TORRES OF WAR.

Baroness Von Suttner's Novel That
Won the Nobel Peace Prize.

Is to be regretted that this point of Miss Abbot's excellent translation of
the book that won the Nobel Peace Prize
should be uninteresting in its form.
The type is of varying quality,
and the paper seems rather thin;
the proofreading appears to be
desired, and the volume opens
under its own weight.

The Baroness Von Suttner,
the logic of a man and the
passionate heart of a woman, hurst
her book into the very vitals of the world's
monstrous anachronism, that savage
despotism which gives the lie to our civilization
and our Christianity; the
destroyer of ethics, the incarnation of
cruelty.

She is an injury to its story to call it "the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the
peace propaganda," for she enchants
sentimentality and idealism, proving
her home fact and argument to an irre-
estrutable conclusion. She has wisely re-
sisted the temptation of the
graphical form, and, so wonderfully
does she tell the story of the young
Austrian Countess Maria Altmon that it
is difficult to read it as fiction
and not as the true narrative of the author's
own life.
The verisimilitude extends to its romance as well as its
revolution.

While it is a little difficult making the most of every situation, there is, in regard to experi-
ence between private and personal, just that
restraint of utterance, that delicate
elegance, one would expect from a refined
and sensitive woman.
The young Countess is the child of an
Austrian general who fought at
 Custozza under "Father Radetzky." Nurtured
suitable military traditions, it was
the grief of her girlishness that to her the
hearts of the battlefield were for-
her study of history stamped upon her mind the impression of the
history of war, and even before her for-
dication into society she became
forthwith to a dancing officer of
the Austrian service.

It was a fairy story, the boy and girl
Youth; love, riches, rank,
health, all theirs; and by the
baby, she who in turn was to be
anted one of her ancestors.
her vocation was to be thought of;
the profession of war was
the source of the highest dignity and
honor.

And in the midst of all this jo
drew from the war of 1896, the distressing
conflict with Italy. Then the scales fell from the eyes of the young
woman; then she began to realize the true
import of war, and from that hour until
the story closes, thirty years later, it is
more and more borne in upon her that
the於 every human being belongs;
consecrate his 
and her powers toward
the end of universal peace, secured by international arbitration.

The experiences of the book cover
the war of 1870-71, the
Danish war of 1864 in regard to Holste
1905, the
The Holstein question returning to the stage of the
peace of 1871. In each case, the person
in the Countess, carefully looks into the
means of the appeal to arms, expanding

WEATHER.

There is a certain black interlude when for too long a time the
clouds brood over the
chaste sunny days of social life, of
intellectual companionships, of domestic
happiness. There is a touch of
madness, too, a sense of the absurdity of the pos-
tions, fortified with platitude, in which we are,
forced to sit and be comfortable. But the drama is of
necessity tragic. We cannot pretend,
since it must be so to fulfill its
purpose, its art, however, would have been truer had it not a sufficient
fer such overwhelming disaster; and that noble
peace prophet might have spared a fate more fearful than that of
the soldier who falls in battle, without
execution the foreboding of the appeal for peace.

WILLIAM, without hope, it is a great book, and it is written
with the heart's blood of its author. If it
were hope to enter a
against an injury intended in the
ages, sanctioned by the relations of the world, one can but quote the words of the
hero of the novel.

What can I do?—I try not to
in the absurdity of the
peace. Did I ever, when in the army of war, hope to
be a conqueror? No.
The individual can serve.
the cause he is inspired by a
can do no more than work with
and let his life upon it, even if he knows how little this is.

This is not the business of
to the world, but the
must.
It is not enough to
that demands this
of his duty.

Could unanswered argument have
us to "the dear peace"? they would long ago have
dawned. As the Baroness von Suttner shows, they have not been held back by
creeds, "training of youth to the idea of the
the glory of war." Thackeray
side of the Drum" would be after her
own heart.

And ever since historian
And ever since a hard cruel
Each each other.
The noble art of murdering.

Your orthodox historian puts
profitable under the whole.
The red-cloth bully in his book
picks the mouth of men from

This has been created from earth's
earliest ages the "climate of
in which the uses true tree of war
has grown and flourished. To create
other climate that is the peace of
man will perish at the object of the
Propaganda of the
peace.

Wishing to add some of
written with more convincing logics, with
greater
genic
the enu-

of humanity than that of
the Baroness von Suttner. Logic and
of simplicity has been given her,
and an enquiring conception of
her holds the heart of her reader in
the hollow of her hand.
The finest vision of the "mystic con-
the book, still within us some-
ting things... too deep for tears.

Matthew Arnold found our country
full of kindly millionaires "going about like roaring lions, looking at what they
could devour." We suggest that some of
of these places, a worthy and
Ground Arm" in every family capi-

GROUNDBREAKER. (Groundbreaking in Real Estate Business, by
Author Suttner, in her "Peace Propaganda."}

G. P. McCall, Co. 41.

OLYMPIC SUMMIT.--

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