

CIRCUMSTANCES

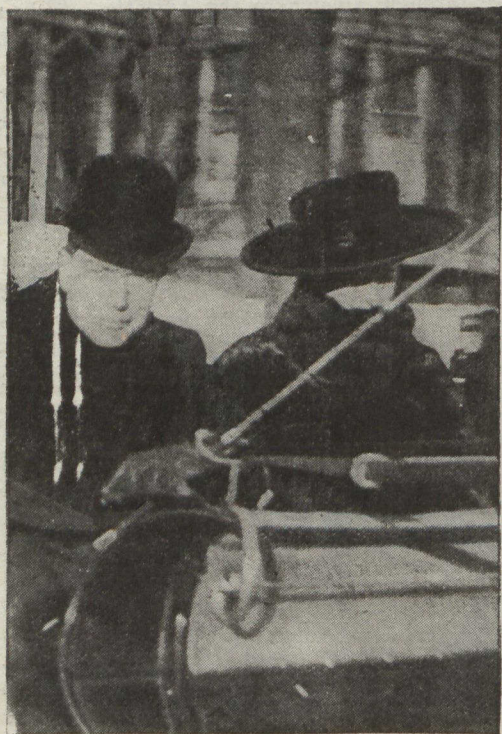
ALTER cases, as we all know. In these photographs circumstances and cases have got oddly mixed up. But it all comes out right in the imagination that really rules the roost.



ENGLAND in 1918 recognizes government which in 1914 she never dreamed would exist. The man who represents Bolsheviki, Trotsky & Co., in their grand turn of Quit-off and Repudiation is Maxim Litvinoff. A diplomatic conversation between Mr. Litvinoff and Hon. Arthur Balfour, Foreign Secretary would be the nearest thing to a seance between a tiger and a greyhound we can ever imagine.

OLD gentleman with the grip is not going to the poorhouse. No, he has performed the unimaginable feat of discovering the same gold mine twice in one lifetime. Away back in '64 Dave Weaver, of Saxon, Pa., first located his mine in Montana. A band of Cherokees drove him out. Four months ago when the Indians were all dead he went and dug up that mine.

MAJOR NIVEN, of the P.P.C.L.I., has just the hard, grim glint in his eyes that you would expect in a man who has seen his battalion practically wiped out half a dozen times. The first big engagement Major Niven was in put 985 men and officers out of action. He got the D. S. O. for his conduct in that engagement. Lately he has been touring the Eastern States for the Canadian Recruiting Mission.



HERE'S a real Rockefeller romance—that challenge imagination. John D., Jr., had no coal-bin—because his mansion is usually heated by a central plant. The heating-plant ran out of coal. So he decided to burn oil. But alas! so very different from the five foolish virgins who had lamps but no oil, John D., Jr., had the oil but he couldn't get oil stoves.



MR. TROTSKY if you please! His real name is Bernstein. Three years ago he was the editor of a racy little red-rag in a top room in New York. Now he will teach the world how to be ruled by the masses. Mr. Lenine, the Premier, is a quiet soul compared to the Foreign Minister, who thinks he knows what Russia wants, because illiterate Russia doesn't know herself. How long will he last?

YOU fancy the little Quebec City chevalier near St. John's Gate, looking at the first train that comes over the great Quebec Bridge and saying to himself that when he is big he will be either a railway president or a soldier.



KNOWING the astute parliamentary tactics of Hon. W. H. Pugsley, can you imagine him now the polite and ceremonious Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick? No more political strategy for him. He will keep open house in his own home for New Brunswick which always concedes that privilege to the Governor, not caring to make a little king of the Governor, but preferring to keep him a citizen. This photograph of Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Pugsley was taken on the occasion of a skating party given by His Excellency the Duke of Devonshire at Rideau Hall. And it is remembered that in Parliament Dr. Pugsley used to do fancy skating.



WHEN these four Winnipeg firemen who helped to put out the great fire in the Enderton Block recently begin to sing what will they sing? Remember that Winnipeg has a sense of humor—always. If this quartette of human icicles were Toronto firemen they would naturally sing about ice and snow. Being Winnipeggers they are going to sing, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny."