

"WAR"

A SERIAL STORY BY
BARONESS BERTHA VON SUTTNER

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Zaimis has declined to form a Cabinet to succeed that of M. Venizelos, which resigned Saturday, and that King Constantine will summon M. Gournaris, deputy for Patras, for the task. The Greek Cabinet's resignation in the first place was caused by the pro-German leanings of the Greek King, and the clamor for war on the side of the Allies by his subjects. The Queen of Greece is a sister of the Kaiser, which may account for the King's stand, though he owes his throne to the influence of Great Britain, France and Russia, who supply the money for the payment of his salary.

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ing in the Bohemian fields was an interesting episode, a little more than a new Wagnerian opera, perhaps. History had recorded it in its pages, but it was soon forgotten by those who lived outside the stricken boundaries. We saw mostly French newspapers, and they were filled with the latest happenings in literature, drama, music, and the coming exposition. The sharp duel between the Prussians and Austrians was an old story. What happened three months ago and thirty miles away, what is not in the Now and the Here, soon slips out of the memory and loses its hold on the heart.

October found us in Vienna settling the many affairs of my inheritance, and preparing for a considerable stay in Paris. The projected exposition offered Frederick the best opportunity to carry out his idea of calling a congress together with the idea of forming a league of peace.

"The professions of arms I have laid down through my convictions gained in war. Now I enlist in the army of peace. Truly, it is a small army with no weapons save love and justice, but every great thing must have its small beginnings."

"Ah," I sighed, "it is a hopeless work. What can a single man do against this stronghold, backed by centuries of custom and millions of men?"

"What can I do? I cannot foolishly hope personally to bring about such a revolution. I simply remarked that I would join the ranks of the peace army. I did not suppose as a soldier that I could save my country or conquer a province. No, the single man can only serve. Still more he must serve. One inspired with a purpose cannot help working for it. He takes his life for it, even though he knows how little this one life counts. He serves because he must. Not the State alone demands allegiance; sincere, strong convictions also oblige compulsory service."

Before going to Paris we planned a visit to Aunt Cornelia in Berlin. We broke the journey at Prague in order to spend "All Souls' Day" on the battlefield of Sadova.

War will have its charm so long as historians persist in setting up for the leaders monuments of glory built out of the ruins of battle, and crown the Titans of public murder with laurels. Tear away the mask of glory and show its horror, and who would be madly ambitious enough to grasp for such fame?

It was twilight when we arrived, and sadly and silently we proceeded to the dread battlefield, filled with depression and grief. The snow was falling, the bleak trees were swaying in the wailing November wind. Tier after tier the graves stretched out before us, but not as in the quiet, restful churchyard. These were not the graves of aged and weary pilgrims of life gone to their eternal rest, but of young men in the height of their youthful vigor, exulting in the fullness of their manhood, full of rich expectation in the future. Violently and mercifully they had been hurled into the ditch and the dust of the earth shovelled over them. Who counts the broken hearts, the mangled bleeding limbs, the cries of despair, the flooding tears, the hopeless prayers, the agonizing pains, the shrieks, the maddening submission to death—all is entombed in the eternal silence.

CHAPTER VI.

We were not alone on this burial field. The day had brought many both from the home country and the enemy's country, both sought their loved ones in these acres of death. For hours we had heard the sobs and murmurs of lament, for many mourners had come with us on the train.

I heard a poor, heart-broken father say, "Three sons have I lost—each one more noble and better than the other—oh, my three sons!" I can hear it yet above all the other lamentings for fathers, husbands, and brothers which were poured out around us.

All about us black-robed figures knelt, and some, with sobs of pain, staggered from place to place helplessly searching their dead. But few single graves were to be seen, and few were marked by stone or inscription.

Everywhere the earth was heaped up, and we knew that even under our feet the soldiers' bodies were mouldering.

Many officers and soldiers wandered among the other mourners. Evidently they had shared in the terrible contest, and were now making this pilgrimage to honor their fallen comrades.

We went to that part of the field where the largest number of friends and foes lay entombed together, in one enclosure. To this place the majority of the pilgrims found their way, for here, naturally, they might expect their lost loved ones to be buried. Around this spot they set up their crosses and candles, and here they laid their wreaths and flowers as they knelt and sobbed out their sorrowing hearts.

A tall, slender man, of noble presence, in a general's cloak, approached this central burial ground. All gave way reverently to him, and in hushed whispers I heard: "The Emperor."

Yes, it was Francis Joseph, the ruler of the country, the supreme war lord, and he had come on this All Souls' Day to offer his silent prayers for the souls of his dead children, his fallen warriors. There he stood, with his bowed head uncovered, in agonized and devoted homage before the majesty of Death. He stood long and motionless in profound meditation. I could not turn my eyes from his face. What thoughts were passing through his soul, what sentiments oppressed his overwhelmed heart? I knew he had a good and tender heart. I felt my mind yield to his thoughts, and I felt that I was thinking as he was thinking as he stood there with bowed head.

"You, my own poor, brave soldiers—dead—and for what? We did not conquer; and my Venice, too, is lost. . . so much is lost, and all your young lives lost too. And you offered them so devotedly—for me. Oh, if I could give them back for I never desired this sacrifice! It was for yourselves, your country, that you were led out into this war. Not through me, though I was compelled to give the command. Not for me have my subjects fought. No, I was called to the throne for their sakes, and any hour I would have been ready to die for the good of my people. . . Oh, if I had but followed the impulse of my heart and never said 'Yes' when all about me shouted 'War! war! Yet, could I have resisted? God is my witness that I could not. What impelled me I do not fully realize, but I know the pressure was an irresistible force outside me—from you—yourselves—my poor dead soldiers. . . Oh, how sad I am not suffered? And how sad—how sad it all is! And now you lie here—and on other battlefields, snatched away by shot and shell and grape and sabres—by cholera and fever. . . Oh, had I only said 'No!' And you, Elisabeth, begged me to! Oh, if I had only said it! The thought that—is unendurable that. . . Oh, it is a wretched, imperfect world—too much agony—too much woe!"

As I watched him, thinking thus for him, my eyes searching his features—just as I come to the "too much agony, too much woe"—he covered his face with both hands and broke into tears.

So passed All Souls' Day of 1866 on the Sadova battlefield.

BOOK V. TIME OF PEACE CHAPTER I.

In Berlin there reigned an evident spirit of jubilation. Even the useless street-loafer had an air of conscious victory. "We have given the other fellows a good thrashing" seemed to give a certain air of conscious victory to every one. Yet nearly every family mourned for some never-to-be-forgotten dead which lay on the battlefields of Germany and Bohemia.

I dreaded meeting Aunt Cornelia again, for Gottfried had been her idol, her all; to measure her sorrow, I had only to fancy losing my Rudolf, if he were a young man—no, I did not dare think it out.

With beating hearts we entered Frau von Tessow's house. Even in the entrance the deep mourning of the house was felt. We were led into my aunt's bedroom, which she seldom quitted, except to go to church on Sunday and for one hour each day, which she spent in Gottfried's little study. Here she took us, and showed us the letter which he had left on his desk:

My Own Darling Mother:—I know you will come here when I am gone and find this letter. We have already parted, and it will please you and surprise you to get these last words, so hopeful and cheerful. Have our good I shall be back. We are two undivided hearts which hang on each other, and nothing can tear them apart. I prophesy that I shall win stars and crosses in this fortunate campaign, and then come home and make you a grandmother six times over. I kiss your hand, you dear, benign forehead, my most adored of all little mothers.

YOUR GOTTFRIED

When I embraced the dear little boy both broke into loud sobs. Frederick's eyes were wet as he silently pressed her to his heart. Tears were sufficient words to express all we felt.

Our visit was a most sorrowful one, but Frederick was able to give the poor mother the selfsame comfort he had brought to me, in assuring her of the instantaneous and painless death of Gottfried.

We were suddenly called from Berlin by the dangerous illness of Aunt Marie. Upon returning, we found her at the point of death.

"It is my turn now," she said, "but I am glad. Since my dear brother and the three children were torn away, I have had no delight in life. It has been a great comfort, my dear Martha, to know that you are happy, and since your husband escapes the dangers of two wars and the cholera, it is evident that you are destined to grow old together. Try to educate our little Rudolf to be a good Christian and a good soldier, that his grandfather in heaven may rejoice over him. I shall constantly pray for you from above that you may live long and contented."

After three days of lingering the last friend of my childhood passed away, resigned, as she had lived, happy in the hope of heaven. She left her small fortune to Rudolf, and appointed our old friend, the Cabinet Minister, as trustee, and since business affairs kept us in Vienna for some months we saw much of him.

Twice a week he dined with us, and though he had now retired to private life was still fond of discussing politics. Frederick tried to turn the conversation away from political gossip, in which the other revelled upon the subject of the rights of humanity. The old gentleman could not follow Frederick, for he merely saw political science from the standpoint of gaining an advantage, and not of giving right and justice the first place.

I usually sat near by with my needle-work, but only listened. The old statesman would hardly think it proper for a woman to mix into such deep subjects. He little realized that I made it my business to record all these discussions in my notebook.

Frederick made no secret of his opinions, although he realized the thankless part one plays in defending theories which are generally thought to be impracticable and grotesque.

Continued on page 7.

CANADIAN WOMEN NOT YET IN FAVOR OF PEACE

In connection with letters and circulars that have been sent broadcast throughout Canada, especially from neutral countries, for the purpose of bringing the war to an immediate close and generally propagating a peace movement throughout the country, the following important statement has been issued by the National Committee for Patriotic Service. The statement is signed by Mrs. Gooderham, president, and Mrs. Plumptre, secretary of the Committee.

Letters and circulars in praise of peace have been issued, calling on women all over the world to unite in a great effort to stop the war. In some cases signatures to a petition are requested; in others membership in a Peace Society. In these circumstances, the Committee calls your attention to the following considerations—

"Few indeed are the men or women who would hesitate to declare themselves 'in favor of peace.' No neutral nation can hate war with half the intensity of hate felt by the nations who are bearing war's burdens. But declarations in favor of peace may be represented as condemning all who fight, and such use has been made of them during this war. Though we may hate war, and though we may admit that there is always wrong at the root of war, yet we cannot unconditionally condemn all war, nor regard all belligerents as equally guilty. History teaches us that nations and individuals have been compelled to draw the sword in defence of the rights of the weak and of the principles of truth, honor and liberty, holding these dearer than peace, and even than life itself.

with such a peace, we may hand on unbroken, the great traditions of our Empire—honor, unshaken liberty safeguarded justice vindicated.

"Such are some of the conditions to be considered before we unreservedly condemn war or make petitions for immediate peace."

CARDINAL FACTS

What is Canada's war?
This will be the harvest be?
Increase of knowledge means increase of production.
The first essential for the highest yield is good seed.
Not only grain growers but breeders and all producers are making history at this juncture.
Value of the crop is increased if treated for smut prevention.
Failure to secure suitable varieties is a frequent cause of poor ensilage.
All grain intended for seed should be cleaned and graded in order to retain only the strong kernels.
Farmers who have separate houses for their laborers have no difficulty in securing help.
Good labor is worthy employment in winter as well as in spring, summer and autumn.
If labor is scarce now, it will not be more plentiful in another year, so it is wise to encourage present help.
A bureau of employment could find useful work in every town of size.
Austria has decreed that every acre must be utilized for production. Wasting land is the worst form of extravagance.
Live stock is the foundation of permanently successful farming to-day, as it has always been.
The farmer who conserves his best stock for breeding will profit greatly in the future.
When manure is piled and allowed to heat, the vitality of most of the seeds is destroyed; but when drawn to the field from the stable or not left long enough in the pile to become well rotted, manure is one of the most important means of seed dispersal.
Canada is many times larger in area than Belgium, but in population there is not a great deal of difference, that is, considering Belgium before the war. Britain is the protector of small states. The greater the area and variety of area, the more protection is needed when emergency arises.

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