

CANADIAN COURIER

Vol. XXII. No. 18

FIVE CENTS

September 29, 1917



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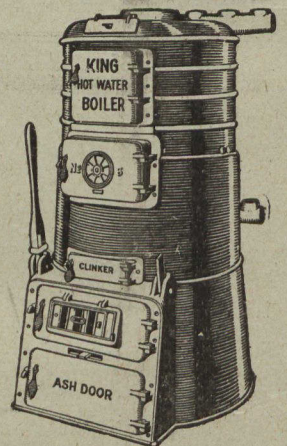
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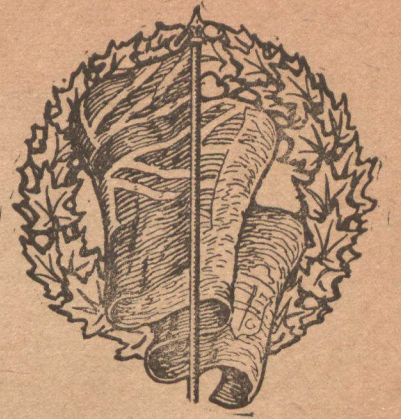
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Published at 181 Simcoe St., Toronto, by the Courier Press, Limited. **IMPORTANT:** Changes of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must be given. **CANCELLATIONS** We find that most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

LEND ME YOUR EARS

INTOLERANCE ran three weeks in Toronto. The shocking thing about it is that so good a city should have anything to do with Three Weeks, whatever it thinks about Intolerance. This film of a thousand pictures was the swiftest thing ever known in Toronto. The contrast between Babylon and New York was not flattering to New York. We honestly preferred Babylon, and had some sympathy with Belshazzar, who was so rudely jolted out of his paradise of wickedness by Cyrus the Fat Persian. Not that anybody would dream of tolerating the harem. But we suspect that this same Cyrus had his zenana. And in all probability the main street of Babylon between the shrine of the crooked god Bel and the house of the voluptuous god Ishtar was no worse than Broadway between 23rd and 48th St. used to be before Mayor Mitchel cleaned it up Broadway, with all its intolerance of Intolerance, never had anything to recommend it to the student of sociology after 2.30 a.m. And there have been students of sociology from up Canada way who have put in several hours a night running the gamut of Broadway from the going-in of the theatres till the coming-out of the last cabaret. They describe it in language of lurid protest. They evidently would not care to live in New York, any more than the mountain-goater from up the Euphrates would have liked to be a citizen of Babylon. But the goat-milking girl in Intolerance fell in love with Belshazzar and acted as though she would as lief be a first aide to the Best Beloved in the harem as living the simple life in the mountains.

But we have never heard of any sociological student or any simple soul who was ever enthralled by the midnight glamour of Toronto. There is no slovenly magic about this conscientious Lord's Day city on Lake Ontario. Even intolerance in some places is picturesque. In Toronto, never; not even for three weeks.

AFAT, wide young man who used to play Rugby at college and is now an important personage in a large mercantile concern, got on a street-car the other evening and in reply to my question, "What did you do on your holidays?" he said,

"I was trout-fishing in a creek that runs through two or three farms back of my father's place."

And he said it without even a pucker in his voice; smiling like a cheap villain in a melodrama. He had caught several trout. He smacked his blobs as he said so; describing the size of the trout at arm's length, and the beautiful shady nooks where he had plied the hook and the cool mossy knolls whereupon he had bestowed his plethoric posterior in 200 pounds of solid comfort hour by hour. That stout, young man had no need to go fishing. The trout could have been caught just as well by a small boy. The fish didn't need him. They didn't even respect him.

He was a pitchfork slacker and he knew it. That 200 lbs of his on the end of a good three-pronged fork such as is used for pitching grain into a farmer's wagon might have heaved a hundred tons of wheat and oats. He was born and brought up in a village surrounded by farms. He knew how to farm. But he sneaked away from it at the time when the farmers needed him and went fishing. I felt like writing a parable about this young man. He smiled so, and was such a useless-looking physical contadrum.



Stray Satires by Anonymous Writers

lessly rushing through a giddy whirligig of church-going and Red Cross work, bridge whist and gasoline dissipations, quite unconscious—at least I know it to be true in my case—that we are the sacred custodians

September 16, 1917

By BOOZELESS

SADLY we reflect that the 16th of September, 1917, passed over Ontario without any bacchanalian reminiscences from the newspapers. The most constitutional province in Canada has now passed through a whole barless year's Drouth. We are beginning to be proud of our capacity for abstinence. Our wives are filling the old wine bottles with catsup and Chili sauce. This also is hot stuff. The tomato, once known as the love apple, has triumphed over the grape. The tomato is a crude experiment in conviviality. And it takes a placid revenge upon our moral uplift by refusing to ripen before the first frost. At 65 to 80 cents a basket for tomatoes even Chili sauce might rank among the hard liquors. But at that price even the most hopeless devotee of the bottle could not afford to make Chili sauce cocktails. Our only recourse is native wine, which is the only *raison d'être* of the great vineyards of Ontario. A man may get indisputably drunk on native wine. But he must have what amounts to a moral tenacity of purpose if he ever does it. Native wine does not lure a young man to paths of inebriety. It merely challenges his powers of endurance. Some of it is about as genial to take as diluted Chili sauce. We are naturally proud of the Ontario grape as a piece of fruit. In the vineyard it is a dream of plenty. The moment it gets into a bottle it is a delusion without being even a feeble imitation of a snare.

of proteins and carbohydrates and calories. These are three wonderful things to contemplate. Just to think that my little body contains all these mysterious elements in varying proportions. I've been trying to imagine what a protein really looks like. I daresay it's a queer little bacillus of a thing with some resemblance to protoplasm. From my very imperfect knowledge of our language I've been wondering what it has to do with prototype, protean, protagonist, etc. Probably nothing at all. But you have set my fancy roving, you bad man, and I don't know where it will end. Carbohydrate I understand a little better. I know that it has something to do with carbureter and carbonaceous and carbonic acid gas. But there's the hydrate—hydrant, hydro, hydr-headed—no, for the life of me I can't figure any sense out of that.

But my little knowledge becomes a huge ignorance when I read about calories. Your description of these is a revelation. That some foods warm me and others don't I know now to be due to the number of these little calories there are in a pound of anything I eat. And I understand that the smaller one is the greater number of calories one needs per pound of body weight. I've just committed to memory that remarkable chapter on Calculation of Food Values; especially the part which says:

The number of calories which a day's food should supply depends upon many things, but chiefly upon body-weight and activity. It has been estimated that for each pound of body-weight there is needed a total of about:

40 calories per pound for a child of 1½-2 years.
31-35 " " " 5-7 "
35-30 " " " 8-12 "
23-20 " " " 14-17 "
18-20 " " man at light work.
20-23 " " " hard work.
26-33 " " " severe work.

Towards the total calories, the protein of the food should furnish 2½ to 4 calories for each pound of body-weight, the larger figure for the child who has a body to build up as well as to repair. For example a child of two years weighing 26 pounds will need food which will yield 104 calories from its protein and 1,040 calories in all, while a man at light work, weighing 150 pounds will

To Mr. Hanna, F. C.

By A WOMAN

WE have been reading War Meals in our house and I consider it a masterpiece of invention. It has occurred to me so often since first dipping into that wonderful book how little any of us really knew about ourselves. We were all heed-

need food yielding 375 calories from its protein and 3,000 calories in all.

Now there's a husband on our street that I'm just dying to test out by calories. He weighs 240 pounds and he never does any kind of work, light, hard or severe. If 18 calories per pound would do him for light work I suppose 15 ought to be enough for doing nothing. So that man just to do nothing at all needs 15 calories x 240. Just to think of it. The world has only so many calories in it and that man, doing nothing at all except to eat, consumes every day 3,560 calories! It's positively outrageous. I declare I think it's about time we formed a Calorie Club to see that nobody consumes any more calories than he is entitled to.

With these rambling remarks, dear Food Controller, I have time for merely a passing reference to those interesting little things you tell us that some of our foods contain—Vitamines.

These positively thrill me. I've often wondered what it was made me feel so—what one calls peppery nowadays. It's vitamines. I know it is. I think they're fine. Any friends of mine that don't seem to have any sparkling energy, I know what they need is more vitamines.

On September

By N. M. J.

IT seems a strange oversight that the best months of the year, June and September, are thirty-day months. What a pity we cannot whittle a day or so off January or March where the time is a drug in the market now, and tack it to these deserving months, September especially. June is the month of brides, and good weather is simply wasted on them. The sky is always bright in the Garden of Eden, you know, no matter how grey it may be outside the gate. But September comes in on its merits, and I leave it to anybody in the neighbourhood of the Niagara Peninsula, if there is a time or a sea-

son to equal it!

It is a joyful time for the housewife—on the farm anyway. Unexpected company causes her no palpitation of the provision shelf. This year, to be sure, we are shy the harmless necessary apple, but there are so many other things! Cucumbers and beets, carrots and sometimes watermelons—corn, tomatoes and the other mouth-watering delights of this season. Moreover the gay young chicken is just at the stage when he fries most excellently; and if any one has invented a more toothsome morsel than fried chicken—he should be ashamed of himself.

The fierce rush of the summer's work is over, and most of us are well satisfied with the result. We sow our wheat with thankful hearts feeling that we have actually done something that counts in the world crisis. Our hands have gathered in a great harvest, and for the sake of dear absent ones we are glad. Threshing day looms upon the horizon, but in September it is not so bad. These August threshings are the heart-breakers, for it is usually very warm weather then; flies are persistently aggravating, and the big baking fire is nothing short of a nightmare. When the great day comes a little later, however, we are past the fierce harvest rush, and the cool nights are upon us. Then in the clear quiet of early morning you may hear the far shrill whistle of the various machines, and picture the activity they represent. Think of the hundreds and thousands of bushels of grain they are piling up day after day as they follow their cumbrous course about the countryside. Think, too, of the many seed-drills clashing across brown acres of summer fallow, scattering the plump new-threshed wheat upon the warm soil. Dragon's teeth these, to bring forth the silent host of fighters whose might will win the war.

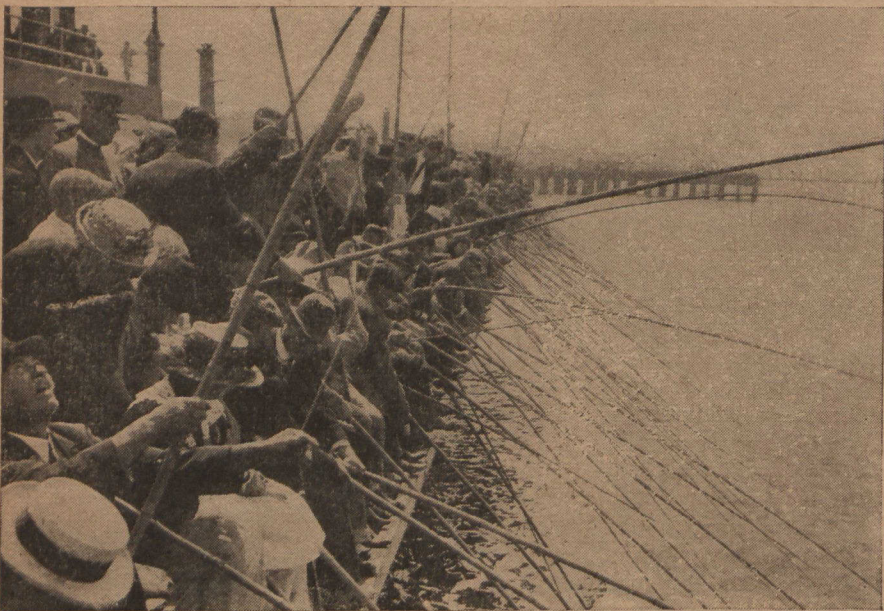
The animals know that the strenuous time has passed, and they relax in dignity a little. The cows halt in the middle of a step to gaze meditatively about the landscape in the sedate manner characteristic of cows. When untied after milking at night they hesitate to convey gently the fact that they

had intended to stay the night; but when rudely thrust forth they show no malice, moving away slowly to the tune of "Half a leg—half a leg—half a leg, onward!"

If the hens never were "contrary" at any other time they show all signs of it now. No matter how inviting the nests may be in the hen house the silly creatures search out some hole in the fence or soft spot under a bunch of mullins, and there lay one egg and proceed to sit on it with might and main. All at once all my hens are valiantly setting—such is the ruinous force of example. Now, why is this? In the spring, the natural setting time for well-mannered birds, they heedlessly left their eggs, and launched out into party politics, speaking on the floor of the house or the roof of the house when they could manage to get there. All summer they wrangled about free wheat and the high cost of living—damaging their reputations beyond repair. Now that they see winter coming, and have nothing to show for the summer's heckling and clacking, dread presentiment seizes them and they become so desperate that they will even take possession of a few straws in a manger and do their best to raise something out of them. One old Biddy achieved the unexpected and stepped proudly forth the other day with thirteen youngsters—as brazen as a cork screw at a wake! But thirteen is an unlucky number, as some of them may discover when they wake up on Christmas Day to find themselves garnishing the roast goose—or travelling across the Atlantic to comfort a homesick boy "Somewhere in Somewhere."

There is little said about fall housecleaning this year. Most of us have been so busy out doors that we have hardly used our houses enough to warrant a very vigorous upheaval. This out-door work that has given us blisters and aches of all descriptions will be a genuine blessing if it teaches us the utter folly of being over-fastidious about our houses. Life is too short, and there is too much to do for us to spend hours embroidering sofa cushions and luncheon sets.

ILLUSTRATED CHAPTERETTES ON FOOD



FISHING and threshing have but one thing in common—the food element. This photograph of fishermen, taken at Redondo Beach, Cal., is not a sporting picture, but a food raid on the Pacific. We read that the 10,000 anglers who hooked 100,000 mackerel in one day were at it from dawn until dusk and on into the night. The three piers at the beach were packed with food-getters. Some of the 10,000 came the night before, as the Ontario farmers used to do to market to get the stall next the main street. They fetched cots and sleeping bags, and went at it as soon as dawn crept over the hills of the sea. No man was allowed to catch more than 40 fish. Most of them used a line with four hooks. The 100,000 mackerel in a day set a record for fishing on the Pacific. It was a visiting day for the mackerel, who came up to the front with true patriotic zeal. They understood the country's need and there were no slackers among these mackerel. There never was anything whose front name was Mack wanting at the post of duty? In a single day 100,000 patriotic mackerel rallied to the hooks and went over the parapet of the wharf. And that day's patriotic fishing is said to have given Pacific Coasters a new interest in life. If a man can't raise wheat or fight, let him fish for his country. Fishing may not be heroic, or even always exciting. But the business of catching patriotic mackerel is itself an adventure. If the land part of the earth is determined to commit economic suicide, the sea must come to the rescue. And the patriotic mackerel are the Pacific Coast's answer to the Germans.



NOW the thresher-man rises to the occasion. This year he is talking of \$20 a day for the use of his separator, his tractor engine, himself and his two men. Thirty years ago, when steam threshers first became popular, the price per day was \$15. The price last year was \$16. One dollar advance in 30 years is nothing to worry the farmer about. But we are reminded of a difference which represents the spirit of this age as compared to that of 1887. A day's work with a threshing machine now begins at 7 a.m. and ends at 6 p.m., with one hour off for dinner. The threshing day is ten hours. In the old days the belt began to flop at 7 a.m. and continued on until 5 p.m., with one hour off at noon. At 5.30 p.m. it began again and from that until dark the machine went. Were threshing gangs more fond of work in 1887? Probably. Threshing day was a great sensation. There was no other machine within ten miles radius. That machine kept running until away on in snow-time, when the engine was hitched up to the clover mill or the bean-mill. Now, with more grain to thresh, there are more machines to do it, and the threshing day has become factoryized to a ten-hour limit. Long enough for such a job. Even yet, if you have ever been at a threshing bee, you can smell that dust, eating it, drinking it, breathing it; dust in your hair, your eyes, your mouth, dry as a bone, hot as a stoker, hungry as a wolf. And that is the same in 1917 as it was in 1887. Upon the threshing-machines of Canada depends, as never yet, the fortunes of Canadians at home and abroad.

STORIETTES IN PICTURE

Belgium Again

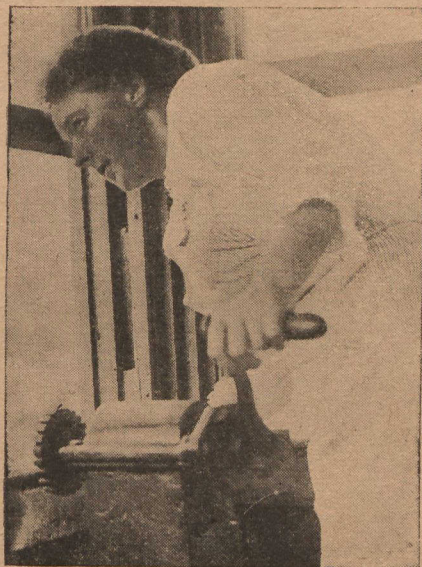
NOW that Germany has recommenced her slave raids in Belgium and has intimated in another outburst of insanity that she never intended to let go of Belgium anyway, it will be interesting to hear what Gaston de Leval will have to say about it. This lawyer who tried to defend Edith Carvell is to visit Canada this season on his American lecture tour. He will find the American people much more ready to listen to him than some of them were to hear Mr. Sarolea on that subject three years ago.



COL. THOS. NEWTON, veteran of the Civil War in Dixie, gets hold of a soldier and sailor, and teaches them how to sing the old war songs.

White-wear on Duty

HOW differently a woman looks at the same job done by a man is illustrated in the case of Miss Katherine Hoyes, who is here shown as a tower-woman at a level railroad crossing in Orange, N.J. Miss Hoyes looks as though she might step down between trains into a garden party. In her spare moments between letting down the gates she probably does war-socks for the soldiers.



AMERICAN soldiers have their own peculiar brand of humour at the front. This quartette are wearing gas masks to play poker.

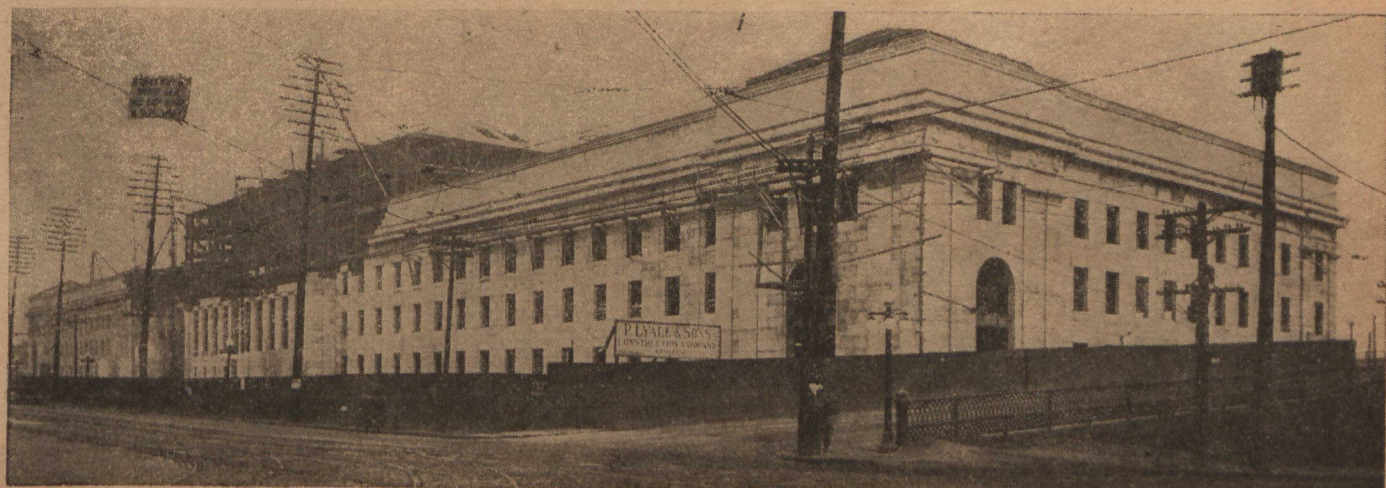
Pro and Con Together

HOW to eliminate the much-maligned person known as the middle-man was once more attempted last week near Toronto. The producers from around Unionville drove into the little town with their wives and their market truck. A long line of city motor-cars carrying hundreds of consumers went out to Unionville to meet them. The producer and the consumer are here shown celebrating the occasion. Now they need a market place and a covered driveway and etceteras—and then watch the middle-man get in again.



Toronto's Union

THIS is photograph No. 39 of the new Union Station in Toronto. It is published because the building is the greatest now in course of erection in Canada, because it is intended to have the station open to the public in 1919, and because the public will at last know how to get into Toronto without hiring guides. The great fire which cleared off the block which the new station occupies took place in 1904.



JUSTICE TO PREMIER BORDEN

BY tradition and feeling I am all with any political party that will work for the progressive betterment of the community as a whole. But I cannot see any radical difference in policy between the Conservatives and the Liberals in Canada. There was a possibility once that the parties might divide on the policy of trade, that the Liberals might come out plainly for Free Trade, but that possibility died with Sir Richard Cartwright. To such an observer as myself, there seems to be no plain line between the two parties except that one is Out and the other In. If the Liberals would come out with a really Liberal programme, such as Atkinson outlined some time ago, there would be some possibility of reality in the shamfight we call politics. The fact is that the conditions dictate to Canada one policy, whoever is in power.

Moreover, I read, for choice, the local Liberal newspaper. It is clean, well-edited and contains the minimum of American "boiler-plate." The editor is a dear good chap; but I think he believes in his heart of hearts that all Canadians are as sharply divided into two classes as the sheep and the goats in the Last Judgment. All the good are Liberals, and all the bad are Tories. In the days of the first Reform Bill, an inquiring child in a Whig family hearing politics always discussed, and the depravity of the Tories always denounced, asked his mother, "Are the Tories born bad, or do they just grow bad?" for children are naturally fond of theology. "My dear, all Tories are born bad, and grow worse," was the answer. And that is the mental attitude of the partizan editor. Change the names and you have dear good chaps all over Canada, maintaining openly in print and honestly believing that all the good men are on "our side," and all the bad men on the other. Talk about the narrowness and absurdity of theological creeds! No minister or priest in the world is asked to subscribe to anything so narrow and so manifestly opposed to plain facts, as the political creed of the partizan editor.

Now, reading this clean, well-edited paper every morning with my breakfast would drive me into the Tory camp, if I did not put on the brakes, by reading the utterances on the other side. I have no patience with this villipending of our politicians on both sides of the House. "Every country has the government it deserves." And if our politicians are feeble, corrupt, narrow-minded, the fault is mine, dear reader, and yours. If patronage is an evil, we voters are responsible, who shut our eyes to it, or, peradventure, profit by it. Let us give over abusing the men we have chosen to manage the affairs of state, if only for its utter futility, and for shame.

NOW, in regard to the present situation, I believe that Canada is fortunate in having at the present time Borden and Laurier as leaders of the two historic parties. In Halifax we know the Premier well. He has gone out and in among us for years. We knew him as plain Mr. Borden, the rising young lawyer, long before he became a figure of national importance. And we know nothing but good of him. Nor has there ever been a breath of suspicion on the personal integrity and honour of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Let us clear our minds of cant. Both are in the strict sense of the term, good men. No one will venture to assert that neither has ever made a mistake. Let us try to render them simple justice.

I was at Ottawa in the heart-shaking days of August, 1914, and it was my privilege to be in the Press Gallery at the opening of the Khaki Parliament, and to hear the two leaders on the great theme of the nation at war. Sir Wilfrid easily bore off the honours in oratory. It was a great occasion and he rose to it. He was generous, patriotic and wise. He promised the undivided support of his party in the hour of national trial. Canadians had but one heart and mind; they were with the Allies in their struggle for right. "We are British subjects," he said; "we have enjoyed the privileges of citizenship, now we are prepared to pay the penalties." This was not an ordinary war; it was a struggle of freedom against

By A. MACMECHAM

A HALIFAX view of the Premier who lives in Halifax when he is at home, written by a man who regularly reads a Liberal newspaper and politically, if he is anything you can label at all, is a Socialist. Only a man who would buy a vote from an archangel can read into this appreciation of a distinguished public citizen any symptom of party politics.

barbarism. So clearly did Sir Wilfrid grasp the great issues on August, 1914. I remembered that he once said that perhaps the last gun fired in defence of British connection in Canada would be fired by a French-Canadian.

Sir Robert followed. He is no orator; but he spoke in plain, straight man-fashion of the great crisis. The climax of his speech was a solemn warning of the dark days to come, "when our endurance will be tried." That was a true word. Our endurance has been tried, and it will be tried still further. I think every one who heard those two speeches felt that Canada had reason to be proud of having two such guides through the lowering storm of war.

Now let us forget the present bickerings, the injustice, the men "belied in the hubbub of lies" and look at the outstanding facts. Let the administration of Sir Robert Borden be judged by what it has accomplished, as it will be by the future Macaulays of Canada. In 1898 the United States had a short war with Spain and mobilized an expeditionary force, ultimately, of 8,000 men at Tampa, to throw into Cuba. In 1914, Canada (if I may not write the Borden Government) mobilized, equipped and despatched overseas a force of 30,000 men in three months, with much less delay, confusion and friction. That feat is no slight one and must be put down to the credit of the present administration. To have put into the field four divisions and have kept them up to strength, to have cared for the soldiers' dependents, the wounded, the sick, the returned men as has been done would be a credit to any community of eight millions in the world. Let us be just. To speak of such a record as "a tragic failure," while obstructing, carping and holding back, is simple misuse of language. Let us remember that this is our first real war. The Americans had the experience of their Civil War behind them.

Borden is denounced as "weak." He brought the

strongest man in his cabinet to book. Sir Sam Hughes is like Daniel Webster, a steam-engine in breeches. His energy made Valcartier possible; but he is an arrogant, self-willed man, and he forgot the duty of a cabinet minister. In the encounter of wills, Borden won.

Sir Sam Hughes has the defects of his qualities. He is a narrow and bitter partizan. Now, that he is out of power, his opponents are beginning to do justice to his superhuman energy. When he was in power, he was denounced for "bungling" by the same critic who points out that since his going, recruiting has dropped almost to zero. It is a matter of common belief that he favoured his own side in military appointments, a simple extension of the vile custom of patronage, by which a naval officer may not buy the gear for his ship where it is best and cheapest, but must buy it from a Tory dealer.

"You're another!" is the small boy's argument; but does anyone think for a moment that the patronage system would come to an end if the Liberals were returned this year? The fault does not lie with either set of M.P.'s; it lies with the people of Canada as a whole. If we really disapproved of the patronage system, it would disappear overnight.

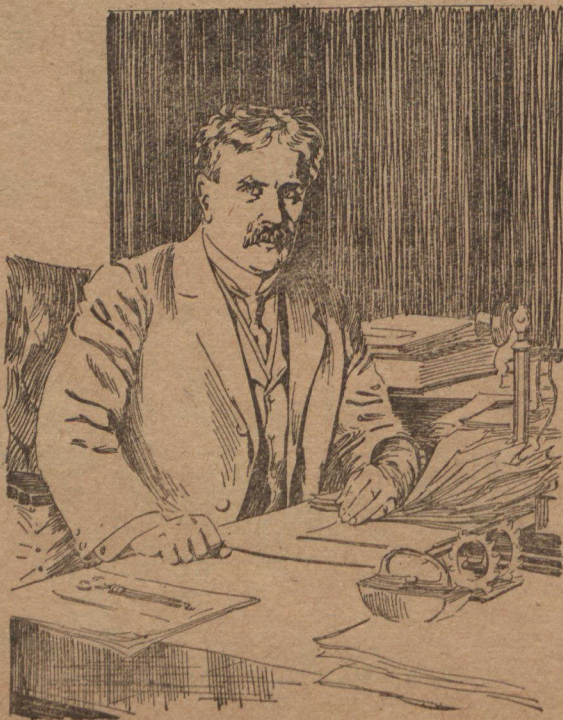
THE latest achievement of the Borden Government is the passing of the Compulsory Service Act. In doing so, Canada was simply following in the wake of Australia, England and the United States. The Compulsory Service Act was necessary. The Premier went to England (at no slight personal risk) to represent Canada in the great war council of the British peoples. What he learned there made him see that compulsory service was imperative. And he has made it law. In all the outcry and criticism, was there any effective alternative suggested? There was talk of "educating opinion," of being in too great a hurry; but while Ottawa discussed methods of extinguishing the fire, the house was burning down. Now that Compulsory Service is the law, the Leader of the Opposition says, "We must obey the law." He is a Whig. There was factious, foolish, and ignorant opposition to the Bill. Its provisions are large-minded and generous. A thousand tribunals, made up of both parties will apply those provisions with plain Canadian common sense. The tumult and the shouting will die down; and sane men will say it was the only thing to do. What else was there to be done?

Sir Wilfrid Laurier should have the sympathy of thoughtful men. He has been placed in a most difficult position. I believe he was thoroughly sincere in August, 1914, when he promised the undivided support of his party in the crisis. He promised more than he could fulfil. He could not carry Quebec, his own province, with him. There the trouble simply is, the people do not know. To support Compulsory Service openly, to assist in forming a union cabinet would be to throw the French province into the hands of Bourassa. Now all the Whig in him says, "Obey the law." I believe the law will be obeyed even in Quebec.

THE stock example of a government being "a tragic failure" in a crisis is the British Government in the Crimea. It put 25,000 men into the field, practically in what they stood up in. It left them in a Russian winter without greatcoats; it served out green coffee to them; it sent boots all for one foot. It left the sick to rot in hospitals at Scutari. Two or three thousand got their death in battle. The rest died of mismanagement and preventable diseases until Russell exposed the muddle in The Times, and Florence Nightingale began to redeem the infamy of Scutari. That was "tragic failure," if you like. But think of the way our four hundred thousands have been equipped and cared for. Listen to what the Americans—Mr. Roosevelt for instance—says of Canada's bearing in the war.

Much has been said of "conscription of wealth." I don't know what this means, unless to hold a pistol

(Concluded on page 25.)



WHOM DOES THE NATION NEED?

Not Getting Out the Vote, but Getting Out the Men is the People's Business

FROM all parts of the country, from all angles of political opinion, we are assured that now as never before Canada needs the public services of the best men available to serve the country. Men have talked till they are black in the face about the need for some sort of national or unity government. Men everywhere freely admit that the old party machines have broken down; they no longer do the nation's work in a crisis. We have outgrown the machines. As yet we have put nothing in their place. From all prognostications we are approaching an election. Unless we see to it as a people we shall go into this election, after a period of political bewilderment never before paralleled in this country, to vote pretty much according to our old political ideas. When there is such confusion in the issues involved and so many cross-currents of opinion as to the best way of serving the country, the average man is not likely to have a very clear idea as to what he wants that he can get by voting for either one side or the other.

But what any and every man and woman in Canada can clearly decide is—Who are the men that I think should be in the service of the country, who are not now doing their bit? When opinions and measures hopelessly differ the only possible agreement is on the men. Give us the right men in high places, say the people, and we have no doubt as to the meas-

ures they will adopt for the good and the honour of the nation.

But who are these men? Where are they? If every position in the Cabinet of Canada is not occupied by a man worthy of his post, where are the men in Parliament who can replace them? If

Parliament does not contain such men able and willing to serve the nation in the biggest possible way, where are such men to be found outside of Parliament? The need is not for politicians, but for men; not for party selection, but for the choice of men on the same basis of service as a big business would pick a man. When a big business needs a man it asks no questions as to his politics, his religion or his social doctrines. All it wants is the man who can render the service.

Are there such men in Canada whom in our political blindness we have as yet failed to select? Is our elective system wrong when it fails to get the right men in the right place for the good of the country? What is the reason that we can always complain with absolute truth that as a rule the best men never go into politics, anyway? Why don't the best and the biggest men go into politics? Is there any other business so worth while to call men from the ordinary occupations of life? Is it less important to pick a man for public service than to pick a railwayman or a director of big business? Who is to decide? The people.



CINCINNATUS was a high-bred man who was enough of a democrat to do his own plowing. He was also enough of a patriot when the PEOPLE WANTED HIM to be dictator of Rome to leave his plough-handles and hike to the Capitol.

CONSIDER THE CABINET

OUR Canadian Cabinet consists of seventeen men, each with an important portfolio. At least twelve of these men with their portfolios are known to the people at large. There are the Premier; the Ministers of Finance, Trade and Commerce, Railways and Canals, Militia and Defence, Public Works, the Interior, Marine and Fisheries, Customs, the Postmaster-General, the Minister of Justice, the Solicitor-General, and the Secretary of State. All these offices are known to the people.

How are these men selected? By appointment of the Premier and his advisers. The head of the Government picks his Cabinet, not as in the United States, irresponsibly from the rank and file of the country, but responsibly from

those elected to Parliament by the people. We say this is the best system because the Premier can select nobody who has not been first chosen by the people to sit in Parliament; and that therefore no man can be placed in an administrative capacity who is not in his office directly responsible to the people by virtue of the seat he holds in Parliament, where he must justify the work he is doing under criticism from the Opposition.

But are we quite sure that thereby we get always the best men? If, in the first place, the people have not elected enough good men of one party to fill the posts, how can the head of the Government get such men? He cannot. He is limited by the people's choice in Parliament.

MAKE YOUR CHOICE

TO give as many people as possible an opportunity for a voice in this important national business, we have decided to ask the readers of the Canadian Courier to nominate men whom, in their best judgment, they consider should be called to the councils of the nation. In arranging this plebiscite we do it independent of party. We expect that, other things being equal, a reader will select for Cabinet rank a man whose every-day political opinions agree, as far as possible, with his own. But, other things not being equal, we expect a Liberal to nominate a Conservative or vice versa. It's the man, and not his party, that counts. We are not now nationally concerned with getting out the vote. We are concerned absolutely with getting out the men.

In order to comply with the simple conditions of this plebiscite, all you have to do is to pick out one or more men who, in your judgment, should be placed in one of the important administrative posts of this country. You are in the position of helping the nation to decide who are the Men the Nation

Needs? You may name one man or as many as you choose. You may select a full slate for a Cabinet, or you may nominate one or more men without reference to the position you think they each should occupy. What we want to get at is, not what is the man's work, but Who are the Men? Get us the men. The nation will find the work and the nation's business will be done by the best men available for the purpose. If you feel like giving your reasons, why you nominate any one man for the Cabinet of Canada, we shall be glad to print the reasons as part of the human interest of the plebiscite.

The choice is open to all parties and both sexes in all parts of the country. Fill out the enclosed coupon and mail it to the Canadian Courier. Send your reasons on a detached sheet, so that they may be filed without confusion. Sign your own name and address, even though you prefer a pen-name for publication. This enables you to assure us of your bona fide interest in the campaign; and it enables any friend of yours to nominate you without having to explain to you next day why he did it.

RETURN THIS COUPON

Editor, Canadian Courier:

I believe that should be a member of any Canadian Cabinet able to give this country the government it deserves. I would add also

.....

.....

.....

(Sign Name and Address in Full).

For publication (Yes or No).

GIVE MOTHER A NIGHT'S REST

YOU really couldn't blame father for being kind of impatient. With it all arranged the night before to leave me behind, account of a stone bruise that wouldn't allow my boots on, here was mother out of the rig for the fortieth time, saying she simply couldn't go and leave me alone with Josh, our hired man, having read somewhere sometime 'bout somebody's farm hand going crazy and murdering everyone.

Father had to go over to Middleville 'bout the deed for our farm, and Mother decided she'd go too and get a new dress.

Well, when it seemed like there wasn't another blessed thing to hold her, out she climbed again and said she couldn't go. Father didn't say a thing. No, but he leaned over and hit Dobbin such a whack that the old horse leaped straight up in the air, then looked round at him reproachful-like. Then Father spoke:

"All right, I'm not going to argue no more. I've got to get over before the courthouse closes, and I must be on my way. I'll do your shopping. Write out good and plain what you want. As for that new dress, you always run to blue, and I know about your general dimensions. So that's all right."

"I'll go!" gasped Mother. She gave me the back-door key and climbed in the rig again. At the front gate she leaned out to kiss me good-bye.

"You won't be lonesome?" she said.

I told her I wouldn't, and she looked disappointed.

"And remember, Sid, I leave you in full charge of the place. You're the boss," said Father. "Take care of things!"

Then they were gone, whirling down the dust of the country road. For just a moment I felt a great sense of unrestraint, then responsibility, due to my father's last remark, settled down upon me.

I was the "boss" in charge, master pro tem of all I surveyed.

I looked about. As farms go, my father's holding was meager, only ten acres, with a narrow frontage on the road, occupied by the house, a small orchard and the lane. But we were on the crest of a hill, which sloped down from the road into a broad, deep valley, on the other side of which lay the village. There was a big, ramshackle barn. Both it and the little house were a dingy grey; I'd heard the neighbours tell Mother they hadn't been painted for twenty years. When Mother would speak of it to Father, he would sigh and say: "Yes, a little paint wouldn't do much harm, Mother, but I can't do everything all at once, and with all I've had to buy to get the place started—"

STILL, I felt my new burden as an inspiring one, like the gun placed in a soldier's hand, which makes him brace his shoulders and step out to battle. I longed for someone to bully, to exercise my new authority upon, and I thought of old Josh, back in the cornfield. He was bending over his hoe, waist deep in the waving stalks, and as I drew near I endeavoured to assume an air of dignity. He looked up and saw me.

"Lo, Sid!" he said. "Folks gone?"

"Uhuh!" I said, climbing upon the tall fence. "Just started. Father's gone 'bout the deed, an' Mother's goin' to buy a new dress. I got the back-door key in my pocket."

"That's nice," said Josh, without looking up from his hoeing. "Don't lose it. Hadn't you better hand it over to me?"

"I—I'll take care of it all right," I said, aghast at the thought of surrendering my badge of responsibility.

"Jus' you like," said Josh, carelessly. "Well, I don't suppose your father left no partic'lar word fer me. He knowed I'd look out fer the place."

I was on the point of reproving him for this assumption of authority. He'd look out for the place, indeed! But I decided to bide my time; so I compromised.

"Oh, we'll handle things all right!" I said; but I added, as a hint, that I was keeping my own eyes

SID was the boss for just one day on the farm. Father and mother away in town, he had a chance to realize one painted dream of his boyhood. When he came to—the strange benevolent fakir was gone.

By ERIC DARLING

open: "See you're gettin' on fine with your—our corn."

"Oh, yeah," said Josh. "I'd a had something worth showin' by now if I'd had more fertilizer. Oughter been lots o' things did to this land that ain't. But we're goin' to git things goin' on this fall. Land knows they needs it!"

"The place is all right," I said, resenting his insinuation.

"Might be worse," admitted Josh. "There ain't a nicer bit o' property in the province, an' o' course yer father ain't been here long. But it's run down terrible. That's why he got it so cheap."

"Well, he's already had the house an' barn new shingled."

"They need more'n shinglin', so's they won't look so bad from down village way. As I was tellin' your father, a couple o' coats o' paint would sure work wonders. He 'lowed I was right; but I guess I got to remind him ag'in about it."

This air of calm superiority was maddening. He told Father! He'd got to remind him! Hadn't I come to sit on the fence and boss him?

"You don't have to remind Father of nothin'!" I exploded. "He's goin' to attend to it right away."

"Sho!" said Josh, straightening. "Who told you?"

"Himself, course," I said.

"But," said Josh, amazed, "that's awful funny. He ain't said nothin' to me."

"Well, he don't have to tell you everything!" And with this parting shot I left him.

At noon, I let Josh into the house, unlocking the kitchen door grandly. Mother had put out a cold dinner. It was a pleasant meal; but Josh had to spoil it by saying, just as he started back to work:

"Say, Sid, when was your father speakin' of that paintin'?"

"Oh, the other day," I said, watching him out of the corner of my eye. "Why?"

"Well, it's mighty funny, 'cause he leaned toward givin' the job to my cousin over to Wes' Alliston. I told him I'd mebbe save him a hundred dollars that way. I hope he ain't give the job to no amachoor!"

More superiority! I lost all discretion. I plunged blindly in the depths of mendacity.

"No, he ain't," I said; "nor no country house-painter, either. He's got it 'ranged with a reg'lar city painter for this job. It'll be fancy, an' hang the cost! It'll nigh put your eyes out. You wait an' see, that's all!"

Josh paused with his hoe over his shoulder. "No! Don't tell! When's this job start?"

"Most any time," I said. "Why—don't you believe it?"

"Oh, yeah," said Josh; "but my wife's folks come from Missouri!"

"Well," I shouted after him, "tell 'em to look close, an' they'll see something with class!"

I heard his laugh come back, then, as I turned my eyes toward the road, at our very front gate stood a wonderful waggon.

At first I thought it part of a circus parade, for the wheels were red and the yellow body covered with letters and pictures. But on closer inspection the five or six men aboard did not resemble circus cavaliers, there were long ladders projecting out behind and the pictures were of a smiling, gray-haired old lady, while the letters read:

GIVE MOTHER A NIGHT'S REST!

I stared at the group of men. Clad, all, in

originally white overalls and jumpers, they were now splattered and splotched with paint of many hues. On their skullcaps stood forth the letters "M. F. T. N."

But what widened my gaze as I looked into the waggon's body was the sight of cans and cans of paint, red, green, yellow, all colours, and brushes mingling with paint-daubed sticks. No doubt of it—they were PAINTERS!

I gasped. Could they be coming to our place? Had my fabrication to Josh turned into reality?

Impossible! Father would have told me of it. They were merely passing, and had stopped for rest. On my wild fancies broke a conversation among the men, who one and all were looking toward our house.

"Some location, Charley!" said one. "What a flash from them roofs over the valley!"

"You said a lot, Ben. You could see that barn a hundred mile!"

"A N' the house!" remarked another. "Say the word, Charley, and I'll tackle it now!"

"Nix, Sam. I know this locality. You can't make these hicks listen to reason. Feller up here a couple o' mile, we offered to paint even his pig-pen if he'd leave the roofs to us. He wouldn't."

"Some folks ain't got no 'preciation of art!" growled Sam. "Still, I wonder what this feller here's like."

"We ain't got time to find out, with four mile o' fence to touch up before we head back to the asphalt. Too bad!" And Charley gathered up the reins.

I trembled. Vaguely it came to me that these men would like to paint our house, and for nothing. The waggon was moving. Desperately I waved my hand. The waggon stopped.

"What's up, Kid?" called Charley. "Did you speak?"

"N—no, sir," I faltered.

"You're ravin', Charley," said one of the men. "Go on!"

Sudden boldness seized me. "Yes, I waved at you, Mister!" I said. "I—I heard you talkin' 'bout paintin' our house and barn, and—"

Charley spoke to the one called Ben, and the latter climbed from the waggon and approached me.

"Now let's have it again, Son," said he. "What about paintin' up your place?"

"Why," I faltered, "I thought I heard you say—you see—Fathers been thinkin' about it, but he's had to buy so much for the place he couldn't afford it just now; an' we're so kind of shabby, an'—"

"Your father'd like to git the place painted?"

"Oh, sure, Mister!"

"Where is he?"

I told him, and when he would return.

"Come on, Ben!" groaned Charley, from the waggon.

Ben sighed, and was turning to go, when I cried, desperately:

"But I'm the boss to-day!"

"You mean we could arrange with you, an' it'd be all right?"

"Yes, Sir, only—I haven't any money."

BEN leaned over the fence. "Listen, Son," said he.

"When we meet with real nice folks we don't charge nothin'. We go 'round sort of improvin' the landscape. So if you're sure there wouldn't be no kick, we'll paint them old shacks o' yourn grand. One thing—we'll paint any colour you say, but we decorate the roofs 'cordin' to our own taste."

"Oh, we wouldn't care about the roofs," I said, "if the sides was all right an' a nice colour."

"Any old colour you want."

"Got any red?"

"Loads; 'nuff to paint the town. Want a red barn?"

"Yes; an' the house yaller, with fancy trimmin's an' blue blinds—"

"Striped if you like; only the roof—"

"Oh, we wouldn't care, so long as 'twas good an' showy."

"It'll be that, Son!" Ben turned toward the waggon. "What say, Charley?"

"Well," responded Charley, "I dunno. Say, Boy, are you sure your folks won't be back till supper-time?"

"Sure."

"Nobody else 'round?"

"No, only——" I thought of Josh, but resolved to leave him out of the transaction—"only me. I'm boss!"

"Set tight!" Charley took up the reins. "Boy, open that gate."

THE scene following I have never witnessed since. A trio of miracle workers attacked the broad expanse of the barn. A sweep—and a yard of dingy gray became a beautiful crimson. A swoop and a slap, and the yard became as big as the barn door itself. Soon there was nothing to be seen but red. I turned to Charley, still seated holding the reins, with a sigh of ecstasy.

"Like it, Son?" he asked.

"Oh-h, isn't it beautiful?" I shuddered.

At a groan beside me I turned to behold Ben, observing the barn sadly.

"Beautiful!" he moaned. "Mebbe! But, gee—what a waste o' space!"

"Never mind that," said Charley. "Take it out on the roof. Ready?"

"Sure!" said Ben, and climbed into the waggon.

"Ben's our artist," Charley explained. "The rest are just common painters."

With a box tucked under his arm, Ben departed for the barn. Already the others were transforming the house to a flaming yellow. Ben was clambering over the shingles of the barn roof. He made wide sweeps and curves, using a variety of brushes and colours. Presently I made out the growing face of a smiling, old lady, the face on the side of the waggon.

"Golly!" I said to Charley. "That's scrumptious, ain't it?"

"Wait till he's finished!" he replied.

Presently, Charley consulted his watch, then called to Ben: "Come down and let Sam finish that. You

tackle the house roof."

The exchange effected, I watched Sam continue the work. Suddenly comprehension dawned upon me.

"Why," I said to Charley, "it's letters."

"Darned if it ain't!" said he. "Aren't them artists funny guys? What does it say?"

"It says—it says—GIVE MOTHER A NIGHT'S REST!" Why, that's what's on the waggon. Is Ben goin' to paint that on the house?"

"No," said Charley, "he ain't. That's only on the barn."

I was relieved. Without knowing why, I doubted whether Father would approve its painting on the house.

"Wh-what does that mean?" I asked.

Charley groped under the waggon-seat. He handed me a little bottle.

"Ever see that?"

From the label I spelled aloud slowly: "MME. FRANKLIN'S TWILIGHT NECTAR. TAKE A LOT, AND GIVE MOTHER A NIGHT'S REST."

Mystified, I looked at Charley.

"That's it," he said. "It gives Mother a night's rest. I was raised on it. Great!"

"But why—on the roof of the barn?"

"Well, we're fellers that spread good tidin's round, an' kind o' perk up the landscapes, like this here. Now without this TWILIGHT NECTAR many a poor mother'd 'be walkin' all night with a howlin' baby. Wouldn't want your mother doin' that, would you?"

"We ain't got any baby," I said.

"No; but you never can tell. So I'm leavin' you a case o' this. Meantime, we tell other folks about it. See?"

I nodded, marveling at their philanthropy.

"Is that anybody's mother?" I asked.

"Mme. Franklin herself," responded Charley. "Raised her own babies on the nectar. Bless you; I take it yet when I ain't feelin' right." He uncorked a bottle and touched it to his lips. "Great!" closing his eyes. "Try some? 'Twon't hurt you."

I took a large swallow. It was sweet, like maple syrup.

"Here, hi! Hold on! 'Tain't good to take so much. Save the rest. My goodness, those boys certainly are fast painters!"

They were. Save Ben, on the house-roof, not one was visible. The house was a yellow blaze, with sky-blue blinds. It was very comfortable there on the waggon-seat beside Charley. The hot sun made me sleepy. Presently, I heard an indistinct rumb'ing of talk beside me; the jangling of paint-pots replaced in the waggon.

"Pick up the bunch by the road. Stencilin' the fence. Don't kidnap the kid!" I felt myself lifted and knew I was standing in the lane; that the waggon was driving away. I rubbed my eyes and made out along the fence rails, over and over, "USE MME. FRANKLIN'S TWILIGHT NECTAR. GIVE MOTHER A NIGHT'S REST!"

FROM the barn smiled an old lady above a great red splotch. From the house beamed another. One told me to Use Mme. Franklin's Twilight Nectar, the other assured that it would Give Mother A Night's Rest! Or was it Mother that would give Mme. Franklin a Night's Rest? Or Mother's Twilight Nectar? Or—Where was Mother? Why, that was she, leaping out of a buggy, halfway down the lane!

And Father, too, running toward the house. And where was I? Sitting on the front stoop, and it was very sticky and painty, and Father was picking me up and calling: "Josh! Josh! Good land; what's happened here?"

And Josh was coming around the corner of the house, blinking and gaping, and saying he didn't know, and that he must have fallen asleep in the hot sun. And Mother was holding up my head and shaking me gently, imploring me to speak, speak!

I said: "USE MOTHER'S TWILIGHT NECTAR AND GIVE MME. FRANKLIN A NIGHT'S REST."

"What!" ejaculated Father.

"I mean," I began, "I mean—it's all right, Father. I took care of the place. I was the boss!"

And Father just said—absolutely nothing.

HIS OWN PARTY

Homer Hudson Gets a New Angle on What is Involved in an Election

By HELEN WILLIAMS

WHEN Homer Hudson's grandfather sat in the Senate, he was sometimes asked by his colleagues why all members from the Eastern Townships were such keen party men. And he explained it, the astute old Senator, by the epigram that they nursed it from their cradles.

Homer Hudson was no exception. One of his earliest recollections was of his father coming home, election night, and telling his mother that they "had got it, all right." "You mean that we are in?" she asked, breathlessly. "Oh, no," he drawled, "out for another five years." And the child Hudson had sensed that to be "out" was a more dire calamity than drought in seed-time or overmuch rain in harvest. During the three separate times that history repeated itself, the youth Hudson had his party loyalty tried and strengthened by as thorough a course of refined persecution and ostracism, to which even an unpopular minority at a country academy can be subjected. It (the loyalty) came out of them and sundry later deverse and harassing ordeals unscathed, precious, as only that which has been suffered for can be precious. The almost idolatrous love some men feel for lost causes or hazardous explorations Hudson felt for his party.

And it grew. Like Disraeli, he worked, he watched, he waited, believing that if a man's will be concentrated to one purpose it must ultimately effect it. And, also like Disraeli, when his opportunity came he was prepared for it. The youngest man to member it over veteran campaigners, twice he was returned with overwhelming majorities. Then one session a bill of national import was brought up in the House, which the oppositionists seized as their platform on which to climb back into power. They defeated it by a vote of non-confidence. Parliament was dissolved. And the various representatives

harked back to their respective constituencies, where they proceeded to raise storms with all the skill of an Ariel.

Homer Hudson returned with the rest, but his "storm" differed in degree. For not many days after his return the report began to circulate that he had sent in his resignation papers to the returning-officer. A committee, composed of two of his oldest friends and staunchest supporters waited upon the member. Although they professed not to credit the report, secretly they had been agitated by it. It was disturbing enough to have in it some element of truth. But the sight of the stately presence and noble brow made such misgivings impossible. They remembered how a stranger, impressed by Hudson's power over men and endeavouring to account for it, had ascribed his genius for compelling loyalty to the fact that he himself was loyal. The reactionary relief impelled them to introduce their errand in the guise of a bit of gossip too palpably inconceivable to be considered seriously.

"Heard your latest offence?" David Ames began, jocularly. "They've tried to involve you in most every other in the decalogue and failed, so now they've hit upon the brilliant expedient of making you a party-bolter. Humorous, isn't it?"

HE stopped, less to give Hudson a chance to repudiate the charge than to join in his laugh at its absurdity, but he seemed absorbed in arranging some papers on his desk, and did neither. There was an uncomfortable pause. To break it, Ames asked what Hudson thought of the prospect. Was this bill going to make it a stiff fight?

"I believe its passage will be a grave national error," replied Hudson, constrainedly. "And so the only course left open to me is to drop out."

He spoke colourlessly, for all the emotion he displayed he might have been alluding to some trifling municipal bone of contention. The two men stared at him.

"Drop out!" roared Ames. "You? A Hudson?"

"Exactly—I—a Hudson."

"Desert your own party?"

"That is what I said," Hudson threw back at him, haughtily.

AMES brought his fist down on the table with a concussion that made the books jump.

"By God, I don't believe it!"

"Your believing it or not does not prevent it from being true," returned Hudson, coldly.

"Great Scott, Hudson! I don't want to talk like a prayer book, and prate of your duty, but you know darned well there are certain obligations a member owes his constituency which should go before private prejudice, which he cannot escape without its being attributed to ugly reasons."

"The reasons concern only myself, and it is because I cannot escape the obligations that I am"—his lips puckered ever so slightly over the word—"bolting. While as for the prejudice, I think you know me well enough to make it superfluous to say the step I am taking is not actuated by any small-minded bias."

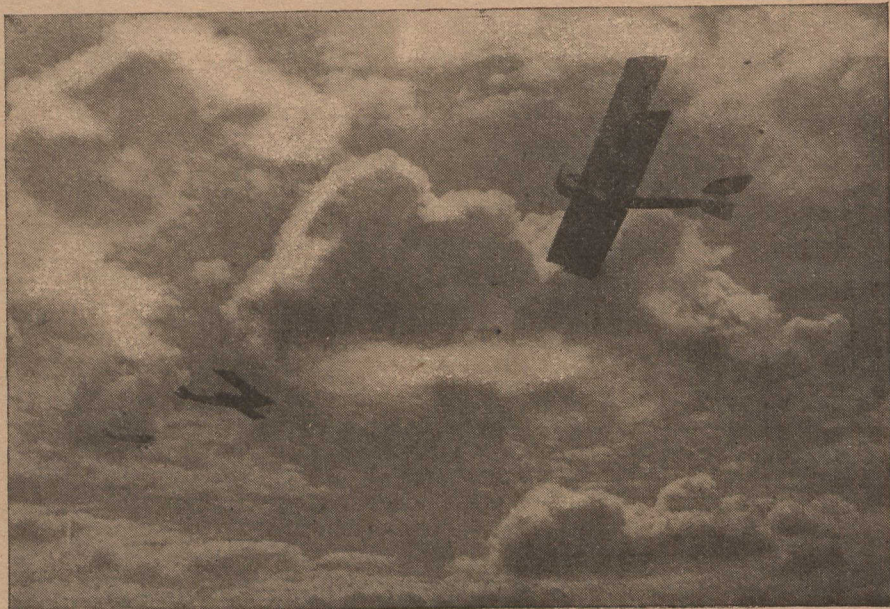
"Oh, call it large-minded, heaven-sent conviction—coupled with Stonewall Jackson pig-headedness. We are not here to quibble, or split ethical hairs with you," Ames added, angrily.

Here John Graham, who during this conversation had not ceased staring at Hudson as he might have

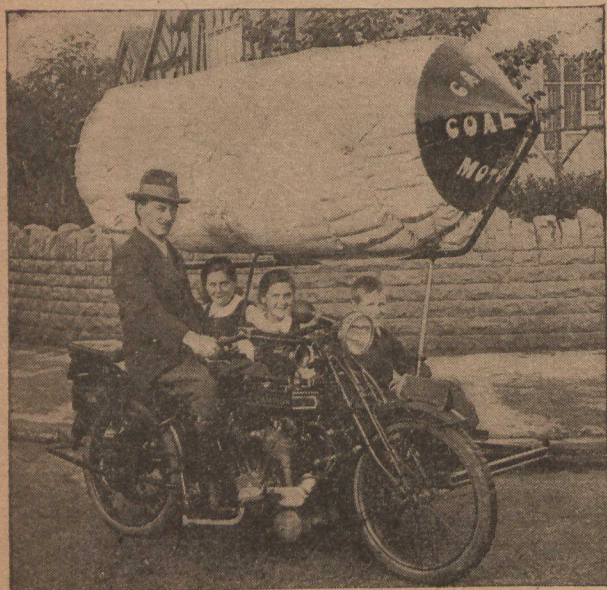
(Continued on page 13.)

∴ LAND AND WATER AND AIR ∴

ONCE upon a time the Canadian farmer who had a minute to spare from the ground up took a long squint at a giddy bald-headed eagle who put in all one forenoon wheeling and vol-planing and manoeuvring on the edge of the clouds. The bald-headed eagle in his day was the king of the upper regions. His right there was none to dispute. His base camp was located in the crotch of a big swamp elm on the edge of the hardwood bush. The eagle doesn't fly any more. Nobody in older Canada has seen a bald-headed eagle for years, outside of the cages at the Zoo. The new eagles are out, the war-birds that in some localities are out in the welkin just about the time the farmer is getting out of bed at peep of dawn. The three



Canadian war-birds shown here were photographed a few days ago just in the midst of the fine-weather period that precedes migration. In a few weeks at most these war-birds will join the grand exodus of all birds southward. They will go to Bermuda or somewhere in that latitude for the winter. In the spring they will be back not long after the robins are nesting. All this summer these birds of war have been a feature of middle Canada landscapes from four camps—Hoare, Armour Heights, Long Branch and Deseronto. They are the eagles to the farmer boy of 1917, whose father remembers the bald-headed variety with his nest in the bush. So when Providence took away the eagles, we got the war-birds instead. Compensation.



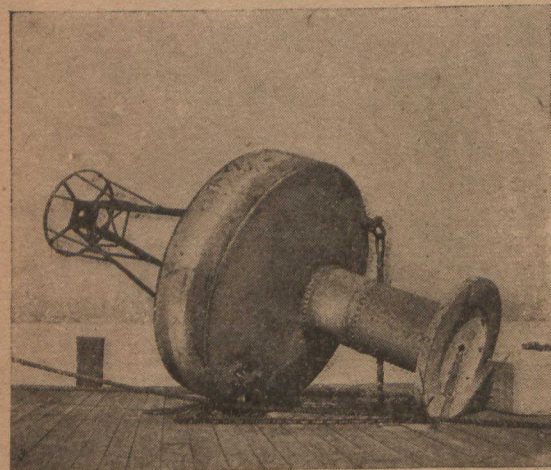
DO not be illusionized that this man is trying to run his motor-cycle by means of an airship. The balloon-tank he is carrying has nothing to do with the speed of the cycle except to furnish the fuel. It contains coal-gas, which is transmitted to the carbureter of his engine on the same principle as a gas engine. The reason he is carrying this balloon-tank of coal-gas is that the cost of running his machine is reduced to five miles for a cent.



ALL the wrong ways that possibly could be in running a buck-saw, this lady has got them.



SOME time ago a Canadian artist invented a new kind of stretcher intended to get a wounded man round the crooks in the trenches without twisting him. This photograph of an ordinary stretcher in operation shows the necessity for just the kind of device invented by the Canadian who, so far, seems to have done nothing with it—though he was in Washington several months ago.



WHETHER or not the greatest inland river-lighting system in the world—on the St. Lawrence—was made in Germany, is not supposed to be known. But the photographer who took this picture once saw a load of these buoys all shipped from Germany. The buoy is here shown ready to get its charge of acetylene gas that keeps it burning every night all summer long.



THESE good people have been up north getting their money's worth of escaping the war.



THREE styles of locomotion are shown here in one picture. The camera-man aimed to get the biplane crossing the line of the bridge. In doing so he got also a suburban trolley car doing 30 miles an hour towards town and a motor-car doing the same in a whirl of dust over the bridge.

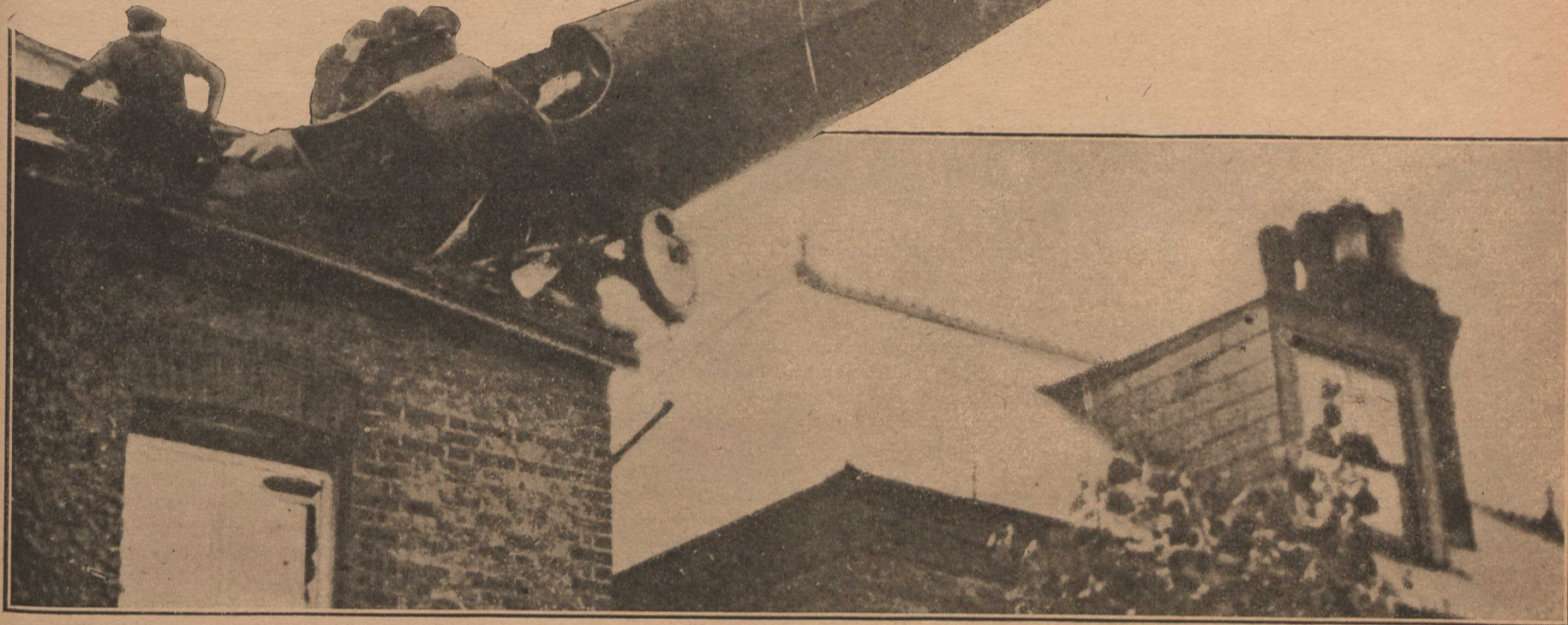
QUITE INFORMALLY DROPPING IN, AS IT WERE

WHO was it said, The Unexpected Always Happens? It was the man who went to sleep in a top room at this old English house at Lebanon Road, in Twickenham and woke up suddenly to find that the propeller of an airship was tickling his left leg. For forty years this man had been sleeping in this top room. Forty years before him his father did the same. And before that again, generation by generation, as the roof was mended and made again and mended again, this peaceful bedroom had sheltered the people of No. 49 Lebanon Road in Twickenham.

And the man who slept there last went to bed that fateful night wondering only if a Zeppelin might drop a bomb on that roof. But, of course, with so many thousands upon thousands of houses to hit

bed in a nice old room when so many poor chaps were bunking hard in the trenches. Three quarters awake, he heard the phantom whirring of a motor overhead. Some night rider, restless person, never knowing when to go down; perhaps he was lost, poor chap, and couldn't get down without smashing into a steeple or a tower. Or if might be—a Zeppelin! But na, they made no such noise. No Zeppelin ever flew so low.

And then, suddenly, there was a sound as of the end of the world. The roof



there was but one chance in a million that a bomb ever would come so close. So he slept, dreaming of the war, and of green fields and singing birds. The mice ran up and down the legs of the bed in perfect peace. The man snored and rolled over. It was almost too good to last. Half awake, he said to himself how happy he ought to be occupying a

vibrated like a piece of paper in a wind. The man ducked beneath the clothes.

And then, when the whole roof seemed to be getting ready to come off, there was a smash. The house shook and almost fell down. Then a sudden silence, a star peering through the roof and a voice,

"Oh, I say—good-morning!"

"Good morning! What are you doing here?"

"Blest if I know. My motor went wrong. I just dropped in. I don't think, however, that I'm quite all in. Can't see where my tail is—somewhere over the yard. But I'm dying for a smoke. I say, old chap—have you got a match?"

SUBMARINES NOT SO POPULAR AS HERETOFORE

SUBMARINES are not so popular in Germany as they were last April, when the high record was reached of ships sunk. Week before last was the lowest on record since last February, when the unrestricted campaign began. At that time the submarines were to starve England out in three months. Then it was discovered that the worst the Sub could do was to make the job of feeding England harder than it had ever been. Then we were told that hundreds of new Subs were being built and that the campaign was to be carried on more terribly than ever. The Submarine was to rule the sea. The Dreadnought was defunct. We could rely upon the undersea boats slowly wearing England down from the water while German armies held their own on land and German aircraft dropped bombs on England from the clouds. It was all for the sake of England. Now we are assured that the

Submarine has done its worst; that Germany has no further Sub tactics to spring; that increasing the number of their craft has probably decreased their efficiency; that more of them have been destroyed than the Germans are willing to admit. The Sub photographed here is one of three destroyed off the coast of France, photographed not far from Calais at low tide. We know nothing of the crew that must have perished out of her; except that they were the blind tools of Berlin, willing to go down among the sharks, to live like jail-birds in a hideous prison and only come up to the light for organized and cold-blooded

murder. This is a good-looking Sub. It is like what a Yankee cynic once said of an Indian—the only good Indian was a dead one. If we knew how many of these submarine corpses there are it might be some encouragement. But we shall never know. In our ignorance, however, we shall do well not to get hectic notions that the sub. campaign is a failure just because it has failed.



COMMON SENSE ON THE WAR

THE capture of Riga suggests some interesting questions of motives and results. It is not a military feat, seeing that the city was practically undefended, and was certain to surrender on demand. Riga was virtually a German city, inhabited by a German-speaking people, and with German sympathies. If the attack had been brought in the earlier days of the war while the Russian armies were still aggressive the place would, of course, have been defended, and it might have been saved. But resistance was out of the question under the conditions that now prevail. It was not worth the loss and the further demoralization that its defence would have entailed. To assert that the loss of Riga implies a threat of a land attack upon Petrograd is absurd. Petrograd is four hundred miles away, across a wilderness of swamps, lakes, and rivers. A German advance in full force, and early in the summer, might possibly be successful. It seems to be out of the question now. Indeed, we are already told from Berlin that this particular offensive is at an end, and that the approach of winter makes a further advance inadvisable.

The capture of Riga therefore leads nowhere, and it has no results, except to arouse the Russian spirit. If it were a part of a general and successful offensive on other fronts it would be a different matter. We might then regard it as evidence of a German ability to break the circle. If the German armies were even able to hold their own elsewhere there would be a certain impressiveness about their performance at Riga. But they are not holding their own anywhere. On the contrary, they are giving ground nearly everywhere with monotonous regularity. On the western front, around Verdun, on the Isonzo, even in Roumania, they are either held firmly, or are falling back before each new attack. We can therefore read the meaning of the Riga assault without much fear of error. It was the one point at which a little worthless success might be scored, the one chance to write a truthful bulletin of victory, and so to summon forth the fluttering flags at Berlin that have not been allowed to see the sunshine for many a long day. It seemed to come opportunely as a reply to the President's note, as a rebuke to the German Centricists and Socialists, as a crumb of comfort for the Pan-Germans. And of course the usual vaunt came with it. Other victories, we are told, are within the German reach, and there may be other surprises for an over-confident enemy. Of course it may be so. We can judge only of events. And of this particular event we can only say that it seems to be purposeless, a snatch at an easy success that certainly would not have been made if other and more real successes had been within reach. In point of fact it is an evidence of German weakness and not of German strength.

WITH this exception, the week has been uneventful. The Italians have been consolidating their conquered positions, and adding to them a few notches cut from the opposing Austrian lines to the east of Gorizia. Until the situation is wholly satisfactory on their seventy-mile front to the east of the Isonzo, and roughly parallel with it, they are not likely to push further southward toward Triest. But that will come in good time, and the capture of the city will be the final proof of a definite and conclusive victory for the Italian arms. The curtain

CAPTURE of Riga not a military feat; Riga was virtually a German city and is no road to Petrograd; one of the easy front-stage successes that Germany needs for political jugglery in Berlin. Military annihilation will never end the war. The end will come from forces at work in Germany when the people realize that they are beaten, when the juggler's tricks are no longer interesting. Coryn also believes that within a month or so the Central Powers will come along with genuine peace proposals inspired by the fear of another winter campaign.

By SIDNEY CORYN

that invariably falls upon these various offensives after a few days of intense activity seems to be a perplexity to those unacquainted with the vast mechanism of modern war, and the almost unimaginable quantities of munitions that it consumes. An advance of infantry implies also an advance of the heavy artillery to new positions, and over whatever obstacles may intervene. It means the making of roads, the building of railways, and new dispositions for the hospital and commissariat services. It necessitates a new and minute study of the ground by the aviators, who must photograph every yard of the surface, and even construct miniature models for the guidance of the officers. An advance means the substitution of new conditions for old ones, and every detail of these new conditions must be studied with anxious care. The chief difficulty of the Italian army has probably been in connection with the ammunition supply. Italy has been used to buy all her ammunition and guns from Germany. She made practically nothing herself. She had to establish all her own plants at the beginning of the war, to collect the necessary ingredients, and to organize and train her workmen. Her achievements in this respect are almost miraculous. She has borrowed a certain number of guns and gunners from England, but such aid as this is not likely to be very substantial. None the less she is able to fight a battle over a long front, and to maintain it with undiminished energy for many days. The Italian gunners are perhaps the best in the world, but that it should be possible to supply them with ammunition, and in such prodigious quantities, is a proof of industrial efficiency that deserves the highest praise. None the less the ammunition difficulty must be a real one for Italy.

We still hear rumours of new devices for the destruction of the submarines, but for the most part these seem to be extensions and adaptations of the old ones. The submarine toll rose slightly last week, but not beyond the limits of normal fluctuation. The naval authorities at Washington tell us that the U-boats are now pretending to be destroyed, so to speak, by liberating, after submerging, a quantity of oil and debris, and it is therefore difficult to speak with any certainty as to the success of the operations against them. None the less they are confident that the danger is being overcome, and for this they seem to have good reason, since the losses of protected vessels have been reduced to one-half of one

per cent. Naturally we are not told the exact nature of the protection, but we are told that the new "depth charge" devised by the British has already proved its efficacy. The "depth charge" is a bomb that explodes at a considerable distance under water, the distance being regulated, of course, to meet conditions. These bombs are dropped into the water where a U-boat has been seen to submerge, and they are timed to explode at the depth to which the submarine has presumably sunk. In spite of the ruse of liberating oil and debris there seems to be no doubt that these bombs have been successful in many cases. There are other devices that are said to promise equally well, and we are assured that German U-boat commanders will learn before long that traditional American ingenuity has not failed in this war.

Discussion as to the probable duration of the war seems to be more popular than the study of the movements of the armies in the field. Perhaps we are a little tired of the long succession of battles that have a significance for the strategist, but that are regarded by the average reader as pointing very dubiously to the termination of the struggle. The vitality of the combatants seem to him to be inexhaustible, their capacity to recover from their "death wounds" to be endless.

THE average reader is probably justified when he allows his attention to wander from the battlefields to the political centres of the nations involved. A sort of intuition tells us that the great events are happening there rather than within sound of the guns, and that the statesmen of the Central Powers are now trying to decide not so much what they must do as the way in which it may best be done. The signs are almost too intangible for mention, but in their aggregate they become somewhat substantial. The papal message and the President's reply to that message—a reply that has practically been adopted by the Allied governments—were nominally addressed to the heads of the various nations. Actually they were addressed to the people themselves. We need not be misled by the indignant resolutions of repudiation passed by the commercial bodies of Germany which show so much concurrence in time and phraseology as to indicate their official inspiration. It is the effect upon the masses of the people that we have to measure, and the opinion of Liebknecht in the Vorwaerts is a better yardstick for this purpose than the dictated votes of the boards of trade of Hamburg and Bremen. And Liebknecht translates the President's message as an offer of peace, and an offer that ought to be met with sympathy. He sees in it a plea for democracy, and an assurance that democracy in Germany will bring peace without revenge or punishment. And if this is the view of Liebknecht it is the view also of millions of his followers throughout Germany, a view that must add to the internal pressure for peace that nothing can now hide.

The military expert who can see nothing in the war but the clash of armies is subject to the limitations of his own expertism. It excludes him from the wider view of national exhaustion, of social dis-

(Concluded on page 23.)



stared at some familiar object which had unaccountably turned into a monstrosity, asked, in a low voice, whether it was his intention to work against them on the other side. The little pulse in Hudson's forehead beat violently, but he answered quietly enough in the negative.

"I shall just do nothing," he told them.

Ames caught him up eagerly.

"**B**UT, man, don't you, can't you see that that is precisely what you cannot do—nothing? Actions speak louder than words. You drop out and hundreds of others will drop out, too—or go over to the enemy. The people believe in you. What you say, goes. You're," he laughed a little, "Hudson. Your resignation would do our party more radical harm than the combined jeremiads, prognostications of blue ruin, and beatings of the big drum of Imperialism of the Tories put together."

"It would mean a landslide," observed Graham, dispassionately, to no one in particular.

"Bury us so deep," Ames carried on the metaphor, "that it will take another fifteen or twenty years to let the political sun shine on our side again."

Both men looked at Hudson earnestly, the appeal in their eyes harder to resist than their spoken words. Then they engaged in a practical discussion of the situation—arguing, urging, blustering. In vain.

"It was you got us into power in '96," said Ames.

"And kept us in after we were in."

"Think of the fights we've fought and won together."

"And the fights," murmured Graham, "we've fought and lost."

"Remember the time those trust companies wanted that subsidy and supported the government? You'd left fragments of your voice at pretty much every district school-house and town-hall in the county. You had a fierce cold, and hadn't slept, for Lord knows how many nights, and were about all in. While the processioning and speechifying and hallabalooing was going on you brought us back here—a whole lot of us fellows—and you talked to us. Do you remember what you said?"

Hudson made an indefinite movement with his hands, which might have been taken either for assent or dissent, and Ames continued.

"You said that that defeat should be the germ of future victories. That we would fight as long as there was a drop of party blood left in us. That if the time ever came, when we got our innings—"

He broke off, the flood of his narration checked by a white something in his quondam chief's face. Turning to Graham, he saw reflected in his eyes what he felt his own expressed, the utter futility of further words. In a dazed, aimless sort of way, he looked round for his hat. Graham already had his. They hesitated, then, slowly, awkwardly, without speaking or offering to shake hands, they moved toward the door.

So they left him.

ELECTION day dawned. A more or less steady queue of voters straggled into the polls, were duly accosted by the scrutineer, cast the fateful ballots, and straggled out again. The same drama, with different actors, lasted from nine o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the afternoon. Everything was done orderly, decorously. The inevitable rancours of Nomination Day, souring the milk of village kindness, were past. The excitement of returns pouring in not yet due. It was a soporific interregnum. The lull preceding the storm.

From his Sabine retreat, Homer Hudson heard the farmers' buckboards rattling down from the hills. During the weeks following the nomination of his successor, he had worked to the point of exhaustion—on his farm, in his law office in the city, giving to the one his physical strength and to the other the concentration which William James says is only in the gift of genius. But as the day wore on the fiend of unrest entered into him. Five o'clock found him in his shirt sleeves down on his hands and knees, thinning turnips. Once he sat back on his heels and laughed. A Hudson in the turnip field Election

HIS OWN PARTY

(Continued from page 9)



By HELEN WILLIAMS

day! Last time, he remembered, he had vacillated between the polls and the central committee room, organizing, disentangling, consulting and consulted. Automatically, he visualized the scene. Heard the agonized messages coming over the wires. Now it was the Deputy-Returning Officer at Somebody's Mills, wanting to know if one, Samuel Sparks, was not deceased, and Tyler Cousins down country, and the votes polled by their impersonators bogus, and consequently invalid. Now, from the agent at Somebody Else's Corner, about circumventing fictitious telegrams, purporting to come from dying relatives, and resulting in voters being spirited away, under false pretences, on the very way to the polls. Or the returns were coming in . . . All at once he threw down his trowel, snatched his coat from the wire fence, and made a bee line for the road.

The streets were empty. The stores closed. But as he passed the Tory committee room, he noticed two men crawling out on the roof with what looked like a web of cloth. Bunting! Could they have heard so soon? It must be going on for seven. Was it possible?—He hurried on. And now he made out the growing confusion of many voices, punctuated at intervals by cheering. Turning the corner by the post-office block he saw that all the village was there, and the country parts for miles around well represented. Blank paper had been pasted over the plate glass window of the general store and every few minutes a man emerged from the telegraph office inside and scrawled a "Lib." or a "Con." opposite the name of a county. Every time it was a "Con." a cheer went up. Every time it was a "Lib." a hiss.

Suddenly the man ran out of the store, but instead of writing anything down, this time he came to the edge of the platform, and Hudson, from his position on the outside fringe of the crowd, saw his lips move. Those nearest spoke excitedly to those behind, and as if at a concerted signal, the air was filled with flying hats, and men were laughing and shaking hands. Hudson felt his seized by some stranger and pumped up and down.

"We've won?" he stammered, a queer, choking feeling rising in his throat. "Herbert Grainger is in?"

"Herbert Grainger?" cackled the stranger, derisively. "Not by many polls! Streeter. Streeter's lected by a nice little working majority of 467 votes. Hurrah for Streeter!"

And "Streeter—Streeter—Streeter!" shouted the crowd.

Hudson stood as one bemused, till roused by a

"Hello! If here isn't Hudson. We owe you something for this. If it hadn't been for you—"

He turned and fled.

But the shouts pursued him. They sprang up in front of him. They followed in his wake. They were multiplied on other streets and cross streets. They were hurled at him from teams as they raced past. As he approached the Tory committee room again, he saw that the pillars were gay with bunting, and that a hastily-constructed platform had been erected below toward which the growing roar behind told him the throng were now gravitating. Even as he looked, a knot of men and boys stood back from something over which they had been bending, and a rocket shot up into the air. Another followed, and yet another. A horse in the road reared. Many bunches of fire crackers were spitting out rainbow tongues. The same instant the tannery whistle began to blow. And to Hudson it was as though it were he in the crowd, in the fireworks, in the whistle, pouring contempt upon his own party.

IT came over him in sick waves of obsessing horror that he ought not to be here. He felt as a sleep-walker might on waking and finding himself on some unknown road, without the remotest idea of how he has got there. Starting to move on, he discovered that the crowd had hemmed him in, and the detour necessary to effect an escape brought him under the glare of a street lamp. Someone on the platform recognized him. He heard his name called. Heard it caught up and tossed back by the crowd, with cries of "Speech—speech!" Felt dozens of hands upon him, impelling him forward. Was lifted from his feet and borne up on the platform. Found himself looking down on a sea of up-turned faces in a silence so profound—following the ovation his presence had evoked—that the faint whistle of the special, bringing Streeter to the scene of triumph, was audible several miles away, among the woods.

It no longer seemed monstrous that he should be there, or even strange. His vision cleared. He saw out and around and beyond himself. He began to speak. And he kept on speaking. Once he saw David Ames applauding like one possessed. And once Graham's face for a passing moment stood out from among the quasi-hypnotized masks staring upward.

The train whistled in.

No one moved.

Perhaps they did not want to. Perhaps they could not.

In the world there were many Streeters, but only one Hudson. How he did it probably not one of those present could have said, but he made them feel that, confronted with a national crisis, like the Fathers of Confederation before them, they had risen superior to party interest; had proved, some of them, at the cost of their political existence, that party is of to-day, country of all time; and that while the nation may be the enlarged individual, it is also a partnership between the living and the dead and those yet to be born.

He sat down amid a silence poignant to the verge of painfulness. Then, beginning with a little, dark, clever-looking man, who had come up on the platform very late, and gaining in volume as it proceeded, the storm of applause swept over the multitude, dying down only to break forth anew. The little, dark, clever-looking man approached Hudson, with outstretched hand.

"It is," smiled Streeter, "sometimes greater to lose than to win."

WHEN the train stopped at a Virginia station the northern tourist sauntered out on the platform. Beneath a tall pine stood a lean animal with scraggy bristles. The tourist was interested.

"What do you call that?" he queried of a lanky "cracker."

"Razorback hawg."

"Well, what is he doing rubbing against the tree?"

"He's stopping himself, mister; jest stopping himself."—Harper's Magazine.

EDITORIAL

CANADA contains more than a million people who still regard the war as an intrusion upon their private affairs. According to their notions the war was plunged upon the world by a few war lords in Prussia who should have been promptly caught and hanged until they are dead; that would put an end to the war and we should all be happy ever afterwards in the same old way until the next war. Which, of course, is not the way it is at all. Germany did not make this war all alone. The war was made by the world at large. We are all more or less responsible; except people who live in the middle of China or the top of Alaska. It's far down in the story of the war now to be saying such a thing; and it's apropos only because people act sometimes as though the war were just some kind of nuisance, economic or otherwise, or both, that could have been prevented and must be stopped as soon as possible in the interests of society.

We are in a state of war. The world to-day lives as much by war as the world of 1913 lived by peace. It must be confessed that in so doing it has upset the aged ideas of all the former war economists and has demonstrated a power in the world that was never suspected by even the most ardent world-booster. We can live in a state of war if we must. Mankind adapts himself somehow to any condition. Canadians, however, have so little experience of real war as it is known in Europe that we are scarcely entitled to opinions on the question. Certainly of all people at war, except the Americans, we have the least visible or tangible right to complain that the war has upset our apperception and that we shall be jolly well glad when it is all over. Canada is in a state of war. If some people don't realize it and act accordingly so much the worse for them.

A VISITOR from Washington to Toronto the other day expressed her great interest in what to her was the unusual spectacle of hundreds of armless and legless men in khaki. She had a letter in her purse, written by a Canadian at the front, which she intended to publish in an article of her own in the Washington Star to illustrate the wonderful war spirit displayed by men at the front. This lady, however, did not speak of the war spirit shown by people behind the front. She could not observe this so easily. As a rule we, as a people, do not put all our goods in the shop windows. We are not a very demonstrative people anyway; somewhat resembling the British in a certain doggedness of demeanour and a dislike for parading our private affairs.

The visitor did not criticize. She seemed to be admiring the Canadian war spirit. She knew nothing about our profiteers—according to population about as prosperous a crop as might be expected. She was simply carrying a message of inspiration back to her own people. And she was willing to admit that it was a novelty. She admitted that as yet since April 2 the United States had scarcely swung its huge hulk into the business of war, although she claimed with just pride that big things were being done of which no man not in the Washington know could be aware. The fact was quite obvious to her when it was pointed out that even if the United States should get no further in the war than Canada has already done, she would have to place between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 men in the field. To raise such an army would be the business of years. To get them across to Europe, even with the world-beating transportation methods of the United States, would take at least five years. Getting a million men across the Atlantic is a good year's work for all the boats that can be spared for the purpose. That means an average of nearly 20,000 a week or ten troopships a week, each carrying 2,000 men.

In spite of those who predict a long war yet—and these prophets have the best of the argument based upon war experience—we believe that the United States will never get her full strength into the war before it is over. How or when it will end we do not profess to know. Even Col. Repington

and Hilaire Belloc cannot tell H. G. Wells that. But we do know that as yet this country is not legitimately tired; that in spite of most of our comfortable economic notions we are only beginning to put our real weight into the business of beating the Germans. And when we do get to the point of national concentration on this business, when every man and woman in Canada is willing to serve and sacrifice and quit being selfish and lazy and unpatriotic under a cloak of talk, we shall be able to talk to visitors from the United States without any apology for ourselves.

A MONTREAL critic is much exercised over the inability of Montreal to appreciate good drama. He is roused to a height of satirical protest by the fact that Montreal recently greeted Albert Brown with starvation houses and a year ago gave Sir Herbert Tree the cold shoulder. It seems to be an old grievance in Montreal and the critic airs it well. He says:

The past week has seen a typical Montreal public neglect a play well worth seeing. Albert Brown has never done such good work in his career. Montreal has not seen a dozen plays in as many years that were better worthy of public recognition and support. But it is the same old story. The city needs Toronto or Hamilton, or Lachine, or Keokuk or Ballyhooly to tell it a play is worth seeing before it will take its courage in its hands, put its hands in its pockets, and disgorge. We have some notable instances. Sir Herbert Tree starved here for four days before our enlightened and appreciative theatre-goers awakened to the fact that he had crossed the Atlantic and was actually in our midst. Duse once came here and did not draw enough money to pay for the cost of watering the front steps. If Coquelin had played in the West End, he would have been a bankrupt by Saturday night. Were Irving to come to life, your Montreal theatre-goer, wise man that he is, would require identification papers before he ventured within the purlieus of the theatre.

Perhaps this is not peculiar to Montreal. We have been aware for a good many years that serious drama was having a hard time of it the world over. Just at present London is getting most of its dramatic entertainment in the music halls and is staging up a sumptuous presentation of Three Weeks. There is no Canadian city where the heavy or the legitimate drama is being treated like it used to be in the good old days of Irving, when the "fans" stood for hours, sometimes half the night, in football style in front of the box office to get tickets. At the same time our Montreal critic is disposed to see some salvation in Toronto. Listen when he says:

Even Toronto, with all its parish pump politics, its bigotry, its parochial outlook and its pharisaical megalomania, is an ocean of intellectual activity compared to a city of 700,000 inhabitants that does not know a play from a cocking main.

As to comparisons of this kind we are not especially concerned. The fact is that good drama is in sad competition the world over with things that are



Sweden discovers that—"you cannot touch pitch without becoming filthy."

—Racey in Montreal Star.

not good or any other kind of drama. The competition never was so fierce. In the older days melodrama used to be the most serious competitor. Then the musical comedy took the field. For a while it was both. Then came along the farce and the revue and the burlesque and the grand eruption of vaudeville. Most of these are operating at a peak load just now except melodrama and musical comedy. The jingle-makers of the operetta school seem to be almost written out and melodrama has been transferred holus-bolus with all the high lights full on to the movie house. And in the picture plays we have the one grand rival to most of the good drama because they have spread themselves over the whole field even to the employment of good actors along with everything else that ever was and could be on the stage and much else that can only arise from the picture plays themselves.

In such an epidemic of undramatic things it might be expected that the serious constitutional drama would have a hard time of it in Montreal or Toronto or Winnipeg or anywhere else. We have to take our medicine and dream ourselves back to the days when any Canadian city had but one good-sized theatre or two and when the arrival of Henry Irving was an event of as much popular interest as the advent of a circus. Those days are done. We have other interests now. We have also the good old memories. One of these days we shall get the drama business organized so that we know what is good for us, what the people really want, what the hog managers really should not be allowed to get, and how to be happy without scolding over the decadence of the drama.

BY the time this gets into print the middle span of the great Quebec Bridge will have been put into place. Nationally this is one of the greatest things we have ever done. We do not connect the Quebec Bridge with the Grand Trunk Pacific, but with the whole railway system of Canada. The Quebec Bridge was conceived as a dream, carried out as a double tragedy, and after years of delay is now consummated as a triumph. In completing the bridge despite the tragedies of its career, we have shown that as a nation we are determined to have the south shore of the St. Lawrence united to the north shore at the ancient capital of Quebec. National pride dictated the necessity. All races, all creeds, all religions, all class and commercial interests will make the traffic over that great unifying bridge. We regard it as a symbol of unity. How else should we have clung to the enterprise again and again when tragic failure stared us in the face?

Are we less likely to show national spirit in bridging the Ottawa? That river needs a bridge worse than the St. Lawrence. And we are building it. There are tragedies and failures in construction. But the spiritual bridge across the Ottawa is just as sure to be an achievement in the days to come as is the railway bridge over the St. Lawrence.

WHY does the patriotic merchant down town advertise shirt waists to our women at \$30? He knows. The price of course is outrageous. But that makes no difference. Some woman has got it. She can be induced to part with it. The poverty of somebody else, the amount of food that \$30 might buy, or the use that might be made of it, makes no impression on a woman tempted by the lure of a \$30 flimsy to throw over her shoulders. At \$30 for a shirt waist the wearer ought to carry round on her person at various times when completely rigged out for all display purposes, not less than \$700 or \$800. But she probably has the money, or she can get it, and it won't be happy till it gets into the cash register of the merchant down town. The sinner in the case is not the woman. Nature intended her for a spendthrift when she was not engaged in simple economy. The merchant is in league with nature. He wants the money. She wants the shirt-waist, just as once upon a time she wanted the apple of disobedience in the Garden. War-time economy says to the woman, "Thou shalt not." War-window display advertising says to her, "Thou mightest—why not?" It takes a womanly will to make the "shalt-not" sound louder than "thou-mightest." And women have always been famous for wonts rather than wills. So the devil says Ha-ha! to the merchant and the woman pays the price.

ACCORDING TO OUR STRENGTH

Conscription Necessitates Substitution of Labour

ARE we ready to face Conscription?—Yes and no. Nearly all of us realize that it had to come. We are reconciled to the fact that all our strongest and best young men must go and face suffering—perhaps death. We are willing, too, to take their places in carrying on the work of the world. Willing, but are we prepared? A great many of us signed cards stating that we would serve in munitions, on farms, or in some other capacity. Some followed this up by obtaining positions, but most of us quietly resumed our knitting, saying,

"I have done my part. When my country comes forward and asks for my services I shall respond."

But an unappreciative country has not come forward. Can it be that it does not consider our services worth while?

The leisure class in this country is, or was, composed chiefly of women whose men worked to keep them in comparative idleness. All that was expected of them was the rearing of children and even this obligation they often shirked, but now, rich or poor, work is demanded of them. For years women have been quietly invading various spheres of business and professional life. But the war has suddenly thrust them into all kinds of trades hitherto undreamed of. At first we were astonished. What, women in munitions! The thing was astounding. Even as bank-clerks they called forth some surprise, and when they put on uniforms and acted as bus drivers we held up our hands in horror. But the returned soldiers have so often exclaimed: "Isn't it funny to see men conductors on the street-cars!" that we are beginning to wonder if there isn't something effeminate in that occupation?

The women's battalion in the Russian Army was the last feminine activity which called forth any wonder, and it is plain to see that soon all sex barriers separating woman's work and man's work will be overthrown and labour will be divided into Work for the Strong and Work for the Weak. That was the fundamental principle of the former sex division of labour. Women engaged in the rearing children had not strength for work outside the home, but few girls of the present day will have the opportunity of rearing many children, and many might be doing useful work for their country spending their time in making themselves fashionable clothes and attending tea-parties and moving picture shows. They are not wholly idle, for they knit socks for the boys they know at the front; they attend a Red Cross meeting once or twice a week and fold dressings very deftly while they chatter away. They are capable of working on a twelve-hour shift and, I believe, if they reduced their consumption of ice-cream sodas and candy they would be quite equal to fighting in a woman's battalion, but they are fitting themselves for no particular work and the country as yet is not demanding unskilled labour. It wants trained nurses, graduate masseuses, dietitians, expert mechanics, trained business women.

Don't wait for the government to call upon you to fill the place of a loafer. Take a course in shorthand, telegraphy, mechanics, or whatever you can. Try to replace a good man who was necessary to his country! The working girl is doing her share; she did it even before the war, but the woman of leisure must help her now. In some cases their superior education is a help, in others it is almost a hindrance. Good linguists have obtained positions in the office of the censor of foreign correspondence, but the education of a ladies' school does not fit one for trade and the country stands in greater need of manual labour than of brain workers.

It is easy for a young boy to apprentice himself to a trade; it is hard for a grown woman, but this age demands sacrifice. It demands that we should all do useful work according to the strength that is given to us. It demands that the woman of leisure as well as the men disabled in battle should be re-educated.

It is rather humiliating to speculate on just how

By ESTELLE M. KERR

much re-education we need. For most of us the vocational training that is given to the returned soldier would be sufficient—the soldier who possesses all his faculties and is in fairly good health but still unable to resume his former occupation. For others the re-education must be fundamental; we are so accustomed to having everything done for us that we must now learn not only to use our hands and minds, we must acquire the will to work.

WHEN a civilian becomes a soldier the first thing he has to learn is obedience. All initiative is drilled out of him; he must simply do what he is told, and after a year or more of this routine he ceases to think for himself or plan for the future. He knows the government will look after him when he is ill, and even after he has got his discharge he is frequently content to be a care on the state. He dislikes the idea of relapsing into civil life where he must work of his own initiative and plan for the future. He has fought for us, why should not we be taxed to support him for the rest of his days? Life in the convalescent home is very pleasant with the companionship to which he has grown accustomed. He is warm and well-fed. Besides there are motor rides and tea parties; he doesn't want to go back to work again.

Do you blame the soldiers? They are very like women who have lived all their lives in comparative



idleness. To rise at seven o'clock in the morning seems to them a hardship. To work until six at night a cruel fate. Besides, they say, they are not strong enough.

People cannot estimate their strength until they have tested it. I have known pale, nervous society girls to grow plump while working in a munition factory. The regular hours and the fatigue which made them sleep soundly, improved their health. There is a great deal of useful work less trying than munition work, however, and now that most of us are worrying about someone overseas, there is nothing like routine work to help us to forget.

YESTERDAY the Red Cross Waste Collection motor van stopped before our door. We are quite used to have two khaki-clad young ladies calling now instead of the "old clo'" man, but they are so pretty and have such attractive voices and manners that their visit is always a delight. They have been coming now for a year and look prettier and rosier than ever and they sort the papers and pack

their sacks most expeditiously. I believe there is a waiting list of women who want to drive these vans, but a simple course in motor mechanics will fit women for many healthy occupations that keep them in the open air, and surely it is patriotic to drive a milk wagon if by so doing you enable one more man to go overseas.

"After the war," says an editor in an English newspaper, "no self-respecting male will be seen matching dress goods behind counters, typewriting, or playing the piano at moving picture theatres." We do not agree with him. He evidently considers this work ignoble and therefore appropriate for women. After the war there will be no barrier of sex, no convention as to what is or is not done by women. Many women munition workers and motor drivers have discovered an aptitude and love of mechanics that has given them a new interest in life and when interest is aroused a good workman is made. That is one of the main points in the re-education of the returned soldier: to arouse his interest in the form of work he is best fitted to undertake. Even if it were possible for the

state to support him in luxury for the rest of his days, we know that idleness would never bring him happiness; he must be taught to think for himself, to do some form of useful work. When he has been injured, it is often necessary to re-educate some member of his body to perform its natural functions: limbs that have been confined in a plaster cast become numb and need special exercises to restore their powers of usefulness. This weakness may apply also to women of the leisure class who are accustomed to ride in motors and take very little exercise. They, too, need physical training to restore their powers of usefulness.

Technical schools are equipped to fit us for many occupations. Shall we try to fill some useful post—we who are young and strong and healthy and without family ties, or shall we continue to shop and play bridge and do a little Red Cross work and a very little knitting?

ANOTHER point in which women need to be educated is in the matter of dress. Recent experience has shown that women will readily put on overalls and mob caps while working in machine shops, they realize that a more elaborate costume would look out of place. A love of coquetry has resulted in some accidents, however: One pretty young thing allowed a becoming lock of dark hair to escape from her mob cap and this was caught in the machine. With

great presence of mind she slipped the band from the wheel, otherwise she might have suffered a more serious loss than a lock of hair and a small piece of scalp.

In the work-shop simplicity is the rule, but after work is over watch the girls as they come from the factory in their pretty light dresses, thin silk stockings and high-heeled shoes! They probably stayed up late last night to iron a blouse or darn a pair of stockings. It isn't the costliness of the garments that is at fault, it is the amount of time necessary to keep them in repair. We can't wear waists so sheer that they may go to pieces in the first wash, if we are going to take the place of a very efficient man. We shouldn't wear stockings so fine that they need constant mending. It really is not necessary to run pink or blue ribbons through our underclothing after every wash, and it is quite possible for a woman to live through a whole winter without re-trimming her hat! Napoleon, it seems, was a great believer in arraying women in masculine attire in time of war, which he thought made a great difference to her work and strength, and it is certain that a simplification of clothing would double our usefulness at a time when more industrial work is being done than ever before.

HELPING YOU to KEEP POSTED

IT is difficult to imagine a socialist revolutionary with thirty million dollars swelling his bank-roll and the vision of an immaculately groomed individual gracefully waving his manicured finger tips the whites he uses eloquent phrases in about six or seven languages to incite the mob to revolute is too ludicrous for belief. But Terestchenko, Russia's foreign minister and one of the most prominent figures on the revolutionary side—both before and after March last—is a millionaire thirty times over and has his hands manicured every morning.

The lowest estimate of Mr. Terestchenko's wealth places it at thirty million dollars in sugar refineries, railway bonds, landed property and Kieff real estate, and he owes nobody a kopeck. He is thirty-two years old. He is famous for his charming manners. He is a proficient linguist, the child of wealthy parents, a lover of the arts, a dabbler in Greek and Latin literature, a traveller in many lands. Socially he belongs to that bourgeoisie against which feeling in Russia runs high. Politically he has always cultivated those radical elements in his home town of Kieff which sent him to the Duma some years ago. There is nothing in the way of Socialism, anarchy or revolution in which he has not dabbled, to the horror of his parents, who brought him up expensively, sent him to more than one great university in Russia and Germany, and did their best to wean him from the works of Bakunin, Marx, Engels and the rest.

The difficulty with Terestchenko, from the true blue revolutionary point of view, is set forth in the Milan Avanti, a Socialist sheet, which is in touch with Petrograd revolutionary opinion. The foreign minister has only an intellectual interest in subversive opinion. Invent some new scheme for the overthrow of the social system, set it forth in dazzling phrases and with a wealth of learning, and thus bring police persecution to your door and the heart of Terestchenko is with you. Tscheidze, the gloomy, and Skobeleff, the silent, agree that Terestchenko surpasses them both in the intimacy of his

acquaintance with the literature of revolt. Terestchenko is an assiduous reader of refugee organs, an apt quoter from revolutionary classics. The limitation of the man, from the Tscheidze

point of view, is his reluctance to translate word into deed. Terestchenko will be sure to raise difficulties. He is a trained economist, a born financier, whose bold speculations on the bourses before the war account in part for the increase in his patrimony. He has a great lending scheme for the transformation of every peasant into a land owner—a scheme that could have arisen only in the mind of a genius, observes the Italian daily, and which only a genius could realize. He will carry this out, we read. He has the gifts of a Colbert, the insight of a Rothschild, the initiative of a John Law. Nor is this an unsupported view. The Paris Temps beholds in him the many-sided man—an artist in conception, a scientist in method, a leader in politics, a genius in diplomacy.

What particularly recommends Terestchenko to the press of western Europe is his familiarity with the "bourgeois" ideal, his knowledge of the economics of business and finance. Were he to land in London penniless and friendless tomorrow, Terestchenko, we are assured by the Manchester Guardian, would hit upon a scheme so promising commercially that he could present it with effect to the most cautious capitalist in that metropolis. He is a born salesman, plausible, inspiring confidence as he dilates upon his wares, whether they be sugar stocks or naphtha wells. He has himself written a fetching prospectus for a sugar company and managed a branch bank in Moscow. Yet he studied the philosophy of Hegel at Leipzig, and when the Mona Lisa was stolen he compared the catastrophe, accord-

Terestchenko \$30,000,000
Socialist

Michaelis, Expert Dullard

Haig on Petain's Strategy

Shaw and O'Flaherty, V.C.

Langtry and Oscar Wilde

A New Brazilian Pianist

Aguglia, Great Emotional
Actress

Puppets Revive in New York

ing to the Giornale, with the burning of Rome under Nero. His knowledge of human nature is attested by the fact, we read further, that he is reserved with an Englishman.

ACCORDING to the Manchester Guardian, one of the most expertly war-informed newspapers in England, it is no secret to the British public that some difference of opinion has existed between General Haig and General Petain on the subject of undertaking this latest offensive. The French view ever since Nivelle went has been that they should hold what they have won and limit their attacks to local points at which they could effect a surprise. Haig, says the expert of the Manchester Guardian,

a reliable commentator, was dead against this conception. He pointed out that Nivelle ought not to have relied so much on his "seventy-fives." He should not have neglected his heavy artillery. The result was that while Nivelle gained ground he could not go on and his casualties were too severe. Petain replied to this that a former strategic offensive against the Hindenburg line was a mistake. He must play the Fabian part. While the discussion proceeded, Hindenburg began operations against the ground Petain had won in the neighbourhood of the Chemin des Dames. This was last July. The object was to bleed the French a la Verdun. Petain came over at last to Haig's view, especially as the British, owing to the Fabian policy, had suffered a check at the Yser bridgehead. Haig, admitting no hope of a "break through," took stock of his resources in men and guns, decided that Hindenburg was relatively deficient in both, and began the drive.

If the diplomatic phases of the great war had not absorbed attention all last month, the effects upon military Berlin of Haig's offensive, observes the expert of the London Post, would have averted the cabinet crisis in London. To a layman, studying war maps, the strategical consequence of a drive that advances the Allied line up to and including a lot of new names in an unfamiliar region carried no special idea. The difficulty of comprehending what happened is all the greater because of headlines about "terrific German attacks." Therefore, the Post's expert disregards the new names on the map for the moment to explain that the latest battle was not an affair of taking trenches only to have them retaken. In no part of the line pushed by Haig has Hindenburg held on. His "attacks" were in the nature of rear-guard actions to achieve a "get away." All the military experts of the Allies, with the possible exception of the Italians, see in the latest drive new proof of their contentment that the war is to be won in the West. The British and French have established their clear numerical superiority there. They have demonstrated the supremacy of their artillery over Hindenburg's. They have gained ground which makes a further retirement of the Germans before next winter inevitable. Hindenburg has no reserves adequate to a counter-push.

Gen. Haig
Speaks His Mind
on Strategy

Terestchenko
a \$30,000,000
Socialist!



Trying hard to start a conversation.

—Knott in Dallas News.

ACCORDING to George Bernard himself, the play "O'Flaherty, V.C.," which has just been published complete in "Hearst's" Magazine, is merely "an interlude in the great war." In it G. B. S. shows what an Irishman may do with his own. He puts words into the mouth of O'Flaherty, V.C., for use in private conversation which tumble out again in a stream of satire and prickly wit to chill the enthusiasm and puncture the patriotic pride which O'Flaherty's decoration, and oratory on the recruiting stump, has stirred up in public. But G. B. S. is Irish and the O'Flaherty he sketches is Irish, too. So also, for all the matter of that, is Michael O'Leary, V.C. And O'Flaherty, V.C., is mighty like O'Leary, V.C., in many ways. The little bronze cross is the same. The "O" at the beginning and the initials at the end sound alike and mean the same. And G. B. S. makes it quite clear that he intended the one to reflect the other. He has taken great pains to make the disguise a clumsy matter. But there is more of Shaw than Celt in the accent which distinguishes O'Flaherty's speech; and Michael, even if he could make them, would hardly use epigrams to dam the English or admit, in a witty way, that he was afraid his mother would whack the life out of him when she learned that he had been fighting for, instead of against, England's King. No!

That part of the play is neither O'Flaherty nor O'Leary. It certainly is not V.C. It is stencilled "G. B. S." all over. But G. B. S. is Irish. O'Flaherty is Irish. O'Leary is Irish. And, perhaps, the play is Irish, too.

Here is a bit of the dialogue which indicates the accent of the whole thing. O'Flaherty is speaking to his general who has just asked, "Does patriotism mean nothing to you?" O'Flaherty, according to G. B. S., replies:

"It means different to me than what it would to you, sir. It means England and England's king to you. To me and the like of me it means talking about the English just the way the English papers talk about the Boshes. And what good has it ever done here in Ireland? It's kept me ignorant because it filled up my mother's mind, and she thought it ought to fill up mine too. It's kept Ireland poor because, instead of trying to better ourselves we thought we was the fine fellows of patriots when we were speaking evil of Englishmen that was as poor as ourselves and maybe as good as ourselves. The Boshes I kilt was more knowledgeable men than me; and what better am I now that I've kilt them? What better is anybody?"

We don't have to take G. B. S. too seriously. We may prefer that he should use his satire on the open enemies of his country rather than obliquely or otherwise upon the British people. But that would be obliterating Shaw, whom, in the pre-war days, we used to rave about as much as some people raved about the great public virtues of the German people. A world war does not break up the poise of a delectable outlaw like G. B. S. It merely gives him a new angle for his peculiar kind of bedevilment. And that's what O'Flaherty, V.C., is.

WHEN HERR DOKTOR GEORG MICHAELIS popped up out of no where, so to speak, into world-wide renown as the Imperial German Chancellor the press of two or three continents scurried about to get a line on him. Contemporary studies of prominent Germans made no mention of him and "Wer Ist's," the German "Who's Who," dismissed him with a few dates and a list of titles which marked his rise through the grades of the official hierarchy. One learned that he was entitled to put all kinds of typically German initials after his name—O. and P. and R.—and to be treated with the deference due to a *Wirk*; that at one time he was a *Regierungsrat* and just kept on growing in official importance until he became a *Geh. Ober-Finanzrat*. And so, he would seem to be nothing more startling than a standardized product of the Prussian bureaucracy and dismissing him as such a writer in the *Paris Temps* suggests that his appointment ought to have convinced the knowing in these things that the crisis he appeared to solve was regarded at home as Prussian primarily.

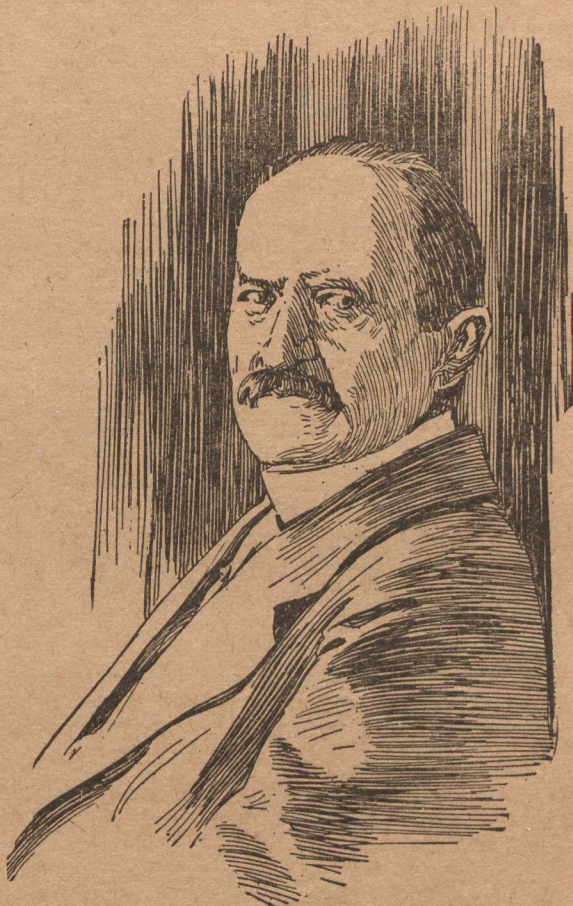
"His career ought to encourage mediocrity everywhere," declares a writer in the *Figaro*, who adds that he has not the brilliance that rushes into indiscretion. He would never take a step without consulting all the authorities. He will never make a speech that he has not first written out in his own beautiful German script and committed to memory as if it were a lesson. Nor will the speech, when finished, comprise anything not picked up from other speeches. His oratory is like his conversation: one has a vague depression of having heard it all before.

His manner and his tone besit such utterances. He stands rigidly with feet close together and declaims correctly according to the received rules of elocution.

Perhaps the most remarkable characteristic of Doctor Michaelis is noted in the *Gaulois*: he cannot be got rid of. Should he take it into his hard, square gray head to see even the All-Highest, the Herr Professor would take up his station in some available portion of the grounds about Potsdam and remain until doomsday. If he were carried away and dropped off the bridge, he would come back. He would be very respectful in his demeanour but very firm in his attitude. The explanation of the pecu-

liarity is that the Doctor has so small a head that but one idea can fit into it at a time. The idea makes him exceedingly uneasy and he has a quite remarkable capacity for the communication of this idea to those with whom he comes into contact.

Karl Helfferich, the financial genius, who has a somewhat higher estimate of the abilities of Michaelis than most people have, is not above poking sly fun at him, according to an anecdote going the rounds of the European press. The Vice-Chancellor had asked the Doctor a very ordinary question. "I will give the matter," replied Michaelis, "my most careful consideration." "While doing so," rejoined Helfferich, "consider likewise the possibility of taking lunch with me to-day." Michaelis promised with his habitual gravity to do so, never for a moment suspecting that anything in the nature of a joke was intended. On another occasion a good story was in circulation on the subject of Eugen Gutmann, the bank director. Michaelis was greatly perturbed by it. "Excellenz," said Helfferich, "that is a joke." "Oh!" exclaimed Michaelis, and he laughed heartily. No one, says the *Gaulois*, will laugh at a joke more



So small a head that but one idea can fit into it at a time.

heartily than Michaelis when it has been explained to him.

Prior to the utterance of his first speech as Chancellor he is noted as having made but one sensational remark. Referring to art, he said: "There can be but one kind of art in Germany and it is the business of the state to find out which." This won him a place in the pages of *Jugend*, where he and his famous frock coat and long cuffs were shown being interviewed by an eager reporter. "Who is your favourite artist?" he is asked. "I have none," he is made to reply. "It is the business of a Prussian administrative official to be strictly impartial." Which would seem to be an apt summing up of Dr. George Michaelis' whole attitude to life.

LILY LANGTRY has been telling a lot of tales lately about the famous people she has met, and in the memoirs now running serially in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* she makes much of the manner in which importunate painters besought the privilege of memorializing her in oils and of how prominent poets of her hey-days put her loveliness into lays. She has a very vivid recollection of Oscar Wilde. And well she might, for she recalls seeing him, she says, "come before the curtain, in response to the applause of the audience, wearing a black velvet jacket, lavender trousers, and a flowered waistcoat, a white straw hat in one hand and a lighted cigarette in the other."

"In the early part of our acquaintance, Wilde was really ingenuous," says her ladyship. "His mannerisms and eccentricities were then but the natural outcome of a young fellow bubbling over with temperament and were not at all assumed. Later, when he began to rise as a figure in the life of London, and his unconscious peculiarities had become a target for the humorous columns of the newspapers, he was quick to realize that they could be turned to commercial advantage, and he proceeded

*Jersey Lily's
Recollections of
the Sunflower*

forthwith to develop them extravagantly. His novel singularities speedily made him the fashion. He was ridiculed and he was imitated. When he wore a daisy in his buttonhole, thousands of young men did likewise. When he proclaimed the sunflower 'adorable,' it was to be found in every drawing-room. His edict that severely plain and flowing garments were the only becoming covering for the female form sent every young woman, and many elderly ones, scampering off to their modistes with delirious suggestions for Grecian draperies."

Wilde's poem, "The New Helen," was dedicated to Lily Langtry and she characterizes it as "one of his happiest efforts." Then, no doubt by way of emphasizing the happiness which its creation brought to Wilde, she says:

"When he was writing 'The New Helen' he became so obsessed with the subject that he would walk round and round the block in which our London house was situated for hours at a time, probably investing me with every quality I never possessed. Although Wilde had a keen sense of the ridiculous, he sometimes unconsciously bordered thereon himself, as, for instance, when one night he curled up to sleep on my doorstep and Mr. Langtry, returning unusually late, put an end to his poetic dreams by tripping over him."

"It was for me that Oscar originally wrote 'Lady Windermere's Fan,'" confides the lady. "Why he ever supposed that it would have been, at the time, a suitable play for me, I cannot imagine. Besides, I had come to regard him rather lightly. Meeting him as constantly as I did and listening by the hour to his idle if amusing chatter was not an effective prelude to taking him seriously. He called one afternoon, with an important air and a roll of manuscript, placed it on the table, pointed to it superbly, and said,

"There is a play which I have written for you."

"What is my part?" I asked, gently amused.

"A woman," he replied, "with a grown-up, illegitimate daughter."

And here's a little tid-bit of tattle with which her ladyship tags Wilde as a plagiarist:

We were supping one night with Jimmy Whistler. The latter, during the course of conversation, made a very witty remark:

"I should love to have said that," sighed Oscar.

"You will, old man; you will," promptly returned Jimmy."

THERE is a psychic mystery about the young Brazilian girl Guiomar Novaes, which baffles the musical critics who have been astounded by her performances during the last two seasons. In this she is like her great predecessor, Teresa Carreno—in fact, there are many who declare that the mantle of Carreno has fallen upon her fellow-countrywoman Novaes. This brilliant young genius played in Canada last season—her first appearance in this country. Next time she comes she is sure of an ovation. Certainly no other feminine instrumentalist has ever struck so marked a harmony of opinion as to the impression she has made. The critics have massed themselves in a great chorus of praise and all sing a song of superlatives with the word "inspired" as the major motif. Henry T. Finck, writing in the *New York Evening Post*, virtually portrays her as the equal of Paderewski. "More inspired playing," he says, "has never been heard in Aeolian Hall, and Aeolian Hall audiences have heard all the foremost pianists of the time, including Paderewski."

It is not by technic alone that Novaes startles her

*Mediocrity is
Rubber-Stamped
all over Michaelis*

audiences. In the matter of touch she fills the most exacting demands, despite the minuteness of her hands and arms. But the finest quality of her playing is the spiritual grasp of the works she interprets. Critics dwell on her "instinctive understanding of the composer's intentions," her extraordinary maturity and ripeness of conception." From the sketch of her career, as given by Mr. Finck, we learn that, as a girl of nine, she was a revelation, a phenomenon. "She has always remained one," he adds. Her rare gifts were quickly recognized when she first appeared in public at Sao Paulo. When she was fourteen the Brazilian government sent her to Paris to continue her studies at the expense of the State. She arrived in that city on a Saturday morning, with the intention of entering the conservatoire. The registration for examination closed at three o'clock of that same day. Brazilian friends enabled her to register at once, but the situation seemed hopeless. There were only twelve places to be filled and 387 candidates had been registered. Her number was 388. She won first place, and the judges, among whom were Debussy, Faure and Moszkowski, were so delighted with her playing of Schumann's "Carnaval" that they requested her to repeat it.

After two years' study under Isidore Phillip she gained the First Prize of the Conservatoire and immediately filled engagements in Paris, London, Switzerland, Germany and Italy. Everywhere she was received with enthusiasm. The critic of the *Matin* found her mechanism "wonderful," her sensibility and delicacy of style to be "of the rarest quality." The *London Telegraph* declared that this girl, then but sixteen and looking considerably younger, "exhausted the average possibilities of thought and feeling." The *London Times* spoke of her playing of Beethoven as "truly memorable."

THE renaissance of the marionette is the latest project on this season's programme for the Little Theatre in New York. But the puppets which are to play and prance about for the pleasure of Gotham's more sophisticated play-goers will have none of the awkward angular movements which characterized the performances of the old-time marionette show. The old idea of "make-believe" which gave much of the peculiar charm to the puppets of the past has been discarded by Tony Sarg, the illustrator, who, so we are told by Ada Patterson in the *Theatre Magazine*, has so improved the internal mechanism of his mannikin mummies as to make them move about and mimic to perfection.

The famous Italian puppets had only eight strings to inspire their bows and paces, but Mr. Sarg has achieved a puppet which, dangling at the ends of twenty-two pieces of fish-line, makes love, kneels, dances, cajoles and kisses the kitchen maid—"much as human beings do," to quote Miss Patterson.

"Heretofore the producers of puppet performances have taken the audiences into their confidence," Miss Patterson continues, "for they have naively permitted the strings that control the movements of the little men and women to be clearly seen by the audience. Mr. Sarg hides these strings by stretching gauze curtain between the audience and the mimes and their directors. The curtain, of the

finest gauze, is attached to a frame at the front of the stage.

"Puppets are like animate actors in that their feet are often in their way. Their feet, so to speak, are their own stumbling blocks.

Tony Sarg has given much attention to the feet of his little players. He has weighted them so that the operator can always be sure that the mummer's pedal extremities are on the floor where they belong, instead of in the air where obviously they do not belong.

"Most puppets are one foot high. The Sarg marionettes achieved the great puppet height of three feet. Other puppets have slid or hopped across the floor. To his are given measured tread, whether gay or stately.

"The puppets of the past, even the most distinguished of them, have been angular as to movement. They have described angles instead of curves. Mr.



DID you ever write to an actress asking for her autographed photograph? Did you get it, if you did? And if you didn't, why not take the advice suggested by this photograph and write to Mary Pickford? Mary is said never to refuse a request for an auto-photo. In which case the little Canadian Queen of Filmsland must have a large bill for photographs, and stamps and envelopes.



THIS puppet Paderewski, one of the little fellows to perform in New York this season, is said to have a good temperamental technic.



A FEW weeks ago this picture of Mimi Aguglia was published in the *Canadian Courier* because of her ability as a songstress which she was said to be about to demonstrate to the 400 of New York this season. According to John Reed, Mimi Aguglia, from Sicily, is one of the world's greatest emotional actresses.

Sarg's six years of study and experimentation have resulted in the members of his cast bowing, dancing, kneeling, kissing, menacing, cajoling, much as human beings do. The triumph of the Sarg puppets which New York will soon see, is their humaneness. Marionettes have been classed hitherto as absurd, awkward little creatures as unlike human beings as Mme. Tussaud's wax works. Tony Sarg has aimed at perfection. He has reached unequalled human semblance."

ACCORDING to the directions as set down by John Reed, of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, one turns aside from Broadway when looking for great acting in New York and, reaching the tarnished old playhouses of the Bowery, finds satisfaction there. Mr. Reed was led himself to this discovery when he witnessed a presentation of the Sicilian play, "Malia," presented recently in the People's Theatre by Mimi Aguglia.

Mimi Aguglia failed to interest the patrons of the palaces which line Broadway, which is why she went back to her own people of the East Side. "Yet she is one of the finest emotional actresses living," declares John Reed, and in his description of the playing of "Malia" he tells why.

The second act is one of the most tremendous exhibitions of grief on the edge of madness that has ever been done, he says. In the first act Malia is buxom, flashing, glowing even in her sullenness; in the second she has shrunk bodily, wasted away. Her arms seem thinner. The very structure of her shoulders and back has altered, as it alters in people who have grieved and grieved for months, years.

She does not hesitate to put on the most violent make-up, the most melodramatic costume; it makes no difference what she wears or how she has done her face—no one can see her and believe that she has not suffered.

It is not a nice thing to see suffering; it is hideous, unnatural. Most of our ladies on the stage sob prettily into lace handkerchiefs, with their skirts well arranged; but Mimi Aguglia abandons herself to ugly grief, grotesque, monstrous. Her face, from utter blank despair, with the half-mad eyes turned whitely up and the trembling, uncontrollable mouth, breaks into the twisted grimace of weeping after many tears, and the sobs tear their way through her breast, and the tears come, hot and unrelieving.

And finally that tremendous scene with the man who betrayed her, where her body writhes and twitches like a snake in the fire.

With all Mimi Aguglia's tremendous emotionalism, her wildest actions are so obviously real, without any falsity, that you feel in the presence of artistic restraint well-nigh unbelievable. There is something Greek in the highly sophisticated yet apparently unpremeditated loveliness of the lines of her body.

And there is also something Japanese. She can make herself seem tall and stately, young and wild, broken, thin, short, or old, at will. They all convince and they all delight by sheer beauty of line and expression and gesture.

She goes about the stage playing with a piece of string, dragging chairs up and down, sitting down, getting up, taking the most extraordinary postures with her feet on another chair or wrapped around the legs of it; and though you feel it is unusual, it all seems perfectly natural and real.

In its way, Mimi Aguglia's company is no less remarkable than she herself. The men and women who are cast in many parts supporting her seem often ridiculously unfitted for them. Yet their talent for dramatizing themselves lifts them to incredible impersonations.

Above this almost general excellence as pantomimists, Mimi Aguglia stands out as a woman who appears to be able actually to live the characters she plays. The impression one gets is that she has forgotten the audience, she has forgotten these are actors and the setting is scenery, and even that she is Mimi Aguglia. She comes on the stage as one moves through life, predestined, unconscious of her fate.

**Girl From
Sicily a Great
Emotional
Actress**

**Marionettes
Revive in
New York
This Season**

Rimrock Jones

"A H, good morning, Mr. Jepson," said Rimrock, pleasantly, and put his hand behind his back.

"Good morning," returned Jepson, drawing in a deep breath, "is there anything I can do?"

"Yes," said Rimrock, coldly. "I've been away for some time. I'd like to know what's going on. You'll excuse me, Mr. Jepson, if I ask you a few questions about the jumping of the Old Juan claim."

"Ah, yes, yes," spoke up Jepson, briskly, "very regrettable case, I'm sure. But you must remember, if you'll pardon my mentioning it, that I spoke of this possibility before. The Old Juan claim, as I told you at the time, placed our entire property in jeopardy. It should have been re-located before all this had happened; but I have turned over the whole affair to our attorneys, McVicker and Ord."

"And what do they think?"

"Well, as to that, I can't say. You see, I have really been frightfully busy. Still, they are a very good firm and I think very likely the affair can somehow be compromised. Looks very bad for the Company, as far as the law goes, if you should ask my private opinion; but all such litigation, while of course very expensive, generally results, in the end, in a compromise."

"Oh, a compromise, eh? Well, sit down a minute; I want to find out a few details. Do you think now, for instance, that Whitney H. Stoddard is back of this man, Ike Bray? Because if he is, and their claim is a good one, it might make some difference to me."

He said this so naturally and with such apparent resignation that Jepson almost rose to the bait, but he had learned Rimrock's ways too well. Such an admission as that, if made before the trial, might seriously affect Stoddard's case. And besides, this was a matter for lawyers.

"Well, as to that, Mr. Jones," he replied, apologetically, "I really cannot say. As superintendent of the mine, and lately as acting manager, I am fully occupied, I am sure—"

"Yes, no doubt," observed Rimrock, suddenly changing his tone, "but you've got more time, now—I'll take that manager job off your hands."

"What? Take charge of the mine again?" cried Jepson, aghast. "Why, I thought—"

"Very likely," returned Rimrock, "but guess again. I'm still general manager, unless the Directors have fired me; and believe me, I'm going to take charge. In the next few days I'm going to go through this office with a six-shooter and a fine-tooth comb, and if I find a single dollar paid out to Ike Bray some ex-manager is liable to get shot. You understand that, now don't you, Mr. Jepson? All right, then; we can go ahead. Now, will you kindly tell me how, as general manager and mine superintendent, and being worried so much over that claim, you came to let the ordinary assessment work lapse on the apex claim to our mine?"

HE leaned back in his chair and put one hand in his pocket and Jepson broke into a sweat. It is no easy task for a man to serve two masters, and Rimrock had exposed a heavy pistol.

"Well—why, really!" burst out Jepson, in desperation, "I thought you had entrusted that to Mr. Lockhart. He told me so, distinctly, when I spoke of it in your absence, and naturally I let the matter drop."

"Yes, naturally," drawled Rimrock, and as he reached for his handkerchief Jepson started and almost ran. "You're a great man, Jepson," he went on, cuttingly, "a great little piece of mechanism. Now come through—what does Stoddard want?"

"Mr. Jones," began Jepson, in his most earnest manner, "I give you my word of honour I don't know of what you are speaking."

"Oh, all right," answered Rimrock, "if that's the way you feel about it. You stand pat then, and pull the injured innocence? But you're not much good

OUR successor to Rimrock Jones was all picked out and the drawing made for the announcement in this week's issue, when it was discovered that the Canadian publisher did not own the serial rights. We are still negotiating for that story. Consequently we are making one more instalment of Rimrock Jones.

By DANE COOLIDGE

Author of "The Desert Trail"

at it, Jepson; nothing like some people he has working for him. That fellow Buckbee is a corker. You're too honest, Jepson; you can't act the part, but Buckbee could do it to perfection. You should've been there to see him trim me, when I tried that little flier in Navajoa. Not an unkind word ever passed between us, and yet he busted me down to a dollar. He was a great fellow—you ought to know him—you could take a few leaves from his book.

"But here's the proposition as I look at it, Jepson," went on Rimrock, with an ingratiating smile, "you're supposed to be strictly on the square. You're a solid, substantial, mining engineer, chiefly interested in holding your job. But on the side, as I happen to know, you're doing all this dirty work for Stoddard. Now—as a general manager, if I did my duty, I ought to fire you on the spot; but I'm going to give you a chance. So I'll make you an offer and you can take it or leave it. If you'll recognize my authority as general manager and tell me what I'm entitled to know, I'll leave you where you are; but if you don't, I'll not only fire you, but I'll run you out of town. Now how about it—ain't I the legal manager of this Company?"

"Why—why, yes, Mr. Jones," stammered Jepson, abjectly, "as far as that goes, I'm sure no one will object. Of course it was understood, between Mr. Stoddard and me, when you went East a year ago—"

"Yes, all right, Mr. Jepson," interrupted Rimrock, easily, "now how much money have we got?"

"Why, as to that," began Jepson, his eyes opening wider, "there is quite a sum in the bank. Some three millions, altogether, but the most of that is set aside for the construction of the smelter."

"Ah, yes! Exactly! But that was set aside before the Old Juan claim was jumped. A smelter's no good now, if we're going to lose our mine—it would be just like making a present of it to Ike Bray."

"Oh, but my dear Mr. Jones!" burst out Jepson, in dismay, "you surely wouldn't stop the smelter now?"

"Well, I don't know why not," answered Rimrock, briefly. "Don't you think so now, yourself?"

He gazed at his superintendent with an unwinking smile, and Jepson bowed his head.

"Oh, very well, sir," he said, with a touch of servility, "but Mr. Stoddard will be greatly put out."

"You're working for me!" spoke up Rimrock, sharply, "and we'll spend that money for something else."

"Spend it?"

"Yes, for lawyers! I hate the whole outfit—they're a bunch of lousy crocks—but we'll see if money don't talk. I'm going to hire, Jepson, every lawyer in this Territory that's competent to practise in the courts. Now look at it fairly, as a business proposition; would it be right to do anything else? Here's a copper property that you could sell to-morrow for a hundred million dollars gold, and the apex claim is jumped. The whole title to the mine is tied up right there—they can claim every shovelful you mine, and your mill and your smelter to boot. What kind of a business man would I be if I left this to McVicker and Ord? No, I'm going to send to San Francisco, and Denver, and Butte, and retain every mining

attorney I can get. It's the only thing to do; but listen, my friend, I'm not going to tell anybody but you. So if Stoddard finds this out, or McVicker and Ord, or whatever blackleg lawyers Ike Bray has, I'll just know where to go. And one thing more—if I find you've split on me, I'll kill you like a Mexican's dog."

He rose up slowly and looked Jepson in the eye with a glance that held him cold.

"Very well, sir," he said, as he started to his feet. "And now, if you'll excuse me—"

"All right," nodded Rimrock, and as he watched him pass out he gave way to a cynical smile.

"Good enough!" he said. "They can all go back on me, but there's one man I know I can trust!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

A Chapter of Hate.

IT was a source of real regret to Mary Fortune that she could not keep on hating Rimrock Jones. In the long, weary months that she had been away from him she had almost dismissed him from her mind. Then she had met him in New York and the old resentment had flashed up into the white heat of sudden scorn. She despised him for all that she read of his life in that encounter face to face—the drinking, the gambling, the cheap, false amusements, and the painted woman at his side. And when he returned, after ignoring her letters and allowing his mining claim to lapse, and resumed his fault-finding complaints she had put him back in his place.

But that was just it, the outburst had relieved her; she had lost her cherished hate. In the quiet of her room she remembered how he looked, so beaten and yet so bold. She remembered the blow that her words had given him when he had learned that his stock was doomed; and that greater blow when he saw even his equity placed in jeopardy by the jumping of the Old Juan. Had it not been a little cruel, to fly at him, after that? He was wrong, of course, but the occasion was great and his mind was on other things. Yet he had told her, and repeated it, that she had sold him out—and that she could never endure.

She remained resolutely away until late in the afternoon and then she returned to the office. It was her office, anyway, as much as his; and besides, she had left her ear-telephone. Not that she needed it, of course, but she must keep up appearances, although it seemed impossible to persuade people that she was no longer deaf. Even Rimrock had shouted in that old, maddening way the instant she did not reply. It was natural, of course, but with him at least she would like it the other way. She would like him to speak as he had spoken at first when he had come to her office alone. But those days were gone, along with eavesdropping Andrew McBain, their first happiness and the golden dreams. All was gone—all but the accursed gold.

SHE found Rimrock alone in the silent office, running through filing cases in blundering haste.

"What are you looking for?" she asked, demurely, and as he noticed her amusement he smiled.

"Examining the books," he answered, grimly. "Say, how much money have we got?"

"Oh, don't look there!" she said, pushing the filing drawer back into its case. "Here, I'll give you our last monthly statement, brought down to January first."

She ran through the files and with a practised hand drew out the paper he wanted.

"Much obliged," he mumbled, and as he glanced at the total he blinked and his eyes opened up. "All right!" he said, "that will last me a while. I might as well spend it, don't you think? I'm General Manager, as long as I last, and it will take money to beat this man Bray."

"What, have you taken charge of the legal part of it? I thought that was left to McVicker and Ord?"

"McVicker and Ord! They're a couple of mutton-heads. Why, Bray has got Cummins and Ford. I

know they're good, because they beat me out of the Gunsight; but they're nothing to the men I've retained. I've telegraphed money to ten attorneys already—the best in the United States, so Ben Birchett, my Geronimo lawyer, says—and they'll be here within a few days. It'll be a galaxy of the finest legal talent that ever took a case in Arizona. Ben told me frankly when I called him up Long Distance that we've got a very weak case; but you wait, they'll frame something up. We're fighting Stoddard, there isn't a doubt about it; but we're spending his money, too."

HE met her gaze with a disarming grin and the reproaches died on her lips. After all, it was his right, after what he had suffered, to have this one, final fling. He was nothing but a child, a great overgrown boy, and it was fitting he should have his jest. And between him and Stoddard, the ice-cold lightning-calculator who kept count of every cent, there was really little to choose. Only Rimrock, of course, was human. He was a drunken and faithless gambler; a reckless, fighting animal; a crude, thoughtless barbarian; but his failings were those of a man. He didn't take advantage of everybody—it was only his enemies that he raided.

"Yes, you're spending his money," she conceded pleasantly, "but part of it is yours and—mine."

"Well, all right, then," he said after a moment's thought, "I'll show you where it's gone."

"No, I didn't mean that," she said, "my point is, don't throw it away. If we lose this suit, and I think we will, you'll need something to make a fresh start."

"Nope, it's dead loss to me, whichever way you figure it—if I don't spend it, it goes to Stoddard. He won't have any mercy on me, even if we win this case. My stock is gone when the ninety days are up. The most I can hope is to beat him on this suit. That will make my Tecolote stock more valuable and maybe I can borrow the money to pay off the debt at the bank. But I'm busted right now; I can see my finish. It's just a question of the epitaph the boys will put over my grave, and I want that to be: 'He did his damndest!' Then I'll get out of town with whatever I have left and begin all over again, down in Mexico."

"Oh, won't that be fine!" she cried enthusiastically, but Rimrock looked at her dubiously.

"What, to lose all my money?"

"No, to begin all over again. To get away from this trickery and dishonesty and the jealousy that spoils all your friends; and start all over again, get back to real work and build up another success!"

"You sure make it sound attractive," he answered glumly, "but there are some people who hate to lose. That's me—but cheer up, I haven't lost yet. You wait till I hire a few expert geologists and I'll prove that the Old Juan doesn't apex anything. No, absolutely nothing; not even the ore that's under it. I've got a couple of them coming, now."

She looked at him frowning.

"I don't like you that way," she said impatiently. "It sounds low and cheap, and I don't like it. And I hope when it's over and you've lost your case that you'll see that this lawlessness doesn't pay. Of course it's too late now, because I know you're going

to do it, but I do want you to know how I feel. I liked you best when you were a poor, hard-handed prospector without a dollar to your name; but what happiness has it brought you—or me, either, for that matter—all this money we've got from the mine?"

"Well," began Rimrock; and then he stopped and pondered. "Say, it hasn't brought us much, after all, now has it? I've helped out a few friends, but seems like they've all gone back on me. But what makes you think I'll lose?"

He was watching her furtively, but she sensed his purpose and as quickly was on her guard.

"Because you're wrong," she said. "You haven't a case. You know you let your title lapse and now you're trying to evade the law. You're wrong, in the first place; and in the second place you're trying to be dishonest. I hope you do lose it."

"Uhr! Thanks!" he jeered. "The same to you! If I lose, I guess you lose, too."

"I don't care," she persisted, "I want you to lose—and after it's all over, I'll tell you something."

She smiled in a mysterious and tantalizing way, but Rimrock's face never changed.

"You'd better tell me now, while you've got the chance," he suggested sitting down by her desk. "And by the way, how come you're hearing so well?"

"Oh, that reminds me!" she cried laughing gayly and picked up her earphone. "What was that you said?" she asked with mock anxiety, slipping the headband over her head (and Rimrock looked at her in surprise).

"By grab!" he exclaimed, "I believe you can hear! What do you carry that thing around for?"

SHE twitched it off and gazed at him again with a triumphant but baffling smile.

"Yes, I can hear," she admitted quietly, "but I'll have to ask you not to tell. Why, Mr. Jepson and some of these people fairly shout when they speak to me now."

She smiled again in such a cryptic manner that Rimrock became suddenly aroused.

"Say, what's going on?" he cried, all excitement, "have you been listening in on our schemes?"

"Why, Mr. Jones!" she exclaimed reproachfully, but still with a twinkle in her eye; and Rimrock leaned forward eagerly.

"Yes, that's my name," he answered, "go ahead and tell me what you know."

"No, you wouldn't put it to the best of purposes—but hold this over your ear." She held up the attachment to his ear and, as she ran up the dial, she whispered:

"Do you think you could hear through a wall?"

"You bet!" replied Rimrock and as she took it away he gave her a searching glance. "I wonder," he said, "if you're as innocent as you look." And Mary broke down and laughed.

"I wonder," she observed, but when he questioned her further she only shook her head.

"No, indeed," she said, "I won't tell you anything—but after you lose, come around."

"No, but look!" he urged. "If I lose, you lose. Come through and tell me now."

"You called me a crook," she answered spitefully, "you said I had sold

you out! Do you think I will tell you, after that? No, you're so smart, go ahead—Spend your money! Hire a lot of lawyers and experts! You think I sold you out to Stoddard? Well, go ahead—you try to buy me! No, I'm going to show you, Mr. Rimrock Jones, that I have never sold out to anybody, that I can't be bought, nor sold. You need that lesson more than you need the money that you are wasting in vice and fraud."

She ended, panting with the anger that swept over her, and Rimrock thrust out his chin.

"Huh! Vice and fraud!" he repeated scornfully, "you certainly don't hunt for words. Is it vice and fraud to hire lawyers and experts and try to win back my own mine? What do you want me to do—go and kow-tow to Stoddard and ask him to please step on my neck?"

"No, I want you to do what you're going to do—spend the Company's money, and lose. That money is part mine, but I'll be glad to part with it if it will cure you of being such a fool!"

THEY faced each other, each heated and angry, and then he showed his teeth in a smile.

"I know what's the matter," he said at last, "you're jealous of Mrs. Hardesty!"

She checked the denial that leapt to her lips to search for a more fitting retort.

"You flatter yourself," she said, smiling thinly, "but you do not flatter me."

"Yeah, 'vice and crime.' That shows where you good people fall down. I suppose you think that she was an awful disreputable woman! Well, she wasn't; she was just another of Stoddard's stool-pigeons that he uses to work suckers like me. She got me back there and helped him bleed me and then she kissed me good bye—so!"

He made the motion of slamming a door and his eyes turned dark with fury.

"She had a good line of talk herself," he sneered, "and her heart was as black as that book!"

He pointed to a book that was black indeed but Mary said never a word. This was news to her, and perhaps it was balm that would in time cure a wound in her heart, but now it rankled deep.

"I think," she said at last, "the most pitiable spectacle in the world is you, Mr. Rimrock Jones. You try to buy friends, as if they were commodities, and you try to buy them wholesale. You set up the drinks and try to buy the whole town, but what is the result of it all? Why, you simply attract a lot of leeches and bloodsuckers whose sole purpose is to get your money. And then, when you finally become disillusioned, you class them all together. You don't deserve any friends!"

"Well, maybe not!" he answered truculently, "but who's got the most, right now? You or me? Look at Old Hassayamp Hicks, and Woo Chong—and L. W.!"

A swift, almost instantaneous, change swept over her sensitive face and then she closed down her lips; yet Rimrock was quick enough to see it.

"What's the matter?" he challenged. "What's the matter with L. W.? Ain't

(Continued on page 22.)

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FINANCIAL

There is No Devil But Fear

THE fear-mongers would have us believe that never has the curse of Adam rested more heavily on man than it does this year, says Chas. W. Gerstenberg in the Metropolitan. Under the above heading he deals with business conditions in the United States which the pessimists declare to be in such bad shape, and by a mass of statistics ably refutes their arguments.

"The Liberty Loan was a popular loan," he says. "That was proved not only by the fact that it was oversubscribed, that it was taken by over 4,000,000 people, and that over 60 per cent. of it was taken in sums of \$10,000 and less, but by the fact that it did not develop one commanding outstanding leader. It took the personality of Stephen Girard to save the country from bankruptcy in the War of 1812, and the financial salvation of the country in the Civil War is linked with the name of Jay Cooke. But the Liberty Loan was floated without conspicuous individual leadership.

"Speaking of Stephen Girard reminds me," says Gerstenberg, "of a story that may appropriately be told at this time. Girard, it will be remembered, made his home in Philadelphia. It happened that that peaceful city was visited with a terrible plague that left hardly a home untouched. Every day the municipal scavenger came through the streets with his cart, attended by criers, who commanded the people, as hucksters command us to buy vegetables, to bring out their dead. The city was panic-stricken. People walked in the middle of the street holding to their noses and mouths sponges to catch the deadly germs. Nobody spoke above a whisper. Business was paralyzed. Certainly the devil had for the time being overcome the angels of light.

"But Stephen Girard knew better. It was bad enough to have a plague without a panic. So he scoffed and laughed at the timid ones whenever he met them. And it is said that he caused to be erected at the junction of the principal streets a sign which read 'There is no Devil but Fear.'"

"The most devilish thing about fear," continues Gerstenberg, "is its power to stupefy the intellect. Men caught by the spell of fear refuse to reason. Whenever they uncover their heads long enough to look about they see nothing but danger and darkness.

"But a month or so ago many of our best businessmen were perplexed at the outlook. Fortunately, however, they did not give way to fear. In several cities Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade began 'Business as Usual' campaigns. But when the reports of production and commerce came in and were interpreted, it was found that there was no need for special campaigns. Business was going on as usual. Indeed, in some respects old records were being broken."

Newsy Notes

PREPARATION for the financing and movement of the Western Canadian wheat crops has been quietly going on for some months

past, with the result that no real difficulty is anticipated. The precise requirements of the country have been carefully gauged by Canada's practical bankers, who state that ample provision has been made by the banks which have been keeping their assets in liquid condition and setting aside necessary funds to be used. The financing of former war loans fell largely upon the banks; but in spite of this they will be able to look after the crops this year as thoroughly as heretofore.

THE demand for silver is so great at the present time, and the price so high, that it is probable that several old silver mining properties in various parts of Ontario closed up for several years will be re-opened. It is stated that local interests are already arranging for the expenditure of considerable capital on certain Cobalt claims which will now be developed and placed in the producing stage as rapidly as possible. In other parts of Ontario, there are also many large

Intolerance and Neuritis

By The Music Editor

MAKE an effort to imagine yourself looking for nearly three hours out of a train window going sixty miles an hour on a non-stop run, and you have about a thirty per cent. idea of what it means to take in the film Intolerance, which wound up a three weeks' run in Massey Hall, Toronto, a few days ago. Add to that the excitement of being yanked from one train to three others in transit all going in opposite directions, and you can bring the illusion up to about 90 per cent. and still have something left for the peculiar business of Intolerance.

In all probability this film sums up all there is and ever has been in the movies. Which was what it was intended to do. Of course, we are asked to believe that it portrays the evil of not making allowance for the ways of other people, as a moral message to mankind. Which it does. But when you have been subjected to three hours of the train-window treatment you don't care a hang for moral messages. Intolerance—seen in Montreal several months before it got to Toronto—was originally intended to be a moralizing film. It ended by becoming the triumph of the movies. In order to show the evil of Intolerance it traced that bigotry's fortunes through four periods of the world's history. Beginning in time with Babylon more than 500 years B. C. it took a few scenes out of the life of Christ, skipped on down to the intolerance of the St. Bartholomew massacres in the Middle Ages, and brought the whole thing to a climax in modern New York. These four stories were alternated in swift succession for most of the evening without any regard whatever for the principle of continuity.

We may as well not bother calling such a show any names. It outraged almost every canon of drama or melodrama. But that made no difference. It was a law unto itself. When

bodies of low grade ore formerly abandoned because of the high production costs relative to the low selling price of the metal. Improved processes have rendered possible the more economical milling of this ore; and with the higher price obtained from the metal it is felt that many mines can now be profitably operated which were formerly believed not to be worth development.

MINING brokers are optimistic just now regarding the market outlook. The high price of silver has caused a substantial advance in Cobalt stocks, some of which have practically doubled in price during the present year. Moderate activity in these stocks during the past couple of weeks is, according to the brokerage fraternity, but a forerunner of the fall and winter business, and should silver continue high a big, broad market is expected.

The labour situation in the North country is showing considerable improvement, the number of men at work at the larger mine having considerably increased during the past few weeks. This has resulted in increasing somewhat the output of mills and mines.

a film is supposed to cost two million dollars it is not to be hampered by the laws of the stage. It has nothing to do with the stage. It is something that no human eye can adequately take in and no brain judge as to its dramatic values. As pictures nothing has ever been shown like this film. Compared to the Birth of a Nation by the same producer it was like ten to one. To show New York is impossible enough. Depicting Babylon is even worse. But it got Babylon, so far as we know it from our Sunday School experiences, and it gave even the historical and art authorities in support of the presentation.

Some day, soon, when we have recovered from the neuritis caused by this film, we shall take the phenomenon of the movies and investigate it. We have now seen the biggest ever. The littlest can be seen in almost any block. And with all the manifold sins of the movies no critic can ever hope to do them justice unless he keeps away from his own personal intolerance.

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You spend the best years of your life accumulating property. It represents toil, self-denial and perhaps privation. After all your care in getting and guarding, make sure of its equitable distribution. Have your will drawn up by your solicitor, appointing this corporation as your Executor, thereby securing competent and responsible administration.

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Capital and Reserve
\$3,350,000.00

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\$77,180,513.62

RIMROCK JONES

(Continued from page 20.)

he stood by me like a rock? He's in the hospital right now with a busted arm, and I won't hear a word against him. No, my troubles have been with women."

A swifter spasm, almost ugly in its rage, came over Mary Fortune's lips; and then she shut them down again.

"Yes," she said with a sarcastic smile, "I've heard women say the same about men."

"Oh, you've always got some comeback," he went on blusteringly, "but I notice you don't say nothing against L. W. Now there was a man who had done me dirt—he sold me out, on the Gunsight—but when I trusted him and treated him white L. W. became my best friend. He stood right up with me against Andy McBain and that bunch of hired gun-fighters he had; and he'd lay down his life for me, to-morrow. And yet he just worships money! He thinks more of a dollar than I do of a million, but could Stoddard buy him out? Not on your life—he voted for the dividend! But where was my lady friend at?"

He glared at her insultingly and, torn by that great passion that comes from devotion misprized and sacrifice rewarded with scorn, she leapt up to hurl back the truth. But a vision rose before her, the picture

of L. W. sobbing and bleeding, his arm flapping beside him, striving vainly to retrieve his treachery; and the words did not pass her lips.

"I'm not your friend, if that's what you mean," she answered with withering scorn. "I'm against you, from this moment, on."

"Well, let it ride, then," he responded carelessly, and as she swept from the room, he smiled.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Show-down.

FOR the few brief weeks before the great trial the office was swarming with men. There were high-priced lawyers and geologists of renown and experts on every phase of the suit, and in the midst of them sat Rimrock Jones. He wore his bilge black hat that had cost him a hundred dollars—including the hat-check tips at the Waldorf—and his pistol was always at his hip. Every step of their case was carefully framed up in the long councils that took place, but at the end Rimrock lost his nerve. For the first time in his life, and with all eyes upon him, he weakened and lowered his proud head. He had a hunch he would lose.

For all those weeks he had been

haunted by a presence that always flitted out of his way; but now she was there, in the crowded court-room, and she greeted him with a slow, mirthless smile. It was Mary Fortune and he remembered all too well that time when she had told him he would lose. She had said he would lose because he had no case, and because he used money instead; but he knew from that smile she had other reasons for pronouncing his doom in advance. He had lawyers hired who told him, to the contrary, that he had a very good case—and Stoddard had spent money, too. Not openly, of course, but through his attorneys; but that was customary, it was always done. No, behind all her professions of respect for the judiciary and of worship for the law, she must know that the right sometimes failed. But behind that smile there was the absolute certainty that in some way he was certain to lose.

He met her glance as he came into the court-room surrounded by a troop of his friends, surrounded by lawyers and mining experts and geologists who professed to see through the earth, and before her gaze he halted and blenched. There was another person there who regarded him coldly with a glance like a rapier thrust; but it was not of Stoddard he was afraid. It was of Mary Fortune, who had come out against him and who could hear through walls with her phone.

What she knew might have helped him, but she was against him now—and she had told him in advance that he would lose.

As Rimrock sat thinking, his eyes cast down and his mind far back in the past, a great blow was struck by the bailiff's mallet and the crowd rose up to its feet. A stern-faced judge, robed in the black cloak of his office, stepped out through the curtains behind the bench and as Rimrock stared the bailiff beckoned him sharply and he scrambled to his feet with the rest.

"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!" cried the bailiff in the words that echoed of the past. "The United States District Court is now in session!"

HE struck again as the judge took his seat and Rimrock sank down into his chair. But he had stood in respect to the majesty of the law and it was then that his hunch came back. For this was no appeal to an elected judge or the easily swayed emotions of a jury; it was an appeal to the cold, passionless mind of a man who considered nothing but the law.

Ike Bray was there, looking pinched and scared, and the two guards who had witnessed his relocation, and they testified to the facts. In vain Rimrock's lawyers orated and thundered or artfully framed up their long questions; it took days to do it, but when the testimony was all in it was apparent that Ike Bray's claim would hold. But this was only the beginning of the battle, the skirmish to feel out the ground; and now the defence brought up its big guns. One after the other they put experts on the stand to testify to the geology of the Tecolote; but Cummins and Ford produced others as eminent who testified to the opposite effect. So the battle raged until the wearied judge limited the profitless discussion to one more day, and then Cummins and Ford launched their bombshell.

"Your Honour," began Cummins as he rose with a great document. "I should like to introduce as evidence this report, which unfortunately has only just come to hand. As Your Honour has intimated the testimony of hired experts is always open to suspicion of bias, and especially where great interests are at stake; but I am able to offer for the information of the court a document both impartial and thorough. It is the combined reports of three practical geologists employed by the Tecolote Company itself, though at a time preceding this suit and intended solely for the purposes of exploration. As Your Honour will observe, although the reports were made independently and under orders to seek nothing but the facts, they agree substantially in this: that, within an extension of its end-lines, the Old Juan claim is the true apex of the entire Tecolote ore body."

He handed over the report and sat down in triumph, while Rimrock's lawyers all objected at once. The argument upon admitting to evidence this secret but authoritative report, consumed the greater part of the day; and at the end the plaintiff rested his case. Throughout the din of words, the verbal clashes, the long and wearisome citing of authorities and the brief "Overruled!" of the judge, Rimrock Jones sat sullen and downcast; and at the end he got up and went out. No one followed to cheer or console him—it was his confession of utter defeat. And the following day, when the court convened, a verdict was ren-

EDISON WEEK

October 21st to 27th

OCTOBER 21st, 1917, is the 36th anniversary of the invention of the incandescent electric light by Thomas A. Edison. The entire week of October 21st will be observed by a number of the industries founded by Mr. Edison.

Mr. Edison's Favorite Invention

It is well known that the phonograph is Mr. Edison's favorite invention. He has steadfastly refused to dispose of any of his phonograph patents; nor will he permit outsiders to become interested financially in the manufacturing laboratories where the Edison Phonograph is made.

In the United States and Canada there are 3700 merchants who have been licensed by Mr. Edison to demonstrate and sell

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

These merchants will observe Edison Week in various ways that will be announced by them in their local papers.

\$2000.00 in Cash Prizes

A great deal has been said about the New Edison in the newspapers. This new Edison invention has been tested before one million music lovers in direct comparison with thirty great singers, for the purpose of determining whether the New Edison's Re-Creation of an artist's voice can be detected from the artist's real voice. Similar comparisons have been made with instrumentalists. The music critics of 500 of America's principal newspapers have attended these tests and described the results in their respective papers. Prizes are now offered for the best patchwork advertisements composed entirely of quotations from these newspaper accounts. You do not write a single word yourself. Instead you read what the newspapers have said about the New Edison and then piece together a complete advertisement from that material. Perhaps you will quote from a dozen different papers; possibly you will confine yourself to two or three. That is for

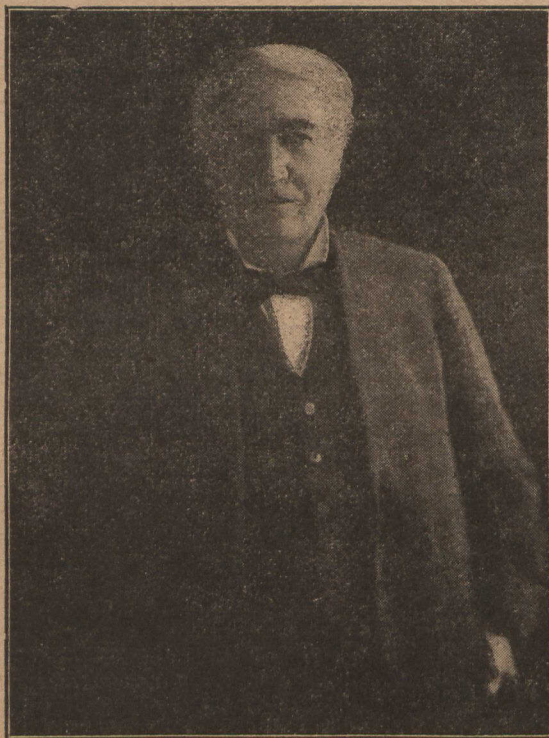
you to determine. The prizes are as follows:

- \$1000 Cash for best patchwork advertisement
- 500 Cash for second best
- 250 " " third best
- 100 " " fourth best
- 50 " " fifth best
- 10 " each for ten that earn honorable mention

Professional advertising writers and persons connected in any way with the manufacture or sale of Edison Phonographs are not eligible to the competition.

No advertisement should contain more than three hundred (300) words. Nothing will be considered except the actual text of the advertisement. It is not necessary to send what is technically known as a "lay out." The prizes will be awarded solely on the "wording" of the advertisements. Even "headings" do not count.

You pay nothing to enter the contest and assume no obligation by doing so.



The Edison Week Bureau will give you complete instructions and send you the booklet "What the Critics Say," from which you can select material for your "patchwork" advertisement.

The Edison Dealer in Your Locality Will Help You Win a Prize

Go to his store and hear the New Edison. He may be willing to lend you an instrument for a few days, so that you can study it at your leisure in your own home. He may also be able to give you some good tips about your advertisement, but don't ask him to help you compose it, as he will have to certify that he did not do so.

The Contest Closes October 27th

Edison Week ends October 27th and the contest closes the same day. Write today for Instruction Blank and copy of booklet "What the Critics Say." Address Edison Week Bureau, Orange, N. J., U. S. A.

dered for the plaintiff. The lawyers and experts took their checks and departed and Rimrock Jones went home.

He went back to Gunsight where he had seen his greatest triumphs and his days of blackest defeat and waited for Stoddard to strike. It was all over now—all over but the details and the final acceptance of terms—and, while he waited, he packed up to go. No one knew better than Rimrock himself that it was right and fitting to move on. Old hatreds and animosities, old heart-burnings and recriminations, would make Gunsight a hell-spot for him, and thwart him at every move. It was best to go on to Mexico. Even Hassayamp and L. W. agreed in this, although L. W. insisted upon staking him and declared it was all his own fault. But Mary Fortune, whether she gloried in his fall or pitied him for his great loss, kept discreetly out of his way.

She faced him the first time at the special meeting when Stoddard came to lay down his terms. As a legal fiction, a technical subterfuge, he still claimed to have bought up Bray's claim; but no one was deceived as to his intent. If he had bought Bray out it was not for the Company, but for Whitney H. Stoddard personally; and with no intention of compromising. He came in briskly, his face stern and forbidding, his eyes burning with ill-suppressed fire; and he sat down impatiently to wait. Then as Rimrock slouched in and called the meeting to order Stoddard picked up a piece of blank paper and began to tear it into long, slender shreds.

"WELL, to get down to business," said Rimrock at last after the various reports had been read, "we have come here, I take it, for a purpose."

He raised his eyes and met Stoddard's defiantly, but Mary looked away.

"Yes, we have," answered Stoddard with business-like directness, "I have a proposition to make. As I suppose you both know I have bought up the claim of Mr. Bray, as decided by the court. That claim, of course, practically invalidates your stock since it takes away possession of the mine; but I am willing to make you a generous offer. Our undivided profits—minus the amount, of course, that our General Manager has squandered on his defence—will be shared among us, pro rata. This will be in cash, and in consideration of the payment, I shall expect you to turn in your stock."

"What? For nothing?" cried Mary; but Rimrock did not flinch though his face became set with rage.

"It can hardly be called nothing," replied Stoddard severely, "when your own share comes to over two hundred thousand dollars. And as for Mr. Jones, he understands very well that I can claim every dollar he has."

"Well, that may be so, since you have a claim against him, but my stock is unencumbered. And since my share of the profits is in no sense a payment I shall decline to turn in my stock."

"Very well," answered Stoddard, his voice low and colorless, "I shall turn the matter over to my attorney and refuse to vote the dividend."

"Ah, I see," she murmured and glanced at Rimrock, who answered with a curl of the lip.

"Mr. President," she said, "I move that the money at present in our treasury be set aside as a profit and divided

among the stockholders pro rata."

"Just a moment!" warned Stoddard as Rimrock was about to fall in with her, "you can never collect that money. I have notified Mr. Lockhart, the treasurer of our Company, that I will hold him personally responsible for every dollar he pays out, without my official O.K. You understand what that means. Within less than a month, through my suit now in court, I can claim every share of Mr. Jones' stock. Its value, in law, has been reduced to nothing, outside of this undivided profit; and that I offer you now. If you refuse I shall get judgment, claim his entire share of the profits, and take possession of the whole Tecolote properties by right of the Old Juan decision. I advise you to accept my first offer."

"ALL right," spoke up Rimrock, "I knew you'd rob me. Write out the cheque and I'll be on my way."

"No, indeed!" cried Mary, "don't you let him fleece you! I've got something to say here, myself!"

"Well, say it to him, then," returned Rimrock, wearily, "I'm sick and disgusted with the whole business."

"Yes, naturally," observed Stoddard, reaching into his pocket and deliberately pulling out his chequebook. "Most people are, by the time I get through with them; and your case is no exception. You made the mistake of trying to oppose me."

(To be concluded.)

Common Sense on the War

(Concluded from page 12.)

ruption, and of economic depletion. Still less can he see the great psychological forces that must be liberated by despair, by bereavement, and by the continuous strain of undernourishment which, among the poorer classes has reached the point of starvation. It may be true enough that the armies, viewed as armies alone, can go on fighting for years, and that Germany, entrenched behind the Rhine, can bid a military defiance to her enemies al-

most indefinitely. But will the German people consent to go on fighting when all hope of victory has vanished? Can we suppose that the delusion of self-defence against a ring of provocative enemies will never be broken down? If so, it is unique in the history of delusions. Of course the German people will not go on fighting for a single week after the definite fact of defeat has been brought home to them. Nor will they go on fighting after the fear of national dismemberment and of revenge has been overcome. These are the forces that will end the war, and not the military annihilation of the armies in the field. The effects of battles must now be measured not so much from the strategic as from the political point of view. They bring the beaten nations nearer to the point of despair and of realization—despair of military success and realization of causes. The Central Powers are now face to face with another winter of war, and it comes at the end of an almost unbroken succession of defeats and withdrawals. Even the chapter of accidents can offer them no hope of reversing the tide of misfortune. Their material forces are declining, and even though they may believe that the same is true of their enemies in Europe they cannot be so wilfully blind as to close their eyes to the significance of American intervention. A month ago it is undoubtedly true that they disbelieved in American intentions. They do not disbelieve in them now. They know far more of American military movements than does the average American citizen. In fact, they know everything about them. And, therefore, they know that next summer will find them face to face with a practically new war, a new enemy, new energies, and new resolves.

For these reasons I believe it certain that within the next month or so we shall find proposals from the Central Powers that are based on a genuine intention to end the war, and something like a genuine recognition of the conditions upon which it can be ended.



I do not believe that the Central Governments will dare to invite their people to enter upon another winter of internal horrors. Their offers will become more definitely inclusive as they see the futility of setting the well-understood trap of the peace conference in which a dozen diplomats will sit around a table in order to confirm the treacheries and the venalities consummated in hotel corridors and in dark corners. There are certain demands that the Allies will consider beyond the range of discussion and that they will not submit to debate. Among these are unquestionably the independence of Belgium and Serbia and, I believe, the restitution to France of Alsace and Lorraine. Whether Germany will accept such preliminaries as these remains to be seen. That she will move in their direction is nearly certain. In other words she will determine upon peace, and she will set forth resolutely to obtain it.



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Do not fail to visit Jasper and Mount Robson Parks with their wonderful mountains, gorges, glaciers and cataracts.

Here the protection given to game has increased the quantity and reduced the fear of man.

Mountain sheep and goat, the most wary of animals, are seen feeding on the hills, and coming down to the railroad in view of passing trains.

For further particulars see our booklet "The Canadian Northern Rockies," or apply to General Passenger Department, Montreal, Quebec; Toronto, Ont.; Winnipeg, Man.

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THIS directory includes the names of the leading Canadian firms making and handling the various classes of goods indicated. The Courier recommends these concerns as leaders in their classes and every prospective purchaser can rely upon getting honest wares from them. Most of them have years of reputation behind them. Moreover, they are "National" and a constant reminder of the steady growth in Canadian Industries. The Directory will appear in the last issue in each month. Watch it grow.

Buyers unable to find the desired information in this directory are invited to write to this office for information, which will be furnished free of charge.

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Imperial Oil Company, Limited, "Imperial" Asphalt, Toronto.

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Imperial Oil Company, Limited, "Polarine," Toronto.

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Tarbox Bros., Toronto.

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Dominion Wheel & Foundries, Limited, Toronto.

CEREALS.

White Swan Spices & Cereals, Ltd., "White Swan," Toronto.

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Ely Bros., Toronto.

CIGARS.

Andrew Wilson & Co., "Bachelor" Cigars, Toronto.

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Interstate Electric Novelty Co. of Can., Ltd. "Franco" Flashlights.

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The McClary Mfg. Co., London, Ont.

FURNITURE POLISH.

Imperial Oil Company, Limited, "Loco Liquid Gloss," Toronto.

GELATINE.

Charles B. Knox Co., "Knox Sparkling," "Knox Acidulated," Montreal.

GLOVES (Men's and Women's).

Dent, Allcroft & Co., "Dent's Gloves," Montreal.

GLOVES AND MITTS.

A. R. Clarke & Co., Limited, Toronto.

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HARDWARE.

Hardware Company of Toronto, Limited, Toronto.

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Tarbox Bros., Toronto.

MULTIGRAPH LETTERS & MAIL LISTS.

Harry Edwards, Toronto.

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Whaley, Royce & Co., Limited, Toronto and Winnipeg.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

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United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.

OILS AND GREASES.

Canadian Oil Companies, Ltd., Toronto.

The Imperial Oil Co., Limited, Toronto.

OIL REFINERS.

The British American Oil Co., Limited, Toronto.

OIL SOAP.

Ontario Soap & Oil Co., Toronto.

OVERALLS.

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Brandram-Henderson, Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Halifax.

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Heintzman & Co., "Ye Olde Firm," Toronto.

PIANOS & PLAYER PIANOS

The Newcombe Piano Co., Ltd., Toronto.

PLUMBING SUPPLIES.

Cluff Brothers, Toronto.

Fiddes & Hogarth, Limited, Toronto.

PORTLAND CEMENT.

Alfred Rogers, Limited, Toronto.

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RIBBONS (Typewriter, Adding Machines). United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.

RUBBER FOOTWEAR.

Gutta Percha & Rubber Co., Limited, Toronto.

SALT.

Canadian Salt Co., Limited, "Windsor" and "Regal" Salts, Windsor, Ont.

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Brantford Computing Scale Co., Ltd., "Brantford" Scales, Brantford, Ont.

SCRAP IRON, STEEL & METALS.

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Justice to Premier Borden

(Concluded from page 6.)

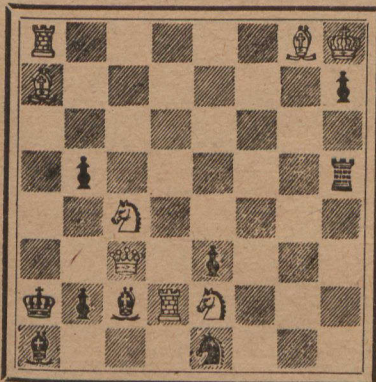
at the head of Sir Joseph Flavelle and Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and go through their pockets. Canada is facing an enormous war debt; but the Borden Government (Sir Thomas White) is paying for part of it by taxation as we go along. It has laid a progressively heavy tax on all incomes over \$3,000; no one has complained or whined. If that isn't conscripting wealth, what is? What more would a Liberal government do?

Let us try to be just. I know this appeal is vain, if made to the partisan on either side; but I believe there is a large number of men in Canada who honestly desire to be just. It is for these I have written.

CHESS

Conducted by MALCOLM SIM

PROBLEM NO. 155, by A. Ellerman. Good Companions Magazine, July, 1917. Black.—Nine Pieces.



White.—Eight Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 153, by H. W. Bettmann.

1. Kt-K8, Q-Q4; 2. KtxP mate.
1., Q-B4; 2. KtxR mate.
1., Q-Kt4; 2. R-Bsq mate.
1., Threats; 2. KxBP, Q-Kt4 mate.

To Correspondents.

J.M.G.) Toronto Chess Club, St. James' Parish House, 65 Church street. (E.F.) Egmondville is a village in Huron County, two miles from Seaforth. (R.G.S.) Thanks for game.

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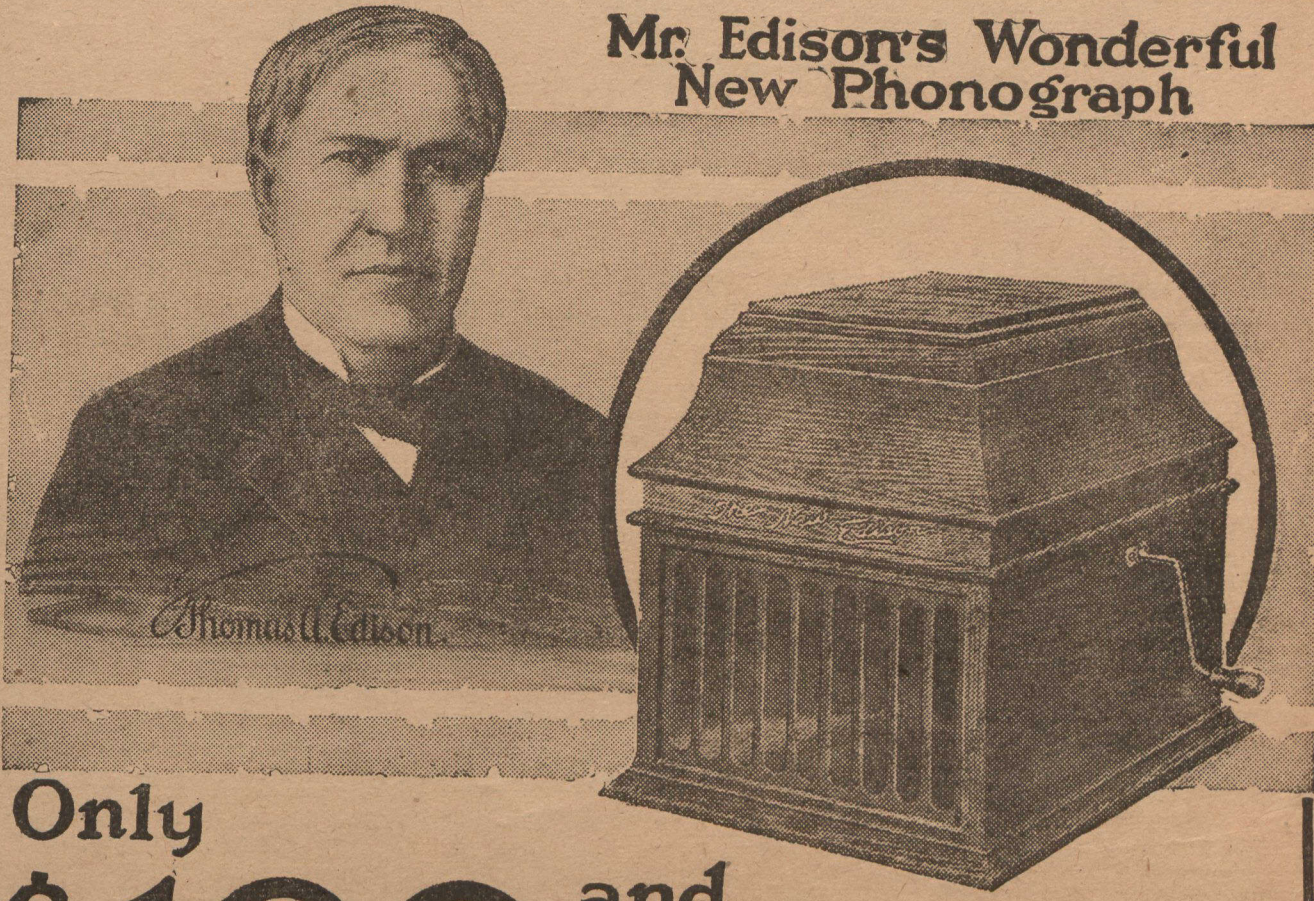
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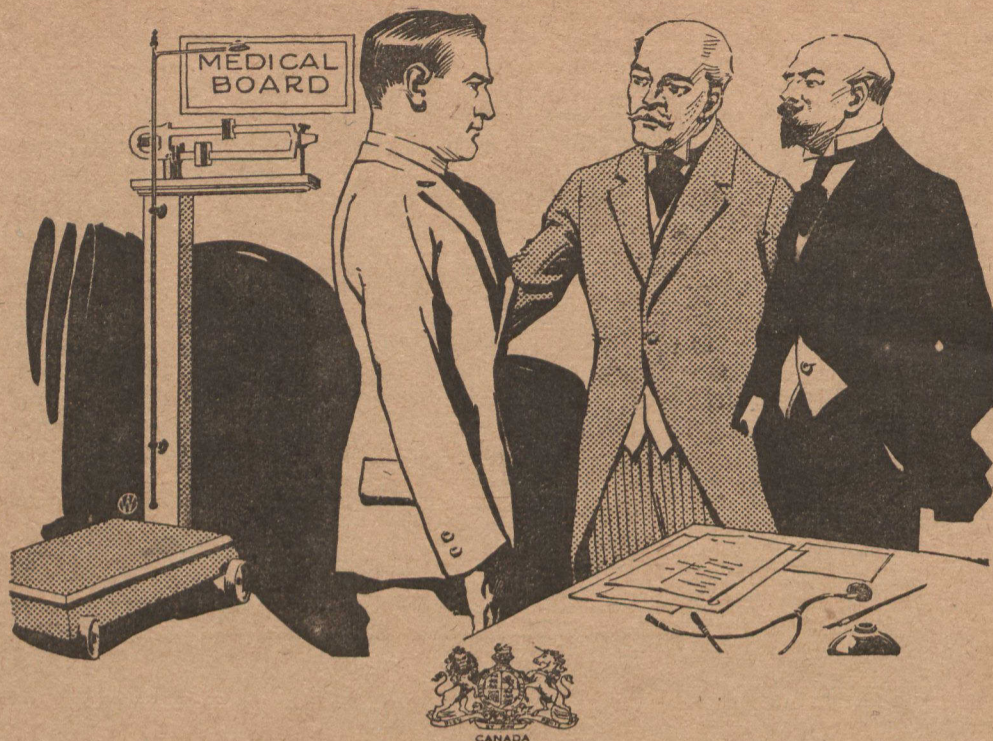
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Ruy Lopez.

White.	Black
R. Beebe.	W. E. Evans.
1. P-K4	1. P-K4
2. Kt-KB3	2. Kt-QB3
3. B-Kt5	3. P-B4 (a)
4. P-Q3	4. P-Q3
5. Kt-B3 (b)	5. Kt-B3
6. Castles (c)	6. B-K2
7. B-Q2 (d)	7. Castles
8. B-B4ch	8. K-Rsq
9. Kt-KKt5	9. Q-Ksq
10. Q-B3 (e)	10. P-B5!
11. Q-Qsq (f)	11. Kt-Q5
12. P-KKt3 (g)	12. Q-Kt3
13. Kt-B3	13. B-Kt5
14. Kt-KR4	14. Q-R4
15. P-B3 (h)	15. B-R6
16. Kt-Kt2 (i)	16. P-KKt4
17. P-KKt4	17. Q-Kt3 (j)
18. K-B2 (k)	18. P-KR4
19. Pxp	19. QxRP
20. Kt-Kt5	20. P-Kt5 (l)
21. KtxKt	21. PxBt
22. BxP	22. PxB
23. QxP (m)	23. QxQch
24. KxQ	24. Kt-R4
25. R-B2	25. BxKt
26. KxB	26. KtxBch
27. K-Rsq	27. Kt-R6
28. R-Kt2	28. P-B3
29. R-Kt3	29. Kt-B5
30. QR-KKtsq	30. QR-Qsq
31. B-K6	31. R-B3 (n)
32. B-Kt4 (o)	32. R-R3
33. R-KBsq	33. R-KBsq
34. R (Kt3)-B3	34. Kt-Kt3
35. B-B5	35. Kt-R5
36. R-B4	36. KtxB
37. PxBt	37. B-B3
38. R-K4	38. B-K4
39. R-K2	39. K-Kt2
40. R-Kt2ch	40. K-B3

White resigned on the 46th move.

NOTES BY CHESS EDITOR.

- (a) Schliemann's counter-attack, once widely advocated by Marshall. It leads to most difficult play and is almost sound.
- (b) White can obtain the better game as follows: 5. PxB, BxP; 6. P-Q4, PxB (if 6... P-K5, then 7. P-Q5, PxBt; 8. QxP); 7. KtxP, B-Q2; 8. Castles, Kt-B3; 9. R-Ksqch, B-K2; 10. BxKt, PxB; 11. Q-K2, K-B2; 12. Kt-QB3, and if 12... R-Ksq or P-Q4, then 13. KtxQBP, regaining the pieces immediately. If, instead, 5... Kt-B3, then 6. P-Q4, P-K5; 7. Kt-R4, B-K2; 8. P-KKt4, Castles; 9. R-Ktsq, P-Q4; 10. Kt-QB3, Kt-Ksq; 11. Kt-Kt2, with a pawn ahead and a promising game.
- (c) More forcible would be 6. Q-K2 (threatening to continue 7. P-Q4), PxB; 7. QKtP, B-Q2; 8. P-Q4, Q-K2; 9. KtxKtch, PxBt (if 9... QxKt, then 10. BxKt, BxB; 11. PxB, BxKt; 12. PxB, BxQ; 13. PxB, BxB; KxB and the King side pawns would win); 10. P-Q5, Kt-Q5; 11. BxBch, KxB! 12. Q-K4, KtxKt; 13. QxKt, R-Ksq; 14. Q-B5ch, K-Qsq; 15. B-K3, R-Ktsq; 16. Castles KR, Q-Kt2; 17. P-KKt3, P-QR3 (otherwise 18. BxP, P-QKt3; 19. P-QR4); 18. P-QR4 followed by P-QKt4 with strong attack.
- (d) If 7. B-QB4, then 7... Kt-QR4.
- (e) 10. P-KB4 is the obvious continuation. The text-move is a mistake.
- (f) Black threatens B-Kt5, winning the Queen. If, to meet this 11. P-KR3 or P-KKt3, then 11... P-KR3; 12. Kt-K6, BxKt; 13. BxB, Kt-Q5, winning a piece.
- (g) 12. Kt-K2 was the only move here. Now black obtains an irresistible attack.
- (h) If 15. Q-Ksq, then 15... Kt-B6ch; 16. KtxKt, BxKt; 17. P-KR4, P-KKt4, etc.
- (i) If 16. R-B2, of course black plays P-KKt4 and P-Kt5.
- (j) Missing his opportunity. He should have continued 17... BxB; 18. PxB, KtxKtP; 19. P-KR4, P-B6, with an overwhelming position. 17... KtxKtP, will also win, but less quickly.
- (k) There is no relief this way. The best seems Kt-Kt5 at once to dislodge the overbearing knight at Q5.
- (l) 20... KtxKtP; 21. QxKt, B-Kt5; 22. KtxBP, KtPxBt; 23. Q-Rsq, Q-R5ch; 24. K-Ktsq, B-R6, followed by R-K Ktsqch was at Black's command. Now he has to go twice as far to victory.
- (m) If 23. Kt-Ksq, then 23... BxB and 24... KtxKP with overwhelming attack. The text-move yields a piece.
- (n) If KtxB, of course white mates in two.
- (o) 32. B-B5 and if 32... R-R3; 33. R-Kt7 would have given drawing chances.

Ending by Janowski.

The following remarkably fine ending occurred in a game between Janowski and a strong amateur, at the Manhattan Chess Club, during July:
White: K at KKtsq; Q at KR4; Rs at Ksq, and K7; Kt at KR5; B at Q3; Ps at QR2, QKt2, QB3, Q4, KB2, KB5, KKt4 and KR2. Black: K at KKtsq; Q at Qsq; Rs at Q Rsq and Ksq; B at Q2; Kts at K5 and KB2; Ps at QR2, QKt2, QB3, Q4, KKt2 and KR2. White to play.
1. R(Ksq)xKt, PxB; 2. Kt-B6ch, PxBt (a); 3. RxBt, KxB; 4. QxRPch, K-Bsq; 5. B-B4, B-K3 (b); 6. PxB, RxB; 7. BxB, Q-Ksq; 8. B-Kt3, R-Qsq (c); 9. Q-Kt8ch, K-K2; 10. Q-K6ch, K-Bsq; 11. QxPch, Resigns.
(a) If 2... K-Bsq then 3. KtxPch, K-Ktsq; 4. Kt-B6ch, K-Bsq; 5. KtxBch, K-Ktsq; 6. Kt-B6ch, K-Bsq; 7. RxRch, etc.
(b) This and his next are necessary to avoid mate.
(c) The natural continuation, yet it leads to a forced mate. If 8... P-K6, White would capture both Black's pawns on the King's side, winning easily with four pawns to the good. Any attempt to bring the rook into play by advancing the rook's pawn and then the bishop's pawn, will be found unavailing.



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