

DR. BROWN - LANDONE

MADE A STIRRING ADDRESS IN TORONTO LAST WEEK.

Canadian Club Gets Vivid and Un-censored Glimpse of Grim War. — New France is Anglo-Saxon in Its Calm and Steadfast Character.

Toronto Globe. Dr. Brown-Landone is an American by birth and a Frenchman by adoption. The incantation of the spirit of Lafayette and Rochambeau, but he spoke to the Canadian Club in the name of humanity. He made an appeal for the un-equipped hospitals of Northern France, which burned into the mind of his audience of fully five hundred business men, and fanned into flame the fires of a resolve to rise and meet the need of the suffering thousands in the war-ravaged districts of France and Belgium.

It was the message of a zealous missionary from the scene of carnage, delivered with all the point and force of one who for the first time since arriving in America was able to speak with perfect freedom. For the past two months Dr. Brown-Landone has been working in the United States, but because of his pro-German sympathies there and for the sake of the practical ends of his mission, he has been obliged to veil much of his appeal with the artful expressions of diplomacy.

Two Million Votes Count.

Dr. Brown-Landone first touched upon the insidious influences of the German propagandist upon the public sentiment of the United States, and said that the fear of two million German votes in the neighboring republic was a big power behind any action on the part of men who were professedly in sympathy with the cause of the allies.

The speaker then told his audience of "a new France" which had become really Anglo-Saxon in character. In education, science and in the physical development of the French people, British ideals had been emulated in France. During the past fifteen years football, the speaker said, had gained such a place that last year 10,000 football teams were included in one great federal organization. This had had a profound effect upon the French mind. During the whole month of tension previous to the war French people had been characterized by the same stolidity and calmness which prevailed in Britain.

Belgium on July 22nd was pictured by Dr. Brown-Landone in graphic language as the most remarkable nation, economically, in the world. On August 23rd he had visited Belgium again, and the picture was a horrible contrast with that of the previous month. Of the thirty cities in Belgium sixteen were in absolute ruins. In Termonde, for instance, a city of

forty thousand population, only twenty buildings were left standing. Then followed a description of the forts which fell before the attack of German siege guns and which all the world had believed impregnable.

Germany Ready For Siege

"Germany is not beaten," declared the speaker. "She is prepared for defensive war, and let there be no mistake, she can feed herself. For thirteen years Germany has been changing her crops, so as to be able to feed herself in a case of emergency. Two years ago 84 per cent. of the fields of Germany were in the hands of women. Germany, by reducing the manufacture of beer and wine, will be able to raise 87 per cent. of all the meat she needs, and 93 per cent. of the wheat. She has abundant supplies of coal and ammunition."

"The German was prepared, but France and Britain were not ready for the struggle into which they were thrown so suddenly. The British fleet was more adequate, but in France, where in six days 1,400,000 men were mobilized, 400,000 men had to be sent back to await equipment of guns and ammunition. The German military officials furthermore, according to Dr. Brown-Landone, are not using their best soldiers at the front. Germany uses only her veteran troops in driving her wedges," he declared, "and she is at present fighting behind a ring of old and young men who have been pressed into service." This point was used to impress the necessity for more adequate medical equipment in the hospitals of northern France. Not only was the human suffering there so appalling, and made such a crying call upon all humanity for assistance, but to the allied nations it was very important to have the wounded soldiers of the fighting-line. "Thousands will die in northern France," he said, "simply for the lack of bandages and protection from the cold blast of the channel. On the other hand, 250,000 men can be sent back to die in the trenches if they can be provided with the simplest hospital necessities."

Be Ready For Sacrifice

"In America people have been for many years living of their abundance. You must learn to give, even if it means sacrifice," said the speaker. Miss Ann Morgan in New York, he said, had employed 600 women, who could find no work in other ways, to make up surgical kits, and she has sent 100,000 packages of these to the hospitals in Europe.

Materials of all kinds that could be used for dressings and as clothing for the wounded are needed more than money. "A surgical kit," said Dr. Landone, "will mean very often the saving of a man's life."

Panama Fair Attendance.

The paid admissions to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition since the gates were installed on Sept. 9th have been \$101,000. The largest single day's admissions were \$18,000 for the ball of all Nations on May 2nd. The largest attendance for a single day when there has been no programme within the grounds was on Aug. 2nd when 8,250 persons paid admission, representing \$2,056. The average monthly attendance is now more than 50,000.

When we ask heaven to bless others we must not insist upon it doing so in our way.

A Burned Barrier

Down the dust white country road sped Doxy, palpitating and panic-stricken, her eyes bent on a volume of smoke that was rolling up from the sheep dotted pasture. She went "cross lots" and came to the charred remains of the old farmhouse, where a knot of neighbors, helpless and wondering, gathered round the pathetically small pile of rescued household effects.

Doxy was not a young woman, but she was the type that time touched gently. Her eyes were soft and gray and expressive of a past but forgotten time. Her optimistic fatalism was not wanting in this hour of trouble. "I don't see how you managed to save so many things," she said to her friends, each of whom at this encouragement began to point out what he had snatched from the flames.

"See, Miss Barton," cried a lad, triumphantly thrusting a tin can into her hand, "I heard you say as how this 'ere was yer bank, so I grabbed it first thing."

"Oh, Jim, there is \$50 in it!" Her father, Seth Barton, now arrived on the scene. His heart was full of memories which were smoothed in the philosophical remark, "Never could have saved her in this wind!"

"You and Doxy 'll come right home with us and stay," cordially invited the nearest neighbor. The others followed suit in this proffer of hospitality, tendering wide open doors.

"You are so kind, but we'll stay right here," said Doxy in response to each invitation. "Our barn upstairs is fitted up snug as a firsides, you know."

Her father's stoical face brightened. He had a cattle clinging to home—not from love of every heart beat for it, as in Doxy's case, but because he could not bear the thought of uprooting and transplanting.

The neighbors carried the goods and chattels to the barn and helped Doxy arrange a temporary home, while the men were aiding in the evening work their wives prepared the supper. Any event, joyful or calamitous, in the district was deemed an "occasion" worthy of a general repast. After supper they departed for their homes. Seth settled down to his evening pipe and weekly paper as if nothing had happened.

Then Doxy in the soft shadows of the dusk stole out and went through the garden to the blackened ruins of tottering walls and crumbled mortar. All the voices of long ago called to her, most persistently the voice of youth who ten years before had wooed her.

There had been the lovers' quarrel, and Jed Knox in a moment of hot-headed anger had sworn he would never again cross the Barton threshold.

Time and events showed him that he was entirely in the wrong and that the quarrel had been of his own making, but he held stubbornly to his oath. With quiet firm dignity Doxy had refused to see him elsewhere than in her own home.

As Jed's stubbornness increased he grew bitter and morose, avoiding all mention of Doxy. She started at sight of a man coming from out the ruins, but in an instant she recognized Sol Oppen, the village carpenter, early in line for a contract.

"Sol," said Doxy briskly, "I want you to build me a house as near like this as you can."

"Wad, Miss Barton, tell me how much you can put into a house." The bank account, the life insurance, some that Hobbs owes me."

After a mental accounting she gave the total of her capital. Sol shook his head discouragingly. "You can't do it no ways for that money."

"Knock out the cellar," commanded Doxy, "and take off the blinds. In the fall I will use the turkeys for blinds."

"The turkeys!" repeated Sol wonderingly. "The money I get for selling them, I mean."

When the blinds were off, the bay windows deducted, the gables torn off, the back porch taken away, the stairs removed and a general clearing of fireplace, attic, paint, plaster, lath and partitions had been effected, the amount of cash available was triumphantly reached.

The architecture appealed to Sol as easy to build, but was not in accordance with his ideas of what a dwelling should be. "Your house won't have no inside, Miss Barton, but I'll be on hand to-morrow to begin," said he disapprovingly.

and then I'll join you and father." It was very quiet. A lone bird called. She felt solitary and out-labeled. A third time she was interrupted. There was no mistaking the man. Jed, strong and straight, his features softened. But showing in the lines of his face, came straight up to her.

"Doxy, I thought they would never go. As soon as I sent the lad I knew I must come myself. I took a short cut, but the Oppen man was ahead of me, and then, Laurie."

"Well?" "Doxy, I am here at last. I have pushed myself all these years, which have not meant much to you, for you are as young and as fair as the night."

"The night you said you should never cross our threshold." "Doxy," he chided, seizing her hand passionately. "I have suffered for it. Be good to me."

"Why did you come to-night, Jed?" she asked quietly, but with beating heart. "Why? Because everything brought me. I couldn't keep away."

"You came," she said, turning proudly away, "because you knew that at last you could come and still keep your oath, because you knew the house was gone."

"No," he said, with a long breath. "You don't mean that, and you don't think so." She felt his strong arms about her. She was lifted and carried over the smoking ashes and bricks to the place where the doorsteps had been. He held her closely with his left arm while his right hand grasped a blackened beam. In a moment he was standing on the charred threshold, pressing her to him in a tight embrace.

"Here," he said with forced lightness, "I lay my pride at your feet, and in all those things you told me."

"Never mind the ten years now, Jed. They are gone—like the house." "But we'll have a new house. Doxy, right here, and Sol shall put Now, Doxy, won't you say something to leave off?"

"I say," cried the voice of Laurie from a distance, "Uncle Seth just found a ten dollar bill in the old dictionary. He says he'll bet it's the one he lost ten years ago!" Tks 2 and 3.



MRS. ALFRED SOUTHWORTH. BROOKVILLE. Who celebrated her ninety-ninth birthday on Tuesday last.

His Narrow Escape

Friends of Representative A. Mitchell Palmer of Pennsylvania, well known handsome member for congress, frequently twit him about the offer he received of a place in the Wilson cabinet.

The circumstances, according to the version set forth by certain of Palmer's friends, were something like this: Woodrow Wilson talked to Palmer after the election and said: Mitchell, I feel as if I would like to have you in my cabinet. In fact, I simply must have you in the cabinet. Now, why wouldn't you make an excellent secretary of war?"

"Ah, Mr. President," Mitchell's jocular friends say he said, "but you know I am a Quaker and I could not accept the war portfolio. I should like to be in the cabinet, but not to that position. If you offer to make me secretary of war all I can do is refuse."

"That is indeed too bad," the president is supposed to have said, "for I had my heart set on having you in the cabinet. Well, we'll see what can be done."

So in due course Palmer received a formal tender of a place in the cabinet. He was offered the position of secretary of war.

Floods in Holland.

Holland's safety in time of war lies in her ability to flood great tracts of land. William of Orange flooded the country in 1574, and by so doing drove off the Spanish invaders. The same policy was adopted on the occasion of the French invasion of 1670.

A young man is not justified in taking an eye-opener because he is blind in love.

Powerful Motives.

A school-teacher recently gave his pupils a lecture on patriotism. He pointed out the high motives which moved the Territorials to leave their homes and go for their country.

The school-teacher noticed that one boy did not pay attention to the instruction, and as a test question he asked him: "What motives took the Territorials to the war?" The boy was puzzled for a moment, then, remembering the public "send-off" to the local regiment at the railway station, he replied: "Locomotives, sir."

Barristers Predominant.

In the French Chamber of Deputies there are 154 barristers, 48 and solicitors. The next most numerous represented profession is that of medicine—52 deputies. The literary men and journalists number 46; the university professors, 42; retired officials, 27; manufacturers, 22, and merchants, 27.

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EDITOR PELTON'S LAMENT

Turned Down By His Blue-Ribbon Friends.

Troquets News. We fully sympathize with our old friend, Lawyer Davy, in his protest against the nasty, unscrupulous, petticoat-d scandal-mongers and small-souled goody-goody of the Methodist church to defeat him in his manly stand-up fight for the reeve ship. Similar tactics were employed by these same people against Editor Pelton with even more deadly effect, coming, as it did, from the most unexpected source, our blue ribbon friends.

If Davy feels sore over his defeat, how must Pelton feel over his freez-out? Gosh! the very thought of it makes us shiver yet. We felt so ashamed and mortified that we slept under the bed the night of the election rather than disturb our wife with the harrowing details. We remembered her warning to keep out of municipal politics, and if defeated, "don't you come here acting like a bear with a sore head!" And we felt just like that and then some—a nasty, wicked desire to shoot up the town! We are a good fighter, but a poor loser. So is Davy.

Say, would you believe it, for several days after, we took a back street to reach our office rather than meet our friends, and afraid all the while that we might be taken for a German spy and locked up. And there are fellows all over Ontario feeling just like that at this minute—the defeated candidates! Our heart goes out to them in their distress.

You ask: How does it feel to be thrown down regardless? Say, did you ever fall down an elevator shaft bump your thinker forty-seven times on the way down, only to lose consciousness when you had struck bottom with a sickening thud? Well, that's just how the five of us felt on Monday night. A nauseating, self-deprecating, can't-come-back feeling, devoid of humor. Whew.

What gallop us particularly was the base treachery of our temperance friends, who in all conscience should have stood by us, even if it involved the throwing of the mantle of charity over our shortcomings, considering the many times we stood by them in fierce hand-to-hand struggles with the liquor traffic in years gone by. But they failed us miserably, just when we would have given worlds for their support. It stung us to the quick. We were too proud to ask them for their votes. Why should we have to ask for them? We are no angel, seldom attend church, and slip a cog occasionally in the rhythmic grind of our otherwise strenuous life.

Since penning the above we feel a lot better. Our appetite has improved, and spirits revived. The rest are improving too, all except Davy.

London Sphere. A school-teacher recently gave his pupils a lecture on patriotism. He pointed out the high motives which moved the Territorials to leave their homes and go for their country.

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