

## JOHN BULL &amp; CO.



A FEW weeks ago a bulky, broadfaced Armenian, rather intense, with a grim mouth and upcast eyebrows, came across Congressman Church of California, friend of his. A few days ago Rep. Church got up in Congress and announced that his friend Garabad Giragosian had invented a machine capable of taking energy from the air and converting it into mechanical energy. Called the Garabad. All other scientific machines have more energy put into them than the energy that comes out of them. Not so Garabad which can operate an engine; run steamers and airships. Congress appointed a committee and voted a large sum of money to exploit Garabad.



NEVER having read "John Bull"—if so—anybody would delight to see the original of John in person. Here he is, Horatio Bottomley, by Jove! Editor of the most outspoken little Journal in England, sticking a hot potato in his mouth as he goes through the trenches, seeing things at first hand to tell John Bull. But when H. B. speaks in J. B., he has no hot potatoes in his mouth. Never!

ONCE there was a lad in Cornwall who had never seen the Lord Mayor of London. His name was Charlie Hanson. He grew up and came to Canada to succeed in life, still never having seen the Lord Mayor. In Montreal he became financial and founded the firm of Hanson Brothers, stock-brokers. Doing so well he went back to England, to London, seeing Lord Mayors whenever he wanted to, afterwards becoming President of a Life Insurance Company, M.P. for Bodmin, and Sheriff of London. Now he's Lord Mayor himself. That's Imperialism for you!



of Madame S. in Berlin, the war lords there knew more about the War Minister's affairs than he knew himself. Thanks to an old man, who might otherwise have been a patriot, married to a young and alluring wife, Russia was betrayed to the enemy. Of course there was also the affair of Rasputin and the Czar and Czarina, which was bigger. But very likely the nefarious work of Madame S. had really more to do with the actual treason to the army of Russia.



MARQUIS and Marchioness of Hartington sitting down to luncheon. Opening a bazaar at Chesterfield in aid of War Hospitals; same thing has been done thousands of times before. They're always having bazaars in England. But—this is different. The young Marquis behind the soda siphon is the son and heir of the Duke of Devonshire, who is the Governor-General of Canada, and when he came to Ottawa left his son behind—in khaki, you observe.

OBSERVE in this statuesque and splendid decorationist the portrait of a man who was too much under the thumb of his young wife. The man is Soukhomlinoff—accent on the "lin"—who at the time of the war's outbreak was Minister of War in Russia. In 1914 he was called the Russian Kitchener—oh, heavens! just the way we've talked about a lot of discards. And yet S—off was a big man; a good citizen; even Hamilton Fyfe of the London Daily Mail and of Lord Northcliffe liked him, although just now he is execrated by revolutionary Russia. And if he had not married a young wife this old warrior of 70 might have been still popular in Russia. But Madame S. was a young Jewess, second wife of the Minister, and a pro-German; moreover a spy, just as clever as the conjurress who was shot in France the other day. She set up a salon in Petrograd and she had a flock of admirers among the court crowd at Berlin. But for what she told Berlin, Belgium might never have been invaded. She wanted money, S. had to get it. When his money ran out she got more from—Berlin; giving in exchange the secrets of the Russian War Office. In fact, thanks to the sociability



ABOUT 50 years ago an eloquent Englishman, Rev. Morley Punshon, LL.D., stumped Canada in a series of uplifting lectures and so inspired a group of Toronto Methodists that they created the Metropolitan Church inside of a huge square with a high iron fence and a big tower. That cathedral of Canadian Methodism, for a long while the biggest Methodist church in the world, has had a long line of eminent preachers, including Dr. John Potts, Dr. Briggs, Hugh Johnston, Dr. Stafford, E. P. Bowles—please let none of the rest be envious at being left out. Some of these eminent divines were Irish or English; one of the most interesting of all was a Canadian—Ezra Stafford; and for many years the big church had a wealthy congregation, and they always had a great love for the big British preacher. So after a number of Canadians in the pulpit, and when the big church has been left far down town, the Rev. Trevor Davies, a Welshman, comes to the Metropolitan in 1917. He expects to like it. His first sermon was on the church, saying that God places every church just where it belongs—so, of course, the Metropolitan trustees can't possibly sell the site to a real estate company, even if they feel like doing it. The Welsh preacher and the new English organist make the Metropolitan Church—well, rather English, at least.

