

CANADIAN COURIER

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IN THIS NUMBER

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING

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Women's Parliaments and Their Works, by the Editor
St. John's Day and the Work of the Red Cross, by Estelle M. Kerr

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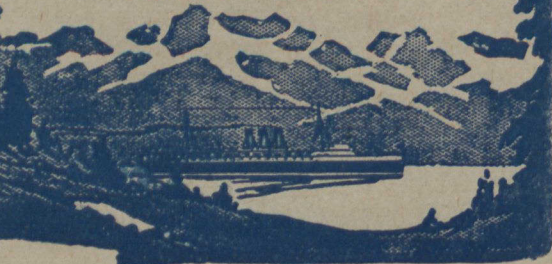
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Vol. XXII.

June 23rd, 1917

No. 4

THEY ARE ALL PROGRESSIVES

SASKATCHEWAN takes its politics neat—no soda, thank you! And especially no grape juice. Just the clear, pellucid nectar, with a kick-like-a-mule to it. The candidate with the airs and graces, the frills and the furbelows, the savoir-faire of the salon might do for the effete East or British Columbia, but not for hard-headed, clear-thinking Saskatchewan.

The same of the old Liberalism—the smooth talk when out of office and the reversal of policies when within. Conservatism never had a dog's life in the West, anyhow, and its fleeting days are numbered. That is, the old Conservatism. The new brand, the brand of Northcliffe and his convert, Lloyd George, is bound to make headway here as elsewhere. The truth is, old party lines are growing dimmer in Canada, and in the West they have practically vanished. The people may tag themselves this or that; but they are neither, they are Progressives or ultra-Radicals.

The staid, sober Liberals of a former day—if there ever were any in the West—are Progressives, and so are the Conservatives. True, they have not coalesced or joined forces as yet; but they are bound to do so if the Radicals, who called their organization the Non-Partisan League, gather much headway under their leader Haight. Either that, or a third party will make its appearance. But all that lies on the knees of the gods. What we have to do with just now is present politics in this province, the stamping-ground of many new and bizarre reformers and reformers.

Let it not be thought, however, that the men in control wot not what they do, or that they have not a firm hold, relatively speaking, on their followers and the situation. Just before the last session of the Provincial Legislature closed, I hid me to Regina and, from the Speaker's gallery, studied the ins and outs from close range. The ins had it—had it by a wide margin in men of experience, of debating ability and political shrewdness and acumen. But the long, lanky, cadaverous-faced leader of His Majesty's Loyal Opposition was not a man to be trifled with. Far from it.

MR. WILLOUGHBY, indeed, together with his henchman, Lieutenant-Colonel Bradshaw, have put themselves and their respective constituencies, Moose Jaw and Prince Albert, decidedly upon the map. Mr. Willoughby is a clever lawyer, debater and speaker; a man who thoroughly prepares his case before he ventures to speak thereon. Wise man!—And he knows that he knows it; and the Hon. Mr. Martin knows it, too. But—Mr. Willoughby lacks "magnetism." He is as magnetic as George Eulas Foster in his gloomiest mood; when someone has spoken disrespectfully, let us say, of the tariff that made My Lord of Beaverbrook. For that reason Mr. Willoughby lets his fancies roam to a judgeship. The Colonel, however, is happy in the Legislature; and

Published at 181 Simcoe St., Toronto, by the Courier Press, Limited. Subscription Price: Canada and Great Britain, \$2.00 per year; postage to United States, \$1.00 per year; other foreign postage, \$1.50 per year. **IMPORTANT:** Changes of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must be given. **CANCELLATIONS** We find that most of our subscribers prefer not to have their subscriptions interrupted in case they fail to remit before expiration. While subscriptions will not be carried in arrears over an extended period, yet unless we are notified to cancel, we assume the subscriber wishes the service continued.

A BOOST FOR NEXT WEEK.

OUR Semi-Centenary-of-Confederation Number next week is hereby recommended to all our readers—and millions more—as a paper that will interest any man who takes more than a train-window interest in this country. We recommend it because everything in it except the Serial Story will be thoroughly Canadian. We make one reservation here. Some people tell us that essentially Canadian things are incurably dull. If so, next week's number of the Canadian Courier will not be essentially Canadian. But you may judge for yourself. Our cover announcement contains an outline of the contents. How we work this out into actual fact in an issue that you will be sure to pass on to the next person can only be discovered by reading it. The chances are that a number of people will want extra copies of this Confederation Number to send away. At the present time of writing we hope the Circulation Department will be able to make the supply equal the demand.

IN THE WEST On the Eve of an Election

By HENRY HAWKINS

never so happy as when gravely laying a charge of malfeasance, speculation, graft and alleged rake-offs against some liberal lusty, trusty wight. He made some of his charges good; and as a result two or three light-fingered artists retired for the summer to the cool shade of the penitentiary at Prince Albert. Unfortunately, nothing succeeds like success; and the stocky, rufus-headed Colonel has developed a penchant for mining and sapping and exploding many a Hill Number 60 that exists only in his lurid imagination. It is only fair to say that there is not a shred or tittle of evidence in existence, or dragged into the light of day by the third degree administered by a Royal Commission, to show that the Government had any knowledge even of wrong-doing.

The men on the Government front benches contain some genuine politicians among them. Mr. Martin is prepossessing in appearance, and has some of the earmarks of a real leader. For the benefit of the ladies, let me say that, from the gallery, he is the handsomest man I have ever seen in Canadian public life. Dick McBride is silkier, but Martin is clean-cut and keen as a rapier. He is cool and collected when speaking, logical and direct in utterance, and his crisp speech contains no hackneyed phrases. He shouts no shibboleths to the applauding multitude. He has a firm hand on his followers and is master in his own house, allegations to the contrary notwithstanding. Given a few years of experience and this young man will travel far—certainly as far as an Ottawa cabinet position, if he wishes. He lacks the

fire of Rowell and the effervescence of Graham; but he has judgment, tact and—brains. And in the meanwhile the Hon. Mr. Calder provides the experience and Charlie Dunning, once the Hotspur of the Grain Growers, the fire. Mr. Norman Lambert has already given readers of the Courier an admirable pen-picture of Dunning, so that nothing more need be said of this remarkable immigrant boy at the present time. It suffices to remark that he will safeguard the interests of the Grain Growers, while Premier Martin will put his alma mater, the University of Toronto, under the spot-light.

SO much for the men who lead the hosts to battle. What of party policies? and what of party prospects of success? As already said, both parties, whether they like the name or not, are in reality progressives. There are differences, of course, but no wide lines of cleavage as far as purely provincial politics are concerned. Mr. Willoughby, it strikes us—and we hope we are impartial—made a gross tactical blunder when he essayed to champion the protectionist tenets of federal Conservatives in the local Legislature. It was more than mere shrewdness—it was a stroke of genius—on the part of the Hon. Walter Scott, to fight out the last elections on the grounds of

free wheat and free trade. Of course he won on that platform, and he was bound to win. The flag-waving East revolted the West and the slightest odour of protectionism was sufficient to modify the chances of any candidate, in a rural constituency at least, being elected. Mr. Willoughby and his followers debated the free-trade resolution in the House and voted against it. It is easy to be wise after the event; but his blunder was worse than a crime. He trumped his partner's ace. He did more. He openly received aid and succour from the federal machine, and thus aroused all the passion of the agrarian elements in the province. Oh, fairest flower, no sooner blown than blasted! He should merely have hefted a pair of tongs and refused even to touch the thing. Tinkering with the tariff is a federal affair, and a federal affair alone.

TRUE, the tariff cannot be kept out of politics, whether provincial or federal. The Conservative party never did better for itself than when it put wheat, semolina and flour on the free list. But it must go much farther if it ever hopes to win the West. I have had a good deal to do with the farmers in this province and have yet to meet a single, solitary tiller of the soil who has not a special grievance against the high price of agricultural implements. Western farmers may, in time, even agree to the tariff in principle, if good cause be shown for the existence of a tariff, alive or dead, but they will never cease to fight for free agricultural tools, appliances and machinery. To them this is not merely a
(Concluded on page 18.)

WHAT BOURASSA TELLS QUEBEC

At the outset, Mr. Bourassa says that now that the country is in danger of revolution he wishes to join hands with his friends and enemies in order to save the country. He calls upon all friends of Canada, without going back on their respective and legitimate convictions and without binding themselves by any engagement for the future, to unite in a loyal effort to save Canada, because it is more in peril than many people believe, and he adds that it is not on the battle fields of Europe that its fate is being decided.

To the anti-conscriptionists he issues a warning against riot. He advises them to sign petitions, but to remain quiet in their homes, because in his opinion that method is infinitely more effective than street demonstrations. He advises French-Canadians to remember that at the present time, as always, they are the defenders of order and the Constitution, and sooner than they think, perhaps, it will be proven that in opposing the designs of the partisans of this war they are the most faithful subjects of the king. It is better not to spoil this noble role by childish and dangerous fist-fights.

If the recruiting of troops was the only or the principal consideration of the moment, the Government would have been justified in voting conscription. The day that we went below the normal figure of voluntary enlistment, obligatory service would have been made necessary. On several occasions he says that he has expressed the opinion that conscription would have been better than the pernicious system of enlistment falsely called voluntary, and he has not changed his opinion. He goes further and says, that if the Government and Parliament had been sincere when they proclaimed their determination to consecrate all the resources of the country, in men and money, for the welfare of the Empire, of France, and of superior civilization and democracy, they ought to have adopted the selective conscription law at the very beginning, as the United States have done. That was the only rational method of assuring the maximum effort of the country in both a military and economic sense in the recruiting of a large army without disorganizing agriculture and essential industries. But whether it was due to a lack of real understanding of the situation, or to a lack of courage to face it, the Government organized its army by methods which allowed everything else to be disorganized. Each day, each week, each month the fault has been aggravated.

To the partisans of conscription who say that the measure proposed by the Government, though it may be late, is nevertheless a remedy, Mr. Bourassa replied: "No, it's too late; the remedy to-day would be worse than the ailment."

Before submitting in detail his arguments why conscription would be a bad remedy, Mr. Bourassa says that all he wants is that his arguments shall be studied for their intrinsic value. He thinks these arguments can be accepted by all men of good will—Liberals or Conservatives, Nationalists or Imperialists, partisans or adversaries of Canada's intervention in the war. Because while some want above all the welfare of the Empire and others the triumph of the Allies, and while to his thinking the welfare of Canada remains the principal objective, they are all agreed upon one essential point—the necessity of saving the national unity of Canada, and of preserving its economic foundations. "For us," he says, "that is the principal object, if not the only object. For the Imperialists, or the partisans of intervention, it is the most sure means of attaining the end." He admits that it would be useless to try and find a basis for an understanding with those who persist in wanting to ruin Canada to save the Mother Country.

In the strict military sense, the time for conscription is passed. What is urgent is not to send more soldiers, but to send no more at all. Partisans against conscription have been told that to be logical they must be opposed to any future enrolment. That is the exact truth, and all Canadians who want to fight conscription logically should have the courage to say and to repeat everywhere: "No Conscription; No Enrolment; Canada has done enough."

Comparing the military effort of Canada with that

A TRANSLATION in summary form of the articles recently published in *Le Devoir*, the Nationalist organ of Quebec, is given on this page in order that readers of this paper all over Canada may know what these teachings are. In reading the summary we are conscious that a certain Bourassa accent and manner of expression is omitted because incapable of being conveyed in translation. Only the arguments are presented as an extreme example of what a section of Quebec is being asked to think on the subject of Canada's part in the war. We believe the summary and the translation to be a fair transcription of those teachings, and that it is one of the functions of the Canadian Courier to set them forth; not because they are representative of what Quebec really thinks on this question, but of what a section of Quebec is likely to think if these teachings are given enough circulation, coupled with endorsement. The views expressed have nothing to do with anything the Canadian Courier has said or may yet say on this matter. They are not an advertisement of Mr. Bourassa, but a summary of what he says, and they are printed as a matter of news for the information of our readers.—The Editor.

of the other nations, Mr. Bourassa points out that Canada now actually has in Europe or in training camps, in England, 420,000 men. If the population of Canada was estimated at the beginning of the war at 7,000,000—though as many foreigners left the country in 1914, this is the highest figure—we have then enrolled six per cent. of our population for the European War. This is equal to an army of 2,400,000 for France, and 2,700,000 for the United Kingdom. But in spite of all the figures on paper which have been issued, England has not sent to France this number of men, even after two years and ten months of war. And it will be admitted that England has an interest at least equal to that of Canada in preventing the German army from reaching Calais. Mr. Bourassa asks this question: "How many soldiers of France, and even of England, would we see in America if Canada was attacked by the United States?"

Canada's army costs Canada three times more per head per soldier than England's and four times more than the French army. If we multiply the comparative figure attributed to France by four and that of England by three, the conclusion is that the present army of Canada has cost Canada what it would cost England to have an army of 8,100,000 men, and France an army of 9,600,000 men. And while England and France, after the United States to-day, are the two richest nations of the world, Canada is the poorest.

A comparison with the United States is even more striking. The situation of the two countries is identical. The far off danger of German aggression is the same for the two countries. The American nation is fourteen times more populated and 74 times richer than Canada. To equal the effort made by Canada up to the present time the United States would have to send to Europe an army of 6,000,000 men and meet an expenditure of at least \$100,000,000,000. Yet the most extravagant of the American jingoes have spoken only of a possible army of 3,000,000 after two years of preparation. That would be only the exact half of what Canada has done up to now. But the Americans who represent more accurately the official opinion estimate that 1,000,000 American soldiers will take part in the war in Europe. In that case, the military effort of Canada would be six times higher than that of the United States, and it will have lasted three years longer. Calculated in dollars and cents the disparity is even greater. The United States pays \$1 per day to its soldiers; Canada pays \$1.10. In taking for a basis the present army of 420,000 men for Canada and a possible army of 2,000,000 men for the United States (though half that figure is generally accepted and calculated as the most extreme) each Canadian ratepayer, man, woman, and child pays \$24 per annum for the army, while the American will only pay \$7. If the war finished next year, the Canadian will have paid, or will have to pay \$96 to the American's \$7; if the war goes on until 1919, the Canadian will have to pay \$120 per head, while the American will be let off with \$14. This calculation is made on the basis of simple privates, and when officers, pensions, transports, arms, etc., are included, the difference is even more considerable. It can be affirmed without the least hesitation that the military effort of the United States, to whatever degree of intensity it goes, is going to cost six times less dear to each American than the effort of Canada

to each Canadian, even supposing that Canada does not enlist a soldier other than those we have at present under arms. How then, indeed, Mr. Bourassa asks, can there be found a single Canadian who will not declare: "We have done our share, and more than our share."

IN the economic sense, as well as in the military sense, it is necessary to call Halt! We have done enough for the war; indeed, we have done too much. What is necessary now is not to develop the war budget and spend more for destruction, but to stop the race towards bankruptcy, and utilize all the resources of the country in order to develop agricultural production without delay and make possible the reconstruction of to-morrow.

The motto, "Ruin Canada to save the Mother Country" is not only national treason; it is also treason to the cause of the Allies, and if the Government and Parliament of Canada persist

in the execution of their monstrous design of conscription they will deal a most disastrous blow to England and the whole British Empire. Almost at the beginning of the war, Lloyd George warned England that the victory would depend upon the last piece of gold and the last blade of wheat. Almost a year ago, Sir George Paish, perhaps the most competent economist of the British Empire, whom the Imperial Government has chosen to establish the base of the financial relations between Great Britain and the United States, warned the Dominions against the danger of an excess of zeal. In the interests of England and the Empire, he counselled them not to pass the measure of their force; not to accumulate a debt out of proportion to their capacity to pay, and not to overburden their annual budget with overwhelming interest charges that would paralyze their activities.

Actuated by their respective sympathies and their antipathies for different countries in Europe, the Canadian people have too much forgotten the essential character and the motive which was at the bottom of this war. Mr. Bourassa claims that the infamous God of Gold is to blame, and he contends that race hatred, the thirst for conquest, and even the legitimate demands of peoples, are only instruments which serve preying men of international high finance to precipitate nations one against the other. But he says that to Canadians now is not the time to settle which were the nations the most or the least guilty for this war. This is the time for Canada to find out what it ought to do if it wants to avoid being crushed and annihilated. Canada owes it to herself, as well as to the Empire, of which it forms a part, and to the Allies in this war, not to die of inanition after the war, and not to allow herself to be bled white.

Any additional military effort, any piling on of the war budget would mean ruin and suicide to Canada. We have reached, if indeed, we have not passed, the extreme limit of our capacity to pay for destruction. The Finance Minister testifies that Canada has spent not less than \$600,000,000 for the war up to the 31st March last. The estimated expenditure for the current year is \$500,000,000, making altogether \$1,100,000,000. That does not include pensions, nor interest charges on the war debt. If it is estimated that the national wealth of the United States is 74 times higher than that of Canada—and that is the proportion established by the best informed economists—then our expenditure is equivalent to a war expenditure of more than \$80,000,000,000 for the American nation. Even the most exalted fanatics of democracy have not dreamt of suggesting that the American nation should squander half or a quarter of that sum in the abyss of this war.

IF our governors, our public men, our captains of industry and finance, wanted to go to the trouble of making a complete inventory of the situation and would reflect five minutes of the morrow that we must prepare for, they would be the first to cry: "Not another man; not another dollar." It is well understood that we must maintain the effort accomplished, and see to the obligations incurred. But

(Concluded on page 18.)

WHAT'S DOING

As Told by the War Camera

WHEN looking for the men who carry on Sir Douglas Haig's great offensives you can't miss three men—shown below. The man to the left, stolid, grim, tenacious as a bulldog, is Gen. Sir Herbert Plumer, whose second army conducted so much of the recent big advance, when 9 miles of German trenches were blown up with over 600 tons of explosives. The General next him is Sir H. H. Allenby, K.C.B., who not long ago was in command of Canadian forces. It's no fault of his that he doesn't



THE Toronto Hunt Club never did a happier thing in its life than when it gave a large number of returned soldiers a high good time a week ago Saturday. Bowling on the green to these veterans is a little different from playing lacrosse with hand-grenades.



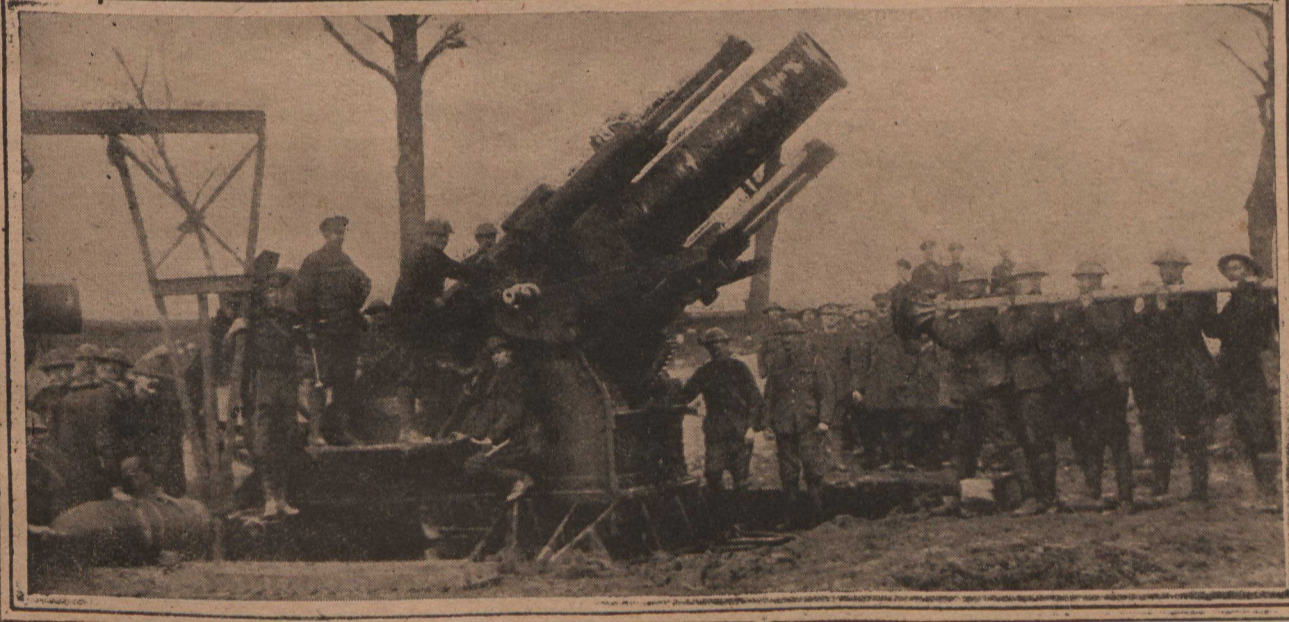
look so formidable as some of those German war-lords with spiked helmets. He is all there, all the time—and the Germans know it. The spy-looking commander at the right is Gen. H. B. Home.



OUR Iron-Jawed man is John F. Stevens, head of the American Railroad Commission, that will tell Russia how to reorganize its transportation. Russia needs Engineer Stevens, who arrives in Petrograd to talk things over with Mr. Kerensky a few hours ahead of Elihu Root.



AVIATOR-TO-BE F. R. LORNE is put in here because he is the son of Franklin K. Lorne, Secretary of the Interior, the only Canadian that ever sat in a U. S. Cabinet. He is not training at Camp Borden.



ONE of the grimmest trench-demoralizers used by the British in the greatest bombardment that ever was is the thick-necked Howitzer above. The Tommies call it Granny. The Germans have a much more abusive and quite unprintable name for this offensive old lady. It's a good while now since the Germans discovered that a democracy can make as many big guns as a feudal monarchy.

THE long-gated, heaven-searching gun in the bottom photograph is a cross between a field-gun and a siege-huster. This highly portable gun has a temp punch and a tremendous range. Every shell that goes on its trench-destroying parabola sends her wheels uphill in the mounting and half over the front. This gun is one of our most useful agents of advance.



PSYCHOLOGICALLY SPEAKING.

GENERAL VON HINDENBURG committed a military indiscretion, perhaps born of necessity, when he reported to the Emperor that the British offensive had definitely ended in failure. The Emperor committed a similar indiscretion when he repeated that assurance in his manifesto to the German people. For both the General and the Emperor must have known that the British offensive had neither ended nor failed. It had not failed in as much as it had inflicted staggering losses both in territory and in men upon the German defences. It had not ended because the artillery action that presaged a new attack had already begun. That the General should say such a thing and that the Emperor should repeat it to the nation is but another evidence of the desperate need of the German people for consolation, the desperate need of their rulers to find some new plea for patience and endurance.

That the British offensive had by no means ended is now shown by the vigorous attack that has been directed against the German salient that lies immediately to the south-east of Ypres. It was an attack carried out over a front of ten miles, and the meagre reports that have come to hand at the moment of writing show that the Messines ridge has been carried, and that the villages of Messines, Lenfer and Zereiba have fallen into British hands. The preceding artillery attack was of enormous violence, the number of guns employed being twenty per cent. in excess of those used in the battle of Arras. We hear, also, of a mine of one million pounds of high explosive which spread dismay among the German ranks, and that such a mine should have been laid is significant of long preparation and premeditation.

The preparation was also of a strategic kind, as is evident from a glance at the succession of events. The last British attack that ended about a month ago was directed against the Wotan line, which lies about fifteen miles to the south of the present battle line and which connects Drocourt with Queant. This particular attack was distinguished by the fight for Bullecourt, which was eventually wrested from the Germans and firmly held. Indeed, the situation on this line became so threatening for the Germans that enormous reinforcements were brought from Russia and the masses of the German reserves were thrown into the fight and swallowed up for ever in the vortex. Then came a lull, partly due to the German resistance, and partly to the Italian offensive which was intended to lessen the pressure in France. It was this lull that von Hindenburg hailed as a German victory, and that he pronounced to be the end of the British offensive.

IN due time the Italian offensive died away, as all offensives die away eventually. And for this very reason it was evident that the British offensive would now be resumed in order that the fighting might be continuous. But it by no means followed that it would be resumed where it had left off. Indeed, the presumption was that some other area would be chosen. The initiative is with the British and not with the Germans, and since the British had the initiative it was for them to determine where the attack would be renewed. No one knew this better than the Germans themselves, and so we read of their anxiety and nervousness as the artillery fire shifted from point to point, and the strain of expectation was intensified. The immediate defences of the Wotan line around Bullecourt had been so hammered by artillery and infantry, the danger there had become so pressing, and consequently the defence so strong, that it was the part of wisdom to choose some new point for assault that should be more vulnerable, and that should permit the same game to be played over again. For we must remember that this is not the time when some definite territorial gain is the only end in view. Territorial gains are, of course, essential, but the immediate object of the British fighting is—to fight, and to compel the Germans to fight. Fighting means attrition. It means that the Germans are compelled to

IT'S the road to Bagdad that the Germans want to get. They can't win in the West. All they can do is to produce a deadlock which they hope will scare the Allies into a patched up peace, leaving Germany in control of Serbia over which the war started. Give them their way in the Balkans and their road is open to the Suez, to Egypt, India and the world at large. The Allies will not bite on this hook. The British have the present initiative.

By SIDNEY CORYN
Written Especially for the Canadian Courier

counter-attack in order to regain every foot of ground lost. They cannot afford to lose any ground at all. The "last ditch" is too perilously close to their rear. And the counter attacks are terribly expensive, and Germany has no men to spare, nor reserves to take the places of those that are lost.

THE attack to the east of Ypres was probably expected by the Germans, but they were not sure. They certainly did not expect that it would come at three o'clock in the morning, or that it would be preceded by the explosion of so tremendous a mine. They were certainly perplexed by the powerful attack upon Lens that had come three days earlier and that was probably intended for this very purpose, and as a feint that would cause uncertainty in the movements of the defending forces. At this moment it is impossible to ascertain the actual extent of the British success, but it is evident from the position of the captured villages that the German salient has been flattened out, and it is by no means unlikely that we may hear of a success still more striking. It need hardly be said that the Germans will counter-attack in great force, but it is significant that the counter-attack should be delayed for so long. The delay means that the new British positions will be strongly consolidated, and that counter-attacks, even if successful, will be immensely costly to the attackers, which is precisely the British plan. But no doubt we shall be told once more in flamboyant

THAT "STRATEGIC" WITHDRAWAL.



Hindenburg: "I positively refuse to stop in that house another moment!"

—From London Opinion.

German bulletins that the attempt to pierce the line has entirely failed.

WE may now make some reasonable attempt to penetrate the German psychology, and to ask ourselves how the situation appears to the German military mind. The German military pronouncements we may dismiss with some contempt as representing no more than an effort to appease the growing suspicions at home, and to postpone the evil day when the facts shall pierce the crust of German credulity. We need have no doubt that the German high command is in despair, and that it has no other thought than to buttress the peace plea that it is certainly now preparing to make. The submarine campaign it knows to be a failure, because it is well aware of the actual figures of losses and escapes. On land it has an almost unbroken succession of reverses. They may not be very large reverses, but they certainly do not point to an ultimate German victory. The American rationing of neutral countries will render the food situation still more grievous, since there will be no more exports from Sweden, Holland, Norway and Denmark. They will have nothing to export. What hope, then, can there be in the inner recesses of the German mind that knows the situation as it actually is and in all its gloom?

Undoubtedly the Germans intend to make a peace proposal on the ground that they cannot be expelled from France and Belgium, and that even though they cannot advance it is within their power to stay where they are indefinitely. They will also allow it to be understood that they will devastate the whole of the country to their rear and that they will lay waste the rich cities of France and Belgium just as they laid waste the hamlets and villages on their retreat from Noyon. They hoped that they would be able to produce a deadlock that would be apparent to all before the approach of winter, and that this deadlock would give validity to their claims. They still hope to produce that deadlock, and so to create a feeling of hopelessness on the part of the Allies that shall dispose them to "listen to reason." They know well that a German victory is inconceivable, but they still hope to snatch something that shall pass for a victory and that shall permit them to maintain a right of way through Serbia and therefore an open road through Asia Minor to the Persian Gulf and to Egypt and to India.

However spectacular may be the events in other fields of war, we may still usefully remember that the Balkans in general and Serbia in particular are actually the centre of the maelstrom that has engulfed the world, and that the disposition of the Balkans is the gage for which the world is fighting. Serbia may be said to lie in the exact middle of the road that leads to Asia Minor, to Egypt, and to India, and therefore to world domination. The subjugation of Serbia has in a very real sense been the keynote of Teuton diplomacy ever since the inception of the Bagdad Railroad first aroused German ambitions to Asiatic empire as well as European.

SERBIA was the one weak link in that railroad chain that was to carry the armies of Germany almost without a change of train from Hamburg and Berlin to the shores of the Persian Gulf. Perhaps other nations would have emphasized the commercial rather than the military capacities of that railroad, but Germany never made any concealment of her aggressive aims. The Bagdad Railroad was to be her path to world conquest, and because that railroad was strategic rather than commercial it was necessary that German influence should be paramount over every foot of territory that it was to traverse in conjunction with the international railroad with which it connected at Constantinople. Turkey had become the warm friend of Germany, and Bulgaria might be relied upon to sustain her aims. Serbia alone stood in the way, and Serbia was irreconcilable and must therefore be crushed.

It was for this reason that Austria broke up the
(Concluded on page 23.)

STOP GAMBLING IN WHEAT

I DON'T know Mr. Henry Lance, the writer of the article "Conscript Canada's Crop," in your issue of June 2nd, but I recognize very plainly, as every Western farmer will, the brand of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange on the hand which wields his pen. He writes nominally on grain conscription, but his article is, in fact, a defence of the grain dealers. Articles such as his have appeared in a great number of papers, and a good many of these papers refuse to publish matter refuting the statements in these Grain Exchange articles. I know the Courier will be fair enough to publish this reply to Mr. Lance. I am a member of the Thornhill, Manitoba, Grain Growers' Association, and I write as such under my own name and out in the open. There is a consensus of opinion as to wheat gambling among at least 95 per cent. of the Western farmers, and I want to set out their views in reply to the argument of Mr. Lance on behalf of the grain men.

Mr. Lance says "It is no time to talk of the dealers in grain as if they were a set of grafting middlemen getting rich on the necessities of Europe." My simple answer to this is that it depends on whether you are out to defend the grain men or to tell the truth. The fact is that the wheat trade of Canada, which is centred in the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, has exploited the producer and the consumer for many years, millions of dollars have been taken out of the public with the result that the members of the milling companies, the elevator companies, the big commission houses and the exporters are enormously wealthy, many of them being millionaires. The war simply offered new and greater opportunities for exploiting the people than peace did. At present the millers and the other grain men are trying to blame one another for the scandalous price of wheat and flour caused by speculation.

There has been for years, through gambling on the Grain Exchange, regular persistent mulcting of all and sundry who could be got to gamble in futures. Not only have these lambs been bled, but the price of actual grain has been so manipulated that when the producer has grain to sell the price is low, when the grain men have got the grain the price is high. The result is that the farmer gets too small a price, the flour consumer pays too much and the grain man grows wealthy—in a word, the people are robbed.

The worst result at present is not the plundering of the public, but that the grain men are actually helping the Kaiser. The Winnipeg Grain Exchange deserves a big iron cross from the Kaiser. I thank Mr. Lance for the words "a set of grafting middlemen." It describes them well.

THE Winnipeg Grain Exchange has established a virtual monopoly of the grain business—practically no grain trade of any moment can be carried on except through the Exchange. Monopoly is always selfish and mean, and monopoly in this case robs both producer and consumer—it has made the grain dealers selfish and mean.

In addition to handling actual grain the Winnipeg Grain Exchange carries on an enormous gambling business, betting on the future price of grain, largely wheat. Men go through the form of selling and buying millions upon millions of bushels of wheat that never existed. They make formal contracts to buy and sell this wheat. They put up margins of 5 cents a bushel or more. If the price goes up the buyer wins, less a substantial commission to the broker, who manipulates the betting, and if it goes down the seller wins less the commission. This gambling is, by the rules of the Grain Exchange, the Clearing House and the Grain Dealers Association, so intertwined with legitimate dealing in wheat that it is virtually impossible to carry on a legitimate business in buying and selling grain without gambling on the future price of grain.

This gambling is called by euphemistic names—buying and selling futures, hedging, options—but it is nothing more or less than betting on the future price or, in other words, straight gambling. Defenders of this gambling try to get around the point

The author of this answer to Henry Lance is a farmer and a lawyer (K.C.), an accredited member of the Manitoba Grain Growers' Association. He thinks as a farmer and writes as an able lawyer. Hence—good reading.—The Editor.

By A. McLEOD

by saying that buying and selling wheat for future delivery is legitimate just as buying and selling dry goods by sample before manufacture is legitimate. Buying or selling dry goods, wheat or anything else is legitimate if the transaction is bona fide and real and is carried out by delivery. But apart from the sale for future delivery of real wheat that is actually delivered there are fictitious sales of millions of bushels of the kind of wheat that only grows on

telegraph wires, cement curbs and marble-walled grain exchanges, and the gambling in this is intertwined with the sale of real wheat and is used to manipulate the price of real wheat. The result is simply as I have said, robbing the producer and the consumer for the benefit of the grain trade.

The price of wheat for the grain trade of Canada is fixed by the mouth of a member of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange and by no other means. The price can be artificially lowered or increased and this is systematically done. The grain men profit by this artificial fixing of prices in 90 cases out of 100 when they squeeze out the poor devils who lose in this

TWO STYLES IN WAR GEAR



WINNIPEG owns two of the finest bands in Canada; the Citizens Band, now overseas, under the baton of Bandmaster Banaclough, and the 100th Regiment Grenadiers under Bandmaster Burt, completely reorganized after the war owing to enlistments for overseas. This handsome picture is the real Grenadier Guard pomp and circumstance.



A FEW days ago a small detachment of American soldiers, college recruits from the big border camp at American Niagara, came across for a sociable visit to Toronto. This young soldier made it quite plain that the military tune in his head was not "The Girl I Left Behind Me."



Those American Soldiers Visiting Canada recently Wore an Odd Style of Semi-Sombrero Hat.

wheat pit gambling or when they pay the farmer less than what his wheat is worth they smile and smile and smile. They take the front pews in the churches and thank the Good Lord that they are not like the miserable publicans in the back pews whom they have fleeced. In a word, plundering the other fellow is all right, that is what the exchange is for. For the first time in years the grain men recently got on the wrong side of the market. They had boosted the price to make the Allied peoples pay, the price got away from them and instead of making millions they stood to lose millions.

WHAT happened? Did they take their own medicine? Not on your life. They squealed like the gamblers they are. They set to work to scheme a way of getting out of paying these bets. They went to the Canadian Government, the Wheat Commission, and even to the Allied Governments to save them from paying their bets. They controlled the machinery of the Exchange and they actually stopped trading so as to make it difficult to collect their lost bets from them.

This is how the thing happened. The Wheat Commission wanted wheat, real wheat. The agent bought it in the only way that a large quantity of grain can be bought, on the Grain Exchange, and he put up his margins. The grain dealers forced the price

up so high on the agent that they thought they could force it down when they came to close out their deals. They agreed to sell millions of bushels of wheat which they didn't have. They simply bet on the future price and put up their margins to make good their bets.

They thought the price of wheat would go down and they would rake in the margins of the Agent and make millions. If this had happened the grain men to-day would be smiling and smiling and sitting in the front pews of the churches and thanking the Good Lord for His goodness, and Mr. Lance would not need to be writing articles defending wheat gambling.

But the market went the other way, prices went up and the grain men stood to lose their bets and the margins they had put up to support these bets. Did they pay? No! They squirmed and squealed and twisted out of it. They are welschers. Gambling tends to make welschers. Gambling is based on the idea of getting something for nothing. The gambler smiles when he wins, but squeals when he loses. Mr. Lance and other defenders of wheat gambling are trying to blame the agents of the Allied Governments for buying the wheat. He says "They cornered the market." That is not true. What they did was to go out on the Grain Exchange and buy wheat for actual delivery in a perfectly straight

manner. They agreed to buy real wheat, which they wanted, and because they wanted it. Mr. Lance is right when he says "Their job was to get wheat." There was no other place they could buy it because the grain men have monopolized the wheat trade through the Winnipeg Grain Exchange.

The Agent who bought was honest and doing a straight business, but the grain men who sold were dishonest. They agreed to sell wheat which they did not have because they thought the price would go down and they would make a killing. The Agent bought real wheat for actual delivery. The grain men were simply betting on the price. They sold fictitious futures—they had no real wheat and sold none. They weren't dealing in real wheat, they were betting on the price going down and on pocketing the Agent's margins.

THE grain men lost and they welsched out of paying their bets. The whole thing has been a most contemptible business, especially in war time and on our Allied Governments, or rather on our Allied peoples. One of the grain men summed up the whole thing in these words, "It is a pretty dirty business, but a man will do anything rather than get wiped out." No, a man won't—a cur will. The farmer who is regularly robbed and the speculating (Concluded on page 18.)

A MAN IN A HURRY

CHIEF wants you at once, Miss Mason," said the manager. He was mopping his forehead.

I finished the sentence I was writing, took out my shorthand books, and examined the points of my pencils. Finding one unsatisfactory, I sharpened it carefully.

"He's in a hurry," the manager protested. The chief flurries him.

"He usually is," I answered, calmly. He does not flurry me.

"He's worse than usual," the manager persisted. "The American mail came in five minutes ago. Four minutes ago he decided to go across to-morrow afternoon. For goodness' sake, look sharp!"

"I may not look sharp, Mr. Harnden," I rejoined; "but I am."

I had already decided to accompany the chief to America.

"What do you think time is made for?" he snapped, when I entered. He is John Freeman, financier and millionaire. I am his secretary.

"I am ready," I said, calmly, and seated myself in my usual place.

"To Isaacs & Co.," he began, and gabbled off letter after letter for twenty minutes. Then I looked up.

"You're misquoting them," I remarked. "What they actually said was——"

"I know," he interrupted, testily. "It's a bluff. Go on." But I shook my head.

"The bluff is too palpable," I told him.

"Umph! Well, put it like this——" And on he went for another quarter of an hour. Then I held up my hand.

"Too quick for you!" he said, triumphantly.

"Not at all," I contradicted. "But I must send this batch out to be transcribed, if you want them done to-day. Other people aren't as quick as we are."

I am not quite as quick as he is; but I always say that I am. It is one of our standing quarrels. There are several others. He threatens twice a week to dismiss me, but he doesn't mean it. I possess four qualities that he values, he informs me, when he is in a good humour. The qualities, according to him, are quickness (inferior to his own), intelligence (for a woman), honesty (without qualification) and—impudence! I admit the first three. My impudence consists in correcting him when he is wrong. It is on account of this quality that he pays me as much as the assistant manager.

"Umph!" he growled. "I don't trust those girls of yours. You're to read them over, mind."

"Of course!" I said, tartly. He has no business to interfere in my department. "I never trust them

By OWEN OLIVER

—or you!" He is a very clever man, but he is careless over details, and I always check his facts and figures. "I don't know what you'll do without me in America."

"Like to come?" he inquired.

"Yes," I said, promptly.

He looked at me, for a few seconds, under his eyebrows.

"Will you marry me?" he asked, abruptly.

The entry of a clerk for the letters gave me a few moments to recover from my astonishment, and saved my reputation for promptness of decision. I really was taken aback for once.

"No," I said, when the door was closed.

"Umph! Go on. Memorandum as to Flight Syndicate, in cipher, to be opened by the manager only; and only in emergency——" And he rattled for another half hour, till I objected to a passage in a letter to Sharp & Sons, with whom we had a long-standing dispute.

"IT'S all right," he said, impatiently. "It brings the matter to a head."

"That's the mistake," I answered. "You can afford to wait. They can't. Why help them?"

"Right," he agreed. "Strike it out. You're a clever girl. Why won't you come into partnership?"

"Do you offer me a business partnership?" I inquired, looking him in the eye.

"If you'll throw in—a wedding!"

"Mr. Freeman!" I ejaculated.

"That's my offer. Will you marry me before we start?"

"No."

"As soon as we arrive?"

"No."

"Umph! Send out those things to be done." I rang the bell and sent them to be transcribed, except the one to be written in cipher. Only the chief, the manager and I know that.

"Well?" I asked, when the clerk had gone.

"You've got to marry me," said the chief, firmly.

"Indeed I've not!" I replied, with equal firmness. "Why should I?"

"I'm worth marrying," he stated.

I tossed my head.

"Do you imagine that I would marry you, or any man, for his money?" I demanded.

"I know you wouldn't," he agreed.

"Then——?" I asked.

"You like me?"

"Yes," I agreed.

"I like you."

"I'm glad to hear it."

"Then——?" he asked in turn.

"Then our liking is mutual!" I laughed, and he frowned. He does not like being laughed at.

"Then why not marry me?"

"Neither 'liking' nor 'business' would induce me to throw in a wedding," I said, scornfully.

He sat down and fidgeted with a pen-holder.

"I didn't know you were—sentimental!" he said. His tone implied that 'sentiment' covered every folly under the sun, from marriage to murder.

"I'M not sentimental," I told him, "only—a woman. 'Throw in a wedding,' indeed! It is evident that you are not sentimental!"

"Umph!" he growled, doubtfully. "I don't know. Sometimes I have a troublesome feeling—here!" He laid his hand upon his waistcoat.

"In your watch-pocket?" I inquired.

"I meant my—my heart." He grinned apologetically at the word.

"That," I stated, "is lower down, and more to the right; but I expect it's only indigestion in your particular case!"

"It's nothing of the kind," he roared. "It's a—a sentiment; a sentiment, I tell you!" He banged the table with his fist.

"I hope it isn't catching," I observed. "The symptoms are rather alarming."

He got up and stamped about the room before he answered.

"I'll tell you something that will surprise you," he volunteered. "I have a mother; and——"

"That does not surprise me in the least," I protested.

"I mean the sentiment!" he exclaimed. "It's about her."

"Oh!" I said. I thought he meant me.

"She's getting very old; hasn't been well lately; wants me to run over. That's why I'm going."

"Then you don't want me?"

"Yes, I do. I—she's got a sentiment. She's set her mind on seeing my wife before—she's old, you know. So she wants me to take you."

"Your wife, you mean," I corrected.

"Same thing," he asserted.

"I assure you it isn't!" I declared.

"But it is! You see"—he sat down and wagged his finger at me—"she was always worrying me to get married. So, just to quiet her, I wrote that I'd got my eye on some one."

"Oh!" I said. "You had, had you?" I thought it was rather mean of him not to have told me.

"No, I hadn't," he disclaimed. "It wasn't likely! I'd enough to keep my eye on, without running after women. I don't see what there is in them to run after. They look all right; but they do nothing but chatter."

"I don't," I stated, indignantly.

"Other women, I meant. You're different. That was why I thought you'd do."

"Do!" I cried. I felt as though I would like to "do" for him.

"I meant—you're not a fool." I raised my hands. "No, really you're not. We'd get on all right. Don't you think—er—you might?"

"I've told you I won't," I said, very firmly.

"**U**MPH!" He frowned. "It's beastly awkward. You see, she wrote by the next mail and wanted a—a specification of the lady. I had to say something. So I answered that she was tall, and had a good figure and big dark eyes. I prefer that sort, you know."

"No, I don't."

"Well, I do. I'm hanged if she didn't ask for more particulars! Women are so confoundedly curious! That stumped me altogether. So I went into the room where you girls sat—when you used to sit with the rest—to get a model; and there you were!"

"What!" I cried. "Do you mean to tell me that was the reason that you gave me confidential work? And made me your secretary? And paid me a good salary? To use me as a model? A model!" I was so cross that I stamped my foot. "It seems that my face was my fortune!"

"Not in the least," he said. "Not in the least! I don't care about your face!" I gave him a look that seemed to startle him. "Your face is all right," he explained, hastily. "I only meant that I didn't take any notice of it, after the first time. At least, I noticed it, but—look here, you needn't get savage. You know perfectly well just what I mean."

"I presume," I said, stiffly, "you mean that you regarded me originally as a model, but that you advanced me, and made me your secretary, on account of my work, and not on account of my appearance."

"Quite so," he said. "Quite so; in fact, I regarded your appearance as a drawback."

"Oh!" I cried, furiously.

"I don't care for a secretary to be so very good looking—"

"Oh-h!" I gasped.

"As you are."

"O-h-h!" I was glad that he did not mean to be insulting.

"In short, you were so capable that I put up with your looks. Besides, they came in very well for—for the model. You are so beautiful—"

"Don't be absurd!" I begged.

"So beautifully in accordance with the specification, I was going to say! You're tall. You haven't such a bad figure." The wretch! "Your eyes—I suppose some fellow has told you about your eyes?"

"Lots of fellows," I said, cheerfully.

"Did you like any of them?" he asked, sharply.

"Several," I stated.

"Umph! I don't mean 'liking,' exactly. Did they—did you—I mean—er—sentiment, you know?"

"**R**EALLY, Mr. Freeman!—of course not! What did you say about me in your letters?"

"What didn't I say!" He groaned. "I described your voice—you've rather a good voice, you know—and your cleverness; and your—er—manners—"

"My impudence?" I suggested.

"No-o. You are, of course, but—but I left out your drawbacks."

"The letters must have been short ones," I observed, feelingly.

"No," he said. "No; you see, I put in all the good qualities I could think of. I daresay you possess some of them, but—"

"I should not advise you to take them on trust!" I said, grimly. "Really, Mr. Freeman, you have taken

an unpardonable liberty. However, it does not much matter. Your mother is not likely to see me; and, if she did, she would not be likely to recognize me from your fanciful description."

"Ah, but, you see, I sent her your photo."

"My photo! Well!—how did you get it?"

"It was the group; the ladies of the office, with you at the head of them. I got a photographer to take you out separately and had him specially touch you up a bit—"

"Touch me up!" If I had not sent my shorthand books out I believe I'd have thrown them at him.

"Anyhow, he made you look very nice. So I bought a dozen—"

"A dozen!"

"I thought she'd like to send some to her friends; and I wanted one or two myself—for purposes of description, you see."

"I don't see," I said, furiously. "You are a beast!"

"Beauty and the Beast!" he agreed. "A good old-fashioned story, with a good old-fashioned ending. Don't you think—well, you needn't look so disagreeable. There was no reason why I shouldn't have

I Shut the Door with a Bang,
Only I Stopped Inside.



one of your photos. We were very good friends. You said yourself that you liked me."

"I did!" I said. "But after this! Besides, I only meant as an employer."

"Nonsense!" he retorted. "If you like anybody, you like him; and you can't stop liking him just because you don't like something that he does. We're friends right enough. What's the use of trying to bluff one another. You know very well that we are."

"Ye-es," I admitted, "I suppose we are. I'll see when you come back from America. I shall have had time to cool down by then."

He groaned.

"Do you mean to say you're not coming?"

"I do."

"Is that final?"

"Absolutely final."

He groaned again.

"I don't know what I shall do without you," he complained. "I was thinking of making that deal with the Amalgamated Metal Syndicate. You've always taken such an interest in it. You worked out that if we got—what was the figure?"

"It all depended," I said, eagerly. "There were nine sets of figures, and—you mustn't do it without

me. Really, you mustn't. It's the one thing I know better than you do. I do, really, Mr. Freeman."

"Yes," he agreed, "you do."

It was the first time that he had ever admitted that I knew more than he did about anything in the business.

"Then wait till you come back. I do so want to have a hand in that. Really, I do. You must wait and let me manage it."

"Wait!" he cried. "Do I ever wait for anything?"

"No," I agreed; "but this is really my business." I had made the original suggestion, as well as worked it out.

"Then come over and do it," he said. "You shall have a free hand. I'll let you conduct the negotiations, even."

"Oh!" I cried. "How—how good of you! I—really it is a great compliment, Mr. Freeman."

He sat up straight and looked at me.

"It is an absolutely honest and well-deserved one, Miss Mason," he said. "I consider you perfectly competent to do that business. Will you?"

I considered with my chin on my hand. I wanted to go to America, and I simply itched to have a finger in the deal with the Syndicate.

"Oh, well!" I said at last. "If it's a matter of business, I'll come with pleasure. Will you promise that you will not let me hear a word of anything but business?"

"What's the use of promising?" he said, gloomily. "When my mother sees you—"

"She mustn't see me."

"She'll come to meet you, if she has to be carried—bless her! I've cabled that I'm taking my wife."

"Really!" I cried. "It is preposterous. Do you mean to say you thought I'd jump at your offer and marry you on the spot?"

"You always decide quickly," he muttered.

"I have! But you seem to have assumed that I could only decide in one way. You didn't 'provide for contingencies.'" It is a pet maxim of his.

"Oh, yes, I did! I knew if you wouldn't someone else would!"

I rose with all the dignity I could command.

"**T**HEN you can take someone else," I said. "Perhaps you would like to have all the girls in, and make a choice?"

I meant this for sarcasm, but he did not seem to see it.

"You might send in the tall ones," he said thoughtfully, "if they're dark, and have tolerable figures and eyes!"

I moved to the door.

"You can send for them yourself," I said. "I give you a month's notice. I'm not going to stay here to take orders from Beatrice Webb."

"Umph! Why Miss Webb in particular?"

"She is in accordance with specification,"

I said, frigidly. "She is tall—taller than I. She has a good figure—not merely tolerable.

Her eyes are larger than mine; and darker. She is quite nice and quite nice-looking, and I think she will marry you. You see"—I looked at him artlessly—"she is very stupid!"

"Women ought to be!" he said, cheerfully. "If she comes up to specification in other respects, I think she might do for me. But I'm afraid she wouldn't do for my mother. There are one or two things I mentioned about—about the lady that my mother would notice directly."

He looked at me as if he expected me to ask questions. I felt it was undignified to do so; but my curiosity was greater than my dignity.

"Yes?" I asked, sulkily.

"In the first place, I said she was very fond of me. My mother would be very particular about that."

"May I ask why you thought that I should satisfy her in that respect?"

"You wouldn't marry me if you didn't."

"No; nor unless you were—but that doesn't matter. What else did you say?"

"I said that I was awfully fond of—of her."

"Mr. Freeman!"

"My mother would be very particular about that, too," he asserted. "If I pretended that I liked Miss

(Concluded on page 23.)



I.O.D.E. in Convocation

Front Row (from the left): Mrs. John Bruce, National Treasurer; Mrs. Langstaff, Pres. L.O.D.B.E. in America; Mrs. Murray Clarke, National Organizing Secy.; Mrs. Henry Croft, Provincial Pres. of British Columbia; Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, Pres. National Chapter in Canada, Toronto; Mrs. Barnard, wife of Lieutenant-Governor of B.C.; Mrs. Auden, National Secy.; Miss McGaffin, Asst. Nat. Secy.; Miss Lilla Lowndes, Regent Allies Chapter.

Second Row: Mrs. Martingale, Regent Bastion Chap.; Mrs. A. H. McNeill, Organizing Secy. B.C.; Mrs. G. A. Smith, Nat. Educational Secy.; Mrs. Spence, Regent Calgary; Mrs. Hasell, Prov. Secy. B.C.; Mrs. W. J. Wright, Winnipeg; Mrs. Colin Campbell, Prov. Pres. Manitoba; Mrs. Cecil Cookson, Echoes Secy., Victoria; Mrs. Dennis Cox, Prov. Treas. B.C.; Mrs. A. F. Griffiths, Regent Municipal Chapter, Victoria.

Third row: Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. John Williams, Miss J. Cresse, Standard Bearer, B.C. (face hidden); Mrs. David Miller, Sec. Municipal Chap., Victoria; Mrs. Drummond, Regent Coronation Chapter; Mrs. George White, Mrs. Macdougald, Regent Municipal Chapter, Montreal; Mrs. Wolff, Regent Municipal Chapter, Quebec; Mrs. Charles Mills, Mme. Gouvreau, Regent Municipal Chapter, New Westminster; Mrs. R. C. Boyle, Vice-Pres. Prov. Chap, B.C.; Mrs. J. Thomson, Mrs. J. H. Senkler, Mrs. Belson, Vice-Pres. Prov. Chapter, B.C.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING

THAT mis-interpreter of womankind, Robert W. Chambers, is announced by the publishers of a well-known magazine as the creator of a new defamation of character known as "The Restless Sex." No doubt there are women in Canada stupid enough to regard this nightmare as a real contribution to literature. One feels justified in asking—what has modern woman ever done in the way of sinfulness that she must be visited with this species of parasite? Of course there are various kinds of morbid parasitic growths in nature. There is, for instance, the ivy which adorns many a tree-trunk; and there is the potato-bug. From what we know of Robert W. Chambers' literary exploitations of the other sex, he is at least not an ivy. He strikes us as being a pernicious example of the sort of writer who could not write without the sex-opathic motif. He knows so much unscientifically about sex that he is almost totally ignorant of womanhood. This species of prey upon the morbid side of the other sex is a melancholy and hopeless relic of the Philistine arrogance which long ago in certain of the male of the species humanus invented the notion that women were in the same category as bugs and butterflies to be

investigated, classified and put on record. The analogy fails when we observe that Chambers does not use a microscope but merely a bold bad eye with a cataract creeping over it. He does not see womanhood. He is eternally excited over sex which has just about run its course in any sort of decent literature and survives only in the yellows. There are great novelists who have scrutinized the other sex. Thomas Hardy, for instance, could come perilously near the lewd in his master portrayal of such a character as Tess. Hall Caine did the same thing with less virtuosity in *Glory Quayle*. And a generation earlier Nathaniel Hawthorne created a similar stir in his masterpiece, *The Scarlet Letter*. But these writers had the merit of at least a real knowledge of womanhood without a mere study in something between neuritis and erotics. We presume that "The Restless Sex" refers to modern women in their efforts at sex-emancipation. But we should be very sorry to think that any of the doings of women as recorded in this once-a-month *Woman's Section* of the *Canadian Courier* has any relation to the literature of Robert W. Chambers.—The Editor.

ONE great difference between woman's work and man's in the field of sociology is that women do a great deal of the investigating first and talk about it afterwards. This remark is called forth by a perusal of what happened at the 23rd Congress of the National Council of Women held recently in Winnipeg. Those women from end to end of this country came together to tell the rest of the country what has been on the tips of their tongues and their finger-ends in actual experience. Women don't meet nowadays to pass a lot of pretentious, rose-tinted resolutions, sip chattering tea, flash inordinate



Mrs. F. H. Torrington, once more elected President of the National Council.

The National Council of Women

jewellery and indulge in mid-Victorian accents. Those who prefer these methods of expression are welcome to use them. But the majority of the speakers at the National Council had more to say than they had time or occasion to express, because they had already gone about—woman's way—in the business of investigation. What they had to say was as practical, for the most part, as bringing up a baby.

The Council Congress was, as usual, under the baton of Mrs. T. H. Torrington, the universally esteemed president. Mrs. Torrington has been at the head of this great parliament of women for a long while. Her good works and wise counsels have become part of the great pioneer movement to give the women of Canada a bigger voice in the affairs of this country.

In our last woman's section we dealt at some length with the programme of the I. O. D. E. to be held in Victoria in the last week of May. Further

comment on this will be found on page 14 of this issue. It may take an expert in the study of woman's world to decide just where these two organizations begin and leave off in the work of woman in Canada. But there is no danger of overlapping. Each is inspired with a personnel of great workers, broad-minded, patriotic women who are able and willing to put their best brains at the service of the country. And there never was a time when the country needed that work so much.

As the *Manitoba Free Press* pointed out in an editorial on the Congress the brotherhood of man has been preached for a long time without much being done along that line to justify the preaching. So far as the *Canadian Courier* sees it the sisterhood of woman seems likely to achieve more practical results. Get the women into a unity and the men can't keep the world in strife. Let the women unite on what they want, so long as it is along reasonable lines of evolution, and they won't be long wanting it.

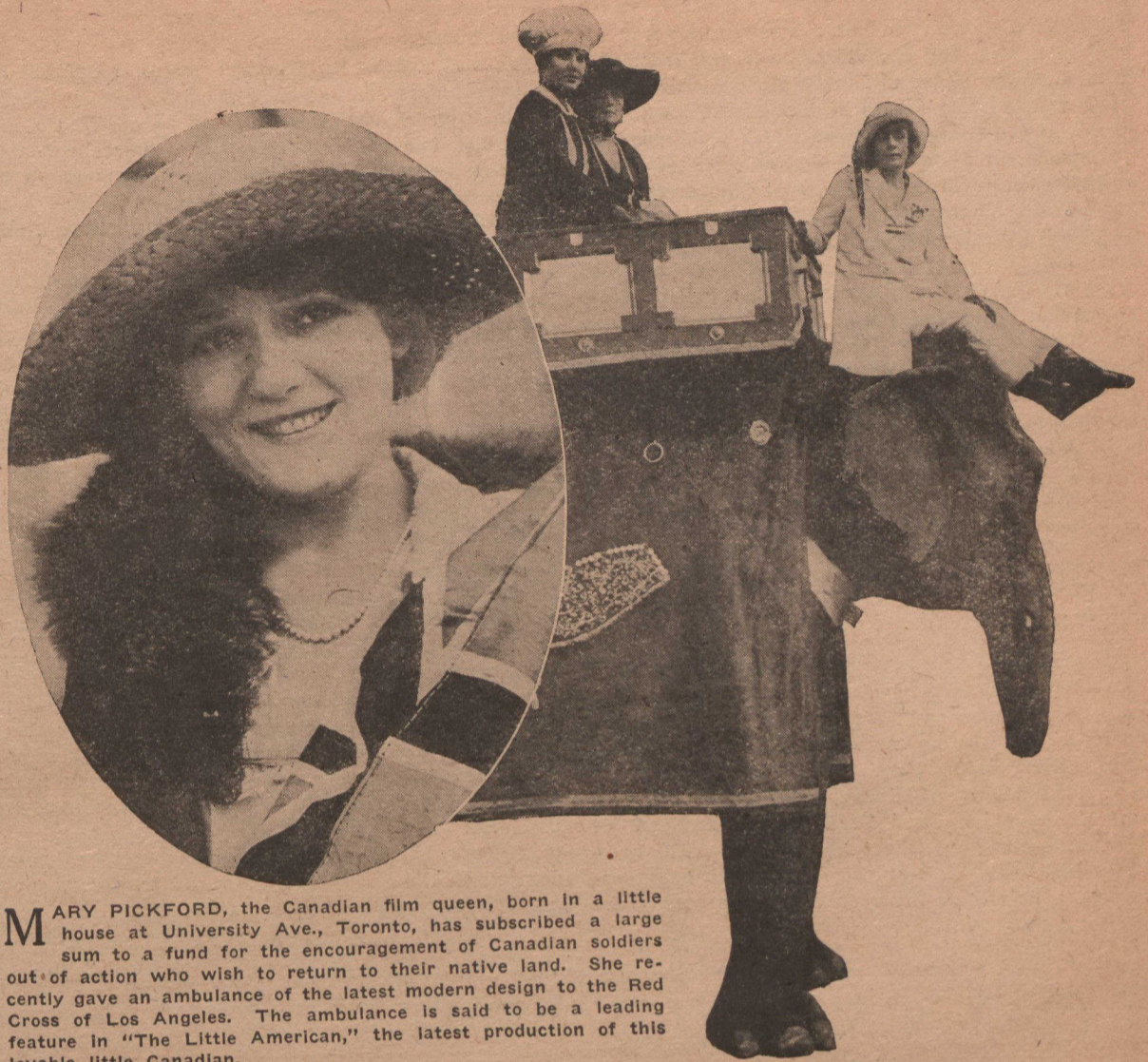
The National Council has emphasized the sisterhood of woman, not merely for the good of the sex but for the welfare of the country and the State.

Society as these women see it is not a matter of preferment and pedigree. It is the whole well-being of the community and the nation. In this welfare of the commonwealth the women may still consider themselves at many points the better half. Women have a finer intuitional sense of what is good for the community than men have. As legislators, as parliamentarians they may not yet be the equal of men. As moral reformers they are superior because they do not hesitate to go the limit when working for any needed reform.

Furthermore, women believe in plain speaking. The National Council discussions were frankness itself. The problems presented ranged over the entire gamut of social welfare. They were handled by women who know how to build up a case and how to give it a humanizing aspect. Women do more than half the world's reading. They are beginning to do much more than half the world's thinking along some lines. At present we are not disposed—if the National Council is a fair example of the interest women are taking in public affairs—to set any known limit to that thinking.

Now, to begin with, there are some questions on which women are the best authorities in the world. These questions naturally begin in the home. The National Council does not sidestep that. In a well-regulated State most questions get back to the home somehow. Much depends on how the State is managed as to just how these questions get back to the home. In Germany, for instance, the State is so much managed that the home counts for very little. Women in the home are not a parliament in Germany. Had they been considered of much relative importance except for the breeding of children there might have been no world war. But the German women were trained to rear men who would be the slaves of the State. The German women are not free women. The women of Canada are free, democratic—sh! we don't intend to take this back. The National Council was as democratic in its discussions as a cross-section of an average street car. In their homes we don't know just how far this democracy might work out. But even there we imagine there is a great change from what used to be the case some years ago in Canada when the drawing-rooms of the well-to-do were small imitations of something seen or read about in England.

The presence of the Marchioness of Aberdeen herself bears eloquently on this. The Marchioness is a



MARY PICKFORD, the Canadian film queen, born in a little house at University Ave., Toronto, has subscribed a large sum to a fund for the encouragement of Canadian soldiers out of action who wish to return to their native land. She recently gave an ambulance of the latest modern design to the Red Cross of Los Angeles. The ambulance is said to be a leading feature in "The Little American," the latest production of this lovable little Canadian.

SOCIETY women of New York indulge in hippodromic methods on the streets of New York as a public share of the Macdougall Alley Festa. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and Mrs. Chas. B. Dillingham in the tonneau, and a Hippodrome girl on the hood. What is the M. A. F.? Why here is the story: Macdougall Alley, the narrow lane of studios inhabited by famous artists and sculptors, located in lower New York, has been transformed to look like the main street of a small Italian town on the occasion of a festa. The

studios have been turned into Italian restaurants, cabarets, booths, and shops. More than 10,000 persons crowded into the little street in one night when it was formally opened by New York's Mayor. The Alley was one line of monasteries, churches, beflagged roofs, and spaghetti and chianti stores; red peppers, organ grinders, street singers, flower girls, vendors, and soldiers of the Allies in New York. The proceeds of the sales made at the Festa will be devoted to various war charities.



ALARGE number of the National Council of Women, photographed in session at Winnipeg. In the centre the Marchioness of Aberdeen, President of the International Council; at her left Mrs. Torrington, re-elected President of the Canadian National; then in order Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, Mrs. John E. Sanford and Lady Gibson. To the right of the Marchioness sit Mrs. Boomer of London, Prof. Carrie Derick of Montreal, and Mrs. George Watt, Treasurer, Brantford.

past President of the National Council. No Governor-General's wife ever took a keener interest in our philanthropies than she did. She is still interested. The Victorian Order of Nurses alone entitles her to rank among our pioneers in social betterment. Her words at the Convention were words of wisdom.

Among such a plethora of vital subjects let us give a high place to the talk on mental degeneracy introduced on the programme by Prof. Carrie Derick, of McGill University. Prof. Derick is a woman with a purpose. She is a scholar, a scientist and a social worker. Her studies in plants are real contributions to science. She has found time for much outside of science; has carried the scientific quest for truth into the part of the world most needing it—and what she says as recording secretary of the National Council on heredity and mental defects is important for every woman and man to remember.

There is not a single case on record showing that feeble-mindedness arises from abnormal environment. It is hereditary. It is incurable. It is accompanied by crime, alcoholism and prostitution, and the only way it can be arrested is by compulsory institutional care, for the feeble-minded multiply far more rapidly than the normal.

THANKS to the directness of the scientific method this discussion did not stop with a few pathetic platitudes and little shrugs of concern in the audience. It was no mere occasion for lorgnettes and smelling salts when other speakers—notably Mrs. Adam Shortt, of Ottawa, wife of the Civil Service Commissioner, and Prof. Ritchie England, of Montreal—plunged without hesitation into the question which only the last year or two has been considered a fit matter for open discussion among the

sexes. We quote from the open report of the Manitoba Free Press on this:

To summarize—the practical measures debated in this parliament of women were:

Granting of health certificates to applicants for marriage licenses as a safeguard against venereal diseases—on the principle that no man marrieth to himself alone;

Government bureaus for vocational training, operating by Provinces;

Removal of duties on food stuffs. This resolution came nearly going through without challenge till given the senty-go by Prof. Dr. Ritchie England, of Montreal, who cautioned going slow.

Conservation of food and of child life—a third plank in the Council's platform; including prohibition of veal and lamb, also the use of grains for the manufacture of alcoholic beverages. Considerable light was reflected back on this from subsequent figures quoted from Royal Commission findings by Mrs. Adam Shortt, of Ottawa, who stated that in four years exports of Canadian eggs had increased from 800,000 to 5,000,000 dozen; also that four-fifths of the cheese made in Canada is export cheese. On this head Mrs. A. A. Perry, of Winnipeg, objected that the reason for high-price eggs is not the export demand, but the open months of cold storage plants; the hens were absolutely normal in production, against an abnormal demand of the cold-storage reservoir packing eggs away for high prices next winter. This seemed to be hitting a large nail on the head.

All in a lot, several important measures were dumped on the Congress by Mrs. Adam Shortt, supported and opposed by Prof. Derick, Mrs. L. A. Ham-

ilton of Toronto, Mrs. E. M. Murray of Halifax, Mrs. John Dick, Mrs. A. A. Perry and Mrs. R. F. McWilliams of Winnipeg. The first of these was:

Nationalization of coal fields. Women know a little more about where fuel goes to than men whose main business is to pay for it. We are not informed as to whether Mrs. Shortt would extend the nationalization to all countries. The second was—a National Controllership of Food. The Council lent considerable support to the dictatorship idea. In a recent issue of the Courier we outlined what this would involve.

OTHER items in this resolution of conservation were:

Public Ownership of Cold Storage Plants—on the supposition that the Government will regulate the difference between the prices at which food goes into and the price at which it comes out of storage to the consumer;

Municipally Operated Coal and Wood Yards; on the theory that a municipality can prevent hoarding, undue consumption, and waste, as well as manage to keep down profits in handling;

Government supervision of the milling industries to regulate as far as possible the price of flour.

One of the most inspiring addresses during the Congress was that of Mrs. Canon Plumptre, of Toronto, on "Our New Outlook," delivered to 400 members of the Women's Canadian Clubs; a big study of woman's work and her position in the modern world.

At the closing session of the Congress Mrs. Torrington was unanimously re-elected President on the withdrawal of her only opponent, Mrs. W. E. Sanford, of Hamilton.

CONSIDER THE FARMER'S WIFE

WE hear a great deal about the women who are engaged in making the munitions of death, but little of the others, that is the farm women. These latter are unhonoured and unsung. Neither do their pictures decorate the pages of magazines nor newspapers, yet if their efforts should cease, the food shortage would be even greater than it is.

All pinching economy goes straight to the woman. Judging from the prices of butter and eggs you would naturally expect the farm woman's purse to be bulging with money. It is not. In fact, it could hardly be leaner. We read a great deal about the farm problem, but the trouble is, nearly all such writing is done by outsiders, who consequently lack an intimate understanding of the situation. Those who are in the thick of the fight, striving to produce food in spite of adverse conditions, have neither time nor ability to supply the public with inside information by writing.

The public press would lead us to believe that the crying need of the farmer is for help. This may be true of the man with many acres and a fat bank account, but there's no fear of him. He'll get all the help he has a mind to pay for. There is another class of farmers who have a still more difficult problem to solve, that is the renter class, and the ones who are struggling under a mortgage. Their vital problem is to get money with which to buy seeds, and feed to tide them along till after harvest. Hired help doesn't enter into their plans at all, for the simple reason that no money is in sight for wages. In fact, to board a man would severely tax the resources of many a farmer's wife. Under these conditions the farm woman has imperative work cut out for her. A few cases typify the many.

A young farmer had bought a 50-acre farm in 1915. As the season of 1916 advanced, it became plain that the crop wouldn't be sufficient to feed the live stock, with almost nothing to sell for cash. Yet cash must be gotten from some source to meet taxes and interest on the mortgage, besides other demands which would be cropping up. What was to be done?

"Get off the farm, and come to the city," advised a city friend, "you can get \$6 a day with your team, instead of working here for nothing."

The offer looked tempting. To follow the lure of big wages and let the farm lie idle, seemed a wise business proposition to the man, but the woman

By ELIZABETH POLLARD

would have none of it. She realized that there might be a time ahead, when money would be more plentiful than food. The result was, the wife—a girl little more than out of her teens—agreed to stay alone on the farm with her two babies and keep things going while her husband went to the city to earn the needed money. So one September morning, before day break, she saw her husband drive out of the yard, and stood listening while the wagon went creaking down the dark road cityward, then turned to face her responsibility. Only a woman can fully understand her feelings, the fear of sickness or mishap, while burdened with two helpless little ones. But whenever she felt her heart weakening, she used to think how safe she was, compared to the women in war-swept Europe. This young woman fed pigs, calves, poultry, and milked cows, besides saving the late crop, even getting in a field of wheat. She bravely held down the job till one happy night when the wagon came creaking back into the yard, well laden with needed supplies.

Mainly through the pluck of a woman that farm is now producing the munitions of life, instead of lying idle.

Then there is the case of a couple no longer young. They had been dairying on a 50-acre farm, depending on day help. But making the munitions of death is the more profitable field, so the hired man hired him to the city, leaving his employer in the lurch. It was decided to go into beef-raising, as requiring less labour than any other kind of farming. The woman was delighted. After years of slavish dairy work she would take a year off, and entertain some long-wished for visitors. She began by making her house pretty, in anticipation of the pleasure in store.

"I wouldn't make the change if I could get help," remarked the man one day, "prospects are none too bright, and food shortage is a terrible thing. Still, first-class help is beyond us, and poor help is of little use."

At first the woman was unresponsive. Gradually, however, her viewpoint began to change. "This is no time for ease and pleasure," she finally decided.

Instead of taking a year off, the woman decided to help in the field. Then they began rearranging their plans. The woman drew the blinds and closed her pretty rooms for the summer, all but one bed-

room, which was entered through a window from the back porch. To save housework, they cooked and ate on the back porch, and spent what little leisure they had on the front one. Instead of keeping beef cattle, from which no returns could be expected for two or three years, they built a silo, and added to the dairy herd, so as to produce tons of cheese, and make the production of hogs possible.

Many struggling farmers were hard hit by the partial crop failure of 1916. When winter came, one farmer on a 150-acre farm could see no way out of the difficulty but to let his eldest son go to the city to earn the money which the farm failed to yield. As this was also a dairy farm, the women had to milk and help with other chores. The original plan had been for the young man to return in time for spring seeding. But meantime, prices for feed and seeds had reached famine proportions and the money shortage was still present.

"There's no use talking," asserted the mother, "the only thing we can do is to cut down our housework to the limit, so as to help put in the crop. Jimmy must keep on at his work till harvest, or there'll be none for us."

Aside from the big wages, there is a certain glamour and romance about the munition factory that is attractive to young womanhood. None of these elements are present to stimulate the efforts of the country woman. The work is hard, sordid, and little appreciated, yet when the true woman thinks of the starving millions in Europe, and realizes that there might come a time when our own lads in the trenches, and their comrades, our gallant allies may lack cheese, bacon, or other food, she sets a swifter pace for herself to avert such a calamity.

The question is often asked, what can women do to save man's time on the farm? On no account should a woman be permitted to do heavy lifting, loading, pitching, nor anything beyond her strength, lest the delicate organs of her makeup be injured. In the first rush of spring seeding, she can milk, feed pigs, cows, and calves, thus leaving the men free to get an early start in the field. Only an exceptionally strong woman can plow, but any one capable of driving a team can disc, harrow, or roll, even run the seed drill.

A woman can run the mower, rake, and reaper, besides doing all kinds of errands. Many a farmer would hesitate to exchange the services of a capable daughter or wife for that of the ordinary man.

ST. JOHN'S DAY

By ESTELLE M. KERR

THE twenty fourth of May is an anniversary known to all Canadians, but the number who will celebrate the 24th of June is comparatively small. Yet these people are very important just now and it is fitting that on the anniversary of the birth of St. John the Baptist, which they celebrate, we should show some appreciation of their work. Next Sunday the members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade still in this country will parade to church. The Canadian division includes 1,200 nursing sisters, who have passed examinations in First Aid to the Wounded and in Home Nursing, and, after a period of practical training, have been elected members of the Brigade. Last September a draft of 60 of these nurses, selected from all parts of Canada, went overseas in response to a call sent to the late Duchess of Connaught by the Women's Voluntary Aid Department in England, and a new draft of 110 are leaving this month. These are women of from 23 to 38 years of age who wear the uniform of the Brigade, the dress and long cloak of dark grey cloth, a dark blue felt hat with a grey band in winter, a straw hat in summer, and the St. J. A. A. badge worn on the right arm. They will serve as probationers under graduate nurses in British military hospitals and will receive an honorarium of 20 pounds per annum—about two dollars a week—and £4 yearly for the upkeep of their uniforms. As all have left comfortable homes, their sacrifice can be estimated.

BESIDES the Brigade members, thousands of women have taken the courses instituted by the St. John's Ambulance Brigade in the various centres established throughout Canada. Hundreds have gone to England and France on their own initiative, and are now serving in auxiliary hospitals. The Canadian military authorities have not as yet officially recognized the partially trained nurses, though members of the St. John's Brigade are now serving in the convalescent homes under the authority of the Military Hospitals Commission, and the heads of these hospitals say that they do not see how they could manage without them. There are no salaries whatever paid to partially trained nurses in any of the military hospitals in Canada, yet so great is the desire of women to serve their country in this way that there is a long waiting list at all the convalescent homes to which they are admitted. At some they are taken in for a period of three months, at others they are on duty on alternate weeks, and in this way a large number of women get the benefit of practical hospital experience which will make them very valuable in the near future if the wounded continue to return to Canada in the appallingly large numbers they have assumed during recent months.

High-salaried graduate nurses are not needed to perform the menial tasks in a hospital, and orderlies are very difficult to obtain, yet the admittance of the V. A. D. into Canadian military hospitals has been looked upon with disfavour. One person, formerly in the highest authority, referred to them as "brow-smoothers and hand-holders," and said that V. A. D. stood for "Virgins Almost Desperate." Yet England, with 80,000 of them, is clamouring for thousands more! The Voluntary Aid Detachment is under the joint committee of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and their work has been of inestimable value. At the beginning of the war the amateur nurse was the subject of many a joke, and one writer in speaking of her says:

"She qualifies herself for her new profession by dressing up like one of the chorus of 'The Quaker Girl' and getting her portrait, thus attired, in 'The Tatler'. She then proceeds to invade any hospital that is available, where she flirts with everything in pajamas, and freezes you with a look if you ask her

to empty a basin or change your sheets. I know her! I've had some, and I know her! She is one of the minor horrors of war!"

But the frivolous young ladies whose appearance as ministering angels called forth so much ridicule have been gradually weeded out, and those who have continued their work since the beginning of the war have acquired the skill of professionals.

SOMETIMES the V. A. D. worker is paid, sometimes she is not. Most people in authority find it best, if possible, to give some remuneration, no matter how small, to put things on a better business footing. The trained nurse in Canada has come in for her share of the glory of war, but the V. A. D.'s have come in for a good deal of opprobrium. The trained nurse is pursuing her own profession in the most interesting field possible, the voluntary nurse has given up her life work to perform almost menial tasks, but their work calls for steadiness, cheerfulness, devotion, loyalty, discipline. It is of immense importance to the Empire, as is shown by the demand for more. They are needed at both military and auxiliary hospitals in England, on the lines of



These ladies of St. Paul's Anglican Church, Toronto, have sent overseas more hospital supplies than any other church in Canada.

communication and bases in France. They are needed in Malta, Egypt and Saloniki; only in Canada are they not wanted, and the other places are so far away and transportation so difficult!

LAST October the War Office applied to the Voluntary Aid Detachments for women to fill the vacancies on the depleted staffs of the military hospitals, and women are now doing duty as general service superintendents, dispensers, clerks, cooks, telephone operators, storekeepers, X-ray attendants, and laboratory attendants. Their pay is from \$6.50 a week for a trained laboratory attendant to \$8.25 for a general service superintendent. Many more women are wanted. They serve one month on probation and then sign an agreement for 12 months or the duration of the war. The age limit is 18 to 50.

Every woman should be proud to belong to a body with such tradition and such a record of achievement as has the Brigade of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, which is a much older organization than that of the Red Cross.

In the 11th century some rich Neapolitan merchants founded and endowed a hospital for the Latin pilgrims who thronged to Jerusalem. This was a precursor of the Knights Hospitaller of St. John, and during the Crusades, when Godfrey de Bouillon captured Jerusalem, he praised the Hospitallers and endowed them with revenues of one of the richest manors in Brabant. Thus they were formed into a

regularly constituted religious order and wore a black habit adorned with a white cross of eight points. Branch hospitals were established in many of the maritime provinces of Europe, where pilgrims could be cared for while waiting transport to the Holy Land. The Knights and Dames of the Order were required to be of noble birth, there were religious chaplains and serving brothers, too, and they pursued their charitable work in France, England, Italy, Spain and Portugal till, after a career of 500 years of magnificent moral and material achievement, there came a slow decline and final extinction as a religious community till it was recreated in our day into civilian form.

The Order of St. John of Jerusalem is a decoration for merit conferred by the King, and may be given to people of any religion with the exception of Jews, but for the members of the Brigade there is not even that exception. Indeed, Jewish nurses are desirable for Jewish hospitals, where the fighting men of their faith are cared for and served with the diet prescribed by their church.

ST. JOHN'S DAY, or Midsummer's Eve, on the 24th of June, was celebrated widely in England in the old days, but with no religious significance. The populace made holiday with bonfires to keep off the evil spirits which were supposed to roam about that night. The citizens paraded the town in relays with lighted torches, and altogether presented a very picturesque appearance, so much so that bluff King Hal, who witnessed, with his wife, Queen Catherine, the procession of 2,000 armed citizens carrying lighted torches through the streets of London, was delighted with the sight. On second thought, he decided that such a large muster of citizens was a menace to his power and he prohibited the continuance of this custom, since when the St. John's Day passes by unnoticed, except by the scattered members of the great Brigade, who, while pursuing their mission of healing, observe the birthday of the Patron Saint of their society, and on this day we should unite to do them honour.

The army nurse faces danger and death as surely as the soldier, and women have shown high courage in the hospitals under bombardment of Zeppelins, in shipwreck and during submarine menace, in slight danger from shells and great danger of nervous prostration. From one despatch we learn that 22 members of the Society for Aid to the Wounded Soldiers in France have lost their lives, carried off by shells or contagious diseases.

While we recognize the grand spirit of British and Canadian women, we still send out a generous share of admiration to the women of France, whose achievements during the past year have been simply wonderful. There are now no less than 66,449 in the French Red Cross army, equipping 1,500 hospitals with an aggregate of 118,000 beds, and the insignia of the order flies above 268 buildings in the city of Paris alone. Of the women that have fallen we hear but little. The nurses of the society have received sixty-three epidemic medals, sixty war crosses, and one Cross of the Legion of Honour. Mlle. Susanne Gilles was the first Red Cross victim. She fell at Luneville, her chest torn by a fragment of a shell that burst into the ward in which she was attending the wounded. Mlle. Cagnard, who fell at Cambrai, is said to have been shot by a Prussian soldier who fired at her through a window of an hospital. Seven women of the Red Cross lost their lives during the bombardment of Rheims, five Sisters of Charity being amongst the victims. And these are the women of La Belle France, the "Gay sportive land of mirth and social ease," which we have been wont to regard as given over for the lighter and more frivolous things.

In the light of what these women are doing to help a stricken world, those of us in Canada should be inspired to a greater sense of responsibility and of actual power. None of us do too much. Compared to other women we often do too little.

DO YOU DRESS FOR YOUR WORK?

HOW few women who do their own housework think seriously of dressing appropriately for it? They have a pitying contempt for the sales girl or stenographer who goes to the shop or office in tawdry, soiled finery and cheap jewelry.

"Why doesn't she wear a neat, serge business dress?" they ask. And yet how often these same critical women will consider that a silk blouse or befrilled skirt that has seen better days, or perhaps a half-worn, old-fashioned lingerie dress, "quite good enough to wear about the house."

Thank heaven, the days of the slovenly "morning wrapper," so popular fifteen or twenty years ago, have gone (we hope forever) into the shades of the past, and in its place has come the trim, trig, sensible, one-piece house-dress. Made of washable material, constructed in a fashion that makes it easily ironed, this is the ideal uniform for the woman who does her own housework. They can be had at prices, too, that come within the reach of the most slender purse—from sixty-nine cents to three dollars—according to the quality of the material, and the style and cut of the dress.

There are, however, women who are devotees of the house dress, and yet never consider it necessary to give the same attention to their feet. An old pair of pumps worn down at the heels can be "finished out about the house." A pair of dress boots, perhaps with French heels, and too shabby for street wear, are quite good enough to do housework in! No wonder the groaning cry of so many house-workers is "O my poor feet!"

Notice the boots worn by the hospital nurse. She buys shoes specially made for her work—low-heeled, wide enough to be comfortable, and made of material that will stand plenty of wear. If you stop to think of it, you will see that the average house-keeper is on her feet nearly as much as the hospital nurse, and often on hardwood floors, too.

Oh, you weary, foot-sore house-worker, go to your

By CONSTANCE NICHOLSON LEA

shoe dealer at once and be fitted with a pair of nurse's boots (with elk soles, if possible, they are so nearly noiseless) and always wear them when you are doing your housework.

They are expensive, of course—the nurse's boots. They are something you will never find on the bargain counters, and it may cause your thrifty soul a pang to give away or throw away those half-worn pumps and old street boots; but you will be more than repaid by the comfort and ease of being "shod for your work." Your temper will be better, too, and your family will reap the benefit as well as yourself.

Then there is the matter of corsets. Many women keep their old corsets for wearing in the house. An old corset may be comfortable and easy—very often it is; but sometimes it is not.

Housework is very vigorous exercise. There should be little or no restriction at the waist line, so as to give the muscles of the body free play.

All our great physical culturists advise very strongly that their different exercises for the development of the body be taken with as little clothing on as possible, and insist on the subject or patient being without a corset.

If you are too stout, or have become such a slave to your corset that you cannot possibly do without it, you might try to wear a corset-waist about the house; but going without altogether is excellent if you can manage it. Perhaps you will have a feeling of "going all to pieces" the first few days, but persevere, and you will find in time that you will accomplish your work with less fatigue, and that the exercise taken in this way has been as beneficial to your health as an expensive course in physical culture.

Just think for a minute of the different motions a woman doing her housework has to make. Take washing, for instance; she bends over the wash-tub

to rub the clothes; she stands erect to wring them; she bends again to the rinsing or blueing water. When she hangs the clothes out she stretches her arms up above her head to the line, then she brings them down again to the level of the clothes-basket, then she raises them again.

Take the cleaning of a room: The muscles of the waist are all used as she sweeps the floor with brisk, vigorous strokes. She reaches upwards with her duster-covered broom to remove a cobweb from the ceiling. She bends nearly double to dust the rungs of the chairs, or wipe the polished edges of the floor. She reaches upwards again to dust the mantle-shelf or the piano. Every movement she makes is an exercise. Open any physical culture magazine, or any book on the development of the human body, and you will find that the exercises recommended are not very different from the movements any woman doing her own housework makes every day of her life.

The only reason that we have not a wonderfully well developed and healthy lot of house workers is that the houseworkers themselves don't realize that they are taking physical culture exercises, and their mental attitude toward their work is not that of the physical culture enthusiast, and that they are not dressed suitably for it.

Often, too, the atmosphere of the house is not healthy. Open all the windows wide and fill the rooms with fresh air. Say to yourself, "I'm not drudging at housework, but I'm taking exercise for 'reducing' or for 'developing,'" or whatever is your particular need.

With light, loose clothing, all of which has the weight falling from the shoulders, and with no tight, restricting bands anywhere, with sensible, comfortable shoes on your feet, see if your work does not run more smoothly, and if you are not healthier and happier when you are "DRESSED FOR YOUR WORK."

I. O. D. E. TALKS for the GOOD of the NATION

NOW you may run a hand down anywhere in the hat and pull out a live discussion from the agenda of the I. O. D. E. held at Victoria. The first one we come to in a fat sheaf of reports is what was said by Mrs. Geo. Smith, of St. Catharines, Ont., National Educational Secretary I. O. D. E. To summarize:

Canada has domesticated several hundred thousand immigrants, who have found freedom, land, homes, etc., in a time of peace under the British flag. In a time of war these people were not enlisted to fight for that freedom and flag. Why? Lack of education. Too many alien interests in the schools. Not enough co-ordination; not enough English teaching; not enough Canadianism.

Mrs. Ralph Smith, of Vancouver, also dealt with this problem. Mrs. Smith was offered a seat in the B. C. Legislature when her husband died, but declined it. Her discriminating remarks show that she was entitled to the invitation. She predicted that Canada would yet find the foreigner problem as serious as the United States had found it. Herself no flag-waver, as she admitted, there had been too little made of the flag in Canada—for the sake of the children. A striking passage in her address was this:

"The time has come when we must put the foreign born through the mill and roll them out Canadians. They who are willing to come here and accept all the privileges of this country, must live up to the principles of the country or leave it. It is the grandest country under the sun, and if it is good enough to live in, and die in, it is good enough to live up to its principles of citizenship."

Mrs. Colin Campbell, of Winnipeg, one of the greatest women workers in Canada, declared that the

IN our comments last month on the coming programme of the I. O. D. E. Convention in Victoria, we asked why no names of French-Canadian women were included; were these women, as a class, unwilling to be so included? Part of the answer is contained in the address of Mrs. A. W. McDougald, of Montreal, who said:

Those of us who know the French in Quebec, know that any lack of response upon their part has been due to lack of proper recruiting organization, and education as to the issues. Our public men are at last realizing that fact and trying to remedy it. Let us remember that criticisms and bitterness at this time only hamper that "entente cordiale," which must cement the bonds of a united Canada, and what better gift can we bring, than this tolerance, this entente, this understanding, as our tribute to the fiftieth anniversary of Confederation—this measure for which our fathers struggled, this first step toward a united Empire, which their sons are to-day laying down their lives to maintain. Will you also forgive the personal reference, if I say that I am myself a Scotch Presbyterian so that my testimony may perhaps bear the more weight as being unbiassed.

State should conscript women as well as men. Here is her resolution:

That we, the representatives of the 30,000 Daughters of the Empire assembled in session at the seventeenth annual meeting of the National Chapter, Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire, at Victoria, B.C., heartily endorse the Dominion Government of Canada in its stand for conscription of men and, further, we pray that the money, labour and service be conscripted of every man and woman, that all may equally do their duty to their King, country and Empire.

Dealing with the returned soldier problem she said that the one great task before the people of the country will be to win their soldiers back to civil life. More than ever the mother, wife and sister will have

to seek to make home and home influence the nation's bulwark. Children must be taught to respect the returned soldier, so that future generations would not forget the old veteran when time has worn off the glamour. People should be patient and considerate of the returned soldier, realizing that no two men come back with the same degree of nerves.

Miss Constance Boulton, of Toronto, argued very ably that if universal service in the form of compulsory training for boys had been in vogue we should not have needed to recruit an army at all. She paid her respects to labour leaders and radicals who oppose military training.

Mrs. A. W. McDougald, of Montreal, vigorously handled the subject of organized and disciplined service. "As the war progresses," she said, "we have come to realize that the actual individual freedom of which we were so proud has been sometimes almost our undoing. Victory is going to depend on the organization and conservation of our national resources, as well as on the army in the fighting line. The war in which we are engaged is a war of nations in which economic power and disciplined nationality will play a very great part. The efficiency of any army depends on the organization of the industrial life behind the gun. The Empire must be organized to the last man, the last woman, the last dollar, the last sack of grain before we can say that we have come together in that organized democracy which is demanded in this crisis."

In this complete democracy of discussion the address of the re-elected President, Mrs. Albert Gooderham was one of the soundest, sanest and wisest. "I am not criticizing the leaders of our parties,"

(Concluded on page 23.)

EDITORIAL

SIR GEORGE FOSTER says that three years of a world war has made it impossible for Governments to regulate prices; that no critic sitting on a nail keg can teach political economy to the people—anyway to the Department of Trade and Commerce. We admit that the nail-keg economists are about as plentiful now as war experts were a few months ago. We all know how to keep the world from going to blue ruin, as we used to know how to win the war. But the war isn't won yet and the world is not going to economic ruin.

On the other hand, Col. Cantley, President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, tells the C. M. A. that the Canadian manufacturer has been sadly reviled by the press. He says manufacturers are not profiteers and that some will have been put into a very bad way by the munition industry when we revert to normal conditions. Here, again, we admit that it has been the fashion to abuse many manufacturers for the probable sins of a few. But Col. Cantley does not speak in the spirit of a true sporting Canadian if he asks the C. M. A. to shed crocodile tears over the desperate plight of our industries. We can only suppose that he was not talking for the sake of the whole truth, or to impress the Government, so much as to get a whack at the newspapers.

We have not complained as yet that we are importing British gold to pay for the munitions we export. No, we prefer to continue doing so. Therefore, no matter what profits the Government fails to keep down by taxation, we can't, as a people, decline to export our food-stuffs as heavily as possible. For profit? Yes, to those who produce them. But what of the rest of us? We don't all make munitions nor grow crops. Those of us who are non-producers must keep our incomes fixed and our cost of living going up. Food costs about as much here as in London, after all the cost of haulage, insurance and risk of submarines. A people of less than eight millions, we produce more foodstuffs than 40,000,000 in England, where the margin between supply and demand almost vanishes in a time of war like the present. Yet we pay as much to live. Why? Because the price at home is determined economically by the demand and the price abroad.

Any nail-keg critic knows that. He also knows that a Government could, if it wanted to, conscript enough of every crop to feed Canada for a year at less than famine prices. Unless the Department of Trade and Commerce advises such action it will not likely be taken. That Department, we take it, does not approve of a food controller. Canada, the most bountiful producer of all the nations, according to home demand, is not to have her production and distribution of food regulated as it is in England and the United States.

We don't quite see Sir George Foster's daylight. If Canada is to go on putting an increased weight into the war on all sides, it is absolutely essential that we take advantage of our own resource to keep the cost of food at least a margin lower than it is in England or France or Germany.

WE have the same problem in the form of coal. It seems that the United States coal dealers desire to save their own people by putting an embargo on coal exports. The Government prefers to keep coal cars from travelling our way because they may be better needed at home. Less than two months ago, when the United States went to war, Sir George Foster said in Washington that North America is now an economic unit; that the crop would be harvested from north to south by labour travelling north as the birds migrate. Parallel 49 economically vanishes. That is for the sake of crops. But what of the coal? The Government declares free wheat and flour. Economics, independent

ON a basis of mere argument the situation at Ottawa can be argued till doomsday. There is more important business than argument. And it is not passion either. If the business of acting as a united nation in this war can't be adjusted as a controversy, neither can it be settled by the appeal to so-called emotion. Neither is it party politics.

All we need is mutual common sense. The two races are here to live together. They are united by the St. Lawrence and divided by the Ottawa. Each has its own historic right. Each is Canadian. British, if you like, but suppose we take that part for granted the same as the air we breathe and the language we speak. We in Canada are not so much British after all, not so much French—as Canadian. So we shall remain. The country cannot be subdivided or rent in twain. It will not be. There is sense enough in both races to settle our differences, so long as we each work for the good of the country. We are into a war the magnitude of which no man, no nation dreamed when we began it.

Let us admit all this. The great war has gone beyond the thought of all nations. It is not for one people nor any part of one people to say where, when or how it shall stop. It can stop only by common consent of the world. The best part of the world is fighting the worst. Quebec knows it. Mr. Bourassa knows it. The best part of the world, the free nations of the world, must win or the world goes down. Mr. Bourassa cannot argue us out of that. Quebec belongs to the best part of the world. Quebec is not a feudal system, but a democracy. Let us recognize her place in the world, her destiny in Canada as the home of Canadians who in the fervent words of Sir Wilfrid Laurier a few weeks ago say, "God Bless England," and in deeper tones say to each other, realizing what stupid fools we are if we don't,

GOD BLESS CANADA!

Talk of civil war and a prolonged race feud in Canada is the talk of enemies of the country on either side. We must stand together. We have a common cause. It is—Canada; not merely of the present, nor all of the past. It is the Canada for which brave men of both races fought in the days of old, and the Canada that will be here when the feuds and animosities and misunderstandings of 1917 are forgotten.

of politics, justifies the step. Are we to let our wheat and flour slide across the border and get no coal in return? What becomes of the economic unity?

Perhaps Mr. C. A. Magrath, our fuel dictator, will see to this. He has a large problem and a short while to work it out. He has had experience in the Trade and Commerce Department. Perhaps he does not agree with Sir George Foster.

BUT the problem is complicated again. It seems to be considerably a matter of rolling-stock and locomotives on our own railways. Our big railway systems and locomotive and car works are sadly undermined and undermanned by the scarcity of labour. Munition-making has robbed them along with the war. They find it impossible to keep our hauling machinery in a state of renewal and repair. Even with little or no new lines being built we are unable to keep the lines we have in a state of vitality. Last winter we had a fair sample of this. Miles of coal cars were frozen in at the border because our railways couldn't move them. The coal got as far as the border. It stopped there. The United States lost the use of its cars. That made us unpopular as consumers. We say it shall never happen again. But we have no assurance that we will do any better this summer with the best of weather to get enough coal hauled up for our winter use. We are not making engines and locomotives fast enough.

But suppose the railway people should get together on this question. Suppose they take the advice so often handed out to the politicians and sink their differences for the good of the country. There is so much haulage to be done by land and water before the close of navigation. How much of it is likely to be unprofitable? Can any of it be reduced? What of pleasure and vacation traffic? Suppose that were all cut out or reduced to a minimum for this summer, even though the people through the Government should reimburse the companies for what they lose? The long-haul transcontinental trains—can they be curtailed? Suppose that in the matter of a large percentage of passenger traffic many of

our main-line towns were to be put on the side line again, as they used to be not so long ago in the infancy of some of our settlements; would that be a hardship too grievous? Every engine counts. It is important to get as large a reserve stock of engines and rolling stock in good repair as possible before winter, and to put as much of it as possible at the service of freight haulage.

We offer these suggestions without knowing anything about railways and steamship lines. Perhaps the public could do something by travelling for pleasure and fancied business less. Every little helps. In a critical time we all get closer together whether we want to or not. This is a critical time.

AGAIN the question comes at us in the form of paper. Seventy-five per cent. of the paper made in this country is exported to the United States, the greatest consumer of paper per capita in the world. There is a tremendous shortage of paper over there. Also here. In trying to overcome their shortage we are increasing our own. Canada in this respect is a good-natured neighbour, always lending his tools and never having them when he wants them. One of the New York Sundays contains as much paper as half a dozen of our periodicals put together. We furnish the raw paper and we buy back the finished product. That's good business for the American producer. Every copy of those overfed U. S. publications that comes into Canada is a double charge on our pockets and our patriotism. We have no desire to see any of Uncle Sam's newspapers and magazines put out of business. But at least we have a pardonable interest in seeing that we don't jeopardize our own by helping to keep them up. One American periodical comes over here to the tune of about 60 tons of costly coated paper every week, or 30,000 tons a year. Suppose that paper should say to some Canadian periodical, "Here, while the war is on, you can look after our business with a paper less than half the size of ours. Take over our list. It won't cost you anything. When the war is over hand it back."

But of course the publication post office of that paper is not Utopia, and the time is not the millennium.

MEANWHILE we are glad to note that the Nova Scotia Assembly has voted to subsidize shipbuilding in Nova Scotia to the tune of \$2,000,000 a year. We have been peculiarly interested in this problem for some time. We revived our interest when we published an article, nearly a year ago, showing what British Columbia was then doing under the terms of the Act passed by the late Conservative Government in that Province to build ships for the carrying trade of British Columbia. The problem is even more insistent in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The subsidy of the Provincial Legislature, aided by a Federal grant for the same purpose, should do a great deal to put this industry where it belongs on our Atlantic seaboard. Along with that we sincerely hope the Government will nationalize the Port of Vancouver. Fifty years ago British Columbia consented to enter the Federation of Provinces if a transcontinental railway were built to put that province on the map of Canada. It would be a fine nation-making act if, fifty years after fifty years ago, the Government of Canada should put a physical finish on Confederation by nationalizing our great port on the Pacific, which is the terminus of two transcontinentals, instead of one, as well as one of the termini of the system created by the Panama Canal. With Vancouver Port a national harbour and both Provincial and Dominion Governments at work on aids to shipbuilding, we may yet take our place as a great maritime nation.



AS Much READING as Two BIG NOVELS

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MAKES HIS OWN TEMPERATURE

Canadian Inventor Gets Ahead of the Weather Man

A MAN who can get a warm bath from the heat that goes to waste up his chimney every time the fire is lighted, and who can keep his house at 65 deg. Fah. inside, while the street is anything above 95 in the shade, must be a rather clever sort of person. That man is Alexander Graham Bell, the Canadian inventor, who for a long while now has been alternately a citizen of Washington and of Nova Scotia, and to whose fame and future memory a great memorial has been erected in the City of Brantford, Ont., designed by Walter Allward, the Canadian sculptor.

Alexander Graham Bell is a pretty old man now, and it's a long while since he invented and operated the world's first telephone in Mt. Pleasant, a suburb of Brantford, Ont. But he is still thinking out things to better mankind. His latest popular contribution to practical science in the form of writing we came across the other day in an issue of the National Geographic Magazine, published last February. The subject is peculiarly apropos just now.

How to Keep Cool in Summer and How to Keep Warm in Winter.

Bell recognizes the fact that enough heat goes to waste all summer to keep the homes of mankind comfortable all winter, and at the same time lower the summer temperature several degrees.

So he says, taking some familiar examples, a cosy for our teapot, a fireless cooker for our dinner, and a thermos bottle for our heated liquids show how much heat may be conserved by simply taking precautions to prevent radiation. Our hot-water boilers are not protected by coverings of asbestos paper or other insulating material, so that the water gets too cool for a warm bath very soon after the fire is put out.

I have made experiments to ascertain whether some of the heat wasted by radiation could not be conserved by insulating materials, with rather astonishing results. A large tank of zinc was made which would hold a great deal of water. This was inclosed in a box very much larger than itself, leaving a space of about three or four inches all around, which was filled with wool. I then found that hot water put into that tank cooled almost as slowly as if it had been a thermos bottle.

I then attempted to save and utilize some of the heat given off by a student's lamp. A couple of pipes were led out of this insulated tank and placed in a hood over the lamp. Thus a circulation of water was effected. The water heated by the lamp found its way up into the tank and produced a sensible rise of temperature there. Next day when the lamp was again lighted it was found that the water in the tank still felt slightly warm. It had not lost all of the heat it had received at the former heating. When the lamp was again put out, the temperature of the tank was considerably higher than on the former occasion.

This process of heating was continued for a number of days, and it became obvious that a cumulative effect was produced, until at last the water in the tank became too hot to hold the hand in, and it was determined to see how long it would hold its heat. The temperature was observed from time to time, and more than a week after the lamp had been put out the water was still so warm that I used it for a bath.

Since then this insulated tank has been taken up to the attic of my house in Nova Scotia and has been installed there as a permanent feature. I have the

habit of working at night and like to take a warm bath somewhere about 2 o'clock in the morning. Unfortunately the heating arrangements in the house have given out long before that hour and only cold water comes from the kitchen boilers. I connected the insulated tank with an iron pipe let down my study chimney in the hope of saving and utilizing some portion of the heat that escaped up the chimney every time the fire was lighted.

I have had this apparatus in use for over a year, and find that at any time of the day or night I am always sure of a warm bath from the heat that used to be wasted in going up the chimney. In this case there was only one straight pipe, so that the amount of heat recovered bears only a small proportion to that still wasted. A coil of pipe in the chimney or special apparatus there would, of course, be much more efficient.

I think that all the hot water required for the use of a household, and even for warming a house, could be obtained without special expenditure for fuel by utilization of the waste heat produced from the kitchen fire and the heat given off by the illuminants employed.

Of course, water can only be heated to the boiling temperature; but there are many liquids that can be heated to a very much higher temperature than this without boiling. I took a tumbler of olive oil and heated it by means of a thin iron wire connected with a voltaic battery. I placed in the tumbler of oil a test-tube filled with water. In a short time the water was boiling, but the oil remained perfectly quiescent. If you store up hot oil instead of water you will have at your command a source of heat able to do all your cooking, and even produce steam power to work machinery.

HE ALSO SERVES.



The soldier of the home trenches.

—From the San Francisco Chronicle.

We have plenty of heat going to waste during the summer-time. Simple pipes laid up on the roof and containing oil or some other liquid would soon become heated by the sun's rays. The hot oil could be carried into an insulated tank and stored. You could thus not only conserve the heat that falls upon the tops of your houses, but effect some cooling of the houses themselves by the abstraction of this heat.

If man has the intelligence to heat his house in the winter-time, why does he not cool it in the summer? The problem of cooling houses is one that I would recommend to your notice, not only on account of your own comfort, but on account of the public health as well.

Now, I have found one radical defect in the construction of our houses that absolutely precludes the possibility of cooling them to any great degree. You will readily understand the difficulty when you remember that cold air is specifically heavier than warm air. You can take a bucket of cold air, for example, and carry it about in the summer-time and not spill a drop; but if you make a hole in the bottom of your bucket, then, of course, the cold air will all run out.

Now, if you look at the typical tropical houses, you will find that they are all open on the ground floor. Supposing it were possible to turn on a veritable Niagara of cold air into a tropical house, it wouldn't stay there five minutes. It would all come pouring out through the open places below and through the windows and doors. If you want to find your leakage places, just fill your house with water and see where the water squirts out!

I began to think that it might be possible to apply the bucket principle to at least one room in my Washington home, and thus secure a place of retreat in the summer-time. It seemed to be advisable to close up all openings near the bottom of the room to prevent the escape of cold air and open the windows at the top to let out the heated air of the room.

Now, I have in the basement of my house a swimming tank, and it occurred to me that since this tank holds water, it should certainly hold cold air; so I turned the water out to study the situation. The tank seemed to be damp and the sides felt wet and slimy.

I reflected, however, that the condensation of moisture resulted from the fact that the sides of the tank were cooler than the air admitted. Water vapor will not condense on anything that is warmer than itself, and it occurred to me that if I introduced air that was very much colder than I wanted to use, then it would be warming up in the tank and becoming dryer all the time. It would not deposit moisture on the sides and would actually absorb the moisture there.

I therefore provided a refrigerator, in which were placed large blocks of ice covered with salt. This was placed in another room at a higher elevation than the tank, and a pipe covered with asbestos paper was employed to lead the cold air into the tank.

The first effect was the drying of the walls, and then I felt the level of the cold air gradually rising. At last it came over my head. The tank was full, and I found myself immersed in cool air. I felt so cool and comfortable that it seemed difficult to believe that Washington stood sizzling outside. I climbed up the ladder in the swimming tank until my head was above the surface, and then found myself breathing a hot, damp, muggy atmosphere. I therefore speedily retreated into the tank, where I was perfectly cool and comfortable.

Guided by this experience, I tried another experiment. I put the refrigerator in the attic and led the

cold air downward through a pipe covered with asbestos into one of the rooms of the house. The doors were kept shut and the windows were opened at the top. The temperature in that room was perfectly comfortable, about 65 degrees.

At that time the papers were speaking of some ice plant that had been installed in the White House and congratulated the President upon a temperature of only 80 degrees when the thermometer showed 100 degrees outside.

Destruction's Wake

PHILIP GIBBS, the famous English novelist correspondent in the June Issue of the Current History, describes in a vivid way how war has killed not only man life and driven out animal life, but has blasted vegetation itself. We often hear it said that the Germans make a corpse of every territory they evacuate. According to Gibbs, speaking of the long-sustained Battle of Arras, more frightful now even than in the worst days of Winter is the way up to the front. In all that great stretch of desolation the British left behind the shell craters which were full of water, red water and green water, are now dried up and are hard, deep pits, scooped out of the powdered earth from which all vitality is gone so that spring brings no life to it. I thought, perhaps, that some of these shell-slashed woods would put out new shoots when spring came, and I watched them curiously for any sign of rebirth. But there is no sign and their poor mutilated limbs, their broken and tattered trunks, stand naked and stark under the blue sky. Everything is dead, with a white, ghastly look in a brilliant sunshine except where here and there in a litter of timber and brickwork which marks the site of a French village a little bush is in bud or flowers blossom in a scrap heap which once was a garden.

All this is the background of the present battle, and through this vast stretch of barren country British battalions move slowly forward to take part in the battle when their turn comes, resting a night or two among the ruins where other men who work always behind the lines road-mending, wiring, on the supply column, at ammunition dumps, in casualty clearing stations, and railheads make their billets on the lee side of the broken walls or in holes dug deep by the enemy and reported safe for use. Dead horses lie on the roadsides or in great shell craters. I passed a row of these poor beasts as though all had fallen down and died together in a last comradeship. Dead Germans or bits of dead Germans lie in old trenches, and a few days ago I watched the bombardment of Lens close to the bones of a little Frenchman who had worn the red trousers of the old army when he fought down the slopes of Notre Dame de Lorette to the outskirts of Souchez. He seemed like a man of ancient history, and that red scrap of clothing belonged to an epoch long gone.

From Missouri on Conscription

EVIDENTLY Congress is not a unit on conscription, any more than the Canadian Parliament is, when we observe that the Speaker, Champ Clark, made a vicious attack on the bill in the House when, according to the Congressional Record, the Speaker said:

"If poor men's sons have to go into this war, and of course they will—for nobody is fighting the creation of an army here, nobody is fighting against this war, but we are exercising the freedom of speech to express our opinion about what we think is the best way to raise an army—then I am everlastingly and teetotally opposed to giving rich men's sons an opportunity to back out of the war by buying their way out and letting the rest of our boys do the fighting."

The Congressional Record continues:

Mr. Mann.—Mr. Chairman, our distinguished Speaker just said that he voted to strike the word "selective" out of the term "selective draft" because he wanted all on an equal footing. It is strange that he does not know what the word "selective" means, and that the term "selective draft" has nothing whatever to do with the exemptions provided for those who are drafted by the selective method.

Mr. Clark, of Missouri.—I would like to ask the gentleman one other question. Have these provisions about bounties and substitutes in the old law ever been repealed?

Mr. Mann.—They have all been repealed.

Mr. Clark, of Missouri.—When?

Mr. Mann.—Long ago.

Mr. Clark, of Missouri.—When were they repealed?

Mr. Mann.—Well, if they were not repealed before, they were repealed last year in the national defence act, but they were repealed years ago before the distinguished Speaker or myself came to Congress. There is no law authorizing a bounty or authorizing substitution. We fix here in this bill terms which can not be altered.

Meanwhile Ambassador Gerard, says the North American Review, felt called upon to remark in the course of a public speech in New York:

"We have Champ Clark coming out and saying that the flower of our young men must volunteer first. He says the War Office is jumping around trying to bulldoze people into passing the bill. He is lost in the terminology of old times."

No Democratic Instinct

THE truth is, says the editor of the North American Review, the Germans are the least democratic people on the face of the earth. They have no political instinct; they care not a rap for political freedom; they take about as much interest in the Reichstag as a New Yorker in the State Assembly at Albany and they think about as highly of it. They have always followed and never led.



POLITICAL INSANITY.

Antidraft Politician—"No! We must first take a referendum to see if the people want the fire extinguished and the house saved."

—Daily Star (Montreal).

Their progress has been fashioned for them and imposed upon them from above. They have tested its results and before the war they found them good. It is not merely that they lack the capacity—they lack even the desire—to take the reins into their own hands. Discipline and autocratic leadership have rescued them from impotence and chaos; they are convinced that nothing else can preserve them in security. If the German, then, submits to authority where an American or an Englishman would start a riot it is because, in the first place, authority has justified itself, and, in the second, because his reason approves of it. The need for a united front takes precedence of everything, and to insure it the German willingly, consciously, intelligently, as a matter of commonsense and prudence, sacrifices a large measure of personal and political freedom. He is deprived of nothing that he values; the chains do not gall him; habit and history and a malleable disposition and his own assenting judgment of the necessities of the situation make him not merely tolerant of autocracy but a firm upholder of its meth-

ods and implications. A community regimented from top to bottom, a Parliamentary system that serves merely as a screen for autocratic rule, a Press that dare not call its soul its own, the churches and schools and universities turned into State gramophones, popular opinion utterly inoperative in national affairs, and the remotest details of daily existence regulated by official prescriptions—these are the features of a system that thoroughly commends itself to the mind of the ordinary German. He likes it. He is used to it. He has prospered and grown great under it, and had it not been for the war he would have been very chary about changing it. When Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, in the first speech he delivered as Chancellor, declared his utter disbelief in the possibility of the party form of Government in Germany he carried with him the assent of the vast majority of the German people. When Prince Bulow affirmed that it was "contrary to the wishes of the German people" that the Kaiser should be a mere Constitutional ruler, he spoke the truth. The Germans, before the war, did not care for political liberty and did not believe in it. The upper classes strongly supported and still support the present system; the masses were not, nor perhaps are they now, keen politicians; the lines of division in Germany have always been social and not political; and the average German readily puts up with a great deal of political subjection so long as he retains the only sort of freedom he really values—the freedom to live as he likes, to dress as he likes, to think as he likes on all non-political subjects, and to defy the dominion of the tyrant that rides roughshod over all British and most American life—the next-door neighbor and all the conventions and respectabilities that are welded into that fearsome instrument of oppression, the "opinion of the neighborhood." It is clear, therefore, that revolution in Germany has obstacles ahead of it.

Ireland is Not Poor

ONE of the principal grounds upon which the demand for Home Rule is based is the claim that Ireland is a poor and decaying country, says Edgar Crammond, the well-known economist, in the Nineteenth Century, and that England has checked her economic development. This is a complete fallacy. In the Irish Nationalist Party, Ireland possesses a remarkable publicity department; one of the most perfectly organized and efficient machines of its kind in existence. Owing to the ceaseless activities of this organization the people of Great Britain and the world in general are still under the impression that Ireland is a poverty-stricken country and that the economic condition of her people has made no progress in recent years. But as a matter of fact Ireland is one of the most prosperous and progressive portions of the Empire.

For the last thirty-five years she has had the benefit of Land Laws which have caused the envy of English and Scottish tenant farmers, and finally by the aid of money advanced by the British Exchequer, about two-thirds of the Irish tenant farmers have entered into agreements which when completed will make them owners. Under the Labourers Acts advances have been made to a large amount for building good slated houses, and a great number of houses have been built and are held with half an acre, and sometimes an acre, of land at rents far below their real value. Advances are made by the Board of Works to owners and occupiers of land for building, draining, and improving their land on most favourable terms. A Department of Agriculture has been established for the purpose of assisting farmers by advice, instruction, experiments, and the maintenance of pedigree sires. The Congested Districts Board has been occupied for the last twenty-five years in transforming the backward districts on the western seaboard; they have bought up large properties, rebuilt the houses, enlarged the holdings, drained the land, introduced good breeds of cattle, sheep and pigs, established industries and improved the fishing. These districts have also been opened up by the construction of light railways which facilitate the marketing of live stock, farm produce and fish. By the establishment in 1898 of District Councils and County Councils the country has enjoyed for the last eighteen years the same measure of local government as England, Scotland and Wales.

What Bourassa Tells Quebec

(Concluded from page 4.)

all additional effort should have for its object, to keep down and not to extend the movement that is bringing Canada to ruin.

Canada has furnished for the war all the man-power that it can give without grave danger to its own existence and the existence of its Allies. England will suffer even more than Canada if the Government goes ahead on the perilous road it wants to force the country, because the most redoubtable enemy for England is famine, which is even more urgent for England than for Germany. This truth courageous and far-seeing Englishmen do not disguise. What England has need of is not soldiers, but bread, meat and potatoes. This is so much the truth that the British Government has taken out of the army thousands of men and put them to the plough. The danger is so pressing that at Washington, Mr. Balfour and the English delegates, at the risk of clashing with the representatives of France, have asked that the United States send food stuffs to England before sending soldiers to France. In France even, thousands of soldier agriculturalists are brought out of the trenches periodically to work on the harvest. The Canadian Government cannot call, at several hours' notice a certain proportion of soldiers from the trenches to work in the fields, and then send them back. While the soldiers of France, Germany, England, Italy, and Russia can alternately destroy and produce, the Canadian soldiers separated from their country by 3,000 miles of ocean are destroying and not producing. If our Government had a real understanding of the situation, they would stop immediately the enlisting and expeditioning of new troops for Europe, and would apply themselves to a stimulation of agricultural production in Canada by all the means at their disposal.

A conscriptionist journal only recently said: "Go on St. Catherine street at any time, and you will see thousands of young loafers who would be better in the army than on the sidewalks."

First, it would be necessary to find out how many of these young men are loafers. It would be necessary to know the nature of their employment; their working hours. If it was found that they were really useless let them be sent, not to the army, but to the fields. This would be infinitely better for everybody; better for them, better for Canada, better for England, and the Empire and better for France and the Allies.

In conclusion, Mr. Bourassa urges that another measure of conscription that should be imposed before a conscription of flesh, is conscription of capital and industry. It is unjust, immoral, and contrary to all social order, that thousands of fathers of families should find it hard to meet their modest domestic budget, having war taxes imposed upon them, while several thousands of vampires sweep in 20, 50 and up to 900 per cent. profit, thanks to the war and war operations.

Our Fuel Boss

C. A. MAGRAITH is an example of a big man shouldered with a big job. Our fuel dictator has the chance of his life to achieve fame by giving the people of this country a chance to keep



warm next winter. Magrath is a man of wide pioneer experience. He spent most of his early life amid primitive conditions in the West. He ranged the prairie, mapping out its areas and following its trails. He became an expert on irrigation. He sat in the councils of the old North-West Territories. He entered politics as a Conservative without becoming a politician. Long ago he mapped out a scheme to get rid of overlapping in administration at Ottawa, affecting all the departments, what might be called a clearing-house of business management for the nation. Afterwards he became chairman of the Ontario Section of the International Waterways Commission. For years his one great aim as a citizen has been to simplify national business and to make it more efficient. He has all the qualities necessary for his job as fuel controller, so long as he can get enough driving power into his machine. No man, no party, and no corporate interest will stand in the way of Magrath's sense of absolute justice. All he needs to do now is to carry his pioneer investigations a step further and discover in this country

ONE HUGE COAL AREA.

They Are Progressives

(Continued from page 3.)

fight for justice, but for economic freedom. And to this point of view Conservatives also must come if they expect to make permanent progress in the West.

Eastern manufacturers must learn this lesson if they desire to achieve economic stability. They cannot always batten upon the necessities of farmers of the West. And there is no need to do so; for, underneath the surface, the interest of East and West are one.

Both parties are strong for prohibition; but they differ in the methods whereby it is to be fully achieved. The Conservatives naturally desire that the Doherty Act be enforced in Saskatchewan, while the Liberals demand that the Federal Government assume the responsibility of controlling inter-provincial shipments of liquor. However that may be, the bar

has gone for good in the West and the ordinary tippler has been protected against himself. The Conservatives declare for such direct legislation "as can be constitutionally enacted and carried out." In 1912 this was a plank in the platform of both parties, but the Liberals appear to think that the decision in the case of Manitoba excludes it, for the present, from the sphere of practical politics. The Legislature did pass a bill dealing with direct legislation, but left over its enactment into law until it had been approved by a referendum. The vote was disappointingly small; indeed, so little interest was shown that the measure was withdrawn.

Nevertheless, it is safe to say that the West will ultimately demand the use of the initiative, referendum and recall, however un-British these political and social instruments may at present appear. At least that is the impression one gets, especially in the rural districts. The farmers are reaching out for more democratic instruments of government, and they care little whence they come so long as they are practicable. The Changing Chinese have nothing on the Progressive West.

Both parties insist that the children of the province secure a sound ele-

mentary education, and that the secondary schools be adapted better to meet rural conditions, both with respect to accessibility and instruction. Much is being said by both parties with regard to the language question, on the hustings; but neither insists that English be the sole medium of instruction. Naturally enough the problems of land settlement, good roads, the nationalization of the railways, telephones, and legislation for women come to the fore both in the platform of each party and in public discussion. Limits of space will not permit of our dealing with these questions in detail; it must suffice to say that, in the main outlines, the solution is practically the same. On public ownership, both parties go far, but the Conservatives farther as far as railways and telephones are concerned. Good roads and more roads are demanded by both, in different ways; and the party leaders do their best, by the promise of minimum wages, medical aid in rural communities, and so forth, to capture the women's vote.

Which party will win?

The Liberals—this time. If the tariff did not hang onto their neck, like an Old Man of the Sea, the Conservatives might match their courage with results.

Stop Gambling in Wheat

(Continued from page 7.)

lamb who gets systematically fleeced stand up to it like men and take the grain trade medicine, and it certainly is "pretty dirty business." But the grain man won't take his own medicine.

If we stop gambling in the wheat pit it will not be necessary to conscript wheat. Supply and demand will

make a fair price. Notwithstanding this the western farmers are quite ready to have the Government conscript the wheat crop. We set our price at \$1.70. It appears now to be too low, but we are not welters. What we insist on is that if the wheat is conscripted the grain middlemen be

(Concluded on page 21.)

FINANCIAL

By INVESTICUS

OUR American cousins are naturally making a big stir over the Liberty bonds. The Chicago Tribune marvels that no one seems to reckon with the possibility that before many moons we shall be subscribing not to a Liberty Loan but to a "huge and horrid indemnity." We are reminded that Russia has "slumped," France "confesses exhaustion," England cries "Help!" and "it is a toss-up how the war is coming out." No mere fancy name adorns the Liberty Loan, according to this journal, for it is a fight to the finish, with the odds against us, and we must "pay, pay, pay, either now or later," and, if later, we "pay Germany." We may buy Liberty Bonds or we may refuse to buy Liberty Bonds, observes the Nashville Tennessean, but when we refuse to buy Liberty Bonds we begin to invest in "slavery bonds." One means freedom for ourselves and all humanity, the other "means for us the handcuffs that Germany has already imposed upon Belgium and Serbia, that it or its ally imposed long ago on Alsace-Lorraine, on Schleswig-Holstein, on Poland and Bohemia, on Bosnia and Herzegovina." Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the New York National City Bank, points to the peril of Russia making a separate peace and thus releasing her food-stores and prisoners to Germany.

In the New York Evening Post, Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, of New York, is quoted as saying that it is to be hoped that both large and small investors will, in their own interests, wake up to the importance of the successful placing of the Liberty Loan, for "only thus can it be avoided that still larger income, inheritance, and other taxations than are now proposed will have to be resorted to to produce the huge sums which may be needed to carry on the war."

IN a recent issue of The Journal of Commerce, W. W. Swanson, a frequent contributor to Canadian Courier, has an illuminating article on the Wealth of Nations, the old theme of Adam Smith, author of the book by that name. During the years 1909 to 1913, says Mr. Swanson, mergers were formed in Canada covering the following motley array of goods: Soap, cereals, asbestos, bread, flour, milk, cars, leather, lumber, cement, dried fish, carriages, bolts and nuts, steel, coal, ice, felt, shoes, furs, crockery, paints, jewelry, canned goods, light and power, and shipping. It is not to be denied that these combinations have effected great economies both in primary production and in the marketing of goods. On the other hand, it is equally evident that limitation of supply was at least a factor in the merger movement. Only when a trade has become demoralized through over production—a production that will not yield a price that approximates the cost plus a fair profit—can limitation of output be justified. The truth is, that if Canadians are to achieve

real and permanent prosperity after the war, they will be obliged to turn from real estate speculation, stock-jobbing and the formation of combines in restraint of trade, to real productive effort.

The Canada of after the war will probably contain relatively fewer millionaires and a better distributed average of wealth based upon a greater democracy in production.

UNTIL the Liberty Loan across the border is completely subscribed for, Canadian bond dealers do not look for a very large market in municipal and corporation bonds. As a matter of sentiment our Canadian markets follow close upon the heels of the American security markets; and as long as the comparative stagnation in all issues but the Liberty Loan obtains in the United States, dull bond markets will be the order of things in Canada. The Loan is still several hundred million dollars unsubscribed, and it will take a good deal of hard work to make up the deficiency.

However, the number and frequency of bids for the County of Bruce issue of \$100,000 5½ per cent. 20-installment debentures denotes a reviving interest in municipal bonds. The price at which these were sold is regarded as somewhat firmer than most recent issues; and would seem to point to the beginning of better times for municipalities seeking funds.

VANCOUVER syndicate has made proposals to the British Columbia Government offering to establish on certain conditions a rolling mill and steel plant with an outlay of \$20,000,000. The proposals, it is expected, will be brought before the House when it sits in August. From all intimation this project will go ahead after that date. In the meantime the syndicate is spending considerable sums in procuring authentic data in regard to the iron deposits of the province and in connection with the practicability of same for rolling mills, etc.

M. H. McLEOD, general manager of C. N. R. Western Lines, has wired Mr. D. B. Hanna that several hours' good rain had fallen in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. As the seeding in these three provinces was completed some time ago the rain will aid considerably in germination.

THE Canadian Pacific Railway has started a campaign in the hope of inducing absentee owners of western lands to cultivate their holdings. Some eight thousand of such holders have been circularized. Their attention is drawn to the profits which can be made by cultivating their farms, as illustrated in the fact that scores of farmers sold their last year's crop, alone, for more than the original cost of their farms.

CANNING companies of Canada, as well as of the United States, are in an almost perilous condition owing to the difficulty of obtaining tin cans. The importance of tin cans in the food problem cannot well be over-estimated, more especially now that such a large portion of the food stuffs of the country is preserved in packages for consumption the year round, but more especially during the winter months. The demand has been thrown back upon fibre containers. These are lined with paraffine and are being used for a multitude of purposes.

THE Montreal Locomotive Company has been negotiating for some time for large orders for locomotives, and within the next month or two it will have gotten away to a good start on its regular lines of work which have been more or less held up since the receipt of the large shell orders. It is pointed out that the demand for locomotives all over the Continent is particularly keen just now and the company expects to have capacity work for a long time to come. The company's plants here are now in process of re-fitting for the new orders.

IN the comparative table of bank clearings for the North American continent, Montreal continues to rank seventh. During the past week Toronto and Winnipeg dropped lower in rank, Toronto

losing tenth place to Cleveland, and Winnipeg going from eleventh place to fourteenth. Toronto now stands eleventh and well ahead of Detroit and Baltimore, the runners-up.

Assets Increase by \$25,000,000.

A VERY gratifying statement was presented at the annual meeting of the Merchants Bank of Canada, exhibiting the position of the Bank at April 30 last and the profit and loss account for the year ending at that date. Even at a time when large increases in bank business are not at all unusual, the Merchants Bank showing is such as to attract attention.

During the year the amount of the public's funds entrusted to this Bank has



D. C. Macarow, General Manager, The Merchants Bank of Canada.

increased more than \$24,500,000, or at the rate of 31 per cent. for the year. They now total about \$106,550,000. Note circulation has risen by some two million dollars, to \$9,483,468, interest-bearing and non-interest deposits by about ten millions each, to \$65,000,484 and \$27,101,587, respectively. A more temporary increase is that of bank balances abroad, about three million dollars.

To offset these liabilities the total assets have now reached \$121,130,558. The liquid portion of these assets, including cash items, bank balances, call loans and high-grade securities, reaches \$52,041,624, or 46.9 per cent. of the public liabilities, while the coin and Dominion notes alone, in vaults and in the Central Gold Reserve, exceed 15 per cent. of the liabilities. During the year the Bank added six millions to its accumulation of British Treasury Bills and similar securities, representing assistance granted to the financing of Imperial munitions business in this country, and the item in which these securities are included now stands at \$11,263,196. About \$1,400,000 was invested during the year in Dominion and Provincial Government securities.

With these greatly increased funds at its disposal, and with its liquid reserve already established at a very high ratio at the beginning of the year, the Merchants Bank was able to apply a considerable amount of money to the task of meeting the requirements of borrowing clients, and its holdings of commercial paper increased by nearly 14 millions, to the sum of \$62,737,958, thereby indicating a considerable degree of confidence on the part of the Bank's management in the Canadian business situation, as well as a disposition to do all possible to serve the interests of Canadian trade and industry.

Not long ago the editor of an English paper ordered a story of a certain length, but when the story arrived he discovered that the author had written several hundred words too many. The paper was already late in going to press, so there was no alternative—the story must be condensed to fit the allotted space. Therefore the last few paragraphs were cut down to a single sentence. It read thus: "The earl took a Scotch highball, his hat, his departure, no notice of his pursuers, a revolver out of his hip-pocket, and, finally, his life."

TRUSTEESHIPS

THIS CORPORATION acts as Trustee for investment and care of funds of Societies, Associations, Corporations, Churches, Colleges, Institutions, or Individuals. We solicit special investigation of our facilities for safe and profitable investment of Trust Funds.

Send for Free Booklet.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION

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Cawthra Mulock & Co.

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12 KING STREET EAST TORONTO, CANADA

CABLE ADDRESS—CAWLOCK, TORONTO

Established 1864.

The Merchants Bank OF CANADA.

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL.

Paid-up Capital - - \$7,000,000

Reserve Fund - - \$7,421,292

Total Deposits - - \$92,102,072

Total Assets - - \$121,103,558

233 BRANCHES IN CANADA.

General Banking Business Transacted.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all branches. Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received, and interest allowed at best current rates.

TORONTO OFFICES:

13 Wellington St. West; 1400 Queen St. West (Parkdale); 406-408 Parliament St.; Dundas St. and Roncesvalles Ave.; Dupont and Christie Sts.

STAMPS AND COINS.

PACKAGES free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps; catalogue; hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto.

National Service

It is a duty to Canada and the Empire, not to spend money unnecessarily, and to save as much as possible. The citizen is thus performing a national service. He is also performing a direct service to himself. The sums saved which might be spent to no advantage, be they small or large, will rapidly accumulate, and in a comparatively short time will amount to a sum which may prove very advantageous and profitable.

The surest way to save these small sums is to regularly deposit them with a safe and strong institution like the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation, where they will bear interest at

THREE AND ONE-HALF PER CENT.

per annum compounded twice a year. We welcome deposits of a dollar and upwards.

CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION

Established 1855

Paid-up Capital and Reserve Fund ELEVEN MILLION DOLLARS.

TORONTO ST. - TORONTO

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(Fire, Explosion, Ocean Marine and Inland Marine Insurance.)

Incorporated A.D. 1851.

Assets over \$5,000,000.00.

Losses paid since organization over \$66,000,000.00.

HEAD OFFICE: Cor. Scott and Wellington Sts. TORONTO

ADVERTISEMENTS.

We will not, knowingly or intentionally, insert advertisements from other than perfectly reliable firms or business men. If subscribers find any of them to be otherwise, we will esteem it a favour if they will so advise us, giving full particulars.

ADVERTISING MANAGER, CANADIAN COURIER.

National Trust Company Limited

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend for the three months ending June 30th, at the rate of

TEN PER CENT. PER ANNUM

has been declared upon the capital stock of the Company, and that same will be payable on and after July 3rd, 1917.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 20th to the 30th June, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

W. E. RUNDLE,

General Manager.

Toronto, June 6th, 1917.

- - M U S I C - -

Less Slav Music.

A NEW turn on Russian music is made by a writer in a recent American paper:

Russian music makes an appeal even larger and deeper than Russian literature, for it is written in a universal language. But it is written in an idiom peculiarly its own, which impresses by its power and sincerity. It has been said that music, song and dance are national gifts of the Slavonic race. Certain it is that everywhere one goes in Russia the people will be heard singing their traditional songs of love, adventure and war, playing the national instrument, the balalaika, and indulging in dances which have their origin in tradition and folk lore quite as much as the songs. There is often rare beauty in the music of the peasantry in middle and southern Russia, there is wonderful thrill in the soldiers' marching songs, while the church music of Russia, which is never accompanied by the organ or any other musical instru-

ment, is rich in its harmonies, moving in its devotional cadences, and enchanting in its purity and sonority of tone.

Much of the music of the people is based on a natural scale, sometimes on what is called the Scotch scale, as for example, the key of G without the F sharp. When sung by a number of voices it is harmonized in three or four parts, and is arranged in a species of counterpoint. This particularly applies to the soldiers' songs, and the effect of a passing regiment in full song, the leader, generally a tenor, giving out a theme is something to be remembered.

What we want from Russia now, is less music and more fighting. We have spent a lot of time and some money appreciating the music of the church Russian, the symphonies of Tchaikowsky and extracts from the operas of Moussorgsky. If Russia expects us to do any more of this she had better get her army in shape and

do some shoving back on these Germans.

Anyhow, if Russia doesn't, one of these days Germany, which has no modern music of her own left, anyway, will exploit every Russian composer and Germanize him. We shall have no more Slav music, but the Slav with the goose-step in it. On musical grounds alone, it is time that musical Russian army woke up.

The "Hymn of Free Russia."

THE new Russian national anthem—the "Hymn of Free Russia"—was produced for the first time by the Gabri'owitsch Orchestra in New York last week. It is by Konstantin Belmont and the English version below is by Vera and Kurt Schindler. The melody of the song, which is both march and hymn, is of notable simplicity, its highest flight comprised within an octave of notes and unadorned as a child's piano exercise. The harmony, almost equally plain, made a

profound impression. The hymn is as follows:

Young Russia, hail, victorious!
All praise we chant to thee.
Amid the nations, glorious
Thou standest, proud and free.
No tyrant shall enslave thee,
The sun arises bright!
All hail to those who gave thee
New Freedom's sacred light!

A song of countless voices
Resounds from shore to shore,
The Russian folk rejoices
With Freedom evermore!

Bohemian Music.

THE Bohemian pantheon, says a writer in the National Geographic Magazine, is particularly rich in composers and musicians. Of the former one of the best known to the world is Bedrich Smetana (1824-1884), the founder of the modern school of Bohemian music and the composer, among many other exquisite works, of the "Prodana Nevesta" (The Bartered Bride), a national opera which has appeared repeatedly within the last few years at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. The great cycle, "My Country," with the "Libuse" and "Dalibor," are a few other of his compositions.

Anton Dvorak (1841-1904) was admittedly the greatest composer of his time. His "Slavonic Dances" and his symphonies are known everywhere. Invited to this country, he was for several years director of the National Conservatory of Music in New York City, during which time he made an effort to develop purely American music based on native, and especially Indian, motives.

Among musicians the name of Jan Kubelik (1880- . . .) and Kocian are too well known in this country to need any introduction.

Unusual Recitals.

MUCH out of the ordinary—even for him—will be the two closing recitals of Mr. Atherton Furlong's pupils in Foresters' Hall, Toronto, Friday and Saturday evenings this week. The vocal performers themselves will constitute a large element of novelty, more even than is usual at a Furlong recital. The indifferent, inexperienced material will be eliminated and only the best pupils will sing. These include several who have distinguished themselves in former recitals and a number of new ones.

The greatest novelty of the occasion will be the appearance of Miss Norma Allewelt, a classic dancer from New York, who is said to be much superior to Maud Allan as an interpretative danseuse. Miss Allewelt's programme will be: 1. (a) "Sowing and Harvest" (Ceres Chalf Tchakovsky, (b) "Valse-Ballet," C. Chaminade, (c) "Moment musical" Op. 94 No. 3, F. Schubert; 2. (a) "Valse Caprice," Anton Rubinstein, (b) "Valse Romantique," Chalf Tchakovsky, (c) "Marche Militaire," Franz Schubert; 3. (a) "The Cherished Urn," Chalf Tchakovsky, (b) "Polythymna," M. Mosykowski, (c) "To a Wild Rose," Edward MacDowell.

This is the first time any vocal instructor in this part of Canada has engaged a classic dancer to illustrate his work. The reason for so doing no doubt is to accentuate the value of rhythm and of stage freedom in singing.

THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Statement of Liabilities and Assets at 30th April, 1917.

LIABILITIES

1. To the Shareholders

Capital Stock paid in	\$ 7,000,000.00
Rest or Reserve Fund	7,000,000.00
Dividends declared and unpaid	178,865.00
Balance of Profits as per Profit and Loss Account submitted herewith	421,292.96
	\$14,599,657.96

2. To the Public

Notes of the Bank in Circulation	9,483,468.00
Deposits not bearing interest	27,101,587.88
Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date of statement) ..	65,000,484.42
Balances due to other Banks in Canada	628,863.08
Balances due to Banks and banking correspondents in the United Kingdom and foreign countries	3,904,690.72
Bills payable	411,806.78
Acceptances under letters of credit
Liabilities not included in the foregoing
	\$121,130,558.82

ASSETS

Current Coin	\$ 4,766,488.82
Deposit in the Central Gold Reserves	3,500,000.00
Dominion Notes	7,650,790.50
Notes of other Banks	793,367.00
Cheques on other Banks	5,674,828.67
Balances due by other banks in Canada	2,635.33
Balances due by Banks and banking correspondents in the United Kingdom..	61,225.79
Balances due by Banks and banking correspondents elsewhere than in Canada and the United Kingdom	2,413,100.10
Dominion and Provincial Government securities, not exceeding market value.	3,862,507.19
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, not exceeding market value	3,964,251.24
Canadian Municipal securities, and British, Foreign and Colonial public securities, other than Canadian	11,263,196.20
Call Loans in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	4,627,863.57
Call Loans elsewhere than in Canada	3,461,420.47
	\$52,041,624.88
Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less Rebate of Interest)	62,737,958.74
Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less Rebate of Interest)	377,582.42
Liabilities of customers under letters of credit as per contra	411,806.78
Real Estate other than bank premises	294,197.07
Overdue debts, estimated loss provided for	149,039.68
Bank Premises, at not more than cost less amounts written off	4,617,400.23
Deposit with the Minister for the purposes of the Circulation Fund	375,000.00
Other Assets not included in the foregoing	125,949.02
	\$121,130,558.82

K. W. BLACKWELL,
Vice-President.

E. F. HEBDEN,
Managing Director.

D. C. MACAROW,
General Manager.

Report of the Auditor to the Shareholders of The Merchants Bank of Canada

In accordance with the provisions of sub-Sections 19 and 20 of Section 56 of the Bank Act, I report to the Shareholders as follows:—

I have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books of Account and other records of the Bank at the Chief Office and with the signed returns from the Branches and Agencies.
I have checked the cash and verified the securities of the Bank at the Chief Office against the entries in regard thereto in the books of the Bank as on 30th April, 1917, and at a different time during the year and found them to agree with such entries. I have also attended at some of the Branches during the year and checked the cash and verified the securities held at the dates of my attendances and found them to agree with the entries in the Books of the Bank with regard thereto.
I have obtained all the information and explanations I have required. In my opinion, the transactions of the Bank which have come under my notice have been within the powers of the Bank, and the above Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs according to the best of my information and the explanations given to me, and as shown by the books of the Bank.

VIVIAN HARCOURT,
(of Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths & Co.),
Auditor.

Montreal, 21st May, 1917.

Stop Gambling in Wheat

(Concluded from page 7.)

eliminated, and that the price of flour be fixed so that the consumer will get the benefit of it.

What the farmers want is legislation for the elimination of gambling—trading in fictitious futures. We know what we want, and we are going to get it. Mr. Lance says, "To get a remedy it is not sufficient to abandon trading in futures. That hurts the farmer at once." Thanks, Henry, we will speak for ourselves. You are speaking for the grain men. We admit you know what is good for your friends, and you want trading in futures. We know what is good for us, and we insist that trading in fictitious futures be stopped. We know that the same kind of gambling that put this price of wheat up from 50c. to \$1.00 over its actual value can put it down from 50c. to \$1.00 less than its actual value in the open market.

We want the same open market for wheat that we have for cattle. Mr. Lance condemns our cattle market, and well he may. He is speaking for the monopolists, and there is no monopoly in the cattle trade, no gamblers' rake off. We have an open market to the south, we can load our own cars. Presently we will get public abattoirs. We do not want a cattle exchange run like a gambling joint for the benefit of the gamblers, as the Grain Exchange is now run.

We are willing to take the price of cattle or wheat that is fixed by supply and demand in the open market, both when it is high and when it is low. What we do object to is getting a low price for wheat when the consumer is paying a high price and the grafting middleman is getting a big rake off.

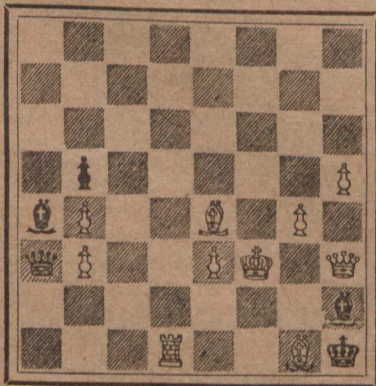
The western farmers stand for conscription—in so far as men are concerned they have conscripted themselves by enlistment. They do not think that conscription of wheat is necessary because they have a better plan—but they will not object if both men and wheat are conscripted, but they will insist that with men and wheat the wealth which they have produced and of which they have been grafted will also be conscripted.

CHESS

Conducted by MALCOLM SIM

Address all communications for this department to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant Street, Toronto. PROBLEM No. 142, by R. G. Thompson (1910).

Black—Five Pieces.



White.—Ten Pieces.

White to play and self-mate in two. SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 140. Author Unknown.
1. Kt-Q5! B-R4; 2. Q-K4ch! KxQ; 3. Kt-B5 mate.
1. . . . Kt-Kt6; 2. Q-K5ch, K-B5; 3. KtxB mate.
1. . . . KxKt; 2. Kt-Kt2 dis. ch. B-Q5ch; 3. Q-K5 mate.

1. . . . PxKt; 2. Q-Kt4ch, K moves; 3. Q-Kt4 or KB4 mate.

1. . . . K-B6; 2. Kt-B2 dis. ch, K-B4; 3. Kt-K4 mate.

A finely constructed problem. The key-move threatens 2. Kt-B2 dis. ch, as in the variation last given.

Our column last week was inadvertently published without corrections. In the problem, Black's QR3 should be a vacant square, whilst the Queen at his QB2 should be a black one.

A DIFFICULT SELF-MATE.

The following rather heavy and difficult self-mate appeared recently in the Pittsburgh Gazette-Times:—

By D. G. McIntyre.

White: K at KR4; Q at KKt4; Rs at QB8 and Q2; Bs at QKt8 and KKt2; Kt at Q7; Ps at QR6, QKt2, KKt5, KR2 and KR3. Black: K at QB5; R at QKt5; B at QR5; Kts at QB3 and Q5; Ps at QR4, QKt2, QKt4, QKt6, Q3 and KKt2. Self-mate in five (1. R-B7, P-Q4; 2. B-B3, P-QKt3; 3. B-Qsq, P-Kt3; 4. R-Q3, KxR; 5. Q-K2ch, KtxQ mate. 1. . . . P-KKt3; 2. Q-K2ch, KtxQ; 3. B-Bsq, P-Q4; 4. RxB! PxB; 5. Kt-B8! KxR mate. 1. . . . PxB; 2. BxKt, P-Q4; 3. R-Qsq, P-Kt3; 4. R-Ksq, K-Q6; 5. Q-K2ch, KtxQ mate). The chances of White interception are finely disposed of.

CHESS IN ARGENTINA.

A beautiful game played in the 1916 Argentina Championship. Notes by the winner from the "British Chess Magazine Annual."

Queen's Gambit Declined.

White.	Black.
A. Ellerman.	E. G. Rulz.
1. P-Q4	1. P-Q4
2. Kt-KB3	2. Kt-KB3
3. P-B4	3. P-K3
4. B-Kt5	4. B-K2
5. Kt-B3	5. QKt-Q2
6. P-K3	6. Castles.
7. R-Bsq	7. P-QR3
8. B-Q3	8. PxB
9. BxP	9. P-Kt4
10. B-Q3	10. B-Kt2
11. Castles.	11. P-B4
12. Q-K2	12. P-B5 (a)
13. B-Ktsq	13. R-Ksq
14. Kt-K5	14. P-Kt3 (b)
15. P-B4	15. Kt-Q4
16. B-R6	16. QKt-B3 (c)
17. P-B5 (d)	17. KtxKt
18. PxB	18. KPxB
19. BxP!	19. PxB (e)
20. RxB	20. Kt-K5 (f)
21. Q-Kt4ch	21. B-Kt4
22. BxB	22. KtxB
23. RxB	23. K-Bsq
24. QR-Bsq	24. B-Q4
25. Kt-Q7	25. K-K2
26. RxB	Resigns.

(a) This advance, though it secures Black three Pawns against two on the wing, facilitates a strong attack by the enemy.

(b) Not very good. Kt-Bsq was best.

(c) Weak. The correct move was B-KBsq.

(d) A very interesting advance, after which Black's position becomes difficult.

(e) It is much too dangerous to take the piece. B-Q3 was the right move, after which might have followed 20. B-R3, BxKt; 21. B-Kt5! BxPch; 22. KxB, Q-Q3ch; 23. B-B4, Q-Q4, etc. Now Black has no satisfactory defence.

(f) If 20. . . . B-Q4, then 21. R-Kt5ch, K-Rsq; 22. B-Kt7ch, K-Ktsq; 23. BxKt dis. ch, K-Bsq; 24. R-Kt8ch, KxR; 25. Q-Kt4ch and then mate. If 20. . . . B-KBsq, then 21. R-Kt5ch mates in seven (e.g., 21. R-Kt5ch, B-Kt2; 22. RxBch, KBsq; 23. RxBPch, K-Ktsq; 24. R-Kt7ch, K-Bsq; 25. RxB dis. ch, K-Ktsq; 26. R-Kt7ch and Knight mates. Ed. C.). The other defence 20. . . . B-K5, is met by 21. Q-B3! and if 21. . . . BxR (BxQ leaves a mate in two); 22. QxB, Kt-R4; 23. QxBPch, K-Rsq; 24. QxKt, Q-Kt3! 25. R-Bsq, B-Bsq; 26. Kt-B7ch, K-Ktsq; 27. R-B4, BxB; 28. KtxBch, K-Rsq; 29. R-Kt4! R-KBsq; 30. Q-K5ch! Q-B3; 31. R-Kt8ch, etc.

The winner is a well-known problemist, and his compositions have appeared in this column.

Owing to non-delivery by mail the usual Books You Will Read department is omitted from this issue.

AN Irishman who had listened to a sermon on the judgment day stepped up to the pastor and said: "Father, do you really think that on the judgment day everybody will be there?" The priest said: "That is my understanding." "Will Cain and Abel be there?" "Undoubtedly." "And David and Goliath—will they both be there?" "That is my information and belief." "And Brian Boru and Oliver Cromwell will be there?" "Assuredly they will be present." "And the A. O. H.'s and A. P. A.'s?" "I am quite positive they will all be there together." "Father," said the parishioner, "There'll be little judgin' done the first day."



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is anxious to make extra pocket money, but does not know of a local job he can secure for Saturdays.

We solve the problem; we have the job. All the boy does is to claim it and go to work.

The work is made easy by our new method. We show the boy (or any one) how to go about getting subscribers to Canadian Courier. The instructions are so plain a boy can follow them.

Help the Boy

Your moral support back of the boy will mean much to his first efforts. Back this up with the help we can give, and success to the boy will mean a start in life towards money making.

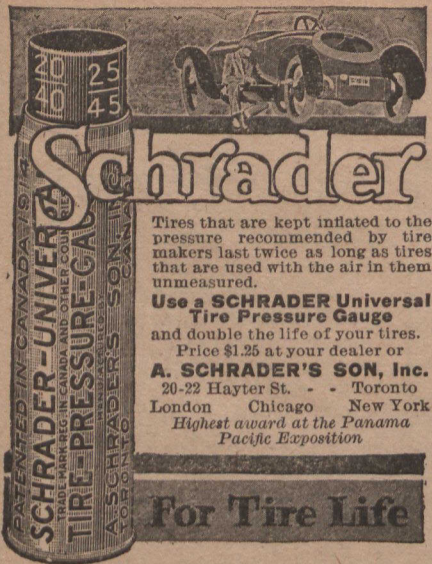
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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Supplying Coal for the Dominion Buildings," will be received at this office until 4.00 P.M., on Tuesday, July 3, 1917, for the supply of coal for the Public Buildings throughout the Dominion.

Combined specification and form of tender can be obtained on application at this office and from the caretakers of the different Dominion Buildings.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so or fail to complete the contract. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

By order,
R. C. DESROCHERS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, June 9, 1917.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

JUST FOR BOYS

This offer is for you, boys; nobody else. I want wide-awake boys in every town and village in Canada—all over.

I want you because you can help me make sales for the Canadian Courier.

You want MY PROPOSITION because it will show you how to make money.

MY GUARANTEE, TOO.

I positively guarantee you at least 50c a day. Write me to-day and I will tell you HOW. You just learn the HOW and then go and do it.

SALES MANAGER,
CANADIAN COURIER,
TORONTO.

Women in Politics

CANADIAN women in politics are following along the trail of the American woman. Jeannette Rankin, the first Congress-woman in the United States, now has her seat at the capitol. The first woman member of any Legislature in Canada is Mrs. McKenney, of Claresholm, south of Calgary, recently elected an Independent member of the Alberta Legislature.

WHAT do we think about woman suffrage? has been asked of the Canadian Courier. We reply by asking what any sane person thinks of the law of gravity, or the benefits of a world peace?

Some time ago Mr. N. W. Rowell, Opposition leader, addressed the Ontario Women's Liberal Association in Toronto. He said:

In addressing you at your last annual meeting I was able to congratulate you on the fact that what I think we may fittingly describe as the great war measure — one of the main planks of our platform—the abolition of the bar—has passed into law by the unanimous action of the Legislature. I am glad to be able to congratulate you this year on the fact that a great measure of social reconstruction—another important plank in our platform, for which we have also been working for years—the extension of franchise to women—has also passed into law by the unanimous action of the Legislature. The passing of these two great measures places the people of this Province in a better position than we have ever been, to bring our united energies to bear on the task of winning the war, and on the almost equally important task of social reconstruction, which must follow the war.

Mr. Rowell also said that while he did not agree with the Attorney-General that women should choose their party and stick to it forevermore, he had no idea that a woman's party as such would ever succeed. Evidently he looks to the woman vote to break up the solidarity of machine politics.

Probably the best posted woman in America on what women can do in politics was in Canada a short time ago, addressing a large audience in Convocation Hall, Toronto. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt is President of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance. Some years ago, when she was far less famous than she is now, she drifted into a little town near Buffalo and made woman suffrage converts of half the men in the place. She had a personal magnetism that made even the bitter pill of suffrage a pleasant pellet to some people. And she has it still. Mrs. Catt was introduced at Convocation Hall by Mrs. F. H. Torrington, President of the National Council of Women. She gave an inspiring historical address dealing much with the war and its problems. One of her brightest passages as paraphrased by the reporter was:

Out of the war would come a great impetus to the people and women were for the first time recognized as a war asset in the great work they were performing. They always worked in wartime, but never got any credit. It was felt by nearly all women when the war broke out that the women's cause was set back a hundred years, but a century's development had come in a year, and a human liberty never dreamed of would come as the result of the war. The women were urged to use their vote, not to treat it indifferently, and to help to establish the welfare of the world.

The value of Mrs. Catt's message to Canadian women must be judged by her work which we summarize from the New York Times as follows:

The National American Woman Suffrage Association—of which Mrs. Catt is president—recently offered to the Government the services of 2,000,000 women, this being their entire membership. This offer was made possible by the very efficient organization of this great political body. The extent of this work may be more fully comprehended when we consider that New York City, the national headquarters has a membership of 500,000.

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Presided Over 1200 Delegates

PERHAPS it was striking evidence of the forward movement for women of Western Canada, or it may have been in part the natural outcome of war conditions, yet nevertheless a few weeks ago three important conventions were going on in the city of Regina at the same time, and each was presided over by a woman. Two of them—the Saskatchewan Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire and Saskatchewan Graduate Nurses' Association—were wholly women's meetings, so it was but natural that these should



Miss Christine MacGregor, of Prince Albert, Who Held the Gavel Over 1,200 Teachers in Regina.

be conducted by their respective presidents, Mrs. William Melville Martin, wife of the Provincial Premier, and Miss Jeane E. Brown, who has just been appointed Inspector of School Hygiene by the Saskatchewan Government, and was instrumental in the passing of the Graduate Nurses' Bill at the last session of the Legislature. But the third convention in question was a totally different affair, and the charming, capable presiding officer held sway over a mixed audience of upwards of twelve hundred teachers. Miss Christine MacGregor, of Prince Albert, when elected first vice-president of the Saskatchewan Educational Association, had little idea that the office would ever involve any great responsibility. However, the death of the President left her the temporary head of the organization and the chairwoman of the huge annual convention.

Miss MacGregor is altogether Western, having been born and lived her life—with the exception of some eastern school days—in Prince Albert. In her term of service as a teacher Miss MacGregor has before had responsibility thrust upon her and proved quite capable of handling the burden. Her principal having joined the colours it was Miss MacGregor's duty to "carry on" his position for the balance of the year.

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Gouraud's Oriental Cream

If you are now troubled with tan or sunburn—use it. This troublesome condition will disappear at once. It beautifies the complexion instantly with a refined, soft, pearly-white appearance. Try it at once.

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I.O.D.E. Talks for the Good of the Nation

(Concluded from page 14.)

In this complete democracy of discussion the address of the re-elected President, Mrs. Albert Gooderham, was one of the soundest, sanest and wisest.

"I am not criticizing the leaders of our parties," she said. "Many splendid men have done devoted work for the good of Canada in the capital cities of our Provinces and the Dominion. But we do know how many dark pages are to be found in the history of Canada. This can only be remedied by the majority of our voters earnestly endeavouring to find men of mind and conscience to put into public offices. We are convinced that the heart of the nation is sound.

"We have got to study and learn to guide ourselves in our political life by principle and not by prejudice. One cannot be a good citizen by instinct. It takes time and thought to learn to do one's public duty."

One of the most enlivening and instructive addresses was given by Mrs. J. Elliott Langstaff, President of the I. O. D. E., in New York. She spoke on the food question. Here is one of her vigorous, short-arm jabs, truly American deliverances:

"The gospel of the clean plate must be learned and practised throughout America, and people must study to do without. Judicious use of food will conserve foodstuffs for export and save lives. We people of the United States and Canada eat thirty-five per cent. more food than we need just through the habit of waste. Meatless days are not necessary, but just live up to food conservation to save the nation from a ration pledge. Right ideals are better than iron-clad rules. The former is democracy, self-mobilization rather than conscription.

"Send our Allies all the cardinal necessities. Our allies are dying and we must sacrifice. Raise fruit and not flowers. Peg away against all discouragements. The loaf of privation is on the Allies' table. We must release for our Allies wheat, oats, barley, beef, pork and all animal fats, and reduce our consumption. This means you, not your neighbour."

Feed children rather than calves, was the practical plea of Mrs. J. D. Gordon opposing a resolution issued by the National Executive of the I. O. D. E. asking that all the members of the Order pledge themselves not to eat veal and lamb in order that the stock might be reserved for beef and mutton, in realizing the increased-production-of-stock movement.

"The aim of this resolution," one said, "is to further increased production of stock, and the movers seek by legislation to prevent the increase of the herds from being killed for food, a measure which, more than any other, would defeat the desired purpose!"

"For instance, what becomes of the milk supply if calves have to be fed rather than our children. Cruel as it may seem, calves have to perish that children may be fed."

A Man in a Hurry

(Concluded from page 9.)

"What-you-call-her, the old lady would find me out in half a minute."

"Then," I said, "what would be the use of taking me?"

He jumped up from the table.

"And you call yourself quick!" he cried, scornfully.

I simply stared at him.

"I—I—what do you mean?" I asked. My voice sounded funny.

"Do you want me to tell you that I'm in love with you?" he inquired.

Somehow I had to laugh. I don't know why.

"Yes," I said, "I do."

"Then, if it's any satisfaction to you, I am. But you knew it perfectly well all along. You've only been bluffing me."

I turned back with my hand on the door-knob and looked at him.

"I did not," I said. "I thought it was only business and—and your mother; and as for 'bluffing'—you said—you said—"

"It was bluffing about Miss—Miss Go-and-hang-her!—if that's what you mean."

"And your mother?"

"No. That's true."

"And the—the model?"

"That's right."

"And—all the rest?"

"All the rest. Only I—I got fond of you; and I was foolish enough to think that you—well, it serves me right. I ought to have seen that you didn't. I was a fool, and—that's all."

He turned round and dumped his head on his hand. I opened the door; and shut it with a bang, only—I stopped inside. He gave a miserable sort of growl.

"And she doesn't care a hang for me," he muttered.

I tiptoed across the carpet, and put my hand on his shoulder.

"And you call yourself quick!" I said.

And then I laughed; and then I—was very silly!

So was he!

* * * * *

My clerks murmured when I said they must come at eight the next morning and finish everything by half-past ten. (The wedding was at eleven; but, of course, I had not told them.)

"You're in a dreadful hurry," they complained.

"You should see the hurry that he's in!" I said. "I never saw a man in such a hurry!"

Psychologically Speaking

(Concluded from page 6.)

hegemony of the Balkan States after the first Balkan war, and so isolated the little country that she had resolved to destroy. It was for this reason that Austria proposed to Italy that Serbia be attacked one year before the outbreak of the present war. It was for this reason that Austria was so quick to seize the assassination of the Archduke as a pretext for the accomplishment of the design that she had for so long cherished. The conquest of Serbia was therefore in a very real sense the object of the war, and it is the domination of Serbia to which the Central Powers look for their compensation and their triumph. If they shall emerge from the war with this end attained they will have won the war, no matter what other territory they evacuate, no matter what indemnities they may be called upon to pay. A Teuton control of Serbia means that the road to the east is open. It means a threat to Egypt, the Suez Canal, and India. It means a German protector-

ate over the whole Mohammedan world. And of course it means a check to Pan-Slavism from which it could hardly recover.

That the Italian advance upon Trieste seems momentarily to have halted is easily explicable. The line of communications is now a very long one, and it must be guarded. We may suppose that the main Italian force is near Jamiano close to the Adriatic Sea, and preparing for an advance upon Duino, some three miles to the south. But the whole of the territory to the east of the Italian line is hostile. Nothing would have pleased the Austrians better than to see a continued Italian advance upon Trieste that would have permitted an attack to the rear or northward of the main Italian army, thus severing it from its base and exposing it to the danger of envelopment. General von Ludendorff, who is said to be acting in an advisory capacity to the Austrian forces, is said to have hoped that the Italians would push on toward Trieste, and so enter a trap that might easily have been fatal to them. But General Cadorna has evidently resisted that temptation. He has stayed his armies almost within sight of Trieste until the territory to his east shall be cleared of enemies who would like nothing better than to fall upon his comparatively thin line to the north. It is for this reason that we hear of bitter fighting to the east of Gorizia and as far north as Monte Cucco. If we shall presently hear that the advance upon Trieste has been resumed it will be because the danger of a flank attack has disappeared by the dispersal of the Austrian forces to the east. The preser-

vation of the line of communications is usually of far greater importance than even a pitched battle in the open. There can be no advance until the safety of the communications has been assured.

A Veteran

DESIRING to meet his emperor's passion for tall men, a recruiting officer for Frederick the Great carefully coached a giant Irishman in German, so that his ignorance of the language might not become known. "Pat," said he, "his majesty will ask you three questions in German, and you will answer in German. I will teach you the words, and you must get them right. He will say to you, 'How old are you?' You will reply, 'Twenty-seven years.' Then he will ask, 'How long have you been in the army?' You will respond, 'Three weeks,' and then he will say, 'Are you satisfied with your lodgings and your food?' and you answer, 'Both, your majesty,' and then you will salute the king." Pat got the German thoroughly. When reviewing his troops the king immediately sighted the newcomer. "Ah," he said, with a satisfied smile at the giant Hibernian. "How long have you been in the army?" "Twenty-seven years," "What!" yelled his majesty. "Why, how old are you?" "Three weeks." "Donner und blitzen!" shrieked the infuriated despot. "Am I a madman or are you?" "Both," replied Pat, imperturbably, and the king was removed, foaming.

(Reprinted from The Argonaut.)





OLD CHUM TOBACCO

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smokers, than any other
tobacco smoked
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NUMBER 70, BERLIN

A STORY of espionage as they had it in England and still have it in Russia. Told with great simplicity and dramatic force. What is Number 70? That's what Lewin Rodwell knew all about when some people didn't.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

JACK did not want further persuasion. Leaving the old man, he closed the door, ran up the carpeted steps two at a time and, in a few moments, held his well-beloved fondly in his arms.

She looked very pretty that night—a sweet, rather demure little figure in a smart, but young-looking dinner gown of pale cornflower-blue crepe de chine, a dress which well became her, setting off her trim, dainty figure to perfection, while the touch of velvet of the same shade in her fair hair enhanced her beauty.

"Oh! I'm so glad you've come, dear!" cried the girl, as she looked fondly into her lover's face with those clear, childlike eyes, which held him always beneath their indescribable spell. And as he imprinted soft kisses upon her lips, she added: "Do you know, Jack, I may be most awfully silly—probably you'll say I am—but the truth is I have suddenly been seized by grave apprehensions concerning you."

"Why, darling?" he asked quickly, still holding her in his strong arms.

"Well, I'll confess, however silly it may appear," said the girl. "All day to-day I've felt ever so anxious about you. I know that, like poor Dr. Jerrold, you are trying to discover and punish the spies of Germany. Now, those people know it. They are as unscrupulous as they are vindictive, and I—well, I've been seriously wondering whether, knowing that you are their enemy, they may not endeavour to do you some grave harm."

"Harm!" laughed the young man. "Why, whatever makes you anticipate such a thing, darling?"

"Well—I don't really know," was her reply. "Only to-day I've been thinking so much about it all—about Dr. Jerrold's strange death, and of all you've lately told me—that I'm very apprehensive. Do take care of yourself, Jack dear, won't you—for my sake?"

"Of course I will," he said, with a smile. "But what terrible fate do you anticipate for me? You don't really think that the Germans will try and murder me, do you?"

"Ah! You don't know what revenge they might not take upon you," the girl said as they stood together near the fire in the big, handsome room, his arm tenderly around her waist. "Remember that poor Dr. Jerrold upset a good many of their plans, and that you helped him."

"Well, and if I did, I don't really anticipate being assassinated," he answered, quite calmly.

"But the doctor died. Why?" asked the girl. "Could his death have been due to revenge, do you think?"

Jack Sainsbury was silent. It was not the first time that that vague and terrible suggestion had crossed his mind, yet he had never uttered a word to her regarding his suspicions.

"Jerome committed suicide," was his quiet, thoughtful reply.

"That's what the doctors said. But do you think he really did?" queried the girl.

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX

Jack shrugged his shoulders, but made no reply.

"Ah! I see! You yourself are not quite convinced!" she said, looking him straight in the face.

"Well, Elise," he said after a brief silence, and with a forced laugh, "I really don't think I should worry. I can surely take care of myself. Perhaps you would like me to carry a revolver? I'll do so, if it will content you."

"You can't be too careful, dear," she said earnestly, laying her slim fingers upon his arm. "Remember that they are the spies of the most barbarous race on earth and, in order to gain their ends, they'll stick at nothing."

"Not even at killing your humble and most devoted servant—eh?" laughed Jack. "Well, if it will relieve your mind I'll carry a pistol. I have an automatic Browning at home—a bit rusty, I fear."

"Then carry it with you always, dear. —I—" But she hesitated in her eagerness, and did not conclude her sentence.

In a second he realized that she had been on the point of speaking, of telling him something. Yet she had broken off just in time. That fact puzzled him considerably.

"Well," he asked, his serious gaze fixed upon those big blue eyes of his well-beloved, while her fair head rested up his shoulder: "what has caused you these gloomy forebodings concerning myself, dearest? Tell me."

"Oh, nothing," she replied in a strange, nervous voice. "I suppose that I'm horribly silly, of course. But, knowing all that you have told me about the wonderful spy-system of Germany, I have now become gravely apprehensive regarding your safety."

JACK saw that she was endeavouring to conceal something. What knowledge had she gained? In an instant he grew eagerly interested. Yet he did not, at the moment, press her further.

"And you think that the fact of carrying a gun will be a protection to me, do you, little one? Well, most women believe that. Yet, as a matter of fact, firearms are very little protection. If a man is seriously marked down by an enemy, a whole army of detectives cannot save him. Think of the political assassinations, anarchist outrages, and the like. Police protection has usually proved futile."

"But you can take proper ordinary precautions," she suggested.

"And pray, dear, why do you ask me to take precautions?" he inquired. Then, looking earnestly into her eyes, he added very gravely: "Something—or somebody—has put all these grim fears into your head. Now, dearest, tell me the truth," he urged.

She made no response. Her eyes were downcast, and he saw that she hesitated. For what reason?

"Whoever has put all these silly ideas into your head, darling, is responsible to me!" he said in a hard voice.

"Well, Jack, I—I really can't help it. I—I love you, as you know; and I can't bear to think that you are running into danger, as you undoubtedly are."

He looked into her pretty face again.

"Now look here, darling," he went on: "aren't you getting just a little too nervous about me? I quite admit that in these days of wars, of terrible massacres, of barbarism and of outrages of which even African savages would not be guilty, one is apt to become unduly nervous. You've been reading the papers, perhaps. They don't always tell us the truth nowadays, with the Censor trying to hide up everything."

"No, Jack," she said boldly. "I haven't been reading the papers. I'm only anxious to save you."

"But how do you know that I'm in any danger?" he asked quickly. "Why be anxious at all? I assure you that I'm perfectly safe. Nobody will lift a finger against me. Why should they?"

"Ah! you don't see," she cried. "There is a motive—a hidden motive of revenge. Your enemies intend to do you harm—grievous bodily harm. I know that."

"How?" he asked quickly, fixing her splendid eyes with his.

That straight, bold question caused her to hesitate. She had intended to prevaricate, that he knew. She did not wish to reveal the truth to him, yet she feared lest he might be annoyed. Nevertheless, so serious was he, so calm and utterly defiant in face of her grave warning, that a second later she found herself wavering.

"Well," she replied, "I—I feel absolutely certain that it is intended that some harm shall come to you."

"Then I'd better go to Scotland Yard and say that I'm threatened—eh?" he laughed merrily. "And they will put on somebody to watch me, well knowing that, if the whole of Scotland Yard—from the Assistant Commissioner downwards—were put on to shadow me, the result would be just the same. I should surely be killed, if my enemies had seriously plotted my death."

"That's just my very argument," she said sagely, her pretty head slightly inclined as she spoke. "I feel convinced that some evil is intended."

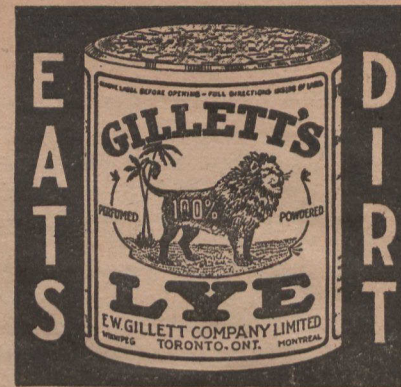
"But why, darling?" he asked in surprise. "What causes you all these silly notions?"

"Several things. Frankly, I don't believe that Dr. Jerrold took his own life. I believe that he was a victim of the dastardly spies of the Great Assassin."

JACK said nothing. The mystery in Wimpole Street was great. Yet, how could they dispute the medical evidence?

"That's another matter," he remarked. "How does that concern my safety?"

"It does, very deeply. Your enemies know that you assisted Jerrold, and I am firmly convinced that



you are marked down in consequence."

"My darling!" he cried, drawing her closer to him. "You really make me feel quite creepy all over!" and he laughed.

"Oh, I do wish, dear, you'd take this grave danger seriously!"

"But I don't. That's just it!" he answered. "I quite understand, darling, that you may be anxious, but I really feel that your anxiety is quite groundless and hence unnecessary."

The girl sighed, and then protested, saying—

"Ah! if you would only heed my warning!"

"Haven't I promised to do so? I'm going to carry my revolver in future."

"You take it as a huge joke!" she said in dissatisfaction, disengaging herself slowly from his embrace.

"I do. Because I can't see why you should warn me. Who has put

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such thoughts into your head? Surely I know how to take care of myself!" he exclaimed.

"Perhaps you do. But that a grave danger, threatens you, Jack, I happen to know," was her serious reply.

"How do you know?" he asked quickly, facing her. He had, all along, seen that, for some unaccountable reason, she was hesitating to tell him the truth.

"Well," she said slowly, "if—I if I tell you the truth, Jack dear, you won't laugh at me, will you?" she asked at last.

"Of course not, my darling. I know full well that you love me, and, as a natural consequence, you are perhaps a little too apprehensive."

"I have cause to be," she said in a low voice, and, taking from the breast of her low-cut gown a crumpled letter, she handed it to him, saying: "A week ago I received this! Read it!"

HE took it and, opening it, found it to be an ill-scribbled note, upon a sheet of common note-paper such as one would buy in a penny packet, envelopes included.

The note, which was anonymous, and bore the postmark of Willesden, commenced with the words "Dear Miss," and ran as follows:

"Your lover, Sainsbury, has been warned to keep his nose out of other people's affairs, and as he continues to inquire about what does not concern him his activity is to be cut short. Tell him that, as he has disregarded the advice given him by letter two months ago, his fate is now sealed. The arm of Germany's vengeance is long, and reaches far. So beware—both of you!"

For a few seconds Jack held the mysterious missive in his hand, and then suddenly he burst out laughing.

"You surely won't allow this to worry you?" he exclaimed. "Why, it's only some crank—somebody we know who is playing a silly practical joke,"—and folding the letter, he gave it back to her with a careless air. "Such a letter as that doesn't worry me for a single minute."

"But it contains a distinct assertion—that you are doomed!" cried the girl, pale-faced and very anxious.

"Yes—it certainly is a very cheerful note. Whom do you know at Willesden?"

"Not a soul that I can think of. I've been puzzling my brains for days as to anybody I know there, but can think of no one."

"It was posted out there on purpose, no doubt!" he laughed. "Well, if I were you, Elise, I wouldn't give it another thought."

"Ah, that's all very well. But I can't get rid of the distinct belief that some mischief is intended," answered the girl very gravely.

"No, no, darling!" he assured her, placing his arm again round her slim waist, and kissing her fondly upon the lips. "Don't anticipate any such thing. Somebody's having a game with us. They think it a huge joke, no doubt."

"But do look the facts in the face, Jack!" she urged. "These spies of Germany, swarming over the country as they do, will hesitate at nothing in order to gain victory for their barbarous Fatherland. Not only have we to fight the unscrupulous army of the Kaiser, remember, but another army of pro-Germans in our midst,—

those pretended Englishmen who have their 'spiritual homes' in Berlin."

"True. But don't let that letter get on your nerves, darling. Burn it, and then forget it."

"Did you ever receive a letter warning you?" she asked.

"Yes. I've had several. One was, I believe, in the same handwriting as yours," was his rather careless reply.

"You never told me of them!"

"Because I discarded them," he said. "I believe I've had quite half a dozen at various times, but I pay no attention to people who don't sign their names."

ELISE SHEARMAN sighed. In her fine blue eyes there was a distinctly troubled look.

She loved Jack very deeply and tenderly. What if these people actually did make an attempt upon his life? Suppose he were killed! That the spies of Germany had every motive to put an end to his activity in ferreting them out, was quite plain. Indeed, her father, knowing nothing of the anonymous letter, had referred to it that evening. He had declared that her lover was running very grave risks. It had been this remark which had set her thinking more deeply and more apprehensively.

Jack saw that she was worrying, therefore he kissed her fondly, and reassured her that no harm would befall him.

"I'll take every precaution possible, in order to satisfy you, my darling," he declared, his strong arms again around her as he held her closely to him.

They looked indeed a handsome pair—he tall, good-looking, strong and manly, and she dainty and fair, with a sweet, delightful expression upon her pretty face.

"Then—then you really love me, Jack?" she faltered, looking up into his face as he whispered into her delicate ear, regretting if any ill-considered word he had uttered had pained her.

"Love you, my darling!" he cried passionately—"why, of course I do. How can you doubt me? You surely know that, for me, there is only one good, true woman in all the world—your own dear, sweet self!"

She smiled in full content, burying her pretty head upon his shoulder.

"Then—then you really will take care of yourself, Jack—won't you?" she implored. "When you are absent I'm always thinking—and wondering—"

"And worrying, I fear, little one," he interrupted. "Now don't worry. I assure you that I'm quite safe—that—"

His sentence was interrupted by a tap at the door. They sprang apart, and Littlewood, old Dan's neat, middle-aged manservant—a North-country man, a trusted friend of the family—entered and, addressing Jack, said, with that pleasant burr in his voice:

"There's a gentleman called, sir—gives the name of Murray, sir. He wants to see you a moment upon some rather urgent business."

"Murray?" echoed Jack. "I don't recollect the name. 'Who is he?'"

"He's a gentleman, sir. He's down in the hall. He won't detain you a minute, he says," was the man's reply.

"Then excuse me a moment," he said in apology to Elise, and left the room, descending to the hall with Littlewood.

Below stood a clean-shaven man in a black overcoat who, advancing to meet him, said—

"Are you Mr. Sainsbury, sir?"

"Yes. That's my name," replied the young man.

"I want to speak to you privately, just for a few moments," the stranger said. "I want to tell you something in confidence," he added, lowering his voice. "Shall we go outside the door?" and he glanced meaningly at Littlewood.

At first Jack was much puzzled, but, next moment, he said—

"Certainly—if you wish."

Then both men went forth, descending the steps to the pavement, whereupon a second man, who sprang from nowhere, joined them instantly, while "Mr. Murray" said, in a calm and quite determined voice—

"Mr. Sainsbury, we are officers of the Criminal Investigation Department, and we arrest you upon a warrant charging you with certain offences under the Defence of the Realm Act."

"What!" gasped Jack, staring at them absolutely dumbfounded. "Are you mad? What tomfoolery is this?"

"I will read the warrant over to you at Bow Street," answered the man who had called himself Murray.

And, as he uttered the words, a taxi that had been waiting a few doors away drew up, and almost before Sainsbury could protest, or seek permission to return to his fiancée and explain the farce in progress, he was,

in full view of Littlewood, bundled unceremoniously into the conveyance, which, next instant, moved swiftly down the hill in the direction of Swiss Cottage station, on its way to Bow Street Police Station.

CHAPTER XIV.

Held By the Enemy.

"THAT can hardly be correct—because there are proofs," remarked the tall, fair, quick-eyed man, who sat in the cold, official-looking room at Bow Street Police Station at half-past three o'clock that same morning.

Jack Sainsbury was standing in defiance before the table, while, in the room, stood the two plain-clothes men who had effected his arrest.

The fair-haired man at the table was Inspector Tennant, of the Special Department at New Scotland Yard, an official whose duty since the outbreak of war was to make inquiry into the thousand-and-one cases of espionage which the public reported weekly to that much-harassed department. Tennant, who had graduated, as all others had graduated, from the rank of police-constable on the streets of London, was a reliable officer as far as patriotism and a sense of duty went. But it was impossible for a man born in a labourer's cottage on the south side of Dartmoor, and educated at the village school, to possess such a highly trained brain as that possessed by say certain commissaires of the Paris Surete.

Thomas Tennant, a highly popular man as far as the staff at "the Yard" went, and trusted implicitly by his

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superiors from the Assistant-Commissioner downwards, worked with an iron sense of the red-taped duty for which he received his salary.

"I'm sorry," said Tennant, looking at the young man; "but all these denials will not, I fear, help you in the least. As I warned you, they are being taken down in writing, and may be used in evidence against you," and he indicated a clerk writing shorthand at a side table.

Jack Sainsbury grew furious.

"I don't care a brass button what evidence you can give against me," he cried. "I only know that my conscience is perfectly clear. I have tried, since the war, to help my friend Dr. Jerome Jerrold of Wimpole Street, to inquire into spies and espionage. We acted together, and Jerrold reported much that was unknown to Whitehall. He—"

"Doctor Jerrold is the gentleman who committed suicide—if my memory serves me correctly," interrupted the police official, speaking very quietly.

"Perhaps he did. I say perhaps—remember," exclaimed the young man under arrest. "But I don't agree with the finding of the Coroner's jury."

"People often disagree with a Coroner's jury," was the dry reply of the hide-bound official, seated at the table. "But now, let us get along," he added persuasively. "You admit that you are John James Sainsbury; that you were, until lately, clerk in the employ of the Ochrida Copper Corporation, in Gracechurch Street, from the service of which you were

recently discharged. Is that so?"

"Most certainly. I have nothing to deny."

"Good. Then let us advance a step further. You were, I believe, an intimate friend of Dr. Jerome Jerrold, who lived in Wimpole Street, and who, for no apparent reason, committed suicide."

"Yes."

"You do not know, I presume, that Dr. Jerrold was suspected of a very grave offence under the Defence of the Realm Act, and that, rather than face arrest and prosecution by court-martial as a spy—he took his own life!"

"It's a lie—an infernal lie!" shouted young Sainsbury. "Who alleges such an outrageous lie as that?"

THE fair-haired detective smiled, and in that suave manner he usually adopted towards prisoners, with clasped hands he said:

"I fear I cannot tell you that."

"But it's a confounded lie! Jerome Jerrold was no spy. He and I were the firmest friends, and I know how he devoted his time and his money to investigating the doings of the enemy in our midst. Did you not read the words of the Lord Chancellor the other day?"

"I'm afraid I didn't."

"Well, speaking in the House of Lords, he admitted that we have not only to fight a foe in the open field, but that their spies are in every land and that the webs of their intrigue enmesh and entangle every Government. It was in order to assist the

authorities—your own department indeed—that Dr. Jerome, two friends of his, and myself devoted our time to watching at nights, and investigating."

The official's lips curled slightly.

"I know that, full well. But how do you explain away the fact that your friend, the doctor, committed suicide rather than face a prosecution?"

"He had nothing to fear. Of that I am quite confident. No braver, more loyal, or more patriotic man ever existed than he, poor fellow."

"I'm afraid the facts hardly bear out your contention."

"But what are the facts?" demanded the young man fiercely.

"As I have already said, it is not within my province to tell you."

"But I've been arrested to-night upon a false charge—a charge trumped up against me perhaps by certain officials who may be jealous of what I have done, and what I have learnt. I am discredited in the eyes of my friends at the house where I was arrested. Surely I should be told the truth!"

"I, of course, do not know what truths may be forthcoming at your trial. But at present I am not allowed to explain anything to you, save that the charge against you is that you have attempted to communicate with the enemy."

"What!" shouted Jack, astounded: "am I actually charged, then, with being a German spy?"

"I'm afraid that is so."

"But I have no knowledge of any other of the enemy's agents, save those which were discovered by Jerrold and reported to Whitehall by him."

"Ah! the evidence, I think, goes a little further—documentary evidence which has recently been placed in the hands of the War Office."

"By whom, pray?"

"You surely don't think it possible for me to reveal the name of the informant in such a case?" was the cold reply.

JACK SAINSBURY stood aghast and silent at the grave charge which had been preferred against him. It meant, he knew, a trial in camera. He saw how entirely he must be discredited in the eyes of the world, who could never know the truth, or even the nature of his defence.

He thought of Elise. What would she think? What did she think when Littlewood told her—as he had told her, no doubt—of how he had been mysteriously hustled into a taxi, and driven off?

For the first time a recollection of that strange anonymous warning which his well-beloved had received crossed his memory. Who had sent that letter? Certainly some friend who had wished his, or her, name to remain unknown.

"The whole thing is a hideous farce," he cried savagely, at last. "Nobody can prove that I am not what I here allege myself to be—an honest, loyal and patriotic Englishman."

"You will have full opportunity of proving that, and of disproving the documentary evidence which is in the hands of the Director of Public Prosecutions."

"Public Prosecutions! Mine will be in camera," laughed Jack grimly. "I suppose I shall be tried by a kind of military inquisition. I hope they won't wear black robes, with slits for the

eyes, as they did in the old days in Spain!" he laughed.

"I fail to see much humour in your present position, Mr. Sainsbury," replied Tennant rather frigidly.

"I see a lot—even though I'm annoyed that your men should have called at Fitzjohn's Avenue, instead of going to my place in Heath Street. If you know so much about me, you surely knew my address."

"The warrant was issued for immediate arrest, sir," exclaimed one of the detectives to his superior. "Therefore we went to Fitzjohn's Avenue."

"I suppose I shall have an opportunity of knowing the name of my enemy—of the person who laid this false information against me—and also that I can see my counsel?"

"The latter will certainly be allowed to-morrow."

"May I write to Miss Shearman—my fiancée?"

"No. But if you wish to give her any message—say by telephone—I will see that it is sent to her, if you care to write it down."

A pencil was handed to him, whereupon he bent and scribbled a couple of lines.

"To Miss Elise Shearman, from the prisoner, John Sainsbury.—Please tell Miss Shearman that I have been arrested as a spy, and am at Bow Street Police Station. Tell her not to worry. I have nothing to fear, and will be at liberty very soon. Some grave official error has evidently been made."

Then, handing the slip to the Detective Inspector he said—

"If they will kindly ring up Mr. Shearman's in Hampstead"—and he gave the number—"and give that message, I shall be greatly obliged."

"It shall be done," replied the police official. "Have you anything else to say?"

"Only one thing, and of this statement I hope you will make a careful note: namely, that on the night when Dr. Jerome Jerrold died so mysteriously, I was on my way to give him some most important information that I had gathered in the City only a few hours before—information which, when I reveal it, will startle the Kingdom—but he died before I could tell him. He died in my arms, as a matter of fact."

INSPECTOR TENNANT was silent for a few moments. Then he asked—

"Did you ever reveal this important information to anyone else?"

"No. I did not. Only Jerrold would have understood its true gravity."

"Then it concerned him—eh?"

"No. It concerned somebody else. I was on my way to consult him—to ask his opinion as to how I should act, when I found I could not get into his room. His man helped me to break in, and we found him dying. In fact, he spoke to me—he said he'd been shot—just before he expired."

"Yes, I know," remarked Tennant reflectively. "I happened to be present in court when the inquest was held. I heard your evidence, and I also heard the evidence of Sir Houston Bird, who testified as to suicide."

"Jerrold did not take his life!" Jack protested.

"Can you put your opinion before that of such a man as Sir Houston?" asked Tennant dubiously.

"He had no motive in committing suicide."

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"Ah! I think your opinion will rather alter, that is, if the prosecution reveals to you the truth. He had, according to my information, every motive for escape from exposure and punishment."

"Impossible!" declared Jack Sainsbury, standing defiant and rather amused than otherwise at the ridiculous charge brought against him. "Dr. Jerrold was not a man to shrink from his duty. He did his best to combat the peril of the enemy alien, and if others had had the courage to act as he did, we should not be faced with the scandalous situation—our enemies moving freely among us—that we have to-day."

Inspector Tennant—typical of the slow-plodding of police officialdom, and the careful attention to method of those who have risen from "unformed rank"—listened and smiled.

UPON the warrant was a distinct charge against the young man before him, and upon that charge he centred his hide-bound mind. It is always so easy to convict a suspect by one's inner intuition. Had Jack Sainsbury been able to glance at the file of papers which had culminated in his conviction, he would have seen that only after Jerome Jerrold's death had the charge of war-treason been brought against him. There was no charge of espionage, because, according to the Hague Convention, nobody can technically be charged as a spy unless the act of espionage is committed within the war zone. England was not then—because Zeppelin raids had not taken place—within the war zone. Hence nobody could be charged as a spy.

"Mr. Sainsbury, I think there is nothing more to say to-night," Tennant said at last. "It is growing late. I'll see that your message is sent to Fitzjohn's Avenue by telephone. They will see you in the morning regarding your defence. But—well, I confess that I'm sorry that you should have said so much as you have."

"So much!" cried the young man furiously. "Here I am, arrested upon a false charge—accused of being a traitor to my country—and you regret that I dare to defend a man who is in his grave and cannot answer for himself! Are you an Englishman—or are you one of those tainted by the Teuton trail—as so many are in high places?"

"I think you are losing your temper," said the red-tape-tangled inspector of the Special Branch—a man who held one of the plums of the Scotland Yard service. "I have had an order, and I have executed it. That is as far as I can go."

"At my expense. You charge me with an offence which is utterly ridiculous, and beyond that you cast scandalous reflections upon the memory of the man who was my dearest friend!"

"I only tell you what is reported."

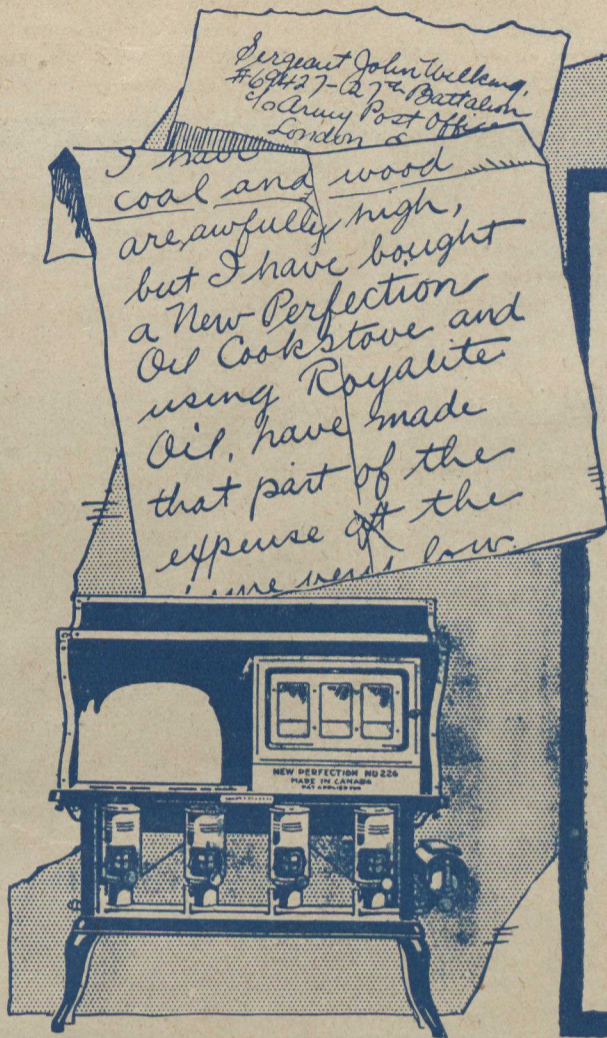
"By whom?"

"I have already stated that I am not permitted to answer such a question."

"Then my enemies—some unknown and secret enemies—have placed me in this invidious position!"

"Well—if you like to put it in that way, you may," reflected the police official, who, with a cold smile, closed the book upon the table, as a sign that the interview was at an end.

(To be continued.)



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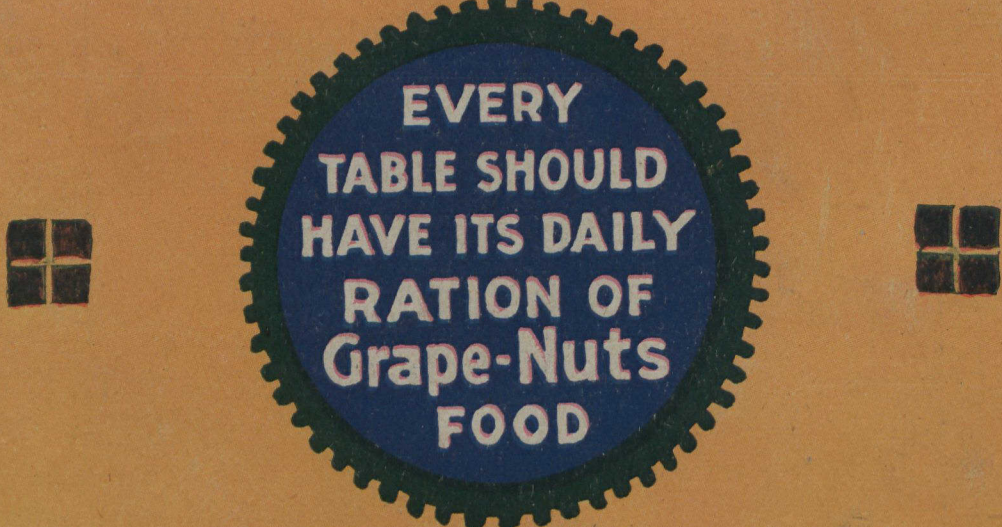
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