

# CANADIAN COURIER

Parliamentary Library  
36851

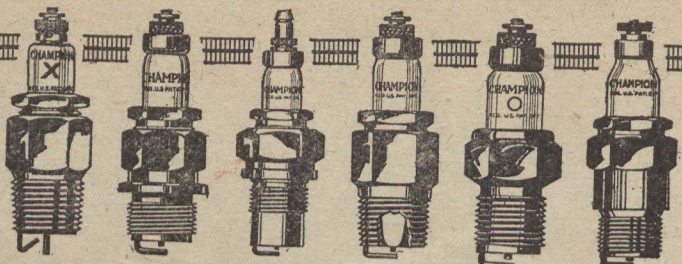
Vol. XXII.

No. 11

FIVE CENTS

August 11, 1917





"X" for Ford \$ .75  
 Regular for Maxwell \$1.00  
 Long for McLaughlin \$1.00  
 Conical for Studebaker \$1.00  
 "O" for Overland \$1.00  
 Heavy Stone High Powered Cars. \$1.25

**Guaranteed Spark Plugs For Every Make of Car**

No matter what make of car you are driving there is a type of Champion Spark Plug that has been specially developed for your motor under the most exacting road conditions, that a plus efficiency may be assured for every emergency.



**Dependable Spark Plugs**

are equipment on all new Ford, Maxwell, Overland, Studebaker and over one hundred other makes of automobiles. The manufacturers have selected them because exhaustive tests have proved that the Champions designed for their motors give the maximum of efficiency and satisfaction.

Any Auto Supply dealer or garage can supply you. Be certain that "Champion" is on the porcelain—it guarantees—"Complete satisfaction to the user—Free Repair—Replacement or Money Back."



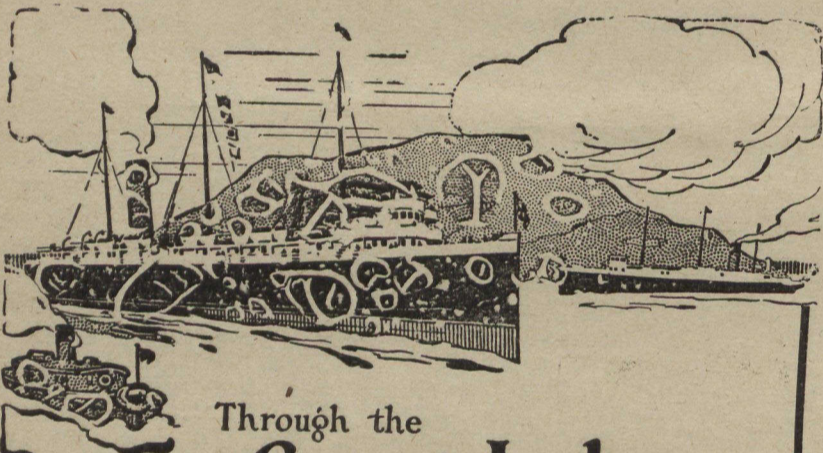
Heavy Duty Medium Powered Cars. \$1.00



Priming Plug \$1.25

Champion Spark Plug Co. of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ont.

12



Through the **Great Lakes**

On Clyde-built Canadian Pacific Steamships

**A delightful diversion in a cross-continent journey**

This route traverses Georgian Bay, crosses Lake Huron, passes through the locks of Saulte Ste. Marie, and thence sails the length of grand old Lake Superior, famed for its rugged headlands and romantic scenery.

No ocean-going steamships have more luxurious accommodations than those of the

**Canadian Pacific Railway GREAT LAKES STEAMSHIP SERVICE**

Steamship Express leaves Toronto 2.00 p.m. Wednesdays and Saturdays, making direct connection at Port McNicoll.

Full particulars from Canadian Pacific Ticket Agents, W. B. HOWARD, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

**Have You Read EDGAR ALLAN POE ?**

If not, you have missed the Prince of Short Story Writers, who also originated the vogue of the detective story. Sir Conan Doyle admitted that the inspiration for Sherlock Holmes came from Poe's Tales.

You can have a Complete Set of this Famous American Author—Stories, Poems and Essays—in 5 neat cloth volumes, good type and paper, with engraved frontispieces—The "Tamerlane Edition." While they last at only **\$1.50**

**UNIVERSITY BOOK COMPANY**  
 181 Simcoe Street - Toronto

**TRUE ECONOMY**



**DEMANDS THE USE OF MORE**

**PURITY FLOUR**

There is more actual food value in ONE POUND OF PURITY FLOUR than there is in One Pound of Beef, One Pound of Potatoes and One Pound of Milk COMBINED.

The truly economical housewife must take advantage of this great strength in PURITY FLOUR over other food substances by serving more frequently the delicious bread and rolls, toothsome, dainty cakes and crisp, mouth-melting pastry which are among the possibilities of this perfectly milled product of the world-famous Western Canada wheat.

\* \* \* \* \*

**The Purity Flour Cook Book**

180 pages of the latest information on the culinary art. Reviewed and approved by the DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT of the MACDONALD COLLEGE, and furnishing tried and economical instructions on all dishes for all meals. A GENERAL PURPOSE HOUSEWIFE'S REFERENCE BOOK.

Mailed postpaid to any address for 20 cents.

**WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS COMPANY, LIMITED**

TORONTO . . . WINNIPEG

234

**That Boy of Yours**

is anxious to make extra pocket money, but does not know of a local job he can secure for Saturdays.

We solve the problem; we have the job. All the boy does is to claim it and go to work.

The work is made easy by our new method. We show the boy (or any one) how to go about getting subscribers to Canadian Courier. The instructions are so plain a boy can follow them.

**Help the Boy**

Your moral support back of the boy will mean much to his first efforts. Back this up with the help we can give, and success to the boy will mean a start in life towards money making.

Our terms are most liberal; a reasonable wage is guaranteed to every boy worker. Write to

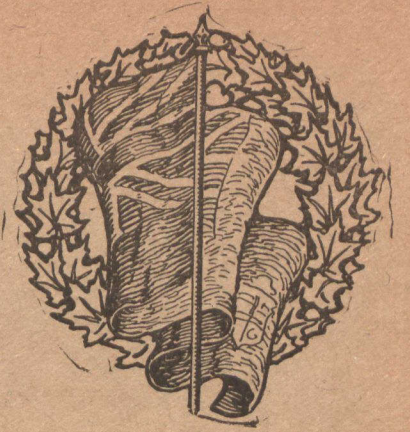
SALES MANAGER, CANADIAN COURIER,  
 181 SIMCOE ST., TORONTO.



# CANADIAN COURIER

Vol. XXII. No. 11

August 11, 1917



Published at 181 Simcoe St., Toronto, by the Courier Press, Limited. Subscription Price: Canada and Great Britain, \$2.00 per year; postage to United States, \$1.00 per year; other foreign postage, \$1.50 per year. **IMPORTANT:** Changes of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must be given. **CANCELLATIONS** We find that most of our subscribers prefer not to have their subscriptions interrupted in case they fail to remit before expiration. While subscriptions will not be carried in arrears over an extended period, yet unless we are notified to cancel, we assume the subscriber wishes the service continued.

## HODGE AND THE HAYSTACK

**D** ID you think Hodge had gone off to a summer resort? Not at all. We've been waiting for the hay season. And that's late this year. Some of the hay is still going in.

The last we said about Hodge, the reformed stock-broker, he was getting in his spring crops on the farm that he reclaimed from his family connections. He had four hired men, you remember, all from the city, whom he broke in at manure-hauling, hoeing and seeding.

He has two of them left. They are both as hard in the muscles and as long in the wind as Hodge himself. And the way he put those city-bred reformees through the hay season was a revelation even to Hodge. He had so much hay that the surplus after jamming the hay-barns had to go into the stack pictured on this page. That stack, as you see, is well made. It's a real prize stack. Hodge built it. He studied that in his leisure hours. His idea was that hay should be conserved.

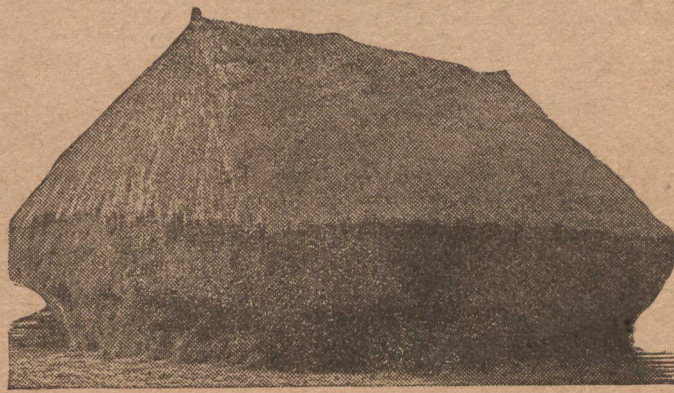
But while that hay was coming off neither Hodge nor either of his hirelings thought much about hay-conservation. They damned the hay. It was a terrific crop. Weeks of rain had made every hayfield a jungle. When the hot hay weather came, it was the law of the jungle against Hodge and his gang.

And for a while it looked as though the jungle would win. You are interested in this hay, because it is one of the few things that people are raising just now that you can't possibly eat; and because that haystack represents a large wad of money.

The average of Hodge's crop, mixed clover and timothy, was about two and a half tons to the acre. This may not mean much to you offhand. That's why we want to interest you. Imagine yourself one of these 90-odd Fahrenheit days in Hodge's boots, shirt and trousers, and cow-bite hat. You will suddenly become cool as a cucumber wherever you may be, thinking of the gigantic miseries of this sweat-gang.

We said that two of Hodge's city hirelings had left him. Yes, it was the vision of the hay that did it. They wilted at the idea and went back to the city to beat up food-saving conventions and talk to the women about thrift and the canning problem. They reverted to the linen collar, the concealed braces, and the panama. Their name is Anathema Maranatha. Hodge in his anger called them much worse before he paid their wages. They do not like Hodge. They never will again. He is to them a terrifying persistence in primeval energy.

With the two that were left—we'll call them Tom and Dave, without reference to their surnames—Hodge went at the hay. We pass over the mowing, tedding and raking. All these are little machine chores that can be done by any woman or boy. The real test to the Hodge gang came in the hauling. If we wanted to paint the miseries of the Hodge gang we should say that they pitched on the hay by hand, as most farmers do who can't afford the luxury of hay-loaders. But Hodge believed in machinery. He had about 80 tons of hay to harvest, and he had no desire to commit murder. So with the two men that were left he scrimmaged against time and weather to fill the barns, two men on a load in the field and



By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

one man to finish rolling it away in the mows as the wagon went back for the next load.

We pass over that. It was a strenuous business, but there was worse to come. Hodge foresaw it. There was at least twelve tons that no barn would hold. That twelve tons must be stacked. And there was no time to rig up a horse-fork on a derrick to unload that. The twelve tons must be unloaded in the old-fashioned way—by hand.

Which is precisely all we want to describe here. The three men had a fairly easy time loading up with the carrier-machine. They found the climax when it came to getting the hay off the wagon on to the stack. The first few loads were not so bad. They rolled down hill on to the pole stack-bottom, and one man did it while the other hireling shoved it over to Hodge, who laid the stack.

By noon of that day the stack had got wagon-load high. And there were still six loads to haul. Hodge hid the thermometer. It was one of those 98-in-the-shade days. But Hodge's hay-stack was not in the shade. It had its place in the sun. And so far as can be estimated the temperature round the blunt ends of those fork-handles was something like 115 Fah.

Also there were suspicious signs of a thunderstorm creeping up from the West that made the hay-stack all the more interesting, and it cut the noon spell down to 50 minutes instead of an hour.

"Phew!" said Dave, as he stood in a cloud of grasshoppers.

"Second the motion," said Tom, not daring to fan himself with his hat for fear he would get sunstruck on the bald place.

"What motion?" asked Hodge, as he yanked up the neck-yoke of the team.

"That we can't finish that stack before the deluge," said one of them rebelliously.

**H**ODGE pranced over to the two of them. He had tried their faithfulness and had not yet found them wanting in the heat. They had kept on their feed and stuck to the scrimmage day in and day out. Hodge was proud of them. His energy campaign had made men of these pot-waisted desk slaves. He had no desire to see them fail in the supreme test. That six loads sweltering in the windrows yonder and yet to be heaved up on the stack for the thatch to go

on, was the thing that could try them out.

"All I would say," spat Hodge in a conciliatory vein, "is—the hell we can't!"

"I quite agree," sighed Tom. "It's hell to try."

"Well, you can take turn-about pitching off," said Hodge. "It's the pitch-up that will bash you if anything does."

Then he offered to pitch off all the loads himself, if either of the two would finish the stack.

"It's only a case of drawing it in gradually," he said. "Anybody can do it. I'll see that you keep it right. We can unload on either side alternately. Is it a go?"

They said it was.

"It's up to you, Hodge," they agreed.

"And that won't bother me," said the man grimly. But you'll have to move lively on the top, and don't roll any hay back on the wagon." Away they went.

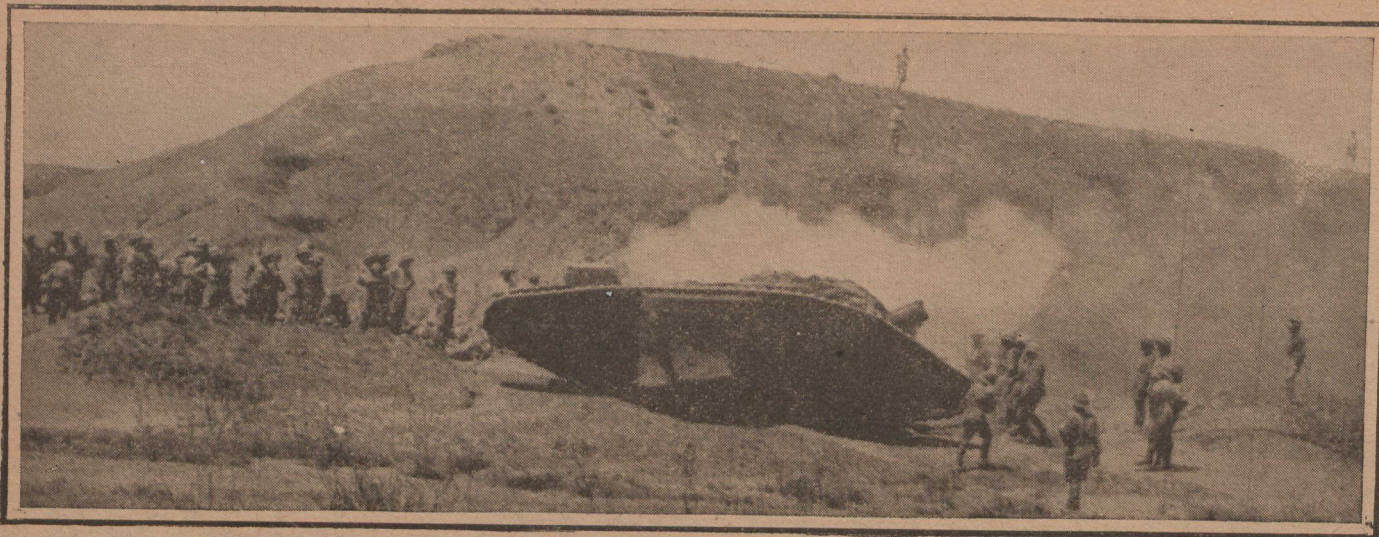
**Y**OU who make a bee-line by habit for the shady side of a street or don't know what it is to get to a street-car without a canopy of soft maples over you, will never know just what Hodge went through that afternoon. He had a burdock leaf in his hat. The burdock wilted on top. He had a bandana in his hip pocket. It was soaked from the sweat that oozed through his trousers. He kept his shirt open in front. But rivers of sweat poured down from his hair, his forehead, his eyes, over his nose, round his mouth—down and down. His socks were dry cashmere. By the fourth load that afternoon they were soaked through and through. His shirt, which at noon had been a clean one, became a wet mass before the second load was off. Dark patches of ooze showed through the legs of his overalls.

Hodge was a palpitating mass of perspiration. The temperature of his face would have poached an egg. Even his hands sweated in the wind, and his sunburnt arms were wet at the joints.

The fork-handle he had was a good stick of white-ash. Hodge bent it at every upheaving forkful like a sapling in a gale. When he yanked a lift from one of those loads it left a hole in the hay, and rolled up on the sloping side of the sunbaked stock, whipped over against the wind and lay there till the man on the top slid it away.

He was fifty and over. He had whopped manure from sun to sun and followed the horses on the hump, but never in all his resurrecting farm energies had he found out what it was to be a boiling cauldron of human energy, heaving that hay as though the war would be lost if he didn't beat out the storm; hoping to heaven the storm would break and wishing again that it wouldn't. Or if only some caretaking cloud would poke a hand over the face of that oven-sizzling sun; or some wind would sneak around from the far side of the stack.

The house gong called supper. Hodge paid no heed. Those other two renegades might suffer the pangs of famine if they had to. They had said it was up to him. He put the hay up to them—and he kept them on the hump until the sun went down and the cows came up, and the grasshoppers began to change off in the orchestra to the evening crickets.



OUR British "tank" has done its work on the Russian front in 1917. It is here seen at the gates of Gaza, that Samson once carried away when the Philistines thought they had him. The "tank" has seemed to amuse those Germans sometimes, but it has not amused the Turks, who are letting the Bagdad end of the Berlin-Bagdad dream go into the hands of Britain.

## BULLDOZE, BUNKUM & CO.

By THE EDITOR

**B**ULLDOZE, BUNKUM & CO. have now been in business three years in competition with the world. The head office of this remarkable corporation is Berlin; branches in all countries. Business for 1916-1917 has been phenomenal. There are certain conditions in Germany that cause this business to go ahead at the expense of all others. And there are conditions in the world at large that make it possible to extend business, no matter what happens.

This firm are now entering their fourth year in competition with the world, and they have most of the world in open hostility to them. Three years ago they were "hacking a way through" Belgium with the intention of setting up a branch office of Bulldoze, Bunkum & Co in Paris, with another in London, a third in St. Petersburg, a fourth in New York—after which the rest of the world wouldn't matter, because no other known combination of national energies could possibly turn out that class of goods so cheaply.

In that three years events have happened to restrict the operations of this remarkable company to what is known as Middle Europe, with a possible extension eastward into Russia. It has been found necessary to create an exclusive demand for their goods in this area. The result is that 120,000,000 people, besides the Turks and the Bulgars, are now taking Bulldoze, Bunkum & Co.'s entire output. And the more they get the more they seem to want. And as long as this firm with head offices at Berlin can work their monopoly on the Central Empires, they can persuade themselves to believe that the rest of the world has no right to interfere with their business.

However, the rest of the world has decided to confine the operations of B. B. & Co. to the countries mentioned, if possible. It is recognized that the kind of goods they manufacture has a peculiar quality of creating a demand for itself in all countries, so long as millions of people scattered all over the world could act as selling agents under the firm-name of Espionage. It is gradually realized that the extension of this business has become a menace to the entire world—in the same class as any kind of crime, pestilence or disease, capable of spreading among people who are not immune to its operations.

Fighting off this world pestilence has organized the world as it never was before. With three years of organized fighting this world menace at a cost of hundreds of millions of dollars a day, the part of the world that desires decent human living on this planet has several times been offered what is called peace. The offer has been persistently refused, because it is realized that to stop fighting the plague now is as foolish as to stop fighting a fire while the embers are still alive in the ashes.

So the world enters the fourth year of the world-wide struggle determined as it never was before to go on with the fight to the end of the job. In so doing the league of free peoples understands that the fight is far from being over.

In looking forward to what is to come we all realize that to get Germanism to mind its own business has become a bigger contract than ever it seemed during any part of the three years since 1914. There is no longer a danger that the German will dominate the world, so long as the world decides not to be dominated. There is always a danger that the rest of the world, being less efficiently organized under one management than the firm at Berlin, will let up somewhere now and then sufficiently to give Germany time to get a fresh footing. This has been done very often. It is still going on. The disruption of Russia is the greatest trouble in this connection. Russia, however, has enacted the greatest revolution of modern times with less anarchy than any

great social upheaval ever known in the world. There are strong minds enough in Russia at the head of affairs in both army and state to hold the unorganized, anarchistic nubocracy in restraint. Russia is making herself, stupidly, slowly, blunderingly—but in the main magnificently. And as long as she keeps along that road Russia will have got enough out of the war to more than pay her for all the war has cost on that end. We don't forget that the war technically started with Russia, over the Balkan mess. And we shall not likely forget that Russia owes the rest of the right-thinking world as much as she does herself for her means of coming out right in the end. As long as Russia will live up to the debt she owes herself, the rest of us will be satisfied.

France was the second immediate cause of the war. France has paid a greater price than any other country for this fact. In helping France, the Anglo-Saxon world feels itself under a terrible and tragic compliment. Through France England was to have been ruined across the Channel. In helping to save France we are saving ourselves. And three years ago now our First Hundred Thousand was getting ready to land for the performance of that help. In three years we have helped to make the capture of Paris and the occupation of the coast alike impossible.

In helping Belgium, which has been stated a thousand times as our chief reason for going to war, we have provided ourselves with a moral principle for which we shall never be either ashamed or sorry. And in the restoration of Belgium, along with that of France, we shall find the one most inspirational reward.

With Italy we have less direct concern. We owe Italy, however, all the help we can give her for having given Austria a constantly weakening job. Italy might have remained in the Triple Alliance, in which case the war might have been over by now, badly for us.

Thousands of miles from Europe, we have to do now with the latest partner in this world business of putting Berlin where she belongs. Had the United States gone to war when the Lusitania was sunk there might have been a different tune to Bulldoze, Bunkum & Co. in 1917. But there were endless reasons why that great nation chose to stay out until April, 1917. And the reasons when she went in against Germany were precisely those that in May, 1915, could have driven her in on the side of the crowd that was clearing up the world for the sake of all free peoples. The United States had the right to the freedom of the seas. She is now asserting that right, which ever since the war began the navy of Great Britain has been helping to give her. In the four months since April 2, the United States has done a great deal. In the year that is to come she will do vastly more.

**A**ND vastly more remains to be done. How much more can only be realized as we understand Germany's capacity for continuing the war. Germany can hold out much longer than any of the prophets so far have admitted—because she is willing to pay the price. The price will be in suffering such as no great people ever endured for so long a time; in using every man, woman, child, beast, plant, or any living thing in the earth beneath or the waters under the earth to keep Bulldoze, Bunkum & Co. from confessing to their customers in the Central Empires that they can no longer do business.

Germany believes in Germany. Behind all the bestial furore and horrible eruption of savagery there is a certain spiritual quality that makes the thing called Germany hang together.

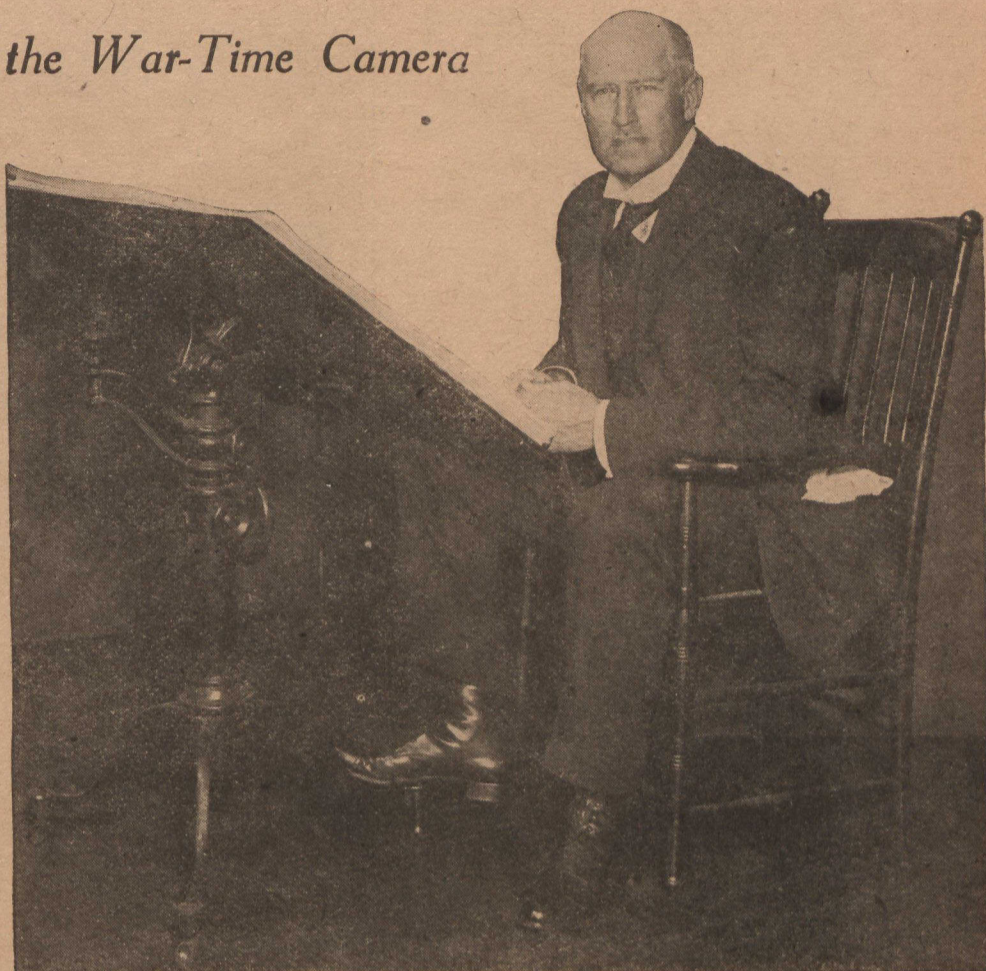
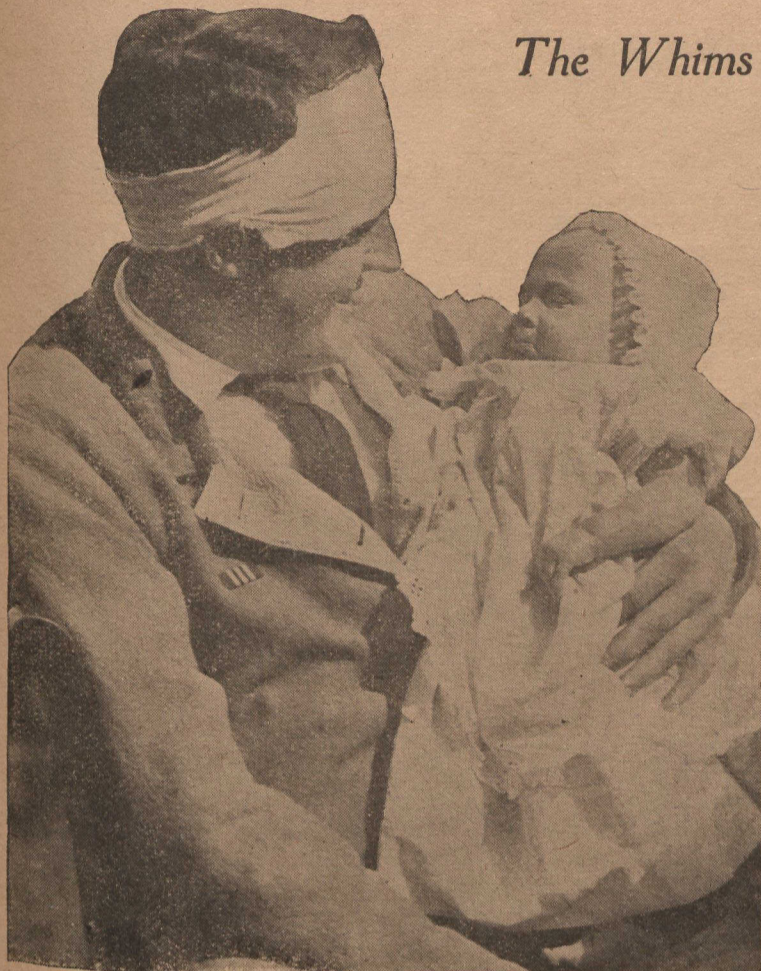
The coherence is absolute. To kill it is like killing a snake. The parts live on. Germans believe that Germany cannot be killed. They buoy themselves up with the notion that the world is trying to do this. Some of the 1914 utterances looked as though the Allies intended to strangle Germany. The thing is impossible. Even small peoples are immortal. Germans are a great people. Their virtuosity in super-devilment proves it. They beat the devil. They should be taught that the world needs their energies in a better cause.



**N**O decent Frenchman ever expected to fight Germans in 1917 by means of asphyxiating gas. But as Germans invented it the French don't mind using it. So will it be with even air-raids when the Allies decide at all points to fight the devil with fire.

# UNCONVENTIONAL *as a* TROLLEY

*The Whims of the War-Time Camera*



**C**HARLES DANA GIBSON, photographed above in the act of getting ready to draw an American warposter, has done a lot of interesting faces since he came out with the Gibson girl. He has never made any study more humanly interesting than the little comedy over to the left. Father, with a shrapnel wound in his head, does his best to look like a real nice "comfy" daddy to the little one, who as plainly as words could make it seems to say, "Please go 'way, I want my daddy." The father seems to appreciate the humour of the situation. He will get that youngster to smile yet, even if she is too young to be caught with candy.



**H**ANDSOME young American soldier this. He was just ready to embark for Europe with the first American contingent when some officer eaves-dropping, overheard him talking. Pte. — was at once placed under arrest.

"You are charged with—being a woman" was the crushing indictment. "I plead guilty," was the reply. Identity was disclosed. Pte. — was Mrs. Hazel Carter, from Arizona, who wanted to stay with her "hubby."

**D**O you remember the tragedy of Mrs. Steinheil, the Paris woman who was accused of helping to kill her husband? She came within an ace of conviction, but testimony proved that she was tied and gagged in the house by a posse of masked men who did the murder. When the trial was going on Lord Abinger, an Englishman, was present. He fell in love with her before the court pronounced her innocence. A little while ago he married her.

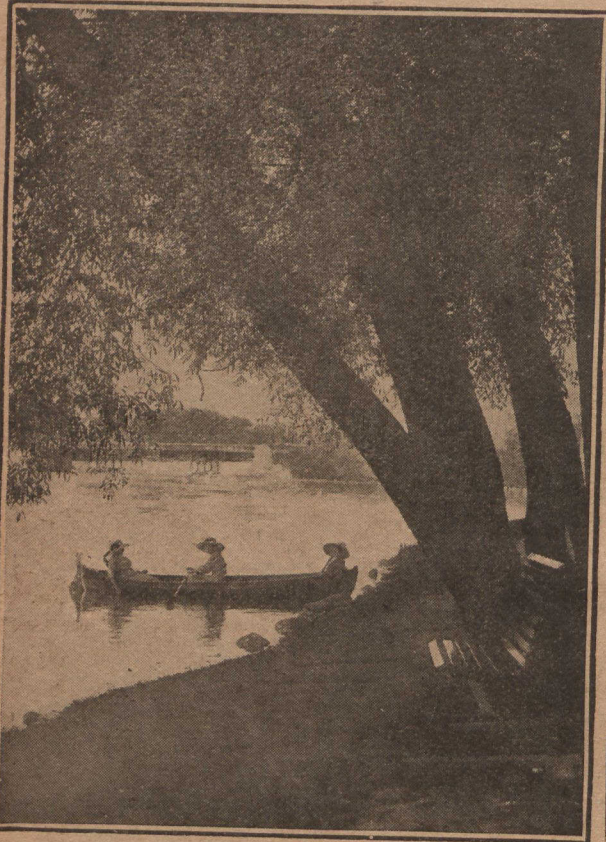
**J**OE COX, the heavyweight prize-fighter, was determined to go into the ring against Germany. He tried nearly every arm of the service, but was turned down every time as physically unfit, because he was too big in every dimension. At last he decided to go up in the air. But he didn't go. The aviation experts said he was inches too tall and several pounds too heavy. So what does Joe Cox do but say to himself, "By gum, I'll get into it yet." So he enlisted as a first-class fireman in the Naval Coast Defence Reserve. Here he is being examined by the Naval doctor.

# A PARK WITH A POPULAR IDEA

By THE SUMMER SCRIBE

*When Talking of Your People's Playgrounds Don't Forget—Stratford, Ont., whose Beautiful Man-made Park, Reached Out and Became a Popular Octopus*

**S**TANDING on the "long bridge" that carries Waterloo Street across Victoria Lake, Stratford, Ont., somebody's best girl and I were gazing at the reflections of the electric lights that surround that portion of the lake between the "long bridge" and the "stone bridge," that makes the



water look like the latest skirt in black and yellow stripes, made of crinkly tissue paper, when I remarked, "This is the most beautiful park in Ontario." To which she replied, in a scornful voice: "This isn't the park, silly! The park is away up there on Queen Street."

Now, of course, you can't quarrel over a matter like that with somebody's best girl, especially under the spell of that golden-banded lake, with the band playing "Somebody's Eyes" in the bandstand behind the willows in the Post Office Park.

I thought, perhaps, she might take that as a proposal, and throw her arms around my neck, and we'd be happy for a week after, till another dispute arose; but just then the band played "God Save the King," as it religiously does on the first stroke of ten by the Post Office clock, and "Somebody's Eyes" seemed to look right through me and to throw out scornful glints as I stood to attention. Ah, well! I can tell something about parks, anyway, and when the soldier lad comes back I hope that he will stand on the "long bridge" under the same enchanting lights and music, with the girl of the starry eyes, and I know that if he sings "Somebody's Eyes" then, that there will be no disappointment in his heart as in mine.

Meantime, was I right, or was somebody's best girl right in the estimate of the park. What is a park?

In most places, a park is a band-stand, surrounded on all sides by a field of long grass, bordered by rows of soft maple trees. This enclosed space is used for races or other events on May 24th, July 1st, and Labour Day. Once in a few years some wandering merry-go-round sets up there, and entertains the children for a few days. During the remainder of the year it is a dreary pasture field, in which the cows of a few favoured citizens try to



see how close they can crop the grass in some places.

Some parks have a respectable grove of trees, beneath which is some play equipment, perhaps a place for heating water, and a pavilion—all closely related to picnics. A higher step in advance is a park with a variety of trees, with shrubs and flowers properly disposed. Then if the grass is kept cut and a fountain can be provided, splashing its water into a small lily pond at its base, with a few fish and water turtles for the amusement of children, the residents within easy walking distance will begin to make more regular use of the park.

But the real park is a combination of land and water that can be used by the citizens for recreation of all kinds, not only on national holidays and picnic days, but every day in the week, after school and business hours.

More than twenty years ago Mr. G. G. McPherson, K.C., offered fifty acres of land in the north-east corner of Stratford for park purposes at a price far below its real value. It was purchased, and in

and the water basin was finished.

Since that time the Park Board has been able to sell some lots from the south side of the park, and this money, with the half-mill levy on the total city assessment, has enabled them to continue the improvement of the park lands on both sides of the lake.

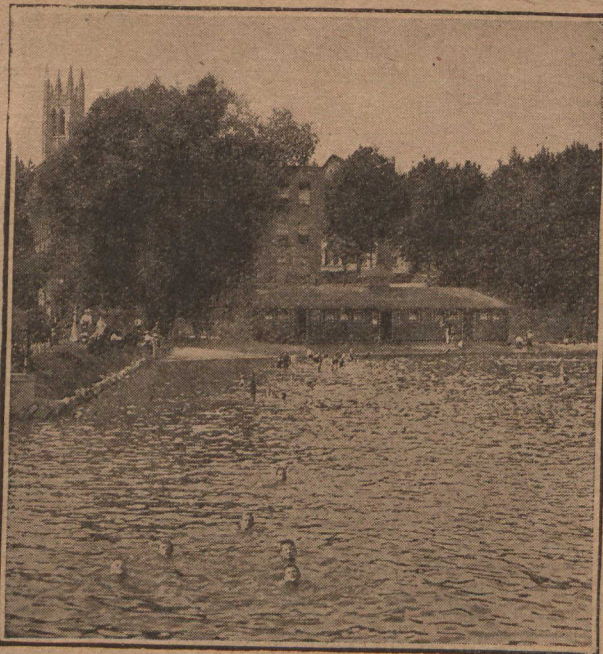
The city granted a free site of six acres in the park to the Government for a Normal School. This corner has gradually become the most beautiful part of the park, for by the agreement there can be no separation between the grounds of the Normal School and the park. For the past two years the Park Board has been preparing football and baseball grounds, north of the Normal grounds. On condition that these will be available for certain specified times for the Normal Students, the Ontario Government has paid half the cost of levelling and seeding these for football purposes.

**A**S soon as the drive on the north side of the lake is finished, the Park Board will proceed to develop their property below the dam, so that in no distant time the City of Stratford will be divided into two approximately equal parts by a continuous park of land and water, over two miles from end to end. Practically every citizen in Stratford will be able to reach some part of this park in less than fifteen minutes' walk.

Imagine yourself a citizen of this delightful Classic Park City. You may go to the tennis courts below the dam and take part in that vigorous game. You may go to the bathing beach, just above the dam, and enjoy a cooling plunge. From there you may cross the dam to the boat-house and rent a row boat or a canoe for a row up the lake. If too tired to propel the craft yourself you may take the Park Board's motor launch at any half-hour for the mile trip.

Now, to starboard, stands the skating rink, owned

(Concluded on page 27.)



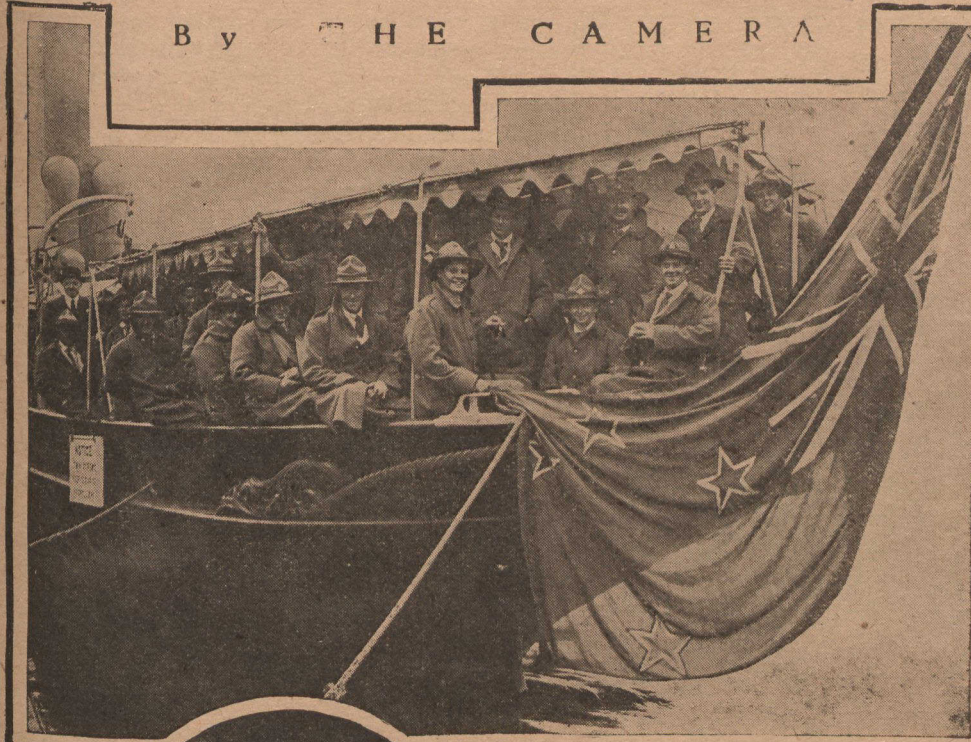
the course of time a landscape artist was secured to draw up plans for the park system that is now the pride of the city. He drew up a plan which included an artificial lake, over a mile long, beginning at a dam just back of the Post Office and ending at the Water Works, east of the park. This lake varies in width, but averages about one hundred and fifty yards.

**A** PRIVATE company owned the old dam. The Park Board got the city to buy out the company at a cost of \$10,000. Then a new dam was built and the lake was a real part of the park, but it was very weedy. A by-law was submitted to the people to spend \$15,000 in dredging out the lake to get rid of the weeds. The Park Board spent more than this amount—private members supplying the funds—and the next year a further vote of \$10,000 was secured,



# BREEZY BITS FROM *The* BRINY DEEP

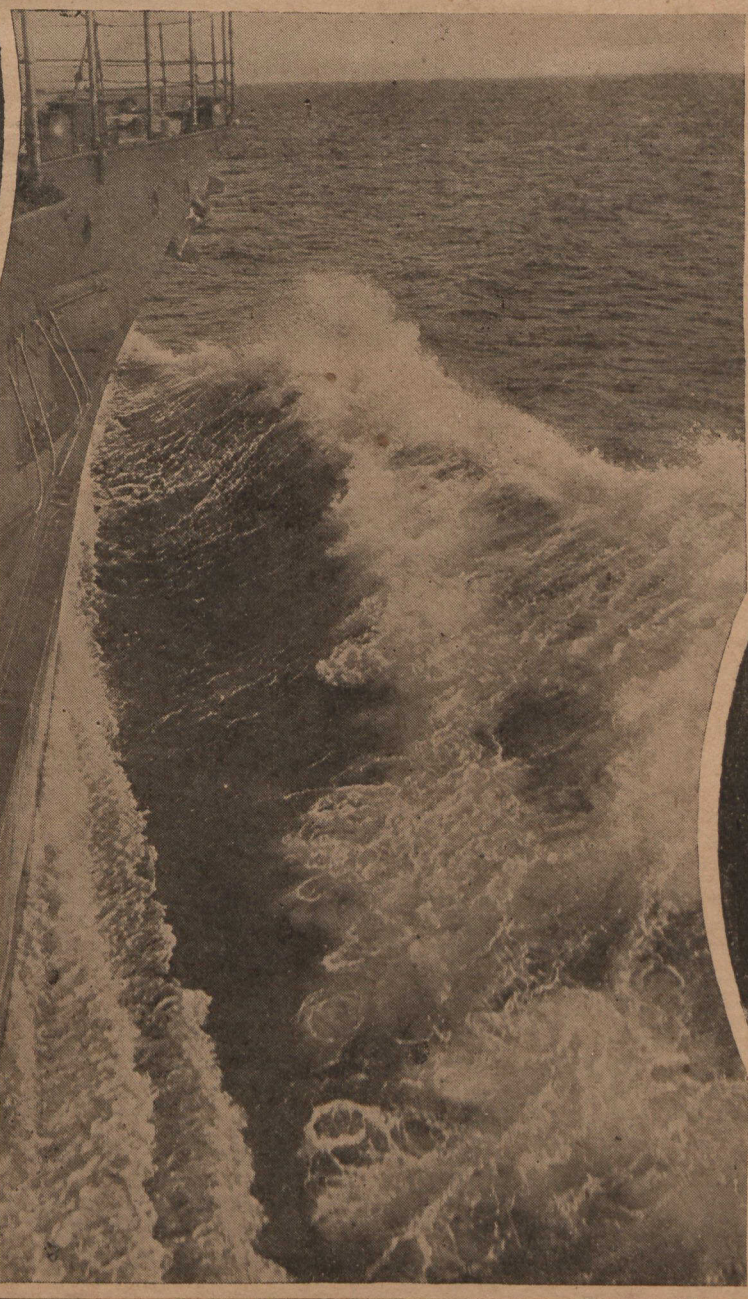
By THE CAMERA



**N**EW ZEALANDERS convalescing find it very comfortable to take a classic glide down the Thames in a gondola tug lent by the Port of London authorities. The flag is apparently the red ensign of New Zealand, quite appropriate on water.



**H**ERE'S another new man, a new type—the new First Lord of the Admiralty succeeding Sir Edward Carson. Sir Eric Geddes looks like a man who would last his job longer than the average. When the war began he was obscure; though he was forging up in railroad circles. He is a Scotchman, born in India, spent a year in the Homestead mills at Pittsburg, Pa., and three years in the Baltimore and Ohio; went to India in 1897 and built railways in the jungles. When Lloyd George became Minister of Munitions, Sir Eric was his director-general. He was sent to France to loosen up traffic congestion behind the British lines and he became Director-General of Military Railroads. If he does as well on sea as he has on land—but there we leave him. Since the war began there have been more changes at the British Admiralty head than in any other. We began with Winston Churchill as First Lord and Louis of Battenberg as First Sea Lord. Since that we have had Lord Fisher, Sir H. B. Jackson, Mr. Balfour and Sir Edward Carson. Now it is Sir Eric Geddes at the Admiralty with Sir John Jellicoe as First Sea Lord. All we ask of these men is that they stay on the job.



**T**WENTY-ONE knots—one of Uncle Sam's. This picture was taken from on deck. Just at what point a naval expert may decide.

**"N**OW, then, little folks," says the Secretary of the Whitechapel Art Gallery—no less—after he has shown the tots all the regular war pictures of the Exhibition, "do any of you know who is this great sailor-man. Eh? Who was the man that walloped the Germans at Doggerbanks and again at Jutland a year ago last May? Ah! That's it. Admiral Sir Da—vid Bea—tty.



**R**EAR ADMIRAL CAPPS, chief constructor U. S. Navy, succeeds General Goethals, as G. M. of the Emergency Fleet.

# MAKING THE BEST OF RUSSIA

**T**HERE should be no disposition either to minimize or to exaggerate the defeat suffered by the Russian forces. It is all the more serious because it was due to insubordination and mutiny. From the purely military point of view, Russia seemed to have the ball at her feet. Her armies were in a position of peculiar strength with a disheartened and weakened Austrian enemy in front of them. The hands of the Germans were tied in the west, and there was nothing to prevent a Russian advance that might well have been irresistible and decisive.

This is proved by the events of the first few days fighting, when it seemed likely that Brusiloff would be able to repeat his great achievements of last year. We do not yet know the full extent of the Russian reverse, nor indeed does it very much matter in view of the causes of that reverse which show how deeply the morale of the troops has been corroded by theories of democracy, carefully fostered by German agents, and destructive alike of discipline and self-control. The Russian soldier has a certain childlike susceptibility to plausible blandishments and clever appeals to sentiment. His enthusiasms wax and wane under the spell. The intoxication of a misunderstood democracy had already made his gait an unsteady one, and it was rash to assume too quickly that he would henceforth keep to the straight and narrow path of military duty. We have now to see if the rigorous efforts to establish discipline will succeed. If Kerensky is allowed a free hand we need have no doubt that they will succeed. But Kerensky's power is a delegated one. It depends upon the committees and leagues that are now ruling Russia. It may be taken from him as quickly as it was conferred. On the other hand, the glance into the abyss may prove sufficient to silence the demagogues, and to strengthen the central authority without which Russia is lost. We can only hope and believe that it will be so.

**B**UT the situation is by no means so black as a glance at the newspaper headlines would indicate. It involves not the whole of the Russian front, but a small part of it only. The Russian lines in Europe are eight hundred miles in length, and stretch from Riga to Roumania. The Russian advance that has now been turned into a Russian retreat covered a length of about thirty miles, and the disaffection seems to have been confined to this area. Indeed we are told that the Russians to the north and to the south of this area are fighting bravely and with success. A distinct advance is recorded in Roumania, and the bulletins that come from the immediate north of the present retreat are decidedly favourable. The Russians were advancing toward Lemberg in the form of a wedge. The wedge has now been turned inward and backward, and it is a German wedge instead of a Russian wedge. But a German advance of this kind must necessarily have its limitations. It constitutes a great salient, and a salient is vulnerable because it can be attacked on three sides at once. If the Russians to the north and south of the affected area continue to hold fast they will constitute a threat to the advancing Germans that can not be ignored and that must bring them speedily to a standstill, and before they reach the point where they are threatened with a hostile movement in their rear.

It is, therefore, much too soon to speak of Russia being once more out of the running. She has met with a calamity, but it is by no means an incurable one. It is quite possible that the disaffection is local and not general, and if this should prove to be the case by the staunchness of the Russians immediately to the north and south we shall find nearly at once that the German advance has been stopped, not necessarily by a direct resistance, but by the threat to their rear or rather to the sides of the wedge that they are driving eastward. But whatever success the Germans may now meet with in Russia we may usefully remember that the Allied cause in general is no worse off than it was before the Russian offensive began, except for the moral effect in Germany

Reading this article by our War Man you will notice how aptly things are coming true now that he wrote about when as yet there were only signs and symptoms. And the moderate common sense of the views here set forth will appeal to anybody who wants to avoid hot-weather hysteria on the war.

By **SIDNEY CORYN**  
*Written Especially for the Canadian Courier*



Another straw in the long German wind is the recent suppression of Max Harden's paper, Die Zukunft. Max is now a war clerk.

of a victory at a time when a victory was so badly needed. Indeed, it is better off from the mere fact that Teuton troops are being employed here that would otherwise be in the west or on the Italian frontier.

**N**OTHING of great importance has happened in the west, but we may confidently believe that something is about to happen and that the Germans know it, as is shown by the immense efforts of their airmen to observe the movements behind the British lines. General Haig must be nearly ready to strike again in view of the heavy bombardments and the raids that are reported from various parts of the line, and that have always hitherto been the preliminaries to an assault. When it comes, it will probably be in the direction of the coast line, since a success here would have the double advantage of turning the German line and also threatening Zeebrugge, which is the submarine base. But the Germans have been extraordinarily and aimlessly active on the southern lines, along the Chemin des Dames and in the vicinity of Verdun. There may, of course, be some reason for this constant flurry, but it appears to be a sort of insensate desperation. That the Germans should be anxious to ward off any blow that the French may be contemplating against Laon is reasonable enough, seeing that the capture of Laon would be their deathblow in France, but that they should be willing thus to incur defeat after defeat, and at such fearful losses, looks more like a military dementia than anything else. And this impression

is increased by the new attacks upon Verdun, also repulsed with heavy losses, but renewed again and again. If these activities are intended to forestall a French offensive the strategy seems still to be poor enough, seeing that the results must be highly encouraging to the French and equally disheartening to the Germans. The main explanation is probably to be found in the inexorable need for a victory of some kind that shall serve to allay the discontent at home, even though it have no other value whatever.

The same theory will hold good for the aeroplane raids upon England. If they furnish the basis for inflated bulletins of successes they may be considered to serve their purpose, since it is highly unlikely that the British would starve their air service in France for the purpose of home protection. To attempt to separate the operations of the German armies from the state of German public opinion lands us in an impasse, because the nature of the fighting in the west can be explained in no other way than as desperate and despairing efforts to quiet the misgivings at home, as snatches at any and everything that can pass muster as a victory. Undoubtedly the Germans have a belief that the strength of the French has been strained almost to the breaking point, and that a steady succession of heavy blows may win them some sort of success that shall justify the usual flourish of trumpets. But there can be no other justification, certainly no purely military justification, for these costly assaults that can have no definite objective equivalent in value to their cost, and that seem to indicate not so much a military energy as a military despair.

**T**HIS is not the place for a discussion of German politics, but their present bearing upon the war situation is now so close and intimate that it can not be ignored. Bismarck said once—and he never spoke more wisely—that the next war would be decided by the imponderables, that is to say, by public opinion and by the pressure of home populations. Within the last few days we have seen an expression of public opinion in Germany, not the tawdry and blatant expression coercively dictated by the government to its servile newspapers, but voiced by the Reichstag. It leaves much to be desired. It is still tainted by the egotism that poisons the German mind with the conviction that it will be for Germany more or less magnanimously to announce her terms, and that it will be for the Allies to accept them. But none the less we may find a startling significance in the fact that the Reichstag, undoubtedly expressing public opinion, has declared itself in favour of a peace without annexations or indemnities. The Reichstag has, of course, no power to put its resolution into force, nor indeed to do anything else but debate, but we may be sure that the public is thinking what the Reichstag is saying. The peace resolution was undoubtedly inspired by Erzberger, and Erzberger was inspired by Austria, who, since the Russian revolution, is finding that her Slav regiments are more difficult to handle than ever. Who can doubt that Germany is now dethroning her military idols, or that she is in search of the real facts as to the situation at the various fronts? Who can doubt that a process thus startlingly begun will be continued? The people of Germany would be less than human if they were not at last deeply suspicious of the sedatives that have been handed to them so copiously. The many and fervent assurances that America need not be feared are evidences that America actually is feared. Count Reventlow's idiotic denial that any American soldiers have been landed, his assertion that the whole story is a piece of American bluff, prove how real is the fear. The German people can not be wholly unaware of the war loan, or of the fact that ten million men have been registered, practically without resistance or complaint. They must have some recognition of the contrast between the early assurance of an almost immediate and final victory for the submarines, and the later and very much diluted announcements that the under-sea war is an embarrassment and a hindrance to their enemies.



# FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS

By ESTELLE M. KERR

WITH two Atlantic sea-coasts, a chain of great lakes and innumerable smaller water-ways, there comes to most of us a heritage of love of the water, and in the hot summer weather all true sons and daughters of Canada long to disport themselves in or on the water.

From the clean shelving beaches of a secluded retreat in Prince Edward Island, to the populous, joyous bathing grounds of the city of Vancouver, the tiny tots are running barefoot in the sand while their elders wade or swim, paddle or sail, each enjoying the water in his own special way.

There is hardly an inland town that does not possess some sort of "swimming hole" known to the boys, but dwellers in the city are apt to be self-conscious about following their aquatic sports in town. Perhaps this is the fault of the civic governments which have allowed the water-fronts to be appropriated by railway yards and factories, but the newer western cities have guarded against this and in Vancouver the bathing beach is one of the great attractions of the town and, though excellent bathing houses are provided, people who prefer to dress at home do not hesitate to take the street car when dressed in their bathing suits and rain-coats.

Until recent years in Toronto bathers have taken the ferry to the Island, but as the result of the labours of the Harbour Commission they are now provided with a wide, sandy beach at the western end of the city and here the people flock in hundreds daily, some to play in the sands, some to swim, and still greater numbers to watch the others and perhaps register a vow that next time they will come provided with a bathing suit. It is not an uncommon sight to see a party of girls in rain-coats or dusters driving a motor car, and no one would expect from their appearance while going through the city that, arrived at the lake-front, they will throw aside their light wraps and dashing into the lake swim far out with the grace of half a dozen Annette Kellermans.

As an envious onlooker, last Saturday, I speculated as to the nature and occupations of the bathers, who, in their swimming suits, looked curiously alike. It was impossible to tell soldier from civilian, society girl from factory hand, or that blending of the two found in the munitioner. It was only when they emerged from the bathing houses that they betrayed their stations in life, their tastes, and, to some extent, their occupations. Some of the girls dressed quickly and, when they came from the bathing cabin in middy blouses and canvas shoes, ran about the sands with the same nymph-like grace they displayed in the water, others, after a prolonged stay, came out transformed into a mass of artificiality by corsets, high heels and powder, and sank exhausted on the sands. With the men the change was less

noticeable. There was a variety in the material and cut of their garments, to be sure, but not one of them, fat or lean, had his movements restricted by tight clothing; not one of them limped along in shoes that were a size too small for him, or hobbled uncertainly on tapering heels!

BETWEEN me and the water stretched a long line of foot-prints in the moist sand, and I thought of the lines in Longfellow's Psalm of Life:

"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints in the sands of time;  
Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn train,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again."

Of course, the footprints before us would be obliterated by the next storm, or the next crowd of merry-makers, but the same feet are leaving their marks in other soil, other places.

One little trail of footsteps—a deep round hole in the sand and a small, pointed impression in front of it, I traced to the pretty girl dressed in white with a pink sleeveless jersey of knitted silk who reclined on the sand, shading a handsome young officer with her rose-coloured parasol. It was an alluring picture. The soldier gazed at her in a way that made me think he had chosen her for his partner in life, but I could not help wondering how she would cope with discomfort and trouble that in those little high-heeled shoes. Even now they prevented her from being really companionable. He wanted to walk farther, to get away from the crowd, but her shoe was hurting her.

"Let's go back to the motor," she said, and he followed her reluctantly. She was a beautiful creature, graceful in the movement of her hands, the turn of her head, but her walk compared with the girl in the running-shoes who passed her was like the movement of the camel to the flight of the seagull.

SHOE wisdom comes out of the mouths of babes, who cry to be allowed to go barefoot, who scream when a shoe pinches and prefer comfort to style. Their little brown feet are a delight to look upon and their simple leather-sandals they wear are so perfectly adapted for the burning August weather that we long to adopt them for our own, but the fear of looking ridiculous, combined with the difficulty of having them made, holds us back.

After children have passed the unconscious stage they become imitative and want to do as their elders do, the little girls are glad to lay aside their comfortable flat shoes for the added height and dignity of a French heel, while the joy of appearing for the first time in patent leather makes them bear uncomplainingly the discomfort of hot and swollen feet till the little corns have started to grow. This love of the diminutive foot persists until at a very ripe, old age we are glad to rest our long-suffering feet in the ridiculed list slippers of our grandmothers with a sigh of content.

NO woman can be a truly useful citizen till she kicks aside her high-heeled slippers. We scorn the Chinese women for binding their feet, but are we not almost as foolish? What virtue is there in small feet? Yet it is an attribute that every woman envies. The fat woman whose feet are too small to support her great unwieldy body is proud of the fact that she "takes threes," and when the salesman advises a larger size, she protests,

"But I never wore such a large size in all my life!"

Then follows a broken leg or a sprained ankle. The small, daintily-shod foot looks attractive as it swings from a hammock, or peeps beneath the folds



of a gown, but when upright or in motion the women in modern fashionable shoes reminds one of a statue on an inadequate pedestal, and there is nothing uglier than her movements as she runs over cobble stones in pursuit of street cars—the only time one sees her try to run.

Have we boasted that our feet are smaller than those of English women? Shame on us! We don't boast of the number of chiropodists that flourish in our midst, of the advertisements for corn removers that appear in our daily papers, of the fact that, as a nation, we are forgetting how to walk?

Many girls who are accustomed to wearing high-heeled shoes adopt the canvas "sneaker" in the summer-time, and the result is a fallen arch.

"There, you see," exclaims the girl. "I told you I was far more comfortable in high-heeled shoes!"

For people with high arches a heel is essential, but there is a vast difference between a broad heel an inch or a trifle more in height and a tapering French heel, or the more sensible looking, but equally insecure "Cuban" variety. The fact that the French heel makes your feet look smaller is indisputable. And though the young men—particularly those who stay at home and are fond of dancing—may admire a girl's dainty feet, a real man likes the woman he loves to be comfortably dressed, to run no risk of sprained ankles, to keep her feet free from disfiguring callouses, bunions and corns. He may like to see her fashionably dressed, but now, for once, flat heels are fashionable. Of course we know it will not last, that next year when we try to replace our comfortable brown shoes we shall be told firmly that "low heels are not being worn this year—we're not showing any of them! They can't possibly be had in the better-grade shoes."

Boots and shoes should be varied according to the occasions on which they are to be worn. Labourers in marshy districts in England find clogs, or shoes with soles of wood, are more suitable than leather boots, the Japanese are excellent pedestrians and travel many miles through mountainous districts in thin shoes of plaited grass, which they renew frequently. Indians and Esquimaux prefer moccasins, and the only successful Arctic expeditions have been carried out by men who adopted that form of foot gear. An army that is ill shod fights just as badly as one that is ill fed—and it is even worse for marching order.

A lady from Vancouver recently came to live in Toronto and was amazed to find that the women here walked so little. In Vancouver, she says, they went for all-day tramps at least once a week, but when she tried to get companions for country walks in her new place of residence, she discovered, to her amazement, that very few of the young women possessed comfortable walking boots!

"Of course the scenery is not to be compared with that around Vancouver," she said, "but how can their health stand it? Will not a nation deteriorate if its mothers do not develop their muscles with exercise and fill their lungs with fresh country air? I judge a woman's brains by the boots she wears. What girls lack in their heads they make up in their heels!"

I think the lady from Vancouver speaks the truth.



# EDITORIAL

**P**RACTICALLY as this paper goes to press the two most significant national conventions ever held in Canada are taking place. The Ontario Win-the-War Congress in Toronto comes first, on August 2 and 3, followed by the Western Liberal Congress in Winnipeg on August 7 and 8.

Those who see Liberal politics only in these conventions are short-sighted. We realize that such Liberal activity is due to the fact that the Liberals are the outs. The Opposition has all the moves. The Government holds. The Government is conducting Canada's war. The Opposition criticizes it.

There is room for criticism. It would be a miracle if not. The present Government's return to the people is politically past due and the redistribution of seats has not yet been effected. One man now represents a division which under redistribution should have three members—and it is not in the west either.

The Premier's recent repeated offer of coalition looks as though he realizes that no one party can expect to conduct such a crisis in a country's affairs without encountering distinctive criticism from the people at large, as well as from professional critics. We assume that the conventions now being held are first of all for criticism; second, for action. If opinions are the bulwark of democracy, Canada seems to be pretty well provided with bulwarks. The West is uniting somewhat against the East. Even the West is divided. The Winnipeg convention will develop three distinct groups of opinions represented by as many leaders. And the convention is excluding British Columbia in spite of the fact that a large body of Liberal sentiment in the Pacific Province expected to be taken in. There may be good strategic reasons. Certainly the war sentiment of B. C. is as strong as that of the Prairie Provinces, or of the Win-the-War Convention in Toronto, or any convention likely to be held in the Maritime Provinces.

But the Western convention was mooted at least a year and a half ago, when war exigencies had not given the prairies and the Pacific a common ground.

We have made special inquiry about this many-headed movement from a man who knows more about it than any other man in the West, because he had been working on the idea for the last eighteen months, long before there was any sign of a split at Ottawa. The original design of such a convention was to make Western Liberalism a bigger independent force in national politics. There was and is no intention to break away from the Eastern Liberals, but "to create a radical vanguard that might lead the whole party out of the wilderness of economic reaction." Several men were lined up as possible leaders of this ginger group. All these men will be at the convention, which is described as "a parliament of the Liberals of the three prairie provinces, organized upon democratic lines." We are told that it will include all the members of the three Provincial Cabinets, about 120 members of Provincial parliaments, 16 M. P.'s, and about 500 delegates chosen by the Liberals of the various constituencies.

Radicalism is sure to prevail. The war would have made the Convention radical now, even though it had been originally called for the purpose of discussing the decline of Imperial Free Trade, or the relative merits of Gladstone and John Bright. Western Liberals are strong on the war. All the Western provinces have paid a big price for their ideas about war. Liberals in the West know as well as anybody who among their electoral rank and file are anti-war; and there are plenty. In one province particularly, there are thousands of voters who vote Liberal in a Provincial election but couldn't be got to enlist.

Conscription, if put to a referendum

in the West, might have a hard row to hoe without any aid from Quebec. Yet the best sentiment of the West is overwhelmingly for war and more war. The convention will be a real war convention. And out of the war will come the biggest battles of the two-days event, because it is on the war that the party has split in the East.

Several names are already prominent in the Western convention. Sir Clifford Sifton favours a coalition government and a repudiation of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, his old chief. Sifton is a brainy man. He is trying to mow a wider national swath than he did in the days when he peopled the plains from Europe. Hon. Frank Oliver, who succeeded him as Minister of the Interior, favours co-operation with Laurier. He has a sentimental supporter in Premier Martin, who has just swept his Province—according to the critics out there, considerably by means of the alien vote. Oliver is a strong man, an old-timer of the '80's and was once a radical. Martin is a progressive, scarcely a Radical, but a clever leader.

Premier Norris of Manitoba favours cutting the painter from Laurier and forming a non-party government for winning the war. As Premier he is entitled to appear as the sponsor of a distinct set of opinions. But we suspect that a busy brain behind this once-farmer Premier is A. B. Hudson, Attorney-General, son of a farmer, an uncompromising reformer, and a resourceful radical who sacrificed a big income in law for the salary of an Attorney-General. We are told also that a strong backer of the Norris group, in some respects its real political leader, is Hon. J. A. Calder of Saskatchewan. He is described by a close political friend who is a shrewd student of men and events as "a true progressive, and the best administrative brain in Canadian public life."

As an exposition of western national sentiment the speeches of these men will be worth recording. They will express a greater variety of opinions under one general head than an average debate in the House of Commons. But we do not believe that the Winnipeg convention will be any more progressive than the Win-the-War Congress in Toronto. In some respects the latter will out-do the western in popular interest. It will be less political in character and will have quite as much directly, if not more, to do with winning the war. The presence of Premier Hearst, Opposition Leader Rowell, and Mr. Hugh Guthrie, M. P., on the same platform, is as radical a line-up as anything Winnipeg can do. In the matter of speeches we may look for as good

clean deliverances from these men as from any of the westerners. For constructive eloquence Rowell has no superior in Canada. In sincerity and patriotic determination nobody east or west out-rivals Sir William Hearst. As an expounder of virile sentiments Hugh Guthrie, about twice a year at real concert pitch, is one of the ablest talkers in Canada.

It has been predicted before this that the next Liberal leader must come from the West. The convention in Winnipeg will be one very good way of demonstrating what the West has to offer as a successor to Sir Wilfrid when he decides to step out. The man who at the head of his group can capture the convention independent of Ottawa should be a good prospect. We shall see. There never has been a western Premier of Canada. If the convention adopts the platform of any independent group and fuses western Liberalism on a progressive ticket coupled with an aggressive war policy, that organization will be a power in the next election.

**N**EXT to direct efforts at winning the war by means of mending our army with men, any government that proposes to conduct the affairs of this country for the remainder of the war should make a chief item of—Who gets the country's money? Most of us get only what we work for by keeping ourselves extra busy. No one should object to this. Any man who is not busier now in a more productive way than he was before the war should learn how to be. The man who is making easier money now, even if he makes no more than he used to, should consider it his business to work harder that he may return more to the general good of the country.

But the man who is making both easier and bigger money than he did before the war is an enemy of his country and of his fellow-man. No matter how he may juggle his economies, the man who is getting rich or even better off by means of the war is doing it at the expense of other people. He is robbing the soldiers at the front. He is swindling his fellow-citizens at home. We can call him "profiteer" without hurting him much. He is a thief and in no sense a citizen. If he has no conscience he should be dug out by the Government's detective agencies and labelled as such. This country has an economic problem on its hands such as it never had. With a world-wide scarcity of food, what use is it to teach most of us how to avoid waste, to eat less and wear less and cut down our pleasures, if some people eat as much, wear more and take more pleasure, and even put away profits?

**W**E again respectfully commend to the attention of our Food Controller the wisdom of eliminating the ice-cream bar. If substitutes for beer and whisky have been found in two and a half per cent, surely a reasonable substitute for ice-cream would be water ices, which are quite as refreshing and do not consume the precious commodity known as cream, which is so badly needed for the manufacture of butter and cheese.

**A** DIFFERENCE of \$1,000 between the war tax exemptions of married and single men seems to be a discrimination in favour of bachelors. Any bachelor who requires \$2,000 a year in order to live is a spendthrift. More than half the families of Canada are supported on much less than \$2,000 a year. Of course a man may be a widower with a family. That is different. If it takes \$2,000 a year to support John Jones, single, how in the name of arithmetic can John Jones with a family to keep up, support a wife and children on half of \$2,000? Any economizing John Jones bachelor, who can tell John Jones, married, how to feed, clothe, house and warm even a small family on half what it takes to do a similar business for John Jones himself, should make big money as an economic expert giving advice to heads of families on how to live cheaply when nothing in the world is cheap except matches, water and air.



What the new cartoonist (Returned Soldier) thinks of some phases of our Win-the-War Politics.

(Sketched from Observation.)

# HELPING YOU to KEEP POSTED



**BUT** keeping away as far as possible, in dog-days from heavy reading. Out-of-doors stuff, airship talk, character sketches, dreams, and other easy-to-read matter served up in a breezy style

**P**LEASURABLE attributes of pack and paddle are as familiar as the holiday records of roughing it on a canoe and camping trip are numerous. But so far little has been said of the vacation possibilities in a trip by York boat on the lakes and rivers which mottle and line the airy vagueness which occupies the biggest portion of any map of the North-West Territories. Willis Heath Proctor sought pleasure on such a trip and in the "Outing" magazine he declares he'll never do it again. "That pleasure trip," he says, "gradually chameleoned into a cross between a nightmare of an Erie Canal mule and a trip through the Whirlpool Rapids in a birch-bark canoe."

But Mr. Proctor has put a good humored twist to the yarn, which suggests to those who know something of the allurements of the trail that there may be as much fun as fatigue in a "tracking trip." He had his introduction to the shoulder-broadening trials of the tracking line on an excursion up the Bear River. He says:

Bear River is that stream which connects Great Bear Lake with the Mackenzie River, which later flows into the Arctic Ocean. Its length is generally conceded to be in the neighbourhood of one hundred miles, although I should estimate it at not less than two hundred and fifty miles up-stream, and approximately forty down. Then, too, the distance varies proportionately with the draft of your boat.

To ascend the river you "track." Tracking consists of tying yourself to one end of a long rope and your craft to the other, then fixing your eye on the next point up-stream and proceeding thence. Naturally the boat follows you if the bottom of the river isn't too near the surface of the water. In such a case you proceed into the water as far as may be necessary in order that the boat may float. Many variations may be introduced such as pushing, lifting, swimming, drowning, or sticking in the mud.

*Proctor on a York Boat Glide in the North*

There is much to break the monotony of tracking on this river. At times the channel leaves the shore and takes to the middle of the stream. At such places the trackers follow suit, and that Bear River water is cold. If it were any colder you could skate on it. Knee deep isn't bad, but when it gets up around your waist, it begins to hurt.

After six days of this, Mr. Proctor decided to desert the "business" party of police, traders, priests, eskimos and Indians with whom he had shared the labours of tracking a York boat and finish the journey as a "pleasure" jaunt by canoe. In two days and with the help of two Indians to "track" the canoe he reached his objective five days ahead of the time the York boat arrived at the same destination.

The return journey was a slither through adventures. "Bear River at its head is noticeable," says Mr. Proctor, "for the current runs for several miles at something over ten miles an hour, and we shot around bend after bend in a gratifying manner. If Bear River is one of the worst rivers in the North to ascend, it is also one of the best to descend."

**H**ERE is a cheerfully descriptive extract from a Canadian officer's letter sent recently and containing first-hand references to some of the out-of-door diversions that relieve the tension of war: Dear Family—

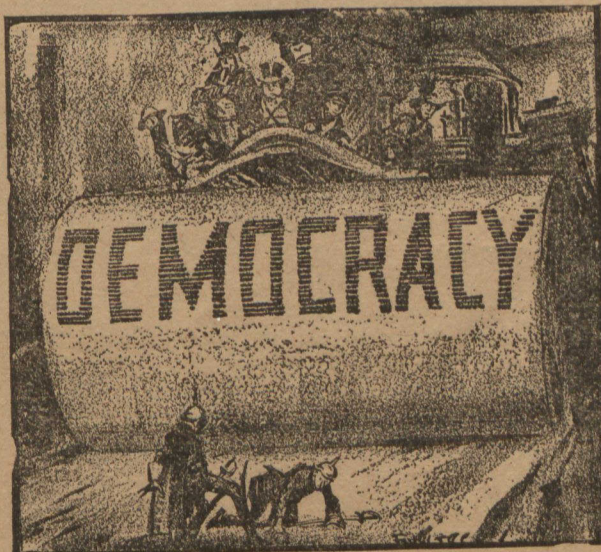
There is very little to write about these days. Friend weather has cooled down a bit and is just great. We have rain now and again, but a few hours soon dries things up. The main thing, of course, is the arrival of the socks. I dropped you a field post card the day they came. There were six bundles in all. I don't know how to thank you for sending them. I'll write the various associations that donated some of them. It certainly was decent

of them to come across so generously.

There have been quite a few horse shows these days; each division holds one, and the winner enters the corps show, the winner in the corps enters the army affair. I saw the last two. They were fine, the last one especially. Programmes were printed. These contained a plan of the grounds, showing the various rings, etc. Of course the chief object of these shows is to encourage care of and cleaning of horses and vehicles, the limbers of the G. S. wagons pontoons were polished to the last inch, and the horses were wonderful. Sports included jumping, bare-back wrestling, tent-pegging, jumping four abreast. The Can. Corps did very well all through. There were two running races. Cousin George's corps got third in the 440, and another Canadian was second. The other event was a cross-country team race. Who won it? The Canadians. And who led them home? None other than Tom Longboat, with Keefer (another Indian) second; Jack Tait, third; Longland (still another Indian), fourth.

**A**GNES C. LAUT uses up a lot of type in the long preamble to her piece, "Win the War in the Air," in August Maclean's. She tells Canadian conscriptionists to take courage from what she says she has seen of the success of conscription in the United States. She intimates that we should "go thou and do likewise," after declaring that the people of the States "are coming en masse to volunteer for whatever service they can perform—from free stenography and cooking to ambulance driving and munition work. According to Miss Laut's count there will be an army of fifty million workers enrolled in civilian and military service in all the United States before long. Some city chaps seem suspiciously eager to serve on farms, she says, but adds that they are not to be regarded as typifying the average courage of young America.

As to the "air" part of her article, it comes near the end where she speaks of the American tendency to build aeroplanes "not in squads, but in armies of hundreds of thousands." And Miss Laut quotes some



The Steam Roller—Slow But Sure.

—New York Times.

convincing statistics to prove that America can do it. Incidentally, the news dispatches sent out from Washington last week announcing that the Federal Government had been empowered by Congress to appropriate \$685,000,000 for expenditure by the Air Board looks like a long flight towards the accomplishment of victory in the air. Of course men will be needed to pilot the machines, but Miss Laut assures us that America is in a peculiarly advantageous position to supply such an army of air-fighters. "Men over twenty-five are not wanted," she says. "Men too young to know caution or nerves make the best bird-men. The draft has shown that America has easily two million men of this age."

**T**HE time seems to be almost upon us when the word "primeval" must be struck from the wilderness vocabulary. Labrador has been penetrated, the Barren Grounds have repeatedly been traversed, the Yukon and Alaska have yielded their geographical secrets to argonauts drawn thither by the lure of gold and the foot of the persevering traveller is forced to hesitate in his search for a remote region where no other white man has been. And now, even that great stretch of the Rocky Mountains lying south of the Liard River and north of Laurier Pass, where "peaks taller than Mount Robson" were rumoured by reports of Indians and trappers who had sought pelts along the borderland, has been explored. Paul Leland Haworth has camped and tramped all over the region, and in Scribner's Magazine he tells something of the record of his ramblings.

*Haworth Outposts in the Canadian Rockies*

He did not find the "peaks larger than Mount Robson," but he discovered a glacier which he declares is "one of the biggest, if not the very biggest, in the whole Rocky Mountain system." And, for

the christening of the mountain, which rises beside the glacier, Mr. Haworth claims the right of the discoverer and to memorialize his respect for "the William Pitt of the mighty world conflict" he has called it Mount Lloyd George.

Mr. Haworth entered the region by way of an adventuresome canoe trip up the Finlay River. Outfitting at Edmonton, he went by rail to Hansard, from thence to Finlay Forks he drifted down the Crooked and Parsnip Rivers to the point where the Finlay, flowing down from the north, adds its turbulent volume to the Parsnip, which comes up from the south, and both mingle to make the mighty Peace River. There are many adventures and accounts of much labour in Mr. Haworth's narrative of the thousand-mile journey he made by canoe in those remote places. His objective was the Quadacha River, and a sight of what lay beyond that milk-white stream which comes with a racing current to colour the clear waters of the Finlay. He was forced to "high-bank" it up the Quadacha, as the waters were too treacherous for navigation by canoe. He came to a point where the Quadacha is forked and the north fork, being clear and free from the white silt, he rightly regarded as a different river and named it Warneford, after the gallant lad who brought down the Zeppelin at Ghent two years ago. It was here, from the summit of "Observation Peak," as Mr. Haworth named the largest mountain, that he overlooked the whole of the unexplored section of the Rockies from Laurier Pass to the Liard region.

"No great secret could be concealed from us," he says, after touching on the adventures of "Joe," his French-Canadian canoe-man, and himself in the trial of reaching the mountain and the weariness of climbing it. "In every direction, north, south, east and west, there unfolded a magnificent panorama of mountains, nameless ranges, hundreds of nameless

peaks, any of them taller than the highest in the entire Appalachian system. . . . Much the finest of all these lay far to the northeastward. It was a vast affair with three great summits, two of them peaks, the third, and tallest, an immense square block." Their enthusiasm over the grandeur of this mighty peak leaped to amazement at the sight of the immense, glistening, glacier which blanketed the south slope of it.

"That is what makes the Guadacha white," was the first remark of the French-Canadian trapper and canoe-man.

"That great white mass loomed up far and away the most notable phenomenon in that whole magnificent panorama," says Mr. Haworth. "It is the biggest thing in the whole Finlay country. I venture to predict that when the glacier has been more closely examined it will be found to be one of the biggest, if not the very biggest, in the whole Rocky Mountain system."

ACCORDING to the survey of the Russian situation, as set down by F. Cunliffe-Owen, in the New York Sun, the re-establishment of the Romanoff dynasty in a revised form, with Grand Duke Nicholas as Dictator, is the only ray of hope which he can see behind the sombre masses of gloomy clouds which blacken the immediate prospects. He puts unqualified blame for the present state of affairs upon Kerensky—Premier, President and Dictator. Kerensky is condemned as the author of policies which have alienated the sympathies and dissipated the support of Great Britain and France; exposed Russia to the bonds of Teuton political dominion and economic oppression; provoked the rebellion of the peasantry, inspired the distrust of the priests, and precipitated the disruption of the army.

He declares that 98 per cent. of the whole Russian population is opposed to Kerensky and the programme of the present Russian government. "It is not the programme of the peasantry," he says, "nor yet of the clergy and religious orders, of the land-owning classes, of the bourgeoisie, of the merchant's and of the manufacturers."

It is the programme of a small but noisy and very active minority, who are all divided among themselves and whose dissensions are actively fomented by the Kaiser's agents, who swarm at Petrograd and indeed everywhere else in Russia. It is no exaggeration to assert that the entire country is in a state of revolt against the Kerensky Government, which has but one thing in its favour: namely, that it has resolved itself for the time being into a dictatorship.

But it cannot last. For Kerensky stands committed to principles and to doctrines to which the entire country is opposed. More-

over, the vast majority of his countrymen hold him responsible for present conditions. They are conditions which sound the death knell of that Russian republic whose birth in March last was hailed with so much satisfaction throughout America.

The provisional government had wonderful opportunities. It did not take advantage thereof, and instead of getting down to hard work used up all the steam that should have been devoted to the prosecution of the war and to the reorganization of the administration in fruitless verbiage and futile torrents of eloquence.

A movement has already been set in progress for the restoration of monarchy in some form or other. The church is promulgating the monarchical doctrines and the influence of the clergy is already manifested in the mutterings of the mujiks, who, according to Mr. Owen, are already asking who is to be the next czar. He cites the opinions of Arthur Henderson, Labour representative in the Lloyd George cabinet, and of Albert Thomas, representing Labour in the French cabinet in support of his statement that tragedy and disaster must inevitably follow the perpetuation of the Republican idea in Russia. Elihu Root is also quoted as one of the prominent prophets of the early ending of any republican form of government in Petrograd. The Kaiser seems to be the

only one convinced of victory in Russia. The most elaborate preparations are being made for a Teuton industrial and mercantile invasion of Russia to follow on the heels of the war-lord's armies.

In conclusion Mr. Owen says:

"Kerensky is not the one to save Russia. It needs a man of firmer mould, of more tried experience, for the task; one who enjoys the unbounded confidence of all military men in Russia and who is still to this day idolized by the soldiers, namely, the giant Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch, who has so repeatedly led them to victory.

"No one has ever questioned his patriotism or his personal and official integrity. He is a Russian of the Russians, the most thoroughly Muscovite member of the dynasty of Romanoff. He alone is in sight as qualified in every way for the role of Dictator, commanding the trust and the good will of the peasantry, of the clergy, of the army, of the aristocracy and of the bourgeoisie, of the manufacturers and of the merchants.

"A dictator is the sole solution for such difficulties as those in which Russia now finds herself involved. Even the most ultra democratic of American news-

#### SUPER-HERCULES KERENSKY.



The Greatest of His Labours.

—Racey, in Montreal Star.

papers, which gloried over the overthrow of the monarchical autocracy at Petrograd in March, now unite in declaring that an autocratic dictatorship is the only means of saving Russia. Nay, some of them actually admit that a dictatorship has become a sine qua non at Washington, arguing that all powers retained by Congress should be vested in the President alone until the restoration of peace, on the very logical ground that 'war cannot be managed on the town meeting principle.'

IT would be safe to say that only the infliction of a poor memory prevents the recollection, by most of us, of barked shins and a rip in the rear as the physical and sartorial attributes of some one or a dozen bird-nesting adventures of bare-foot days. We were not much concerned those days in the literary products of the professional ornithologist which are marshalled in an amazing array now-a-days in the publisher's catalogues. The very number of bird-books provokes curiosity as to the opportunity offered by bird-study for the indulgence of a desire for some pleasant summer hobby.

Somewhere in between the rather thoughtless cruelty of the tree-climbing, nest-robbing practices of buoyant boyhood and the fearsome technicalities of the systematist with his callipers and dessicated language describing the bones and feathers of dead birds, there should be a happy medium for the amateur in need of some such tonic to stimulate "interest" and revive the old appetite for ramblings afield. In the New York Sun, Harry Esty Dounce tells of the pleasures the amateur may find in a study of bird-lore. And in telling how to set about

**Make Friends of  
the Birds, says  
N. Y. Sun Man**

the quest for such pleasures, he says: "You must have ordinary sight and hearing. A glass is helpful, but not essential. The best book for the novice is one with good pictures

and some kind of an identification key arranged by size and colour rather than by families. It happens that the book with the key I should recommend is villainously (albeit 'prettily') illustrated with coloured photographs of mediocre mounted specimens that lack all character of the bird in life. Bad pictures are confusing; they are worse than no pictures at all. Photographs from life are valuable in other ways, but not for identification, because they are usually taken in a glaring light, which obscures the colour pattern and exaggerates little momentary disarrays of plumage.

"At first you will identify only some of the birds which will obligingly sit still close at hand for you to study them. Look at such a bird. See him. Make notes on him—size, form, length and shape of bill. If possible follow him long enough to get him in various lights, for nothing is more tricky than the light on colour patterns. Listen to his notes that you may know his voice again. Watch when he flies away. Birds are seen oftenest flying, and in that respect almost every kind shows to the practised eye a distinguishing mark or a special trait of motion.

"It is better to work from the bird to the book than to study the book first and then try to make your observations fit your undigested memories.

"The acuteness of proficiency will come by the third season," says Mr. Dounce. "There need be no fear," he declares, "that enthusiasm for bird-lore will make response to nature's appeal one-sided and distract from the general exaltation and serenity that come with the right mood and the right hour in beautiful surroundings out of doors. As for Nature's larger appeal," he says, "I find personally that I get much more out of my sojourns in the wilds by virtue of what bird knowledge I have gained. To recognize that the weird cry which falls from the clouds is that of a night heron passing over from shore to marsh does not set me thinking about the night heron's anatomy or his economic value; but because I know him well I hear the cry and glance upward, as a non-birdist might not do—and cry and bird are inherent parts of the magic of the twilight hour."

A LURID light was thrown upon the tremendous development of the aeroplane as a destructive agent by the flashes of the bombs about London streets by the fifteen air-raiders who wrought such terrible destruction on June 13th. This menace to the lives of little children, women and non-combatants, leaps with giant strides at the impulse and under the stimulus of war and, according to H. F. Wyatt, who writes on "Air Raids and the New War," in the "Nineteenth Century Review," "it is a certainty that unless we find effectual means to stop them, the raids by German aeroplanes already accomplished will be dwarfed to insignificance by those speedily to come."

It is only a matter of a few months, says Mr. Wyatt, before it will be possible for the enemy to attempt a repetition of the frightful feat of the thirteenth of June "not by fifteen, but by a hundred and fifty winged instruments of death." He goes on to project a picture of even greater frightfulness which he sees as a condition of the near future when, "by next March," it may be quite conceivably in the power of our foes, if they choose, to send, not a hundred and fifty, but several hundred, or perhaps a few months later still, a thousand machines to drop bombs on the capital of Britain, and on other English towns."

Mr. Wyatt has little patience with the advocates of dignified composure and the preachers, politicians and pacifists who are opposed to the principle of reprisals. It would be futile, he declares, to attempt to practise a passive defence by withdrawing aerial fighters from the firing line to patrol the threatened areas. "This miserable manoeuvre," as Mr. Wyatt calls it, is exactly what the enemy hopes to achieve.

"The cause of the inferiority of the defence to the offence is very clear," he says. "For the aeroplane possesses a mobility far exceeding that of any other instrument of war. Fleets of flying machines can scatter as they will—scatter and reconcentrate. What would be the chance of equality at any given place, possessed by our aerial guards, against a large force of aerial enemies, even though the former, if gathered together, would outnumber the latter by ten to one? Lord Haldane himself could hardly anticipate that the enemy would give them exact notice of his intentions. No sophistry can obscure the

reality that one machine actively employed against the enemy on the Continent is worth more than five machines employed at home."

Mr. Wyatt is positive in his advocacy of the

reprisal principle. At the conclusion of his argument in favour of such a policy, he makes the startling statement, "the German air-raids, unlike other acts of theirs by land and sea, are perfectly legitimate features of the new warfare." There is a legitimate military objective, he says, for bombs dropped from fighting planes. If a munition factory is a "legitimate military objective," says Mr. Wyatt, "then, since bombs cannot be aimed with accuracy, the place in which the factory is situated also becomes a legitimate object of military assault." Mr. Wyatt would also include military clothing factories, boot factories, army food depots, or any other factory or storehouse where either work vital to the army is carried on or the fruits of such labour are preserved. "Is every spot of this kind to be held by us as sacrosanct," he asks, "if it stands in any town of which the inhabitants are liable to be hit by bombs dropped during an air-raid."

Drawing a parallel of "right" as between the bombardment of a city by an army and the bombardment of civic centres from fleets of aeroplanes, he says: "An army which bombards a city has first to reach that city, usually a long and painful process. Then it can, and is expected to, give notice of its contemplated action and, as an alternative to it, to demand rendition. When, however, these preliminaries have been fulfilled, and when surrender has been refused, then the shells fired from the guns of the besiegers are missiles as deadly as the bombs dropped from aeroplanes. But it is admitted that there is still this difference: that the population of the city bom-

barded by guns can, if they choose, at any moment agree to the surrender which they first declined, and the besieging army can then occupy the town.

"Now take the case of a fleet of aeroplanes. Within the constantly widening limits of its fuel capacity, where it will, there it can go. But however terrific the downpour of its bombs, it cannot accept surrender because it cannot take possession. Neither, practically, can it give notice of its intention to bombard. For in giving such notice it might enable an enemy fleet to concentrate to meet it. Therefore we reach this point: that either aerial fleets must not be employed at all to bomb legitimate military objectives, which will very frequently be situated in the midst of towns, or else they must be employed just as the Germans have been using their squadrons against them. Let us then come to close quarters with the Bishops (et hoc genus omne) on this issue. Do they say that bombardment of cities by guns is lawful but bombardment by flying machines unlawful because of the two differences named? And do they maintain that rather than ignore those differences they would prefer to see the Allies defeated, Britain converted into a Belgium or a Serbia, and British women and children massacred by the million? If that is not their contention, at what point precisely do they draw the dividing line?"

**New Views of War in the Air**  
by H. F. Wyatt

**T**HERE is an unusual quality about such dreams as are preserved as vivid in memory as anything ever seen in the outer world and in many cases where every detail of the picture is so tapestried in memory the material seems to be woven from a substance which matches in its meaning the "visions" set down by the chroniclers for the early prophets. A dream of this kind befel Henry van Dyke twenty-five years ago, and the story of it is told by him in Scribner's Magazine. In the preamble he says:

"I shall try to tell the story of this dream with an absolute faithfulness, adding nothing and leaving nothing out, but writing the narrative just as if the thing were real. Perhaps it was. Who can say?"

The setting of the dream was in an ancient city where the dwelling places and larger buildings were gray and beautiful with age. The city lay beside a river or estuary. The older part of the town was closely and intricately built. The narrow,

**Strange Story of a Dream**  
by Van Dyke

stone-paved ways led out here and there suddenly into an open square. Mr. van Dyke had left his wife and little girl in a lodging and had walked out alone to visit the sleeping town. He stood in the largest and more important looking of the public squares, which fronted a great cathedral. It seemed to be a little before midnight.

Two heroic figures seated on the shallow stone steps in front of the cathedral were talking earnestly together. "They were like Greek gods," says Mr. van Dyke, "very strong and beautiful and naked but for some slight drapery that fell snow white around them. I could not hear what they were saying; yet I could see that they were in a dispute which went to the very roots of life."

"They resembled each other strangely in form and feature"—continues the narrative—"like twin brothers. But the face of one was noble, lofty, calm, full of vast regret and compassion. The face of the other was proud, resentful, drawn with passion. He appeared to be accusing and renouncing his companion, breaking away from an ancient friendship in a swift, implacable hatred. But the companion seemed to plead with him, and lean toward him, and try to draw him close. In a little while the two figures stood up, the one calm and benignant, the other fierce and threatening. The quiet one continued his pleading, but the other, with a proud, impatient gesture, shook free. "At last," says Mr. van Dyke, "I heard him speak. 'I have done with you,' he cried. 'I do not believe in you. I have no more need of you. I renounce you. I will live without you. Away for ever out of my life!' At this a look of ineffable sorrow and pity came upon the great com-



The cathedral spire . . . was swaying and rocking in the air like the mast of a ship at sea.

—Franklin Booth, in Scribner's Magazine.

panion's face. 'You are free,' he answered. 'I have only besought you, never constrained you. Since you will it, I must leave you, now, to yourself.' He rose into the air, still looking downward with eyes full of grief and warning, until he vanished in silence among the thin clouds."

"A sense of intolerable calamity fell upon me," says Mr. van Dyke. He had realized that one was Man and the other was God. A powerful impulse drew him into the cathedral where Man had strode. The nave of the church was packed with a vast throng, amongst which tumult and angry division broke when Man declared, "I am the Lord! There is none above me! No law, no God! Man is power. Man is the highest of all!" A panic fear possessed the crowd. They were stricken dumb as the floor of the cathedral was moved and lifted by a mysterious ground swell. They poured from the building, struggling in furious silence, and Mr. van Dyke's dream self was swept along with them. "One thought possessed me," he writes. "I must get my wife and child, save them, bring them out of this accursed city." The cathedral spire was swaying and rocking in the air like the mast of a ship at sea. It was an inferno with thunder added to the clamour of men struggling together, fighting, shouting or shrieking.

Avoiding the thickest centres of the strife, driven always by an intense longing to reach his wife and child, Mr. van Dyke struggled in his dream until he came to their lodging place. The woman and the little girl went away with him at once out to the newer section of the town and by dark ways to the shore of the river. They came on to a dingy beach of a back-water of the main stream. A little day had begun to whiten the eastern sky. Out from the main harbour great ships were visible all passing out to sea. The backwater was sprinkled with smaller vessels all filled with people and slowly creeping seaward. He put his wife and child into a small boat which seemed to be waiting for them. An old man held the tiller and was impatient for Mr. van Dyke to get in and sail away. "But I felt that I could not," he says at the conclusion of his narrative. "I let go of the boat. I cried 'good-by,' I was compelled to go back to the doomed city. I must know what would come of the parting of Man from God! The tide was running out more swiftly. The water swirled around me. I awoke.

"But the dream remained with me, just as I have told it to you."



Any Englishman in doubt as to the necessity for air-reprisals on Germany has only to look at this picture of a child aged seven who was hurt in one of the recent air-raids on London.

# Rimrock Jones

CHAPTER I.

The Man with a Gun.

By DANE COOLIDGE

Author of "The Desert Trail"

THE peace of midday lay upon Gunsight, broken only by the distant chang, chang of bells as a ten-mule ore-team came toiling in from the mines. In the cool depths of the umbrella tree in front of the Company's office a Mexican ground-dove crooned endlessly his ancient song of love, but Gunsight took no notice. Its thoughts were not of love, but of money.

The dusty team of mules passed down the street, dragging their double-trees reluctantly, and took their cursing meekly as they made the turn at the tracks. A switch engine bumped along the sidings, snaking ore-cars down to the bins and bunting them up to the chutes, but except for its bangings and clamour the town was still. An aged Mexican, armed with a long bunch of willow brush, swept idly at the sprinkled street and Old Hassayamp Hicks, the proprietor of the Alamo Saloon, leaned back in his rawhide chair and watched him with good-natured contempt.

The town was dead, after a manner of speaking, and yet it was not dead. In the Gunsight Hotel where the officials of the Company left their women-folks to idle and fret and gossip, there was a restless flash of white from the upper veranda; and in the office below Andrew McBain, the aggressive President of the Gunsight Mining and Developing Company, paced nervously to and fro as he dictated letters to a typist. He paused, and as the clacking stopped a woman who had been reading a novel on the veranda rose up noiselessly and listened over the railing. The new typist was really quite deaf—one could hear every word that was said. She was pretty, too—and well, she dressed too well, for one thing.

BUT McBain was not making love to his typist. He had stopped with a word on his lips and stood gazing out the window. The new typist had learned to read faces and she followed his glance with a start. Who was this man that Andrew McBain was afraid of? He came riding in from the desert, a young man, burly and masterful, mounted on a buckskin horse and with a pistol slung low on his leg. McBain turned white, his stern lips drew tighter and he stood where he had stopped in his stride like a wolf that has seen a fierce dog; then suddenly he swung forward again and his voice rang out harsh and defiant. The new typist took the words down at haphazard, for her thoughts were not on her work. She was thinking of the man with a gun. He had gone by without a glance, and yet McBain was afraid of him.

A couple of card players came out of the Alamo and stopped to talk with Hassayamp.

"Well, bless my soul," exclaimed the watchful Hassayamp as he suddenly brought his chair down with a bump, "if hyer don't come that locoed scoundrel, Rimrock! Say, that boy's crazy, don't you know he is—jest look at that big sack of rocks!"

He rose up heavily and stepped out into the street, shading his eyes from the glare of the sun.

"Hello, that, Rimmy!" he rumbled bluffly as the horseman waved his hand, "whar you been so long, and nothin' heard of you? There's been a woman hyer, enquirin' for you, most every day for a month

PROBABLY you have never known what it means to be as poor as a junk-man in war-time one day and as rich as a copper king the next. And it's because most of us under such circumstances would make a bigger study in fool-dom than any we have ever met, that the character of Rimrock Jones becomes so everlastingly real. Rimrock is a character that you can talk about anywhere—only it's far better to have your copy of the paper along with you, because the character of Rimrock can only be got in Rimrock's own language. He is a master of language, and a man of action. A real swashbuckling, rampageous north wind, this man-justice miner from Gunsight, Arizona. Canada has known scores of characters just as uncommon. It takes half a dozen or more of these rolled into one to make Rimrock. Dane Coolidge has sat down with his spot-light on these hero-outlaw chaps who stand for justice and no law. He has studied them. Result—Rimrock.

Also there is a woman in the case. Mary Fortune was just about all that Rimrock wasn't, which was why she understood him.

This story of a man, a woman, and a mine, will last us four instalments. You will be looking for the next about this time in September.



"S that so?" responded Rimrock, guardedly. "Well, say, boys, I've struck it rich!"

He leaned back to untie a sack of ore, but Old Hassayamp was not to be deterred.

"Yes, sir," he went on opening up his eyes triumphantly, "a widdy woman—says you owe her two-bits for some bread!"

He laughed uproariously at this pointed jest and clambered back to the plank sidewalk where he sat down convulsed in his chair.

"Aw, you make me tired!" said Rimrock, shortly. "You know I don't owe no woman."

"You owe every one else, though," came back Hassayamp, with a Texas yupe; "I got you there, boy. You shore can't git around that!"

"Huh!" grunted Rimrock as he swung lightly to the

ground. "Two bits, maybe! Four bits! A couple of dollars! What's that to talk about when a man is out after millions? Is my credit good for the drinks? Well, come on in then, boys; and I'll show you something good!"

He led the way through the swinging doors and Hassayamp followed ponderously. The card players followed also and several cowboys, appearing as if by miracle, lined up along with the rest. Old Hassayamp looked them over grimly, breathed hard and spread out the glasses.

"Well, all right, Rim," he observed, "between friends—but don't bid in the whole town."

"When I drink, my friends drink," answered Rimrock and tossed off his first drink in a month. "Now!" he went on, fetching out his sack, "I'll show you something good!"

HE poured out a pile of blue-gray sand and stood away from it admiringly.

Old Hassayamp drew out his glasses and balanced them on his nose, then he gazed at the pile of sand.

"Well," he said, "what is it, anyway?"

"It's copper, by grab, mighty nigh ten per cent. copper, and you can scoop it up with a shovel. There's worlds of it, Hassayamp, a whole doggoned mountain! That's the trouble, there's almost too much! I can't handle it, man, it'll take millions to do it; but believe me, the millions are there. All I need is a stake now, just a couple of thousand dollars—"

"Huh!" grunted Hassayamp, looking up over his glasses, "you don't reckon I've got that much, do you, to sink in a pile of sand?"

"If not you, then somebody else," replied Rimrock, confidently. "Some feller that's out looking for sand. I heard about a sport over in London that tried on a bet to sell five-pound notes for a shilling. That's like me offering to sell you twenty-five dollars for the English equivalent of two bits. And d'ye think he could get anyone to take 'em? He stood up on a soap box and waved those notes in the air, but d'ye think he could get anybody to buy?"

He paused with a cynical smile and looked Hassayamp in the eye.

"Well—no," conceded Hassayamp, weakly.

"You bet your life he could!" snapped back Rimrock. "A guy came along that knowed. He took one look at those five-pound notes and handed up fifty cents."

"I'll take two of 'em," he says; and walks off with fifty dollars!"

Rimrock scooped up his despised sand and poured it back into the bag, after which he turned on his heel. As the doors swung to behind him Old Hassayamp looked at his customers and shook his head impressively. From the street outside Rimrock could be heard telling a Mexican in Spanish to take his horse to the corrals. He was master of Gunsight yet, though all his money had vanished and his credit would buy nothing but the drinks.

"WELL, what d'ye know about that?" observed Hassayamp, meditatively. "By George, sometimes I almost think that boy is right!"

He cleared his throat and hobbled towards the door and the crowd took the hint to disperse.

On the edge of the shady sidewalk Rimrock Jones, the follower after big dreams, sat silent, balancing

the sack of ore in a bronzed and rock-scarred hand. He was a powerful man, with the broad, square-set shoulders that come from much swinging of a double jack or cranking at a windlass. The curling beard of youth had covered his hard-bitten face and his head was unconsciously thrust forward, as if he still glimpsed his vision and was eager to follow it further. The crowd settled down and gazed at him curiously, for they knew he had a story to tell, and at last the great Rimrock sighed and looked at his work-worn hands.

"Hard going," he said, glancing up at Hassayamp. "I've got a ten-foot hole to sink on twenty different claims, no powder, and nothing but Mexicans for help. But I sure turned up some good ore—she gets richer the deeper you go."

"Any gold?" enquired Hassayamp, hopefully.

"Yes, but pocketty. I leave all that chloriding to the Mexicans while I do my discovery work. They've got some picked rock on the dump."

"Why don't you quit that dead work and do a little chloriding yourself? Pound out a little gold—that's the way to get a stake!"

OLD Hassayamp spat the words out impatiently, but Rimrock seemed hardly to hear.

"Nope," he said, "no pocket-mining for me. There's copper there, millions of tons of it. I'll make my winning yet."

"Huh!" grunted Hassayamp, and Rimrock came out of his trance.

"You don't think so, hey?" he challenged, and then his face softened to a slow, reminiscent smile.

"Say, Hassayamp," he said, "did you ever hear about that prospector that found a thousand pounds of gold in one chunk? He was lost on the desert, plumb out of water and forty miles from nowhere. He couldn't take the chunk with him and if he left it there the sand would cover it up. Now what was that poor feller to do?"

"Well, what did he do?" enquired Hassayamp, cautiously.

"He couldn't make up his mind," answered Rimrock, "so he stayed there till he starved to death."

"You're plumb full of these sayings and parables, ain't you?" remarked Hassayamp, sarcastically. "what's that got to do with the case?"

"Well," began Rimrock, sitting down on the edge of the sidewalk and looking absently up the street, "take me, for instance. I go out across the desert to the Tecolotes and find a whole mountain of copper. You don't have to chop it out with chisels, like that native copper around the Great Lakes; and you don't have to go underground and do timbering like they do around Bisbee and Cananea. All you have to do is to shoot it down and scoop it up with a steam shovel. Now I've located the whole danged mountain and done most of my discovery work, but if some feller don't give me a boost, like taking that prospector a canteen of water, I've either got to lose my mine or sit down and starve to death. If I'd never done anything, it'd be different, but you know that I made the Gunsight."

He leaned forward and fixed the saloon keeper with his earnest eyes and Old Hassayamp held up both hands.

"Yes, yes, boy, I know!" he broke out hurriedly. "Don't talk to me—I'm convinced. But by George, Rim, you can spend more money and have less to show for it than any man I know. What's the use? That's what we all say. What's the use of staking you when you'll turn right around in front of us and throw the money away? Ain't I staked you? Ain't L. W. staked you?"

"Yes! And he broke me, too!" answered Rimrock, raising his voice to a defiant boom. "Here he comes now, the blue-faced old dastard!"

He thrust out his jaw and glared up the street where L. W. Lockhart, the local banker, came stumping down the sidewalk. L. W. was tall and rangy, with a bulldog jaw clamped down on a black cigar, and an air of absolute detachment from his surroundings.

"Yes, I mean you!" shouted Rimrock, insultingly, as L. W. went grimly past. "You claim to be a white man, and then stand in with that lawyer to beat me out of my mine. I made you, you old nickel-pincher, and now you go by me and don't even say: 'Have a drink!'"

"You're drunk!" retorted Lockhart, looking back over his shoulder, and Rimrock jumped to his feet.

"I'll show you!" he cried, starting angrily after him, and L. W. turned swiftly to meet him.

"You'll show me what?" he demanded, coldly, as Rimrock put his hand to his gun.

"Never mind!" answered Rimrock. "You know you jobbed me. I let you in on a good thing and you sold me out to McBain. I want some money and if you don't give it to me I'll—I'll go over and collect from him."

"Oh, you want some money, hey?" repeated Lockhart. "I thought you was going to show me something!"

The banker scowled as he rolled his cigar, but there was a twinkle far back in his eyes. "You're bad now, ain't you?" he continued, tauntingly. "You're just feeling awful! You're going to jump on Lon Lockhart and stomp him into the ground! Huh!"

"Aw, shut your mouth!" answered Rimrock, defiantly, "I never said a word about fight."

"Uhr!" grunted L. W. and put his hand in his pocket at which Rimrock became suddenly expectant.

"Henry Jones," began the banker, "I knowed your father and he was an honorable, hardworking man. You're nothing but a bum and you're getting worse—why don't you go and put up that gun?"

"I don't have to!" retorted Rimrock, but he moved up closer and there was a wheedling turn to his voice. "Just two thousand dollars, Lon—that's all I ask of you—and I'll give you a share in my mine. Didn't I come to you first, when I discovered the Gunsight, and give you the very best claim? And you ditched me, L. W., dad-burn you, you know it; you sold me out to McBain. But I've got something now that runs up into millions! All it needs is a little more work!"

"Yes, and forty miles of railroad," put in L. W., intolerantly. "I wouldn't take the whole works for a gift!"

"No, but Lon, I'm lucky—you know that yourself—I can go East and sell the old mine."

"Oh, you're lucky, are you?" interrupted L. W. "Well, how come then that you're standing here, broke? But here, I've got business, I'll give you ten dollars—and remember, it's the last that you get!"

He drew out a bill, but Rimrock stood looking at him with a slow and contemptuous smile.

"Yes, you doggoned old screw," he answered, ungraciously, "what good will ten dollars do?"

"You can get just as drunk on that," replied L. W., pointedly, "as you could on a hundred thousand!"

A change came over Rimrock's face, the swift mirroring of some great idea, and he reached out and grabbed the money.

"Where you going?" demanded L. W., as he started across the street.

"None of your business," answered Rimrock, curtly, but he headed straight for the Mint.

## CHAPTER II

### When Riches Fly.

THE Mint was Gunsight's only gambling house. It had a bar, of course, and a Mexican string band that played from eight o'clock on; besides a roulette wheel, a crap table, two faro layouts, and monte for the Mexicans. But the afternoon was dull

and the faro dealer was idly shuffling a double stack of chips when Rimrock brushed in through the door. Half an hour afterwards the place was crowded and all the games were running big. Such is the force of example—especially when you win.

Rimrock threw his bill on the table, bought a stack of white chips, placed it on the queen and told the dealer to turn 'em. The queen won and Rimrock took his chips and played as the spirit moved. He won more, for the house was unlucky from the start, and soon others began to ride his bets. If he bet on the seven, eager hands reached over his shoulder and placed more chips on the seven. Petty winners drifted off to try their luck at monte, the sports took a fier at roulette; and as the gambling spirit, so subtly fed, began to rise to a fever, Rimrock Jones, the cause of all this heat, bet more and more—and still won.



Rimrock Comes Back Flush.

It was at the height of the excitement when, with half of the checks in the rack in front of him, Rimrock was losing and winning by turns, that the bull-like rumble of L. W. Lockhart came drifting in to him above the clamour of the crowd.

"Why don't you quit, you fool?" the deep voice demanded. "Cash in and quit—you've got your stake!"

RIMROCK made a gesture of absent-minded impatience and watched the slow turn of the cards. Not even the dealer or the hawk-eyed lookout was more intently absorbed in the game. He knew every card that had been played and he bet where the odds were best. Every so often a long, yellow hand reached past him and laid a bet by his stake. It was the hand of a Chinaman, those most passionate of faro players, and at such times, seeing it follow his luck, the face of Rimrock lightened up with the semblance of a smile. He called the last turn and they paused for the drinks, while the dealer mopped his brow.

"Where's Ike?" he demanded. "Well, somebody call him—he's hiding out, asleep, upstairs."

"Yes, wake him up!" shouted Rimrock, boastfully. "Tell him Rimrock Jones is here."

"Aw, pull out, you sucker!" blared L. W. in his ear, but Rimrock only shoved out his bets.

"Ten on the ace," droned the anxious dealer, "the jack is coppered. All down?"

He held up his hand and as the betting ceased he slowly pushed out the two cards.

"Tray loses, ace wins!" he announced, and Rimrock won again.

Then he straightened up purposefully and looked about as he sorted his winnings into piles.

"The whole works on the queen," he said to the dealer and a hush fell upon the crowd.

"Where's Ike?" shrilled the dealer, but the boss was not to be found and he dealt, unwillingly, for a queen. But the fear was on him and his thin hands trembled; for Ike Bray was not the type of your frozen-faced gambler—he expected his dealers to win. The dealer shoved them out, and an oath slipped past his lips.

"Queen wins," he quavered, "the bank is broke." And he turned the box on its side.

A shout went up—the glad yell of the multitude—and Rimrock rose up grinning.

"Who said to pull out?" he demanded, arrogantly, looking about for the glowering L. W. "Huh, huh!" he chuckled, "quit your luck when you're winning? Quit your luck and your luck will quit you—the drinks for the house, barkeep!"

He was standing at the bar, stuffing money into his pockets, when Ike Bray, the proprietor, appeared. Rimrock turned, all smiles, as he heard his voice on the stairs and looked back against the bar. More than once in the past Bray had taken his roll, but now it was his turn to laugh.

"Lemme see," he remarked, as he felt Bray's eyes



He Makes Gunsight See Red.

upon him, "I wonder how much I win."

He drew out the bills from his faded overalls and began laboriously to count them out into his hat.

Ike Bray stopped and looked at him, a little, twisted man with his hair still rumpled from the bed.

"Where's that dealer?" he shrilled in his high, complaining voice. "I'll kill the danged piker—that bank ain't broke yet—I got a big roll, right here!"

HE waved it in the air and came limping forward until he stood facing Rimrock Jones.

"You think you broke me, do you?" he demanded, insolently, as Rimrock looked up from his count.

"You can see for yourself," answered Rimrock, contentedly, and held out his well-filled hat.

"You're a piker!" yelled Bray. "You don't dare to come back at me. I'll play you one turn win or lose—for your pile!"

A hundred voices rang out at once, giving Rimrock all kinds of advice, but L. W.'s rose above them all.

"Don't you do it!" he roared. "He'll clean you, for a certainty!" But Rimrock's blue eyes were aflame.

"All right, Mr. Man," he answered, on the instant, and went over and sat down in his chair. "But bring me a new pack and shuffle 'em clean, and I'll do the cutting myself."

"Ahh!" snarled Bray, who was in villainous humour, as he hurled himself into his place. "Y'needn't make no cracks—I'm on the square—and I'll take no lip from anybody!"

"Well, shuffle 'em up, then," answered Rimrock, quietly, "and when I feel like it I'll make my bet."

It was the middle of the night, as Bray's days were divided, and even yet he was hardly awake; but he shuffled the cards until Rimrock was satisfied and then locked them into the box. The case-keeper sat opposite, to keep track of the cards, and a look-out on the stand at one end, and while a mob of surging onlookers fought at their backs they watched the slow turning of the cards.

"Why don't you bet?" snapped Bray; but Rimrock jerked his head and beckoned him to go on.

"Yes, and lose half on splits," he answered grimly, "I'll bet when it comes the last turn."

The deal went on till only three cards remained in the bottom of the box. By the record of the case-keeper they were the deuce and the jack—the top card, already shown, did not count.

"The jack," said Rimrock, and piled up his money on the enameled card on the board.

"You lose," rasped out Bray without waiting for the turn and then drew off the upper card. The jack lay, a loser, in the box below, and as he shoved it slowly out the deuce appeared underneath.

"How'd you know?" flashed back Rimrock as Bray reached for his money, but the gambler laughed in his face.

"I outlucked you, you yap," he answered, harshly. "That dealer—he wasn't worth hell room!"

"Gimme a fiver to eat on!" demanded Rimrock, as Bray banked the money, but he flipped him fifty cents. It was the customary stake, the sop thrown by the gambler to the man who has lost his last cent, and Bray sloughed it without losing his count.

"Go on, now," he said, still keeping to the formula, "go back and polish a drill!"

It was the form of dismissal for the hardrock miners whose earnings he was wont to take, but Rimrock was not particular.

"All right, Ike," he said, and as he drifted out the door his prosperity friends disappeared. Only L. W. remained, a scornful twist on his lips, and the sight of him left Rimrock sick. "Yes, rub it in!" he said, defiantly, and L. W., too, walked away.

In his sober moments—when he was out on the desert or slugging away underground—Rimrock Jones was neither childish nor a fool. He was a serious man, with great hopes before him; and a

past, not ignoble, behind. But after months of solitude, of hard, yegging work and hopes deferred, the town set his nerves all a-tingle—even Gunsight, a mere dot on the map—and he was drunk before he took his first drink. Drunk with mischief and spontaneous laughter, drunk with good stories untold, new ideas, great thoughts, high ambitions. But now he had had his fling.

With fifty cents to eat on, and one more faro game behind him, Rimrock stood thoughtfully on the corner and asked the old question: What next? He had won, and he had lost. He had made the stake that would have taken him far towards his destiny; and then he had dropped it, foolishly, by playing another man's game. He could see it now; but then, we all can—the question was, what next?

"Well, I'll eat," he said at last, and went across the street to Woo Chong's. "The American Restaurant" was the way the sign read, but Americans don't run restaurants in Arizona. They don't know how. Woo Chong had fed forty miners when he ran the cook-house for Rimrock, for half what a white man could; and when Rimrock had lost his mine, at the end of a long lawsuit, Woo Chong had followed him to town. There was a long tally on the wall, the longest of all, which told how many meals Rimrock owed him for; but Rimrock knew he was welcome. Adversity had its uses and he had learned, among other things, that his best friends were now Chinamen and Mexicans. To them, at least, he was still El Patron—the Boss!

"Hello, there, Woo!" he shouted at the doorway and a rapid-fire of Chinese ceased. The dining-room was deserted, but from the kitchen in the rear he



Mary Fortune was not an adventuress, but she knew how to deal with Rimrock.

could hear the shuffling slippers of Woo.

"Howdy-do, Misse' Jones!" exclaimed Woo in great excitement as he came hurrying out to meet him. "I see you—few minutes ago—ove' Ike Blay's place! You blakum falo bank, no?"

"No, I lose," answered Rimrock, honestly. "Ike Bray, he gave me this to eat on."

HE showed the fifty-cent piece and sat down at a table whereat Woo Chong began to giggle hysterically.

"Aw! Allee time foolee me," he grinned facetiously. "You no see me the'? Me playum, too. Win ten dolla', you bet!"

"Well, all right, Woo," said Rimrock. "Just give me something to eat—we won't quarrel about who won."

He leaned back in his chair and Woo Chong said no more till he appeared again with a T-bone steak.

"You ketchum mine, pretty soon?" he questioned, anxiously. "All lite, me come back and cook."

Rimrock sighed and went to eating and Woo remembered the coffee, but somehow even that failed to cheer.

A shadow of doubt came across Woo's watchful face and he hurried away for more bread.

"You no bleakum bank?" he enquired at last and Rimrock shook his head.

"No, Woo," he said, "Ike Bray, he came down and win all my money back."

"Aw, too bad!" breathed Woo Chong, and slipped quietly away; but after a while he came back.

"Too bad!" he repeated. "You my fliend, Misse' Jones." And he laid five dollars by his hand.

"Ah, no, no!" protested Rimrock, rising up from his place as if he had suffered a blow. "No money, Woo. You give me my grub and that's enough—I haven't got down to that!"

Woo Chong went away—he knew how to make gifts easy—and Rimrock stood looking at the gold. Then he picked it up, slowly, and as slowly walked out, and stood leaning against a post.

There is one street in Gunsight, running grandly down to the station; but the rest is mostly vacant lots and scattered adobe houses, creeping out into the infinitude of the desert. At noon, when he had come to town, the street was deserted, but now it was coming to life. Wild-eyed Mexican boys, mounted on bare-backed ponies, came galloping up from the corrals; freight waggons drifted past, hauling supplies to distant mining camps; and at last, as he stood there thinking, the women began to come out of the hotel.

All day they stayed there, idle, useless, on the shaded veranda above the street; and then, when the sun was low, they came forth like indolent butterflies to float up and down the street. They sauntered by in pairs, half-hidden beneath silk parasols, and their skirts swished softly as they passed. Rimrock eyed them sullenly, for a black mood was on him—he was thinking of his lost mine. Their faces were powdered to an unnatural whiteness and their hair was elaborately coiffed; their dresses, too, were white and filmy and their high heels clacked as they walked. But who was keeping these women, these wives of officials, and superintendents and mining engineers? Did they glance at the man who had discovered their mine and built up the town where they lived? Well, probably they did, but not so as he could notice it and take off his battered old hat.

RIMROCK looked up the road and, far out across the desert, he could see his own pack-train, coming in. There was money to be got, to buy powder and grub, but who would trust Rimrock Jones now? Not the Gunsight crowd, not McBain and his hirelings—they needed the money for their women! He gazed at them scowling as they went pacing by him, with their

eyes fixed demurely on space; and all too well he knew that, beneath their lashes, they watched him and knew him well. Yes, and spoke to each other, when they were off up the street, of what a bum he had become. That was women—he knew it—the idle kind; they judged a man by his roll.

The pack-train strung by, each burro with its saw-horse saddle, and old Juan and his boy behind.

"Al corral!" directed Rimrock as they looked at him expectantly, and then he remembered something.

"Oyes, Juan," he beckoned, calling his man servant up to him, "here's five dollars—go buy some beans and flour. It is nothing, Juanito, I'll have more pretty soon—and here's four bits, you can buy you a drink."

He smiled benevolently and Juan touched his hat and went sidling off like a crab and then once more the black devil came back to plague him, hissing Money, Money, MONEY! He looked up the street and a plan, long formless, took sudden shape in his brain. There was yet McBain, the horse-leech of a lawyer who had beaten him out of his claim. More than once, in black moments, he had threatened to kill him; but now he was glad he had not. Men



even raised skunks, when the bounty on them was high enough, and took the pay out of their hides. It was the same with McBain. If he didn't come through—Rimrock shook up his six-shooter and stalked resolutely off up the street.

The office of the Company was on the ground floor of the hotel—the corner room, with a rented office beyond—and as Rimrock came towards it he saw a small sign, jutting out from the farther door:

MARY ROGET FORTUNE

Typewriting.

HE glanced at it absently, for strange emotions came over him as he peered in through that plateglass window. It had been his office, this same expensive room; and he had been robbed of it, under cover of the law. He shaded his eyes from the glare of the street and looked in at the mahogany desk. It was vacant—the whole place was vacant—and silently he tried the door. That was locked. McBain had seen him and slipped away till he should get out of town.

"The sneaking cur!" muttered Rimrock, in a fury, and a passing woman drew away and half-screamed. He ignored her, pondering darkly, and then to his ears came a familiar voice. He listened, intently, and raised his head; then tiptoed along the wall. That voice, as he knew it, belonged to Andrew McBain, the man that stole mines for a living. He paused at the door where Mary Fortune had her sign, then suddenly forced his way in.

Without thinking, impulsively, he had moved towards that voice as a man follows some irresistible call. He opened the door and stood blinking in the doorway, his hand on the pistol at his side. Then he blinked again, for in the gloom of the back office there was nothing but a desk and a girl. She wore a harness over her head, like a telephone operator, and rose up to meet him tremulously.

"Is there anything you wish?" she asked him quietly, and Rimrock fumbled and took off his hat.

"Yes—I was looking for a man," he said at last. "I thought I heard him—just now."

He came down towards her, still looking about him, and there was a stir from behind the desk.

"No, I think you're mistaken," she answered bravely, but he could see the telltale fear in her eyes.

"You know who I mean!" he broke out roughly, "and I guess you know why I've come!"

"No, I don't," she answered, "but—but this is my office and I hope you won't make any trouble."

The words came with a rush, once she found her courage, but the appeal was lost upon Rimrock.

"He's here, then!" he said.

"Well, you tell him to come out. I'd like to talk with him on business—alone!"

He took a step forward and then suddenly from behind the desk a shadow rose up and fled. It was Andrew McBain, and as he dashed for the rear door the girl valiantly covered his retreat. There was a quick slap of the latch, a scuffle behind her, and the door came shut with a bang.

"Oho!" said Rimrock, as she faced him panting, "he must be a friend of yours."

"No, he isn't," she answered instantly, and then a smile crept into her eyes. "But he's—well, he's my principal customer."

"Oh," said Rimrock, "well, I'll let him live then." He turned away, still intent on his purpose, but at the door she called him back.

"What that?" he asked, as if awakened from a dream. "Why, yes, if you don't mind, I will."

CHAPTER III.

Miss Fortune.

IT was very informal, to say the least, for Mary Fortune to invite him to stay. To be sure, she knew him—he was the man with the gun, the man

of whom McBain was afraid—but that was all the more reason, to a reasoning woman, why she should keep silent and let him depart. But there was a business-like brevity about him, a single-minded directness, that struck her as really unique. Quite apart from the fact that it might save McBain, she wanted him to stay there and talk. At least so she explained it, the evening afterwards, to her censorious otherself. What she did was spontaneous, on the impulse of the moment, and without any reason whatever.

"Oh, won't you sit down a moment?" she had murmured politely; and the savage, fascinating Westerner, after one long look, had with equal politeness accepted.

"Yes, indeed," he answered when he had got his wits together, "you're very kind to ask me, I'm sure."

He came back then, a huge, brown, ragged animal and sat down, very carefully, in her spare chair. Why he did so when his business, not to mention a just revenge, was urgently calling him thence, was a question never raised by Rimrock Jones. Perhaps he was surprised beyond the point of resistance; but it is still more likely that, without his knowing it, he was hungry to hear a woman's voice. His black mood left him, he forgot what he had come there for, and sat down to wonder and admire.

He looked at her curiously, and his eyes for one brief moment took in the details of the headband over her ear; then he smiled to himself in his masterful way as if the sight of her pleased him well. There was nothing about her to remind him of those women who stalked up and down the street; she was tall and thin with swift, capable hands, and

Rimrock had the money, but Mary was the first person he had ever met who didn't want it.



every line of her spoke subtly of style. Nor was she lacking in those qualities of beauty which we have come to associate with her craft. She had quiet brown eyes that lit up when she smiled, a high nose and masses of hair. But across that brown hair that a duchess might have envied lay the metal clip of her ear-*phone*, and in her dark eyes, bright and steady as they were, was that anxious look of the deaf.

"I hope I wasn't rude," she stammered nervously as she sat down and met his glance.

"Oh, no," he said, with the same carefree directness, "it was me, I reckon, that was rude. I certainly didn't count on meeting a lady when I came in here looking for—well, McBain. He won't be back, I reckon. Kind of interferes with business, don't it?"

He paused and glanced at the rear door and the typist smiled, discreetly.

"Oh, no," she said. And then, lowering her voice: "Have you had trouble with Mr. McBain?"

"Yes, I have," he answered. "You may have heard of me—my name is Henry Jones."

"Oh—Rimrock Jones?"

Her eyes brightened instantly as he slowly nodded his head.

"That's me," he said. "I used to run this whole town—I'm the man that discovered the mines."

"What, the Gunsight mines? Why, I thought Mr. McBain—"

"McBain what?"

"Why, I thought he discovered the mines."

Rimrock straightened up angrily, then he sat back in his chair and shook his head at her cynically.

"He didn't need to," he answered. "All he had to do was to discover an error in the way I laid out my claim. Then he went before a judge that was as crooked as he was and the rest you can see for yourself."

He thrust his thumb scornfully through a hole in his shirt and waved a hand in the direction of the office.

"No, he cleaned me out, using a friend of mine; and now I'm down to nothing. What do you think of a law that will take away a man's mine because it apexes on another man's claim? I discovered this mine and I formed the company, keeping fifty-one per cent. of the stock. I opened her up and she was paying big, when Andy McBain comes along. A shyster lawyer—that's the best you can say for him—but he cleaned me, down to a cent."

"I don't understand," she said at last as he seemed to expect some reply. "About these apexes—what are they, anyway? I've only been West a few months."

"Well, I've been West all my life, and I've hired some smart lawyers, and I don't know what an apex is yet. But in a general way it's the high point of

an ore-body—the highest place where it shows above ground. But the law works out like this: every time a man finds a mine and opens it up till it pays these apex sharps locate the high ground above him and contest the title to his claim. You can't do that in Mexico, nor in Canada, nor in China—this is the only country in the world where a mining claim don't go straight down. But under the law, when you locate a lode, you can follow that vein, within an extension of your end-lines, under anybody's ground. Anybody's!"

HE shifted his chair a little closer and fixed her with his fighting blue eyes.

"Now, just to show you how it works," he went on, "take me, for instance. I was just an ordinary ranch kid, brought up so far back in the mountains that the boys all called me Rimrock, and I found a rich ledge of rock. I staked out a claim for myself, and the rest for my folks and my friends, and then we organized the Gunsight Mining Company. That's the way

we all do, out here—one man don't hog it all, he does something for his friends. Well, the mine paid big, and if I didn't manage it just right I certainly never meant any harm. Of course I spent lots of money—some objected to that—but I made the old Gunsight pay.

"Then—" he raised his finger and held it up impressively as he marked the moment of his downfall—"then this McBain came along and edged into the Company and right from that day, I lose. He took on as attorney, but it wasn't but a minute till he was trying to be the whole show. You can't stop that man, short of killing him dead, and I haven't got around to that yet. But he bucked me from the start and set everybody against me and finally he cut out Lon Lockhart. There was a man, by Joe, that I'd stake my life on it he'd never go back on a friend; but he threw in with this lawyer and brought a suit against me, and just naturally took—away—my—mine!"

Rimrock's breast was heaving with an excitement so powerful that the girl instinctively drew away; but he went on, scarcely noticing, and with a fixed stare in his eyes akin to that of a madman.

"Yes, took it away; and here's how they did it," he went on, suddenly striving to be calm. "The first man I staked for, after my father and kinfolks, was L. W. Lockhart over here. He was a cowman then and he had some money and I figured on bidding him in. So I staked him a good claim, above mine on the mountain, and sure enough, he came into the Company. He financed me, from the start; but he kept this claim for himself without putting it in with the rest. Well, as luck would have it, when we sunk on the ledge, it turned at right angles up the hill. Up and down, she went—it was the main lode of quartz and we'd been following in on a stringer—and rich? Oh, my, it was rotten!"

HE paused and smiled wanly, then his eyes became fixed again, and he hurried on with his tale.

"I was standing out in front of my office one day when Tuck Edwards, the boy I had in charge of the mine, came riding up and says:

"Rim, they've jumped you!"

"Who jumped me?" I says.

"Andrew McBain and L. W.!" he says, and I thought at first he was crazy.

"Jumped our mine?" I says. "How can they jump it when it's part their own already?"

"They've jumped it all," he says. "They had a mining expert out there for a week and he's made a report that the lode apexes on L. W.'s claim."

"I couldn't believe it. L. W.? I'd made him. He used to be nothing but a cowman; and here he was in town, a banker. No, I couldn't believe it; and when I did it was too late. They'd taken possession of the property and had a court order restraining me from going onto the grounds. Not only did they claim the mine, but every dollar it had produced, the mill, the hotel, everything! And the judge backed them up in it—what kind of a law is that?"

He leaned forward and looked her in the eyes and Mary Fortune realized that she was being addressed not as a woman, impersonally, but as a human being.

"What kind of a law is that?" he demanded sternly, and took the answer for granted.

"That cured me," he said. "After this, here's the only law I know."

He tapped his pistol and leaned back in his chair, smiling grimly as she gazed at him, aghast.

"Yes, I know," he went on, "it don't sound very good, but it's that or lay down to McBain. The judges are no better—they're just promoted lawyers—"

He checked himself, for she had risen from her chair and her eyes were no longer scared.

"Excuse me," she said, "my father was a judge." And Rimrock reached for his hat.

"Whereabouts?" he asked, groping for a chance to square himself.

"Oh—back East," she said, evasively, and Rimrock heaved a sigh of relief.

"Aw, that's different," he answered. "I was just talking about the Territory. Well, say, I'll be moving along."

He rose quickly, but as he started for the door a rifle-cartridge fell from his torn pocket. It rolled in a circle and as he stooped swiftly to catch it the bullet came out like a cork and let spill a thin yellow line.

"What's that?" she asked, as he dropped to his knees; and he answered briefly:

"Gold!"

"What—real gold?" she cried rapturously, "gold from a mine? Oh, I'd like—"

She stopped short and Rimrock chuckled as he scooped up the elusive dust.

"All right," he said, as he rose to his feet, "I'll make you a present of it, then," and held out the cartridge of gold.

"Oh, I couldn't!" she thrilled, but he only smiled encouragingly and poured out the gold in her hand.

"It's nothing," he said, "just the clean-up from a pocket. I run across a little once in a while."

A panic came over her as she felt the telltale weight of it, and she hastily poured it back.

"I can't take it, of course," she said with dignity, "but it was awful good of you to offer it, I'm sure."

"Aw, what do we care?" he protested lightly, but she handed the corked cartridge back. Then she stood off and looked at him and the huge man in overalls became suddenly a Croesus in her eyes.

"Is that from your mine?" she asked at last, and

of a sudden his bronzed face lighted up.

"You bet it is—but look at this!" and he fetched a polished rock from his pocket. "That's azurite," he said, "nearly forty per cent. copper! I'm not telling everybody, but I find big chunks of that, and I've got a whole mountain of low-grade. What's a gold mine compared to that?"

He gave her the rich rock with its peacock-blue colouring and plunged forthwith into a description of his find. Now at last he was himself and to his natural enthusiasm was added the stimulus of her spellbound, wondering eyes. He talked on and on, giving all the details, and she listened like one entranced. He told of his long trips across the desert, his discovery of the neglected mountain of low-grade copper ore; and then of his enthusiasm when in making a cut he encountered a pocket of the precious peacock-blue azurite. And then of his scheming and hiring American-born Mexicans to locate the whole body of ore, after which he engaged them to do the discovery work and later transfer the claims to him. And now, half-finished, with no money to pay them, and not even food to keep them content, the Mexicans had quit work and unless he brought back provisions all his claims would go by default.

"I've got a chance," he went on fiercely, "to make millions, if I can only get title to those claims! And now, by grab, after all I've done for 'em, these pikers won't advance me a cent!"

"How much would it cost?" she asked him quickly, "to finish the work and pay off the men?"

"Two thousand dollars," he answered wearily. "But it might as well be a million."

"Would—would four hundred dollars help you?"

She asked it eagerly, impulsively, almost in his ear, and he turned as if he had been struck.

"Don't speak so loud," she implored him, nervously. "These women in the hotel—they're listening to everything you say. I can hear all right if you only whisper—would four hundred dollars help you out?"

"Not of your money!" answered Rimrock, hoarsely. "No, by God, I'll never come to that!"

He started away, but she caught him by the arm and held him back till he stopped.

"But I want to do it!" she persisted. "It's a good thing—I believe in it—and I've got the money!"

He stopped and looked at her, almost tempted by her offer; then he shook his great head like a bull.

"No!" he said, talking half to himself. "I won't do it—I've sunk low enough. But a woman? Nope, I won't do it."

"Oh, quit your foolishness!" she burst out impatiently, "I guess I know my own mind. I came out to this country to try and recoup myself and I want to get in on this mine. No sentiment, understand me, I'm talking straight business; and I've got the money—right here!"

"Well, what do you want for it?" he demanded roughly. "If that's the deal, what's your cut? I never saw you before, nor you me. How much do you want—if we win?"

"I want a share in the mine," she answered instantly. "I don't care—whatever you say!"

"Well, I'll go you," he said. "Now give me the money and I'll try to make both of us rich!"

His voice was trembling and he followed every movement as she stepped back behind her desk.

"Just look out the window," she said as he waited; and Rimrock turned his head. There was a rustle of skirts and a moment later she laid a roll of bills in his hand.

"Just give me a share," she said again, and suddenly he met her eyes.

"How about fifty-fifty—an undivided half?" he asked with a dizzy smile.

"Too much," she said. "I'm talking business."

"All right," he said. "But so am I."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### As a Loan.

RIMROCK JONES left town with four burro-loads of powder, some provisions and a cargo of tools. He paid cash for his purchases and answered no question beyond saying that he knew his own business. No one knew or could guess where he had got his money—except Miss Fortune, and she would not tell. From the very first she had told her-

self that the loan was nothing to hide, and yet she was too much of a woman not to have read aright the beacon in Rimrock's eyes. He had spoken impulsively, and so had she; and they had parted, as it turned out, for months.

The dove that had crooned so long in the umbrella tree built a nest there and cooed on to his mate. The clear, rainless winter gave place to spring and the giant cactus burst into flower. It rained, short and hard, and the desert floor took on suddenly a fine mat of green; and still he did not come. He was like the rain, this wild man of the desert; swift and fierce, then gone and forgotten. Once she saw his Mexican, the old, bearded Juan, with his string of shaggy burros at the store; but he brought her no word and went off the next day with more powder and provisions in his packs.

It was all new to Mary Fortune, this stern and barren country; and its people were new to her, too. The women, for some reason, had regarded her with suspicion and her answer was a patrician aloofness and reserve. When the day's work was done she took off her headband and sat reading in the lobby, alone. As for the men of the hotel, the susceptible young mining men who passed to and fro from Gunsight, they found her pleasant, but not quite what they had expected—not quite what Dame Rumour had painted her. They watched her from the distance, for she was undeniably goodlooking—and so did the women upstairs. They watched, and they listened, which was not the least of the reasons why Mary Fortune laid her ear-phone aside. No person can enjoy the intimacies of life when they are shouted, ill-advisedly, to the world.

BUT if when she first came to town, worn and tired from her journey, she had seemed more deaf than she was, Mary Fortune had learned, as her hearing improved, to artfully conceal the fact. There was a certain advantage, in that unfriendly atmosphere, in being able to overhear chance remarks. But no permanent happiness can come from small talk, and listening to petty asides; and, for better or worse, Mary took off her harness and retired to the world of good books. She read and she dreamed and, quite unsuspected, she looked out the window for him.

The man! There is always a man, some man, for every woman who dreams. Rimrock Jones had come once and gone as quickly, but his absence was rainbowed with romance. He was out on the desert, far away to the south, sinking shafts on his claims—their claims. He had discovered a fortune, but, strong as he was, he had had to accept help from her. He would succeed, this fierce, ungovernable desert-man; he would win the world's confidence as he had won her faith by his strength and the bold look in his eyes. He would finish his discovery work and record all his claims and then—well, then he would come back.

So she watched for him, furtively, glancing quickly out the window whenever a horseman passed by; and one day, behold, as she looked up from her typing, he was there, riding by on his horse! And as he passed he looked in, under the shadow of his hat, and touched a bag that was tied behind his saddle. He was more ragged than ever, and one hand had a bandage around it; but he was back, and he would come. She abandoned her typewriting—one of those interminable legal papers that McBain was always leaving on her desk—and stepped out to look down the street.

The air, warm and soft, was spiced with green odours and the resinous tang of the greasewood; the ground dove in his tree seemed swooning with passion as he crooned his throaty, *Kwoo, kwoo-o*. It was the breath of spring, but tropical, sense-stealing; it lulled the brain and bade the heart leap and thrill. This vagabond, this rough horseman with his pistol and torn clothing and the round sack of ore lashed behind; who would ever dream that an adventurer like him could make her forget who she was? But he came from the mine she had helped him to save and the sack might be heavy with gold. So she watched, half-concealed, until he stopped at the bank and went striding in with the bag.

As for Rimrock Jones, he rode by the saloon and went direct to L. W., the banker. It was life or death, as far as the Tecolote was concerned, for his

four hundred dollars was gone. That had given him the powder to shoot out his holes to the ten feet required by law, and enough actual cash to pay his Mexican locators and make a legal transfer of the claims; but four hundred dollars will not last a lifetime and Rimrock Jones was broke. He needed more money and he went perforce to the only man who could give it. It would be a fight, for L. W. was stubborn; but Rimrock was stubborn himself.

"L. W.," he said, when he found the banker in his private office in the rear, "you used to be white and I want you to listen before you spit out what you've got in your craw. You may have a grievance, and I don't deny it; but remember, I've got one, too. No, it isn't about my mine—I wouldn't sell you one share in it for your whole little jim-crow bank. I've done my first work and I've recorded my claims, and I'll offer them—somewheres else. All you know is gold and before we go any further, just run your eyes over that."

HE dumped the contents of his bag on the polished desk and L. W. blinked as he looked. It was picked gold quartz of the richest kind, with jewelry specimens on top, and as L. W. ran his hand through it his tight mouth relaxed from its bulldog grip on the cigar. "Where'd you get it?" he grunted, and Rimrock's eyes flashed as he answered, shortly:

"My mine."

"How much more you got?"

L. W. asked it suspiciously, but the gold-gleam had gone to his heart.

"About two tons of the best, scattered around on the different dumps, and a whole scad more that will ship. I knew you wouldn't lead on anything but gold-ore and I need money to pay off my Mexicans. I've got to save some ore bags to sack that picked rock in, and hire freighters to haul it in. Then there's the freight and the milling and with one thing and another I need about two thousand dollars."

"Oh! Two thousand dollars. Seems to me," observed L. W., "I've heard that sum mentioned before."

"You have, dad-burn ye, and this time I want it. What's the matter, ain't that ore good for it all?"

"It is, if you've got it, but I've come to the point where I don't place absolute confidence in your word."

"Oh, the hell you have!" said Rimrock, sarcastically, "that sounds like some lawyer talk. You might've learned it from Apex McBain when you was associated with him in a deal. I won't say what deal, but, refreshing your memory now, ain't my word as good as yours?"

He gazed intently at the hard-visaged L. W., whose face slowly turned brick red.

"NOW to get down to business," went on Rimrock, quietly, "I tell you that ore is there. If you'll loan me the money to haul in that rock I'll pay you back from my check. And I'll give you my note at one per cent. a month, compounded monthly and all that. I guess a man that can show title to twenty claims that turn out picked ore like that—well, he's entitled, perhaps, to a little more consideration than you boys have been showing me of late."

L. W. sat silent, his burning eyes on the gold, the cigar clutched fiercely in his teeth—then without a word he wrote a check and threw it across the desk.

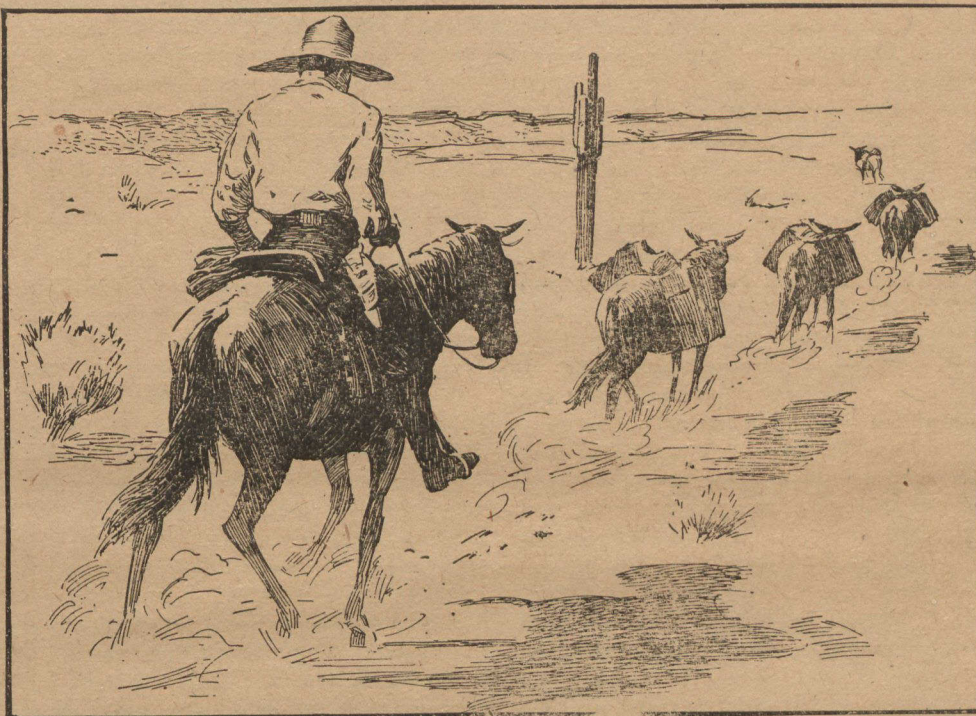
"Much obliged," said Rimrock, and without further words he stepped out and cashed the check. And then Rimrock Jones disappeared.

The last person in Gunsight to hear what had happened was Mary Fortune. She worked at her desk that day in a fever of expectation, now stopping to wonder at the strange madness that possessed her, now pounding harder to still her tumultuous thoughts. She did not know what it was that she expected, only something great and new and wonderful, something

to lift her at last from the drudgery of her work and make her feel young and gay. Something to rouse her up to the wild joy of living and make her forget her misfortunes. To be poor, and deaf, and alone—all these were new things to Mary Fortune; but she was none of them when he was near. What need had she to hear when she could read in his eyes that instant admiration that a woman values most? And poor? The money she had given had helped him, perhaps, to gain millions!

She worked late, that afternoon; and again, in the evening, she made an excuse to keep her office lit up. Still he did not come and she paced up the street, even listened as she passed by the saloons—then, overwhelmed with shame that she had seemed to seek him, she fled to her room and wept. The next day, and the next, she watched and listened and at last she overheard the truth. It was Andrew McBain, the hard, fighting Scotchman, who told the dreadful news—and she hated him for it, always.

"Well, I'm glad he's gone," he had replied to L. W., who had beckoned him out to the door. "He's a dangerous man—I've been afraid of him—you're



Rimrock Jones left town with four burro-loads of powder, some provisions and a cargo of tools.

lucky to get off at that."

"Lucky!" yelled L. W., suddenly forgetting his caution, "he touched me for two thousand dollars! Do you call that lucky? And here's the latest—he hasn't got a pound of picked ore! Even took away what he had; and that old, whiskered Mexican says he up and borrowed that from him!"

"That's a criminal act," explained McBain, exultantly, as he signaled L. W. to be calm. "Shh, not so loud, the girl might hear you. Let him go, and hold it over his head."

"No, I'll kill the dastard!" howled L. W., rebelliously, and slammed the door in a rage.

A swooning sickness came over Mary Fortune as she sat, waiting stonily, at her desk; but when McBain came back and sat down beside her she typed on, automatically, as he spoke. Then she woke at last, as if from a dream, to hear his harsh, discordant voice; and a sudden resentment, a fierce, passionate hatred, swept over her as he shouted in her ear. A hundred times she had informed him politely that she was not deaf when she wore her ear-phone, and a hundred times he had listened impatiently and gone on in his sharp, rasping snarl. She drew away shuddering as he looked over some papers and cleared his throat for a fresh start; and then, without reason that he could ever divine, she burst into tears and fled.

She came back later, but the moment he began dictating she pushed back her chair and rose up.

"Mr. McBain," she said tremulously, "you don't need to shout at me. I give you notice—I shall leave on the first."

It was plainly a tantrum, such as he had observed in women, a case, pure and simple, of nerves; but Andrew McBain let it pass. She could spell—a rare quality in typists—and was familiar with legal forms.

"Ah, my dear Miss Fortune," he began, propitiatingly, "I hope you will reconsider, I'm sure. It's a habit I have, when dictating a brief, to speak as though addressing the court. Perhaps, under the circumstances, you could take off your instrument and my voice would be—ahem—just about right."

"No! It drives me crazy!" she cried in a passion. "It makes everybody think I'm so deaf!"

SHE broke down at that and McBain discreetly withdrew and was gone for the rest of the day. It was best, he had learned, when young women became emotional, to absent himself for a time. And the next day, sure enough, she came back, smiling cheerfully, and said no more of leaving her job. She was, in fact, more obliging than before and he judged that the tantrum had passed.

With L. W., however, the case was different. He claimed to be an Indian in his hates; and a mining engineer, dropping in from New York, told a story that staggered belief. Rimrock Jones was there, the talk of the town, reputed to be enormously rich. He smoked fifty-cent cigars, wore an enormous black hat and put up at the Waldorf Hotel. Not only that, but he was in all the papers as associating with the kings of finance. So great was his prestige that the engineer, in fact, had been requested to report on his mine.

"A report?" shouted L. W., "what, a report on the Tecolotes? Well, I can save you a long, dusty trip. In the first place Rimrock Jones is a thorough-paced scoundrel, not only a liar, but a crook; and in the second place, these claims are forty miles across the desert with just two sunk wells on the road. I wouldn't own his mines if you would make me a present of them and a million dollars to boot. I wouldn't take them for a gift if that mountain was pure gold—how's he going to haul the ore to the railroad? Now listen, my friend, I've known that boy since he stood knee-high to a toad and of all the liars in Arizona he stands out, pre-eminently, as the worst."

"You question his veracity, then?" enquired the engineer, as he fumbled for some papers in his coat.

"Question nothing!" raved L. W. "I'm making a statement! He's not only a liar—he's a thief! He robbed me, the dastard; he got two thousand dollars of my money without giving me the scratch of a pen. Oh, I tell you—"

"Well, that's curious," broke in the engineer, as he stared at a paper, "he's got your name down here as a reference."

#### CHAPTER V.

##### The Prodigal's Return.

IT is an engineer's duty, when he is sent out to examine a mine, to make a report on the property, regardless. The fact that the owner is a liar and a thief does not necessarily invalidate his claims; and an all-wise Providence has, on several occasions, allowed such creatures to discover bonanzas. So the engineer hired a team and disappeared on the horizon and L. W. went off buying cattle.

A month passed by in which the derelictions of Rimrock were capped by the machinations of a rival cattle buyer, who beat L. W. out of a buy that would have netted him up into the thousands. Disgusted with everything, L. W. boarded the west-bound at Bowie Junction and flung himself into a seat in the half-empty smoker without looking to the right or left. He was mad—mad clear through—and the last of his cigars was mashed to a pulp in his vest. He had just made this discovery when another cigar was thrust under his nose and a familiar voice said:

"Try one of mine!"

L. W. looked at the cigar, which was undoubtedly expensive, and then glanced hastily across the aisle. There, smiling sociably, was Rimrock Jones.

L. W. squinted his eyes. Yes, Rimrock Jones, in

a large, black hat; a checked suit, rather loud, and high boots. His legs were crossed and with an air of elegant enjoyment he was smoking a similar cigar.

"Don't want it!" snarled L. W. and, rising up in a fury, he moved off towards the far end of the car.

"Oh, all right," observed Rimrock, "I'll smoke it myself, then." And L. W. grunted contemptuously.

THEY rode for some hours across a flat, joyless country without either man making a move, but as the train neared Gunsight Rimrock rose up and went forward to where L. W. sat.

"Well, what're you all bowed up about?" he enquired bluffly. "Has your girl gone back on you, or what?"

"Go on away!" answered L. W. dangerously, "I don't want to talk to you, you thief!"

"Oh, that's what's the matter with you—you're thinking about the money, eh? Well, you always did hate to lose."

An insulting epithet burst from L. W.'s set lips, but Rimrock let it pass.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "Never mind my feelings. Say, how much do you figure I owe you?"

"You don't owe me nothing!" cried L. W. half-rising. "You stole from me, you scoundrel—I can put you in the Pen for this!"

"Aw, you wouldn't do that," answered Rimrock easily. "I know you too well for that."

"Say, you go away," panted L. W. in a frenzy, "or I'll throw you out of this car."

"No you won't either," said Rimrock truculently. "You'll have to eat some more beans before you can put me on my back."

Rimrock squared his great shoulders and his eyes sparkled dangerously as he faced L. W. in the aisle.

"Now listen!" he went on after a tense moment of silence, "what's the use of making a row? I know I lied to you—I had to do it in order to get the money. I just framed that on purpose so I could get back to New York where a proposition like mine would be appreciated. I was a bum, in Gunsight; but back in New York, where they think in millions, they treated my like a king."

"I don't want to talk to you," rumbled L. W. moving off, "you lied once too often, and I've quit ye!"

"All right!" answered Rimrock, "that suits me, too. All I ask is—what's the damage?"

"Thirty-seven hundred and fifty-five dollars," snapped back L. W. venomously, "and I'd sell out for thirty-seven cents."

"You won't have to," said Rimrock with business directness and flashed a great roll of bills.

"There's four thousand," he said, peeling off four bills, "you can keep the change for pylon."

There was one thing about L. W., he was a poker player of renown and accustomed to thinking quick. He took one look at that roll of bills and waved the money away.

"Nope! Keep it!" he said. "I don't want your money—just let me in on this deal."

"Huh!" grunted Rimrock, "for four thousand dollars? You must think I've been played for a sucker. No, four hundred thousand dollars

wouldn't give you a look-in on the pot that I've opened this trip."

"W'y, you lucky fool!" exclaimed L. W. incredulously, his eyes still glued to the roll. "What's the proposition, Rimmy? Say, you know me, Rim!"

"Yeh! Sure I do!" answered Rimrock dryly, and L. W. turned from bronze to a dull red. "I know the whole bunch of you, from the dog robber up, and this time I play my own hand. I was a sucker once, but the only friends I've got now are the ones that stayed with me when I was down."

"But I helped you, Rim," cried L. W. appealingly. "Didn't I lend you money time and again?"

"Yes, and here it is," replied Rimrock indifferently as he held out the four yellow bills. "You loaned me money, but you treated me like dirt—now take it or I'll ram it down your throat."

L. W. took the money and stood gnawing his cigar as the train slowed down for Gunsight.

"Say, come over to the bank—I want to speak to you," he said as they dropped off the train.

"Nope, can't stop," answered Rimrock curtly, "got to go and see my friends."

He strode off down the street and L. W. followed after him, beckoning feverishly to every one he met.

"Say, Rimrock's struck it rich!" he announced behind his hand and the procession fell in behind.

Straight down the street Rimrock went to the Alamo where old Hassayamp stood shading his eyes, and while the crowd gathered around them he took Hassayamp's hand and shook it again and again.

"Here's the best man in town," he began with great feeling. "An old-time Arizona sport. There never was a time, when I was down and out, that my word wasn't good for the drinks."

And Hassayamp Hicks, divining some great piece of good fortune, invited him in for one more.

"Here's to Rimrock Jones," he said to the crowd, "the liveliest boy in this town."

They drank and then Rimrock drew out his roll and peeled off an impressive yellow bill.

"Just take out what I owe you," he said to old Hassayamp, "and let the boys drink up the rest."

WITH that he was gone and the crowd, scarce believing, stayed behind and drank to his health. Not a word was said by Rimrock or his friends as to the source of this sudden wealth. For once in his life Rimrock Jones was reticent, but the roll of bills spoke for itself. He came out of Woo Chong's restaurant with a broad grin on his face and looked about for the next man he owed.

"You can talk all you want to," he observed to the onlookers, "but the Chink is as white as they make 'em. And any man in this crowd," he added impressively, "that ever loaned me a cent, all he has to do is to step out and say so and he gets his money back—and then some."

The crowd surged about, but no one stepped forward. Strange stories were in the air, resurrected from the past, of Rimrock and the way he paid. When the Gunsight mine, after many difficulties, began to pay back what it had cost, Rimrock had appeared on

the street with a roll. And then, as now, he had announced his willingness to pay any bill, good or bad, that he owed. He stood there waiting, with the bills in his hand, and he paid every man who applied. He even paid men who slipped in meanly with stories of loans when he was drunk; but he noted them well and from that day forward they received no favours from him.

"Ah, there's the very man I'm looking for," exclaimed Rimrock in Spanish as he spied old Juan in the crowd and, striding forward, he held out his hand and greeted him ceremoniously. Old Juan it was of whom he had borrowed the gold ore that had coaxed the two thousand dollars from L. W.—and he had never sent the picked rock back.

"How are you, Juan?" he enquired politely in the formula that all Mexicans love. "And your wife, Rosita? Is she well also? Yes, thank God, I am well, myself. Where is Rico now? He is a good boy, truly—will you do one more thing for me, Juan?"

"Si, Si, Senior!" answered Juan deferentially; and Rimrock smiled as he patted his shoulder.

"YOU are a good man, Juan," he said. "A good friend of mine—I will remember it. Now get me an ore-sack—a strong one—like the one that contained the picked gold."

"Un momento!" smiled Juan hurrying off towards the store and the Mexicans began to swarm to and fro. Some reward, they knew, was to be given to Juan to compensate him for the loss of his gold. His gold and his labor and all the unpaid debt that was owing to him and his son and the rest. The streets began to clatter with flying hoofs as they rode off to summon el pueblo, and by the time Old Juan returned with his sack all Mexican town was there.

"Muy bien," pronounced Rimrock as he inspected the ore-sack, "now come with me, Amigo!"

Amigo Juan went, and all his friends after him, to see what El Patron would do. Something generous and magnificent, they knew very well, for El Patron was gentleman, muy caballero. He led the way to the bank, still enquiring most solicitously about Juan's relations, his children, his burros and so on; and Juan, sweating like a packed jack under the stress of the excitement, answered courteously, as one should to El Patron, and clung eagerly to his sack. The crowd entered the bank and as L. W. came out Rimrock placed Juan's sack on the table.

"Bring out new silver dollars, fresh from the mint," he said, "and fill up this sack for Juan!"

"Santa Maria!" exclaimed Juan fervently as the cashier came staggering forth with a sack, and Rimrock took the bag, containing a thousand bulging dollars, and set it down before him. He broke the seal and as the shining silver burst forth he spilled it in a huge windrow on the table.

"Now fill your ore-sack," he said to Juan, "and all you can stuff into it is yours."

"For a gift?" faltered Juan, and as Rimrock nodded he buried his hands in the coin. The dollars clanged and rattled as they spilled on the table and a great silence came over the

## With Fingers! Corns Lift Out

Apply a few drops then lift corns  
or calluses off—no pain

For a few cents you can get a small bottle of the magic drug freezezone recently discovered by a Cincinnati man.



Just ask at any drug store for a small bottle of freezezone. Apply a few drops upon a tender, aching corn and instantly, yes immediately, all soreness disappears and shortly you will find the corn so loose that you lift it out, root and all, with the fingers.

Just think! Not one bit of pain before applying freezezone or afterwards. It doesn't even irritate the surrounding skin.

Hard corns, soft corns or corns between the toes, also hardened calluses on bottom of feet just seem to shrivel up and fall off without hurting a particle. It is almost magical.

### EXCURSION PARTIES

#### Bond Lake Park

One hour's ride from Toronto by Electric Car, is Toronto's popular resort for Sunday School and other excursion parties.

Every accommodation has been provided for excursionists, including pavilion, kitchenette service, play-ground equipment, boats, etc.

For excursion rates, open dates and other information apply

Excursion Dept.

### Toronto and York Radial Railway Company

88 King Street East,  
Toronto.  
Phone Ad. 3810.

### FOR CONVALESCENTS

and those with weak stomachs, few things are more beneficial than the real beer that can be made in your own home with

#### HOP MALT EXTRACT

This beer is wholesome and invigorating. Anyone can make it. Small tins, \$1.00; large, \$1.50, prepaid. Agents wanted. Write at once.

DEPT. B  
Hop Malt Co. - Beamsville, Ont.



### Hotel Directory

KING EDWARD HOTEL

—Fireproof—

Toronto, Canada.

Accommodation for 750 guests, \$1.50 up.

American and European Plan.

### THE TUXEDO

A Comfortable and Exclusive Modern Home. Table and Service in Keeping. Seven-course Evening Dinner.

Families Coming to Toronto Should Write For Reservations

The Tuxedo, 504 Sherbourne St.

### STAMPS AND COINS.

PACKAGES free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps; catalogue; hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto.

crowd. They gazed at Old Juan as if he were an Aladdin, or Ali Baba in his treasure-cave. Old, gray-bearded Juan who hauled wood for a living, or packed cargas on his burros for El Patron! Yes, here he was with his fists full of dollars, piling them faster and faster into his bag.

"Now shake the bag down," suggested El Patron, "and perhaps you can get in some more."

"Some more?" panted Juan and quite mad with great riches he stuffed the sack to the top.

"Very well," said Rimrock, "now take them home, and give part of the money to Rosita. Then take what is left in this other bag and give a fiesta to the boys who worked for me."

"MAKE way!" cried Juan and as the crowd parted before him he went staggering down the street. A few shiny dollars heaped high on the top, fell off and were picked up by his friends. They went off together, Old Juan and his amigos, and L. W. came over to Rimrock.

"Now listen to me, Henry Jones," he began; but Rimrock waved him away.

"I don't need to," he said, "I know what you'll say—but Juan there has been my friend."

"Well, you don't need to spoil him—to break his back with money—when ten dollars will do just as well."

"Yes, I do!" said Rimrock, "didn't I borrow his picked rock? Well, keep out then; I know my friends. He'll be drunk for a month and at the end of his fiesta he won't have a dollar to his name, but as long as he lives he can tell the other hombres about that big sack of money he had."

Rimrock laid down one big bill, which paid for all the dollars, and walked out of the bank on air. He was feeling rich—that wealthy feeling that penny-pinchers never know—and all the world, except L. W. Lockhart, seemed responsive to his smile. Men who had shunned him for years now shook his hand and refused to take back what they had lent. They even claimed they had forgotten all about it or had intended their loans as stakes. With his pockets full of money it was suddenly impossible for Rimrock to spend a dollar. In the Alamo Saloon, where his friends were all gathered in a determined assault on the bar, his popularity was so intense that the drinks fairly jumped at him and he slipped out the back way to escape. There was one duty more—both a duty and a pleasure—and he headed for the Gunsight Hotel.

The news of his success, whatever it was, had preceded him hours before. Andrew McBain had hid out, the idle women were all a-twitter; but Mary Roget Fortune was calm. She had heard the news from the very first moment, when L. W. had dropped in on McBain; but the more she heard of his riotous prodigality the more it left her cold. His return to town reminded her painfully of that other time when he had come. She had watched for him then, her knight from the desert, worn and ragged but with his sack full of gold; but he had passed her by without a word, and now she did not care.

She looked up sharply as he came at last, a huge form, half-blocking the door; and Rimrock noticed the

change. Perhaps his sudden popularity had made him unduly sensitive—he felt instinctively that she did not approve.

"Do you mind my cigar?" he asked, stopping awkwardly half way to her desk; and he suddenly came to life as she answered:

"Why, yes. Since you ask me, I do."

That was straight enough and Rimrock cast his fifty-cent cigar like a stogie out of the door. Then he came back towards her with his big head thrust out and a searching look in his eyes. She had greeted him politely, but it was not the manner of the girl he had expected to see. Somehow, without knowing why, he had expected her to meet him with a different look in her eyes. It had been there before, but now it was absent—a look that he liked very much. In fact, he had remembered it and thought, apropos of nothing, that it was a pity she was so deaf. He looked again and smiled very slightly. But no, the look had fled.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### Rimrock Passes.

IN the big moments of life when we have triumphed over difficulties and quaffed the heady wine of success there is always something—or the lack of something—to bring us back to earth. Rimrock Jones had returned in a Christmas spirit and had taken Gunsight by storm. He had rewarded his friends and rebuked his enemies and all those who grind down the poor. He had humbled L. W. and driven McBain into hiding; and now this girl, this deaf, friendless typist, had snatched the cup from his lips. The neatly turned speech—the few well-chosen words in which he had intended to express his appreciation for her help—were effaced from his memory and in their place there came a doubt, a dim questioning of his own worth. What had he done, or neglected to do, that had taken that look from her eyes? He sank down in a chair and regarded her intently as she sat there, composed and still.

"Well, it's been quite a while," he said at last, "since I've been round to see you."

"Yes, it has," she replied and the way she said it raised a more poignant question in his mind. Was she miffed, perhaps, because he had failed to call on her, that time when he came back to town? He had borrowed her money—she might have been worried, that time when he went to New York.

"I just got in, a little while ago—been back to New York about my mine. Well, it's doing all right now and I've come around to see you and pay back that money I owe."

"Oh, that four hundred dollars? Why, I don't want it back. You were to give me a share in your mine."

Rimrock stopped with his roll half out of his pocket and gazed at her like a man struck dumb. A share in his mine! He put the money back and mopped the sudden sweat from his brow.

"Well, now say," he began, "I've made other arrangements. I've sold a big share already. But I'll give you the money, it'll come to the same thing!" He whipped out his roll and smiled at her hopefully but she drew back and shook her head.

"No," she said, "I don't want your

money. I want a share in that mine."

She faced him, determined, and Rimrock went weak for he remembered that she had his word. He had given his word and unless she excused him he would have to make it good. And if he did—well, right there he would lose control of his mine.

"Say, now listen a minute," he began mysteriously, "I'm not telling this on the street—"

"Well, don't tell it here, then," she interrupted hastily, "they're listening, most of the time."

She pointed toward the door that led to the hotel lobby and Rimrock tiptoed towards it. He was just in time, as he snatched it open, to see McBain bounding up the back stairs; and a woman in a rocker, after a guilty stare, rose up and moved hastily away.

"Well, well," observed Rimrock as he banged the door. "I don't know which is worse, these women or peeping Andrew McBain. Are you still working for that fellow?" he enquired confidentially as he sat down and spoke low in her 'phone; and for the first time that day the smile came back and dwelt for a moment in her eyes.

"Yes," she answered, "I still do his work for him. What's the matter—don't you fully approve?"

Her gaze was a challenge and he let it pass with a grin and a jerk of his head.

"Just sorry for you," he said. "You'd better take this money and get a job with a man that's half white."

He drew out his roll and counted out four thousand dollars and laid them before her on the desk.

"Now listen," he began. "That four hundred then was worth four thousand to me now. I had to have it, and I sure appreciate it—now just accept that as a payment in part."

He pushed over the money, but she shook her head and met his gaze with resolute eyes.

"Not much," she said, "I don't want your money and, what's more, I won't accept it. I gave you four hundred dollars—all the money I had—to get me a share in that mine, and now I want it. I don't care how much, but I want a share in that mine."

RIMROCK shoved back his chair and once more the sweat appeared on his troubled brow. He rose up softly and peeped out of the door, then came back and sat very close.

"What's the idea?" he asked. "Has some one been telling you who I've got in with me on this deal? Well, what's the matter then? Why won't you take the money? I'll give you more than you could get for the stock."

"No, all my life it's been my ambition to own a share in a mine. That's why I gave you the last of my money—I had confidence in your mine from the start."

"Well, what did you think, then?" enquired Rimrock sardonically, "when I jumped out of town without seeing you? You'd have sold out cheap, if I'd've come to you then, but now everybody knows I've won."

"Never mind what I thought," she answered darkly, "I took a chance, and I won."

"Say, you're strictly business, now ain't you?" observed Rimrock and



## NO MORE GRAY HAIR!

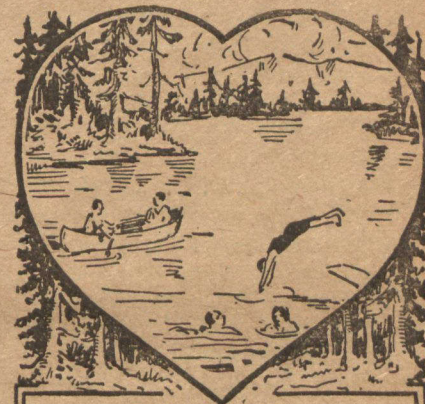
The free trial bottle of MARY T. GOLDMAN'S HAIR COLOR RESTORER proves how quickly gray hair disappears when this scientific restorer is used. Simply applied with special comb; leaves hair clean, fluffy and natural; does not interfere with washing. Make this test on a lock of hair and you will never accept a cheap imitation. Then buy a full sized bottle from your druggist or direct from me. But be sure that the bottle you buy is the real Mary T. Goldman's.

Send for trial bottle today and say whether your hair is naturally black, dark brown, medium brown or light brown. If possible, send a lock in your letter.

Mary T. Goldman  
504 Continental Bldg.  
Toronto, Can.  
717 Goldman Bldg.,  
St. Paul, Minn.  
Established 20 Years



Free Trial Bottle



## Next To Nature's Heart

Your vacation will be a source of wonderful and lasting remembrance if you spend it in the vast virgin forests, on the crystal clear lakes and streams which abound in beautiful

### Algonquin Park

in the Highlands of Ontario, Canada. If you want rest and recreation; if you enjoy boating, fishing, swimming, camping, you will find them all unexcelled in this glorious spot. Here are 1,750,000 acres of virgin forests; pure, life-giving, tissue-building air breathed at an altitude of 2,000 feet. The myriad lakes and streams abound with the finny beauties that fight. It is the perfect vacation spot. Reached only via the Grand Trunk System. Write or see

C. E. HORNING

District Passenger Agent

Union Station

TORONTO, ONT.



## FRANK S. WELSMAN

Pianist.

Studio for Lessons at Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Residence: 30 Admiral Road.

## AUGUSTINE ARLIDGE

TENOR.

Soloist, St. Paul's Methodist Church. Open for Engagements in Church or Concert.

Write 43 Fulton Ave., Toronto. Phone Ger. 2020.

"A little advertising in a few magazines has built up many a national industry." Write to our advertisers when you need their products and help build Canadian national industries.

muttered under his breath. "How much of a share do you expect me to give you?" he asked after a long anxious pause and her eyes lit up and were veiled.

"Whatever you say," she answered quietly and then: "I believe you mentioned fifty-fifty—an undivided half."

"My—God!" exclaimed Rimrock starting wildly to his feet. "You don't—say, you didn't think I meant that?"

"Why, no," she said with a faint flicker of venom, "I didn't, to tell you the truth. That's why I told you I was taking business; but you said: 'Well, so am I.'"

"Well, holy Jehosphrats!" cursed Rimrock to himself and turned to look her straight in the eyes.

"Now let's get down to business," he went on sternly, "what do you want, and where am I at?"

"I want a share in that mine," she answered evenly, "whatever you think is right."

"Oh, that's the deal! You don't want fifty-fifty? You leave what it is to me?"

"That's what I said from the very first. And as for fifty-fifty—no, certainly I do not."

THERE were tears, half of anger, gathering back in her eyes, but Rimrock took no thought of that.

"Oh you don't like my style, eh?" he came back resentfully. "All you want out of me is my money."

"No, I don't!" she retorted. "I don't want your money! I want a share in that mine!"

"Say, who are you, anyway?" burst out Rimrock explosively. "Are you some wise one that's on the inside?"

"That's none of your business," she answered sharply, "you were satisfied when you took all my money."

"That's right," agreed Rimrock rubbing his jaw reflectively, "that's right, it was no questions asked. Now, say, I'm excited—I ought not to talk that way—I want to explain to you just how I'm fixed. I went back to New York and organized a company and gave one man forty-nine per cent. of my stock. He puts up the money and I put up the mine—and run it, absolutely. If I give you any stock I lose control of my mine; so I'm going to ask you to let me off."

He drew out his roll—that banded sheaf of yellow notes that he loved so dearly to flash—and began slowly to count off the bills.

"When you think it's enough," he went on ponderously, "you can say so, but I need all that stock."

He laid out the bills, one after another, and the girl settled back in her chair. "That's ten," he observed, "these are thousand-dollar bills—well, there's twelve, then—I'll make it thirteen." He glanced up expectantly, but she gave no sign and Rimrock dealt impassively on. "Well, fourteen—lots of money. Say, how much do you want? Fifteen thousand—you only gave me four hundred. Sixteen, seventeen—well, you get the whole roll; but say, girl, I can't give you that stock."

He threw down the last bill and faced her appealingly, but she answered with a hard little laugh.

"You've got to," she said. "I don't want your money. I want one per cent. of your stock."

"What, of what I've got left? Oh, of the whole capital stock! Well, that only leaves me fifty per cent."

"That's one way of looking at it. Now look at it another way. Don't you think I'm entitled to that? Don't you think if I'd said when I gave you that money: 'All I want is one per cent. of your mine'—don't you think now, honestly, that you'd have said: 'All right!' and agreed to it on the spot?"

SHE looked at him squarely and the fair-fighting Rimrock had to agree, though reluctantly, that she was right.

"Well, now that you've won when nobody expected you to, now that you've got money enough to get the whole town drunk, is that any reason why you should come to a poor typist and ask her to give up her rights? I'm putting it frankly and unless you can answer me I want you to give me that stock."

"Well, all right, I'll do it," answered Rimrock impulsively. "I promised you, and that's enough. But you've got to agree not to sell that stock—and to vote it with me, every time."

"Very well," she said, "I'll agree not to sell it—at least not to any one but you. And as far as the voting goes, I think we can arrange that; I'll vote for whatever seems right."

"No, right or wrong!" challenged Rimrock instantly. "I'm not going to be beat out of my mine!"

"What do you mean?" she demanded. "I hope you don't think—"

"Never mind what I think," answered Rimrock grimly, "I got bit once, and that's enough. I lost the old Gunsight just by trusting my friends, and this time I'm not trusting anybody."

"Oh, you're one of these cynics, these worldly-wise fellows that have lost all faith in mankind? I've seen them before, but it wasn't much trouble to find somebody else that they'd wronged."

She said the words bitterly with a lash to her tongue that cut Rimrock Jones to the quick. It had always been his boast that there was no man or woman that could claim he had done them a wrong, and he answered back sharply, while the anger was upon him, that he was not and there was no such thing.

"Well, if that's the case, then," she suggested delicately but with a touch of malice in her smile, "it seems rather personal to begin now with me, and take away my right to vote. Did this man in New York, when he bought into your company, agree to vote with you, right or wrong? Well then, why should I? Wasn't my money just as necessary, when I gave it to you, as his was when he gave it later?"

"Oh—" Rimrock choked back an oath and then fell back on personalities to refute her maddening logic.

"Say, your father was a judge," he burst out insultingly. "Was he a promoted lawyer, too; or did you learn that line of talk from McBain?"

"Never mind about that. You haven't answered my question. Wasn't my money just as necessary as his? It was! Yes, you know it. Well, then, why should you choose me for the very first person that you ever intentionally wronged?"

"Well, by grab," meant Rimrock,

slumping down in his chair as he saw his last argument gone, "it was a black day for me when I took that four hundred from you. I'd have done a heap better to have held up some Chinaman or made old L. W. come through. And to be trimmed by a woman! Well, gimme your paper and I'll sign whatever you write!"

She drew in her lips and gazed at him resentfully; then, sitting down at her typewriter, she thought for a minute and rattled off a single sentence. Rimrock took the paper and signed it blindly, then stopped and read what it was.

"I, Henry (Rimrock) Jones, for value received, hereby agree to give to Mary Roget Fortune, one per cent. of the total capital stock of the Tecolote Mining Company."

"Yes, all right," he said. "You'll get your stock just as soon as I get it from the East. And now I hope, by the Lord, you're satisfied."

"Yes, I am," she answered and smiled cryptically.

"Well, I pass!" he exploded and, struggling to his feet, he lurched out upon the street.

## CHAPTER VII.

### But Comes Back for More.

FROM the highest pinnacle of success to the black depths of despair is a long way to drop in one hour and if Rimrock Jones went the way of all flesh it is only another argument for prohibition. All the rest of the town had got a good start before he appeared on the scene and to drown that black thought—defeated by a woman—he drank deep with the crowd at the Alamo. At the end of the bout when, his thoughts coming haphazard, he philosophized on the disasters of the day, his brain slipped a cog and brought two ideas together that piled Pelion on the Ossa of his discontent.

The first vision to rise was that of the lady typist, exacting her full pound of flesh; and then, groping back to that other catastrophe, his mind fetched up—Andrew McBain. And then he remembered. She worked for McBain. He straightened up in the bar-room chair and gusty curses swept from his lips.

"You're stung, you sucker!" he cried in a fury. "You're sold out to Andrew McBain! Oh, you dad-burned idiot—you ignorant baboon—you were drunk, that's why you signed up!"

Rimrock's pitiful rage at that other personality that had marred his fair hopes in his mine—that perverse, impulsive, overweening inner spirit that took the helm at each crisis of his life—was a rage to make the gods above weep if they did not laugh at the jest. And this blind, drunken self that rose up within him to sit leeringly in judgment on his acts, it judged not so ill, if the truth must be spoken. He had gone to Mary Fortune with the bouquet of Bourbon subtly blended with the aroma of his cigar and the fine edge of his reason had been dulled by so much when he matched his boy's wit against hers. His mind had not sought out the hidden motive that lay behind what she had said; he had followed where she led and, finding her logic impregnable, had

yielded like a child, in a pique. Yes, yielded out of spite without ever once thinking that she worked, day by day, for McBain.

A dull rage came over him and when he roused up next morning that fixed idea was still in his brain. But in the morning it was different. Those two personalities that had been so exalted, and differentiated, by drink, snapped back into one substantial I Am; and his tumultuous, fighting ego took command. Rimrock rose up thinking and the first hour after breakfast found him working feverishly to build up a defence. He had been jumped once before by Andrew McBain—it must not happen again. No technicality must be left to serve as a handle for this lawyer-robber to seize. Before noon that day Rimrock had two gangs of surveyors on their way to his Tecolote claims; and for a full week they laboured, running side-lines, erecting monuments and taking angles on every land-mark for miles. The final blue-prints, duly certified and witnessed, he took to the Recorder himself and then, still obsessed by his premonition of evil, he came back to serve notice on McBain.

For every man there is always some person instinctively associated with trouble; some person that he hates beyond all bounds and reason, and intuitively fears and distrusts. In the jumping of the Gunsight there had been others just as active, but Rimrock had forgiven them all but McBain. Even the piratical L. W., for all his treachery, was still within the pale of his friendship. But this tall, lanky Scotchman, always lurking within the law as a spider hides for safety in its hole, invoked nothing but his anger and contempt.

Rimrock dropped off the train that had brought him from the County seat, and went straight up the street to the hotel. McBain was in his office, stalking nervously up and down as he dictated to Mary Fortune, when the door opened suddenly and Rimrock Jones stepped in and stood gazing at him insolently.

"GOOD morning," he said with affected nicety of speech. "I hope that I don't intrude. Yes, it is lovely weather, but I came here on a matter of business. We've had our difficulties, Mr. Apex McBain, but all that is in the past. What I came to say is: I've got my eye on you and I don't want you out at my mine. Those claims are my property and, I give you fair notice, if you trespass on my ground you'll get shot. That's all for the present; but, because you've cleaned me once, don't think you can do it again."

He bowed with mock politeness, taking off his hat with a flourish, and as he backed out Mary Fortune turned pale. There was something in that bow and the affected accents that referred indirectly to her. She knew it intuitively and the hot blood rushed back and mantled her cheeks with red. Then she straightened up proudly and when McBain began to dictate her machine went on clacking defiantly.

There followed long days in which Rimrock idled about town or rode back and forth to his mine, and then the gossips began to talk. A change, over night, had taken place in Rimrock the day after his return from

New York. On the first great day he had been his old self—boasting, drinking, giving away his money and calling the whole town in on his joy. The next day he had been sober and from that day forth he had not taken even a drink. It was noted also that nothing was doing in the direction of developing his mine; and another quality, the rare gift of reticence, had taken the place of his brag. He sat off by himself, absent-minded and brooding, which was not like the Rimrock of old.

The first man to break loose from the spell he cast by the flash of his big roll of bills was L. W. Lockhart, the banker. For some reason best known to himself Rimrock still carried his roll in his pocket, whereas any good business man will tell you that he should have deposited it in the bank. And one thing more—not a man in Gunsight knew the first thing about his associates in the mine.

"I'll tell you the truth," said the overbearing L. W. as he stood arguing with Rimrock in front of the Alamo, "I don't believe you've got any company. I believe you went East with that two thousand dollars and won a stake at gentleman's poker; and then you come back, with your chest all thrown out, and get mysterious as hell over nothing."

"Well, what do you care?" answered Rimrock scornfully. "You don't stand to win or lose, either way!"

"Nope! Nope!" pronounced Hassayamp positively, "he's got a company—I know that. I reckon that's what worries him. Anyhow, they's something the matter; he ain't took a drink in a week. Seems like when he was broke he was round hyer all the time, jest a-carousin' and invitin' in the whole town; and now when he's flush and could buy me out with that little wad right there in his jeans, he sits here, by George, like a Keeley graduate, and won't even drink when he's asked."

"Well, laugh," grumbled Rimrock as Old Hassayamp began to whoop, "I reckon I know what I'm doing. When you've got nothing to lose except your reputation it don't make much difference what you do; but when you're fixed like I am, with important affairs to handle, a man can't afford to get drunk. He might sign some paper, or make some agreement, and euchre himself out of millions."

"Aw! Millions! Millions!" mocked L. W., "your mine ain't worth a million cents. A bunch of low-grade copper on the Papago Desert, forty miles on a line from the railroad and everything packed in by burros. Who's going to buy it? That's what I ask and I'm waiting to hear the answer."

He paused and waited while Rimrock smiled and felt thoughtfully through his clothes for a match.

"WELL, don't let it worry you," he said at last. "I'm not telling everything I know. If I did, by grab, there'd be a string of men from here to the Tecelote Hills."

"Yes—coming back!" jeered the provocative L. W.; but Rimrock only smiled again and gazed away through a thin veil of smoke.

"You just keep your shirt on, Mr. Know-it-all Lockhart, and remember that large bodies move slowly. You'll wake up some morning and read the

answer written in letters ten feet high."

"Yes—For Rent!" grunted L. W., and shutting down on his cigar, he stumped off up the street; but Old Hassayamp Hicks nodded and winked at Rimrock, though at that he was no wiser than L. W.

RIMROCK kept his own counsel, sitting soberly by himself and mulling over what was on his mind; and at last he went to see Mary Fortune. It was of her he had been thinking, though in no sentimental way, during the long hours that he sat alone. Who was this woman, he asked himself, and what did she want with that stock? And should he give it to her? That was the one big question and it took him two weeks to decide.

He came into her office while she was running her typewriter and nodded briefly as he glanced out the rear door; then without any preliminaries he drew out an engraved certificate and laid it down on her desk.

"There's your stock," he said. "I've just endorsed it over to you. And now you can give me back that paper."

He did not sit down, did not even take off his hat; and he studiously avoided her eyes.

"Oh, thank you," she replied, glancing hurriedly at the certificate, "won't you sit down while I write out a receipt?"

She picked up the paper, a beautiful piece of engraving, and looked it over carefully.

"Oh, two thousand shares?" she murmured questioningly. "Yes, I see; there are two hundred thousand in all. 'Par value, one hundred dollars.' I suppose that's just nominal. How much are they really worth?"

"A hundred dollars a share," he answered grimly, and as she cried out he picked up a pen and fumbled idly with its point.

"Oh, surely they aren't worth so much as that?" she exclaimed, but he continued his attentions to the pen.

"No?" he enquired and then he waited with an almost bovine calm.

"Why, no," she ran on, "why, I'd—" "You'd what?" he asked, but the trap he had set had been sprung without catching its prey.

"Why, it seems so much," she evaded rather lamely.

"Oh, I thought you were going to say you'd like to sell."

"No, I wouldn't sell," she answered quickly as her breath came back with a gasp.

"Because if you would," he went on cautiously, "I'm in the market to buy. It'll be a long time before that stock pays any dividend. How'd you like to sell a few shares?"

"No, I'd rather not—not now, at least. I'll have to think it over first. But won't you sit down? Really, I'm quite overcome! It's so much more than I had a right to expect."

"If you'd sell me a few shares," went on Rimrock without finesse, "you wouldn't have to work any more. Just name your price and—"

"Oh, I like to work," she countered gaily as she ran off a formal receipt; and, signing her name, she handed it back to him with a twinkle of amusement in her eyes. "And then there's another reason—sit down, I want to talk to you—I think it will be better for you. Oh, I know how you feel about it; but did you ever consider that other people like their own way, too? Well, when you're off by yourself just think that over, it will help you understand life."

Rimrock Jones sat down with a thud and took off his hat as he gazed at this astonishing woman. She was giving him advice in a most superior manner; and yet she was only a typist.

"You said something one time," she went on seriously, "that hurt my feelings very much—something about being trimmed, and by a woman! I resolved right there that you needed to be educated. Do you mind if I tell

you why? Well, in the first place, Mr. Jones, I admire you very much for the way you've kept your word. You are absolutely honest and I won't forget it when it comes to voting my stock. But that cynical attitude that you chose to affect when you came to see me before—that calm way of saying that you couldn't trust anybody, not even the person addressed—that won't get you very far, where a woman is concerned. That is, not very far. She looked him over with a masterful smile and Rimrock began to fumble his hat.

"You took it for granted," she went on accusingly, "that I had set out from the first to trim you but—and here's the thing that makes me furious—you said: 'Trimmed, by grab, by a woman!' Now I'd like to enquire if in your experience you have found women less honest than men; and in the second place I'd like to inform you that I'm just as intelligent as you are. It was no disgrace, as I look at the matter, for you to be bested by me; and as for being trimmed, I'd like to know what grounds you have for that remark? Did I ever ask more than you yourself had promised, or than would be awarded in a court of law? And couldn't I have said, when you went off without seeing me or writing a single word; couldn't I have said, when you went off with my money and were enjoying yourself in New York, that I had been trimmed—by a man?"

SHE spat out the word with such obvious resentment that Rimrock jumped and looked towards the door. It came over him suddenly that this mild, handsome woman was at heart strictly anti-man. That was putting it mildly, she was anti-Jones and might easily be tempted too far; for right there in her hand she held two thousand shares of stock that could be used most effectively as a club.

"Well, just let me explain," he stammered abjectly. "I want you to



See the

## Canadian Northern Rockies

en route to the PACIFIC COAST

by the Natural Wonders of Jasper Park  
and Mount Robson, Monarch of the Range

You will be amply repaid. Convenient Train Service. Summer Tourist Fares.

For through tickets, information and our handsome Mountain Booklet apply to nearest C.N.R. Agent or General Passenger Dept., Montreal, Que., Toronto, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man.

# CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

know how that came about. When I came back from the claims I'd spent all that money and I had to have two thousand more. I had to have it, to get back to New York, or our mine wouldn't have been worth anything. Well, I went to L. W., the banker up here, and bluffed him out of the money. But I know him too well—he'd think it over and if he caught me in town he'd renig. Demand back his money, you understand; so I ran out and swung up on the freight. Never stopped for nothing, and that was the reason I never came around to call."

"And your right hand?" she asked sweetly, "the one that you write with? It was injured, I suppose, in the mine. I saw it wrapped up when you rode past the window, so everything is nicely explained."

She kept on smiling and Rimrock squirmed in his chair, until he gave way to a sickly grin.

"Well, I guess you've got me," he acknowledged sheepishly, "never was much of a hand to write."

"Oh, that's all right," she answered gamely, "don't think I mean to complain. I'm just telling you the facts so you'll know how I felt when you suggested that you had been trimmed. Now suppose, for example, that you were a woman who had lost all the money she had. And suppose, furthermore, that you had an affliction that an expensive operation might cure. And suppose you had worked for a year and a half to save up four hundred dollars, and then a man came along who needed that money ten times as badly as you did. Well, you know the rest. I loaned you the money. Don't you think I'm entitled

to this?"

She picked up the certificate of stock and readjusted the 'phone receiver to her ear; and Rimrock Jones, after staring a minute, settled back and nodded his head.

"Yes, you are," he said. "And furthermore—" He reached impul-

sively for the roll of bills but she checked him by a look.

"No," she said, "I'm not asking for sympathy nor anything else of the kind. I just want you to know that I've earned this stock and that nobody here has been trimmed."

(Continued on page 25.)

## FINANCIAL

### War Tax and Bachelors

OUR new income tax seems to discriminate in favour of single men.

The bachelor is allowed \$2,000 a year to live on without war tax. The married man has an exemption of \$3,000. This leaves \$1,000 for the support of the married man's wife and family. A little arithmetic will shew how this works out. Of course some families are supported somehow on the difference between these two exemptions. But there is no recipe for how this is done.

How the tax works out from a monetary point of view is indicated in an extract from the Monetary Times:

Undoubtedly, says the Times, the tax as it stands will bear heavily on the men of moderate incomes. The average citizen with an income of \$3,000 or \$4,000, in these days especially, has about all he can do to finance the home, the family, increased property taxation, life, fire and accident insurance, mortgage payments, and so on. In face of the greatly increased living

costs the smaller incomes have (without the tax) a very narrow margin between income and legitimate expenses, however thrifty and careful the wage-earner or salaried man may be. Mr. Macdonald also objected that there was not a sufficient differentiation between the unmarried and the married men in regard to the respective amounts they would have to contribute. The only differentiation is that the tax, with the unmarried men, starts with incomes of \$2,000 a year, while with the married man it starts with \$3,000 a year. Another point which deserves consideration in connection with the proposed tax is the matter of a deduction for life insurance premiums and government annuities. Citizens who are paying out part of their incomes in this way, thus relieving the State of possible responsibilities after death, deserve more consideration than those who are not making provision for the future of their family, and which means some sacrifice of income in the meantime.

The Journal of Commerce, edited by Hon. W. S. Fielding, former Minister of Finance, takes a favourable view of the income tax when it says that the general plan adopted by the Minister of Finance seems fair and reasonable. The income of a single man up to \$2,000 and that of a married man up to \$3,000 are to be exempt from the tax. Thus the mass of the people, those whose incomes are of a very modest character, will not be called on to pay this new tax. These, however, are already paying indirectly through the operation of the customs and excise laws their full share of the burdens of the time. Those who are fortunate enough to have incomes in excess of the figures given are to pay taxes beginning at 4 per cent. and increasing in percentage until a rate of 25 per cent. is reached in the case of the most wealthy. If there is room for amendment of the scale it is probably on the 25 per cent rate, which might well be higher. The tax of 4 per cent. on the man who is assessed on \$2,000 income may be quite a burden to him, and the payment of it, in addition to his other obligations, may mean considerable self-denial, while the payment of the 25 per cent. by the rich man means no self-denial of any of the comforts of life, but only operates as a check on the accumulation of wealth.

#### MANAGING AN INCOME.

THE management of an income, however humble, says a writer in the American Magazine, is not only a serious but a dangerous business with many people. A study of the situation will reveal that the aver-

age American of, say, fifty years of age, who is not rich, has made and squandered a comfortable fortune.

Until five years ago, a friend of mine was one of that vast number of people of moderate income who desire to travel, but who feel utterly unable to afford so expensive a pleasure. His salary apparently was barely sufficient to meet ordinary living expenses, and no matter how hard he worked to increase it there was never enough left at the end of the year to finance even a short vacation trip.

He never spent money recklessly. He never even used tobacco, or liquor. But he did have the soda-water habit. His ideas of efficiency demanded that he break away from it, and he did so. Previous to that time he had been troubled occasionally with slight attacks of indigestion, which he thought all went in the day's work.

Within a short time his indigestion disappeared entirely, and at the end of the year he found that he had been paying seventy-five dollars per annum just to keep his stomach in an uproar.

He has been getting shaved at a barber shop. Under his efficiency plan he bought a safety razor. He found that it required only a few minutes each day to shave himself, and he was always clean shaven. He was also surprised to find how much time he had on his hands that he had formerly spent in a barber shop. He also found he had been paying a barber thirty-five dollars per annum for the privilege of wasting valuable time.

Before applying efficiency to his personal affairs he had been no more extravagant than the average young man and not nearly so extravagant as some. Yet a recapitulation of the savings will prove surprising:

Sodas .....	\$75.00
Shaves .....	35.00
Shoe shines .....	20.00
Luncheons .....	75.00
Suits and overcoats .....	45.00
Miscellaneous .....	50.00

Total .....\$300.00

## MUSIC

AMONG the great musical artists who have passed away since the war began, the death of Teresa Carreno, the marvelous Venezuelan pianiste, is of most interest to many Canadians. Carreno paid two visits to Canada; one when she was quite a young artist many years ago; the last about seven years ago when she played with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra.

The whole musical world, says Vignog Kihl, Toronto pianist, in The Canadian Journal of Music, suffered a severe loss by the death of Madame Teresa Carreno, who passed away in New York recently. Born in Caracas, Venezuela, in 1851, the daughter of a minister of finance, she, with her family, left that country while still a child owing to one of the many political upheavals which still so frequently happen in Central and South American republics. She came to Paris, where she studied with Mathias (a pupil of Chopin, who lived until a few years ago, engaged actively in his profession in the French capital). Possessor of a good voice, she appeared

(Concluded on page 26.)

## Importance of a Will

Do not put off making a will as if it were of slight importance. This neglect often leaves those who have a right to benefit, subject to great inconvenience and sometimes to loss. You should provide for the proper administration of your property by selecting a suitable executor. By appointing this corporation as your Executor, careful, intelligent and economical administration is assured. Our book "Making Your Will," free on request.

### THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS

CORPORATION

Head Offices:  
Toronto, Ont.

Branches: Ottawa, Winnipeg,  
Saskatoon, Vancouver

Assets:  
\$77,180,513.62

## Cawthra Mulock & Co.

Members of  
Toronto Stock Exchange

Brokers  
and  
Bankers

12 KING STREET EAST  
TORONTO, CANADA

CABLE ADDRESS—CAWLOCK, TORONTO

## NEW RECORDS

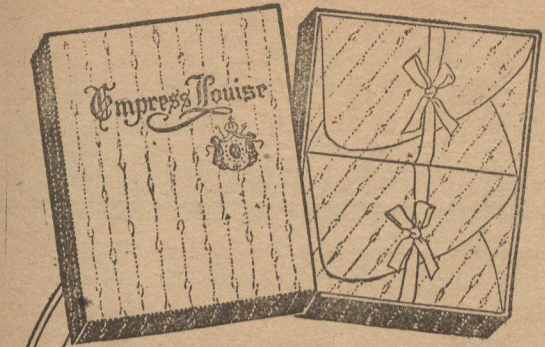
Results secured during the past year re-affirm the position of the Sun Life of Canada as the largest life assurance organization of the Dominion.

Fair dealing and progressive business methods have given it leadership in annual New Business, Total Business in Force, Assets, Surplus Earnings, Net Surplus, Total Income, Premium Income and Payments to Policyholders.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE  
COMPANY OF CANADA  
HEAD OFFICE—MONTREAL



# Empress Louise Papeteries



YOUR correspondence should convey precisely the same impression as everything else you do. Therefore, your notes and letters should be written on dainty stationery.

## Empress Louise Papeteries

are of the daintiest.

Supplied in delicate tints of green and azure as well as white.)

Ask your stationer for a box.

10-7-17

BRANTFORD  
WINNIPEG

**Barber-Ellis**  
Limited.  
Canada.

VANCOUVER  
CALGARY

## CHESS

Conducted by MALCOLM SIM

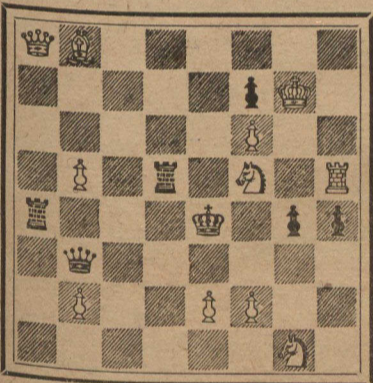
Solutions to problems and other correspondence for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant Street, Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 148 by G. Heathcote.

Hvar 8 Dag Tourney, 1913.

(A Gem).

Black.—Seven Pieces.



White.—Eleven Pieces.

White to play and mate in three.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 146, by B. Huelsen.

1. R-Q6, PxR; 2. P-B4ch, any move; 3. Q or Kt mates.
1. ... P-B4; 2. P-B4ch, any move; 3. Q or Kt mates.
1. ... B-B6; 2. Q-K3ch, KxR; 3. QxKP mate.
1. ... KxR; 2. Q-Q4ch, K-B2; 3. QxKt mate.

We call special attention to our No. 148 above, a beautiful and accurate work by England's, and in our opinion, the world's premier composer.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. R. Ballantyne.—Pleased to hear from you again. Thanks for solution. Hope your gallant relative will become interested.

CORRESPONDENCE CHESS.

An interesting game played in England in the Kitchen Memorial Correspondence Tournament. Notes from the Sheffield Weekly News.

Queen's Pawn Offering.

- |              |                |
|--------------|----------------|
| White.       | Black.         |
| G. W. Moses. | J. Orange.     |
| 1. P-Q4      | 1. P-Q4        |
| 2. Kt-KB3    | 2. P-QB4       |
| 3. P-B4      | 3. P-K3        |
| 4. Kt-B3     | 4. Kt-KB3      |
| 5. PxQP      | 5. KtxP (a)    |
| 6. B-Kt5     | 6. KtxKt       |
| 7. PxKt      | 7. P-B3        |
| 8. B-Q2      | 8. Kt-B3 (b)   |
| 9. P-K3      | 9. B-Q3        |
| 10. B-Q3     | 10. Q-K2       |
| 11. Castles  | 11. P-QKt3     |
| 12. P-K4 (c) | 12. P-K4 (d)   |
| 13. P-Q5     | 13. Kt-Qsq.    |
| 14. P-QR4    | 14. Kt-Kt2     |
| 15. B-Kt5ch  | 15. B-Q2       |
| 16. Q-K2     | 16. Castles KR |

- |                   |                |
|-------------------|----------------|
| 17. Kt-R4         | 17. B-Bsq      |
| 18. P-Kt4         | 18. P-Kt3      |
| 19. Kt-Kt2        | 19. R-B2       |
| 20. B-Q3          | 20. B-Q2       |
| 21. KR-Ktsq       | 21. R-Ktsq     |
| 22. Kt-K3         | 22. P-B4 (e)   |
| 23. KtPxP (f)     | 23. PxP        |
| 24. KtxP          | 24. BxKt       |
| 25. PxP           | 25. P-B5       |
| 26. B-K4          | 26. Kt-B4      |
| 27. P-B3 (g)      | 27. Kt-Q6      |
| 28. K-Rsq         | 28. Q-R5       |
| 29. R-Ktsq ch (h) | 29. K-Rsq      |
| 30. QR-KBsq       | 30. R-Ktsq (i) |
| 31. RxRch         | 31. KxR        |
| 32. R-Ktsq ch     | 32. R-Kt2 (j)  |
| 33. RxRch         | 33. KxR        |
| 34. Q-Kt2ch       | 34. K-B2! (k)  |
| 35. Q-Kt3         | 35. Q-R4       |
| 36. P-R4          | 36. B-B4       |
| 37. Q-Kt5         | 37. QxQ        |
| 38. PxQ (l)       | 38. Kt-Kt7     |
| 39. B-B2          | 39. P-QR3      |
| 40. K-Kt2         | 40. B-Q3       |
| 41. B-Bsq         | 41. B-R6 (m)   |
| 42. K-Kt3!        | 42. P-Kt4      |
| 43. PxP           | 43. PxP        |
| 44. P-B6          | 44. P-R3       |
| 45. PxP           | 45. KxP        |
| 46. B-Kt5ch       | Resigns (n)    |

(a) PxP would bring about an ordinary variation of the P-QB4 defence to the Queen's Gambit Declined.

(b) Preventing P-K4, but only for a move or two.

(c) White has now the advantage in position, and is bound to obtain a passed Pawn.

(d) It strikes us, however, that PxP would be a better move. If White retook with the Pawn, and then pushed his Queen's Pawn forward the passed Pawn he obtains would be an isolated one.

(e) Black is very much on the defensive, and seeks relief in a counter attack, which is very ingeniously carried on, and also very ably met. He is compelled to begin by sacrificing a Pawn. It would be better if he could first play QB-KBsq, but the piece would soon be dislodged by B-R6.

(f) Of course, if 23. KPxP, Black recovers the Pawn with interest, by 23... P-K5, etc.

(g) Avoiding a clever trap. If 27. QxP, then 27... Q-R5! with a very dangerous attack, for if now 28. B-Q3, the reply would be 28... P-K5, and if any other move, Black could at least get his Pawn back at once by 28... RxP.

(h) White has been well advised in not capturing the Knight. He now takes the attack in turn.

(i) Not 30... R-B4, because of 31. BxKt, followed by 32. QxPch.

(j) If 32... K-Rsq, then 33. BxKt, PxP; 34. Q-Kt2 wins.

(k) Another tricky position. If 34... K-P3, White wins by 35. BxKt, PxP; 36. Q-Kt8.

(l) White has an overwhelming superiority now. The concluding moves are highly interesting.

(m) With a view to 42... Kt-Q8; 43. BxB, Kt-K6ch. White's reply prevents this, and both Black's pieces become fixtures.

(n) For if 46... KxB, then 47. P-R7, and wins. Or if 46... K-B2; 47. P-R7, K-Kt2; 48. B-B6ch, and wins.

The photograph used on the cover this issue is by Wm. James & Son, Toronto.

## RIMROCK JONES

(Continued from page 24.)

"That's right," he agreed and his eyes opened wider as he took her all in, once more. "Say, was that the reason you were saving your money?" he asked as he glanced at the ear-phone. "Because if I'd a-known it," he burst out repentantly, "I'd never touched it—no, honest, I never would." "Well, that's all right," she answered frankly, "we all take a chance of some kind. But now, Mr. Jones, since we understand each other, don't you think we can afford to be friends?"

She rose smiling and back into her eye came that look he had missed once before. It came only for a moment—the old, friendly twinkle that had haunted his memory for months—and as Rimrock caught it he leapt to his feet and thrust out his great, awkward hand.

"W'y, sure," he said, "and I'm proud to know you. Say, I'm coming around again."

(To be Continued.)

## DEBENTURES

ISSUED IN SUMS OF \$100 AND UPWARDS

For terms of One or more years. Interest paid half-yearly. Interest computed from the date on which money is received, at a rate varying according to the term for which the debenture is issued.

THESE DEBENTURES ARE A LEGAL INVESTMENT FOR TRUST FUNDS.

They are a favorite investment of Benevolent and Fraternal Institutions, and of British and Canadian Fire and Life Assurance Companies, largely for deposit with the Canadian Government, being held by such institutions to the amount of more than ONE AND A HALF MILLION DOLLARS.

We shall be glad to mail a specimen debenture, copy of annual report, and any further information desired, to any who send us their address.

## CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION

TORONTO STREET, TORONTO  
Established 1855.

## Your Cars Burnt Up!

Shake hands with yourself if you have one of our policies with liberal features.

Costs little for ample protection.

See about it *to-day*. Drive around to our agent.



## LONDON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

F. D. WILLIAMS, Managing Director  
Head Office—33 Scott Street, Toronto

PATENTS AND SOLICITORS.

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO., Patent Solicitors, head office, Toronto, and Ottawa. Booklet on Patents free.



## Details of a Safe Investment

are contained in our Booklet, "Guaranteed Trust Investments," shown above. On the Guaranteed Trust Investment plan moneys are entrusted to us for a three-year period or for one of five years. Such funds are invested by us for the most part in carefully selected first mortgages on improved real estate. Sums of \$500 and upwards are accepted and interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum is paid by cheque half-yearly.

We are glad to mail a copy of the booklet anywhere on request.

## National Trust Company Limited

Capital Paid-up, \$1,500,000 Reserve, \$1,500,000

18-22 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.



**MAGIC BAKING POWDER**  
CONTAINS NO ALUM.

The only well known medium priced baking powder made in Canada that does not contain alum and which has all its ingredients plainly stated on the label.

**E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED**  
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

MAKES THE WHITEST, LIGHTEST  
**MAGIC BAKING POWDER**  
CONTAINS NO ALUM

## MUSIC

(Continued from page 24.)

as an opera singer, and, in fact, travelled in Cuba as orchestral conductress of an opera company. Her international fame as a piano virtuoso dated since her debut in Berlin about twenty-five or thirty years ago. The writer of these lines heard her first during the winter of 1898, when she played Rubinstein's concerto in D minor at the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig, with Arthur Nikisch conducting. While her hair was already then turning grey, her whole appearance was, in spite of her majestic stature, one of the greatest feminine charms. She was a feast to the eyes as well as to the ears. The characteristics of her playing were like those of her

own self, viz., real personality and bigness combined with irresistible charm and eloquence, strongly temperamental but totally free from demagogic vulgarity.

One must not forget that she was young when many great artists matured in traditions which went directly back to Beethoven, Chopin, Mendelssohn and Schumann were in the heyday of their fame. She, herself, knew Liszt, Rubinstein, Tchaikowsky, Brahms, Greig, Saint Saens. Edward MacDowell was her pupil, and what is known of his work in Europe is undoubtedly mainly due to her activity.

She was married four times, her first and third husbands being Emile Sauret, the famous French violinist, and Eugen d'Albert, the great pianist.

## BUY and READ

THESE NEW CANADIAN BOOKS

Just Out

### CANADA, THE SPELLBINDER

*A Charming Volume Beautifully Illustrated*

Written from America's Point of View by that Great Traveller and Observer

Cloth, Gilt, 322 Pages, LILIAN WHITING, \$1.50, Postage 12c

Just Out

### THE NEW ERA IN CANADA

Cloth, 421 pages \$1.50 net, postage 12c

One of the most important books ever published in Canada. A Volume of Essays by prominent Canadians dealing with the great questions of the day

### THE OPPRESSED ENGLISH

BY IAN HAY

A good-natured but straight-to-the-point answer to the question "Why Can't the English Settle their Irish Question?" Postpaid 50c

Just Out

### BILINGUAL SCHOOLS IN CANADA

By Professor C. B. Sissons, \$1.35

The purpose of the book is threefold—first to trace the little understood history of the French and German schools in Ontario, in relation to the educational system; secondly, to show how the complicated language situation in the Western Provinces has been dealt with, and thirdly, to correlate the bilingual problem East and West, and to suggest the lines along which a solution must proceed.

For All Year Reading

### EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY

721 volumes in four styles of binding. The best of the classics.

For Summer Reading

### THE WAYFARER'S LIBRARY

The best of the "moderns," artistically bound in cloth, silk bookmark. —The biggest value in this line of books. Size 4½ x 7.

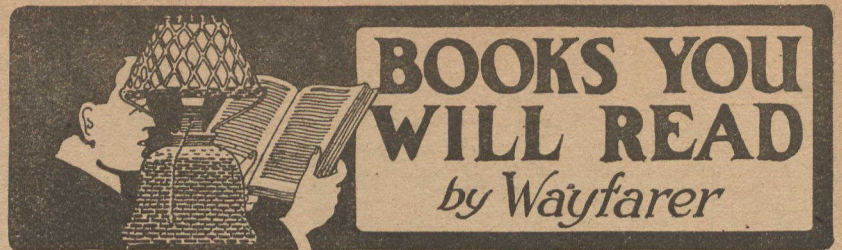
Complete lists sent upon application. Price 35c

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

or

## J. M. DENT & SONS, Limited

27 MELINDA ST., TORONTO; LONDON, ENG.; PARIS, FRANCE



### "A ROUND THE WORLD CRUISE."

By Frank Carrel. Quebec: The Telegraph Printing Company.

Usually we associate the acquisition of knowledge with long hours of hard mental labour spent in poring over heavily-bound books. In "A Round the World Cruise," however, Mr. Carrel gives us much interesting information in an interesting manner. The author leaves Quebec towards the end of January and travels direct to Chicago, thence to Los Angeles and San Francisco, sailing from the last mentioned city for Honolulu, then for Japan, China, et cetera. Of each country we learn many habits and characteristics of the people, their ways of living and certain of their peculiarities. Many anecdotes are also related which add to the interest of the book.

We are given numerous facts and figures and a number of excellent illustrations. Altogether the book is valuable in many respects.

### "THE TALE OF A TANK AND OTHER GOOD YARNS."

By Harold Ashton, (Author of "Private Pinkerton, Millionaire," etc.)

Toronto: Musson Book Co. \$1.25.

This book consists of a number of remarkably breezy sketches of war-time and peace, well written and in a certain humorous strain which is hard to resist. The first one, "Topsy, The Tale of a Tank," is especially good. The Tank is, of course, one used in this present world struggle, and the characters are very like those brave fellows, of whom we read so often, who smile in the face of death, yet count themselves not heroes. The manner in which one "Tommy" becomes acquainted with "Topsy" and the after adventures are well told. The other sketches are amusing also.

### "JIMMY'S WIFE."

By Jessie Chapman. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

"Jimmy's Wife" is not as frivolous as is suggested by the title, and for these hot summer afternoons will prove very entertaining.

The character sketches are exceedingly good and a number of individuals of widely different vocations in life are gathered together and arranged oddly. An old bachelor professor is very amusing. His search for book romance and tabulations of "Love Symptoms" is cut short by the real romance which develops under his eyes. Then he applies his book knowledge in his endeavour to discover how far the "true love" is progressing. There is a hero, a heroine and a "villain-ess" of course, but everything turns out right.

The book is an excellent addition to the best class of light fiction.

### "THE CANADIAN RAILWAY PROBLEM."

By E. M. Biggar. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd. \$1.25.

Mr. Biggar has a thorough knowledge of his subject and discusses it

from its inception, tracing its history and the opposition with which it met in England at first, as does any great innovation anywhere. The book was practically completed before the publication of the report by the "Royal Commission to enquire into Railways in Canada," but that report simply strengthened his views on national ownership of all railroads.

He sets forth five propositions and proves in each instance that, since the railroad is for public service, and we are dependent on it for practically everything we wear, use or eat, it should be publicly owned, saying that "private profit out of the control of a public highway is not an ancient right, but a modern wrong."

He proves that railway rates are taxes to maintain the railways, and while in theory railway companies have always been subject to government and public laws, in practice they exercise powers of "eminent domain," and their work being of a public nature, controlling to a great extent the economic life of the country, the government tends to pass into the hands of a few men to whom the powers of government are delegated.

Mr. Biggar shews us how private profit is the cause of conflict between public and private ownership and follows with chapters on Canadian Railroad Systems, their history, and reasons for "not paying," the express business, and competition. He also discusses the Belgian State Railways and those of other countries as well as Canal and Lake Transportation and competition.

In conclusion, Mr. Biggar says "if a public Canadian service is to be privately owned for personal profit, does it not logically follow that we should also give over the administration of the customs, post office, education and other public functions to private corporations on the basis of the ten per cent. obtained from the people by the Canadian Pacific?"

### "THE LAST DAYS OF FORT VAUX."

By Henry Bordeaux. Toronto:

Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd. \$1.25.

The thrilling story of the defence of Fort Vaux by the French against overwhelming German odds, is told by the celebrated French author, M. Henry Bordeaux, in a manner which visualizes the horrors endured and the splendid heroism displayed by those attacked. The siege lasted from March ninth till June the seventh, 1916.

The book is admirably well written and the weirdness with which the story is told holds the attention of the reader from beginning to end. Ultimately thirst forced the defenders to evacuate the fort but only after being practically without water for four days. The conclusion which one naturally reaches is that the French were not defeated by the Germans but that thirst was the real victor.



## RITZ CARLTON HOTEL

MONTREAL

CANADA'S FINEST HOTEL

For Reservations apply to FRANK S. QUICK, Manager



# JAEGER

The Standard for Woolen Goods Everywhere

The texture, style and workmanship of all Jaeger Pure Wool Wear have never been equalled and it is these qualities, which have made Jaeger the world standard. Jaeger goods comprise almost every imaginable article worn by Men, Ladies and Children. A fully illustrated catalogue describing Jaeger goods will be sent free upon application. For sale at Jaeger Stores and Agencies throughout the Dominion.

**DR. JAEGER** Sanitary Woolen System **CO. LIMITED**  
 Toronto Montreal Winnipeg  
 British "founded 1883".

## Park with a Popular Idea

(Continued from page 6.)

by a private company, but the citizens have the free use of the lake for skating. Near the skating rink is the curling rink, and between these two are the new bowling greens that will, when completed, accommodate fourteen rinks of bowlers at one time.

In the south side you will note several vacant lots, which were purchased some years ago by Mr. George McLagan, the father of the park system, the present chairman of the Park Board, and well-to-do furniture manufacturer. The park is his monument and you can now see the back of his residence beyond Ballantyne Avenue. His property extends from street to avenue and he purchased these lots on the north side of the avenue in order to keep his eye on his monument.

Now your craft is passing Queen street, with a beautiful island off your port bow. At this point the original park begins and in it, quite near the water, are the football, baseball, and cricket grounds, back of which is the picnic grove at the top of the slope. Near by and not at all ornamental, is the toboggan slide. The Normal School dome looms above the towering spruce trees, that serve also to hide the bare outlines of the slide. Not the least interesting part of the Normal grounds is the well kept school garden, nestling between the spruce trees and the terraced ground of the school.

Now a turn in the river that feeds the lake brings your boat under the railway bridge of the Grand Trunk branch railway to Owen Sound. Here on both sides the river is hidden by a rank growth of golden-rod, butterfly weed, bur-marigold, fleabane, Joe Pyeweed and blue vervain. In the stagnant bays bulrushes flourish and kingfishers, red-winged blackbirds, and blue herons, commonly called cranes, abound. Even now from the rushes a crane lazily rises, dangling his long, ungainly legs.

Just as the nose of your boat passes under the bridge, a narrow strait of water leads away from the river between the high grade of the railway on one side and the naturally rising ground on the other, into the special open reservoir of the waterworks, from which, by special agreement with the city, the Grand Trunk draws its water supply. On the bank of this reservoir, reflected in the clear water, and surrounded by well kept grounds, stands the water works' pumping station, through whose mains a million gallons of pure filtered water from the springs are pumped every day. Though the park system is now behind us, beyond this bridge spreads out a beautiful green sward with winding streams bordering it, and strange bamboo poles, with red flags on them, planted here and there over the fifty acres of well-cut grass land.

Down the green come two men in white, preceded by two diminutive boys, each carrying a large bag from which protrudes strange implements that suggest peripathetic umbrella menders. They seize one of these strange implements, cry, "Fore," and swing swiftly at some unseen object on the ground. Perhaps they are frog killers! But the captain of the motor boat brings his craft sharply up against the small dock and announces, "Country Club."



**5c EVERYWHERE**

# WINTEES

HEALTHFUL & APPETIZING

With the full piquant flavor of the Wintergreen

ALSO IN THREE OTHER FLAVORS

**MINTEES CLOVEES CINTEES**

MADE IN CANADA

**O-Pee-Chee Gum Co.**  
 LONDON LIMITED CANADA

## Display Your Stock of Esterbrook Pens

in the convenient Esterbrook counter case that will best meet your needs. Tell us your approximate yearly sales, and we will tell you the proper case to use.

**ESTERBROOK PEN MFG. CO.**  
 46-70 Cooper St.  
 Camden, N.J., U.S.A.

Canadian Agents:  
 The Brown Bros. Limited  
 Toronto, Canada

**ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE**

Healthful, picturesque location, 30 miles from Toronto. Academic Courses from Preparatory Work to Junior Matriculation, Teachers' Certificates and First Year University, Music, Art, Oratory, Domestic Science; *Social Economics and Civics*; Commercial Work; Physical Training by means of an unusually well equipped modern gymnasium, large swimming pool and systematized play.

For Calendar write to Rev. F. L. Farewell, B.A., Principal, Whitby, Ont. Reopens Sept. 12

**ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE**

**St. Andrew's College**  
 TORONTO  
 A CANADIAN SCHOOL FOR BOYS  
 UPPER AND LOWER SCHOOLS

Careful Oversight Thorough Instruction  
 Large Playing Fields Excellent Situation  
 Autumn Term Commences Sept. 12, 1917


REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., HEADMASTER  
 Calendar sent on application



**BANK OFFICE SCHOOL CHURCH OPERA LODGE FURNITURE**

MANUFACTURED BY

**CANADIAN OFFICE-SCHOOL FURNITURE CO. LTD.**  
 PRESTON - - - - - ONTARIO



DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVAL SERVICE.

**Royal Naval College of Canada.**

ANNUAL examinations for entry of Naval Cadets into this College are held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May each year, successful candidates joining the College on or about the 1st August following the examination.

Applications for entry are received up to the 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can be obtained.

Candidates for examination must have passed their fourteenth birthday, and not reached their sixteenth birthday, on the 1st July following the examination.

Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

**G. J. DESBARATS**  
 Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.  
 Department of the Naval Service,  
 Ottawa, March 12, 1917.  
 Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

# Loyola College

Montreal Canada

*An English College under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers.*

Classical Course leading to the degree of B.A. Beautiful new fireproof buildings, splendid equipment, spacious playing fields.

Fees from \$60.00 a year for Day Scholars, and \$350.00 a year for Boarders.

**WRITE FOR CATALOGUE**

EDUCATIONAL

AUTOMOBILE COURSE — Complete and practical, models of engine, etc. Write Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Department O., Toronto, Canada.



**Patriotic Pin Trays**  
 Sew a small silk flag to an embroidery hoop, and for feet use

**Moore Push-Pins**  
 Prettiest home novelty of the season. Everybody can make them. The Push-Pins make perfect glass feet. Samples and booklet free.

**Moore Push-Pins.** Made in 2 sizes. Glass Heads. Steel Points. 13c. 2 pkts.  
**Moore Push-less Hangers.** 4 sizes. The Hanger with the Twist. 25c. 2 pkts.

Moore Push-Pin Co., Dept. F., Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.

## Canadian Government Railways

# HELP!

We can help you to select

**A Summer Tour      A Summer Fishing Trip**  
**A Summer Resort      A Summer Canoe Route**

in New Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces

Send for:—Bras d'Or Lakes, Cape Breton; Abegweit-Prince Edward Island; Storied Halifax; La Baie de Chaleur: Notes by the Way Montreal and East; Notes by the Way Quebec and West; Out-of-Door Quebec and the Maritime Provinces; Out-of-Door in Northern Quebec and Northern Ontario; Summer Excursion Fares.

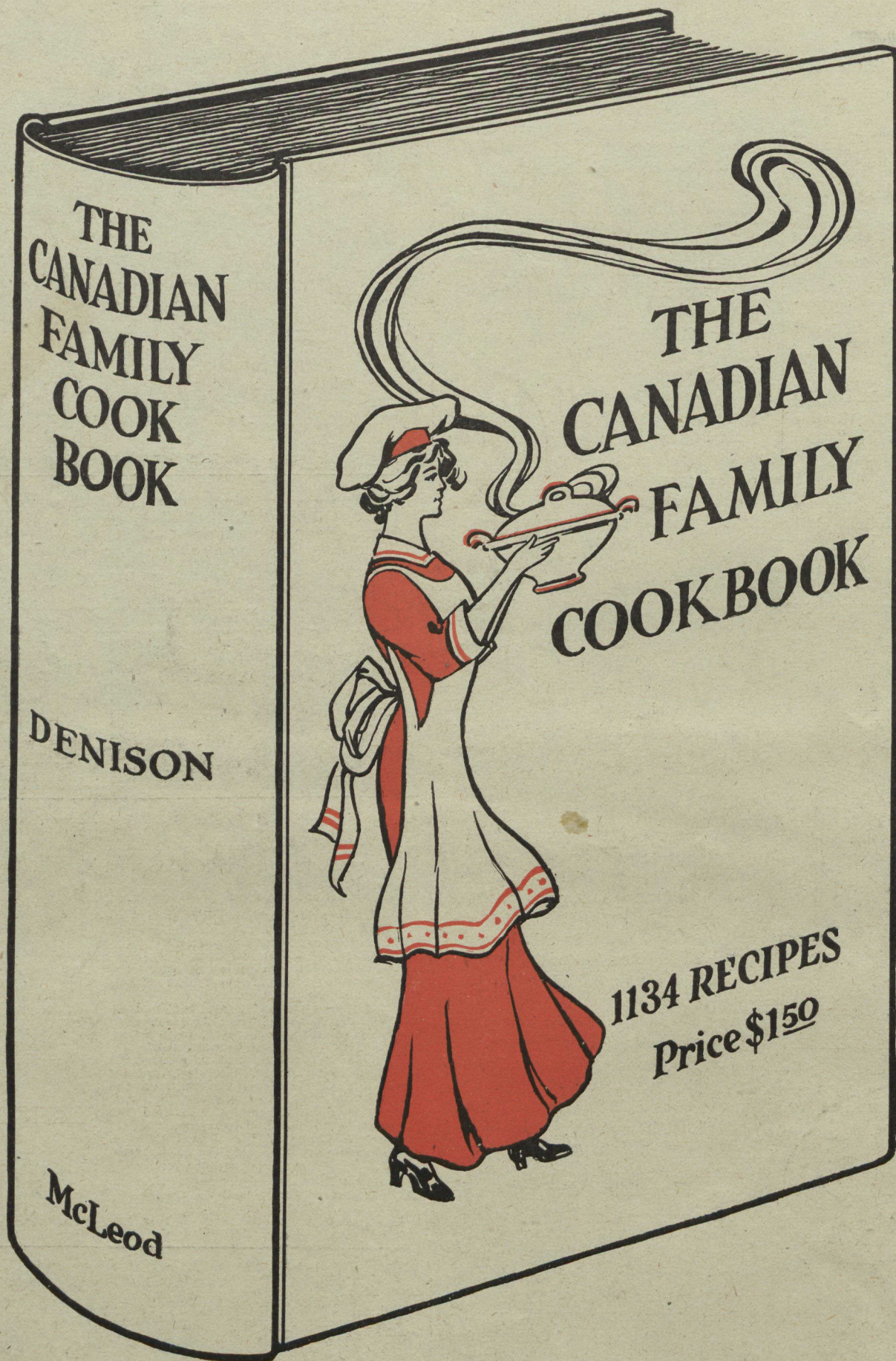
**H. H. MELANSON,**  
 General Passenger Agent,  
 MONCTON, N.B.



# THRIFT INVESTMENT OF \$1.00

*To Waste Food is Criminal and Poor Cooking Means Spoiled Food*

1134  
Recipes  
compiled  
from  
the  
Favorite  
Dishes  
of  
over  
200  
of  
Canada's  
most  
prominent  
women,  
by  
the  
late  
Grace  
E.  
Denison  
(Lady  
Gay  
of  
Saturday  
Night)



Preserves  
Pickles  
Jams  
Jellies  
Pies  
Puddings  
Cakes  
Salads  
Meats  
Soups  
Bread  
Candies  
and  
Beverages

**540 Pages, Size 6 x 8 Inches, Washable Oilcloth Cover**

SAVE THE FOOD is the order of the day and it is the duty of every Canadian woman to see that no scrap of food that can be preserved is allowed to go to waste. The best way to start is to procure a good cook book and no other book is so suitable as THE CANADIAN FAMILY COOK BOOK compiled for Canadian women from Canadian recipes. You will perhaps save the cost of the book in the first batch of preserves you make according to its instructions.

THE REGULAR PRICE OF THE BOOK IS \$1.50, BUT FOR A SHORT TIME WE MAKE A SPECIAL OFFER TO COURIER READERS OF \$1.00 PER COPY POSTPAID, AND YOUR MONEY WILL BE CHEERFULLY RETURNED IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED.

**GEORGE J. McLEOD LIMITED, Publishers, TORONTO**

*Pin a Dollar Bill to the Coupon and Mail To-day*

GEORGE  
J. McLEOD,  
LIMITED,

266 King St., W.,  
Toronto, Ont.

Enclosed find \$....  
for which mail me ....  
copies THE CANADIAN  
FAMILY COOK BOOK with  
the understanding that if I am  
not satisfied with the book my  
money will be refunded on its re-  
turn.

Name .....

Address .....

.....