

## The President Next Door

(Concluded from page 11.)

to Cape Horn—but the whole known world. What but a mentality of the fourth dimension ever could have said that?

We are reminded of One who said 2,000 years ago, "I am the Light of the World."

Observe also the intellectual preferences of the man. In a desire to sound the world in war-time, when the Cabinet's collective wisdom is as vain as that of Senator Stone's Committee on Foreign Relations, to whom does he

turn? Not to the Pacifier. No, first to himself, in solitude; then to that mystifying crony Col. House from Texas, whom he sent on a personal investigation of all the belligerent countries. Roosevelt dining Brooker T. Washington was absolutely obvious compared to this. In passing we note also that the day before the President announced to Congress that he had severed diplomatic relations with Germany, Col. House was at the White House.

Well, Hamlet had his Horatio.

Concerning the railway legislation last summer, a most unprecedented piece of pure action for a man of speculative character, we are told by critics that for days he had conferred with the Brotherhoods and ignored the corporate interests. They said it was pre-election. But what President of three dimensions ever used a special session of Congress to help him into a second term?

Subsequently—since his re-election he said, "Mere bigness of business is not a crime. Efficiency is the only check that may be put upon natural growth. Nor is it right to look with antagonism upon wealth when that wealth has been actually earned by business energy and sagacity."

may yet lead him into war has to do with most of the nations upon earth encamped under one flag.

So—Woodrow Wilson may have need of his fourth dimension.

### Musical Masons.

THE Masons of Toronto are organizing a choir of from 150 to 200 voices, each man being a Mason. Believing that the necessity for funds for helping returned heroes from the front is very urgent, the Masonic Order wants still further to help; and purpose giving a Grand Concert, perhaps two, in Massey Hall in April. From the conductor down, it will be a "labour of love." Some of the best professional soloists will be in the chorus, just to help perfect a grand organization. Besides "doing their bit" for our soldiers, music lovers of Toronto can look forward to a musical feast which does not come often, as the heart of every man will be in his voice. At the first practice, Wednesday of last week, 80 were present on a very short notice and indications point to 125 this week.

## The Mystery of the Willow Tree

(Continued from page 9.)

inspiration born of hatred and revenge."

We stood in silence for a moment. "Come, let us go back to New York," said Blake, languidly. "I think we can round up the rest of this case in another night. We have proved the crime and the motive. To identify the murderers of Henry Planz is our next undertaking. It looks difficult just now, Bradford, but we'll find a way. Anyhow, we'll sleep over it."

On the homeward journey and again in our rooms I endeavoured to chat with Blake in the old familiar way, but he was as unsociable as a tarantula, and, drawing the cloak of silence about him, he gave me to understand that he preferred to think rather than to talk. Knowing Rodney's moods as I did, I left him severely alone and went off to bed, while he sat in his big chair smoking like a chimney pot.

WHEN I departed for the office the next morning Blake was still asleep. All that day my mind was full of him and of the strange crime of the willow tree. A weird and fascinating case surely, and I longed for the close of my day's work that I might join my friend in another adventure of the night. I had dinner downtown, and at seven o'clock I turned the key to our Union Square abode.

Blake was stretched out at full length on the couch by the window, the inevitable cigarette between his thin, white lips. His eyes were half closed, but he soon opened them wide and stared at me.

"I say, Bradford, I've played a low-down trick on you, and I humbly apologize," Blake said softly.

"What is the matter?" I asked, rather astonished at his subdued manner.

"I'm not going out to-night, old man. There's nothing more to do in the Plaza case. I've finished it!"

"I never went near Wall Street to-day," he said, languidly. "Just 'phoned the office I was laid up with the gripe, and suggested that Haskins do my stunt. You see, that Willow Tree case got on my nerves to such an extent that I simply couldn't resist it. I couldn't rest easy waiting for to-night. So off I went to Newark before noon and got busy."

I sat down rather disgusted with Rodney, but deeply interested, of course, and then, lighting a pipe, I listened complacently to his story. "About two months ago," related



### CAN HE REMAIN ON THE TIGHT-ROPE?

A cartoon published when the submarine crisis became acute last June.  
—Norman Lindsay in Sydney Bulletin.

Up here in Canada we would call this self-contradiction something like plain politics. In Mr. Wilson it is far different. In him most things are different. Also ordinarily incomprehensible. But as Tennyson said:

"Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs

And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

One increasing purpose has been running for some time through the devious web of Mr. Wilson's public career. The thread is two-ply. One way it ties him to keep the United States out of war: that way for some time, ambition—to have been the world's mediator and gone down to history somewhat on a par with Lincoln who knew two Americans and made of them one. The other ply of the thread spun by the Fates in the Wilson web draws him to discover, to interpret, to embody the aspirations of the American people: that way to play a wider game than Lincoln—because the Civil War fused two peoples into one, whereas the peace for which Wilson yearned and which

Editor's Note:—In the second article of this series last week entitled Champ Clark's Bible Class, it was stated that Congressman Charlie Nicholls, of Detroit, was born in Canada. This is an error. Nicholls was born in Michigan, but came to Canada when he was a small boy and worked on Toronto newspapers before he went into newspaper work in Detroit.

## The Ultimate Verdict

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