimulate all other forms of traffic. The gross earnings of the three Canadian roads, the C.P.R., C.N.R., and G.T.R. during October amounted to \$21,656,192. This is an increase of about five million over the previous month, and an increase of about five and a half million over October, 1914. The immediate effect has been to increase the value of all railway securities, and to increase the number of men in the employ of these corporations.

Molson's Bank Annual Meeting

PROFITS of the Molsons Bank for the year ending September 30th, 1915, were slightly lower than last year. The bank's assets increased two million dollars, and while deposits decreased about three millions, the Reserve Fund remains unchanged at \$4,800,000.

The chief feature of the meeting was the election of Mr. E. J. Chamberlin, President of the Grand Trunk Railway, to a directorship in place of Mr. Mc-Nichol, who retired. The directors are Mr. Wm. Molson Macpherson, President; Mr. S. H. Ewing, Vice-President; Mr. Wm. M. Birks, Mr. W. A. Black, Mr. F. W. Molson, Mr. George E. Drummond, and Mr. E. J. Chamberlin. The President paid a hard tribute to the immense energy, good judgment and business capacity of Mr. Edward C. Pratt, the general manager.

Optimism in the West

MR. E. F. HUTCHINGS, President of the Great-West Saddlery Company, Winnipeg, in a recent interview said: "The farmers are paying off their debts and retaining a surplus sufficient to carry them beyond the next season. None of them are borrowing money. I predict that in three years' time Western Canada will have developed into a lending country. If everyone is level-headed now and we all work to keep our money in circulation at home, we will enjoy the greatest prosperity a country has ever known. I have visited every continent, and nowhere in the world is there a country with the producing powers we have."

Sales of Municipal Bonds

MUNICIPALITIES in Canada are trying to learn to be economical. They have not fully succeeded as yet, but progress is being made. For the first ten months of the present year the sales of municipal bonds in Canada totalled twenty-nine million dollars, which is three million dollars less than last year. This does not mean that the people have less confidence in this class of security, but simply that there are fewer offerings, and during the same period Canada sold municipal bonds in the United States to the extent of twenty-eight millions of dollars.

Nova Scotia Steel Increases Capital

NOVA SCOTIA Steel & Coal Co. has disposed of \$1,500,000 of common stock and \$1,000,000 of six per cent. debenture stock. The capital which has been obtained in this way will greatly strengthen the financial position of the company and enable it comfortably to take care of any additional business that is offering over and above the large amount which is now on hand.

The business done by this company during October was larger than in any previous months in its history. The war has certainly put the Canadian steel companies on a new basis.

Selling More, Buying Less

REVISED figures for Canada's outside trade for the year ended August points the lesson: "Selling More, Buying Less." Imports declined 134 million, while exports increased 31 million. In other words, we have \$165,000,000 more to our credit account than in the corresponding twelve months of 1913-14. Further, the increase in exports is not to England only, but to Australia, Africa, West Indies, and the United States.

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JOHN AIRD, General Manager.

H. V. F. JONES, Ass't. General Manager.

CAPITAL, \$15,000,000

RESERVE FUND, \$13,500,000

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Interest at the current rate is allowed on all deposits of \$1.00 and upwards. Careful attention is given to every account. Small accounts are welcomed. Accounts may be opened and operated by mail.

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

Have you taken steps to avoid leaving the problem of administering your estate to an administrator unacquainted with such duties?

Or to your family, inexperienced in business?

Or to your friend, with problems of his own?

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NEVER MASSAGE YOUR WRINKLES

MASSAGE ONLY STRETCHES THE SKIN, MAKING IT MORE LOOSE AND WRINKLED THAN EVER. PLASTERS STRETCH IT STILL MORE, WHILE LOTIONS, CREAMS, STEAMING POTS, PRESCRIPTION REMEDIES, APPARATUS AND APPLIANCES DRY OUT THE TISSUES, ENLARGE THE PORES AND CAUSE COMPLEXION TROUBLES INNUMERABLE.

How to tighten loose, inelastic and flaccid skin without any of these harmful and dangerous methods. Famous beauty at last reveals how she permanently banished every trace of line or wrinkle in a single night. Any reader can do the same by means of this accidental discovery, a jealously guarded secret no longer.

BY ELEANOR LAWTON.

Years of trouble, worry, and ill-health had seared and seamed my face with deep, repulsive, and disfiguring wrinkles. My skin hung in loose, flaccid folds which not only marred my appearance, making me look nearly twice my real age, but I realized that they were constantly growing worse, and would greatly interfere with my success, because a woman's success in life, either socially or financially, depends to a very great extent upon her appearance. The plain, unattractive woman whose face bears a network of tell-tale lines, proclaiming that youth has long since departed, must, indeed, fight an unequal battle in competing with her younger and more attractive sisters.

Almost in desperation, therefore, I bought and tried various kinds of skin foods, and massaged my face with most constant regularity, hoping to regain my former youthful appearance. But the wrinkles simply would not go. On the contrary, they seemed to grow deeper, and my skin was stretched more than ever. Next I went to various beauty specialists, who assured me they could easily rid me of my wrinkles. I paid my money in each case and took the treatment. Sometimes I thought my face looked better, but after spending all the money I could afford for such treatments I found I still had my wrinkles. So I finally gave up in despair, and concluded I must carry them to my grave.

But one day a friend of mine made a suggestion that gave me a new idea. I immediately set to work making experiments and studying everything I could find on the subject. After several long months of almost numberless trials and discouragements I finally discovered a method by which, in a single night, I banished every trace of line or wrinkle from my face. In a short time I noticed that the skin was no longer so loose and thin that it would separate from tissue beneath when I pinched the skin between my fingers. On the contrary, the skin seemed to fit tightly again, feeling quite thick, and attached to tissue beneath like a young child's, so I then realized that it could not form sharp creases and wrinkle again, for it lay firm and perfectly smooth on a sustaining cushion of flesh. Since that day, many months ago, not a single wrinkle has ever returned. Facial expressions now simply cause my skin to form in soft, gently rounding curves, and I no longer have the least fear of wrinkles. In a single night, therefore, twenty years appeared to be taken from my age, and naturally I was delighted beyond expression.

I next offered my treatment to several of my intimate friends, who used it with

surprising results, and as not a single one failed to succeed I have now decided to have 500 more ladies try it, with the understanding that if it proves entirely satisfactory—not otherwise—they will write me a confidential letter to that effect and agree to recommend it to their friends. Then when the treatment is offered to the public I will have indisputable proof that it is practically infallible, and the method will also be well introduced by the recommendations of the ladies who receive it through accepting this introductory offer.

Mrs. A. Chester, of Belfast, writes: "My wrinkles have all disappeared and my skin is smooth and clear. I really cannot speak too highly in its praise." Mrs. M. McVittie, Carlisle, writes: "The improvement is really wonderful. It does take the wrinkles out... so I look years younger. Makes it look like a child's."

Mrs. H. Glynn, Bedford, writes: "Now you cannot see any trace of a wrinkle. My husband also says it is very wonderful." I have many other letters like these, and will gladly send copies to anyone interested. My method is nothing like anything before used for the purpose. It is an entirely new discovery of my own, based on a new principle, and it involves no loss of time, trouble, nor the slightest inconvenience. Also it can be used in the privacy of your own room without the knowledge of your most intimate friends. If interested in my discovery, please send me the following coupon to-day, and I will reply promptly under plain sealed cover. There is no charge for this, but if convenient you may send two 2 cent stamps to cover posting expenses. You incur no obligation by writing me, and if you do not care to try the treatment after seeing just what it consists of, simply write me and I will forward postage for its return. There is, of course, no interruption to the regular mail service between this country and England.



These two photographs, the second of which you may recognize, show more plainly than any words what a miraculous transformation any woman may now quickly bring about by means of the new discovery explained in this article.

new discovery of my own, based on a new principle, and it involves no loss of time, trouble, nor the slightest inconvenience. Also it can be used in the privacy of your own room without the knowledge of your most intimate friends. If interested in my discovery, please send me the following coupon to-day, and I will reply promptly under plain sealed cover. There is no charge for this, but if convenient you may send two 2 cent stamps to cover posting expenses. You incur no obligation by writing me, and if you do not care to try the treatment after seeing just what it consists of, simply write me and I will forward postage for its return. There is, of course, no interruption to the regular mail service between this country and England.

WRINKLES

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Worse Than Death

(Continued from page 8.)

go to the Home for Starving Cats at Swedeville, North Dakota. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly."

"At the same time, ma-in-law never professed to love me. She pretended to at first—ours was a run-away match—but finding out how the will was fixed she up and got mad. It was only the dough in prospect that had kept her quiet, and when she saw it wouldn't be Eva's when I died—which means, roughly, that it wouldn't be hers—she commenced her tactics. Then suddenly a brilliant idea occurred to her! She is as avaricious as sin—why shouldn't she get the money? Now do you begin to see light?"

"Not yet."

"WHY, the old fox went and bought up the Home for Starving Cats, lock, stock and barrel!"

"Aha! So if you die, your mother-in-law gets your money?"

"Why, yes. And poor little Eva gets not a thing—I fancy I see that old woman parting with any. She'd allow her about a dollar a week spending money, that's all."

"How did you find this out?"

"In a letter I got the other week from Eva. She hadn't known it till then, and she got real mad. She found it out accidentally, and had a most violent quarrel with the old dame there and then, and turned her out of the house. But what's the use—that don't alter things."

"But yet," said the colonel, "I don't see how I am to help you without buying the cats' home over your mother-in-law's head?"

"You've quite made up your mind about to-morrow morning?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's an open question, which is the worst—death or tyranny. Poor little Eva—she's fond of me in a way, and I want to do the straight thing by her. But you probably notice one thing. Uncle Silas put it clearly that if I pre-deceased my wife, etc., etc.—my wife, you will note. Now, supposing I had no wife, whose would the money be—the cats' home's, or mine?"

"Yours, without a doubt."

"That's my point," cried the youngster enthusiastically. "If I had had no wife, it would be mine, subject to no conditions."

"But you have a wife—that's the trouble."

"Colonel," said the young man, "what I propose to do is to deny Eva as my wife, and then deed the money to her in her maiden name!"

"You are truly a youth of resource!" the colonel said admiringly. "But how?"

"How? There's lots of ways—bigamy—fake marriage—oh, heaps of ways! Which do you think best—bigamy or fake marriage?"

"Both will want proof, of course."

"I can arrange for that. In the United States you can arrange anything if you have the gall. In short, I propose to write two letters to-night—by the way, can I send letters from here?"

"We have an excellent field postal service."

"Will your censor let them through?"

"I will personally undertake to see that they are sent."

"Thanks—that's a load off my mind. As I said, I'll write two letters, both to Eva. One will be my dying deposition, confessing my penitence at having contracted a bigamous marriage with her, and so on—fake, all of it. You'll kindly witness it, if you don't mind. She can show this to the whole world. Then I'll write a private one to her, explaining the ruse, and telling her to secure the services of some trustworthy woman—with baby if possible—to obtain a forged certificate of marriage with her some time previously. How does that strike you?"

"The only weakness I see is that you still have a wife—the first one—and will have pre-deceased her."

"That's true, too, by gad! Well, I see no hope for it—that poor first wife of mine will have to get the axe somehow. Did I divorce her?—no, that won't do, because if I did I should have been un-married. Well, she'll have to die—since my bigamous marriage—that's it! Only—"

"Only what?"

"It means extra trouble—getting a forged death certificate as well as a forged marriage certificate. But it can be arranged—in America."

"This America of yours seems a wonderful place," hazarded the colonel.

"It is. But can I trouble you for some writing materials? Time presses." The colonel nodded, and from a small travelling attache case produced a non-spillable bottle of ink, a pen, and some writing paper, which he handed to his guest.

"How shall I begin—what do you call this place, I mean? I'd like something besides the date."

"You can call it 'A hut in the Trenches,' if you like."

"Good enough—and romantic! 'A Hut in the Trenches. My dearest wife'—guess I'd better not call her that, seeing she's not my wife. 'My dearest Eva—It is nearly midnight, and at eight in the morning, possibly nine, I shall be a stiff, stark corpse. Good, eh? 'I have been captured near the lines, and, having lost my papers to prove my identity, am to be shot at sunrise as a dangerous spy.' Eight will be about sunrise, won't it?"

"Oh no. I can see you aren't in the habit of getting up with the sun! Besides, we have left off shooting spies at sunrise—our own men began to grumble so much at getting up so early."

"I thought you always shot spies at sunrise? Never mind, though it spoils the effect. Shot at eight or nine as a dangerous spy, I'm not sure which. Before I die I want to confess the great wrong I have done you. Eva, you are not my wife! About eighteen months before I met you I married secretly a certain Sarah Jenkins, of Payne County, North Carolina, but, sickening of her society, put her away from me. When I met you I fell in love with you so violently that I could not bring myself to tell you this. The ceremony of marriage we went through was false, because I had a wife already. Since that time I have lived a double life, dividing my time between you and Sarah. That strike you as O.K.?"

"Rather overdone, if you want my candid opinion."

"OVERDONE nothing—remember, it's my dying deposition, not yours! Three months ago Sarah died, so I became a free man. I should have confessed to you then, but, alas, I could not do it—you had trusted me! Now, with death so close, I cannot leave this world without making these facts public, in justice to you and Sarah. You were never my wife: but in partial reparation for the wrong I have done you I herewith bequeath you all the property I inherited from my Uncle Silas. Enquiry in Payne County, North Carolina, will prove my statements to be true. Forgive me if you can, and forget your loving husband—friend, I mean—Jack."

"Consummate!" said the colonel.

"Now for the other letter. You don't mind, I suppose, if I take a little longer, and don't read it to you?"

"No. Go ahead."

The colonel smoked in silence, and threw his cigar butt away before the other finished. When the second letter was sealed up, he asked, idly, "I suppose your wife's not jealous?"

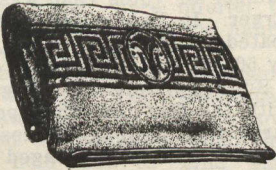
"Jealous—I should say not—well, perhaps I'd better qualify—"

"You needn't! I know. What, another letter?"

"Yes—to my wife's mother—to tell her, for once, what I actually think of her." This last letter seemed to afford its writer great enjoyment, for he chuckled throughout its composition, and, when he re-read it, laughed unshamedly. "That'll make her sit up."

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he concluded, "and she won't be able to answer back!" "Now I shall want your signature to this as a witness—this first letter."

The colonel, without a word, signed his name, rank, and regiment. Then he went to the door and opened it: the two men stationed outside were still there. He called one of them in, and instructed him to sign the letter. "Two witnesses are wanted," he explained. "And wait."

The signing done, the young man folded the letter, enclosed it in its envelope, and handed it and the two other letters to the colonel. "You're quite sure they'll get through?"

"Perfectly. I'll put them in the mail myself, to make sure."

"I can see now you want to get rid of me. I must thank you for a pleasant evening."

"Mutual pleasure, my dear young sir. May I—er—hope you will sleep well to-night?"

"I shall, you bet—I'm dog tired. I suppose this is our last meeting—what? Well, no hard feeling on my part—no heroics—I'm not afraid to die, so long as it's quick. Good-night—I hope I haven't bored you," and he held out his hand.

"GOOD night," replied the colonel, shaking it heartily. The two soldiers turned, and conducted the prisoner out into the night.

The colonel, left to himself, took out another cigar, but, not lighting it, held it between clenched teeth, and stared at the three letters on the table. Some strong emotion passed rapidly over his face: and his mouth became hard. Finally, with a sigh, he rose, dropped two of the letters into the fire, and went to bed.

A very tired young man turned over at a hard push on his shoulder at seven thirty, and swore sleepily. Then he recognized his awakener, and knew that his time had come.

"Here's where I die!" he said—not quite so carelessly as the previous night. "I'm ready—but get it over quick, and make a clean job of it that doesn't have to be gone over again."

The sergeant saluted. "The colonel," he replied, "had another search of your outfit made, and has found your passport. He restores it to you here-with, together with a safe conduct back to our base and a suggestion that you be more careful in future."

The young man jumped to his feet at that. "What the—! And what—oh hell! Where is he?"

"He left about forty minutes ago for the firing line, sir."

"Did he leave any message for me?"

"Only this." The sergeant held out to the horrified young husband a letter which the latter instantly knew, from its thickness, to be the private explanatory letter to his wife.

Great beads of perspiration stood out from the young man's forehead, and his knees shook with a tremble that the fear of death had been unable to produce. "Only that?" he stammered. "I gave him three."

"Yes, sir. The colonel instructed me to tell you that he had personally seen that the other two were posted."

Evading the Law.—A motorist was stopped by a policeman for speeding, whereupon he became angry and called the policeman an ass. After he had paid his fine the judge reproved him for what he had said to the officer. "Then I mustn't call a policeman an ass?" he said. "Certainly not," said the judge. "You must not insult the police." "But you wouldn't mind if I called an ass a policeman, would you?" "Why, no, if it gives you any satisfaction," answered his honor with a smile. The motorist turned to the man who had arrested him. "Good-day, policeman," he said, and immediately left the courtroom.

Dangers in Temper.—He was an able-bodied Englishman, out of work, and made a genial request for a little assistance. It was perhaps natural for the donor of two-pence to inquire whether the recipient had contemplated enlisting in the army. "I'd go like a shot, sir," came the answer, "but I've such a 'ot temper, and when I read what them Germans 'ave done I can't 'old myself in. No, sir, if I was at the front I couldn't 'elp committing outrages on 'em. I'm best at 'ome."

What is an Internal Bath?

By W. R. BEAL

Much has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but, strange as it may seem, the most important, as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post-mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit and impress them so profoundly that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also, they have almost no conception of how little carelessness, indifference, or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection" and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable, but preventable, through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of today is only fifty per cent. efficient." Reduced to simple English, this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent. overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy, and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else neces-

sary for the attainment of happiness but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five to ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your mind keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practise internal bathing, and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is, WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are all answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY and the WAY, of INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J. B. L. Cascade," whose life-long study and research along this line make him the pre-eminent authority on this subject. Not only has internal bathing saved and prolonged Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of hopeless individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker, and the housewife. All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Dr. Tyrrell at Room 335, 257 College street, Toronto, and mention having read this article in The Canadian Courier, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purpose. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but send for the book now, while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information, which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural when it is such a simple thing to be well?

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We will not, knowingly or intentionally, insert advertisements from other than perfectly reliable firms or business men. If subscribers find any of them to be otherwise, we will esteem it a favour if they will so advise us, giving full particulars.

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151

At the Sign of the Maple

(Concluded from page 11.)

counsel of her own selection, and was not allowed before the trial, to have access to the charges made against her; two fundamental rights conceded to the commonest of criminal suspects at the hands of British justice, but apparently no part of what is called justice in Germany. The United States lawyer shows what Mr. Brand Whitlock, the American Minister to Belgium, did in the attempt to get a fair hearing for Miss Cavell and if possible a stay of her execution. When Mr. Whitlock, who was the acting representative of England in Belgium since Belgium is under German control, heard of Miss Cavell's arrest, he wrote to Baron von Lancken, civil governor of Belgium, asking if it were true. He got no reply. He wrote again, saying that as the representative of Great Britain he wished to assist the prisoner in her defence. He was told that the prisoner would be defended by "an advocate who was in touch with the proper German authorities." This was an obvious evasion. Mr. Whitlock was not allowed to see Miss Cavell. At the burlesque of a fair trial the advocate originally mentioned by von Lancken did not appear; another was substituted, and he was not even permitted to see Miss Cavell before the trial.

Mr. Whitlock then wrote a note to von Lancken and said: "I am too ill to put my request before you in person, but once more I appeal to the generosity of your heart. Stand by and save this unfortunate woman. Have pity on her." He was appealing to something that did not exist. The note was read aloud to von Lancken. It had no effect. The man who was supposed to have generosity in his heart made no effort either to stay the execution or

130,000. The majority against suffrage in New York was larger, but the total number of votes cast was also much larger. In Pennsylvania it was defeated by 60,000, and in New Jersey by 50,000.

Suffragists are consoling themselves with the fact that they polled a very large vote in all the States. They profess not to be discouraged by their defeat, because the voting shows that ultimate victory is in sight. In Pennsylvania about 25 counties of the 67 gave a majority in favour of suffrage. In the rural districts of New York, the vote was not quite so favourable, but it was better than in the city sections of the State.

Probably the suffragists and the anti-suffragists will agree that a large percentage of those who voted against suffrage, did so because they thought that the time was not yet ripe. They believe that suffrage will come, but are not convinced that women are yet ready for full voting privileges. Both sides will also agree no doubt that the older communities on this continent always vote more conservatively than the newer communities. This explains why suffrage has made more progress in Western America than in Eastern. When the voting on this subject begins in Canada, the same result will follow. Suffrage is more likely to be adopted in Western Canada than in Eastern Canada.

ODDS AND ENDS OF NEWS.

SINCE leaving Toronto, the Marquis and Marchioness of Aberdeen have been visiting in the West, and have everywhere received a royal welcome. Sir Douglas and Lady Cameron gave a dinner in their honour in Winnipeg, and the Social Council entertained Lady Aberdeen at an informal drawing-room.

After visiting the San Francisco exhibition, the Aberdeens have returned to British Columbia, spending a day at Vancouver. They are now at Coldstream Ranch, near Vernon.

Miss Knox, of Havergal College, Toronto, recently entertained forty-two ex-pupils at a luncheon in Winnipeg.

Margaret Anglin, and her husband, were entertained recently at Government House, Edmonton, by Lieutenant Governor Brett and Mrs. Sifton, who is acting hostess in Mrs. Brett's absence.

Miss Grace O. Robertson has been re-elected Secretary of the Associated Charities of St. John, N.B.; Mrs. F. Steton and Mrs. G. F. Smith are Vice-Presidents; Mr. W. S. Fisher is President.

The marriage, which took place in London, England, of Lieutenant Howard Needham Walters, D.C.M., eldest son of Dr. Eugene Walters, Winnipeg, to Miss Hilda May Steele, daughter of the late Colonel Steele, of Newcastle, Staffordshire, England, and god-daughter of Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C. Lieut. Walters, D.C.M., enlisted in the first Canadian contingent as a private in the Ninetieth Winnipeg Rifles.

The Vancouver Women's Musical Club held its first meeting of the season in the Hotel Vancouver on the 4th. Mrs. O. Weld is President.

The London Daughters of the Empire are establishing a Soldiers' Club in a building near the armories. Mrs. McCrimmon, Mrs. T. H. Carling, Mrs. T. G. Meredith, Mrs. Talbot Macbeth, Mrs. A. A. Campbell and other prominent women are interested.

Montreal has a "Queen Elizabeth of Belgium" Chapter of the I.O.D.E. Miss Marjorie Henry is regent.



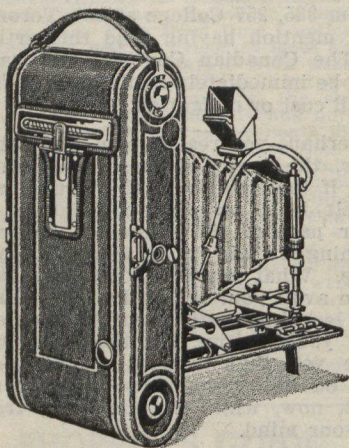
Sunshine in November—a smiling autumn bride.

to provide a fair trial for the accused. All the world knows how she was executed by court-martial in defiance of the protest made by the American Minister accredited by Great Britain.

Suffrage Defeated.

WHY Women's Suffrage should be so decisively defeated in New Jersey, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and New York, does not seem clear. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the voters were overwhelmingly opposed to the idea at present. The majority against it was largest in Massachusetts, where the adverse balance was

A Kodak Free!



This is the \$22.50 Kodak which the Canadian Courier will give to the boy or girl sending in the best amateur photograph or snapshot between now and January 1st, 1916. Do you want to know its name? It is

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The Annexation Society

(Continued from page 14.)

wanted; he became still more confused in an endeavour to decide on the varieties which were offered to him, and to keep an eye on the figure in the olive-green livery outside.

"Oh, anything—anything!" he found himself exclaiming. "Yes—yes—those will do!" And he flung down a sovereign, seized the package which the tobacconist held out to him, and snatching his change rushed out in answer to an unmistakable signal from Trickett. "She hasn't got away?" he demanded excitedly as he made a dash at the door of the brougham. "She hasn't slipped you?"

"Keep your hair on!" said Trickett, touching his cap. "No slipping me. You can look at that bit of paper now, Packe."

He touched his cap again, mounted to his perch, and glided away up Regent Street, while Packe, thus suddenly reminded of its existence, drew out and unfolded the crumpled scrap of paper on which Trickett had pencilled a line which was at once bet and prophecy. He started when he read it:

"J.T. bets N.P. a new hat that Mrs. X's first call in London after arriving at Victoria is at a post office."

"Clever of Jimmie," mused Packe as he put the scrap of paper in his pocket again. "He deserves a new hat for that. But what made him guess it, and why a post office? Well, that's call one—where's the next going to be?"

That question was settled in the next few minutes. Mrs. Wythenshawe's taxi-cab went up Regent Street, turned west through Hanover Square, crossed New Bond Street, and came to a stop in South Molton Street. Jimmie Trickett pulled up his brougham a little distance in its rear and presented himself at the door.

"Keep your wits about you, Packe," he growled. "Don't get flustered as you did down there; take your time and depend on me. She's gone into that hat-shop across the way. See the name, Valerie et Cie. Now then, you dodge into this old furniture shop—do something—buy a couple of those brass candlesticks, or an old chair—anything, and keep an eye on me. You'll probably have plenty of time."

Packe obediently entered the old furniture shop which Trickett pointed out. Trickett remounted his driver's seat and pulling out a newspaper affected to read. But out of his eye-corners he kept a watch on both sides of the narrow street. He saw Packe examining old candlesticks; he watched the door into which Mrs. Wythenshawe had disappeared. And his sharp eyes had already noticed that the small parcel which Mrs. Wythenshawe had brought out of the post office was in her hand when she entered the quiet looking shop in the window of which three smart hats were displayed against a background of silk curtain.

Ten minutes passed. Trickett saw Packe hovering on the threshold of the old furniture shop with a small parcel in his hand making conversation with the shopman and obviously waiting for a signal. Suddenly Mrs. Wythenshawe reappeared, accompanied to her cab by a girl. The girl was so pretty, so undeniably charming that Jimmie Trickett for a full minute forgot the business in hand. But while he stared and felt his heart suddenly smitten with admiration, Mrs. Wythenshawe got into her cab, the cab moved off, and the pretty girl with a smile and a nod retreated into the hat-shop. The next moment Packe was back in the brougham and the pursuit began again.

From thence onward, however, the original excitement of the morning disappeared. For Mrs. Wythenshawe's cab then took her straight to her house in Wilton Crescent.

CHAPTER VI.

The Hat Shop.

JIMMIE TRICKETT, seeing Mrs. Wythenshawe alight at her own door, put on a little speed, passed the taxi-cab as a servant came out to

pay the driver, and drove forward into Belgrave Square. At the further end he pulled up, got down, and opened the door.

"As you'd notice," he said, maintaining his character of chauffeur for the benefit of lookers-on, "we've run her to earth. She's gone home. What next?"

Packe shook his head.

"I don't know," he answered. "We've done all that Scraye wanted doing. We can't do anything until we've seen him to-night. I say, Jimmie, you've won your new hat all right. But what made you think of—"

"Can't go into those things now," said Trickett. "Afterwards. Look here, I'll drop you at the corner of St. James' Square, and then I'll get rid of this brougham and these togs. After that I've some business of my own—see you at the Ritz this evening."

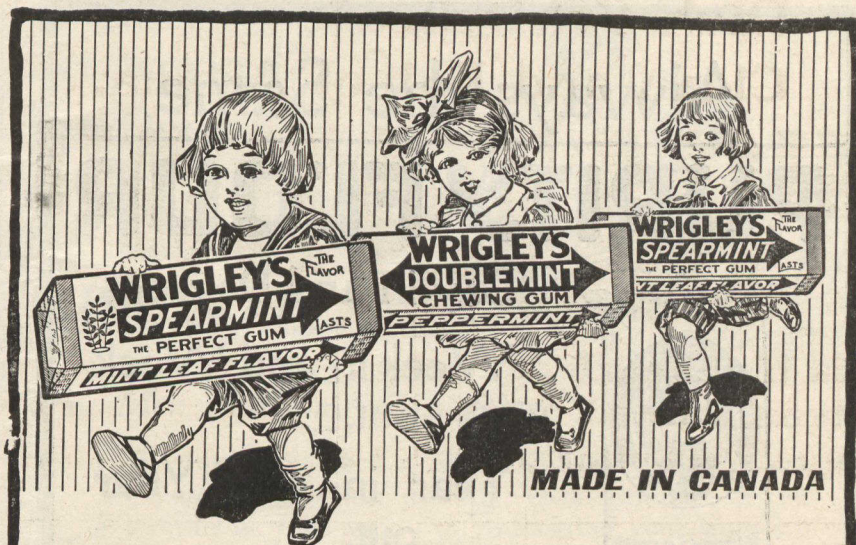
HE went through the cap-touching ceremonial with punctilious exactitude, remounted his seat and drove Packe off. When he set him down it was without further exchange of words; it seemed to Packe that Jimmy was in a hurry; the highly respectable motor-brougham disappeared towards the centre of the town at an accelerated rate of speed. And Jimmie Trickett, half an hour later, the brougham being returned to the garage in Long Acre from whence he had borrowed it, and his olive-green livery exchanged for a smart tweed suit in the office of the manager, sallied forth in as much haste as he had come. Since the time of waiting in South Molton Street he had developed an idea and a scheme of his own and he was intent on improving both.

As a young gentleman of large means, single, and a lover of life, Jimmie Trickett chose to dwell in what he called the thick of things. He accordingly resided at the Cairo Hotel, where he rented a complete suite of rooms that had taken his fancy and wherein he had accumulated a choice collection of sporting prints, a select library of sporting books and French novels, and a wardrobe which had been contributed to by the best tailors and haberdashers in London. For the purpose of having the last-named possession thoroughly looked after, he employed a valet, a middle-aged person named Kentover, who in his time had served many young gentlemen of fortune, and considered his present employer the most remarkable of the lot. Kentover deemed himself in clover in Mr. Trickett's employ; there was little to do; the surroundings were luxurious, the perquisites many. Consequently he studied his youthful master's whims and anticipated his wants, and Jimmie considered him invaluable.

Nevertheless, on this particular day and at this particular hour of it, Kentover failed to comprehend what young Mr. Trickett was after. To start with, he requested the hasty preparation and appearance of a mere sandwich—a strange thing in itself, considering that Kentover knew him to be a trencherman of undoubted capacity, always up to three large meals a day. Then he became fidgetty and worried over the laying out of his very best town clothes—things which, as a rule, he never put on more than once a week, and then only under the provocation of some unavoidable duty call. He hesitated in his choice between a dozen pairs of new trousers; he was irresolute in coming to a decision about a fancy waistcoat; he turned over box upon box of cravats before he got what he wanted; he fussed about his gloves and worried about his silk hat in a fashion new to the valet. Finally, when he went away in the most immaculate style, Kentover, glancing at the litter of the dressing-room, scratched his bald head and voiced his sentiments.

"Either there's a girl in the case or he's come to that stage when he doesn't know what he wants," reflected Kentover. "Never known him like this before, anyhow."

The valet, however, was wrong in



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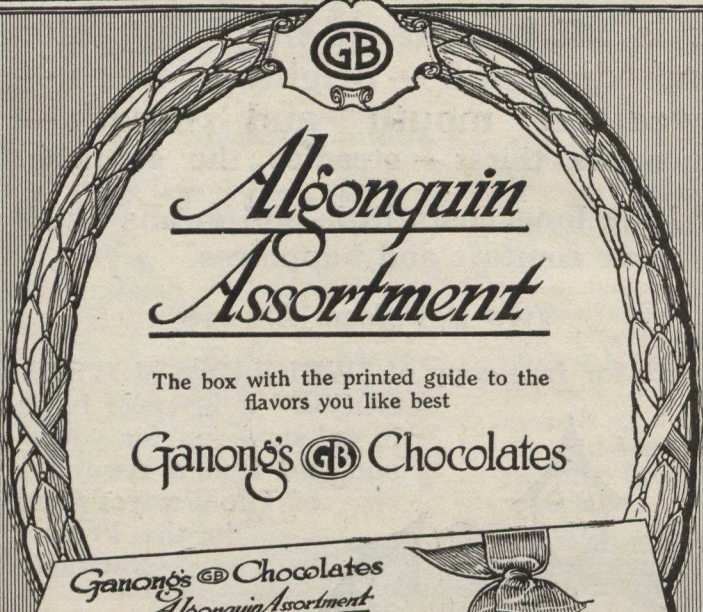
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one surmise if he was quite right in the other. There was certainly a girl in the case—the girl whom Trickett had seen for one brief and delicious moment at the door of the hat-shop. But Jimmie was by no means in the state of not knowing what he wanted. He wanted to see that girl—he meant to see her—he was going to see her. She was the most charming girl he had ever seen in his life of three-and-twenty years—he had told himself that a thousand times already since seeing her for those all-too-short seconds—and he meant to have speech with her. Hence the purple and fine linen; hence the loss of immediate appetite; hence the preoccupation which filled him as a taxi-cab bore him swiftly to the corner of Brook Street.

"I'm going to buy a hat—I'm going to buy a hat," he said to himself as he gripped his umbrella and walked up the street into which he had driven Nicholson Packe two brief hours before. "A hat—a hat! Pull yourself together, Jimmie Trickett, my boy—cool and steady's the word!"

He walked slowly past the hat-shop, desirous of taking what he called a squint at it before he made his definite descent upon it. It was a very grave, sober, eminently severe-looking establishment; a plain, unornamented house, its front painted of a conventional yellowish-white; its upper windows curtained, blinded, and lightened with flower-boxes, its only sign of business the name Valerie et Cie in unobtrusive gilt letters above the ground floor window, in which, as he had noticed in the morning, were displayed three specimens of the hat-maker's art, resting on slender brass rods. This, thought Jimmie Trickett, was doubtless one of those places where the most exclusive of the most exclusive grand dames purchased their head-gear; it might be that a mere man had never entered the premises alone before, and that dreadful things would befall such an adventurer as he destined himself to be—he might even make himself ridiculous. But at the moment of most fear, Jimmie also found the priceless and right amount of desperate courage.

"HERE goes," he said, and swung on his heel. "Since they're sellers, they'll welcome buyers. I'm a buyer—for cash!"

It was one of this young man's chief attributes to be able to preserve a grave, stolid, and unmoved countenance at critical moments. His face was therefore calm, composed, eminently business-like when he opened the door of Valerie et Cie and walked into the establishment with which—or rather, with an inmate of which—he so ardently desired further acquaintance.

Jimmie found himself alone. Also he discovered that this shop for ladies' hats was not at all like the shops in which hats for men are sold. There were no shelves with innumerable cardboard boxes arranged in order upon them. There was no smell of new felt, no suggestion that silk headgear is really made out of rabbit-skin, no evidence of trade. What he had stepped into was a bright and snug little parlour, made gay by light and tasteful wall-paper, old coloured French prints, and a crackling fire.

"Rummy sort of shop," mused Jimmie, looking about him. "Wonder if there's a bell, or if you thump the floor, or pull the cat's tail, or what?"

Just then, however, a heavy velvet portiere immediately in front of him was gently drawn aside, and there appeared a tall and buxom lady, handsomely attired in sables, who, at sight of this so elegantly dressed young gentleman, uttered a little exclamation of astonishment in which there was a distinct note of apology. Jimmie executed a profound bow.

"You wish to be attended to, sir?" asked the lady in good English, but with a decidedly foreign accent. "You have not seen anybody?"

"I—the fact is," answered Jimmie, "I want to buy a hat. Something, don't you know, like those things in the window."

The lady in the furs smiled sweetly and suavely.

"Precisely, sir," she answered.

"Here, however, we make the hats. Our customers, for example, come to us and consult. We advise—we study—we decide, our customers and ourselves, on what will be suitable. Then—we create. This hat, now, which you desire to buy, is it for your wife, perhaps?"

"The fact is," replied Jimmie, who had invented several lies as he drove up town, "I have a sister out in India, don't you know. I want to send her a hat for a Christmas present. The very best hat you can buy in London, you know. Don't mind a bit what I give for it, eh?"

The furred lady smiled again and took in Jimmie's innocence and large heartedness at a glance.

"Exactly, sir," she said graciously. "You shall have our best attention. I myself am obliged to go out just now—an important engagement—but I will place you in the hands of my confidential assistant, who will devote herself to you. These matters, sir, so seemingly unimportant to gentlemen, are, in reality, of supreme anxiety."

"Awfully good of you," said Jimmie. The lady stepped back and drew aside a curtain.

"Miss Walsden!" she called into some mysterious interior. "Will you please to come here, Miss Walsden?"

Jimmie Trickett felt his heart, after one wild leap, begin to thump against his ribs as if he had just done some terrible athletic feat not quite in condition. His eyes sought the carpet; they looked up; he saw the portiere drawn aside—heavens! the girl of the morning stood before him!

ENDOWED with an eminently susceptible nature, Jimmie Trickett had up to that moment remained singularly heart-whole. He had seen a great many pretty young women, beautiful young women, charming young women, and had admired them greatly without quite falling in love with them. But something told him as he looked at the fashionable hat-maker's pretty assistant that he was in high danger of falling head over ears in love. It puzzled him; there were doubtless prettier girls in London than this, and yet, he already doubted if there could be. In his present confused state of mind he could not arrive at any very exact idea of her. He had brought away from the morning's mere glimpse a recollection of a lissome figure, a pair of violet eyes, a dainty head crowned with hair of the colour of old gold, a general sense of—he did not know what. And now as he looked more closely, shy as his glances were, he began to inform the most inmost of his inner self that he was in for it.

"This gentleman, Miss Walsden," he heard the lady of the sables saying in her suave tones, "desires to send a hat to his sister who is in India. Perhaps you will consult with him? You will excuse me, sir," she continued, turning to Jimmie. "My appointment! I must go."

"Oh, ah, certainly—very happy, I'm sure," responded Jimmie. "I mean—I'm much obliged to you."

He politely opened the door for the proprietress, closed it upon her and turned to the assistant, who regarded him with a business-like glance.

"Did you tell Madame Charles what you exactly want, sir?" she asked. Jimmie straightened himself.

"Er—no!" he answered. "You see—I don't know what I want, don't you know. That is, I want to buy a hat. Rippin' sort of hat, you know; best sort of thing one can get. Want it for a—a Christmas box for my sister, who's in India, you know!"

The girl smiled. There was both perplexity and amusement in her smile, and she shook her head.

"I thought all one would have to do would be to buy a hat and stick it in a box, and post it, don't you know?" added Jimmie. "Eh?"

"Oh, but that's not the way at all," said the girl. "Hats are—most important. They are—created. How old is your sister, sir?"

"Old? Oh, I believe she's the same age that I am," answered Jimmie. "Yes, yes, of course she is; we're twins, you know. Twenty-three."

"Is she dark, sir, or is she fair?" asked the girl.

"I think—oh, yes, she's fair—she's

like me, that is," replied Jimmie, desperately. "Sort of between, eh?"

The girl hesitated.

"You really ought to have a hat made for your sister," she said, musingly. "Now, if you could bring me some photographs of her, full face and profile, we should have something to go on. You would like the latest Paris fashion, of course?"

"Oh, of course!" responded Jimmie. "Yes! That's the thing to do, I suppose."

"I am going to Paris myself to-morrow morning," remarked the girl. "I shall be back in a few days with some new ideas. If you would call at the end of the week, sir, with photographs, then we will make a sketch of a hat for your approval."

Jimmie Trickett suddenly found himself thinking at an unusual rate. A wild, daring, intoxicating notion had seized upon him.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "You are going over to Paris to-morrow morning? Why, so am I!"

Madame Charles' assistant betrayed no surprise. She merely inclined her

head a little.

"Indeed, sir?" she said. "Well, if you are staying a day or two in Paris and would call at our branch establishment in the Rue de la Paix, and ask for me—Miss Walsden—I can show you the very latest Parisian modes. Then the hat can be made up there, and despatched to India."

"Just so, just so!" agreed Jimmie. "Of course, I'll call; I know the Rue de la Paix. Same name, I suppose?"

"I will give you a card, sir," remarked Miss Walsden.

Five minutes later Jimmie Trickett found himself walking down Bond Street pretty much as if he were walking in a dream. Suddenly he woke out of his reverie, sprang into a passing taxi-cab, drove to his rooms at the Cairo, and startled Kentover out of an afternoon nap.

"Kentover," he said, "pack a suitcase and a dressing-case, with just what I shall need for a few days. I'm going to Paris to-morrow morning. And I shan't want you, Kentover—I'm going alone."

(To be continued.)

Conceits of the Moment

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use at this particular time for the fancy shoe to be worn with afternoon dresses or for the elaborate dancing slipper. However, he is putting a world of new ideas into these high street boots now so prominent in the wardrobe of a well dressed woman, and has by no means eliminated entirely from his collection of models the shoes for evening wear.

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IT is to be a winter of evening frocks with trains. The most remarkable thing about them is that many of the loveliest are of an unconventional shortness. The train is a long sash or over panel that trails off over the floor and can be picked up easily when one walks or dances and flung prettily over the arm.

There are two types of trained dresses. One has no attempt at flare. These drape the figure so the wearer looks like a Tanagra statue, and are lovely for women with small feet and ankles, or for stout women, for the draping is of the clinging kind.

Flaring skirts, very short, mark the other type; they flare by distending reeds, or have the umbrella like fullness falling in about the ankles, if the figure cannot stand the flare. These are fashioned more like the regulation dance frock with a filmy corsage that follows the lines of the figure.

Included in the first type are glistening gowns of solid, closely beaded or pailletted net. Such gowns always have between the hard glitter of the beads flat bands of flesh colored tulle and long scarf sleeves of net to soften the bright hardness that such robes, even if draped, always have.

THE "GRAB BAG" MUFF

THE grab bag muff is one that will be most popular this winter. Furriers are now busy renovating and making over old muffs into this style, even now, while autumn is still upon us, getting ready for what they believe will be an early winter season.

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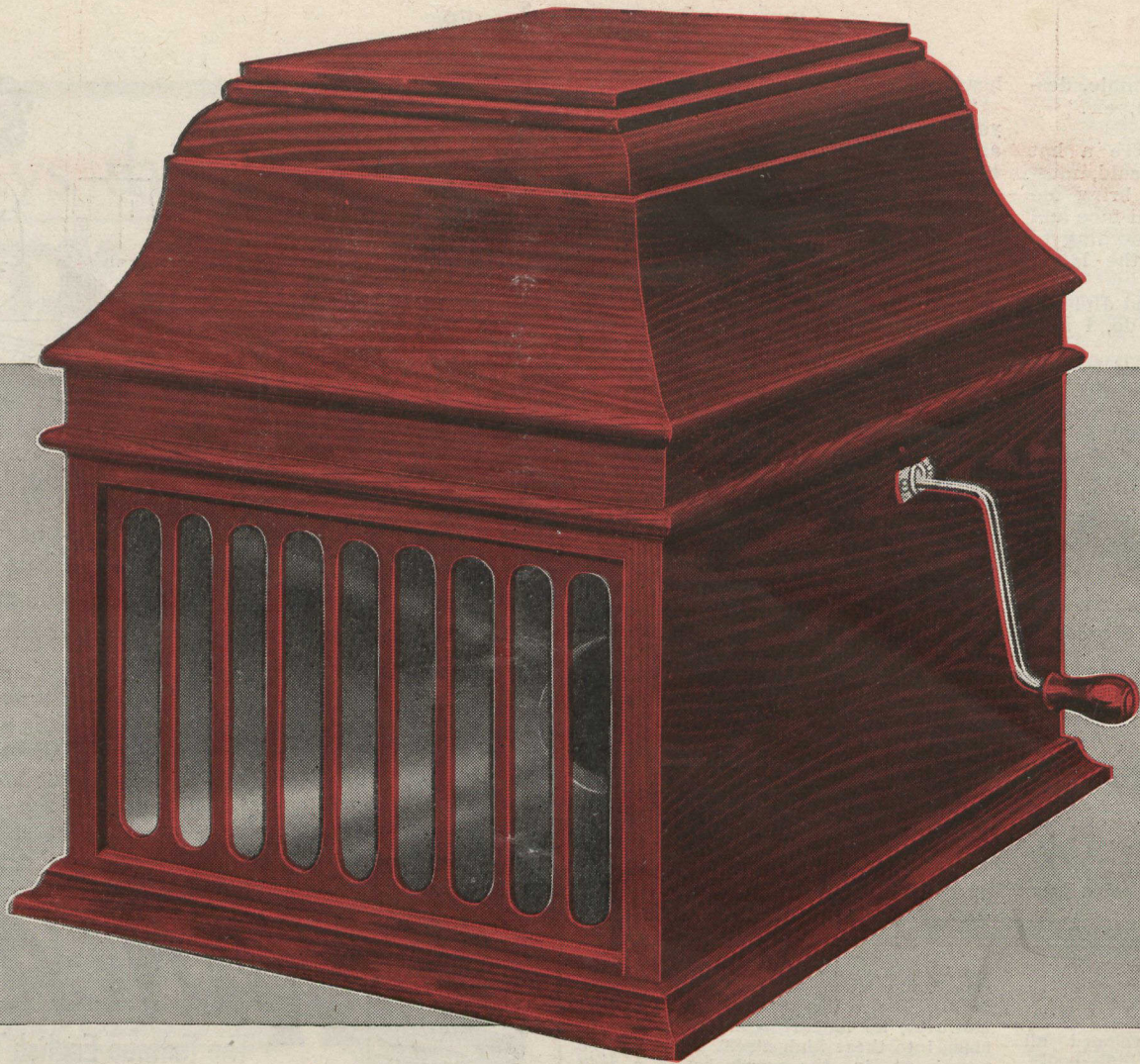


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