

Kaiser Bribed Greedy Merchants

WHAT the American Manufacturers' Record calls the most damning and damning record of German wickedness ever discovered is the confession of August Thyssen, a German steel manufacturer of international renown, which has been reprinted by the Record in pamphlet form. It shows that in 1912 the Kaiser's plans for a world war had been so far advanced that he took to his confidence some of the great financial and industrial magnates of the Fatherland, explained to them his purpose and asked if they were prepared to finance the war. He promised them that the war would be over in 1915, and in return for the loans he required he was willing to give them great tracts of territory and business opportunities in various parts of the British Empire.

Having secured the approval of the Germans who controlled the machinery was set in motion which led finally to the war. And the events that led up to the assassination of the Austrian archduke, when they are brought to light, will make another great story—and Germany was launched on her adventures to make war and to make war pay. The magnates who had acquiesced in the Kaiser's plans contributed cheerfully to the first few dozen war loans. Then some of them contracted the habit of looking out of the window when they were asked for further assistance, especially after the war containing lesson in the book, because, no matter what you say, it's almost sure to be true.

Nature's Variety Show. You may think Alaska is a hard geography lesson, just because there are 590,884 square miles, but really it's the easiest lesson in the book, because, no matter what you say, it's almost sure to be true. If you talk about the coldest weather you can imagine—fifty or sixty below zero, say—when land and water are frozen to iron and one's breath crackles in the deathlike stillness and hangs on the trail like clouds of smoke from a moving engine—that's Alaska. Or if you talk about balmy, even-tempered weather when children paddled barefooted in sun-warmed brooks and the land is a luscious, eddying berry field, or if you try to imagine a heavy, baking heat like that of the tropics, with a vivid, stifling riot of foliage—that's Alaska.

Describe a vast, tomb-gray waste gleaming landscape, where the indefatigable sun works the clock around—that's Alaska. Brag about cabbages which weigh as much as a two-year-old child, and even though you do it merely for literary effect, it will be true. Name over most of the kinds of fish and animals that you ever heard of—with bears and foxes to order in every color but green—and your mark will probably be at least 90 per cent. And don't forget the oolokan or coon's fish, which is so fat that it melts in the frying pan like a lump of butter and when dried and provided with a wick will burn like a candle (that's how you can remember its name) and with whose odor no slaughter house or glue factory can compete.

Of course you knew about the gold. And as for coal, just draw a big cube, like a flat-topped apartment house; then in the right-hand corner draw a little cube, about the size of a corn-cob, and the little cube will be marked, "Untouched resources."—Kathlene B. Winter, in World Outlook.

A Brilliant Career. Unusual interest attached to the conferring at the University of Toronto convocation of the degree of Doctor of Public Health upon Lt.-Col. George Nasmith, director of the civic laboratories, Toronto. Lt.-Col. Nasmith, who returned from service in France, where he was in charge of the work of safeguarding the health of a British army corps, completed the writing of his examinations in April, and is understood to have passed brilliantly. It has meant a lot of hard plugging, inasmuch as he has also, since his return, written a valuable book as to the army sanitation work. Lt.-Col. Nasmith is now entitled to the very distinctive letters, C.M.G., M.A., Ph.D., D.Sc. (honorary degree, conferred a year ago), and D.P.H. He is 40 years of age, born and educated in Toronto, and graduated from the University in 1900.

An Historic Farm. In 1812-15, when there was a brush with the Americans, the priests of the Quebec seminary gave over some farm land for the training of French-Canadian young men. More than a century later, the priests of this same seminary offered this self-same farm, at Malberets, on the Beauport shore, to the military for the training of young men who will join the Canadian Officers' Training Corps, organized under Major Paquet for college boys and loyal students. Among the recruits is Eugene Gouquette, a nephew of Archbishop Mathieu.

RIVALS ABROAD—FRENCH PASTRY AND AMERICAN PIES



FRENCH PASTRY FOR AMERICAN SOLDIERS. American soldiers in France are not without their luxuries in the way of dainty articles of food. Many of their spare pennies are spent with the vendors of French pastry around the camps and in the streets of the towns where they are quartered. Several scenes of the boys enjoying the fancy pastry of the French women are shown in the second United States official war picture, "America's Answer," just released. It is said by the boys that for the first time pie has a rival.

INVESTIGATING CHARGES

INSPECTOR AT DELTA TO PROBE ALLEGATIONS.

People Are Indignant, but "Keokuk" (Craig Miner) Says They All Know Fish are Diseased.

Brockville Recorder and Times. Delta, Aug. 1.—Local fishermen and summer residents continue to be much exercised over the charges made by a summer angler using the pseudonym of "Keokuk," who stated in the New York Sun that the bass and pike in the Beverley Lakes were diseased through pollution of the water. All of the local fishermen declare that, with the exception of a very few isolated cases, they have never caught diseased fish and that the facts presented by "Keokuk" are much exaggerated and reflect great discredit on the lakes.

The presence here recently of a fisheries inspector from the department of fisheries at Toronto, has added to the interest being taken in the case. The inspector is here officially investigating the charges, and there is no doubt that his report will make interesting reading and completely retrieve the reputation of these fishing grounds, temporarily lost through "Keokuk's" widely-circulated assertions.

"Keokuk's" Real Identity. Editor, Recorder and Times, Brockville, Ont.

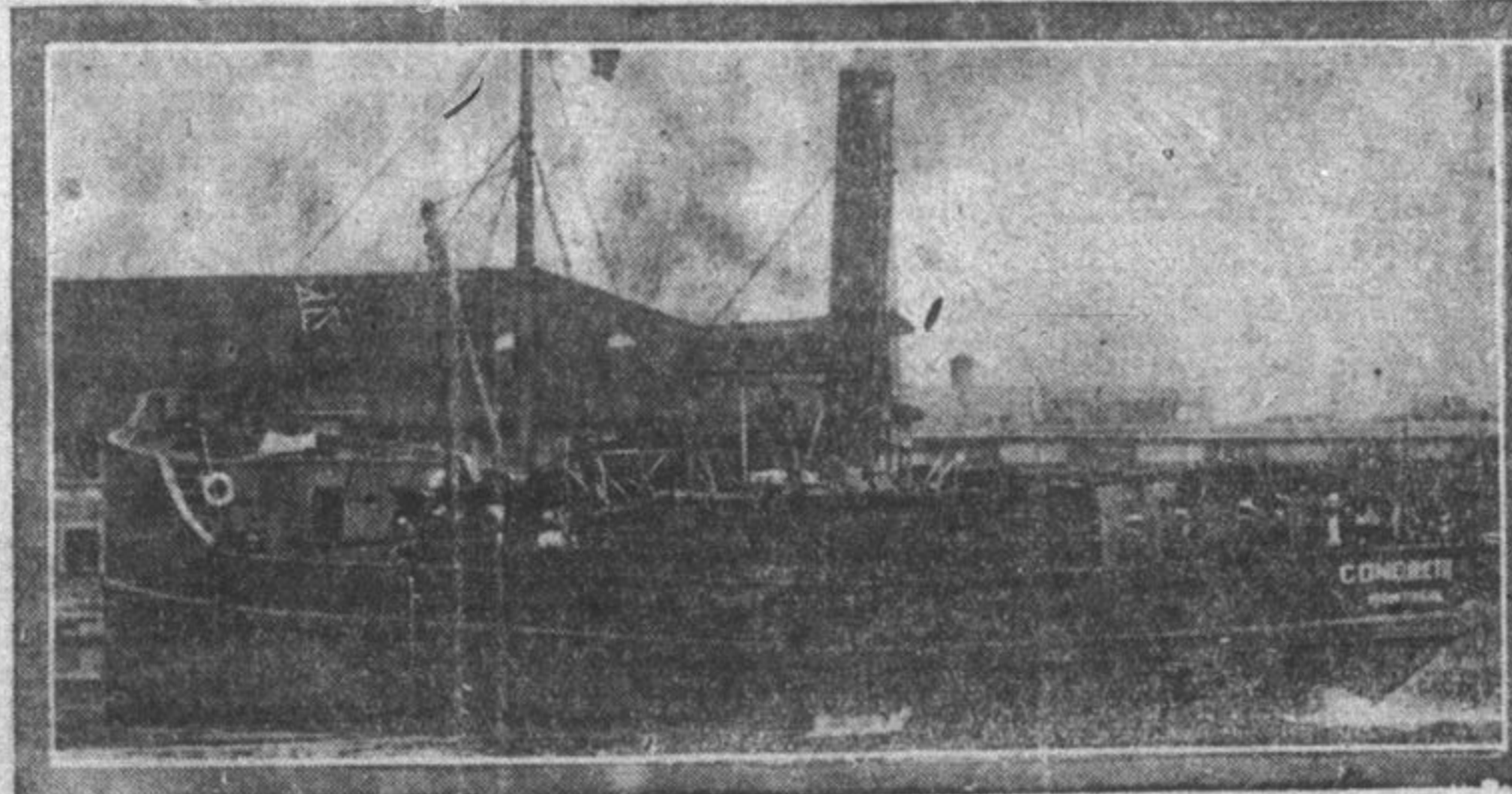
Sir—On July 15th in the New York Sun was published a letter by the writer. On July 24 you commented on same in an editorial. On same date in the New York Sun appeared a second letter by the writer—a clipping of which is enclosed herewith. You will notice it is dated July 21st. Since the writer has had knowledge that the pike in Beverley Lake has been diseased for four years and has frequently discussed the matter with various citizens of Delta and discovered last month the bass were also afflicted and also spoke of it to residents, no comment of your editorial on this part is necessary. Facts are facts. Everybody in Delta knows the fish are diseased. Somebody has been "kidding" you, that's all. Yours truly, CRAIG MINER, 201 W. 130th street, New York, July 29th.

Charges Are Repeated. The letter referred to by Mr. Miner, appearing in the New York Sun under date of July 21, and which he again contributed under the pseudonym of "Keokuk," merely reiterates his charges against the fish of the Beverley Lakes and advises anglers who contemplate abandoning their trips to the Beverley on this account for other suitable fishing grounds. Among these are mentioned those situated on Newboro Lake, at Ghauffey's Locks and also Garrett's Rest. Mr.

Miner directs anglers how to reach these resorts. "Some anglers," he concludes his letter, "fearing they may miss a good thing if they did not go, may journey to the Beverley Lakes notwithstanding the bass and pike are diseased. Angling for such fish is akin to a sharpshooter picking off a lot of wounded enemy."

In the Editor's Mail Bag. Editor—"I can never tell whether you cook stuff in a camisole or wear a corset for a corset kiver?" Editor can't answer—ask her. Dear Editor—"Can you quote a verse from the Scriptures to prove that it is wrong to have two wives?" "Sure! No man can serve two masters." Dear Editor—Advice me. I don't feel just right. I can't sleep at night. I moan and sigh. My throat is dry. I can't smoke or drink. My grub tastes like ink. My heart doesn't beat. I've got cold feet. My head's in a whirl! Answer—"Then why don't you marry the girl?"

The Rumanian Government has decided to drop the prosecution of J. C. Bratiano, who was Premier when the country entered the war. His acquittal was practically certain. Capt. H. McCausland of the Toronto Military District has been appointed senior chaplain for Western Canada with the rank of lieutenant-colonel.



The concrete ship that was tried out on a trip from Montreal to Cornwall and return.

The Something-to-Sell People

get into contact with the want-to-buy people through the classified advertising columns. If you wanted to buy something which would naturally be advertised in the classified columns you would inevitably turn to these columns to ascertain what was offered. Other people act on that same impulse, so that there are always a long list of interested readers of the classified.

Choice Meats

Special low prices on all steaks and fresh meats for one week. The very best fresh and cured meats carried in stock. Prompt Delivery Charles Quick Phone 1192J 112 Clergy St.

COKE ORDERS ONLY TAKEN

The James Sowards Coal Co. Phone 155.

Drink Charm Tea

To Reduce the High Cost of Living try a package of Charm New Japan Tea at the low price of 28c a half pound package. Canada Food Board License No. 6-064.

Why Pay 10c for Outside Brands

When You Can Get MILO 3 for 25c Stand by Your Local Manufacturer.

Advertisement for MATHIEU'S SYRUP OF TAR & COD-LIVER OIL. Includes image of the product bottle and text describing its benefits for coughs, colds, and other ailments.

JEFF HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE ROYAL AIR FORCE, HE IS SIMPLY IN THE NET DEPARTMENT.

By BUD FISHER.

Comic strip panels showing a man named Jeff and others discussing a plan to catch zeppelins with a net. The dialogue includes: 'EUREKA!! FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE BUT YOU SCARED ME. EVER SINCE THE AIR RAID LAST NIGHT I'VE BEEN TERRIBLY NERVOUS!', 'MUTT, THERE'LL BE NO MORE AIR RAIDS, THANKS TO ME. I JUST FIGURED OUT A WAY TO STOP THE HUN PLANES AT THE ENGLISH COAST. YOU'LL NEVER WITNESS ANOTHER AIR RAID BY THE FRITZES.', 'FINE! IF IT'S TRUE THE KING WILL SLIP YOU THE VICTORIA CROSS. WHAT'S THE IDEA?', 'SEE? I TAKE TWO BIG ZEPPELINS AND FROM THEM I SUSPEND AN ENORMOUS NET. THEY'LL GO UP IN THE AIR WITH THE NET AND THEN WHEN THE HUNS TRY TO CROSS THEY'LL FLY RIGHT INTO THE NET, AND BLOOEY, THEIR GOOSE IS COOKED.', 'BUT WHAT'S TO PREVENT THE HUNS FROM DROPPING BOMBS ON THE BIG, CLUMSY, STATIONARY ZEPS AND SPOILING THE WHOLE WORKS?', 'OH, I AIN'T GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH THE ZEPS, I'M ONLY INTERESTED IN THE NET!'.