

"Oh, so you would abolish aristocracy?"

"Yes, the feudal. The future needs no nobility."

"But so much the more, will it need noble men," said Frederick in confirmation.

"And this rare race will quietly take a slap in the face?"

"There will be none to offer the insult."

"And the states will not defend themselves, if attacked by a neighbor?"

"No neighboring state will offer an attack, as even now our neighboring country seats do not besiege each other. A nobleman no longer needs troops for his castle."

"So some day the states will dispense with standing armies? Ha, what will then become of you lieutenant-colonels?"

"What has become of the squires of feudal times?"

BOOK III.
1864

CHAPTER I.

The remaining two weeks in Vienna were no joyous time for me. My happiness was again darkened by this fatal prospect of war. Over all my joys there seemed ever to hang some imminent anguish. Are there not sufficient catastrophes in the natural course of events to keep one in a sense of uncertainty? Why should man willfully add fresh tortures to the category of natural calamities which might at any time befall him? Some people have learned to look upon war as a natural phenomenon like earthquake and drought, but I had ceased to see it so. Instead of resignation I felt only pain and opposition. Why should Schleswig-Holstein and the Danish Constitution upset us? What matter to us if the "Protocol Prince" repealed or confirmed the constitutional law of November 13, 1863? What if the papers did make it the most important matter in the world, should our husbands and sons therefore be shot down? Should our belonging to the German Alliance necessitate taking up all their quarrels? Had I foreseen two years later how these same German brothers broke into the bitterest enmity, and the Austrians hated the Prussians with a fiercer hate than that which they now entertained for Denmark, I should have realized that all these arguments given out to justify war are mere pretext and empty phrases.

Sick Headaches Permanently Cured

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Correct the Cause of this Trouble.

There are few ailments that cause more genuine misery in the home than attacks which are generally termed sick headaches. The attacks are often periodical and when the mother of a family is prostrated at intervals there is not only her own suffering to consider, but the discomfort caused to the other members of the household. Sick headaches arise from a variety of causes, and most of them can be relieved or cured through the timely treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Hugh Docherty, Rockville, Sask., says:—"I suffered for years with what the doctors called nervous prostration and sick headache. When these spells came on I could not work nor walk, and the pains in the head were almost unbearable. At times the pain in my head was so dreadful that I feared it would drive me mad. I tried four different doctors at times and not only took bottles of medicine, but quaffs of it, out to no avail. The I quit taking medicines altogether and tried dieting, but it made no difference. I was still an agonizing sufferer. Finally my husband urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and got me a supply. After taking the Pills for some weeks I felt a little better, and I gladly continued their use. My nerves began to feel stronger, the terrible headache came with less frequency, and after taking the Pills for some months disappeared altogether. From that day to this I have had no return of the trouble, and all who knew of my illness regarded my cure as marvellous. I cannot say too much in praise of the Pills as they certainly saved me from a life of almost constant agony."

It is by building up and enriching the blood and strengthening the nerves that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills work seemingly marvellous cures, and what they have done for others they will do for all ailing people if given a fair trial. If you do not find these Pills at your medicine dealers you can order by mail at 50 cents a box or for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"The New Years Eve at my father's house he proposed a toast to the hour, and 'might it be a glorious one to our arms.' I refused to concur. When we returned to the hotel I found myself disturbed even to tears. My husband comforted me: 'Do not weep over the bare possibility of war; nothing is yet definite.'"

"It is the possibility which makes me cry. Were there a certainty I should be shrieking and wailing! Oh that in this first year you should be torn from me by war."

"Come, my dear Martha, when a child is born to you, you must face the possibility of death like every man on the battle-field. Let us enjoy our life now and not waste it thinking of the death which hangs over every head."

"You talk of Destiny just like Aunt Marie. No, it is the thoughtlessness, cruelty, and folly of mankind. Where is there a necessity of a war with Denmark?"

"But that is not yet declared—"

"Yes, I know, accidents may still avert the evil; but it should depend not on accidents, intrigues, humors, but upon the righteous will of humanity. Do not try to quiet me with evasive words when I know that your whole soul shudders with repugnance. My only consolation is that you condemn with me what brings so much unhappiness."

"Yes, yes, dear, I do not hide from you my feelings; when the disaster happens I will not conceal from you my hate for legalized slaughter. But to-day let us not think of destruction; let us be happy while nothing separates us. No, joy can last for ever, it is not the length of our days, but the degree of the beauty of our days which makes life so blessed."

"And I let myself sink into the sweet rest of the moment and forget the threatening future."

We returned to the garrison on January 10. There was no longer any doubt of war. In Vienna I still heard of some small hope that the dispute could be settled, but in our military circles this was out of the question. The officers and their wives were greatly, even joyfully excited. Did it mean hope for promotion and distinction, or only a restless desire for action?

"Ah, this war will be immensely popular," said the Colonel at a jolly supper. "And our own territory cannot suffer."

"It is the noble motive that inspires me," said a young lieutenant. "We defend the rights of our oppressed brothers the Prussians. We cannot be vanquished when we fight together, and it will strengthen the national ties. The ideal of nationality!"

"Nonsense," interrupted the Colonel with severity, "that is humbug to an Austrian." Louis Napoleon rode the same sort of a hobby-horse in '59 'Italy for the Italians.' Why talk of banding with the Germans when we have the Bohemians, Hungarians, Croats?—our bond of unity lies in our loyalty to our dynasty. The thing which must inspire us is not the nationality of our allies but the good, faithful service we can render our beloved ruler."

All rose and pledged the toast. Even my quaking heart stirred for a moment with enthusiasm. That thousands could be inspired by one motive, one person, into a desire for self-sacrifice, this is really a lofty sense of love. But to think that through this love the high fulfilment of duty leads men into the most horrible work of the deadliest hatred—War! My heart chilled again at the thought.

My anxiety grew with the succeeding days. On January 16 the allies demanded that Denmark revoke a certain law against which the Holsteiners had protested asking the protection of the German Alliance, and to this in twenty-four hours. Denmark refused, and had been expected to refuse, for Austrian and German troops stood massed on the frontier, and on February 1 they crossed the Elbe.

So the die was cast and the bloody game began.

Frederick's regiment, to the great chagrin of the Colonel and corps, was not ordered north. This brought a fatherly letter of commiseration:—

"Such ill-luck, not to be called into the opening to a glorious campaign! This will rejoice Martha. But you, Frederick, though philosophically opposed to war, must regret it. If you got into the fight, certainly your manly enthusiasm would awaken. To be forced to stay at home is truly hard on a soldier!"

"Is it hard on you to stay with me, Frederick?" The silent answer was enough.

But my peace was gone. The order might come any day. If the campaign would only end quickly! I watched the newspapers eagerly. I prayed for the termination of the war before my "all on earth" was called. What cared I what became of that little scrap of country? Their rulers were quarrelling only over their jealousies, not over the wrongs of their people, or to better the conditions.

If a number of dogs are fighting over some bones, it is only the human does that tear each other, but in

human history it is the "bones" that have to fight for their devourers.

The Austrian held that they were justified in maintaining the "balance of power." The Danes maintained the opposite principle with equal emphasis. If two States disagree and cannot come to an understanding, why not call in a third Power as arbitrator? Why go on shouting oneself hoarse, and then finally decide by force of arms? Is it not savage? And when a third Power comes in it does not do so judicially, but with blows again. And this is what they call world politics. Why not name it primitive savagery—or parliamentary nonsense—or international barbarism?

I found myself greatly troubled by this mysterious power called "reasons of State," and I began a careful study of history to find out where the historic right lay over which they were quarrelling.

I found the disputed district ceded to Denmark in 1027. So, really, the Danes are right. That says the matter kings. However, say the younger house, and it was only as a fief of Denmark. Count Gerhard Holstein, of Schleswig, and the Waldemar constitution provided that Denmark never again claim any part of the allies! We are really fighting for the Waldemar Constitution. That is very good, for if these paper securities are not upheld of what worth are they?

In 1448 this constitution was again ratified by King Christian I. So how dare Denmark ever again claim sovereignty? But what has the Protocol Prince to do with the matter? Twelve years later the Schleswig rulers met with heirs, and the National Assembly met at Ripon (so important to know exactly where these assemblies always convene). Well then at Ripon, in 1460, they decided—

Continued on page 7 of next issue

OLD BACKS NEED HELP

When people get to be 50 and 60 and 70, they need a little help sometime to get through with the day's work. Their backs can't stand the heavy loads, the steady strain, of lousy youth. They need

Gin Pills

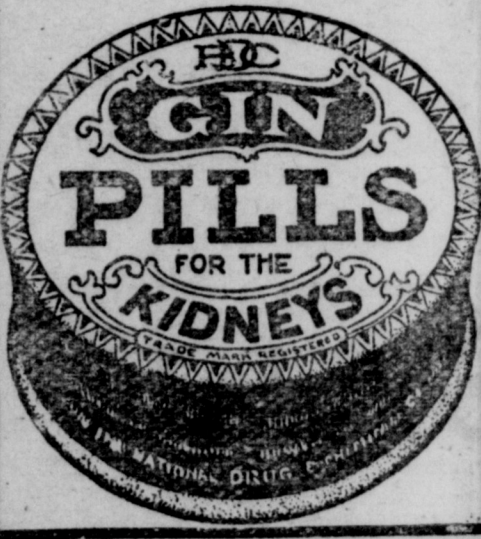
FOR THE KIDNEYS

St. Raphael Ont., Jan. 5th.

"Four years ago, I had such pains in my back that I could not work. The pains extended to my arms, sides and shoulders. I used many kinds of medicine for over a year, none of which did me very much good. I read about Gin Pills and sent for a sample and used them and found the pains were leaving me and I was feeling better. So I bought one box and before I had used them all, the pains were almost gone and I could keep at work. After I had taken six other boxes, I was entirely cured and I feel as strong as at the age of 30. I am a farmer, now 61 years old."

FRANK LEALAND

Gin Pills are "Made in Canada". 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50 at all dealers. Sold in U.S. under the name of "GINO" Pills. Trial treatment free if you write National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.



Continued from page 8

of New York city were to be blown up with bombs and many wealthy men were to be slain. The wrecking of the Cathedral was to be the signal for carrying out the elaborate programme of murder and looting, the police assert.

The move, according to the police, was to place bombs in the homes of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the Rockefeller's and Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt. So far the plot progressed, according to the police, toward this end, that the manufacture of the bombs had already been started.

With these and other capitalists disposed of the anarchists planned, according to the police, to invade the financial district and lay their bombs in the city's biggest banks. Thereafter, the police assert, the gen-

PIANO CONTEST

Enter the Contest now and Win

A BEAUTIFUL AMHERST PIANO

These pianos — is is not going to be one of those low-grade Pianos which you would not buy at any price (if you were well advised). It is an instrument of the highest quality that is constructed, and it costs no more than some other pianos which we could have put in this competition just as well as not. You might be surprised to know that we could put in just about two of "the other kind" for what this is costing us. We decided to do this because we are musicians ourselves and want our readers to compare for just such an instrument as we would take pride in owning and using ourselves. We think that the public which we reach will appreciate this fact. Everything else being equal, you would prefer the high grade piano wouldn't you?

You will not have to get your piano out of a catalogue, or from a high flown description, or merely from a newspaper cut, but you can see a piano exactly the kind we are giving, at the "Dispatch Office, Woodstock. You can examine it and try it. Only this—your piano will be brand new, direct from the Amherst factory, and you will have three different styles of cases to choose from. Inside they are all alike. We want to make this competition something worth working for. Something a little bit different from what a newspaper generally offers.

The "Amherst" is comparatively a new piano, but one of the highest grade pianos made in the Dominion of Canada. The judges at the Toronto Exposition awarded it the best. That is speaking pretty well of a piano made in the Maritime Provinces, isn't it? What more could be said?

There is another thing about this "Amherst Piano." It is the only piano made into which you can put a "player afterwards if you want to. "Players are very costly when you have to buy them with a piano. Wouldn't you prefer a piano into which you could put a player attachment later on, at no great deal of money. The Amherst Player, or "Crematone" is a beautiful simple instrument, with several improvements over any other, under more perfect control, easier to operate. The player mechanism is built under exclusive patents, is very compact, and that is why it does not require a special piano to hold it, and it can be placed in the ordinary piano which the "Amherst" factory turn out. Every Amherst Piano is guaranteed for 10 years, and is the only piano that carries a guarantee for that length of time.

Write to the DISPATCH OFFICE for INSTRUCTIONS and SUBSCRIPTION BLANKS for this CONTEST.

eral programme of looting was being made the bomb.

to be inaugurated.

For months a central office detective had worked in the inner circles of the anarchists, according to the police, and had kept the Detective Bureau advised of all plans and of every move made by the alleged conspirators. This detective, Frank Baldo, assisted in the manufacture of the bomb with which the attempt was made today to blow up the cathedral. The detective accompanied the bomb-thrower to the edifice and sat with him while he lighted the bomb and hurled it at the altar.

Immediately the cathedral, in which 800 persons sat at worship became alive with detectives, whose presence had been unsuspected by the bomb-carrier. Baldo, sitting beside him, placed him under arrest. Detectives sitting in the pew behind dashes into the aisle and stamped out the sputtering fuse. The congregation hardly realized what had happened when it was all over, and there was no panic.

At Police headquarters the alleged bomb-thrower said he was Frank Abarno, a lithographer, 24 years old. Soon after he was taken to headquarters, detectives acting upon information given them by Baldo, arrested Charles Carbone, an eighteen-year-old boy, and charged him with complicity in the plot and with assist-

ing to make the bomb. When Abarno entered the cathedral door, the bomb in a package hidden under a coat, and Baldo at his side, he walked on to a stage whose every setting had been placed there by detectives.

Two scrub women on their knees in the vestibule, through which he passed, were in reality central office detectives. The white-winged priest who met them at the door and took them to a seat down near the front of the church and close to the altar, was a sergeant of police. Just behind Abarno there entered the church, quite casually, two more detectives, who followed the pseudo priest and took seats at his bidding in the pew behind.

It was the men who saved the cathedral from damage by beating out the fire on the fuse.

Toronto, Ont., March 2—The World has the following cable from its correspondent in Northern France:

For seven days the Canadians have been fighting against the Prussian Guards and the Saxons in the first line trenches. They have shown themselves splendid soldiers, and the losses, contrary to reports, have been surprisingly small.

Sixty-three were disabled, owing principally to frost bites. In their first engagement the men acted like old soldiers, being cool under heavy fire, while their discipline was good generally.

They fought for 24 hours, and then were relieved for that period by British troops. The Canadian battalion was separated from the enemy by only 85 yards, while others were seven hundred yards apart.