THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

Devoted Especially to the Interests of Cumberland and Surrounding District.

THE NEWS, TWENTY FIRST YEAR | CUMBERLAND B. C., WEDNESDAY, FEB. 3, 1915 | SUBSCRIPTION $1.00 A YEAR

New Stock of Fall Suits for Men and Boys

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If you wish to help in keeping your local newspapers running pay up your subscriptions. The greatest kickers about a paper are those who never think of paying for it. We have subscribers who never forget us, and we have a number who must think that a newspaperman lives on grass, and wears a fig-leaf. It might have been all right in the Garden of Eden, but, in Cumberland, the grass is short, and the weather cold.

FOUND—Scow, 20 x 52 feet, on Denman Island beach. Owner can have same by paying salvage and advertising. Apply Ray Chalmers, Denman Island.

When in doubt.—play trumps. Have Goard tune Your Piano. Factory Experience.

Recommends from the leading musicians from the Atlantis to the Pacific. Copies of same furnished on request.

W. J. Goard will be in this city about April 1st. Leave orders at this office, or write direct to 845,—8th Ave. West, Van-

The Ideal Store is slaughtering all Dry Goods, Gent's Furnishings, Boots and hoes, etc.

It is pretty hard work to keep optimistic these days.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Thanksgiving services in commemoration of the hundred years of peace between the British Empire and the United States of America, will be held in the churches of all denominations on Sunday, February 14th.

Correspondence

Editor News

Sir:—A young lawyer asked an old member of the bar, what is the best line to take if one who has no real defence to a case? "Blaguard the plaintiff's attorney" was the prompt reply. Still, abuse is no argument, and seldom wins a case. Now sir, I have no wish nor intention to follow Mr. McMillan's line of argument, nor have I any right to mapout a plan for his activities, religious or otherwise. That is his own business; and neither I or anyone else has any right to interfere with it.

First, let me say that I accept his assurance that the CUMBERLAND CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION had nothing officially to do with the agreement of sale votes iniquity, and modify the statement by saying "it was run by some of its prominent members," and I still maintain that to get behind and undermine the ballot act, the workingman's Magna Charta was a political crime.

I specially note that so far, no one has answered this protest, the GRAVAMAN OF MY LETTER viz: "that the politicians and the church joined hands to evade and degrade the "ballot act," "*Discretion is often the better part of valor.*" No doubt they are angry that attention is drawn to it, but I trust we shall all get over that, as it was a public, not a personal matter. The only reason advanced being that it was to get out the Socialists; the late mayor and Mr. Mitchell were the only avowed ones in the late council, can anyone point out a single action of either to hurt Cumberland whilst in office; if not, why have to get behind the ballot act, to eject them? Absurd!

JOSEPH SHAW

Liberal Meeting

A meeting of the Cumberland Liberal Association will be held in the K. of P. Hall, on Monday the 8th inst., at 7 p. m.

P. P. HARRISON
Sec'y C. L. A.

MUST LOWER PRICE OF ISLAND'S COAL

Few Steamships Now Bunker at Comox and Nanaimo; Colon Takes Business

(From The Victoria Times)

Since the opening of the Panama Canal the number of ships bunkering at the Vancouver Island coaling ports has decreased in an alarming manner. So far this month a scant half dozen vessels have called at Comox and Nanaimo to fill their bunker, this being the quietest month which the pilots of the Coal City district have had in many years. And judging from the reports which are current it is believed that the palmy days of the East Coast coaling ports are over unless the price of coal is reduced so as to attract steamships.

The opening of the Panama Canal is the direct cause of the falling off in the amount of bunker coal supplied by the coaling ports of the island. In past years most of the steamships, which loaded lumber, and grain cargoes on the Columbia River for the United Kingdom and had to make the passage via the Straits of Magellan, came to Comox, Ladysmith or Nanaimo to fill their bunkers. The same applied to vessels loading on Puget Sound. In those days the Nanaimo pilots were kept exceptionally busy and piloted many ships up to the bunkers each month.

Cheap Coal at Canal

Now, it is explained, coal can be secured at Colon, the eastern entrance to the canal at a very low rate. It is Pennsylvania coal and therefore masters of ships are glad to get it. The coal can be purchased at Colon at a cheaper rate than the Vancouver Island mines supply it to steamships and the ships by coaling after passing through the canal save quite a tidy sum in tolls, through their draft of water being many inches less.

The Blue Funnel liners are not taking much coal on this side of the Pacific now. The vessels coming from Hongkong fill their bunkers there and can make the trip to Victoria and return on the one fill. The ships of this fleet which will come via the Panama Canal will most probably use Colon as a coaling port.

It is stated that if the price of Vancouver Island coal was dropped the mines here could successfully compete with Colon, but that as long as the price remains higher, business will remain as quiet as it has during the past month.

The Liberal meeting did not turn into a Burns' Anniversary celebration. They were two separate and distinct gatherings; and very orderly and enjoyable they both were.

Get your Dance Invitations printed at the Cumberland News.

Hospital Ball on Friday, Feb. 12th.

Board of Trade Meeting

A meeting of the Council of the Board of Trade was held in the City Council Chambers, on Monday evening with Vice-President White in the chair.

A communication from the Merritt Board asking the Boards of Trade from the producing centres throughout the Province to co-operate and mangurate a "use B. C. Coal" campaign in the consuming centres throughout the Province, and if arrangements could be made to send a delegate from each of the mining centres to form a deputation to wait upon the Government and secure their influence and assistance in so far as possible.

The Cumberland Board of Trade had already taken this matter up with Vancouver and Victoria and New Westminster Boards of Trade and appointed Mr. T. E. Bate as a representative to wait on the Government along with the representatives from the other mining centres.

The finding of the railway commissioners adjusting the cost of establishing inter-change of trackage between the Canadian Collieries and E. & N. Railway at Royston by which the E. & N. Railway were to pay two-thirds of cost, provided the Canadian Collieries agreed to pay one-third was received and the secretary instructed to write the minister of railways asking what further action had been taken in this matter.

The Board of Trade has been very active of late in dealing with matters of importance to the future welfare of the city and deserves the hearty support and co-operation of all the citizens.

Obituary

The death took place at Minto, on January 30th, of Mrs. Bridget M. Delaney, in her 65th year.

The funeral took place on Monday, February 1st, from the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Alexander Gray, Rev. Mr. Webster officiating. Many friends and acquaintances were present to witness the last sad rites.

The pallbearers were: Messrs Thos. Pearce, Matt. Piercy, Chas. White, Chas. Segrave, Wm. McLellan, John Ramsay.

The C. & U. Fire Department will hold their annual masquerade ball on March 17th. Bigger and better than ever. Watch out for programmes.

"MUCH of what has been said recently with regard to the wholesome general tone of Canadian affairs has been based not so much on what the world is pleased to call tangible facts as on the prevalent and profound public confidence throughout the Dominion in the nation's resourcefulness, as regards the products of soil, mines, forests and waters and on the ability of its citizenship to deal intelligently and successfully with the immediate or any other emergency. Whatever statistics may show, the thinking observer must, we believe, fall readily into agreement with a Toronto writer, who, reviewing the situation at the beginning of the new year, holds as the outstanding point of paramount interest to the investor in Canadian Enterprises, the circumstance that "in the face of the greatest strain to which the financial fabric has been subjected, our monetary institutions, banks and trust companies have come through the trial practically unscathed and are today in a far stronger position than when the war broke out."

That there have been some so called failures in the last five months is not overlooked; some some of these, if not most of them, were of the kind that would have been recorded in all probability had there been no war. The principle thing is that Canada has pulled through what, in our judgment, may properly be called the crucial stages of the present crises with flying colors. More than this, such figures as may now be quoted show that the balance of trade which for years has been against the Dominion, and heavily so, is now being steadily reversed. According to the federal minister of finance, W. S. White, "Exportations from the Dominion, have not only increased in relation to previous Canadian standards, but compared with both Great Britain and the United States, Canada's percentage increase has been satisfactory."

Events of recent months have had the salutary effect in Canada of turning the thoughts of its people to production. They have learned the volume of imports, of trade in products of other countries than their own, does not necessarily spell prosperity. They have also learned that to borrow outside capital to carry on home enterprises, rather than to create this capital themselves, is not an economically sound policy, especially when carried to extremes. The ablest business authorities in the Dominion are now united in advocacy of production; more and more production, as the surest, as well as the speediest means of assurance to the nation of industrial independence.

Canada has been looking outward for many years; looking outward for capitals for enterprise, for settlers of its surplus areas, for workers. It will probably have to to look outward for all of these to some extent through many more years. But it is learning in these days that it has at home and at hand practically every resource essential to its welfare, and that its first duty to itself is to develop its own opportunities. The trials it has experienced since last July, in common with its nearest neighbor, will prove beneficial rather than harmful if they have taught it the wisdom of looking inward earnestly and often."—Exchange.

The mines expect to get in a full week's work this week. The outlook appears to be considerably brighter. We hope that the coal orders will flow in so fast, that the mines will be obliged to run full blast. The management is optimistic, and why not we?

Mr. and Mrs. W. Telfer left for Vancouver on Sunday. They will not return to Cumberland.

Mr. D. A. Thomas, piano tuner, reports business in this section the best in three years.

AN EVENING WITH JAPAN

The regular meeting of the Methodist Epworth League next Monday evening, is in the hands of the Missionary Committee.

Rev. Wm. Elliott, who has spent fifteen years in Japan, will give an illustrated lecture on the life, customs and scenery of Japan. All the slides are beautifully colored and very interesting.

Besides the lecture, there will be a short program of special music and recitations. Everybody, old and young, is cordially invited to come and bring a friend.

An offering will be taken at the close for the E. L. Missionary fund. This promises to be a very instructive as well as an enjoyable entertainment.

Don't forget the Hospital Ball to be given in the West Cumberland Hall, on Friday evening, February 12.

CAMPBELLS

CORSET SUGGESTIONS

Just a little care in selecting your corset will make all the difference in the appearance of your gown and add much to your ease and comfort.

C|C A La Grace Corsets.

CAMPBELLS

Her Vengeance

By Basil Tozer

Ward, Lock & Co., Limited
London, Melbourne and Toronto

(Continued)

He put his hand to his head with a bewildered gesture, and it seemed to him he saw in the corner of the room the face of the flower-girl, watching him with her mysterious smile. He remembered then her prophecy that a misfortune awaited him in this house; and so fixed was his look into the corner where he seemed to see her image that Delia noted it and said:

"What are you staring at so?"

"Nothing, nothing," he answered quickly. "Delia, I can hardly realize it."

"But you guessed," she said jealously. "You guessed?"

"Indeed, I did not," he answeerd, "I nether guessed nor hoped. Delia, my only wonder was how angry you would be with me."

"Oh, poor boy!" she said, stroking his cheek.

"Why," he went on, "I had so little idea, so little interton of speaking even, that I remember now I have promised to dine with Ambrose Boustead tonight."

"But you won't, now?" she said wth her quick jealousy.

"Oh, no," Hugh answered at once; "of course not."

"Dear boy," she smiled at him. "Come here and sit by me, and let us talk."

He obeyed her and sat near by her. But for the life of him he could not think of a single thing to say. She made a face of discontent.

"I thought lovers rhapsodized," she said. "You don't."

"I have hardly realized I am a lover yet," said Hugh, and added hastily as she looke a him, "I mean an accepted lover, of course. I have been a lover long enough."

"How long?" she asked wtih a happy sigh.

"Oh," he said, uneasily, "a long time, months perhaps."

"I thought you would have said years," she remarked with a touch of discontent.

"It seems an eternity," he replied, truthfully enough.

"And when did you first know you loved me?" she asked, smiling at him.

"It—it—I," he answered, stammering while she watched him happily, and he wondered to himself how long he could endure this.

"Shall I tell you a secret?" she asked. "You know we must have no secrets from each other now. I thought you despised my temper and lack of self-control."

"Oh, Delia," he protested, with his hand pressed to his heart.

"Yes, I did" she insisted with a little nod. "Do you remember telling

"No, I have forgotten," he answered quickly. "We must forget the past me I was a 'brutal little fury' once?" and think of the future instead."

"Forget the past when it has brought me such happiness?" she protested with a look of rebellion. "No, indeed. Hugh, tell me when first you——"

"Ah, do not ask me such a question," he cried, stung beyond endurance.

"Why not?" she asked, flashing a swift glance at him that had in it already something of suspicion.

"Those were days of doubts and this of certainty," he answered.

"Ah, you mean my outbreaks of temper sometimes frightened you," she observed thoughtfully. "But that will be different now. You see then I rebelled against life; and how else can one rebel against this great, grey dumb thing they call life, except by kicking and screaming? But now life has given me what I wanted, and I shall never fall into those fits of fury again. Hugh, listen for I want to say something."

"What?" he asked.

"Be faithful to me," she said, looking at him moodily, "for if you ever tired of me, and left me for another; I might kill myself, and I might kill you, but I am very sure I would kill that other."

"Hush," said Hugh, sternly, "you have no right to say such things," and even as he spoke he seemed to see again the pale face of the flower-girl with her watching, mysterious eyes.

"No, I know," she answered at once, "It was only an idea. Hugh, what do you think father will say?"

Hugh started violently. In his dismay and bewilderment he had entirely forgotten all about his uncle, and what that prosperous millionaire would be likely to say when he found that his only daughter was engaged—to a man on the very verge and brink of bankruptcy.

"I never thought of him," he said, "what do you think he will say?"

"I am wondering more what he will do," observed Delia.

"I suppose he will be rather—or—surprised," suggested Hugh, uncomfortably.

"Surprised won't be a word for it," returned Delia; "it will probably be more like a volcanic eruption than anything else."

"Will it, though?" said Hugh, more and more uncomfortable.

"It will," said Delia with conviction, "I get my temper from papa, you know."

"Oh," said Hugh thoughtfully.

"And he is ever so much worse," continued Delia dreamily, "when it does break out, because you know he generally keps it so well under."

"What do you think we had better do?" asked Hugh.

"How would it be," said Delia thoughtfully, "if we were to elope tonight."

"Good heavens!" cried Hugh, jumping up; "do be serious, Delia; this is a serious matter."

"But I am serious," she protested; "we could catch the midnight train for Scotland and be safely married there before papa knows anything about it. You are married in Scotland if you just say you are, you know. It only needs a witness and it is all right. I have read about it often."

"Not at all," said Hugh very emphatically, indeed—"nothing of the kind. All that has been done away with; for one thing you have to have been in residence there for so long."

"How silly," complained Delia, "I thought you only had to say something before witnesses and it was all right."

She looked very angry and disgusted, but Hugh experienced a devout relief. If marriage in Scotland had been quite as easy as Delia supposed, he was by no means sure he would not have found himself forced to elope then and there with that very impetuous and headstrong young woman.

"No, no, Delia," he said, "it will be only fair to put the things squarely to your father and see what he says."

"Well, then," said Delia, considering, "I think you had better go now; for he may be home any minute, and perhaps he had better not find you here. If he seems in a good temper and I get a chance I will say something; and if not, you had better come and see him tomorrow. After all," she added, "we can always fall back on an elopement, and do you know, Hugh, I think it would be rather fun to elope?"

Hugh did not think so at all; but without discussing this point he fell in, thankfully enough, with Delia's suggestion that he should take his leave. For indeed he felt that if he stayed with her much longer his self-possession might desert him. It was agreed that he should keep his engagement to dine with Lord Ambrose, and then he put out his hand to bid her good-night. But she, laughing at what she called his modesty, put up her lips to be kissed, and then on a quick impulse threw her arms about his neck.

"Dear old Hugh," she breathed, "I shall never cease wondering how you managed to find me out."

How Hugh finally got away he hardly knew, but at last he found himself outside, in such a confusion and distress of mind as not even his threatened bankruptcy had been able to evoke in him. His only hope seemed to be that Mr. Hetherington would forbid the match; and Hugh had an uncomfortable feeling that the more Mr. Hetherington forbade it, the more Delia would be determined on it.

"And then uncle has always been more than half scared of her," he mused; "perhaps he will consent—lord, I may find myself married to Delia in less than a month."

Arrived at this stage of his meditations he looked round in despair and seeing a cab, hailed it and was driven to his club, where to his surprise he found Lord Ambrose Boustead waiting for him.

"There you are, old chap," said Lord Ambrose beamingly. "I have been planning the evening out so that we can have a real high old time. We'll dine at Tewxton House, then we will go to the theatre, then we will have supper at Robbini's, and then we will go back to Tewxton House and finish the night with bridge. What do you say?"

"First rate," said Hugh, "so long as you don't mind my getting drunk."

"Eh?" said Lord Ambrose, putting up his eye-glass and looking at him in surprise; "why I thought you were such a sober sort of Johnny."

"Not tonight, this is my night on," said Hugh, without a smile; "I'm going to be the drunkest man in London tonight, so that is fair warning."

"By Jove," said Lord Ambrose, "we are out for larks then, eh?"

"I don't know if you are," replied Hugh with the same fixed look; "I have been in for one lark and I am winding up with a spree."

"Right you are," returned Lord Ambrose cheerfully; "let's take a cab to my place, then, and make a start."

Hugh agreed, and Lord Ambrose hailing a cab they were driven off to Tewxton House. This was a gloomy old building, dating from the early seventeenth century, very large, very dilapidated, and very ugly. It stood in large grounds of its own, in what was now rather a poor district, and Lord Ambrose's father, Lord Castleham, was endeavoring to sell it to the local authorities, the house for a museum and the grounds for a park or recreation ground. In the meantime he got his son, Lord Ambrose, to live there, as the fact that it was occupied enabled him to stand out for much better terms of sale. Lord Ambrose had agreed rather reluctantly, but the marquis had promised him a share of the extra price to be extracted from the local authorities, had furnished some of the rooms very comfortably, and had provided him, besides his valet, with two women servants, one of whom was an excellent cook. So on the whole Lord Ambrose was fairly content with his present quarters, though looking forward to the time when he would again be able to lay his head in St. James's or Mayfair.

The cabman deposited them in a narrow dirty street, and Lord Ambrose, dismissing him, turned in with Hugh by a small postern door near the great entrance gates that nowadays were seldom opened. And as he did so he stumbled and nearly fell on his face, while at the same time they both seemed to hear the sound of a bell, ringing softly at a distance.

"Hullo! have you hurt yourself?" asked Hugh.

"No," answered Lord Ambrose, recovering himself; "what's that bell? there is a beastly cord here I tripped on."

"A cord" said Hugh, bending down, and found in fact that a thin but very strong cord was stretched knee high across the path. Surprised, he took hold of it and tried to lift it; and as he did so, there was at once again the sound of a bell, ringing softly in the distance.

"Is this some new idea of yours for ringing up the house?" asked Hugh.

"I'm blessed if I know what it is," said Lord Ambrose, and in his turn took hold of the cord and pulled, whereupon there came once more the sound of a bell, softly ringing at a distance.

"It rings a bell somewhere," said Hugh.

"But what for?" asked Lord Ambrose.

"Will you buy my flowers, gentlemen?" said a soft voice behind, and turning hastily Hugh saw, standing just inside the postern gate, that flower-girl of the lovely face and deep, mysterious eyes, who had spoken to him a little earlier in Kensington Palace Square and warned him of a misfortune about to befall him in his uncle's house.

But whatever emotions they might be that the sight of the flower-girl raised in Hugh's breast, Lord Ambrose Boustead seemed to have ideas of his own about her.

"Stand back, you," he shouted, and ran right at her.

The girl, alarmed, sprang back into the roadway and Lord Ambrose banged the postern gate on her and locked it with the key he always carried with him. As for the great entrance gates, they were always kept locked; for any vehicle seeking admission, the big bell had to be rung. This was because of the annoyance caused by tramps, who, when the gates stood open, were apt to slip in on fine days and use the grounds as a convenient basking spot. Hugh, standing quite still, had a vision of the flower-girl's pale face pressed against the bars of the gate and peering in, as a captive might peer through the bars of a prison cell. The vignette of her pale face seen through the iron bars remained long in his memory.

"Now we have 'em," said Lord Ambrase excitedly, as he returned his key to his pocket, "this is the only gate and now they can't get out."

"But—but——" repeated Hugh, not understanding, and his eyes turned involuntarily towards the flower-girl seen through the bars of the postern gate, "but what do you mean?"

"Why, burglars," said Lord Ambrose impatiently for his quick and subtle mind had grasped the situation more quickly than Hugh's slower intelligence, which indeed was occupied just now chiefly by the pale face and deep, mysterious eyes of the flower-girl who still stood outside the gate. "That's their decoy," said Lord Ambrose, pointing to her, "that bell is to alarm them, they are after dad's silver he lent me when I first hung out here. Come along."

(To Be Continued)

CHAPTER VIII.

The Burglary at Tewxton House

THE HISTORY OF TRAPSHOOTING

Now Popular Sport Runs Back to Eighteenth Century Origin

Pigeon-shooting, the forerunner of modern trapshooting, was a popular sport in England during the last century. It was mentioned in the Sporting Magazine, London, as early as 1793, and referred to as having already an established reputation. The "Old Hat," a famous public house at Ealing, was for many years a favorite rendezvous of pigeon-shooters, but later the Red House at Battersea took precedence because it was more easily accessible to Londoners. "To those who feel anxious on the subject of pigeon-shooting," the Sportsmen's Cyclopedia (London, 1848) recommends a visit to the Red House, "where the business is pursued in the first style of excellence." Lords and captains lent an air of fashion to the activities of the place, and on the establishment of the Hurlingham Club at Fulham the amusement was raised higher than before in general favor. It has now been superseded by trapshooting, the name of which is of American origin; and inanimate targets, the product of American inventiveness, have accordingly been substituted for live birds.

Of course, in all this history, there have been interesting stages. The traps in use at the "Old Hat" were shallow boxes, each about one foot long and eight or ten inches wide, sunk in the ground level with the surface. A sliding lid was operated by pulling a string, thus liberating the bird. Among the famous pigeon-shooters of that day was Mr. Richard Toomer, to whom Mr. Johnson referred in his Cyclopedia: "The exploits which R. Toomer performed in shooting, with such apparent ease, soon convinced the persons who saw them, that they were done methodically; and this was completely ascertained, by his frequently suffering himself to be blinded with a double handkerchief over his eyes, after having taken his aim, and then to fire and hit a small object."

In 1831, pigeon-shooting was mentioned in the records of the Sportsmen's Club, Cincinnati, and in the forties and a few decades thereafter it flourished in New York and its vicinity. The invention and adoption of inanimate targets followed, though the older pastime was not at once abandoned. A Boston man, Charles Portlock, originated the use of glass balls for targets about 1886. A Philadelphian, a few years later, invented a target consisting of a pasteboard disc a few inches in diameter, with the centre cut out to admit a small rubber balloon. Punctured balloon, "dead bird." Clay discs were the next innovation, but because they were of unequal hardness and because the traps were mechanically deficient, the sport of trapshooting came near giving up the ghost. Targets are now made of river silt and tar and bear the name of "clay pigeons."

Last year more than sixty-five million "clay pigeons" succumbed to the marksmanship of American trapshooting.

The Germans' Ten Commandments

The Chamber of Commerce in Germany long ago issued a circular giving the following ten commandments to be observed by the people.

1—In all expenses keep in mind the interests of your own compatriots.

2—Never forget that when you buy foreign articles your own country is poorer.

3—Your money should profit no one but Germans.

4—Never profane German factories by using foreign machinery.

5—Never allow foreign eatables to be served at your table.

6—Write on German paper with a German pen, and use German blotting paper.

7—Use German flour, eat German fruit, and drink German beer. You alone give your body the true German energy.

8—If you do not like German malt coffee, drink coffee from the German colonies.

9—Use only German clothes for your dress and German hats for your head.

10—Let no foreign flattery distract you from these precepts, and be firmly convinced that whatsoever others may say, Germany products are the only ones worthy of the citizens of the German Fatherland.

Will you sail with me on the sea of matrimony?

Yes, after you make a raft of money.

Bald heads remind me of kind words.

Why so?

They can never dye, you know.

The Road Hogs of Europe

LITTLE NATIONS DEFENDED WITH ELOQUENCE

Stirring Speech Delivered by Mr. Lloyd George in Queen's Hall, London, England

(Continued From Last Week)

"What were the Austrian demands? Servia sympathized with her fellow-countrymen in Bosnia. That was one of her crimes. She must do so no more. Her newspapers were saying nasty things about Austria. They must do so no longer. That is the Austrian spirit. You had it in Zabern. How dare you criticize a Prussian official, and if you laugh it is a capital offence. (Laughter). The colonel threatened to shoot them if they repeated it. Servian newspapers must not criticize Austria. I wonder what would have happened had we taken the same line about German newspapers.

"Servia said: 'Very well, we will give orders to the newspapers that they must not criticize Austrian in future, neither Austria nor Hungary, nor anything that is theirs.' (Laughter). Who can doubt the valour of Servia when she undertook to tackle her newspaper editors? (Laughter). She promised not to sympathise with Bosnia, promised to write no critical articles about Austria. She would have no public meetings at which anything unkind was said about Austria.

"That was not enough. Servia must dismiss from her army officers whom Austria should subsequently name. But these officers had just emerged from a war where they were adding lustre to the Servian arms—gallant, brave, efficient. (Cheers). I wonder whether it was their guilt or their efficiency that prompted Austria's action. But mark, the officers were not named; Servia was to undertake in advance to dismiss them from the army, the names to be sent on subsequently.

"Can you name a country in the world that would have stood that? Supposing Austria or Germany had issued an ultimatum of that kind to this country: 'You must dismiss from your army and from your navy all those officers whom we shall subsequently name!' Well, I think I could name them now. Lord Kitchener—(cheers)—would go. Sir John French—(cheers)—would be sent about his business. (Laughter). General Smith-Dorrien—(cheers)—would go no more, and I am sure that Sir John Jellicoe—(cheers)—would go. (Laughter). And there was another gallant old warrior who would go—Lord Roberts. (Cheers).

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

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

"What answer did the Russian Slav give? He gave the only answer that becomes a man. He turned to Austria and said: 'You lay hands on that little fellow and I will tear our ramshackle empire limb from limb. And he is doing it. (Great cheering).

"That is the story of the little nations. The world owes much to little nations and to little men.

of bigness—you must have a big empire, and a big nation and big man—well, long legs have their advantage in a retreat. Frederick the Great chose his warriors for their height, and that tradition has become a polic. In Germany, Germany applied that ideal to nations. She will only allow six feet two nations to stand in the ranks. (Laughter).

"But all the world owes much to the little five feet five nations. The greatest art of the world was the work of little nations. The most enduring literature of the world came from little nations. The greatest literature of England came from her when she was a nation of the size of Belgium, fighting a great empire. The heroic deeds that thrill humanity through generations were the deeds of little nations fighting for their freedom.

"Ah, yes, and the salvation of mankind came through a little nation. God has chosen little nations as the vessels by which He carries the choicest wines to the lips of humanity to rejoice their hearts, to exalt their vision, to stimulate and to strengthen their faith, and if we had stood by when two little nations were being crushed and broken by the brutal hands of barbarism our share would have rung down the everlasting ages.

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

"And what about England? You go to Greece, the Netherlands, Italy, Germany and France, and all these lands, gentlemen, would point out to you places where the sons of Britain have died for the freedom of these countries. (Cheers). France has made sacrifices for the freedom of other lands than her own. Can you name a single country in the world for the freedom of which the modern Prussian has ever sacrificed a single life? The test of our faith, the highest standard of civilization is the readiness to sacrifice for others.

"I would not say a word about the German people to disparage them. They are a great people; they have great qualities of head, of hand, and of heart. I believe, in spite of recent events, there is as great a store of kindness in the German peasant as in any peasant in the world, but he has been drilled into a false idea of civilization, efficiency, capability. But it is a hard civilization; it is a selfish civilization; it is a material civilization. They could not comprehend the action of Britain at the present moment. They say so. 'France,' they say, 'we can understand. She is out for vengeance, she is out for territory—Alsace-Lorraine. Russia, she is fighting for mastery; she wants Galicia.'

"They can understand vengeance, they can understand you fighting for mastery, they can understand you fighting for greed of territory; they cannot understand a great empire pledging its resources, pledging its might, pledging the lives of its children, pledging its very existence to protect a little nation that seeks for its defence. God made man in his own image, high of purpose, in the region of the spirit. German civilization would recreate him in the image of a Diesler machine—precise, accurate, powerful, with no room for the soul to operate. That is the higher civilization.

"What is their demand? Have you read the Kaiser's speeches? If you have not a copy I advise you to buy it; they will soon be out of print—(laughter)—and you won't have any more of the same sort again. They are full of the clatter and bluster of German militarists—the mailed fist, the shining armour. Poor old mailed fist—its knuckles are getting a little bruised. Poor shining armour—the shine is being knocked out of it.

"But there is the same swagger and boastfulness running through the whole of the speeches. You saw that remarkable speech which appeared in the British Weekly this week. It is a very remarkable product, as an illustration of the spirit we have got to fight. It is his speech to his soldiers on the way to the front:

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

There has been nothing like it since the days of Mohammet. Lunacy is always distressing, but sometimes it is dangerous, and when you get it manifested in the head of the state, and it has become the policy of a great empire, it is about time that it should be ruthlessly put away. I do not believe he meant all these speeches, it was simply the martial straddle which he had acquired.

"But there were men around him who meant every word of it. This was their religion. Treaties—they tangle the feet of Germany in her advance; cut them with the sword. Little nations—they hinder the advance of Germany; trample them in the mire under the German heel. The Russian Slav—he challenges the supremacy of Germany in Europe; hurl your legions at him and massacre him. Britain—he is a constant menace to the predominancy of Germany in the world; wrest the trident out of her hand

"More than that, the new philosophy of Germany is to destroy Christianity—sickly sentimentalism about sacrifice for others, poor pap for German mouths. We will have the new diet, we will force it on the world. It will be made in Germany—a diet of blood and iron. What remains? Treaties have gone, liberty gone; what is left? Germany! Germany is left—Deutschland Uber Alles!

"That is what we are fighting—that claim of the predominancy of a civilization, a material one, a hard one, a civilization which at once rules and enslaves the world. Liberty goes, democracy vanishes, and unless Britain comes to the rescue with her sons, it will be a dark day for humanity!

"Have you followed the Prussian Junker and his doings? We are not fighting the Germans. The German people are just as much under the heel of this Prussian military caste, and more so, thank God, than any other nation in Europe. It will be a day of rejoicing for the German peasant and artisan and trader when the military caste is broken. You know their pretensions. They give themselves the airs of demi-gods, walking the pavements, civilians and their wives swept into the gutter. They have no right to stand in the way of a great Russian soldier. Men, women, nations, have all got to go. This is all he has got to say: 'We are in a hurry.' This is the answer he gave to Belgium. 'Rapidity of action is Germany's greatest asset,' which means 'I am in a hurry; clear out of my way.' You know the type of motorist, the terror of the road, with a 60 h.p. car, who thinks the roads were made for him. Anybody who impedes the action of his car by a single mile is knocked down.

"The Prussian Junker is the road-hog of Europe. Small nationalities in his way are flung to the roadside bleeding and broken; women and children thrust under the wheel of his cruel car. Britain ordered out of her road. All I can say is this. If the old British spirit is alive in British hearts, that bully will be torn from his seat. Were he to win, it would be the greatest catastrophe that had befallen democracy since the days of the Holy Alliance, and its ascendancy.

They think we cannot beat them. It will not be easy. It will be a long job. It will be a terrible war. But in the end we shall march through terror to triumph. We shall need all our qualities; every quality that Britain and its people possess—prudence in counsel, daring in action, tenacity in purpose, courage in defeat, moderation in victory; in all things, faith; and we shall win.

"It has pleased them to believe and to preach the belief that we are a decadent, degenerate nation. They proclaim it to the world, through their professors—that we are an unheroic nation, skulking behind our mahogany counters, whilst we are egging on more gallant races to their destruction. This is a description given of us in Germany—a timorous, craven nation, trusting to its fleet. I think they are beginning to find out their mistake already. And there are half a million of young men of Britain who have already registered their vow to their king that they will cross the seas and hurl that insult against British courage against its perpetrators on the battlefields of France and of Germany. And we want half a million more. And we shall get them.

But Wales must continue doing her duty. I should like to see a Welsh army in the field. I should like to see the race who faced the Normans for hundreds of years in their struggle for freedom, the race that helped to win the battle of Crecy, the race that fought for a generation under Glendower against the greatest captain in Europe—I should like to see that race give a good taste of its quality in this struggle in Europe, and they are going to do it.

"I envy you young people your youth. They have put up the age limit for the army but I march, I am sorry to say, a good many years even beyond that. But still our turn will come. It is a great opportunity. It only comes once in many centuries to the children of men. For most generations, sacrifice comes in drab, weariness of spirit to men. It has come today to you; it has come today to us all, in the form of the glow and thrill of a great movement for liberty, that impels millions throughout Europe to the same end.

"It is a great war for the emancipation of Europe from the thraldom of a military caste, which has cast its shadow upon two generations of men, and which has now plunged the world into a swelter of bloodshed. Some have already given their lives. There are some who have given more than their own lives. They have given the lives of those who are dear to them. I honor their courage, and may God be their comfort and their strength.

"But their reward is at hand. Those who have fallen have consecrated death. They have taken their part in the making of a new Europe, a new world. I can see signs of it coming in the glare of the battlefield. The people will gain more by this struggle in all lands than they comprehend at the present moment. It is true they will be rid of the menace to their freedom. But that is not all.

"There is something infinitely greater and more enduring which is emerging already out of this great conflict—a new patriotism, richer, nobler, more exalted than the old.

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

"May I tell you, in a simple parable, what I think this war is doing for us?" Mr. Lloyd George concluded. "I know a valley in North Wales, between the mountains and the sea, a beautiful valley, snug, comfortable, sheltered by the mountains from all bitter blasts. It was very enervating, and I remember how the boys were in the habit of climbing the hills above the village to have a glimpse of the great mountains in the distance and to be stimulated and freshened by the breezes which came from the hilltops and by the great spectacle of that great valley.

"We have been living in a sheltered valley for generations. We have been too comfortable, too indulgent, many perhaps too selfish. And the stern hand of fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the great everlasting things that matter for a nation, the great peaks of honor we had forgotten, duty and patriotism, clad in glittering white, the great pinnacle of sacrifice pointing like a rugged finger to Heaven. We shall descend into the valleys again, but as long as the men and women of this generation last they will carry in their hearts the image of these great mountain peaks whose fingers are unshaken though Europe rock and sway in the convulsions of a great war."

The chancellor resumed his seat amidst loud and continued cheering. There was a great rush of recruits to the recruiting room after the meeting.

"I am very glad to see you," remarked Jones to his friend, meeting him on his return from his vacation. "How are you and Mrs. Smith?"

"Quite well, thank ou."

"And all the little Smithereens?" pursued the questioner, anxiously.—Philadelphia Ledger.

One Oxford boy handed in the following in an examination paper in United States history: "General Braddock was killed in the Revolutionary War. He had three horses shot under him, and a fourth went through his clothes."

I wrote a beautiful poem,
Its story haunts me yet;
But, instead of going down to fame,
It went to the waste
bas-
ket.

—New York World.

Those Foolish Questions

Green—So the trolley car killed your foreman. Did it run over him?

Grump—Naw! It hit him in the elbow and he died of hydrophobia.

Sore Eyes Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist's 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye Free ask Druggists or Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

GERMAN SPY TELLS OF HIS SECRET WORK IN SCOTLAND

SYSTEM OF ESPIONAGE MAINTAINED BY KAISER

Story of a Confessed Spy who was Employed in the British Isles to Secure Inside Information in Furtherance of German Plans Against Britain

In view of the reported discovery in Scotland of a practically unused building, owned by Germans, on magnificent concrete foundations in a position from which big guns could command the Forth bridge, striking interest attaches to a warning to the British authorities given by Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves, a confessed spy, in a book which was in the press before the war broke out.

"The Firth of Forth Bridge," he says, "constitutes a grave danger to the Rossyth Royal naval base. For this reason, its location between Rossyth and the seas is a decided menace. In the event of hostilities, in fact before the outbreak of war, it is no ways impossible to blow up the Firth of Forth bridge and bottle all war vessels concentrated at the Rossyth base. They could thus be bottled up for several days powerless, while a foreign fleet swept at the Scottish coasts. The British foreign office will understand what I mean by this: Look to the middle island. I found it to be partly intervened with soft, soapy Neiss, making natural ruts and cavities that were ideal for the placing of explosives. I learned also that along the Edinburgh approach to the Firth of Forth bridge were two pieces of ground and houses entirely owned by Germans although the deeds stood in Scottish names. Moreover, little fishing hamlets on either side of the bridge harbored more than one supposed Swedish fisherman but who in reality had his name still on the German naval register. In the event of trouble these men, using explosives stored in the two houses in question, could have blown the middle island to atoms."

"Dr. Graves," it must be explained, is an assumed name. The writer states that he is a member of a well-known European family (not German, it would appear), and that he had been disowned by them as the outcome of a violent family quarrel. He entered the service of the German war office in the expectation that through the influence of a powerful patron his family possessions would be restored to him. He executed secret commissions, he states, at Port Arthur before the Russo-Japanese war, in the Balkans, in France and in Great Britain, and his strongly circumstantial account of the workings of the German intelligence department is of absorbing interest, and to the lay mind seems almost sufficiently powerful to carry conviction. Its historical value, however, would be foolish for the layman to attempt to assess.

One of the most interesting chapters in the book is concerned with the famous "Agadir incident" of 1911. On that occasion Europe was brought to the verge of war and the German war party exerted every effort to bring about a rupture of diplomatic relations with France. The German warship Panther entered the Agadir harbor, but was withdrawn by the captain after he had received an ultimatum from French and British warships. Dr. Graves states that he himself was despatched by the Kaiser with a secret verbal message to the captain of the Panther who was instructed on no account to use force, even though he might receive contrary official instructions. The incident, according to Dr. Graves, was deliberately brought about by the German Emperor, as a means of determining how closely Britain was willing to stand by France in the event of trouble. "It took a master stroke to bring the situation up to the point of war," says the author, "for it was a dangerous business, with all Germany roaring for war—and then avert war when England and France were on the verge of it. The results were before him. By creating the situation, he knew that he had two powerful enemies opposed to him. Good! What he would do now would be to try to take one nation and secretly ally himself with it, leaving the other out in the cold. Then began the intrigues which planned the isolation of France."

Of the belief which prevailed among some pacificists before the outbreak of war that German Socialism would prove powerful enough to prevent a European armagedden, Dr. Graves says, "To a close student these assertions are absolutely wrong. Teutonic Germanic races have ever been given to deeply analytical, philosophical studies, criticising and dissecting the policies of their rulers. But underlying you will find a deeply practical sense and appreciation of material benefits The German Socialist is in fact a practical dreamer, quite in contrast to his mercurial, effervescent Latin prototype.

Dr. Graves believes the German secret service to be the most efficient in the world. Next comes France and Russia and then Britain which has only entered seriously into secret service work on the continent of Europe during the past few years, but during that period has made great progress.

He claims that in addition to the fleet of Zeppelins and other airships the possession of which Germany has acknowledged, others the nature of whose construction has been kept a strict secret are also in reserve. These have never been used in the general manoeuvres. In these ships the Germans "have overcome the condition of bulk and heaviness of structure by their government chemists devising the formula of a material that is lighter than aluminum yet which possesses all that metal's density and which has the flexibility of steel. Airships not among the twelve Germany admits officially are made of this material. Its formula is a government secret and England or France would give thousands of dollars to possess it.

"The objection of the inflammability of the lifting power has also been overcome. The power of the ordinary hydrogen gas in all its various forms has been multiplied threefold by a new government chemical laboratory. This gas has also the enormous advantages of being absolutely non-inflammable"

Dr. Graves expresses the opinion that aeroplanes cannot prove successful in attacks upon Zeppelins, because the Zeppelins can rise to a much greater height. "They don't have to aim. They simply dump overboard some of the new explosive of the German government, these new chemicals having the property of setting on fire anything that they hit. They are simply throwing something at the city of London. And remember that whenever one of the new German explosives strikes, conflagration begins.

The "Japanese peril," Dr. Graves states, is a bogey deliberately manufactured by the German government "to keep America's hands full in the event of the coming European war. It is all bluff, and occasionally Japan must be rewarded for keeping up the bluff. Let me emphasize, with all due knowledge of the alarmist's fears that the United States need never fear the 'Yellow Peril' as long as she does not antagonize the dominant powers of Europe."

The information as to the danger which Dr. Graves said threatened the Forth Bridge, was given "in return for England's fair treatment of me during my trial." Of the events which preceded his arrest he says:

"Going via March, I arrived in Edinburgh and put up at the old Bedford Hotel on Prince's street, a quiet select Scottish hostelry. I registered under my quasi-correct name of A. K. Graves, M.D., Turo, Australia. My "stunt" was to convey the impression of being an Australian physician taking additional post-graduate courses at the famous Scottish seat of medical learning. After a few days' residence at the Bedford, I installed myself in private quarters at a Mrs. Macleod's, 23 Craiglea Drive, Edinburgh. The ordinary expense provided for my residential quarters was $75 a week. This, of course, did not include "extras" such as entertaining, motors, etc.

"For the first fortnight, I quietly took my bearings, creating a suggestion that I was a semi-invalid. Having by this time familiarized myself with Edinburgh and surroundings, I made frequent trips to the Firth of Forth, upon which was located the Rossyth base. Now across the Firth there is a long bridge. It is between the Rossyth base and the North Sea. Warships going to and from the naval station pass under it. But more about this bridge later—something for the benefit of the English admiralty.

"Gradually I worked myself into the confidence of one of the bridge keepers. I shall not give the man's name, for to do so would be to injure him, and quite unwillingly he gave me facilities for studying the naval base and furnished me with scraps of information that I wanted to know. For this he received no money and he was not a traitor to his country. Through the little acquaintance I struck up with him I was able to make a thorough study of the bridge and its structure—a strategic point, the bridge. Also, through the offices of my good friend the keeper, I was introduced to some of his "pals" in the waterguard. Because of my intimate knowledge of Bobbie Burns, Walter Scott, "Inside" history of Prince Charlie, and—ahem—Scottish proclivity for a drop o' whisky, they accepted me as a half Scotchman.

"From the waterguard I obtained more definite information regarding the Rossyth base. So much for the topographical knowledge which could only be obtained through personal contact with men who actually knew every inch of the ground. The charts back in Berlin could not give me that exact information. The higher scientific data of the fortifications and the base, I obtained by social intercourse with high placed officials—officers and engineers at Rossyth—whom I entertained at various times.

"The schooling I had received in the silhouettes presently came in handy. One night my friend, the bridge tender, learned that the fleet was getting up steam. Accordingly, I stood on the bridge that night and waited. At five o'clock in the morning a gray, rainy foggy morning, through which the ships moved almost ghost-like, I made out sixteen war vessels From their silhouettes, I knew them to be dreadnoughts, cruisers, and torpedo boat destroyers. At once I filed a cable by way of Brussels informing the Intelligence Department of the German navy that an English fleet sixteen strong had put to sea. Subsequently I learned that in describing the sixteen ships I had made only one mistake."

Real British Pluck

A private of the 2nd Battalion Royal Scots, who was twice wounded, relates a thrilling story of the bravery of the Middlesex Regiment and the Connaught Rangers.

He said: For real British pluck he had never seen anything equal to that of the Middlesex. They were digging trenches near Mons when a mass of Germans, who seemed to come from nowhere, bore down upon them. The enemy had undoubtedly been notified of the position of the Middlesex by an airman who was seen hovering above.

Bayonets in hand the Germans rushed upon our men who were quite unprepared in the matter of equipment, but the sergeant of the company set the lead by the use of his fists, and he (Court) saw him "down two Germans with two successive blows."

The whole company followed their sergeant's lead, but they were mowed down like grass. The valiant sergeant was bayonetted, and died a hero. As for the Connaughts, six guns had been seized by the enemy, when the Rangers bore down upon the Germans with wonderful heroism and scattered them far and wide, killing numbers. The enemy were nonplused, and it was at this period that the artillery stole in with a heavy fire and retook the guns.

The Royal Horse Artillery

Charged Through an Avalanche of Destruction

A thrilling story is told of the gallantry of the Royal Horse Artillery and the destruction of one of the big German guns during the fighting on the River Aisne.

The Germans were moving one of their biggest guns, drawn by a team of 40 odd horses, behind a range of hills. They had to pass a gap, which exposed them to view. The movement of the guns was screened by a body of Hussars, but something went amiss with the cavalry at the critical moment, and our gunners catching sight of the movement, promptly made up their minds to have a go. The great artillery duel was raging at the full, shells were falling like hail.

There was a sudden slatter of wheels, and out into the open rushed a battery of horse artillery. The war horses, driven at headlong speed, thundered over the uneven ground at racing pace.

The gun carriages, almost lifted from the ground by the headlong rush, bounced over the broken surface, while guns were trained on them from every angle while shells were bursting round them.

Still the gunners rode bravely on through that avalanche of destruction—it was Britain at her best.

They reached the angle they had raced for, and the guns slipped into action as though it were a trial day at the Curragh camp.

The big gun of the enemy, with its long train of horses, came from behind the screen of hills to cross the second gap, flanked by a squad of cavalry.

Then the field artillery spoke, its deep-toned growling scarcely heard amidst the deafening thunder that was shaking the whole battle front like the booming of breakers on cliff-crowned coasts. Shell followed shell with lightning speed and deadly accuracy, the little band of British gunners slipping round their guns with cat-like activity and coolness.

The squad of cavalry in the gap felt the iron hail, and men and horses went down in tangled heaps. The enemy tried vainly to rush the big gun across the miry ground to the safety of the hills ahead. The horses went down and the men with them; then, like hammers on an anvil, the shells fell upon the long grey gun that Krupps had built for the siege of Paris, until it lay a useless mass of steel.

Ross Rifles Ordered

Factory at Quebec Working Night and Day and Sundays

For the first time the Ross rifle factory has started Sunday work, besides working night and day week days to get ahead with the contract for a hundred thousand rifles which it has just received from the British government, and which calls for complete delivery in the space of a year. There are now about 800 employees at the factory and this number will be gradually increased until there are practically double that number, which will be shortly after the new year. The rifle demanded by the imperial authorities is the same as issued to the Canadian contingent. Extensive additions are being made to the factory.

Britain's New Lighthouse

The latest big feat of the lighthouse engineer in British waters is the building of the new tower on the Fastnet Rock, a small pinnacle off the coast of Ireland.

It cost no less than $2,100,000 though it should be added that in this item is included the expenses of a special steamer that was built to carry the stone blocks to the rock. The light here is given by a series of incandescent burners, producing a power of 1,200 candles. By means of mirrors this is intensified and concentrated into a single flash of 750,000 candle power, and capable of being seen, on a clear night, twenty miles out at sea.

It is a remarkable fact that, despite the wonderful advance which electricity has made, oil is still generally used in lighthouses. The truth is, electricity has been found too costly for lighthouse work, and there are few stations that boast of their electrical installations, the most famous exception being in Heligoland lighthouse, whose electrical beams are equal to 43,000,000 candlepower.

Cates—Are you keeping neutral right along?

Clemens—I have been neutral for so long I have forgotten by this time which countries are fighting.

Germans Fled from Booty

A Funeral Procession and a Herd of Oxen Frighten the Enemy

Refugees from Russian Poland relate the following doings of the German troops in that territory.

A German force, headed by Lieutenant von Laulitz, entered Konin and occupied it without meeting any resistance. The Germans immediately ordered the inhabitants to bring them twenty hostages—fifteen Jews and five Christians—who represented the wealth and the prominence of the population.

When the hostages appeared before the commander he told them that a deep pit had been dug in the cemetery, and that if his orders were not carried out to the letter five Jews and one Christian would be shot forthwith and buried together in the pit prepared for the purpose.

After this grave warning the lieutenant commanded the terrorized hostages immediately to deliver to him 1200 watches, 200 alarm clocks, and 228 fur caps, the deficiency in the figures to be compensated for by a payment of 100 marks (£5) per article.

While this decree was in course of execution Lieutenant von Lounitz ordered his breakfast, in the menu of which figured 2 lb. of salmon and three bottles of cognac, and also breakfast for the lower ranks, who were to be treated to the same number of courses with the exception of the "delicious" salmon. As, however, there was not an ounce of salmon obtainable throughout the length and breadth of the town of Konin, the lieutenant graciously condescended to delete this item from the menu.

When the breakfast was over, a parade was organized in the market-place, the main feature of which consisted in the soldiers standing erect with loaded rifles and reverently saluting Lieutenant von Launitz, who, inebriated almost to blindness by the cognac, was making convulsive, though pompous and boastful, movements on his horse.

In the midst of the magnificent operation and all the grandeur attending it a funeral procession was observed in the distance. The Germans took this to be a company of Cossacks and fled in great panic together with their drunken commander, to a village close by.

Here they composed themselves and commenced a rigorous plundering campaign. Having packed all their spoils on vans, they were just making the final preparations for their glorious departure when they were suddenly impeded by an impenetrably dense colud of "smoke" coming nearer and nearer to their ranks.

Thinking it was the effect of guns of the approaching Cossacks, they again fled in terror, leaving only cheaply bought booty behind them. Meantime out of the mass of "smoke naively emerged a herd of innocent oxen

A few days later three German officers came to Konin, and after investigating the "brave exploits" of Lieutenant von Launitz returned the fur caps and some of the other plunder to the owners who had so quickly delivered them in response to the lieutenant's threatening decree.

Belgian Farmers for Saskatchewan

A movement having in view the settlement of Belgian farmers in Saskatchewan has been started at Regina and is receiving good support, Lieutenant Governor Brown having agreed ot act as patron to the Belgian relief committee in charge of this work. Careful attention will be given to the details of the scheme in order that the results may be satisfactory. The Pootmans Bros., who are of Belgian extract and residents at Regina, are among the members of the relief committee, and are endeavoring to carry out the scheme to a successful conclusion. It is claimed that the Belgian farmers are among the most skilled in the world and with the desolation in their own land, caused by war, it is recognized that many of them will have to immigrate to other lands, and as Saskatchewan has an abundance of land, not now cultivated, the opportunities for these Belgian farmers to settle in this country would be great. Lieutenant Governor Brown, in discussing this scheme recently pointed out that the Belgians would make excellent dairymen and market gardeners.

Extend Rural Free Delivery

The post office department has extended the system of free rural mail delivery in nearly every part of Canada during the past summer.

They have evidently never forgotten more than seventy post offices since the end of August.

THE SETTLEMENT TO BE MADE WHEN GERMANY IS DEFEATED

WHAT THE GERMANS THINK WOULD BE EXACTED

An Interesting Article Written Six Years ago Giving the Opinion of a high German Personage on the Probable outcome of Present War—Expected to win within Six Months

A good deal has been written about the terms to be imposed on Germany when the time comes to make peace It is interesting to know, writes the London correspondent of the Scotsman, what the Germans themselves, when looking forward to this war, thought would be the price they would have to pay in the event of defeat. In the latest number to hand of the French colonial organ, "La Depeche Coloniale," there is republished an article which appeared in the columns of that journal just six years ago, in September, 1908. In this article a contributor reported a conversation he had had with "a high German personage" on the prospects of a European war, and some of the statements then advanced make instructive reading at the present time. This "high German personage"—speaking it will be remembered, six years ago—said that in Germany war was expected to break out in five years' time. The military authorities were not ready for it at the moment, but they calculated that in five years they would be ready to beat both France on land and this country on the sea.

In their anticipated conquest of France they were relying on the French religious and political dissensions, on the spirit of anti-militarism on the proclamation of a general strike by the Labor Federation at the outbreak of war, on the physical and moral decadence of the French, on the disorganized condition of their army and navy, on the pacific character of most of their educationists, and on the revolt of the natives in the French colonies. It was admitted, however, that there was another side to the picture. In the event of war between the powers of the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente, this German prophet predicted a blockade of the North Sea by the British and French fleets; the intervention of Denmark, which would necessitate the detachment of a German army corps to keep watch on that country; a double revolt in Prussian Poland and in Alsace-Lorraine; a war which might last six months, and consequently a defensive war on the part of France on her eastern frontier; the landing of a British army of 120,000 men, commanded by Sir John French; an attack by an enemy of a quarter of a million Russians in East Prussia when Germany would be content to act on the defensive with three army corps, the weakness of the support given by Italy to the Triple Alliance; and a revolt in German West Africa.

If the war were to last longer than six months, the opinion was expressed that Germany would be ruined, and the terms to which she might have to submit if her plans miscarried were set out as follows: The restoration of Metz and Lorraine to France; the neutralization of Alsace under the rule of a Prince elected by the rest of Europe; the restoration of Schleswig-Holstein to Denmark; a war indemnity of 100 million to France, would also take over Togoland and the Cameroons, the surrender to Great Britain of West Africa, Heligoland, half dozen German battleships and a dozen German cruisers; a war indemnity of 150 millions from Germany and Austria to Russia, and other modifications of Germany's eastern frontiers. It may be doubted (concludes the correspondence) if Germany will get off so lightly as this, financially, when the time comes for settlement.

Espionage of the Enemy

How the Germans Receive Information in the Field

Espionage plays a large part in the conduct of war by the Germans.

They have evidently never forgotten the saying of Frederick the Great: "When Marshal Soubise goes to war he is followed by a hundred cooks. When I take the field I am preceded by a hundred spies."

Indeed, until about twenty years ago there was a paragraph in their Field Service Regulations directing that the service of "protection in the field," outposts and advanced guards, should always be supplemented by a system of espionage. Though such instructions are no longer made public, the Germans, as is well known, still carry them into effect.

Apart from the more elaborate arrangements which were made in peace time for obtaining information by paid agents, some of the methods being employed for the collection or conveyance of intelligence are as follows:

Men in plain clothes signal to the German lines from points in the hands of the enemy by means of colored lights at night and puffs of smoke from chimneys by day.

Pseudo-laborers working in the fields between the armies have been detected conveying information, and persons in plain clothes have acted as advanced scouts to the German cavalry when advancing.

German officers and soldiers in plain clothes or in French or British uniforms have remained in localities evacuated by the Germans in order to furnish them with intelligence.

Kaid Maclean Bereaved

That gallant old Scottish soldier, Kaid Sir Henry Maclean, has suffered a severe bereavement in the death of his only surviving son, Captain Andrew De Vere Maclean, of the East Surrey Regiment. Captain Maclean, who was in the Special Reserve of Officers, joined his regiment at the outbreak of the war, and fell in the fighting on the Aisne.

Sir Harry himself, before taking service as military instructor of the Moorish Army, was in the 69th Foot, now the 2nd Battalion of the Welsh Regiment.

Repairing Airship in Clouds

Breathless Feat Two Thousand Feet Above the Sea, During Channel Patrol

The man who walked over Niagara on a tight-rope will have to take a back seat in favor of our intrepid naval airmen. Here is the official account of a deed, the bare imagination of which take one's breath away: "On one occasion, during one of the airship patrols, it became necessary to change a propeller blade of one of the engines. The captain feared it would be necessary to descend for this purpose, but two of the crew immediately volunteered to carry out this difficult task in the air, and, climbing out on to the bracket carrying the propellor shafting, they completed the hazardous work of changing the propellor's blade two thousand feet above the sea."

This is an extract from an account of the operations of our naval airmen communicated by the secretary of the admiralty to the press bureau. The report states that during the course of the war the Royal Naval Air Service—naval wing of the Royal Flying Corps—has not been idle, airships, aeroplanes, and seaplanes having proved their value in many undertakings. While the Expeditionary Force was being moved abroad, a strong patrol to the eastward of the Straits of Dover was undertaken by both seaplanes and airships of the Naval Air Service. The airships remained steadily patrolling between the French and English coasts, sometimes for twelve hours on end, while further to the east, with the assistance of the Belgian authorities, a temporary seaplane base was established at Ostend, and a patrol kept up with seaplanes between this place and the English coast opposite. By this means it was impossible for the enemy's ships to approach the straits without being seen for many miles.

Acre of Wheat for Empire

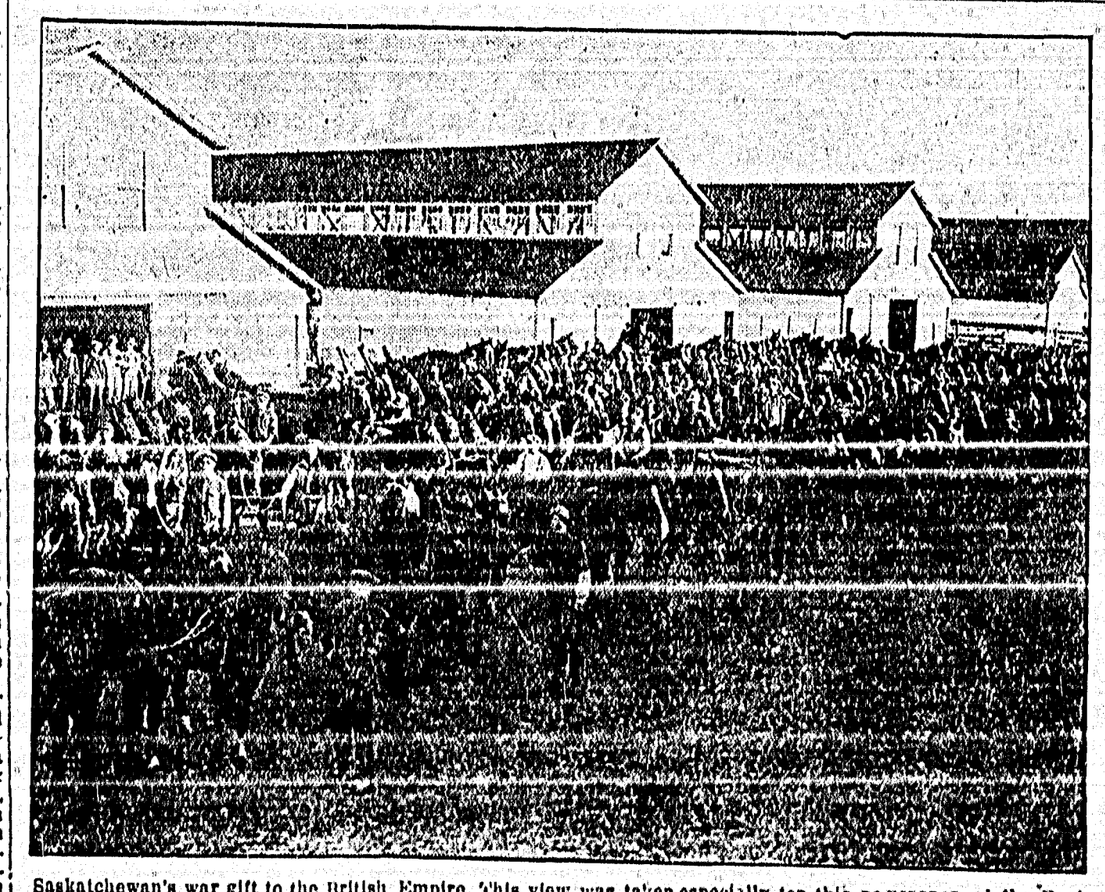
Patriotic Suggestion by Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association

Acting on the suggestion from one of the members of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association, the central organization is making a unique patriotic appeal to the farmers of this province. The appeal is that each grain grower will set apart one acre of land to sow with wheat next spring the proceeds from which will be given to the Patriotic fund. The central organization has adopted this plan as it appeals to them as a fair one, in which all the farmers, whether they had a poor crop this year or not, may take part.

As the association has 850 locals, it is anticipated that the acreage under cultivation for patriotic purposes will be 50,000 acres and the crop, at an average of 12 bushels per acre, as this year, would mean 600,000 bushels of grain or almost an equal amount of money. Truly a princely offering from the farmers of Saskatchewan.

The Price of Peace

The Allies will go to Berlin to settle accounts, not to lay waste the Fatherland * * * The defenders of civilization will destroy, but they will not destroy women's virtue nor ancient sanctuaries nor peaceful homes. They will destroy the warships and arsenals and shipbuilding yards and fortresses, all the paraphernalia of Teutonic warfare by which terror has been spread. The explation of Louvain should be the absolute obliteration, not of Bonn nor Heidelberg, but of the Krupp works at Essen. The price of peace should be, among other things, the reconstruction of new and more beautiful towns and villages upon the ruins of innocent and devastated Belgium. The friends of Germany, and all who talk of a lasting peace, ought to be the first to speed the Allies on their way to Berlin. Not until the capital is reached will the sword be struck from Germany's hands, and not until they see the conquerors in their midst will the Germans turn from Trietschke and Nietzsche to Luther and Goethe once more.—London Times.



Saskatchewan's war gift to the British Empire. This view was taken especially for this newspaper, at the Regina stock yards, where the horses were gathered prior to shipment. All told 1,280 high-class horses were purchased by the government, for the war gift.

[illegible]

[illegible] Hats

[illegible] Hearers

Plumbing, Sheet Metal Work and Repairing

The Furniture Store

McKay Block, A. McKAY [illegible] Cumberland

CHURCH NOTICES

METHODIST CHURCH SERVICES.

Public Worship—Sunday, 7 p. m.

Bible Study (S. School) 2.30 p. m.

Epworth League—Monday, 7.30 p. m.

Cottage prayer meeting, Wednesday at 8.00 p. m.

Ladies Aid—First Tuesday of every month, at 7.30 p. m.

Pastor, Rev. Wm. Elliott, B. A.

ST GEORGES PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

Bible Class, 1.30 p. m.

Sunday School, 2.30 p. m.

Prayer Meeting, Wednesday evening, 8.30.

Pastor, Rev. Jas. Hood.

SUTTONS SEEDS

for garden and farm are best for B.C soil. See Catalogue for solid guarantee of purity and germination

Send now for Copy free

Sutton & Sons. The King's Seedmen Reading England

A. J. Woodward

Victoria 615 Fort St. — Vancouver 667 Granville St.

SOLE AGENTS FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA

LAND REGISTRY ACT.

IN THE MATTER of an Application for a fresh Certificate of Title to South Half of Southwest 20 acres of the North Half of Lot 16, Nelson District.

NOTICE is hereby given of my intention at the expiration of one calendar month from the first publication hereof to issue a fresh Certificate of Title in lieu of the Certificate of Title issued to Alexander Gray on the 20th day of November 1907, and Numbered 16251 C, which has been lost.

Dated at Land Registry Office, Victoria, B. C., this 4th day of December 1914.

S. Y. WOOTTON,
Registrar General of Titles.

NOTICE

Any person or persons, cutting, removing or taking any blocks [illegible] or wood, of any description belonging to the Wellington Colliery Co., or from or off the land of the said Company, or anyone throwing rubbish of any description [illegible] upon the company's land will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

J. R. LOCKARD,
General Manager,
Colliery Co.

MADE IN CANADA

Use Only the Best

BULLETT'S LYE

the Standard Article

READY FOR USE IN ANY QUANTITY

Dissolving soap, softening water, removing old paint, disinfecting, cleaning, drains and for many purposes. A can [illegible] SAL SODA.

Sold Everywhere

E. W. GILLETT CO., LTD.
Toronto, Ont.

ED. WOODS

Teamster and Liveryman

Teaming of all kinds

Rigs Furnished

Charges Reasonable

TEAM MEETS ALL TRAINS

ROYSTON, B. C.

Watch Repairing

DON'T SPEND GOOD MONEY for incompetent Watch Repairing. If your watch is not keeping time accurately LET LIGHTER FIX IT. Give Us a Trial.

F. Lighter

Practical Watchmaker, Jeweler and Optician, HOLME Theatre Building

Cumberland, B. C.

C. H. TARBELL

HIGH GRADE STOVES

And all KITCHEN UTENSILS

Sportsmens Goods and General Hardware

Why, of Course!

The editor of an agricultural paper was grumbling about a puzzling question he had received from a city man who had recently removed to the country. The inquiry was this: "Will you kindly tell me how long cows should be milked?"

The office boy, passing near, heard his superior repeating the question aloud.

"Scuse me, boss," he said, "but w'y don't yer tell him jes' de same's short cows?"—Judge.

A Wart Superstition.

Boys in the west of England believe that by squeezing a mole to death between the hands and touching the affected parts with the blood that oozes from the mouth of the dying animal warts will disappear and will not reappear. The culprits are convinced that moles, worms and other subterranean dwellers have no feelings, and therefore it is not cruelty to put them to death in this way.

Scarcity of English Humor.

It is to be feared that if the papers reserved a special corner once each week for the witticism of the week it would be often left blank. There is no wit to speak of today, only a feeble imitation of it which people are fond of calling the saving sense of humor.—London Saturday Review.

Skilled.

"How did you require such skill?" asked the inquisitive one of the clever juggler.

"Why, I have a natural talent—hereditary, I might say. My father used to eat peas with a knife!"

Just a Change.

"Poor man! Have you always been blind?"

"No, mum," answered Tired Tiffins unthinkingly. "Last week I wuz lame, but dere wuzn't enuff in it."

The cock often crows without a victory—Welsh Proverb.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's visiting Cards neatly printed at the Cumberland News

MAROCCHI BROS

GROCERS & BAKERS

AND PROPRIETORS OF

CUMBERLAND BOTTLING WORKS

Agents for Pilsener Brewing Company's BEER
Wholesale Dealers in all Kinds of
Wines and Liquors.

SECOND STREET

P. PHILLIPPS HARRISON

BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR

NOTARY PUBLIC — CONVEYANCING

DUNSMUIR AVENUE — CUMBERLAND.

Got What He Could.

The great specialist's patient, after many weeks of treatment, had at last been declared cured of an "incurable" disease, and with a grateful feeling he asked the physician the amount of his bill.

"That depends, my dear sir," said the specialist. "Whenever I treat a man I always make it a point to determine his occupation and how large a family he has to support. Then I make out my bill accordingly. May I ask what you do for a living?"

"I am a poet," replied the patient soulfully.

"In that case," said the physician, "if you will give me the money in cash now, it'll be a dollar and a half."

You Lose Weight During the Night.

Don't rush off at once to the doctor if you find that during your sleep you have lost nearly four pounds. And don't get worried if you find that a brisk walk has involved a similar loss. Scientific investigation shows that the healthy human being is losing and gaining weight through the whole twenty-four hours. You are lightest just before breakfast, but one hour later you may have gained twenty-eight ounces, while, after losing and gaining off and on during the day, a good dinner in the evening will add no less than thirty-four ounces to your avoirdupois. The biggest drop takes place while man is in the arms of Morpheus, the average loss being three and a half pounds.

His Sermon on Women.

An English preacher in the seventeenth century, speaking to the text, "To be or not to be," said that woman should be like and unlike three things. She should be like a snail, always keep within her own house, but not like a snail, to carry all she had on her back. She should be like an echo, to speak when she was spoken to, but not like an echo, always to have the last word. She should be like a town clock, always keep time and regularity, but not like a town clock, to speak so loud that all the town might hear her.

NOTICE.

Riding on locomotives and railway cars of the Union Colliery Company by any person or persons—except tain crew—is strictly prohibited. Employees are subject to dismissal for allowing same.

By order
J. R. LOCKARD,
General Manager.

Mrs V. Marinelli's Rooming House

Furnished Rooms
Reasonable Rates.

Third House From B. C. Telephone Exchange

DERWENT AVENUE
Cumberland, B. C.

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH

Services for Sunday next

Holy Communion, 8.30 a. m

Matins 11 a. m.

Evensong 7 p. m.

Service of the intercession on behalf of those engaged in the war, on Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Arthur Bischlager, Vicar.

The Ideal Store is slaughtering all Dry Goods, Gent's Furnishings, Boots and Shoes

NOTICE.

Mr. Eric P. Henneberg, wishes to announce that he is prepared to give lessons in French. Anyone desirous of taking up course, will please communicate with the above. Address P. O. Box 426, Cumberland, B. C.

Cumberland has improved on Germany's "scrap of paper;" they gave a dollar in addition.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Wier arrived home from Victoria on Tuesday evening.

It is positively asserted that the Comox logging camps will open up about the middle of the month. We may have a return of prosperity up this way sooner than we anticipated. We can stand it.

Watch out for the Ideal Store's Big Slaughter Sale—particulars later.

Watch out for the Ideal Store's Big Slaughter Sale—particulars later.

Swiss papers tell of the new afternoon war teas in the German capital. There are no thin slices of bread and butter at these functions, but thick cuts with lumps of somethihg which is a cross between oleomargarine and gruyers. The idea is partly to make Berlin society realize what the food at the front is like, and also partly to accustom it to the fare, which Berlin may be glad to get before the war is over.

For the first time in the history of Alaska the value of sea products in 1914 exceeded those of the mines, according to statistics compiled by the Alaska Steamship Company. They include canned salmon, halibut, furs, walrus ivory. The ocean yielded $23,112,000, as against $19,248,000 of mineral products, chiefly gold, copper and silver. Miscellaneous products of the soil and forest amounted to $300,000, making Alaska's total for the year $42,660,000.

Thomas Kirby an old-timer of Comox District, died at his residence, Sandwick, on Friday night last.

A new meat market is soon to to be opened up at Courtenay by W. R. Cooke and J. Mathewson.

UNION STEAMSHIP CO'Y

[illegible] lumbia, Ltd.—

THE S. S. COWICHAN WILL SAIL AS UNDER

COMOX—UNION BAY—NANAIMO—VANCOUVER—ROUTE

Leaves Comox, Sunday, 3 p. m.

Leaves Union Bay, Sunday, 4 p. m.

For Denman Island, Nanaimo and Vancouver.

RETURNING—Leaves Vancouver, Saturday, 8 pm

For Nanaimo, Union Bay and Comox.

Subject to change without notice.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

THIS IS IT!
The soap that saves you work, and saves you money without injury to hands or article.

Sunlight Soap turns wash-tub drudgery into pleasure.

Get a bar of Sunlight to-day and try.
Follow Directions.

Capital Paid Up $11,560,000 — Reserve $13,000,0

The Royal Bank of Canada.

DRAFTS ISSUED IN ANY CURRENCY, PAYABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD.

SPECIAL ATTENTION paid to SAVINGS ACCOUNTS & interest at highest Current Rates allowed on deposits of $1 and upwards.

CUMBERLAND, B. C., Branch, Open Daily — D. M. Morrison, Mgr.
UNION BAY, B.C. Branch, Open Daily. — F. Bosworth, Mgr.
COURTENAY, B. C., Branch, Open Daily — R. H. Hardwick, Mgr

V. BONORA

Manufacturer of MINERAL WATER

P. O. BOX 482
PHONE 20....

CUMBERLAND

Thomson's Boarding House

Has Now Been Opened Up and is prepared to receive boarders

Board by the Day, Week or Month,

—Reasonable Rates—

Wm. Thomson — Dunsmuir Avenue, Near Fourth Street—Cumberland, B. C.

Union Hotel

J. N. McLEOD PROPRIETOR.

English 4 x BURTON always on tap — also, the famous MILWAUKEE BEERS—Anheuser, Bohemian, Schlitz, &c. "OLD GREY BEARD" SCOTCH WHISKY. Best Wines and Liquors of all kinds

The Boarding and Lodging Department, under the immediate superintendence will be run on First class in every respect

RATES [illegible] $1.00 per day and Up