

HAS THE WAR KILLED CHRISTIANITY?

# THE CANADIAN COURIER

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September 1918

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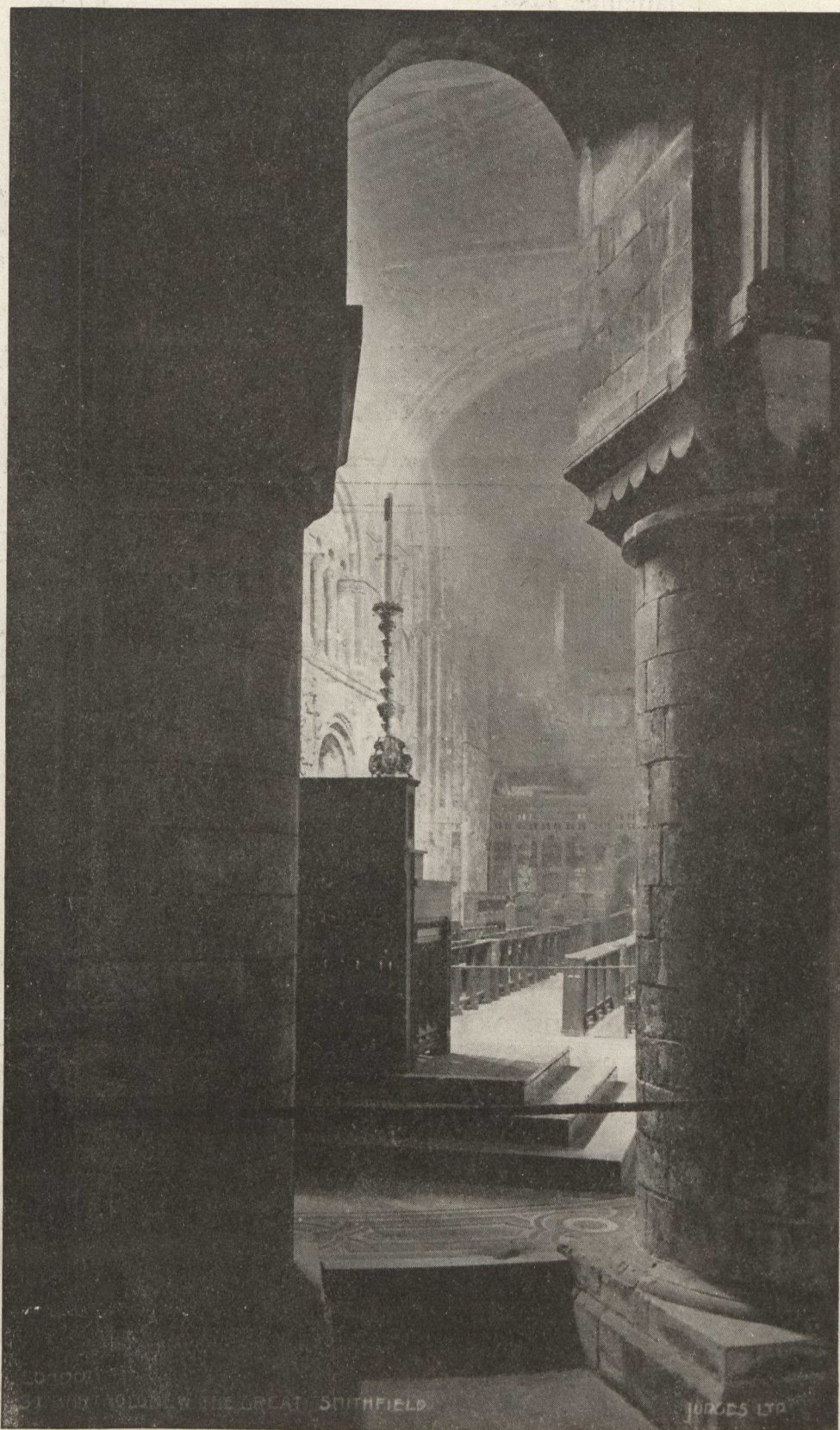


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It's a long way to Mount Royal,  
Where the flagons still may flow.  
Good-bye, Hiram Walker,  
Farewell, O'Keefe's beer—  
Let me write to Montreal now  
And my stuff's right here!

For it's always dark weather  
When good fellows get together,  
With no stein on the table—  
And Hartley Dewart here.

Sure I now save the silver I'd spend  
in the bar,  
And my brow is not furrowed nor  
wrinkled by care,  
And my hand is now steady, I'm losing  
my thirst,  
Oh, God bless you and keep you,  
Premier Bill Hearst.

There's a little bit of thirst still burn-  
ing  
And yearning, down in my throat  
for you;

There's a longing there for your re-  
turning,  
I want you, I do.

So come, come, to my lips again,  
Come, come, like the gentle rain,  
For there's a little bit of thirst still  
burning  
And yearning for you.

Oh, Genevieve, sweet Genevieve,  
The booze did come, the booze did  
go,  
And though it may your fond heart  
grieve,  
I fear that ne'er again 'twill flow.

Oh, we didn't want to lose you but we  
thought you ought to go,  
For your King and your country need  
all their dough;  
We shall want you and miss you when  
we have a wee pain—  
We shall worry along without you if  
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that the Mayor slipped a cog some-  
how;  
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sign that the polling place is in a  
movie show or a millinery shop;  
Canadian troops being reviewed, it  
is a sign that Sir Sam Hughes is in  
the neighbourhood;  
A preacher advertising a sensation-  
al sermon topic, it is a sign he's afraid  
the old Gospel won't draw;  
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men turning their heads, it is a sign  
that heads are easily turned;  
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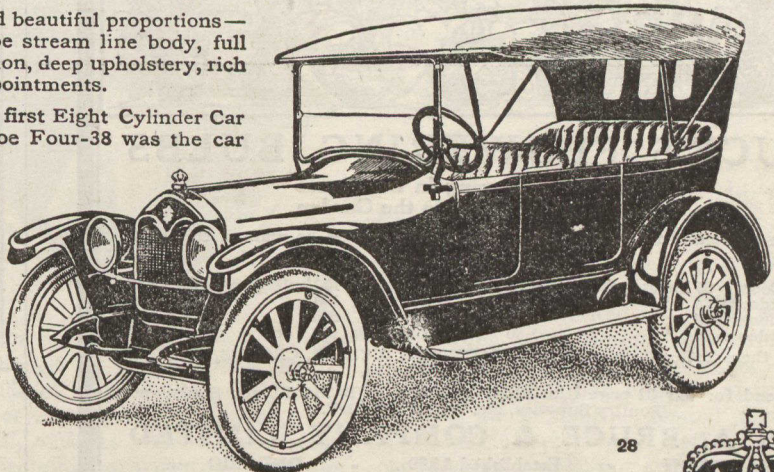
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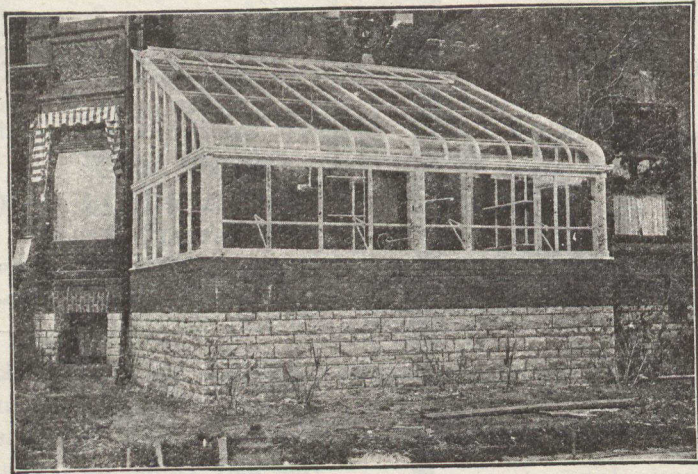
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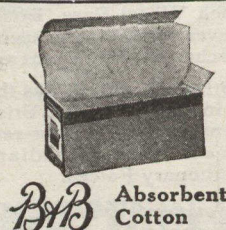
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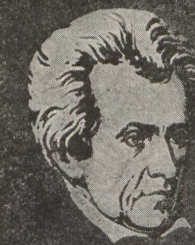
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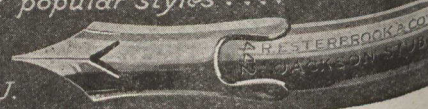
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# THE COURIER

Vol. XX.

September 30th, 1916

No. 18

## SIR ROBERT BORDEN AT LEISURE

*Impressions of a Statesman who Sidesteps an Interview Like a "Parfit Gentil Knight"*

It was only nine o'clock on Dominion Day when I telephoned to Sir Robert Borden's house, to ask for the privilege of an interview with him, but Sir Robert had already gone to his office. Dominion Day is the great universal holiday for Canada; but the Canadian Premier was early at work.

Nobody else seemed to be at work, as I entered the great gates on Parliament Hill, except the policemen, who were on guard at different points in the grounds, or in the buildings. One looked with regretful eyes towards "the Hill" itself, missing the Tower acutely, recalling one's earliest eleven-year-old thrill on climbing to the very top of it, and looking down on the panorama of city, river, and valley below, with the Laurentian hills beyond. The city, and the river, and the valley, are still there; but the blue Laurentian hills are the only part of the picture that has not changed. More sawmill, more streets, more city, more everything, are spread across the valley and up the river, and soon there will be "more" tower from which to view them.

It was hot—hot—in the streets; and even the green grass on the hill was shimmering in the heat. But a cloistered coolness encompassed me, as I stepped into the East Wing, where the Premier's main office is. A guide led me down long corridors, empty to-day, to the "Seat of Government."

Sir Robert was seated at a great broad desk, that centered a spacious room, whose windows look west across Parliament Square. In spite of the heat of Canadian climate, and Canadian politics, and the fact that even on Dominion Day he couldn't take a holiday, his courteous kindness produced an atmosphere of leisure.

To produce an atmosphere of leisure, in 1916, is to practise one of the fine arts; a kind of white magic. I wished Sir Robert many happy returns of the day, for surely Dominion Day is a kind of proxy birthday for the Premier. At any rate, he has two birthdays a year. But no one would ever guess it! I expect he was born in Leap Year.

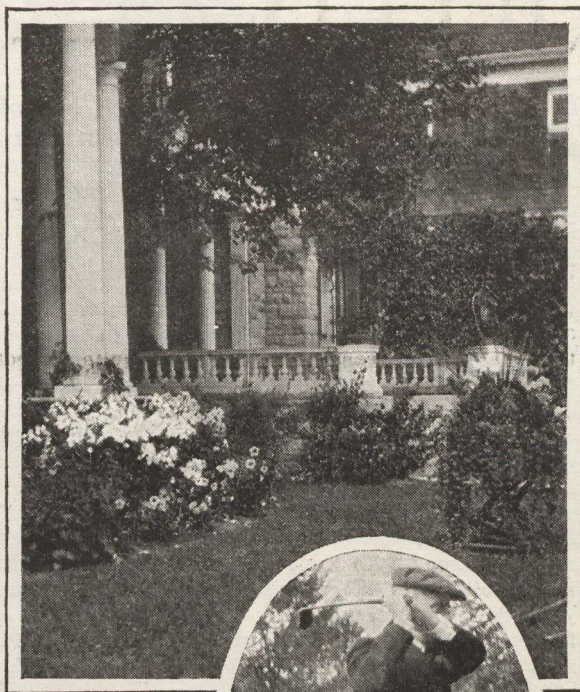
I explained my errand; and Sir Robert smiled. "I never give interviews to anybody," he said.

"But supposing you come to tea with Lady Borden on Sunday; and meantime I can be thinking it over." That was white magic again. For in less than five minutes from the time I went in, the fatherly policeman at the further door was "waving me farewell." And still there was that air of courtesy and leisure remaining with me.

I believe that Sir Robert's hair has something to do with it, and perhaps he is now reaping the reward of what, in his boyhood, must often have been a cross to him. For I fancy that wonderful hair of his must have brought the unctuous fingers of many pastors and masters, spiritual and otherwise, down upon it in commendatory pats; and no boy likes that! And probably the other boys tweaked it afterwards, and teased him about it; and I'm sure that at seventeen he thought that it was unruly; and tried wetting it very wet (which only made it curlier), or cutting it very short, which would have made it try to bristle, and must have distressed his mother. I daresay that it was his mother's pleasure in it and the way that she enjoyed running her fingers through it, that made him realize—subconsciously at least—that his hair was a very magnificent asset; before he forgot about it; and then Time and Responsibility came along and put their hall-mark upon it.

GLENSMERE, where Sir Robert and Lady Borden have made their home in the Capital, is a house to which the good fairies, at its building, gave a gift of happiness and hospitality. It was built by Mrs. Hayter Reed, which means that spaciousness and artistry, and intellect, and the intensest interest, went into its make-up. Later, Mrs. Charles Harriss was chatelaine there; which means that only happy people passed the hours in it; for who could pass the hours with her anywhere, and not be happy?

By KATHLEEN K. BOWKER



When the Premier loafs—which is very seldom—he rests himself working on his garden, which is a very personal matter with him. Sometimes he goes golfing.



And into a house with such a tradition—for it was already a tradition, though so young a one that it was still "trailing clouds of glory"—came Sir Robert and Lady Borden, to crystallize it for Canada.

The wide central hall, with its great fireplace, and its many mottos—welcoming, provocative, soothing or stimulating—is the Heart of the House. And—suitably—in the Heart of the House the visitors inscribe their names in a guest book that is fast becoming an unusually comprehensive collection of autographs.

To the right is the long drawing-room, with its quaint, circular dais; and to the left the original dining-room has been turned into a library—a real library, in which to read books and discuss them—and beyond that, the owners have added a new and larger dining-room.

So much for the inside of the house.

But outside!

Beyond the hall, Lady Borden was serving tea on the terrace; a red flagged terrace, with a stone coping round it, and shallow stone steps that lead the way to a lawn that is inlaid with rose plots. Such roses, and such quantities of them. Richmond roses, with their rosiest perfume are there, and General Mc-Arthurs on glorious up-standing stems, and Mrs. John Lang, whose early Victorian propriety never turns into primness, and whose beauty never grows passe, even beside the latest varieties. White roses, and red roses, and sunsetty roses, too. But mostly pink roses of every shape and shade. A wealth of them.

"I picked a hundred this morning," said Lady Borden; and I believed her, because she said it; and later, I believed her because she put a great part of the hundred into my hands to carry away. But I would never have believed it on the evidence of my

eyes, for not a rose appeared to be missing. At the edge of the green-bordered, path-encircled rose garden, a white balustrade shines against a dark background, a background of trees and shrubs and vines and branches, all of green.

"The rose garden is my wife's, and the wild garden is mine," said Sir Robert, as he led some of the party along the winding paths down the hillside.

WHEN the house was first built, that house was all wild and no garden.

But now!

Now, I felt that the moment had come for that interview.

"Have you thought, Sir Robert," I began.

"Thought," he said, with a gesture that was worthy of a Budget Debate; "thought, and time, and care, and work, have all gone to the making of my wild garden. More things were growing on this bank than you would suppose at the time when we began gardening it; but when the natural growth had a chance, it became luxuriant. I helped with the paths; and the making of those little stone steps; and there, among the stone work, do you see that little plant? Equisetum, it is called, though in English it has many names, such as Horse's Tail, Thousand Knot, and Ground Nut."

"You might put periwinkle in among the stones, too," I said, hoping that by boldly offering advice to a Prime Minister I might catch his attention. But it was the attention of the gardener that I caught.

"Periwinkle? Trailing, dark-green, shiny leaves, with a starry purple flower? I must remember that."

"I was hoping," I began again, peradventurously, "that you would talk a little about the recent Trade Conference of the Allies; the proposed trade relations of the Powers, Allies, neutral and enemy countries, after the war. Could you not—?"

"Let me talk to you of the Intensity of the Wild Cucumber," said Sir Robert, with a twinkle in his eye that was reflected in his hair; "I spent hours, toiling in my shirt-sleeves, to remove every trace of it. One day I thought that I had been entirely successful. I had worked the whole way down through the garden, and coming up, warm but triumphant, I saw that (during my absence, as it seemed) a great long trailer of it had climbed up the bank, and was pushing an inquisitive tendril through the balustrade on to the lawn. Nothing discourages that cucumber, not salt, nor scissors, nor spades, nor fire, nor water. But here is another busy windling, one of those that I like the best, the purple flowering raspberry. It, too, is intense, but not intrusive, like the wild cucumber. Then there is the swamp maple; and the Elder, lovely in leaf, in flower, and in berry."

DOWN at the very end of the hill, there is a rustic seat, where there is a glimpse of the Rideau River. It is as quiet there as in the heart of the country. Little stray breezes push the leaves aside to let the sunlight through to kiss the wild flowers that are hidden there. Anemones in great quantities grow near the water, and bulrushes, and wild sunflowers, and touch-me-nots are there. Quantities of birds flutter in and out, bringing news of the flowers and feathers of the outside world to the shut-ins on the bank. There are ferns of every variety, and the scent of warm earth, and wet moss, and the spirit of the woods in it all.

Down there by the river, one is deceived into thinking that one has only come half way. But the path that leads upwards (reversing the usual order of things) is only half as long.

"It really is a wild garden, with all the improvements of civilization," said some one.

"Wild enough to deceive the elect," said Sir Robert, "for a mud-turtle and a wild partridge have both honoured us with a visit. There are birds in great numbers and variety. Listen to that Wood-pecker! And there are orioles, and sparrows, of course; and robins, and flickers (do you know flickers?), Jenny

Wrens, and swallows, and warblers, and ever so many more."

Surprisingly, we had reached the top of the path. "Come and see what we have done at this side," said Sir Robert. "We have covered the fence with vines and bushes and creepers, so that the boards are no longer merely a fence, but a support. I sodded most of this little bank myself. That was when I had less of other things to do," he ended with a smile, as we mounted the steps to the terrace.

"We've seen the wild garden, and the wild flowers, and the wild birds, and the river," chorused the visitors enthusiastically, "and we've seen the bank where Sir Robert had a wild time growing grass;

and we've seen that splendid tree-shrub, the one that dies down every winter, and grows up—amazingly—again next year; the one with thick stems, and great, broad leaves, a magnificent thing called polygamy."

"Polygamy?" queried Lady Borden.

"She means polygonum, my dear," answered Sir Robert, with the look of a man who has only one idea about women, and that one is his wife.

The scent of the roses overflowed the garden, and came with me through the hall, where Lady Borden's good-bye to me was buried in roses.

"And is the interview—as an interview—quite impossible?" I asked my host at parting.

"If an interview were possible at all, I would give one to you," he said. And the white magic of that was, that he said it so kindly, and I was so proud to feel it true, that I only realized two days later that a man who is never interviewed may truthfully say that to any would-be interviewer.

"But, you see," he went on, "in Canadian public life, if we have anything to say, we are supposed to say it in the House, or at some great public meeting. And if we have nothing to say—why talk at all?"

So I went away, pondering that excellent official reason. And though I have no doubt that Votes for Women are not so very far off, I feel that it will be of no use for me to aspire to the High Places!

# HAS WAR KILLED CHRISTIANITY?

*These are the views of a University Professor. Dr. Caldwell occupies the Macdonald Chair of Moral Philosophy in McGill. He has been there for thirteen years. The rest of his life he spent in Logic and Metaphysics in Edinburgh, Chicago—and Germany. But you will notice that in his article "Has the War Killed Christianity?" he has no sympathy with Bernhardt.*

By WILLIAM CALDWELL

IT is not easy to ask whether Christianity be a failure or not until we reflect what we mean by Christianity. We have all been brought up in the environment it has created. We owe to it most of our schools and colleges, and our hospitals and our philanthropies. It is not to be identified, for example, with any of its past or its passing forms. These may all have their relative imperfections, while the Christian life and the Christian ideal may be both truth and reality. This I believe to be the case in spite of the present international complications. And in talking of certain forms of Christianity as a relative failure, I am certainly also committing myself to the position that some forms of Christianity that are now obsolete have been of the greatest value and importance in their time.

It is equally absurd to speak as if the failure of Christianity were illustrated in the apparent inconsistency between the profession and the practice of the Christian nations who are engaged in the war. All war, it is claimed by some, is un-Christian, and can never consistently be entered upon by peoples who make a profession of Christianity. As to this two or three things may be said.

In the first place, we are all perfectly aware of what we mean by saying that England, and Russia, and Germany, are all Christian countries. We merely mean that Christianity is the official and the traditional religion of those peoples. We do not mean that either their rulers or the entire body of the people govern their lives and actions by the letter, or by the perfect spirit, of Christianity.

Nor, again, do we mean that Christianity is an authoritative code of rules for the entire conduct of life, national as well as individual. This is a most mistaken and a most pernicious idea. It is, rather, a spirit and a power that should animate all our activity and that will finally subdue all things to itself. It is, in fact, in itself a continual war of the spirit against the merely natural life. It proclaims the old truth that many are called, but few are chosen. It is pre-committed to the idea that there always will be strife and conflict among men as long as the world is not a spiritualized world. And while it is certainly true that the deliberate making of war is un-Christian, it by no means follows that the preparation for war, as a possible calamity, is wrong. And of course there is no question that soldiers anywhere who die that others may live through their death are acting on the Christian principle of sacrifice, of "dying to live."

NOW, the essence of Christianity is the affirmation that God is sacrificing and victorious Love, and that through love and sacrifice men enter into communion with God, and with one another. It is equally of the essence of Christianity to hold that, while the natural life of man may be preparation for, or a prototype of, the spiritual life, what we call the spiritual life cannot be entered upon without a certain denial of the merely natural basis of life—if indeed there be any such thing as a merely natural life for man as man. Christianity has never committed the error of regarding the world to be something other than it is. It is not committed, so far as its truth or falsity is concerned, to any one-sided doctrine of human nature.

In speaking of our civilization as Christians, in distinction from that of the Orient, for example, or of Central Africa, we are doing no more than thinking of our society as a society into which the Christian idea has at least entered in a more or less fundamental way. And if the Christian idea be the

idea that human perfection, or likeness to the Divine, can be attained only by the adoption of a spiritualized attitude of mind and will, Christianity is just as true to-day as it ever was. It is, therefore, quite correct to say (as do many) that it is not the failure of Christianity that is revealed by the war, but the confirmation of its truth. It is true in virtue of the truth of the version of human nature for which it stands and for which it has stood in all its forms.

If, further, it be held that Christianity is undoubtedly a failure in so far as it has shown itself unable to cope with the national and political aims and ambitions of the warring peoples of to-day and yesterday, the proper reply to this contention is that Christianity is in its essence just as little destructive of the free choice of nations as it is of the choice of individuals.

THE modern world, it is to be hoped, has now learnt the lesson of the great idea of the last two or three centuries that there is at work in humanity the process that is called the Education of the Human Race. It is part of the truth of this idea that the Christian Bible and the Christian Church, although in their idea a consummation, are both of them part somehow of the Bible and the Church of the nations.

The first great undeception, therefore, of the war in the matter of Christianity and religion will be the lesson that no one merely national or established form of belief can be regarded, or talked of, as the one thing that can save the life of a people, or a continent, or a world. There is surely no one, no Christian even, who can think that the prayers of his own community and its priests are any more efficacious or any more vain than the supplications of his opponents. It is obvious that one great effort of the war will be the broadening and the humanizing of the ideals of all the belligerents as to the essence of Christianity and religion. It will bring about more than ever before a sense of the discrepancy that exists between mere beliefs about another world and unjust aims and ambitions in this present world. But even if this be the case, as it certainly is, there will be no more ground for regarding Christianity as a failure than there is for regarding the age-long dream of mankind in its final perfection as itself an illusion.

Instead of talking of the failure of Christianity, one might with equal reason, in view of the war and its results, talk of the failure of politics or of the failure of democracy, or of the failure of sociology, or of the failure of science as such. What, we might ask, of the idea of the state as the supreme agency for the preservation and the perfection of human life in view of the failure of cabinets and alliances and policies to avoid the present disorganization of so many avenues of the life of civilization? And what of the value of the increased knowledge and the technic of modern times, if we are but to use those for destruction or for the creation of situations where the human factor is crowded out by the mere mass of material? Is there not a good deal to say for the failure of that pretentious modern science called Sociology, with its attempted derivation and explanation of human society along the lines of a merely naturalistic development? But, of course, all such attempted condemnation of institutions and agencies and sciences is just as one-sided as is the condemnation of religion for not doing what it can not profess to do. Let us remember what we have admitted about Christianity leaving men "free" to

choose what they would sow—and reap.

Equally dangerous with the one-sided supernaturalism of the past has been the one-sided secularism and materialism of the present, that excessive pre-occupation with, and devotion to, material pursuits to which the great East, for example, has never as yet fallen victim. Instead, indeed, of regarding himself as the creature of an hour, and as the victim of material conditions, man is now called upon in the name of all that he most loves to sacrifice, if need be, all the visible goods for realities that he can see only with the eyes of faith and those of an unquestioning devotion and an unquestioning unselfishness. And one of the strongest helps to this supreme sacrifice of self and of many of the dearest of earth's possessions has been, and is, as we know, the appeal to the old altars that have enthroned sacrifice as the law of life eternal.

It is thus quite within the bounds of probability that, for many reasons, we shall witness in the future a revival of supernaturalism and of religion, rather than a decline of the same. This will no doubt have its attendant dangers, among them perhaps an unreasoning conservatism, and a reactionism, and an intolerance of progressive opinion. One of the best methods of guarding against such dangers would be an intelligent and sympathetic interest now, on the part of our so-called educated and intelligent people, in the work of the churches as they are to-day, and in the place of religion in the life of humanity.

AGAIN, it has been often observed that the New Testament has far more to say against the love of money and the love of self than against war—if, indeed, it ever speaks of war as other than a manifestation of the struggle or strife that is at the heart of the natural man until this is transformed by love or faith. And it is certainly true that the present titanic struggle is a far more conclusive proof of the inadequacy of the merely economic basis of our civilization than it is of the religious basis in spite of the superstition-stained and the crime-stained history of all religions—Christianity included.

It would, of course, be another thing to talk of the war as a demonstration of the failure of the Christianity and the religion of the churches. But he would be a rash student and a rash thinker who would condemn Christianity for the partial failure of the organizations that have helped to conserve what we think of as at least its letter, if not exactly its entire spirit. And it would be still more rash to entertain the idea that in the Christianity of the future there can be anything like a hopeless break with the Christianity of the past.

And there is another thing to be borne in mind by the critic of Christianity. It is this: The Christianity of the past has operated in the main with individuals, with the so-called regeneration of the life of the individual. It has yet to be seen what Christianity may do, or may not do, with whole communities. It is by no means inconceivable that entire communities in both the Eastern and the Western worlds may in the near future go bodily over to Christianity as the law of life, as the law of socialized living. Our great ally, Russia—called by Germany an Asiatic barbarism, but in reality both an Eastern and a Western Power—is a community that, as a whole, has still preserved at least "the image of the sacrificing and the risen Christ." And through her alone this may yet "shine forth" like a "precious diamond" to the whole world.

# WHAT'S NEW IN THE WAR?



pictured. This view of a terrace in Trench-land is a peculiarly good one; though to the humour-loving temperament of Tommy Atkins it probably feels more like a section of cave-man land than it does like Pomander Walk.

\* \* \* \* \*

London, Sept. 24.—Of twelve big Zeppelins which invaded the British Isles last night to deal death and destruction from the skies, two to-day lay stark and black masses of steel and aluminum in the little village of Mangold, Essex County. They fell victims of the anti-aircraft defences of London and outlying districts.

One came down a flaming torch, as did the Zeppelin L-21, destroyed three weeks ago; while the second, disabled by gunfire, effected a landing which saved the lives of the crew, who to-night are prisoners in England. The crew of the first raider died in the consuming flames of their own ship, but they were not so terribly charred as their predecessors in the L-21.—Despatch.



**O**BVIOUSLY the first picture at the top of this page looks like a combination of a bell tent and a bride's veil. It is much more useful than either. The coiled-up figure inside is that of a British officer in the Balkans, who has devised this new form of "mosquito-bar" in which he can sleep under a fig-tree with a maximum of breeze and a minimum of mosquitoes.

\* \* \* \* \*

War has given democracy a great boost. The charming picture of the young aristocrats entertaining soldiers on this beautiful "country seat" is an example of how the war has brought the people together. Hinton House, in Somerset, is the country residence of the Earl and Countess Paulett, who made a convalescent home of it for soldiers, which it still is. The Earl is at the front with the Royal Horse Artillery. His two charming children entertain the soldiers.

\* \* \* \* \*

What British soldiers at the front actually look like in large numbers when they are at home in their dug-outs has often been described, but not so often

"One Came Down a Flaming Torch."—Cable.

# WHAT I THINK OF MISTRESSES

By A MAID

I AM not now a domestic servant. Heaven helping me I never shall be one again. I say this with no feeling of spite against mistresses. Who knows? I may be a mistress myself some day in this great country! I have no complaints of actual ill-usage to make. But when I read that article in last week's Courier on That Phantom—the Unhired Girl, I felt like writing to the editor and saying, "You only know half the problem." That is the truth. The other half is only to be learned from people who, like me, have been servants. In the factory where I work there are twelve servant girls, good, experienced girls. Not one of us, if we can help it, will ever return to "service," as it is called.

As a servant I have earned from twelve dollars to twenty dollars a month. In eleven years I have worked in four Canadian homes. In one of these four places I was a parlour-maid. In the other three I was a "general." I had two splendid mistresses and two bad ones. Bad ones sometimes seem to be in the majority. Even at twelve dollars a month I saved more money as a servant than I save now. I did not work as hard as I work now. But if I am asked to choose between house-work and factory-work I can only say there is absolutely no choice to my way of thinking. I feel as though I should say to every intelligent girl I see washing off somebody's front steps or answering a front door bell with her cap on: "Do be a woman and quit that work. Come on down town. Leave the kitchen for those that have to be in it." Mistresses, I know, will not like to read this, especially from one who confesses to having been a servant. I do not say it to hurt their feelings, but because I have sympathy with my fellow workers in domestic service and because their case should be understood.

THOUGH I call myself "Miss," I am married. I was born in the South of England, about thirty years ago, the daughter of a tenant farmer. At fourteen the wife of the local squire took me into her house for training. I worked two years for my board, training and clothing. I was taught how to polish brass, how to dust, how to sweep and how to bring in afternoon tea to the drawing room. I married at seventeen and went to live in London, where my husband was employed as a guard by the London and Southwestern. He died and I went into service again at twenty in a Bloomsbury boarding house. In other words I was a Bloomsbury slavey. You know the sort. I met a Canadian woman there who engaged me to come to Toronto. She said she had never seen servants in Canada who could polish brass as I could. I worked for her for three years at twelve dollars a month. She died and willed me an old brooch and a book about the Empire! I worked then for a grocer's wife on Avenue for two years. Then for a broker's wife in Rosedale for a year and then for the wife of a struggling lawyer. I left that work for the munition factory, where I now am employed. I would rather miss a few meals than return either to the lawyer, the broker, the grocer or my first Canadian mistress. As for returning to England? No. And for the highest wage and the best mistress I ever heard one of my friends in service speak of, I would not return to service in any country, nor would any competent girl that I have known who has once tasted a different living.

Let me point out, first of all, the difference between being a servant in England and being a servant in Canada. I think it may be useful to Canadian mistresses who are employing old country girls, and to old country servants who want employment here. In England, serving is a profession—except among the very lowest class of employers—that teaches both the servant and her mistress their places and guarantees to each of them their rights. In Canada, serving is not a profession, but, in the majority of cases, it is a mere job taken on by people who can only regard themselves as makeshifts. In England, even in the houses of the very rich, a servant works much harder than in Canada, and she is compelled to do more thorough and conscientious work. But in Canada there is no standard of training or standard of service. Serving is a kind of work from which every servant in Canada hopes to graduate. That is unfortunately, yet fortunately, not true in England. In England the servant is trained to take a certain pride in her work and to have a certain respect from her employer. In Canada, she looks down on her work and is looked down upon by the employer. Two servants meeting in a moving picture theatre in England know one another as servants and have no false shame about it. In Canada, two servants

meeting in a moving picture theatre will hide the fact from one another as long as possible for fear the other is a stenographer or a clerk and likely to snub the mere servant. In England the relative positions of mistress and maid are more or less fixed. In Canada the average mistress is one moment likely to be confiding her choicest gossip to her maid, and the next moment gives her the cold shoulder as no English mistress would ever have done. Even the meanest boarding house slavey in Bloomsbury is allowed a certain personal self-respect which is not guaranteed in a Canadian household.

MY first Canadian mistress was a widow whose one aim in life was to live like a grand lady. She lived in mean quarters one year in order to have enough money to go to England and travel on the continent a second year. She hated Canada though she had been born somewhere in Ontario; the daughter of an Anglican rector. When she brought me back with her to Canada it was, apparently, with a view to making her home as much as possible like an English home of the same size. She built a fence around the little front lawn and called it the area. She bought a brass knocker at an antique shop, so that I might polish that and the door-knobs every morning before seven. She had a cup of tea and two thin slices of bread brought to her bedside each morning at seven-thirty, and I drew her bath—tepid—at 7.45. She had an English breakfast and an English lunch and tea at four-thirty. I never knew her to have any but one caller, an old maid with a mangy spaniel who came every second Thursday and retailed indelicate stories under the guise of being horrified. For this one caller we were always "at home" on Thursdays. My mistress abhorred the dog. He whined on the front door-step inside the area. For amusement we had a music box that must have cost two hundred dollars. Once a week I was directed to put on the record of the Chimes of Normandy. That and church once on Sunday—the local Anglican church—were our relaxations. My hardest work was dusting a collection of coral, star-fish and other strange things which my mistress had collected on a Cook's Tour to the West Indies. As she grew old she became deaf and cranky, but she depended on me and I did what I could for her. Serving her was much like serving in England. It was regular, smooth and easy.

THE grocer's wife had heard of me through her husband, with whom we dealt. When I came in to tell him my mistress was dead and to settle the accounts, he asked what my plans were. That night his wife called on me. I was puzzled. From what she said it was not clear whether I was to be a companion or a maid. She told me all about her illnesses and her children. She spoke of her occasional misunderstandings with her husband the grocer. Though I made it clear that I did not wish her confidences she kept on and I finally accepted her offer because the wage was higher—sixteen dollars a month. The grocer's house was a pretty place on a residential street, and I was given a cheerful room on the top floor, but the work was not smooth-running as in my first place. The grocer had breakfast at seven, his wife at eight, and the children—there were four, ages seven, eleven, thirteen and seventeen—anywhere up to half past eight. They all ate different sorts of breakfasts. The grocer would interrupt me on my way to and from the kitchen to grumble something about the morning's news or to complain of the weather. His wife never failed to begin the day with a recitation of her symptoms—what she had suffered during the night from this pain and that. The children were alternately sweet, loveable, helpless, and abominably rude and trouble-making. Canadian children are, as a general rule, rude toward servants. Their parents, in far too many cases, seem at a loss to know just how to teach the child the position of a servant. Often the grocer's wife did not dare to punish or correct one of the children for a mere rudeness to a mere servant; or else she ran the risk of it offending me. I got accustomed to take rudeness without any remarks, knowing that the mistress would presently be hinting at apologies.

In that house it was sometimes she that cooked and sometimes I that cooked. Whatever I did she was certain to interfere with in some way, sooner or later. It was not from any desire to be hateful, but from a certain mania for giving advice. In Eng-

land, a woman with such a mania would at least have restrained herself from venting it on her servants. Though I did not like the grocer's wife, I got to be a sort of secret counsellor of hers. She was a woman who craved anxieties and was uneasy when she saw nothing to worry her. She expected to die of malnutrition, anemia—or something like that. She died of fatty degeneration of the heart. The grocer's sister came to look after his house. She was an unpleasant woman. I gave notice.

The broker's wife was one of the newly-rich that the funny papers make so much fun of. I don't know why all newly-rich people should be made fun of. I suppose it is the double jealousy between them and the people who have always been rich and the people who never will be rich. But if my new employers had money it was because they deserved to have money. They knew how to handle it, to my way of thinking, and they weren't vulgar—not half so vulgar as plenty of the oldest and wealthiest families in England are. We had a cook, an upstairs maid and a parlour-maid in the broker's house. I was parlour-maid, and though you would not think I had much to do my mistress somehow managed to keep me busy. I think she was as close to being an ideal house-manager as I ever heard about. She had been a book-keeper in the office where her husband had learned the brokerage business. She had been a parcel-wrapper in a big shop before that again. She told me that when I was leaving and she was giving me advice about how to get on well in Canada. Yet she had a better manner toward servants than many a woman who has been brought up among them. She didn't give orders as though she was addressing the scum of the earth—many inexperienced mistresses think they must speak that way to show how much better they are than the servant—neither was she easy-going like mistresses who are afraid to give orders to their own servants.

SO many women—especially in this country—don't take the trouble to say what they mean, or to be clear. They use half-finished sentences and when they are at a loss for a word they keep filling in with, "You know what I mean? You know?" That sort of thing muddles many a servant, especially if it is a young and timid servant. But Mrs. Broker never did that. It seemed to me that she never commenced to speak until she knew what she wanted to say, and had the words chosen. Then she spoke quietly and deliberately. Only a very stupid person could have misunderstood her. She was never patronizing and never friendly. She treated the servants as though they were fellow-workers in accomplishing certain work every day. She was the manager. Beyond their work she required nothing, and furthermore she made certain hours for work and saw that those hours were strictly adhered to. Work began at seven in the morning and proceeded till nine at night with certain rest hours in between and certain afternoons and evenings off. If guests remained late, her husband or she herself opened the doors for them. If something was wanted in the night it was her rule not to disturb the servants if it could possibly be helped. The servants had good food—not scraps and left-overs—and uninterrupted meals. Though we worked hard and under a very exacting eye, we were contented.

I admit that it was a wealthy employer who was able to treat servants that way, and I admit also that this kind of service is much different from that of less pretentious households. But I want to say this, that people of modest or even small means could live much more comfortably and even with less expense if they organized the work of the servant by routine, and if they planned to allow the servant time for meals, for unbroken sleep and for recreation.

The broker and his wife went to Europe just before the war, and I engaged in the house of a lawyer, thinking to return to the broker's wife when she returned. But the war came and her husband joined the Imperial Army and his wife remained in England—and I remained with the lawyer and his wife. She was a large, florid woman, whose daily ambition was dinner. The husband was a dyspeptic and a bad manager financially. They wasted more food than would have fed another family twice the size. No one item of food ever came twice to that table. Even a huge turkey minus only a leg and two slices off the breast was banished to my cupboard and eventually thrown away or given to some beggar. Even that was against the law of that household. I think the lawyer's wife took a pride in her right to throw things away if she wanted to. She was



a wilful and ignorant woman. It was my rule in life to make as few changes as possible, so I endured the work as long as possible. Then I heard of an opening in a munition factory and I took it.

Now, I want to set down just as plainly as possible my reasons for saying I'd rather be a char-woman in a down-town office building than a "general for a small family," or "parlour-maid" in Rosedale. Generally speaking, housework is the hardest work in the world, because it is the least systematic work in the world—as a rule. I admit that a man who works by hard-and-fast routine all day long has a right to relaxation in his house. And it's true you can't run a house like a clock. But thousands of mistresses would be shocked if they knew how much more comfortable they could make their men-folk if their houses did run like clock-work! And they would be shocked to know how nearly like a clock you can run a house—if you want to try. Everybody knows that if you can get into a habit of doing certain things at certain times you save mental wear

and tear. If you don't—if every piece of household detail has, as it were, to take a chance on getting your attention just when it can—it takes just that much more out of you. Canadian mistresses tend to neglect household organization and to depend upon sudden bursts of energy or upon "turning in to help" to overcome accumulations of work. Hours are irregular. Recreation periods for the servant are too often grudgingly given. The servant gets her meals—heaven knows when or how. Most of the time she just shoves back the dirty dishes from a corner of the kitchen table, drags up a chair and makes her meal—well, about as comfortably as the family dog. The servant is made responsible for the cat, the baby and the parrot—and yet rebuked for exercising any authority over any of them. Her work is likely to be interrupted at any moment by the mistress, who happens to feel "blue," or lonely, or talkative. Or else the mistress vents her "nervousness" on the maid—or maintains haughty silence. Only a girl of poor spirit—and therefore of poor

brain-power and no initiative—will work for the average woman in a house. Business women learn business methods. A man may bully you. He may even swear, but he leaves you alone so long as your work is satisfactory. You have definite hours and definite tasks. Your meal hours are fixed. And though your net income may be less, you at least have the feeling of paying for your meals—not just taking what happens your way. Another thing, as a servant you have no social standing of any sort whatever. Garbage collectors, ragmen, barbers and undertakers have their place in the social scale, and they have their fun amongst themselves. But servants are rag-tag and bob-tail. Many a girl I know doesn't know what to do with her afternoon off when she gets it. She goes to the movies and buys a dish of ice-cream for her supper and goes to another movie.

If I was a rich woman I'd give the money to start a school for the training of mistresses. That is my view. But of course you won't agree with it—unless you were once a domestic.

## HYDE PARK IN WAR TIME

*Main Johnson recently spent several weeks in England, Scotland, Ireland and France. He went as Private Secretary to N. W. Rowell, Liberal Leader in Ontario. He went to Europe with his pores open; eager for Impressions, with a sort of psychological idea of correlating them. He brought back material enough for a book—which he will never write. The article Hyde Park in War Time he wrote on shipboard. He simply couldn't help it. The impressions had to be expressed.—Editor.*

**S**UPERFICIALLY, at any rate, London is much more normal during the war than one would expect it to be—very much less changed, for example, than Paris, which is profoundly transformed, externally as well as internally. One of the familiar sights in London, looking like before-the-war days, is the group of speakers and audiences in Hyde Park, that gathering ground of the democracy.

I do not refer to specially organized meetings, like the gigantic one recently held by trades union members in protest against the high cost of living during the war, although that, too, in its black mass of people, and its fervid tribunes shouting from a number of platforms, was in conformity with similar protest meetings held before the war.

Of even greater interest, however, is to take a bus or taxi from the Savoy on a quiet week-day afternoon, drive through Hyde Park, and dismount at the Marble Arch at about half past five, when shop-girls and boys and workmen and women on their way home have lingered to hear the orators in the Park.

Near the Marble Arch entrance, on this afternoon, there are five distinct groups, each with its speaker. The first one is a woman, with a kind but faded face, her hair bound up under her hat; she is working incessantly with her watch-chain, an operation which occasionally stops the flow of her discourse entirely. She is standing on a very small and insecure table, but holds her balance with precarious safety.

She is trying to arrange a week-end excursion for working people to a seaside town, in order, according to her first appeal, that these workmen and workwomen, exhausted by the too constant strain of war work, may secure a brief respite, and, afterwards, as the heckling became more and more pointed and severe, in order that the excursionists may give pleasure to a hospital full of poor wounded Tommies who would be so glad to see them.

Never have I realized how heartless and relentless English heckling can be. Such a speaker in Canada, if we could imagine such a speaker in Queen's Park, for example, would probably receive a quiet, even if a bored, hearing. In Hyde Park, however, the crowd is neither quiet nor bored. All kinds of people join in the heckling—not only "fresh" youths and argument-loving old men, but young girls not more than seventeen years old, and respectable married women, stout and complacent with their fifty years of honourable life behind them. All joined in to make the life of the poor woman-speaker miserable, and yet, so intricate is the Hyde Park psychology, these disturbers probably felt that the orator would feel slighted if she were uninterrupted, and, truly enough, she probably would have considered her remarks in vain if she had not stirred up a storm.

The smallest points in the discourse were seized upon, and torn and rent into rags. A violent altercation occurred between the speaker and a young shop girl as to the amount of the regular railway fare from Waterloo Station to the seaside resort, and, as is always the case in matters affecting transportation, everyone had a perfectly definite knowledge on the point, since so-and-so had gone there on the last bank holiday to see their mother's aunt, who was quite ill with worrying over the war, and some

**B y M A I N J O H N S O N**

one else, on quite a different but equally sad mission, had found the fare much higher than the nephew declared it was.

What relieved the bitterness of each of the conflicts was their transitoriness. Concentration is not the outstanding trait either of Hyde Park speakers or listeners, and the topics under discussion shifted as often and as regularly as the clouds kept gliding above the green trees of the Park and above the whiteness of the Marble Arch.

**F**ROM the question of the proposed excursion, which was the real "raison d'être" of this group, the talk shifted to the "colonies" and who among the crowd had travelled there, to the national parentage of the Royal family, and to what should be done with the Kaiser.

"I'd knock him down with my fist," shouted the orator, who rolled back her coat sleeve from rather a pathetically slim and delicate wrist, but who by the same belligerent action, united all her hearers for once, and drowned out heckling in a pleasant roar of approbation.

In the middle of the next group, a very sad and painfully thin young man, holding a Bible in his hand, was trying to unite a most pessimistic mien and voice with encouraging doctrines.

Talk of religion, however, does not grant immunity from heckling, and a disputative crowd, hostile on the whole, surged about the pale and ill-looking young man. He was able to secure tolerably good order, however, until suddenly he found a most unfortunate verse, the reading of which almost precipitated a riot, and swept away the young man in an indignant swirl of human beings, prominent among them a tall, burly soldier, carrying a wee, frightened girlie in his arms.

I haven't a concordance with me (on shipboard), and I can't guarantee to quote the passage verbatim, but the gist of it was this: "Soldiers, do no violence, and labourers, be content with your wages."

These two exhortations apparently were the most unpopular ones he possibly could have selected. His audience was largely made up of soldiers and workmen, and the idea, to the first class, of not doing violence, which they interpreted as the supreme heterodoxy and passivism, and the thought to the second of the economic ludicrousness of being content with your wages, were quite intolerable, and howls, cat calls and execrations closed up that group once for all.

There was no need to go home, however, for just a few yards away, an Indian sergeant, brown and humble, was offering up a prayer before a number of sign boards, tacked to a tree, and announcing "West London Mission," and carrying sheets of hymns in large letters. The Indian was making an impassioned prayer for the redemption of the world and all people in it, a prayer of the simple and earnest kind which one associates with an early type class meeting.

Quite close to the Indian, a much less soothing and simple proceeding was going on.

In the centre of a noisy group was a man who, at

the age of five years, according to his own story, had been struck in the eye with a tin mug. This had damaged his eyesight, and now, slowly but inevitably, he was going blind with the gradual coming of cataracts. He wore heavy black-rimmed glasses, and, in his nervousness, kept interrupting himself to shout "keep quiet" to an unfortunate spectator in the front row, a man a trifle "queer" and on the verge of St. Vitus' dance.

The man who was turning blind was engaged in a bitter, cheerless argument with a soft, domestic-looking workman, who loftily claimed that all disease came either from ignorance or transgression.

Dispute swirled and swayed about this pair, but all the time the tragic principal kept swinging the talk back to his old subject, and kept asking whether his accident with the tin mug with the broken handle came either from ignorance or transgression.

"I suppose you'll be saying," he chided his antagonist, scornfully, "that I was a besotted drunkard at five years old. Transgression, indeed!"

The leader of the next group was an extraordinary looking man, of the kind one sees in Europe, but only dreams or reads about in Canada—types which we meet in Dickens, for example, and still see in the streets of London, or read about in Zola, and still see on the boulevards of Paris.

**T**HIS old patriarch, wearing a white Indian sun-hat, was a most ferocious looking gentleman, with hair growing from all parts of his face, forehead, nose and cheek-bones, as well as from the more ordinary sources, and with a long beard hanging down below his waist. His chief opponents were a Jew and a combative looking labourer, apparently an iron-moulder.

It was quite a long time before I could catch even the drift of the discussion—something about air coming and going, about someone being inside vast boilers, heat and cold, horror and mystery. Gradually there emerged from the confusion a single and consistent idea—cigarettes. The Jew was smoking one and the old man evidently considered the habit a cardinal sin. Now followed a long biological discussion as to smoking among animals, and gradually there appeared the main topic of the debate—hell. The links leading up to the central topic were no more remarkable than the steps which followed, in a course of logic apparently accepted by the crowd, but incomprehensible to a mere Montrealer or Winnipegger. The disputants were soon back again to animals—so big that they couldn't pass between trees, and birds higher than the tops of the high trees in the Park, "with heads on top of that!" Incredulity succeeded attention, and the descent again was made to Avernus.

And all the time, while the woman talked about an excursion to the sea-side, while the sick youth exhorted his hearers in vain against violence and discontent, while the Indian sergeant prayed a Western prayer, while the man doomed-to-be-blind vented his bitterness, and the hairy gentleman assailed cigarettes—all the while the animated life of Hyde Park in war time pulsed on—underneath one of those glorious skies which would relieve even a drabber city than London of an incurable greyness.

# Cyrus Pincher's Threshing Bee

By  
**Jacob Holdfast**

Transcribed by  
**Augustus Bridle**



FERGUS KYLE

WHEN Cyrus Pincher, my fourth boss in apostolic succession, summoned his hands to a threshing-bee, in 1883, he knew that he was about to metaphorically skin Bill Tomkins, the thresher-man. This was a feat that very few men had ever accomplished, even in a small degree. Boss Pincher did it most scientifically the year he had me in his employ. Tomkins knew the innate cussednesses of the communities round about Jericho as nobody else did, except the parsons and the steer-buyers. But he didn't comprehend the guile of Cy Pincher, who began to scheme for this threshing-bee gamble away back in early July, when we started to haul in the hay.

That year was a fat one on Cy's farm. He never had poor crops except in drouth years. In 1883 his—or I used to say our—hay went two tons to the acre; wheat, 30 bushels; oats, 45; barley, 40.

When we started hauling in hay to his barn I had no idea of the long-headed scheme that was shaping up under his last year's straw hat; the ruse by which he came out ahead on the threshing deal at least \$5.50, which in those days was a big win.

We had ten acres hay, twenty-one wheat, fourteen oats, seven barley. We had no patent contraptions for hauling the crop. Everything then was hand-harvested. We had no hay forks, wheat-slings, hay-loaders, tedders—nothing more sophisticated than a clumsy hay-rake, three good three-tined pitchforks, one four-tined barley fork, a good hay-rack and Cy Pincher's undefeatable brain.

In the hay-time I pitched on, Cy loaded. He was a great loader. Cy pitched off. I mowed away. He had no boys. Therefore, Cy expended all his fatherhood on me. And the way he taught me to mow that hay convinced me that he was either crazy with the heat or he had some deep, dark scheme up the place on his fuzzly arms where the shirt-sleeves used to be.

"Keep 'er stacked up front o' the mow, Jake," says he, pausing to relieve one side of his nose with one thumb on the other.

"How so?" inquire I.

"Becuz," spat he. "It takes an old crook to ketch a separator gang."

Whereby I twigged his meaning. The ten acres of hay that went into said barn was to look as though it went half up to the beam in one side of the mow. Whereas there was a cave behind the hay where several loads of wheat lay in ambush.

Understand, therefore, that when we hauled in the 21 acres of wheat there was a very large cavern behind the hay parapet that the mind of no thresher-man ever conceived. Seven overbuilt loads Cyrus packed into that mow, piously kneeling on each sheaf as I whopped it to him from the waggon till he had them heads up as concisely as sardines in a tin. Cyrus was a master at this kind of space economy. That was because God had been very economical when he packed so many potentialities

into one small corporation called Cyrus.

Clearly now from the barn floor no man could have surmised that there was a sheaf of wheat in that mow.

"That's seven loads to the good, anyhow," quirked he. "I guess Bill Tomkins wunt figger on them in his estimates."

And he chuckled till one fang tooth showed in great wisdom.

Cyrus never did things by halves. He seemed to have put in his grain with the express purpose of packing that barn so scientifically. He even forecasted the bulk of his crop so well that he decided to build a wheat-stack on the south side of the barn-door bridge.

"Why so?" I inquire, greenly.

"Becuz," he answered. "I want to top the straw-stack with wheat straw and this stack'll be about the last thing thrashed."

By the time the barley was ready the wheat was settled more than a foot. The barley went to the roof on one side right on top of the wheat. Cyrus crawled under the rafters like a squirrel. As long as there was a crack of daylight left he rammed in a sheaf.

Then one day it rained just before oat harvest, and Cyrus betook himself silently up the post ladder to the peak. There for over an hour he made about as much noise as the rain on the roof digging up barley sheaves from one side and cramming them in at the other where the barley had settled away from the rafters.

That left a good-sized cave on one side; which he skillfully filled with a small field of later barley.

And we still had the oats to pack in, fourteen acres. About ten acres went in on top of the stable and granary, cramful to the roof.

Cyrus squinted up at the rafters, and went up to spread out scaffold poles over each end of the threshing-floor beam to beam. Room there normally for about three loads. Barely managed to crowd the four acres in. The last load took a whole hour to pitch off and mow away. The old man jammed the sheaves in so tight that I thought he would break down the scaffold.

"Say, Jake," he remarked, when the last load was up. "I dunno as I ever seen a barn o' that size that hed sich a heap o' grain in 'er. Didju?"

"Never," said I. "There ain't room for even the swallows."

Then we went plowing for fall wheat and cutting clover seed.

ALL this was preliminary to the bee. In those days a threshing outfit was as much of a spectacle on the road as a fire reel is on a city street. Bill Tomkins had the only engine and separator in at least six concessions and five side-roads. If ever we heard at seven a.m. a little high-poop whistle echoing over the bush lots we knew it was Bill Tomkins' engine. Bill was the lord and master of all the farmers. From late summer until snow-fly he made them all wait for him and take him when he came along and haul him from barn to barn because he had no team of his own, saying to any protester, "Holy mackinaw, I ain't running no horsepower. This is a steam rig, boss."

Bill unconditionally refused to waste time going back over the same road.

"Take me Monday week after next, or you wunt get me for a month," he told Cyrus Pincher, who,

being busy with seeding and picking apples, preferred to wait for two weeks.

"By gob!" says Cyrus, explicitly, "with that nasal twang of his, 'I'll take yeh.'"

That was after dark one Saturday evening, when Bill was driving home in his buggy for over Sunday.

They took a lantern and trailed away to the barn. "How jeh wanta do it—day, bushel, er job?" asked Cyrus.

Big William gazed up by the light of the lantern at the cobwebbed cricket-chirping mows.

"This barn's pretty near full, ain't she, Cy?" he growled over his whiskers.

"Pretty near," drawled Cyrus, chewing a wheat-stalk.



Bill was a master hand at sizing up barnfuls. Being a bit of a gambler he preferred taking most contracts at so much for the job. Poor hardscrabble farmers with shrunk wheat he always did at \$15 a day. The average job he did by the bushel—two cents for wheat, two and a half for barley, and a cent and a half for oats.

"Take 'er by the bushel," he said.

"Nope," said Cyrus. "That ain't sport."

Bill said, "Sixteen dollars."

After a cogitatory pause, Cyrus replied:

"Well, nuthin like playin' safe, Bill. But she's a go"

And he never let on by even a wink at me that he had Bill Tomkins fooled to the eyebrows.

SATURDAY evening Cyrus went down the road after the machine. Man below hauled the separator; Cyrus drove the engine. With a terrible clatter the gang hauled the separator into the barn, with Bill Tomkins steering it up the bridge by the tongue. Then they set the engine when Bill himself drove, because he knew to an inch just how far north or south to get the drive wheel to be in line with the pinion on the end of the cylinder.

A good part of Sunday afternoon I spent alone in the barn just gazing at that mighty silent separator that for weeks now I had heard moaning across the bush lots, and out at the engine that looked even more marvelous than the separator. It was all very wonderful, this high-g geared business of threshing by steam power. I had been at threshings before; but never one so big as this of Cy Pincher's. And I could hardly wait till daybreak to watch Bill ram in wood to the firebox while I hauled him water on the stone-boat and a pack of old rails that I was expected to chop into cordwood lengths.

That was to be my chore—wood and water. I was hoping Cy would give me a chance to go into the mow, where all the young tigers went, or even out on the stack among the patriarchs. In fact, I'd rather have carried boxes to the bins; but Cy said he cal'ated it would keep me pretty busy on wood and water and we'd need lots of both before that job was done or he missed his guess.

By seven a.m., after a round of whistlings, the gang was all on the scene; four in the mow—how I envied those four!—six on the strawstack in the barnyard where I had helped Cy haul manure.

I remember having heard some picturesquely profane remarks from the mow hands as they wriggled themselves into the openings left by the sardine tactics of Cy Pincher, whom they gol-blamed and gosh-darned and otherwise treated to compound epithets, wanting to know,

"The old son of a seacock; does he think this is a coon-hunt or a thrashing? Oh how I love them

slivers on the rafters!"

"Where d'yeh want'm, Barney, butts forward er heads behind?"

"Say, you bandcutter-man, better git a baseball cage."

"Oh wait till we start rollin' down this barley—somebody'll git barley-beards the wrong way down his gizzard."

"But honest Injun, Charlie," said one with stage emphasis, surveying the entire barnful, "this here barn is too full fer utterance."

By this time Tomkins had the belt flapping. It was a marvelous morning. Probably nobody enjoyed that threshing day as much as I did. I could see the whole business. Every time I hauled a stone-boat load of old rails I could see how the quartette in the mow were tearing holes in the barley aloft. When I drove the old mare to the house well for a fresh barrel of water I could see how the old patriarchs of Cy in the strawstack gang were laying out for a day's work. Cy always believed in taking his own rakers, because it was the dirtiest job at a threshing; and furthermore, I knew that he had an extra eye to business. At the head of the rakers was the only place a man could see when a grain of wheat a minute was coming up in the chaff. And Cy intended to observe those now-and-then grains of wheat.

At the noon spell everybody forked food into himself with as much gusto as he had forked sheaves and straw at the barn. Bill himself and his partner Pete consumed fried pork, roast beef, potatoes, turnips, pickled beets, chowchow, home-made fresh bread, newly-churned butter, apple-sauce, pumpkin pie, apple-pie, cookies, and each three slathering cups of tea—I say they consumed these things one and all table d'hote, a la carte and carte blanche right down the list like a pair of cobras, and I listened to the clack of the gang without a word of comment.

While the rest of the outfit were assimilating pie Bill and Pete were out at the machine. Pete took a scurry over the separator, oiling up and scrutinizing the riddles and the rakers and the bearings of the cylinder, peering down into the teeth of the thing to see if she was good and hungry for the afternoon's work. Bill flung in wood and gave his whistle a couple of short, sharp poops.

"Keep y'r shirt awn, Bill," I heard Cy growl.

At a quarter to one sheaves were going through before Cy, having his hogs to feed, managed to crawl up to his post of censorship at the rakers. Bill was getting tuned up. He knew by the music of the machine whether the grain was tough, if it had weeds, whether the sheaves were well bound and pretty much of a size.

Down till four o'clock the engineer grumbled very little. He liked my nice dry rails and the soft water that never foamed in the boiler.

"Oh," says I, proudly, every now and then. "Cy Pincher knows how to arrange things. Cy's a good old head."

"Yup," said Bill, as he flung open the roaring fire-way door. "He is that."

"And just as like as not he'll pay you cash on the nail the minute you're done the job."

"Oh—he's got the long green, has he?"

"Sure Mike. We sold a steer last week."

That seemed to make Bill beam more than usual, so much so that when Cy rammed his fork-handle into the rakers and threw off the drive-belt, he said nothing more sarcastic than,

"Dog-gone your old pelt! What in the Sam Hill—?"

In the silence of the barn, as Bill stopped the engine, came the uncompromising squeak of the old man's voice:

"Y're—throwin'—over—wheat—here."

"He's a darned old liar," said Bill, as he helped Pete put on the belt again. "All the wheat we're throwin' on that stack Cy Pincher c'd put in 'is eye."

"Yes," says I, "but it takes a lot to fill Cy's eye sometimes."

When the whistle blew for supper, Tomkins took a stroll into the barn. He explored the wheat mow over the hay. I could hear him rustling about there like a lone cow at a strawstack. When he came out to go to supper I observed a hostile glimmer in his eyes. Bill spoke never a word at supper-table. He just ate like a horse. And he was usually the jolliest old coon in any threshing gang.

Cy kept watching him. He knew that Bill had fathomed his scheme. The sheaf-gang knew also. They had suspected all along there was something in the wind besides the dust.

Just as the hands were getting back to the strawstack and the mow, and Bill had fired up ready to start, Cy and the engineer confronted each other near the engine.

"Cy," says Tomkins, "there's a half a day's work in that job yit."

"How so?" growled Cyrus.

"You know it. Look at the strawstack. Why ain't you drawin' it in faster?"

"Oh she's goin' een fast enough."

"Darn your hide, you tol' me that mow was all hay half up to the beam," denoted Bill.

"I said no sech a durn-fool thing," insisted Cy. "I merely hists the lantern and says, says I, 'There's the hay.' You says, 'So I see—must a' hed a thunderin' crop o' hay.' And I says, 'It wuz the biggest crop o' hay I ever had.' But I never tol' you the hay filled half o' that mow. You jumped at the idee like a big green bass to a worm on a hook."

Bill was so angry he just started the engine to drown his words. The machine roared again. He said half at me as he whanged rails into the firebox,

"By ginger, the rest o' that wheat's goin' inta that separator hell bent fer 'lection."

HE held a confab with Pete, solemnly agreeing to put that wheat through before the gang quit. Bill was to take turn-about at the feeding. The fun commenced when Pete took his next shift at the cylinder. From the glare of his orbs at the sheaf-gang they knew that it was now or never. The mow became literally a live thing. The sheaves leaped out of it like a flock of sheep over a fence-rail. They buried the band-cutter and made a geysir of straw round about Pete, who had the knack of cramming the maw of that machine at double speed without choking the cylinder—though once in a while from some thundering big sheaf bound by Cy from a fence cradle-swath round a stump the separator gagged and groaned and slowed down.

Not a peep came from Cyrus at the rakers, away up there above the roof of the barn grimly heaving the straw that came up at him in a sea. And I knew that if so much as a grain of wheat a minute clipped him on the overalls he would have stopped the machine. But it was a fine separator, Pete and Bill were the two greatest feeders in Jericholand, and Cy's wheat was in prime condition. The threshers had all the odds on them. And when wall-eyed Bill got up to feed and Pete came down in the dusk like a god of grime for a suck at the water pail the mowmen were down behind the hay and the evening was closing in.

The tussle became to me at the engine now a struggle of supermen. Never had there been such a threshing contract in that settlement. Bill Tomkins said never a word now to me. He handled that engine as though it had been a siege gun. He rammed



"Durn your hide! you tol' me that hay went half way up to the beam."

"I said no sich a fool thing. I holds up the lantern and I says, says I, 'There's the hay.' 'Yes,' says you, 'must had a thunderin' crop.' 'I hed a as big a crop o' hay as ever I had,' says I. And you bit like a big green bass on to a worm."

in wood and kept the water gauge well up in the glass, let off steam now and then and kept the pressure in the gauge up around the 100 mark as steady as a town clock.

It was to me one of the great, sublime moments in life, when men fling themselves into sacrifice for the sake of principle. Looking at it in the light of experience, I know now that old Cy Pincher was a

cold-blooded old crawfish that was doing his best to jew Tomkins out of a few dollars; and that Bill and Pete were a pair of rambunking roughnecks who would have jammed Pincher's wheat through butts first without regard to how much grain went out on the stack if Cy didn't watch them. But that wasn't the way I felt about it, as I leaned on the water-barrel by the engine. To me Cy was a clever, audacious old crank who deserved to beat Tomkins if he could, and Bill was an honest great thresherman who was entitled to do the same to Cy. For the sake of Bill all the sheaf-men would have kept at it till the last sheaf was rammed through. For the sake of Cy even those rheumatic old heads of families on the strawstack would stick to it till midnight if need be.

That spirit of self-obliteration was the great thing. The men themselves made it so. They were a glorified pack of great performers whose efforts to do the big thing made the throb of the old engine and the raucous roar of the big separator sound like the music of the spheres. Whenever Bill or Pete got up to feed they seemed like great artists who could never make a slip. Either of them could have fed that separator blindfolded. Each of them knew the sound of good threshing, as great singers know their songs. All that spoiled my perfect joy in the epic was the fact that I had nothing to do but keep hauling water, for there was now plenty of wood to finish the job. Every time Bill came down from the machine he was covered with the grime of godhood to me. I know he was a commonplace old spoonendyke. I thought then he was a hero. Pete was another. The men in the shadows of the mow were all heroes; the man carrying boxes, the old patriarchs on the straw, the dry old skinflint at the rakers away up there at the peak of a mighty strawstack in the moonlight, shuffling at the straw—yes, even the engine and the separator themselves were great, superhumanized beings that should have been sung about in Homeric legends.

Suddenly there was a wildcat whoop from the dust of the dusky barn where the mowmen worked by the glimmer of the moon through the cracks.

"By jingo," I gasped, to old Bill, "they've got that barn empty."

I whooped for joy as I saw them come out of the dust, saw somebody heave a ladder to the wheat-stack outside, three young panthers covered with dust clean to the last lobe of their lungs go skylarking up to the peak as fresh as a young bull moose in the dew of the dawn. One stayed on the bridge to pitch on the table. Down came the sheaves in the light of the moon—whop-whop on to the bridge. In went more rails rammed into the fire-box; more sparks flew from the smokestack; the engine shook and the belt whistled and the big separator sang like the sons of the morning.

"Oh, Lord!" said I to myself. "I'm nothing but a bump on a log. Great Jerusalem!"

AMID all the magic I was miserable. I was unfit to be counted. I was nothing but a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. I knew now that Bill Tomkins was going to finish the job and that old Cy Pincher had determined to keep his face closed and let him, even though he flung away three bushels of wheat in the chaff for the cows to eat.

Maybe the stack was half chewed up by the machine when I crept away from the engine round to the barnyard where the strawstack towered up in the moonlight like a strange new pyramid with five men at the peak and one little old cur-mudgeon grimly swallowing dust down at the rakers as he shoved up the straw from his overalls. They were all so high up that they seemed in another world. But I had somewhat to say to Cyrus and I must do it.

I hustled back to the other side of the barn and got the long ladder. Feeling like a fine young fool I heaved it up to the barn side of the strawstack and went crawling up to within three feet of where I could just make out old Cy in his glorified cloud of dust at the rakers. It seemed like sacrilege to interrupt him, but his goggles were turned my way.

"Mr. Pincher," I shouted, not daring to call him Cy, as I usually did. "What'll I tell'm at the house."

Then I heard the old skinflint's voice croak through the dust as he missed never a forkful to the peak.

"Tell the old woman and the gals to git this gang the doggastedest supper they ever put on the table."

Which was the very thing I wanted him to say. I ran to the house like a collie dog after the cows. The women thought I was crazy, but they all agreed it was a great idea. I helped them what little I could; then I hustled back to the engine, hauled my last barrel of water, turned the old mare out to pasture, and stood leaning on the barrel to watch the last shank of the wheat-stack slide up into the maw of the separator.

# E D I T O R I A L

**S**IR MAX AITKEN might as well get the London High Commissionership as not. That ambitious ex-Canadian and would-be Englishman seems keen about the thing and though he has for some time been out of touch with Canadian affairs at first hand, he would probably be as useful at 17 Victoria Street as anywhere else. His appointment, too, would release a really good man—Sir George Perley—for a man's work here at home. For some queer reason people seem to think the London High Commissionership is an important post. So it may be, but its real worth to Canada has yet to be demonstrated. Sir Max may be able to do it. Perhaps not. He has money, discretion, tact—and a cabinet minister at elbow, Bonar Law. He could be trusted with errands to Downing Street, he could keep up the standard of affluence demanded by his position and take bond-selling people from Winnipeg to lunch now-and-again. But this talk of Sir Robert Borden taking the post is surely not serious. Sir Robert is too valuable to be spared from this country just now. He knows and understands Canada. We need him, either as Prime Minister or leader of the Opposition, and we need Perley. Sir Max, having graduated from Canada, is fascinated by London. Why shouldn't he have it?

**H**ATE IS BAD for good shooting. It disturbs the nerves. One piece of German inefficiency is revealed in the time they waste hating England. Your successful fighter seldom hates; rather, he pities his enemy for being such a fool that the world has to be rid of him.

At this distance from France we are in danger of hating. We don't keep busy enough, and nursing a lusty hate often feels as though it were really injuring the enemy. Of course it isn't. And though the school trustees swear by all the gods of re-election they will cut off the study of German in Toronto high schools, all they are showing is hate. They would sacrifice, not German interests, but the interests of Toronto school-children and future citizens, on the silly altar of hate. Some would have the teaching of Russian take the place of German. This is quite as wrong-headed. We need the Russian language because we expect to develop trade with Russia. We need also the German language because it is a rich language, full of treasure, intellectual and otherwise, and because after the war we can watch this enemy and loot his artistic and scientific treasury if we understand his language. But why, for the mere sake of hate, should we refuse the key to this wealth? No one can accuse London of being pro-German, but in London the outbreak of war was the signal for a renewed interest in German productions. Last winter in the popular Queen's Hall promenade concerts in London there were regular Wagnerian concerts at which British officers on London leave were always to be seen. About the same time Toronto was gravely exercised because a travelling virtuoso played a German number on his piano.

**L**ABOUR TRUST is the latest contribution of the United States to the gayety of nations. With the Steel Trust and the Standard Oil Trust supposedly disbanded, three powerful railway unions, or brotherhoods as they are called, have taken up the trust tradition, and at the time of writing have just succeeded in forcing the American Congress to compel the American railways to meet all the demands of the three unions. They made no plea of necessity, right or justice. The brotherhood leaders candidly disclaimed any other reason for demanding increases in pay, admittedly high already, than Opportunity: "We can tie up the commerce of one hundred million people if you don't yield every tittle of our demand." They scorned arbitration. Mr. Wilson and Congress became mere instruments in their hands.

**I**T IS NOT UNPLEASANT to see Labour, for once, dictating terms. It has long played under-dog. Nevertheless the danger of concentrating great power in the hands of a few men such as the Brotherhood officers, is as great when it controls mere man-power as when it controls oil-wells and blast furnaces—greater in fact. The railway brotherhoods in this case dictated terms to the American republic and were obeyed. What may they not achieve when next their interest or cupidity is aroused? Combinations of capital have nowadays to be effected secretly or must subject themselves to strict laws backed by the hostility of the great mass of people against capital trusts. But labour trusts, springing from the people themselves and opposed only by capital—capital that has but meagre sympathy from the public—are abetted by public opinion. There are very serious possibilities in this trend. What is to happen when Americans realize that the three brotherhoods have merely laid a tax on the whole of the United States instead of reducing the profits of the railway owners? Will public opinion turn against the labour trust? Or will other branches of organized labour be forced into defensive alliances—labour against labour? Or will the United States public, finding itself hampered

by increasing cost of railway service, be driven to demand some form of state control?

**P**ERHAPS THE GRAVEST ASPECT of the labour trust is the matter of leadership. The test for labour union leadership is not whether the candidate is public-spirited, wise, clean-hearted and just, but whether he has been successful in advancing the interests of the men. In national elections a multitude of interests are in conflict. They modify one another in the public interest. Not so in union politics. The demagogue has the honest man under a handicap and it is to the great credit of union labour that it has so far been so moderately led. But the attitude of the Brotherhood leaders does not speak well for the future. Labour, united, but moved only by self-interest, is as dangerous as a hungry lion running amuck in a circus crowd.

**N**O ONE DISSENTS—save the Central Empires—when Asquith announces the Entente's determination to fight until "the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed." But few agree that fighting alone will suffice. A defeated Germany does not mean a dead Germany. The thing Napoleon left for dead lived to capture Paris. And though we used to blame the Kaiser, then his war lords, then Prussia for the present war, we have learned that the Kaiser is merely a German, that so long as the spirit of Germany remains unbroken so long must the world sleep with a gun under its pillow.

Viscount Grey has faith in establishing the control of the German government by the German people because, he says, "a German democracy will not plot and plan wars. . ." Premier Asquith, in referring to the murder of Captain Fryatt, hints at removing the Hohenzollerns in the words, "His Majesty's Government are determined to bring to justice the criminals, whoever they may be and whatever their station." The Paris Conference plans an economic alliance against the Central Empires, excluding them from world trade. Everyone speaks confidently of indemnities and the breaking up of the German navy.

Not one of these things is in itself sufficient. One of them, the suggestion of trade exclusion—though not the suggestion of trade cooperation among the allies—is absolutely wrong since such an exclusion would force economic independence upon the Central Empires, would foster the maximum development of their resources, strengthen their organizations, cheapen their products and their cost of living by limiting their markets, and stimulate their determination to overcome their enemies. "To take up economic warfare against Germany," says the famous old Yves Guyot, editor of the *Journal des Economistes*, "would be to maintain its agglutination." This shrewd thinker insists on the "moral dissolution" of the German Empire. This, he believes, is to be achieved by diminishing the military charges, lightening the personal service to the state, replacing war pre-occupations with productive pre-occupations, in short by breaking down German insularity, letting their war-like fulminations escape into free air, rather than collect as potential explosive. This seemingly kinder method would bring a really deeper retribution on the Teutons.

**P**UTTING EDITORS IN JAIL is sometimes a good way to establish the freedom of the press. A good editor in jail is sometimes a better editor, even if he is not a better man, when he comes out. A term in jail may only confirm him in his determination to utter his opinions on behalf of an unmuzzled press. Edward Beck, editor of the *Winnipeg Telegram*, and Knox Magee, owner of the *Saturday Post*, were sentenced by Justice Galt last week each to a month in jail and a heavy fine for contempt of court in criticizing the Commission at present probing into the affairs of the *Manitoba Agricultural College* and in refusing to explain or retract the criticism when summoned before the court. They are both at liberty on a writ of habeas corpus. No doubt each regards himself as a champion of the rights of the people to have their opinions of public matters, including Royal commissions and judges, expressed in print by the voice of the editor.

In any case whether these editors are right or wrong, they are not the kind of men to be deterred from expressing their views by the prospect of a term in the common jail. They are the kind of men to whom that kind of experience would be a legitimate part of an enterprising modern editor's programme. The jail often clarifies a man's point of view. He sees things more clearly "far from the mad-dog crowd." If he has convictions when he goes in he probably has more when he comes out. *Pilgrim's Progress* was written in jail. If either Beck or Magee could produce a *Pilgrim's Progress* by going to jail—probably either of them would consider it will worth his while. But the editors are at liberty. There will be no *Pilgrim's Progress*. And the freedom of the press still stands.

# OUR DEBT TO SERBIA

**F**ORTY thousand children left Serbia for Corfu. Thirty thousand perished on the way.

Is Serbia too remote for us to realize the tragedy of that statement? Do we think of the Serbs as a swarthy Eastern people unworthy of our friendship? Those of us who saw and heard Mlle. Losanitch, when she visited Canada, had that illusion forever dispelled. Beautiful, graceful and accomplished, with a clear white skin, dark hair and eyes, a charming voice and dignified manner, she represents the highest type of European culture; yet she is wholly Serbian, and tells the story of her country in a manner so simple and sincere that her cause enlists the sympathies of everyone. Mlle. Helen Losanitch is the daughter of a professor in the University of Belgrade, a member of the government. Not more than twenty-five years old, she has already done voluntary nursing through three of her country's wars, and she tells of the peace-loving Serbians, ninety per cent. of whom were farmers who owned their little homes and loved them; who fought only to defend them. She lived through the dreadful scourge of typhus which killed 250,000 of the people, and nursed amidst the terrible lack of supplies and hospital equipment. The poor soldiers who got nothing but tea without milk three times a day, would say, cheerfully: "Sister, my country is at war. If she had more, she would give it to me."

**A**N American Red Cross doctor in Serbia said to a war correspondent: "My word, Clarke, but I tell you these men are great. I feel that small beside them that I could hide myself. Pain! Suffering! You've not seen bravery until you've seen these men suffer. I'll take off a hand, an arm, a leg—without anaesthetic, mind you—and will the fellow budge? Not an eyelid. If you hear him say: 'Kuku lele' (oh, dear), that's as much as you'll hear, and not often that much. And die! They'll die without a sound—unless it is a 'thank you,' if they can, before they go. Where this race of soldiers sprang from, I don't pretend to know; but I tell you right now, they're God's own men."

**L**IKE Belgium, Serbia has been over-run with hosts of invaders; her people have been driven from their homes. They have suffered even more cruelly than the Belgians, but the country itself can never be destroyed, for its beauty lies not in architecture, but rather in the physical attraction of its high plateau, its temperate climate and luxurious vegetation. There, four mountain systems mingle with deep gorges, lakes and rushing streams. Serbia is considered one of the loveliest countries in the world, with a beauty that man never fashioned, and neither can man destroy. Perhaps the tide of immigration which flows westward to America may turn again to the East; for Serbia has great undeveloped resources. No soil in Europe is richer in minerals of all kinds, and the copper mines of Maydan-Pek are said to be the richest in the world. The chief products and exports were cereals, fruit, swine and cattle. To this will be added tobacco, flax, hemp and sugar beet, and in the future Serbia will engage in a large scale in the cultivation of silk-worms, and exploit her six million acres of forest timber. No wonder that the envious eyes of other nations have fastened on this land of promise! Exhausted by the Balkan wars, it was much against her will that Serbia entered upon this world-war; but the depression that weighed upon the people during the first days of mobilization gave way to an outburst of joy, when the news came that England stood by her side; and the Serbian soldiers on hearing it, threw their caps high into the air, wild with delight. And Serbia, homeless, still has faith in her Allies. The help we sent to them came too late. To the civilians who have survived the privation of the terrible retreat across the inhospitable snows of Albania and Montenegro, and to the Serbian army, we owe a national debt of honour, and it must be paid.

**S**O far, we Canadians have done little. Amidst the multiplicity of demands on our sympathies and resources, the call of Serbia has been but faintly heard. The help we have given, both here and in Great Britain, has largely been accomplished through the Serbian Relief Committee, formed in September,

By ESTELLE M. KERR

1914. Its first act was to send out a surgical hospital under Lady Paget, who, as wife of the British Minister in Belgrade during the Balkan wars, had wide experience in war conditions in the near East. All through the terrible typhus epidemic, this devoted lady and the members of her staff worked. At times, there was only one nurse to attend to 300 patients. Then a complete new unit arrived, followed in the Spring by a third and a fourth and a fifth, who courageously faced famine, death and every possible hardship. Besides equipping and maintaining these large units, the Serbian Relief Fund contributed towards other hospitals and Red Cross societies in Serbia, advised by Sir Ralph Paget, K.C.M.G., British Commissioner.

**L**ADY PAGET and her unit remained in Skoplje after it had fallen into the hands of the Bulgarians; and for four months continued their ministrations to the wounded of both nationalities, and dispensed relief to the Serbian population, but in February, 1916, the hospital was taken over by the enemy, and the unit, treated with great courtesy, returned by way of Petrograd. A great part of the civilian population fled with the retreating army.



SERBIA IN EXILE.

## SERBIAN NATIONAL HYMN

Translated by Elizabeth Christich

God of Justice! Thou Who saved us  
When in deepest bondage cast,  
Hear Thy Serbian children's voices,  
Be our help as in the past.  
With Thy mighty hand sustain us,  
Still our rugged pathway trace,  
God, our Hope! protect and cherish  
Serbian crown and Serbian race!

Bind in closest links our kindred,  
Teach the love that will not fail,  
May the loathed fiend of discord  
Never in our ranks prevail.  
Let the golden fruits of union  
Our young tree of freedom grace,  
God, our Master! guide and prosper  
Serbian crown and Serbian race.

Lord! avert from us Thy vengeance,  
Thunder of Thy dreaded ire,  
Bless each Serbian town and hamlet,  
Mountain, meadow, hearth, and spire—  
When our host goes forth to battle  
Death or victory to embrace,  
God of armies! be our leader!  
Strengthen then the Serbian race!

Rich and poor suffered together, and died of starvation and cold. Wealthy people walked over the mountains because they would not take the means of transportation from weak women and children. The aged King Peter had to be carried in a chair; but nothing would induce him to leave his soldiers until they were out of danger. His son, Prince Alexander, led the men, walked with them, shared their food, and refused to embark until the last man was safely landed in Corfu. Even the barest necessities of life ran short, as Austrian submarines had sunk many of the supply ships sent to their aid. The representatives of the Serbian Relief Fund were thus thrown on their own resources, and their success in caring for about 10,000 civilian refugees was a very remarkable achievement. They also sent food to the starving Serbian troops in the interior of Albania, and did invaluable work at Corfu in distributing large supplies of food and clothing from England, and establishing new base hospitals at Corfu and Salonika.

**T**HE French Government undertook the care of 3,000 Serbian boys—this when France has 2,000,000 orphans to feed—and distributed them amongst the various schools. Three hundred boys were brought to England by the Serbian Relief Fund, where schools have been opened at Oxford and Cambridge. No attempt is made to turn the lads into Englishmen. Schoolmasters have come with them to carry on their instruction in Serbian. Many of the pupils do not know whether they are orphans or not; for their fathers are in the army, and their mothers and sisters may be in the interior of Serbia or in refugee camps; but their education is directed to fit them to return to their homes and rebuild their native land. Twenty of these boys are over 17 years of age, but have been rejected as unfit for military service, and six of the Oxford Colleges have taken one each for the University course. The fund which supports these refugees is largely made up of "mites." Factory girls have gone without holidays to send help to the Serbs; school children have given up sweets, treats and school prizes. And as the result of a special campaign for an Orphanage, the London school children collected £7,000. In 400 elementary schools, the children assumed the task of clothing these small exiles. Lessons in making garments were given in school hours, while much of the finishing was done at home. The Serbian kit was designed according to the models of the national dress: a strong chemise, a short skirt and little bolero, edged with brilliant colours. The stockings have cheerful colours knitted into the border. The only colour which must not be used is green—emblematic of Turkey. The depot has sent large supplies of clothing to the colonies of 6,000 Serbian refugees in

Corsica and France. Arrangements are being made to supply the Serbian prisoners in Austria-Hungary, via Switzerland; and it is hoped that it will be possible to surmount the obstacles placed by the Bulgarian Government in the way of sending food and clothing from Roumania to the Serbian prisoners in Bulgaria, who are estimated at 30,000.

**H**ER MAJESTY THE QUEEN is the patroness of the Serbian Relief Fund. The President is the Lord Bishop of London, and the other officers have equally honourable names. The administration of the finances is conducted in the strictest economy, owing to the large number of devoted voluntary workers. The personnel of the executive of the Canadian Committee also comprises many distinguished people. The Honorary President is Mr. R. A. Falconer, President of the University of Toronto; the President, Dr. W. D. Sharpe, of Brampton, Ont., was formerly attached to the Royal Naval Hospital at Belgrade, Serbia; the first Vice-President, Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, is widely known for her executive ability. The Committee also includes the wives of the Lieutenant-Governors of British Columbia, Saskatchewan, and Nova Scotia; strong committees have been formed in Manitoba and Alberta. Each Province has its own committee, which is working zealously for the cause, trying to arouse greater sympathy for our most unfortunate Ally. Surely we who live in the seclusion and comfort of our Canadian homes will be willing to sacrifice something for the brave Serbians who have given all that they had.

# WILL HYPHENS MUZZLE HUGHES?

*Professor Riethdorf, born in Germany, late of Woodstock College, of the Patriotic Speakers' League, would-be recruiting agent for the Canadian Army has been on another visit to the United States. He has been studying the political situation there—the complications of Hughes, Hyphens and Wilson, including the Irish-Americans. He claims that the Hyphens are out to defeat Wilson and to muzzle Hughes*

**P**RO-GERMANISM in the United States is getting stronger every day. There was a time when the Irish-Americans entertained a sympathetic neutrality toward Britain. That is all changed now to a large extent. To be sure, there are many Irish who still heartily favour the Allies, but close observation leads me to the conclusion that there are as many people of Irish descent or birth in the United States who pray for a victory of the Central Powers. On the one hand, this is due to the fact that many friends of the Allies have modified their animosity towards Germany since Mr. Wilson's victory in the submarine controversy. The Lusitania outrage no longer arouses them. It belongs to ancient history. Many a time I heard Americans other than Germans exclaim: "They are all crazy over there. They do not know what they are fighting for." American superficiality and indifference and ignorance never showed themselves in a worse light to me than during the last two months. More than once I exclaimed: "Canada for me—Canada has a soul!"

Furthermore, adroitly, the Pro-German propaganda is making much of the Irish Rebellion and Casement's execution, of the blacklist of the Allies and their interfering with the American mail. A regular campaign of misrepresentation and deception concerning these questions is under way, Americans are constantly being told of the outrageous insults they are enduring at the hands of the Allies, especially the British. The result is that the Kaiser camp attracts many Irish recruits in particular.

These people are taking lessons at the feet of the German-American Alliance, and consider Prussianism a sweet and innocent lamb. They believe that Prussia is fighting for freedom against "perfidious Albion." It is almost inconceivable to find highly educated Irish, even judges of the high courts, to

By F. V. RIETHDORF

whom history is a blank, who know nothing concerning Prussian militarism and diplomacy, to find these men apparently as ignorant as the Irish of limited education. Hatred against England has been fostered in their minds for generations. They live in the past. They take it for granted that the stories of Irish persecutions of a hundred or more years ago, however exaggerated and magnified, are true of the Ireland of to-day. Their Pro-German friends tell them that Roger Casement is a martyr and that Germany would never treat a man of his type as the British did. What nonsense! Supposing a Polish nobleman succeeded in bringing about an insurrection in German Poland at the present time with the help of a power at war with Germany, what would be the fate of such a man in case of capture? Without the formality of a trial he would face a firing squad within 24 hours. In my judgment, the arch-traitor Roger Casement has received more consideration at the hands of the British than any other government in the world would have accorded such a man, least of all the German government.

**T**HE question naturally arises: How will the Pro-German propaganda affect the presidential election and politics generally?

Theodore Roosevelt stands in the forefront to-day as the best-hated man in the United States, that is, best hated by the Pro-Prussian element. No man knows their aims better than the valiant Colonel. They therefore were bent on preventing Mr. Roosevelt from getting the Republican presidential nomination. Quietly the politicians of the Republican party were informed that they could count on the almost solid German vote, irrespective of party, if they

would only turn down Roosevelt. They were successful in their efforts.

The nomination of Charles G. Hughes was the result. The politician most responsible for that result was Governor Whitman, of New York, in whom the Pro-Germans place absolute trust. More than once he was highly praised editorially by the leading German democratic newspaper, the N. Y. Staats-Zeitung. To be sure, the pro-Germans have no illusions as to Mr. Hughes, especially since he congratulated Theodore Roosevelt on his powerful speech at Lewiston, Maine, which carried Maine back into the Republican column.

**H**AVING accomplished Roosevelt's defeat for the nomination, the pro-Germans are now determined to prevent the re-election of Mr. Wilson, though he is much less objectionable to them than Mr. Roosevelt. Knowing fully well that Mr. Hughes in the presidential chair will not do their bidding they are trying to tie his hands by electing congressmen irrespective of party opposed to a vigorous policy towards Germany.

In New York State, Tammany Hall gave the Democratic nomination to Judge Seabury, after satisfying itself that he is acceptable to the pro-German element. He was unopposed in the primaries of his party. On the Republican ticket Governor Whitman had a rival for the nomination. Thanks to strong pro-German support, Mr. Whitman defeated his rival. In the Republican fight for senatorial honours the pro-German vote gave the nomination to Mr. Calder, defeating Mr. Bacon, the Roosevelt-Root candidate, who favoured universal military service.

In my humble judgment, the election of Mr. Hughes is a foregone conclusion, and it is to be hoped that the American voters will defeat the purposes of their pro-German brethren and follow Roosevelt.

## FRENCH CANADA'S CRITICS AND ITS RECRUITING

**T**HERE seems to me to be an anti-French political movement developing in Ontario. Vicious attacks upon French Canada appear from time to time in certain Ontario newspapers; and other Ontario newspapers deem it necessary to send special commissioners to Quebec—as to a terra incognita—to explain the poor "habitant" to the critical people of Ontario. Nothing could be poorer patriotism—or poorer politics. The most superior Ontarioan does not dream that all his censoriousness and critical comment will obliterate the French-Canadian race or remove them bodily to another corner of the globe. They will remain in Canada. They will be here to live with, and do business with, and co-operate with in building up our nation, long after every present critic has joined their futile critics of the past in the silent grave. And the worst possible patriotism is to create ill-feeling between these two permanent Canadian races, or to say things and take steps which will make more difficult their complete and harmonious co-operation in creating the Greater Canada of the future.

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**S**OME of the men who are bitterest against "the French" are men who know better. For they are students of politics. There never has been a movement against "the French" in this country that has not ended in total ethnological failure and the crushing defeat of the ill-advised men who launched it. This battlefield of prejudice and passion is the graveyard of many a promising ambition. Yet—from the Ontario point of view—it often looks like a fair field. One George Brown once ploughed it with vigour, planted it with all the industry commonly shown by sowers of tares, and seemed for a time to reap a satisfying crop. He carried Upper Canada irresistibly. There was no standing against him in the Upper Canadian constituencies when he was slamming the French "habitant" and hierarchy with the convincing eloquence of which he was master. The Conservative party, led by the redoubtable Sir John Macdonald, was as chaff before the wind of his stout denunciations. He was so successful that he made the government of his country impossible, and compelled the creation of Confederation.

But did he win? His great antagonist—Sir John

By THE MONOCLE MAN

Macdonald—took the opposite line. He stood for tolerance toward the French-Canadian. He appealed to his fellow English-speaking Canadians in Upper Canada to "live and let live." He formed an alliance with French-Canadian leaders, like Sir George Cartier; and success crowned his banners. I do not mention this with the idea that success is an invariable proof of rightness; but merely as a hint to localized Ontario politicians who seem to imagine that, because it is always easy to stir the unthinking of one race or religion against another race or religion, they will tread the golden highway to political power by thus following this easy path of parochial and temporary popularity. They might consider, too, a somewhat similar battle between Meredith and Mowat in Ontario local politics when it was the Liberal leader who stood for toleration.

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**T**HE present is another period of easy and popular criticism of "the French." They are not enlisting in as great numbers as their English-speaking compatriots. We are in the midst of a great war when our righteous determination to win and destroy for all time the menace of Prussian Imperialism raises to furnace-heat our indignation against any class that hangs back from its high and obvious duty. Consequently, our patriotic instincts, our love of liberty, all the best that is in us, joins with less noble prejudices to condemn a people who not only enlist less commonly than the rest of us, but who also persist in speaking a language we do not understand, and in worshipping before altars of which many of us disapprove. It is very simple at such a time to raise a wave of feeling against "the French," and to base a political, office-seeking movement upon its strength.

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**B**UT is it good and far-seeing patriotism? Is it British? Is it the method by which Britain has built up and holds her Empire? The education of the French-Canadian has been all against his participation in an Empire war. Every time a French-Canadian enlists for this war, he fights his way free from an entangling mass of natal and hereditary

influences of which the average English-Canadian knows nothing. Yet thousands of them have enlisted and are fighting under the British flag. I think that, if true British statesmanship were handling the problem—this situation—it would give a generous measure of praise to the thousands who leap the barriers of their youthful environment, and go forth to die under the flag—and await with patience and in silence the slow processes of education, conducted by events, on those who have not yet gone. I do not want to repeat the arguments of M. Bourassa—a man lamentably responsible for much of the present unsatisfactory situation—but it is true that the English-speaking Canadian did not respond to the call of duty as promptly as did the British-born living in Canada; and for precisely the same reason that delays the French-Canadian:—i.e. the fact that his education was largely pacifist, and that he had no such hair-trigger appreciation of the duty of going to war as had any man trained in any European country. But events convinced him. Moreover, none of his leaders continued to preach the old, pusillanimous, pacifist doctrine. There was no English Bourassa. But we must remember that there was the pause when the "English sparrows" beat us all to the colors, and give our fellow Canadians of French origin time to adjust their old ideas to this new world with its blinding lights and its crashing cataclysms.

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**I**F we are going to make a success of our titanic task of building up a Greater Canada, we must search out and develop the best that is in the various ingredients from which we must compound our final whole, and not widen the gaps between our constituent races by insisting upon the differences, and pointing with rancour and sometimes with sinister motives to the deficiencies. We all have our deficiencies. If each Canadian race is going to feed its natural prejudices on a study of the deficiencies of the other, then good-by to the dream of a progressive and permanent Canada! It is seldom difficult—it is easy in a time of stress—to harden a solid Ontario against a solid Quebec, and a solid Quebec against a solid Ontario. But that is the way that nations are wrecked. If Switzerland were to pursue that policy, there would soon be no Switzerland—but a fortified frontier in the Bernese Alps.

# What's What the World Over

*New Phases of the World's Thinking Recorded in Current Periodicals*

Scandinavia's Pose . . . . .

Pheasants Heard 'Em . . . . .

His View of Empire . . . . .

Albert's Heroes

## SCANDINAVIA'S POSE

*Does Not Altogether Please Anglican Bishop Who Studied it Recently*

HERBERT BURY, Bishop for North and Central Europe, describes Neutrality in Northern Europe in the "Nineteenth Century." After speaking of Holland's eminently fair attitude he says: I have not found it so easy, however, to form a satisfactory opinion of the real feeling in Norway and Sweden during my recent visits to those countries. It is, one supposes, generally considered that while Norway's sympathies are with the Allies, the Swedes are with the enemy, or rather with German efficiency. The Norwegians are extremely prosperous just now, and many of them are rapidly accumulating very large fortunes. Their carrying trade has been enormous for such a small country for many years, especially in the other hemisphere, and extremely profitable; but even in this short time of war the profits, both of companies and private owners, in consequence of the largely increased prices for freight, have been quite colossal. It would seem incredible to English readers if I were to put down the extraordinary estimates I heard in Christiania as to the perfectly fabulous profits made in the course of a single year not only by shippers but by the firms of contractors who supply produce and canned meats, especially golasch—a kind of Irish stew—to the German army. The only route to Russia open throughout the year for ourselves and other Europeans lies through Norway and Sweden by way of Newcastle. One crosses to Bergen, by rail to Christiania, up the eastern part of Sweden to Haparanda, and then, after crossing the river Torneo not far from the Arctic Circle, down through Finland to Petrograd. It is a delightful and interesting journey of about seven days, especially after leaving



"An Old Sweetheart Of Mine."

—Evans, in Baltimore American.

Bergen, when the train passes along the southern shores of the great Fiord to Christiania. This route has brought much profit to Norway as well as Sweden. Commercial prosperity is evident on every hand, and yet, notwithstanding the growing national wealth, both peoples are apprehensively and sincerely, like the rest of the world, ever longing for peace. The sympathies of Norway are, I believe, almost entirely with the Allies. They have suffered more severely than any other people next to ourselves by the enemy's destruction of their shipping,

and are full of resentment. They say little about it but do not forget. With many it is a constant and sullen brooding upon losses which they feel they have done nothing to deserve and are powerless to redress, as they are determined like the Dutch to do everything which lies within their power to avoid being brought into the conflict. Yet one hears on all sides that no doubts are entertained as to the final issue. To Norway the Battle of the Marne was decisive and represented the enemy's failure to obtain alike their immediate object and their final purpose. "From that time we have felt," they say, "that you will increase in power and men, while they decrease, and the end, however long delayed, to us is perfectly clear." In the meantime, to their credit be it said, in Norway they do not neglect the duty which their commercial prosperity has laid upon them, and they—it is true of the Swedes also—contribute largely to funds for mitigating the hardships of French and Russian prisoners of war. No others need their help in the same way. There are large working parties for clothing amongst our own community as in other countries, and the usual supplies of bread and provisions are freely and liberally sent. If no war has called forth the same appalling suffering and hopeless misery and poverty, it is equally certain that no other has called out the same generous, eager, almost passionate, desire in both the belligerent and neutral countries to relieve them.

The situation in Sweden, even to its own people as well as to those long resident in the country, is far more complex than in any other neutral country, though it seems to have become simpler during the last few weeks. The Swedes are closely akin to their Finnish neighbours and entirely in sympathy with them. They have, therefore, deeply resented the attempted Russification of Finland a few years ago with all its undeserved hardships and evils.

When the struggle came, therefore, it was natural and inevitable that Sweden should be anti-Russian. Then, again, her "Kultur" is that of Germany. The admiration of her army for German military efficiency and thoroughness has been keenly appreciative for many years, and though the Swedes are a free people with intensely democratic instincts and ideals, as the Prussians certainly are not, the propagandists, who appear to be simply ubiquitous, have found very fertile soil for their industrious and untiring work of sowing tares. The pro-German spirit, therefore, has steadily grown and increased in the hearts and minds of the Swedish people. It is still difficult to say whether it is necessarily anti-English, for there have been varying waves of national feeling.

At the outbreak of the war, if the Allies had not included Russia, the national spirit would have been with us and at that time had no very strong animus against us. Then there came a very strong wave of bitterness as the propagandists got to work and spread the idea in the belligerent as well as in the neutral countries that Great Britain had brought on the war for mercenary and selfish reasons. The idea is strong and general still in probably the whole of Northern Europe—it will have to be reckoned with hereafter—that we could have prevented the conflict, even if we did not actually cause it. In Sweden for a time it was firmly believed we were cynically and selfishly the actual cause. For instance, a friend of mine, a Swede, at a large party ventured to say, while this misrepresentation was at its height, "Great Britain came into the war simply to keep her word to Belgium, and, if Sweden had been attacked by Russia, her action would have been just the same." The result was a perfect uproar of reproach, protest, and accusations of unworthy sympathy with an utterly selfish and entirely mercenary people. That wave of feeling, however, in due time spent itself, although during its flow the Activists, as those who desire intervention on the side of Germany are called, were numerous, ardent, and influential. Then came the fortification by Russia of the Aland Islands, and the flame burst up once more.

These islands are close to the Swedish eastern coast, a little above Stockholm, and when the Russian Government commenced military works there a short time ago great agitation resulted on the mainland. Opinions were fairly equally divided. The violent party furiously demanded interference.

Everyone knew that it had long been considered that the fortifying of the islands would be regarded as a direct menace and threat to Sweden if it should ever take place, and it was contended that, now it had begun, it was the tearing up of the treaty



Interrupted.

—Cassel, in New York Evening World.  
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entered into with England and France, and known as the "Treaty of Paris." The more sober part of the nation, however, reminded their fellow-countrymen that this is not peace time, and that their Russian neighbours, not at enmity with Sweden, might be expected and sympathetically permitted to undertake temporary measures of defence, especially in their own territory, if they were clearly necessitated by the exigencies of war. The military works would disappear, they argued, when the war was over, in accordance with Russian assurances on previous occasions. Permission, however, was given, as the controversy went on, during the month of May for an interpellation to be made by Professor Steffens, to which the Foreign Minister had to reply, and the result was a complete and final answer. It is now passing entirely out of public thought and comment, and was probably the last flickering up of the flame before finally going out.

## PHEASANTS HEARD 'EM

*"Sounds" of Battle Disturbed Birds in Far Distant Parts of England*

DISCUSSING the sound of big guns Charles Davison recalls in The Quarterly Review that on January 24, 1915, a Sunday morning, there was a running fight in the North Sea between the First Battle-Cruiser Squadron under Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty and the German cruisers "Derfflinger," "Seydlitz," "Moltke," and "Blucher," and other minor vessels. The "Blucher," as is well known, was sunk during this engagement. The position of the vessels during the action has not yet been made public, but they must have been some distance from the shore before our ships came within range of the enemy, for, while the sound of the firing was heard near the Lincolnshire coast, nothing but a "soughing in the ear" was observed about one hundred miles farther inland at Ripley, near Ripon. During the battle, from about 10 to 11.30 a.m., there was much agitation among the pheasants in various parts of the north of England. According to the parish clerk at Saxby in Lincolnshire, "There be rare goings on in the North Sea the morn; . . . the pheasants is all over the place with their fuss;" and his remark was made before the news of the battle arrived. Similar observations were made in various parts of Yorkshire, at Lowther near Penrith, and even at places in Cumberland which are probably 200 or 250

miles from the scene of the firing. There can be little doubt as to the close connection between the gun-firing and the disturbance of the pheasants, for, in woods near Burgh-le-Marsh in Lincolnshire, the firing and the crowing of the pheasants were heard together.

In what way are pheasants affected by the distant gun-firing? Do they actually hear sounds which are too deep or too faint to produce any effect on the human ear? Or is it that they are in some way susceptible to the evanescent air-vibrations or are alarmed by movements due to those vibrations?

We know, indeed, very little about the varying capacity of the human ear for appreciating the low roll of distant gun-firing. We know still less about the powers of birds and animals for hearing such vibrations. The only evidence with which I am acquainted is their behaviour during earthquakes. For instance, during the Hereford earthquake of 1896, pheasants crowed at a distance of 111 miles to the north-west of the origin; the sound was heard to a distance of 170 miles in the same direction. During the Doncaster earthquake of 1905, the farthest place at which pheasants were affected is 38 miles from the origin; the sound was heard on an average for 62 miles from that place. The evidence is not quite conclusive, for pheasants are not so uniformly distributed as human beings over the country. So far as it goes, however, it seems to show that the pheasant's ear is less sensitive than our own to very deep sounds.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that even human beings are affected by sound-waves in other ways than through the ear. When there is a loud report close at hand we instinctively wink. It is the reflex action of the eyelids to protect the eyeballs from injury when the air-waves suddenly impinge upon them. It is possible, indeed, that pheasants never hear the report of guns at all, however close they may be, and that it is merely the resulting air-vibrations striking on their bodies that alarm them. On the whole, however, it seems more probable that the air-waves act only indirectly on the birds. The reports of the guns during the Cherbourg review were heard for 107 miles, but for 30 miles farther the air-vibrations were strong enough to make windows shake and rattle. In the same way, far beyond the Lincolnshire woods in which the guns were heard on January 24, inaudible waves would speed their way across the country. During their passage low trees and undergrowth would suddenly sway and quiver. The birds resting on them would be alarmed by the abrupt though slight disturbance, and would rise with the excited cries which they utter when somewhat similar movements are caused by the passage of earthquake waves.

## HIS VIEW OF EMPIRE

*Sir Clement Kinlock-Cooke Foresees a Permanent Imperial Council*

THE cult of Little Englandism—thus writes Sir Clement in *The Fortnightly Review*—lies buried with the follies of the past; its leaders are ostracised, their followers discredited and disowned. Empire, which, at one time, found but little favour with organized labour, has become the watchword of Britain's democracy. To paraphrase a well-known saying of the late Sir William Harcourt's, "we are all Imperialists now."

And why? What has happened to bring about so drastic a change in our body politic? The reason is simple enough and easily told. It is written large and bold on the battlefields of Belgium, France, Mesopotamia, and Gallipoli. The call to arms, if it found us, as a nation, unprepared for war, found us, as a people, determined at all costs to sacrifice the last man in defence of our national honour and the preservation of our race.

There must be no going back to pre-war days, no return to the limited outlook of parties, either in the Homeland or in the Dominions. In place of many policies there must be one policy, and that an Empire policy. We must not only think Imperially; we must act Imperially. Downing Street and the Dominions must come together as they have never done before. An entirely new order of things must arise embracing in every phase of its orbit the true inwardness of unity, the fullest recognition of Empire.

But in order to be prepared for the new status we must begin our preparations now. Once it has been decided that the nation's fabric is to be changed, and both the Cabinet and the country have so decided, no time must be lost in making ready. I do not say we should root up the foundations and pull down the walls of one house before we are in possession of plans for the new structure, but I would emphasize and lay stress upon the necessity of a truer appreciation of the axiom that, however long the war may

last, the approach of peace grows nearer day by day. What, then, are the more pressing matters that would find a place on the agenda of the Imperial Conference supposing that body were immediately to be called together?

As regards defence, both naval and military, no very close examination can proceed whilst hostilities are in progress. At the same time, it may not be inopportune to suggest, as far as the question of naval defence is concerned, that all future arrangements, whether initiated in this country or in the Dominion overseas, be placed beyond the reach of party strife. We cannot afford a repetition of what happened at



Coming Out of the Trench.

—Cassel, in *New York Evening World*.  
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Westminster and at Ottawa during the year immediately preceding the outbreak of war. Again, all contributions to the navy, whether in money or in kind, should be based, as far as possible, on the amount of risk covered, and included in the premiums paid should be a fair share, in each case, of the outlay incurred in the maintenance and upkeep of coaling and oil stations. I have no wish at this moment to raise the thorny question of local navies; there is much to be said for and against a policy of this kind; but I do not think any impartial critic will cavil with my conclusion that no system of overseas contributions can be really deemed Imperial unless it be one in which all parts of the Empire participate.

Concerning the twin question of military defence, I must content myself with mentioning two points. One is, that statesmen especially representative of the Dominions and India should be admitted to the sittings of the Imperial Defence Committee, not merely by invitation, but as a right. The other is



The Girl He Left Behind.

—Starrett, in *New York Tribune*.

that in every part of the Empire the privileges of citizenship must carry with them the obligation of military training, if not of compulsory service, subject only to such restrictions as may be considered necessary in the case of coloured races. These are Imperial issues which brook no delay.

With the proclamation of peace it may be assumed that Germany will endeavour to secure for herself and what is left of Austria-Hungary the same econ-

omic position in British possessions she held in pre-war days. Even now it is an open secret that the Central Empires are pressing forward plans to dominate production and the markets of the world. These attacks, as far as they relate to the British Empire, must be met not by the Homeland and the Dominions working apart, but by the Homeland and the Dominions working together.

As far as the Dominions go, it cannot be said that the Government have lacked advisers on matters pertaining to Empire reconstruction. The Prime Minister of the Commonwealth of Australia and Sir George Foster, the greatest authority on Imperial trade that Canada has ever produced, were included in the British delegation at the Paris Conference. In addition, fortune has favoured us with a visit from a number of prominent statesmen from overseas, any one of whom would regard it as a privilege to be called into the councils of the State. Yet, so far, no Parliamentary movement has taken place in the direction of unification. It may be that the Cabinet is awaiting the arrival of Sir Robert Borden before making any pronouncement of policy, but whatever be the reason for postponement, the country is growing impatient to know what is to be our policy towards those great economic problems which must inevitably arise as soon as hostilities cease. Are we to continue imagining that no connection exists between the safety of the nation and its commercial and industrial prosperity? Or are we to have a policy that will make the word "Empire" mean something more than it has meant hitherto—a policy that will ensure not alone our naval, but our industrial supremacy?

Mr. Hughes has warned us against putting out trust in "men who regard *laissez faire* and Free Trade as doctrines handed down by the Deity which it would be impious to refute." For advisers such as these he frankly tells us that he, at any rate, has no use. Neither, do I think, have the people of this country. Like every true Briton, the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth is of opinion that the future trade policy of the Empire should be settled now. And, with a premonition and a foresight which the Government of this country will do well to imitate, he tells us that if we are to attack this question effectively it must be attacked systematically and scientifically.

Nor is the question of unity of less importance when negotiating with our friends. "If you take the Empire as a unit," says Mr. Hewins, "you can give concessions and advantages to your friends which you cannot contemplate if you split up into various separate independent dominions, each making its own treaties." Without unification we can accomplish nothing; with unification we can accomplish everything.

Let me now pass on to the question of migration. At present there is no machinery in this country for guiding the steps of emigrants, and unless that machinery is set up before demobilization takes place there is considerable danger that the bone and sinew of many of our ex-sailors and ex-soldiers may be lost to the Empire. The question, then, we have to decide is what steps are to be taken to keep these migrants within the Empire. In my opinion, a special Imperial Conference should take place in London at the earliest possible moment for the purpose of formulating a scheme of emigration and immigration, jointly controlled and jointly financed by the Home and Dominion Governments.

Now let us look at what the Dominions are doing in this direction. The Commonwealth of Australia have embarked on a land scheme involving an expenditure of £20,000,000, extending over a period of three to four years, for the settlement of ex-soldiers. Under this scheme successful applicants will receive £500 worth of land and £500 worth of improvements, repayable by the settler over a term of years, the Commonwealth bearing any losses. In addition, the New South Wales Government have, I believe, under consideration the expenditure of a similar sum for the settlement of returned soldiers in that State. Nor is this all; the Irrigation Commissioners of New South Wales have decided to make 500 blocks of land available for ex-soldiers during the next three months. Queensland, Victoria, and Western Australia are also setting apart land for the same object.

In Canada, both in the Province of Ontario and in British Columbia, committees were appointed to consider the question of providing land for returned soldiers. Not only have these committees reported long ago, but in the case of British Columbia an Act is already on the Statute Book making provision for the granting of homesteads and homestead loans. A thousand farms for ex-soldiers are being prepared by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and these will be ready for occupation in the early autumn. Some of these farms will cover 160 acres, of which fifty will be ploughed and seeded, and this in addition to what is practically a gift of a house and out-buildings. The



land will be let to the occupiers on a perpetual lease; they will not be required to pay the usual deposit; all that will be asked from them is a small rent. They will, in fact, be partners with the company, who will bear all expenses until the men are well settled in and able to run their farms on their own.

In changing the fabric of Empire, then, political federation in some form or other must follow as a matter of course. The suggestion that we should have a Parliament sitting at Westminster to include representatives from India and the selfgoverning Dominions is not, in my opinion, a practical suggestion. The only form of political, or, as some call it, Imperial, federation is by way of a Council of Empire. Nor would the institution of such a body be a difficult matter. All that is necessary is to change the composition of the Imperial Conference and make it a lasting and permanent institution.

### ALBERT'S HEROES

An Account of the Last Stand of the Brave Men of Belgium

THE position of the Belgian army is sometimes in danger of being overlooked. In the Contemporary Review, Demetrius C. Boulger not only describes that position, but recites the events leading up to this gallant "last stand" of King Albert and his men in the last remaining corner of their country.

The fate of Antwerp was sealed, he says, and King Albert, wisely placing no reliance on the illusory promise of succour from England, set about the task of extricating his Army while there was still time. The bulk of the force had been transferred to the left bank of the Scheldt by October 7th, and two days later it began to concentrate afresh between Bruges and Ostend. No long stay was possible here; the retreat was resumed southwards along the coast, but when the whole



THESE PIPING TIMES OF PEACE. The Experts.

—Rogers, in New York Herald.

Army had got behind the Yser on October 13th, then King Albert called a halt and issued his memorable order that his troops must hold this last corner of Belgium to the end and die where they stood. He could count on 70,000 men all told, of whom 48,000 were infantry.

Only three days were accorded them to prepare in some partial measure a new place of final stand before the German shot and shell were playing on it in anticipation of the attack in mass. The Belgians had sufficient time, however, to form strong têtes de

pont at Nieuport and Dixmude, and to provide more or less efficiently for the defence of the intermediate crossings of the Yser at St. Georges, Schoorbeke, and Tervaete. They also occupied eight advanced posts on the right bank of the river; but the chief weakness of the Belgian Army lay in its artillery, which contained nothing heavier than the three-inch gun. Still, they were better off than the co-operating division of French Marines, under Admiral R'onarch, which had no artillery at all.

The first cannonade on the Yser began on October 16th. The enemy were testing the strength of the position and the stubbornness of the defence. It continued with little intermission till the 18th, when all the advanced posts were seriously attacked. One in front of St. Georges and another in front of Tervaete were captured, and thus the Germans had got near to two of the river crossings. During the night, however, the Belgians took the offensive and drove the Germans out of the latter post. The Belgians thus retained their hold on the right bank, with the exception of the one point lost and firmly occupied by the enemy. The next day (October 19th) the Germans attacked in force at two different points. The more serious effort was made against Nieuport, where three violent assaults were repulsed with heavy loss, and the Germans could make no progress. But the second attack to the south fared better, at least for a time. Beerst, the post in front of Dixmude, was captured, and Keyem, north of it, became isolated. Orders were given to a Belgian division to join hands with the French Marines and recover what had been lost. This attack proved completely successful. The old positions were recovered, and a very hopeful view prevailed as to the possibility of turning the success to greater account the next day, when news arrived that large German forces were approaching from a new quarter threatening the Belgian flank. It became necessary to retire on Dixmude, abandoning all the outposts beyond the river in front of that town.

Yet the foe counted on an easy triumph, and Dixmude was to be their first prize. Some hours later on the same day as the attack on Nieuport, that on Dixmude commenced. It had been partially reduced to ruins; and it was amid the flames of burning houses that the German troops came on in serried masses, singing songs of triumph, but the Belgians and the French Marines did not yield a foot.

The German failure was not less complete at Nieuport than at Dixmude. No progress was made at either point, but both towns, practically speaking, were burnt to the ground. The Germans then resolved to try their fortune at the intermediate crossing places over the Yser. On October 22nd they came down in immense force on Tervaete and broke through. If they succeeded in making good their position on the left bank the whole Belgian position would have been compromised. It became necessary for the Belgians to quit the defensive attitude for the offensive, and so the Grenadier and Carabinier regiments charged to expel them. Before darkness fell those of the Germans who survived were driven back to the right bank of the Yser, but during the night they again resumed the assault in much increased force, and in the morning of the 23rd the Germans again held Tervaete, and this time firmly. It was their one success.

Everywhere else they had been repulsed; but none the less the position had become critical, and that notwithstanding the arrival during the same day of French territorial troops. Space forbids to follow the details of

the struggle that continued during the following days. The Germans did not score any material success, their assaults were repulsed, but the Belgian troops, with one-fourth of their numbers gone, and cartridges, beside shot and shell, falling short, had reached the point of exhaustion. Then it seemed as if the Yser position must fall, and that the last strip of Belgium would follow the rest.

Under this supreme necessity it was decided to find safety by cutting the dykes of the Yser and flooding the sur-



#### THE WEARIN' OF THE GREEN.

Actor-Manager Asquith (to Lloyd George): "You know, dear boy, I had thought of playing the part myself, but we all have to make sacrifices—ahem—in these days, and in this knock-about business you ab-ser-lootly fill the bill."

E. T. Reed, in The Passing Show, London.

rounding country. The first step was taken on October 28th, but the water rose very slowly, and for some time the Germans did not realize what had happened. When they did they beat a hasty retreat, their chief care being not to cross the Yser, but to get away from it. Many hundreds were cut off on temporary islets formed by the moving waters, much of their artillery had to be abandoned; but the bitterest pill of all was to see the prize, almost grasped, slip away after the lives of at least fifty thousand of the best German soldiers had been sacrificed to gain it. And thus the final episode in the three months' effort of the Belgian Army, generally single-handed, to save their country was marked by no inconsiderable triumph.

The little corner of Flanders which the Belgian Army defended so valiantly in the autumn of 1914 is still held intact by the national forces in this summer of 1916. But, except in spirit, it is a new army. Commandant Breton calls it in one passage a marvellous resurrection, and when it is remembered that it has been created without a country the phrase is very appropriate. The existing Belgian Army, which is to be found exclusively in the triangle of the kingdom behind the Yser, has been formed under King Albert's personal direction. It has not merely been re-clothed in a khaki uniform and re-armed, but it has been provided with a fresh and up-to-date organization, evolved from the experiences of the war, in which every man has his number and his assigned place. The artillery still possesses its old 75 mm. pieces, and many more of them, but it is also equipped with the heavy artillery which in 1914 was wholly lacking.

Daring.—A man in Wisconsin got married in order to win a \$50 bet. Which goes to show how far some chaps will go to get a little money.

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# MUSIC AND PLAYS

## Canadian World Musicians.

IN the matter of famous Canadian musicians abroad, what's the matter with New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island—and Saskatchewan? Let us see. British Columbia gave the world and the Boston Opera Co. Edvina, who was equally successful as Louise and Tosca; Calgary sent out Kathleen Parlow, famous violinist pupil of Auer, whose renderings are now famous in many a record. Portage La Prairie gave origin to Edith Miller, mezzo-soprano, who is now with the Chicago Opera Company; and Winnipeg was the first musical arena for Redfern Hollinshead, the greatest lyric tenor Canada has ever produced—although he was born in England and has spent the main part of his musical career in Toronto. Guelph, Ont., gave us Eddie Johnson, who came from New York once as tenor soloist for the Mendelssohn Choir, afterwards startled Broadway with his high B flat and afterwards broke into Italian opera by marrying a countess in Milan. Eddie used to be a Sunday School choir boy in old Norfolk St. Methodist Church, Guelph. Toronto gave us Ernest Seitz, celebrated master pupil of Lhevinne and formerly of Vogt; Elizabeth Campbell, stage contralto, born in some little town like Whitby and afterwards with the Century Opera Company in New York; Bertha Crawford, now in England; and half a dozen others. Ottawa turned out Yane Lavoie-Herz, pianiste and pupil of Scriabine; Eva Gauthier, famous soprano and protegee of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Montreal gave Edmond Burke, operatic baritone and colleague of Melba; Donalda, light soprano and musical ward of Lord Strathcona—with many more. Chambly, P.Q., furnished the immortal Albani, of whom it is needless to write more than of Lind or Patti. Some small town in Nova Scotia produced Evelyn Starr, violiniste, in her last season, pupil of Auer.

These are random selections from the Canadian roll of honour in music as recorded more or less in the world's temple of fame. But so far as memory serves us New Brunswick, P. E. I., and Saskatchewan have no contributions to just that class of music-makers. If we are wrong we are open to correction. In fact we hope we are.

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## The Stage's Tallest Woman.

YOU may never have heard of Jobyna Howland, actress, prototype of the original Gibson girl, the very first woman that Charles Dana Gibson drew in all his long series of "supercilious beauties" as they are called by Ada Patterson in *The Theatre* for September. No, the name was never that of a famous actress, though for years Jobyna Howland took tall beauty roles in light American comedies. But if you were asked to recognize the stage version of the recent Mrs. Arthur Stringer, wife of the Canadian story-writer and poet, you would believe the picture on this page to be a good photograph of the tallest woman on the stage to-day.

It is a good many years now since Jobyna Howland began to live with her husband six months every summer in the Kent Co. cottage on the shore of Lake Erie. There she learned to can raspberries and other domestic matters, learned what the farmers were doing when they cut wheat, and as soon as it came the season of Tosti's Good-Bye went back to New York to do tall-beauty and short singing parts—

But that's all part of another story. The present feature of interest is the very interesting interview with Jobyna Howland in the last issue of *The Theatre*, in which Ada Patterson says that reduced to simplest terms, Miss Howland's quarrel with the drama is "I'm six feet tall and I can't get a lover."

"Seems to me I've heard—" I began murmuring. "It will not do to have a stage lover of your own height."

She ignored the implication. "He must be taller. Given a man and woman of the same height and the woman looks much taller. I should be made love to by a man of six feet three or four inches. Where can you find him?"

"James K. Hackett?"  
"I was his leading woman."  
"Stanley Dark?"

"He was my fiance in the play, 'Our-selves.'"

"Lou-Tellegen?"  
"I would make him look little. It's as bad on the screen as on the stage. A woman can lean down to the love maker. She can relax her hip and can drop her shoulder. It helps the love scene, but makes her look awkward and gives her a reputation for being clumsy. 'Playing down' to someone is the opposite of graceful. On the stage that is nearly fatal.



Actress Jobyna Howland is so tall—six feet exactly—that she never can find a stage lover tall enough to look the part.

There's another reason why it is genuinely unfortunate to be a tall actress. Height is a challenge. It is a command. 'Look at me and only me' it says. While a player is youthful and crude this is a detriment. People will look at her wherever she stands, if it be in the back row of the chorus, and they will note the imperfections due to inexperience. So she creates a bad first impression.

"Her height causes her to dwarf other persons on the stage, to make them seem insignificant. This annoys them. Annoyance becomes anger. Anger becomes protest. She is never welcomed into a company. Once in, the others of the company want her out of it. Some of the members of the company don't scruple to request that she leave. Their plea to the manager has some logic. They say she is disproportionate, that the combination of her height and the brevity of others is inartistic.

"There is a very practical handicap for a tall actress. It is an argument before which I am dumb."

Miss Howland, disconsolate, defiant, threw down the gauntlet. "Name a very tall actress who is successful."

I named six. "None as tall as I am," she insisted. "None six feet. No. She gives the critics no chance to be original. If they want to say something pleasant about her they say: 'She is a statuesque beauty.' That doesn't help her reputation as an actress. 'Statuesque' implies

that she has the static quality. An actress must be dynamic. A woman may be statuesque but get no farther than the show girl stage. What has become of the tall show girl? She is no more. Nobody will have her."

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## Why Not a Canadian Orchestra This Year?

THE Mendelssohn Choir management have decided to give concerts this season, but without an accompanying orchestra. The works will therefore be largely unaccompanied; a class of work that led to the original formation of the choir and made it famous before the employment of any assisting orchestra. This was done season before last, and while the works so given were magnificent examples of that kind of music, many of the Choir's patrons sadly missed the orchestra. We repeat now what we said then—that if Dr. Vogt wants to do it he can assemble a first-class symphony orchestra right in Toronto capable of giving one big patriotic work such as Elgar's *Caratacus*. In the production of a work of this kind under present unusual conditions the entire professional talent of Toronto would rally to the call—at least so we think. The opportunity is too big to be missed.

Meanwhile plans are being considered for work on a comprehensive "Victory Festival" to be given as soon as possible after the conclusion of peace, in which a British night, followed by three evenings made up of programmes of French, Russian, and Italian works are contemplated, preliminary rehearsals for which will begin during the present winter in conjunction with the a cappella concerts of this year.

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## Musical Hamilton.

HAMILTON is evidently to have a busy season. In noticing the activities planned thus far one naturally recurs to the efforts of certain musicians who have passed away, such as D. J. O'Brien, Thomas Littlehales, and R. S. Ambrose, and those who are still living, Dr. C. L. M. Harris, George Robinson, the veteran bandmaster, and J. E. P. Aldous. Hamilton has produced a number of popular artists like Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, the late George Fox, and many others. It also has at the present time a number of artists whose names are becoming household words in the Province.

The Centenary Choir will give their annual concert in December and will likely repeat Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise. During the fourteen years Mr. W. H. Hewlett has been at Centenary they have given Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, St. Paul and the Hymn of Praise, Spohr's *Last Judgment*, Haydn's *Passion Music*, Cherubini's *Requiem*, Liszt's 13th Psalm, Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, Gounod's *Messe Solennele* and *Troisieme Messe Solennele*, Tertius Noble's *Gloria Domine*, and other shorter works.

The Hamilton Symphony Orchestra will continue their practices. This organization is a continuation of the activity in orchestral music inaugurated by Dr. C. L. M. Harris and J. E. P. Aldous, and continued by W. H. Hewlett and F. J. Denville, the present conductor, who is an enthusiastic amateur. The Ladies' Orchestra, an excellent organization under the leadership of Miss Jean Hunter is also being organized for the season's work.

As an educational centre Hamilton has become very important. The Conservatory of Music (under the musical leadership of Bruce A. Carey, J. E. P. Aldous and W. H. Hewlett) is thriving. Last season it had over 700 students. Then there is the Forsyth Academy of Music under the directorship of Miss Langrill. (Concluded on page 23.)

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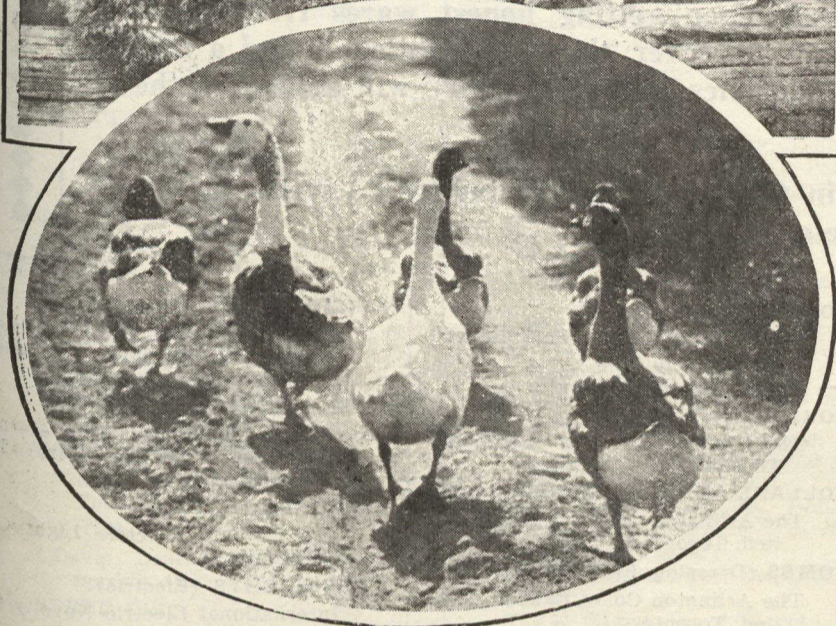
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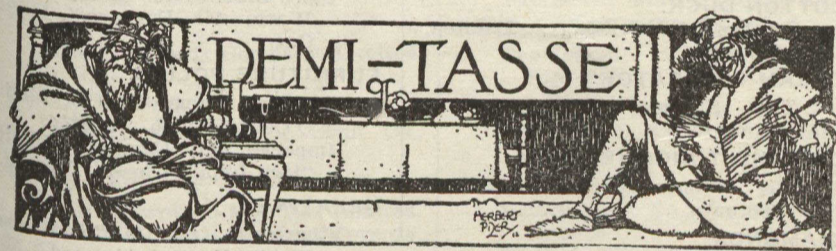
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## HARVEY ROBB

PIANIST Toronto Conservatory of Music.



The photographer said off-hand that he'd much rather snapshot a flock of geese than a wildcat; not wild geese, however. So he went on the job. He found the wildcat at the Zoo, quietly squatted on an imitation down tree. The cat looked at him with sullen benignity as much as to say, "Oh, I've seen twenty persons like you before. That camera doesn't scare me, and I don't care if they do put me in the illustrated papers. I don't take much stock in things anyway. Life's nothing but a bore; cat-meat and a dish of water, and a lot of people who should be caged up same as I am." But it was a different story when he came to photograph the geese. Moment they saw the camera-man they began to do the goose-step down the road. He went after them. The nearer he got the faster they ran. Every time he got close enough the brutes were in open order and out of focus. Every time they looked at him they thought sure he was the Kaiser trying to round up some more soldiers. For a quarter of a mile that camera-man chased the geese. Finally, when he was out of breath and the farmer thought he was crazy he got the snapshot reproduced above.



**COURIETTES.**

**B**OWSER was badly beaten in British Columbia. Well, every dog has his day. The dog days for this season are truly past.

Treating the bartender is no longer a favourite pastime.

Another landslide due—the Panama Canal is open again.

New York man stole a mesh bag worth \$1,100 to buy himself a meal. Must have some appetite.

Papers print a story about a girl who sprained her ankle kicking at a grass-hopper. Thus the real news gets the go-by.

Candidate C. E. Hughes visited Niagara Falls. Will it be a case of "Niagara falls for Hughes"?

Women always want to have their hands read and men have a habit of getting their noses red.

"The war is shattering the bars that fettered the soul of Russia," says Lloyd George. And he might say the same of Ontario, since Sept. 16.

When the Germans can't do anything else they tack another million mark fine on Belgium.

British army chaplain puts up a

plea for smoking in church. He's probably after a puff.

A Detroit man stole an auto so that he could take his girl "out." He was caught and now they'll both stay "in."

A Toronto parent objects because they do not use a fourth and new verse of the National Anthem in the schools. Wonder if he can repeat the second and third?

Russian women are wearing mourning until Germany is defeated. Then they can hand the black over to the Hun femininity.

Furs, we are told, are to be old-fashioned this coming winter. But the price-tags will be brand new.

"The Eternal Question" is a new film play. That title must be another name for woman.

**FASHION NOTE.**

Colours of the autumn woods prevail in women's costumes this season. Women fall for the fall, so to speak.

**A PEACE MEASURE.**

London, (Ont.) aldermen recently quarrelled in a City Council session

and threw tumblers at each other. Moved, seconded, and carried that hereafter the City Clerk provide paper cups for the Council Chamber.

**NAMING THE PLAYS.**

They are having some fun in theatrical circles these days over the names of some new plays. Here's a few of the recent ones:

- "Watch Your Step."
- "Stop, Look, Listen!"
- "Step This Way."
- "Turn to the Right."
- "All Aboard."

Now we may expect a few more up-to-the-minute dramas with titles like these:

- "Pay as You Enter."
- "Pass up Front, Please."
- "Fares, Please."
- "Give Me a Transfer."

Sounds as if the traffic squad had turned dramatists, doesn't it?

**WAR NOTES.**

Uncle Sam is experimenting with "invisible" colours for his submarines. His navy is none too conspicuous now.

Windows in British houses rattled when Zeppelin bombs dropped. But the bombs don't rattle the British people.

The Rumanian army took a town named Homzek. And that's probably how the foe felt about it—"homzek."

The Kaiser told his men that he would like to fight in the trenches. The whole British army seconds that motion.

The Huns are said to be feeling the pangs of hunger. The Allies will supply them with humble pie as soon as they're ready to eat it.

Why should the Germans complain of a food shortage when the Wilhelmstrasse keeps them fed up with victory yarns?

The American expedition into Mexico to catch Villa is said to have cost \$100,000,000. It might have been worth it—if they had caught the beggar.

Add this item to "Horrors of War" column—over a thousand patriotic songs have been composed in Canada since war was declared.

**WILL IT?**

They are going to form a baseball union. In case it has three strikes, will it be out?

**THE BOY KNEW.**

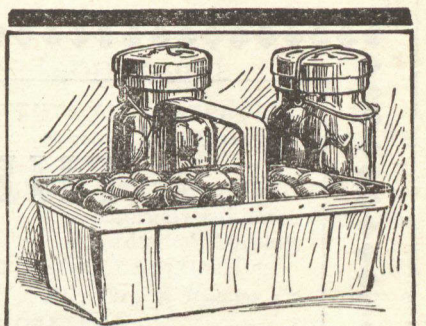
Despite her small salary, the school teacher gets a lot of joy out of life—largely by reason of the gleams of wit and humour that flash from the minds of her pupils.

A teacher in Dewson St. public school, Toronto, tells a story which illustrates this. Just after the opening of the fall term she took up with her class the literature lesson of "The Inchcape Rock", that classic which we all remember, wherein the Abbott of Aberbrothock's old bell and Sir Ralph the Rover play their dramatic parts. The class seemed to take a real interest in the poem.

Thinking to test out their knowledge of the word "buoy", the teacher, with just a suspicion of a twinkle in her eye, asked: "Why don't they use girls instead of buoys"?

In a flash came back the ready retort from a bright faced little fellow: "Because the girls would float away with the first big swell that came along."

Even the teacher had to join in the chorus of laughter that rocked the room.



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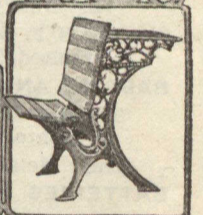
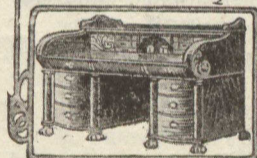
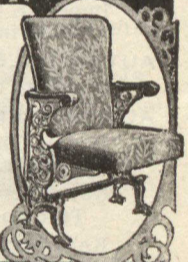
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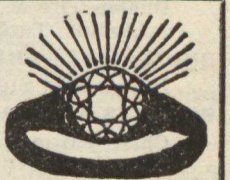
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# THE NATIONAL DIRECTORY OF STANDARD PRODUCTS

**T**HIS 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.

## ADDING MACHINES.

United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.

## ARTIFICIAL LIMBS AND TRUSSES.

Dominion Artificial Limb Co., Toronto.  
Authors & Cox, Toronto.

## ASPHALT.

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

## AUTO BODIES FOR COMMERCIAL PURPOSES.

Robert Elder Carriage Works, Limited, Toronto.

## AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES.

Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co., Limited, Toronto.  
Cuttin & Foster, Toronto.

Deer Park Garage & Livery, Toronto.

## AUTOMOBILE LUBRICANTS.

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

## AUTOMOBILE RADIATORS.

White & Thomas, Toronto.

## AUTOMOBILE TIRES.

Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Company, Limited, Toronto.

Gutta Percha & Rubber, Limited, Toronto.

Kelly-Springfield Tire Co., "K. & S." Auto Tire, Toronto.

The B. F. Goodrich Co., of Canada, Limited, Toronto and Montreal.

## BABBITT AND SOLDER.

The Canada Metal Co., Limited, Toronto.

Hoyt Metal Co., Toronto.

## BATTERIES (Dry Cells).

Northern Electric Co., Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary.

## BATTERIES (Minature).

Interstate Electric Novelty Co. of Can., Ltd., Toronto. "Radio" Batteries.

## BELTING.

Beardmore Belting Co., Toronto.

## BELTING & MILL SUPPLIES.

J. C. McLaren Belting Co., Toronto.

## BELTING (Stitched Cotton Duck).

The Dominion Belting Co., Limited, "Maple Leaf" Brand, Hamilton.

## BICYCLES AND SUPPLIES.

Planet Bicycle Co., Toronto.

## BICYCLE TIRES.

Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Co., Limited, Toronto.

## BIRDS (LIVE) AND BIRD SEED.

Hope's Bird Store, Toronto.

## BISCUITS AND CAKES.

Christie-Brown Co., Limited, Toronto.

## BOATS AND CANOES.

Walter Dean, "Sunnyside," Toronto.

## BOILERS.

Polson Iron Works, Limited, Toronto.

## BOOTS AND SHOES.

W. B. Hamilton Shoe Co., Limited, "Model" Shoes, Toronto.  
The John McPherson Company, "Dr. Vernon Cushion Shoes," Hamilton.

## BRASS CASTINGS.

The Beaver Brass Foundry, Toronto.

## BRICKS AND TERRA COTTA.

Don Valley Brick Works, Toronto.

## BUILDERS' SUPPLIES.

Britnell & Co., Limited, Toronto.

## BURIAL VAULTS (Norwalk).

Granite Concrete Block Co., Limited, Toronto.

## BUSINESS SCHOOLS.

Central Business College and Seven City Branch Schools, Toronto.

Dominion Business College of Shorthand, Bookkeeping and Matriculation, Toronto.

## CAMERAS.

Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto.

## CARBORUNDUM GRINDING WHEELS.

Norman Macdonald, Toronto.

## CARPETS AND RUGS.

Toronto Carpet Mfg. Co., Ltd., Toronto.

## CAR WHEELS AND CASTINGS.

Dominion Wheel & Foundries, Limited, Toronto.

## CHAFING DISHES (Electric).

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

## CHARCOAL, for Kindling.

Charcoal Supply Co., Toronto.

## CHOCOLATES AND CONFECTIONERY.

Patterson Candy Co., Ltd., Toronto.

## CIGAR LIGHTERS (Electric).

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

## CLAY PRODUCTS

The Dominion Sewer Pipe Co., Limited, Swansea, Ont.

## CLEANING & CARETAKERS' SUPPLIES.

Soclean, Limited, "Soclean," Toronto.

## COAL AND COKE.

The Standard Fuel Co. of Toronto, Limited, Toronto.

## COAL AND WOOD.

The Elias Rogers Co., Ltd., Toronto.

The Rose Coal Co., Limited, Toronto.

## COATS AND PANTS.

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

## COFFEE.

Chase & Sanborn, "Seal Brand" Coffee, Montreal.

Club Coffee Co., Toronto.

## COKE (Gas).

The Consumers' Gas Company, Toronto.

## COLLARS AND CUFFS (Waterproof).

The Arlington Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

## COMBS (Dressing, Fine and Mane).

The Arlington Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

## CONDENSED MILK.

Aylmer Condensed Milk Co., Limited, "Canada First" Condensed Milk, Aylmer, Ont.

## CONTRACTORS AND ROAD EQUIPMENT.

Wettlaufer Bros., Limited, Toronto, Halifax, Regina.

## CORDAGE AND TWINES.

Scythes & Company, Limited, Toronto.

## COTTON AND WOOL WASTE.

Scythes & Company, Limited, Toronto.

## COTTON DUCK.

Scythes & Company, Limited, Toronto.

## CREAM SEPARATORS.

The Sharples Separator Co., Toronto.

## CURLING TONGS (Electric).

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

## DIAMONDS.

Scheuer's, Limited, Toronto.

## DIAMONDS (On Credit).

Jacob Bros., Toronto.

## DOOR CHECK.

Wm. Keating Co., "Le Page," Toronto.

## DUPLICATORS.

United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.

## ELECTRICAL & AIR BRAKE APPARATUS.

Canadian Westinghouse Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

## ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES.

Northern Electric Co., Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary.

## ELEVATORS.

Otis-Fenson Elevator Co., Toronto.

## EMERSION HEATERS (Electric).

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

## FANS (Electric).

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

## FENCING (Ornamental, Farm, Railway).

The Banwell Hoxie Wire Fence Co., Limited, Hamilton.

The McGregor-Banwell Fence Co., Limited, Walkerville, Ont.

## FIRE ALARM EQUIPMENT.

Northern Electric Co., Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary.

## FIRE EXTINGUISHERS.

Ontario May-Oatway Fire Alarms, Limited, "Pyrene Fire Extinguishers," Toronto.

## FIXTURES (Electric).

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

## FLASHLIGHTS (Electric).

International Electric Novelty Co. "Franco" Flashlights.

## FLOUR.

Western Canada Flour Mills Co., Ltd., "PURITY FLOUR," Toronto.

## FLOWERS (Bouquets and Wreaths).

W. J. Lawrence, Toronto and Richmond Hill.

## FLY SWATTERS.

Perfection Mfg. Co., Weston, Ont.

## FOUNTAIN PENS.

Mabie, Todd & Co., "Swan Fountain Pens," Toronto.

## FURNACES.

Clare Bros. & Co., Limited, "Helca Warm Air Furnace," Preston, Ont.

## FURNITURE POLISH.

Channell Chemical Co., Limited, O' Cedar Polish, Toronto.

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

## GELATINE.

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

## GINGER ALE & SODA WATER.

Chas. Wilson, Limited, Toronto.

## GLOVES (Men's and Women's).

Perrin, Freres & Cie., "Perrin Gloves," Montreal.

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

## GLOVES AND MITTS.

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

The Craig-Cowan Company, Limited, Toronto.

## GOLD FISH AND PET ANIMALS.

Hope's Bird Store, Toronto.

## GRILLS (Electric).

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

## HAIR DRYERS (Electric).

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

## HARDWARE.

Hardware Company of Toronto, Limited, Toronto.

Rice Lewis & Son, Limited, Toronto.

W. Walker & Son, Toronto.

## HARDWOOD, FLOORING AND TRIM.

T. H. Hancock, Toronto.

## THE NATIONAL DIRECTORY OF STANDARD PRODUCTS—Continued

- HEATERS (Water, Electric).**  
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.
- HEATING APPLIANCES.**  
Northern Electric Co., Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary.
- HEATING PADS (Electric).**  
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.
- HOT WATER BOILERS, RADIATORS**  
Clare Bros. & Co., Limited, Preston, Ont.  
Warden King, Limited, Toronto, "Daisy Boilers and Radiators."
- HY-LO LAMPS.**  
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.
- INFANTS' FOOD.**  
J. R. Neave & Co., "Neave's Food," Fordingbridge, England.  
Edwin Utley, Agent, Toronto.
- IRON AND STEEL.**  
Baines & Peckover, Toronto.
- IRONS (Electric).**  
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.
- LAMPS (Northern Light).**  
Northern Electric Co., Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary.
- LAMPS (Standard, Electric).**  
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.
- LEATHER.**  
Davis Leather Company, Newmarket, Ont.
- LINSEED OIL.**  
The Canada Linseed Oil Mills, Limited, "Maple Leaf Brand," Toronto, Montreal.
- LOOSE LEAF SYSTEMS.**  
Business Systems, Limited, Toronto.
- LUMBER AND TIMBER.**  
R. Laidlaw Lumber Co., Ltd., Toronto.  
John B. Smith & Sons, Ltd., Toronto.  
The Boake Mfg. Co., Limited, Toronto.
- MARINE ENGINES.**  
Polson Iron Works, Limited, Toronto.
- MATCHES.**  
The E. B. Eddy Company, Limited, Hull, Que.
- MAZDA LAMPS.**  
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.
- MEN'S GARTERS.**  
C. H. Westwood Mfg. Co., Limited, "C.M.C. Men's Garters," Toronto.
- MILITARY AND CIVILIAN BOOTS AND SHOES.**  
H. C. Wilson, Toronto.
- MILITARY EQUIPMENT.**  
Wreyford & Co., Toronto and Angus (Borden Camp).
- MILK.**  
City Dairy Co., Limited, Toronto.
- MOPS.**  
Channell Chemical Co., Limited, "O'Cedar" Polish Mops, Toronto.
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Percy A. McBride, Toronto.
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Harry Edwards, Toronto.
- NITROGEN LAMPS.**  
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.
- OFFICE LABOUR SAVING DEVICES.**  
Office Specialty Co., Newmarket, Ont.
- OFFICE EQUIPMENT.**  
Office Specialty Co., Newmarket, Ont.
- OFFICE FURNITURE.**  
United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.  
Green Bros., Toronto.
- OILS AND GREASES.**  
Canadian Oil Companies, Ltd., Toronto.  
The Crescent Oil Co., Toronto.
- OIL REFINERS.**  
The British American Oil Co., Limited, Toronto.  
The Imperial Oil Co., Limited, Toronto.
- OIL SOAP.**  
Ontario Soap & Oil Co., Toronto.
- OIL STORAGE TANKS (Self Measuring).**  
S. F. Bowser & Co., Toronto.
- OVENS (Electric).**  
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.
- OVERALLS.**  
Hamilton, Carhartt Mfg., Limited, Toronto, Vancouver.
- PAINTS AND VARNISHES.**  
Benjamin Moore & Co., Limited, Toronto.  
Dominion Paint Works, Limited, "Superior Graphite Paint," Walkerville, Toronto and Montreal.  
Glidden Varnish Co., Limited, Toronto.  
International Varnish Co., Limited, Toronto.  
Lowe Brothers, Limited, Toronto.  
R. C. Jamieson & Co., Limited, Montreal and Vancouver.  
A. Ramsay & Son Company, Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver.  
Standard Paint & Varnish Co., Limited, "Superlastic Rust Preventer," Windsor, Ont.  
The Canada Paint Co., Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, Winnipeg, Calgary.  
The Dougall Varnish Co., Limited, Montreal.  
The E. Harris Co., of Toronto, Ltd.  
The Sherwin Williams Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Calgary.
- PAPER.**  
Victoria Paper & Twine Co., Limited, Toronto.
- PAPER (Bonds and Writings).**  
Howard Smith Paper Mills, Limited, Montreal.
- PATTERN MAKERS AND WOOD TURNERS.**  
Potts Pattern Works, Toronto.
- PEPPERMINT LOZENGES.**  
The Naval Mint Products, Ltd.
- PERCOLATORS (Electric).**  
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.
- PHONOGRAPHS.**  
Pollock Mfg. Co., Ltd., Kitchener, Ont.
- PIANOS.**  
Heintzman & Co., "Ye Olde Firm," Toronto.  
Gerhard Heintzman Co., Limited, Toronto.
- PIANOS AND PIANO PLAYERS.**  
The Cecehan Co., Ltd., Toronto.
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Cluff Brothers, Toronto.  
Fiddes & Hogarth, Limited, Toronto.
- PORTLAND CEMENT.**  
Alfred Rogers, Limited, Toronto.
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W. S. Johnston & Co., Limited, Toronto.
- PRINTERS' INK AND ROLLERS.**  
Charles Bush, Limited, Toronto.  
The Dominion Printing Ink & Colour Co., Limited, Toronto.
- PRINTING INKS.**  
Sinclair Valentine Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.
- PUBLICATION PRINTERS.**  
The Ontario Press, Limited, Toronto.
- RADIATORS (Luminous, Electric).**  
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.
- RAZORS (Safety).**  
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Limited, AutoStrop Razors and Accessories, Toronto.
- RAILWAY SUPPLIES.**  
Lyman Tube & Supply Co., Limited, "Shelby," Montreal and Toronto.
- READING LAMPS (Electric).**  
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.
- RIBBONS (Typewriter, Adding Machines).**  
United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.
- RINGS (Martingale).**  
The Arlington Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.
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Gutta Percha & Rubber Co., Limited, Toronto.
- RUBBER HEELS.**  
Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Co., Limited, Toronto.
- RUBBER STAMPS.**  
W. E. Irons, Toronto.
- SALT.**  
Canadian Salt Co., Limited, "Windsor" and "Regal" Salts, Windsor, Ont.
- SAFES AND STEEL CABINETS.**  
J. & J. Taylor, Limited, Toronto.
- SAMPLE CASES AND TRUNKS.**  
The Holman Co., Toronto.
- SCALES (Automatic).**  
Toledo Scale Co., Toronto.
- SCALES.**  
C. Wilson & Son, "Gold Medal Scales," Toronto.  
The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co., Limited, Toronto.
- SCRAP IRON, STEEL & METALS.**  
A. Moldaver, Toronto.  
Buckleys, Limited, Toronto.  
Frankel Bros., Toronto.
- SEWING MACHINE MOTORS.**  
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.
- SHAVING MUGS (Electric).**  
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.
- SHEET METAL WORKS.**  
Fred F. Bowell, Toronto.
- SHIPS.**  
Polson Iron Works, Limited, Toronto.
- SHIRTS.**  
A. R. Clarke & Co., Limited, Toronto.
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United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.
- STATIONERS AND PUBLISHERS.**  
W. J. Gage & Co., Limited, Toronto.
- STEEL (Tool).**  
Wm. Jessop & Sons, Limited, Toronto.
- STOVES.**  
Clare Bros. & Co., Limited, "Peninsular Stoves and Ranges," Preston, Ont.
- STOVES (Electric).**  
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.
- TANKS.**  
Polson Iron Works, Limited, Toronto.  
Thor Iron Works, Toronto.
- TEA KETTLES (Electric).**  
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.
- TELEPHONES AND SUPPLIES.**  
Canadian Independent Telephone Co., Limited, Toronto.  
Northern Electric Co., Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary.
- TENTS AND TARPAULINS.**  
Scythes & Company, Limited, Toronto.
- TIME CLOCKS AND RECORDERS.**  
The International Time Recording Co., Limited, Toronto.
- TIRE VULCANIZING.**  
Hill Tire & Rubber Co., Toronto.
- TOASTERS.**  
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.
- TOYS.**  
The Harold A. Wilson Co., Limited, Toronto.
- TRANSFORMERS.**  
Maloney Electric Co., of Canada, Limited, Toronto.
- TUBING, Seamless Steel.**  
Lyman Tube & Supply Co., Limited, "Shelby," Montreal and Toronto.
- TYPEWRITERS.**  
United Typewriter Co., Limited, "Underwood" Typewriters, Toronto.
- UNDERWEAR.**  
Stanfield's, Limited, Truro, N. S.  
The C. Turnbull Co., of Galt, Limited, "Ceetee" Pure Wool Underclothing, Galt, Ont.
- UNIFORMS.**  
Beauchamp & How, Limited, Toronto.
- VACUUM CLEANERS (Electric).**  
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.
- VARNISH.**  
The Holland Varnish Co., Limited, "Dyke" Varnish, Montreal.
- VARNISHES AND JAPANS.**  
The Ault & Wiborg Varnish Works, Toronto.
- VIBRATORS (Electric).**  
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.
- WALL FINISH.**  
Benjamin Moore & Co., Limited, "Muresco," Toronto.
- WASHBOARDS AND CLOTH PINS.**  
The Wm. Cane & Sons Co., Limited, Newmarket, Ont.
- WASHBOARDS, Zinc and Fiberware.**  
The E. B. Eddy Company, Limited, Hull, Que.
- WASHING MACHINES.**  
"1900" Washer Company, Toronto.  
One Minute Washer Co., Toronto.
- WASHING MACHINES (Electric).**  
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.
- WASTE-PAPER.**  
The Levi's, Toronto.  
E. Pullan, Toronto.
- WATCH CASES.**  
American Watch Case Co., Limited, Toronto.
- WATCH SPECIALISTS.**  
F. J. Steward, Toronto.
- WINDOW LETTERS AND SIGNS.**  
J. E. Richardson & Co., Toronto, Ont.
- WIRE CABLE AND SCREENING.**  
B. Greening Wire Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ont.
- WIRES AND CABLES.**  
Northern Electric Co., Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary.
- WIRE FOR COMMERCIAL PURPOSES, BRIGHT AND GALVANIZED.**  
Frost Steel and Wire Co., Ltd.
- WIPING RAGS.**  
E. Pullan, Toronto.
- WIRE (Copper and Aluminum).**  
Canada Wire & Cable Co., Limited, Toronto.
- WIRE (COPPER, COVERED).**  
The Standard Underground Cable Co., of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.
- WROUGHT IRON PIPE.**  
Canada Pipe and Steel Co., Limited, Toronto.

# MONEY AND MAGNATES

**S**CARCITY of raw materials continues to be a factor in the industrial situation in this country.

Some time ago attention was drawn to the fact that many of the larger Canadian steel companies were entirely unable to meet the demand for certain steel products, and that no orders for these articles would be taken for 1916 delivery. This condition still prevails and there appears to be little hope of an easing up in the situation. In normal times, those articles were largely imported from Germany and other countries, and with the cutting off of this source of supply and the big consumption of the metal by the companies making munitions, it has been impossible to manufacture fast enough. Many lines of hardware, small tools and so on will not be procurable after dealers' supplies are exhausted.

The office supply houses have hardly any supplies of many lines, while other lines are completely out of stock and are now unprocurable. The paper situation is becoming more serious, while chemicals such as bleach, alum, resin, etc., have advanced from 100% to 2,000%. It is impossible to buy many colours. As far as black graphite pencils are concerned there is a fair supply available, but indelible pencils as well as coloured lines are not in large supply. The supply of paper fasteners, clips and pens is extremely small, owing to the tying up of all the British plants in the manufacture of munitions. The outlook is for higher prices for all office supplies.

It is interesting to note that the manufacture of explosives is having the effect of reducing the available supplies of raw materials for the paper manufacturers. Manufacturers of explosives are using a great deal of pulp and cotton rags for the making of gun cotton. The annual importation of pulp from Europe has averaged about 350,000 tons and now, this is all off the market.

## LOCOMOTIVE ORDERS EXCEEDING \$3,700,000.

**A**T the conclusion of the annual meeting of the Canadian Locomotive Company, in Kingston, Sir Aemilius Jarvis, the president, spoke in enthusiastic terms of the prospects for the future, and stated that business never loomed up better. A great many orders for engines are already on hand, amounting to more than \$2,500,000, while the munition orders should reach a total of \$1,200,000, and extra work \$90,000. The Russian order for fifty huge engines had been filled.

Sir Aemilius stated the company had received several enquiries from foreign countries, and orders from them were expected to be closed from time to time. It is also expected that orders from the Government, the Grand Trunk and other Canadian roads would be received in the near future.

## TO SPEND \$5,500,000 IN CANADA.

**A**CCORDING to New York advices, as a result of pressure on the International Nickel Company for nickel, the management has set aside \$5,500,000 from cash on hand for construction of a refinery in Canada and extensions of its smelters and for other facilities. All of this money will be spent in Canada. This expenditure will eventually be capitalized and a distribution in the shape of a stock dividend will be made to the

common shareholders. Capitalization of this amount would indicate that stock dividend, when authorized, will amount to 10% or higher.

A straw, showing the demand for nickel, is the fact that the Midvale Steel Co. has just placed a contract with the International Nickel Company for eight million pounds of the metal. In August International Nickel sold 7,600,000 pounds of nickel, which was 1,500,000 pounds more than was ever sold in any previous month. The shells in the Midvale contract require five pounds of nickel each.

## CANADIAN BANKS OPENED TEN BRANCHES IN AUGUST.

**T**EN branches of Canadian chartered banks were opened during August, according to figures compiled by W. R. Houston. Five branches were closed. Two were opened in Ontario, four in Saskatchewan, three in Quebec, and one in Newfoundland. Three in Alberta were closed, one in Saskatchewan and one in Montreal. At the end of the month there were 3,174 branches in Canada, Ontario leading with 1,150 and Quebec second, with 777.

## WOMEN MORE PROMINENT IN MUNITIONS WORK.

**T**HE number of woman munition workers in this country is growing steadily and their employment is helping in a large degree to offset the shortage of male help. One Canadian concern now has over 200,000 women on its payroll, and several others nearly as many. The work which they are doing is of the lighter kind, although some of them are showing great adaptability to the more strenuous kinds of munition work. The plan has proved a great success in England and France, and there seems to be no reason why it should not be equally successful here in Canada.

## Ulric Barthe's Book

**U**LRIC BARTHE has recently published a very interesting little "essai romantique," in which he describes a possible German domination in Quebec. The title of this small volume is "Similia Similibus." By conversations between two young journalists, Jimmy Smythe and Paul Belmont, the author gives his views on the bi-lingual question, enlistment, and the French-Canadian's attitude towards war.

The story commences at Beau Pre. The Meuniers are giving a dinner to announce the engagement of their daughter Marie-Anne to Paul Belmont, a young journalist of Quebec. The notary is there to draw up the contract, and the marriage is to take place on the morrow. It is one of those perfect country nights; everything is peaceful. Suddenly there is a great flash of light and a noise as of thunder in the vicinity of Quebec; then follows a second flash, and a third, and some one cries that Quebec is on fire.

The notary suddenly remembers his home and the journalist his printing office in Quebec, and the man of the house rushes them by auto to the city. Several parts of Quebec are in flames, and along the dark streets, for the electric lights are all out, there is a torch-light procession. They cannot understand it at all, but Paul Belmont, who sees a Prussian, Biebenheim, at the head of the procession, knows that whatever has happened augurs no good

for them, for Biebenheim is one of their enemies.

The citizens of Quebec went to bed that night loyal British subjects, but wakened the next morning to find themselves under the regime of William of Germany. Paul and his "inseparable" Jimmy Smythe, another journalist, secretly warn the people to offer no resistance until they can get help, and so Quebec is saved bloodshed. But not so in the environs of Quebec. The chapter "Dies Irae"—the day of wrath—is full of horrors.

The chapter "Benborough vs. Beau-manoir" is a tournament of words between the head commandment of the German invaders and the Minister, at the Parliament Buildings, where the commander has gone to tell them there is no use to resist for practically the whole world, at that moment, is under German rule. They had sent bands over all the different countries and were going to strike simultaneously. They had counted much on the United States, who "regulate their attitude, not on the point of honour and of continental right, consecrated by that old declaration of 1823, but uniquely on the interest of the moment."

But Ottawa had been warned and had saved herself, and with the help of Paul Belmont and Jimmy Smythe and their conferees and the army that had been raised suddenly, by conscription and otherwise, Quebec is saved. (The rules of conscription are given on pages 123-124-125.)

The story once again goes to the house of Monsieur Meunier at Beau Pre, to the cool room where Marie-Anne, Paul Belmont and Jimmy Smythe are. Paul is stretched on the sofa, where he has been lying unconscious for a day or more, but suddenly awakens. Marie-Anne calls the doctor and the whole family rush in, and Paul explains that a day or two previous he had been celebrating with his bachelor-friends, the end of his "bachelordom" and had eaten and drunk freely, and that one of the young men present, a young medical student had given him some "Tetronal," which the doctor present said had caused the stupor.

At dinner that night, the cure, the advocate, and all the others being present, Paul tells his dream, and one remarks that the story would make a good enlistment article. From enlistment, they arrive at bi-lingualism, Paul Belmont arguing hard for his side, and Jimmy Smythe, of course, taking the part of the English.

## RELIEF FOR BELGIUM.

**B**ELGIUM—and the thrill that goes through every patriotic person at the mention of the name—Belgium is hungry—at least seven million of her people. More people than there are in the whole of Canada are crying, pleading, begging of the world to give them food. Shall not we out of the fulness of our purses in this period of business prosperity feed our hungry allies? We must remember that these are brothers in arms and the fathers, mothers, wives and children of brothers in arms, who are asking us to give them only such food as will keep the breath of life in them—food that we in our surfeited days of prosperity would scorn, yet it is life to them.

Meat has become so scarce in Belgium that many Belgians were driven to resort to game for food and learning this, the German military governors reserved the privileges to themselves. Not only have they taken away the right to this food from the fathers of Belgian children, but they have fixed a fine of 4,000 marks for each violation of the new regulation.

Important also is the fact that the Belgians' resistance to Germany's efforts in requisitioning war labour is going to help shorten the war. The one great means of combatting the effective efforts used by the enemy—a means that will doubtless help in shortening the war—is to provide these Belgians with the one great thing they need—food. Food sent to Belgium by the Belgian Relief Committee cannot be touched by the Germans, but it can keep Belgians from the necessity of deciding between death by starvation or self-preservation.

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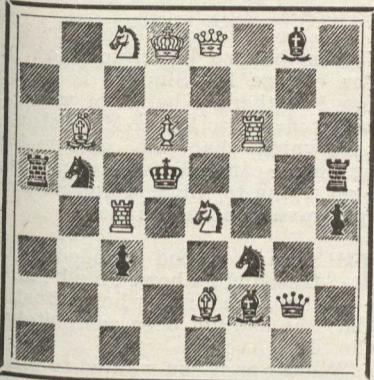
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Address all correspondence to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant St., Toronto.

**PROBLEM NO. 81, by A. J. Fink**  
First Prize, Pittsburg Gazette-Times quarterly tourney.  
Black.—Ten pieces.



White.—Nine pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

**Problem No. 82, by Johan Scheel.**

First Prize, Pittsburg Gazette-Times quarterly tourney.

White: K at KB7; Q at KR3; Kts at K3 and KB6; Ps at QKt5 and QB2.  
Black: K at Q5; R at QR4; B at KBsq; Ps at QR2, QR5, QR6, QKt6, Q6, KR3 and KR4.

Mate in three.

**Solver's Ladder.**

(Second Week, Sept. 23.)

	No. 73.	No. 74.	Total.
J. Kay	2	2	49
P. W. Pearson	2	3	48
R. G. Hunter	2	0	36
W. J. Faulkner	2	3	31
J. R. Ballantyne	2	3	10

(Third Week.)

	No. 75	No. 76.	Total.
J. Kay	2	3	54
P. W. Pearson	2	3	53
R. G. Hunter	0	0	36
W. J. Faulkner	2	3	36
J. R. Ballantyne	2	3	15

Solutions of 65 and 66 received from "Yukon," Dawson City—49 points.

**To Correspondents.**

(W. J. F.) Thanks for anti-critical two-er. How about 1. R-K5 ch! (J.K.) In No. 74, by Holst, if 1. ...., R-K4; 2. QxR? R-Q5!

**SOLUTIONS.**

**Problem No. 77, by H. Rohr.**

1. K-R3, KxKt; 2. Q-Kt3ch! B or Q mates.  
1. ...., P-R5; 2. Q-Kt3ch, PxQ mate.  
1. ...., Kt-Kt3; 2. KtxPch, QxKt mate.  
1. ...., threat; 2. Q-R4ch, B-Kt5 mate.

**Problem No. 78, by F. Palitzsch.**

1. R-Kt8, Q-Kt2; 2. QxB, QxQ; 3. B-Kt5 mate.  
1. ...., QxR; 2. Q-QB6ch, any; 3. B-Kt5 mate.  
1. ...., B-Kt2; 2. Q-KB6ch, B-Kt3; 3. Q-Bsq mate.  
1. ...., B-Q2; 2. Q-B8ch, BxQ; 3. B-Kt5 mate.

**CHESS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.**

Game played in the first congress of the new British Columbia Chess Association.

## Music and Plays

(Concluded from page 18.)

and the Howard School of Music, all active in the good work.  
The various church choirs will as usual give concerts, but no announcement has yet been made.

**Notes and News.**

**T**HE Schubert Choir of Toronto will not give any concerts this season. War has played havoc with the men of this well-known choral organization. Sixty-nine of the members are in khaki. Twelve have been killed. Several are in hospital. Perhaps no Canadian choral organization can show a better census than this of men who believe in fighting for the Empire as well as singing about it.

The Academy String Quartette in Toronto has lost its 'cello and second violin. George Bunce, 'cellist, is in khaki at Camp Borden. Arthur Ely, second violin, has gone with one of the Birth of a Na-

**Sicilian defence**

White.	Black.
B. A. Yates.	R. G. Stark.
1. P-K4	1. P-QB4
2. Kt-KB3	2. P-K3
3. P-QB4 (a)	3. P-Q4
4. KPxP	4. PxP
5. P-Q4	5. KKt-B3
6. Kt-B3	6. Kt-B3
7. B-Kt5	7. PxBP
8. PxP (b)	8. B-K3
9. B-K3	9. R-K2 (c)
10. Q-R4	10. Castles
11. BxP	11. BxB
12. QxB	12. QR-Bsq
13. P-QKt4	13. P-QKt3
14. R-Qsq	14. Q-Ksq
15. Castles	15. PxP
16. PxP	16. Kt-Qsq
17. KR-Ksq	17. Kt-K3
18. Kt-Q5	18. KtxKt
19. RxKt	19. B-B3
20. B-B4	20. Q-B3
21. B-Q6	21. KR-Qsq
22. KR-Qsq	22. R-Q2
23. Kt-K5	23. BxKt
24. BxB	24. PxP (d)
25. Q-KKt4!	25. P-B4
26. Q-Kt3 (e)	26. Kt-K3
27. Q-Kt3 (f)	27. RxR

Resigns.

**Notes by the Winner.**

(a) Dr. Lasker played Kt-B3 against Marshall, but I believe Capablanca favors this move, which comes in the Marozcy attack.

(b) P-Q5 looks stronger, Black's best line appearing to be Q-K2ch and Kt-K4.  
(c) Here Black should have anticipated White's Q-R4 by himself playing Q-R4.  
(d) A bold venture.  
(e) QxP appears good enough.  
(f) White had bad luck in this oversight as he was in the running for champion if the game at the next table was a draw; but just at this point Mr. Ewing won his game, and this obviously affected Mr. Yates's play.

**British Columbia Chess Assn.**

The first congress of the new British Columbia Chess Association took place this year at Vancouver. The winner, Mr. J. M. Ewing, is a Scottish player, who went through the tournament without loss. A two-round play-off, in the triple tie for second prize, resulted as follows:—Stark, 2½; Yates, 2; Butler, 1½. The following is the table:

	Won.	Lost.	Dr.	Total.
1. J. M. Ewing	5	0	2	6
2. R. G. Stark	4	2	1	4½
3. B. A. Yates	4	2	1	4½
4. H. Butler	4	2	1	4½
5. A. Stevenson	3	2	2	4
6. C. F. Millar	2	4	1	2½
7. A. Tree	1	4	2	2
8. F. Thompson	0	7	0	0

Mr. Millar is a former Toronto player.

**N. Y. Correspondence League.**

The fourteenth tournament of the Correspondence Chess League of Greater New York is due to commence Oct. 1, but entrants are acceptable for a supplementary in connection. Particulars, Sec. W. P. Hickok, 39 Claremont Place, Mount Vernon, N.Y.

**END-GAME NO. 16.**

By W. and M. Platoff.

White: K at QKt5; B at QR4; Ps at QB6 and K5. Black: K at KR4; R at K6; P at QKt3. White to play and win.

**Solution.**

1. P-K6, R-K8ch; 2. K-Kt2, R-K7ch; 3. K-R3, RxP; 4. P-B7, R-K6ch; 5. K-Kt2, R-K7ch; 6. K-Ktsq, R-K8ch; 7. B-Qsqch, RxBch; 8. K-Kt2, R-Q7ch; 9. K-Kt3, R-Q6ch; 10. K-Kt4, R-Q5ch; 11. K-Kt5, R-Q4ch; 12. KxP, R-Q3ch; 13. K-Kt5, R-Q4ch; 14. K-Kt4, R-Q5ch; 15. K-B3, R-Q8; 16. K-B2 wins.




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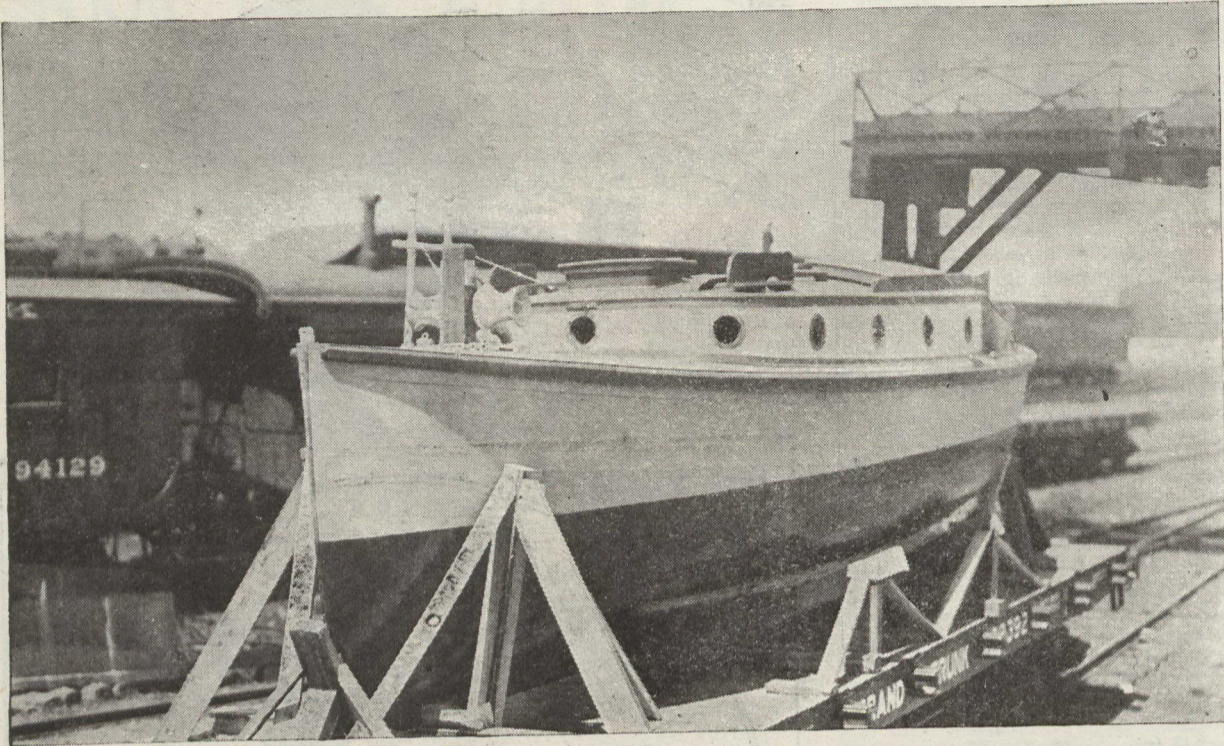


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# THE BLIND MAN'S EYES

BY WILLIAM MCHARG AND EDWIN BALMER

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## CHAPTER X.

### The Blind Man's Eyes.

**H**ALF an hour later, Connery unlocked the door of Eaton's compartment, entered and closed the door behind him. He had brought in Eaton's travelling bag and put it down.

"You understand," said the conductor, "that when a train is stalled like this it is considered as if under way. So I have local police power, and I haven't exceeded my rights in putting you under arrest."

"I don't recall that I have questioned your rights," Eaton answered shortly.

"I thought you might question it now. I'm going to search you. Are you going to make trouble or needn't I send for help?"

"I'll help you." Eaton took off his coat and vest and handed them over. The conductor put them on a seat while he felt over his prisoner for weapons or other concealed objects. Eaton handed him a pocket-knife, and the key to his travelling-bag—he had no other keys—from his trousers pockets. The conductor discovered nothing else. He found a pencil—but no papers or memorandum book—a plain gold watch, unengraved, and a bill-fold containing seven hundred dollars in United States bank-notes in the vest. Connery wrote out a receipt for the money and handed it to his prisoner. He returned the other articles. In the coat, the conductor found a handkerchief and in another pocket the torn scraps of the telegram delivered to Eaton in his berth.

"That's the one we had the fuss over in the dining car," Eaton volunteered, as the conductor began fitting the scraps together.

"You forgot to completely destroy it, eh?"

"What was the use?" Eaton took up the other's point of view. "You had a copy anyway."

"You might have wanted to get rid of it since the discovery of the murder."

"Murder?"

"I guess it's the same thing." The conductor dropped the scraps into an envelope and put it in his pocket. He examined the coat for a tailor's name.

"That coat was copied by a Chinaman in Amoy from the coat I had before. Before the new one was made, I took out the name of the other tailor so it wouldn't be copied, too,"

Eaton remarked in explanation of the lack of any mark. Connery handed back the coat, went out and locked the door behind him.

Eaton opened his travelling bag and checked over the contents. He could tell that everything in it had been again carefully examined, but nothing more had been taken except the small Chinese-English dictionary; that was now gone. There had been nothing in the bag to betray any other identity than the one he had given. Eaton put the bag away and went back to his seat by the window.

The clear, bright day was drawing toward its dusk; there had been no movement or attempt to move the train all day. About six o'clock, as people began passing forward to the diner, Connery appeared again with a waiter from the dining car bearing a tray with dinner.

"This is 'on' the Department of Justice, Conductor?" Eaton tried to ask lightly.

"The check is a dollar twenty. If you want this, I'll charge it against your money which I have."

"Make it a dollar, forty-five then," Eaton directed. "Remember the waiter."

The black boy grinned and spread the table.

"How is Mr. —" Eaton began.

"Dorne?" Connery put in sharply.

"Thanks," said Eaton. "I understand. How is he?"

Connery did not answer, and with the waiter left him, locking him in again. At ten, Connery came once more with the porter of the car, and the conductor stood by silently while the porter made up the berth. Eaton went to bed with the car absolutely still, with only the wall of snow outside his window and no evidence of any one about but a subdued step occasionally passing the door. Though he had had nothing to do all the long, lonely hours of the evening but to think, Eaton lay awake thinking. He understood definitely now that whatever action was to be taken following his admission of his presence at Warden's, a charge of murder or of assault to kill—dependent upon whether Santoine died or seemed likely to recover—would be made against him at the first city they reached after the train had started again. He would be turned over to the police; inquiry would be made; then—he shrank from going further with these thoughts.

The night again was very cold; it

was clear, with stars shining; toward midnight wind came; but little snow drifted now, for the cold had frozen a crust. In the morning, from somewhere over the snow-covered country, a man and a boy appeared at the top of the shining bank beside the train. They walked beside the sleepers to the dining car, where, apparently, they disposed of whatever they had brought in the bags they carried; they came back along the cars and then disappeared.

As he watched them, Eaton felt the desperate impulse to escape through the window and follow them; but he knew he surely would be seen; and even if he could get away unobserved, he would freeze; his overcoat and hat had been kept by Connery. The conductor came after a time and let in the porter, who unmade the berth and carried away the linen; and later, Connery came again with the waiter bringing breakfast. He had brought a magazine, which he dropped upon the seat beside Eaton; and he stood by until Eaton had breakfasted and the dishes were carried away.

"Want to talk yet?" he asked.

"No."

"Is there anything else you want?" he asked.

"I'd like to see Miss Santoine."

Connery turned away.

"You will tell Miss Santoine I have something I want to say to her?" Eaton asked more definitely.

Connery turned back. "If you've anything to say, tell it to me," he bade curtly.

"It will do no good to tell it to you. Will you tell her what I asked?"

"No," said Connery.

**A**T noon, when they brought Eaton's luncheon, he repeated his request and was again refused; but less than an hour afterward Connery came to his door again, and behind Connery, Eaton saw Harriet Santoine and Avery. Eaton jumped up, and as he saw the girl's pale face, the color left his own.

"Miss Santoine has asked to speak to you," Connery announced; and he admitted Harriet Santoine and Avery, and himself remaining outside in the aisle, closed the door upon them.

"How is your father?" Eaton asked the girl.

"He seems just the same; at least, I can't see any change, Mr. Eaton." She said something in a low tone to Avery, who nodded; then she sat down opposite Eaton, and Avery seated him-

self on the arm of the seat beside her. "Can Dr. Sinclair see any difference?" Eaton asked.

"Dr. Sinclair will not commit himself except to say that so far as he can tell the indications are favorable. He seems to think—" The girl choked; but when she went on, her blue eyes were very bright and her lips did not tremble. "Dr. Sinclair seems to think, Mr. Eaton, that Father was found just in time, and that whatever chance he has for recovery came from you. Mr. Avery and I had passed by the berth; other people had gone by. Sometimes Father had insomnia and wouldn't get to sleep till late in the morning; so I—and Mr. Avery too—would have left him undisturbed until noon. Dr. Sinclair says that if he had been left as long as that, he would have had no chance at all for life."

"He has a chance, then, now?"

"Yes; but we don't know how much. The change Dr. Sinclair is expecting may be either for better or worse. I—I wanted you to know, Mr. Eaton, that I recognize—that the chance Father may have come through you, and that I am trying to think of you as the one who gave him the chance."

**T**HE warm blood flooded Eaton's face, and he bowed his head. She, then, was not wholly hostile to him; she had not been completely convinced by Avery.

"What was it you wanted to tell Miss Santoine?" Avery challenged.

"What did Miss Santoine want to tell me?"

"What she has just told you."

Eaton thought for a moment. The realization that had come to him just now that something had kept the girl from condemning him as Avery and Connery had condemned him, and that somehow, for some reason, she must have been fighting within herself to-day and last night against the proof of his guilt, flushed him with gratitude and changed the attitude he had thought it was going to be necessary for him to take in this talk with her. As he looked up, her eyes met his; then she looked quickly away. Avery moved impatiently and repeated his question:

"What was it you wanted to say?"

"Are they looking for any one, Miss Santoine—any one besides me in connection with the attack upon your father?"

She glanced at Avery and did not answer. Avery's eyes narrowed. "We are quite satisfied with what we have been doing," he answered.

"Then they are not looking, Miss Santoine!"

Her lips pressed together, and again it was Avery who answered. "We have not said so."

"I must assume it, then," Eaton said to the girl without regarding Avery. "I have been watching as well as I could since they shut me up here, and I have listened, but I haven't found any evidence that anything more is being done. So I'm obliged to assume that nothing is being done. The few people who know about the attack on your father are so convinced and satisfied that I am the one who did it that they aren't looking any further. Among the people moving about on the train, the—the man who made the attack is being allowed to move about; he could even leave the train, if he could do so without being seen and was willing to take his chance in the snow; and when the train goes on, he certainly will leave it!"

Harriet Santoine turned questioning-ly to Avery again.

"I am not asking anything of you, you see," Eaton urged. "I'm not asking you to let me go or to give me any—any increase of liberty which might make it possible for me to escape. I—I'm only warning you that Mr. Avery and the conductor are making a mistake; and you don't have to have any faith in me or any belief that I'm telling the truth when I say that I didn't do it! I'm only warning you, Miss Santoine, that you mustn't let them stop looking! Why, if I had done it, I might very likely have had an accomplice whom they are going to let escape. It's only common sense, you see."

"That is what you wanted to say?" Avery asked.

"That is it," Eaton answered.



"We can go, then, Harriet."  
But she made no move to go. Her eyes rested upon Eaton steadily; and while he had been appealing to her, a flush had come to her cheeks and faded away and come again and again with her impulses as he spoke.

"If you didn't do it, why don't you help us?" she cried.

"Help you?"  
"Yes: tell us who you are and what you are doing? Why did you take the train because Father was on it, if you didn't mean any harm to him? Why don't you tell us where you are going or where you have been or what you have been doing? What did your appointment with Mr. Warden mean? And why, after he was killed, did you disappear until you followed Father on this train? Why can't you give the name of anybody you know or tell us of any one who knows about you?"

Eaton sank back against the seat away from her, and his eyes shifted to Avery standing ready to go, and then fell.

"I might ask you in return," Eaton said, "why you thought it worth while, Miss Santoine, to ask so much about myself when you first met me and before any of this had happened? You were not so much interested then in me personally as that; and it was not because you could have suspected I had been Mr. Warden's friend; for when the conductor charged that, it was a complete surprise to you."

"No; I did not suspect that."

"Then why were you curious about me?"

Before Avery could speak or even make a gesture, Harriet seemed to come to a decision. "My Father asked me to," she said.

"Your father? Asked you to do what?"

"To find out about you."

"Why?"

As she hesitated, Avery put his hand upon her shoulder as though warning her to be still; but she went on, after only an instant.

"I promised Mr. Avery and the conductor," she said, "that if I saw you I would listen to what you had to say but would not answer questions without their consent; but I seem already to have broken that promise. I have been wondering, since we have found out what we have about you, whether Father could possibly have suspected that you were Mr. Warden's friend; but I am quite sure that was not the original reason for his inquiring about you. My Father thought he recognized your voice, Mr. Eaton, when you were speaking to the conductor about your tickets. He thought he ought to know who you were. He knew that some time and somewhere he had been near you before, and had heard you speak; but he could not tell where or when. And neither Mr. Avery nor I could tell him who you were; so he asked us to find out. I do not know whether, after we had described you to Father, he may have connected you with Mr. Warden or not; but that could not have been in his mind at first."

Eaton had paled; Avery had seemed about to interrupt her, but watching Eaton, he suddenly had desisted.

"You and Mr. Avery?" Eaton repeated. "He sent you to find out about me?"

"Sent me—in this case—more than Mr. Avery; because he thought it would be easier for me to do it."

HARRIET had reddened under Eaton's gaze. "You understand, Mr. Eaton, it was—was entirely impersonal with me. My Father, being blind, is obliged to use the eyes of others—mine, for one; he has trained me to see for him ever since we used to take walks together when I was a little girl, and he has made me learn to tell him what I see in detail, in the way that he would see it himself; and for helping him to see other things on which I might be unable to report so definitely and clearly, he has Mr. Avery. He calls us his eyes, sometimes; and it was only—only because I had been commissioned to find out about you that I was obliged to show so much curiosity."

"I understand," said Eaton quietly. "Your report to your father, I suppose, convinced him that he had been mistaken in thinking he knew my voice."

"No—not that. He knew that he had heard it; for sounds have so much meaning to him that he never neglects or forgets them, and he carries in his mind the voices of hundreds of different people and almost never makes a mistake among them. It did make him surer that you were not any one with whose voice he ought to have been familiar, but only some one whom he had heard say something—a few words or sentences, maybe—under conditions which impressed your voice upon his mind. And he told Mr. Avery so, and that has only made Mr. Avery and the conductor more certain that you must be the one. And since you will not tell—"

"To tell would only further confirm them—"

"What do you mean?"  
"I mean they would be more certain it was I who—"

EATON, as he blundered with the words and checked himself, looked up apprehensively at Avery; but Avery, if he had thought that it was worth while to let this conversation go on in the expectation, that Eaton might let slip something which could be used against himself, now had lost that expectation.

"Come, Harry," he said.  
Harriet arose, and Eaton got up as she did and stood as she went toward the door.

"You said Mr. Avery and the conductor believe—" he began impulsively, in answer to the something within him which was urging him to know, to make certain, how far Harriet Santoine believed him to have been concerned in the attack upon her father. And suddenly he found that he did not need to ask. He knew; and with this sudden realization he all at once understood why she had not been convinced in spite of the conviction of the others—why, as, flushing and paling, she had just now talked with him, her manner had been a continual denial of the suspicion against him.

To Avery and to Connery the attack upon Santoine was made a vital and important thing by the prominence of Santoine and their own responsibility toward him, but after all there was nothing surprising in there having been an attack. Even to Harriet Santoine it could not be a matter of surprise; she knew—she must know—that the father whom she loved and thought of as the best of men, could not have accomplished all he had done without making enemies; but she could conceive of an attack upon him being made only by some one roused to insane and unreasoning hate against him or by some agent wicked and vile enough to kill for profit. She could not conceive of its having been done by a man whom, little as she had known him, she had liked, with whom she had chatted and laughed upon terms of equality. The accusation of the second telegram had overwhelmed her for a time, and had driven her from the defence of him which she had made after he had admitted his connection with Gabriel Warden; but now, Eaton felt, the impulse in his favour had returned. She must have talked over with her father many times the matter of the man whom Warden had determined to befriend; and plainly she had become so satisfied that he deserved consideration rather than suspicion that Connery's identification of Eaton now was to his advantage. Harriet Santoine could not yet answer the accusation of the second telegram against him, but—in reason or out of reason—her feelings refused acceptance of it.

It was her feelings that were controlling her now, as suddenly she faced him, flushed and with eyes suffused, waiting for the end of the sentence he could not finish. And as his gaze met hers, he realized that life—the life that held Harriet Santoine, however indefinite the interest might be that she had taken in him—was dearer to him than he had thought.

Avery had reached the door, holding it open for her to go out. Suddenly Eaton tore the handle from Avery's grasp, slammed the door shut upon him and braced his foot against it. He would be able to hold it thus for several moments before they could force it open.

"Miss Santoine," he pleaded, his

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voice hoarse with his emotion, "for God's sake, make them think what they are doing before they make a public accusation against me—before they charge me with this to others not on this train! I can't answer what you asked; I can't tell you now about myself; there is a reason—a fair and honest reason, and one which means life or death to me. It will not be merely accusation they make against me—it will be my sentence! I shall be sentenced before I am tried—condemned without a chance to defend myself! That is the reason I could not come forward after the murder of Mr. Warden. I could not have helped him—or aided in the pursuit of his enemies—if I had appeared; I merely would have been destroyed myself! The only thing I could hope to accomplish has been in following my present course—which, I swear to you, has had no connection with the attack upon your father. What Mr. Avery and Connery are planning to do to me, they cannot undo. They will merely complete the outrage and injustice already done me—of which Mr. Warden spoke to his wife—and they will not help your father. For God's sake, keep them from going further!"

Her colour deepened, and for an instant, he thought he saw full belief in him growing in her eyes; but if she could not accept the charge against him, neither could she consciously deny it, and the hands she had been pressing together suddenly dropped.

"I—I'm afraid nothing I could say would have much effect on them, knowing as little about—about you as I do!"

They dashed the door open then—silenced and overwhelmed him; and they took her from the room and left him alone again. But there was something left with him which they could not take away; for in the moment he had stood alone with her and passionately pleading, something had passed between them—he could give no name to it, but he knew that Harriet Santoine never could think of him again without a stirring of her pulses which drew her toward him. And through the rest of the lonely day and through the sleepless night, he treasured this and thought of it again and again.

THE following morning the relieving snowplows arrived from the east, and Eaton felt it was the beginning of the end for him. He watched from his window men struggling in the snow about the forward end of the train; then the train moved forward past the shoveled and trampled snow where rock and pieces of the snowplow were piled beside the track—stopped, waited; finally it went on again and began to take up its steady progress.

The attack upon Santoine having taken place in Montana, Eaton thought that he would be turned over to the police somewhere within that State, and he expected it would be done at the first stop; but when the train slowed at Simons, he saw the town was nothing more than a little hamlet beside a side-track. They surely could not deliver him to the village authorities here. The observation car and the Santoine car were uncoupled here and the train made up again with the Santoine car as the last car of the train and the observation car ahead of it. This, evidently, was to stop the passing of passengers through the Santoine car. Did it mean that the change in Santoine's condition which Dr. Sinclair had been expecting had taken place and was for the worse? Eaton would have liked to ask about this of Connery, whom he saw standing outside his window and keeping watch upon him during the switching of the cars; but he knew that the conductor would not answer him.

He rang, instead, for the porter and asked him for a railway folder, and when this had been brought, he opened it to the map of the railroad and checked off the names of the towns they would pass through. Nearly all the names set in the bold-face letters which denoted the cities and larger towns ahead of them were, he found, toward the eastern end of the State; the nearest—and the one, therefore, at which he thought he would be given up—was several hours away. At long

intervals the train passed villages all but buried in the snow; the inhabitants of these, gathered at the stations, stared in on him as they looked in on any other passenger; and at each of these stops Connery stood outside his window guarding against possibility of his escape. Each time, too, that the train slowed, the porter unlocked the door of the compartment, opened it and stood waiting until the train had regained its speed; plainly they were taking no chances of his dropping from the window.

EARLY in the afternoon, as they approached the town whose name in bold-face had made him sure that it was the one where he would be given to the police, Eaton rang for the porter again.

"Will you get me paper and an envelope?" he asked.

The negro summoned the conductor. "You want to write?" Connery asked.

"Yes."

"You understand that anything you write must be given to me unsealed."

"That's satisfactory to me. I don't believe that, even though it is unsealed, you'll take it upon yourself to read it."

The conductor looked puzzled, but sent the porter for some of the stationery the railroad furnished for passengers. The negro brought paper, and pen and ink, and set up the little table in front of Eaton; and when they had left him and had locked the door, Eaton wrote:

"Miss Santoine:

"The questions—all of them—that you and others have asked me you are going to find answered very soon, within a very few hours, it may be, certainly within a few days—though they are not going to be answered by me. When they are answered, you are going to think me the most despicable kind of man; you are not going to doubt, then—for the answers will not let you doubt—that I was the one who hurt your father. You, and every one else, are going to feel—not only because of that, but because of what you will learn about me—that nothing that may happen to me will be more than I justly deserve.

"I don't seem to care very much what people other than you may think; as the time grows nearer, I feel that I care less and less about that; but I do care very much—and more and more—that you are going to think of me in this way. It is very hard for me to know that you are going to regret that you ever let me talk beside you in the friendly way you did, or that you let me walk beside you on the station platform at Spokane, and that you are going to shrink with horror when you recollect that you let me touch you and put my hand upon your arm. I feel that you do not yet believe that it was I who attacked your father; and I ask you—even in the face of the proof which you are so soon to receive—not to believe it. I took this train—"

He stopped writing, recollecting that the letter was to be given to Connery unsealed and that Connery might read it; he scratched out the sentence he had begun; then he thought a moment and went on:

"I ask you not to believe that. More than that, I ask you—when you have learned who I am—still to believe in me. I don't ask you to defend me against others; you could not do that, for you will see no one who will not hate and despise me. But I beg of you, in all honesty and faith, not to let yourself feel as they do toward me. I want you to believe—"

He stopped again, but not because he felt that Harriet Santoine would not believe what he was asking her to believe; instead, it was because he knew she would. Mechanically he opened his travelling-bag and got out a cigar, bit off the end and forgetting in his absorption to light it, puffed and sucked at it. The future was sure of him; he foresaw it plainly, in detail even, for what was happening to him was only the fulfillment of a threat which had been over him ever since he landed at Seattle. He was going out of life—not only Harriet Santoine's life, but all life, and the

letter he was writing would make Harriet Santoine believe his death to have been an act of injustice, of cruelty. She could not help but feel that she herself had been in a way instrumental in his death, since it was the accusation of violence against her father which was going to show who he was and so condemn him. Dared he, dying, leave a sting like that in the girl's life?

He continued to puff at the unlighted cigar; then, mechanically, he struck a match to light it. As the match flared up, he touched it to the sheet on which he had been writing, held the paper until the written part was all consumed, and dropped it on the floor of the car, smiling down at it wryly and grimly. He would go out of Harriet Santoine's life as he had come into it—no, not that, for he had come into it as one who excited in her a rather pleasing doubt and curiosity, but he would go out of it as a man whom she must hate and condemn; to recall him would be only painful to her, so that she would try to kill within her all memory of him.

As he glanced to the window, he saw that they were passing through the outskirts of some place larger than any they had stopped at before; and realizing that this must be the place he had picked out on the map as the one where they would give him to the police, he closed his travelling bag and made ready to go with them. The train drew into the station and stopped; the porter, as it slowed, had unlocked and opened the door of his compartment, and he saw Connery outside upon the platform; but this was no different from their procedure at every stop. Several people got on the train here; others got off; so Connery, obviously, was not preventing those who had been on the train when Santoine was struck, from leaving it now. Eaton, as he saw Connery make the signal for the train to go ahead, sank back suddenly, conscious of the suspense he had been under.

He got out the railroad folder and looked ahead to the next town where he might be given up to the authorities; but when they rolled into this in the late afternoon, the proceedings were no different. Eaton could not understand. He saw by studying the time-table that some time in the night they would pass the Montana state line into North Dakota. Didn't they intend to deliver him to the State authorities in Montana?

When the waiter brought his supper, Connery came with him.

"You wrote something to-day?" the conductor asked.

"I destroyed it."

Connery looked keenly around the compartment. "You brought me two envelopes; there they are. You brought three sheets of paper; here are two, and there's what's left of the other on the floor."

Connery seemed satisfied. "Why haven't you jailed me?" Eaton asked.

"We're waiting to see how things go with Mr. Santoine."

"Has he been conscious?"

CONNERY did not answer; and through the conductor's silence Eaton sensed suddenly what the true condition of affairs must be. To give him up to the police would make public the attack upon Santoine; and until Santoine either died or recovered far enough to be consulted by them, neither Avery nor Connery—nor Connery's superiors, apparently—dared to take the responsibility of doing this. So Eaton would be carried along to whatever point they might reach when Santoine died or became fully conscious. Where would that be? Clear to Chicago?

It made no material difference to him, Eaton realized, whether the police took him in Montana or Chicago, since in either case recognition of him would be certain in the end; but in Chicago this recognition must be immediate, complete, and utterly convincing.

The next day the weather had moderated, or—here in North Dakota—it had been less severe; the snow was not deep except in the hollows, and on the black, windswept farm-



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lands sprouts of winter wheat were faintly showing. The train was travelling steadily and faster than its regular schedule; it evidently was running as a special, some other train taking the ordinary traffic; it halted now only at the largest cities. In the morning it crossed into Minnesota; and in the late afternoon, slowing, it rolled into some large city which Eaton knew must be Minneapolis or St. Paul. All day he had listened for sounds in the Santoine car, but had heard nothing; the routine which had been established to take care of him had gone on through the day, and he had seen no one but Connery and the negro, and his questions to them had been unanswered.

The car here was uncoupled from the train and picked up by a switch engine; as dusk fell, Eaton, peering out of his window, could see that they had been left lying in the railroad yards; and about midnight, awakening in his berth, he realized that the car was still motionless. He could account for this stoppage in their progress only by some change in the condition of Santoine. Was Santoine sinking, so that they no longer dared to travel? Was he, perhaps—dead?

No sounds came to him from the car to confirm Eaton in any conclusion; there was nothing to be learned from any one outside the car. A solitary man, burly and alert, paced quietly back and forth below Eaton's window. He was a guard stationed to prevent any escape while the car was motionless in the yard.

Eaton lay for a long time, listening for other sounds and wondering what was occurring—or had occurred—at the other end of his car. Toward morning he fell asleep.

(To be continued.)

**FROM JEST TO EARNEST.**

The Lyonian, a little journal published by the boys at Harrow School, in England, puts the war into propositions of Euclid, as follows:

"A subaltern is one who has position but no magnitude.

"A Turkish communique lies equally on any point.

"An obtuse officer is one more stupid than a superior officer, but less so than two Staff officers.

"A trench is that which has length, breadth, and stickiness.

"Two officers in mufti from Brixton and Mayfair respectively cannot be in the same circle, and if they meet will cut one another.

"A soldier equal to a Tommy is equal to anything.

"An observer and a pilot who are in the same line meet in the same plane.

"An 'old dug-out' is often a plain figure with a Sam Browne belt round its circumference.

"If things are double the price of the same thing obtainable elsewhere, it is a War Office contract."

**WIT AND WISDOM.**

Thirst for knowledge does not leave that dark-brown taste.

People who harp on one string may not be angels—they may be harpies.

It's comparatively easy to win love, but the trick is to hold it.

Things move so fast nowadays that after a man says, "It can't be done," he turns around to see somebody doing it.

It may be possible that some widows wear those black veils to hide their satisfaction.

The letter carrier's whistle may properly be described as a postal note.

Attempting the impossible is the effort of a man to paint a town red with water colours.

The most ignorant man in the world is the fellow who knows it all.

During courtship the young chap reads poetry to the girl, but during wedlock she reads the riot act to him.

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