

After the War--What?

When the war is over, what then? Are there good times or hard times in store for us? Will the era of high prices continue, with steady work for all, or will we experience a setback that will keep us poor for years?

The answer to that question is very largely in our own hands. It depends on us Canadians—not on the few in high places, but on every one of us.

Every year we are importing hundreds of millions of dollars worth of goods, much of which could be produced just as well in Canada.

Suppose they were produced here. Think of the number of workmen who would be employed. Think of what it would mean in wages, and money kept in circulation. Think of what it would mean to our farmers, to our shopkeepers—to our builders, to everybody.

Think of what it would mean to you. They can be produced here, they will be produced here, if you just stop and think every time you make a purchase.

Think, say and see that you get

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Classy Shoes For Men

The man who wants his shoes right up to the minute in style should see our new lasts.

Hyde Park and Yale

We carry these lasts in BLACK CALF, STORM CALF and the new shades of TAN, with either single or double soles.

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J. H. SUTHERLAND & BRO
THE HOME OF GOOD SHOES

AUTOMOBILES AND CARRIAGES FOR HIRE

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Digestive Disorders Yield When

the right help is sought at the right time. Indigestion is a torment. Billousness causes suffering. Either is likely to lead to worse and weakening sickness. The right help, the best corrective for disordered conditions of the stomach, liver, kidneys or bowels is now known to be

Beecham's Pills

and the right time to take this famous family remedy is at the first sign of coming trouble. Beecham's Pills have so immediate an effect for good, by cleansing the system and purifying the blood, that you will know after a few doses they

Are the Remedial Resort

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25 cents

WHAT INVASION MEANS

TO THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE — TERROR REIGNS.

An English Correspondent Recounts Some of the Everyday Tragedies—Ruin and Death In Track of Invasion.

Philip Gibbs in London Chronicle. England is sending its best of her sons to fight for honour's sake and civilization; and the imagination of our people is beginning to realize, though still dimly, I think, the tragic significance of this "worst of wars." But it is impossible, I am sure, for people safe at home in England, in the peace of old country towns and the quietude of English villages, to understand, in the dimly, the meaning of invasion by hostile armies.

They understand it here in northern France. They know the misery and the horror of it. It is a terror which spreads like a plague, though more swiftly and, terribly, in advance of the enemy's troops. It maces the bravest men sick with cowardice when they think of the "worst of wars." It makes the most callous man pitiful when he sees those women with their little ones and old people, whose place is by the hearthside, trudging along the highroads, faint with hunger and weariness, or pleading for places in cattletrucks already overpacked with fugitives, or wandering about unlighted towns at night for any kind of lodgings, and then, finding none, sleeping on the doorsteps of shuttered houses and under the poor shelter of overhanging gables.

The Sad Long Lists.

At the present time in this part of France there are thousands of husbands who have lost their wives and children, thousands of families who have been divided helplessly in the wild confusion of these retreats from a brutal soldiery. They have disappeared into the maelstrom of fugitives—wives, daughters, sisters, mothers, and old grandfathers and grandmothers, many of them without money and all of them dependent for their lives upon the hazard of luck every day in the French newspapers there are long lists of inquiries. "M. Henri Panchet, who is deeply grateful to anyone who can inform him of the whereabouts of his wife Suzanne, and of his two little girls, Marie and Marie, refugees from Aire-sur-Lys."

"Mme. Tardien would be profoundly grateful for information about her daughter, Mme. des Rochers, who fled from the destroyed town of Albert on October 10, with her four children."

Every day I read some of these lists with a pain in the heart, finding a tragedy in every line, and wondering whether any of these missing people are among those whom I have met in the guard-vans of troop-trains, huddled among their bundles, or on wayside platforms, patient in misery, or in the long columns of retreating inhabitants from a little town deep in a wooded valley below the hills where German guns are vomiting their shrieking shrapnel.

Imagine such a case in England. A man leaves his office in London and takes the train to Guildford where his wife and children are waiting supper for him. At Weybridge the train comes to a dead halt. The guard runs up to the engine-driver, and comes back to say that the tunnel has been blown up by the enemy. It is reported that the tunnel and the villages around have been invaded and razed. From Guildford describe the bombardment of the town. A part of it is in flames. The Guildhall is destroyed. Many inhabitants have been killed. Most of the others have fled.

The man who was going home to supper wants to set out to find his wife and children. His friends hold him back in spite of his struggles. "You are the only man," they say, "who has no supper at home that night! His supper and his home have been burnt to cinders. For weeks he advertised in the papers for the whereabouts of his wife and babies. Nobody can tell him. He does not know whether they are dead or alive."

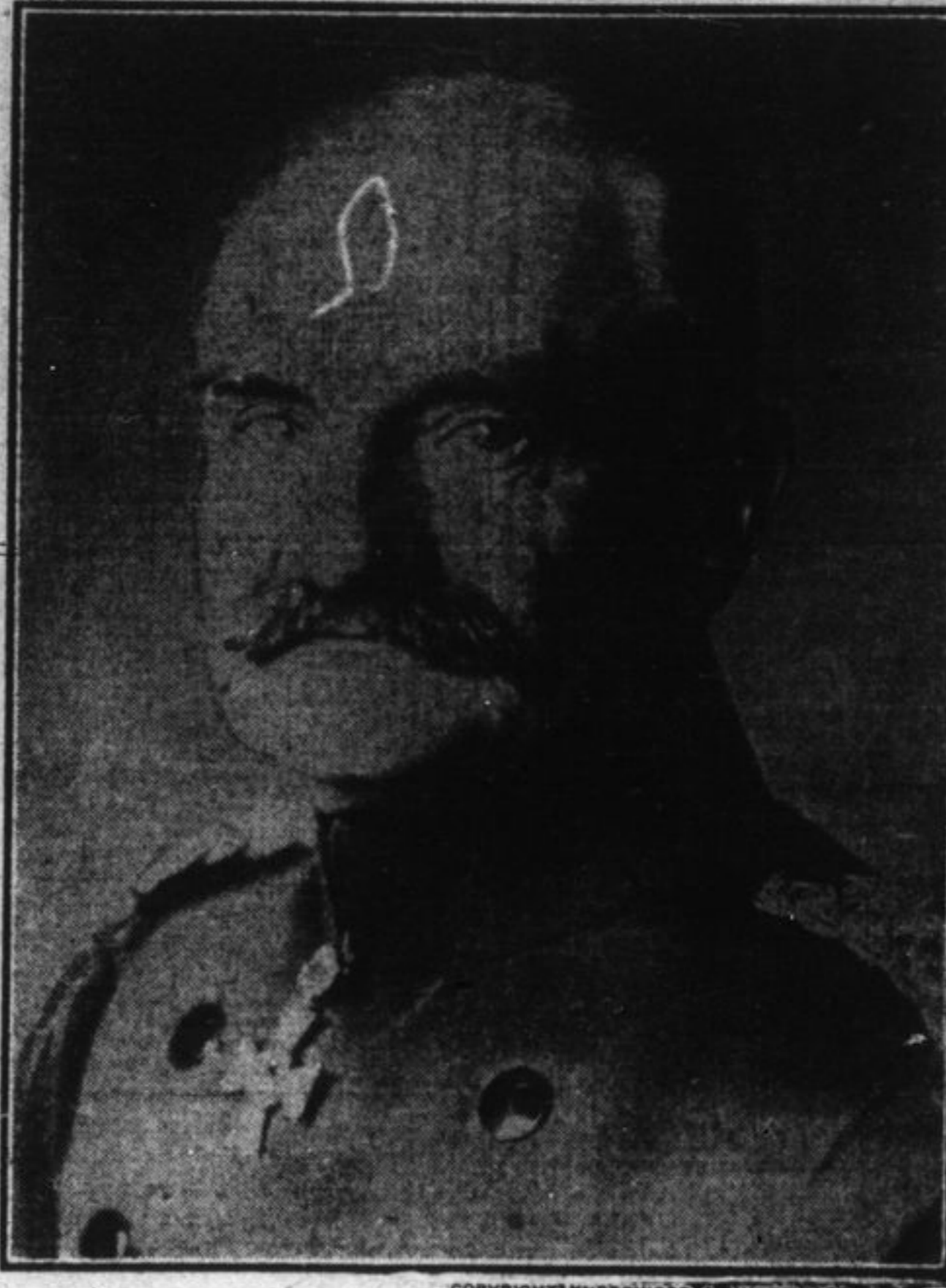
Everyday Tragedies.

There are thousands of such cases in France. I have seen this very tragedy only yesterday—a man weeping for his wife and children swallowed up into the unknown, after the destruction of Fives, near Lille. A new-born babe was expected. On the first day of life it would receive a baptism of fire. Who can tell this distracted man whether the mother or child lives?

There are many villages in France to-day from Lille and Arras, and over a wide stretch of country in Artois and Picardy, where in spite of all weariness women who lie down beside their sleeping babes can find no sleep for themselves. For who can say what the night will bring forth? Perhaps a patrol of Uhlans, who shoot peasants like rabbits as they run across the fields, and who demand wine, and more wine, until in the madness of drink they begin to burn and destroy for mere lust of ruin. So it was at Senlis, at Crepy-en-Valois, and last week in many little villages in the reign through which I have lately passed.

It is never possible to tell the enemy's next move. His cavalry comes riding swiftly far from the main lines of the hostile troops, and owing to the reticence of official news, the inhabitants of a town or village find themselves engulfed in the tide of battle before they guess their danger. They are trapped by the sudden tearing-up of bridges, as I was nearly trapped the other day when the German cut a line a few hundred yards away from my train. If I had passed that few hundred yards ten minutes earlier I should have been caught in the trap like scores of poor people who are now without any way of escape.

Yet the terror is as great when no Germans are seen, and no shells heard. It is enough that they are coming. They have been reported—often falsely—across distant hills. So the exodus begins and with perambulators laden with bread and apples, in any kind of vehicle—even a hearse—drawn by poor beasts too bad for army requisitions, ladies of quality leave their *chateaux* and drive in the throng with peasant women from white-washed cottages.



GERMAN WAR CHIEF.

General Von Euelow, commander of the Twenty-first Army corps.

Perhaps in a little while both the *chateaux* and the cottage will be buried in the same heap of ruins.

In The Track Of The Invaders.

In a week or two perhaps the enemy is beaten back, and then the most ardent of the townsfolk return home. I have seen some of them going some at Senlis, at Crepy, and other places. They come back doubtful of what they will find, but soon they stand stupefied in front of some charred timbers which were once their house. They do not weep, but just stare in a dazed way. They pick over the ashes and find burnt bits of ornate treasures—the baby's cot, the old grandfather's chair, the parlor clock. Or they go into houses still standing neat and perfect, and find that some insanity of rage has unshined up all their household, as though baboons had been at play or lighting through the rooms. The chest of drawers has been looted or its contents tumbled out upon the floor. Broken glasses, bottles, jugs, are mixed up with a shattered violin the medals of a grandfather who ought in '79, the children's broken toys, clothes, foodstuff, and picture-frames. I have seen such houses after the arriving and going of the German soldiers.

Ruin and death come with this invasion. In the war zone there is no safety. Sixty miles or more from the German lines hostile aeroplanes skim through the sky, dropping bombs over quiet little villages. Yesterday, not far from where I write these words, a woman went out with her baby to speak with a neighbour. A moment later the mother and child were both lying dead in the roadway. A German aviator had jassayed in the clouds.

Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, British ambassador at Washington, reached Ottawa Monday. He was met by Sir Robert Borden, who had himself just returned to Canada after four weeks spent at Hot Springs, Virginia, and was conducted in one of the royal motors to Government House.

Adam was the first man to throw a race.

NO BATTLEFIELD JAUNTS.

Big Tourist Agency Will Not Run Excursions.

London, Nov. 18.—It was emphatically declared by an official of one of the largest tourist agencies doing business here and in America that the company would conduct no battlefield excursions on the termination of the war, saying that after so much suffering it would be reprehensible to advertise battlefield jaunts. The official said: "If any person should ask us to conduct private parties we should do so, but we never go in for such business on our own initiative."

This is not the attitude of a certain smaller tourist agency, which advertises to-day as follows: "Americans and others: A few private, personally-conducted automobile tours will be carried out to the area and battlefields of the war early next year or immediately after the evacuation of Belgium, and Northern France by the Germans. Cars specially built for the purpose will be used."

Some of the latest tourist literature, printed to be circulated in America, advertises spring tours in Southern France, Spain and Italy. It is said that the printing orders of the usual great quantities of tourist pamphlets have been held up indefinitely.

Was Fond of Canadians.

London, Nov. 18.—The Morning Post, referring to Lord Roberts' patronage of the rifle clubs, says: "His visits to Halesy were always full of encouragement to the riflemen. He usually called on the Canadians, and was fond of talking over the Dominion's wholesale methods of encouraging rifle practice."

The Daily News, with a recrudescence of its pro-Boer policy, says that undoubtedly Roberts owed much of his fame to his career in India, South Africa added little or nothing to the romantic lustre surrounding his famous march to Kandahar. His conduct of the South African campaign was severely criticized, and the younger men won the real laurels of that great struggle.

AUSTRIANS IGNORANT

OF THEIR APPALLING LOSS IN THE BATTLES.

Casualties Up to November 1st Were 900,000 Officers and Men—One Reason For Secrecy.

London, Nov. 18.—The Morning Post publishes the text of a letter received by the London correspondent of a Bucharest paper from a friend in Hamburg, in which the writer comments bitterly on the way in which the Austrian public are kept in ignorance of the appalling losses amongst the Austrian troops. The writer, who himself copied the figures from a report shown him by an official in the Austrian ministry, says the Austrian losses in the campaign against Serbia up to November 1st, reached a total loss of 148,598 officers and men, being more than one-third of the whole army originally sent to that region. In Galicia they reached a total of 752,756, and in East Hungary, 1,772. Thus, Austria lost during the first three months of the war a little over 900,000 officers and men, which is something like 27 per cent. of the whole army engaged.

The writer says one reason why, in his opinion, the government refrains from this publication statistics for the present is that the most popular Hungarian regiment, the first, seventh and sixteenth cavalry, were almost completely annihilated in France and Belgium. Never a word was published as to their being sent to reinforce the Uhlans in the west. There were rumors about it, but not even letters reached the people of the Huns in Hungary. I understand these have been kept back in order that uneasiness should not arise, if should not wonder if it had created not merely uneasiness but rebellion, for the people here hold that as long as Hungary is seriously threatened and being invaded even by Servians, as was the case, we cannot afford to have even our Austrian regiments in Belgium for Germany's sake."

DEADLY AERO DARTS.

Strike With 100 Pounds Force When Falling.

Paris, Nov. 18.—A French doctor, who has just returned from Flanders, describing the effect of the "heche daero," as the steel darts with which the French aeroplanes are supplied are generally called, said: "Among the two thousand wounded whom we treated in forty-eight hours was a German who had been struck by an aeroplane dart. He was evidently bending over when hit, for the dart had entered the right thigh and traversed the whole leg, so that the point emerged just above the boot. The man was conscious when he was brought in, and said he felt no pain, only a heavy blow. He died soon afterwards from shock and loss of blood."

The dart resembles steel pencils. They are about five inches long, with the unpainted half fluted to assist their falling head first. It is calculated that they strike with a hundred pounds' force, if thrown from an elevation of 1,000 metres.

TAKES RAP AT PRESTON.

British Reviewers Do Not Approve of Strathcona Biography.

London, Nov. 18.—Book reviewers on this side have not so far hailed W. T. B. Preston's biography of Lord Strathcona with any great signs of approval. Some of them, in fact are reverse to complimentary to the author upon his work. Says one reviewer: "Without expressing the least opinion as to the justice of the charges brought against Lord Strathcona, we cannot avoid the impression political antagonism has colored the narrative."

Russians are imposing fines on the conquered East Prussian towns composed of the German fines imposed on Belgian towns.

"No Alum"

must be the watchword when the housewife buys baking powder.

Alum is well known to be a powerful astringent, and should never be used in food.

Prof. Geo. F. Barker, M.D., of the University of Pennsylvania, says: "I consider the use of alum baking powder highly injurious to health."

Food economy now, more than ever, demands the purchase and use of those food articles of known high quality and absolute purity and healthfulness.

ROYAL

Is a Pure, Cream of Tartar BAKING POWDER Contains No Alum

Perfectly leavens, leaves no unhealthy residues, makes the food more delicious and wholesome.