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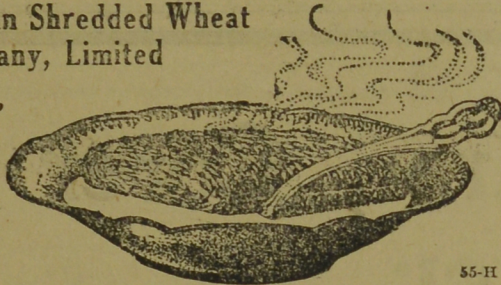
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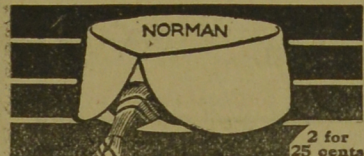
Niagara Falls, Ont.

Toronto Office: 49 Wellington St. East



VON MOLTKE DYING OF LIVER DISEASE

London, Oct. 12—A private letter received in Amsterdam from a high official in Berlin, says Lt.-General Count Helmuth Von Moltke, chief of the German general staff, is dying, according to the Exchange Telegraph Company's Amsterdam correspondent.



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"Everything," the correspondent adds, "is being done to keep the news secret. General Von Moltke is suffering from an affection of the liver. The cure he was undergoing was interrupted in July by the German mobilization."

"He has now had to leave Emperor William's headquarters, General Von Falkenhayn, the Prussian minister of war, being left in charge."

"Many German officers ascribe the check to the German advance to the forced retirement of General Von Moltke."

Nora Bayes is to star in a new musical comedy.

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SAYS THAT CHAMPAGNE BEAT THE GERMANS

(By William Philip Simms.)
Crecy En Brie, France, Oct. 4 (by mail)—"Dis anybody ever tell you the true story of why the Germans got such a licking in the battle of the Marne, just as they thought they had Paris right in their paws?"

The chubby and cheerful innkeeper was busy laying the table for my lunch out on the lawn under a large but shedding lilac tree. Nearby was the ruin of an old stone mill and beyond it the Grand Morin gurgled past on its way to the Oise.

"They got licked," I replied, "like anything or anybody gets licked, I suppose, because they met better men."

The innkeeper smiled. Carefully he placed a fork and a spoon on one side of the shining white plate and on the other a much holystoned knife.

"THEY WERE ALL DRUNK."

"No, monsieur," he said, "you're wrong; the 'sales bouches' got licked while they were drunk."

"Drunk?" I echoed.

"Drunk," he reiterated, putting two fat little fists on his hips, arms akimbo and regarding me full in the face. A twinkle was in his eyes.

"What do you mean, drunk?" I demanded.

The innkeeper kept on smiling.

"It was my son who told me," he went on mysteriously. "He was there. He charged them with his bayonet, right up into their own trenches. I have a Prussian helmet he brought back to me, wounded a bit, though he was. And the Prussians were all drunk, monsieur. I give you Henri's word for it!"

Did you ever see a picture of an idealized French chef? The kind in white linen jacket, white apron, pointed mustache and goatee? The fat and good natured kind, with a little bay window? My innkeeper at this instant looked the model for this picture. He was smiling and rubbing with his hands his rotund tummy.

"On booze?" I probed.

THE SECRET IS OUT.

"Champagne," he grinned.

"The whole army drunk on champagne?"

"Most of it," he said. "And it cost them the battle—the battle which lost 'em Paris."

"Champagne cost Germany Paris, eh?"

"Just that," the innkeeper replied, and for three minutes he was silent, during which he served me with a "friture de la Marne," with tartar sauce, which he had started himself before coming out of his kitchen to lay my table and talk to me. While I was eating the "friture" he went on, talking slowly, hesitatingly, as if enjoying his story as much as he fancied I would enjoy it.

"Champagne, monsieur," he smiled—his smile was constant, but now there was a trifle of irony in it—"it is not for the 'bouches.' They drink

beer. There is no poetry in beer—no romance. Ugh! It makes me sick—bilious—tres malade."

"IT IS NOT FOR BARBARIANS!"

"It is not so with champagne. In it is everything that is tender and delicate and beautiful and rosy; it is the distillation of the combined noblest soil and sky of France! It is not for barbarians; it is for dreamers; for people with subtle brains to kindle; for artists, poets and gentlefolk. For these, it is a willing slave and it brings happiness."

Artist himself to his finger tips, the innkeeper kissed his fingers to the clouds floating from the direction of the battlefields.

"So the Germans all drank champagne," I reminded, bringing my host back to earth.

"The Prussians, they do not know how to drink champagne," he continued, once he had struck ground. "And champagne hits back when the profane hit it. And it hits back hard. The Prussians, as they struck the champagne country, pillaged every cellar they came to—and you know for a time they were advancing very fast."

"They entered Rheims, Chalons, Eprenay. Ay, all the great wine centres and everywhere they went they drank champagne like they drank beer at home. Millions of bottles they drank. Yet not one in a thousand had ever tasted champagne before. Now they revelled in it, bathed in it, staved in casks in cellars and literally wallowed in it. And they all got drunk, so drunk, so drunk that many of them were as dead for hours. And after they were drunk they were sick, very, very sick. The battle fields showed it. The whole army was drunk and sick."

"So bad as that?" I said to keep him wound up.

"I cannot tell you how bad it was. The Prussians' brains were deadened, their resistance broken, their powerful army wobbled on its legs. Champagne—lovely, tender, beautiful champagne—had its own revenge."

He served the remainder of the funch in silence, but when I was balancing my last piece of brie on a crust of bread preparatory to sending it down to join what had gone before he added:

"Of course my son told me that we should have licked the bouches as likely as not without the champagne. But each bottle, he said, was worth a gun."

When I left the inn I wondered just how much of the real there was in what my host had told me. Once, for the want of a nail, a kingdom was lost, so we are told; it is just possible that a champagne drunk cost Germany this war.

The Halifax Chronicle a few days ago reported ninety three cars of food and clothing on a railway siding in that city awaiting shipment to Belgium. It was contributed mostly by maritime province people.

Prepare for Winter

Don't forget that I will fix your cellar walls, top out your chimneys patch your ceilings or attend to any masonry work that you may wish done, at reasonable prices. Have the work done before the cold weather sets in. Lowest estimates given on application. Brick mortar and hair mortar for plastering constantly on hand. Call or write.

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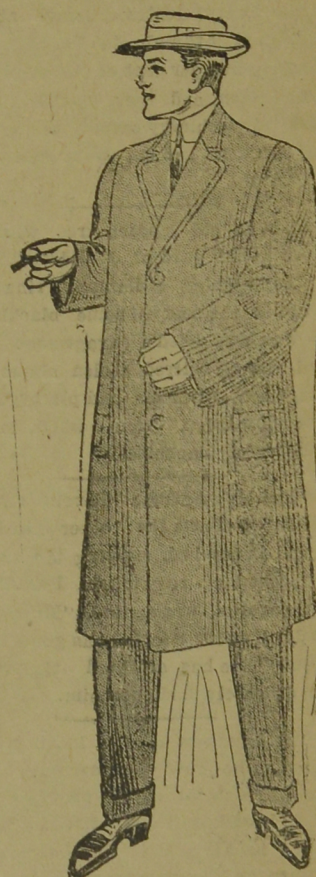
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