

ENGLAND DID NOT SUSPECT

KAISER'S EXPERT VISITED
HER GUN FACTORIES.

Head of Krupp Firm Reported His
Findings to the
Kaiser.

Before our senses are numbed by the clash and din of Titanic killings on land and sea—before we lose the faculty of remembering the past in the staggering attempt to grasp the present—I would like to take Englishmen back to an event which happened in their unsuspecting midst exactly two months ago, writes Frederic William Wile in the London Daily Mail. A most sinister event, in the light of what has happened since, and one designed as hardly another could be to persuade the most sceptical among us that the War Kaiser's plans for the sacking of Europe were deep-laid, deliberate, and stealthy. It reduces to criminal absurdity the German contention that Armageddon was kindled at Sarajevo.

I refer to the strange visit paid by Herr Krupp von Bohlen and Halbach, the head of Krupp's, between June 14 and 23, to Birkenhead, Barrow-in-Furness, Glasgow, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Sheffield. His charming wife, the Cannon Queen and proprietress of Krupp's, accompanied him. That bolstered up the fiction that the visit was "private and unofficial." But in order that the inspection of the Firth, Laird, Vickers, Brown, Armstrong-Whitworth, Cammell, Laird and other establishments should not be strictly informal Herr Krupp von Bohlen brought with him his chief technical expert, Dr. Ehrensberger, of Essen. There was a fourth member of this party—Herr von Bulow, a kinsman of the former Chancellor, who until recently—perhaps yet, for all I know—represented the Krupps in London.

Herr Krupp von Bohlen's previous visits to England have been undoubtedly private in character. Both he and his wife were fond of London and liked to come to us informally, to live quietly like well-born people of means, at a fashionable Piccadilly hotel. In recent times they came primarily to sit for the late Sir Hubert Herkomer. Never until the visit of June did they ever come accompanied by their experts. They came this time, in other words, strictly for business. And it is not a comforting reflection to think that they accomplished their business thoroughly.

Instigated Visit.

There can be no manner of doubt that Herr Krupp von Bohlen's last sojourn in these isles was at the direct instigation of somebody higher up. There is but one person in Germany who could send him on such a mission. And that someone is the Kaiser.

Herr Krupp von Bohlen is not in the habit of "traveling" on behalf of his gigantic firm. The tour of England, as a matter of fact, was the first of the kind he ever made. He undertook it because the necessity of spying out the armament secrets of Great Britain had suddenly become a matter of vital significance to Germany; and he came at the behest of the Krupp's great family friend, the Emperor, who, as we now know, preached peace while plotting war.

The genesis of the Krupp investigation of the state of preparedness of our facilities for manufacturing land and sea armaments is no less remarkable than the investigation itself. Early in May certain of the firms above mentioned received a delightfully courteous letter from the Master of Essen announcing his intention to visit England during the season. Frankness incarnate, the letter suggested that an inspection of establishments making articles of war similar to those manufactured by Krupp's would naturally be of the greatest interest.

The recipients of Herr Krupp von Bohlen's letters forthwith communicated with our naval and military authorities. It was agreed that, subject to the elementary precautions advisable in such circumstances, there could be no harm in extending to the Essen visitors the hospitality for which, I fear, we are sometimes all too famous. They came and they saw. Whether they conquered remains to be seen. Doors, at any rate, were flung wide open to them. There was even some speechmaking. The fact that the utmost possible care was exercised that the lynx-eyed Dr. Ehrensberger and Herr von Bulow did not see too much does not alter the underlying gravity of the visit itself.

Report to the Kaiser.

Herr Krupp von Bohlen lost no



Two Irish Sisters Recruiting for Lord Kitchener's New Army.

Two sisters, Miss Winnifred and Miss Ivy Mulrone, who are working hard on behalf of Lord Kitchener's appeal for recruits, ride in Hyde Park, and personally request all young men to join the British army. Very few of the men can resist them.

time in reporting to the Kaiser the wonders he had been privileged to inspect in England and Scotland. By prearrangement undoubtedly, he came directly from them to Kiel, where William II. was extending a hearty welcome to Vice-Admiral Sir George Warrender's battleship and light cruiser squadron. The Kaiser always demands prompt reports from special emissaries. Grand Admiral von Tirpitz was at Kiel, too, to hear what the Master of Essen had gleaned in guileless Albion. And while the issue of peace or war with England hung in the balance at Berlin, Herr Krupp von Bohlen hurried up from Essen to take part in the momentous councils of the Kaiser with his military and naval chieftains. Can we doubt that what he learned in this country in June was his principal contribution to the deliberations?

Guileless, too, I remember now that I sought an interview with Herr Krupp von Bohlen at Kiel. It was the day before Sarajevo. I knew of the true British hospitality which had been showered upon him. I thought perhaps he might be inclined to indulge in some glittering generalities for publication. I know now why he despatched a polite young secretary to my hotel with the message that the "nature of Herr Krupp von Bohlen's visit to England made it quite inappropriate for him to discuss it in public."

FORETOLD PRUSSIAN FALL.

A Monk Said William II. Would Be
Last of His Line.

"William, the second of the name, will be the last King of Prussia; he will have no other successors than a King of Poland, a King of Saxony, and a King of Hanover." More than 600 years ago this prophecy was made by an obscure monk of Mayence. Since then it has been handed down from father to son, through the centuries, until to-day it possesses a startling significance. By plunging all Europe into bloodshed Wilhelm II., the Kaiser, must stand or fall by the issue. The defeat of Germany will mean his virtual disappearance as a world's dictator; it may even mean the disruption of the German Empire. Well may one ask whether the prediction of the clairvoyant monk of by-gone years will come true. Other predictions made by this ancient seer have proved amazingly correct. The prophet mentions William I. by name, describes him marching against Austria from victory between "the earing and the harvesting of barley," and as having his march of triumph arrested at the very gates of Vienna "by the word of a great Emperor." A more accurate forecast of the Austro-Prussian "seven days' war" in the summer of 1866 is inconceivable. In that campaign, it will be remembered, Bismarck checked his victorious advance to Vienna because he believed that the Emperor Napoleon III. was preparing to march his forces across the Rhine in the Prussian rear.

Then the seer foretells how within four years (1870) a great army would be mustered with deadly engines of war and marched eastwards. "Woe," he says, "to the nation that has forsaken all laws, human and divine, and will be abandoned

by the Lord of Hosts." He proceeds to picture the flight of Napoleon III. before his enemies to a spot near Sedan, and his disappearance, never to return. Finally, after telling of the complete resuscitation of France, he concludes with the declaration quoted above—the only prophecy which has yet to be fulfilled.

DISEASE IS DUE TO BAD BLOOD

To Cure Common Ailments the
Blood Must be Made Rich
and Red.

Nearly all the diseases that afflict humanity are caused by bad blood—weak, watery blood poisoned by impurities. Bad blood is the cause of headaches and backaches, lumbago and rheumatism; debility and indigestion, neuralgia and other nerve troubles, and disfiguring skin diseases like eczema and salt rheum show how impure the blood actually is. No use trying a different remedy for each disease, because they all spring from the one cause—bad blood. To cure any of these troubles you must get right down to the root of the trouble in the blood, and that is just what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do. They make new, rich blood and thus cure these diseases when common medicine fails. Mrs. John Jackson, Woodstock, Ont., suffered from both nervous troubles and a run-down condition and experienced a complete cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She says: "I was a sufferer for a number of years from neuralgia and a general debility of the nerves and system. I had tried several doctors and many medicines, but to no avail, until I began Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. At the time I began the Pills I had grown so, bad that I could hardly be on my feet and was forced to wear elastic bandages about the ankles. The pain I suffered at times from the neuralgia was terrible. I had almost given up hope when I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In the course of a few weeks I felt an improvement, and I gladly continued the use of the Pills until I was once more quite well and able to attend to all my household duties."

If you are ailing, begin to cure yourself to-day with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Fly Ointments.

One pound of rancid lard and half a pint of kerosene mixed thoroughly until a creamy mass was formed and rubbed with a cloth or bare hand, not too thickly, over the backs of cows has been used as a protection against flies. About three-eighths of a pound was used for each full-grown animal. Never use any form of machine oil on stock.

Unless a man has faith in himself there isn't much hope for him.

The public trusts many a man with an office whom the grocer wouldn't trust with a cake of soap. The man who manages to keep out of debt, out of jail and out of politics is a little above the average.

THE RUNAWAY POWDER TEAM.

How a Plucky Driver Saved a Town
From Destruction.

I had just arrived at Carriso on one of my horseback trips through the mountains, writes a Companion contributor. As I sat at ease on the porch of the only eating house in town, I found myself next to one of the old pioneers of the gold-mining days, who are now so scarce. We chatted indifferently on many subjects until we stopped to smile at the Chinese laundryman next door, who emerged, to hold a long-distance altercation with some of the boys who were dropping pebbles on his tin roof. The boys stood on the mountain side fully five hundred feet above the Chinaman's place of business, where the stage road from Carriso to San Diego wound its twisted way.

"Old Hop Lee has a hard time of it with the boys," chuckled my companion. "But pebbles aren't a circumstance to what I came near to dumping on his old tin roof once. The roof was bright and shiny then. So was the rest of Carriso; all new lumber, and bright lights and brighter hopes."

"I had been raised with horses from a kid, so while I looked for an opening in the mines, I got a job as teamster, freighting in here from San Diego. It is eighty miles of mountain roads, all bad in those days, and the worst piece of all was that last five miles above our heads, where the road comes down from San Felipe. Everything came over that old road, from sewing machines and baby buggies to steam engines and mine hoists. But no driver liked to freight in a load of blasting powder for the mines."

"We used to put springs on the wagons for that load, and we carried a big bell swung under the wagon to let people know what was coming."

"I was pretty careful, and never had many accidents. But the most careful man can't keep a bobcat from sitting on a limb over the road and squalling just as the mules get underneath. That happened one day about a mile or two up the road, where it makes that big half circle back into the mountain. When the critter howled, I just had time to jam on the brake a couple of notches harder, and gather in the lines. Then the wagon took the curve on about two wheels and a half."

"I don't know why I looked around instead of keeping my eyes on the road; but look around I did, and there, flashing in the sun, was Hop Lee's tin roof. I wondered who would get my clean shirts when I didn't call for them. Then it came to me that if the team got around that half circle and struck the turn above us there,—which is the worst place on the whole road,—the entire outfit was pretty sure to land in a pile at the bottom of the hill; and then up would go the whole town, shirts and all."

"All this time we were bouncing and rocking along at a dead run. Something had to be done quick. I was about to pull the team into the bank, turn the wagon over, and let her explode, when I saw my rifle in its case at my feet. I grabbed my gun, climbed back over the load, and dropped off. By the time I had rolled over a few times and picked myself up, the team was clear around the curve and across the ca-



non from me, headed straight for Carriso and destruction. I slipped the gun out of the case, and took a good sight on the nearest lead mule. "Then I remembered that about halfway back in the wagon, on the side toward me, were several cases of dynamite caps. They will explode about as quick as anything there is. I drew a bead on what I thought was the right spot, and fired."

"Well, the load blew up all right. As far away as I was, the explosion threw me back against the bank hard. It broke a few windows in Carriso, too, and it took them two days to cut around the hole in the road so that teams could get past. "See this? I didn't really deserve it any, but next trip in from San Diego the boys called on me in a body and made me take it." And he showed me a fine gold watch.

GERMAN LOSS OF TRADE.

Big Engineering Contracts Which
Go to British Firms.

The trade war on Germany is proving a great success. The contract from the meanest penny top to a first-class locomotive originally placed with German companies are being rapidly transferred to British companies. In few trades has there been keener competition from the Germans than in the railway locomotive and rolling stock industry. Before the declaration of war, important orders for British and overseas railways were in the hands of leading German companies. One of the most important contracts, comprising a large number of passenger carriages for new electrified services around Buenos Ayres of the Central Argentine Railway Company originally placed in Hanover has now been awarded to the Metropolitan Amalgamated Railway Carriage Company of Birmingham.

South Africa and New Zealand had large orders for locomotives in the Maffie Company of Munich. The Hanover Company were also building 34 passenger carriages for the Union of South Africa Railways. Kerskel of Eassel had orders for 18 heavy main line engines for South India and some of Argentine railways. The Hanover machine factory of London, was building locomotives for the Bengal railway and Taff Vale Railway, and the Hohenzollern works, Dusseldorf, were building six powerful shunting locomotives for the Port of London authorities. All these contracts have now been cancelled and will shortly be divided amongst British and American engineers.

Can You Beat It?

Father-in-law—Look here, young man, don't you think it's about time you were going to work, or do you expect me to support you the rest of your life?

Son-in-law—It would be no more than fair, just after what I have done for you.

"I'd like to know what you've ever done for me."

"Why, didn't I take your daughter off your hands?"