

CANADIAN COURIER

Vol. XXII. No. 24

FIVE CENTS

November 10, 1917

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Shall We Have Movies by Wireless?

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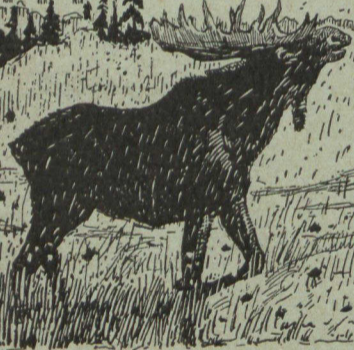
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CANADIAN COURIER

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Because We Make Space Valuable, We Give the Reader

SERVICE

One depends on the other. Service to you is conditional on the value of space. Low service means low space value. High space value means

A MAXIMUM VALUE FOR SPACE

WE come back again to the question of space value. The space in this paper never was so valuable as it is now. There are two proofs of this, outside of the Editorial Department altogether. The paper manufacturer is one of them. He must charge us more for the white space for certain reasons affecting his business. We pay it. And the increase is not small. In fact it's very large.

On the other hand we charge the advertiser more for the space he occupies in the advertising columns. Here again the increase is not small. In fact it's very large. Why? Not because we are trying to break even on the increased cost of space to us, based upon the value of white paper, but

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The increased circulation of the Canadian Courier gives the advertiser a heavy increase in reading space based upon the number of copies actually circulated, containing his advertisement. This increase to the advertiser is only possible on two conditions:

That we make the Canadian Courier interesting enough to hold and go on increasing its circulation;

That we make the price to the reader as low as possible.

These two factors of high interest and low price to the reader we have worked out in just one way. And it brings us back to the old problem of

HOW TO MAKE SPACE VALUABLE.

Space in the Canadian Courier is valuable to the editor in direct proportion to the number of people he is serving. Every thousand of new subscribers means an added charge on the editorial and contributing staff to make every page carry a higher percentage of human interest. We are doing it. We are making Canadian Courier space valuable to the reader. In working that out we let value to other people take care of itself.

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(The Dayton, Ohio, Journal)

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“Every man and woman in Canada can help win this war by prac- tising self-denial” - - - -

—From an Address by Sir Thomas White, Minister of Finance

FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND of the finest and bravest of Canada's young men have swept aside their home ties and friendships, their private interests, their own pleasures, their own inclinations, and volunteered to serve for Canada and the Empire.

MORE THAN thirty thousand of them have made the supreme sacrifice. Many more thousands have been maimed, crippled, blinded, incapacitated in a hundred ways.

Tens of thousands of fathers and mothers in Canada bear, with a proud spirit of sacrifice, aching hearts for cross-marked graves in France. Only those who are living through it can know the full measure of these sacrifices.

Through these sacrifices Canada is rising to the stature of ennobled nationhood—a nation that is finding its conscience, its spirit of courage and humility, its national soul.

And before the war is won every man and woman in Canada must and will learn the lessons of sacrifice.

THE WAR can be won only by the unselfish, personal self-denial and patriotic devotion of every man and woman and boy and girl in Canada.

And what self-denial can you make to equal the sacrifice of one mother whose only son lies beneath a wooden cross “somewhere in France”?

And if you worked sixteen hours a day, slept on a pallet of straw, lived on a crust, would that measure up to the sacrifice made by one soldier who comes back to Canada blind?

Would it even approximate the hardships which are the everyday commonplaces of the lives of our men in the trenches?

NOW HOW can you and each of us by self-denial help to win the war? Every man and woman who is true in spirit to this Canada of ours, wants to be of service, wants to help win the war.

Then how can each of us help?

• • •

BY TAKING thought of what we spend, what we eat and wear, where we go, what we do to save our money,

—by giving serious, dutiful consideration to the needs of our country and our country's gallant defenders in the trenches,

—by avoiding every unnecessary expenditure so that we can buy Canada's Victory Bonds,

—by remembering that every time we reduce our own individual ability to buy a bond by spending money needlessly, or by self-indulgence, extravagance or thoughtlessness, we by that much reduce the efficiency of Canada in helping to win the war,

—when we save our money and lend it to Canada we help just that much. And Canada needs every ounce of help from every man and woman.

Buying Canada's Victory Bonds is a service to our country, but if we buy these bonds as a result of our own self-denial we render to ourselves a still greater service, because we shall have learned to discipline ourselves and,

*“He that ruleth his spirit is better than
he that taketh a city”*

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee
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of the Dominion of Canada.



CANADIAN COURIER



VOL. XXII. No. 24
NOVEMBER 10, 1917

THE STORY OF A WOUND

WHEN he was a little chap, not much more than the height of a two-foot rule, I have watched him jump off the end of a wharf into deep water and squatter to shore, somehow, anyhow,—for he could not swim a stroke,—and repeat the performance as long as the bathing party lasted. That he could or would stay out of the war was, in the nature of things, impossible. He "joined up" at the beginning of the game and now he is invalided home.

What he has seen and suffered in the interval would fill several volumes. He ought to write a book; but he is more intent on recovering his old form in golf; he is succeeding well, though he has to go around the course with a cane. Certainly he has earned the right to rest and a little play. He does not mind talking over his experiences with an old friend, and this is the tale he told me on the club verandah, after a round, as he drank his tea and smoked half a dozen cigarettes.

"It was at Courcellette on the fifteenth of last September, that I 'got mine.' I had been scouting at the front all day and picking out a road for the battalion by such marks as a dead nigger in one place and a wounded Hun at another. On my way back, I met the regiment coming up in artillery order about six o'clock in the afternoon. They had got their orders most unexpectedly only a short time before; and they had no notion what line they should take up, or how they were to reach it. Courcellette, you know, was Canada's battle. Canadian battalions had reached their objectives early in the day and had done so well that Headquarters thought it was a good time to go on and gain more ground. The Germans saw what we intended to do, and laid down three lines of barrage through which we had to advance. The colonel said: 'You tell them where to go.' So I would tell one bunch of five or six men, 'You go here,' and another 'You run along there,' and they would double out into the shell fire and simply disappear, by groups at a time. But others took their places and somehow or other the battalion got into line and went forward. We went over the first trench, taking it in our stride, and leaving the moppers-up to secure the position: Then the second line. I was hurrying up a communication trench when I glanced over my shoulder and saw the nose of a machine-gun that we had missed, in a recess. It was too late. The same instant I was hit in the thigh and knocked to the ground. I felt as if a big Irishman had struck me with a sledgehammer. I did not think anything could hit so hard. The men behind me bayoneted the machine-gun crew and swept on.

"There was a shell-hole only a few inches away and I managed, by great exertions, to crawl into it. It was only a shallow hole made by a whizz-bang, and only a very short distance away, but I thought I should never get there. When I did, I found I had left my right leg behind me. It was lying outside the shell-hole at a very queer angle, perfectly useless, for the machine-gun bullets had chewed up the bone, though luckily they had missed the femoral artery. I reached over and lifted my leg with both hands into the hole."

He stopped, felt in his waistcoat pocket, and handed me a little piece of crumpled metal. It

GRIM as it may be, it's one of those thousands of incredible stories lived by Canadians at the Front.



By ARCHIBALD MacMECHAN

looked as if it were made of copper, steel and aluminum. "They dug that out of my leg this morning," he said. "It was in about an inch and a half. It's the nose of a machine-gun bullet. It was smashed by those following. They're always getting bits like that out of me.

"A Highlander saw me lying there bleeding and gave me first aid. He cut away my clothing, unbuttoned my tunic, broke open my bottle of iodine, poured the whole of it into my wound and tied it up roughly with my field dressing. The next minute I heard 'pin-g-g-g' and he dropped dead. The German snipers had found us, and the bullets came thick. I managed to pull his body over and wrap it round my head for protection. In that position, I heard six or seven bullets hit the corpse; but none touched me. He had saved my life.

"There I lay for more than an hour, from about seven in the evening till a quarter past eight. It seemed a long time. I saw some Highlanders running back through the shell-fire, and I was afraid that the attack had failed and that we had been driven back by the German counter-attack. I thought what I would do if the Huns came up to me. I had my rifle loaded and my revolver, that meant eleven shots in all, and I debated with myself what I would do,—fight, or surrender, or play possum. Then I realized that the Highlanders were wounded,—walking cases, on their way to the dressing station, and that there was no immediate danger to myself from the Huns breaking through.

"**T**HEN a Red Cross man saw me. This was O—n, who had been a First Year Medical at McGill before the war. He was a slight little fellow, delicate-looking, with big blue eyes like a girl. I don't believe he had muscle enough to drive a bayonet through a tunic, let alone a Hun. He never carried any weapon into action, not even a bomb in his pocket, nothing but his field-dressings. He had his stretcher under his arm. He unwound

my puttees and bandaged my broken leg to my rifle with them. Then he whistled to another Red Cross man; they got me on the stretcher and carried me off.

"**T**HE Huns had put up their usual lines of barrage, on their own front line trenches, which we had taken, four lines in all of shell and shrapnel, 'whizz-bangs,' and 'crumps.' We had to pass through them all. I put my steel helmet over my face and trusted to my blanket for the rest of me. At the field dressing-station, a party of four stretcher-bearers met me. The second-in-command had heard that I was wounded and had sent them for me, specially. There O—n left me. He got the D.C.M. and the Military Medal for his work that day. He was killed at Vimy.

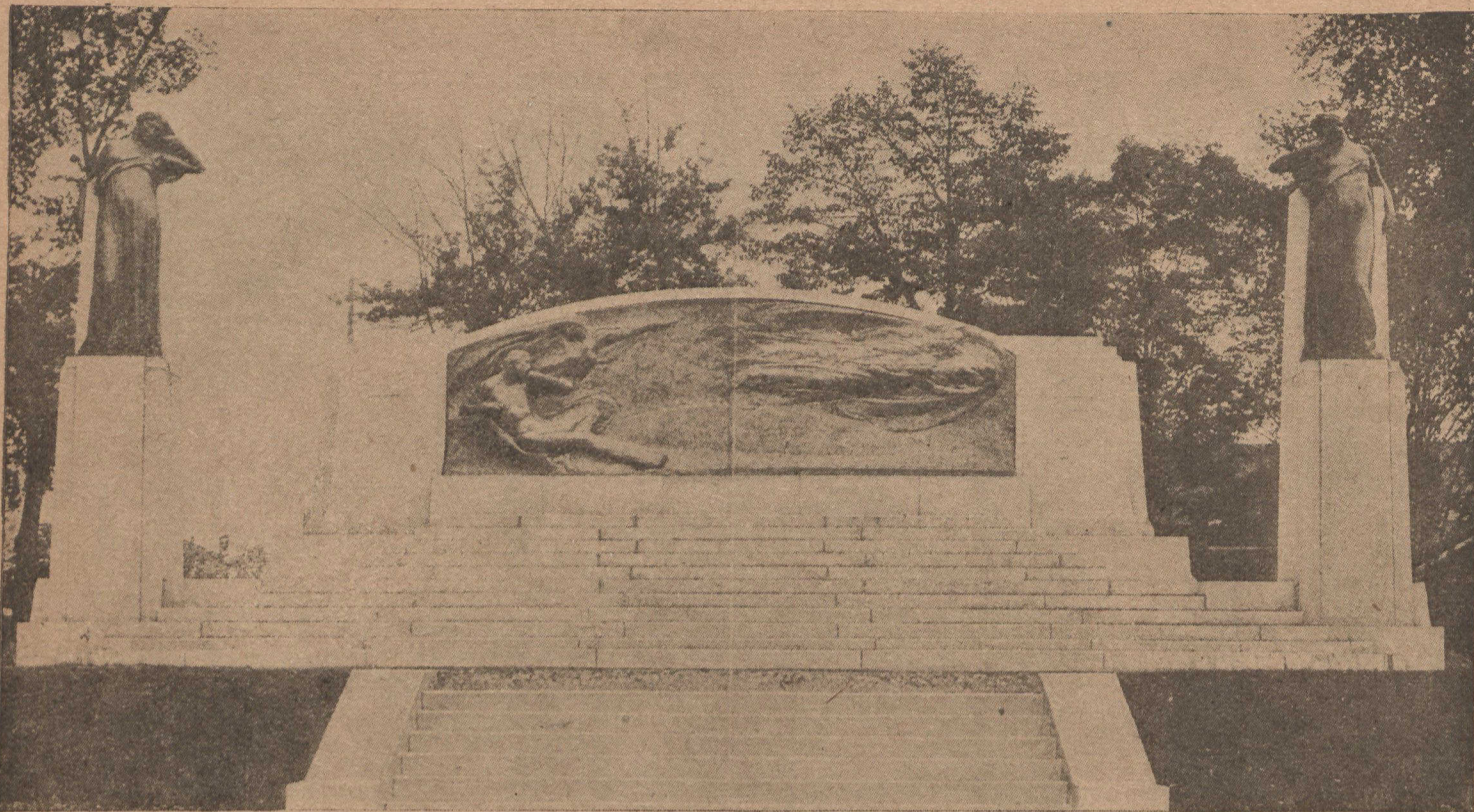
"When I got back to the field hospital, I was an inch and a half deep in mud. You see when a shell bursts beside the bearers, they drop you and throw themselves on the ground. Three out of the four that were carrying me were killed. Once they dumped me into a shell-hole and once into a deep trench; they could not help it. But I got through without another wound, and at long last I saw Blighty."

There he stopped and flicked the ash from his cigarette.

I looked at the handsome, soft-voiced, well-mannered lad, and thought of all he had learned in the last two years, an experience denied me. He is the best known man in the whole C.E.F. Daredevil courage, nerves of tempered steel, red Indian cunning, grafted on a highly educated intelligence, made him the most renowned scout officer on the western front. "He lived in No Man's Land"; "He spent his time killing Germans"—these were common sayings of him. On three separate occasions he made his way right into the German trenches, mingled with the Huns to secure the information he wanted and got safely away. Once he peered through a loop-hole in the German parapet and found it empty. He thought the trench was unoccupied, and continued his investigations in the dark, crawling like a serpent. Later he returned to the loop-hole, for the scientific purpose of verifying his first impressions, and found himself looking into the muzzle of a Mauser. The startled German fired point-blank and the bullet plowed through the "Boy's" thick hair. A second shot at thirty-five yards also missed.

His hairbreadth escapes were endless. At another time, he and his sergeant had ended their patrol and were coming back to their own lines. As they came close, "Boy's" quick ear caught the faint sound of the safety-pin being drawn from a Mill's bomb, the deadly British hand-grenade that bursts in five seconds after the spring is released. He realized that his own men had mistaken him and his sergeant for Germans, and that before he could count five, the bomb would explode. He flung himself to the ground and dragged his sergeant with him. The bomb was flung with a true aim. It struck him on the shoulder and exploded, blinding and stunning him, but doing no further harm; but the flying fragment bounding over, struck the other man and killed him. He only lived until he was got into the trench.

And these are only two incidents in his career. (Concluded on page 24.)



IN a public square at Brantford, Ont., now stands the world's only memorial to the invention of the Telephone, invented by Alexander Graham Bell; the memorial designed and executed by Walter Allward, sculptor. The work is totally unlike any other memorial in Canada. The two figures at the ends represent Humanity talking and listening. The panel between suggests the messages borne across the world by human speech; of Joy, Sorrow and Knowledge, the panel by a subtle modulation indicating the curvature of the earth. Thus the art of the sculptor spiritualizes the most democratic and most commonly used of all modern inventions.

Shall we have Movies by Wireless?

Canadian Inventor and Canadian Artist Collaborate to Point the Way to Future Conquests of Science

By

AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

ART sometimes ignores facts for the sake of interpreting nature. On an average ten million people a day lose their tempers and make unnatural noises in a hysteria of haste over the telephone. Sometimes a man grabs the instrument in anger and jams the receiver back on the hook in speechless rage. The telephone is used for the transmission of plain facts, good news, scandalous suggestion and bad temper. Nobody reveres the telephone—unless it is a child marvelling at his mother who talks to somebody unseen, and he soon gets over it. The telephone bell is usually a gross impertinence, interrupting a dinner, a conversation, or a secret interview. It may be the medium of a shrewd manoeuvre in business when a letter is too slow and a telegram too obvious. It may be the cause of arresting a thug, arranging a wed-

ding, or announcing laconically "it's a boy!" It may smooth out the kinks in the affairs of Mrs. A. and Mrs. B., or make them worse enemies. It conveys congratulations, condolences, or plain insults. It is used one moment to transmit the elegant felicitations of the lady of the house; the next to send over a long lallygag of common gossip, or to enable the housemaid to tell the butcher's boy why he is a miserable slob, because he didn't come around last evening.

In all these things the telephone is about as human as a pocket handkerchief, and in the common use of it, most people forget that it is one of the greatest mysteries in the world. Because it is so misunderstood by millions of people it remains for the artist to spiritualize the telephone back to the sense of mystery in which it was first conceived in the mind

BELL'S PREDICTION

(On the occasion of the unveiling of the Bell Memorial, in Brantford, Ont., Oct. 23, 1917.)

Brantford, Oct. 23.—Telephonic connection which will annihilate space so far as sight is concerned, was forecast by Professor Alexander Graham Bell here to-day.

"The telephone has proven its value in times of peace and war alike," said Dr. Bell, "and while we have not yet achieved sight by means of the telephone, such an accomplishment is by no means beyond the bounds of possibility."

of the inventor. Which Walter Allward, Sculptor, did when he designed and executed the Bell Memorial, unveiled in Brantford a few days ago to celebrate the genius of Alexander Graham Bell, Canadian inventor. And the Bell Memorial was made in a studio where no telephone was ever heard.

The Memorial was finished by the sculptor two years ago, and ever since that time the plaster casts from which the bronze figures and the huge central entablature was cast had been down at the bronze founders in Troy, N.Y. The delay was caused partly by the impossibility of getting the fine French sand from Calais, used for casting art bronzes. Eight years ago the sketch models were accepted and the award made. Time is nothing to a sculptor who often has to interpret the ages. This monument to a world-revolutionizing invention in the exact year of 1874 was carried out in very much the same solitude and silence in which the invention of the telephone was conceived 45 years ago.

Dr. Bell made it quite clear in his speech at the ceremony that the telephone really originated in Brantford on July 24, 1874. In the autumn of 1874 it was described by drawings to people in Boston. In 1875 the first telephone was made in Boston. "Conceived in Brantford and born in Boston" was Bell's way of putting it.

"I came to Brantford in 1870, to die," he said. "I was given six months to live; but I am glad to be alive to-day to witness the unveiling of this beautiful Memorial."

Brantford was the first place where the telephone was connected up for long-distance transmission. That was on August 10, 1876. The transmitter was in Brantford, the receiver in Paris, Ont., and the battery was in Toronto. The inventor's reminiscence referred also to the first line used between Brantford and Tutela Heights.



IN this house in Tutela Heights the details of the Telephone were worked out, and from here the first line in Canada was put into commission. Sentiment caused the inventor also to return to the silent woodland spot near the house where the idea of the telephone is said to have flashed upon him; photographed there 43 years later with his wife on the occasion of the inaugural.



A pouring rain which no human invention could prevent kept the crowd interested at the Brantford station while waiting for the inventor of the Telephone to arrive in a special train from Washington.

"We cleaned Brantford out of stove-pipe wire," he said, as he described how the telegraph line on Mount Pleasant Road was connected up with the Bell homestead. Several people talked and sang over the line that day. It was the first public demonstration of the possibility of speech by wire.

At that time very few people expected that they would live till the day when it would be possible to talk 3,000 miles over a wire, as was done in New York and in Montreal on two occasions during the past four years. We don't know yet that it will be impossible a hundred years hence to talk clear round the world; or whether by that time any such service will be necessary. Messages from Mars may be in vogue before the world-circuit telephone is in use.

Civilization is roughly divided into the stone-age, the bronze age, the wooden age, the steam age, the iron age, the electric age. These are very crude divisions. In modern times the ages all run together.

Since the invention of the telephone, 43 years ago, civilization has been advanced by more revolutionizing inventions than took place during the hundred years previous to 1874. We are not told whether the Bell telephone was among the exhibits at the Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876. But we are quite sure that the Centennial came too soon to celebrate:

The typewriter and the Web press; the automobile and the trolley; radium and the X-ray; wireless and colour-photography; the moving picture and the phonograph; Pasteurization and anti-toxin; hydro-electric and the gas engine; gasoline motors and paper from wood pulp; commercialized nickel and transformers; asbestos curtains and thermos bottles; player-pianos and telharmoniums; fast ocean liners and dreadnoughts; steam shovels and factory magnets; hydraulic elevators and steam-riveters; electric smelters and oil-driven ships; safety-pins and dome fasteners; self-binders and hay-loaders; hay-forks and corn-harvesters; sleeping-cars and track-laying machines; rubber tires and cement highways; automatic organs and concert grand pianos; baby incubators and milking machines; electric washers and barrel churns; linotype machines and rotogravure printing; siege guns and "tanks"; airships and submarines; Zeppelins and air raids; camouflage and trench gas; spiritism and twilight sleep; Salvation Army and skyscrapers; multimillionaires and blonde Eskimos; cubist pictures and Schoenberg music; Polar discovery and seedless oranges; baseball and vaudeville; short sermons and the Fox Trot.

We stop here, quite conscious that the list is far from complete; but also that it shows at least how far-reaching are the scientific ramifications of a restless age, bent upon exploiting nature, art and science for the evolution of humanity. A cursory examination of the list would show that Canada has been identified, directly or otherwise, with a number of these, including asbestos, nickel, hydro-electric, wood pulp, self-binders—and the telephone.

The telephone is enough to give this country a place among the inventive peoples. Graham Bell's prediction that some day we shall be able not only to hear, but to see by wire, is not so startling in 1917 as a prophecy in 1874 that we should have moving pictures, phonographs and the 300-mile telephones.

The tendency of modern times is for groups of inventions to work out together. The group of which the telegraph was the progenitor comprises the cable, the telephone and wireless. In some people's minds, also, it is connected with telepathy, which, if it could be perfected into an invention, would make all the others unnecessary. The world

is making a supreme effort to unify itself by the transmission of thought. If ether-waves connecting up with thought-vibrations—whatever either of them is—can ever be accomplished there will no longer be any need of telephones or Pinkerton detectives.

Another group is colour photography, moving pictures and the phonograph. If the next 50 years is to keep pace scientifically with the 50 years ending in 1917, some co-ordinating genius will make a merger of these two groups of inventions as Herbert Spencer co-ordinated philosophy. In 1967 it may be no marvel for a modern Rip Van Winkle to wake up and find himself in a theatre seeing on the screen an airship race at 300 miles an hour, 4,000 miles from the scene of the race, at the very time of the event, accompanied by the very sound of the air-engines and the tumult of the crowd below. Such an invention, using both wireless and wire, would be no greater evolution on Dr. Bell's "seeing by wire" than seeing by wire would be an advance over the telephone.

But of course the scientist tells us dogmatically that sound uses air for transmission and electricity uses ether—or something like it. Therefore—

Oh, well, civilization has discarded a lot of therefores.

The Art of the Sculptor

(Extracts from an article in "Sons of Canada.")

WHETHER in the simple shaft, the fussy, frock-coated Victorian politician, or the superb, sweeping lineaments of the great South African Memorial, Allward is inexorably himself; the patient, intellectually imaginative workman, evolving his subject with almost unscrupulous regard for historic accuracy. He catches the spirit of the age—not of his own, but of whatever age he sets out to depict. He would do a statue of a king caveman brandishing a stone axe with as much puntillous care for the atmosphere of that period as he is now doing the mammoth Bell Memorial intended to commemorate the evolution of the telephonic age.

Day by day, week by week, month by month, working with wax in that top-lighted lofty studio of his, Allward asks himself what is the mission of a sculptor in a commercial age, and himself furnishes the answer. From sketch to sketch model, from that to half size with something of detail; on again to life size and the use of living models, and then to the huge skeleton of wood and chicken-netting for monument size, he creates his critical, inspiring verity which after several more moons will be a plaster cast ready for the bronze founders.

Patience. There are many things to consider as the assistant works away with the pointing machine invented by Allward for indicating on the skeleton the details of the life-size figure. This life-size is the sculptor's approximate last work. The rest is replication on a larger scale, investing that cadaver of crude wood and chicken-netting with wax lineaments. And to a sculptor with a great craft and easy conscience that would be all. This man with the comprehensive name—Allward—realizes a tout ensemble of a various kind. There is the committee of award—oh, the committee! usually composed of politicians, town councillors, and howling patriots. There is the general conception supposed to please that committee and must, therefore, be a compromise. There is the price which takes no account of love's labour lost in endless details produced and afterwards suppressed for the sake of suggestive simplicity. There is the difficulty of models in a young commercial country. There is the architectural design—and Allward spent part of his apprenticeship to an architect. There is the site and the environment, involving the art of the landscape artist. There is the general setting of walks, flower plots, lawns, and drive-ways—usually botched by the civic gardener. There is the unweaving and the speechmaking nightmare and the crowd.

The Bell Memorial is to have a decent chance.



SOME day there will be a statue of Graham Bell at the opposite end of the park; the inventor looking at his own memorial. The statue may have the same "look" in the face as this photograph of Dr. Bell and his wife's mother.

however. Brantford had gumption enough to employ a landscape artist to provide the frame for the Allward picture. Mr. Dunington-Grubb's arboreal and design for the little Champ de Telephone will be evolved by an undoubted artist in that medium as a suitable frame for the Allward picture. Some larger cities who make cemeteries of their monuments might take a lesson from Brantford. The day may come when people will go out of their way to have a look at the place that commemorates the birth of the telephone. And if there should be nothing else in Brantford worth going out of one's way to see, the Bell Memorial, when set off by the art of the landscape artist, should be worth the trouble.



Walter Allward, Sculptor.

CONTRACT AND CONSCIENCE

By THE EDITOR

NOTHING in the once famous Letters of a Pork Packer to His Son contains more business and less humour to the square inch than the recent examination of Sir Joseph Flavelle, Bart., to discover—

Now what did the Commission expect to discover? Did they think Sir Joseph would melodramatically confess that he had been a very wicked or very indiscreet man? Then they must have been disappointed. Neither did Sir Joseph take a bucket of whitewash into the Court. He had nothing to conceal; no apology to make. Bacon was high. Sir Joseph had nothing to do with it. There are laws of nature, such as tides and chemical affinity which no man can control. Bacon, on a rising market, comes under those laws. Sir Joseph embodies those laws. He would prefer the public to know it. Anything to conceal? Surely not. But everything to explain.

Some time ago in Ottawa Sir Joseph put an arm over a man's shoulder and said unto him: "Well, old man, what are you doing to help win the war?"

"Me!" shouted the man. "I'm paying fifty cents a pound for your darned old bacon."

Was it answered?

That same man is paying 60 cents now; and before next hog-killing he may pay more. Which is one sure way of getting bacon for export; so long as the exportees have the price. Once you get the hog on to that eminence, the arithmetic is bound to climb into millions.

But the popular interest in Sir Joseph Flavelle is not measured by what millions he makes in a few years of war. We have a good crop of millionaires. Most of them don't interest us because of their millions. A few of them interest people because they do big things anyhow just for the love of doing them, and the millions are the result. Sir Joseph Flavelle doesn't belong here. He has done big things, a lot of various kinds of things in business, philanthropy, religion, education, and so on. But he has always been on the weigh scales. There never was any glamour of romance or adventure about this well-thermometered man of business, religious morality and public service. Sir Joseph Flavelle was never meant to be a martyr to his own temperament. At the same time he has just come through the most trying ordeal of his life. If he feels about it no other way than he wanted the public to think he felt during the examination, he should be well ashamed of himself and decide to give the people of this country no more concern over what he calls his conscience.

But he did not succeed in proving that he is a mere business machine with religion and public service attachments. To one who watched him closely during the examination he showed that if ever he was sweating inwardly it was up to a certain point in his evidence when he interpolated that remark about qualms of conscience. Here is what the eye-witness observed in the conduct of Sir Joseph on that occasion:

Sir Joseph came to the seat of judgment surprised that he should be called, but quite convinced that he could be candid about every little thing he had ever done. He said so in the last words of his to go down on the record. They were: "I have sought, so far as I am concerned, to answer the questions which have been put to me. I do not know why they should be put, but I have not anything to conceal in the world." He said this out loud when the chairman gave the signal that the inquiry was over, but he had been saying it to himself for a long time before he came into the council room to face the commission. To him, everything in the whole business was "natural" and "proper"—he got one or other of these two words into pretty nearly every reply he gave. "There is nothing to conceal" was another favourite remark of his—and he said it like a young fellow about half way through a course in elocution.

"Fundamental principle" was another favourite. He didn't know anything about details. He wasn't even sure about what per cent. the dividend was he received a little while ago on a little matter of a million dollars' worth of stock he owns in the Simpson store. "It was either 4 or 6 per cent.," he said, when asked about it. He is President of the Harris Abattoir Company, and wasn't sure about the percentages of dividends there, "but I



"Now if I get too many qualms on this platform I may have trouble with my contracts. But if I look closely after the contracts I daresay I can adjust the qualms so as not to be weighed in the balance and found wanting."

HERE are some passages of Scripture which bear upon Sir Joseph's life and character, all of which he has very likely helped to expound in Sunday School:

"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."

"Seest thou a man diligent in business? He shall stand before kings."

"Go sell all that thou hast and give to the poor" (said by Jesus to Cornelius, who wanted to know what he should do to inherit the kingdom of heaven).

"The poor ye have always with ye."

"Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin," interpreted by Daniel to Belshazzar to mean,

"Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting."

There was also the story of Dives and Lazarus. Dives was in the place to which Sir Joseph Flavelle consigned the profits made by failure to live up to contract.

can find out for you—it is a matter of record." He was in London for four months last year. The packing company of which he is president were the largest purveyors of the largest loads of Canadian bacon ever shipped into England. He did not once make enquiries as to quantities. He had delegated authority and responsibility to someone else. The "fundamental principle" was perfectly "natural" and "proper"—so why worry?

Mr. Bain, who had been trying for about two hours to dig something more definite than a discourse on fundamental principle out of Sir Joseph, told the generalizing generalissimo that the Davies Company had made over three millions of dollars in profits—mainly out of war orders—within the last twenty-four months.

"And I was wondering," began Mr. Bain—

"If I had any qualms of conscience?" broke in the bacon baron, as though eager to get the answer off his chest.

"Put it that way if you like," said Mr. Bain.

"None whatever," said Sir Joseph.

Mr. Bain was evidently flabbergasted, but Sir Joseph was only eager to get back to his old, familiar friend, "fundamental." For about two minutes the mask was off. For several hours Sir Joseph Flavelle had sat, fidgeting with nervous hands and fencing with his foil of fundamentals. Nobody had mentioned "conscience." His own counsel had kept to a typewritten list of questions to which Sir Joseph had replied from a typewritten list of answers. Mr. Bain—the interrogator for the crown and public—had stuck to an analysis of accounting methods and business principles. Conscience was kept from the discussion. Mr. Bain didn't really

intend to ask about it, but the word had been worrying Sir Joseph. He had been waiting to hear it for many hours, but it wouldn't come, so he stuck it in himself. There was no logical reason for using it in the way he did. He forced the question because he couldn't comfortably hold back his set reply any longer. That "none whatever" signalled the cessation of his nervousness. He no longer put out a timid hand to touch the testament. His relaxation was noticeable.

Now it was precisely on that point that public interest in him converged and Sir Joseph knew it better than his counsel. What the public wanted to know about him was:

What did he mean by that "To hell with the profits!" speech before the manufacturers, when he was all the while following it up with more profits to himself than any munition manufacturer was likely to make?

He answered that by explaining what he really meant by the remark. He probably felt about it something like President Wilson felt about that phrase, "Too proud to fight." The trouble is that Sir Joseph has a habit of saying awkward things which require explanation. He understands business. We don't deny that. But he does not understand people.

Once at an art exhibition Sir Joseph, then Mr. Flavelle, came up to a Canadian artist, Smith, who abominated the work of a certain other Canadian artist named Jones, and who was looking at what he considered one of Jones' worst pictures.

Sir Joseph felt Smith on the shoulder-blade and said unto him,

"I say, Smith—that's a pretty fine thing of yours."

And he never could explain that remark born out of season.

Apparently the fact that he is a rich man does not distress Sir Joseph. What distresses him unspeakably is the fact a lot of men get into of not living up to their contracts. Wherefore in explaining his to-hell-with-the-profits remark he said:

I pointed out to them that at the moment we were behind, greatly behind, in the delivery of the munitions which we had promised, that I was concerned to learn from the meeting that we had together that some were hesitating to expend the necessary money to carry out manufacture, and that in consequence there was a possibility of the delivery of munitions not fulfilling; and I said: "If it is profits in relation to what I have seen and what I have told you, then your profits ought to go to the hell to which they belong." And, sir, I would say just the same to-day if it became a question as to whether a manufacturer would carry out his obligation to complete his munitions in accordance with his contract, or whether he would hesitate to make the necessary expenditure because he hesitated about the profits that he had.

Sir Joseph worships a contract. He has never broken a contract, at least by his own consent or knowledge. What he has said, he has said; and he will live up to it. And those who would judge him must keep unequivocally in mind that in the final estimate of human character there is that unimpeachable law of business which in the Pilgrim's Progress of life as much justifies and explains a man of business as ultimate wisdom used to justify Solomon.

"There is nothing on earth," he said to a newspaper confidante of his once, "to prevent me from making money on a rising market and losing it on a falling market."

HERE you have it in a nutshell. Markets for bacon rise and fall as inexorably as the tides which are controlled by one of the heavenly bodies. Sir Joseph rises and falls with them. If he could be guaranteed a fixed reasonable price for his bacon he might be willing to take it, guaranteed against all losses on a downward market and prevented from undue profits on a rising market. But we ask the question in all seriousness—When in recent years has there been any falling market that seriously interfered with the profit on bacon?

(Continued on page 22.)

DON'T *be* BUNCOED on PETROGRAD

A FEELING of consternation has been created in some unreflecting observers by the successes of the German navy in the Baltic. Indeed we are threatened with a revival of the German myth, never quite dead, which always foresees the delivery of some irresistible blow that has been plotted with superhuman skill and directed with miraculous energy. Every German move, however slight, foreshadows a "drive," and any city that appears to be on the line of march as indicated by the convenient desk rule is considered to be already taken, no matter what its distance, nor how insuperable the obstacles that intervene. Thus we are already being invited, with the aid of maps four inches square, to consider the relative positions of Riga and Petrograd, and to observe how easily they may be joined by means of a heavy black line. Germany, it may be inferred, has once more delivered one of those master strokes that are alike incalculable and devastating. And who knows what she may do next?

Strategy has been defined as the art of determining what your enemy intends to do and preventing him from doing it. But if we begin to inquire as to the nature of Germany's military aims in the Baltic, we find ourselves in some perplexity, because no probable military aims are anywhere in sight. The theory of a contemplated "drive" upon Petrograd is simply fantastic. Winter is close at hand. It is about 350 miles from Riga to Petrograd, and the road is a maze of rivers, lakes, and swamps. A large army starting under favourable conditions early in the spring might possibly succeed, but even then it would be doubtful. And it is certain that Germany has no army available for such a purpose. If she had any men to spare, she would apply them to remedy her pitiable plight in the west. She would not be compelled to refuse aid to Austria in her desperate distress. Moreover, we may doubt if Petrograd is worth the trouble of its capture. There is little there that is valuable, with Russia in her present state of paralysis. The capital has already been moved to Moscow, not because Petrograd is in danger, but because the situation gives to Kerensky the necessary plea for a political measure that has long been necessary. To take Petrograd might, perhaps, be described as a moral victory. It might fill the streets of Berlin with fluttering flags. But moral victories have lost a good deal of their early values, and even flags leave much to be desired as substitutes for real successes.

The Germans can not take Petrograd by land, but they may conceivably do so by water, although here, too, the chances are vastly against them and the prize not worth having, from a military point of view. In that event, the German navy must pass up the Gulf of Finland, which is thickly sown with mines, and it must reduce the fortifications at Cronstadt. To remove the mines would be a toilsome operation for a large fleet of mine sweepers, and it is hard to see how this could be done before winter. We do not know to what extent Cronstadt would be able to resist the German navy, since we do not know to what extent the Russian pacifists have destroyed its efficacy. Kerensky seems to think that they have done a good deal in this direction, and we may readily suppose that they have done what they can. None the less, if we make all allowance for the pro-German treachery of the Russian court, and for the pacifist treachery that followed the court, the task of taking Petrograd would still be a most formidable one. Without definite knowledge of the situation, it would be unwise to describe it as impossible, but we are still faced with the fact that it would have no military value, and that it might easily produce a unifying of Russian sentiment that would far counterbalance even those moral values that have become a sort of fetish with the German mind.

But the actual cause for this outblaze of naval activities is not far to seek. We have only to co-ordinate the events of the last month or two, and we shall understand why a naval victory had become a matter of paramount necessity to the German gov-

SUPPOSE Hindenburg had an army at Montreal any time in December—what chance would he have trailing that army up to Toronto before spring, if we decided to tear up the railways and had an army to bother him en route? Petrograd is just about as far from Riga as Toronto is from Montreal; and in place of railways the route is marked by swamps and snowbanks. Anyway Petrograd isn't worth taking. But like most other German "victories" it has a political value.

By SIDNEY CORYN

ernment, and quite irrespective of material gains. We know now that the mutiny on the German warships was a real mutiny, and one of the gravest kind. The story was not fabricated by the authorities as a bludgeon for socialist heads, although that theory was gravely advanced from quarters that should have been better informed. The government spokesmen in the Reichstag did not even try to exaggerate it. On the contrary, they minimized it. Making all due allowances for the narratives that have reached us by the way of neutral countries, it seems certain that the crews of at least six ships were involved, and that they made an effort either to hand over their ships to the enemy, or to intern them in neutral ports. But a still more sinister situation was revealed at the trial of the incriminated sailors. It was found impossible to segregate the guilty ones, since nearly all were guilty. There was reason to believe that the whole navy was saturated with disaffection, and that any attempt at punishment might easily produce a crisis impossible to handle without disaster. Only about half a dozen men were executed, but many others were imprisoned, and the crews were so mixed as to break up the personal combinations that had been formed. The causes that led to such a state of affairs are, of course, conjectural, but those that have been furnished from Amsterdam and elsewhere have the merit of reasonableness. Bad food comes first. A dread of the submarine service is said to have played its part, and at least one story says that the danger of the submarine service is much greater than is usually supposed. Finally there is the moral corrosion produced by years of inactivity, and to this may be added a statement of a traveller from a German port, quoted by the New York Times, and to the effect that "the battle of Jutland had a considerable adverse effect on the sailors of the grand fleet. They know now that the British fleet is far superior, and that going out to fight it means something like going into a "trap." The trouble began insidiously some eight months ago in Wilhelmshaven, and it culminated in recent events. But we may observe that during the last few days there have been other stories of mutinous spirit at Ostend, and of outbreaks between the German and Austrian sailors on the warships at Pola. Now all these stories may be exaggerated. Certainly they have not dwindled in transit, but at least they are circumstantial, and to a certain extent they are proved by the proceedings in the Reichstag.

THEREFORE there is abundant need for a German naval victory whenever and wherever a victory may be won. It would provide employment for the crews, and therefore it would be a remedy for the evils of inactivity. But it would do much more than this. We are told that rumours of naval disaffection have been spreading throughout the country for months past, and that it was considered advisable to make a public statement in order to silence these whispers. The facts were suppressed or minimized so far as possible, but it was believed that the best possible deterrent would be the spectacle

of the German fleet in action, and with the discipline that action always inspires. Whether enough has been done to this end, we can not yet tell, but we need not doubt that these were the motives underlying the attack upon Oisel Island and the threat upon the Russian navy in the Gulf of Finland. It is possible that the German ships will now enter the gulf, after taking whatever precautions against the mines that may be necessary. It is possible that they may make an effort against Cronstadt, and against the Russian warships. On the other hand, they may be unwilling to risk so much to gain so little, or to win a worthless naval victory in the east, while their armies in the west are bending and breaking beneath the blows that are so unceasingly falling upon them. But whatever they may do, we need not regard such victories as this as having any bearing whatever upon the general fortunes of the war, except in so far as they may serve to indicate the desperate straits to which the German arms have now been reduced.

THE mutiny in the German army may serve to put us on our guard against a too ready acceptance of opinions based upon a supposed knowledge of the German people, and an experience of their attitude under the strain of the war. The knowledge and the experience may be real enough, but the fact none the less remains that this is a war without precedents, a war in which the past throws little or no light upon the present and its probabilities. Since the intervention of America we have had two or three important books written by Americans who were in Germany until the outbreak of hostilities, and who have testified to the state of German public opinion, and to the causes that are likely to lead directly or indirectly to peace. One of these books was by Mr. Gerard, whose intellectual competence is as much beyond question as his sincerity. But all of these writers have denied the possibility of military disaffection. All of them have believed that the discipline of the army and navy was impregnable, and would remain so until the end. They have believed also that there could be no revolution in Germany, at least until the end of the war had brought with it its maddening disappointments and revelations. Mr. Gerard says, "The German nation is not one which makes revolutions. . . . The officers of the army are all of one class, and of the class devoted to the ideals of autocracy. A revolution of the army is impossible; and at home there are only the boys and old men, easily kept in subjection by the police." Now it is true that here we have a mutiny and not a revolution, and of the navy and not of the army. But the distinction is not a very substantial one. Moreover, we may note with some interest that the mutinous spirit in the navy had already reached serious dimensions before Mr. Gerard had begun to write his book, if we may accept the circumstantial and copyrighted cable sent by Mr. George Renwick from Holland to the New York Times, under date of October 12. But Mr. Gerard does not seem to have heard of the ominous occurrences at Wilhelmshaven that are recounted by Mr. Renwick, or of the fact that the captain and officers of the Westfalen had been locked in their cabins by their crews. Three hundred men were involved, says Mr. Renwick, and thirty of them were sentenced to death, but only three were actually executed, as the authorities did not dare to add fuel to the slumbering flames. This is in no way an animadversion upon Mr. Gerard, whose book is, and must remain, an indispensable guide to the events in Germany during the last three years, as well as a record of devotion and courage that are beyond praise. But it does show the impossibility of successful prediction where there are no guiding precedents, and where history has nothing to offer us by way of direction. No human opinion as to the future, and especially as to the incalculable operations of the collective or national mind, can have much value at such a time as this, where nations have been hurled into the midst of new and inconceivable forces.



ALL said and done, it's not the man who fixes prices or puts a crimp in the middleman that really puts the food into the food-problem. It all comes back to the producer. In England one man's job—under Baron Rhondda—is to keep on increasing production. The land is there—plough it up; there are old men, boys and girls—conscript them on the land; conscientious objectors—put them on pitch-forks. Down with the idlers! England used to be agriculturally asleep. Not so now—with Sir Arthur Lee as the Director-General of Food Production. Will Mr. Crerar, the new Minister of Agriculture, in conjunction with the Food Controller's Department, get as soon as possible a Sir Arthur Lee in Canada?



KEEP your eye on Cadorna, was the advice of Sidney Coryn a few weeks ago. We are. A few days ago Cadorna said that the war road to Vienna and Berlin might lie over the Alps. That was the way it looked from the top of Monte Santo and the plateau of Bainsizza, won by the great Italian mountain-top miracle drive in August. Berlin then takes a hand. Cadorna must be stopped. The Italian second army gave way. Berlin claims 100,000 prisoners. Next?



SENATOR HUMBERT seems to be the "goat" of the latest newspaper conspiracy in Paris; the man, who just before the outbreak of war, declared in the Senate that the French army had no boots—though for a barefooted army they seem to have gone some pretty rough roads. Humbert was the nominal purchaser of the Paris Journal which cost \$2,000,000 to buy. Humbert was in a hole. If the money couldn't be got, his \$200,000 would go into the hole also. The money was got. Bolo Pasha got it from the Deutsche Bank in New York and from Switzerland, probably from Prince Hohenlohe, chief of the German spy system. Switzerland is a hive of German intrigues, trying to corrupt France and Italy.

CADORNA & Co.

President Wilson and his new motor car; England's Food Producing Director; French Senator in Trouble, and Redmond's D. S. O.



THE Sinn Fein Convention may resolve for an Irish republic and armed resistance all it likes. Capt. W. Redmond, son of the famous John R., Nationalist leader, has been up against something more violent than Sinn Fein. While commanding a company in a Flanders shell-crater he was blown out by a shell, rallied his men and by a defensive flank saved his part of the line. He gets the D.S.O. medal.



MOST unique photograph of President Wilson. He is looking at a new war truck. Nothing remarkable about that, except that this car is one of two sent to Washington, the first two of the new army of 35,000 war trucks being built by 12 motor-truck plants and 62 automobile-part factories. But the President sees into the soul of that car. He understands that Germany beats the world for submarines, Britain for big guns, France for 75's, and Italy for giant aircraft; but it's certainly Uncle Sam's particular business to beat the world in motor-machinery, because the United States is the greatest motor-car manufacturing country in the world.



SEEMS to be an idea in the U. S. Army that pugilism is a good thing for the trenches. Here is Benny Leonard, light-weight champion of the world, posing for the camera after being appointed as boxing director in one of the camps. Before he gets into the khaki ring, however, he will take on Jack Britton for the world's championship. By the way, is the American Army to be another Boxer uprising?

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW



HONESTLY, would these girls look so cute in pantallettes? Or has the charm in their smiles anything to do with the nonchalant way they dangle their footwear? They are not Canadians. They are American show girls, knitting war socks for the boys at camp while they wait to go on between the acts of "O Boy", "Poor O Boy". Can't even go to camp to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me."



CHRISTMAS Eve? Dickens? No, just a pack of little uns, out of the lap of old London; whole family or two; parents not located as yet; being led by the genial Bobbie who last week was in plain clothes and now wears an anti-shrapnel helmet,—away to some safer place during an air raid from the Land of the Toyshop.

ANY doubts that Alsace Lorraine wants to go back to France can be at once dispelled by talking to either of the two girls above. They escaped from Colmar a few days before the war, into Switzerland; now in the United States with their father who is President of the World League for the restitution of Alsace. Neme Blumenthal, German name. But no more so than Johann Jacob Waltz, the Alsatian of German descent, who in his book, "History of Alsace for Little Children," says: "All the evil that has ever befallen Alsace came from across the Rhine."

ONE of Napoleon's most humanly wise sayings was, "What France needs is mothers." The imitator of Napoleon on the Rhine has revised that proverb to, "What France needs is War Widows." Here are a group of them being cared for by the Red Cross at one of the barracks. Pity 'tis that no such pictures can be taken in Germany—not yet.

AND on tother side another little orphanage, founded in 1915, by the Queen of Belgium, who pays the \$4,000 a month to keep it up. King Albert visits it once in a while to see the war orphans learn to knit and sew and garden and mend boots. Just one way of a king and queen doing what they can to patch up a country that's broken by the war as no other country ever was.



The DISAPPEARANCE of JONATHAN TINKERBY

By HOWARD R. GARIS



WHEN Jonathan Tinkerby had perfected his invention for making a supercharged carbonated water from the ordinary fluid that flows from a house faucet he was so pleased that he opened a little office on a downtown street. There, in addition to receiving subscriptions for the stock of the company formed to market the gas-making machine, he gave away as much of the carbonated beverage as people would take.

He did this to show his machine was all that was claimed for it. He said he did not want people to buy stock in the Carbo Water Company with the idea that they were getting a pig in a poke.

"Everything is open and above board," said Mr. Tinkerby.

To prove this he would take a glass, fill it with the clear, sparkling, bubbling water, hand it to the prospective investor, and draw another beaker of the liquid for himself. Together the inventor of the gas machine and the man seeking a chance to place his surplus funds would quaff the sizzling mixture.

"Can you beat it?" Jonathan Tinkerby would ask. "Have another glass. Have a dozen. No mystery about this. Drink all you want. It's all the same. All charged to the limit with pure carbonic acid gas, and nothing else. Why, man, I can turn, with my machine, ordinary water into this sparkling beverage so cheaply that you could afford to take a bath in it. Fact!"

To prove his assertion, Mr. Tinkerby would squirt a stream of the water from a siphon out of the window, to demonstrate the inexpensiveness of the liquid.

THE merit of Mr. Tinkerby's invention was in the machine by which the water was charged with gas. He had perfected it after a great deal of work and experimenting. All one had to do was to attach a pipe to the kitchen faucet. Through this the water could be run into a mixer, where it was mingled with the gas.

This came in small tubes under pressure. Then the fluid was passed into a reservoir, to be drawn when needed. It was so simple that it was a wonder no one had thought of it before. A big saving could be effected on the making of carbonated beverages, and even the rivals of Mr. Tinkerby had to admit that he had a good thing.

It seemed likely to make his fortune, too, for investors were pleased with the simplicity of the affair, and began to subscribe for the stock in large blocks.

Day after day the inventor sat in his little office. While his clerks attended to the distribution of circulars and the making out of stock certificates, Mr. Tinkerby would tell about the wonders of his machine, and how it charged the water with carbonic acid gas.

"This water contains nearly twice as much gas to the cubic inch as any other," Mr. Tinkerby would say. That was one of his strong arguments.

He would fill a long narrow glass with the sparkling fluid, and show prospective investors how fast the bubbles rose. It was almost like champagne.

Then the inventor would empty a large beaker of the water, inviting his friends to do likewise. In short, it seemed that Mr. Tinkerby did nothing but drink the supercharged carbonated water.

One day Mr. Tinkerby had an appointment with Jonas Roger, who wanted to invest \$50,000 in the new company. Mr. Roger called on Mr. Tinkerby in the afternoon with the \$50,000 in cash, for he was rather eccentric and did not like banks and checks.

He drank some of the water, watched the machine make it and seemed pleased. Mr. Tinkerby was pleased also. He drank several glasses of the carbonated beverage. Then he took Mr. Roger's \$50,000, which was in new crisp bills, and prepared to change it into stock certificates.

With the money, Mr. Tinkerby walked into a rear room, where his safe was and where the stock certificates were kept. This room, where Mr. Tinkerby's secretary, pretty Miss Ruth Law, sat, opened into a paved courtyard, or airshaft, about which were high walls of glazed brick.

Miss Law remembered afterward that she had noticed her employer step to the rear door for a second, holding the bundle of bills in his hand. Then she saw him no more, for she gave her attention to the typewriting machine, over which she was busy.

Meanwhile Mr. Roger sat in the front office, waiting for the return of Mr. Tinkerby with the stock certificates. The investor slowly sipped a glass of the carbonated water and thought what a good thing it was. Then he grew a little impatient.

Mr. Tinkerby seemed gone a long time. Mr. Roger was in a hurry, for he wanted to catch a train. He wiggled on his chair, and then got up and looked into the rear office. All he saw was the pretty secretary clicking away at her machine.

"Where is Mr. Tinkerby?" asked Mr. Roger.

"Why, didn't he come back to you?" asked Miss Law, in some surprise.

"No. I've been sitting in there waiting for him."

"I saw him step to the door a minute and look into the rear court," said the stenographer. "Then I didn't notice him again."

With a muttered exclamation Mr. Roger went into the court. It was all walled up with glazed bricks and paved with tiles. The investor peered all about. There was no sign of Mr. Tinkerby. Indeed, a mouse could not have hidden in the place.

There was not the slightest crack in the bricks nor in the side of the building, which formed one wall of the court and in which structure Mr. Tinkerby had his office. The floor of the court was solid, save for a small hole, through which the water ran off when it rained. Unless he had turned himself into a liquid or smoke, Mr. Tinkerby could not have gone down this.

There was no means of scaling the glazed walls, which were twenty feet high. There was no window in the side of the building nearer than fifty feet to the paved floor of the court.

In fact, the place was like a walled dungeon, save that it was open at the top. Three of the sides were formed of the shining tiled bricks, and the fourth by the back of the building.

"This is very strange," said the pretty stenographer, as she gazed out into the court.

"I should think it was!" exclaimed Mr. Roger, as he recalled his \$50,000, which he had last seen in Mr. Tinkerby's hand. "I should think it was, young lady. What are we to do?"

"I'm sure I can't say," responded Miss Law. "He had a lot of letters to dictate to me this afternoon, and what am I to do about them?"

Mr. Roger muttered something in a low tone.

"It's very strange," said Miss Law again.

Indeed, it was rather a curious happening. One minute Mr. Tinkerby had stood in the rear door of his office looking out into the court. The next second, when Miss Law had taken her eyes from him an instant, he had disappeared. It was very mysterious. It was startling. To Mr. Roger it was distressing. Where was he to look for his \$50,000?

"We had better notify the police," suggested the investor to the pretty stenographer.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, a little frightened.

"Why not?" demanded Mr. Roger. "Isn't that what's done when people disappear mysteriously?"

"Yes, but this is so sudden," objected the girl.

"That's just the reason why the police ought to be told of it at once," snapped Mr. Roger. "Most disappearances are sudden. There are not many gradual ones. People don't go around notifying their friends they're going to disappear, and have a date set, with a band of music to mark the event. Most disappearances are sudden. I'm going to notify an officer. Nothing like getting to work at once on a sudden mystery."

HE went out, wearing a worried and puzzled look. He had heard of bunco schemes and green goods swindles before. This must be one of them. That was it! He was up against a swindling game. It was all a put-up job for Mr. Tinkerby to get the money, and, under the pretence of going to a safe to get the stock certificate, run out of the rear door with the cash.

The police could not get to work too quickly to suit Mr. Roger. He hurried down the street and approached an officer, who was leisurely patrolling his beat.

"Come at once, officer," said Mr. Roger. "There is a strange case for you to solve."

The officer demurred at first, but Mr. Roger was insistent. When the two got back to the court they found Miss Law carefully scanning the shining brick walls as if to find a trace of her employer.

"What's it all about?" demanded the policeman. "Somebody disappeared, eh? Headquarters ought to be told about it. Them things ain't in my line. You show me somebody what needs arrestin' an' I'll do it. But I don't see nobody what needs to be took in now. This ain't my kind of work."

Nevertheless he consented, at Mr. Roger's solicitation, to look the court over.

"You say he just stepped to the back door?" asked the bluecoat of Miss Law.

"That's all. The next instant I looked up and missed him, but I supposed he had gone back into the front office."

"And I'll take my oath he never did," interposed Mr. Roger.

"Queer," muttered the officer. "No way out of this court, is there?"

"Only by the top," answered the stenographer.

"And it would take a bird to get out that way," commented the officer.

"Or somebody with a balloon," suggested Mr. Roger, suspiciously. "Or, maybe there's a trap door in the pavement."

THE officer sounded with his club. Not the least hollow echo rewarded his efforts. Mr. Roger gazed at the expanse of brick wall forming the rear of the building. There was the one window fifty feet up.

"Maybe some one lowered a rope from there and pulled him up," said the investor, offering this as a last desperate means of solving the mystery.

The policeman nodded. He went inside the structure and found the office into which the window opened. It was the private room of the president of the Bankers' Trust Company. The president was in and had been all day. He said, very emphatically, that no one had used a rope to haul any one up from the court to his window. Nor had any one

from the windows above done it or he would have noticed it.

"I don't see what else I can do," said the policeman. "Better go to headquarters and have 'em send out a general alarm."

Mr. Roger did so. A description of Mr. Tinkerby was sent broadcast, and every policeman in the big city kept a lookout for the head of the Carbo Water Company.

THE newspapers got hold of the story, and the mysterious features of the disappearance were made the most of. There were pictures of Mr. Tinkerby, more or less like him, and several views and diagrams of the little court.

Several papers got expert masons and architects to investigate the features of the court with a view to ascertaining whether there might not be some underground passage that Mr. Tinkerby might have used.

Other journals had microscopic examinations of the walls made to see if, perhaps, the inventor had left any leather scrapings from his shoes in scrambling up to escape.

The balloon and airship theories were investigated and came to nothing. The rope idea would not hold. Not the slightest clue was obtained.

Mr. Tinkerby's family were in despair. They offered a large reward for his discovery. To this the directors of the Carbo Water Company added a substantial sum. Enterprising newspapers did likewise. Soon the whole city was talking of the missing man.

The enemies of Mr. Tinkerby and his company were not backward in offering a solution of his disappearance. They said he had evidently carefully selected a time to vanish. It was strange, they said, that he never thought of dropping out of sight until Mr. Roger had given him the \$50,000.

As for a means of getting out of the walled-up court, it was hinted that a friend at the window above with a long rope was the easiest solution of the mystery. These persons and papers did not believe the denial of the president of the Bankers' Trust Company.

To these insinuations the friends of the missing inventor returned no answer save a dignified silence. They admitted the affair looked very strange, but then, they pointed out, this was a day of queer happenings.

Meanwhile matters were at a standstill in the Carbo Water Company. No one but Mr. Tinkerby could properly demonstrate the machine. No one but he could show how good the water was. No one but he could drink so much of the beverage to show what a fine thirst quencher it was.

The days went by. Mr. Roger fretted and fumed about his \$50,000. He started suit against the Carbo Water Company to recover the sum, and the action dragged through the courts. Miss Law came to the office every day, but there was little for her to do. Three weeks had passed since Mr. Tinkerby had disappeared.

MR. ROGER called often at the office to ask Miss Law if there was any news. He only did it as a sort of forlorn hope. When told that nothing had happened to throw any light on the affair, he would sigh, in memory of his \$50,000, and gaze silently into the paved court, which had last held the bodily presence of Jonathan Tinkerby.

Late one afternoon, while sitting thus, looking into the deserted court, and listening to the clicking of Miss Law's typewriter, Mr. Roger was conscious of a sort of shadow in the air above him.

He thought little of it at first, so engrossed was he with the regretful memory of his lost \$50,000. Then he was suddenly startled as the feet and legs of a man dangled before his eyes, seeming to drop down from the sky.

Slowly the limbs lengthened out, and, as Mr. Roger raised his eyes, somewhat fearful of what he might behold, he saw, floating downward from the airy nothingness that formed the roof of the court, the body of Jonathan Tinkerby.

"Merciful heavens!" cried Mr. Roger.

Miss Law came running to the rear door, and gazed into the court, just as Mr. Tinkerby's knees came on a level with the top of the lintel. She screamed and promptly fainted away.

Slowly Mr. Tinkerby floated down until his feet were about a yard from the pavement of the court. There he seemed to stick.

"Would you mind giving me your hand," said the floating man to Mr. Roger.

As if in a dream, Mr. Roger extended his fingers and grasped the palm of the inventor.

"Pull me down," said Mr. Tinkerby, smiling in a reassuring manner. "I find I can float earthward no farther. Thank you; you are very kind."

Mr. Tinkerby's feet touched the pavement. He seemed to be like one of the toy gas balloons that have lost half their buoyancy, and he evinced a desire to bound about with the lightness of a cork.

"If you don't mind, just keep hold of me for a few minutes," said Mr. Tinkerby to Mr. Roger. "This will soon pass over."

Mr. Roger, with wonder staring from his eyes, placed a detaining hand on Mr. Tinkerby's shoulders. Then the inventor noted that the inventor held in his

His stenographer, pretty Miss Ruth Law, noticed her employer step to the rear door.



hand the \$50,000, which it was supposed were gone forever.

"What—where—when?" exclaimed Mr. Roger, as soon as he could find his tongue. Then he reached out and made a grab for the money.

"Don't you want the stock?" asked Mr. Tinkerby.

"I—I," began Mr. Roger, and then he removed his hand from Mr. Tinkerby's shoulder.

"Don't! Don't do that!" cried the inventor. "I'm liable to float away again! Hold me down!"

Mr. Roger grabbed him in time to prevent his feet from leaving the ground. He held the inventor firmly a few minutes.

"That will do; thank you," said Mr. Tinkerby. "It has passed over; I am safe now."

"Where in the world have you been?" Mr. Roger found voice to ask.

"It's rather a long story," was the answer. "As I haven't had anything to eat in some time, I'd rather sit down and get a bite before I relate the yarn. That is, if it's all the same to you, Mr. Roger."

"Oh, certainly," said the inventor, his courage returning now that he had his money back.

"Well," said the inventor, "you remember I took your \$50,000 and was about to put it in the safe and bring you the stock certificates. Something prompted me to step out into the courtyard for a breath of air. No sooner had I done so than I felt myself being lifted up as though I was attached to a balloon or airship.

"At first I thought some one in the office window above was playing a trick. I imagined they had let down a rope and were pulling me up.

"Up and up I kept going," continued Mr. Tinkerby. "By glancing aloft I could see I was not being hauled by anything visible.

"I kept on rising. I was like a little air-ship. I guess I must have gone up a mile. I could see the earth dropping away below me and notice the buildings getting smaller and smaller. I was afraid I'd keep right on until I hit the clouds, but I stopped a little below them.

"And there I was floating in the air, without any power to come down. As soon as I found myself not going up any further I began to be afraid the reverse motion would set in, and I was alarmed lest I fall. I knew that would be worse than going up, much worse; especially the stopping part. But I needn't have worried about that, for I didn't go down an inch. There I was, suspended without strings, wires or any visible means of support."

"Say!" burst out Mr. Roger. "For the love of common sense tell us what made you sail away like that."

Mr. Tinkerby looked around to see if any one was listening. The inventor leaned over and whispered in Mr. Roger's ear:

"Carbonic acid gas!"

"Carbonic acid gas?"

"Don't tell any one," cautioned Mr. Tinkerby, "for you see it might hurt the company if it was generally known. But the truth of it is that I drank so much of my patent carbonated water, and it contains so much gas in so small a quantity of the liquid, that I became a human balloon."

"And you've been up in the air all this while we've been searching for you?"

"That's where I was."

"Why didn't you come down before?"

"Couldn't," said Mr. Tinkerby, shortly.

"Tried the best I knew how. Wiggled my feet, whirled around and even made an effort to turn somersault. There I was, stuck. Every time the wind blew I'd float a little to one side. It made me mad, I tell you, not to be able to do as I wanted to.

"TO make a long story short, I've been up in the air ever since. I didn't seem to be hungry at all, I suppose because of the rarefied air and the gas inside of me. I wasn't cold, for the weather was warm. I was very comfortable, except for wondering if I'd ever get down. I went to sleep nights standing up, and say, the upper atmosphere, for a bed, beats feathers all to pieces. I don't know when I've spent a better or a more healthful three weeks."

"How did you manage to get back to earth?" asked Mr. Roger.

"The gas must have gradually become dissipated from my system," replied the inventor. "The first I knew I felt myself beginning to descend some time last night. I came down as easily as I went up, only more slowly. I'm glad to get back to earth."

"And we are glad to see you," spoke Mr. Roger, as he thought of his \$50,000.

"You understand now why I wanted you to hold me when I arrived," went on Mr. Tinkerby. "However, I am sure that the accident that occurred to me was due to drinking too much carbonated water. Hereafter I will limit my consumption to ten glasses a day."

"I think it would be wise," remarked Mr. Roger.

ON THE BRITISH FRONT.

IN the British army, the engineer regiments are not limited to sappers' work. For instance, the Royal Engineers' Signal Service has charge of the telephone lines that cover northern France. Here is an incident illustrating the wonderful completeness of the system.

A company commander was lying out in No Man's Land on a scouting expedition. He had his field-telephone with him, and when he picked it up to talk to his headquarters something went wrong, so that his line was connected with the chief central's office. Immediately he heard a voice say, "What number were you calling?"

He was so startled that he gave his own telephone number in London. Two minutes later he heard his wife's voice amid the roar of the German guns.—N. Y. Sun.

EDITORIAL

Munition-Makers Keep Out

WE understand that Mr. Lloyd Harris, of Brantford, is to come out strong as a win-the-war Liberal organizer in the coming election. As a private citizen, anxious for public service, Mr. Harris is well entitled to take as much interest in practical politics as his undoubted ability, energy and conscience, qualify him to do. But there is a reason why any men in the same industrial category as Mr. Harris should positively and emphatically decline to touch the present political campaign with even a ten-foot pole. Many of the leading manufacturers in Canada are munition-makers. On the surface, without regard for the welfare of the country or of the world at large it might look as though to prolong the war would be to the advantage of all people engaged in making things which can be sold for the prosecution of the war. Gossip is often the inventor of calumny. There are those who allege that the munition-makers and even the munition workers of England prefer to see a long war, because the longer it may be the more they stand to make. That is—gossip. The same sort of gossip can be bandied about in Canada. There were street-corner critics in New York who accused J. P. Morgan of working to get the United States into war because war would be a good thing for Morgan interests. That, again, was gossip. And we have the same malignant insinuations in Canada.

Now, nobody who has the welfare of this country at heart wants to see the war made shorter by one day than is necessary to finish the job according to the needs of the world. Those who advise all munition-makers to abstain from active politics during the election are not asking to shorten the war. They are asking that no one may have a chance to cast a stone at any public-spirited citizen who has a habit of taking a hand in political campaigns, who wants to see the right people in power for the winning of the war, and who, at the same time, is a maker of munitions.

In the interest of all Canada, and especially of those most concerned in this, it might be well to tack up over the door of Political Headquarters on either or any side in this campaign—

Munition-Makers, Keep Out.

Compulsory Christianity

BISHOP SOMEBODY has the boot on the wrong foot when he says that Canadian missionary agencies should get together to give the Orientals in Canada compulsory Christianity. His major premiss may be all right, when he says that so much of our native-born and Anglo-Saxon labour will be depleted by the war that a larger percentage than ever of the labour, in some parts of Canada at least, will be from the Orient. Even in this he may have few sympathizers in, say, British Columbia, which is determined to stay "white." But granting the truth of this even to a degree, why should we start a trade in patented Christianity to these people who are supposed to be pagans in our fisheries, our mines and our mills? These people, whatever their religions may be, have come to live in a Christian land. We are supposed to exemplify the teachings and, as far as possible, the character of Christ in our civilization. At once the follower of Buddha, of Confucius, of Shinto recognizes this. He understands. We are different. We are not heathens. We are gentle, Christ-living people who practise what the Master preached. Are not our towns full of churches, hospitals, insane asylums, and Christian schools? Do we not believe in brotherly love? Do we not in honour prefer one another as the apostle used to say? Are we not bent upon the extermination of selfishness and greed and wanton haste and uncharity and evil speaking? Do we not place character higher than business and the good of the State before that of the individual?

Then it follows that to the extent that we do such things the Oriental recognizes our worth. If he

does not recognize these traits in us, must we conclude that he is blind or lacks appreciation and proceed to put him in a religious strait jacket?

We fear, however, he will not thrive on compulsory Christianity. Suppose we leave him alone.

Dreaming About Russia

ALMPID enthusiast named Lancelot Lawton has written an article on Russia in the Fortnightly. The Fortnightly is one of the ablest magazines in the world and is in no way indebted to Mr. Lawton except for a beautifully worded, finely conceived illusion regarding Russia's place in the world. Mr. Lawton's main idea is that Russia is the only great nation left which has retained as a cardinal principle the sentiment of brotherly love and practises it in her communities. On this basis of the simple, other-man life, the Russian soldiers yearn to betake themselves to the fields that they may live out their dream undisturbed by monarchs and knouts and police. They hanker for the wilds of Siberia. Blessed thought! Who wouldn't—nowadays? The way the world's being managed a lot of us would like to populate the sub-Arctic among the near-Eskimos. But we can't. The muzhiks think that once they get back to Siberia it doesn't matter about Wilhelm; he can never reach them. So a long farewell to the Allies while they hit the trail to the Yenesel. By the time their grandchildren are married the great war will be over. Thanks, awfully, Mr. Lawton. You have propounded a mainly sentiment that will go far to winning the war.

The Sugar Bowl

SUGAR is competing with bacon and coal for the cause of alarms. There is talk of a sugar famine; said talk being promptly denied by one of the biggest refining companies in Canada, which announces a cut in the price of ten cents per cwt. Now, we have never known a real famine of anything yet, and we probably never shall. We have been brought up on plenty of sugar, even though some of us remember the day when granulated was a novelty, when yellow sugar was used for company tea and dark brown sugar for everything else. As a matter of record, sugar was dearer then than it is now, or likely to be soon. Sugar refining had not reached a high stage of development as it has in Canada now with six large refineries in operation. The demand for sugar created the supply. Sugar refining became one of the world's great industries. Canada has refineries at St. John, Halifax, Montreal, Kitchener, Chatham, Wallaceburg and Vancouver.

The eastern refineries are all cane sugar works, importing cane from the West Indies. Those west of Montreal were built originally for beet sugar, but have been compelled to use cane on account of the scarcity of beets in some sections. What makes sugar high? Its obvious scarcity. And that is caused by the scarcity of raw material. Before the war the bulk of Britain's sugar, for instance, came from Germany and France. It was beet sugar, the sugar that, by a system of subsidies in Europe, drove out cane and almost obliterated England's cane refineries. Sugar beets are not being grown much in Europe just now. It was put up to the cane industry to carry the load. But cane production had fallen off enormously because of the development of beet sugar. In response to an inquiry at the Food Controller's department, we get the information,

The situation as to sugar is one that can not be remedied by any action of the Food Controller for Canada. Cuba has sugar under her own control. The crop in Cuba is enormous; the crop in Java is excellent; the crop in the British West Indies is good. The Government of Britain expected to use the Java supply as a controlling lever on the market, but the first big shipment of 100,000 tons was promptly sunk by a German submarine. Since then no further shipments have been attempted. Britain arranged then to get the entire

British West Indies crop. Canada, who formerly depended on the West Indies crop, was thus cut from its source of supply and had to go to Cuba for sugar. The British Government also gets sugar from Cuba, as does, of course, the United States. That gives Cuba practically the monopoly of the market, and they have raised prices without any mercy.

All beet sugar is absorbed and there is no relief in sight. The American Food Administration has no control over Cuba.

Under the conditions the marvel is, not that sugar is so high, but that it did not long ago go higher. The appointment of an International Sugar Commission with a Canadian representative to purchase for the Allies, including Canada, all the raw sugar available will do something to steady the price. And we have it on the testimony of Mr. O'Connor's report that none of the price of sugar is due to profits by the refiners. In fact, some of the refiners sometimes operate at a loss.

Up to the Overhead

PUTTING a maximum profit of 25 cents a barrel on flour or to quote the words of the Canadian Food Bulletin, "a maximum average of 25 cents on the milling of sufficient flour to make a barrel of flour of 196 pounds," looks as though it should effectively answer the farmers' demand for the fixing of a price on flour to correspond to a fixed price on wheat. Observe, however, that this regulation does not fix the price of flour. It fixes merely the profit on a barrel of flour, and upon the making of that flour, not upon the buying and selling or the hoarding of flour.

Nobody could possibly argue that such a profit is excessive. Everybody, not only the farmer, who grows the wheat, but the consumer, who buys the flour, will hope that between the cost of the wheat and the ultimate cost of the flour at the other end this 25 cents is not a mere item in a list of charges, overhead or underground, over which the Controller can have no control. Fixing the profit accomplishes nothing so long as there is no regulation of the overhead charges which make up the alleged cost of manufacture. If there is any other possible way out of a just adjustment of the flour problem, we should like to be made aware of it. And, in fact, we assume that such a way out will never be looked for. The millers of Canada have a great responsibility. The milling interests of this country are represented by some of our best-known and most highly respected citizens, none of whom would like to be under the shadow of a suspicion of taking any advantage of the public.

Studying the Town

CIVIC government is on the up grade. We have no model cities in Canada and may never have them. Perhaps we should all be uncomfortable in a model city. But we all take a healthy and increasing interest in improving civic conditions. It is surely recognized now that the first elementary school of citizenship and of public service is the municipality. The town and the street are right at our doors. The capital is hundreds of miles away. The town taxes us directly. The State indirectly. The government of the town is directly of our own choosing. That of the State is a good deal of a consolidated gamble—or has been, though it may be different hereafter, who knows?

For obvious reasons, in a time when so many new towns have been created in this country and so many old ones changed by conditions elsewhere, people have been led to take a keener interest in civic affairs. Organizations have sprung up for this purpose. There is a recognized science of municipal accounting. The need for town planning and improvement was never so plain. The cost of building and improving a town was never so well understood. People never took so much interest in all these things as they are now doing.

Therefore, the time is ripe. We have got away from the bogus ideas of big business in town-making based upon the bogey of mere population and subdivisions. We are beginning to make the towns we have fit for the people we have to live in them. For the sake of all which it is important to take a glance at the campaign of civic interest inaugurated on another page of this issue.

HOW to LIVE on THREE MEALS

IT can be done, whatever people may say to the contrary! They insist that they can't live without afternoon tea, that they must have a bite of supper before retiring, or it is absolutely essential for them to have a cup of tea before they get up in the morning. They argue that to deny ourselves the extra meals would not materially affect the food supply, for our appetites would increase with improved digestion and the amount consumed at three meals might be greater than before. I doubt if our appetites would ever resume the alarming proportions they had in our teens. I shudder to think of the increase in the grocer's and butcher's bills if the members of our household all began to eat with the same avidity displayed by Geoffrey on his last visit.

Geoffrey came to dinner on a feast day and his uncle gave him doubly large helpings of roast duck, apple sauce, potatoes and cauliflower. These soon vanished and he passed his plate for more. He gave the pumpkin pie a double encore and then as he noticed that the rest of us were ready to leave the table, he pushed back his plate with a sigh and said:

"Well, I'm just as hungry as when I sat down!"

We filled him up, as well as we could, with innumerable slices of bread and tomato sauce. His aunt regarded him with amazement, saying:

"Wherever do you put it, Geoff?" and his smallest cousin suggested,

"Perhaps his legs is hollow."

We told Geoffrey about the Arab who subsists on a glass of milk and a date a day; we mentioned the fact that it is possible to sustain life on a herring a day, but Geoffrey's conduct reminded us forcibly of the carpenter in "Alice in Wonderland," who said nothing but,

"Cut us another slice!"

I wish you weren't so very deaf,
I've had to ask you twice!"

Geoffrey's table accomplishment recalls lesser feats that I performed as a growing girl when, after school, I used to make raids on the cake box and once devoured at a sitting an entire cake that was destined to feed quite a number of very large ladies for afternoon tea. When my mother remonstrated I was overcome with amazement and cried:

"Oh, mother, how could you be so stingy, why, there really wasn't enough for one!"

BLESSED is the woman who has not acquired the tea habit, who rises with the lark and goes to bed with the same, who eats not the bread of idleness.

The bread of idleness is cut very thin, buttered, and served at five o'clock. Busy people haven't time to eat it then, hungry people say it's not worth while—just a little nibble! It is estimated that if all the cake and thin bread and butter consumed at afternoon tea were laid in a line it would reach from here to China. We are not prepared to state how many days, weeks or months of teas would be necessary to form this long bread-line, we do not think it would be at all advisable to do so for the sake of making an accurate deduction, but in view of the effect on the appetite, we think that Mr. Hanna would do well to encourage afternoon teas, were it not for the fact that the foodstuffs eaten at

5 o'clock are the very ones in which economy is necessary. The Red Cross certainly encourages the habit with its tea-rooms and bazaars.

Oh, Patriotism, how many cups have we not drunk in thy name!

Remember—afternoon-tea-ers, that your bread should be brown with the butter spread very, very thin, and the cake should be made of potato flour or corn meal and without icing! Also remember that you are pledged to economize in food, to actually eat less than formerly of the principal articles of food that are used in the manufacture of the usual accompaniments of afternoon tea: flour, butter, cream and sugar.

Late suppers, too, are composed chiefly of food-stuffs in which economy is desirable. Young people like sandwiches, sweets and ice-cream, while older ones prefer crackers and cheese, so it will simplify our patriotic efforts to conserve the food of the nation if, in spite of the danger of an increasing appetite, we limit ourselves to three meals a day.

SOME years ago there was a fad for fasting. Books were written about it, the magazines and papers were filled with it. Everyone who tried it declared that they never felt better in their lives. It was

Why is not this estimable custom revived at the present moment, when it could benefit the nation as well as the individual? The apostles of this movement usually went without food for forty days, drinking a good deal of water and taking to their beds when they became too weak to stand, then they gradually commenced to take nourishment until they were able to resume with new vigour their three meals a day.

At the same time less courageous people were warm advocates of the "no breakfast" movement, and in this I joined, for a short period, with great benefit to my health. Possibly my motive for doing so was to disprove a statement we had been taught at school when studying Hygiene, which irritated me even more than the coloured picture of a drunkard's stomach that we were forced to gaze upon. The offending maxim was:

"Breakfast is the most important meal of the day and should be a substantial one, as there has been a long fast."

So I went fasting to school just to disprove it.

Even now I seldom do more than drink a cup of coffee and eat a slice or two of toast. The breakfast menus emanating from the office of the Food Controller represent extravagance to me, and we are surprised to see them advocating package cereals, such as puffed rice and corn flakes, instead of adhering to the cheaper and more nutritious meal in bulk: oatmeal, cornmeal, hominy. We are surprised, too, to see them suggesting wheat as a breakfast cereal, and also boiled wheat for dinner as a substitute for meat. This in view of the fact that it is one of the chief articles in which economy is urged, seems ridiculous.

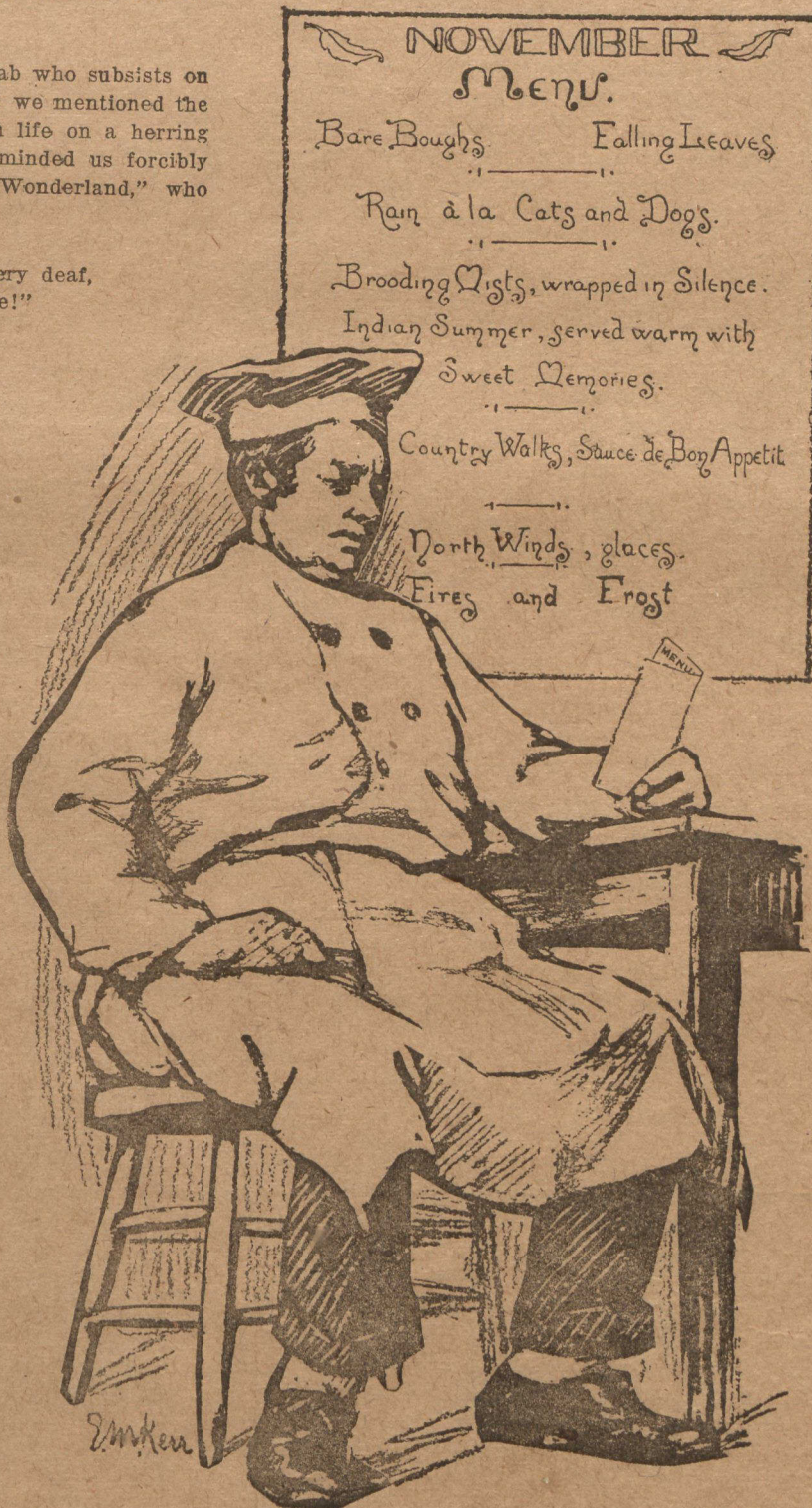
Another absurdity which appeared in a morning paper recently was a menu including soup made of green pea-pods. It was doubtless owing to careless editing that this was published in October.

ONE man's feast is another man's famine, so these menus which are supplied to the various woman's departments in magazines and newspapers throughout Canada, are of doubtful value, and it must be owing to them that the women in one of the poorest districts in Toronto say that they cannot afford to comply with Mr. Hanna's suggestions. Everyone can afford to substitute brown bread for white, and to do without beef and bacon, so it must be the suggestions as to what to eat rather than its injunctions as to what not to eat that have given this impression.

THE way of the Food Controller is hard and the gentler his methods, the more severe is the criticism. When an economy becomes law, people soon cease their objections; when a restriction is advised, but not enforced, we never tire of finding fault with it. Many rich people refuse to buy brown bread that is half bran, because it costs just as much as the fine white loaf, and they won't see the baker's enriching themselves at their expense even if it also benefits the nation. They feel that all patriotic sacrifices should enrich their pockets and that the whole duty of the Food Controller is to keep down prices. They tell you that in England the price of a loaf is less than it is here, while wheat is dearer. True, but the people are taxed in order that the bread may be sold at less than cost price.

Food control can eliminate profiteering, it will in time limit the profits of the middleman, but it cannot reduce the legitimate price of a commodity without taxing the community to make up the deficit.

WE are delighted to see that the Food Controllers are turning their attention to the milk supply, for this is the most important factor in the preservation of infant life. We hear tales of poor families splitting pints of milk between them, of the children who get the top of the bottle crowing over the children who get the bottom half!



Cooks seldom appreciate war-time menus.

The Amateur Music Master



MR. Anthony Bardo discovers that practising Messiah Solos in his bedroom does not increase popularity, and that there were even better ways than that to make a fool of himself under the influence of music

FOUR months after he let himself out of Morekirk because his school-teaching was a melancholy failure, Mr. Anthony Bardo took unto himself a large top room in a three-storey house where he ploughed Greek and

Latin. Through some wise flaw in his certificate he was not counted to have brains enough to enter University. He said he would cram it up without lectures, minus crib, sans coach; "all for the glorious privilege of being independent."

So he conjugated himself. Wrongly. Mr. Bardo was about as much self-centred as a lot of pretentious men are selfmade. Pretty nearly everything that happened in that big college town flung him off centre. Chief among them was the everlasting music. The big town with church spires and college towers poking up all over it got hold of him much as the sirens down at Scylla used to grab Ulysses. This was no Morekirk needing an uplift. The world to Bardo with his two rows of Greek and Latin authors, grammars, proses, syntaxes and ancient histories, was full of rhythm, tumult and intensity. No pup ever went at a root with more soul hunger than he for Demosthenes and Cicero.

He had a large south window close to a creaking big maple and overlooking several church towers, one of which was a high steeple with chimes and a luminous clock. Sabbath mornings at the open window he connoted the clack of hoofs and the clatter of feet on the plank sidewalk as a sure sign of the parade of the silk hat to the places where they had organs. Most of the music in the college town was organ. There was also oratorio, a very bad orchestra, and the banjo and guitar club at the Y. M. C. A.

The house was full of lodgers. One of them, fair beneath, he knew by her plaintive and whinging mandolin every evening. First time he seduced himself into a ticket for the Lyceum course at the Y. M. C. A. he recognized the lady among the guitars in the string club, and debated with himself whether he should slip a note under her door telling her how he enjoyed her solo up through the ceiling. Which he did not. He chose a more subtle way. One evening, knowing by her light that she was in, he groped his way into the gloomy super basement known as the parlour, switched on the light and sat down in front of an old flat piano which the landlady had been stung upon in an auction sale down town. This second cousin to the spinet had a tone very much like a stone dropped on an inverted tin pan and it had the Hesitation Waltz in its action. Mr. Bardo proposed to make it sound like Beethoven composing the Ninth Symphony. He opened up on The Lost Chord and was in a fair way to finding the poor thing when something happened in the left hand area. The D flat second below the middle went down never to rise again. He rose. He had broken the hammer. He crept upstairs, past the mandolinist's room, where he heard much tittering, back to his Latin and Greek. The landlady never got the piano mended. Bardo found out later that an indignation meeting of the other lodgers had resulted in a resolution to leave the house if ever he played again.

Fourteen hours a day plugging at classics left him two hours a day and all of Sundays to sandwich in his walks and the music. He made a particular set upon one of the big churches downtown; a large tabernacle of the elect and the unelect, with a rather famous pulpit and a celebrated choir backed up by a despondent old organ which nothing but the genius of the player kept from demoralizing most of the services. To Mr. Bardo, in the gallery, looking down on a sea of worshippers, uplifted by hymns and anthems, this was the place where music was born.

By MAJOR B. FLAT

He knew not Bach from Beethoven; but he heard almost everything from those two down to Gounod and Frederic Archer in the music of that church. Thrice a Sunday, once being Sabbath School. Whereby he soon connected up in his scheme of heroine-music worship the young lady who played the Sunday School piano, a certain forward pew, a spanking span of bays and a large, ugly house, not far from where he paid rent. Sometimes at the clack of hoofs past the window he looked out to see whether or not it was the lady in the carriage. And sometimes it was, which meant thereafter three pages of Thucydides like fury, or sitting by the radiator wrapped in a quilt wondering why the landlady did not fire up below.

Oh, this eternal mixture of music and women.

An afternoon before Christmas, Bardo had an unexpected caller. It was Mr. Skritch, from Morekirk.

"Well, brother, glad to see you!" said he.

"Please sit down?" said Bardo, hauling round his chair with the quilt over it; hoping his future benefactor would not think his room was too large.

"Isn't this room—cold?" said the merchant.

Bardo admitted that the radiator was not likely to burst. He expected a lecture on the management of landladies and he got it; with mathematical proof that his was making a gross revenue of \$200 a month, paying herself only \$50 a month rent and burning perhaps thirteen tons of coal at \$7.00 a ton.

"So you are plugging hard?" Skritch glanced enviously at the row of classics. "Why don't you insist on being allowed to attend lectures?"

"I'd rather—do it alone," said Bardo, doggedly.

"Admirable. But you are being bamboozled. However—that's not what I called to say. Morekirk? Oh, the town is still talking about the festival. I'm

going to England in a month. I want you to do me a favour—"

Skritch glanced again at the books.

"I wish I had been made to plug at such things when I was your age, Bardo," twisting himself rheumatically with an intense look. "But I was shunted. Culture left me behind—"

"Oh, Mr. Skritch—"

"It's true, my boy. Now, I want to catch up all I can. In my new house I'm going to have a library. I want you to write me down a list of the books which, in your estimation—from your extensive reading—would make me a good library. Don't argue it. Just do it. Mail it to me. And by the way," as he rose, "when you need any money—"

He was down the stair before that thought was done.

BARDO went back to books with his hair over his eyes. This idea of the ready-to-wear library made him shudder. But Skritch was no man to be put off. No library—no brotherly cash, perhaps.

A few nights later, Bardo went to the music hall to hear the Messiah; a huge chorus, with a straggled-out orchestra, an imported quartette and an organ. This hall impressed him enormously. He had never seen a place with two galleries. The top one felt like a gate to glory. When it came to the bass solo, Why Do the Nations? sung by a red-faced, tall man, with a trombone tucked away somewhere in his larynx, and four encores, Mr. Bardo went up to the last but two of the seven heavens.

Very next day he bought a score of the Messiah. Sunday, up in his clammy room, in the wrap of a quilt by the lukewarm radiator, he thumbed up Why Do the Nations? He waited until the mandolin below had whimpered its last note, then he went at the solo. First he beat out the bars and mentally hummed the Handelian furiosos. The sun shot out and flooded the gaunt room with gold. The wind caught the big, bare maple and shook it into a roar. Boots below scrunched on the hard snow. In a moment of reckless courage, Mr. Bardo let fly at the solo, beating the time with his boot and his right thumb. Oh, those bel canto runs! He backed up seven times on one—and never got it; and suddenly there was a terrible simultaneous pounding on the wall below and the wall at the rear; a moment later up came the landlady, who, since morning, had not seen the furnace.

"Mr. Bardo," said she, accenting the "Mist," "I know you love music. But is there no way of your practising in—"

"Oh," he said, vaguely fumbling the radiator. "You're speaking on behalf of my fellow-lodgers. You mean—could I practise in the clothes closet? Yes, I might do that. And I will, dear madam, if you will prom—"

"T-t-tt!" she tittered on the landing. "I know. Yes, I will."

Whereat she descended immediately to the cellar and shook the grate; but to the musical ear of Mr. Bardo there was no sound of coal clattering into the furnace.

SOME sort of juvenile orchestra gave a concert in the big hall which Mr. Bardo attended and where he saw and heard, arrayed in cream satin with a gorgeous cluster of Richmond roses, at the piano, doing a Chopin nocturne all by herself—you guess at once it was the young lady, from the carriage. And the name on the programme was Lenore Denning.

Whenever Mr. Bardo saw Richmond roses for years afterwards he could smell that Chopin nocturne.

Which he would rather worry to a frazzle—a crotchety page of Homer or a page of the Messiah, Mr. Bardo was unable to decide. Homer was a necessity. The Messiah was a luxury. Of course he knew that Handel was an old bigot. Nevertheless any man who could write Why Do the Nations? and the Hallelujah Chorus and wear one of those George III. wigs must have been a genius also.

There was nobody to talk to in that lodging house. He didn't even know the lodgers at sight except the mandolin lady who seemed to despise him because he stayed in his room all day. Bardo suspected that she gossiped about him with the landlady. The very idea of this sometimes made him determine to leave the house. Still he had the room cheap, and if he got a dearer one he might have to borrow from Skritch sooner than he wanted to. A few dollars made a big difference those days. He expected the other thirteen people in that house to make a fuss over the mysterious lodger in the front part of the attic who stayed in his room all day, had such a pile of scholastic books and such a penchant for music. But he could have been a cool corpse in his bed for all most of them cared. He began to hate them all, observing that everybody else in the place seemed to

know everybody else on the same flat. Precisely where Mrs. Pinchey and her daughter slept he could not imagine, unless they had a shakedown in the cellar. From the topography of the house as he walked around the outside, counting the windows, he could figure out only nine rooms besides the state-room where the piano was. Some of them must be doubles. On the top floor there was a back room cut off from his by two

(Concluded on page 17.)



What is the Matter with my Town?



If you never had the nerve to head a deputation to the Council or the Board of Control, or even to write to the local paper, you may feel like sending your criticisms to the Canadian Courier where you can get a bigger audience

ANY man whose citizenship amounts to anything has discovered that something is wrong with the town where he pays rent or taxes. Because he believes in his town, he has a keen eye for the things that keep it from being a 100 per cent. place in which to practise citizenship. Visitors praise the town. He likes to hear them. If they stay long enough they may hear the other side; the things that ought to be improved out of existence before the town lines up to its opportunities and to enable it to give a square deal without fear or favour to every taxpayer or rent-payer in it.

To enumerate these civic defects would take a small book. As a rule there's something wrong at the City Hall. Sometimes it's the Orangemen, sometimes the Church; here it's the Grits, yonder it's the Tories; one town has a chronically decrepit council, another has an incurably inefficient Board of Control; if the trustees aren't wrong about the schools there's sure to be something wrong with the sidewalks; the sub-division expert has left a bad trail behind him; the railway people sidetracked somebody when they built the new station; somebody is bungling the street car system and telling the public to go hang; civic ownership is making a mess of a trolley system or the electric lights; private ownership is making a worse muddle of the coal business and the milk supply; the market is badly managed; street-cleaning is a farce; the sewers are bungled; waterworks are inefficient and cost the consumer too much; the hospital is mismanaged and plays favourites; certain people and properties are criminally exempt from taxation; single tax is a failure because a man may be doing a bonanza business in a 2 by 4 office on the town's best corner and single tax never get him; the telephone should be public property or it shouldn't; dump heaps are a nuisance; the council is squandering money on needless improvements which do not improve, and piling up the taxes; corporations are kowtowed to by the council and individuals may kick and be jiggered; the parks are maladministered; vacant corner lots are eye-sores piling up the unearned increment; the Board of Trade is too lazy to be of public service; the publicity expert told so many fictions about the town years ago that nobody believes the wolf story now; citizenship which a few years ago was painted in paradise colours by the boomster has become a burden which many a man would shuffle off if he hadn't invested in the town;

rents are too high and land values too low; people don't take enough interest in civic affairs; municipal elections are a joke.

The list of things under the caption of What's the Matter With My Town? varying in various localities clear across Canada, might be extended into a fair-sized pamphlet. We leave the rest of them to the experiences of other people. What we want to get at in the Canadian Courier is a consideration of municipal wrongs that may be set right by a higher sense of citizenship, and that may be cited in these columns as of public interest to other municipalities whose citizens may have similar or different grievances anywhere in the country.

All over Canada the towns and cities of Canada already have a majority of our population. The affairs of these municipalities are the public business of more people than those who live on the land. By comparing experiences in different parts of the country, the people who live in these towns may get some idea of how to deal with public affairs in the interests of making town life better worth while. The proper consideration of these matters is of greater importance now than some of the civic advertising fictions used to be.

The Canadian Courier invites all its readers who do not live on farms to take a hand in this discussion. There are but three conditions to this:

The name of the town must in every case be mentioned;

The name of the critic may be withheld from publication by the use of a pen-name or any other symbol you like;

Merely personal or petty criticism must not be submitted, because these are of no interest to people a hundred or a thousand miles away.

Letters are not limited as to length and their publication in full or in the form of a summary will depend upon how interestingly they are written, and in how far the criticisms can be made interesting to other people. When you are writing your letter, imagine that you are in some town a long way off comparing notes with a friend of yours, telling him what's the matter with your town, that he may never have seen and never expects to see, but may be glad to hear you talk about.

Address all communications under this head to

EDITOR, CANADIAN COURIER,

Courier Press, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

THE AMATEUR MUSIC MASTER

(Continued from page 16.)

bulkhead compartments known as clothes closets and a curious drop in the landing outside. That room was occupied by a man and a woman. He knew they were man and wife because they seemed to spend a good deal of their time quarrelling. Mr. Bardo never knew when he would be called upon by the lady in the case to deliver her from her husband who, from the odour in the hallway, he sometimes imagined was a drunken person. Why such people should object to be enlightened and entertained by him he could not imagine. But they despised him; he knew it—preferring their own mutually miserable company.

All of which caused Mr. Bardo to hate the lodging house. He got a letter from Skritch, reminding him about the readymade library.

"I'll have to do it yet," he muttered.

Mrs. Pinchey broke the lonesome monotony by ask-

ing him to pay 25 cents a week more on account of the gas he used in the midnight oil time.

"Besides which I am wearing out your carpet and furniture all day," he added. "Even the radiator is wearing out from my leaning on it."

Colder the house, the more frigid the company. At the meal office down street Bardo never lingered. He believed that theatres were inventions of the devil, and all the entertainment he had was concerts and church services.

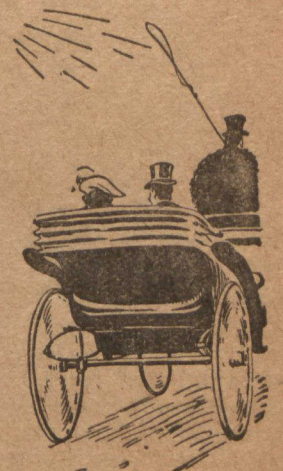
One evening he went to church on the ground floor and when he found himself, he was in a pew that gave him vibrations. Without craning his neck overmuch he observed that it was—her pew. To make sure he drew out a hymn-book from the rack—her very name! But of course there was no danger that she would come in and sit beside him. No, he wasn't ready for heaven yet. Anyway he had not seen her for several weeks; imagined she was away visiting. He had gone past the house; no sign of her. The carriage he had seen several times; she was never inside. At Sunday-School some one else played the piano. Bardo felt sure she was not married, because the whole church would have been talking about it, if not the entire town.

And the more Mrs. Pinchey's aggregation froze him out the greater was Bardo's desire to hear—

he never mentioned her name to anybody—play the S. S. piano again. She could make a hymn sound like an orchestra; what the critics seemed to call dynamics and expression, with a fine use of the pedals. The way she played "Standing on the Promises" was a real exhibition of tone colour. People were still talking about how she played at the young orchestra affair. Even Mrs. Pinchey knew her, though Mr. Bardo never hinted that he had any more to do with her than going to the same church—which of course he hadn't.

Where was she? When would she come back? Silly ass! Sunday morning at church, the music was less inspiring now that he knew she was chronically absent. On the way out loitering to get a rustle of her folks he overheard something that caused his heart to do a tempo rubato. Some kind friend inquiring

(Continued on page 25.)



HELPING YOU to KEEP POSTED

SOUTH of Lens there is a slag heap overgrown with weeds, called the Green Crassier. It is clearly visible across the Souchez River beyond a broken bridge, and I have often seen it from the lower slopes of Vimy. It was the scene of great fighting lately, says Philip Gibbs, as recorded in Current History—he wrote it two months ago—for in the morning the Canadians, who are showing an indomitable spirit after ten days of most furious attacks and counter-attacks, launched an assault upon it and seized the position.

Later in the day the enemy came back in strength, and after violent efforts succeeded in thrusting the Canadians off the crest of this old mound of cinders, though they still cling to the western side.

The Canadians have fought here with astounding resolution. Six German divisions have attacked them in turn and have been shattered against them. The Canadians themselves have been hard pressed at times, but have endured the struggle with amazing strength of spirit.

But it is no wonder that some of the men whom I met yesterday coming out of that city of blood and death looked like men who had suffered to the last limit of mental and bodily resistance. Their faces were haggard and drawn. Their eyes were heavy. Their skin was as gray as burnt ash. Some of them walked like drunken men, drunk with sheer fatigue, and as soon as they had reached their journey's end some of them sat under the walls of a mining village, with their chalky helmets tilted back, drugged by the need of sleep, but too tired even for that.

A senior officer's story was as wonderful as anything I have heard in this war:

On the morning of our attack the enemy was expecting it, and within a minute and a half of our barrage put down his own barrage with terrific intensity. So there were the Canadians between two walls of high explosives, and it was within that inferno that they fought in the great death struggle. For the Canadians had already advanced toward the enemy's line, and in greater numbers—three times as great—he had advanced to ours, and the two forces met on the barren stretch of earth crossed by twisted trenches which for a time had been No Man's Land.

While the battalion on the left was heavily engaged, fighting with rifles and bombs until their ammunition gave out, and then with bayonets and butt ends, the battalion on the right was working southward and eastward to the northern outskirts of Lens. They came up at once against the fortress houses, from which machine-gun and rifle fire poured out.

The Canadians, in small parties, tried to surround these places, but many were swept down. Some of them rushed close to the walls of one house which was a bastion of the northern defence of Lens, and were so close that the machine guns through slits in the walls could not fire at them. They even established a post behind it and beyond it, quite isolated from the rest of their men, but clinging to their post all day.

The enemy dropped bombs upon them through the loopholes and sandbagged windows, fired rifle grenades at them, and tried to get machine guns at them, but there were always a few men left to hold the post, until at last, when the line withdrew elsewhere, they were recalled.

Before that night came there were great German counterattacks. Masses of men carrying nothing but stick bombs, which they had slung around them, advanced down communication trenches and flung these things at the Canadians of the left battalion, who were fighting out in the open, and in another communication trench with the right battalion.

The enemy walked over the piled corpses of his own dead before he could drive back the Canadians, but by repeated storming parties he did at last



Canadian Grit at Lens
Philip Gibbs in Daily Telegraph

Norway as a Neutral
Dr. Nansen in N. Y. Times

The Happy Ending in Plays
George Jean Nathan in McClure's

George M. Cohan on New York
In the American Magazine

Chorus Men Can Fight Too
From the Dramatic Mirror

Why Grainger Plays Saxophone
Robert Van Buren in Everybody's

force them to give way and retreat down the trench to gain the support of their comrades of the other battalion who had not been so hard pressed. These came to the rescue, and for a long time held the German grenadiers at bay.

At last, weakened by their losses and with failing stores of ammunition, these two battalions were given the order to retire to a trench further back, and the survivors of the most desperate action in Canadian history withdrew, still fighting, and established blocks in the communication trenches down which the enemy was bombing, so that they could not pass those points to the line upon which here on the north of Lens the Canadians had fallen back.

Southward there had been no withdrawal, and other battalions had forced their way forward a good distance, shutting up that entrance to the city and getting down into the deep tunnels over which there howled the unceasing fire of the German heavies. Our own guns were hard at work, and I have already told how the Prussians were destroyed in the square of Lens by 12-inch shells and shrapnel.

THE people of the peninsula at the top left corner of the war map are doing a lot of squirming nowadays to retain their shopping privileges and wriggle away from any actual declaration which might strip them of their neutrality. Both in the United States and England the Scandinavian Ambassadors and special commissioners are pleading for the right to peddle with Germany—"just enough to maintain their neutrality," as Dr. Nansen puts it

in an interview given to the New York Times. Dr. Nansen was hurried over to the States as High Commissioner for Norway soon after the American embargo cut up such didos with the dickerings between Christiania and Berlin. The embargo is keeping the necessities of life away from Norway, he declares, and then he intimates that they'd rather starve than fight. This is what he says about it:

"I may say that I do not think it would be of the slightest advantage to the Allies to lead or compel any of the Scandinavian countries to go into the war. A way of maintaining the neutrality of all these countries ought to be found, and, I believe, can be found.

"Now, as to Norway, I have no expectation that she will enter the war on either side. She will not fight unless she is attacked or invaded, and then only in defence. I am not so sure, however, that Norway will not starve as the price she will have to pay for maintaining her neutrality. But we have starved before under conditions remarkably similar to those existing to-day.

"It was in 1807 that the British captured the combined Norwegian and Danish fleet by surprise at Copenhagen. Norway was then united with Denmark under the same King. We were not at war with England at the time, but England feared that France would get our fleet, which next to that of the British was then the largest fleet afloat, so England took it herself. Up to that time the sympathies of Norway and Denmark had been with England; we were about to join her in the Napoleonic wars, but the action at Copenhagen resulted in our eventually joining France.

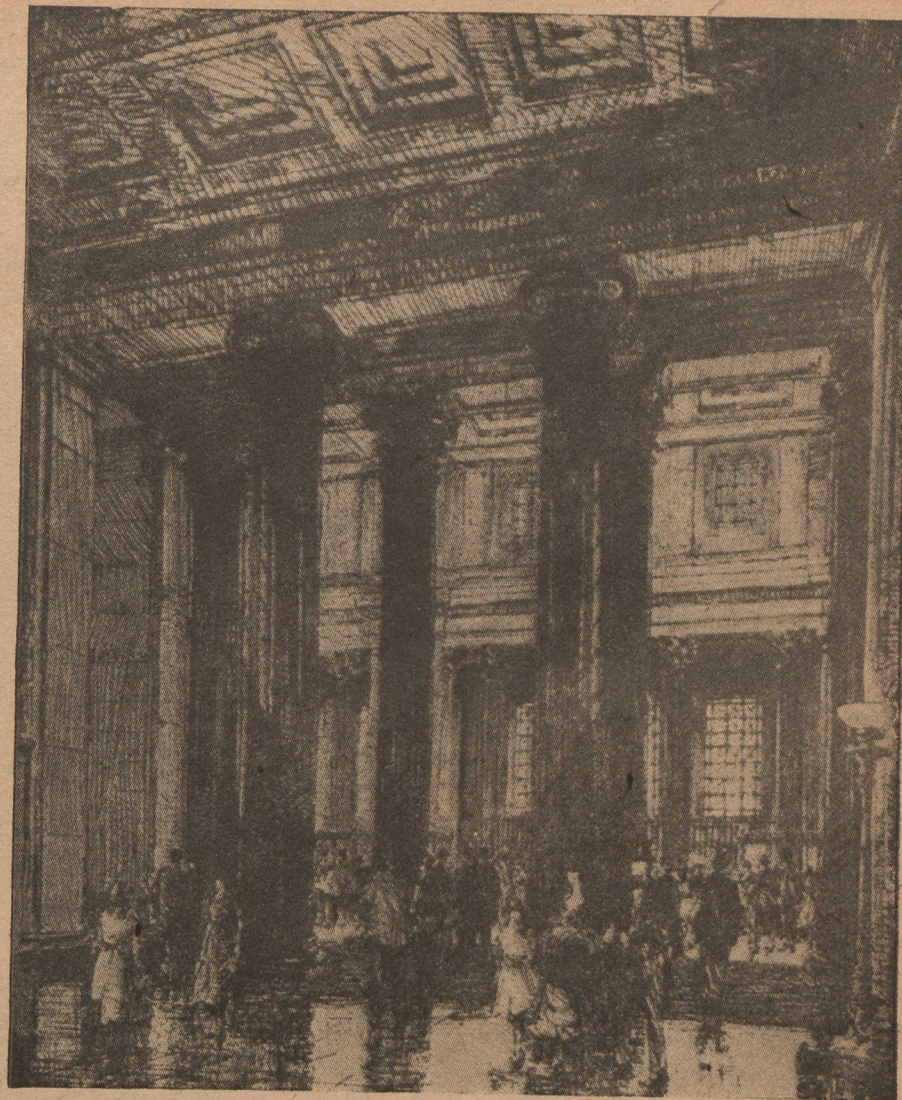
"I refer to that bit of history of a century ago merely to recall the time when and the circumstances under which Norway has known starvation because of a war in which she was a neutral when her difficulties began. We stood it for years then and made our bread of ground bark. We can do it again if necessary."

SOME day somebody may figure out just why so many city folk in Canada hibernate from October on to May 24th or thereabout. Furs, furnaces, picture-shows, and a play or two make up the big end of the season's recreations. Other people spend a lot of time and a great deal of money reaching out for what we have just at the end of the car line. So, while you may be thinking about it, read this little piece taken from "Good Housekeeping":

"The country is always near the town. From your house to the play—and to the doctor's office—is usually no shorter distance than to the great drama—and the healing spirit—of the unending hills, the horizon-sweeping level fields, the storms and stars, the streams, big and little, that through sun and shadow, heat and cold, forever yearn for the sea. Daily the world crowds the streets of the town, while the paths of the country know only an occasional passerby. Where we go is largely a matter of habit; we seek what our custom binds us to. And thereby we circumscribe our lives, keeping our feet in the treadmill of the what-has-been and refusing them the pleasure of the what-might-be. Meanwhile we tax our pocketbooks for artificial thrills and for the support of ten thousand dispensers of the healing that comes in bottles, forgetting the plays and mighty panoramas that nature stages new each day and night and that most human ills enter by way of the soul, which is ever prone to be a traitor to the body.

"The rich people of this country profit immensely from its variable climate and scenery. For long it has been 'the thing' to be away from the city a large part of the year. Spring and summer and fall they have swum and played and tramped, and now in

(Continued on page 20.)



ONE of the most notable pieces of architecture in Canada, the Head Office of the Bank of Montreal, fronting on the Place d'Armes Square, opposite the Church of Notre Dame, is regarded as one of the sights of Montreal.

AND as you step into the great pillared vestibule looking towards the main banking room, you realize that you are in the financial centre of Canada's greatest commercial, railway and seaport city.



Robert Griffin was the first cashier the Bank of Montreal had, a hundred years ago.

The ROMANCE of FINANCE

Looking back One Hundred Years to November 3rd, 1817, when the Bank of Montreal was born

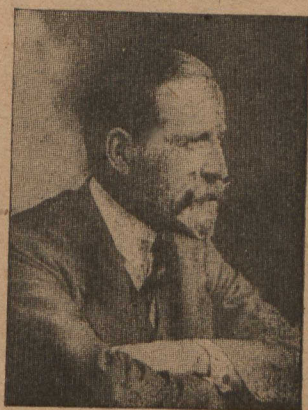
THE centenary of the Bank of Montreal falls in 1917, its birthday being November 3. Twice as old as the "Dominion of Canada," the Bank of Montreal has seen practically all the history of present day Canada in the making. It had its share in the upbuilding of these British dominions in the troubled times when Upper and Lower Canada were separate provinces. It played its part in the great enterprises that preceded and followed Confederation. Its history, in brief, is the history of the Dominion, and it is probable that no other single factor

wielded a greater influence upon the upbuilding of Canada financially and commercially. It has seen the population of Canada grow from 400,000 to 7,500,000.

Domestic trade was carried on mostly by barter and exchange. Shopkeepers who bought from the merchants were compelled to give long credit to the settlers, and the latter almost invariably made payment in farm products. Roads were bad and few, distances between settlements were great, and the voyage from England often took three months to accomplish. The country was too poor to afford the luxury of a gold or silver circulating medium, and the various kinds of money in circulation, including English, French, American and even Spanish and Portuguese coins, made the exchange problem complicated and unsatisfactory.

In that year nine Montreal merchants got together, and launched what was then known as the "Montreal Bank." The Articles of Association were signed June 23, 1817.

THE first meeting of stockholders was held August 7, 1817, when directors were elected as follows: John Gray, who became president; Thomas A. Turner, who became vice-president; John Forsyth, George Garden, George Moffat, Horatio Gates, Frederick W. Ermatinger, John McTavish, Austin Cuvillier, James Leslie, Hiram Nichols, George Platt, and Zabdill Thayer.



Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, General Manager since 1913; an astute public analyst.



Sir Vincent Meredith Bart., General Manager, 1911-13, Vice-Pres., 1912-13, now President.



John Gray, Esq., had the honour to be the Bank of Montreal's first president in 1817.

At that period St. Paul Street was the business and residential centre of Montreal. The new bank secured the use of a residence on St. Paul Street occupied by Robert Armour, paying a rental of £150 a year. Robert Griffin was appointed cashier of the bank at a salary of £300 per annum, and given a staff of six, including a porter. There being as yet no police force in Montreal, the Governor of the city was asked to station a sentinel at the bank, from the local British garrison.

The first agencies were opened in Quebec, Kingston and York, and although the Upper Canada agencies were later closed for a time, due to adverse legislation by the Legislature of that colony, they were promptly reopened when the ban was removed. Some idea of the courage required to open and maintain distant agencies at that time may be gathered from a brief description of the transportation difficulties of the day. Stage coaches over all but impassable roads formed the chief method of travel, although in summer steamboats operated on the St. Lawrence, making the round trip from Montreal to Quebec in ten days. One of the bank's early presidents, the Hon. John Molson, had a steamboat on the St. Lawrence, as early as 1809 eight years after the first practicable steamboat was built on the Clyde. The despatch of money was arduous and risky, and despite great precaution the wrought-iron chests in which money in transit was stored were broken into and looted.

THE first charter of the bank was granted by the Legislature of Lower Canada, May 22, 1822. It thus appears that for nearly five years the institution had been conducted without duly constituted authority. The fact had been recognized, however, by the Governor of the colony, who left the bank undisturbed, believing that restriction would result in more harm than good. Under this charter the name "Bank of Montreal" was adopted. The charter was to run until June 1, 1831.

(Concluded on page 23.)

Helping You to Keep Posted

(Continued from page 18.)

Increasing numbers they are going north as the cold comes down, finding and getting tingling vitality in the crackling forests and on the deep ice of frozen lakes. Too much of this pleasure and profit has been left to them. All told, they own but a small fraction of our country. Whither we will we can go—if we will. No one can keep from us the green or purple and gold of the hills, the breath of the forests, the murmur of quiet streams, the glory of sunrise, the calm of night and the stars.

ONE of the most persistent ideas back of the bone-stuff in the high-brow seems to be that it is a sin against good taste to tack a happy ending on to a play in time to dodge the final curtain. So, when George Jean Nathan set out to tell the readers of McClure's Magazine what was what in the way of public likes and dislikes he asked a popular play-wright about it. The answer, as Mr Nathan quotes it, reads:

"Of course the public likes happy endings in the theatre just as anybody likes happy endings to anything anywhere. It is silly to blame the happy ending taste on a theatrical audience alone. It is as if one were to say, 'When a man gets into a theatre he wants everything to be exactly the opposite of what he wants it to be outside the theatre.' The fact that a man, or woman, pays a couple of dollars to go to a theatre certainly doesn't mean that he or she is paying a couple of dollars to change his or her nature. A man goes to a baseball game to see the home team win. He goes to a billiard parlour to watch a game of billiards between his friend Bill Boots and another fellow he doesn't like, and of course wants the game to turn out favourably for friend Bill. He goes to the office in the morning and, when five o'clock comes, he wants his day to have turned out a prosperous and a happy day. A man wants to see those persons he likes or admires win out. He wants to be happy himself. Wherever he is, whatever he does, whomever he watches! Why should human nature change—or be expected to change—the minute it deposits its person in an orchestra seat? This is why the public wants happy his home ball team, so will the public overlook an umpire's somewhat 'off' decision so long as it favours his home ball team, so will the public overlook an analogous fault in dramatic logic so long as it favours its hero and heroine in a play. Show me a man or woman who down in his heart prefers an unhappy ending to a play to a happy one and I will, other things being equal, show you a fibber of the purest ray serene.

AFTER all, the chorus man is not so much of a lily-like willy-nilly as he has seemed to be, and from now on he is going to be a disappearing factor as far as musical comedy is concerned. Instead of making a more or less animated background for the Kates and Janes and Marys in the first row, he is going to the front to give Fritz a little entertainment. Telling about this the Dramatic Mirror says:

"The members of this class of stage activity have come in for severe ridicule in the past; professional and lay critics have frequently wondered as to the state of their usefulness to society, but when the national emergency arose chorus men were found as patriotic as their brothers in other fields of work. They have enlisted in large numbers, and those who are engaged in Broadway productions at present are biding their time until called for the army.

"The agencies which supply chorus men declare that they have never found chorus material so unavailable, and compare the condition to that which has existed in London for the past three years. In the British capital women and men not eligible for military service have been substituted for chorus men in the musical productions, and it is expected that a similar condition will prevail here.

"The programmes of the Hippodrome and the Empire Theatre announce that all men in the productions of 'Cheer Up' and 'Rambler Rose' have fulfilled their military obligations and in the latter case the names of all those liable to the draft are published. One firm of managers, Dillingham and

Ziegfeld, have announced that the chorus of their new production at the Century, will contain only women, and it is considered likely that other producers will follow their step.

WHEN the Editor of the American Magazine decided to tell his readers about New York he asked George M. Cohan to write the piece. Mr. Cohan said a lot of nice things about the little burg and the way he works out a few similes into a few smiles may be well worth reading.

"New York is the Biggest Show on Earth. The comedy is continuous, with five million accomplished performers in the cast. It draws from all over the world. Front row seats cost like the mischief; but the audiences go away enthusiastic about the costumes, the lighting effects, the mob scenes, the big Broadway runway down the main aisle, and the scenery, which is so lifelike one might almost imagine it was real.

"New York is the original Big Store. Uniformed floorwalkers are everywhere to point out the departments. Two counters to the left you will find the experience section, known as Wall Street; close by is the bandage and liniment department. To the right, a few steps up, is the refrigerated wares department, known as Fifth Avenue. Over there are the animated toys—Broadway. Step right this way and look over our antiques and literary curios—Gramercy Park; paper, ink, and dynamite 'way down near the door—Park Row. We have restaurants on the premises; knick-knacks and notions all over the Harlem end. Bargains? In the Brooklyn basement annex.

"New York is a condition. It is generally incurable, though an occasional multimillionaire recovers through Dr. John Bull's London lotion and is never bothered again. But to the most of us it becomes chronic and even grows worse, settling first in the head, then in the heart, then in the feet, and finally in the liver. It is extremely contagious. The Manhattan air is full of New Yorkitis germs which bite the eye, the ear and the brain. The symptoms are itching fingers, blood rushing to the head, extraordinary thirst, craving for strange foods, enlarged gall, and where the patient is very young or not properly prepared for the treatment, considerable bleeding.

NEXT time that little six-months-old son of yours starts in to lift the roof off with his lusty lungs, don't do any of the old-fashioned things which a million flustered mothers and moldered fathers have done before you—just

SAMMY:



"Wal, boys, I guess there's room in here for me somewheres."

—Norman Lindsay, in Sydney Bulletin

give him a dose of New Thought. It has rubber dummies and celluloid rattles beaten from the very beginning. At least, Elizabeth Towne says so, in "The Nautilus," which publishes the very last word on New Thought. The way to turn the trick is to "go into the silence." This doesn't mean shutting yourself up in an apartment with upholstered wallpaper and padded partitions between double baize-covered doors. As 'Lizbeth puts it, you "Speak the word for a special hour of your silence, and go into the silence no matter whether the rest of the world does or not. You will find that interruptions are fewer, which means that your universe responds to the rhythm which you have set up. You will find your world being silent, too, when you speak the word of silence.

"And it will be a fine thing for that six-months-old baby to go into the silence with you, even if at first he yells lustily every moment of the time! He needs that discipline and that rhythm. See that he is clean and dry and comfortable, and then let him yell if he wants to. Just you smile and let the waves of sound break against your own calm aura. It won't be long before the youngster catches your calmness."

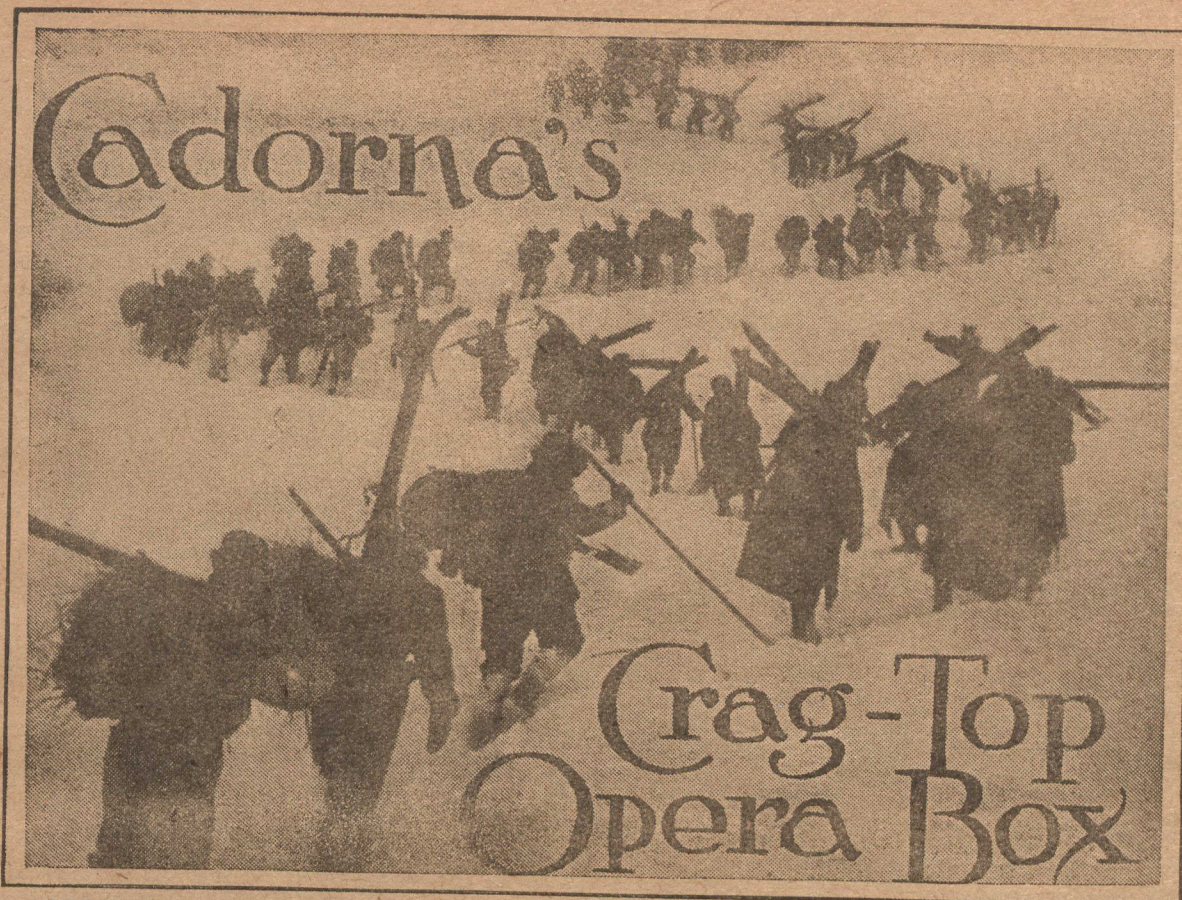
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE for November comes out in a new uniform, a size larger than of old, and several sizes more interesting in character. Everybody's never was a dull paper. It's getting up among the brilliants now. The cover is a marine blue with an American warship steering away from a full moon and its searchlights playing on a plane in the upper right hand corner. You can't mistake it for any other. It's plain Everybody's, and its contents are as smart as its show-window. Opens up with a frontispiece illustration of the leading feature, which is a new American serial, the White Arc, by Henry Kitchell Webster, illustrated very originally by P. E. Cowen, and followed immediately by a large portrait of the author and a short screed about who he is, what he writes and how he does it. Opposite him is a colour picture of American soldiers at the front, from a painting by L. A. Shafer, which backs up on another colour thing most strikingly done by Everett Shinn. This illustrates a story "of the far edge of the war," by Samuel Hopkins Adams.

Next come four pictures of H. P. Davison, who is named "first aid to the Red Cross," accompanied by an article telling his story. Three very attractive stories follow: Tam o' the Scoots, an air-man yarn; Ivan in Wonderland, and Congo, which concerns a gorilla of startling demeanour. Maude Radford Warren has one of her bright articles, entitled Food For Drink; and Frederick Palmer tells about "Lucky Biggs." Two more colour pages follow, with three stories, making up a most attractive issue.

NOW we know why Percy Grainger, the 1,000-a-night Australian pianist and composer, enlisted as a saxophonist at \$35 a month in a U.S.A. Coast Artillery Band. Grainger himself tells Robert Van Buren in November Everybody's that it was because some time ago he became an American citizen; so that ought to satisfy any one who criticizes Percy for not enlisting as a real soldier, either in his own Australian army, or in Canada, or as a Tommy. Van Buren visited Grainger at Fort Hamilton, down at the band quarters, and saw what he describes as a low wooden shack which sagged under the weight of a great, shiny, grand piano in one corner. A long, oilcloth-covered table stretched down the length of the room. On it were arranged twenty-eight massive plates, face down, and inverted on these, as many huge cups, guarded on either side by tinny knives and forks. Tableware indeed—for the artistic temperaments of a jazz band. But for that Appollo-like, golden-haired youth whom I had heard a last winter's evening in Carnegie Hall sending out of his piano the bars of the Saint-Saens "Concerto in G Minor," as I had never heard them before—?

But there was no mistake. In the centre of the shack were two dazzling and dangerous-looking contraptions of steel and wood. Ah, the famous "infernal machines!" The steel marimba, the marimba-xylophone, if not the nabimba itself! Grainger's here—all here, sure enough, I thought. And on a poster on the wooden wall I read:

(Concluded on page 27.)



UNLESS we get a clear idea of how Cadorna hoisted his legions up the mountains and hurled them at the Austrians, we shall not be able to understand what it means for Cadorna to withdraw his armies from that front, as he has been doing of late. No war story was ever so picturesque and spectacular. The story of Cadorna's ultimate drive—he was a long while starting—up into Gorizia, Monte Santo and San Gabrielle and across the Isonzo on to the "Windy Bath of the Holy Ghost" is sheer grand opera of war in which nature conspired with marvellous engineering and the astounding wizardry of modern war to get effects never dreamed of in any other war or on any other front. No wonder the Italians liked it. Such war suited their temperament better than—well, Lens, where the Canadians are, or Verdun.

The Isonzo front is broken now beyond all miracle of mending. Cadorna is back again behind his own boundaries—but the record of that great offensive which pushed the pick of Austria's army from the peaks of the Julian Alps and swept them, a startled mob of routed regiments, from their "permanent" positions in the rocky Bainsizza Plateau, must always remain as one of war's greatest epics.

The thing began on August 18th, of this year, and reached its climax when the men under General Cappello rushed the summit of Monte San Gabrielle just 28 days later. Between times the wizardry of Cadorna accomplished the impossible. And engineering, plus unbounded audacity, was the magic which made the miracles. Courage, too—tempered to the magnificent quality which won Mount Nero for the Alpini, in 1915, when a whole column of bare-foot men scaled a precipice one dark night with a few hand grenades and a revolver apiece and routed the startled Austrians from the summit at dawn.

The battle of the Isonzo stretched across a front of forty miles from Tolmino to Trieste, a greater distance, says the New York Times special correspondent, than any other continuous offensive during the war. And remember, it is an Alpine country of sheer-faced precipices, snow-clad peaks—with slime-walled canyons where the Isonzo gouges its way from the glaciers to the Adriatic. The Isonzo had never been bridged where the Italian troops crossed the gorges in a night. It was impossible. But Cadorna's engineers did it.

For weeks prior to August 18, the Italians at sundown every night had by a great engineering feat diverted the water of the Isonzo above Anhovo, and had built in the shallow stream thus left ten-foot bridges, which were concealed from view when the water resumed its natural course each morning. On the eve of the crossing they supplemented these with four pontoon bridges laid while their searchlights blinded the eyes of the Austrians on the opposite cliffs. These bridges extended from Anhovo up to

Loga, a distance of four miles. That night the stream remained diverted and the army of Cappello crossed, while the Duke of Aosta performed a diversion on the Carso.

Thus a foothold on the northern part of the Bainsizza was gained, while simultaneously the right wing of Cappello's army descended upon the plateau from Monte Cucco and the Vodice and began to envelop Monte Santo and deploy into the Val Chiapovano. The Austrian army on the Bainsizza, threatened from three sides, made a rapid retreat to the ridge, 1,000 feet high, which bounds the eastern edge of the plateau from its sheer drop into the Chiapovano.

On August 24 the tricolour of Italy was flung to the breeze from the summit of Monte Santo. From this commanding height of 2,240 feet it was seen from Loga to the Hermada. On September 14, after several repulses, the Italians established themselves upon Monte San Gabrielle, which rises 1,700 feet above the Isonzo and dominates the San Daniele.

WHEN the victorious Italians clambered to the summit of Monte Santo, some crumbled marble and broken granite columns was all that remained of the shrine at which Francis Joseph was wont to pray for victory with arms outstretched and facing towards Italy. When the Italians took the mountain their regimental bands played in the ruins of that shrine, and the conductor was Toscanini.

From the ruins of this same shrine a New York Times correspondent looked down upon the taking of San Gabrielle. Telling of the sight, he says:

When first I looked down on the battle for San Gabrielle I seemed to hang indirectly over the crater of a volcano. A matter of 40,000 Italian shells on a daily average are bursting over San Gabrielle's crest. In addition are the Austrian shells, for the lines on San Gabrielle are now so close that the top-most positions have been taken and retaken half a dozen times.

It all made me wonder whether we were still hanging on to our world. There was never fevered nightmare more appalling. No Hippodrome producer in his wildest imaginings ever pictured such a scene. Even Dante's Inferno was outclassed. It was veritably a hell on earth of which no pen can give the details.

Occasionally through the smoke waves we could see the bald, tortured surface of the crest. A shell would strike and we could see the sparks as a granite ledge was shivered and splintered in every direction. Caverns yawned up at us where the melinite bombs rebounded and spent their rage. Black lines zigzagged over the surface—crazy and grotesque. They were the trenches.

Sometimes we could see figures leaping upon the stone parapets. They were like damned souls. Another shell would blot out the sight, and when it

ADORNA played to the gallery, no doubt; but he had only the gallery to play to. With the greatest engineers in the world, he had also one of the most spirited armies. He was slow to get started, but spectacular when he did. Diverting a river every night to fling bridges across and letting the water back over the bridges in the morning to deceive the Austrians; scaling crags with revolvers and grenades; blinding the enemy with searchlights and pontooning the Isonzo below; hauling heavy guns up by ropes; escalading mountains; piping water to the peaks—thus they got Gorizia and the Windy Bath of the Holy Ghost (Bainsizza plateau). On the tip-top of Monte Santo old Franz Joseph in a shrine of the Virgin stretched his arm towards Italy. A few months ago Italian bands with Toscanini conducting played victory in the ruins of that shrine. It was Cadorna's incarnation of grand opera in the clouds.

cleared the figures would all be huddled and still—only black patches against the dirty gray of the rock.

"But why spend so much time over this mountain," I asked the officer, "especially as you may say you have it?" He smiled. "You would be surprised to know how few men we have lost down there," he said, "and we are not occupied alone with San Gabrielle. Meanwhile it has used up about fifteen Austrian divisions. . . . Most of those divisions are dead."

In the dying daylight I again fixed my glasses on the rocky slopes below. The artillery fire had lulled a little, so that we could see more clearly. All about the surface of the bald crest was dotted with black, grotesque shadows—shadows that did not move. There were the pieces of the fifteen Austrian divisions that were dead.

Day fled quickly behind the higher mountains, and the evening fireworks began. Flares began to go up on all the surrounding hills, and were answered from mountain peaks miles away—rockets breaking in showers of stars that seemed to glimmer as far from the earth as the millions of real stars in the clear heavens.

We sat and watched, silent before the magnificent spectacle. The artillery was turned again upon San Gabrielle. Shells crashed and exploded, striking lines of fire from the bare cliffs. The shrapnel hissed and screamed and screamed and broke in clouds of sparks.

For miles on every side the whole world seemed gone crazy. A thousand Japanese lanterns seemed to wave in a giddy whirl on the mountain peaks, then to break each into a dozen pieces and go out.

Sometimes sheds or motor caissons, struck by shells on far distant roads, would soar up in flames that lasted several minutes. In the valleys a million fireflies seemed to bob up and down in rhythmic air dance. Through every cleft and gorge the sound of cannon echoed and re-echoed as if a thousand valkyries were galloping madly from peak to peak, while through all the infernal din there came the ceaseless barking of machine guns and yells of men.


On San Gabrielle itself we could see more plainly than by day. The explosions would sometimes light up spaces of rock for a distance of many yards. We could often catch glimpses of trenches and the shimmer of helmets and bayonets. Sometimes for brief moments between shifts in the smoke we could see troops climbing up the slopes between the zigzag black trench line clawing at the rocky ground. Once we saw men in the very act of falling backward in the bright light of an exploding shell.

Suddenly, quite suddenly, something happened. I scrambled to my feet and rubbed an unsteady hand over my eyes. My officer also got up quickly.

I had a strange feeling that a great power had suddenly come to watch and bid mankind to cease his struggles and be still.

For from behind a distant snow peak there had floated the splendid and majestic moon. All the flares and rockets seemed to fade away. The flashes of shrapnel and melinite died out before that effulgent glow of beautiful mellow light that softly draped and enfolded the entire gigantic scene.

It was the same cold, wonderful moon, but on that night it seemed like the eye of God from which there flowed too much light for armies to go on with their killing unashamed.



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WHAT FOOD CONTROL IS FOR

Second of a Series of Articles on the Limits and Possibilities of Price and Food Control

THE case for Food Control in Canada and the States is totally different from that which exists for our allies in Europe. This is very often forgotten, and the result is much mistaken comment, and much misleading comparison between the activities and functions of, say, the British and the Canadian Food Controllers. If it were not for the needs of our allies in Europe there would be no Food Controller in Canada at all. If Canada were isolated there would be no scarcity, but a superabundance of food supplies in this country. It is a supreme duty towards her allies who are bearing the stupendous burdens of this conflict that Canada is called to increase her food production to the utmost and to avoid waste if it would avoid defeat. For our European allies the business of the Food Controller is to enable these countries to live on what they can raise for themselves or import from America. It is a problem of conservation and distribution, for urgent necessities have already ensured the maximum of production. For Canada, on the other hand, the business of the Food Controller is to enable Canada to export the greatest possible amount of food. It is a problem of conservation and production. In England and France they are seeking to make the food supply suffice, in Canada we are seeking to make the surplus over what suffices as great as possible. The importance of this service cannot be exaggerated. The seriousness of the shortage which faces Europe is impressed upon all who know the situation. "Thy need is greater than mine"—this should be our response to every demand upon us, to every call to work and save, to every appeal to abstain or to sacrifice in order that our comrades across the seas may not suffer this last privation.

In England, seeking to eke out her limited supplies, price control (and in the last resort a system of rationing) is of primary importance, for the problem is the best distribution of the available supplies; in Canada, seeking to raise her surplus to the limit, price control is of importance mainly in so far as it can be used to stimulate production. It is clear that the first business of the Canadian Food Controller is not to lower prices, but to increase the surplus. High prices are themselves a stimulus to production, whereas low prices are a stimulus to consumption. If prices are to be fixed at all they must be fixed at a level high enough to make it economically worth while for the producer to make every effort towards further production.

Why, then, it is often asked by those who realize these facts, have a Food Controller at all? Can anything he is able to do equal the persuasive eloquence to the farmer of wheat soaring

under competition beyond three dollars (before control began)? If high demand means high price, and high price means high production and low consumption have we not here the natural and proper spur to production? Why interfere with it at all? Why disturb the beneficent working of the ordinary "laws of supply and demand"?

There are good reasons for a Food Controller. In the first place the situation is one of extreme uncertainty. This limits the stimulating effect of high prices, for the farmer and stock-raiser must look three or six or nine months ahead, and he is, unless guided by some authority, in the dark as to the future market for his increased production. The Food Controller should be in a better position to realize the future demand. He knows, also, what products are most urgently required, and so can help, in conjunction with the Agricultural and other Departments, to direct production, instead of leaving it to the unguided initiative of individual producers.

In the second place, he is needed to check our wasteful methods. Some of these are due to individual carelessness, and the first necessity is that some one in authority should impress upon us the meaning of such waste. Others are due to our standard of living, as it affects the manufacture and preparation of the foods we buy. There is, for example, great waste in the making of patent flours, in the "pearling" of barley, and so on. A recent writer has given evidence to show that in the United States there is lost in the by-products of seven important foods enough food-value to supply the food needs of the country for a whole year. This waste is surely amenable to Food Control. Other forms of waste depend on our whole economic system, our methods of marketing and distribution. These are naturally the most difficult and dangerous to control, but this is a time for doing whatever can be done.

In the third place, he is needed to check "profiteering." By "profiteering" I mean the amassing of profits beyond what is sufficient to give the manufacturer or producer the encouragement required to carry on his business in the most efficient way.

Lastly, he is needed to help in the reorganization of trade and industry. To increase production, to direct production, and to eliminate waste—these require concerted effort in every case. It is necessary to bring producers together, in order that they may act together. This task of co-ordination, of establishing co-operation in place of isolation or competition, between producers, between middlemen, between retailers, between consumers, is one of the strange new tasks the war has forced on government.

R. M. MACIVER,
University of Toronto.

CONTRACT AND CONSCIENCE

(Continued from page 8.)

"Seest thou a man diligent in business?" said Solomon. "He shall stand before kings." Looking a few thousand years down the ages he might have added, "Rise Sir Joseph."

Success in business based upon delivery according to contract is unassailable. Why? Because that spec-

ies of success determines a man's conscience. And when you get contracts balancing conscience you have a very high evolution of ethics.

Now, then, grant these premises and you see at once that there can be no possible evil in being a rich man.

But once upon a time a certain

great Teacher also had his opinions about great riches.

"It is easier", said He, "for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven."

Did Sir Joseph Flavelle examine this statement in all its bearings when

he said "Let the profits go to the hell to which they belong"? Did he mean that no man should ever die rich for fear of going to hell? We do not know. We can only infer that Sir Joseph contemplates a heaven for no man who does not fulfil contract, and that if he does fulfil contract and thereby inspires other men to ethical values and incidentally gets rich himself, he is in no danger of hell.

Therefore we must acquit Sir Joseph of inconsistency and grant him a conscience in good working order. Each depends upon the other. Profits are merely the result. We long ago outgrew the idea that much money damns a man's soul. On the contract-delivery system it makes no difference how much money a man makes. His money in that case is a measure of his conscientious efficiency. The injunction of the great Teacher of old to Cornelius, who wanted to inherit the kingdom of heaven, "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor" must be estimated along with that other saying of the great Teacher, "the poor ye have always with you."

Sir Joseph Flavelle would like to see poverty abolished by the increased efficiency of mankind. And he is game enough to take his own chance of avoiding the poor-house in a society based on universal efficiency. He will even back his conscience based upon contract against the recognized crookedness of the people; because he knows that to keep a system together you must have ultimate ethics somewhere.

Having settled all that, there is no necessity for "qualms." In the church gallery may be a poor wretch heading for the same heaven as Sir Joseph Flavelle, but doomed to poverty because he has bad health, poor brains or rotten luck. That man must be looked after if he gets ill; otherwise it is no business of a contractual conscience to interfere. Oblivious to that man's predicament it is quite morally legitimate for Sir Joseph to go on increasing dividends, buying munitions without salary, getting a superior title, lecturing public servants on inefficiency, organizing philanthropies, reorganizing colleges, attending to the church and entertaining important men. It is all a case of pulling stops in an organ, according to the piece you prefer to play.

NOW there are a few questions we should like to ask Sir Joseph, that the Commission did not. We should prefer to come across him some Sunday sitting in his opera chair at Sherbourne St. Methodist Church just after the congregation have gone out and the organist is playing a nice conscientious andante. Under those circumstances he might become quite confidential in answer to these questions:

Did you ever offend anybody in Ottawa by handing out advice on how to govern the country?

Did you ever advise the dismissal of a certain Cabinet Minister?

Did that Minister resign?

Had he a conscience?

In the organization of a Union Government were you ever seriously considered for a portfolio when the said other minister was to be left out?

If so, would he be likely to bear you

(Concluded on page 23.)

- FINANCIAL -

SLACKER MONEY

WHAT the new Canadian War Loan means as profit, as duty and opportunity to the average citizen is well expressed by Paul Tomlinson in McClure's when he says that comparable with the slacker in war and the slaker in business is money that is not working as hard as it should. It is slacker money.

Perhaps you have more money in your checking account than you need, and it is drawing only two per cent interest. If so, a part of it is slacker money. Perhaps you have an account in the savings bank yielding three, or possibly four per cent. In all probability your principal is safe and your interest is assured; furthermore, if you cannot purchase a greater return with a high degree of safety, then the savings bank is the best place for your money. On the other hand, it may be that a high-class bond offers equal safety, together with a greater yield; and if so the money might profitably be withdrawn from the savings bank and invested in the bond.

A problem in simple arithmetic will demonstrate the advantage of this

course. At the present time many gilt-edged bonds may be purchased at prices to yield five per cent or even more. A thousand dollars in the savings bank at four per cent earns forty dollars a year; that same thousand dollars invested in a bond yielding five per cent earns fifty dollars a year, an increase of ten dollars or twenty-five per cent. If you can increase your income by one-quarter and at the same time keep your principal safe, it is clearly the wise thing to do.

Did you ever stop to think how it is that a bank is enabled to pay interest on its deposits, pay expenses and salaries, and in addition earn large dividends for its stock-holders? It is because its funds are kept working all the while; banks are required by law to maintain a fixed cash reserve, but beyond that they have no idle dollars, no slacker money. All banks have certain funds which they keep "liquid," that is, ready and available for any emergency, but the money is always working. Night and day it is earning interest for its owners.

THE ROMANCE OF FINANCE

(Concluded from page 19.)

The value of the Bank of Montreal's enterprise should not be measured by its success as a joint stock undertaking, but by the security it has given to those who have trusted it, the facilities it has furnished for the exchange and the increase of commodities, and the assistance it has given to the development of the country.

In the year 1821 the Lachine Canal, an important link in Canada's great inland waterways chain, was begun. It was completed in 1825 at a cost of £110,000, and to this work the Bank of Montreal gave important financial assistance. But even before this time the Bank had made its influence deeply felt in the financial affairs of the country.

At the end of the first year's business the directors proposed to the Governor of Canada, the Duke of Richmond, who controlled the British monies, "that the bank be given the right of supplying the Government in this country with such monies as may be wanted by the different departments in Upper and Lower Canada." These negotiations terminated favourably and inaugurated the connection between the Bank and the Government, first, of the two provinces and later of the Dominion, which, continuing to this day "has brought honour and profit to the Bank and has been of the greatest value and service to the Canadian nation."

It must not be supposed that all this time the bank was doing business in its St. Paul street home. A few weeks after starting business the directors purchased for £2,000 the site of the present general post office on St. James street, and there a building was completed in 1819. It was the head office for thirty years, and cost £8,750.

About the time of the union of Upper and Lower Canada in 1841 there came a betterment in business conditions in the country. Under union the bank obtained a new charter to run 21 years, and was authorized to increase its capital to £750,000. The double liability clause was also imposed on shareholders. Immigration increased, and in the flow of prosperity extensive public works were undertaken, including the completion of the Welland Canal and improvement of navigation on the St. Lawrence. Now free to do business in Upper Canada, the bank established a large number of agencies there, and its busi-

ness grew so rapidly that the capacity of the head office was taxed. The adjoining site, that now occupied by the bank, was purchased from La Fabrique de Montreal for £10,000, and a handsome building erected. The old site was sold to La Banque du Peuple. Removal to the new premises was effected in 1848.

The history of those times is one of periods of prosperity rapidly followed by periods of reaction. Another commercial crisis in 1857 caused Canadian banks to cease to discount. The late fifties saw a hard struggle for Canadian business, and through this era the Bank of Montreal maintained its position but saw its profits diminished. But the years immediately preceding and following Confederation told another story. The bank paid dividends of 10 per cent, and the rest was increased by large amounts to \$1,500,000. Its fiftieth year found the Bank enjoying not only a substantial measure of success but also a remarkable prestige. It had nearly a fourth of the total paid-up banking capital in Ontario and Quebec, and more than a fourth of the banking assets. It was the government's depository and fiscal agent and enjoyed peculiar advantages as the sole issuer of provincial notes. Its capital was \$6,000,000; rest, \$1,500,000; assets more than \$20,000,000.

In 1870 an important milestone in the history of the Bank was reached with the opening of an office in London. Through the course of years the bank has attained a unique position among the colonial banks in London. It has been instrumental in negotiating public loans on behalf of Canadian government, municipal and corporation borrowers, totalling hundreds of millions of pounds. In December, 1892, the Bank was appointed fiscal agents for the Government of the Dominion of Canada. The present office is at 47 Threadneedle street, E.C., and the bank has a sub-branch in Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, where the requirements of Canadian visitors in London are given special attention.

The wave of prosperity that marked the opening of the new century was the greatest in Canada's history. The Bank of Montreal came to the fore in 1906 when it took over the Ontario Bank, after the latter had failed. The next year came the 1907 panic of sad memory. The tide in the Dominion's prosperity reached its highest point in 1912, and

then began reaction. The bottom fell out of the land boom in the West. A time of financial readjustment set in.

Although it is impossible in a brief sketch to deal at length with the men who have made the Bank of Montreal, it must be said that no man was better qualified to guide the institution through the trying times following 1912 than the President, Sir Vincent Meredith. His policy was ever a wise and cautious, while constructively progressive, one.

The latest chapter in the history of the Bank is that since the declaration of war. In many ways the Bank of Montreal has made its usefulness to Canada apparent in that era of changed financial conditions. With England at war, the source of capital became the United States, and here again the staff of the Bank produced a man whose training in London and New York had fitted him for the moment. What Sir Frederick Williams Taylor, general manager of the Bank of Montreal, has been able to do for this country in New York borrowing since the outbreak of war is a story that may be told some time.

CONTRACT AND CONSCIENCE

(Concluded from page 22.)

any malice? And would that have anything to do with your final statement to the Commission, that you did not know why you should have been asked such questions at all?

Was there anybody who thought he was particularly referred to in the matter of munitions on contract and who would therefore be vindictive to you as a result, even to the wanting of your scalp?

Did you make the matter of your baronetcy a very serious matter of secret cogitation before deciding to accept it? Or did you think that men of less brains and personal merit than yourself have more honour from the King?

Did you ever at any time since this bacon inquiry seriously consider handing the title back?

To all these questions, Sir Joseph, you need answer nothing more than Yes or No. We will attend to the rest. And you may do so either as President of the Wm. Davies Co., or as Chairman of the Imperial Munitions Board, or as plain Sir Joseph Flavelle.

Mrs. Green (whose husband has given her a black eye) to District Visitor: "Well, miss, matters might be a sight worse; I might be like you, and 'ave no 'usband at all."

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MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Two Great Sonatas

By the Music Editor

HOW many millions of people have exercised their imaginations over the two most popular sonatas in the world? Nobody knows. But everybody knows that the two sonatas that have interested most non-technical people are:

The "Moonlight Sonata" of Beethoven, and the B flat Minor of Chopin.

Both these sonatas were played recently by artists of widely differing character in the same week in Toronto. In his evening recital Mons. Francis de Bourguignon, Belgium, head of the piano department in the Canadian Academy of Music, played the popular favourite sonata in B flat minor. In his opening recital Mr. Austin Conradi, recently appointed head of the piano department in the Hambourg Conservatory, took for his biggest single number the so-called Moonlight Sonata of Beethoven. Each of these great sonatas has been played ad inf. by all kinds of performers. Each has been mooned over by sentimental admirers. No other two sonatas have been so seized upon by romantic imaginations bent upon making each of them tell a story. And the story in each case is a romance. The yarn about The Moonlight Sonata has been told over and over again, one of the variations being the lonely house, the dying girl and the moon.

The Chopin Sonata with the celebrated Funeral March has been interpreted from the audience just about as accurately. Thousands of people have heard the Funeral March when they never knew, even up to the hundredth time perhaps, that it was one of the movements in a Sonata. Most non-musical people have supposed that Chopin composed it to celebrate somebody's death—or his own. But somebody whispers over your shoulder at a performance that it was really the musical story of a student in Paris, all his chequered and romantic existence culminating in a still more romantic death.

And of course, so it may be. Chopin's stuff was much of it confessional and extremely subjective. On this head we have some very interesting testimony from George Sand as to how Chopin really composed his music. As quoted in the current issue of Musical Times he says:

His creation was spontaneous and miraculous. He found it without seeking it, without foreseeing it. It came on his pianoforte suddenly, complete, sublime, or it sang in his head during a walk, and he was impatient to play it to himself. But then began the most heartrending labour I ever saw. It was a series of efforts, of irresolutions, and of frettings to seize again certain details of the theme he had heard; what he had conceived as a whole he analyzed too much

when wishing to write it, and his regret at not finding it again, in his opinion, clearly defined, threw him into a kind of despair. He shut himself up in his room for whole days, weeping, walking, breaking his pens, repeating and altering a bar a hundred times, writing and effacing it as many times, and recommencing the next day with a minute and desperate perseverance. He spent six weeks over a single page, to write it at last as he had noted it down at the very first.

And of course Beethoven had habits even more eccentric. Yet there's a vast difference. Most of Chopin's genius seems to have been linked up with experiences. Much of his most poetic work is capable of being made into a story. Beethoven, less purely poetic, not so merely passionate, more imaginative, seldom wrote anything that could be twisted into a romance. It must be noted that Mons. Bourguignon did not attempt to tell any story in his playing of the B flat minor. He played it in a dry, somewhat passionless way, with meticulous regard for the rhythm and tonal balance. He seemed determined as far as possible to make absolute music out of what most people have preferred to regard as "programme." As a teacher he did wisely. Students should not be seduced into a merely sentimental interpretation. What Mons. Bourguignon restrained himself from doing in his Chopin he permitted himself to do in his Bach group in which he broke away from the merely traditional style. Does he, also, think that Bach is one of the moderns?

His shorter pieces of Tchaikowsky were quite colourful; the Humoresque delightfully so—but when shall we hear the last of that dismal Chanson Triste? The Rubenstein Etude (Storm) proved that "Ruby" knew infinitely better how to compose for the piano than for strings. In two French bits, the Allegro Appassimata of Saint Saens and the Berceuse Heroique—odd conjunction of ideas!—he showed up the French temperament in contrast. The Debussy soapbubble almost blew to bits before he had finished it; which of course was what the composer intended. And the player suddenly let himself into a much different atmosphere when he wound up with the hackneyed, but in this case delightfully fresh and crisp Moto Perpetuo of Weber.

Bourguignon's recital was almost a prolonged Etude, characterized by scholarly finish and epigrammatic quality, devoid of humour, shy of sentiment and not overly solicitous as to the poetic value of a pure and perfect legato.

CONRADI is of another type. He opened with the "Moonlight" Sonata which he rendered with due regard for its varying moods. The illuminated sadness of the andante became a caressing tenderness to his touch. He was conscious of his audience, who were critical of him. There was no end of beauty in his doing of the Sonata, which having been written as absolute music, he gave a tilt towards the "programme" variety. He kept the "moonlight" off the programme sheet; he put it into the playing. He tried to make it say something—verging on speech. Yet he kept it beautiful in tone, delicately sensuous in outline and free from over-sentimentality. The andante contained no sobs. If it was written just to record transitory moods, it was

surely very picturesque, sometimes abruptly so. And Conradi kept the interest unabated till the last.

A long intermission came next. The musicians in the audience thought it was intended to give them a chance to compare notes. Not so. The stage carpenters were busy. His next group was

24 CHOPIN PRELUDES.

Anybody who understands the fabrication of these intensely interesting works knows how necessary it is to get away from the Beethoven stage set to put them over.

But why—24?

Because one less would have been 23. Average time for each about two minutes. 45 minutes of Preludes. An unusual task. Nobody asked for the lot. They were given gratis. Somebody might have doubted whether any Canadian pianist could remember them all in their proper order. A foolish fear. Mr. Conradi had these Preludes on a musical film. Seriously so. Chopin's Preludes, even more than any other of his famous groups—nocturnes, waltzes, etudes and mazurkas—are studies in soul-photography. They are kaleidoscopic variations of Chopin; not so ravishingly tender and sobbingly sad as his nocturnes, less astoundingly clever than his etudes; a sort of compromise between the two with no end of characteristic colour, no particular order of intensity, but just the sort of stuff of which the man Chopin was made. Conradi undertook to prove that he could do the lot without a yawn from the audience. He did it. After he got past the middle, the Chopin mercury went down and the Conradi went up. The player actually could do it and not weary anybody—even himself. He finished—fresh.

And then—the stage carpenters again. The next group was a Conradi pair, which really should have been run on—delicately woven as they were—between the Beethoven and the Chopin. That would have given the audience the extra 15 minutes to go home on while the player recuperated after 24 Preludes.

The rest of the programme was quite superfluous, no matter how good it was. Even the Schumann Toccata was an extra dessert after a very full meal. And Mr. Conradi has good cause to congratulate himself that his first public recital contained so high a percentage of the really beautiful.

The Story of a Wound

(Concluded from page 5.)

He lived in the dark until his trained eyes could see the moving of a grass blade, and he is paying the penalty now in defective vision. By day he lay up, after making his report; often sleeping in the colonel's own dug-out until it was time to take his life in his hands again, and crawl out into No Man's Land, in search of knowledge.

I wish I could tell his whole story, the most romantic in the entire wonderful record of the C.E.F., and what led to his being "asked for" by a most famous general to be a member of his staff. Perhaps I may, some time, if he does not tell the tale himself.

We regret that by oversight the story "The Redskin," in last week's issue was not credited to the author, Carlton McNaught.





OLD CHUM TOBACCO

is the "chum" of more pipe
smokers, than any other
tobacco smoked
in Canada

EVERYBODY SMOKES
"OLD CHUM"

Amateur Music Master

(Continued from page 17.)

about—her. The mother saying —
"Well, she seems to be getting better.
Then at the door as Bardo played
eavesdropper in the vestibule, she ad-
ded,

"We're going to the hospital to see
her."

He saw the carriage drive off oppo-
site to the usual direction. The day
was raw and windy; occasional whirls
of snow; the downtown area by the
waterfront was bleak and grey and
cold. Mr. Bardo was seized with a
sudden decision. He would—follow
that carriage.

So he ran. How he ran! Once he
got past the church throning into the
streets heading for the wharves and
all sorts of dark, dingy buildings, he
could make better headway. The car-
riage was two blocks ahead, leisurely
clacking along. He could keep up
very well, and as long as the streets
did not tangle themselves up he hoped
to be within two blocks of the rig
whenever it stopped at her hospital—
queer place for a hospital down among
the damp winds and the smoke and
the soot, but he never thought of
that; it was probably some very ex-
clusive place with a large number
of red curtains, soft carpets and dim
mystical lights. And as he ran that
Chopin nocturne got into his feet. It
became a waltz to which he kept time
stupidly as though he were skating.

When suddenly Mr. Bardo, then get-
ting his second wind, discovered that
the carriage was nowhere to be seen.
Nowhere to be heard. He was alone
on a warehouse street, not far from
some sort of market and a couple of
strange ugly hotels.

He still believed he could not miss
that? It would turn up somewhere.
Musical Fate intended him to find
the place where the woman of his
musical dreams was lying ill. Not
that she would ever know or care, or
that he could do anything more than
work out his own foolishness. But
that was all he wanted. And he felt
sure he could find the clack of that
carriage again in the solitude of those
crooked streets.

Suddenly he bumped into a person
with a bad breath, at the door of one
of the hotels. It was the man who
had the wife in the room next to his.
He recognized the man and dodged to
get past. This was no time for
whiskey smell when he was smelling
Richmond roses in that Chopin noc-
turne.

The malodorous man recognized
him also, and made a quick grab for
Mr. Bardo's coat-tail which he cap-
tured.

"Hol' on, ol' chap," he said
chummily. "Not so fast. 'Taint time
for Shunday School yet—"

Bardo panted a cloud, through
which he saw the psychic gleam of a
drunken man's eyes. The malodorous
man laughed.

"I know," he said, with the insight
that sometimes comes from liquor.
"You're runnin' to find a girl. Thatsh
the only reason you'd do it. Don't
let me—detain you."

Bardo broke away. The delay was
probably fatal. He felt too angry for
words; quite disgusted. But he ran
again—on and on; stopping some-
where to catch the sound of hoofs—
which he did, knowing very well what
hoofs they were; but having no idea

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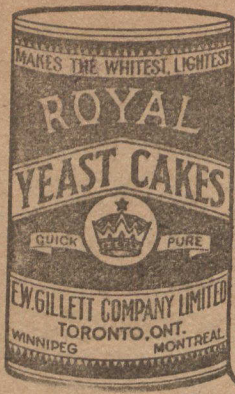
Under the Military Service Act, all men in Class One
are soldiers to-day absent with leave and without pay.
Failure to obey the law amounts to DESERTION
and can be punished as such.

Class One includes bachelors and widowers without
children (not otherwise excepted) who were 20 years
old on the 13th October, 1917, and whose 34th
birthday did not occur before January 1st, 1917.

DO IT TO-DAY!

The rush in the last few days may be such that in the hurry and
stress a number of men may fail to comply with the requirements
under the Act. That will not be recognized as an excuse, as
every man is being given ample time to report for service, or
claim exemption.

GO TO YOUR POST OFFICE TO-DAY and ask for a form for
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of just where in the world he was until—

Turning a corner he ran into somebody else, almost butting a gentleman with an overcoat and a stick, swinging along—and it was Mr. Skritch from Morekirk.

Bardo had no speech left. His ears were hammering out loud. His voice was gone.

"Good-morning," said Mr. Skritch. "You seem to be in a hurry." No reply.

"I'm going to England," he went on tersely. "I leave here to-day. You haven't sent me that list of books yet."

There was a smile in his eyes.

"I want that list," he said. "You'd better give it to me now. Wait. I'll just take it down."

The Chopin nocturne took unto itself wings. Mr. Bardo was on the verge of profanity. In absolute desperation he

shot at Mr. Skritch such a lingo of literature that the man had scarcely time to scribble them down in his memo book. Any kind of book he had ever read since he got into the heavy class he flung at his benefactor who maliciously took his time getting down the names of philosophers, historians, scientists, biographers, essayists, poets and what not; almost everything but music.

"Thanks very much," said Mr. Skritch when he had got down about twenty pages of this, very particular as to the spelling. "I hope I haven't kept you from an engagement."

"No, not at all," blurted Bardo.

The carriage was clean out of the world now.

"I shall be back from Europe in ten months. Remember, when you need any money—"

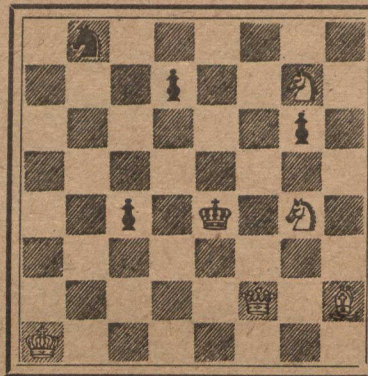
They shook hands.

(To be Continued.)

CHESS Conducted by Malcolm Sim

PROBLEM No. 161, by V. Cisar.
First Prize, Cesky Spolek Schovl
Tourney, 1917.

Black.—Five Pieces.



White.—Five Pieces.

White to play and mate in three.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 159, by C. A. L. Bull.

1. K—K7! R—K8; 2. B—K6, any move; 3. Q—R8 mate.
1. RxB; 2. B—Kt3ch! K—R6 or RxB; 3. B—Bsq or Q—R8 mate.
This is a little classic.

To Correspondents.

(J.M.G.), Tamworth.—Thanks for letter and further problem. Will examine all. ("Curious"), Campbellton, N.B.—In 152, yes, 2. K—K5. We admire your insistence.

Problem No. 158, by Mr. Faulkner unfortunately has an easy cook in four pointed out by Mr. John McGregor: 1. P—QB4ch, PxP e.p.; 2. Q—B5ch, K—Q5; 3. P—K3ch, K—Q6; 4. R moves from Bishop's file, P mates.

CHESS AMONG THE ENEMY.

The following short but interesting partie was played in the 1914 Trebitsch Memorial Tournament at Vienna. Notes from the Year-Book of Chess.

Vienna Opening.

R. Spielmann.	C. Schlechter.
1. P—K4	1. P—K4
2. Kt—QB3	2. Kt—QB3
3. P—B4	3. B—B4 (a)
4. PxP (b)	4. P—Q3 (c)
5. PxP (d)	5. QxP
6. Kt—B3	6. B—KKt5
7. Kt—K2 (e)	7. Castles
8. P—B3	8. P—B4 (f)
9. P—Q4 (g)	9. PxP
10. Kt—Kt5 (h)	10. Q—K2
11. Q—B2 (j)	11. P—K6
12. Q—K4 (j)	12. QxKt
13. BxP	13. Q—R5ch
14. P—Kt3 (k)	14. Q—R4
15. PxP (l)	15. Kt—B3
16. Q—KB4 (m)	16. Kt—Q4
17. Q—Kt5	17. KtxB
18. QxKt	18. KR—Ksq
Resigns (n)	

(a) This counter Gambit is not altogether new, but is little known. The great advantage is that it enables Black to avoid the dangerous variations of the Hampe-Allgaier Gambit.

(b) A premature capture which enables Black, by the sacrifice of a Pawn, to obtain the better development. The correct mode was 4. Kt—B3, converting the opening into the King's Gambit declined.

(c) If instead 4. BxKt, then 5. KtxB.

KtxP; 6. P—Q4. Or 5. Q—R5ch; 6. P—Kt3, QxRP; 7. R—Kt2, followed by P—Q4 and White has a good game.

(d) 5. Kt—B3 looks better.

(e) This manoeuvre, the object of which is to shut out Black's King's Bishop by P—B3 and P—Q4, takes too much time. White, however, had the worst game in any case. If, instead of the text-move he had played B—Kt5, B—K2 or P—Q3, Black would have obtained a crushing attack by Castles.

(f) "They're off!"

(g) If 9. PxP, then 9. Kt—B3, followed by KR—Ksq.

(h) If 10. Kt—Q2, the sacrifice of the bishop is decisive, e.g., 10. Kt—Q2, BxP; 11. PxP, KtxP; 12. Q—R4, P—K6; 13. Kt—QB4, Q—Kt5ch; 14. QxQ, Kt—B7 mate. If 14. Kt—B3, then 14. QxQ; 15. Kt xQ, Kt—B7 mate. If 10. B—B4, then 10. Q—Bsq.

(i) If 11. Q—Kt3, then 11. P—K6 is very strong.

(j) Better would have been 12. Kt—K4, to which black would have replied; 12. B—Q3 followed by 13. BxP, by 13. Kt—B3 with a good game, or he might have ventured to sacrifice a rook, e.g., 12. Kt—K4, BxP; 13. KtxB, RxKt; 14. PxR, KtxP; 15. Q—Q3, Q—Kt5ch; 16. Kt—B3 (if 16. Q—B3, Kt—B7 mate), B—B4; 17. P—QR3, Q—B4; 18. Kt—K4, BxKt; 19. QxB, Kt—KB3; 20. Q—Kt5q, Kt—B7ch; 21. K—K2, Q—B5 ch, and wins. The position is an interesting one.

(k) Or 14. B—B2, Q—R4; 15. Kt—Kt3 (or Kt—B4), R—Ksq; 16. KtxQ, RxQch and 17. BxKt.

(l) If 15. Kt—B4, then 15. Q—Ksq retains the piece ahead.

(m) If 16. Q—B2 or Kt2, then 16. KR—Ksq with an overwhelming attack.

(n) For if 19. Q—B2 then 19. BxKt; 20. BxB, RxBeh; 21. QxR, R—Ksq, winning the queen. Or 19. Kt—K4 is also decisive.

CHESS LEAGUE ANNUAL.

The annual meeting of the Toronto Chess League took place in the Toronto Chess Club rooms, 65 Church street, on Tuesday evening, October 23, Mr. W. Cawkell of the Beaches Club, occupying the chair in the unavoidable absence of Bishop W. D. Reeve, the President.

Election of officers resulted as follows: Hon. Pres., Mr. H. H. De Mers; President, Mr. R. G. Hunter; Vice-President, Mr. E. Willans; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. K. B. O'Brian.

The Ladies' Championship Cup and Silver photograph frame were presented to Miss F. E. Sprague. Prizes were also presented to Messrs. J. Boss, H. J. Lane, I. Fox, H. M. Boddy, T. Crossley and G. C. Robinson, winners in the League tournaments. Prof. Mavor, winner of the sections has yet to receive the Wanless Challenge Cup and accompanying prize.

The Holt Shield was presented to the Beaches Club, winners of the League A Competition, 1916-1917, with 8 wins, 2 draws and no losses to their credit. Individual medals were presented to Messrs. Wilkes, Cawkell, Lane, Merrill and Hopkins of the club.

Parliament Club proved winners of the B. competition, and received the shield donated by Bishop W. D. Reeve. Medals were presented to Messrs. Wilson, Crichton, Charles Larsen, Adey, Crosby, Hooper, Priest and Pollock. Mr. H. H. De Mers donated several of the medals.

Referring to our column of last week—Solution of Problem No. 158, the paragraph beginning "The construction of" should be deleted and the following inserted:

There is, unfortunately, a cook in four, sent in by Mr. J. McGregor: 1. P—QB4ch, PxP e.p.; 2. Q—B5ch, K—Q5; 3. P—K3ch, etc.

Percy Grainger

(Concluded from page 20.)

"Percy Grainger, the eminent Australian pianist, will give a series of concerts throughout the country for the benefit of the Red Cross."

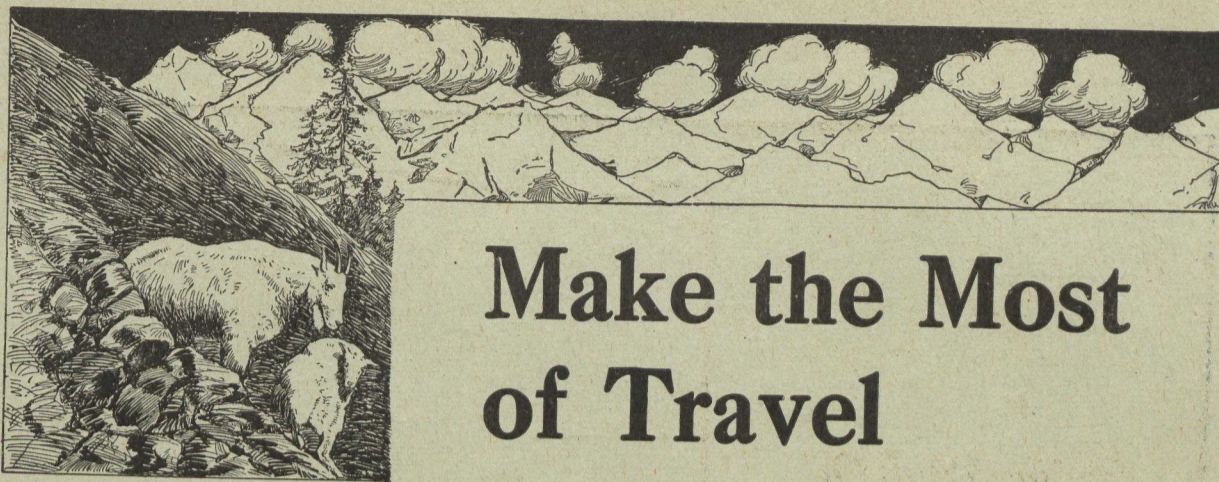
I looked around again at the imperishable tableware, and wondered—

When I found him, later, I began to understand. The flowing locks are gone; the khaki is severe and strange; but the artist, his boyish humanity, the sunny, affectionate quality that rings in his piano touch—are unchanging. A wonderful adaptability and love of life. Australians are like that. "They are like you Americans," he says. "You are such an affectionate people. Your popular music is so hearty and affectionate. Walt Whitman is still in you. You do everything—enthusiastically, and you like almost everything—but you do not prize it; you do not feel the need of keeping it—yet."

"He, at any rate, knows how to love everything," I thought, watching his genial blue eyes and recalling the dreadnought crockery, the marimba, and his "Gumsucker's March," and the Liszt rhapsody I once heard him play—and the fact that he is still unmarried. He loves everything; preserves it; and is self-sufficient with it.

And I thought of his cosmopolitan life. Grainger was born in Melbourne, Victoria, thirty-five years ago, of a well-known architect and a musical mother. He began to play at five; studied music with his mother till he was ten; was educated at Frankfort-am-Main; came to London at seventeen; and since has given many hundreds of concerts in Great Britain, Holland, Scandinavia, Russia, Austria, Germany, Switzerland, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand—as many as a hundred and fifty a year. He has received several Royal Commands and performed before fourteen Royalties. A keen student of Scandinavian, Old Icelandic, Dutch and Polynesian languages. An eager collector of the folk-songs, sea chanteys and native music of British, Polynesian, African, Australian and Scandinavian peoples. A lover of and believer in the popular music of everywhere. A rare breadth of life, of work, of interest and taste.

That, then, was the key. Why, of all things and all places, that afternoon at three Percy Grainger was blowing the oboe among his messmates of the indestructible crockery, at the concert of the Fifteenth Band, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A. To your wonder at that transition he says simply: "My father was an invalid for years, and totally dependent upon me. When he died, I enlisted—here, because I love America, its generous humanitarianism, its wondrous kindness and broad tolerance. I took out my first papers soon after I arrived, and wish to make America my home. It is only natural that, in times of trial like these, the musician should long to pass on to others, in as broad, as public, as democratic a manner as possible, that message of calm comfort, optimism and courage that is the very soul of music, whether it be of Bach or Wagner or Chopin, or of a military band playing 'Somewhere on Broadway' or 'Over There.' My life in the army here is deeply happy, and I should be content to remain here always."



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