

everyone starts out in wish to be a success. At a doubt, hoped to life to a place where his ease and have an in his community. But...

ABOUT PEACE CONFERENCES

ERNEST SMITH, THE FAMOUS SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT An Authority on the Subject Here Draws on His Memory of Some Notable Negotiations.

The most important peace conference was that which settled the Balkan War. The delegates of Turkey, Bulgaria, Serbia, and Greece met at St. James' Palace, London, and after discussing terms for some weeks, failed to agree upon the conference was opened by Sir Edward Grey, who welcomed the delegates in a speech that was given to the public, but afterwards negotiations were conducted in private.

The End of the Boer War. The peace that closed the Boer War was arrived at without the British and Boer delegates coming to a formal round table. Mr. Schalk Burger and a few prominent Boers came into Pretoria under the white flag on March 23rd, 1902.

Revised by Great Powers. There have been cases where a peace treaty concluded by belligerents has been revised by the Great Powers. The Peace of San Stefano, signed by Russia and Turkey, was taken to the Appeal Court of the Congress of Berlin in 1878.

Historic Names. In looking back on the war the names of many localities associated with peace treaties will be recalled. Amiens, that fell temporarily into German hands early in the war, was the town where the treaty bearing its name, after being negotiated in London, was signed between Great Britain, France, Holland, and Spain, in 1802, and was the occasion when the Bourdon, the great bell in Bruges belfry, was rung for the first time.

who settled the quarrels of peoples were Louisa de Savoy, mother of the French King Francis I, and Margaret of Austria, aunt of Charles V, Emperor of Germany. The treaty between the Emperor Charles VI and Philip of Spain was also signed here in 1724.

There appears to be no hard and fast rule about a peace treaty to be signed in the capital where the terms have been negotiated. Over a score of States, old world and new, as well as far Japan and China, are entitled to participate in the peace conference soon to meet at Versailles.

WIN THE V. C. Lieutenant Charles George Bonner and Ernest Pitcher, O.N. On August 8, 1917, H.M.S. unraven, under the command of Captain Gordon Campbell, V.C., D.S.O., R.N., sighted an enemy submarine on the horizon.

The ship was then being heavily shelled, and on fire aft. In the meantime the submarine closed to 400 yards distance, nearly obscured from view by the dense clouds of smoke issuing from the Dunraven's stern. Despite the knowledge that the after magazine must inevitably explode if he waited, and further, that a gun and gun's crew lay concealed over the magazine, Captain Campbell decided to reserve his fire until the submarine had passed clear of the smoke.

BLOWS U-BOAT INTO PIECES. Device Which Frustrated a German Plot Against British Navy. The British fleet in the harbor of Scapa Flow was saved from a desperate attack by a German U-boat the day before the armistice with Germany was signed through the employment of a device which has gained for its inventor, Lieut. Burney, the gift from the Government of \$150,000 and the decoration of the C.M.G.

The New Scale. Before this war, I was so young That trifles made me frown: A threatening cloud that overhung A cherished summer gown; A holiday I forfeited; A trifling horse cast down.

BRITISH UNAFRAID IN U-BOAT FIGHTS

UNPARALLELED VALOR WINS V.C. FOR NAVAL OFFICERS

Commanders and Crews Battle as Long as Ship is Afloat—Recital of Heroic Deeds.

With reference to announcements of the award of the Victoria Cross to naval officers and men for services in action with enemy submarines, the following are the accounts of the actions for which these awards were made:

On February 17, 1917, H.M.S. Q5, under the command of Commander Campbell, D.S.O., R.N., was struck by a torpedo abreast of No. 3 hold. Action stations were sounded and the "panic party" abandoned ship. The engineer officer reported that the engine-room was flooding, and was ordered to remain at his post as long as possible, which he and his staff, several of whom were severely wounded, most gallantly did.

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Lieut. Wm. Edward Sanders, R.N.R. H.M.S. Prize, a topsail schooner of 200 tons, under command of Lieut. William Edward Sanders, R.N.R., sighted an enemy submarine on April 30, 1917. The enemy opened fire at three miles range, and approached slowly astern. The "panic party," in charge of Skipper William Henry Brewer, R.N.R. (Trawler Section), immediately abandoned ship. Ship's head was put into the wind, and the gun's crews concealed themselves by lying face downward on the deck.

Lieut. Neil Stuart, D.S.O., R.N., and Seaman Wm. Williams, R.N.R., O.N. On June 7, 1917, while disguised as a British merchant vessel, with a dummy gun mounted aft, H. M. S. Pargust was torpedoed at very close range. Her boiler-room, engine-room and No. 5 hold were immediately flooded and the starboard lifeboat was blown to pieces.

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followed closely, and Lieut. Hershford, with complete disregard of the danger incurred from the fire of either ship or submarine (who had trained a Maxim on the lifeboat), continued to decoy her to within fifty yards of the ship. The Pargust then opened fire with all guns, and the submarine with oil squirting from her side and the conning tower on fire, steamed slowly across the bows with a heavy list.

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PLAYING THE GERMAN GAME.

An Incident Which Had a Vital Effect Upon the War.

When Germany, by breaking international law, succeeded in getting the Goeben and the Breslau into the Dardanelles, the best line of communication between Russia and the Allies was cut, and Russian military collapse was the inevitable result. The arrival of the cruisers also made it inevitable that Turkey should join forces with Germany when the proper moment came, and Mr. Henry Morgenthau, a former U.S. ambassador to Turkey, writes in the World's Work that he believes that the passage of the strait by these German ships sealed the doom of the Turkish Empire.

"If anyone here wishes to question this purchase," he said quietly and icily, "I am ready to meet him." The German government made no real pretension that the sale of the ship had bona fide: at least, when the Greek minister at Berlin protested against the transaction as unfriendly to Greece—nearly forgetting the American ships that Greece had recently purchased—the German officials soothed him by admitting that the ownership still resided in Germany. Yet when the Entente ambassadors at Constantinople constantly protested against the presence of the German vessels, the Turkish officials blandly kept up the pretense that they were integral parts of the Turkish navy.

The German officers and crews greatly enjoyed this farcical pretense that the Goeben and the Breslau were Turkish ships. One day the Goeben sailed up the Bosphorus, halted in front of the Russian Embassy and dropped anchor. The officers and men lined the deck in full view of the enemy ambassador. All solemnly removed their Turkish fezzes and put on German caps. The band played "Deutschland uber Alles" and other German songs, while the German sailors sang loudly to the accompaniment. After an hour or two of serenading the Russian ambassador, the officers and crew removed their German caps and put on their Turkish fezzes. The Goeben then picked up her anchor and returned to her station.

A few days after the Goeben and the Breslau had taken up permanent quarters in the Bosphorus, Djavad Bey, Minister of Finance, happened to meet a distinguished Belgian jurist, then in Constantinople.

"I have terrible news for you," said the sympathetic Turkish statesman. "The Germans have captured Brussels."

The Belgian, a huge figure of a man, more than six feet tall, put his arm soothingly upon the shoulder of the diminutive Turk.

"I have even more terrible news for you," he said, pointing out to the stream where the Goeben and the Breslau lay anchored. "The Germans have captured Turkey."

LITTLE FRENCH BOY WRITES

Tells Clifford Blackie How He Ate His Father's Cake.

A letter has been received by Clifford Blackie, a Toronto boy, from a little French boy in St. Wasnt in Haut, dated Nov. 11, which reads when translated:

Dear Comrade,—I give you that name because I am a great comrade of your father. He is at present in Valenciennes. The Canadians have freed us from the enemy, whose prisoners we have been for four years. Now we are in peace and I believe the war will soon end. I would like to have news of my father, because we have not had any and I do not know whether he is still alive. I have seen your photograph and I am about your age. I am eleven and have a little sister of seven, who is very turbulent and wishes the war would end so that her father might come back.

The Canadians came and brought us something to eat and, believe me, we have been very hungry for four years. Many children died of hunger. I have just eaten a piece of spice cake your father gave me and found it very good. I hope that you will answer as soon as you have received my letter and that you will give me the news of your country. Mamma sends her compliments to your mamma, and a little sister sends hers to your brother. I shake your hand and also your mother's and brother's.

PICTURE POSTCARDS AND THE WAR

HAD ORIGIN IN THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR OF 1870.

SOME FACTS ABOUT AN ENORMOUS TRADE CAPTURED FROM THE MUND BY THE BRITISH.

Picture-postcards played a much more important part in the war than the casual observer would imagine; and their importance has been recognized by the authorities in many ways, says an English newspaper. Not only have the postal authorities granted facilities for their transmission at the old rate of one halfpenny, but the threatened imposition of a luxury tax has been averted; while, most important of all, facilities are to be granted for sufficient supplies of paper to meet the extraordinary demand which has arisen since the war.

Thousands of soldiers have a rooted dislike to writing long letters, much as they may like to receive them. Many of these attractive little cards have short verses, or a few lines of prose, which might be accused of being on the melodramatic side, but which express just the sort of sentiment desired. And now that the new postal regulations permit of a card being treated as a "printed paper," so that, with five words of "formulas of courtesy, or of a conventional character," it can go through the post for a halfpenny, the demand for these cards is far exceeding the supply.

The Pushful Hun. The modern picture-postcard was really initiated during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, and from pictures of towns and historical objects, quickly developed to birthday and other greetings. It soon became a very substantial British industry, until before the war one firm of printers alone had an output of 50,000,000 annually.

The wily German was on the track, and he sent his agents broadcast into this country. The German printers were subsidised, and their travellers had instructions to undersell the British firms. They reduced their price one shilling per thousand, forcing home producers to fall into line. But down the Germans came another shilling, boasting that this process would be continued until they put their British rivals out of business. And they very nearly did until the war intervened and saved the native producers.

The war had an adverse effect upon the business. Tourists were not so plentiful. People had other things to think about, and the picture-postcard looked like a passing fancy of existence. But the fighting forces came to the rescue.

Literally millions of cards are passing to and from the front every week, and are in a very wide sense doing a national work. They save time and material, compared with letters, which require envelopes. But there is the human as well as the commercial aspect. Our own fighting forces, and particularly the men from over the seas, and our American Allies, have developed quite a craze for sending their greetings on these little cards.

MARRY ENGLISH WOMEN

Many Wives of Our Soldiers Will See Canada For First Time.

The Canadian Press learns that a reliable estimate shows that 50,000 women and children dependents of Canadian soldiers are in England. Roughly speaking, they can be transported at the rate of 500 each sailing. How many sailings will be available in the near future it is impossible to say, but in any case it is obvious that the whole number cannot possibly reach Canada before demobilization of the army.

Striking scenes are witnessed nowadays at the British Columbia House, where Canadian military authorities have opened a special bureau for women and children to secure passages. The crush is so great whenever a sailing is imminent that many are compelled to wait for hours in queues. The Minnedosa took 500 on Dec. 9. Most of these travelled with their husbands. Many of these wives will see Canada for the first time, for, during recent months, Canadian soldiers have been marrying English women at the rate of 300 a week.

These special sailings for women and children will be suspended directly demobilization begins.

WOUNDS AND THE LEFT SIDE.

Have you noticed how frequently soldiers are wounded in the left arm or left leg? The explanation given by an old soldier is simple. It is the instinct of a fighter—noticable in boxers—to protect his body with his left arm. Then, too, when soldiers drill and the order comes "About turn!" he turns "by the right."

DAILY TRIP IN A SEAPLANE

DESCRIBED BY AN AIRMAN OF BRITISH NAVY

Running Into a Fog-Bank Is Chief Disaster Experienced by the Seaplane Pilots.

There have been no V.C.'s given to the sea-patrol branch of the naval air service, and other decorations are few and far between, yet the work goes steadily on. Pilots go out and fall to return. Nobody knows why, but we who have experienced some of the dangers of what has happened.

Let us take a typical day in the life of a seaplane pilot. I am first aroused from a peaceful slumber at 5.30 a.m., and half an hour later I am on the seaplane deck. After testing the engine, during which time my observer has been examining his bombs and machine guns, and tuning his wireless set, we are hoisted from the deck and gently lowered on to the water, slings are cast off, and we are now a separate unit, connected to the "mother ship" by wireless only. When the observer has signalled his readiness, I start up the engine, let it revolve for a few seconds, then shove the throttle wide open. The engine roars, and the plane quickly gathers speed. Soon we are charging along at about twenty knots. Twenty minutes to thirty, and now I ease the tail-rudder out of the water; the air-speed now shows forty-five, and I leave her out on the water. We leave the ocean, not to touch it again until we return to this spot six hours hence—we hope.

Up Before Dawn. We soar into the cold, grey sky, as yet untinged by the ruddy blush of dawn, then away to the eastward. And who knows what the next few hours hold in store for us? And now, but those who have experienced them know of the monotony and danger of those long patrols. After three hours, during which we have had several drinks of hot cocoa (vacuum flasks are always carried), a few cakes of chocolate, etc., we sight the coast of ———. We turn north to look for trouble.

Suddenly I notice that the roar of the engine is not so smooth as it should be. (A pilot who is used to long patrol flights can hear immediately there is the slightest difference in the throbb of his engine.) My observer also marks the difference. And now we have what is known among flying-men as "wind up." Still, we keep on, hoping that the slight defect will right itself. But presently the "grumble" becomes more noticeable, and lastly the engine begins to "miss" altogether. Now we have vertical "wind up" there is nothing for it but to plane down and try to fix things up. Accordingly, I shut the throttle, and stick her nose down, and finally "land" on the water. After tinkering around for a bit, the defect is discovered and put right. All repairs have to be accomplished by balancing one's self on the floats, or crawling along the plane to the engine.

The Pilot's Beggar.

Once again I start the engine, and it works smoothly. Of course, by now most of the six hours have passed, and we put our nose towards home, thankful that we got out of that mess without anything worse than "wind up." But our troubles are not yet over, for presently we charge into a fog-bank. When once in one of these fleecy blankets one has to fly entirely by instruments, which in the meantime, is a very nerve-racking job. Of course, it is possible to climb to the top of a fog, but the climbing capabilities of a seaplane are ———. Nuff said! But, luckily, this is only a small one, and we soon emerge into the clear air again. Nothing further occurs, and we reach the mother ship at 11 a.m. After a hot bath and a good meal we are ready to write our report.

This only enumerates some of the difficulties encountered in one flight. There are many others—e.g., rain, hail, and snowstorms, which often spring up while one is on a long patrol.

When Horses Were the Victims.

About forty years ago an epidemic of grippe swept over the world that found its victims not among human beings but among animals, chiefly horses. Great numbers of horses died of it in this country—a far more serious matter than it would be to-day, "nasumch as at that period the equine brute furnished almost the only means of traction in cities and rural districts. Strictly speaking, an epidemic concerns human beings only. When a plague of disease attacks animals it is an "epizootic." By the people at large, however, the latter term was accepted as the name of the new and mysterious horse malady. They commonly spoke of it as "the epizootic," in four syllables instead of five.

It was apparently nothing in the world but influenza—a term which, by the way, is of Italian origin, signifying a rapidly spreading infectious disease of the respiratory organs. The woodlands and forests of Canada cover about 865,000,000 acres.