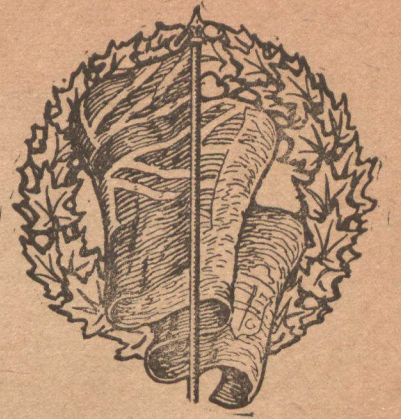




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LEND ME YOUR EARS

INTOLERANCE ran three weeks in Toronto. The shocking thing about it is that so good a city should have anything to do with Three Weeks, whatever it thinks about Intolerance. This film of a thousand pictures was the swiftest thing ever known in Toronto. The contrast between Babylon and New York was not flattering to New York. We honestly preferred Babylon, and had some sympathy with Belshazzar, who was so rudely jolted out of his paradise of wickedness by Cyrus the Fat Persian. Not that anybody would dream of tolerating the harem. But we suspect that this same Cyrus had his zenana. And in all probability the main street of Babylon between the shrine of the crooked god Bel and the house of the voluptuous god Ishtar was no worse than Broadway between 23rd and 48th St. used to be before Mayor Mitchel cleaned it up Broadway, with all its intolerance of Intolerance, never had anything to recommend it to the student of sociology after 2.30 a.m. And there have been students of sociology from up Canada way who have put in several hours a night running the gamut of Broadway from the going-in of the theatres till the coming-out of the last cabaret. They describe it in language of lurid protest. They evidently would not care to live in New York, any more than the mountain-goater from up the Euphrates would have liked to be a citizen of Babylon. But the goat-milking girl in Intolerance fell in love with Belshazzar and acted as though she would as lief be a first aide to the Best Beloved in the harem as living the simple life in the mountains.

But we have never heard of any sociological student or any simple soul who was ever enthralled by the midnight glamour of Toronto. There is no slovenly magic about this conscientious Lord's Day city on Lake Ontario. Even intolerance in some places is picturesque. In Toronto, never; not even for three weeks.

A FAT, wide young man who used to play Rugby at college and is now an important personage in a large mercantile concern, got on a street-car the other evening and in reply to my question, "What did you do on your holidays?" he said,

"I was trout-fishing in a creek that runs through two or three farms back of my father's place."

And he said it without even a pucker in his voice; smiling like a cheap villain in a melodrama. He had caught several trout. He smacked his blobs as he said so; describing the size of the trout at arm's length, and the beautiful shady nooks where he had plied the hook and the cool mossy knolls whereupon he had bestowed his plethoric posterior in 200 pounds of solid comfort hour by hour. That stout, young man had no need to go fishing. The trout could have been caught just as well by a small boy. The fish didn't need him. They didn't even respect him.

He was a pitchfork slacker and he knew it. That 200 lbs of his on the end of a good three-pronged fork such as is used for pitching grain into a farmer's wagon might have heaved a hundred tons of wheat and oats. He was born and brought up in a village surrounded by farms. He knew how to farm. But he sneaked away from it at the time when the farmers needed him and went fishing. I felt like writing a parable about this young man. He smiled so, and was such a useless-looking physical conundrum.



Stray Satires by Anonymous Writers

lessly rushing through a giddy whirligig of church-going and Red Cross work, bridge whist and gasoline dissipations, quite unconscious—at least I know it to be true in my case—that we are the sacred custodians

September 16, 1917

By BOOZELESS

SADLY we reflect that the 16th of September, 1917, passed over Ontario without any bacchanalian reminiscences from the newspapers. The most constitutional province in Canada has now passed through a whole barless year's Drouth. We are beginning to be proud of our capacity for abstinence. Our wives are filling the old wine bottles with catsup and Chili sauce. This also is hot stuff. The tomato, once known as the love apple, has triumphed over the grape. The tomato is a crude experiment in conviviality. And it takes a placid revenge upon our moral uplift by refusing to ripen before the first frost. At 65 to 80 cents a basket for tomatoes even Chili sauce might rank among the hard liquors. But at that price even the most hopeless devotee of the bottle could not afford to make Chili sauce cocktails. Our only recourse is native wine, which is the only *raison d'être* of the great vineyards of Ontario. A man may get indisputably drunk on native wine. But he must have what amounts to a moral tenacity of purpose if he ever does it. Native wine does not lure a young man to paths of inebriety. It merely challenges his powers of endurance. Some of it is about as genial to take as diluted Chili sauce. We are naturally proud of the Ontario grape as a piece of fruit. In the vineyard it is a dream of plenty. The moment it gets into a bottle it is a delusion without being even a feeble imitation of a snare.

of proteins and carbohydrates and calories. These are three wonderful things to contemplate. Just to think that my little body contains all these mysterious elements in varying proportions. I've been trying to imagine what a protein really looks like. I daresay it's a queer little bacillus of a thing with some resemblance to protoplasm. From my very imperfect knowledge of our language I've been wondering what it has to do with prototype, protean, protagonist, etc. Probably nothing at all. But you have set my fancy roving, you bad man, and I don't know where it will end. Carbohydrate I understand a little better. I know that it has something to do with carbureter and carbonaceous and carbonic acid gas. But there's the hydrate—hydrant, hydro, hydr-headed—no, for the life of me I can't figure any sense out of that.

But my little knowledge becomes a huge ignorance when I read about calories. Your description of these is a revelation. That some foods warm me and others don't I know now to be due to the number of these little calories there are in a pound of anything I eat. And I understand that the smaller one is the greater number of calories one needs per pound of body weight. I've just committed to memory that remarkable chapter on Calculation of Food Values; especially the part which says:

The number of calories which a day's food should supply depends upon many things, but chiefly upon body-weight and activity. It has been estimated that for each pound of body-weight there is needed a total of about:

40 calories per pound for a child of 1½-2 years.
31-35 " " " 5-7 "
35-30 " " " 8-12 "
23-20 " " " 14-17 "
18-20 " " man at light work.
20-23 " " hard work.
26-33 " " severe work.

Towards the total calories, the protein of the food should furnish 2½ to 4 calories for each pound of body-weight, the larger figure for the child who has a body to build up as well as to repair. For example a child of two years weighing 26 pounds will need food which will yield 104 calories from its protein and 1,040 calories in all, while a man at light work, weighing 150 pounds will

To Mr. Hanna, F. C.

By A WOMAN

WE have been reading War Meals in our house and I consider it a masterpiece of invention. It has occurred to me so often since first dipping into that wonderful book how little any of us really knew about ourselves. We were all heed-