

came in; let's try it."

"There's thousands of fur carts; we don't got to go to that one. And because I'm your Popper's second cousin is no reason why you got to be scared of your life to tell me anything. Are you in love?"

"How should I know? Come on; help me buy a muff. I'll go by what you say, 'cause nobody can beat you judging furs."

"Don't try to flatter me. You know it ain't nice to be so secretive. Deep you are like a river. The idear of your Popper letting you go traveling to Europe and back, alone, and meeting all kinds of Izzies, Ikies and Ignatzies on boats. I always told him he had no business to go to a reformed temple. He's been sitting with the women so long he's got the notion that anything they want to do is right."

"Papa has the right idea, Rosa, so there is no use in your raving. Come along; the muff hunt is now on."

Mrs. Samuels followed, scolding.

At the first pushcart laden with furs, Ethel demanded, "Have you a muff to match this fur on my cuffs?"

"Yiss, medam!"

BUT he had not, and neither had several others who answered as quickly and as positively, for muffs of the peculiar shade of her cuffs were scarce, and therefore every mendacious one of them strove mightily to convince her that she was totally colour-blind and that she would do infinitely better by leaving the matter to their keener eyes than by relying upon her own ignorant judgment or upon Mrs. Samuel's outspoken advice.

Finally, amongst a mass of furs ranging from plain cat to ermine, they found a muff that seemed to be just about right, though the guileful Ethel looked at all the others before she ventured to pick it up.

Then she measured her opponent with her eye.

He was dressed in a shabby pair of trousers, much too long; a faded and dusty sweater showed beneath his ragged overcoat and he wore a lambskin cap which was more remarkable for bare pelt than fur. His hands were soiled as well as chapped, and his swarthy, middle-aged face was ruddy with cold. It was a very shrewd face, typically Yiddish, and Ethel felt that if she could out-bargain this dealer she could congratulate herself.

"How much is this muff?" she asked, finally.

"Fifteen dollars, cheap! I make you the price, lady."

"Too much," Ethel turned definitely away.

"Fifteen dollars!" shrilled Rosa, "well, ain't he got a nerve! Ethel, we will go by somebody else; there's plenty more here."

"Waid! Make me a offer, lady. I em a poor man,

but I ain't tick headed," this with a glare at Rosa for interfering.

"I can't make prices for your goods. What is the least you'll take for it?"

"Make me a offer."

Ethel took another step away. "What's the price?"

"Vell, I giv it to you for ten dollars."

"No; that's too much."

"All ridd, take it for six dollars—so cheap I lose money."

HE seized the muff, displayed the lining, ruffed up the fur to show the pelt beneath; pulled out the fancy cord; swept his fingers through the tailed fringe and held it aloft with a grand flourish. "Anyveres else soch a moof costs dwenty-five dollers; least kelkulashun. A fine mink moof!"

"Don't you pay it, Ethel! Don't you pay it! For six dollars it couldn't be a mink. Six dollars is too much to pay for a fake. They paint the stripes on, positively! You never would dare take it out in the rain. Dontcha do it!"

"Paind!" shrieked the outraged furrier, "really mink gets called soch a names! I gif you my woid you wouldn't find annoder soch like dis a moof on Fift' Avenuh. Waid a minit, I don't like to see you go away ankry; I make it for you fife ninety-five!"

"I can't afford to pay that much, but I'll give you five dollars for it."

This was received with such scorn that it seemed that the only thing left to do was to look elsewhere. They started away, but before they had gone ten feet the muff was thrust into their faces. "Take it along wit' you for fife seventy-five, lady."

"Five dollars, she told you," interposed Rosa, afraid that Ethel would weaken.

The vendor's eye was alight with such a fairly hypnotic gleam that Ethel felt herself being influenced and stiffened her resolution. "Five only, and that is too much, because it is too fancy. It has too many tails."

"Too meny! It couldn't got too meny! Every-buddy's kent get nuff tailses on the moofs. You gotta have it plenty tailses und clawsces."

"Isch ka bibble. I want a nice plain one; and the fur must be thicker—see, this one is very thin."

"Vat? dis ain'd t'in; look how t'ick it iss!"

"No; I don't like fancy things."

"Vell, a plain von iss easy." He lifted up his voice and called:

"Oh, Herman! Commere onct!"

A young man whose back had been turned and who had been talking to the proprietor of another pushcart, came hurrying up, steadying a load of fur scarf pieces thrown over his shoulder with one hand and grasping a brown muff with the other.

The dealer took the muff from him. Ethel was too busy re-examining the fur in her hand to look up, but heard him say, "Herman, bring down some more brown moofs, kervick!"

She heard a creaking side door open and feet go clattering up some bare stairs and then forgot the muffs to come for the one out of the second man's hand was precisely what she wanted.

THEY began to bargain again. The price had been forced down to the four dollar and a half mark and was sticking these while Rosa vehemently declared that it was too much by fifty cents and Ethel agreed when the young man returned.

He still bore his load of scarves and his hands were full of brown muffs. "Would this one do, Madam?" he enquired, stepping up to Ethel.

They looked at each other for the first time.

"You! Here?" they both exclaimed at once and stopped.

Ethel was seized by that swift embarrassment which renders its victims all but imbeciles. She felt herself blushing scarlet and was furiously angry with herself for doing so. She must show him that he had not made her do it, and that though she might blush like a rose, she could still be mistress of herself. She haughtily reared her head and Herman, equally shaken by surprise, of course, misunderstood.

Two new customers were demanding attention. In his embarrassment he turned to serve them, and the older man brought Ethel's attention back to the muff. "Four fifty is the best price I can make for you, lady."

"I'll take it." Before Rosa could protest she had paid for it and was moving away.

"Oh what a dappes! What did you do that for? You could just as well have had that fifty cents yourself if you had not been in a hurry. Now he is laughing at you for a easy mark. Four-fifty for that, in the Ghetto! You could'a done better. Did you know that young feller?"

Ethel ignored the question, but defended herself as well as she could with a divided mind, for her thoughts were back with the furrier's assistant and her steps lagged as she thought. Rosa was still berating her when she felt a hand on her arm.

It was Herman. He still carried his deforming mantle of scarves and he was a little out of breath from hurrying to catch them. "Miss Maurice—I don't want to let you go away without speaking to me. I never expected to see you in this part of town."

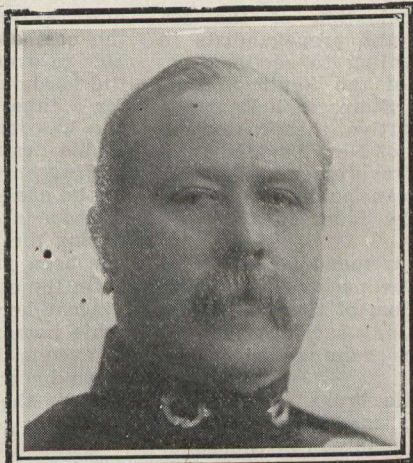
"On the ship, you let me think that you were well off," she remarked, coldly, while Rosa stared.

"You are angry about the pushcart! You don't

(Continued on page 15.)



COL. H. M. RUTTAN.
D. O. C. Military District 10; formerly
Lieut.-Col. 90th, of Winnipeg, and
Brigadier 20th Infantry Brigade.



THE LATE COL. J. W. O'GRADY.
The C. O. of the 90th Winnipeg Rifles,
died after his regiment went to Val-
cartier. One son wounded, one missing.



LIEUT.-COL. DUCHARME.
Officer Commanding the 13th Winnipeg
Battery of Field Artillery. He has no
superstitions about 13.



LIEUT.-COL. C. F. BLANCHARD.
Very worthy successor to the late Col.
O'Grady, in command of the 90th Win-
nipeg Rifles.

HOW WINNIPEG WENT TO WAR

By AIME ANDERSON PERRY

WINNIPEG went to war with the same energy that she puts into boosting business, city-building and even general elections. Winnipeg does most things with a bang. When the politics-machine went out of gear over the Parliament Buildings affair, it made a huge noise, and frankly went almost the limit. When the people got together on August 6, they handled the machine politicians with the energy of a Gen. Mackensen marching through Poland.

So when Winnipeg went to war she took hold with a vim. With a population of 225,000, of whom not less than 50,000 are of alien birth, and on whom, therefore, she cannot count as material for recruiting, she has already sent in Overseas contingents to European battlefields some 7,500 men, and is preparing to send 4,800 more, when the call comes. The first contingent from Winnipeg numbered 3,400 men, but since it was despatched drafts, detachments or reinforcements have gone forward of well over 4,000 men.

The total of 7,500 was made up of the 90th Rifles, one of the oldest Winnipeg regiments; the 106th Light Infantry, the 100th Grenadiers, the 79th Highlanders, the Fort Garry Horse, the 27th Battalion, the 32nd Battalion, the 43rd Battalion, Lord Strathcona Horse, the Princess Patricia's and reinforcements, Artillery, Army Medical Corps; Army Service Corps, Field Ambulance, Veterinary Corps, Machine Gun Crew, Engineers, Motor Drivers and Cyclists.

From the first, recruiting has been brisk in Winnipeg. Many of the regiments going with the first draft were recruited to their full strength within a few days of the outbreak of war. No stimulus such as posters or public appeals has been resorted to since, and there yet appears no shortage of men. It is probably true of Winnipeg, as of other parts of Canada, that a very large proportion of those first offering themselves for enlistment were British born, but, as the editor of the Courier has repeatedly

pointed out, this fact bears no special significance, except that to the British born the call naturally came loudest and clearest at the beginning. Canadians, reared and educated for generations in an environment of peace, responded rather more slowly, but the response has not been less satisfactory. On the contrary, as time has passed and the need has become plainer, there has been an ever increasing proportion of native-born Canadians enlisting, and this is as true of Winnipeg as elsewhere. Indeed, after the orders for forces for the Second Contingent reached Winnipeg, the recruiting depots had difficulty in handling all the men presenting themselves, and the lately published lists of Canadian casualties, showing that already over 10,000 of our men have fallen in battle, have only served as a greater stimulus than ever to enlistment.

Already, too, Winnipeg regiments and men at the front have established a high record of bravery for emulation by the regiments and men to follow. The 106th, of Winnipeg, was part of the now famous