

THE CANADIAN COURIER

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Vol. XXI. No. 16

FIVE CENTS

March 17th, 1917



The Crowd that put the "O" into O CANADA

Photographed in Toronto by James & Son

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

EVEREADY

The Product that has outgrown its name "FLASHLIGHT"

\$3,000. for the best name suggested to take the place of flashlight



Who won that \$3000?

The Question on Half a Million Tongues

WHO won that \$3,000 for a better name than "flashlight"? From city, town and hamlet throughout Canada and the United States—from Central America, Cuba, Morocco and even China is heard the echo of this question. Everywhere interest is at a high pitch and while half a million people wait the Eveready organization is working day and night to find the winner and the winning word.

Never before has a contest for a new name met with such generous and enthusiastic response. Suggestions have poured in at the rate of 10,000 to 25,000 a day. On the last day of the contest 50,000 were received.

The Post Office was forced to call for help. Eveready automobile trucks were pressed into service to deliver contest mail. It took ten days after the close of the contest to finish opening the mail. It took six weeks to transfer to entry blanks the thousands of suggestions received in letters written to the company. It took one entire week to sort out all the names beginning with the letter "L."

Fifty extra employees have been necessary to handle the purely mechanical details such as opening mail, sorting, filing, etc.

College students were specially recruited to handle some of the more important routine. Salesmen from the Eveready organization were taken off the road to speed up the search for that \$3000 word.



Scores of suggestions came from the boys in camp.



Two days from here to Guantanamo, Cuba, but we got his suggestion in time.

Now we are just as anxious to know who won that \$3000 as you are; but we have simply been snowed under.

Up to the official date set for the close of the Eveready Contest (Nov. 7th, 1916) over 530,000 suggestions had been received and at this moment the judges have before them the 50,000 best suggestions from which the choice will be made.

To settle this question fairly we must ask for more time. On its settlement depends not only the fulfillment of our obligation to pay \$3000 but a decision on that name which is best suited to our needs.

April 5th is the date now set for the award announcement. Watch your Eveready dealer's windows. The announcement of the prize winner will be made through our dealers as well as through the newspapers and magazines, because we can thus place the news before the greatest number of people with the least possible delay.

If the judges decide sooner, the announcement will not be held back. We are not going to keep half a million people waiting any longer than we can help.

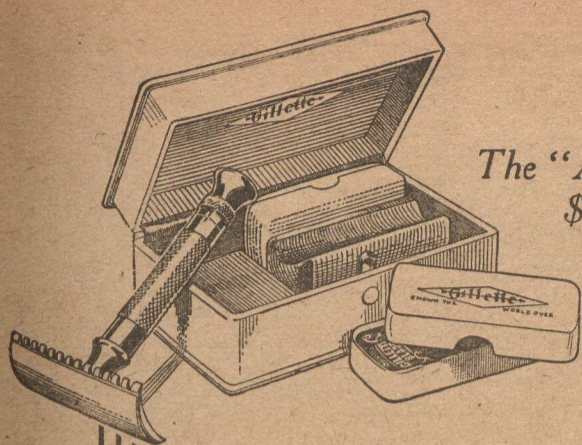
50,000 Eveready dealers all over the United States and Canada are ready to flash the message when the judges decide.



Out in the sage brush—80 miles from the nearest dealer—so we sent our western friend a contest blank.

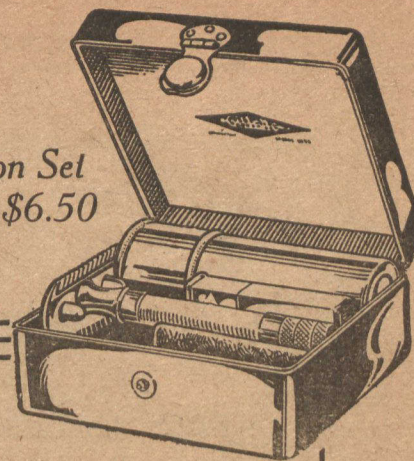
CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON CO., Limited
Toronto Ontario

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The "Aristocrat"
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While we patriotically save and "give till it hurts," there is no objection to a little saving that does NOT hurt—for example, shaving at home with a

Gillette Safety Razor

This sensible habit will save the barber-shop devotee from \$25 to \$75, and about a week's working time a year---and instead of hurting, the adjustable Gillette will give him a shave exactly suited to his face and beard, and comfortable to the last degree.

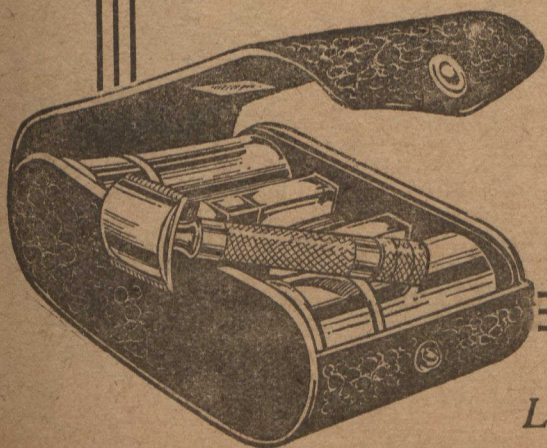
Drop in at any good Hardware, Drug, Men's Wear or Jewelry Store and look over the different styles of Gillette Sets, from \$5 up.

Gillette Safety Razor Co.

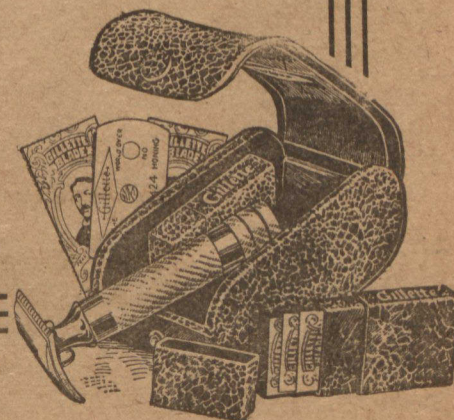
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Office and Factory

Gillette Building, Montreal

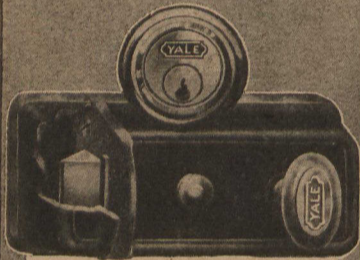


Combination Set
Leather Case \$7.50



The "Bulldog"
\$5.00

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 YA
 YAL
 YALE



Yale Cylinder Night Latches

Afford real security and certain protection. Deadlocking latches that cannot be forced or tampered with through the door crack.



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Are made in many styles and many sizes. Sturdy, dependable locks for every padlocking need inside and outside the house.

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Yale products have received nearly fifty years of endorsement by the world, the endorsement of *usage*.

The Yale ideal of enduring and satisfactory service has been built into every Yale product since 1869.

The presence of that name Yale upon locks and hardware is a visible guarantee of real security, artistic decoration, and provable durability.

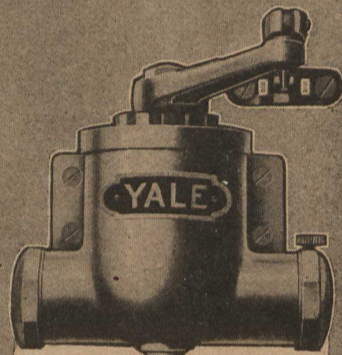
Yale products are made in Canada.

Look for the name "Yale" on the locks and hardware you buy.

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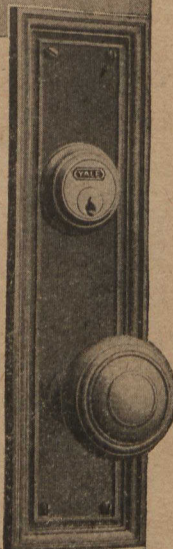
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YALE PRODUCTS MADE IN CANADA

THE CANADIAN COURIER

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

You will have noticed that with the issue of Oct. 7 the price has been reduced from 10 cents to 5 cents per copy.

EXTENSIONS

In keeping with this we are extending all subscriptions, so that the subscriber will receive extra copies sufficient to make up for the reduction in price.

CANADIAN COURIER

TORONTO - - - - - ONTARIO

FIRST AS CANADIANS.

As a rule we refrain from printing complimentary letters about ourselves, on the principle that it's rather bad taste for a man to tell a crowd of people what a fine fellow he is said to be by a friend of his. But we make an occasional exception in the case of a compliment which contains useful criticism and advice. Here is one, and it fits in so well with what we are trying every week to say in this column, that the writer—who is a financial managing director in London, Ont.—might have written it on our own typewriter:

Editor, Canadian Courier,—

Your representative called on me one day this week, and I am glad to learn from him that he is increasing the number of your subscribers here very largely.

From a national standpoint it is very desirable that a copy of the Courier should be in every Canadian home. The trouble is, nationally speaking, we are trying to make all new-comers British before endeavouring to make them Canadians.

If we can make them good Canadians they will naturally be good Britishers. Yet these ultra-loyal people absorb, probably unconsciously, more U. S. sentiment through the number of publications that are admitted duty free into this country than Canadian or even British; and if the Canadian Courier, or some other National paper, cannot stem the tide, this country will be thoroughly United States in the next fifty years.

THERE is such a thing as a nutshell and this is it. For ten years the Canadian Courier has been practising the tune represented on the cover of this issue, getting ready for the time when the people of Canada should need the kind of paper produced in 1917, under the conditions of 1917. We have no objection to helping citizens of this country become good Britishers. We should be glad to feel sure that for the next fifty years at least fifty per cent. of our immigrations will be from the British Isles. The editor of this paper was once asked at a public meeting in the West of England, what Canada would yet do—when the time came—for the mother country? He replied: "That depends a good deal on how many people you send to Canada before the time comes."

But Britishers come to Canada to be—Canadians. In this respect they begin on an even keel with all other imported peoples; but they have an immense advantage in understanding the genius of this country because it is historically both British and French.

Now any local or metropolitan newspaper may be just as Canadian as the Canadian Courier. But because of either party or local connections none of these papers can go far enough. The Canadian Courier is the only paper in the country which has taken upon itself the task of reflecting the sentiment of the whole of Canada. We know it's a big contract. We have been ten years finding that out. We know it's a bigger contract now than ever it was. The next ten years will show how we propose to meet the conditions.

But the only way we can do it is to consider our readers—first, as Canadians; second, as anything else they care to be. To this end we propose to publish any kind of matter that makes good grist to a Canadian mill—because the people of this country belong to most of the countries known to civilization. We don't care for Japanese or Chinese features; we do care for Canadian interest in the biggest kind of way. And we propose to see that first-of-all Canadian is the policy and programme of this all-Canada paper.

This is PYRENE The Fire Extinguisher

The handy, safe and sure extinguisher, ready to "nip in the bud" those little blazes which so quickly spread beyond control



THESE

Davy Automatic Fire Escapes

Provide a safe, economical and efficient means of escape from fire, for persons of all weights and ages

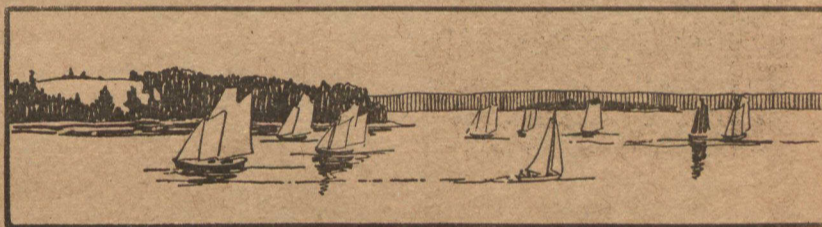


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TORONTO - - - - - ONTARIO

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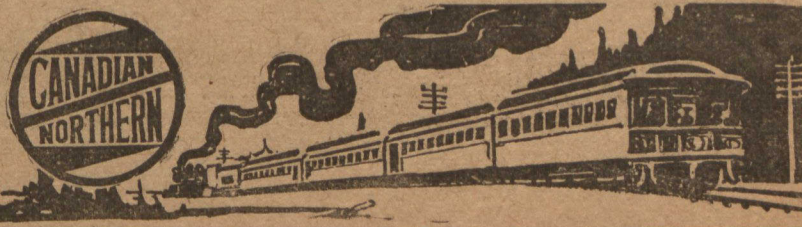
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- NIPIGON FOREST RESERVE:
- QUETICO NATIONAL PARK:
- JASPER NATIONAL PARK AND MOUNT ROBSON PARK

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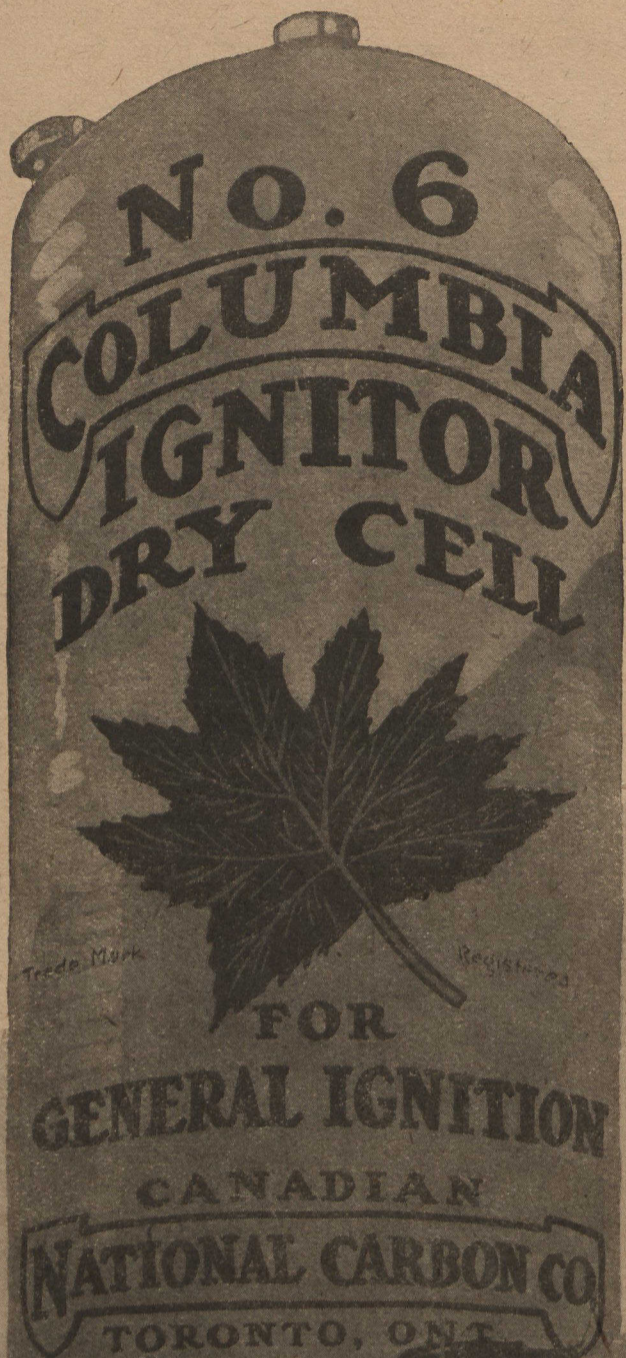
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CANADIAN
NATIONAL CARBON CO., LIMITED
Toronto, Ontario

Fahnestock spring-clip binding posts, no
extra charge



Columbia Batteries

THE COURIER

Vol. XXI.

March 17th, 1917

No. 16

OLD TOUCHES of WESTERN DRAMA

Fortunes in Furs

MISFORTUNES in furs have often been the lot of the dealer in the Northwest. Not so in 1916. Furs were never so high as during the past year. Not because it costs more to produce furs now than it did before the war; neither because of any scarcity in the catch. Fur-catchers have not gone into khaki. When war broke out there was a slump in furs such as never was known in the pelting trade. This was caused by the sudden drop in the European demand. London has always regulated the price of furs at Edmonton. So it did in 1915. But in 1916, furs began to boom. The reason was not London, which was not buying furs. What made the jump in price was the Wallingfords of New York and a hundred other places in the United States. There are, as may be noticed, a large number of miniature Wallingfords in Canada, due to munitions-prosperity. Never in the memory of Canadian mankind were so many beautiful fur garments worn by Canadian women as now. This is one of the proofs that Canada is at war.

The enormous demand for furs on the con-



continent of America out-did the united demand of Europe and America a few years ago. Prices went up faster than the price of wheat. The value of the pelts shown in the accompanying picture is estimated at \$50,000. The photograph was taken in one of the great fur-rooms of Edmonton, which, in spite of the grand march of modern civilization, still regards the fur trade as one of the city's chief claims to distinction. The shipment included 14 silver foxes, 125 cross, 455 red, 125 lynx, 14,000 humble muskrat, that will later sell as high priced Hudson Seal, and a thousand assorted skins of wolf, badger, beaver, weasel, mink and marten.

The trench warfare caused a big demand for the coarsest grades of fur. But the high prices of fancy furs had nothing to do with the trenches. To get that \$50,000 worth of fur meant a large volume of trade in goods which are swapped for pelts now as they were in the beginning. Figures are not available to show whether the high prices paid by the Wallingfords of war for their furs was reflected in the price paid to the trappers. But as the cost price of trappers' commodities went up, the price of raw furs from the freighter's waggon must have gone up also.

Pere Hugonard's Funeral

ONE by one, in ever growing succession as the years slip away, the famous pioneers of the Canadian north and west are taking the last, long trail. Pioneering priests, policemen, fur factors, adventurers and explorers are going to their last reward after seeing the land they entered as a hostile wilderness turned to a rich and productive country. The last of these to go two weeks ago was Rev. Father Hugonard, who, next to Rev. Father Lacombe, was perhaps the most famous priest in the western country. Father Hugonard came to the historic Qu'Appelle Valley in 1880. It was chiefly due to his control that the powerful and war-like Indian chief, Star Blanket, ceased his career of bloodshed. The funeral was attended by Lieutenant-Governor Lake, Premier Martin, and the Archbishop.



THE RECOIL of THE REPEATER

By MARVIN L. HAYWARD

IT was the evening before the general election of 19—, and the "inner committee" of the "Out" party in the County of Lecarnot were holding their final meeting, arranging the countless last minute details, dividing up the "educational fund" and assigning the different workers to their portions of the "mission field" for the fateful morrow.

"Will you go up to the Monquat poll?" asked the secretary, turning to a young man at the foot of the table.

Arthur Perley adjusted his cigar at an independent angle, thrust his thumbs into the arm-holes of his vest in the most approved "money power" manner, and elevated his feet to the top of the worn table.

"Sure," he replied, with all the jaunty confidence of an old-time campaigner. "I'm ready to try anything for the benefit of the party."

"It needs a careful man," cautioned the secretary.

"Yes, it's pretty tough country up there," said one of the old workers. "They've furnished all the murder trials in this county for the last fifty years."

"I guess there's no danger of them scaring me," averred Perley.

"Well, according to a local tradition in the upper part of the county, they scared a pretty nifty party once," was the reply.

"Don't think I ever heard of it."

"Of course, I can't vouch for its truth," replied the other; "but it is said that his Satanic Majesty the Devil was coming down the St. John River years ago, and some of his friends found him sitting on a rock in the middle of the river two or three miles above the Monquat weeping bitterly.

"What's the trouble?" they asked.

"Monquat's just below here," says he, "and I've heard so much about it that I'm afraid to go by."

"Times have changed since then," laughed Perley; "and the 'higher criticism' has disposed of that story long ago. At any rate they'll not scare me."

"I hope not," agreed the secretary, who proceeded to give him very careful and explicit instructions; and the next morning Perley started for Monquat by the early train, arriving there a few minutes before the poll opened.

"I suppose we have some pretty tough fellows on our side that we have to restrain?" he remarked to one of the local workers.

"We've quite a bunch of them," was the reply; "but of late we have sworn in the worst of them as special constables for election day, which gives them a feeling of responsibility so that they don't cut loose until after five o'clock. There comes one of them now," he remarked, as he glanced up the street.

"Will the other side do any challenging?" Perley asked.

"It is reported that they have not much money and are going to put the oath to every doubtful voter, and they've probably started in on our friend Peter," replied the local man, as the approaching voter drew near.

WHAT'S the trouble, Peter?" queried the local man, solicitously.

"Don't you know," explained the voter. "I went into the poll there to cast my ballot, and that reprobate of an agent took it upon himself to challenge my vote."

"What did you do?"

"Took the oath and voted, of course."

"I hope you didn't make any disturbance?" was the anxious query.

"Of course not," replied Peter, in an official tone. "I was an officer of the law and charged with keeping the peace, therefore, I could not smite him as he deserved, but after five o'clock my office will expire and my arm will be free, and I will then wait for him to come forth that I may plant my billowy fist between his dewy eyes."

Arthur and his guide moved on.

"There'll likely be something doing about the time the poll closes," laughed the local man, as they proceeded towards the poll, where they found quite a crowd gathering and a free fight under active way. As they approached, however, things quieted down and the workers scattered in search of voters whom

they thought they could influence.

"What's doing now?" inquired Perley.

"We are simply construing a section of the election law," replied one of the local workers, who had entered the poll through the glass in the door, and whose clothes were rather dilapidated.

"You have a rather strenuous method of construction," laughed Perley. "What was the point under discussion?"

"We were proving that the constable has no right inside the poll, and as we couldn't convince them by argument, we just removed him by main strength and awkwardness," was the reply.

By this time things were moving with a spirited swing. Teams loaded with free and independent voters were arriving from the surrounding country and the workers were dodging in and out of the shifting crowds picking out the men they could "handle."

Perley at once got in touch with the local workers, and assisted them all he could, keeping track of the countless details of a country poll.

At ten o'clock he was called up by the County Secretary, who gave him a code message, which, translated, read as follows:

"Joe Clayton is shipping up twenty repeaters on the noon express. Look out sharp."

"Repeaters!"

Clayton was one of the chief heelers on the opposite side who was selected for any dangerous and illegal work; from what he had seen of local conditions, Perley was excited. He felt satisfied that Monquat was capable of producing almost any sort of a disturbance, but repeaters! Here was his chance to show his resourcefulness. Having a superficial knowledge of criminal law, he started off to a Justice of the Peace who was on his side.

"I have just got a private tip," he announced, "that Clayton is sending up a supply of rifles on the noon express; if these fellows here get hold of them there will be trouble, and if there is any shooting to be done we want the weapons ourselves."

"Ah!" said the Judge. "What do you suggest?"

"You will note by Section 23 of the election law that no person who has not resided in the polling division for at least six months shall come into the polling division armed with offensive weapons of any kind, and section 260 is to the same effect."

In a Letter

DO you remember how,
"Somewhere in France,"
Men of Guy's company
Once "took a chance?"

Broken, he came to me,
Came with a smile;
"Mother, dear, patch me up!
It was worth while!"

So he is mine once more.
He does not know
What the great doctor said,
He cannot go

Back to the ghastly trench
For his "Well done"—
No more for me the wrench—
"Good-bye, my son!"

So he comes back to me,
His manhood spent;
Crippled. . . . How glad am I,
Glad that he went!

—Florence Randal Livesay.

"Do you want a warrant?" asked the magistrate.

"I don't think so," replied Perley; "all that is necessary is to instruct our special constables whom you have sworn in to watch the trains and disarm any persons they see carrying weapons. They can't conceal rifles at least."

When the noon express came up a swarm of constables were on hand, and, although quite a number of strangers got off, none of them gave the slightest indication of carrying concealed weapons, and Perley concluded that the message had been a false alarm.

THE afternoon wore off without any further excitement, and about ten minutes before the poll closed a south-bound "accommodation" passed through the village. As the express would follow in less than half an hour, Perley decided to wait for it, and strolled down to the poll to take a last look at the situation.

"Has our friend Peter forgotten about the agent who challenged his vote?" he asked of the local worker who accompanied him.

"Don't you worry about Peter forgetting anything like that," was the reply. "He and about twenty others who were challenged are at the poll now, all standing around the door waiting for him to come out."

"What are we to do?" asked Perley. "Things have gone quietly so far, and we don't want any trouble."

"Oh, we fixed that," replied the local man. "We sent word inside to our agent; they gave the other fellow the tip and let him out the back window down on the shore; he dodged down the beach and across to the station without them seeing him, and he is now on his way to Woodville on the freight that just went through."

"They will certainly be a surprised bunch when they find out that he got away," laughed Perley.

Before they reached the poll the waiting crowd evidently got word of what had happened, and were indulging in fluent profanity—Peter being the chief mourner.

"What's the matter?" inquired the local man, innocently.

"Why, you know," replied Peter, "now that my office has expired and I am a free man, me and my friends were waiting for the agent to come forth that we might deal with him according to his manifold sins, but some traitor must have sent word inside, and while we waited at the front door, like Paul of old, they let him out the back window and he hiked like h— for the C. P. R. He is the first man on that side I ever saw in this election who loved the C. P. R."

They were interrupted by one of the local workers who hurried up in a state of evident distress.

"Do you know what has happened?" he demanded.

"Everything seems to have gone all right," replied Perley.

"Gone all right," exclaimed the local man. "The other fellows had a bunch of strangers in here and voted them on fifteen or sixteen dead and absent names, and some of them even repeated two or three times. "Repeaters!"

"Re-repeaters!" Perley scarcely had time to digest this startling information, as the whistle of the express summoned him to the station.

As soon as the train reached Woodville he hurried to the central committee rooms, where the first man he met was the county secretary.

"Why in h— did you let them run in those 'repeaters' on you?" inquired the truculent secretary.

"You can't blame me," remonstrated Perley. "Our inside agent should have known better, and I never knew a thing about it until two or three minutes before the train left."

"Didn't know anything about it," exclaimed the secretary. "Didn't I telephone you about ten o'clock that the 'repeaters' were coming?"

Perley gazed at the truculent secretary in open-mouthed surprise.

"Repeaters," he gasped, and this time the truth got through to his understanding. "Why, I thought you meant rifles!"

The secretary looked at the young man in deep and abiding disgust.

THE DURBAR *of* DEMOCRACY

Congress of Peoples at the
PHOTOGRAPHS

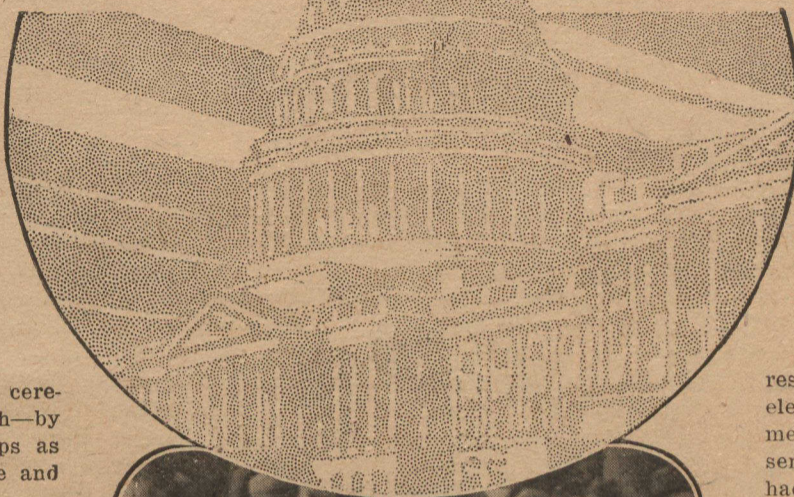
Coronation of the Silk Hat
BY UNDERWOOD

CANADA is more directly interested in the inauguration of a United States President than in any Durbar at Delhi or Calcutta. But we understand these inaugurations by comparing them with Coronations and Durbars. The ceremony that on Monday, March 5, reinstated Woodrow Wilson as monarch of the United States was absolutely democratic in form. It was monarchical in character.

Looking at the picture of the newly sworn-in President making his inaugural speech, you will notice the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, who conducted the ceremony. We are told that the passage which—by accident—was touched by the President's lips as he kissed the Bible, was, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

To the left of the Chief Justice sits Mrs. Wilson, queen pro tem. of the United States. Behind him are all manner of political people most informally dressed. In front, a vast mob of 50,000 people from Washington and from all points of the compass outside of D. C. That crowd, as far as possible in the most un-American city in the United States, was America. And there never was an inauguration crowd so animated by strange American impulses as this one, which seemed to be on the verge of war with the greatest absolute-monarchy power in the world.

For another quadrennium Woodrow Wilson is a more potential king of the United States than George V. is King of England. By the combination in one man of the Chief Executive power, the supreme commands of the Army and Navy, and the leadership of a great party, the President has more actual working power than any ruler except an absolute monarch. As leader of the party he is never required to sit in Congress. When he appears in the Speaker's chair, either in the House of



Representatives or in the Senate, it is because of some special situation such as might be created by the Speech from the Throne in a British or Canadian Parliament. None of his Cabinet Ministers are required to sit in Congress. None of them are elected by the people. The entire Cabinet is the President's own choosing. In selecting them from his own party he is guided somewhat by party considerations, but is free to exercise his own personal choice independent of that. The executive acts of these Ministers are under his control. They are not directly responsible to Congress, because they are not elected by the people. All Civil Service appointments are in the hands of the Executive as represented by the President. If the King of England had this power alone he would have to dream himself back into the days of James I. and Divine Right. The President has power of veto over acts of Congress, though once in a while his veto is over-ruled. He is technically Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy, as the King of England is, but the King of England has no power to order the arming of merchant ships in a time of war, because he leaves that to the Admiralty.

Yet was there ever a monarch who expressed himself as the servant of the people so explicitly as did Woodrow Wilson when, on Monday March 5, on the steps of the Capitol, he wound up his speech with these words:

I stand here and have taken the high and solemn oath to which you have been audience because the people of the United States have chosen me for this august delegation of power, and have by their gracious judgment named me their leader in affairs. I know now what the task means. I realize to the full the responsibility which it involves. I pray God I may be given the wisdom and the prudence to do my duty in the true spirit of this great people. I am their servant and can succeed only as they sustain and guide me by their confidence and their counsel. The thing I shall count upon, the thing without which neither counsel nor action will avail, is the unity of America—an America united in feeling, in purpose, and in its vision of duty, of opportunity and of service.



BAGDAD IS GONE AND GERMAN

AT the moment of writing the real military situation is at or near the city of Bagdad. Now Bagdad is a long way off by

linear measurement, but to the great political leaders of Europe it may seem closer, morally speaking, even than the Somme and the Ancre. For Bagdad is the terminus of the great international railroad which may be said to have its western beginnings in Hamburg and Antwerp. That railroad is intended to run south from Bagdad to the Persian Gulf, and even to connect with the frontiers of Egypt. No matter how large a position the German armies may seem to occupy in Belgium and France, no matter how ceaseless their activities in a dozen other directions, they are actually fighting for the possession of that railroad, and it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that they are now fighting for nothing else. If Germany emerges from the struggle in possession of that railroad she will have won the war. With the inevitable absorption of Austria, and with the practical vassalage of Bulgaria and Turkey, she would be able to point to an empire not only rivalling that of Great Britain, but threatening its existence. She would have Egypt and India within her reach, if not actually within her grasp.

It was in order to seize Bagdad that General Townshend was dispatched on the ill-fated mission that resulted in his surrender to the Turks at Kut El Amara. It was of course impossible from the British point of view that a Turkish victory should be allowed to end the campaign in Mesopotamia, and so another British force was dispatched from the Persian Gulf, a force that evidently avoided the rather happy-go-lucky methods that characterized the first campaign. This new force has now taken Kut El Amara from the Turks, heavily defeated them with great losses in men and materials, and driven them headlong toward Bagdad, less than a hundred miles away, and directly connected with Kut El Amara by the Tigris River. It is extremely likely that in the course of a few days we shall hear of the capture of Bagdad, and consequently of a definite British seizure of the terminus of the international railroad. Bagdad, as has been said, appears to be very remote, and to belong to a part of the world that may be described as obsolete. None the less its bearing upon the war as a whole is a very real and vital one.

BUT the result of the taking of Bagdad may be still more vital than has been indicated. For we must remember that there is, or was, a large Russian army under the command of the Grand Duke Nicholas somewhere to the northwest of Bagdad. This Russian army seems to have been inactive for some months, but it will be remembered that it captured Trebizond and Erzeroum, and that its left wing stretched well away into Persia. Now, if Bagdad can be taken, it seems well-nigh certain that there will be a junction between the British and the Russians, and that the beaten Turks will have to move quickly if they are to get around the eastern corner of the Mediterranean Sea before they are cut off by the Russians coming southward, as they will certainly do as soon as they learn that the British are coming northward. With the Allies in possession of all the territory from the Persian Gulf to Alexandretta—and this is almost the case now—the situation for the Turks would be about as black as it could be. But unless we realize the intensity of German ambitions with regard to Asia and the international railroad, and her glittering vision of an empire extending from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf, we shall fail to recognize the full import of the struggle for Bagdad.

While we are watching the course of the

HOPES WITH IT

The Possibilities of the Noyon Angle in France Analyzed

By SIDNEY CORYN

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battle of the Somme and wondering at the causes that have led to so definite a retreat of the German forces, it is well to remember that this particular struggle is probably in the nature of an overture, and that the actual programme has not yet begun. The British gains have been very large as gains go nowadays, but none the less the manner of the German withdrawal proves that it was an orderly and premeditated part of some larger plan. If the British were able actually to pierce the German lines it would be hardly an exaggeration to say that the war in the west would be over. Nothing could then save the German armies from rout and flight. But this is now an unlikely contingency, although it is always on the page of possibilities.

That the battle of the Somme is only a prelude is fairly certain from the fact that the present line is a very small one and that the British army is a very large one, far larger than any present or obvious need would justify. The British expenditure of ammunition has been of the most lavish kind, but it is almost insignificant in comparison with the accumulated stores, and we read that both the army and the stores in France are being increased as fast as the transports can ferry them across the ocean.



"Damn the Torpedoes! Go ahead!"

—From the New York Times.

Evidently some great move is in contemplation, but its nature is so uncertain that we can do little more than guess at its direction. But whatever it may be, it is intended to end the war in France and Belgium before the increasing shortage of shipping can become still more serious. It is intended that there shall be no more "deadlocks." The "war of attrition" has become too horribly monotonous.

ALTHOUGH only folly would venture upon anything like a definite prediction, there are certain probabilities that it would be equally foolish to overlook. And so we may suppose that whatever fighting exists or will exist on an Allied initiative is intended directly or indirectly to crush in the German angle at Noyon. Now the vulnerable spot in every army is not on its fighting front, but on its line of communications. The utmost human valour and the most perfect fortifications are no more than air and tissue paper if there is a failure of fodder for men and guns, and the word fodder represents a continuous stream of supplies of almost incredible dimensions. It need hardly be pointed out that the German line in France occupies two sides of a square, and the two sides run north and south from the North Sea to Noyon, and then west and east from Noyon to the Rhine. The choice of that location was not by chance. It was intended to parallel the main lines of railroad, and as a matter of fact the chief French railroads, north and south, and west and east, lie behind the German lines.

The battle of the Somme was certainly intended, is still intended, to cut the north and south railroad line. It was, of course, precipitated by the battle of Verdun, and the necessity to create a diversion in favour of the hard-pressed French. But its particular area was dictated by the advantage of cutting the communications that helped to supply the Noyon angle. The French had attempted the same feat in the Champagne district, that is to say, on the east and west line, but had failed. And now within the last few weeks we find a German attack in the Champagne district, an attack that seems purposeless unless we suppose that it was intended to consolidate the position against a foreseen French attempt. In other words, we may look upon the Somme area and the Champagne area as roughly corresponding with one another in their mutual aspects toward the Noyon angle. A successful Allied offensive in the Champagne district would also have the effect of driving a wedge between the army of the Crown Prince and the other German forces to the eastward. But we can figure this out for ourselves if we can once accept the theory that the angle at Noyon is actually the Allied objective, and that the main intention is to cut the lines of communication coming from the north and from the east. And it is hard to see what more important objective than this there could be.

IF we may anticipate an Allied offensive in the Champagne district we may look for it somewhere in the neighbourhood of Rheims. The brunt of such an attack would probably fall on the French, and therefore we have still to find some scope for the British forces that, as has been said, are much larger than the needs of the Somme area would demand. It is hardly likely that the British forces would be moved down to the Champagne district. On the other hand, we know that British forces are taking over more and more of the north and south line running down through Arras to Noyon. Now Arras is an important railroad centre and the line that runs through Arras is largely used for German supply purposes, and it therefore seems probable that we shall see

a British attack in this section that will correspond with a French attack in the Champagne district. And if the Germans are strong enough to attempt a forestalling movement they will probably attack in the Champagne district in order to prevent the squeezing of the Noyon angle by the British in the north and the French in the east. There can be little doubt that the Somme offensive will be continued on its present lines, but it will almost certainly be supplemented by an even larger offensive elsewhere, and there seems to be no such likely area for a new offensive as in the neighbourhood of Arras. At the same time we have to remember that there are local conditions of which we can know nothing at this distance, of which no one can know anything except those on the spot, and that these may negative the advantages of any particular movement.

AS helping to dispel the submarine mystery imposed by the admiralty authorities, we may note the syndicated article by Mr. Frank H. Simonds, dated March 1st, and written immediately after his return from London. He tells us that twenty-five submarines had been caught during the first two weeks of February, and that five were taken two days before he left London. Averages are apt to be deceptive when used for purposes of prediction, as the Germans have already discovered to their cost, but if the British admiralty can waylay thirty submarines

a month it is evident that the end of the submarine fleet is in sight. The best authorities agree that Germany can produce submarines at the rate of about one a week, but the training of sailors to man them must be a much slower task. No more arduous work could be allotted to a human being, and we may doubt if the men under bombardment in the trenches would have reason to wish to change places with their comrades in the submarine. Reports from England say that the crews of captured submarines are usually in a pitiable state as a result of vitiated air, nerve strain, and intestinal troubles, and there is nothing impossible in the story that Mr. Simonds thinks worth repetition, that two submarines had surrendered themselves in Falmouth Harbour after their crews had mutined and murdered their officers.

Another ray of light on the problem is furnished by Mr. Alfred Noyes, poet and essayist, who is now on a visit to America. Mr. Noyes has something interesting to say about armed merchantmen, and it is based, he tells us, on his examination of hundreds of admiralty records. The vessels that are attacked are almost invariably unarmed. The submarine has a wholesome respect for the swivel gun that can so easily sink her with one well-directed shot, and therefore she leaves the armed ship alone. Mr. Noyes then tells us that between 60,000 and 70,000 fishermen have been enlisted in the submarine campaign, and have been uniformed and trained in gun-

nery. One of these men told him that he had participated in the sinking of ten submarines. Mr. Noyes says, also, that he has actually witnessed the sweeping of the Irish Sea from the English coast to the Irish coast by a continuous line of sixty trawlers dragging great steel nets between them. As a result of this small-tooth-comb work the submarines were being expelled from British home waters, and forced to seek an uncertain prey in the wide ocean.

MR. NOYES confirms the view more than once expressed in this column that a submarine that has once been seen by a motor or patrol boat can hardly escape destruction. She can not submerge quickly enough to escape a shot, and she is in perpetual danger from the nets dropped in her path by some enterprising craft that has observed her wake on the surface of the water. But however interesting may be such general statements as those of Mr. Simonds and Mr. Noyes—and they are necessarily based to a large extent upon hearsay—we have still the substantial facts furnished by the statistics, which show that Germany has attained to less than half of her aims, and that a great army of ships, some nine thousand in the course of two weeks, is passing unmolested into and from British ports. Those who suppose that either England or France is within measurable distance of starvation are either allowing the wish to father the thought or are unaware of the facts.

AND NOW—EQUALITY IN BABIES

I CANNOT understand it at all. I took the trouble some time ago to tell all and sundry, through the columns of your widely circulated paper, that it is impossible for any mere law-makers to confer the franchise on women. IMPOSSIBLE! You get me? Not merely unwise or unstatesmanlike, but impossible! Yet here I see that the Legislature of Ontario has gone and done it. I suppose that, with two such chaps at their head as Hearst and Rowell, they really think that they can "laugh at impossibilities" and cry "it shall be done." They will be abrogating the law of gravitation next. Come to think of it, gravitation is frequently an inconvenient and even dangerous law. Why not amend it so that it can only be enforced by and with the consent of the Attorney-General of each Province? What is this law of gravitation that it should be allowed to have its brutal way with us when the august legislators of an "advanced" Canadian Province—they "the heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time"—think otherwise?

NOW that our legislators have begun to ignore natural law and do the impossible, there is a little bill of my own that I would like them to put on the statute books. It proposes to wipe out one of the cruellest injustices under which women suffer—and I yield to no man in gallantry to women or in a fierce determination to get for them whatever they may want. This little bill of mine simply proposes to enact that hereafter all male children shall be borne by the father. Fair play for the women—that is all I ask. Turn and turn about! Why should our wives, whom we love better than anything else in the world, and whose happiness is our chiefest object, be compelled to go down into the valley of death every time the family is enlarged? Why not permit Papa to do his share? Equal rights and all that! I somewhat suspect that this measure of mine may have the effect of reducing the birth-rate, but I am prepared to face that alleged calamity rather than see this cruel and murderous injustice upon the better half of creation further perpetuated.

OF course, it will not do for the "advanced" Legislature of Ontario to try to dodge its duty in this regard by pretending that this is one of the few things it really cannot do. Has it not just done "the impossible"? Is it going to put off the ladies by getting for them a privilege that few of them value, while neglecting to get for them a simple act of justice which every mother in the land would hail with joy? They have abrogated by a little act of the

Women Have Ballots in Spite of Monocle Man! What Next?

By THE MONOCLE MAN

Legislature one difference which blundering nature has established between the sexes; and now they cannot refuse to abrogate another—and much more important one. Nature has said that the male shall be best equipped for fighting—so much better equipped, indeed, that the female does not count at all in such a test. Nature has also said that the female shall bear all the children. Nature is a monster of injustice and partiality. But what care we to-day? The Ontario Legislature has set out to abolish nature.

BUT—say some of the ladies, charmed by the new spring styles in ballots—have they not actually given us the vote? Will we not be able to mark our ballots and put them in the boxes just like the men? Surely. And so long as no real test of the capacity of the voters of Ontario to rule comes upon that community, no one will notice the difference? An indulgent father lets his little girl guide the automobile. All goes well till the crisis comes. Then the indulgent father wonders if indulgence is a selfish or an unselfish impulse—that is, if he is able to wonder anything. Even "advanced" Ontario will notice that none of the virile nations of the world are calling in the ladies to guide their destinies in these terrible times when we seem truly to be "rattling into barbarism." A few American states have done it—four, I think, for Federal purposes. But what do they count in Armageddon? Our Australian cousins ventured upon it, along with many another experiment in a time of profound peace. Would they do it now? For further particulars, consult Premier Hughes in private. There is talk that Britain may yield some measure of woman suffrage after the war. Possibly; there is no telling what that "weary Titan" will do when he is nagged enough. But I venture the prediction that, if he does, he will carefully enfranchise about three Tories to one Liberal—will enfranchise property and deny poverty—will, in a word, do what he can to ensure a jingo majority. And I am glad that he will do the latter, if he permits himself to be "Mrs. Caudled" into diluting the stream of force which flows normally through the ballot-box, for that is about the

only thing he can do, in such a case, to safeguard the rule of virility.

BUT what of France—the most intelligent democracy on earth? Is there any talk of woman franchise there? And it is not, mark you, because the French women lack intelligence or capacity for business, or that their men do not respect and honour them. If there is a land on earth where women are treated as equals, it is in France. The French woman is neither the pampered doll of the American "smart set," nor the stuffed culture freak (assertively superior to her mere "meal ticket" of a husband) of the American middle class; she is her husband's partner. But the keen-brained French people know that, in the midst of a barbarian world and compelled to be ever *en vidette* to save their nation alive, they must keep the government in the hands of the possessors of force. They give their women everything else; but they do not give them the destiny of the nation to play with—they do not permit them to cut their fingers on the edged tools of possible war. A woman with the ballot may, through her instinctive abhorrence for force and all its works, vote blindly in favour of her own exposure to the horrors of the women of Lille. Or the exposure of her innocent daughter. No; the French, with all their gallantry, will not make that mistake.

NOR will any other virile nation. Is Russia talking of enfranchising her women?—is Germany?—is Italy?—is Austria?—is Japan? I know the feeling in Ontario that, so long as Brown's Corners goes "right," it does not really matter what the great Russian Empire does. The poor Russians never had—mourns Ontario—the educational and religious advantages of the happy denizens of Brown's Corners; so, of course, they cannot be expected, etc. Still the Russians are dying to-day by the million for liberty—for their own liberty, and for ours. Is Brown's Corners enlisting? Sometimes, and sometimes not. Moreover, in fixing the destinies of mankind, Russia casts ten—twenty million ballots, delivered on the points of her bayonets. Ontario has just decided against that method of delivery. The result will be that, in the great council chamber of humanity, where they only count bayonets, the Russian vote will be accepted at par, while Ontario—well, who will know whether its voice is the voice of the bayonet or the clatter of tea-cups where bayonets are voted barbarian and out of date. It is a great thing to be "advanced"; but it is perilous these days to advance beyond the protection of the bayonet.

LIGHTS ALONG THE ATLANTIC

By NAUTICUS

OUR coasts were never so important to us as now. Before the war one big business of Canadian ports was to get immigrants in.

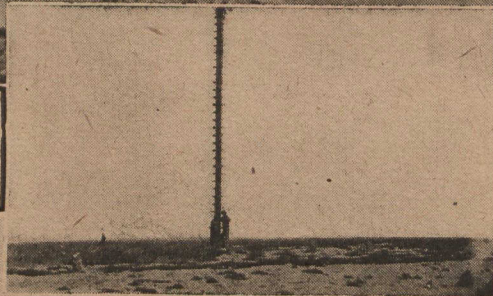
The immigrants saw our coast cities, our remarkable aids to navigation, our docks and light-houses; and they kept right on going as fast and as far as possible, to points thousands of miles from the eastern coast line, where for twenty years, perhaps the rest of their lives, they might never behold a lighthouse or an ocean terminal again. When we

begins at Québec—is helping the Empire now, the facilities given to navigation by our Government are interesting to readers all over Canada.

For any coast of similar character in the world, that of the Canadian Atlantic seaboard is the very best so far as aids to navigation are concerned. Aids to navigation mean lighthouses, fog alarm stations, lightships, beacons and buoys.



Iron lighthouse built not long ago on the S. W. end of St. Paul Island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.



Lighthouse and Meteorological Station at Peggy's Point, Nova Scotia. A wild and picturesque promontory where a storm may pick up any minute. The small picture above is the beacon at Cape Tatnans, merely a pole with a lamp and a barrel of oil at the top. This is lighted but once a year on the principle of the eight-day clock.

used our coast cities to the best economic advantage of the country, it was the great interior that got the benefit. Coast towns and cities did not grow at the rate of western cities and towns. We had no New York at our gates to arrest the flow of immigration. Thank heaven, we had a better use for Europe than to make ghettos and Italian quarters.

Now the west is getting no people via the coast terminals of Canada. A shipload of immigrants putting in to St. John or Halifax would be regarded as a phantom ship whose passengers knew nothing about the war. But the harbours of the Atlantic are busy on perhaps a bigger work. Shiploads of men, munitions and materials are going out. Europe gets from us, not we from Europe. And to the extent that our Atlantic seaboard—which practically

The Atlantic seaboard virtually means the coast of Nova Scotia extending from Cape Sable to Cape North, and including Sable Island, St. Paul Island and the western coast of Newfoundland.

One of the most powerful lights in the world is at Cape Race, Newfoundland, and at Cape Freels, in the same colony, there is a very powerful fog alarm. Both these stations are maintained by the Canadian Government. St. Paul Island is off the north shore of Cape Breton, at the mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It has lighthouses and fog alarm stations and is also a life saving station. Sable Island, some ninety miles to the south of Whitehead, Guysboro County, Nova Scotia, has two lighthouses and has long been one of the most important life saving stations in the world, there being official records of

nearly three hundred vessels lost on its sand bars.

Alexander Johnson, deputy minister of marine and fisheries, who recently made an inspection of the lights and buoys along the Atlantic seaboard, says the system is the most complete in the world. This testimony is confirmed by masters of the great steamers which have been entering and clearing at the port of Halifax since the opening of the war.

The agency of the department at Halifax has under its supervision some three hundred light stations, fog alarm stations, hundreds of buoys, among them the largest and best gas and whistling buoys in the world, harbour beacons, life saving stations, lightships and all other aids to navigation, including submarine signal buoys.

Every one of the three hundred lights burns brightly every night in the year, summer and winter. The lightships never leave their posts, except on rare occasions when it is necessary to seek harbour for repairs occasioned by some fierce storm. The fog alarms sound their warning when the fog shuts down or blinding snowstorms rage.

Every year new lighthouses are erected, new buoys placed or new fog alarms established. For this is Canada's highway, summer and winter, and a paternal government has always a willing ear for the request of the men who go down to the sea in ships.

Some of those light stations are on dreary islands, the only inhabitants of which are the lightkeepers and their families. Others are situated on headlands or at the approaches of harbours, while the powerful gas and whistling buoys mark the fairways and the shoals and their warnings, the whistle at night and the blast in the fog, guide the mariner to his haven of safety.

It is a wonderful system, this aids-to-navigation service of Canada. When winter comes around the lights in the Quebec district, on the lakes and for the most part on Prince Edward Island, are shut down until spring. But the Nova Scotia coast is free from ice all the year round and the lights must be kept trimmed and burning.

Some of the lights are built of iron, some of stone, but mostly of wood. Old lighthouses, built of wood many years ago, are being re-built of concrete, and the material seems well suited to the purpose.

Once each year a steamer of the department calls at each light station with the yearly supplies, which consist of oil, lamp chimneys, wick, paints, oils, and innumerable articles used about the station. Another steamer is kept almost constantly at buoy work, for buoys gather "moss" and sometimes the lights go out, so they must be towed to the nearest port and put in order. Every spring, when the ice begins to run, the buoys on certain parts of the coast are taken in, and while in they are repainted and recharged. Some of the lights attached to the big buoys burn for a twelvemonth.

Unlike the railway, or the customs, or the post office departments, the marine and fisheries is not a revenue producing department, but it is nevertheless a very important one. For without it we should not be able to transact business with the outside world, and without its almost perfect operation the lives of thousands of men, women and children would always be in jeopardy.

No master mariner dreads to approach the Nova Scotia coast in weather fair or foul. That he is approaching this well lighted and well buoyed coast is to him an assurance of safety and of continued speed. The Superintendent of Lights for Nova Scotia, P. C. Johnson, is a master mariner, and many of those under him are children of the sea. That is one of the reasons for the very efficient state of the marine service on the Atlantic seaboard.

It will be seen that the mariner approaching the rock-bound coast of Nova Scotia is afforded every protection so far as harbour and coast light and buoys can do so, but what about the people on shore in case of an invasion from the sea is concerned? The department of marine and fisheries has done, and is doing, its work well, but it has no jurisdiction over coast protection. It is true that the port of Halifax is well fortified and that the forts there to-day are well manned. An enemy attempting to

approach the capital city of the province would have an interesting experience, no doubt. It is true the boats of the Canadian naval service are ever on the alert, but they are not built to cope with such ships as an enemy would send to lay the coast towns in waste.

Yet we do not lack protection. Britain's navy is, after all, Canada's real navy. The ships of the Imperial fleet are not only always at our command, but they are generally on hand. In other words, the coast of Nova Scotia is constantly patrolled by the British ships, with headquarters at Halifax. It is no uncommon sight to see several large British cruisers in Halifax Harbour at one time.

Some day Canada may take over this branch of her defences, but until she does the white ensign will continue to do the work it has done so nobly and well for a hundred and fifty years. To-day the

British Government is asking for Canadian sailors for her fleet. Curious as it may seem, the Canadian sailor or the Canadian fisherman does not take kindly to the navy. This is perhaps due to the fact that the service has never been set before him in such a manner as to appeal to his patriotism. Nova Scotia fishermen have left their nets in hundreds to follow the flag on land. Every little village in the province has sent its quota, but the response to the appeal to join the navy meets with very little response from them. When the Canadian navy was first established and the cruiser Niobe came over with flying colours, the fishermen showed no interest in her or her work. The attempts made to get young men from the shore districts to join her utterly failed. When that ship went on the rocks and practically ended her career, she had on board some one hundred and fifty Canadian boys, but not one of

them came from the Nova Scotia fishermen class. And they make the best seamen in the world.

So we have a well lighted and well buoyed coast, and we have the British navy to defend it. This magnificent and highly efficient lighting system is used by the mercantile marine of the whole world. The foreign tonnage plying on this coast pays very little for its upkeep. That foreign tonnage is Norwegian, principally. This is not a case of give and take, for our vessels do not use Norwegian ports. The Norwegian vessel sails over the ocean and receives a warm welcome from the Canadian light-house service. That vessel enters into competition with our own shipping and, having no overhead charges to contend with, outbids the Canadian ships and gets the trade and the benefit of the great outlay of Canadian cash annually put out to keep the lights burning and burning brightly.

ART, ADAM AND ORIGIN

Informal Observations on the Habits of Artists, Dedicated Respectfully to the O. S. A.

ART probably began on a rainy day, and the first artist of any sort of skill had something wrong with him. I am forced to these conclusions by a study—not of Art—but of artists and their habits. Very healthy people seldom become artists and rarely have a good appreciation of the work of artists. That is one reason for opposing the eugenist. By following the rules of the horse-breeder he would no doubt obtain perfect physical specimens of mankind—with Ford brain equipment. They would be healthy and art would languish. If it weren't for broken legs and bad livers and dyspepsia the world would probably never know what was beautiful, for there would be few artists—worth mentioning.

The first artist made his first drawing on a rainy day. That is obvious. He had got rheumatism wading in the creek near his place trying to spear suckers. His twinges had taught him the danger of going out of doors—if caves had doors in those days—when it was raining. So he remained inside, squatted on a stone with his cranky knee next the fire and prepared to while away the time.

Perhaps if you have been only half sick and kept in the house instead of being allowed to go to the office, you can understand this first artist's experience. He had said everything he had to say to his wife before they were through with the marmalade pot at breakfast. The monkeys, sticking their heads in the door of the cave, had chattered the morning's news and gone along on their route. Thus the morning paper was disposed of. Seeing now that her spouse had nothing to do, the wife suggested he should improve the shining moment by making her some new bone needles for sewing fig-leaves—and he rebelled. He wanted to know why the devil a man couldn't sit quietly at home beside his own fire without being asked to do all the household chores. Anyway—the making of bone needles was a woman's work . . . So he rumbled and grumbled and fell to brooding about the big fish he had caught on the end of his spear just the day before—and it had dropped off—and the neighbours hadn't believed him when he told them how big it was. Thus, sitting gouching by his fire, he grew morbid and fanciful, and sent his wife for some mud with which he might amuse himself making pots. She brought it and he spoiled the first three pots.

THEN it was he made his first work of Art. His brooding eye fell on the hollows and grooves in his ball of clay—and they saw a FISH! There in the clay was a perfect representation of the very fish that had slipped off his spear the day before. He called his wife. He raved. He pointed. He explained. He even took a twig and improved the work of art by pricking a hole in the clay just where the eye of the fish should have shown more plainly. "Look't!" he shouted. "Look ut that, Eve. Ain't that great. A Fish. Ain't that reality for you? Look at the Chiaroscuro—er—what an excellent composition!"

And Eve, sighing over the dish towel in her hand, said unto him: "Adam—I'd a hang sight rather have you downright sick in bed or else out of the house altogether. You're crazy to-day."

"Crazy! But look—a fish? . . ." Then the awful truth dawned on him as it has dawned on so many artists since that fateful day. SHE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND HIM! He was a genius.

Of course, I can't judge whether he was or not. Probably it was the way the light fell on the grooves and hollows in the clay that made him think he saw a fish. Perhaps if Eve hadn't had a nervous headache just then—or if she hadn't been thinking about what a fool she was to offer Adam the Apple back in the Garden of Eden—she might have been better natured about it, and SAID she saw the fish whether she did or not. Anyhow, from that day on Art existed—though it didn't extend any further than fishes. This first artist was no fool. He had learned the trick of making a fish in clay. He wasn't going to take chances on his reputation—because in time he did work up a reputation with everyone except his wife—by trying to make some other natural object that mightn't prove so easy.

But the first artist of real ability was no such casual worker as the pioneer in the trade. I have been turning it over in my mind whether it was his leg or his liver or his stomach that inspired him. I have considered, too, the possibility of its being jealousy, and I am inclined to think the most reasonable hypothesis is: His Art sprang from a bad liver, which not only made him morbid, but spoiled his complexion so that he was crossed in love and thus prompted to do his first masterpiece.

"**W**ELL," he said, as the girl flirted her fig-leaf skirt at him and turned off in the direction of her lover's mother's house. "All right for you. If you won't come and cook for me I'll show you—I'll show you there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught!" Saying which, he threw out his chest and drew in his waist line and strutted violently off toward his own house.

To tell the truth he had a headache—having eaten too much the night before, and having mislaid the family sassafrass root. He strode gloomily to his studio and picked up a lump of clay, working it violently with his manly fingers. First he made a rude likeness of the girl who had jilted him and then smashed it with a blow of his fist. That amused him, so he made her again—and smashed her again. And then came his inspiration. He would make a clay image of a woman so lovely that every woman in the village would be jealous of her, and he would say she was a girl of a distant tribe who had promised to marry him as soon as he got one of his works of art into the local academy.

For weeks and months he toiled on the making of his beautiful statue. For material, he studied the faces and figures of all the women in his own tribe. From one he took a pretty cheek and from another her well-set eyes, from a third her exquisite mouth, and from a fourth a neck—and so on. And when it was done he committed suicide because—like a later sculptor, he had fallen in love with his own work. But the girl who had jilted him, and who had twins by this time and was losing her figure, gnashed her teeth when she saw the

statue and, going home, took it out on her husband, who was a sheep-herder and not nearly as romantic as she had thought.

Such was the first great work of art.

But to be serious, a work of art is the permanent expression of a fleeting impulse on the part of the artist toward his fellow men. All men have impulses toward other men. Old fashioned kings longed to bring these other people into subjection. Modern masters of industry long for very much the same thing, though indirectly, by accumulating money which can purchase the work and even the outward affection of other men. Beautiful women have had their impulse to enslave men and to make other women envious. Politicians have the impulse to make themselves well thought of by the community. Salesmen spend their lives leading their customers to think well of the goods they sell. Preachers indulge the impulse to show other men what they believe to be the true road to happiness. So it goes—but the impulse of Art is alone a thoroughly generous impulse. It has no ulterior motives. There is nothing dogmatic about it. It is the impulse to record in music, or clay, or paint, or words, the things, or the moods that the artist has seen to be beautiful. His desire is to catch what he saw and record it for the benefit of others. Religious people are sometimes artists—when they forget to be dogmatic and seek only to pass on to other men the happiness which they have found in a certain view of life. When they do that they are artistic. When they succeed in transmitting their meaning clearly to others they are artists. The Bible is filled with the utterances of artists.

It is so difficult for anyone to learn to be efficient in transmitting something beautiful to other men, that artists naturally seem to spend more time developing this side of their work than the other and, to my mind, more important side. It is customary for ambitious parents to assume that their offspring has the gift for Art simply because it can draw a cow correctly, or remember every tune it hears, or make a man's face in plasticine or write little verses that rhyme. It is a common mistake and a very sad one. It is perhaps to blame for the too common notion that an artist is one who makes pictures, statues, music or poetry (in prose or verse). If it isn't actually to blame then at least it is related to this disease of the artists—the craving for facility in expression.

TO be able to handle the tools of art is obviously an essential, but is far from being the end of the artist's striving. A class of people have grown up who have adopted the view that art is this—a mere demonstration of facility. Nothing could be more stupid and erroneous. That puts art on the level with Indian club-swinging and the engraving of the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin, or the balancing of a dining-room table by its south-east leg on the tip of one's chin. Facility in representing a scene is as necessary to the artist as a chisel is to a carpenter. But it would be a poor carpenter who never did more than learn to hit the chisel with a mallet. There are dreadfully many so-called artists who have gone no farther than to be able to manipulate the chisel dexterously.

Women in Sport,



R. J. Verne and Miss Mary McHugh, of Calgary, gave an exhibition of fancy skating at the Banff winter sports carnival. Miss McHugh won the gold medal for the figure skating championship of Alberta and was chosen queen of the carnival.

The Calgary Regents hockey team, as depicted in the two snapshots above, seem to be a very efficient and speedy aggregation. It would take an expert critic to find much fault with the technique of these ladies so far as its photographic values are concerned.

One of the pictures opposite shows that it was possible to get men enough for a curling game by calling on the soldiers. In the other the lady with the broom seems to be quite at home coaxing a curling-stone.

above the sea they gamboled like mountain goats. In political centres down below their sisters reached out and grabbed the ballot-box. The queens of sport took the broom, the hockey-stick, and the cold, whirling stane, glorifying the fact that in spite of all that was permitted of divinely-swishing skirts they could use arms and legs as freely as male bipeds, who may yet have to contend with women for supremacy in sport as well as in politics.

Canadian women, it seems, are peculiarly free in such matters. Most of them have all the freedom of American wives and daughters, with a greater variety of out-door diversions to put what the writers call "pep" into them. No more clinging vinedom, no delicate, dulcet domestications, no soft sentiments about home and mother. The glorious liberty of the male man is what they want—in body and mind.

In this perpetual striving of one sex to reach the freedom of the other there is, of course, an enviable satisfaction. Once upon a time, in our Canadian home history, women were pretty much like men. We cherish a fiction that God made each what the other isn't. That's mainly in poems and plays and old story-books. We can call to mind, less than forty years ago, when the women of Ontario, for instance, were harnessed up with the men on any day's work that came along, which was 353 days every year, not counting Sundays. There were no five o'clock teas or bridge parties then; no church sewing circles, no settlement workers, no cat clubs, morning music clubs, reading societies, plays and operas and matinees. None of these.

NO, as we remember it, yonder went the man with the axe; hither came the man's wife. His woman as he called her, with the churn-dasher. The man made his waggon-box, his whiffle-trees and his traces, built his barns and his sheds, sometimes shod his own horses and made a good bit of his own furniture. What was the wife doing? Spinning-wheel and loom, cheese-bags and churn, pork to salt and pickles to make, bread to bake and rag carpets to weave.

Side by side they worked out the duet of creation. It was a great opus. No music master ever wrote a better. There was about all this hand-made business a swing and a bang and a swagger that belonged to the age and the circumstances. Of course the man with the axe and the log-chain made more noise. He sent great trees smashing into the snow and fetched out tremendous logs from the bush with a pomp and a shout and a snow-spattered pageantry that was the

BANFF'S carnival of winter sports, concluded a few days ago, tiptooped any in its history for femininity. As the photographs on this page show, about nine-tenths of the events were largely featured by the fair sex. The women skated, curled, tobogganed, hockeyed—ski'd, no doubt. Six thousand feet

chief glory of the bushwhacker. But the woman in the house did more kinds of things in a day than her mate, even though she made less noise and moved in a space twenty by thirty when the man had all out of doors.

As workers there was very little difference except in the environment, the tools and the materials. The woman's work, if it could have been heaped up at the close of the day like a pile of wood sawn and split by the man, would have looked as big. It represented as much effort and much of the time exactly the same kind of effort. It was muscular and mental. It was more or less heroic, mainly more. It sent them both to board and to bed hungry and weary. But in the things done day by day it heaped up a great store of joy in conquering a rude environment.

Making it possible for women of 1917 to go to places like Banff and to march to legislatures to demand of men the right to vote. Perhaps it was the co-equality of men and women in the pioneer days that made it necessary for women of nowadays to want what civilization had taken from them. Nobody ever heard of bush-wives wanting to vote



and in Politics.

or to go out and sweep the ice for a curling stone. No, they were far too busy making clothes for the children at school and wielding brooms along with other things in the house.

Society makes the distinction. Nature recognized only the differences. We should not be alarmed at what women want. If they are as sensible as their prototypes on the bush farm they will learn to want only what is best for themselves and for the community. And of course all the women who want to vote and go to Banff for winter sports have to make the most of their opportunities; because the children at home are waiting for them—always the children at home.

THE feminizing movement in Canada got its impetus from the West. Ontario was regarded as a stronghold of man-power. Votes for women had been flipped in the faces of Premier after Premier. Sir George Ross could always joke about it. Sir James Whitney could frown it down. Sir William Hearst—Alas! Hearst fell. Briefly, how the Hearst Cabinet came to grant votes for women even before the women had time to present their united petition is told by a press-gallery observer as a phase of government by opposition.

The only criticism of the Liberals, says the gallery-man, is that the Conservatives have filched their ideas, and have not gone far or fast enough with them. To this the government has one stock reply, "We always do the right thing in the right time." It has become a creed with them. They

recite it in moments of stress, as the Mohammedan says, "There is one God and Mohammed is his prophet."

Take votes for women as an instance. In peace times it would have been an issue for years and a session's triumph when it came. This year the Conservatives granted it over night and next morning the average individual read the headlines about it and said, "Well, I guess it was coming to them," and that was the end.

And its coming was equally typical. The Ontario Liberals have been toying with it for years. The Government did not mention it in the speech from the throne. So N. W. Rowell, K.C., leader of the Opposition, always astute and urbane, moved an amendment to the reply that women ought to get the franchise. Premier Hearst confessed that he was taken by surprise. Everybody thought Mr. Rowell had him on the horns of a dilemma from which he could not escape: either



THREE women who worked hardest to get votes for women in Ontario: Mrs. A. B. Ormsby, Chairman of Equal-Franchise-for-Ontario campaign; Mrs. W. H. Becker, Field Secretary; Mrs. Campbell MacIver, Editor Woman's Century.



ernment supporters may consider offering Mrs. Smith the seat made vacant by the death of her husband, late Minister of Finance in B. C.

he must vote against the amendment and declare his hostility to the suffrage seekers, and he really was not hostile, only waiting for the right time; or else he must vote for it and allow Mr. Rowell to say to the women, "Ladies, please accept this with the compliments of the Government of Ontario."

The Premier took the bull by the horns and the amendment was voted out of order. Then Sir William rose and instructed his followers to support a private Conservative member's bill to enfranchise women on the same basis as men. He had suddenly found that it was the right thing and the right time. Rowell, therefore, true to form, brought in a bill to give women the right to run for election to the legislature. It was killed.

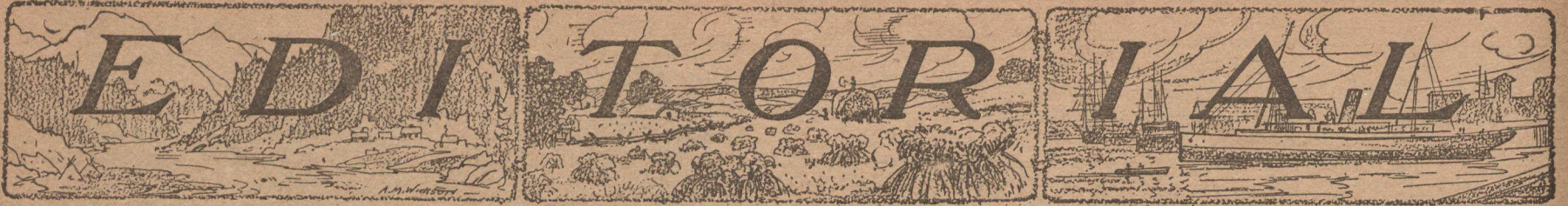


A FEW days ago the suffragettes who maintain the daily picket at the gates of the White House took a vote on who was the prettiest of their corps, the decision went to Miss Beulah Amidon, from North Dakota, which has lately given women the right to vote.



Mother and daughters now being tried on a charge of conspiring to shoot poison arrows at the British Premier,

MRS. RALPH SMITH is the first woman in British Columbia to be actually mentioned in connection with a seat in the Legislature. Gov-



Entitled to Keep Mum

OF all men entitled to keep mum about the further conduct of the war Winston Churchill is the chief. This brilliant commentator on world events now says that the best way to defeat Germany may be to sit tight, keep nibbling and let the navy do its work of slow strangulation on Germany. In saying so he has at least the merit of differing as far as possible from his customary role. Churchill has never been a sit-tighter. He has always been a character of extreme and violent action. After the coalition cabinet shakeup of course he retired to the Duchy of Lancaster, of which he was the Chancellor, and spent his time making oil paintings. Then he enlisted, took his captain's rank and went to the front, was photographed with Lord French on horseback, did not so far as we know engage in any action, won no decoration, and when Sir Ian Hamilton was recalled from the Dardanelles Churchill suddenly left the army—heaven knows on what pretext. He returned to England and his place in Parliament and began to deal in language again. Since that time in public print he has been a frequent adviser of the British war lords. He has written to the New York Times. He has been spoken about as a good man who could not be kept down. Why he did not go back to his regiment nobody knew. But the reason is quite obvious. If he should go back to the front and take hold of the campaign, there would be such a bucking-up all along the British lines that the Germans would be driven back and the British navy which Churchill did so much to create, would be deprived of its opportunity to win the war either by digging the German ships "like rats from their holes" or by slow strangulation through the blockade. When Winston Churchill can explain the fiascos of Dardanelles and Antwerp he may be entitled to give advice to the War Council on how to win the war. Otherwise—the least said, soonest mended.

The 17th of Ireland

THE date on the title page of this issue is that which relates to the 17th of Ireland. St. Patrick's Day this year is the driest on record in Canada. To Montreal we shall all yield the first place in the uproarious celebration of that evergreen event by means of the flowing bowl. It is fortunate for Montreal Hibernianism, which is the greatest Irish aggregation in Canada, that Dominionized prohibition is not yet accomplished. On Saturday we expect every Montreal Irishman to do his duty. Let us enjoin upon our Irish brethren in that city, as they value our love of Mike, not to go too far in the rites to the flowing bowl. Human nature can stand only so much.

On the other hand it is a cause for regret that so near the 17th of Ireland the Irish members in the Imperial Parliament should have been so uncivil to the Premier. Of course the subject was Home Rule, on which no Irishman ever pretended to be just ordinarily sane and reasonable. Lloyd George, as prime a Celt as any in Dublin, would have celebrated St. Patrick's by giving Home Rule to any part of Ireland that wants it and leaving Ulster in the Union just because she wants to stay there. But compromise was never a Gaelic quality. Mr. Redmond, who before the Sinn Fein outburst was accused of being a Saxon, refused to accept this kind of Home Rule. His sixty National supporters followed him out of the House. We had imagined this question was shelved till after the war. But the war is evidently too long for Irish patience. The Irish problem emerged again along with the conspiracy to poison Lloyd George, though one had nothing to do with the other. Why the Nationalists declined the Premier's version of Home Rule has something to do with the Sinn Fein rebellion; something also to do with the origin of Ulster. Ireland, it seems, is

one country; not merely in race—but in geography. The fact that once upon a time the autocrat James I. transplanted a colony of disgruntled Scotchmen to the north of Ireland has never been forgiven by the native Irish. The Ulster of Carson and 1917 must be expected to pay for the sins of James I. The grudge is scarcely so old as St. Patrick's Day. But it is a million times less genial.

An Excess of Chivalry

ONTARIO'S leader of Opposition has never failed to win our admiration for his intellectual ability and his moral character. There are times, however, when his peculiar sort of ability and morality leads him into sentimental excesses. When he brought in a bill to give women of Ontario the right to seats in the Legislature he must have cast his eyes wistfully at a place called the gallery. Government by opposition has some odd features. Rowell is the first leader in Ontario that ever practised it as a policy. Hearst is the first Premier of Ontario that ever made a business of playing the game. Mr. Rowell knew that the Government would not refuse votes to the women, just because he himself had spoken in favour of the measure before the Government had a chance to act. To refuse the equal franchise would have been to keep the opposition from voting on the government side of the House. In a time of war it is essential that Legislatures be united. So when the Premier stole Mr. Rowell's thunder by bringing in the bill to enfranchise women. Mr. Rowell tried to get up another thunderstorm by suggesting seats for women in the Legislature. Fortunately the Government decided that it had gone far enough. Next session, perhaps, the Premier may stall off another opposition stunt by bringing in an amendment on the question. The Opposition will again record it as another phase of legislation by opposition. By this time Mr. Rowell may consider that the main function of an Opposition is not to criticize Government but to sketch out ideas for legislation which the Government in an era of superabundant morality will not dare to ignore. But when he rushes in on the heels of one grand concession to the fair sex with the genial outlines of another, he is being led away by the idea that a Legislature is a sort of first cousin to an Epworth League of Christian Endeavor.

Consider the Lily

NOW the farmer looms up. We are told that never before was his human-help problem so serious as now. A landless man advertised not long ago for some farmer to engage him as labourer on a sharing basis—was it 50-50? He was flooded with applications. The crops will soon be going in. We are trusting to the beneficent operations of Providence to see that by hook or by crook they get in and come off again to a good round aggregate. But we know there is a shortage of man-power for field purposes such as never was known in this country. Any investigation of the industrial situation does not show that there is the same man-scarcity in some of our towns and cities. As we remarked last week, we have still a large percentage of low-pressure workers. Our national service cards do not seem to inform us where the man-strength is highest and therefore capable of being eased off to some other area. Whatever khaki slackers the voluntary system permits, the government of this country should permit none in home labour. There should be a powerful commission appointed, using the machinery of the census department as a first implement and all other organized departments necessary, to co-ordinate our available stores of labour for 1917. Canada is no longer a series of economic sections. We are all one political economy. The whole of Canada is

under industrial pressure. As never before since we can remember we have instead of many industries—just one great industry; and that is production. If this country doesn't produce, and produce—what can Europe do? To hold up our end in production we must organize our workers. But somebody must do this. Who? The Minister of Labour can't. The Department of Trade and Commerce can't. It's not a problem for any one section of government. It's a problem for the whole country. To meet the conditions sane machinery should be created as elastic and as powerful as the Railway Commission. If ever one part of the country needed information of conditions in all the others it is now. No mere Ottawa outfit lunching at the Rideau Club can do it. A real Co-ordinating Commission of five of the ablest men in the country should be on wheels. And it should act quickly. Because even if the farmers should succeed in getting their crops in, harvest time will be on us calling for thousands of extra hands before we can do anything but cry aloud in the newspapers for help. There is no room in our national garden for the lily.

COUNT ZEPPELIN, who died last week, did not look like an international murderer. In this portrait of him, reproduced from a painting by a German artist, he looks like a benevolent old man. But the Deutschland-uber-Alles idea got hold of him and he put his scientific genius at the disposal of the murder gang. Originally intending to compete with other air-inventors on a scientific basis for the good of the world at large, he was impressed into the slaughter gang because the Zeppelin airship seemed to be such a fine implement of slaughter and destruction. Having perfected the foolish thing to the extent that England knows it now, he fell down and worshipped the new idea which it embodied—death and destruction to non-combatants in war. Thus was an originally benevolent genius perverted by a great invention wedded to a diabolical idea, into an author of international murder.



COUNT FERDINAND VON ZEPPELIN.

Creator of the German Cruiser of the Skies. A New Portrait by Schwormstadt, drawn from life.

EACH ONE HER SPECIALTY

She wrote stories. Perhaps you have read some of them, or don't you condescend to read the "Daily Short Story" in the evening paper? They were bought by a syndicate that supplied literature to numerous newspapers in various parts of the States and Canada, and were read, presumably, by the tired working-man. They were easy to write and easier still to read, for they were never long enough to bore you, never sufficiently thrilling to excite you. Her husband called them "dope," but though he rarely read them, he was really proud of his clever wife and her foolish little stories, which brought a smile to the lips and a tear to the reader's eye—and incidentally a substantial cheque to the writer's pocket book. The plots were not new, they were, her husband said, inherited. At Christmas time she was sure to write about the snow-bound train, the crusty traveller and the little golden-haired child. The St. Valentine story reeked with sentiment; in March the plots were hinged on the fact that something got blown away; the midsummer stories were strewn with hammocks, canoes and moons, especially moons, while ghosts were apt to haunt the lovers' walks in November. But the characters throughout them all were human, and they were sketched in a whimsical way that made them popular.

Even when the war broke out she continued to write. It helped to keep her mind off the fact that her husband was leaving soon for the front, but she longed to show her patriotism in some definite way. Her first thought, of course, was to take up nursing. "Then I could go to England and be near you," she told him.

"But nurses aren't made in a day," he reminded her, "and while I always wanted to have you with me that time I was laid up, you know you never remembered to give me my medicine, and you couldn't learn to take my temperature or change the dressings."

"That's true," she admitted, "I can't even make one. Someone always had to stand over me at the Red Cross rooms, to see that I did it right. They only let me roll bandages now. I'm good for nothing!"

"What about your stories?" he reminded her.

"Piffle! The world doesn't want such foolishness now!"

"But what would become of our little girl if you were off nursing all day? I would feel much happier if I knew you were safe at home. England is too near the seat of war, and even while I was training I couldn't see much of you."

So she continued to write stories. It was even necessary to do so if she kept up the little home. At first she thought of dispensing with her maid, but at that time work was scarce and people were asked not to dismiss their servants. And so things went on.

Then came the call for women in munition plants and she promptly volunteered for service. She was glad to get on a night shift, for that did not separate her so much from her little daughter, and so she was happy feeling that now she was really doing something for her country. But the work was hard, very hard for her. All around her were girls accustomed to factory life who found the short shift of munition work comparatively easy. They were more deft, too, with their fingers. At the machine next to her was a lady who had formerly been a sculptress and worked with amazing quickness and accuracy. Her previous training served her in good stead.

"Though I was a failure in my own profession, financially speaking," the artist told her. "You are just beginning to work with your hands, and it takes time."

She concentrated all her efforts to increase her output and the strain, combined with the night-work and the casual meals of tinned goods served at the canteen, brought on an illness which kept her in bed for a month. Even then she was not strong enough to return to munition work. Labour was very scarce and the papers were filled with exhortation for people to release their servants for munition and agricultural work, so she decided to do her own

housework. The maid took a position in a jeweller's store, and her former mistress faced the problem of caring for a house and a child, work for which she had little aptitude. Inexperienced at housekeeping, she spent all her spare time attending thrift demonstrations, but neither she nor the child flourished on the "substitute" dishes she learned to cook. Then she became interested in the Back-yard Garden Campaign and spent a considerable sum in having the ground prepared and in buying seed, but something had been overlooked, or there wasn't enough sun, the whole crop was a failure.

Then came a letter from husband in which he said:

"Last night I found a bundle of old Canadian papers in a Y. M. C. A. hut, and in them were a lot of your home-cooked stories which I never had time to read before, but I tell you I didn't miss one word now. I showed them to some of the boys and they are all clamouring for more. Your stories may not

They were easy to write;
easier still to read.



have real literary merit, but they are just what the tired soldier at the front—and the tired factory girl at home—like at the close of the day. So don't despise your work! Isn't it better than raising potatoes and cooking cheese and bread-crumbs? Isn't it even better than making munitions when there are lots of stronger young girls waiting for your place? Isn't it better to do the one thing that you can do better than other women, and do it well?"

By the same mail came a note from an editor, asking for more of her whimsical stories at an increased rate, and, incredible as it may seem, an excellent maid answered her advertisement (also at an increased rate). So once more she is writing stories and they are better than ever, for now she is thinking of her readers, the tired factory girl, the soldiers in their billets, and not so much of the cheque, though she thinks of that, too, and wonders how much she will be able to save each month for the Red Cross.

WE must decide all for ourselves, in this country which we call free and democratic, how best we can serve the State. There is no thought of conscription for women; we are not even registered for National Service. Enthusiasm makes us work madly at unprofitable tasks. During the first year of the war I was in charge of a small group of women who

spent one afternoon each week in making hospital dressings under Red Cross directions. We had an average attendance of six. Then came the news of the first gas attack, in which many of our own men had been victims. A hurry call was issued for respirators, one of our newspapers published directions, and twenty women, instead of six, arrived to make them. A good sum of our Red Cross money went for elastic, one of our members spent the morning dying the cheese-cloth covering (the paper said that white would be too conspicuous). It turned out a chocolate brown, and the respirators, made carefully according to the patterns provided, resembled a pair of padded spectacles to be worn on the upper lip. Whenever I see a picture of the modern gas helmet I think of the little brown moustaches we made by the hundreds! Not only ours, but countless societies did likewise before the Red Cross headquarters could stop them, and the worst feature was that, for the time, we neglected to make the much-needed dressing pads.

THE only thing more disastrous than too much enthusiasm, is too little. The Red Cross workers have by this time got weeded out. Those who are hopelessly stupid or ignorant about sewing have realized that their time is more valuable spent in other directions and the constant workers have acquired a skill and velocity that makes them doubly valuable. Rolling bandages by hand has been found to be a waste of time, while hand-knit socks are more in demand than ever. Now that shipping space is so precious, only the most necessary articles are sent overseas, but that is no reason why there should be such an appalling shortage of Red Cross supplies as has been shown during the past months. There is great need in the hospitals still, particularly for pyjamas and hospital shirts. Are we losing interest? With the falling off in recruiting, do the women also become slackers?

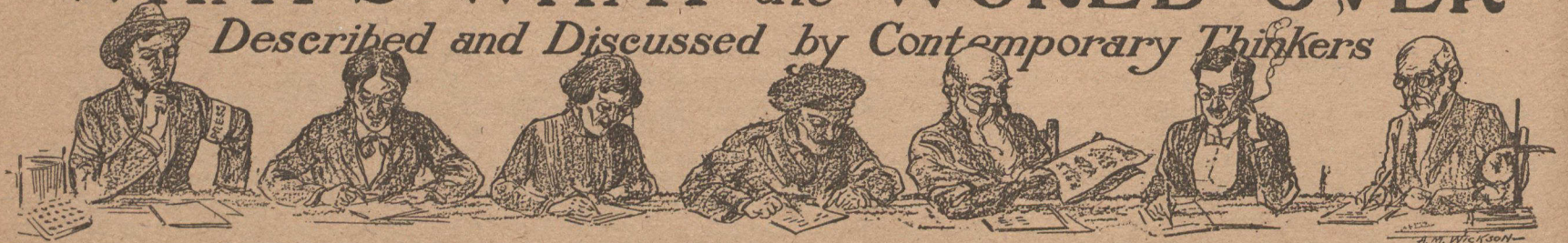
MANY girls have stopped their Red Cross activities for munition work, and are investing their earnings in the war loan. Others are working on the land,

and to these all honour is due. Each one must judge for herself what she can do best; we can all do something better than the majority of our neighbours. Don't insist upon becoming a V. A. D. if you are hopelessly stupid in a sick-room and faint at the sight of blood. Don't take your knitting to a concert and sit in the front row if you have to concentrate all your attention on putting the wool carefully over your needles. Don't try to do munition work if that makes you neglect your children at home. Don't drive a Red Cross Waste Collection van if you are a trained nurse or have a teacher's diploma. Don't start a course in massage if your fingers "are all thumbs." Don't try to run a patriotic club if you antagonize its members.

But what's the good of saying "Don't," the point is to discover what you can do best—and to do it with all your might. There is something that each of us can do a little better than our neighbour. Had women been included in the registration for National Service, the Government might have assisted us to use our talents to the best advantage. But though a large proportion of the women of Canada have the privilege of the vote, the obligation of service has not been demanded of us, and it rests with each one to decide just what this obligation is, and to use our strength and talents to the very best advantage.

WHAT'S WHAT *the* WORLD OVER

Described and Discussed by Contemporary Thinkers



FRANCE'S TRAINED MEN

Were Schooled in the Great Colonies of the Galic Republic

WE do not sufficiently realize, claims Charles Johnston, in the North American Review, the splendid training that the generals of France have gained, in her great colonial possessions, which stretch from Tongking to Guiana. We have grown accustomed to think of the period following the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 as one of depression and shrinkage for France. In reality, it was the beginning of one of the greatest periods of expansion in her history; for while, in Alsace and eastern Lorraine, she was despoiled of territory covering 5,600 square miles, France built up, in the years immediately following, a colonial empire of nearly five million square miles, more than four times greater than the total of the German colonies at their greatest extent, and containing very rich regions like Tongking (310,000 square miles), some two-thirds of Algeria and Tunis (with a total of 267,846 square miles), the French Congo (553,000 square miles), Madagascar (226,000 square miles), and added greatly to her holdings in West Africa, which now total more than 1,600,000 square miles; there is also an area of a million and a half square miles, not included in the figures cited, in the Sahara and French Sudan, an area by no means all desert, since it has a population of 800,000. When we remember that France herself has an area of 207,000 square miles, we see how great an achievement this is, carried out almost in silence and without advertisement, during the very period we are inclined to think of as one of shrinkage and depression.

Not only has France occupied these vast territories; she has admirably organized and adminis-



WAR AGAINST EVERYBODY.

—Kirby in New York World.

tered them, so that they have already a valuable import and export trade, each more than \$150,000,000 yearly. France has shown herself to possess the golden hand, in dealing with subject populations, as England has, in her best work in the East and Egypt. Indeed, the extent, success and wealth of these French colonies was one of the baits which aroused German cupidity, as was made evident in the negotiations at Berlin, on the eve of the war,

between the British Ambassador and the German Chancellor—the discussions which gave to the world the deathless phrase “a scrap of paper”; five days earlier, the German Chancellor assured Sir Edward Goschen that “provided that the neutrality of Great Britain were certain, every assurance would be given to the British Government that the (German) Imperial Government aimed at no territorial acquisitions at the expense of France should they prove victorious in any war that might ensue.” The British Ambassador “questioned His Excellency about the French colonies, and he said that he was ‘unable to give a similar undertaking in that respect.’”

Particularly good work, in the colonial field, was accomplished by the late General Gallieni in West Africa, Tongking and Madagascar, as is recorded in his charming books; excellent work was done by Joffre, both in Tongking where, among other things, he organized a very successful industrial exhibition, and on the upper Niger, now linked by a railroad, in part constructed by Joffre, with France's very old colonies on the West African coast. General Roques, who succeeded Gallieni at the French War Ministry, and General Lyautey, who has just taken General Roques' place there, had the same training: the training that made so many great pro-consuls of the British Empire; so many men like the Lawrences, like Cromer and Kitchener.

There is one large and very valuable territory, now practically a part of France's colonial empire, though not yet formally incorporated in it, which has not yet been mentioned: Morocco, at the north-west corner of Africa, over against Spain and Britain's base at Gibraltar, and because of that position, of special importance to these two Powers. Morocco is surrounded on all sides by French territory, of which the old French colony of Algeria is the most valuable and important part; with the consequence that the frontier possessions of the French colonies have been perpetually menaced and disturbed by the chronic anarchy and brigandage which passes for “native rule” in this ancient Moslem realm; at the best, it is really armed tyranny; at the worst, it degenerates into atrocious cruelty. For, fine as the religion of Mahomet may be, in certain ways, it has never taught its devotees how to govern subject populations with anything like justice and humanity, whether in India, in Egypt, in Turkey or in Morocco.

It follows that France had certain interests, certain responsibilities, in Morocco, shared by no other Power. But Germany, and especially the German expansionists, were eager to oust France from Morocco, and make it a German colony. From this motive, two incidents arose, which gravely disturbed the peace of Europe, and brought France and Germany to the verge of war. The first occurred in the early spring of 1905, when France was bringing pressure to bear on the Sultan, to introduce certain reforms which would temper that “absolute despotism, unrestricted by any laws, civil or religious,” which was called the Government of Morocco. At this critical juncture, the German Kaiser suddenly descended, on March 31, on the port of Tangier, and made an inflammatory address, declaring that the Sultan was a free and independent sovereign, not bound to obey any foreign pressure; that sudden and sweeping reforms were undesirable in Morocco; and the German interests in Morocco must be safeguarded. This was followed by a demand for a general European conference to settle the affairs of Morocco.

Germany failed. It was necessary to try again. She found an opening when, in 1910, a year of constant unrest culminated in the rebellion of the tribes round Fez against the Sultan. By March, Mequinez

had been captured by the rebels, a new Sultan proclaimed and Fez invested by considerable forces. On April 26, France, at the Sultan's call for help, sent a force to Fez, and the rebellion was suppressed, the Sultan abdicating in favour of his brother, a few months later. This left France stronger in Morocco, and Germany immediately demanded compensatory gains, sending the gunboat Panther to the Moroccan port of Agadir to enforce her claims. It was the



THE SANDS ARE RUNNING LOW.

—Kirby, in New York World.

mailed fist once more. Unfortunately, the French Government, inspired thereto by Caillaux, who has more than once proven himself to be the evil genius of France, on this occasion yielded, and, in return for the recognition by Germany of France's dominant interests in Morocco, ceded to Germany the western part of the French Congo, on the frontier of the Cameroons, an area of 107,000 square miles. Happily, this strip has now been brought once more under the tricolour, by the combined French and British victory in the Cameroons.

It was in the midst of this dangerous and explosive Moroccan situation that General Lyautey, the new French War Minister, received his administrative training and accomplished a large and far-reaching success. Lyautey had earlier served under Gallieni, both in Tongking and Madagascar, and proudly boasted that he was “a pupil of Gallieni”; from that very able proconsul he learned the two cardinal points of Gallieni's system: to turn army officers into civil administrators, as soon as they had occupied a territory; and to handle all supplies on the principle which we have since learned, in this country, to call “efficiency.”

MAN AND SEA-POWER

Archibald Hurd's Comment on the Management of Maritime Affairs

PERHAPS, writes Archibald Hurd, in the Fortnightly Review, and, indeed, it may be accepted as a fact, this country was compelled to raise the new armies, but it is no less true that that task should have been carried out with jealous regard to our maritime interests. A year ago the present writer uttered a warning. It was remarked:

Our naval success is our greatest peril. There is practically no unemployment; wages generally are exceptionally high; and the war is popular with the wage-earners. The nation is, nevertheless, con-

fronted with increasing economic embarrassment. On the one hand, trade is being crippled, with the result that the country is becoming poorer day by day—using up wealth at a prodigious rate; on the other, it, or rather a large section of it, is enjoying a period of apparent prosperity and spending freely war wages and war allowances, forgetful that a country which is ceasing to produce wealth to the normal extent, and whose expenditure will fall little short of £1,600,000,000 in the present financial year, must have a rude awakening unless it mends its ways.

Economic exhaustion arising as a result of the dual working of sea-power, for us or against us, is as likely to bring the war to a conclusion as man exhaustion. That may seem a hard saying, but events point in that direction. . . . The Germans by methodical methods will make their available supplies last far longer than ours would do were we in their position, and they can probably outlast economic conditions which to us would seem impossible; we, on the other hand, are not methodical, and we are not exhibiting as a people the virtue of thrift nor have we hitherto ordered our manhood after any carefully-thought-out plan, skilled and, in some cases, indispensable men having joined the army. The enemy's peril arises from the fact that he cannot use the sea to obtain supplies; ours from the fact that we can, and that we are abusing our sea-power, thus if not imperilling our eventual victory, at any rate delaying it and making it far more costly than it need be.

We are sacrificing in no small degree the blessings which flow from sea-power, owing to the variety of our activities. Writing fifteen years ago in anticipation of a naval war, Grand Admiral von Tirpitz remarked that "a naval war which, after the destruction or shutting up of the German sea fighting forces, was confined to the blockade of the coasts and the capture of merchant ships would cost the opponent little; indeed, he would, on the contrary, amply cover the expenses of the war by the simultaneous improvement of his own trade." The "opponent" referred to was Britain. That has not been our experience. The explanation has been supplied by Mr. Lloyd George.

"What service can Britain render?" he asked in May last. "She can keep command of the seas for the Allies. She could, of course, maintain a great army, putting the whole of her population into it, exactly as the Continental Powers have done. The third service which she can render is the main burden of financing the Allied countries in their necessary purchases for carrying on the war, and also helping the Allies with the manufacture of ammunition and equipment of war. Britain can do the first, she can do the third, but she can only do the second within limits if she is to do the first and last."

In proportion, as we have developed our military strength—drawing millions of men from industry, and also producing munitions in vast quantities—we have reduced the sum total of the aid which, in other circumstances, we could render to the Allies as an industrial and financial Power. In carrying out the new developments, and gaining new forms of strength, we are reducing our strength in other directions. That is self-evident, because every nation has only a fixed amount of energy which it can exert. The more it directs it to one form of activity, the less it possesses for other forms, and it also follows that any endeavour to develop new channels leads to the inevitable loss of a certain amount of energy.

We are paying to-day the price of the neglect of maritime principles, but fortunately there is yet time to ward off the danger. It is merely a matter of the right use of our man-power and intelligent organization. Before he left office, Mr. Runciman, in spite of difficulties in his way, was able to improve the outlook. By continual pressure, he had secured the return from the Army to the shipyards and engine shops of several thousand skilled men, but only a fraction of those who enlisted; he had got steel for merchant shipbuilding placed at the head of the priority list of metals, and the Marine Department of the Board of Trade, by personal negotiation, had removed financial difficulties in over 300 cases, thus enabling work on ships to be continued in spite of the increase in the cost of materials.

State aid is unnecessary, as experience has shown, but firms need to be encouraged to place orders for suitable tonnage, and then the Government should see to it that vessels are pressed to completion. Success depends on more skilled labour being available and on driving power.

We must recognize that our maritime industries have the first claim, superior to all other claims, since on sea-power the success of our military efforts, our financial efforts, and our munition efforts in the cause for which we are fighting rests absolutely and finally.

CRITICISM AND WAR

English Writer Laments the Tendencies of Certain Pen-Wielders

MILES—whoever he is—in the English Review, says: I have just read John Masefield's "Gallipoli," which, as a literary piece, is a beautiful book. Admirably written, rising to heights of poetic nobility, it tells of the deeds of Britons on the historic Chersonese in a way that no one of us can read without love, without pride, without a self-felt sense of martial glory; and for this good reason I know it will be read.

But war is a stern business, and when we turn to the military value of the work we find it an apology. Dedicated to General Sir Ian Hamilton, this treatise seems to have been written to prove



SURELY THERE CAN BE NO HARM IN TRYING.

—Darling in Des Moines Register.

that with another 50,000 men success would have been obtained; consequently that the mistake rests with the starving policy of the Home Government, who stopped just when the dispatch of another three divisions would have enabled us to succeed. As there is a Commission sitting on the Gallipoli expedition, it is well to say nothing, except that I should like to record my personal conviction, namely, that the expedition was doomed to failure from the outset, and that not 300,000 men would have succeeded, even had they managed to advance a mile or so farther in, one reason being our lack at the time of the necessary artillery and high explosives. What strikes the soldier is this. Why does a poet write about a military, a desperate military, expedition? And this brings me to the point I desire to make, which is our curious amateurish handling of the war, even at this hour.

A few examples. Masefield tackles the Gallipoli fiasco. Mr. Kipling is deputed to write a series on naval operations, which he does in his own manner so well that his disquisitions read like fiction, and I believe Sir Henry Newbolt also turned out a poetic rhapsody on the Navy. When the Jutland battle needed "writing up," Mr. Winston Churchill got in his knock. Always uncritical, superlative praise: word-paint.

From the Front we cannot, of course, expect much. It is perhaps right that men who do know something about war should be kept away. On the whole, the bucolic charm of Mr. Beach Thomas's reports are gratefully received, except when he annoys the soldiers by talking of Germans chained to machine-guns and his fantasy runs amok over the tree-climbing properties of the "Tanks." A man has a difficult job "out there." He is under the Censor. The poor chap does what he can and, as a fact, does it well.

But here it is different; here, at least, we might have some informed judgments. We might, yet we don't. I make no complaint, but the fact remains that our military opinions are taken chiefly from a coterie of men who are not soldiers, many of whom never gave war or the Germans a thought before the war, and who imagine their main business is to fight the enemy with the pen, to destroy his legions by the ink-pot, defeat, rout, and dismember him weekly to the perpetual comfort of a war-ignorant public.

The results of this pen-fighting journalism have been serious. One is the dangerous discrepancy that exists between the instructed Government and the ignorant public opinion, leading to the gulf which now separates the Government from the country, it being difficult for Ministers even to talk about the war in Parliament, official secrecy being no match for the public optimism which fails to see why, for instance, the Tribunals should not exempt men by the tens of thousands, since the Press has informed them that the Germans hardly have a whole man left.

At one time we had "fished up" all the submarines. To-day the public are puzzled about this fishing business, and still more so about the price of fish. The evening papers nightly record one victory after another, so that one wonders how it is the Germans are alive at all by now. There is no sense of proportion. Objective criticism hardly exists. We soar daily from one victory to another. There is no strategic grasp. Always we fight the foe on paper and worst him. And any man who ventures to write usefully is dubbed a pro-German or a pessimist.

The Press is, of course, the public. A commercial Press in a democracy such as ours is not a healthy medium of expression in the crisis of war. Editors want "paying" articles, writers want payment, the public has been taught to feed on uncritical optimism, advertisers demand big circulations. The war is therefore written about: (1) to please the public and, through the public, the advertisers, (2) to maintain the spirit of business as usual by beating the enemy all the time with the pen.

The reason for this is our inveterate hatred of criticism, which has led to the arbitrary use of language now becoming more and more the fashion. Words no longer possess any meaning. Sir John Simon told us that one volunteer was the equal of four conscripts—we believed him. Lord Cecil informed us we were on the eve of a tremendous victory in Gallipoli—we believed him. Mr. Asquith stated the Mesopotamian expedition to be the best equipped in the war—we believed him. At Newcastle he told us, in 1915, there was no shortage of shells—we believed him. Never would he introduce conscription—we believed him. But I won't continue the dreary list of Ministerial inexactitudes; the point is, that events have proved these men to have spoken falsely and unwisely, yet still there is no improvement, unless it be that we now get a regular Press communication from a French "expert commentator," which would suggest that we seem no longer to trust our own.

One of the latest prophecies comes from that great imaginative writer, Mr. Wells, who pledged his reputation that the Germans would begin to "squeal" in November and accept our terms in June. I prefer to hearken to the words of General Sir William Robertson, who told us we were about half through the war. The public, of course, swallows the novelist's vaticination: it is more comfortable.

Recently quite a sensation has been caused because a series appeared in the Observer, which treated the situation in an intellectual, virile fashion, ignoring the Sunday adjectival generalizations, which prepare our digestions for the Sabbath lunch. It was a treat, for the stuff was sound, the tone was high, it was what the public needed, namely, a straight talking to, and if we only had more writing like that we would not have such a feeble Government.



Millionairing at \$4.50 a Week

YOU will look twice on this picture of a great hallway in an old Canadian home before you will have the ghost of an idea why it is printed. But there's a story in that picture. A few years ago a Canadian writer was working on a novel, part of whose plot was laid right in that Canadian home. He had never seen the house except from a street car. All he knew about it was that it belonged to a remarkable Canadian financier whom he had seen a great many times on the street, in church and elsewhere. The personality of that man made a distinct and ineradicable impression on the writer. He conceived of him as a character in the novel which he was engaged in writing. He fitted the part. Where he failed to fit the

story, the story was changed to fit the character. The man looked so mysteriously the part of a financier. Of all Canadian wizards of finance he looked most like a man who could think in millions and still count coppers if need be.

That financier is dead now. But his work lives on. The hand of that old man was mighty in middle Canada. He had a long, mysterious face, a chin whisker and a smooth-shaven upper lip. His head was bald. He usually wore a silk hat. As he bustled along King St., Toronto, he looked like the man who had founded all the banks on the street. As it happened he was the President of the biggest—and of course by this time you have concluded that he was a Senator also,



ALBERT CAMPBELL, winner of the second Winnipeg-St. Paul dog race a few weeks ago, knows a good dog. This was the leader whose team won the race. That was one of the three happiest moments—as Champ Clark would say—in his whole life. One of the other two was when Lady Maude Cavendish, daughter of the

Duke of Devonshire, in honour of the winning team dog and the owner of the winners, herself took a ride with Albert Campbell round the city of Winnipeg on the dog-sled. This little entente was one of the many pleasant features of the popular Devonshire round of amenities in the west during the past couple of weeks.

that he was one of the props of Methodism, a pew-holder in the "millionaires' church," a prominent figure in coal, railways, trust companies, banks, life insurance—Senator Cox—to be sure. And the picture on this page is the hallway of his fine old home on Sherbourne St., where before wireless was invented this astute native of Peterborough Co. kept tab on the affairs of Canada. Cox was a strange, unrivalled personality in Canadian business. He founded and built up the Canadian Life and had a big compelling hand in the Bank of Commerce. He had much to do with Central Canada Loan and Savings and a number of other financial and fiduciary institutions. From the boots up—he was a bootmaker once—he was a self-made man, a genius in finance, an economic thinker who looked as though there was no organization on

top of clay that could fool him.

In this huge hallway Senator Cox received many a monetary and political guest—now and then a preacher or a bishop. The staircase is remarkable; solid walnut. The figure of the Senator going up is all it lacks to make it look about as it did while he was alive. No photograph of this interior was ever published, so far as is known, while the financier was alive. The reason it is made public property now is that the old-fashioned home of Senator Cox is now the nucleus of a sort of benevolent boarding house for girls employed by one of the big department stores. The old house was built about by the new institution and any time she likes after working hours any girl who pays \$4.50 a week for board and lodgings may regard this millionaire hallway as her own private property. At \$4.50 a week she may go up and down a solid walnut staircase and wander into great rooms once reserved only for the financial and social elect. Such is modern business democracy.

The same great bank may be headed by men of tremendous dissimilarity in experience and temperament. Senator Cox was never a great enthusiast in art and never took much public interest in music. When he was President of the bank Sir Edmund Walker was general manager. Sir Edmund at that time was at the height of his interest in art and to a lesser extent in music. Last Saturday afternoon, for instance, Sir Edmund gave a talk on 200 of his 1,000 Japanese prints at a well-known art club. On Tuesday of this week he gave a dinner to the Mendelssohn Choir—of which for some years he has been honorary President—on the occasion of Dr. Vogt's retirement from the conductorship. A few days ago he was elected by the Board of Governors of the Toronto Conservatory a member of the Board; and was almost immediately chosen as President of the institution to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Sir John Boyd.

Such versatility was completely lacking in Senator Cox.

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10 per cent on application;	
30 " 16th April, 1917;	
30 " 15th May, 1917;	
26 " 15th June, 1917.	

The total allotment of bonds of this issue will be limited to one hundred and fifty million dollars, exclusive of the amount (if any) paid for by the surrender of bonds as the equivalent of cash under the terms of the War Loan prospectus of 22nd November, 1915.

The instalments may be paid in full on the 16th day of April, 1917, or on any instalment due date thereafter, under discount at the rate of four per cent per annum. All payments are to be made to a chartered bank for the credit of the Minister of Finance. Failure to pay any instalment when due will render previous payments liable to forfeiture and the allotment to cancellation.

Subscriptions, accompanied by a deposit of ten per cent of the amount subscribed, must be forwarded through the medium of a chartered bank. Any branch in Canada of any chartered bank will receive subscriptions and issue provisional receipts.

This loan is authorized under Act of the Parliament of Canada, and both principal and interest will be a charge upon the Consolidated Revenue Fund.

Forms of application may be obtained from any branch in Canada of any chartered bank and at the office of any Assistant Receiver General in Canada.

Subscriptions must be for even hundreds of dollars.

In case of partial allotments the surplus deposit will be applied towards payment of the amount due on the April instalment.

Scrip certificates, non-negotiable or payable to bearer in accordance with the choice of the applicant for registered or bearer bonds, will be issued, after allotment, in exchange for the provisional receipts.

When the scrip certificates have been paid in full and payment endorsed thereon by the bank receiving the money, they may be exchanged for bonds, when prepared, with coupons attached, payable to bearer or registered as to principal, or for fully registered bonds, when prepared, without coupons, in accordance with the application.

Delivery of scrip certificates and of bonds will be made through the chartered banks.

The issue will be exempt from taxes—including any income tax—imposed in pursuance of legislation enacted by the Parliament of Canada.

The bonds with coupons will be issued in denominations of \$100, \$500, \$1,000. Fully registered bonds without coupons will be issued in denominations of \$1,000, \$5,000 or any authorized multiple of \$5,000.

The bonds will be paid at maturity at par at the office of the Minister of Finance and Receiver General at Ottawa, or at the office of the Assistant Receiver General at Halifax, St. John, Charlottetown, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary or Victoria, or at the Agency of the Bank of Montreal, New York City.

The interest on the fully registered bonds will be paid by cheque, which will be remitted by post. Interest on bonds with coupons will be paid on surrender of coupons. Both cheques and coupons, at the option of the holder, will be payable free of exchange at any branch in Canada of any chartered bank, or at the Agency of the Bank of Montreal, New York City.

Subject to the payment of twenty-five cents for each new bond issued, holders of fully registered bonds without coupons will have the right to convert into bonds of the denomination of \$1,000 with coupons, and holders of bonds with coupons will have the right to convert into fully registered bonds of authorized denominations without coupons at any time on application to the Minister of Finance.

The books of the loan will be kept at the Department of Finance, Ottawa.

Application will be made in due course for the listing of the issue on the Montreal and Toronto Stock Exchanges.

Recognized bond and stock brokers having offices and carrying on business in Canada will be allowed a commission of three-eighths of one per cent on allotments made in respect of applications bearing their stamp, provided, however, that no commission will be allowed in respect of the amount of any allotment paid for by the surrender of bonds issued under the War Loan prospectus of 22nd November, 1915, or in respect of the amount of any allotment paid for by surrender of five per cent debenture stock maturing 1st October, 1919. No commission will be allowed in respect of applications on forms which have not been printed by the King's Printer.

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DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA, March 12th, 1917.

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—a flood of boiling water
—and the varnish wasn't harmed!*

THIS is one of those astonishing Valspar stories that come in our mail almost every day.

Essexville, Mich.,
March 6, 1915.
Messrs. Valentine & Company,
New York City.

Dear Sirs:—Last summer I built a new residence for myself. The floors and woodwork are all oak, and after having such good success with Valspar on my boats, I thought it would be just the thing for our floors and all the inside finish.

I gave the floors two coats of Valspar. Some little time after we moved in this Fall, when letting the air out of one of the radiators (we have a hot water heating system) I broke the valve off and the result was that a stream of almost boiling water came out and ran all over the floors and covered them with two inches of very hot water. This water was so hot and made so much steam in the rooms, that it caused the wall paper to come off in some places.

This water stood on the floors until we could get it mopped up, so hot you could not touch the cloths, towels, etc., which we used in soaking up the water. I thought sure our floors were ruined, but it never hurt them a particle. I would not have believed that any varnish could stand anything like that without turning white. I saw this myself so there is no chance for a dispute.

Taking into consideration the slight extra cost, I would advise anyone to use Valspar if they want a finish that will stand almost anything.

Yours truly,
(Signed) JOHN R. COTTER.



Read the letter opposite about the Valspar that was drenched with live steam, drowned in scalding water—and was none the worse for the experience!

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Pulling Sammy's Purse Strings

Canada is Courting the Favour of Financial New York and is Succeeding, Too

By J. HERBERT HODGINS

WE Canadians are toying rather fondly with Uncle Sam's purse strings these days. In many respects we are much like the little boy, who "just 'fore Christmas is as good as good can be?" We are like the kiddie who will scheme a hundred ways to influence its mother to give up one piece of candy, when it is known that a box of sweets lurks somewhere in the home—and then still another piece, when the first has been consumed.

With England's money markets closed to us for all, other than essentially war credits, it was but natural that we should have turned to our next door neighbour, the grown-up Uncle Sam, with whom we have been friendly for more than one hundred years. The growth of our financial relations with the United States has been one of the outstanding features of the economic position of the Dominion in this war period.

As an illustration:

To some extent we have checked our borrowing in Canada during the past year or two. At least we are trying to do so, trying to think that we are becoming thrifty and economical in our municipal expenditures. I find from the authoritative figures of the widely known Toronto financier, Mr. E. R. Wood, that Canada borrowed a total of \$272,937,982 in 1912. Of this amount \$204,236,394 or 74.83 p.c. was secured in Great Britain and \$30,966,406 or 11.35 p.c. in the United States.

How completely altered was the position at the end of 1916. Of a total of \$316,917,362 financed during the year, Canada secured \$205,675,682 or 64.89 p.c. in the United States and \$4,866,666 or only 1.55 p.c. in Great Britain. These latter figures illustrate vividly the fact that Canada's credit is getting better every year across the international border line. For the year 1915 our borrowing in the United States constituted only 42.11 p.c. of our total financing for the 12 months. We secured 14.18 p.c. of our funds in Great Britain that year and financed 43.71 p.c. of our own requirements.

What means are being taken to foster the market for our securities in New York and elsewhere in the United States?

FIRST there are the ramifications set up by our Canadian chartered banks which have established themselves in Gotham. They have been vital factors in the past and it becomes increasingly evident that they will count for more and more as time goes on.

In this connection the recent announcement that the Union Bank of Canada will open a New York agency is of very considerable importance. The Union Bank will be the seventh entrant into the New York field of finance. Six other Canadian banks, the British North America, the Montreal, the Commerce, the Royal, the Nova Scotia, the Merchants, and the Dominion, are already well established there. With the Union Bank seven Canadian chartered banks, representing a combined capital of \$73,366,666, will be in Gotham bidding for the commercial and financial relations which New York and the rest of the United States are willing to extend to Canada.

Just here I am reminded of the age-old prejudice, which exists in many parts of our own country, even until to-day, against our bankers and our banking institutions. Rural Canada

never did like the silk hatted, frock coated manners of our bankers of the old regime. I admit that the springing up of new institutions in the last decade did more than all else to put "pep" into Canadian banking. But Canadian bankers, when they go abroad, it seems to me, will need to become even more democratic. Competition will be acutely aggressive.

Listen to what Lewis E. Pierson, Chairman of the Board of the Irving National Bank of New York, said in an address on American Banking in Foreign Trade:

"The essentially business nature of the modern bank becomes still clearer when we realize its strongly democratic nature. In the greatest possible degree it is an institution of the people. In its activities, stockholders and depositors must be considered first; efficient operation requires a number of paid employees, officers, to administer the interests required, but the old type of severe, dignified aristocratic and wealthy banker, who, for a consideration and with great condescension allowed a vastly inferior public to enjoy the use of his money fortunately has passed away with other archaic institutions?"

Many wholly new experiences await the Canadian banker in the foreign field, who is really and determinedly "out for business."

A PROPOS of this, a story from Mr. R. E. Jones, the first agent of the Royal Bank of Canada in New York City. One of the Royal's customers, an American manufacturer, was visiting South America in the interests of his company to whom the Royal Bank had issued a letter of credit for \$10,000, together with letters of introduction to both a German and an English bank of Buenos Aires. At the English bank he was received courteously, if not too warmly. As a contrast to this reception, he called at the German bank where the manager left his private office, and, walking out into the public space, received him with open arms. He assured him that it would be a pleasure to recommend him to such clients of the bank as might use his goods, asked if similar goods were manufactured in Germany, and finally suggested that a catalogue be sent to him so that it could be shown to the bank's customers, who might be interested. The American manufacturer was quick to see the ruse employed by the German, which was to obtain a catalogue and have his regular German customers obtain prices on the goods from the American manufacturers, all of which information would be immediately forwarded to Germany, through the Consular office.

It will be immediately clear even to those who look only at surface conditions that Canada will meet bewildering competition in her request for funds in the United States. It only remains for her to put a clear case before her neighbour. That and a little banking "pep" will do the trick. American investors will more readily buy the securities we have to offer than those of other foreign countries. Canada is right next door, so to speak. They can see with the naked eye the vast resources which back our offerings.

Up to the present funds have flowed into Canada from the United States by devious channels. No one man has so completely dominated the situation, as it were, as did Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor during his eight years'

tenure of office as London, England, manager of the Bank of Montreal. Sir Frederick was in London at the very height of the golden flood from Great Britain to the "alluring colony," Canada. It may even be said for this eminent Canadian banker that in large measure he was responsible for starting the "flow" Canada-wards. He went to London with a very thorough knowledge of the resources, the possibilities of his native land. He told the whole of England of what he knew and of what he believed, so far as the ultimate of our land suggested itself to his master mind.

Other Canadians, notably Sir William Mackenzie, became widely known for the success of their financial jun-

kets abroad. It became a habit with Sir William Mackenzie until the cartoonists took to picturing him, on each return from London, with satchels bulging with money. But his borrowing was more or less for private account, for his personal railroading enterprises.

To the credit of Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor it may be said that he was the chief factor in directing a round billion of dollars to Canada, not for personal benefit, not for the direct benefit of the banking institution in whose service he was, but for the future upbuilding of our Dominion.

A very nice little riddle remains to be solved in: who will be Canada's Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor in Gotham?

about that spectacle. No it was the Canterbury Pilgrims, with Chaucer and the Tabard Inn on the stage. And as de Koven after his long sleep since he wrote Robin Hood, has had a good chance to get soaked with the spirit of the Canterbury Tales, and as Percy Mackaye simply had to get into the spirit of old Canterbury too, the result was anything but American.

You, in Canadian High Schools, have read Chaucer. You revelled in that cockadoodledoo, fresh-as-a-daisy collection of tavern yarns that caught the spirit of old England two centuries before Shakespeare. It's the blithest stuff in literature. The world was cock-eye young in Chaucer's day. And as the Fifth Form Class in Bigword High School gargled at these great story lyrics for Senior Matric, they felt the breath of the spring and the voices of birds, the clank of the old tankard, and the clatter of horses' hoofs, the swank of ye parfit gentil knight that blithely lied about himself after the manner of Don Quixote.

So, that was what Mackaye and de Koven put together in the opera that gave jaded Gotham a peep into a new old world Thursday night of last week. And here is the description of Act I, as given in the New York Times:

A rising curtain shows the pilgrims in Act I. thronging the Tabard yard, seated at tables drinking, or standing by the ale barrels, flirting with the maids. Among them are the Miller, Friar, Parson, Ploughman, Doctor, Haberdasher, Carpenter, Weaver, Dyer, Tapicer, and Clerk, the Knight, Squire, Yeoman, and others entering soon after "as from horse-back." The Miller, raising his tankard, leads them in a rollicking chorus:

Stirrup go jingle, spur go clink,
Whoa, whoa! Come in, lads, come drink;
Tap-maid, here, come tippie your man
With a kiss on the curve of his can, can,
can.

Hero Chaucer comes in, like Hamlet, quoting pentameter poetry, whereat the Tabard crowd resumes: "Sorrow go whistle, care go wink—Whoa, whoa! Come in, lads, come drink." The Knight of the old tales greets Chaucer courteously, mentions he comes from the Holy Land, and, in the next breath, that his son here is in love.

A company of nuns chant Latin hymns outside the inn, and the host bows low to greet the Prioress as she enters accompanied by Joannes, a priest, who carries her pet dog in his arms. Chaucer rescues the pup in an ensuing scuffle when the miller, on a bet, batters down a door with his bare head and upsets the bystanders. This numskull, kneeling humbly, remarks: "Lady, I ax your pardon." Chaucer is more deeply touched when the Prioress tells him she goes to Canterbury to meet a long lost brother, who returns from the Crusades, and whom she will recognize by a ring inscribed, as is her bracelet, "Amor vincit omnia." She blushes as he translates, "Love conquers all."

The Wife of Bath, a grand character ranging lightly from Rabelaisian forwardness to strangely mid-Victorian reserve—from Mrs. Malaprop, in fact, to Mrs Grundy—is the last of the leading personages to arrive; that is, she is the last, save the King. She comes literally on horseback, astride a small white ass. Alisoun, or Alls, as all call her by her first name, takes a fancy to Chaucer on sight and rebuffs a stageful of suitors as she does the Sailor, whose offer of his mug of ale, with a rough, "Take this, old girl," is met by the lady with, "The devil take a tar."

A Duo-Piano Recital.

WHEN is a two-piano recital—not a two piano recital? We ask the question because last week in Toronto two very clever young ladies, Miss Evelyn Chelew and Miss Madge Williamson, undertook to give this kind of programme to a highly musical audience. They appeared three times. The rest of the programme was given by Miss Madge Murphy, violiniste, and Mrs. A. H. C. Proctor, contralto. Under sane condi-

in spite of his Scotch name, is an American by residence and de Koven, the composer, who wrote the music in Switzerland, is American also—we may concede the production may be called American.

But the New Yorkers who saw it would have to pinch themselves in the name of Uncle Sam to be reminded that there was anything American

Operatizing Chaucer.

Percy Mackaye, American-born, got hold of the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer and wrote a libretto out of it. Reginald de Koven—American resident—took Mackaye's copy and wrote music to it in Switzerland. They say the Canterbury Pilgrims, produced in the Metropolitan Opera, N.Y., last week, is therefore an American opera. But is it?



THURSDAY last week, Canterbury Pilgrims, a carnival of Merry Old England, in the days of Chaucer, drove the glooms of Wagner off the Metropolitan Opera boards in New York. This new opera, given its first presentation that night on any stage, is heralded as an American opera. Well, in as much as Percy Mackaye, the adapter of the libretto,

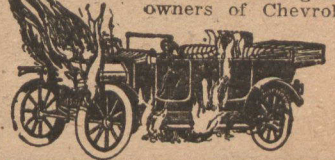
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tions this would have been about enough of the duo-piano. But the young ladies referred to acted with such admirable restraint and exhibited such a combination of rhythmic freedom and tonal refinement that it would have been quite safe to have had more of it. The welkin did not ring. The chandeliers were not fractured. The audience was not pounded into submission, which implies that the players have and know how to use experience. Of course there was a gentle modulation about the numbers chosen, two of which were by St. Saens, the Danse Macabre, and the variations on a theme of Beethoven; the other a suite by Arensky. In all these we recognized an element of real charm. Quite apart from the pieces themselves, the performers showed that a high degree of modesty in dress, deportment and execution is desirable in duo-piano work. They are both somewhat petit, a trifle demure, exceedingly quiet, devoid of theatricals and free from any desire to protrude their own somewhat wistful personalities into the performance. Yet they played with the crisp accuracy and clean definition of young artists. They knew how to balance one piano against the other, how to emulate as far as possible the character of the dance which duo-piano work does very well—bar the war dance!

Well, they gave a delightful performance of a rather restricted character and left a wide margin of the programme to be supplied by Miss Murphy, who as a violinist is a somewhat sedate and gentle juggler with a touch of wizardry. Just who Madge Murphy may be, we know not; but we have a clear recollection of individuality in her playing. She gave an extended group of delectably varied pieces ranging from Goldmark to Tartini with Schubert and Cesar Cui between. Miss Murphy is a delightful artist, and as clean and unviolent a player we have heard in many a day.

Mrs. Proctor possesses a contralto voice of great richness and expressive quality. To the accompaniment of Maestro Carboni, her teacher, she gave a very colourful and romantic group of arias and songs. There was a mellow, golden glow about this group that seemed in striking contrast to the Mozartian colouring of the piano programme.

March 19th—Ysaye.

YSAYE—pronounced something like a combination of Esaw and Isaiah—backwards Egasy enough—will play in Massey Hall on March 19th. This is the great Belgian's first appearance in Canada since three years ago when he gave two concerts, one with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, that packed Massey Hall. He is the world's most remarkable violin personality. He is the origin of more interesting copy than any other wizard of the bow. In learning, technique, virtuosity, temperament and personal poise he is a remarkable combination of qualities. But the chief thing about Ysaye is that he knows how to play the violin—and this is how an enthusiastic press agent comments on that fact:

"Of Ysaye it is asserted that, in a measure, the cloak of Paganini has fallen upon the Master Ysaye's shoulders. For though he plays in a manner to make the Saints and Angels weep for very joy, when he wills it, he is the very Belzebub of Diabolism with his uncanny bow. His fiddle weeps or laughs, or whines, or shrieks at his command.

"He can evoke the strains of the chorusing of the damned of the bottomless pit. The anguished moans

for the lost of the Inferno leaping at will from the tip of his enchanted bow.

"With the versatility of genius he can musically transport his hearers from the harmonic depiction of a Hades (worthy the descriptive wealth of a Dante) a paradisaical dream of love celestial and delights angelic.

"In this essential of the great artist alone Ysaye eclipses the composer of the Devil's trill. His all-roundness of musical imagination, his encompassing of every harmonic field, place him upon a plane where few are worthy to stand beside him, if any.

"The name, Ysaye, conjures up the thought of gigantic accomplishments, of powers transcending the ordinary conception, of gifts apparently without limitations."

At his recital in Massey Hall he will be assisted by his son, Gabriel, playing a group of duets by Godard. Mr. Maurice Dambris, the accompanist, will also play two piano numbers.

Flora Bell Returns.

FLORA BELL gave a song recital in Toronto a few days ago. This young lady made her debut last season in a programme reviewed by the editor of this column. Since that she has been coaching operatic arias in New York. Her numbers last week were a peculiarly exacting selection of difficult arias from modern operas and she did them with a quite remarkable instinct of natural acting, as well as evidence of training for stage work. She has the natural-born instinct for the stage which is always bigger than training. Her ease of expression through the medium of stage business and movement causes one to imagine that she will do exceedingly well in light opera when she has gone somewhat further with the purely vocal side of her art. She made a highly favourable impression on the audience by her naturalness and the high degree of charming affability which characterized all her work. Vocally she has made rather less progress than on the purely dramatic side. But she retains the delightful flexibility of voice and the ingenuous tonality of one who, if she is careful, should become a very facile interpreter of light opera.

THE Academy String Quartette will give the last concert of their series for this season in the Foresters' Hall on Thursday, March 22nd. The artistic success of the chamber concerts given by the Academy players has been very pronounced and the forthcoming concert should bring the series to a triumphant conclusion. Two celebrated quartettes will be performed, the Grieg, and, by special request, the glorious "Death and the Maiden," by Schubert. The assisting artist is Miss Lydia Locke, colouratura soprano. Miss Locke was engaged by Oscar Hammerstein for his London Opera Co., and during that engagement had the honour of taking the role of Marguerite in a scene from "Faust," given at a command performance before their Majesties, King George and Queen Mary.

THURSDAY this week the Victoria College Ladies' Choral Club gave a concert in Convocation Hall of Toronto University. The club was under the baton of Mr. E. R. Bowles, formerly conductor of the Victoria College Glee Club on its trip to England a few years ago. The programme was augmented by solos from Mr. Arthur Blight, baritone, and numbers by Mr. Owen Smiley, popular entertainer. The proceeds of the concert was devoted to patriotic purposes.



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MR. M. GOOR, the Belgian Consul-General for Canada, has received a copy of the following message sent to this continent from the London Office of the Belgian Relief Commission:

"The present supply of clothing material and of clothing for the destitute in Belgium and particularly Northern France, will be exhausted during the winter, and there will be millions of men, women and children in need of warm clothing and shoes. As it has proved impossible to procure adequate new material and clothing, we have finally arranged to import second-hand clothing. We appeal to our supporters on the other side of the Atlantic to send us second-hand clothing and shoes. It is important the same should consist of substantial materials which can be re-made—particularly woollens. We have scores of work-rooms throughout Belgium and Northern France where thousands of women devote themselves to the preparation and repair of clothing. The general exhaustion has reduced our former supplies from other quarters of the world to a point where we are wholly dependent upon the help from North America.

"The Central Belgian Relief Committee, 59 St. Peter Street, Montreal, will be glad to receive money with which to buy the necessary supplies to send out on the relief ships.

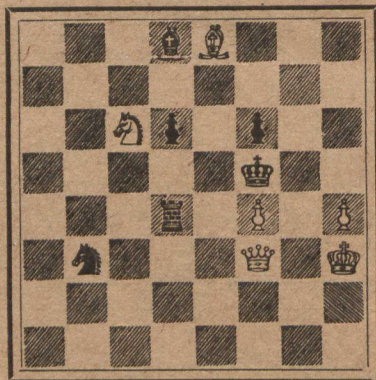
C H E S S

Conducted by MALCOLM SIM

Solutions to problems and other chess correspondence should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant street, Toronto.

PROBLEM NO. 122, by Bert Gordon (Ottawa).

Specially contributed.
Black.—Six Pieces.



White.—Six Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.
Problem No. 123, by K. Grabowski
Good Companions Solving Tourney
22 Feb., 1917.

White: K at KBsq; Q at K7; R at QB3; B at Q3; Kts at QKt8 and QB5; Ps at QR6, QB2, QB6, KB4, Kt4 and Kt6.
Black: K at Q4; B at K3; Kts at Q3 and Q5; Ps at QR2, QB2, KB6 and Kt2.
White mates in two.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 119, by L. Rothstein.

1. Q-B4, B-Q4; 2. Kt-Q7 mate.
1., Kt-Q4; 2. Kt-K4 mate.
1., B-Q2; 2. Q-Bsq mate.
1., R-K2; 2. R-Kt6 mate.
1., threat; 2. QxR mate.

Correct solutions of Problems Nos. 112 ad 113 received from J. R. Ballantyne, Toronto, and David H. Henman, Duntroon; of Nos. 115 and 116 from Bert Gordon, Ottawa. Mr. W. J. Faulkner sent in the remarkable try to the retrograde, No. 117, as the solution.

To correspondents.

(E. G., Ottawa.) Thanks for problem above. (J. C. Gardner.) Thanks for letter. Hope to hear from you regularly. In No. 115, of 1. RxB, then 1. ... Q-B3! 2. QxQ; R-KB7; 3. No mate. A near try, however. (J. R. B.) Thanks for solutions. Have you got fixed up?

BRILLIANCY BY CORRESPONDENCE.

A fine game played in the "Chess by Mail Correspondence Bureau," between J. B. France and P. J. Wortman. The latter player won the Kimball prize of the Bureau for 1916, with a record of 55 victories to his credit. The Director, Dr. W. C. Browne, Burnside, Pa., is editor





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CANADIAN COURIER,
TORONTO.

of the bi-monthly pamphlet, "The Chess Correspondent." We are indebted to this publication for the score. The notes are our own.

Queen's Gambit Declined.

- White. J. B. France. 1. P-Q4, 2. P-QB4, 3. Kt-QB3, 4. P-K3 (a), 5. B-Q2, 6. B-Q3, 7. BxP, 8. R-Bsq, 9. P-B4 (d), 10. Kt-B3, 11. Castles, 12. P-B5 (e), 13. PxB, 14. Q-B2, 15. B-Q3, 16. Kt-K5, 17. P-B4, 18. B-B3, 19. B-Kt2 (j), 20. P-KR4, 21. RxKt, 22. BxPch, 24. B-Kt8 (l), 25. KtxKtch, 26. Pxp dis.ch

(a) At one time a favorite move with Janowski, the Queen's Bishop being developed at Kt2 in lieu of the customary Kt5. (b) With his opponent's Bishop available for Q2, this pin has little utility. The piece would be better for defensive measures, and its own safety, at K2. (c) The stereotyped development is P-QR3 in preparation for P-QKt4 and B-Kt2. The advance of the Queen's Bishop Pawn, afterwards, would give some effect to his majority of Pawns on the Queen's side. (d) A well conceived advance. (e) And the pretty sequel, taking advantage of the unsupported nature of the opposing King's Bishop.

(f) If 12.... PxB, then 13. BxPch, KxB; 14. Q-Kt3ch, K-Bsq (not 14.... Kt-Kt3; 15. Kt-KR4ch, K-R4; 16. RxPch, KxBt; 17. Q-Qsq, mating shortly); 15. QxBch, R-K2; 16. Kt-Kt5. Or 15.... K-Ktsq; 16. Q-B4ch, K-Bsq; 17. Kt-Kt5, Q-K2; 18. RxP, threatening immediate mate. (g) If 15.... KtXB, then 16. KtxKt, enabling him to advance the King's Pawn. This advance would seem to give equality. (h) He should first have exchanged Pawns. Now White considerably improves his position. (i) If 19.... KtXB, then 20. RxKt, PxB (if 20.... Kt-K7ch; 21. K-Rsq. If 20.... Kt-K5; 21. R-B4. If 20.... B-K5; 21. QxKt, PxB; 22. PxB, BxB; 23. R-B7! RxP; 24. KtxR, BxKt; 25. RxRP with the exchange ahead. If here 23. BxP; 24. R-K7 winning); 21. BxPch, K-Bsq; 22. K-Kt6 and Black can only avoid mate by 22.... QxKt, or 22.... K-K2, the latter move also losing him the Queen by 23. Q-Kt7ch, etc. 19.... Q-K2 seems the right defence. The position is remarkably fine. (j) Threatening 21. R-B4, Kt-Kt4; 22. P-KR4, etc., as in the text. The Bishop forms a masked battery. (k) Black plays in anticipation by a move that, of course, is wholly lost. Q-K2, instead, making room for Kt-Q3 again seems correct. (l) Prettily played. (m) If 24.... KxB, then 25. Q-Kt6ch wins the exchange amongst other things. 24.... Kt-Kt4 would only aggravate the situation, White simply capturing. The text-move brings White's masked battery into effect. (n) A beautiful game; very creditable to Mr. France.

MARSHALL IN TORONTO.

Frank J. Marshall, the redoubtable United States champion, gave a simultaneous exhibition in the big hall of the Central Y.M.C.A., College Street, Toronto, on Tuesday, March 6th. Play commenced at 8 p.m., with a line up of thirty-four players. The master secured 29 wins, 2 losses and 3 draws. Refreshments were served during the evening, generously provided by the institution. The following players took part, the results being appended:

- B. Linnie 0 R. G. Hunter ... 0
J. McDonald 0 J. V. Dixon 0
W. C. Addis 0 W. H. Despard . 0
W. H. Perry 1/2 E. B. Freeland . 0
J. S. Morrison .. 0 M. C. Smithett . 0
G. C. Robinson . 0 A. W. Campbell . 0
W. Givens 0 T. Crossley 0
H. M. Boddy 0 E. Willans 1
F. L. H. Sims ... 0 J. L. Rawbon ... 0
C. Ferrier 0 M. Sim 1/2
Dr. W. H. Robertson 0 G. R. Lamont ... 0
J. Marsen 0 K. B. O'Brien ... 0
H. H. Demers ... 0 G. K. Powell ... 0
K. Pollack 0 H. Cooper 1
A. H. Stovell ... 0 W. J. Faulkner . 0
W. H. Ferguson . 0 W. Hume 0
Rev. F. M. Dean . 1/2

We give below a record of Mr. Marshall's simultaneous exhibitions in Toronto:

Table with columns: Bds., Wins, Lost, Dr'n, Total. Rows include dates like Nov. 27, '14, Mar. 18, '16, Oct. 25, '16, March, 6, '17.

Solving Tourney:

In the Good Companions solving tournament at the Toronto C.C., Thursday, February 22nd, M. Sim secured first prize, W. J. Faulkner second, and R. G. Hunter third.

Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company, Limited

The Report of the Board of Directors, Statement of Assets and Liabilities and Abstract of Profit and Loss Account for Year Ending December 31st, 1916

To the Shareholders of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Company, Limited:

The Directors herewith submit the Sixteenth Annual Report and Statement of Assets and Liabilities, with Abstract of Profit and Loss Account, for the year ended December 31, 1916:

The Gross Profits for the year after providing for special renewals of plant and equipment was \$4,222,373.07

From this were deducted provision for depreciation, war profits tax for 1915 and 1916, Patriotic contributions, Sinking Fund instalment and reserve for doubtful accounts \$1,490,586.10 and interest paid during the year on bonds, debenture stock and bank advances 627,309.17

Leaving net profits for the year \$2,104,477.80 The balance carried forward to profit and loss account at January 1st, 1916, was 1,510,609.18

Which, with the net profits for the year make a total of \$3,615,063.98 From this amount was paid

four quarterly dividends on the 8 per cent. cumulative preferred stock for the year to December 31st, 1916 80,000.00

Leaving to be carried forward to the credit of profit and loss account the sum of \$3,535,086.98

The operations of the Company during the year were carried on under many difficulties such as scarcity of labor, supplies, and railway congestion.

The Capital Expenditure during the year has been necessarily high, mainly in connection with munitions work.

The sinking of the new Jubilee Shaft at Sydney Mines, work on which was discontinued in May, 1914, was resumed in April last. The shaft is now sunk to the depth of 740 feet and by the use of a temporary hoisting plant this colliery is now producing about 550 tons of coal daily.

Good progress was made in driving the new pair of slopes at Nabana. At the close of the year over 70 per cent. of this work had been completed and it is confidently expected that the driving of these slopes will be finished before the close of the present year.

As a result of the increased capital expenditure in the Iron and Steel Department, the output of forged shells during the year was

90 per cent. greater in number and 120 per cent. greater in weight than in 1915, while the total shipments of finished steel, forgings, etc., exceeded that of the previous year by 64 per cent.

The Eastern Car Company had a somewhat unsatisfactory year. The impossibility of obtaining prompt delivery of materials greatly restricted the output. The experience gained in the production of a foreign type of car, and the much higher prices at which recent orders were taken, will, it is confidently expected, make the present year's operation show a satisfactory profit.

The Bank advances and bills payable are abnormally high. This is due to the large increase in business and is more than offset by increased inventories, and by loans to the Eastern Car Co., Limited, to enable them to finance contracts on hand.

The orders for steel products on the Company's books at the present time is equal to 74 per cent. of last year's shipments, and is sufficient to keep the plant fully employed for the next six months, and there is every prospect that this condition will prevail during the entire year.

THOS. CANTLEY, President.

New Glasgow, February 28, 1917.

BALANCE SHEET, DECEMBER 31, 1916

Table with columns: ASSETS, LIABILITIES. Rows include Mining Properties, Investments, Current and Working Assets, Deferred Charges, etc.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT FOR YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31st, 1916.

Table with columns: BALANCE, Deduct, NET PROFITS FOR THE YEAR, Add, Deduct, SURPLUS CARRIED FORWARD.

We have audited the books and accounts of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company, Limited, for the fiscal year ending December 31, 1916, and we certify that in our opinion the above Balance Sheet is properly drawn up and shows the true financial position of the Company at December 31, 1916, and that the relative Profit and Loss Account is a fair and correct statement of the results of the operations for the year.

Price, Waterhouse & Co., Chartered Accountants. J. Haywood Macgregor, F. Beresford Oxley, Auditors.

KING, OF THE KHYBER RIFLES

By TALBOT MUNDY

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CHAPTER XIII.

TELLING the story afterward King never made any effort to describe his own sensations. It was surely enough to state what he saw, after a breathless climb among the rat-runs of a mountain with his imagination fired already by what had happened in the Cavern of Earth's Drink.

The leather curtains slipped through his fingers and closed behind him with the clash of rings on a rod. But he was beyond being startled. He was not really sure he was in the world. He knew he was awake, and he knew

he was glad he had left his shoes outside. But he was not certain whether it was the twentieth century, or fifty-five B. C., or earlier yet; or whether time had ceased. Very vividly in that minute there flashed before his mind Mark Twain's suggestion of the Transposition of Epochs.

The place where he was did not look like a cave, but a palace chamber, for the rock walls had been trimmed square and polished smooth; then they had been painted pure white, except for a wide blue frieze, with a line of gold-leaf drawn underneath it. And on the frieze, done in gold-leaf too,

was the Grecian lady of the lamps, always dancing. There were fifty or sixty figures of her, no two the same.

A dozen lamps were burning, set in niches cut in the walls at measured intervals. They were exactly like the two outside, except that their horn chimneys were stained yellow instead of red, suffusing everything in a golden glow.

Opposite him was a curtain, rather like that through which he had entered. Near to the curtain was a bed, whose great wooden posts were cracked with age. And it was at the bed he stared, with eyes that took in every detail but refused to believe.

In spite of its age it was spread with fine new linen. Richly embroidered, not very ancient Indian draperies hung down from it to the floor on either side. On it, above the linen, a man and a woman lay hand-in-hand; and the woman was so exactly like Yasmini, even to her clothing and her naked feet, that it was not possible for a man to be self-possessed.

They both seemed asleep. It was as if Yasmini, weary from the dancing, had laid herself to sleep beside her lord. But who was he? And why did he wear Roman armour? And why was there no guard to keep intruders out?

It was minutes before he satisfied himself that the man's breast did not rise and fall under the bronze armour and that the woman's jewelled gauzy stuff was still. Imagination played such tricks with him that in the stillness he imagined he heard breathing.

After he was sure they were both dead, he went nearer, but it was a minute yet before he knew the woman was not she. At first a wild thought possessed him that she had killed herself.

The only thing to show who he had been were the letters S. P. Q. R. on a great plumed helmet, on a little table by the bed. But she was the woman of the lamp-bowls and the frieze. A life-size stone statue in a corner was so like her, and like Yasmini too, that it was difficult to decide which of the two it represented.

She had lived when he did, for her fingers were locked in his. And he had lived two thousand years ago, because his armour was about as old as that, and for proof that he had died in it part of his breast had turned to powder inside the breastplate. The rest

of his body was whole and perfectly preserved.

Stern, handsome in a high-beaked Roman way, gray on the temples, firm-lipped, he lay like an emperor in harness. But the pride and resolution on his face were outdone by the serenity of hers. Very surely those two had been lovers.

Something—he could not decide what—about the man's appearance kept him staring for ten minutes, holding his breath unconsciously and letting it out in little silent gasps. It annoyed him that he could not pin down the elusive thing; and when he went on presently to be curious about more tangible things, it was only to be faced with the unexplainable at every turn.

How had the bodies been preserved, for instance? They were perfect, except for that one detail of the man's breast. The air was full of the perfume he had learned to recognize as Yasmini's, but there was no sniff about the bodies of pitch or bitumen, or of any other chemical. Nor was there any sign of violence about them, or means of telling how they died, or when, except for the probable date of the man's armour.

Both of them looked young and healthy—the woman younger than thirty—twenty-five at a guess—and the man perhaps forty, perhaps forty-five.

He bent over them. Every stitch of the man's clothing had decayed in the course of centuries, so that his armour rested on the naked skin, except for a dressed leather kilt about his middle. The leather was as old as the curtains at the entrance, and as well preserved.

But the woman's silken clothing was as new as the bedding; and that was so new that it had been woven in Belfast, Ireland, by machinery and bore the mark of the firm that made it!

Yet, they both died at about the same time, or how could their fingers have been interlaced? And some of the jewellery on the woman's clothes was very ancient as well as priceless.

He looked closer at the fingers for signs of force and suddenly caught his breath. Under the woman's flimsy sleeve was a wrought gold bracelet, smaller than that one he himself had worn in Delhi and up the Khyber—exactly like the little one that Yasmini wore on her wrist in the Cavern of Earth's Drink! He raised the loose sleeve to look more closely at it.

The sleeve overlay the man's forearm, and the movement laid bare another bracelet, on the man's right wrist. Size for size, this was the same as the one that had been stolen from himself.

Memory prompted him. He felt its

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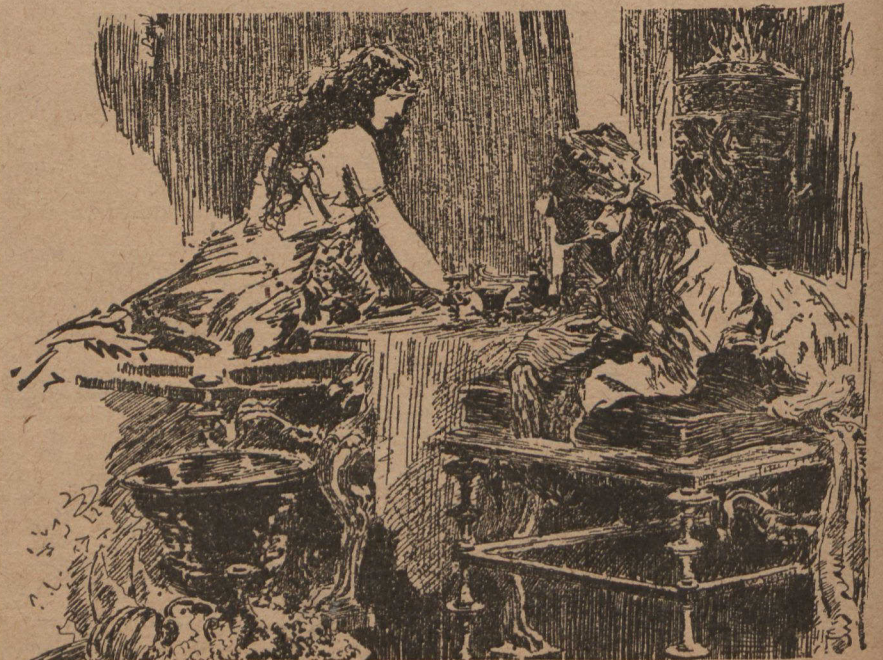
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They lay at the table like two Romans of the Empire.

outer edge with a finger-nail. There was the little nick that he had made in the soft gold when he struck it against the cell bars in the jail at the Mir Khan Palace!

That put another thought in his head. It was less than two hours since Yasmini danced in the arena. It might well be much less than that since she had taken off her bracelets. He laid a finger on the dead man's stone-cold hand and let it rest so for a minute. Then, running it slowly up the wrist, he touched the gold. It was warm. He repeated the test on the woman's wrist. Hers was warm, too. Both bracelets had been worn by a living being within an hour—

"Probably within minutes!"

HE muttered and frowned, and then suddenly jumped backward. The leather curtain near the bed had moved on its bronze rod.

"Aren't they dears?" a voice said in English behind him. "Aren't they sweet?"

He had jumped so as to face about, and somebody laughed at him. Yasmini stood not two arms' length away, lovelier than the dead woman because of the merry life in her, young and warm, aglow, but looking like the dead woman and the woman of the frieze—the woman of the lamp-bowls—the statue—come to life, speaking to him in English more sweetly than if it had been her mother tongue. The English abuse their language. Yasmini caressed it and made it do its work twice over.

Being dressed as a native, he salaamed low. Knowing him for what he was, she gave him the senna-stained tips of her warm fingers to kiss, and he thought she trembled when he touched them. But a second later she had snatched them away and was treating him to raillery.

"Man of pills and blisters!" she said, "tell me how those bodies are preserved! Spill knowledge from that learned skull of thine!"

He did not answer. He never shone in conversation at any time, having made as many friends as enemies by saying nothing until the spirit moves him. But she did not know that yet.

"If I knew for certain why those two did not turn to worms," she went on, "almost I would choose to die now, while I am beautiful! Think of the fogy museum men! (She called them by a far less edifying name, really, for the East is frank in that way, especially in its use of other tongues.) "What would they say, think you, King sahib, if they found us two dead beside those two? Would not that be a mystery? Don't you love mysteries? Speak, man, speak! Has Khinjan struck you dumb?"

But he did not speak. He was staring at her arm, where two whitish marks on the skin betrayed that bracelets had been.

"Oh, those! They are theirs. I would not rob the dead, or the gods would turn on me. I robbed you, instead, while you slept. Fie, King sahib, while you slept!"

But her steel did not strike on flint. It was her eyes that flashed. He would have done better to have seemed ashamed, for then he might have fooled her, at least for a while. But having judged himself, he did not care a fig for her judgment of him. She realized that instantly and having found a tool that would not work, discarded it for a better one. She grew confidential.

"I borrow them," she explained, "but I put them back. I take them for so many days, and when the day comes—the gods like us to be exact! Once there was an Englishman to whom I lent the larger one, and he refused to return it. He wanted it to wear, to

bring him luck. Collins, of the Gurkhas. A cobra bit him."

King's eyes changed, for Collins of the Gurkhas had died in his two arms, saying never a word. He had always wondered why the native who ran in to kill the cobra had run away again and left Collins lying there after seeming to shake hands with him. Yasmini, watching his eyes and reading his memory, missed nothing.

"You saw?" she said excitedly. "You remember? Then you understand! You yourself were near death when I took the bracelet last night. The time was up. I would have stabbed you if you had tried to prevent me!"

Now he spoke at last and gave her a first glimpse of an angle of his mind she had not suspected.

"Princess," he said. He used the word with the deference some men can combine with effrontery, so that very tenderness has barbs. "You might have had that thing back if you had sent a messenger for it at any time. A word by a servant would have been enough."

"You could never have reached Khinjan then!" she retorted. Her eyes flashed again, but his did not waver.

"Princess," he said, "why speak of what you don't know?"

He thought she would strike like a snake, but she smiled at him instead. And when Yasmini has smiled on a man he has never been just the same man afterward. He knows more, for one thing. He has had a lesson in one of the finer arts.

"I will speak of what I do know," she said. "No, there is no need. Look! Look!"

She pointed at the bed—at the man on the bed—fingers locked in those of a woman who looked so like herself.

"You see—yet you do not see! Men are blind! Men look into a mirror, and see only whiskers they forgot to shave the day before. Women look once and then remember! Look again."

He looked, knowing well there was something to be understood, that stared him in the face. But for the life of him he could not determine question or answer.

"What is in your bosom?" she asked him.

He put his hand to his shirt. "Draw it out!" she said, as a teacher drills a child.

He drew out the gold-hilted knife with the bronze blade, with which a man had meant to murder him. He let it lie on the palm of his hand and looked from it to her and back again. The hilt might have been a portrait of her modeled from the life.

"Here is another like it," she said, stepping to the bedside. She drew back the woman's dress at the bosom and showed a knife exactly like that in King's hand. "One lay on her bosom and one on his when I found them!" she said. "Now, think again!"

HE did think, of thirty thousand things, and of one impossible idea that stood up prominent among them all and insisted on seeming the only likely one.

"I saw the knife in your bosom last night," she said, "and laughed so that I nearly wakened you. Man! Are you stupid? Will that ready wit of yours not work? Have I bewildered you? Is it my perfume? My eyes? My jewels? What is it? Think, man! Think!"

But if she wanted to make him guess aloud for her amusement she was wasting time. Had he known the answer he would have held his tongue. As he did not know it, he had all the more reason to wait—indeinitely, if need be. But interminable waiting was no part of her plan. Words were welling out of her.

"I gave a fool that knife to use, because he was afraid. It gave him

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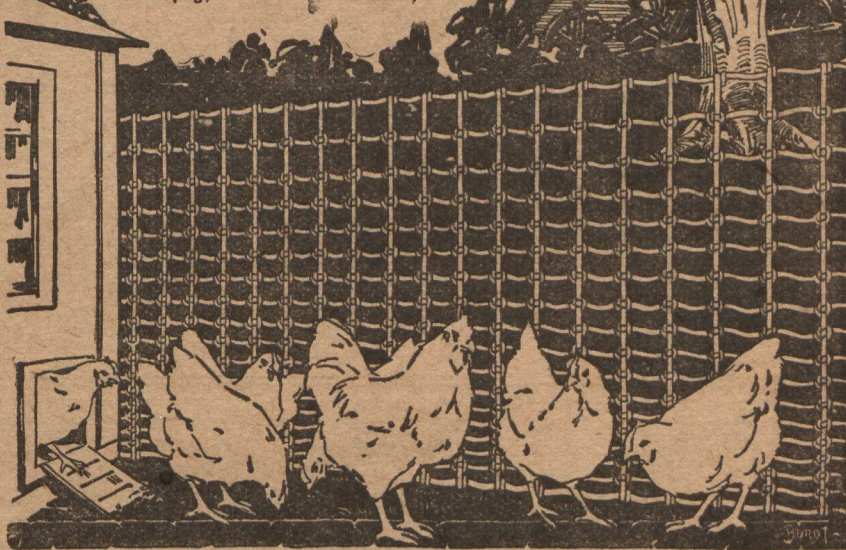
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courage. When he failed I knew it by telegram, and I sent another fool before the wires were cold, to kill him in the police-station cell for having failed. One fool has been stabbed and the English will hang the other. Then I sent twenty men to turn India inside out and find the knife again, for like the bracelets it has its place. And that is why I laughed. They are hunting. They will hunt until I call them off!"

"Why didn't you take it with the bracelet?" King asked her, holding it out. "Take it now. I don't want it."

She accepted it and laid it on the man's bronze armour. Then, however, she resumed it and played with it.

"Look again!" she said. "Think and look again!"

He looked, and he knew now. But he still preferred that she should tell

him, and his lips shut tight.

"Why, having ordered your death, did I countermand the order when your life had been attempted once? Why, as soon as Rewa Gunga had seen you, did I order you to be aided in every way?"

Still he did not answer, although the solution to that riddle, too, was beginning to dawn on his consciousness. He suspected she would be annoyed if he deprived her of the fun of telling him, so that by being silent he played both her game and his own.

"Why did I order your death in the first place?"

The answer to that was obvious, but she answered it for him.

"Because, since the sarkar insisted that one man must come with me to

Khinjan, I preferred a fool, who could be lost on the way. I knew your reputation. I never heard any man call you a fool."

She laughed. He nodded. She was obviously telling truth.

"Can you guess why I changed my mind about you—wise man?"

She looked from him to the man on the bed and back to him again. Having solved her riddle, King had leisure to be interested in her eyes, and watched them analytically, like a jeweler appraising diamonds. They were strangely reminiscent, but much more changeable and colourful than any he had ever seen. They had the baffling trick of changing while he watched them.

"Having sent a man to kill you, why did I cease to want you killed? In-

stead of losing you on the way to Khinjan, why did I run risks to protect you after you reached here? Why did I save your life in the Cavern of Earth's Drink to-night? You do not know yet? Then I will tell you something else you do not know. I was in Delhi when you were! I watched and listened while you and Rewa Gunga talked in my house! I was in Rewa Gunga's carriage on the train that he took and you did not! I have learned at first hand that you are not a fool. But that was not enough! You had to be three things—clever and brave and one other. The one other you are! Brave you have proved yourself to be! Clever you must be, to trick your way into Khinjan Caves, even with Ismail at your elbow! That is why I saved your life—

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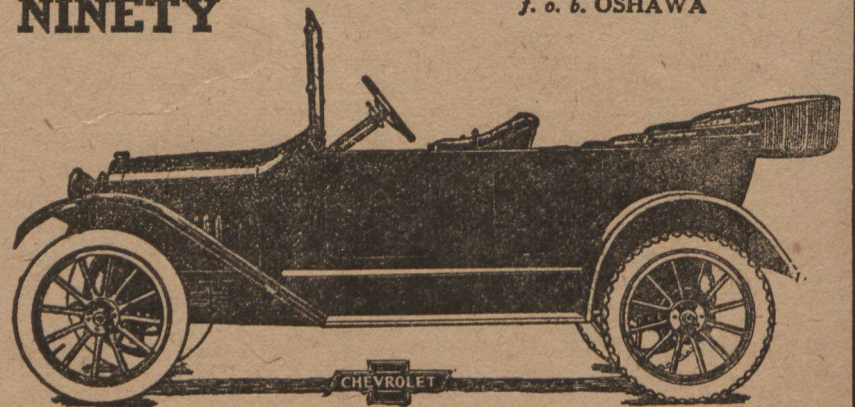
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because you are those two things and—and—one other!"

She snatched a mirror from a little ivory table—a modern mirror—bad glass, bad art, bad workmanship, but silver warranted.

"Look in it and then at him!" she ordered.

But he did not need to look. The man on the bed was not so much like himself as the woman was like her, but the resemblance seemed to grow under his eyes, as such things do. It was helped out by the stain his brother had applied to his face in the Khyber. King was the taller and the younger by several years, but the noses were the same, and the wrinkled foreheads; both men had the same firm mouth; both looked like Romans.

"How did you get that scar?"

She came closer and took his hand, holding it in both hers, and he felt the same thrill Samson knew. He steeled himself as Samson did not.

"A Mahsudi got me with a martini at long range in the blockade of 1902," he said dryly.

"Look! Did he get his from a spear or from an arrow?"

Almost in the same spot, also on the dead man's left hand, was a scar so nearly like it that it needed a third and a fourth glance to tell the difference. They both bent over the bed to see it, and she laid a hand on his

shoulder. Touch and scent and confidence, all three were bewitching; all three were calculated, too! He could have killed her, and she knew he could have killed her, just as she knew he would not. Yet what right had she to know it!

"Athelstan!"

SHE pronounced his name as if she loved the word, standing straight again and looking into his eyes. There were high lights in hers that outgleamed the diamonds on her dress.

"Your gods and mine have done this, Athelstan. When the gods combine they lay plans well indeed!"

"I only know one God," he answered simply, as a man speaks of the deep things in his heart.

"I know of many! They love me! They shall love you, too! Many are better than one! You shall learn to know my gods, for we are to be partners, you and I!"

She laughed at him, looking like a goddess herself, but he frowned. And the more he frowned the better she seemed to like him.

"Partners in what, Princess?"

"Thou—Ismail dubbed thee Ready o' wit!—answer thine own question!"

She took his hand again, her eyes burning with excitement and mysticism and ambition like a fever. She

seemed to take more than physical possession of him.

"What brought them here? Tell me that!" she demanded, pointing to the bed. "You think he brought her? I tell you she was the spur that drove him! Is it a wonder that men called her the 'Heart of the Hills'? I found them ten years ago and clothed her and put new linen on their bed, for the old was all rags and dust. There have always been hundreds—and sometimes thousands—who knew the secret of Khinjan Caves, but this has been a secret within a secret. Some one, who knew the secret before I, sawed those bracelets through and fitted hinges and clasps. The men you saw in the Cavern of Earth's Drink have no doubt I am the 'Heart of the Hills' come to life! They shall know thee as Him within a little while!"

She held his hand a little tighter and pressed closer to him, laughing softly. He stood as if made of iron, and that only made her laugh the more.

"Tales of the 'Heart of the Hills' have puzzled the Raj, haven't they, these many years? They sent me to find the source of them. Me! They chose well! There are not many like me! I have found this one dead woman who was like me. And in ten years, until you came, I have found no man like Him!"

She tried to look into his eyes, but he frowned straight in front of him. His native costume and Rangar turban did not make him seem any less a man. His jaw, that was beginning to need shaving, was as grim and as satisfying as the dead Roman's. She stroked his left hand with soft fingers.

"I used to think I knew how to dance!" she laughed. "For ten years I have taken those pictures of her for my model and have striven to learn what she knew. I have surpassed her! I used to think I knew how to amuse myself with men's dreams—until I found this! Then I dreamed on my own account! My dream was true, my warrior! You have come! Our hour has come!"

She tugged at his hand. He was hers, soul and harness, if outward signs could prove it.

"Come!" she said. "Is this my hospitality? You are weary and hungry. Come!"

She led him by the hand, for it would have needed brute force to pry her fingers loose. She drew aside the leather curtain that hung on a bronze rod near the bed, led him through it, and let it clash to again behind them.

Now they were in the dark together, and it was not comprehended in her scheme of things to let circumstance lie fallow. She pressed his hand, and sighed, and then hurried, whispering tender words he could scarcely catch. When they burst together through a curtain at the other end of a passage in the rock, his skin was red under the tan and for the first time her eyes refused to meet his.

"Why did they choose that cave to sleep in?" she asked him. "Is not this a better one? Who laid them there?"

HE stared about in a great room far more splendid than the first.

There was a foundation in the center splashing in the midst of flowers. They were cut flowers. The "Hills" must have been scoured for them within a day.

There were great cushioned couches all about and two thrones made of ivory and gold. Between two couches was a table, laden with golden plates and a golden jug, on pure white linen. There were two goblets of beaten gold and knives with golden handles and bronze blades. The whole room seemed to be drenched in the scent Yasmini favoured, and there was the same frieze running round all four walls, with the woman depicted on it dancing.

"Come, we shall eat!" she said, leading him by the hand to a couch. She took the one facing him, and they lay like two Romans of the Empire with the table in between.

She struck a golden gong then, and a native woman came in who stared at King as if she had seen him before and did not like him. Except for the jewels, she was dressed exactly like Yasmini, which is to say that her gauzy stuff was all but transparent. But Yasmini uses raiment as she does her eyes; it is part of her, and of her art. The maid, who would have shone among many women, looked stiff and dull by contrast.

"I trust no Hill woman—they are cattle with human tongues," Yasmini said, frowning at the maid. "Even in Delhi there was only this one woman whom I dared bring here with me. You brought my men-servants! They are loyal, but as clumsy as the bears in their cold 'Hills'! Rewa Gunga brought me this one disguised as a man—you remember?"

She nodded to the servant, who clapped her hands. At once came a stream of Hillmen, robed in white, who carried sherbet in bottles cooled in snow and dishes fragrant with hot food. He recognized his own prisoners



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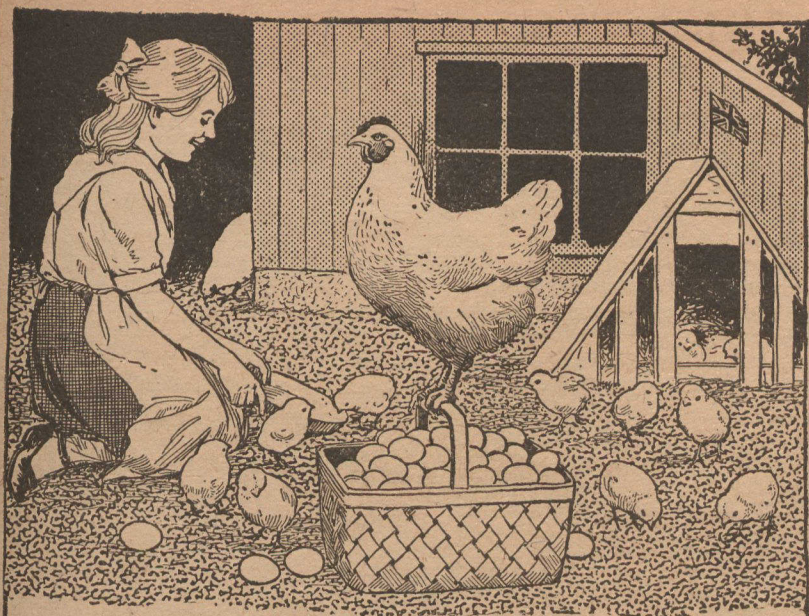
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from the Mir Khan Palace jail, and nodded to them as they set the things down under the maid's direction. When they had done the woman chased them out and came and stood behind Yasmini with a fan, for though it was not too hot, she liked to have her golden hair blown into movement. "My cook was a viceroy's," she said, beginning to eat. "He killed an officer who said the curry had pig's fat in it. That made him free of Khinjan but of not many other places! I have promised him a swim in Earth's Drink when he ever forgets his art!"

King ate, because a man can not talk and eat at once. It was true that he was hungry, that hunger is a piquant sauce, and that artist was an adjective too mild to apply to the cook. But the other reason was his chief one. Yasmini ate daintily, as if only to keep him company.

"You would rather have wine?" she asked suddenly. "All sahibs drink wine. Bring wine!" she ordered.

But King shook his head, and she looked pleased. He had thought she would be disappointed. When he had finished eating she drove the maid away with a sharp word; and when King jumped to his feet she led him toward the gold-and-ivory thrones, taking her seat on one of them and bidding him adjust the footstool.

"Would I might offer you the other!" she said, merrily enough, "but you must sit at my feet until our hearts are one!"

It was clear that she took no delight in easy victories, for she laughed aloud at the quizzical expression on his face. He guessed that if she could have conquered him at the first attempt a day would have found her weary of him; there was deliberate wisdom in his plan for the present to seem to let her win by little inches at a time. He reasoned that so she would tell him more than if he defied her outright.

HE got an ivory footstool and set it about a yard away from her waxen toes. And she, watching him with burning eyes, wound tresses of her hair around the golden dagger handle, making her jewels glitter with each movement.

"You pleased me by refusing wine," she said. "You please me—oh, you please me! Christians drink wine and eat beef and pig-meat. Ugh! Hindu and Muslim both despise them, having each a little understanding of his own. The gods of India, who are the only real gods, what do they think of it all! They have been good to the English, but they have had no thanks. They will stand aside now and watch a greater jihad than the world has ever seen! And the Hindu, who holds the cow sacred, will not support Christians who hold nothing sacred, against Muhammadans who loathe the pig! Christianity has failed! The English must go down with it—just as Rome went down when she dabbled in Christianity. Oh, I know all about Rome!" "And the gods of India?" he asked, to keep her to the point now that she seemed well started.

He was there to learn, not to teach. "I know them, too! I know them as nobody else does! They are neither Hindu, nor Muhammadan, but are older by a thousand ages than either foolishness! I love them, and they love me—as you shall love me, too! If they did not love both of us, we would not both be here! We must obey them!"

None of the East's amazing ways of courtship are ever tedious. Love springs into being on an instant and lives a thousand years inside an hour. She left no doubt as to her meaning. She and King were to love, as the East knows love, and then the world might have just what they two did not care to take from it.

His only possible course as yet was the defensive, and there is no defence like silence. He was still.

"The sirkar," she went on, "the silly sirkar fears that perhaps Turkey may enter the war. Perhaps a jihad may be proclaimed. So much for fear! I know! I have known for a very long time! And I have not let fear trouble me at all!"

Her eyes were on his steadily, and she read no fear in his, either, for none was there. In hers he saw ambition—triumph already—excitement—the gambler's love of all the hugest risks. Behind them burned genius and the



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devilry that would stop at nothing. As the general had told him in Peshawur, she would dare open Hell's gate and ride the devil down the Khyber for the fun of it.

"Au diable, diable et demie!" the

French say; and like most French proverbs it is a wise one. But whence the devil and a half should come to thwart her was not obvious.

"I must be a devil and a half," he told himself, and very nearly laughed

aloud at the idea. She mistook the sudden humour in his eyes for admiration of herself, being used to that from men.

"Listen, while I tell you all from the beginning! The sarkar sent me to discover what may be this 'Heart of the Hills' men talk about. I found these caves—and this! I told the sarkar a little about the Caves, and nothing at all about the Sleepers. But even at that they only believed the third of what I said. And I—back in Delhi I bought books—borrowed books—sent to Europe for more books—and hired babu Sita Ram to read them to me, until his tongue grew dry and swollen and he used to fall asleep in a corner. I know all about Rome! Days I spent—weeks!—months!—listening to the history of their great Caesar, and their little Caesars—of

their conquests and their games! It was good, and I understood it all! Rome should have been true to the old gods and they would have been true to her! She fell when she fooled with Christianity!"

She was speaking dreamily now, with her chin resting on a hand and an elbow on the ivory arm of the throne, remembering as she told her story. And it meant so much to her, she was so in earnest, that her voice conjured up pictures for King to see.

"When I had read enough I came back here to think. I know enough now to be sure that the Sleeper is a Roman, and the 'Heart of the Hills' a Grecian maid. She is like me. That is why I know she drove him to make an empire, choosing for a beginning these 'Hills' where Rome had never penetrated. He found her in Greece. He plunged through Persia to build a throne for her! I have seen it all in dreams, and again in the crystal! And because I was all alone, I saw that I would need all the skill I could learn, and much patience. So I began to learn to dance as she danced, using those pictures of her as a model. I have surpassed her! I can dance better than she ever did!"

"Between times I would go to Delhi and dance there a little, and a little in other places—once indeed before a viceroy, and once for the king of England—and all men—the king, too!—told me that none in the world can dance as I can! And all the while I kept looking for the man—the man who should be like the Sleeper, even as I am like her whom he loved!"

"Many a man—many and many a man I have tried and found wanting! For I was impatient in spite of resolutions. I burned to find him at once, and begin! But you are the first of all the men I have tested who answered all the tests! Languages—he must speak the native tongues. Brave he must be—and clever—resembling the Sleeper in appearance. I began to think long ago that I must forego that last test, for there was none like the Sleeper until you came. And when this world war broke—for it is a world war, a world war I tell you!—I thought at last that I must manage all alone. And then you came!"

"But there were many I tried—many—especially after I abandoned the thought that the man must resemble the Sleeper. There was a Prince of Germany who came to India on a hunting trip. You remember?"

(To be Continued.)

A Small Drawback.

Mrs. McLean and Mrs. McKay met at the grocery counter and fell into conversation. Said Mrs. McLean:

"And so your Jeannie has got married?"

"She has that," answered Jeannie's mother.

"An' how is she gettin' on?"

"Oh, not so bad," said Mrs. McKay. "There's only one thing the matter, she can't abide her man, but then there's always something."

* * *

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"Sure."

"Do you know how to make a Venetian blind?"

"Sure, I'd poke me finger in his eye."

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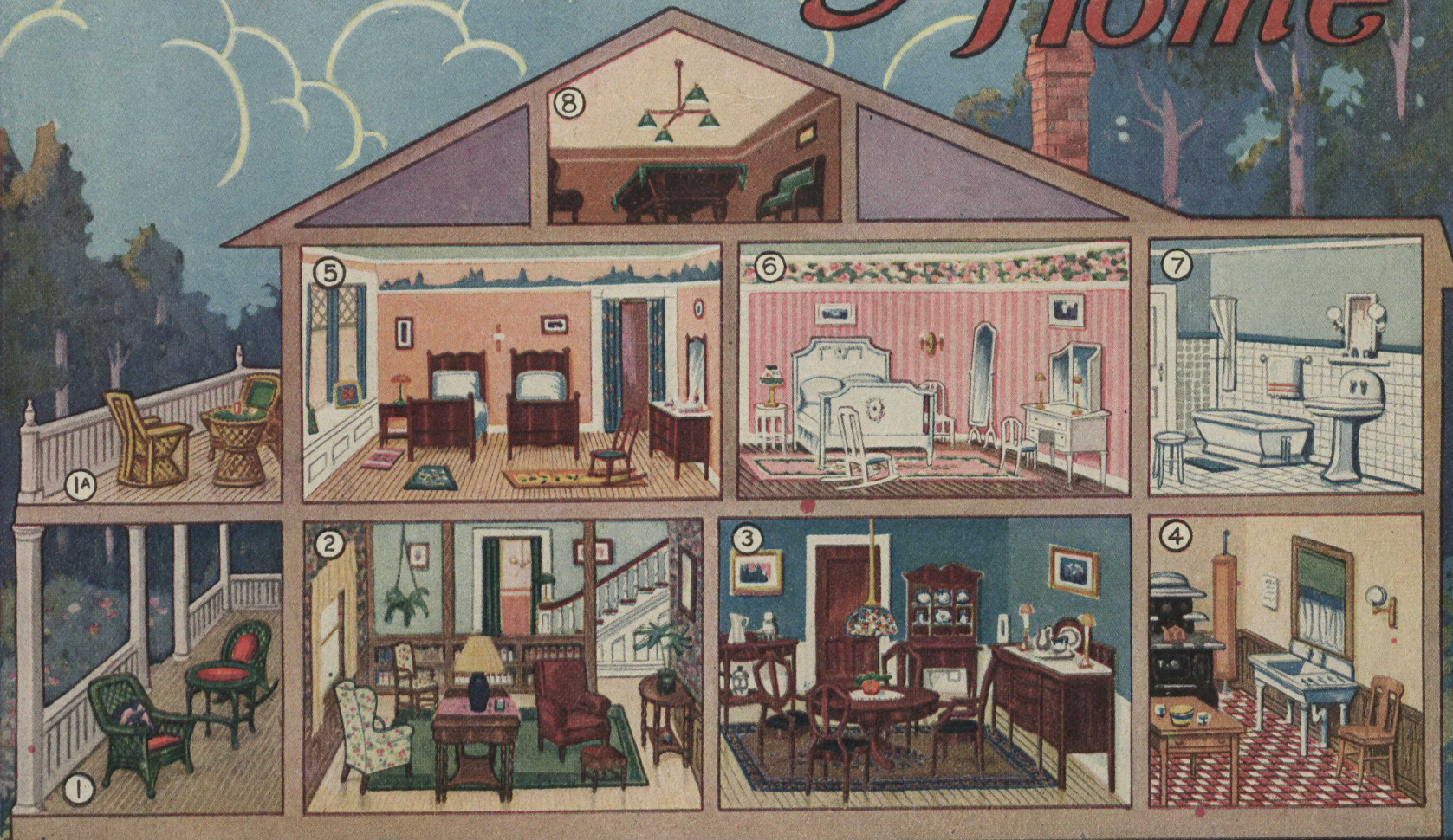
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