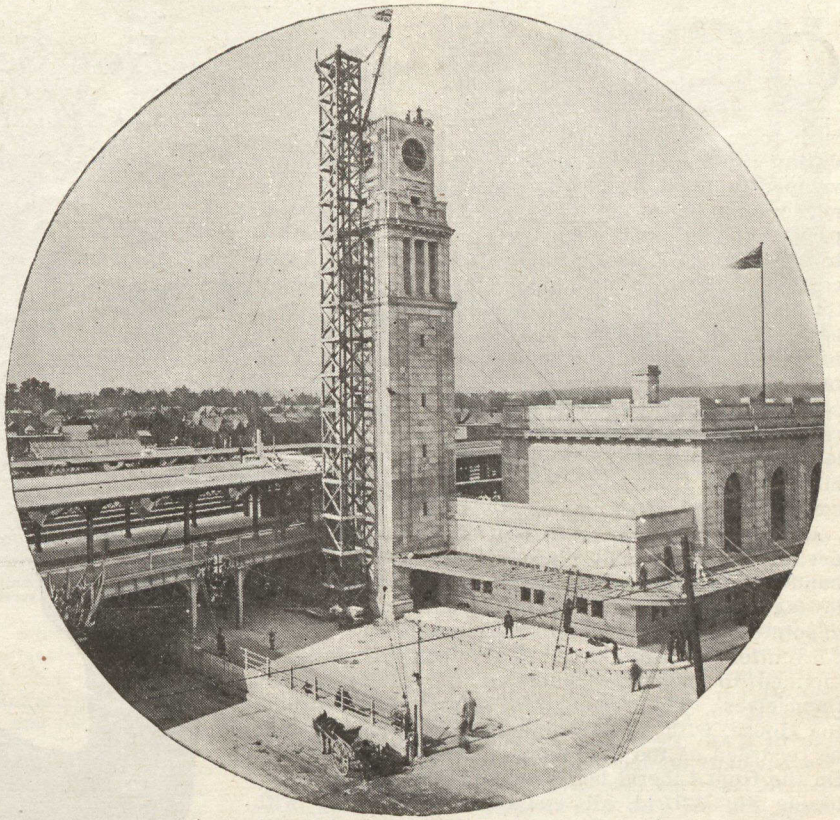


HOW TORONTO MOVES NORTHWARD

THE northerly trend of Toronto's growth has shifted the centre of population so far from the old down-town areas that the Canadian Pacific Railway has for some years been operating a Montreal and Ottawa passenger service from North Toronto, using an ordinary small station for the offices and accommodation of passengers. Now, however, not only have these up-town tracks been lifted onto a costly viaduct, allowing the street traffic to pass beneath the tracks, but a handsome depot in keeping with the city's dignity has been erected, as is shown in the accompanying illustration. Yonge Street, Toronto, most important north and south artery, used to cross the C. P. R. tracks on the level, but now passes through a handsome wide subway close beside the new station. C. P. R. officials claim that more and more traffic is coming by way of North Toronto, from the Union Depot.

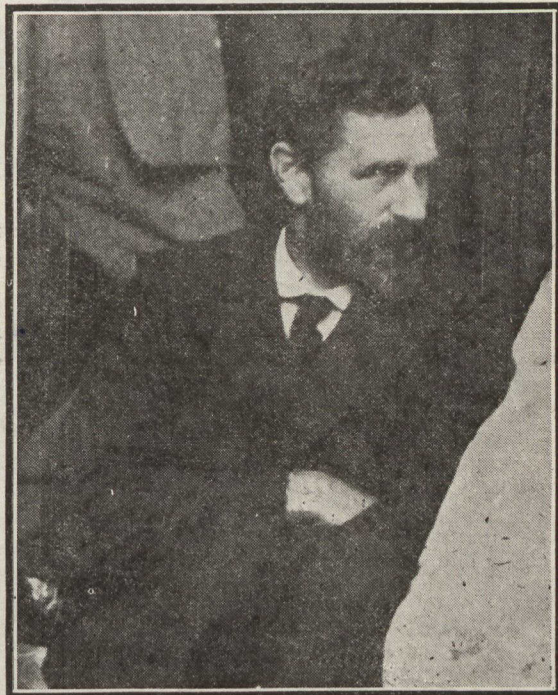


"Why say, Mr. Flanagan, I got the idea from you that them people were hard to sell. Why, sir, they're the easiest I ever struck—cinches! Anybody that couldn't sell them ought to take a correspondence (Continued on page 20.)

One Way to Stop It

A True Story from the Rural Parts, Vouched for by a Clergyman

HIRAM and Reuben drove into town from opposite directions on a recent Saturday night, and happened to meet in the hotel shed as they were tying up their horses.



A striking photograph of Sir Roger Casement, condemned to death for high treason last week in London; taken just before he left Ireland for Germany prior to the Sinn Fein outbreak. In his speech to the court he claimed that Ireland had as much right to self-government as people had to sunlight and flowers. He claimed that his work among the Irish prisoners in Germany was for the purpose of organizing against Ulster. He maintained that he had not been tried by a jury of his (Irish) peers. The case is to be carried from the decision of the Supreme Court to the Court of Criminal Appeals, and may eventually reach the House of Lords.

Shaking hands Hiram inquired: "How's all your folks?"

"Fine," answered Reuben. "How's all your care?"

"Middlin'—just middlin'," said Hiram.

Naturally the talk started with the wet weather, the late seeding and the scarcity of help. Then, as was to be expected, it just as naturally drifted to the war.

Hiram was in a critical state of mind; he was not satisfied with the way things were going.

"There's no use talkin'," he argued, "them fellas that's managin' this here war ain't big enough for the job. That's what. Why don't they do somethin' worth while? If they don't get a move on soon the Germans is goin' to get the best of us."

Hiram was getting warmed up, and a few others who had driven into the shed stopped to listen. He told them what the Allies should do and what they should not do.

"But, man," said Reuben, "I'll grant it ain't goin' to be easy to lick the Germans, because no matter how many's killed, there's more comin' along to take their places—just a steady stream of men. Why, the missus was readin' in the paper the other day that there's a German born with every tick of the clock. That's why they've got lots of men. Think of it, boys"—Reuben flourished his right hand and laid special emphasis on the words, "every time the clock ticks a German is born."

An impressive silence followed.

"There you have it," broke in Hiram. "By Gosh! that's just it"—getting more excited—"now, what I want to know is—why the h—l don't the Allies get to work and stop the clock?"

Reuben chewed a match ruminatingly, and then said slowly, as the simplicity of the thing dawned on him, "Well, now—I never thought of that."

"He Bude to Gang Wi' the Lave"

MY hin'maist laddie—I'd buried twa—
An' sair had I fouchen to save
This ane that was left from death's grim jaw,
That he mightna' gang wi' the lave.

God heard my prayer; an' he grew a man,
Weel doin', an' bonnie, an' brave;
An' I wanted for nought, yet aye noo an' then
I droppit a tear for the lave.

Syne the war time cam' wi' its ca' for recruits,
An' my laddie said—quiet-like an' grave—
"Noo, mither, dinna greet, but just let's see my buits,
For I bude tae gang wi' the lave."

The Almighty kens best, an' I boo to His will;
He has ta'en awa' that which He gave;
But those hin'maist words—I can hear him say still—
Just—"I bude tae gang wi' the lave."

G.

"He bude to gang wi' the lave" means in English, "He chose to go along with the others,"—Editor.

like. The jewelry business nowadays is mostly full of Jews and I bet you none of them never heard of this here possum. We should worry what people call us. But as a favour to me, Mister, please don't get Putzman so mad that he busts on me."

"Aw, now, Mr. Putzman! Don't be peevish. Let's be friends. I never meant no harm—honest I never." He paused and smiled infectiously. "Just leave the order at seven dozen, like I said, and I'll never say a word about the possum business. Say, just to show you that I'm a good fellow—"

Jake had pricked up his ears and fixed his partner with a baleful eye. "Seven dozen what? Say, Moe, have you been butting in on the buying again? I thought the buyer of this firm was me. What right have you got to be giving orders over my head?"

"Jake," rasped Putzman, in tones of awful dignity, "are you the senior partner here or am I the junior? You got no right butting in. If I give Flanagan, Einstein & O'Laughlin an order, it stands. I guess I got something to say in this matter. If I order seven dozen, why we get seven dozen, and let's now hear no more about it. Good-morning, Mr. Adler, see that we get those goods right away. I maybe might want to re-order on them." He sat rolling his eyes and puffing out his yellow cheeks at Jake like a fat frog sitting on a lily pad.

KARLOFF took a long breath. "My Gawd, Moe! You better take another vacation! You're getting childish, and what's worse, you're getting fresh. Just because I let you come down and make a bluff at being on the job is no sign I'm going to stand for everything. You quit buying." He brandished his arms to lend emphasis to his words. "K-w-i double t, quit! Now, Mr. Adler, consider your order cancelled and go."

"Mr. Adler!" shouted Moe, "make that order twelve dozen assorted, gold and filled."

"Yes, sir, thank you," Adler started for the door. Jake sprang after him. "Look here, I say cancel the whole order. I do the buying around this place."

"Jake, you're making a unholy show out of us. I'm senior here and I want them bracelets."

"Why? What for do you want them all of a sudden?"

Moe was nonplussed for a second, but Adler sprang into the breach right gallantly.

"What for, did you say, Mr. Karloff? Why because every other jobbing-house in the country has got them, Mr. Karloff. Because they're the biggest sellers in the world. Because the public can't get enough of them and is all the time hollering for more. And because"—here he paused impressively after each word, "there is going to be, or I should say there is, a terrible scarcity. Why, we can't get the movements over any more. Y'know we import 'em all from Switzerland, and all them Swissers have gone to the front. Of course that leaves nobody home to do the work but the women, and they're snowed in for five years to come already."

"The keen man of business, Mr. Karloff, turns in and gets a big stock, don't he? Putzman & Karloff need to be prepared, don't they? Ain't it the proudest firm that reaps the harvest? Um, say!" Mr. Adler smacked his lips as if the said harvest were good to eat.

Karloff seemed to be impressed with all this. He looked at Putzman. "How many did you have the nerve to order on me?"

"Only seven dozen, Jake."

"Moe, you are a borned piker. Seven dozen ain't no order. You should have made it twelve dozen."

Jake obviously ordered exactly the number he had just cancelled.

Moe veered like a weathervane. "Seven dozen is plenty. Suppose we get stuck with them!" He shivered. "Don't be a plunger in war times."

"It's a cinch I couldn't do much plunging—with a partner like you—always sitting on the brake. Here, Adler, lemme O. K. that order. Twelve dozen now, for 'mediate delivery."

"I wouldn't consent! Make it seven dozen, Mr. Adler, please," entreated Putzman.

"Kooch! Shut up, Moe."

"I changed my mind. Watch bracelets we don't need. They are only a mushroom fad. Cancel the order, young feller, and quit taking up my time."

Karloff took Adler's arm and led him toward the door. "Give us a thirty-day dating and get out before my partner gets appleplexy."

Archie proceeded buoyantly to the office of Flanagan, Einstein & O'Laughlin. Mr. Flanagan received him with a very marked lack of warmth.

"Well?"

"Putzman & Karloff ordered twelve dozen bracelet watches, assorted styles and prices, in gold and filled for immediate delivery," said Adler, endeavouring not to distend his chest too much.