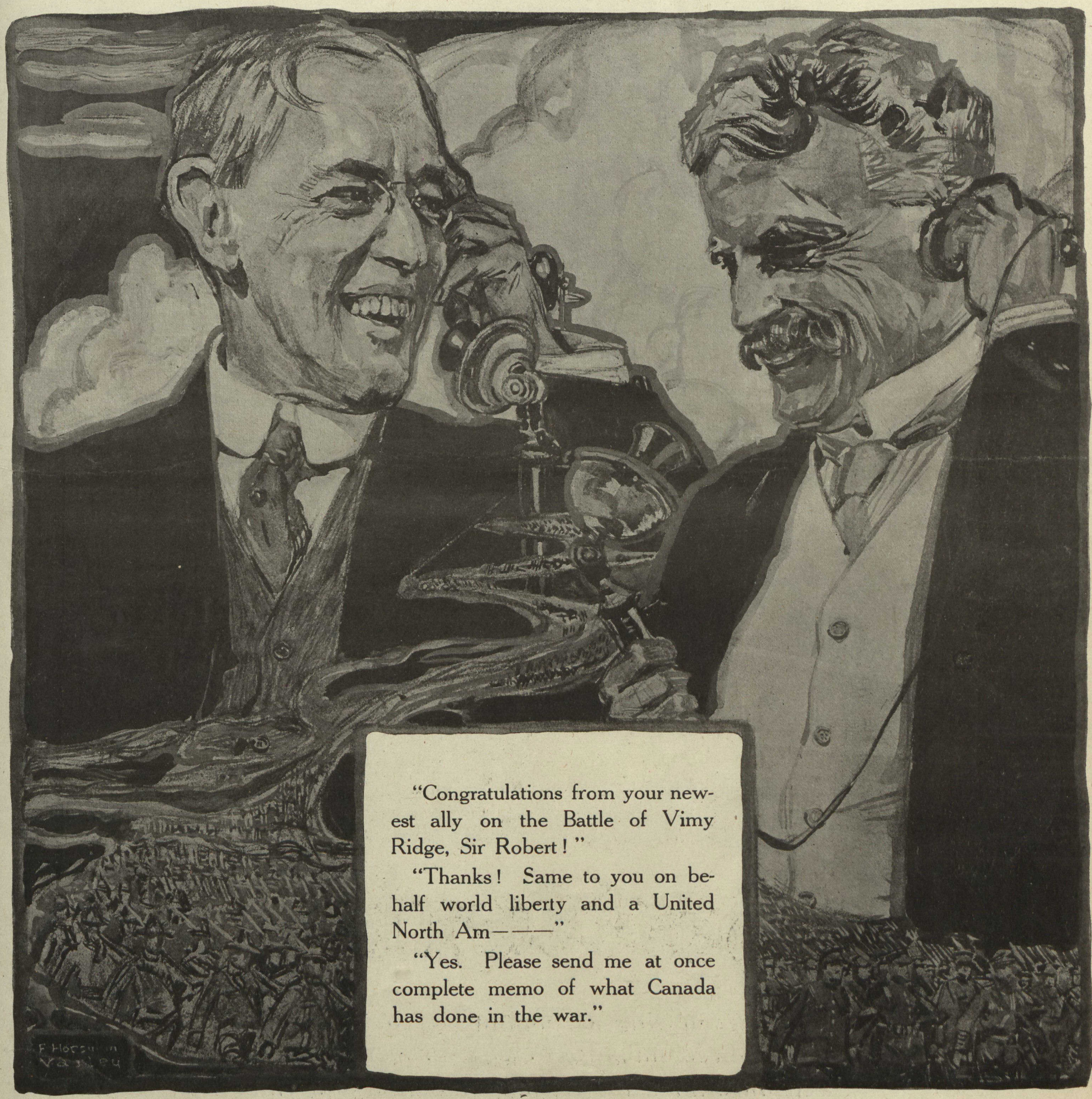
CANADIAN COURIER



"Congratulations from your newest ally on the Battle of Vimy Ridge, Sir Robert!"

"Thanks! Same to you on behalf world liberty and a United North Am———"

"Yes. Please send me at once complete memo of what Canada has done in the war."

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

Vol. XXI. No. 21 FIVE CENTS April 21, 1917

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CANADIAN COURIER

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Look Out for the Man from Windermere, B. C.

SOME day soon we shall tell you in a more or less intimate way about some of the men and women who work for this paper. Not those who turn out their copy—articles, stories or pictures—at 181 Simcoe Street, or at any other street and number in Toronto; but those outposters from east to west who are gradually becoming eyes and ears and fingers for this paper from Halifax to Vancouver Island, including the north.

Just for the present—as one more of the outside producing staff of the Canadian Courier, let us tell you about the work of a writer who will be a surprise packet in our issue of next week. Some time ago we wrote to this writer—who lives in Windermere, B.C.—asking if he had any story stuff in production of which we could acquire the Canadian rights. He replied:

"——— and ———," giving the name of a highly popular publishing firm in New York, "have me under contract for all my output, lock, stock and barrel. So I don't see much chance just now of releasing any in your direction. However, something may turn up."

Now, of course, you are expecting us to announce that after strenuous diplomacies with this writer we managed to separate him from a sensational story in the form of a novel. But that's not it. What we did do was to write him and say:

"If no stories available, why not special articles?"

If you had ever read any of his stories you would understand why we saw in his style of handling a rattling good medium for critical articles. He didn't see it that way. In fact, he had never written articles. He was a story man.

"All right," we wrote him, "put up an article in the same style as one of your stories and we'll print it—no matter if it's on a subject nobody ever heard about."

Presently along came the article, written by this Canadian story man who had never written articles and who had never tried to sell a line in Canada. That article will appear in next week's issue. You will read every line of it, because it has the strange, fascinating interest of a well-told story.

Next week also we shall put out four pages of special interest things—concerning women. This will be the beginning of a once-a-month section devoted to things that make women pass everything else by in the paper till they come to it. We are not calling it a supplement, nor any other name. It's just the feminine side—done in a way to please anybody of either sex except the hopeless old bachelor.

Many people are sending their Couriers to the boys at the front. The Courier is a good "letter from home." Send more Couriers and still more.

Gets Material from Everywhere in Canada

CANADIAN COURIER

Goes to Canadians all over Canada

Vol. XXI. **April 21st, 1917** **No. 21**

ANOTHER BUSINESS PREMIER

Walter Edward Foster, the new Political Head of New Brunswick, Catches and Conveys the Idea of Canadian Public Efficiency

By STANLEY K. SMITH

Editor's Note:—Provincial Premiers in Canada are all Liberal now except two—Ontario and P. E. I. It's a pity our Provincial Premiers should be either Conservative or Liberal, but just big young or middle-aged men, who, at the head of public business, mislay their politics and go in for making our provincial planks popular successes. Merely being a Liberal does not put a man in line with broader ideas in democracy. It's the men who become bigger than either of the political 'isms that keep either of the old parties from dry-rot. W. E. Foster is some such a man. His biographer takes him seriously, because independent of partyism he has taken over a serious job. Conservatives reading this will please note that in this same issue we have devoted three pages, including the cover, to the nation-making record of the present Government.

HIGH Cost of Living or not—the Children of Israel would have gladly given a whole year's crop of manna for a Moses who would have led them out of the wilderness into the promised land in two short weeks. Such a leader the Liberal opposition in New Brunswick found in Walter Edward Foster, for within fourteen days of his acceptance of the leadership of the party triumphant victory at the polls against a strongly entrenched government, led by Hon. James A. Murray, was achieved. Hon. George H. Murray, premier of Nova Scotia—and I guess the old war-horse knows a thing or two about elections—called it "under all circumstances the most remarkable turn-over in the political history of Canada."

Two men the opposition got by the winning post in the elections of June, 1912, out of a field of 48. On February 24, 1917, 27 opposition entries came home winners, some by a nose, some by a length, more by several lengths. Ten opposition candidates lost their deposits in 1912; six government men forfeited their money this year. Mr. Foster was in that runaway race of five years ago as a green horse and an also-ran. Although he just missed election in his own constituency in February, he now leads the field as prime minister of New Brunswick.

The verdict of New Brunswick, if it means anything, is an expression of the people against the antics of professional tricksters and a turning to the plain, business methods of newcomers like Foster. Manitoba did it, British Columbia did it, New Brunswick swung into line. Not so much Liberal and Conservative in any of these elections as business vs. politics, statesmanship vs. partizanship, honesty vs. graft. Norris, Brewster and Foster may not be brilliant prodigies as orators, or manipulators, but they are sound business men, representative of the new ideal of governing on the basis of responsibility to all the people rather than government by the party, for the party, the whole party and nothing but the party. Newborn war-premiers these are—all of them—while others could be mentioned who stood the test of the war-leavened, value-demanding spirit as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar. With Mr. Foster included in the circle, Canada may well be proud of her provincial premiers. History records how a similar aggregation of all-stars were drafted at one fell swoop into a bigger Canadian league, and some say history will repeat—but that, of course, is another story.

We have before us now Walter E. Foster, six feet, slim and straight as one of the poplars which waved over the place of his birth at St. Martin's, N.B., April 9, 1874, his face clean and classically cut, keen eyes which require glasses, a pointed nose, full lips and a boyish, alert chin, which in happy moments helps to belie his forty-two years.

Irish ancestry, straight from his father, put the twinkle in the eye and provided the necessary fighting spirit; Loyalist blood, running deep and strong in the veins of his paternal grandmother, showed very early in the capacity of the young Foster for patriotic service and in his intense love for the land which his forbears adopted. Born in the country, it must have been a temptation to the new premier, when speaking in rural constituencies, to claim an early kinship with the horny-handed sons of toil who get $6 a barrel for their potatoes and 45 cents a pound for their butter. But even here, honesty forbade. His father was manager of a large lumber concern and, perhaps, some of the elder Foster's love of the woods is finding expression in his son's most active and successful effort as president of the Arboriculture Society to line the streets of St. John with beautiful shade trees.

It is characteristic of the Fosters that Walter Edward is home-trained as well as home-grown. He completed his classical education at our own St. John High School, and when the time came for the choice of a business career it was the Bank of New Brunswick, now absorbed by its larger Nova Scotia brother, that young Foster entered. Sir Thomas White spent ten years writing city hall reports and covering police court for the Toronto Telegram. W. E. Foster put in just an even decade in the wickets and over the ledgers of his city's own financial institution. Then he was given a chance as secretary-treasurer of Vassie & Co., Ltd., a large wholesale dry goods importing house. It will be noted that, given the chance, this young man always makes good. Some may see a sort of Captain Cuttle-Dombey & Son connection in the fact that Miss Johan Mary Vassie, daughter of the head of the firm, became Mrs. Walter Edward Foster in 1900, but this was a year after Mr. Foster's entrance to the firm. The olive branches are now draped gracefully about the Foster domicile in Coburg Street, St. John, four in number—one potential premier and, for that matter, the three little girls are likely to vote, too, some day, if the progressive party of which their daddy is leader goes the whole length and follows the lead of other progressive governments.

Although Mr. Foster was very much occupied in making his firm a very considerable factor on the commercial life of the Maritime Provinces, he by no means wore down his pointed proboscis on the whirring emery. At the age of 32 he was asked to take the vice-chair of the St. John Board of Trade. Two years later he became president, and this aggressive body was, more than ever, for two years, a real force under his leadership. He found time to take military training and retired with the rank of Captain of Artillery in 1903. Early in the

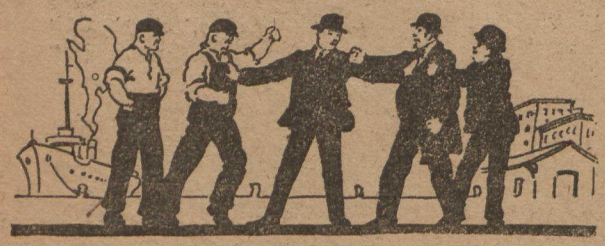
war it came to a toss-up between Captain Foster and his brother-in-law who should represent the firm and the family in France and Flanders. Captain Vassie won, so the one left at home shouldered the extra burden, and has now accepted as a patriotic duty the direction of the affairs of the people of the whole province.

Mr. Foster's patriotism is a thing good to see. The vision of service came to him early in life and he has had it ever before him. He speaks of his new responsibility gravely, yet with shining eyes. Cares of office mean less time given to keeping the pot boiling at the Vassie office, but Mr. Foster frankly says he has weighed the question and decided it is worth more to give himself to the service of his native province at the unmistakeable call of the people. He truly regards the gift of the electorate and the confidence of his own party, heartily expressed at a representative conference following the election, as a rare opportunity which he cannot afford to miss.

Foster is a real democrat at heart. Long before he entered political life as a prospective premier, his appearance on the public platform was the signal for a storm of applause. The general public liked his frank manner, his engaging smile and, before he got through, his earnest and business-like way of presenting his case.

Successful arbitrator and chairman of the conciliation board appointed, he twice settled differences arising between the Longshoremen of St. John and the Shipping Federation, so that he has proven his ability to get the viewpoint of labour.

His predilection for the place of his birth crops out in his interest as president and manager of the St. Martin's railway. This experience, however circumscribed, should prove of value in his handling the affairs of this railway-ridden province. Other ambitious projects, all designed to improve his home town, appealing to his support were the New Brunswick Hydro-Electric Power Co., the Dominion Dry Dock Co.



Little wonder that in the midst of all these activities Mr. Foster is willing to confess that he is not much of a hand for sport. After the partial eclipse in the cataclysm of 1912, when the whole opposition solar system blinked out, the political star of Walter Foster arose at the Good Government Convention at Fredericton, Dec. 3, 1914, when he was at the head of the table and propounded the new slogan, "Abolish the Bag," which somehow caught on with the people of New Brunswick. Mindful of the Who's Who man, after this, particularly when he had accepted the chairmanship of the leadership committee on the retirement of Hon. C. W. Robinson, Mr. Foster forced himself, to use his own words, to pay some attention to golf. For what public man is there in whose biography, mixed in, quite fittingly, with his clubs and his religion, there does not appear those magic words, "Recreation, Golf." As a member of the Union Club, president of the Cliff Club, and a good Anglican, Mr. Foster is otherwise well equipped, but even yet he does not profess to be in the premier-

ship class when it comes to putt and brassie. In politics he found his only sport and, although a tyro in legislative halls, he organized and led the Young Liberals of St. John in many a braw fight and, as all games should be played, he has made this game clean and honest and fair, though bucking the line hard. He brings to the service of the people absolute independence, a wide business experience and a grasp of public affairs such as is given few men. The bitterest enemies of his party say they will give him a show, staunch Liberals hail him as a new leader of great promise, the men of moral fibre who switched in thousands to his support in almost every constituency see in his accession to the premiership the dawning of a new day for New Brunswick, when the real voice of the people shall control and the real interests of the people be served.

The new premier can no longer put forward politics as his one diversion. For him the word has taken on its true meaning. He has dedicated himself to the people. From the time he left school, at fifteen, he has not stopped to pick roses along life's pathway, and he has, further, postponed any possibility of hours of ease. It promises to be many years yet before his biographer can conclude with aught but "Recreation—Service."

THAT TIRED-TOWN FEELING

By BRITTON B. COOKE

IS the Board of Trade in your town dead? Or only half-dead? Or is it by some miraculous chance alive and working? I ask this question because, in my small experience, one of the best things a Board of Trade does is to die. It is a delicate flower and has a hard time wintering. In the summer of prosperity it puts forth many blossoms. I have enjoyed some of them myself, such as automobile rides for visiting politicians and their newspaper entourage, or dinners, or luncheons in a local tavern, or pamphlets on hand-worked paper with deckle edges and hand-made envelopes, describing your town and its modest acquiescence in the title "Hub of Alberta" or "Focus Point of Saskatchewan," or—you probably recall such names for yourself. The objects of such booklets used to be to attract industries to your town. About all they really did was to keep your local printer from going bankrupt.

But wartimes and the intervals between booms have always been considered hard on the constitutions of even the huskiest Boards of Trade. They bud as usual—with new officers and a new slogan. Then they just naturally seem to curl up and wither. The collapse of the boom usually means that the town's publicity agent has to be fired, or the highly paid secretary who used to do that work, has to go on half pay and lose heart trying to hold down all his real estate. The best thing the President does is to keep the members from hitting the Treasurer over the head for his infernal persistence in asking for annual fees. Even the best marathon talker in the organization is reduced to talking about the deeds of your local quota of men in the firing line, if for no other reason than because you and he hate to stop and think about your own town and its actual state at the time of writing.

These—I say—are the average conditions in our Canadian towns to-day. Boom gone. War here. Corner lots hanging heavy on the hands of the poorest man in town. But there ARE exceptions. Some Boards of Trade have NOT died but have been wonderfully stimulated by the prospect of seeing their town go to bits. And it is of these I write.

II.

Podmore, in the province of ———, had accumulated about as nice a collection of dead industries as any town could wish for. By wild advertising before 1907, and by wild subsidizing, it had obtained an implement foundry, a knitting mill and a tannery, a condensed-milk factory, a patent oatmeal plant and a cannery. That makes six. All six received encouragement in one form or another and then passed away. Then prominent citizens who had once worn flowers on their chests because it was due to their enterprise that these industries had come to town—passed into retirement with shame on their heads for having encouraged the town to make a fool of itself. The empty factories stood by the side of the river—there was a good river on which the local M. P. promised that ocean liners should one day come sailing—and provoked the old men of the town to sermons on the folly of municipal ambition and the dangers of not listening to advice. A year or two ago small boys had taken pride in knocking out the panes of glass in the deserted buildings, but had long since smashed the last pane. Weeds grew over the tan-bark roadway leading into the tannery and rabbits reared their families in the cellar of the canning factory. The citizens of the town, in taxes and in sighs, paid the perennial fee of misguided ambition.

This town was one of the first to realize the importance of the munition business in relation to itself. The local manager of one of the big banks—there was only one branch-bank in the town: it had absorbed what used to be Doherty's private bank—happened to be in Toronto head-office and to overhear a conversation between one of the bank inspectors and the general manager upon whose pleasure the small-town manager was waiting. The inspector made it clear to the G. M. that certain customers could be placed in a better position to meet their obligations to the bank if they could be assisted to get more munition orders. What they lacked was factory accommodation.

A hint being as good as a harangue to this branch manager he waited only till the inspector and the G. M. had finished their conversation before mentioning casually the empty factories in his town. He did it skillfully—without any hint in his voice that he really thought these factories might have any bearing on the problem of the big customer to whom the inspector referred. He knew that to suggest the uses of these factories BLUNTLY would at once arouse the hostility of the General Manager, who would thus be robbed of any credit there might be in discovering the uses of these empty factories. But as it was—the G. M. DID see the merits of the suggestion, took it up, asked details of the said idle factories and after recalling that the bank had also some interest in the success of this particular town and its branch there—ordered a full report, and, when it came, passed it over to the firm who needed more factory accommodation in order to coax greater munition orders from the Imperial Munitions Board.

Thus the town found three out of its six factories transformed into busy workshops. Though the other three remained idle there was now a distinct movement on foot to find tenants for them, and two others—at the time of writing—have been let to concerns who promise to employ one hundred workers between them.

The town has shaken off its lethargy and is now making plans for the future. It has revived its moribund Board of Trade and instead of placing at its head the richest man in the town, or the most popular man in town, it has elected Old Tom Brown, the town crank who gets all the Blue Books from Ottawa, all the agricultural bulletins from the various departments of agriculture, Federal and Provincial, and who for years has been a student of the THEORY of town growth. This man has presented to the town a report on the raw material resources of the community, another report is being made on the railway service (and the practical possibilities of improvement in that regard), and a third is being prepared by the principal of the High School on the cost of living in that town and its bearing on the wages of factory workers.

In other words, this town, when the war is over, is going to put up a great fight for prosperity. It is not going to relinquish its busy factories without making a supreme effort to prove to the businessmen of Canada that this is a good town, and that there are real cold cash reasons for carrying on manufacturing at this centre. The munition plants have made it possible for the town to obtain long distance power connections which it might not have been able to obtain otherwise. It will take advant-

age of these lines after the war to persuade manufacturers to bring their motor-driven machinery here.

The old times are gone when the only use of a Board of Trade was to boom real estate and give orders for printing to the local newspaper. The old-time publicity agent who merely advertised the name of the town without taking any useful step to "convert" new industries, is gone. The town that is going to succeed after this war is one which—other things being equal—will be in a position not only to tell manufacturers WHY they should establish their plants in such towns (and PROVE IT by facts and figures regarding raw material, power supply, labour and transportation facilities) but will advertise whatever manufacturing opportunity it believes it presents EVEN IN SOME NEW FIELD. For example, there are tons of Mother of Pearl that are going to waste every year because no Canadian firm has seen its way clear to start in the button business. Perhaps the tariff needs amending in order to protect such an industry from outside competition. Well, if your town is one that might support a Mother of Pearl factory—join hands with some enterprising man of capital and manufacturing experience and make known at Ottawa the need for tariff changes in respect to this particular industry. Ottawa does not know EVERYTHING. As a rule it is very willing to learn.

If it isn't Mother of Pearl, it may be something else in your region that is being neglected. Study your own surroundings. Find out what lies near at hand that may be of value to the commercial world. Advertise your town and its resources in the proper quarters. In this respect you will do well to co-operate with your branch bank manager, or managers. If they have any pride in making their monthly reports look brighter—and they usually HAVE—they will help.

But there is another aspect of your town and the Board of Trade in your town which should be thought of. It is one which is likely to be overlooked by the practical men of affairs who are usually at the head of things: I refer to the community life. If there is one thing that marks the Canadian it is his liking for playing "a lone hand." He delights in nothing more than to be able to tell the world and public opinion to go to the everlasting bow-wows. He is an individualist—much more than the Englishman is an individualist, and he has all the faults and all the virtues of the type.

Individualism can be overdone and we are due for a lesson in closer team-play after this war, a lesson in pulling together for the good of our community and our nation. Such team-play should begin in our towns and villages and should find its first expression—though not its final expression—in the actual social relations of men and women.

In Germany, which is the opposite to Canada and is cursed with too much team-play and not enough individualism in matters of state, there are social centres in almost every town; places where the townspeople can gather for common enjoyment of common interests. Music is pesented in these places and popular lectures, or plays. We may well adapt this idea to our own lives. In a recent issue of the Courier attention was drawn to the work of the Ontario Library Association in making the local public libraries centres of community interest. This is a good beginning but capable of extension. Through the books of the town and the town's love of music a great deal can be done to make folk understand one another. And mutual understanding—we should remember — is the basis of mutual co-operation. Some one mentions the town hall as a Canadian community centre. Unfortunately town halls in Canada seem always to have been hoo-dooed. In the first place they are usually ugly, and in the second place cold in the winter, hot in the summer and always badly ventilated. If any one of you Towns is contemplating a new town hall—for pity's sake see that it is built on a sort of "friendly" design. And if your town hall is already built and cannot be got rid of—then appoint a committee to re-decorate it or refurnish it so that it will be less repellant. "Mix!" That is the motto. Then co-operate intelligently.

ON THE FARM

By MARY ANN

A baby sits in the high chair,
A baby crawls on the floor,
While mother, with nails and hammer,
Is fixing the old screen door.
A tap to the rusty hinges,
A twist to a crooked nail—
And a solid bang! to the staple,
For none of these things must fail.

One child in the crook of her elbow,
And one toiling there, beside,
She visits the pleasant pig pen,
Where mouths are gaping wide.
Oh, it's up with the brimming bucket—
And, swish! with the big swill pail,
For daddy has gone for a soldier,
But the farm work must not fail.

One baby sleeps at the fence side,
And one rides the old seed drill,
While mother is guiding the horses
On the face of the long brown hill.
Her hair pins are gone, or going,
Her apron flaps like a sail,
But mother is busy seeding,
That the oat-crop may not fail.

One child in an empty manger,
And one in a bunch of hay—
While mother is cleaning the stables
At the close of her weary day—
For the men have gone to the trenches,
And let history tell the tale—
How the women bore the burden
That the country might not fail!

One child in the little cradle,
And one on its mother's arm,
While she prays to the great All-Father
To keep them safe from harm.
Then with heart that is very tired
And lips that are worn and pale,
She prays for her soldier-husband,
And she knows that God won't fail!

Far from the bark of guns, well-fed, decently-housed, and employed at 8 cents an hour in the market gardens at Evesham (England), these German prisoners are apparently enjoying captivity. They are quite as well looked after as they would be in Germany, and there are no big British and French guns dropping death on their heads. This particular photograph shows the chief story-teller among the prisoners. His countenance speaks well for the difference between British and German methods of treating prisoners.

Billy Sunday not only can shoot ribald "religion" from the pulpit, but can still throw in-shoots and out-shoots over the "pan," as in the days before his "evangelistic" work. Every now and then he dons the old uniform. The photo shows him on the grounds of his home at Winona Lake. The event in his life will be the opening of his New York campaign.

The sheep of England apparently know their shepherd as well when he is dressed in the uniform of war as when in his pastoral garb. The man is one of a lot of 200 released by the army for special work on the land. This particular picture was taken at Kempston, in Bedfordshire. The soldier is carrying feed for the baa-lambs.

The MYTHICAL HINDENBURG *Line*

And the Relation Between the Western Retreat and German Hopes in Russia

By SIDNEY CORYN

IT is not difficult to understand the German withdrawal in France as a means of economizing men, when we look at the combination of events on the western and eastern lines in conjunction with the Russian revolution. It will be remembered that some few weeks before the revolution occurred we were told of the great military events that were in preparation by the Germans on the Riga section of the eastern line. There can be no doubt that there was a concentration of German troops in this area, since both the German and the Russian bulletins referred to it. There was even a good deal of actual fighting in spite of the weather conditions, and those with a tendency to foresee "irresistible drives" and the like were quite sure that Germany was about to deliver one of those sledge-hammer blows that have so often promised to end the war and that have never done so. But now we are told, and from German sources, that the idea of a Riga offensive has been abandoned, or at least postponed, and that Hindenburg will seek a decision on the western, instead of the eastern, front.

The inference is obvious. Something was expected to happen in Russia that did not happen. The Riga concentration was in preparation for some event that did not occur, and that now is not likely to occur. We may profitably speculate as to the nature of that event, and we are not likely to go very far wrong. Either the Germans were well aware of the coming Russian revolution, and counted confidently upon a condition of internal chaos that must necessarily play directly into their hands by weakening the army and sapping its loyalty, or the revolution itself was intended by its sponsors to forestall and to prevent some other happening that would be equally favourable to the German plans. Now if the former theory is the correct one, then the German projects were frustrated by the orderliness of the revolution, the entire absence of chaos and anarchy, and the accentuated war spirit that it has seemed to call forth. The Riga concentration that expected to find its road opened to it by a Russian army torn in two by revolution and dissension, found on the contrary that the road was more effectually barred than ever, and that the army regarded the revolution, not as an incentive to stop fighting, but rather as an inducement to fight harder than ever.

But there are some indications that the latter alternative is actually the correct one, and that the revolution in its mysterious swiftness was intended to prevent some plan that was successfully maturing at Petrograd either for an entire withdrawal from the war and the making of a separate peace, or for some sudden and traitorous move that should hamstring the armies, and so give easy access to the German invader. Certainly we do not yet know the real and immediate causes of the revolution. We know in a general way that it was due to a patriotic dissatisfaction with the progress of the war, but there are now many indications that there was some peculiar and pressing emergency that must be met instantly or not at all. It may be that the Duma was aware of a "separate peace" project that was on the point of maturity and that must be quickly thwarted by revolution. It may be that something far more sinister was in preparation. But however that may be, we may be fairly certain that Germany was expecting that something would transpire in Russia that would be to her advantage, and that she was massing men at Riga in readiness for a move in the direction of Petrograd that was presently to be facilitated by some internal Russian happening. And since that expectation has been falsified we are now told that the Riga offensive has been abandoned.

THE connection with the western front now becomes fairly obvious. It is by no means easy for Germany to make a concentration anywhere. She is gravely embarrassed by a lack of men, a condition due not only to her casualties, but to the constant lengthening of her battle lines. She can do nothing to help Turkey in Asia Minor, while there are credible reports that she has actually borrowed Turkish troops and sent them as far north as Riga, and that she is now being importuned to return them. She must have a considerable army locked up in Roumania, and there are certainly German troops in Bulgaria. Under such circumstances a western withdrawal that would economize a large force would not seem to be an unmixed misfortune. She would certainly not have carried out such a withdrawal with its serious moral effects except under the compulsion of force, but at the same time she could hardly be indifferent to the saving in man power that would result from it, a saving that would be particularly welcome in view of her unforeseen activities in Russia. There can be no question that Germany had great expectations from Russia. She has always had them, but perhaps never with such good reason as recently. Nor can there be any question that those expectations have just been grievously disappointed. This is shown by the eagerness with which the German newspapers are printing every scrap of information pointing to internal dissensions in Russia, and the possibility that the extremists may yet grasp the reins of power. It would indeed be rash to predict the future in Russia, but at least it may be said that up to the present moment there are no indications whatsoever of any happenings there from which Germany might profit directly or indirectly. Quite the contrary.

THAT the Russian military misfortunes were due directly to the calculated action of the Russian government is asserted by Mr. Boris Ivanovich Avilov, who is now in America for the purpose of purchasing munitions, and who communicated his views to the New York Herald. Mr. Avilov says that in 1914 he offered to place his industrial plant at the service of the government for the purpose of making shrapnel, for which it was well adapted. He produced a letter which he received in reply to his offer, and it was to the effect that the Russian armies were in no need of guns or of ammunition, and it was at this very moment that the Grand Duke Nicholas was pleading with the government for both guns and ammunition. The Maltzev factories made a similar offer, and it was refused in almost identical terms. Mr. Avilov said that after Przemysl was retaken the government intended to put its plan into operation. Its purpose was to go before the people with the announcement that Russia had done its duty in trying to win the war, but had been beaten, and that the only thing left to do was to make the best peace it could with Germany and Austria. It had anticipated a revolt by arranging with the Kaiser to suppress it. "But the public storm of indignation was too great for the government to go through with the scheme without another show of resistance. The government had been forced into the war reluctantly in the first place. It could not escape a show of support for Serbia because of the sympathy of one Slav nation for another. The withholding of guns and ammunition from the armies set back Russia a year in her military operations. The government's intriguing with the Kaiser did not cease with its renewal of perfunctory efforts to win the war. But meanwhile the forces of revolution gathered the strength for the stroke which means an emancipated Russia."

There is no need to comment on the submarine war save to point out the conflict of opinion regarding it that comes from Germany herself. Thus Admiral von Capelle says that the submarine successes have exceeded expectations. Major Moraht says that the submarine can never starve England into submission. Von Reventlow tries to soften the blow by saying that "through the indirect effect of the submarine war, the longer it lasts the more will the enemy's offensive strength on land be weakened. The submarine is not a military thing in itself." And the expert of the Vossische Zeitung remarks: "History will some day characterize as the mightiest deed of the present campaign the brain-work which brought about the situation which we are momentarily in. In this sense the submarine war is nothing in itself."

What is the famous Hindenburg line to which such constant references are made, and which is supposed to have been rendered impregnable by months of military labour? We speak of it glibly as though it were something established and fixed, like the equator, and thereby we show that we are still somewhat under the sway of the "German myth" that causes us always to expect something tremendous, almost miraculous, from Teuton prowess. As a matter of fact no one outside of the German command knows where the Hindenburg line is to be found, or indeed whether there is actually any such line at all.

It is a hypothetical line that is supposed to include Cambrai, St. Quentin, Le Fere, and Laon, and perhaps Douai and Lille at the north. Now if there is actually such a line as this and of such unconquerable strength it does not seem that the Allies have yet discovered it. During the last few days we have read of constant British and French advances, made, it is true, against considerable opposition, but none the less made. The British are now actually in the suburbs of St. Quentin, which is supposed to be one of the strongholds of the Hindenburg line, and there could certainly have been no such advance as this if the line had been anything like so strong as it has been supposed to be. And while this success was being registered by the British the French were doing something similar to the northeast of Soissons, and were threatening Laon, which is another fortress on the Hindenburg line. Now it is quite likely that there is a fortified line running from Lille to Laon. Indeed there are certain to be fortifications of some kind. An army would not bivouac for the night without fortifications. It may be that the cities on that line are strongly garrisoned, but that there is any line that can be compared in strength with the Somme line that has been evacuated is highly improbable. The Somme lines were as strong as human skill could make them, as we were constantly assured from German sources until it became necessary to give them up. They were underground fortresses of concrete and steel that had been slowly perfected by years of labour. The Germans evacuated them, not because they preferred some other and mythical line known as the Hindenburg line, but because they had to evacuate them, because they could not hold them any longer against the British artillery. And they will presently evacuate the Hindenburg line for the same reason, and then they will tell us once more that they are "retreating to victory."

THAT the plans of the Allies were disconcerted by the movement of withdrawal goes without saying. Of course they were, since those plans were intended to accomplish this very aim, and therefore they now become obsolete. One may always disconcert an enemy's plans by changing resistance into flight, but this can hardly be described as a victory. Summing up all the evidence there is not the smallest reason to suppose that there is anything mysterious, anything that must be accounted for by subtle theories, in the German withdrawal, or that we may expect any kind of unforeseen coup, or any new stroke of strategy. The withdrawal became inevitable with the demonstration of the superiority of the British artillery, and for the same reason a further withdrawal is now inevitable as soon as the heavy guns can be brought up to the front. Neither the Hindenburg line nor any other line, present or prospective, can withstand the bombardment that the British artillery is now in a position to administer, a bombardment more intense and sustained than has been possible at any previous stage of the war.

Recent bulletins give us the first intimation that the heavy guns are now coming into action along the northern part of the new line, that is to say, upon that part of the line that is nearest to the old positions. The delay, if it can be called delay, is not surprising when we realize the enormous task of moving up the big guns.

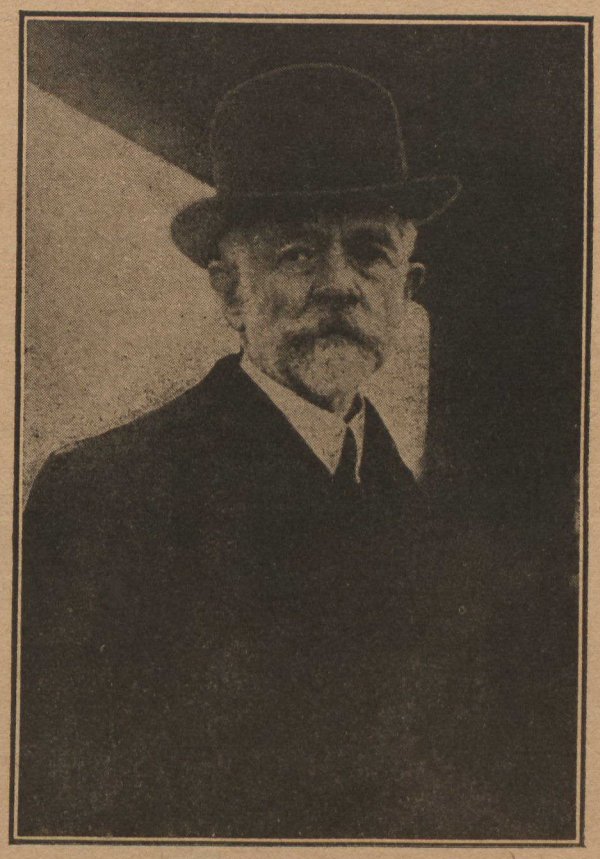
UNCLE SAM *in the* WORLD'S WORK

NEWTON D. BAKER, Secretary of War for the United States, was photographed at his desk on the eve of war with Germany. When he succeeded Lindley S. Garrison, who was in favour of preparedness, he was not expected to revolutionize the war department for the sake of any immediate war. He was regarded as a good running mate to Josephus Daniels, the pacifist Secretary of the Navy. From their offices in the great State, Army and Navy Building these three men, Baker, Daniels and Lansing, looked over at the White House across the street and expected President Wilson to continue keeping the United States out of war. They are now surprised out of their expectations by the power of public opinion behind the President. Ultimately Secretary Baker will have the biggest chore of the three, to organize the United States into a practical war state.

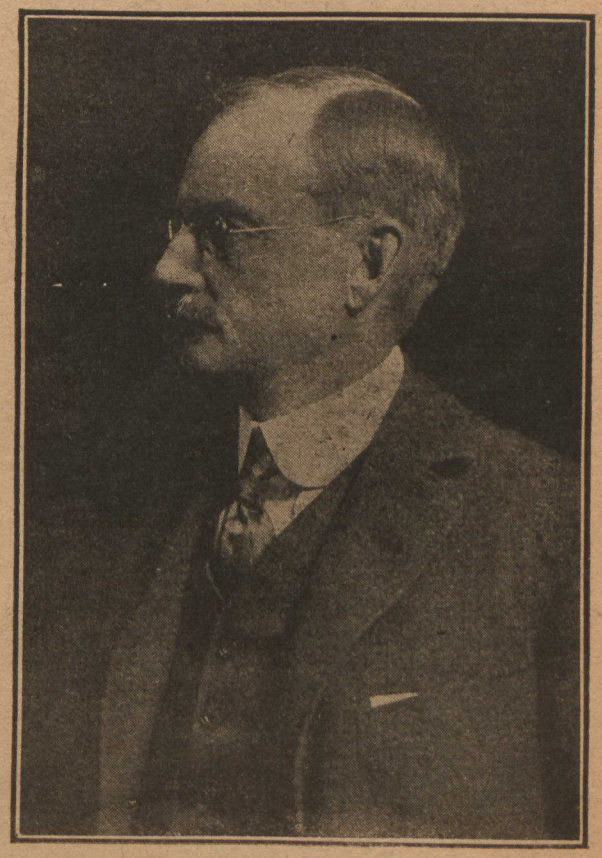
JOSEPHUS DANIELS has been satirized more unmercifully than any member of the Wilson Cabinet except William Jennings Bryan, late Secretary of State. He has been derided for trying to democratize the navy, to make it a floating university and a propagator of pacifist ideals. According to his critics, Daniels' great genial ambition was to Bryanize the navy. He is here seen engaged in studying the globe. He knows now that the prime business of the U. S. Navy is to be a fighting force, to establish the freedom of the seas and to let Uncle Sam's food-ships loose in order to relieve congestion at the terminals; after that—sink submarines and in league with the great British navy, F-l-g-h-t!

SECRETARY LANSING took over a discredited portfolio when he succeeded Bryan, who has since redeemed himself by offering his services as a private, if need be, to the President. Mr. Lansing has now discovered that the office of Secretary of State is to be a real war office. He has had a big experience in a short time trying to interpret President Wilson's notes to the world. During the incumbency of his predecessor those notes were all keep-out-of-war documents. When they become annoying to Germany, Mr. Bryan quit and Mr. Lansing took over the note-sending department. The most famous note sent by Lansing was the peace note to the belligerents, which public opinion has now changed to a war note to Germany. His most significant note was that which sent Ambassador Bernstorff home and recalled Ambassador Gerard. Mr. Lansing is expected to be a real War Secretary.

Originally a Montreal physician, athlete and medical director at McGill gymnasium, Dr. R. Tait Mackenzie became director-general of physical education in the University of Pennsylvania. For two years he has been director of recreation in the camps of the British Army. He has now offered his services to the army of the United States.



At the opening of the special session of Congress, a Boston pacifist named Bannwart tried to convince Senator Lodge, of Mass., that he was too much of a war horse to be popular with his constituents. He called the Senator a coward. The aged Senator (67) called Bannwart a pup. Bannwart struck the old man. Lodge countered with his right, then the police came and the camera man followed.



Sir Herbert Ames, M.P. for Montreal, has done a big share of war work as President of the Canadian Patriotic Fund, raising many millions of dollars for the families of Canadian soldiers. A few weeks ago he made two speeches, one in New York and one in Washington on this subject. This photograph of Sir Herbert was taken in New York.

BILLIKEN FOR A DAY

By Henry McHarg Davenport

Illustrations by F. J. Cassavant, Jr.

JONAH was one of those shabby individuals who furnish food for thought by parading the streets with sandwich boards on their backs. He was also the ex-living skeleton from Barnum and Bunnifum's freak show, the man who could drop jobs faster than red steel billets, the man was a living epic of hard luck.

It had been a far-seeing mother that had named him Jonah. Ever since he was a two-year-old, he had swallowed somebody's lead quarter, the name had fitted him like a new bathing suit. He was such a Jonah that he couldn't go to the aquarium without some of the whales recognizing him.

On this particular September morning Jonah shuffled through the Broadway crowds with a heart like the stuff they make bullets of. The depths of despair, in which he had struggled times without number, seemed at last to be going to engulf him. But far from dreading the thought, he rather welcomed it. And not without reason, for what was he to know of the jack-pot of life, when he had never even held the "openers."

Trolleys clanged; autos tooted, Gabrieled, honked, screeched and simply made noises; the sidewalks echoed to the clatter of a thousand heels, and like distant thunder came the rumble of the "L." Taken all in all, it was about as soothing as the crack of doom.

Jonah's eyes blinked. The last three nights standing in the bread line had left him famished for want of sleep. It mattered little that he stumbled into people, or that he was being edged off the sidewalk by the jostling passers-by.

"Hey there! Look out!"

Jonah roused himself just in time to be knocked down by a speeding taxicab. It was a hard fall, but there were no bones broken, and Jonah's first thought was of the heavy damages he would exact from the cab company. He looked for an officer to arrest the careless chauffeur, but there was not a bluecoat in sight the length or breadth of Broadway. On top of that he turned to find that all that remained of the offending taxi was a haze of blue vapour.

Jonah stumbled over to the curb and sat down gloomily. Bystanders, who had seen the accident with horror-stricken faces, when they saw that he was able to walk, went on their way laughing about "the luck of some people."

A LITTLE later an officer strolled by, and caught sight of Jonah sitting there with his head in his hands. He came over and tapped him on the back.

"Here, you," he growled, officiously, "you gotter move on. You can't stay there, you're blocking the traffic."

"I'm hurt," said Jonah, pointing to a large and rapidly-growing lump on his forehead. "A taxi hit me."

The bluecoat winked knowingly.

"Tell it to Casey," he suggested, "you've been fighting, that's what. Now beat it before I get mad with you."

Jonah knew that he might as well try to reason with a sphinx, so he got to his feet as best he could, and stumbled towards Sixth Avenue. In one hand he carried the remains of a once gorgeous sandwich-board, now a cataclysmic canvas wreck.

Arriving in front of Smith's Quick Lunch Room, he stopped abruptly and waited until he saw a customer get a smile from the fat man at the cashier's desk. This made a propitious opening and Jonah went inside.

"I can't work any more to-day," he told the fat man, weakly, "and I wish you'd give me what you owe me."

"The deuce you say. You fellows don't know when you've got a soft thing. But I'll square up, I'll—Holy mackerel! What have you been doing to that sign?"

Jonah stood holding the torn canvas timorously in front of him.

"It wasn't my fault," he said, dully, "I got pushed into the street and a taxi hit me. I think it can be fixed."

The fat man showed signs of approaching apoplexy. His face turned a reddish blue, like a raspberry sherbet. His body shook with rage, and the words that rushed from his lips popped like champagne corks.

"Get out of here, you slab-sided son of a gun! Expect to get anything from me, after ruining that brand new sign? Well, I guess not! Beat it, before I charge you for damages."

"But you owe me for a whole week." Jonah was desperate now.

The fat man stepped out from behind his desk, and advanced threateningly.

"Are you going to leave, or shall I have to put you out?" he demanded.

It did not take Jonah long to make up his mind. Click! went the door, and the fat man was again at his desk punching meal checks with a satisfied grin on his ruddy cheeks.

Once outside, the ex-sandwichman flung the tattered banner of his calling into the gutter. Having shaken off the shackles of his thralldom, he started resolutely for the Bowery lodging house, which held his few personal belongings. His mind was made up. One last sleep, and then the river.

NOW, if Jonah did not believe in a lot of things he should have, he at least believed in dreams. Dreams were his only luxury, and to hear him doping out the future from the little dream book he had under his pillow would surely have made you laugh.

But with him it was every night the same dream. Three blind men, leading a black horse to water, and anyone who is at all up on Dreamology will tell you that that is a sure sign of trouble.

After tying his household furniture into a small bundle, Jonah pulled off his clothes and crawled into bed. Now that his mind was made up to end everything, he knew that it would be only a few moments before he would be in Dreamland, with the three blind men and their horse trailing by. Surely death was some trouble, and he was headed straight that way. Perhaps there would be six blind men this time.

Jonah slept the sleep of the just, and when he woke up at nine the next morning, he was all in a cold perspiration. He had dreamed all right, but it was such a one as he had never had before.

Instead of the blind men with the black horse, he had seen a black cat, chasing a white rat, through a field of clover! Without looking in the dream book, Jonah felt instinctively that something even worse than death must be in store for him. His fingers trembled as he turned the leaves to see.

"Black rat, black bat, black cat," he read off excitedly, and then, with a long drawn out "A-ah!" Jonah stopped fearfully with his finger on a line printed in red ink. There it was. His identical dream, true to the letter.

"Black cat, chasing a white rat through a field of clover," he read apprehensively, "is an almost certain indication of approaching good fortune. If the right opportunities are seized during the twenty-four hours following the dream, success is sure to follow."

Jonah turned white as a sheet. In all his imaginings nothing so astonishing had entered his head. He, Jonah the human hoodoo, who had faced death unafraid, stood trembling from head to foot at the prospect of good luck.

"I was watching you play to-night," said Jimmy, over a seidel of Munchener.

BANISHED all thoughts of the river now, banished all thoughts of everything save the dream book's marvelous message. For one day at least he would be free from the Nemesis of hard luck, free to follow up the dictates of chance, without the cards being stacked against him.

While he was getting dressed, Jonah astonished his fellow lodgers by whistling, in an insultingly cheerful fashion. Twice "Mucker" Burns told him to shut up, that he wanted to sleep, but Jonah paid no heed.

Then Burns reached out of his cot, picked up a hob-nailed boot, and hurled it delicately at Jonah's head.

It missed him by a foot, and Jonah laughed tantalizingly.

"Sure and don't be mad, Burns," he said, "Matty himself couldn't hit me this morning. It's not a Jonah, but a lucky Billiken you're throwing at now."

And with these words he left his astonished roommates, to guess as best they could what strange change had come over him. But had their eyes followed him around the corner, their consternation would have been great indeed. For at Pietro's, the boot black, Jonah stopped and had his shoes shined, his clothes brushed, and sent the poor Italian into the seventh heaven of delight by the bestowal of a five-cent tip—his last nickel.

"It's a needless extravagance," thought Jonah, "but to-day I can't lose, so what's the difference. Now that I'm absolutely broke, Fortune need waste no time about filling up my pockets. Here goes for a clue to follow."

It was Saturday and one of those warm Indian summer days which make people wish they had not come back to town so soon, and long for the hay at the expense of hay fever.

BUT as one by one the bright young hours of the morning flitted by, without in any way enriching Jonah's pocket, he began to get uneasy. If he was to reap any benefits from his allotted twenty-four hours of luck, it was high time something happened.

One o'clock found Jonah pacing the asphalt walks of Battery Park. It was not just the place one would select to look for a fortune in, but for blind luck there was as much chance there as anywhere else, and the breeze was cooler.

Suddenly his attention was attracted by a slip of yellow pasteboard lying half-hidden in the grass. Having bound himself to follow up the slightest clue, he lost no time in investigating this one. It was a square card with a black inscription,

Good for one passage to Coney Island
Via Steel Steamboat Line,

printed across its face.

"Wow," exclaimed Jonah, delightedly. "A clue at last. Since the ticket's undated it's as good one day as another. If this isn't an opportunity I don't know what is. Here's where I seize it good and strong."

In spite of the lateness of the season, there was a good crowd on the Coney boat as, at four, she swung into the river for the Island trip. Far forward on the saloon deck sat Jonah in solitary grandeur. He had a feeling that such a bashful creature as Fortune would prefer to work her wonders outside the eyesight of the mob.

After some moments a man dressed to the very topmost pinnacle of fashion appeared beside him. At almost the same instant a sudden puff of wind whirled off Jonah's hat, and deposited it right side upwards in the dancing water below.

Scarcely had it landed when a nervous woman, seeing the hat float by and thinking that a man's head was under it, screamed, "Man overboard!"

In a twinkling a hundred voices echoed her cry.

The well-dressed young man took in the situation at a glance. Out came his watch, his scarfpin and a bulky roll of bills.

"Quick, take these. I'm going over!" he cried, forcing the money and jewelry into Jonah's astonished fingers.

THERE was a splash, and Jonah stood alone, holding in his two hands wealth beyond his wildest dreams.

Five minutes later the would-be rescuer had been picked up by a passing rowboat and was being carried ashore, but not before ten thousand persons had seen and applauded his gallant though futile act, and at least three reporters were telephoning the story in to their papers.

In the meantime Jonah had slipped the watch into his pocket, pinioned his cravat with the scarfpin, and counted the roll of bills. There were two fifties, ten fives and five tens—an even two hundred. The thought that the police would probably be waiting for him when the boat docked did not worry him in the least. At last the luck was coming his way.

When the vessel reached the Island, the detective whom the New Yorker had telephoned to be on hand was waiting by the gang plank. He was looking for a seedy person with a furtive eye, and Jonah, with his narrow chest crossed by a gilt watch-chain, and an imitation diamond blazing in his cravat, did not interest him. He knew that type of country sport, and only felt sorry for what the sharpers would do to him.

Once safely on land, Jonah found himself for the first time in his life with more money than he knew how to spend. Surf Avenue, a very paradise of possibilities, stunned him with its gala glitter. Shoot-the-chutes, mill races, shooting galleries, roller coasters, merry-go-rounds, beer gardens, and a host of other havens of interest here at hand, and admission his for the asking. It was almost too much!

Jonah's chest swelled, his head went back, and there was almost a strut to his walk now, as he realized quite suddenly the dignity of dollars. One glimpse at the wad of bills his pocket held and sullen waiters would run to bring him foaming steins, insolent cabbies would hang upon his orders—for a less amount he had seen men bought body and soul.

For a long time Jonah was content to walk through the streets, happy in the knowledge that the money was there, his to spend if he wanted to. Then the red lights of Steeple Park, the famous "fun factory," caught his eye, and he followed the crowd inside.

"Shall I have to put you out?"

The big feature at Steeple Park is an ingenious device called the "Racers." Eight great wooden horses, capable of holding two persons apiece, race down steel slides for a circuit of the grounds. As a rule, the inside horse wins, having the shortest distance to travel, but Jonah climbed with the sublimest confidence upon the steed farthest from the rail.

As he did so he could not help overhearing the conversation of two sporty-looking men near by. The stoutest, having appropriated the rail horse, offered to bet his friend fifty dollars that he would beat him to the finish. But the friend said that he had come out badly at the track and that if he lost it would take every cent he had with him.

Jonah pricked up his ears. Here was an opportunity waiting.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, breaking in, "but if you get on this horse with me it's a cinch you'll win. Give it a try-out."

"What do you know about it? Is the thing fixed?" asked the man who had been a loser at the track, suspiciously.

"Oh, no," smiled Jonah, "I just have a hunch that I'll win, that's all."

"By Jimminy, I think I'll risk it."

"On that horse?" sneered his friend. "Why, I'll give you two to one you don't."

"Then you're on."

"If you don't mind, I'd like to take up fifty at the same rate," called Jonah.

The fat man scowled. "I don't like the looks of your butting in," he said, "but I'll go you for the fifty. Now beat me to it."

THE starter will tell you that it was the added weight of the two men that did it, and Jonah will swear that it was his luck god, but attribute it to what you will, they won the race by half a length.

"Gee," exclaimed the man behind Jonah, as they got off and cashed in their bets. "Who are you, anyway?"

"Billiken," joked Jonah. "Billiken for to-day."

"Well, I should say you were. Can you dope out other things the way you did this one?"

Jonah glanced at the clock. "Sure I can, until twelve to-night."

"Bughouse," thought the stranger, "bughouse or drunk. But I'd like to see him go up against the Wheel of Fortune." And turning to Jonah he asked, indifferently, "Why don't you try your luck on some of the games of chance? The place is full of them here. Are you game?"

"Sure," agreed Jonah, eagerly, "just lead me to them."

Ten minutes later Jonah was the centre of a cheering, jostling crowd. He was winning with marvelous regularity, and as he took prize after prize the play on the wheel doubled and even trebled. Seeing him pick his numbers so wildly and win so heavily, filled the crowd with a spirit of imitative recklessness. Quarters poured across the green baize table in a silver stream, until the operator was almost overwhelmed. In dismay he sent a boy running to fetch the manager.

When Jimmy Dalton, the park's mainspring and publicity agent, arrived on the scene, Jonah had cleaned out two wheels of fortune and, with a howling and delighted following at his back, was tackling a third.

"That chap's a wonder," he muttered under his breath, "and he's just the man I need."

Midnight was not far off when Jonah found himself seated at a table in the summer garden, with Jimmy Dalton on his left.

"I was watching you play to-night," said Jimmy, over a seidel of Munchener. "Do you always have luck like that?"

"No," answered Jonah, "because I never dreamed of a black cat chasing a white rat through a field of clover before."

"You never did what?"

Then Jonah explained about what the dream book had said, while Jimmy looked on with dubious acceptance of the idea.

"Well," he exclaimed, as Jonah finished, "dreams or no dreams, you're going to win from now on. I want you for my 'capper'—at twenty per."

"No," said Jonah, "I'll be damned if I am. It isn't often that I win, but when I do I'm square!"

Jimmy knew when to hold himself in hand.

"Ain't your luck kind of failing you?"

Jonah pulled out his watch. "You bet it isn't."

Hardly were the words out of Jonah's mouth when a fellow with a prize-fighter's jaw sprang up.

"You're wanted in New York," he growled, and his hand settled roughly on Jonah's shoulder. "You and that watch with the 'B. V.' monogram on it."

Jimmy laughed uproariously.

Jonah did not reply. "Well, what are you going to do about it?" he asked the detective.

"That's for Vardon to say."

"Then call him up at once."

The detective stepped into the booth. Three minutes passed. Open flew the door.

"Say," the detective growled, "I'll be hanged if you weren't right. That Vardon guy is the star in 'The Skipper,' which opens in the city to-night. He says his swim was played up big in the evening papers, and the publicity was worth thousands to the show. Now all he wants back from you is the watch and scarfpin, the two hundred's yours!"

WHEAT-GROWERS *and* $1.70 WHEAT

President of the Canadian Council of Agriculture Informs the Consumer why the British Government should Pay this Flat Rate for Wheat in 1917

By CHARLES STOKES

THERE is something singularly radical in the mere idea of a farmer—the most conservative man in the world—organizing and combining with other farmers. It needs a new country like our West to develop it. But to see the Western farmer put his back up and tell Sir George Foster to take his offer of $1.30 per bushel for wheat, figuratively speaking, to Gehenna, and calmly ask forty cents more, is superlatively shocking. Yet that is the case. Sir George, negotiating on behalf of the British Government, says: "$1.30 for your wheat." Mr. Westerner, looking at the price paid British and Australian farmers, says: "Nothing doing! $1.70—or we'll keep our wheat!"

In a recent article in the Courier I took the liberty of pointing out that this injunction to the Western farmer to grow more wheat was not only economically unjust, because it menaced the future of sane agriculture, but also obscure, because it included no guarantee of prices. I said that among all prime producers, the farmer alone is unable to base his selling price on what it costs him to produce. He must accept the fluctuating prices dictated from Liverpool or Chicago. Since that article was written, the details of the controversy between Sir George Foster and the Canadian Council of Agriculture (representing the farmer) have been made public, but not made clear. The farmers have been misunderstood and misrepresented.

Here is the farmers' case. I took it down from H. W. Wood, a great big Westerner who is President of the Council of Agriculture. Wood is of American origin. Attempts have been made in some quarters to impugn his loyalty, but not—I think—with any degree of success. Wood is backed by the opinion of the West. Western farmers are hard-headed business men as well as good Canadians.

The Canadian Council of Agriculture is an affiliation of the three farmers' associations of the West: the United Farmers of Alberta, the Saskatchewan Grain Growers Association, and the Manitoba Grain Growers Association, with a representation of the newly organized United Farmers of Ontario, the Grain Growers Grain Company of Winnipeg, and the Alberta and Saskatchewan Co-operative Elevator Companies. The six Western organizations have a total membership, without duplication, of about 75,000. The three co-operative elevator companies in 1915 handled about 24 per cent. of the total amount of grain moved from Western Canada. Mr. Wood is President of the United Farmers of Alberta—a big bluff, four-square farmer with a 1,600-acre farm at Carstairs, a slow but weighty speaker, a very clear thinker, and a specialist upon the subject of co-operation. When he says "co-operation," he does not mean the co-operation of farmers, or of train-men, or of any class to secure class ends; he calls this intensive competition. He means universal co-operation.

ACTING, as is well known, as an intermediary for the British Government, Sir George Foster approached the Council of Agriculture to ask what they considered a reasonable price for their entire 1917 wheat surplus. Lloyd George had not only guaranteed the British farmer a 1917 price of 60 shillings a quarter, which means about $1.82 per bushel, but had also purchased the whole available surplus crop of Australia at $1.12 at port of export, and taken measures to control the surplus crops of India and Egypt. Sir George suggested a price of $1.30 for No. 1 Northern wheat at Fort William. The Council, after due deliberation, replied that the lowest possible price acceptable to them would be a flat rate of $1.70 per bushel, or preferably a guarantee of prices from a minimum of $1.60 to a maximum of $1.90. Now hear Mr. Wood.

A big, bluff, four-square farmer with a 1,600-acre farm at Carstairs, Alberta.

"Look here," he said, "take the price paid to Australia. Take that first. To begin with, in Australia they have a very much lower internal freight rate than we have. The price, $1.12, is for fair, average quality, which would probably net the Australian farmer more for his wheat, on his farm, than the price which Sir George would pay to the Canadian farmer for the same quality wheat on his farm. I'm not sure about this, but I think that's how it would work out.

"Now take the price guaranteed to the British wheat raiser—about $1.82 a bushel. I have seen recent quotations from the Liverpool market, in which No. 1 Northern was quoted at 32 cents a bushel higher than the British wheat. Add this to the 12 cents difference between $1.70 and $1.82, and it will be seen that the British farmer is getting 44 cents a bushel more than the Canadian Council of Agriculture asks for our wheat."

He paused and thought deeply for a moment or two.

"Sir George suggests that we may, unless we make this contract, have our wheat left on our hands, to dispose of as best we are able on an open market. Well—that seems scarcely pertinent. The Canadian farmers didn't ask the British government to guarantee any price. The proposal comes from the British government!"

Again a pause.

"I am reliably informed," he continued, presently, "that the British Grain Commission last fall expressed a willingness to put a minimum of $1.50 and a maximum of $2.00 on No. 1 Northern, Fort William, for the 1916 crop. Sir George has not yet definitely told us that they are not still willing to take our suggestion of $1.50 and $1.90—minimum and maximum—on this year's crop.

"The price that Sir George suggests—if present conditions continue—would fix the average price of the different grades of Canadian wheat at a figure NO BETTER THAN THE PRICE OF FEED! Think of that—FEED!

"How does Sir George Foster expect to encourage the production of wheat by putting a feed price on the product? Can you explain that? We farmers have NOT been shown why the price we fixed is not a reasonable price under present conditions of high prices and high wages. WE have NOT been shown that this price is above the price to be paid for the Australian crop. WE have not been SHOWN that it is above the price agreed upon with the British producer. We have not been SHOWN that the Canadian farmer is under any moral obligation to produce wheat for the Empire at a cheaper price than the British farmer or the farmers of any other part of the Empire."

The big man drew a deep breath.

"I still believe that the action of the Canadian Council of Agriculture was just and fair and reasonable. Until I have some good reason for changing my mind, I will continue to hold the same opinion."

SIR GEORGE, to let him interpolate a word, denies that the British government ever made the 1916 $1.50 offer, and defends the Australian purchase by claiming that the $1.12 purchase price was for delivery to port of export at the sea-coast, and not to a terminal elevator a thousand miles from the nearest port. He finally draws back the velvet glove sufficiently to reveal the mailed fist beneath, in the shape of uncertain transportation and the probably entire loss of the Allied Market.

The Western farmer, however, shows no signs of receding from his position. In the days of his sudden power, he remembers his "grouches" of bygone days, and one of them is Protection. Your westerner is nothing if not a Free-Trader; when he finds himself a political factor, as he now does, he remembers Protection first of all and all the time. It is a notorious fact by now that the Council of Agriculture were willing to accept the $1.30 price provided—provided—the Canadian government fixed the price of a few other things besides wheat. Farm machinery, for instance.

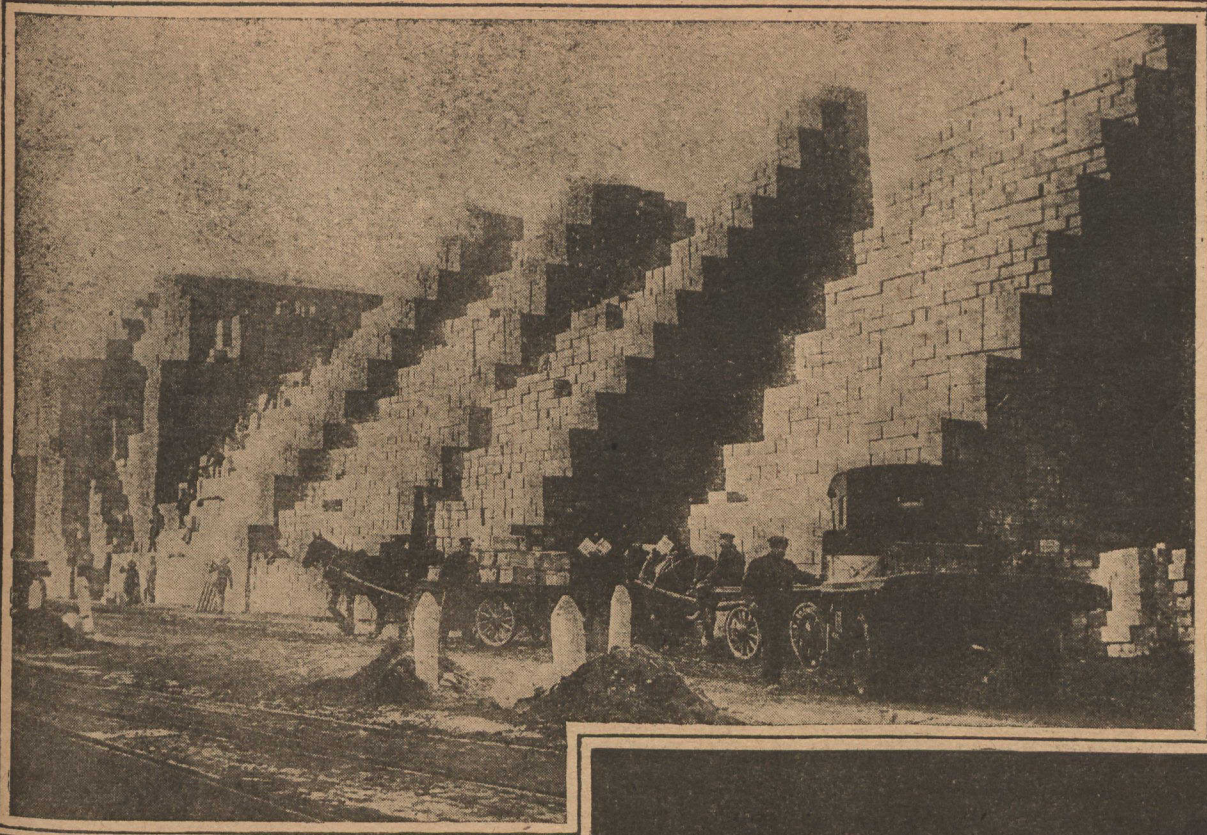
Incidentally, it may be added, that out of 27 members of the Council of Agriculture, 13 are Canadians, 11 British, and 3 Americans. The attempt to reinvoke the unfortunate dispute that has recently divided west against east by hurling suggestions of disloyalty at the council's head finds him in surprising company.

Editor's Note: The opinions of Mr. Wood, as quoted by our contributor at first hand, are given as the western wheat grower's side of the argument. The opinions of the average consumer might not tally with his estimate. But the average consumer nowadays is confronted by decidedly unaverage conditions. The western wheat grower is making himself the beneficiary of these unaverage conditions by trying to average up now for the years when poor crops conspired with low prices and the high cost of production to reduce the profit on an acre of wheat to somewhere near the vanishing point. And the consumer may still fall back on the philosophy that high prices to the farmer means more power to buy what the rest of the country produces.

More Food

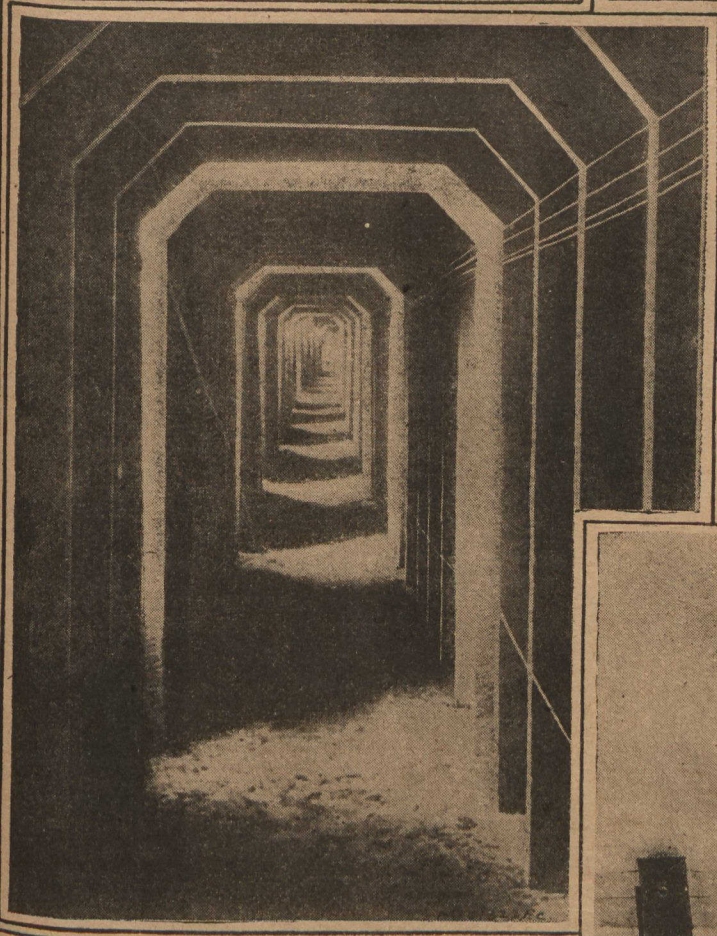
War's Weekly on the Situation

ACCORDING to reliable figures a million tons of food have been sunk by German submarines since Jan. 1, 1917. A large percentage of this was food intended for Great Britain. Hindenburg plans to starve England. Can he? John Bull says not. Uncle Sam proposes to send more foodstuffs to England by the aid of his navy. He can do it. Canada proposes to sell England en bloc her total surplus of 1917 wheat. But with submarines sinking 300,000 tons a month some of this New World food will never get to British ports. So the British farmer gets busy day and night. The photograph below is of a motor tractor with acetylene gas generator running night shift on a large farm near Wendover. England is ripping up her ancestral acres for crop. No historic estate is too sacred to grow food for the English people.

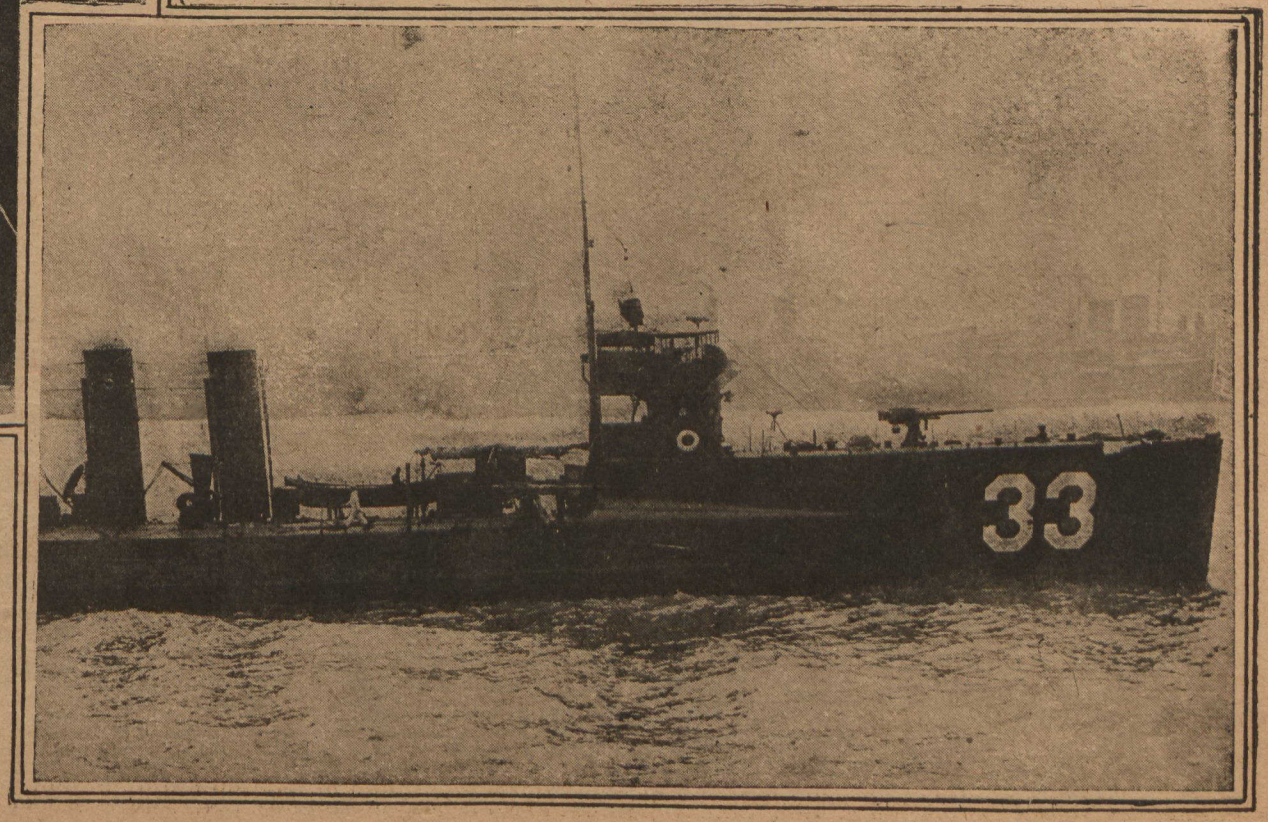


HERE is a huge rampart of food behind the lines of the Allied armies in France. How so much manufactured food ever gets into one spot for a single picture is one of the marvels of British and French transport systems. Much of this food comes over lines of communication reaching as far back as England across the Channel and a good deal of it along lines thousands of miles long back into Canada, the United States, Australia—anywhere.

THE background of the picture below shows the big German liners which for two years and eight months have been idle at Hoboken on the North River, N.Y. These liners carry no food to anybody. From now on some of them may be useful carrying food to the Allies under Uncle Sam's naval escort.



IN order to revictual the Belgian firing lines in front of Nieuport without exposing the fatigue parties, miles of tunnels have been built under Nieuport. Hundreds and even thousands of soldiers owe their lives to these underground "Boyaux." The Hun is an expert at stopping food in transit intended for his enemies. But while he sends millions of tons of food to the bottom of the sea the tunnels of Belgium take it under his feet to the soldiers of Belgium. His power wanes. His fate approaches.



EDITORIAL

Political Equals in War

PROFOUNDLY we in Canada are waking up to the peculiar character of our national life. A 35 per cent. tariff and American factories in Canada have for a long while balanced the British Preference in this hybrid nationalism of ours. Sentiment drew us one way; business another. Canada has been largely the meeting ground of other national forces. This way we were English; that way American. We were Canadian—whenever we had time to think about it. The entrance of the United States into the war makes us more clearly a national fact. We are fighting—is it for England, or as an ally of France, of Russia, of Italy, of Australia? Or do we fight for Canada! By going voluntarily to war we declared war as effectively as though we had been a sovereign State. By sending enlisted armies to France we went to war of our own free will quite as practically as the United States, who declared that a state of war exists which they did nothing to provoke but of which they can no more avoid being participants than night can refuse to follow day. On a basis of war as the world's work, Canada is as much an independent nation as the thirteen-times-bigger-population republic who is our next-door neighbour. Politically, as the world stands to-day, we are the equal of the United States.

⁂

Character and Efficiency

PRESIDENT HADLEY, of Princeton, enunciates character and efficiency as the two great ingredients in an ideal university culture. The former, he admits, is British; the latter, German; the combination—what should be Americans. But why is a man of character less efficient than he should be? If character means what it should, it means the ability of any and every educated man to do the work which he finds to do with all his might, to be honest with himself, honourable with his neighbours, and a good, clean member of society, who knows how to adapt himself to the needs of other people. It requires no chemical experiment to unite these qualities in an individual or a nation. In Canada we have both elements. Character, heaven knows, is always in danger of being elbowed to the background, not by efficiency so much as by selfishness and greed. We have never been in danger here from our men of efficiency any more than from our men of character. We shall never have more efficient men than the pioneers who made this country possible to live in generations ago. And so far as memory or observation goes, the best of our practical pioneers were also perfect gentlemen.

⁂

Town and Country

LET us be honest about this production business. Every large town and city in Canada contains a large percentage of men and women who are living at low pressure. The big town is a hiding place. The crowd makes it possible for many a shirker to get by. The iron hand of necessity has not yet grabbed every man to make him produce as he should. Walls and people and traffic hide these. When the town gets itself into line with the needs of the country we shall have no real fear of being unable to make the country produce as it should.

⁂

England, India and Cotton

A SERIOUS obstacle to the project of Imperial centralization was removed when India was given, the other day, a free hand to develop her cotton manufacturing industry according to her own interests. Hitherto the potential cotton-manufacturing industry of India has been kept from developing lest it should ruin the cotton interests in Great Britain. To offset the advantage of India in the matter of cheap labour and raw material an excise duty (10 per cent.) on Indian manufactured cotton was imposed. Thus the Indian manufacturer was kept from competing with the English manufacturer. Thus, too, we colonials were confused by the inconsistency of those Imperialists who asked Canada to help to govern India as a philanthropic work, all the while England's interest in India could not be considered wholly disinterested. By removing the disabilities under which India's cotton industry has long laboured, England has no doubt injured her home interests. On the other hand—whatever we may think about Imperial centralization—England has set herself right on a serious point. People can no longer point to the throttling of the Indian cotton industry as an example of England's "disinterestedness."

⁂

Happiness and Disease

HAPPINESS is a first condition of health. This may once have seemed the exclusive doctrine of Christian Scientists, but it is being recognized even in the world of medicine. Professor Crile, of Cleveland, in a recent book, "Man, An Adaptive Mechanism" (MacMillans), has proven the inverse of our initial statement at all events. By many years of patient and scrupulously scientific experiment and research he seems to have proved that unhappiness or emotional strain—sustained over long periods of time—cause definite pathological changes in the cell organization of vital organs. Worry, apprehension, fear; disgrace and shame; shock; anger; hate—all have definite effects upon the structure of the liver, the brain and the adrenals, effects which in post-mortem studies can be seen by the use of the microscope. Inversely, therefore, this unusual and most valuable book intimates that happiness is indeed a first condition of wealth. But let us add: be sure you know the true meaning of happiness. It does not consist in continual excitement of pleasurable sensations. Its chief foundation is a consciousness of right conduct toward one's self and one's fellows.

VIMY!

MUNICIPAL ART GALLERIES

By ESTELLE M. KERR

AN Exhibition of Enemy Goods was held some time ago in Canada with a view of showing manufacturers how to capture German and Austrian trade. There were gaudy scarves made to appeal to the tastes of peasants, still cruder things designed to please the eyes of savages. There were stamped knives and razors that would not cut, hosiery that would not wear, machine embroidery, imitation lace, highly varnished prints of hideous pictures. There were souvenirs manufactured for gullible tourists who, spending a day in Gibraltar, wish to buy some of the native industries, and instead of a shawl of Spanish lace, they are furnished with one of wood fibre, machine-made in Germany. That is one way for a nation to grow rich, but not the only one, and while we want our commerce to spread throughout the world, we would prefer to have our products recognized in the more highly civilized parts, but this can never be the case unless art is allowed to play a more important part in our daily life. Art is by no means confined to paintings and sculpture, but should enter into every manufactured article, and while a museum containing furniture, textiles, lace, pottery and other kinds of handicrafts, may have a more direct effect upon our manufacturers, the value of a museum of fine arts should not be under-rated. The acquisition of a collection of fine paintings by a nation, a province or a city, should directly or indirectly benefit each citizen.

CANADA is gradually acquiring in the National Gallery at Ottawa a collection of the fine arts of all countries of which future generations may be proud, but the great size of Canada, of which we are apt to boast, is most detrimental to the cause of Art, for comparatively few Canadians ever go to Ottawa, and consequently it is of the utmost importance that provincial and municipal art galleries should be established throughout Canada, where permanent collections may be kept, transient exhibitions may be viewed, and to which loan exhibitions from the National Gallery may be sent.

The difficult task of establishing a municipal art gallery in Canada is usually accomplished by a few public-spirited citizens who possess a great deal of patience as well as considerable wealth. Civic councils are notably uninterested in Art. In one western town a deputation of prominent citizens waited on the civic officials to ask for a municipal art gallery, but the mayor replied that he didn't care a d—— about art and suggested that the Ladies' Home Protection Society be asked to undertake the matter. Later he wanted to know "if this here committee was going to come begging every year." So the project was abandoned. There is no municipal or provincial art gallery west of Winnipeg, and the only others worthy of the name are Montreal, Sherbrooke, Toronto, Hamilton and Halifax.

Entrance to "The Grange," the Art Museum of Toronto.

The Art Museum of Montreal, exterior and view of the grand staircase showing electric light standards.

MONTREAL.

MONTREAL is justly proud of its Art Gallery, which was completed over four years ago, and is the handsomest building of its kind in Canada. The exterior walls are of marble and the entrance hall is panelled in the same material. Four electric light standards of delicately sculptured marble stand on the grand stair-case which leads to the galleries above. The permanent collection includes fine examples of some of the most celebrated foreign artists, the gifts of wealthy citizens. A large number of these canvases belong to the Tempest and the Gibb bequests. Mr. R. B. Angus has donated a great many, and the William John and Agnes Learmont collection has a high artistic standard. Besides paintings, the Art Association possesses a large number of etchings, bronzes, statuary, china, pottery, and a few other objects of art.

This collection has been removed to give place to the 34th Spring Exhibition of the Art Association of Montreal, in connection with which there is a special exhibit of war posters and objects of art made by wounded French soldiers, to be sold for Red Cross purposes. The Jessie Dow prizes for the best oil and water colour paintings have been awarded to Clarence Gagnon, of Montreal, and F. M. Bell-Smith, of Toronto. The general standard of the paintings shown is unusually high.

SHERBROOKE.

(Contributed by S. F. Morey.)

THE honour of first possessing in the Dominion a distinctive Art Gallery, erected for that purpose, and containing a permanent collection of paintings, belong to the city of Montreal, but this honour is somewhat limited by the fact that the Gallery and its contents (located on Philip's Square in that city some forty years ago) was the gift of a private citizen. The next gallery in point of time, and still in existence, is that in the city of Sherbrooke, in the same Province, established some 25 years ago, and further notable in that it represents no single act of beneficence, but is the outgrowth of voluntary efforts on the part of the citizens and at the present time (supplemented by a small grant from the city) is thus maintained, together with a public free loan library, a fine reading room, and a small, varied museum collection in natural history, ethnology, antiquities and mineralogy. The lesson for other towns and cities afforded by this successful effort is of such importance as to justify this account of the methods adopted, and some detailed notice of the gallery and its contents.

It was initiated by the rental of a large room in the city in the most central location opening from the street (a prime requisite for success), maintained by private subscriptions, as a free reading room, and well supplied with the daily papers, attractive periodicals, etc. A small circulating library was soon added, and its large show windows, of what was originally a store, were kept filled by a constantly changing loan collection of pictures from private homes. The success and public appreciation of the venture was immediate and permanent, and within two years a group of citizens organized a company and erected in the centre of the city a fine building 60 feet frontage by 100 feet deep, 4 stories high, and set apart about one-third of it, which was specially planned to afford good sized library and reading rooms each 25 x 40, a curator's room and an art gallery 60 x 40 and some 30 feet high to the outer skylight. The rental of the remainder of the building paying a moderate return on the capital under favourable conditions.

The picture-wall of the Art Gallery is finished in grey-green, and the arch above, which carries the skylights, in a subdued cream colour, in panels, all harmonious and well lighted. One wall is at present occupied by a loan collection from the National Gallery at Ottawa, of 25 paintings of fine quality. There is also a smaller collection from the Montreal Art Association, but the larger proportion of the exhibits are permanent, belonging to the Gallery. They represent quite largely the benefactions and interest of individuals, some of whom are artists. Space will admit of referring to only a few. There are two landscapes, presented respectively by the eminent American artists, Dwight W. Tryon and the late Henry W. Ranger. The will of the latter recently probated devised his entire estate, estimated at some $250,000, to Trustees, for the promotion of American Art, the annual income to be expended in the purchase of pictures by American artists over 40 years of age, and given to art institutions. A large, attractive painting by Wm. Brymner, C.M.G., President Royal Canadian Academy, is of a typical village lane in Ireland. An equally important picture, by T. M. Bell-Smith, R.A., shows Crawford Notch, New Hampshire, on a summer afternoon, under a cloudy sky of fine atmospheric quality. John Hammond is represented by one of his finest works, "Fishing Port at Low Tide," with a line of quaint old houses by a wharf, stranded shipping and a fine sunset. A subtly painted stretch of grey-green landscape with trees and an old rail fence represents Percy Woodcock in his latest and finest period. "The Convalescent," a large interior, was a Paris Salon picture by Miss Bell, of London, formerly of Montreal, and a smaller one, "Sunset on the Beach," both represent the work of a fine artist.

"Twilight" is by the noted artist, J. W. Morrice, and was presented by his father, the late David Morrice. Other attractive works of Canadian artists are by Mr. and Mrs. George A. Reid, T. C. V. Ede, F. S. Coburn, R. N. Hudspeth, the late Henry Sandham, George Chavignaud, etc. A charming picture by Claude Hayes, A.R.A., of England, is entitled "A Frosty Morning," a flock of sheep getting their early morning meal. The marine, "Isles of Shoals, Summer Afternoon," is by the well-known American artist, A. T. Bricker. A picture much admired is a faithful copy, full size, of Troyon's famous painting in the Louvre, "Early Morning, Oxen Going to Work." The late James Ross, of Montreal, presented another large painting, "The Holy Family," a copy, very beautiful in colour, of an Italian Old Master. In the other rooms are reproductions of statuary and bas reliefs of notable pictures in black and white in

various processes. The foregoing will give some idea of the work the Library and Art Union of Sherbrooke are doing, and suggest possibilities for other communities.

HALIFAX.

LAST month the Nova Scotia Museum of Fine Arts commenced a new career with a Gallery and a permanent collection as its ultimate aim. A collection of Canadian pictures has been loaned to them for one year by the National Gallery in Ottawa, and these, supplemented with a few other loaned pictures and also the pictures in the permanent collection of the museum, were formally opened by the Lieut.-Governor of the province on the afternoon of Monday, Feb. 26th, while the Premier, Hon. Mr. Murray, was present in the evening.

Mr. Arthur Lismer, who has recently taken charge of the Art School, is responsible for this revival of interest, and Halifax people have been quick to respond. All interested people have been invited to become members on payment of an annual fee of $2, with which they hope to meet the running expenses and help to purchase at least one fair-priced picture per annum. Nova Scotia spends little on Art, its interest being expressed in about $800 annually to the Art School, a grant that has to be fought for actively every year. The N. S. Museum of Fine Arts was incorporated in 1908 by Act of Parliament and since then has led a precarious life. Somebody started it and gathered a few moth-eaten studio leavings and called it the nucleus of a permanent collection, but the promotors had not the sustained interest to even gather in a few promised subscriptions. The gallery was closed and dust settled on the once-admired works of art. The school was in the same state when Arthur Lismer came to take charge of it, and for two weeks after the opening day there were but three pupils, now there are over seventy. He has succeeded in making Halifax people realize that art is not only for those who engage in its practice—and the school is a going concern now—a live public institution which will affect trade, manufacture and social life—not an academy to give the "finishing touch" to the education of youth. The Victoria School of Art and Design, is situated in the same building as the new gallery, and is the centre of art education of the province, providing thorough, practical instruction in drawing, painting and design.

There was once an art gallery in St. John, N.B. Some wealthy soul bequeathed a large sum of money for the purchase of pictures for a St. John Art Gallery. The town furnished the necessary quarters and John Hammond, R.A., was appointed to go abroad and spend $100,000 in the purchase of old masters. But after some years St. John grew weary of the honour of having an art gallery and the entire collection migrated to Sackville, N.B., where it is housed by the Mt. Allison Ladies' College.

OTHER GALLERIES.

The first wing of the new Art Gallery now being erected behind the present quarters of the Art Museum of Toronto will be completed in November. Meanwhile the municipal collection of pictures is in storage, for the present quarters at The Grange are suitable only for small collections, such as the exhibition of Canadian etchings now on view. An account of the excellent municipal Art Gallery in Hamilton has already appeared in these pages, and a few notes about the Winnipeg gallery will be published. This will complete the list of municipal art galleries in Canada.

HODGE STARTS A MOVEMENT

Having Got His Second Wind and Discovered His Diaphragm, He Gets Back to First Principles

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

WHEN Hodge had got his pussyfat soul and body through the exercises depicted in our last chapter on Hodge, he sent the editor of this paper a calmly abusive letter. We refrain from quoting it all, but submit a few choice phrases, such as—"chair-warming delegates like you . . . your beany platitudes about self-discovery and the higher physical life . . . flipping your weekly rag . . . low-gear humanity." From which it is quite germane to cite the whole of the last part, in which Hodge concludes:

What I want to say, Mr. Editor, is that a man doesn't spend time and money efficiencyizing a motor-car to have it stick around the garage running the engine off its head just to let the neighbours hear the racket. I'm a reformed motor-car. My wife and daughters think I'm a Billy Sunday special extra that's going to backslide

Peter McArthur, author and farmer of Appin, Ont., at the Back-to-the-land mass meeting in Toronto said that rest-cure patients on the farm are no good. He wants horny-handed enthusiasts.

on to a cushioned seat. But I've got a little scheme cooking up to surprise them. In a couple of weeks my town house will be To Let, Furnished, to any nice old couple who'd like to spend from May till October inclusive among the decadent bric-a-brac of a nice family. When my family find this out they'll probably ring you up to ask if you've noticed any signs of special high-gear insanity in that dear friend of yours. Deal with them gently. They will need it. I am no longer a gentleman—not the genteel kind, I mean. I hope I'm not a roughneck either. But just now every fence-corner in a certain farm I know brings into my head that old McCormack chestnut, "I Hear You Calling Me." For the next week or so I shall be out of town before my family make their summer exodus. My junior partner will attend to all telephone ministrations at the office.

Yours for insulting the land till it swats you in the face with crops. HODGE.

Seeing that Hodge sent advance sheets of his scheme to the editor before telling his family, we hasten to say that there was nothing mysterious about it, and the only interesting thing is the peculiar experiences Hodge had before he worked out the scheme. You have surmised a farm. You are right. One of those semi-abandoned, grass-dedicated cow links of 300 acres which for four generations since the stump epoch have sent sons and daughters into the world after the pattern of Hodge, and in the year 1916 found itself minus the man-help required to keep it from becoming just a pure food farm a grade higher than an Alberta cattle range for productivity.

In short, the farm was the old Hodge farm. Just where it was we decline to say. But it had fallen to Hodge's senior brother, who was now a widower of sixty and whose two sons were in khaki. Here was Hodge with a 300-acre farm staring him in the face along with his brother's plant, which included hay machinery of four kinds, two waggons, three ploughs, two sets of harrows, one disc ditto, two cultivators, one nine-foot drill, one steel roller, self-binder, mowing machine, forks, hoes, and sundries too numerous to mention. For the use of this plant, including land, buildings, etc., Hodge agreed to pay his brother $1,200 a year, leaving to him fifty acres of grazing land, he to furnish milk and butter to the town Hodges transplanted.

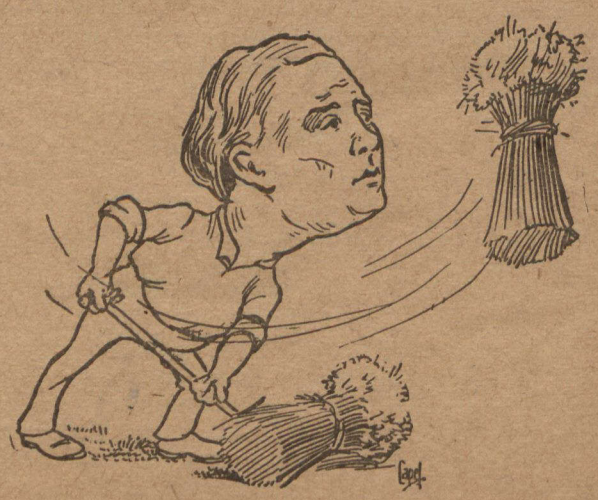
Hodge's first look at the ancestral acres sliding into decay gave him mournful recollections of Goldsmith's Deserted Village. His second was a whiff from a new world; a world as old as Adam and as new as salvation. He pranced over the place like a moose hunter, inspecting barns and machinery, drains and fences and fields. In two days he had decided what crops should go in and where, and at once took over enough horsepower from his brother's reduced herd to rip those acres up in short order.

THAT farm was to Hodge a curious thing. Anybody's old homestead is strange once he has left it, comes back—thinks it over; but in novels it's usually the dead things that count about old farms. Not so here. Hodge went over that 300 acres—peculiarly, almost viciously alive. Perhaps he recalled the barefoot days of trudging to school along that road, down that little spruce-top hill across the creek-sucker bridge and up into the dust. He may have remembered pensive and ridiculous things enough to write a book about the twisty old road that seemed to coil like a snake about that large and healthy farm. Most boyhood memories are good for a book.

Hodge did remember the romance of that road. Once his grandfather trailed along there horse-backing a sack of wheat to mill forty miles. Later his father, a young man, had hauled sawlogs to another mill over that selfsame creek—it had then bridge No. 2, a slab culvert of pathmaster dimensions. And as Hodge himself had grown up the 90-cent wheat and 30-cent oats and 40-cent barley and the $3.25-a-cwt. hogs used to go swaggering and creaking along there to the nearest market or weigh scales presided over by some crook of constantly low prices. Often he had heard his father approximately swear as he asked his family what in heaven's name was the use of his father sweating to redeem his original 100 from the wet bush, or of any man adding unto himself more land when the more acres he got and the greater crops he grew the more he had to pay out for labour and machinery and taxes and the less per bushel, etc., he got for his stuff?

It was this perpetual grouch about things that first drove Henry Hodge away from the farm; about the time that his land-hungry dad got hold of the third 100—thereby being put out at the idiocy of the young man who hankered for college when the half of a fat farm stared him in the face.

AFTERWARDS things changed. Old Hodge knew best what of the machinery and hired-man problem; and he died lamenting the day when sons did the work and hired men might whistle. But prices went up after the old man went down. In Hodge's early days of business they first began to mount; when the waggons of Hodge's by the creek carried fat caravans of goods and the farmers went home with wads of money; when the acres about

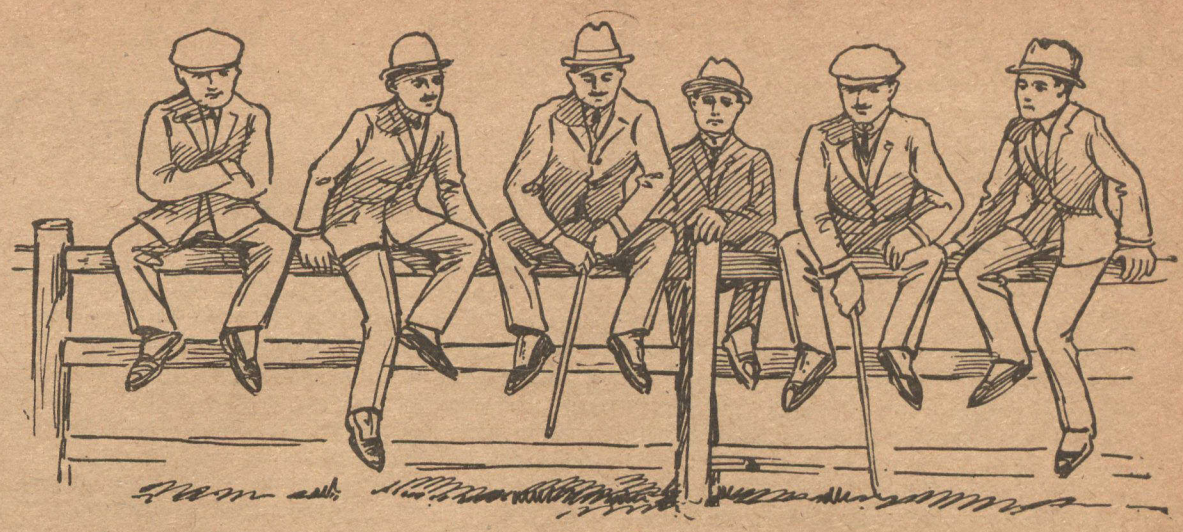


Rev. Father Minehan, of Toronto, challenges Peter McArthur to a sheaf-throwing contest.

that creek sang out dollars as never they had done in Hodge's boyhood, and when cattle and hogs and clover and oats and hay and roots and heaven knew what made the yearly production of this Hodge 300 something to brag about down at the store. In fact, the owner of it was looked upon by many as a rack-ridden city man of fixed income and alterable taxes, as one of the kings of the earth in economics and production.

As Hodge went over the farm that morning he said it was nothing but economic idiocy that it should now be going to seed like a buffalo range. And he vowed a vow similar to that of Warren Hastings, who lay on his front buttons once swearing to get back his patrimonial acres. Hodge would get out of that farm one or two years or more of what it had in it good for a thousand years yet or more. After he had done so—he had no further desire to own it; unless Mrs. and the Misses Hodge wished to become farmerines.

It must be understood that Hodge of town was not a gasoline farmer. Before he gets done with agriculture he may be. For the purpose of this story he is a horse-farmer, the average agriculturist in a high key, convinced that a man who marries the land must be not merely a motor-car road farmer hiring other folks to do what he is too much of a swell to do his share of himself.



HIS next step was to advertise. Hodge had discovered the virtue of advertising. He bought white spaces in all the city newspapers and in the midst of each one day by day, so as to miss none of his club friends, he inserted just this:

HODGE WANTS YOU.

If you've been turned down for the trenches or seduced by a seat-warming job, consider yourself right in line to hook up with one who has been there and is now on the road to getting a chest measurement bigger than his waist line.

APPLY HODGE.

When the family read these ads there was a series of scenes in the Hodge town house. Madam Hodge said she would engage an alienist at once. The Misses Hodge, who had been busy all winter on Red Cross work and knitting socks went into mild hysteria.

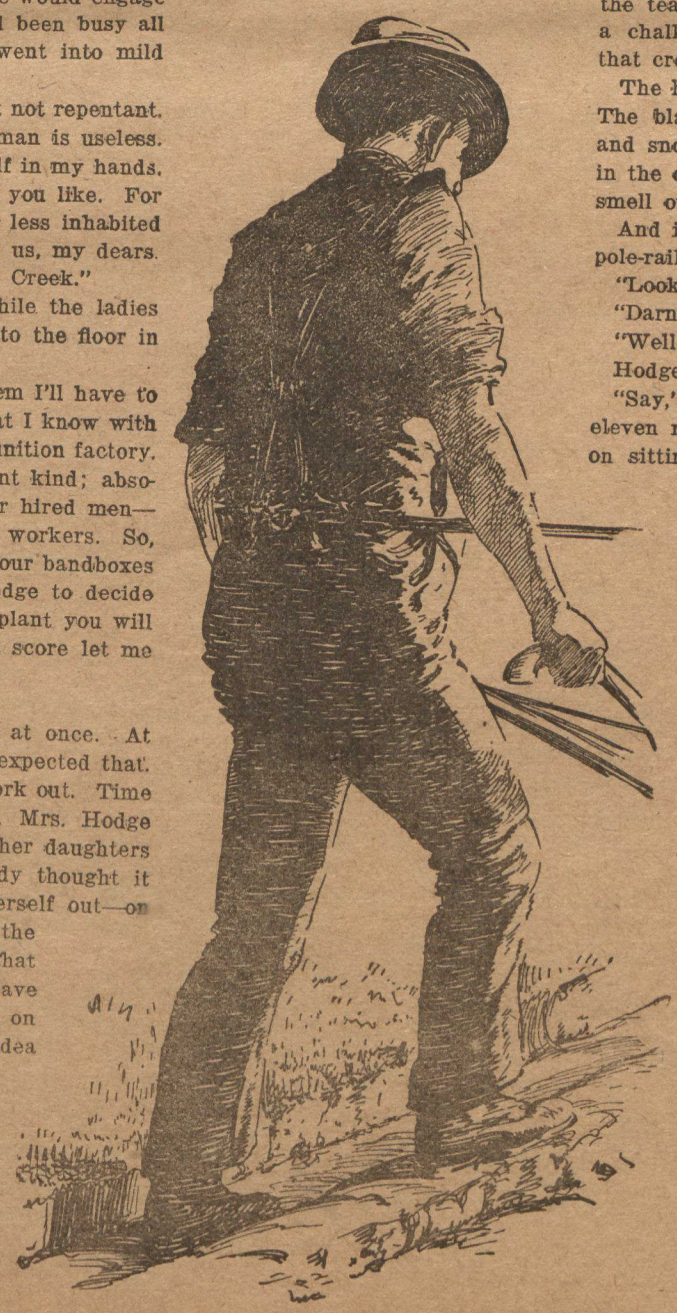
"Sorry, my dear," said Hodge, to his wife. "But not repentant. I admit that I'm crazy. Argument with a crazy man is useless. Action is the only way. But you must put yourself in my hands. Next October you will be free to do anything else you like. For the next six months this house will be a more or less inhabited memory. "No more St. Andrew's by the Sea for us, my dears. We are going this summer to St. Hodge's by the Creek."

Rapidly but calmly he unfolded his scheme while the ladies stared at the Hodge ad and let the paper slide to the floor in amazement.

"I've got to hire men," he said. "When I get 'em I'll have to feed 'em and bed 'em. Now every blessed girl that I know with brains enough to keep up with the times is in a munition factory. I propose to start a munition factory of a different kind; absolutely personal to the Hodges; food munitions for hired men—with my wife and daughters as the sole and only workers. So, my dears, please make plans accordingly and get your bandboxes ready. I'll leave it to your own superior knowledge to decide what outfit in the way of dry goods and kitchen plant you will need. But if I can be of any use to you on that score let me know. We're leaving in two weeks."

THE feminine Hodges, of course, did not yield at once. At first they uncompromisingly refused. Hodge expected that. He did not argue the case; but left it to time to work out. Time worked wonders. Among all her acquaintances, Mrs. Hodge ventilated this agrarian scheme, to make her and her daughters into farmerines. To her great surprise, everybody thought it was a glorious idea; the new woman working herself out—on the road to rights and privileges earned by doing the world's work. Mrs. Hodge didn't pause to reflect that most of these professedly envious ladies would have been very slow to follow any such man as Hodge on such an enterprise. In a week's time the Hodge idea was the talk of the community.

Meanwhile Hodge had his disappointments. Women, supposed to be the most unreasonable people in the world, he found could be left to work out their own salvation and a good share of his, if he only gave them time enough and elbow room for their tantrums. Men were different. Hodge's office was not besieged with applicants for farm labour. After spending several hundred dollars on advertising he found himself without a single application.



"Very good," he said, with the air of a true general. "I won't charge that to the farm. That's chalked up to the good of the movement. Bread on the water. It's worth some of somebody's money to get this idea into people's craniums."

He took a different tack. On the advice of the editor he went straight to the farm as soon as the frost was out and got a team out ploughing. Somebody happened along with a camera. Hodge's pictures were taken. The camera man jotted down information which Hodge pretended to be unwilling to give. That made the camera-man imagine he had a scoop on the censor. He imparted his enthusiasm to the city editor, who had a staff man cook up a big illustrated story of Hodge, broker, back on his father's farm. That ran in the Saturday special. It was copied in the morning papers on Thursday, along with an artful dodger ad from Hodge offering on behalf of the newspaper itself—three of them—to pay railway expenses of all and sundry who wanted to take a week-end holiday to observe how a city man acted on a farm. The thing became a novelty. Eleven men took a run out. They were all men with stunty waist-lines who knew Hodge about town. And they sat on the pole fence watching Hodge, who came up the field behind a swanking, snorting team, as though he had been doing it ever since he was in knee breeches.

HODGE knew very well that most of those visitors knew as much about farming as he did. Nearly all of them were born on farms. For twenty years, like himself, they had been palming themselves off as city men—as though in this young country we really had any real home-grown city men. He determined to put up the best furrows he knew how. His old dad used to be a prize-winner ploughman at the matches. Hodge knew the joy of turning the team at the end of the field and squinting back along a chalk-line furrow. But he was a little nervous since that crowd loomed up on the fence.

The harness creaked with the same old music as of yore. The blackbirds squeaked in unison. The horses tramped and snorted, not quite understanding how this new person in the overalls could know so much about ploughing. The smell of the fresh earth was a real inspiration.

And it was all observed by that bunch of critics on the pole-rail fence.

"Looks easy," said one.

"Darned good farmer!" said another.

"Well here we are, Hodge, old boy—how do you like it?" Hodge turned his team and looked them over.

"Say," he said, "do you fellows realize that the work of eleven men on this farm for the length of time you figure on sitting around to watch me would make about three days' work for a good man?"

He stood up and gave the convention a straight talk on farm economics for five minutes. Then he said:

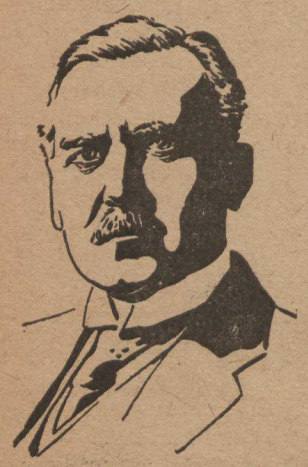
"Look here, I intend to have at least three of you men before you go back to town. I want two of you to go and catch that team in the pasture field yonder, and hitch 'em up to a plough you'll find in the barn somewhere. If you can't find a complete set of harness on the pegs, scratch around till you get a set rigged up from the remnants. That'll keep a few of you busy. Some of the rest of you can rummage out the harrows and the roller, see what tinkering they need and fix 'em up. Take a squint over the drill and see if it needs any blacksmithing. What's left of you can get into the granary, round up the fanning-mill sieves and clean up enough oats to sow thirty acres. By that time you'll all have appetites for a good square meal. If not, come to me for a few more chores. This is no picture-gallery prize farm. It's a production farm, and you're just the kind of renegades I need to get it back into production."

Hodge shot this all out with absolute poise. He was conscious of no pose. The overalls and the plough had him hypnotized back into the condition of real farmerhood. If the Duke of Devonshire himself had been on that fence, Hodge would have given him orders along with the rest.

WHAT UNCLE SAM CAN LEARN FROM US . . . ABOUT WAR

By BURTON J. HENDRICK*

WHAT can the United States, in its present crisis, learn from Canada? In many ways the recent history of our northern neighbour presents a contrast that is not entirely gratifying to our national complacency. The decision with which Canada acted in the early, fateful days of August, 1914, contains certain lessons for the Wilson Administration. The world war came to Canada as an overwhelming surprise. It found the Dominion even less prepared for war than is the United States. Canada had practically no naval forces to defend her coasts against German assault—a danger which, with German cruisers roaming the Pacific, was an imminent one; she had a "standing army" of less than 3,000 men, scattered all over her extensive territory, and an ill-equipped and untrained militia of perhaps 60,000. Canada's economic condition was deplorable; the Federal Government itself had over-extended its credit for the construction of internal improvements, many of them unwarranted; business conditions were depressing and unemployment was widespread. Party feeling ran high. Yet, as soon as the German army crossed the Belgian frontier, Canada instantaneously placed herself on the side of civilization. The Prime Minister, Sir Robert Borden, notified the mother country, on his own responsibility, that Canada regarded the war as Canada's war and would assist England to the limit of her men and resources. An extra session of Parliament, called immediately, overwhelmingly ratified this decision. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the leader of the opposition, and Canada's most brilliant statesman, declared a "truce to party politics," and eloquently placed the Liberal Party back of the nation. Parliament voted a preliminary credit of $50,000,000 for war purposes, and, in six weeks, a force of 33,000 men sailed for England.



He Raised the Money.

The experience of Canada is especially valuable to the United States, because in all the essentials of political and social life, the two countries are the same. Both nations are democracies and both draw their fundamental institutions from the same source. Both represent the same mixture of people, with the great exception, of course, that the United States has no great compact Latin element, making up one-third of its population, speaking what to the majority is a foreign tongue, tenaciously resisting assimilation, and clinging generation after generation to the civilization of two centuries ago. In their recent development, however, Canada and the United States have followed parallel lines. The history of immigration to Canada has been practically identical with that to the United States. Canada has a large quota of immigrants from the British Isles, as have we, and she has also her Germans, her Galicians, her Hungarians, her Italians, her Eastern Europeans and even her Orientals. At present, however, Canada's Germans have the greatest interest for the United States. This element in our own population, still jealously retaining its memories of the Fatherland and frequently blatant and tactless in expressing its loyalty to the Deutchstum, gives Americans most concern. In case we have war with Germany, what will the hyphenates do? Some regard these millions of German-Americans as little better than emissaries of Pan-Germanism, who, at a concerted signal, will rush to arms and convert the United States into an outpost of the Hohenzollerns.

On this point we can learn much from Canada. For there are German-Canadians as well as German-Americans. And they present just about the same aspects in both countries. There are perhaps 10,000,000 people in the United States who, in various ways, trace their racial origin more or less directly to Germany. This includes those actually born in Germany, and those who, for more than one generation, have a preponderance of German blood in their veins. As the population of the continental United States is about 100,000,000, this means that about 10 per cent. of our people are of German ancestry. Canada has roughly 400,000 Germans out of a total population of 7,200,000, or about 5½ per cent. The proportional German population is thus somewhat larger here than in the nation to the north, but not so much larger that it renders comparisons valueless. And German immigration has followed practically the same historic courses in both countries. The bulk of the German population, in the United States as well as in Canada, represents the influx of the years preceding 1870. These Germans came mainly from the southern parts of Germany; they were in many cases revolutionists and political refugees, or at least peace-loving Germans who left the Fatherland to escape the Prussianism that is now flaunting the world. In western Ontario there is a peninsula formed by Lake Erie, Lake Huron, and Georgian Bay; herein is situated Canada's Wisconsin—an area that contains a large German agricultural population, a considerable part of which has lived here for more than one generation. The very names of its towns—Berlin, Baden, New Hamburg, Guelph—indicate its origin. Berlin, the largest of these places, with a population of 15,000, of which 10,000 are German, is Canada's Milwaukee. The more recent German immigrants, of whom there are about 39,000, have settled, for the most part, in the recently opened Western provinces—Alberta, Saskatchewan, and British Columbia.

IF Canada's experience with these German-Canadians is any guide, then the United States has little to fear from its Germanic elements. Berlin—the name has since been changed to Kitchener—for several months made the largest per capita contribution of any city in Canada to the Patriotic Fund. The Turn-Vereins and the Schuetzenbunds of German Canadians have not turned out to be secret military organizations. Every singing society has not shown itself to be merely a branch office of the Pan-German League. In the early days reports were current that all the cellars in the German colony of Toronto were filled with German reservists fully equipped for war and that a million Germans had gathered in Buffalo for an invasion of Canada — but these stories faded on investigation. If the German-Canadians have been busy building artillery emplacements at advantageous points near the large cities, time has not yet revealed them. Practically all German-Canadians sympathize with Germany in the war, but this sympathy does not take the form of overt acts.

He Started the Machine.

But Canada has her racial problem, more deep seated and more serious than anything that can plague the United States. The war strengthened Canada's bonds with the Empire, but it has had a disuniting effect within the Dominion itself. Parliamentary debates upon the war make depressing reading, for they consist largely of racial recriminations. A general election this fall, which may take place, would be a most unfortunate thing, as it would degenerate largely into a mud-slinging contest between the French and English elements. For Canada's racial problem arises not from its recent immigrants, but from that part of the population which has been longest settled in the country. The fact is that the French-Canadians have not enlisted in any numbers at all proportionate to their strength. But the situation is too complex to be dismissed by a phrase. No one can accuse Jean Baptiste of cowardice—he is directly descended from the same ancestors as the defenders of Verdun, and, on more than one occasion, he has courageously defended Canada from invasion—as it happened, invasion from the United States. And, in the present war, the French-Canadian battalions have fought in France with the utmost heroism. When assailed in Parliament for disloyalty, the champions of the Frenchmen rise and point to the fact that, when the great schism came, it was John Bull's English-speaking colonies, not his French-speaking colonies, that broke the bonds with the mother country. Disloyal to the British connections the habitant certainly is not. He does not regard France as his fatherland, and, if given his free choice, would overwhelmingly accept Britain's overlordship in preference to that of his original allegiance. His sympathies in this war, as manifested in his newspapers, his daily speech, and his contributions to the Patriotic Fund, which have been almost as large as those of his English-speaking friends, are with the Allies. The position of the most influential French-Canadian leader, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, has been more than correct; no one has spoken so eloquently as he, in Parliament and out, for the English cause; he has travelled through Quebec, making recruiting speeches, and he has vigorously condemned certain French-Canadian politicians, such as Bourassa, who are openly anti-English in their sympathies. It is true that his attitude, especially in recent months, has offended his Conservative opponents and has led to half-suppressed accusations of disloyalty. While the Opposition supports as strongly as ever Canada's participation in the war, it reserves the right to criticize its actual management, and Sir Wilfrid has done this so unsparingly and so directly that, in ultra-Conservative quarters, he is looked upon almost as a public enemy.

Now Driving the Machine.

IF Hindenburg were pounding at the gates of Quebec, there is little question that the French-Canadian would shoulder his rifle; but Hindenburg in the Carpathians or the Russian morasses does not strike him as anything that threatens his own parish. Again, the French-Canadian marries when very young and has an astonishingly large family—twelve and fifteen children being not uncommon. Under any proper system of military service he would be among the last to be called to the colours.

From the military standpoint, Canada presents the spectacle of a democracy waging war in the way that democracies have usually waged war—on the voluntary system. She has given men to an

*This article is reprinted, with the omission of a few passages on account of length, from the April issue of the World's Work. It was written before the declaration of a state of war by the United States, by a man who has evidently studied this country in a better way than from a Pullman window or a news-stand. The story of how Canada went to war is taken by this student of public affairs as a useful parallel to how Uncle Sam expects to go to war. This is the first time on record that Canada's experience in nation-building has ever been of use to the United States. In everything else except pioneering, transcontinental railways, the fur trade, No. 1 Hard and modern war the United States has set us the pace. But experience in war, even on a basis of 13 to 1 population, should be of great value to Uncle Sam. The complete, compact story of it as focussed by an outsider makes good reading, even to ourselves.—Editor.

extent that has far exceeded the expectations entertained at the beginning of the war. It was then suggested that a Canadian army of 100,000 or 150,000 men would be an heroic contribution to the cause. Up to January 22, 1917, the actual number of Canadians enlisted was 392,647—these were the figures given by Sir Robert Borden in the House of Commons. Up to December 31, 1916, Canada had sent overseas 280,562 men, besides a considerable contribution to the naval service, to British munition works, and to other departments in England. More than 175,000 Canadians have seen service at the front, either in France or the Near East. Canada keeps continuously four divisions, or from 80,000 to 90,000 men on the scene of war. Up to date she has had 70,000 casualties; 10,000 men have been killed in action, 4,000 have died of wounds, and 48,000 have been disabled. Canada's military establishment is twice as large as England's before 1914.

The Man Who Gets the Ammunition.

But, properly to appreciate the magnitude of this effort, let us seek comparisons that will bring it nearer home. The continental population of the United States—exclusive of dependencies—is about thirteen times as large as that of Canada; if we, therefore, multiply all these items by thirteen, we shall have the magnitude of Canada's performance, measured in terms of our own capacity. That is, if we should do no more than Canada has done, we should enlist roughly 5,000,000 men, send overseas 3,640,000, of whom 2,275,000 would have already have seen service at the front. We should constantly keep in the fighting line fifty-two divisions, or about 1,000,000 soldiers. Our casualties would have reached, up to date, 910,000, and nearly 200,000 Americans would have sacrificed their lives. Certainly, if the United States could show any such record as this, we should probably think that we had made a solid contribution to the cause of justice and civilization. And these figures represent precisely what Canada has done.

YET this achievement has another value for us, in that it illustrates all the inequalities and injustices of the voluntary system. Most Canadian officials, in discussing the situation with me, emphasized the fact that, if the United States goes to war, it should profit from Canada's experience and adopt conscription at once. In a recent statement in Parliament, Sir Sam Hughes, the ex-Minister of Militia, said that, based upon the census of 1911, Canada contained 1,720,000 men between the ages of 18 and 45. This represents the military resources of the nation, so far as men are concerned. Of these 1,088,000 are unmarried. This is the class which, under universal service, should be the first called upon. The present enrolment, according to Sir Sam, comprises roughly 100,000 married men and 300,000 single. On this basis, Canada has at least 700,000 unmarried men upon whom she still can draw for recruits. It is absurd that, with this large population of men without family responsibilities, there should be 100,000 married men in Canada's armies. Not only is it a social crime to enlist married men when the nation is apparently swarming with slackers in a state of bachelorhood, but it entails great expenditures, from both the private and the public purse. The Patriotic Fund canvasses the whole Dominion for money to support the dependents of her soldiers, who already receive the highest pay of any in the world, and Canada has started a pension system which promises to become far more extravagant and give rise to more frauds and scandals even than our own. Such expenditures would be greatly reduced under conscription.

Certain sections of Canada have contributed more than their fair share; other sections have contributed less. Quebec makes the poorest showing, but it evidently is not the only province that has held back, for the Maritime Provinces—New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward's Island—have furnished only a little more than half their allotment. Even Ontario, the great headquarters of Imperialism, has not furnished its 100 per cent., though its showing is more than respectable. Perhaps the fact that there are large numbers of unmarried men in these Western provinces—mostly immigrants from England—explains this showing, but such facts do not explain the discrepancy between the old established maritime provinces and Ontario. On the other hand, the Western provinces have done far more than their share. If Quebec had enlisted at the same rate as Ontario, it would have given the army not 41,000 men, but 128,000. Montreal, the largest city in Canada, has enlisted 34,000, while Toronto, which is considerably smaller, has given 85,000. "We could get 500,000 easily if Quebec would do her duty," is the cry heard all over Canada. Only conscription can remedy such inequalities, but there is little chance of conscription in Canada, as it would produce an ugly situation in the great French-Canadian province. Fortunately the United States is a much more united country; we have no bi-lingual system, no religious schools supported at public expense, and no clerical problems.

ALL the other faults urged against voluntarism likewise find their illustration in Canada. Recruiting has been haphazard, and has led to great wastage. The unit has been the battalion—about 1,200 men. Individuals have received authorizations to establish recruiting headquarters in different districts and such men, whose appointments have been in some cases political, have resorted to all kinds of methods in filling out their battalions. Frequently competition between such recruiting agents, operating at cross purposes in the same part of the country, led to the utmost confusion and waste of effort. The leaders have enlisted men from the mines, when the working of the mines was absolutely essential to the prosecution of war. They have taken recruits from the munition factories, where, of course, their recruits would be more useful than in the trenches. They have robbed the fields of harvesters whose work has been essential to maintaining Canada's greatest industry—her agriculture. There has thus been no intelligent effort to assemble the nation's resources and to fit each person into his particular niche. Most serious of all, the medical inspection has been faulty; so eagerly have the officers sought recruits that unfit men, apparently in large numbers, have slipped through. Not infrequently an ambitious recruit, rejected by one physician, would go the rounds until he found some one who, either through ignorance or indulgence, would certify to his physical well-being. As a result thousands of men have been sent to England who have gone to pieces there and been returned home. According to an estimate made by Mr. Godfrey, president of the National Service League of Toronto, such wastage up to date amounts to 60,000 men. If that statement is accurate, we shall have to revise somewhat the official figure of volunteers. Instead of having enrolled 392,000 fighting men, Canada has furnished only 332,000; certainly no one would include 60,000 ineffectives as real contributions to the Allied armies, for these men become simply burdens, involving great trouble and expense.

Canada is complaining loudly at present of the treatment these battalions have received in England. While they were being enlisted, the recruits believed that their organizations were to be maintained intact. Localities naturally had particular pride in their battalions; brothers and friends enlisted together, believing that they would remain together at the front; and officers, many of them leading men in their sections, have organized their forces supposing that they would command them in France. The reality has furnished Canada the bitterest disappointment of the war. Modern military science pays no attention to sentiment; it takes men where it can find them and places them where they can perform the greatest military service. The Canadian forces in France have had heavy losses, and men have been constantly needed to fill out their depleted ranks. Consequently, the battalions, as soon as they have arrived in England, have been broken up. A few hundred have been taken to fill a certain gap in France; a few more hundred to fill another gap, and in this way the organizations have disappeared piecemeal. Thus men from Edmonton, instead of finding themselves fighting side by side with Edmonton men, have formed part of a miscellaneous force—nearly all strangers—from all parts of Canada. This is not so hard on the men—though they have complained loudly—but it has been a tragedy for the officers. The battalions have been so depleted that these men, in large numbers, have found themselves without commands—their men at the front are in the hands of English officers or in the hands of Canadians who have been promoted—and properly promoted—from the ranks. These men left Canada under brilliant auspices; they were feted and dined, and sent abroad with great applause and expectation. They gave up their business and professional careers to serve their country, but many are now wandering over England, or living in hotels in London, ashamed to return home. What explanation can they give for the greatest tragedy that can happen to an officer—the loss of his command? They cannot tell their people that the blame attaches to the fact that they were enrolled under an unscientific military system, and they are thus likely to be the victims of cruel innuendoes as long as they live.

In the production of equipment and munitions Canada has blundered along in most approved democratic fashion. This is perhaps not strange, when we remember that, at the outbreak of war, the Dominion possessed only one factory in which rifles were produced and had absolutely no establishments for making shells, guns, and other essential implements of war. From the first Canada has been extremely desirous of obtaining war contracts and watched with great jealousy the huge orders given in the United States. As soon as it demonstrated its ability to handle such contracts they came in large numbers. Up to date the Dominion has produced about $700,000,000 worth of munitions. Unlike England and France, the Canadian Government has not taken over the munition factories, has not regulated earnings, and has not taxed munition profits. The

Clerk—"There is a lady just leaving. You may have her room." —New York Times.

Shell Committee, organized by Sir Sam Hughes for handling munition contracts, has furnished those scandals without which it seems almost impossible to conduct military operations. Two experiences illustrate the absurdity of attempting to conduct war without a scientific coordination of munition production. Sir Sam Hughes's incumbency as Militia Minister was one continued wrangle between his own vigorous personality and the British War Office. The tart telegrams exchanged between this somewhat obstreperous Orangeman and Kitchener make rather entertaining reading. The chief source of the ill-feeling was caused by the fact that Canadian equipment, as soon as it arrived in England, was scrapped and supplanted by that of English make.

IS IT 'WICKED' *to be* A SOLDIER?

By J. GIBSON HUME
(University of Toronto)

THE author of the popular (in the United States) melody, "I did not raise my boy to be a soldier," evidently would answer "Yes, it is wicked to be a soldier." Certain sects like the Quakers and Doukhobors would certainly answer yes. In the "Weekly Sun," a paper for home and farm, there has been a good deal of amateur theology squandered on this subject. One writer (apparently a sub-editor) says over his name, a very common one, and so perhaps representative of many others, that he cannot reconcile the idea of a follower of the "meek and lowly" Jesus Christ, participating in warfare. Another contributor is allowed to set up in capital letters a request for any text from the New Testament that would justify a Christian in taking part in war.

This method of settling large issues by little texts is quite an ancient and much respected one. It is open to misuse. Sometimes little texts torn out of their connection give curious and unexpected messages.

A disciple of Ingersoll quoted the Bible as saying, "There is no God," omitting "The fool hath said in his heart," and a darky preacher got a text against wearing chignons and water-falls, "Top-not-come-down," omitting "Let him that is upon the house." Still more astonishing results may be obtained by joining a few texts, such as "Judas went out and hanged himself"—"Go thou and do likewise."

Most students of the Bible are well aware that we must "look to the context." But some very good students do not seem to be aware that some great principles are quite clearly taught in the Bible for which no one specific text can be quoted.

Will some good Bible student look up the text against Slavery? He will find that in the New Testament a runaway slave is sent back to his master by the great apostle Paul. He will even find that in literal Greek we are told to be "douloi," slaves. But will anyone with a grain of common sense or ordinary gumption fail to see that the whole teaching of the New Testament is a condemnation of slavery?

It may cause much searching to get a text against lotteries and gambling. We will find in the New Testament that an Apostle was chosen by lot in the most earnest and conscientious manner possible. Yet it surely would not be very difficult to discover that gambling and lotteries are contrary to the New Testament.

It may also turn out to be not very easy to get a clear and unambiguous text against Polygamy. To make the text method still more ridiculous, it is quite easy to get texts that seem to condemn marriage. Indeed, the rise and persistence of orders of celibacy—is partly accounted for by these ambiguous texts, many people confounding celibacy with chastity, forgetting that we may have chastity without celibacy and celibacy without chastity.

Sticking entirely to the New Testament we have some very clear teaching about the Christian and Warfare, and it is due to the seeming explicitness of some of these texts that misunderstanding has arisen like that regarding celibacy, owing to bad interpretation and failure to distinguish between things that are different.

The New Testament deals mainly with the individual and his duties. It is mainly by inference that we find out what is right and wrong in national politics and international policies.

We are warned against hating our brother. We are commanded to forgive. We must even love our enemies and do them good, not evil. We are clearly taught that an individual must not retaliate or right his own wrong, or wreak private vengeance on his injurer. But are we not to resist? Non-retaliation is not quite the same as non-resistance.

We are to resist evil, and in one case an apostle chides his flock because they have not yet resisted unto blood striving against sin—but must we refrain from opposing evil doers?

Now, every pagan tribe has in some way recognized that it is improper to allow private vengeance. But the movement to supplant this by law and judges also carries with it penalties and restraints on the criminal, and what is quite improper for the individual to inflict may be quite proper for judge and jury to impose and officers of law orders and justice to execute. The impropriety of private fighting is then not a sufficient condemnation of the use of force in a legal, constitutional manner by the organized community through officers of law and justice and order.

If we allow such use of force by the state in the restraint of criminals within the state, there seems to be no logical reason why we are not entitled to use the same force against criminals attacking the state from without—but that means the justification of defensive warfare.

It does not, of course, give any justification for aggressive or offensive warfare.

That even the individual, when attacked, is permitted to resist might be gathered from some of the teaching of the Master. He was accused of casting out devils by the help of Beelzebub. In refuting this slander He shows that he is fighting Beelzebub, not in collusion with him and using a parable to explain an obvious situation, He says that no one can despoil a strong man unless he first bind him. There seems to be no kind of condemnation against a strong man resisting those who would break into his house.

But we have more definite recognition of the propriety of a Christian being a soldier. John the Baptist, who lost his head for outspoken condemnation of wickedness, who never flinched or failed in pointing out sin, was consulted by soldiers about their duties. If being a soldier was sinful, would not John have said so most unambiguously? He advises the soldiers to be content with their wages.

The Apostle Paul claimed the protection of soldiers against a mob, and was escorted by a band of soldiers to prevent being murdered by a set of fanatics. Did Paul tell his escort of soldiers on no account to resist if they were attacked!

Christ Himself recognized the government of His day, and advised the payment of taxes, so that the Quakers and Doukhobors have had clear enough guidance to pay taxes. But did it never occur to them to ask what was done with the Roman taxes? Assuredly the greater part was spent in maintaining the Roman army. So that it was a duty to pay for the support of soldiers.

We have the record of the conversion to Christianity of several soldiers, some of them officers of rank (Centurions.) Did Christ or any of the apostles ever suggest that on becoming Christians they should cease to be soldiers? Not once.

When the Medieval Church turned away from all earthly pursuits as profane, there was no invidious distinction, all earthly occupations were to be abandoned.

But we have it quoted against all use of the sword the rebuke of Peter for cutting off the ear of the high priest's servant, and the warning that they who take the sword shall perish by the sword.

Is it not quite consistent to see in this merely a condemnation of aggressive warfare? If the one who thus first draws the sword is to be punished, it is yet by a sword that he is to be punished. Does not this imply some commendation of the sword by which the aggressor is punished?

Of course, it is obvious enough that Peter was wrong, for he was opposing the officers of the law in making an arrest. Perhaps the trial of his really innocent Master was prejudiced to some extent by Peter's rash act.

AN OLD STORY.

THERE is a story told by the Master of a traveller who, on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho, fell among thieves. Does not the case of Belgium among the Nations closely correspond? We learn, too, that several "travellers" passed "on the other side." Safety first, was their motto.

One traveller had more compassion and more courage. He ventured to relieve the poor wretch.

Does not the action of Great Britain, in coming to the help of Belgium, closely correspond with the deed of this traveller?

But some one will object that the "good Samaritan" did not do a thing to the robbers.

It is therefore left to our imagination to discover what he should have done if, just as he was about to alight on his errand of mercy, the thieves, thugs and assassins had returned, intending to torture their victim to discover if he had any treasure hidden at home, and if he did not disclose it, to beat his brains out.

Should the good Samaritan have resisted them?

According to some very wise expositors, his duty was plain. He should on no account have interfered with what was not his quarrel. He should have said, "I am a neutral—even in my mind. When I have got far away to safety on my mule I shall send a note to each of you."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Neutral Good Samaritan.—What were your objects in this struggle?

Victim.—I desired to keep my goods at the cost of my life.

Chief Assassin.—We desired to keep his goods at the cost of his life.

N. G. Samaritan.—Your objects, according to your own accounts, seem to be about the same. Have you any proposals to make looking to the future?

Victim.—I would like to see the highway kept for use of travellers, and free from the menace of the highwaymen.

Chief Assassin.—We would like to see the highway kept for the use of highwaymen and free from the interference of the police.

N. G. Samaritan.—I would suggest that the highway be kept free for the mail carriers.

PRAYER.

Victim.—God help me!

PRAISE.

Chief Assassin.—God helps us. (See our latest successful raid.) (Gott mit uns.) God and our big club.

THANKSGIVING.

N. G. Samaritan.—Lord, I thank Thee I am not as other men are.

I AM TOO PROUD TO FIGHT.

Final Note from Chief Assassin.—Not only have the police not ceased their attacks upon us, but ordinary travellers have resisted us. We will not allow anyone to travel on the highway who wears clothes in which he may conceal weapons. We will allow one mail carrier to run through each week, holding his hands above his head and dressed only in a red and white striped breech-clout.

After several messengers have been sent and have been murdered.

Newly Enlightened Good Samaritan.—I was too proud when I said I was too proud to fight. Peace still to me is very precious. But I must give precedence to Right.

About Books

By WAYFARER

The Klondike Clan.

By S. T. Hall Young. S. B. Gundy. Toronto. $1.35.

HAVING spent thirty years of his life in Alaska and the Yukon country, and having lived through the whole of the events of those stirring days, the author is fully qualified to write this book. His descriptions of the country are vivid and true to life. Who that has travelled through the Rocky Mountains can fail to visualize the stern, unbending grandeur of the mountains, their tree-clad bases, their bare, grey-brown sides covered here and

(Continued on page 22.)

PLAYS *and* PLAYERS

NEW AND OLD FIGURES IN THE WORLD *of* MUMMERS

Nazimova—at the door of the Princess. First time we saw her was in Doll's House of Ibsen; second time in The Marionettes.

Where and when did you first see David Warfield? Ten to one it was in the Music Master.

Ruth Chatterton—do you remember her in that oversentimental comedy, Daddy Long Legs, with the blase Henry Miller?

Sam Bernard—do you remember this jostling, sputtering comedy-maker as Mr. Hoggenheimer and his repeated "Sufficiency!"?

EATON SEEKS MOVIE MASTERPIECE

WALTER PRICHARD EATON handles the movie question with great finesse in The Theatre this month. He plainly shatters the pet ideas of the movie "fans" when he says that there has been a great deal of ink spilled concerning "the art of the motion picture" alike by practitioners of this "art" and by writers of varying degrees of capacity, from poets and press agents to the late Professor Munsterberg. The verdict is, that it is a wonderful, new art, and we are led to expect a masterpiece.

There must be a masterpiece lurking in the movies, since none has ever come out.

Among the timid few who do not venture to deny that the movies are mighty and have prevailed, that the manufacturing of them is our fourth largest "industry," and that they exert a social influence perhaps beyond any single form of amusement yet devised, but who nevertheless cannot admit them to the chosen company of art products, there has been some speculation as to the reason for this debarment.

Yet this combination of camera and pantomimic story known as the motion picture has produced nothing which a careful critic can signify as art. Careless criticism, of course, has again and again confused the actual scene with the creative process, and spoken of the beauty "achieved" by the motion picture camera when all that has been done was to enact the pantomime in some pretty meadow or by the margin of the sea. There is no more art in this than in one of those fascinating railroad folders picturing Glacier National Park.

And so far as the pantomime, the narrative, is concerned, either the effect achieved is of so low an order that we must regard it as negligible in the discussion of a new art in the twentieth century (a Charlie Chaplin "comic," for example), or else it is an absurd jumble of bathos, conventionality and the mock heroics of the dime novel.

WILLARD'S "OLD POP" REVIVED

George Arliss, as the Professor, in Barrie's delightful "Professor's Love Story," is captivating New York.

IF you ever saw Willard in "The Professor's Love Story" you probably thought nobody else would live to do it so well. Willard's dead and gone; and a new Prof. Goodwillie steps on stage at the Knickerbocker, New York, with his old popular. George Arliss—you recall his Disraeli and swear it was built for him as implicitly as The Music Master ever was for Warfield. You saw his Paganini and said it was second-rate in comparison. Now, according to Mr. Hornblow, in The Theatre, Arliss is holding up the Willard end as the Professor. Barrie's sense of character, he says, is always reliable. His powers as a plot-builder, however, at least in 1895, were not so certain. As a result, his story, being clumsy, crowds his character off the stage. We see much of him at first, less later, least toward the end. We keep getting more and more plot. And so the movement of the piece is superb—good—poor. All through that comparatively dull last act I wanted to see George Arliss keep the stage.

Of course, the art of Arliss is deft and exquisite. It is at its best in the long and fascinating pantomime of absent-mindedness in the first act. It was as good as going to "Pierrot." Unusual significance attaches to the succession of Arliss after Warfield at the Knickerbocker. This latest characterization of Barrie's laughable and lovable professor need not fear comparison with that of E. S. Willard.

Julia Arthur is here seen at the stage door of The Criterion, corner of Broadway and 44th, ready for "Johnny Get Your Gun."

MUSIC

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

SHALL we ever have national music in Canada? Nobody knows. We have composers enough. A complete census would probably shew 249 people engaged every now and then writing music—in Canada. Some of these composers are able, resourceful people too, equipped with all the technical knowledge. That's it exactly. Technical knowledge never made great and very seldom good music. Our composers must be inspired. The dry bones of their technique must kindle with some sort of enthusiasm, national or otherwise. Some of them do. A complete collection of the best musical things composed in, about and for Canada would shew a considerable percentage of high-class compositions. How many of them are really inspired? We don't know. Of course a man can't write the word Canada on a large sheet of paper, dig up a French chanson or an Indian folk song and of necessity evolve something big, passionate and national such as the Hungarian Rhapsodies or Chopin's Polonaises, or the Russian stuff, or Wagner music dramas, or even Elgar patriotics and historics. And it would be a foolish lot of business if many musicians tried that sort of thing. National music has to come from "de middle of de people," as Emil Paur once said to a group of art workers in Toronto. How? Where in Canada have we a suppressed and somnolent Sibelius ready to blaze forth into Canadian Finlandias? He is—not. This kind of democracy doesn't produce that brand of genius. We have lonesome places enough, but the musicians don't congregate there except to organize singing societies and give grand—tour concerts. We have no Fjord-haunted Greigs who catch the moan of our rock bound coasts and corral them into picturesque compositions for mawkish amateurs to perform without inspiration. We haven't even a John Philip Sousa to rattle off Canadian marches.

No, we have instead a large number of more or less critical people who realize that from the five whole tones and two semitones of the diatonic scale it is still possible to permulate several millions of things characterizable by the name opus. And some of these producers have truly something in the shape of a message. National? No, not yet. Perhaps never.

Then shall we ever have a national music without nationally inspired great souls to make it? The answer is not yet. Till we get it, we can listen amiably to all the new works that come along (made in Canada), no matter what languages the composers think in when they talk, what home flags they revere after ours, or what their opinions may be of the crude state of native art in a new country. We do not despair. If it takes national iron heels and tyrants to induce big native music we don't stand in any great need of it.

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SPRING-CLEANING A CHURCH ORGAN.

THERE was no particular reason why this debilitated pipe organ should have been spring-cleaned on Easter Sunday, except that in 30 years nobody but a church-rat and a casual sparrow had ever interfered with its cobwebs. It was a three-manual, somwehat perfunctory old bogey with a number of amiable qualities in its make-up, a good set of dia-

pasons, a nice vox celeste and vox humana, and all the other fundamental virtues that constitute a really religious pipe organ with no heathen hankerings to be a symphony orchestra. It was a Presbyterian organ. But of course that's no guarantee nowadays of its moral character. We know of a number of kirk organs in Canada that are in unholy alliance with all manner of orchestrating sins and wickednesses.

How the St. David's organ in the Ontario town of Cat-Tail on the Creek came to be spring-cleaned on Easter Sunday has to do with a visit to that town of a well-known Canadian virtuoso who is not an organist but sometimes makes himself an organizer. Mentioning no names, we shall call him The Consoler. Normally he bubbles over with musical expression as all true geniuses do. In his Pan-like devotion to music it makes very little difference whether he sings, seduces a piano, blows a saxaphone or a French horn, or exasperates an organ. His particular medium is the voice in which he has attained "un grand excellence." The other instruments are merely his pastimes. St. David's organ in Cat-Tail on the Creek was his pastime on Easter Sunday.

And the organ had not been warned

(Concluded on page 23.)

About Books

(Concluded from page 20.)

there with snow, their huge ice-capped peaks towering high above the clouds? The rivers rushing madly to the sea, their leaping, foaming rapids looking for all the world like wild horses, are painted in bold colours that make them dance before our very eyes. And in his description of that wondrous phenomenon of the north, the Aurora Borealis, he reaches the heights of real poetry. The characters are clean-cut and alive and the extraordinary events that went to make up life in that wild adventure are accurately portrayed. A pleasantly told love story with a happy ending supplies the romantic touch.

The Mixed Division. By R. W. Campbell. The Musson Book Co., Toronto. $1.35.

The book opens with a series of chapters describing life in the old volunteer days. Amidst all the fun and merriment Mr. Campbell shows us the spirit of grim determination, the do-and-die-but-never-surrender spirit which makes the British soldier, be he English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish or Colonial, unconquerable. The story passes on to the grim fighting of to-day, showing the transition from the happy-go-lucky days of volunteering to the real business of soldiering in the British Expeditionary Force. It is a very well-written book, full of humour, although we think a little less Scotch would help the Sassenach to a better enjoyment of it.

MUSIC

(Concluded from page 22.)

of what was coming to it after the regular service in the evening. The organist, after hearing the visitor sing in the service, said, "Won't you please give an organ recital after the service?"

"Charmed!" said The Consoler. "Delighted. Yes, post-vesper recitals are all the rage in the city. There is no reason why Cat-Tail on the Creek should not have them. I will accept your hospitality."

The church was crowded. All the congregation remained. Others came from neighbouring churches. The parson stood at the door to keep anybody from leaving without leave. And the spring-cleaning of St. David's organ commenced.

The first selection that leaped into the brain of The Consoler was Handel's Largo. Of course the church was in twilight. The organist played from memory. St. David's organ had never taken on the Largo. With the inspired registrations of the organizer it became a terrible tax on the Board of Works. The blower behind was sorry he had not removed his coat. There was a power of wind wanting in that organ. Customary organist had always played both ends against the middle of St. David's organ with just three optional mixtures outside the pedals and the choir organ. The organizer flung discretion to the winds and gave a most voluptuous and colourful pageant with the Largo. At times, carried away by the exuberance of the resurrected organ the tempo became almost a waltz. But the dominating reverence of the player pulled it back again to slow measure. He glided from that to a series of improvised modulations—also unknown at St. David's—which gave the blower behind time to let up long enough to yank off his coat, collar and tie.

Now he swung into a Slav suite—Rachmaninoff, Gretchaminoff and Moussorgsky a la the mood of the moment, since none of these Slavs ever wrote for the organ. In this suite the organ became an orchestra. At times the organizer played thirds with the pedals. Following the late Frederick Archer's example, disregarding Lemare, Guilmant and Thomas Best, he played sections of the two upper manuals simultaneously with his right thumb on the lower and fingers above. When he had the congregation gasping in sufficient amazement he perpetrated an involuntary cantilena on the vox celeste with a running obbligato on the choir. At the finale he wound up in a blaze of open-throttle fireworks, making the diapasons sound like tubas by throwing over the bourdon, the clarionet and the vox celeste into a rank mixture that paralyzed all the trackers and gave the pneumatic system a sudden attack of pneumonia complicated with laryngitis in the vox humana.

Just to compose the excited audience the maestro now glided into Dvorak's Humoresque—which heaven knows had never been within many miles of St. David's organ before. The pussyfoot tempo rubato of this unkillable kitten of the fiddle and the bow put the audience into a delightful state of coma—somewhat akin to twilight sleep. But lest the organ-blower should think his own bellows were entitled to a free breath the organizer plunged from that into an impromptu flirtation with a Bach Prelude and Fugue. In the heat of the moment it was not always clear whether the Prelude preceded the Fugue or the Fugue chased itself fugitatively out by the choir stairs. But it was all Bach—glorious, unimpeded, mathematical old Sebastian with billows of Bach that rolled and splashed and thundered over the audience in an absolute abandon of irreligious reverence.

How Preferable is Preferred?

By INVESTICUS

A GREAT many people don't understand the difference between holding common stock and preferred stock in a company. As this page is written for men and women who don't know everything—by a man who does not pretend to know everything but learns as he goes—I am going to explain the difference. It will be worth remembering some day when you are invited to choose which you will buy: Common? or Preferred?

Plenty of companies do not issue the two kinds of stock. They stick to the plain common stock, or if their charter calls for common stock, they may not issue that for a time but get all the capital they want on preferred stock to begin with, holding their common stock for a rainy day when, on the strength of the concern's reputation they may be able to market the common stock at a greater or less advantage.

Preferred stock is entitled to a certain amount of dividend from the earnings of the company before the common stock-holders receive any dividends whatsoever. In case the company were to go into liquidation—that is, to have its assets sold, its debts paid, and the balance (if any) distributed among the share-holders, the people who held Preferred stock would have to be paid off IN FULL and AT PAR before the common stock-holders.

There are many points to be watched when you come to buying preferred stock. First of all, let us talk about "CUMULATIVE PREFERRED." This sort of stock sounds alluring when it it is first described to you. It has a horrible sound after you have owned it awhile and it has failed to pay the accumulated interest. The theory of this stuff is this: if the company can-

(Continued on page 25.)

The Busy Woman's Garden

By CONSTANCE LEA

EVERYBODY is planning to have a vegetable garden this summer. There is not a woman of us who has bought onions and carrots by the pound, and reverently peeled the new aristocratic potatoes, who has not vowed "I'll grow my own this summer." People whose gardening experience never went any farther than the watering and cutting of their front grass plot, are now poring over seed catalogues, and making and revising endless lists of vegetables.

But this is not a treatise on the growing of vegetables. This is just a plea for the flower garden. Is there not a danger, in this enthusiastic campaign for "Thrift," to forget that our souls need feeding as well as our bodies—that our children need surroundings that are beautiful as well as comfortable. A great man once said: "If I were starving and had but ten cents, I would buy with half of it a loaf of bread, and with the other half a hyacinth for my soul."

To be sure that was said some time ago, before bread went up in price. He couldn't buy a loaf of bread for five cents now. But his principle is worthy of consideration.

Roughly speaking, our summer flowering plants are divided into two classes—annuals and perennials. The former die out completely at the end of the first summer; the latter only die down when the winter comes, lie dormant under the snow, and come up again in the spring. Of course there are many sorts of annuals and perennials. We have the hardy annuals, the half-hardy annuals, and the tender annuals. The hardy perennials, the half-hardy perennials (which require a slight protection of straw during the winter), and the tender perennial, which must not be left out of doors through the winter at all.

A few of the more easily grown varieties, and some simple directions for growing them, may be useful to those who are inexperienced.

Among the annuals, perhaps the best known are: the nasturtiums, sweet peas, pansies, poppies, asters,

(Continued on page 25.)

THE NATIONAL DIRECTORY OF STANDARD PRODUCTS

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

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

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Standard Paint & Varnish Co., Limited, "Superlastic Rust Preventer," Windsor, Ont.
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 (Bonds and Writings).
Howard Smith Paper Mills, Limited, Montreal.

PATTERN MAKERS AND WOOD TURNERS.
Potts Pattern Works, Toronto.

PERCOLATORS (Electric).
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

PIANOS.
Heintzman & Co., "Ye Olde Firm," Toronto.
Gerhard Heintzman Co., Limited, Toronto.

PIANOS & PLAYER PIANOS
The Cecelian Co., Ltd., Toronto.
The Newcombe Piano Co., Ltd., Toronto.

PLUMBING SUPPLIES.
Cluff Brothers, Toronto.
Fiddes & Hogarth, Limited, Toronto.

PORTLAND CEMENT.
Alfred Rogers, Limited, Toronto.

PRINTERS, Commercial & Theatrical.
W. S. Johnston & 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.

READING LAMPS (Electric).
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

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

RUBBER FOOTWEAR.
Gutta Percha & Rubber Co., Limited, Toronto.

RUBBER STAMPS.
W. E. Irons, Toronto.

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

SCALES.
C. Wilson & Son, "Gold Medal Scales," Toronto.

SCALES, (Computing).
Brantford Computing Scale Co., Ltd., "Brantford" Scales, Brantford, Ont.

SCRAP IRON, STEEL & METALS.
Buckleys, Limited, Toronto.
Frankel Bros., Toronto.

SEEDS (Garden—of every Description).
Carter's Tested Seeds, Inc., Toronto.

SEWING MACHINE MOTORS.
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

SHAVING MUGS (Electric).
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

SHEET MUSIC AND MUSIC BOOKS.
Whaley, Royce & Co., Limited, Toronto and Winnipeg.

SHIPS.
Polson Iron Works, Limited, Toronto.

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

SHOW CASES & STORE FIXTURES.
Canada Show Case Co., Toronto.

SIGNS.
Denis Advtg. Signs, Limited, Signs of every Description, Montreal and Toronto.

SPORTING GOODS.
The Harold A. Wilson Co., Limited, Toronto.
John B. Brotherton, Toronto.

STATIONERS AND PRINTERS.
United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.

STEEL (Tool).
Wm. Jessop & Sons, Limited, Toronto.

STORAGE
Standard Warehouse & Mercantile Co., Toronto.

STOVES, COOKING, Coal, Wood, Electric and Gas.
The McClary Mfg. Co., London, Ont.
Wrought Iron Range Co. of Can., Ltd., Toronto.

STOVES (Electric).
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

TANKS.
Polson Iron Works, Limited, Toronto.

TEA KETTLES (Electric).
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

TELEPHONES AND SUPPLIES.
Canadian Independent Telephone Co., Limited, Toronto.

TENTS AND TARPAULINS.
Scythes & Company, Limited, Toronto.

TIME CLOCKS AND RECORDERS.
The International Time Recording Co., Limited, Toronto.

TOASTERS.
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

TOYS.
The Harold A. Wilson Co., Limited, Toronto.

TRANSFORMERS.
Maloney Electric Co., of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

TYPEWRITERS.
United Typewriter Co., Limited, "Underwood" Typewriters, Toronto.

UNDERWEAR.
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.
Scarfe & Co., Brantford, Ont.

VIBRATORS (Electric).
The Toronto Electric Light Co., 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.
Hurley Machine Co., "Thor Electric Washing Machines," Toronto.
"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.

WATCHES AND JEWELLERY.
Scheuer's Limited, Toronto.

WATCH CASES.
American Watch Case Co., Limited, Toronto.

WINDOW LETTERS AND SIGNS.
J. E. Richardson & Co., Toronto, Ont.

WIPING RAGS.
E. Pullan, Toronto.

WROUGHT IRON PIPE.
Canada Pipe and Steel Co., Limited, Toronto.

The Busy Woman's Flower Garden

(Concluded from page 23.)

verbenas, and petunias.

When you plan your flower garden, you must first take into consideration the sort of soil you have to work with, and make out a list of plants that will grow well in your soil. Of course it is possible, with the use of fertilizers, to change any sort of soil, but this is written for the busy woman, and she will not have time to do that.

If your garden is a very light sandy soil, you will have no success with sweet peas, and not much with pansies or verbenas, but the gay, cheery nasturtium will grow and flourish splendidly, and so will the poppy and the salvia or scarlet sage and the petunia. The low creeping portulaca, with its brilliant and fragile blossoms is essentially a plant for the sandy garden. It needs so little care too. Anywhere that the seed is sown, it will grow and thrive. It must be remembered of course that sandy soil requires more water than other soils, and the owner of a sandy garden will have to keep the hose busy if she is to have any success with her flowers.

If your garden is heavy clay soil, you will be able to grow sweet peas to perfection, and they are flowers we can never have too many of. Plant them early in April, for the seed is slow to germinate, and give support as soon as they are above ground.

How Preferable is Preferred ?

(Continued from page 23.)

not pay dividends in its first year, or second year, or third year—(though the promoters seldom talk about the third year being as lean as all that), then it is automatically understood that you, as an owner of preferred stock, shall be entitled to an accumulated dividend when the company DOES start to pay.

If you could be sure of collecting that back interest all might yet be well. But you can't. The directors may decide that it is not in the interests of the company to pay what they can't pay without sending the company into liquidation. You usually agree with them, in a case like that, because of your concern for your PRINCIPAL. Thus you may find that a single meeting of common or garden directors may with a stroke of the pen wipe out all the motor cars and joy rides to New York and Atlantic City which you had been saving up in your mind's eye. Mind you: this isn't just a possibility. It HAS HAPPENED right here in the Dominion of Canada, and there is nothing under the sun as yet that can guarantee the other way.

Now another thing you want to look out for when your cash box is being tickled by Preferred stock talk, and it is the Bond question. I have repeatedly said in this column that bonds are the salt of the earth—in an investment sense. Bonds are a first claim on the concern which issues them.

Now suppose you buy preferred stock in a company that has no bonds out. (Likely as not—in a new company—they are wise enough not to issue bonds until they have sold the preferred stock anyway). You buy your preferred—perhaps with a slight bonus of common stock thrown in as bait. Maybe you get one dividend. Maybe you do not. Along comes a bad year or two, over which if your company can only drag itself, lies prosperity and fat dividends. Your directors meet and decide that it is in the interests of all concerned to issue bonds. Said bonds are engraved, numbered and sold. All goes as before, EXCEPT that the bonds have now first charge on the earnings of the company for interest. That claim comes ahead of your claim. Furthermore, if the good times which your directors thought they saw coming don't come, and if they don't issue more bonds to stand between you and your dividends, there may come a day of reckoning. The bond-holders, failing to receive their interest, may apply for a winding-up order. The assets may be liquidated or the concern reorganized, but whichever way it goes, you and your preferred stock play second fiddle in everything. You may be better off than the common-stock holders, but that is all.

Of course a company HAS the power to fix a clause in its charter making it impossible to issue bonds. That is in

(Concluded on page 27.)

The Bank of British North America

ESTABLISHED IN 1836.

Incorporated by Royal Charter in 1840.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, $4,866,666.67 **RESERVE FUND $3,017,333.34**

Eighty-First Annual Report and Balance Sheet

Report of the Directors of The Bank of British North America, Presented to the Proprietors at Their Eighty-First Yearly General Meeting, on Tuesday, March 6th, 1917.

The Court of Directors submit the accompanying Balance Sheet to 30th November last.

It will be seen that the profits for the Year, including $52,175.71 brought forward from 30th November, 1915, amount to $598,522.11, of which $146,000 was appropriated to a dividend paid last October, leaving a balance of $452,522.11, out of which the Directors propose to declare a Dividend of 40s. per Share, payable, less Income Tax, on 6th April, and a Bonus of 5 per cent. to the Staff, estimated to cost about $34,100.00, leaving, after the other special appropriations mentioned in the Balance Sheet, an amount of $104,222.15 to be carried forward.

The above Dividend will make a distribution of 7 per cent. for the Year.

The Dividend Warrants will be remitted to the Proprietors on the 5th April.

During the year ended 30th November last, the Sub-Branch at Ituna, Saskatchewan, was closed.

The following appropriations from the Profit and Loss Account have been made for the benefit of the Staff, viz.:—

To the Officers' Widows and Orphans Fund	$ 9,003.60
" " Pension Fund	37,998.55
" " Life Insurance Fund	18,493.33

In the exercise of the powers conferred upon them by Clause 60 of the Deed of Settlement, the Court of Directors, in September last, appointed an Advisory Committee in Montreal, consisting of Sir Herbert B. Ames, M.P., Mr. W. R. MacInnes and Mr. W. R. Miller, and they feel confident that this appointment will prove to be of great advantage to the Bank.

London, 26th February, 1917.

The Bank of British North America

Balance Sheet, 30th November, 1916

LIABILITIES.

Capital—20,000 Shares of £50 each fully paid		$ 4,866,666.67
Reserve Fund		3,017,333.34
Dividends Declared and Unpaid		4,851.42
Profit and Loss Account		
Balance brought forward from 30th November, 1915	$198,175.71	
Dividend paid April, 1916	146,000.00	
	$52,175.71	
Net Profit for the year ending this date after deducting all current charges and providing for bad and doubtful debts	546,346.40	
	$589,522.11	
Dividend paid October, 1916	146,000.00	
	$452,522.11	
Deduct:		
Transferred to Bank Premises Account	$ 973.33	
Transferred to Officers' Widows and Orphans Fund	9,003.60	
Transferred to Officers' Life Insurance Fund	18,493.33	
Transferred to Officers' Pension Fund	37,998.55	
Canadian Patriotic Fund	6,999.69	
Canadian War Tax on Circulation	46,098.14	
	119,566.64	
Balance available for April Dividend		332,955.47
Notes of the Bank in Circulation		5,627,981.52
Deposits not Bearing Interest		20,511,339.45
Deposits Bearing Interest, (including Interest accrued to date)		28,893,572.69
Balances due to other Banks in Canada		1,473.61
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents in the United Kingdom and Foreign Countries		531,006.28
Bills Payable		1,641,484.67
Acceptances under Letters of Credit		883,428.48
Liabilities and Accounts not included in the Foregoing		1,473,864.35
Liability on Endorsements	$238,555.69	
Liability under Guarantee in respect of the Sovereign Bank of Canada	$300,000.00	
		$67,785,957.95

ASSETS.

Current Coin and Bullion	$1,530,303.14	
Dominion Notes	4,457,971.86	
		$5,988,275.00
Notes of other Banks		491,682.88
Cheques on other Banks		2,490,628.36
Balances due by other Banks in Canada		9,002.18
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada		3,292,661.31
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities, not exceeding Market Value		955,064.25
Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian		11,274,293.37
Railway and other Bonds and Stocks		69,027.04
Call and Short Loans in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks		1,446,233.86
Call and Short Loans elsewhere than in Canada		4,331,549.94
Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less Rebate of Interest)		23,936,070.44
Other Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less Rebate of Interest)		7,225,512.48
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit, as per contra		883,428.48
Real Estate other than Bank Premises		29,235.97
Overdue Debts (estimated Loss provided for)		217,878.09
Bank Premises at not more than Cost, Less Amounts Written off		2,301,109.37
Deposit with the Canadian Minister of Finance for the Purposes of the Circulation Fund—		
Dominion of Canada 3¾ per cent. Bonds, £250,000 @ 95⅞	$1,166,479.17	
Cash	219,215.49	
		1,385,694.66
Deposits in the Central Gold Reserves		800,000.00
Other Assets and Accounts not included in the Foregoing		658,610.27
		$67,785,957.95

H. B. MACKENZIE, General Manager.

E. A. HOARE, J. H. BRODIE, Directors.

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books in London and the Certified Returns from the Branches, and we report to the Shareholders that we have obtained all the information and explanations we have required, and that in our opinion, the transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have been within the powers of the Bank. As required by Section 56, Clause 19, of the Bank Act of Canada, we visited the Chief Office (Montreal) of the Bank and checked the cash and verified the securities and found that they agreed with the entries in the books of the Bank with regard thereto. We further report that, in our opinion, the above Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books and returns.

London, 26th February, 1917.

N. E. WATERHOUSE, FRANK S. PRICE, Auditors.

your favour as a holder of preferred stock. Unless some such clause does exist, however, you are exposed to the risk as above described. Ask about the bond-issuing powers of the company therefore, before placing your order.

Beware of the hook which is baited with a common stock bonus. That is a direct appeal to nothing but your cupidity. If you fall for it without knowing first all the ins and outs of the company making the offer, you deserve what you get. As a matter of fact cupidity lies at the bottom of most lost investments. Men and women WILL insist in getting something for nothing—they won't take the long, slow way to get rich. However that is another sermon. I have already preached it.

Take the case of Reading Preferred. There, in an established company, the privileges which go with the Preferred stock with reference to the common stock are really worth something. You are allowed, if I remember rightly, to buy common stock in the company at a certain figure at a certain time if you own at that time Preferred stock. Well and good. The Reading Company is a tried and tested one. The value of its common stock has been more or less established. But the value of the common stock in a new concern is as likely as not to be nothing at all.

Beware.

If I appear to have knocked—remember that it is in the interests of money saved. I have tried to make it clear in this column that I don't condemn speculation WHEN YOU KNOW IT IS SPECULATION and when you can afford it and go into it with your eyes open. But be sure you don't let your desire for big returns blind you to the fact that your so-called investment IS a speculation. You'll be much more comfortable in your old age. And your children will enjoy the reading of your will—much more!

The Canadian "Buffs" (198th Battalion: Lt.-Col. Cooper, O.C.,) has at last arrived safely in England after a long period in which no one in the home city of the "Buffs"—Toronto—seemed to know just where they were. They spent a long time in St. John, and our photograph shows some of these sturdy Canadians enjoying their last "bun-fight" in a St. John's church before sailing.

KING, OF THE KHYBER RIFLES —By TALBOT MUNDY

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

THEY were weary, ragged, lean—seven very tatter-demalions—and the front man led them, tapping the ground with a long stick. The others clung to him in line, one behind the other. He was the only clean-shaven one, and he was the tallest. He looked as if he had not been blind so long, for his physical health was better. All seven men yelled at the utmost of their lungs, but he yelled the loudest.

"Oh, the hakim—the good hakim!" they wailed. "Where is the famous hakim? We be blind men—blind we be—blind—blind! Oh, pity us! Is any kismet worse than ours? Oh, show us to the hakim! Show us the way to him! Lead us to him! Oh, the famous, great, good hakim who can heal men's eyes!"

The mullah looked down on them like a vulture waiting to see them die, and seeing they did not die, turned his back and went into his cave. Close to the ramp they stopped, and the front man, cocking his head to one side as only birds and the newly blind do, gave voice again in nasal singsong.

"Will none tell me where is the great, good, wise hakim Kurrum Khan?"

"I am he," said King, and he stepped down toward him, calling to an assistant to come and bring him water and a sponge. The blind man's face looked strangely familiar, though it was partly disguised by some gummy stuff stuck all about the eyes. Taking it in both hands he tilted the eyes to the light and opened one eye with his thumb. There was nothing whatever the matter with it. He opened the other.

"Rub me an ointment on!" the man urged him, and he stared at the face again.

"Ismail!" he said. "You?"

"Aye! Father of cleverness! Make play of healing my eyes!"

So King dipped a sponge in water and sent back for his bag and made a great show of rubbing on ointment. In a minute Ismail, looking almost like a young man without his great beard, was dancing like a lunatic with both fists in the air, and yelling as if wasps had stung him.

"Aieee-aieee-aieee!" he yelled. "I see again! I see! My eyes have light in them! Allah! Oh, Allah heap riches on the great wise hakim who can heal men's eyes! Allah reward him richly, for I am a beggar and have no goods!"

The other six blind men came struggling to be next, and while King rubbed ointment on their eyes and saw that there was nothing there he could cure the whole camp began to surge toward him to see the miracle, and his chosen body-guard rushed up to drive them back.

"Find your way down to Khyber and ask for the Wilayti dakitar. He will finish the cure."

The six blind men, half-resentful, half-believing, turned away, mainly because Ismail drove them with words and blows. And as they went a tall Afridi came striding down the camp with a letter for the mullah held out in a cleft stick in front of him.

"Her answer!" said Ismail, with a wicked grin.

"What is her word? Where is the Orakzai Pathan?"

But Ismail laughed and would not answer him. It seemed to King that he scented climax. So did his near-fifty and their thirty friends. He chose to take the arrival of the blind men as a hint from Providence and to "go it blind" on the strength of what he had hoped might happen. Also he chose in that instant to force the mullah's hand, on the principle that hurried buffaloes will blunder.

"To Khinjan!" he shouted to the nearest man. "The mullah will march on Khinjan!"

THEY murmured and wondered and backed away from him to give him room. Ismail watched him with dropped jaw and wild eye.

"Spread it through the camp that we march on Khinjan! Shout it. Bid them strike the tents!"

Somebody behind took up the shout and it went across the camp in leaps, as men toss a ball. There was a surge toward the tents, but King called to his deserters and they clustered back to him. He had to cement their allegiance now or fail altogether, and he would not be able to do it by ordinary argument or by pleading; he had to fire their imagination. And he did.

"She is on our side!" That was a sheer guess. "She has kept our man and sent another as hostage for him in token of good faith! Listen! Ye saw this man's eyes healed. Let that be a token! Be ye the men with new eyes! Give it out! Claim the title and be true to it and see me guide you down the Khyber in good time like a regiment, many more than a hundred strong!"

They jumped at the idea. The "Hills"—the whole East, for that matter—are ever ready to form a new sect, or join a new band or a new blood-feud. Witness the Nikalseyns, who worship a long-since dead Englishman.

"We see!" yelled one of them.

"We see!" they chorused, and the idea took charge. From that minute they were a new band, with a war-cry of their own.

"To Khinjan!" they howled, scattering through the camp, and the mullah came out to glare at them and tug his beard and wonder what possessed them.

"To Khinjan!" they roared at him. "Lead us to Khinjan!"

"To Khinjan, then!" he thundered, throwing up both arms in a sort of double apostolic blessing, and then motioning as if he threw them the reins and leave to gallop. They roared back at him like the sea under the whip of a gaining wind. And Ismail disappeared among them, leaving King alone. Then the mullah's eyes fell on King and he beckoned him.

King went up with an effort, for he ached yet from his struggle of the night before. Up there by the ashes of the fire the mullah showed him a letter he had crumpled in his fist. There were only a few lines, written in Arabic, which all mullahs are supposed to be able to read, and they were signed with a strange scrawl that might have meant anything. But the paper smelt strongly of her perfume.

"Come, then. Bring all your men, and I will let you and them enter Khinjan Caves. We will strike a bargain in the Cavern of Earth's Drink."

That was all, but the fire in the mullah's eyes showed that he thought it was enough. He did not

Sir Squirrel Condescends *to be* Fed

SQUIRRELS are becoming as tame as cats. Some of our Canadian town squirrels are tamer than cats. Central Park set the pace for this some years ago, when the New York police—so 'tis said—were ordered to take a squirrel census and tied little ribbons round the necks—or was it tails?—of the squirrels, which the park gamins good-naturedly removed. Canadian squirrels as shown in these photographs are not yet quite so tame, but they cheerfully consent to pose for the camera and to go through the operation of digging up their winter's store of nuts to see if the H. C. of L. has made any difference to the value. And in so doing the artful dodger of the camera got this busy black one.

doubt that once he should have his extra four thousand in the caves Khinjan would be his; and he said so.

"Khinjan is mine!" he growled. "India is mine!"

And King did not answer him. He did not believe Yasmini would be fool enough to trust herself in any bargain with Muhammad Anim. Yet he could see no alternative as yet. He could only be still and be glad he had set the camp moving and so had forced the mullah's hand.

"The old fatalist would have suspected her answer otherwise!" he told himself, for he knew that he himself suspected it.

While he and the mullah watched the tents began to fall and the women laboured to roll them. The men began firing their rifles, and within the hour enough ammunition had been squandered to have fought a good-sized skirmish; but the mullah did not mind, for he had Khinjan Caves in view, and none knew better than he what vast store of cartridges and dynamite was piled in there. He let them waste.

Watching his opportunity, King slipped down the ramp and into the crowd, while the mullah was busy with personal belongings in the cave. King left his own belongings to the fates, or to any thief who should care to steal them. He was safe from the mullah in the midst of his nearly eighty men, who half believed him a sending from the skies.

"We see! We see!" they yelled and danced around him.

BEFORE ever the mullah gave an order they got under way and started climbing the steep valley wall. The mullah on his brown mule thrust forward, trying to get in the lead, and King and his men hung back, to keep at a distance from him. It was when the mullah had reached the top of the slope and was not far from being in the lead that Ismail appeared again, leading King's horse, that he had found in possession of another man. That did not look like enmity or treachery. King mounted and thanked him. Ismail wiped his knife, that had blood on it, and stuck his tongue through his teeth, which did not look quite like treachery either. Yet the Afridi could not be got to say a word.

Two or three miles along the top of the escarpment the mullah sent back word that he wanted the hakim to be beside him. Doubtless he had looked back and had seen King on the horse, head and shoulders above the baggage.

But King's men treated the messenger to open scorn and sent him packing.

"Bid the mullah hunt himself another hakim! Be thou his hakim! Stay, we will give thee a lesson in how to use a knife!"

The man ran, lest they carry out their threat, for men joke grimly in the "Hills."

Ismail came and held King's stirrup, striding beside him with the easy Hillman gait.

"Art thou my man at last?" King asked him, but Ismail laughed and shook his head.

"I am her man."

"Where is she?" King asked.

"Nay, who am I that I should know?"

"But she sent thee?"

"Aye, she sent me."

"To what purpose?"

"To her purpose!" the Afridi answered, and King could not get another word out of him. He fell behind.

But out of the corner of his eye, and once or twice by looking back deliberately, King saw that Ismail was taking the members of his new band one by one and whispered to them. What he said was a mystery, but as they talked each man looked at King. And the more they talked the better pleased they seemed. And as the day wore on the more deferential they grew. By mid-day if King wanted to dismount there were three at least to hold his stirrup and ten to help him mount again.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FOUR thousand men with women and children and baggage do not move so swiftly as one man or a dozen, especially in the "Hills," where discipline is reckoned beneath a proud man's honour. There were many miles to go before Khinjan when night fell and the mullah bade them camp. He bade them camp because they would have done it otherwise in any case.

"And we," said King to his all but eighty who crowded around him, "being men with new eyes and with a great new hope in us, will halt here and eat the evening meal and watch for an opportunity."

"Opportunity for what?" they asked him.

"An opportunity to show how Allah loves the brave!" said King, and they had to be content with that, for he would say no more to them. Seeing he would not talk, they made their little fires all around him and watched while their women cooked the food. The mullah would not let them eat until he and the whole camp had prayed like the only righteous.

When the evening meal was eaten, the sentries had been set at every vantage point, and the men all sat about cleansing their beards and fingers the mullah sent for the hakim again. Only this time he sent twenty men to fetch him.

There was so nearly a fight that the skin all down King's back was gooseflesh, for a fight at that juncture would have ruined everything. At the least he would have been made a hopeless, helpless prisoner. But in the end the mullah's men drew off snarling, and before they could have time to receive new orders or reinforcements, King's die was cast.

There came another order from the mullah. The women and children were to be left in camp next dawn, and to remain there until sent for. There was murmuring at that around the camp, and especially among King's contingent. But King laughed.

"It is good!" he said.

"Why? How so?" they asked him.

"Bid your women make for the Khyber soon after the mullah marches to-morrow. Bid them travel down the Khyber until we and they meet!"

"But—"

"Please yourselves, sahibs!" The hakim's air was one of supremest indifference. "As for me, I leave no women behind me in the mountains. I am content."

They murmured a while, but they gave the orders to their women, and King watched the women nod. And all that while Ismail watched him with carefully disguised concern, but undisguised interest. And King understood. Enlightenment comes to a man swiftly, when it does come, as a rule.

He recalled that Yasmini had not done much to make his first entry into Khinjan easy. On the contrary, she had put him on his mettle and had set Rewa Gunga to the task of frightening him and had tested him and tried him before tempting him at last.

She must be watching him now, for even the East repeats itself. She had sent Ismail for that purpose. It might be Ismail's business to drive a knife in him at the first opportunity, but he doubted that. It was much more likely that, having failed in an attempt to have him murdered, she was superstitiously remorseful. Her course would depend on his. If he failed, she was done with him. If he succeeded in establishing a strong position of his own, she would yield.

All of which did not explain Ismail's whisperings and noddings and chin strokings with King's contingent. But it explained enough for King's present purpose, and he wasted no time on riders to the problem. With or without Ismail's aid, with or without his enmity, he must control his eighty men and give the slip to the mullah, and he went at once about the best way to do both.

"We will go now," he said, quietly. "That sentry in yonder shadow has his back turned. He has over-eaten. We will rush him and put good running between us and the mullah."

Surprised into obedience, and too delighted at the prospect of action to wonder why they should obey a hakim so, they slung on their bandoliers and made ready. Ismail brought up King's horse and he mounted. And then, at King's word, all eighty made a sudden swoop on the drowsy sentry and took him unawares. They tossed him over the cliff, too startled to scream an alarm; and though sentries on either hand heard them and shouted, they were gone into outer darkness like wind-blown ghosts of dead men before the mullah even knew what was happening.

They did not halt until not one of them could run another yard, King trusting to his horse to find a footing along the cliff-tops, and to the men to find the way.

"Whither?" one whispered to him.

"To Khinjan!" he answered; and that was enough. Each whispered to the other, and they all became fired with curiosity more potent than money bribes.

When he halted at last and dismounted and sat down and the stragglers caught up, panting, they held a council of war all together, with Ismail sitting at King's back and leaning a chin on his shoulder in order to hear better. Bone pressed on bone, and the place grew numb; King shook him off a dozen times; but each time Ismail set his chin back on the same spot, as a dog will that listens to his master. Yet he insisted he was her man, and not King's.

"Now, ye men of the Hills," said King, "listen to me who am political-offender - with - reward - for - capture-offered!" That was a gem of a title. It fired their imaginations. "I know things that no soldier would find out in a thousand years, and I will tell you some of what I know."

NOW, he had to be careful. If he were to invent too much they might denounce him as a traitor to the "Hills" in general. If he were to tell them too little they would lose interest and might very well desert him at the first pinch. He must feel for the middle way and upset no prejudices.

"She has discovered that this mullah Muhammad Anim is no true muslim, but an unbelieving dog of a foreigner from Farangistan! She has discovered that he plans to make himself an emperor in these Hills, and to sell Hillmen into slavery!" Might as

well serve the mullah up hot while about it! Beyond any doubt not much more than a mile away the mullah was getting even by condemning the lot of them to death. "An eye for the risk of an eye!" say the unforgiving Hills.

"If one of us should go back into his camp now he would be tortured. Be sure of that."

Breathing deeply in the darkness, they nodded, as if the dark had eyes. Ismail's chin drove a fraction deeper into his shoulder.

"Now ye know—for all men know—that the entrance into Khinjan Caves is free to any man who can tell a lie without flinching. It is the way out again that is not free. How many men do ye know that have entered and never returned?"

They all nodded again. It was common knowledge that Khinjan was a very graveyard of the presumptuous.

"She has set a trap for the mullah. She will let him and all his men enter and will never let them out again!"

"How knowest thou?" This from two men, one on either hand.

"Was I never in Khinjan Caves?" he retorted. "Whence came I? I am her man, sent to help trap the mullah! I would have trapped all you, but for being weary of these 'Hills' and wishful to go back to India and be pardoned! That is who I am! That is how I know!"

THEIR breath came and went sibilantly, and the darkness was alive with the excitement they thought themselves too warrior-like to utter.

"But what will she do then?" asked somebody.

King searched his memory, and in a moment there came back to him a picture of the hurrying jezailchi he had held up in the Khyber Pass, and recollection of the man's words.

"Know ye not," he said, "that long ago she gave leave to all who ate the salt to be true to the salt? She gave the Khyber jezailchis leave to fight against her. Be sure, whatever she does, she will stand between no man and his pardon!"

"But will she lead a jihad? We will not fight against her!"

"Nay," said King, drawing his breath in. Ismail's chin felt like a knife against his collar bone, and Ismail's iron fingers clutched his arm. It was time to give his hostage to dame Fortune. "She will go down into India and use her influence in the matter of the pardons!"

"I believe thou art a very great liar indeed!" said the man who lacked part of his nose. "The Pathan went, and he did not come back. What proof have we?"

"Ye have me!" said King. "If I show you no proof, how can I escape you?"

They all grunted agreement as to that. King used his elbow to hit Ismail in the ribs. He did not dare speak to him; but now was the time for Ismail to carry information to her, supposing that to be his job. And after a minute Ismail rolled into a shadow and was gone. King gave him twenty minutes' start, letting his men rest their legs and exercise their tongues.

Now that he was out of the mullah's clutches—and he suspected Yasmini would know of it within an hour or two, and before dawn in any event—he began to feel like a player in a game of chess who foresees his opponent mate in so many moves.

If Yasmini were to let the mullah and his men into the Caves and to join forces with him in there, he would at least have time to hurry back to India with his eighty men and give warning. He might have time to call up the Khyber jezailchis and blockade the Caves before the hive could swarm, and he chuckled to think of the hope of that.

On the other hand, if there was to be a battle royal between Yasmini and the mullah he would be there to watch it and to comfort India with the news.

"Now we will go on again, in order to be close to Khinjan at break of day," he said, and they all got up and obeyed him as if his word had been law to them for years. Of all of them he was the only man in doubt—he who seemed most confident of all.

They swung along into the darkness under low-hung stars, trailing behind King's horse, with only half a dozen of them a hundred yards or so ahead as an advance guard, and all of them expecting to see Khinjan loom above each next valley, for distances and darkness are deceptive in the "Hills," even to trained eyes. Suddenly the advance guard halted, but did not shoot. And as King caught up with them he saw they were talking with some one.

He had to ride up close before he recognized the Orakzai Pathan.

"Salaam!" said the fellow, with a grin. "I bring one hundred and eleven!"

As he spoke graveyard shadows rose out of the darkness all around and leaned on rifles.

"Be ye men all ex-soldiers of the raj?" King asked them.

"Aye!" they growled in chorus.

"What will ye?"

"Pardons!" They all said the word together.

"Who gave you leave to come?" King asked.

"None! He told us of the pardons and we came!"

"Aye!" said the Orakzai Pathan, drawing King aside. "But she gave me leave to seek them out and tempt them!"

"And what does she intend?" King asked him, suddenly.

"She? Ask Allah, who put the spirit in her! How should I know?"

"We will march again, my brothers!" King shouted, and they streamed along behind him, now with no advance guard, but with the Orakzai Pathan striding beside King's horse, with a great hand on the saddle. Like the others, he seemed decided in his mind that the hakim ought not to be allowed much chance to escape.

Just as the dawn was tinting the surrounding peaks with softest rose they topped a ridge, and Khinjan lay below them across the mile-wide bone-dry valley. They all stood and stared at it, leaning on their guns. All the "Men with New Eyes" saw it now for the first time, and it held them speechless, for with its patchwork towers and high battlements it looked like a very city of the spirits that their tales around the fire on winter nights so linger on.

AND while they watched, and the Khinjan men were beginning to murmur (for they needed no last view of the place to satisfy any longings!) none else than Ismail rose from behind a rock and came to King's stirrup. He tugged and King backed his horse until they stood together apart.

"She sends this message," said Ismail, showing his teeth in the most peculiar grin that surely the Hills ever witnessed. And then, omitting the message, he proceeded first to give some news. "Many of her men, who have never been in the army, are none the less true to her, and she will not leave them to the mullah's mercy. They will leave the Caves in a little while, and will come up here. They are to go down into India and be made prisoners if the sirkar will not enlist them. You are to wait for them here."

"Is that all her message?" King asked him.

"Nay. That is none of it! This is her message: THOU SHALT KNOW THIS DAY, THOU ENGLISHMAN, WHETHER OR NOT SHE TRULY LOVED THEE! THERE SHALL BE PROOF SUCH AS EVEN THOU SHALT UNDERSTAND!"

"What does that mean?"

"Nay, who am I that I should know?"

Ismail slipped away and lost himself among the men, and none of them seemed to notice that he had been away and had come again. On King's advice a dozen men climbed near-by eminences and began to watch for the mullah's coming. The Khinjan men murmured openly; they wanted to be off.

"But no," said King. "Go if ye will, but she has sent word that other men are coming. I wait for them here."

AFTER a great deal of resentful argument they consented to lie hidden for an hour or two, "but no longer," and King hid his horse in a hollow and persuaded three of them to gather grass for him. It was a little more than an hour after dawn and the chilled rocks were beginning to grow warmer when the head of a procession came out of Khinjan Gate and started toward them over the valley. In all more than five hundred men emerged and about a hundred women and children, and King's men were kept busy for half an hour counting them and quarreling about the exact number. Some of them were burdened heavily, and there was much discussion as to whether to loot them or not. Then:

"Muhammad Anim comes!" shouted a voice from a crag top.

They snuggled into better hiding, and there was no thought now of leaving before the mullah should go by. There began to be wagers as to whether her men would be hidden out of sight before the mullah could top the rise; and then, when the last man was safe across the valley and up the cliff and in hiding, there was endless argument as to how much each had betted and to whom he had lost. It needed an effort to quiet them when the mullah rose into view at last above the rise and paused for a minute to stare across at Khinjan before leading his four thousand down and onward. He was silent as an image, but his men roared like a river in flood and he made no effort to check them. He was like a man who has made up his mind to victory in any event. He seemed to be speculating three or four moves ahead of this one, and to hold this one such a foregone conclusion in his mind that it had ceased to interest. He was admirable, there was no doubt of that. In his own way, like an old boar sniffing up the wind for trouble, he could command a decent man's respect.

He dismounted, for he had to, and tossed his reins to the nearest man with the air of an emperor. And he

led the way down the cliffside without hesitation, striding like a mountaineer. His men followed him noisily, holding hands to make human chains at the difficult places and shouting a great deal; but not quite naturally now. They were too impressed by the seriousness of what they undertook, and in their hearts too much afraid. The noise was bravado.

It was a weary, long wait, watching from the crevices until the last man's back departed down the cliff, and the procession—Pied Piper of Hamelin and rats (but no music!)—wound across the valley. At last Khinjan Gate opened and the mullah led in. The gate did not shut after the last man, King noted that.

"Let us go now!" shouted fifty voices, and every man of King's party showed himself and stretched. "Let us go! Why wait?"

But King would not go. Nor would he explain why he would not go. Nor could he tell himself what held him, gazing at Khinjan, except that he thought of Yasmini and ached to know what she was doing.

It was thirty minutes after the last of the mullah's men had vanished through the gate, and his own men in dozens and twenties were scattered along the cliff-top arguing against delay with growing rancour, when a lone horseman galloped out of Khinjan Gate and started across the valley. He rode recklessly. He was either panic-stricken or else bolder than the devil.

In a minute King had recognized the mare, and so had the eyes of fifty men around him. No man with half an eye for a horse could have failed to recognize that black mare, having ever seen her once. She came like a goat among the rocks, just as she had once dived into darkness in the Khyber with King following. In another two minutes King had recognized the Rangar's silken turban. And now there was no need to restrain the men; they all stood and watched, to know what new turn affairs were taking.

Most of them were staring downward at the Rangar's head as he urged the mare up the cliff path, when the explanation of Yasmini's message came. It was only King, urged by some intuition, who had his eyes fixed on Khinjan.

There came a shock that actually swayed the hill they stood on. The mare on the path below missed her footing and fell a dozen feet, only to get up again and scramble as if a thousand devils were behind her, the Rangar riding her grimly, like a jockey in a race. Three more shocks followed. A great slice of Khinjan suddenly caved in with a roar, and smoke and dust burst upward through the tumbling crust.

There was a pause after that, as if the waiting elements were gathering strength. For ten minutes they watched and scarcely breathed. Rewa Gunga gained the summit and, dismounting, stood by King with the reins over his arm. The mare was too blown to do anything but stand and tremble. And King was too enthralled to do anything but stare.

"That is what a woman can do for a man!" said Rewa Gunga, grimly. "She set a fuse and exploded all the dynamite. There were tons of it! The galleries must have fallen in, one on the other! A thousand men digging for a thousand years could never get into Khinjan now, and the only way out is down Earth's Drink! She bade me come and bid you good-bye, sahib. I would have stayed in there, but she commanded me. She said, 'Tell King sahib my love was true. Tell him I give him India and all Asia that were at my mercy!'"

WHILE the Rangar spoke there came three more earth tremors in swift succession, and a thunder out of Khinjan as if the very "Hills" were coming to an end. The mare grew frantic and the Rangar summoned six men to hold her.

Suddenly, right over the top of Khinjan's upper rim, where only the eagles ever perched, there burst a column of water, immeasurable, huge, that for a moment blotted out the sun. It rose sheer upward, curved on itself, and fell in a million-ton deluge on to Khinjan and into Khinjan valley, hissing and roaring and thundering.

Earth's Drink had been blocked by the explosion and had found a new way over the barrier before plunging down again into the bowels of the world. The one sky-flung leap it made as its weight burst down a mountain wall was enough to blot out Khinjan forever, and what had been a dry mile-wide moat was a shallow lake with death's rack and rubbish floating on the surface.

The earth rocked. The Hillmen prayed, and King stared, trying to memorize all that had been. Suddenly it flashed across his mind that the Rangar, who had striven like a fiend to stab him only a matter of hours ago, was now standing behind him, within a yard.

He was up on his feet in a second and faced about. The Rangar laughed.

"So ends the 'Heart of the Hills!'" he said. "Think kindly of her, sahib. She thought well enough of you!"

He laughed again and sprang on the black mare, and before King could speak or raise a hand to stop him he was off, hell-bent-for-leather along the precipice in the direction of the Khyber Pass and India. Two of the men who had come out of Khinjan mounted and spurred after him.

King collected his men and the women and children. It was easy, for they were numb from what they had witnessed and dazed by fear. In half an hour he had them mustered and marching.

"Let us go back and loot the mullah's camp and take the women!" urged a dozen men at least.

"Go then!" said King. "Go back! But I go on!"

"He is afraid! The hakim is afraid of what he saw!"

KING let them think so. He let them think anything they chose, knowing well that what had unnerved him had at least rendered them amenable to leading. They would have no more dared go back without him, and without at least a hundred others, than they would have dared go and hunt in the ruins of Khinjan.

Even Ismail clung to his stirrup and would not leave him, looking like a fledgling with his beard all new-sprouted on his jaw, and eyes wider than any bird's.

"Why art thou here?" King asked

him. "Had she no true men who would die with her?"

The Afridi scowled, but choked the answer back.

"Art thou my man now?" King asked him. But he shook his head.

So they marched without talking over the hideous boulder-strewn range that separates Khinjan from the Khyber, sleeping fitfully whenever King called a halt, and eating almost nothing at all, for only a few of them had thought of bringing food.

They reached the Khyber famished and were fed at Ali Masjid Fort, after King had given a certain password and had whispered to the officer commanding. But he did not change into European clothes yet, and none of his following suspected him of being an Englishman.

"A Rangar on a black mare has gone down the pass ahead of you in a hurry," they told him at Ali Masjid. "He had two men with him and food enough. Only stopped long enough to make his business known."

"What did he say his business is?" asked King.

"He gave a sign and said a word that satisfied us on that point!"

"Oh!" said King. "Can you signal down the Pass?"

"Surely."

"Courtenay still at Jamrud?"

"Yes. In charge there and growing tired of doing nothing."

"Signal down and ask him to have that bath ready for me that I spoke about. Good-bye."

So he left Ali Masjid at the head of a motley procession that grew noisier and more confident every hour. Ismail still clung to his stirrup, but began to grow more lively and to have a good many orders to fling to the rest.

(To be continued.)

Experience.

"Have you ever had any experience in handling high-class ware?" asked a dealer in bric-a-brac of an applicant for work.

"No, sir," was the reply, "but I think I can do it."

"Suppose," said the dealer, "you accidentally broke a very valuable porcelain vase, what would you do?"

"I should put it carefully together," replied the man, "and set it where a wealthy customer would be sure to knock it over again."

"Consider yourself engaged," said the dealer. "Now, tell me where you learned that trick of the trade."

"A few years ago," answered the other, "I was one of the 'wealthy-customer' class."—New York Telegraph.

His Plan.

An Irishman who was rather too fond of strong drink was asked by the parish priest:

"My son, how do you expect to get into Heaven?"

The Irishman replied:

"Shure, and that's aisy! When I get to the gates of Heaven I'll open the door and shut the door, an' keep on doing that till St. Peter gets impatient and says, 'For goodness' sake, Mike, either come in or stay out!'"—Tit-Bits.

New Disguise.

"I was preparing to shave a chap the other afternoon," says a head barber. "I had trimmed his hair, and from such talk as I had had with him I judged him to be an easy-going, unexcitable sort of fellow. But suddenly his manner changed. Out of the corner of his eye he had seen a man enter whose appearance upset him.

"Hurry, George!" he muttered to me. "Lather to the eyes—quick, quick! Here comes my tailor!"—Tit-Bits.

"Pa, what's the difference between 'insurance' and 'assurance'?"

"Well, the latter is what the agent has, and the former is what he tries to sell you."

"Don't you find it hard these times to meet expenses?"

"Hard? Man alive, I can't get away from them! I meet expenses at every turn."

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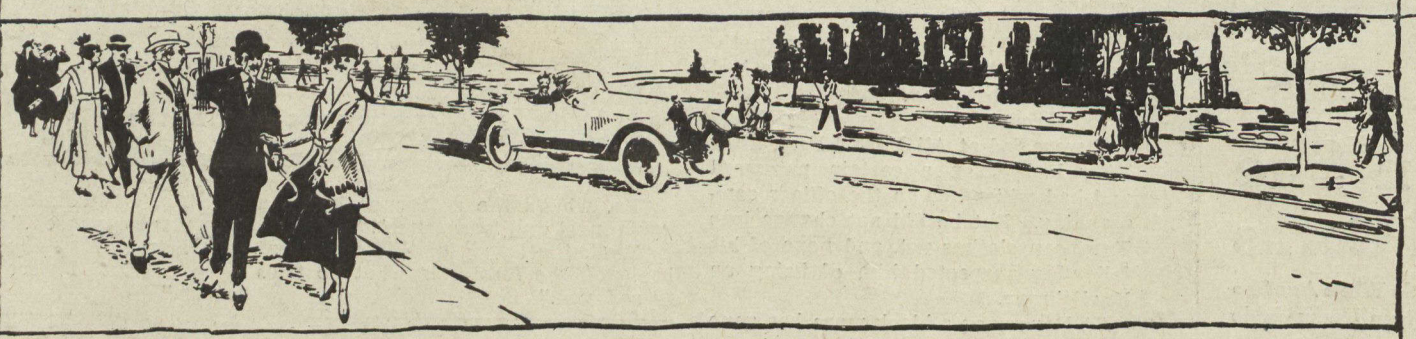

FOR a thousand years men walked on leather—and thought there was nothing better.

Leather soled shoes seemed stiff—hard to break in. They tried rubber. But rubber seemed soft—uncomfortable. So they wore leather, and waited.

A year and half ago a man strode forth on the first pair of—a new sole.

He went about the foot-miles of his busy life—and wondered how long the soft, light, flexible tread of his new-kind shoes would last.

He tramped foot-dry through slush and mud—and still his shoes held their shape.

When the life of an ordinary shoe had been passed, he noted with satisfaction that his shoes were still good. And that satisfaction grew and grew as the shoes wore and wore.

Thus auspiciously entered Neōlin.

Probably very many of your friends have found this sole that is better than leather. They will tell you of its wear—and **wear** and WEAR. Their health will testify to its snug-foot waterproofness. And if you start to walk out with them—light-footed, easy-footed, on flexible Neōlin, they will make you step out.

Shoe merchants have shoes with soles that are better than leather. Shoe repairers will rebuild your present shoes on Neōlin.

Neōlin has been a great success. Because of distinct superiorities it is replacing leather for shoe soles. Neōlin's appearance can be imitated. But Neōlin's qualities are the result of methods and materials known only to us.
Now there *are* other soles that *look* like Neōlin. But there is only *one* Neōlin—and every pair of soles is branded with the trademark below.

To be sure of the genuine Neōlin—*mark* that mark, stamp it on your memory. Ask for Neolin, with the accent on the "ō"—Neōlin—the trade symbol for a quality product of:

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