

# CANADIAN COURIER

Vol. XXIII.

No. 5

FIVE CENTS

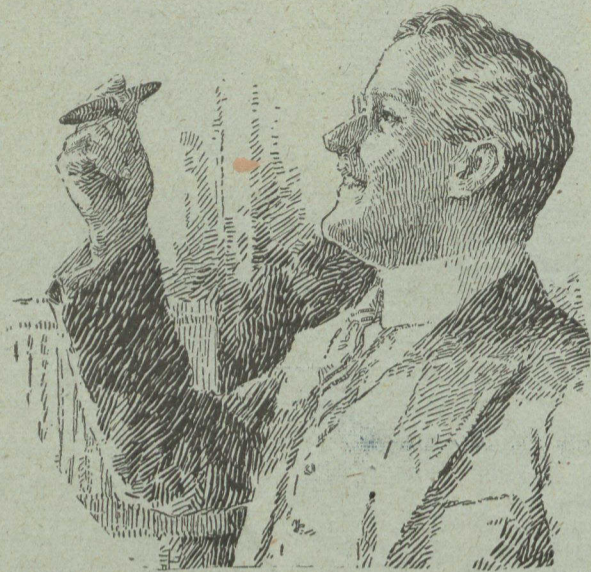
December 29, 1917

ALAN FRASER  
67 WOODBURN AVE  
TORONTO  
ONTARIO  
M5S 1A5

## *When War Came to Halifax*







## Those Holiday Cigars ?

You and your friends will appreciate the fine flavor and mild aroma of

THE  
**AGRADA**  
CIGAR

It is hand made of fine clear Havana Tobacco, wrapper and filler, by clever Cuban cigar makers in our factory in Toronto. By making the cigars in Toronto we can save you 60 per cent. of the duty paid on the same cigar made of the same tobacco in Havana.

### Here is Our Offer

We will send twenty-five fresh, fragrant "Agradas" packed in a Mexican cedar box, and shipped to you

Direct from our Cigar Factory

at the following prices :

Corona or Perfecto size box of twenty-five, \$2.50

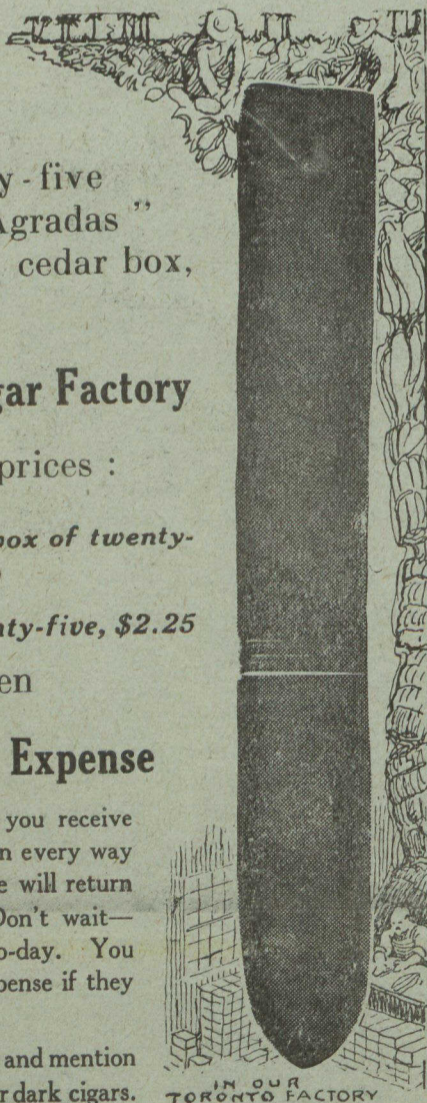
Panatela size box of twenty-five, \$2.25

You can then

### Try Four at Our Expense

Smoke four "AGRADAS" when you receive them—if they don't please you in every way—send back the balance and we will return your money without a word. Don't wait—get your order in the mail to-day. You can't lose—we stand all the expense if they fail to please you.

Remit by money order or cheque and mention whether you like light, medium or dark cigars.



IN OUR TORONTO FACTORY

Rogelio, Girard & Co., 39 McCaul St., Toronto

**Into the Realm of Fairy Isles**

ALL the delights of the varied West Indies reveal themselves at your very feet without your encountering the trials usual to travel.

**ROYAL MAIL  
West Indies Voyages**

A new port every morning and a whole day to enjoy it in, after you reach St. Kitts. A dozen environments of sunshine, beauty, quaintness and historical interest, all rolled into the ideal holiday.

*\$145.00, including berth and meals, is the maximum price of a return ticket to Demerara. Send for descriptive booklet.*

ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET CO., Halifax, N. S.

**DOMINION EXPRESS  
FOREIGN CHEQUES**

Are Payable by Field Cashiers and Paymasters in France.

There is no better way to send money to the boys at the front.

**The Radial Lines**

Passenger and Freight Service Daily

Toronto	Richmond Hill
Aurora	Newmarket
Sutton	Schomberg
New Toronto and Port Credit	

Information as to rates and schedules will be gladly furnished by local agents or traffic department.

Head Office :  
88 King St. East, Toronto

**Toronto & York  
Radial Railway**

Express Service at Freight Rates

**Make a NEW MAN of YOURSELF for the NEW YEAR!**

ARE you going to be a failure all your life or are you determined to be a **BIG SUCCESS THIS YEAR?**

Are you going to stay a weakling with flabby muscles, undeveloped body, poor digestion, or are you going to **MAKE YOURSELF STRONG, VITAL and SELF-RELIANT?**

Abraham Lincoln said "prepare yourself for your big chance and it will come." No man wants a weakling for a big job. **PREPARE YOURSELF NOW.**

**HEALTH—STRENGTH—VITALITY**

Are you too fat or too thin? Are your organs weak? Have you a good appetite?

**RESOLVE TO BE FREE** from your shackles of Ill-Health. No matter what your ailment **STRONGFORTISM** will help you overcome it.

Here is a practical system of health and body building fitted to your individual needs by **LIONEL STRONGFORT** the strongest physical culture expert in the world.

**STRONGFORT the Perfect Man**

The cost is moderate, instructions personal. Write me to-day; tell me just what your weakness or your ailment is and I will show you how to grow strong, robust, **SUCCESSFUL.** Before you do anything else write me now for a **FREE** copy of my book **INTELLIGENCE IN PHYSICAL AND HEALTH CULTURE**, and send 6c in stamps to cover mailing expenses.

**LIONEL STRONGFORT**  
Master of Physical Culture  
31 Park Building - Newark, N.J.



# With Fingers! Corns Lift Out

Apply a few drops then lift corns  
or calluses off—no pain

For a few cents you can get a small bottle of the magic drug freezone recently discovered by a Cincinnati man.



Just ask at any drug store for a small bottle of freezone. Apply a few drops upon a tender, aching corn and instantly, yes immediately, all soreness disappears and shortly you will find the corn so loose that you lift it out, root and all, with the fingers.

Just think! Not one bit of pain before applying freezone or afterwards. It doesn't even irritate the surrounding skin.

Hard corns, soft corns or corns between the toes, also hardened calluses on bottom of feet just seem to shrivel up and fall off without hurting a particle. It is almost magical.

## Merryweather's Roses

Nurseries, Southwell, England

Orders for Delivery  
about April 1st  
Should be Placed  
NOW!

List with prices on application  
from

**M. A. BRUSH**

Canadian Representative  
24 Wellington St. West  
Phone M. 3480 Toronto

## Cosgrave's Beers



Known by discriminating Canadians for over half a century.

PALE ALE  
HALF and HALF  
XXX PORTER

In original strength  
order from  
**EXPORTERS  
LIMITED**

489 St. Paul St. West, MONTREAL

To meet Ontario Temperance Act,  
order from dealers, grocers, or  
direct from Brewery.

**THE COSGRAVE BREWERY CO.  
LTD.**

Toronto: Tel. Adelaide 486-487

### To Hang Up Things

Pictures, Photos, Pennants, Draperies, etc.,  
use the world-famous, strong and dainty

### Moore Push-Pins

Glass Heads, Steel Points.  
Have Fusible Hangers, the Hanger with  
a Twist, for framed pictures, mirrors, etc.

13c

At Stationery, Hardware, Drug  
and Photo Supply Stores.  
Samples and Booklet Free.  
Write Dept. F.

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

## STAMMERING

or stuttering overcome positively. Our  
natural methods permanently restore  
natural speech. Graduate pupils every-  
where. Free advice and literature.

**THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE  
KITCHENER, CANADA**

# CANADIAN COURIER

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

## A NEW YEAR'S PROBLEM

**F**IFTEEN months ago the Canadian Courier set out to get 50,000 circulation. We believed that the Canadian Courier had things to print that as many times 50,000 as there are members in an average family would come to regard it as something different from anything else in the field; something that can be read nationally from Cape Race to Nootka Sound and Herschell Island. The genial knocker said we couldn't do it. Nevertheless we kept on. We would have the Pike's Peak of 50,000.

How? In the first place, by making the price right to the consumer. We sold the paper, are still selling it, at a price that makes it possible in any home. No matter how poor a home it may happen to be, we can interest it, at a suitable price.

Well, to get the paper out at that price we had to conform to certain conditions. Naturally, as butter and eggs went up, the cost of engravings had to go up. We use a lot of engravings. The price of printing went up. We pay for a lot of printing. Even some of the photographs went up. And to meet the increased cost of living we have even paid writers and other people as much more as we possibly could—more than before the war.

Now at a time when every other man's wares were going up—including our own raw material—we put the price of the Canadian Courier down; because we wanted the people of Canada to get it. There was only one way. We must print the paper on the best kind of stock we could buy at anything near the price we had to pay for the stock we used before and some time after the war. That stock then and to-day costs us more than we paid for the better stock we used formerly. But we paid the price and we got out the paper that at the price fixed should reach the 50,000.

And right there we have always felt the pinch. To get 50,000 people to take this paper means to go out into competition—with whom? Naturally competition with our own Canadian-made productions would not bother us. We believe in that kind of competition. But the competition we got most was and is and apparently always will be from across the border. The 13 to 1 handicap was on. A country with 110,000,000 population was allowed to send its surplus periodicals in here—Without a Tariff.

Time and again we have pointed this out. We produce the only kind of thing that isn't somehow protected by a duty. "Welcome to your 50,000," said the critic. "But you'll have a hard time getting it against that handicap."

But even that didn't stop us.

Now we have a piece of information for our 50,000. After January, 1918, the makers of the stock we use will want more money for it still; considerably more. "Simple enough," advises the critic. "Print the paper on news print." Of course there is the other way out; to use book paper such as is used in magazines, etc. But that is protected by a 25 per cent duty plus the 7½ per cent. war tax; so up goes the Canadian price to meet it. Note how this works from the other end. The U. S. publisher buys his paper 32½ per cent. cheaper than we can buy it. How does that affect his selling his finished product over here in competition with us? A child could answer that. It's all in the great game of Handicap.

"Oh, well then," says the genial critic, twiddling his thumbs, "I guess the only thing you can do is to get the Government to put a duty on outside publications that compete in your class. Nobody wants you to lose any fraction of that 50,000 readers for a thing that's made in Canada."

Talk is easy. The Government can't very well put on a tariff except as part of a general reconstruction of tariffs; and this isn't much in the air during a time of war.

So there the matter hangs for the present. We have sketched the deadlock. We have not yet told you the way we propose to get out and at the same time give the readers of this paper a better—a much better paper still—than they are now getting. But necessity is the mother of invention. Next week we shall tell you a little more about the problem. But—wait till next week and see.

### THE WAR CHARITIES ACT, 1917. Department of the Secretary of State of Canada.

**T**HE War Charities Act, 1917, defines "war charities" as follows: any fund, institution or association, other than a church or the Salvation Army, whether established before or after the commencement of this Act, having for its objects or among its objects the relief of suffering or distress, or the supplying of needs or comforts to sufferers from the war, or to soldiers, returned soldiers or their families or dependents, or any other charitable purpose connected with the present European war. Any question whether a charity is a war charity shall be finally determined by the Minister.

The Act also provides:

(1) It shall not be lawful to make any appeal to the public for donations or subscriptions in money or in kind for any war charity as hereinbefore defined, or to raise or attempt to raise money for any such war charity by promoting any bazaar, sale, entertainment or exhibition, or by any similar means, unless—

(a) the war charity is either exempted from registration or is registered under this Act; and,

(b) the approval in writing of the executive committee or other governing body of the war charity has been obtained, either directly or through some person duly authorized to give such approval on behalf of such governing body; and if any person contravenes any of the provisions of this section he shall be guilty of an offence against this Act.

(2) This section shall not apply to any collection at Divine Service in a place of public worship.

The Act was assented to on the 20th of September, 1917, and the above section so far as it relates to registration is applicable to War Charities on the 20th of December, 1917. After that date, collections made otherwise than on behalf of a registered War Charity by subscriptions, donations, bazaars, sales, entertainments, exhibitions or similar means of collecting money are illegal.

Regulations and information respecting registration may be obtained from the undersigned.

THOMAS MULVEY,  
Under-Secretary of State.  
Ottawa, December 3, 1917.



**JAEGER**  
Is the Best  
for Children

Because it is healthy, soft, comfortable, durable, absorbs moisture and perspiration quickly thus preventing colds. It is the only natural covering for the little one's body. For the children there is Underwear, stockings, caps, coats, sweaters, night dresses, night shirts, pyjamas, slippers, dressing gowns, etc.

For sale at Jaeger Stores and Agencies throughout the Dominion.

A fully illustrated catalogue free on application.

**DR. JAEGER** Sanitary Woollen CO. LIMITED  
System  
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg  
British "founded 1883".



### DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVAL SERVICE.

Royal Naval College of Canada.

**A**NUAL examinations for entry of Naval Cadets into this College are held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May each year, successful candidates joining the College on or about the 1st August following the examination.

Applications for entry are received up to the 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can be obtained.

Candidates for examination must have passed their fourteenth birthday, and not reached their sixteenth birthday, on the 1st July following the examination.

Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS  
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service,  
Department of the Naval Service,  
Ottawa, March 12, 1917.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.



# Forty-Eighth Annual Statement of The Royal Bank of Canada

## GENERAL STATEMENT

30th NOVEMBER 1917

### LIABILITIES

<b>TO THE PUBLIC:</b>	
Deposits not bearing interest .....	\$ 70,498,667.26
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of statement .....	182,488,715.55
	<u>\$252,987,382.81</u>
Notes of the Bank in Circulation .....	28,159,351.49
Balance due to Dominion Government .....	14,582,659.38
Balances due to other Banks in Canada .....	364,787.53
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents in .....	5,801,808.96
	6,166,596.49
	297,494.63
Bills payable .....	5,510,310.96
Acceptances under Letters of Credit .....	
	<u>\$307,703,795.76</u>
<b>TO THE SHAREHOLDERS:</b>	
Capital Stock Paid in .....	12,911,700.00
Reserve Fund .....	\$ 14,000,000.00
Balance of Profits carried forward .....	564,264.53
	<u>\$ 14,564,264.53</u>
Dividend No. 121 (at 12 per cent. per annum), payable December 1st, 1917 .....	387,351.00
Dividends Unclaimed .....	7,075.23
	<u>394,426.23</u>
	<u>\$335,574,186.52</u>

### ASSETS

Current Coin .....	\$ 16,079,830.91
Dominion Notes .....	18,284,444.75
	<u>\$ 34,364,275.66</u>
Deposits in the Central Gold Reserves .....	16,000,000.00
Deposits with the Minister for the purposes of the Circulation Fund .....	645,585.00
Notes of other Banks .....	5,308,203.91
Cheques on other Banks .....	15,283,364.45
Balances due by other Banks in Canada .....	229,868.41
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada .....	10,704,338.84
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities, not exceeding market value .....	22,322,197.31
Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian, not exceeding market value .....	21,586,545.77
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, not exceeding market value .....	12,777,503.85
Call Loans in Canada, on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks .....	12,040,637.27
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans elsewhere than in Canada .....	14,574,136.32
	<u>\$165,836,706.79</u>
Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest) .....	\$102,358,027.10
Other Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest) .....	53,764,037.92
Overdue Debts (estimated loss provided for) .....	490,064.82
	156,612,129.84
Real Estate other than Bank Premises .....	1,114,552.61
Bank Premises, at not more than cost, less amounts written off .....	6,371,329.36
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit, as per contra .....	5,510,310.96
Other Assets not included in the foregoing .....	129,156.96
	<u>\$335,574,186.52</u>

H. S. HOLT, President. EDSON L. PEASE, Managing Director. C. E. NEILL, General Manager.

### AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE

We Report to the Shareholders of The Royal Bank of Canada: That in our opinion the transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have been within the powers of the Bank. That we have checked the cash and verified the securities of the Bank at the Chief Office at 30th November, 1917, as well as at another time, as required by Section 56 of the Bank Act, and that we found they agreed with the entries in the books in regard thereto. We also during the year checked the cash and verified the securities at the principal branches. That the above Balance Sheet has been compared by us with the books at the Chief Office and with the certified returns from the Branches, and in our opinion is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Bank. That we have obtained all the information and explanations required by us. S. ROGER MITCHELL, C.A., Auditors. JAMES MARWICK, C.A., of Marwick, Mitchell, Peat and Co.

Montreal, 18th December, 1917.

### PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th November, 1916 .....	\$ 852,346.28
Profits for the year, after deducting charges of management and all other expenses, accrued interest on deposits, full provision for all bad and doubtful debts and rebate of interest on unmatured bills .....	2,327,979.51
	<u>\$ 3,180,325.79</u>

<b>APPROPRIATED AS FOLLOWS:</b>	
Dividends Nos. 118, 119, 120 and 121, at 12 per cent. per annum .....	\$ 1,549,404.00
Transferred to Officers' Pension Fund .....	100,000.00
Written off Bank Premises Account .....	250,000.00
War Tax on Bank Note Circulation .....	128,357.26
Contribution to Patriotic Fund .....	60,000.00
Transferred to Reserve Fund .....	528,300.00
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward .....	564,264.53
	<u>\$ 3,180,325.79</u>

### RESERVE FUND

Balance at Credit 30th November, 1916 .....	\$ 12,560,000.00
Premium on New Capital Stock issued to Quebec Bank Shareholders .....	911,700.00
Transferred from Profit and Loss Account .....	528,300.00
	<u>\$ 14,000,000.00</u>

H. S. HOLT, President. EDSON L. PEASE, Managing Director. C. E. NEILL, General Manager. Montreal 18th December, 1917.

## A Complete Assortment of WALTHAM WATCHES

Always in stock at Scheuer's, 131 Yonge St., 2 doors below the Arcade. Buy a Waltham and you'll get the world's best Watch value.

### Waltham Watches for the Pocket

Cased in Nickel, Sterling Silver, Best Gold Filled, and 10 and 14 karat Solid Gold from \$7.00 to \$375.

### Waltham Military Wrist Watches

Especially designed for active service conditions, with or without the luminous dial, by means of which the time can be read on the darkest night. Cased in Sterling Silver from \$10.10 to \$24.00.

### Waltham Convertible Bracelet Watches

including the dainty little watch with the "disappearing eye" that folds back out of sight when it is desired to wear the watch elsewhere than on the wrist. Bracelet and Watch in Empress quality, best Gold Filled, and in 10 and 14 karat Solid Gold, from \$12.00 to \$100.

DIAMONDS-WATCHES-JEWELRY  
**SCHAEUERS**  
131 YONGE STREET.  
THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED WHOLESALE DIAMOND IMPORTERS IN CANADA  
TORONTO, ONT.

## The Verdict of a Life-Long Experience

Speaking of the advisability of providing in a Will that the Estate shall have a Corporate Executor, the late eminent authority, Sir Mortimer Clark, said: "It is the only method that assures absolute safety." We refer to our thirty-five years' record and solicit appointment in your Will as Executor.

BOOKLET, "MAKING YOUR WILL," ON REQUEST

## THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION

CAPITAL AND RESERVE ..... \$3,350,000.00  
ASSETS ..... \$77,180,513.62  
HEAD OFFICE: 83 BAY STREET, TORONTO

To the Fur Trade  
We Are  
DRESSERS and DYERS  
— OF —

## Hudson Seal

Have You Tried Our

RAT, SKUNK  
AND  
MINK DYES?

They do the work—Let us send you a Sample Pint.

Enquiries Invited

F. A. HALLMAN & CO.  
75-79 Logan Ave. TORONTO

"Your  
Car's Burnt Up!"

Shake hands with yourself if you have one of our policies with liberal features.

Costs little for ample protection.

See about it to-day. Drive around to our agent.



**LONDON MUTUAL  
FIRE INSURANCE  
COMPANY**

F. D. WILLIAMS, Managing Director  
Head Office—33 Scott Street, Toronto

Many Uses  
**SNAP**  
THE GREAT  
Hand Cleaner

GET IT TODAY



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.

PATENT SOLICITORS.

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO. The old established firm. Patents everywhere. Head Office, Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto. Ottawa Office, 5 Elgin St. Offices throughout Canada. Booklet Free.





# CANADIAN COURIER



VOL. XXIII. No. 5  
DECEMBER 29, 1917

## Songs at Christmas

By LAURA B. DURAND

"Proud and lowly, beggar and lord,  
Over the bridge they go."

SOUNDS of gaiety heighten within the house as the twilight falls and the crunch of passing feet in the street becomes less frequent. From my corner in the window-seat I can see where in the western sky, still mellow from the gold of sunset, a mass of purple hangs, and above it, like a jewelled bow, the white young moon. All angles and ugliness of the closely clustering houses and the highway are shrouded in a veil of softest snow. It wreathes in festoons, graceful and fantastic, from the dark fir trees, and lies in downy drifts in near corners and upon the far-off sloping roofs of houses—a fair, strange world, peaceful and pure, through which belated travellers pass as shadows in a dream.

"Rags and velvet, fetter and sword,  
Poverty, pomp and woe."

I turn from the window and parting the soft folds of the curtains that shield me from the observation of the Christmas gathering, see the long room brilliant with light, glowing in color, and filled with the melody of the subdued laughter of many voices. There in the centre hangs the green holly with the ripe, red berries gleaming between the spiked leaves.

"Then its ho, for the holly!  
This life is most jolly!"

exclaims the school boy, his face as rosy and fresh as the shrub he admires.

"Yes, sir-ee," he is saying to the young sister who looks at him with adoring eyes. "Yes, sir-ee, that rhymes with jolly," and he laughs and thumps his vigorous thigh.

"Christmas comes but once a year,  
Therefore happy be . . ."

the mothers are saying, the young mothers, with lines upon their brows and solicitous eyes—mothers that not the laughter curves about the sweet lips can make forgetful of their deep responsibilities.

"For I hold it one of the wisest things  
To drive dull care away . . ."

wheeze the old men, nodding their heads together like the white tufted heads of thistles gone to seed.

"Forty years over let Michaelmas pass,  
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear

Then you know a boy is an ass,  
Then you know the worth of a lass,  
Once you have come to forty year!"

thus say the strong men, arrogant in their prime, toying with their watch charms and winking their world knowledge to each other. And the slim youths hovering about the



"This is the children's day. Laughter belongeth to youth and the gods!"

maidens tender and gallant, abandon themselves to what seems the best thing in life, to look down into beautiful eyes, while the maidens upturn ecstatic faces.

"For she is young,  
And he who loves her most of all, is near."

Here and there, with merriment, dimpled, eager, and loving, speed the children, and every hand they touch is yielded to them with grace, and lifted in blessing upon them. This is the children's day! Laughter belongeth to youth and to the gods! The one know nothing—the others all! It is the learning that is so grievous.

"Laughing, weeping, hurrying ever,  
Hour by hour they crowd along,  
While below the mighty river  
Sings them all a mocking song."

Madeline is at the piano, her white shoulders rising above her gown. She takes life seriously, not even Christmas may escape a moral precept. Her flute-like voice conveys the instruction that "the moving finger writes." Now I see her and the room no longer, but in my corner musing, scenes that the words of her song suggest float before my sight.

How the music swells, drowning the chatter within and floating, floating out into the wide white world!

"Hurry along, sorrow and song,  
All is vanity 'neath the sun,  
Velvet and rags, so the world wags,  
So the world wags velvet and rags."

The people are pushing and elbowing about crowded windows. The snow is trampled into

a hard coating upon the stone pavements and over it all slide and jostle in easy tolerance one of another. Two school girls, pressing closely arm in arm, are stemming the tide of this river, panting and merry, exclaiming in high-pitched voices:

"What shall we give mother?"  
"I thought we'd decided on a book."  
"Yes, but it's fun, let's decide over again!"  
"Isn't it just too lovely!"  
"Oh, if my dollar holds out!"  
"Now, don't get me anything, Lou."  
"No? don't you dare to buy me anything, then!"

What joy! what laughter! How they squeeze each other and resolve inwardly upon that sweet dispute. They gaze at the riches in the windows. "Oh, if we only had more money!"

Behind them a woman has crept up. She has scented them out, these good young hearts, as the lost dog scents the kindly-disposed in a crowd. She is meagre and very weary, her dress is worn and pinned tightly to keep out the sharp air pleasant enough to those wrapped in furs. She has in her hand a small basket. It is full of roses, hideous imitations, devised badly from cheaply-colored tissue paper. She takes out a spray and pushes it towards the young girls.

"Buy, lady, buy—I sell none dis night—no money—buy, lady, do."

"Sorry, I can't. Come, Lou!"

"Do you make them?" asks the sister, holding back.

"Not I—black lady make dem—she not go out able to—seek—much pain—I sell—sell none dis night—buy, lady, do!" Her lips tremble, her eyes implore.

"How much are they?" the child questions, with emotion.

"Lou! How can you! You can't spare a cent on those—things!"

Oh, the scorn of the voice. The woman gazes with wild eyes at the child.

"Ten—ah cent—I sell dem to you."

"Lou, you can't, I tell you."

"There is our car fare, sister."

"We can't walk home."

"I can."

"If you do, I will, so there!"

"Here is the money, poor woman. I would give you more—yes, and I will—I'll not send that card to Billy."

"Lou, you're dying to send it!"

"Thank you, thank you, the blessed Virgin keep you, lady!"

The children pass on.

"Throw them away, Lou."

"No, Betty."

"What will you do with them?"

"I will think."

A moment later a young mother approaches—little ones clinging to her side in a frenzy of fear and delight. Lou hails her, with joy in her voice.

"Would your children like these flowers?"

"Oh, how kind, how kind! Be careful, Jim;





"Would your children like these flowers?"

let mother hold them for you. Thank you, miss. I'll put them on the mantelpiece in a vase—they're just too lovely."

"Dainty painted, powdered and gay,  
Rolleth my lady by,  
Rags and tatters over the way  
Under the open sky."

On the wide steps of a high building the snow which has fallen within the last hour has not been swept away. Here, in the corner of the door, partially sheltered by the wind, crouches the figure of a man, unclean and unkempt. A cap is drawn over his bearded face and shadows it. His hands are thrust into the pockets of his coat. His body is bent and his legs stretch out into the snow. He lies so motionless that the girl, who is walking rapidly, almost passes him, thinking his form a shadow, or some refuse. With a great throb her heart, which had paused for a moment, beats on hurriedly. She approaches and examines him, fearfully, in the faint light. Soft furs curve up about her winsome face, clothing rich and plentiful drapes her small figure. Warm, pulsating with youth, hope, innocence, she bends over the outcast.

"Are you ill, sir?"

"I guess not," he says, after an interval, huskily.

"Are you not cold, sir?"

"I guess not," he mutters again.

"You will freeze here."

"I guess not."

There is a pause. No one is in sight—not a footfall breaks the frozen snow—from far off comes the sound of bells.

"Will you be going on soon, sir?"

He stirs, lifts his head, "I guess not."

"Oh, is there **nothing** I can do for you?"

"I guess not."

The girl walks on.

"Flowers and dreams from country meadows,  
Dust and din thro' city skies,  
Old men creeping with their shadows,  
Children with their sunny eyes."

Our children! The hope of the world! How amusing! How dear! What imagination! It is marvellous! It is a warm day, and looking from my study window into the neighbors' yard I see their little boy mounted on a wooden chair, which is placed on a soap box, solemnly driving a pair of hobby horses, which form part of a rocker. Strings are attached to the heads of these spirited steeds and the patient little driver occasionally shakes them and cries "Get up!" Over what imaginary roads is he not speeding them as the outfit stands there in

the blinding sunlight. A great journey it is, manifestly, for, with a show of pomp, the driver presently alights, and, taking a cord to which a towel-ring is tied as a weight, from under the chair, he attaches it dextrously to the heads of the prancing team. The outfit has arrived. But where? I question "where?" hugging myself with delight to have been the witness of such a journey. Where had the child arrived? And, oh, I thought, to mount a chair and arrive "where" I longed to be!

A little form comes from behind the curtain and leans against me, pressing closely and moving up and down caressingly.

"Is you sohwy?" asks the small voice of piercing sweetness.

"Yes, darling, and glad, too."

"I'se glad, too, and sohwy. Huh! I give te-wen-ty-five thents to the chilrun's thelter. I'd ruther buyed things wif it. Muddy said God 'ud give me more'n te-wen-ty-five thents 'stead of my te-wen-ty-five thents. I 'ull give my gun 'way when I 'ist don't yant it any more. Huh! Is you sohwy yet?"

I catch the child to my heart. He struggles, roguishly, against my kiss, and escapes.

"Storm and sunshine, peace and strife,  
Over the bridge they go;  
Floating on in the tide of life,  
Whither no man can know."

I see a young girl, with sunny hair, and eyes haggard and dark-rimmed, standing in the morning. Behind her a door has just closed, and as it swung upon its latch an iron bar fell heavily. The girl had heard the sound and a long sigh breaks from her breast. How many hundreds of years it seemed since she had heard that bar fall to close her in from living and—good times. Now she is free. Free. She whispers the word. Where are all her chums? She will return to them—if—

"Who will miss them here to-morrow,  
Waifs that drift to the shade or sun,  
Gone away with their songs and sorrow,  
Only the river still flows on."

Now a group of young men are standing in a well-appointed office—men of the world, well-groomed, clothed handsomely, care-free. They talk of margins, per cents., interest, deals, their eyes flashing, their minds alert and cautious. The universe is not too wide for their operations. Each sees himself within grasp of wealth and the power that wealth confers. Now they separate, flinging back words of raillery and good comradeship.

"A long head has Clifton!"

"Sure to succeed. I envy him."

Within, the man they speak of stands broodingly; his face is pallid and has aged. He springs the latch and prepares for—flight.

"Hurry along, sorrow and song,  
All is vanity 'neath the sun . . ."

Ah! how the wind sweeps in accompaniment to the long notes of the music. It is blowing over grassy mounds and stones "sacred to the memory of." The sky is grey, the rain falls. A woman is toiling along the sodden path, bearing a wreath of violets. She kneels beside a mound and lays her face upon it.

A boy comes up softly and stands beside her, a little chap, with all the evidences of grief upon him. The woman looks up.

"Ah, my dear, why do you weep? You are young."

"I cry for my mother," he says, brokenly, and you—why do you cry?"

"For my child. I cry for my child."

The music falls softer, fainter, and sinks in a decrescendo.

"Until the river no more shall run."

Then I hear a buoyant voice saying,  
"Thank you, Madeline. You sing beautifully, but you sing of the old order of things, and the old order changeth and giveth place to the new:

"Say not the struggle availeth,  
The labor and the wounds are vain,  
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
And as things have been they remain.

"If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;  
It may be in yon smoke concealed,  
Your comrades chase e'en now the flyers,  
And, but for you, possess the field.

"For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
Seem her no painful inch to gain,  
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,  
Comes silent, flooding in, the main."

"Let us have the 'Battle Hymn,'" cries my little comrade.

And as the chords sound I join in the anthem of the future:

#### \*GLORY COMING.

"Our eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;  
His truth is marching on.

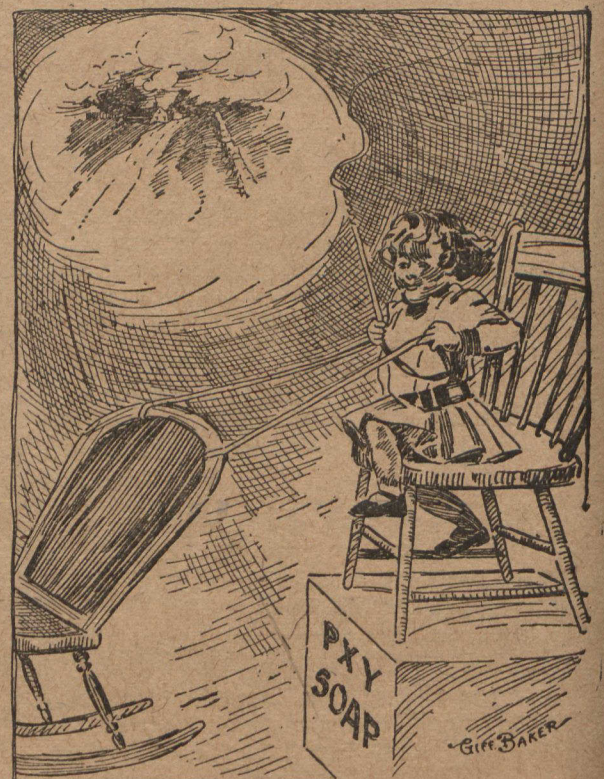
"I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps;  
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;  
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;  
His day is marching on.

"I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:  
'As ye deal with my contemners so with you My grace shall deal.  
Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with His heel,  
Since God is marching on!"

"He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;  
O, be swift my soul to answer Him! be jubilant my feet!  
Our God is marching on.

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,  
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me.  
As He died to make men holy, so He lives to make men free,  
While God is marching on."

\*Adaptation by Laura B. Durand of Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of The Republic."



"Over what imaginary roads is he not speeding them."



# D O - E R S



**C**OL. "BOB" LOW, seen to the right, is in charge of the job of pulling the wreck of Halifax together before the work of rebuilding begins. The man who built Camp Borden is already famous as a man who drives other men to get things done, no matter how, in the shortest possible time. Low is no man for tape of any color. He has no sentiments that he can't hitch immediately up to a job of work. And when some other men would spend part of their time patching up troubles with other people, Low drives ahead and makes the next trouble bigger than the first by getting more work out of the same given number of men, tons, cars, hours—everything but committees.

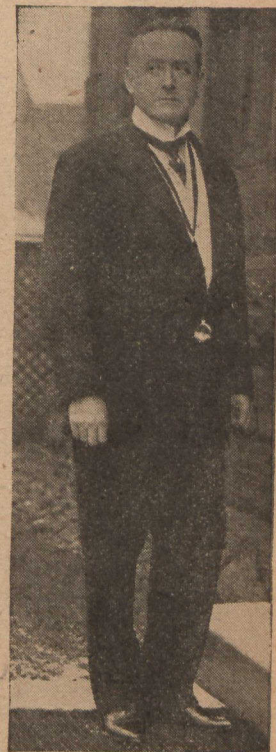


**B**UT you will pause to note that the Marchioness of Crewe has a luscious pair of eyes that are constantly on the alert for war work at home. She is a sister of the Hon. Neil Primrose, M.P., who as lieutenant in the Bucks Yeomanry, once Parliamentary Secretary for Foreign Affairs and for the Ministry of Munitions, was killed in action in the recent British drive into Palestine.

**I**RISH to look at—and beautiful, Lady Hope, of Luffness, gives her whole time to nursing the wounded in France. Nursing in France has its contrasts; either a man is too badly hurt to move, or he is too slightly wounded to be away long from the lines.

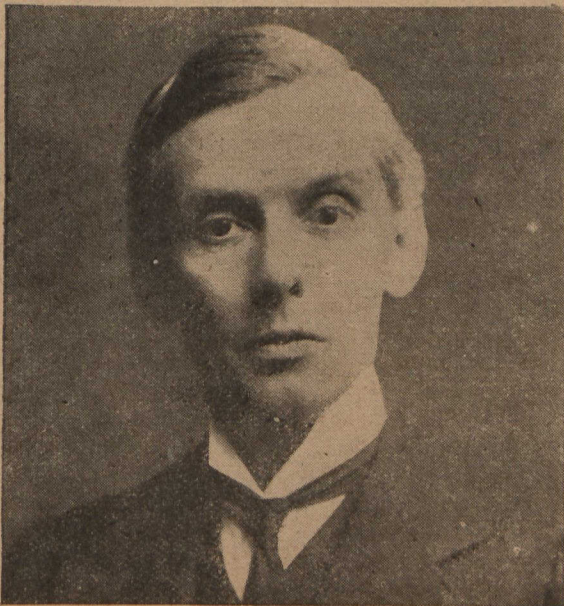
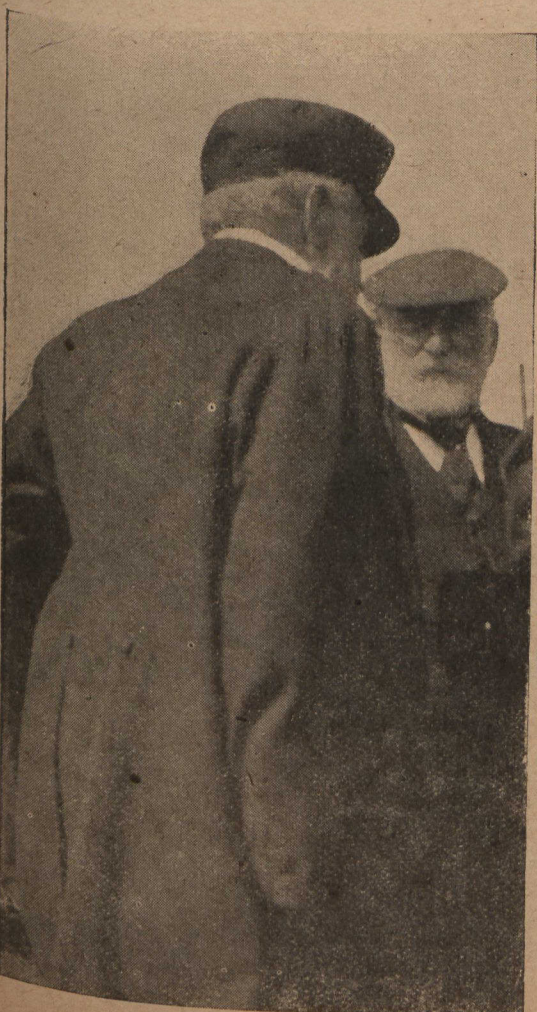


**M**R. ARTHUR POLLEN, the way he looked when he appeared in Toronto recently to address the Canadian Club. He is a naval expert who has been writing the all-round best line of things on the naval problem of the day, in Land and Water, and in the New York Times. Mr. Pollen is an optimist who believes in facing all the facts. And if anybody outside of Sir Eric Geddes knows all there is to know about those facts, it is Mr. Arthur Pollen.



**H**AD Sir Mackenzie Bowell hung on a few weeks longer he would have known how the election of 1917 went, without need of wireless messages through space. Years ago before the Liberals went into office in 1896, he was Premier about three months, last of the line—Thompson, Abbott and Bowell, that held the Conservative Party together after the death of Sir John Macdonald in 1891. Sir Mackenzie was always a man of the open. He went to the Yukon at the age of 93, the oldest man that ever traveled so far north in any country. In the snapshot below, taken by W. J. Watson, he is shown facing the late Senator Jaffray, a clear Grit, when the two old pioneers were on the press excursion to Cochrane and end of the stub in 1910.

**T**HIN men sometimes tackle fat jobs. Dr. Christopher Addison, recently appointed Minister of Public Health in Great Britain, wants the doctors all to become civil servants. He believes that all people are entitled to the cure and prevention of diseases as a national safeguard for the body politic. His Bill, if it passes, will put doctors in the employ of the state at a fixed stipend and make medical fees and medical charity impossible. He is sure of plenty of opposition from most of the doctors.



**L**ADY CRANMORE and Browne is a peeress who devotes all her time to nursing in an English Military Hospital. She is one of the youngest of the peeresses, and knows what it means to give up the ease of a high social position for the sake of doing good to others.



# The Jinx

A Short Story by Frank Giolina

Oil there surely was; the same sort of oil in the identical kind of place that has made get-rich-quick Rockefellers in imagination thousands of times. And the whence-ness and the whereabouts of this oil makes the point of this highly diverting Canadian-made story.

Illustrations

by

A. M.

WICKSON

you don't believe me I'll ask you, is there another man that's been able to make a go of things in this burg let alone put a few dollars in the bank?"

Carmagan nodded assent. "You speak truth there, Cap. What's come over this Harvest City, anyway? What's the population?"

"If you're buying city lots, two thousand, more or less, otherwise three hundred and forty-four, counting Bill Smith's double-headed twin, born last Monday as two," Captain McPhee answered, without a flicker of an eye-lash.

"Three hundred and forty-four," Carmagan repeated, as if weighing the words, "that's about what I reckoned. Now, I can sell six pianos down in Wheatlands or Yorkville, all within thirty miles of this burg and not one with more'n a hundred and fifty cits, quicker than I can sell one second hand organ at reduced rates here in Harvest City. What's the reason, Cap?"

"There's a jinx on this burg, Sid," the captain replied, "and you and me's the only live men here."

"Don't count me in," Carmagan answered, hurriedly, "I only dropped off this morning and got on again at four-thirty," looking at his watch, "a little more'n an hour, but like ten years in this burg."

The captain continued without noticing Carmagan's interruption. "Yes, there's sure a jinx on Harvest City. I reckon all the has been's and never was's and dead beats and dope fiends and remittance men and all God's failures come straight to Harvest City from all the States in the Union and across thousands of miles of ocean from the other side of the world. It's no josh, I tell you, Sid. It's always been like that and I bet it always will be."

"What's on the burg?" Carmagan asked again.

Captain McPhee shook his head dolefully. "Ask me something easy," he answered. "It's a dead town and you might just as well expect people to go live in a graveyard as settle here. Something's always happening everywhere else except right here. Oil and silver and copper and gold and I don't know what else lying all around every other town right from here to the Pacific Coast, but never a hand-out for poor old Harvest City. Even that cyclone six weeks back that pretty near swept Wheatlands and Yorkville clean off the map made a detour round us. Pshaw, it's a dead spot."

Captain McPhee stopped speaking. Carmagan did not break the silence, just nodding agreement with the captain's remarks. Not a human being crossed their line of vision. The depot slept quietly in the sun and beyond it a restful, dreamy shimmer floated lazily over the open prairie.

GRADUALLY they became aware of an ever increasing clatter coming down the street that led from the depot through the town and was called Main. The sound resembled the raspings of a worn-out, jagged file, being rubbed continuously over a bit of grit-covered

stone. Sid Carmagan awoke from his reverie. "For the love of Mike," he exclaimed, "what's that?"

Captain McPhee took a couple of steps along the sidewalk to the corner of the hotel and craning his neck looked round up Main Street. He stepped back to Carmagan's side.

"Wait a minute, Sid," he said, "and you'll see as pretty a sight as you could imagine even after a nine days' drunk. Let the picture of one of Harvest City's leading farmers strike on your vision suddenly. Here he comes."

Sid Carmagan stared at the edge of the corner and waited. Suddenly appeared a long pair of ears followed by a very old, ill-kempt donkey's head and neck and body. There was no bridle, just a halter round its neck. Below the halter was a dutch collar made from four or five ply of sacking. Leading from this were a couple of rope tugs. Carmagan's bulging eyes followed these to their other end. There they were attached to a couple of wooden runners made from two poplar stringers. Across these rested four or five pieces of shiplap all different lengths. On this extraordinary sledge were piled four or five sacks of potatoes, one of flour, four cans of coal-oil and some half a dozen boxes filled with paper parcels. Seated on the top of the load was a human being clothed entirely, so far as Carmagan could see, in sacking. Trousers of sacking incased its legs, four or five sacks had been tied together with binder twine to form some kind of coat, and one enormous sack fastened into a peak like a monk's cowl sheltered its head and practically hid its face. Whether it was man or woman one could not possibly tell until seeing the ends of a dirty, matted white beard wagging below the edges of the cowl, Carmagan guessed the former. The strange outfit passed them slowly, the donkey slipping and stumbling, the wood runners scraping and shrieking as they were torn to pieces on the rough snow, the sack-clothed figure sitting aloft silent as the sphinx. On it went bumping over the rails and out into the shimmering haze beyond.

ONLY then did Carmagan find his voice. "For the love of Mike," he whispered, "what is it, Cap? Or ain't there nothing there at all? Sure they've doped my liquor."

"Huh," Captain McPhee answered, "that's one of our leading farmers, as I told you, Sid. But now I put it to you straight, ain't that enough to put this whole burg on the hog?"

"I've been all over this western country," Carmagan answered, speaking slowly and gazing with staring eyes after the receding sleigh. "And I'll take any odds you like that there isn't another burg out here that could show you a sight like that."

"Sure I believe you, they'd poison it or bury it alive, it depreciates the value of real estate, it gives the whole district a black eye."

"What is it?" Carmagan asked again.

"It's a man, Carmagan, called William Henry Thorne, and he lives with his moke on a quarter section of alkali and swamp about eight miles to the northwest," nodding towards the prairie. "More'n that, no one knows. Thorne don't ever speak to a soul and so never a soul speaks to him. I reckon he must be alive or else he wouldn't want groceries and truck like he has on that sleigh. He comes into this burg about every two months and goes back again with a load like that. He pays cash for the goods and at the same time gets his mail. Always just one registered letter, never a paper or even a bill. I reckon that's his remittance, but where it comes from I don't know."

"Ab. Fleming, our oldest inhabitant, says Thorne was here when he came and looked just the same then as he does to-day and had the same old moke. But then Ab.'s getting a bit shaky in the thinks himself. Personally, I hold that some old time he won't come in and after



CAPTAIN MCPHEE stepped out from the Hotel Central and spat on to the mud-grimed thawing snow piled high on the outer edge of the wooden sidewalk. As he took a cigar from an inner pocket, Sid Carmagan followed from the hotel and came and stood beside him; Carmagan also lit a cigar.

Neither spoke for a few seconds, both staring disconsolately across the five or six hundred feet of half-thawed, slush-covered vacant land that lay between the Hotel Central and the railroad depot. On the map of Harvest City this land was shown as first and second streets and was averred by realty agents to be of gilt-edged speculative value. On the farther side of the track and as far as the eye could see on either hand lay open prairie, last year's stubble showing here and there through the decaying snow.

"Say, Cap," Carmagan remarked, slowly, as he took his cigar from between his lips the better to capture a bit of hash that was evading his tongue by hiding in a hollow tooth, "the good old summertime will be with us again mighty soon."

Captain McPhee rolled his cigar to the left corner of his mouth. "To hell with the summer," he answered, "what's the good of it to me?"

Carmagan chuckled. "Well, I don't know," he replied, "but I guess if there weren't the summer there wouldn't be any wheat, and without the wheat how'd you and me reap our harvests from the Rubes?"

Carmagan waited a minute for an answer and then, not getting one, continued, "No, Cap, who'd buy horses and plows and farms from you and pianos from me if the Rubes didn't get twenty to the acre Number One Hard?" He shook his head meditatively. "That's truth all right. Say, Cap, you've got a 'then some' grouch this afternoon."

Captain McPhee again spat on to the snow. "Say," he answered, "you're the best piano salesman in these parts, all right, but as soon as you begin to let off hot air out of business your talk don't have sense. Starve, me starve? See here, Sid, if there was only one loaf left in Canada I'd be the first out of her seven million population to get my teeth into it. If



a while the police or somebody will go to have a look and will find—nothing.”

Carmagan started and stared at the captain. “How’d you mean, Cap?” he ejaculated.

“See here, Sid, I’m not a superstitious man, but I hold that this William Henry Thorne isn’t a human man like you and me, but the original jinx of Harvest City. I’m not joshing. Is it right and humanlike for a man to go living like that when every other man is making good money and mighty easy, too, out in this western country? It is not. No, Sid, some day the wind that blew him in here will blow him out again, and then you’ll see Harvest City wake up pronto and begin to take notice.”

“And he comes in eight miles with that moke and eight miles back again?” Carmagan remarked. “I shouldn’t have thought he could make it.”

“One of these days he won’t,” McPhee answered. “He passes right across a bit of mean peat swamp on the edge of his place every time and if he misses the trail only a foot he’ll go right down into hell. You know what those swamps are like, look as dry and firm on top as a macadam road, but gulp you down as quick as winking if you rest a foot on them. I don’t reckon I’m a malicious man, but I surely shall not weep a tear when I hear he can’t be found. It ain’t right for a man to hold back a whole burg.”

As Captain McPhee finished speaking the hoarse cry of an approaching train tore the shimmering silence.

CARMAGAN moved off towards the depot.

“So long,” he said, “I’ll be round this part again in about a couple of months, or maybe sooner.”

It was some four weeks later while Carmagan was in Edwardstown, that he received a night lettergram from Captain McPhee.

“If you can put up a thousand,” it ran, “come back to this burg and get in on the ground floor of the greatest proposition ever. The Jinx has put fortune in our hands, come and help us cut the melon.

“McPhee.”

The captain’s letter found Carmagan at a loose end. So far his trip had been exceptionally good, he had sold five pianos and got wise to ten probable sales as soon as the wheat was in. But from now on the spring was too far advanced for his business. Carmagan therefore decided to return and see what Captain McPhee had dug up.

As he walked up Main Street with the captain to the latter’s office, he shuddered.

“This burg is deader now than when I left, four weeks ago,” he said.

“Maybe,” Captain McPhee answered, “but our game will make the plank sidewalks wake up and sprout. It sure is some dandy graft.”

“It’ll have to be,” Carmagan replied, as they turned into the mean-looking little one-roomed shack that McPhee used as office.

“Now listen, Sid,” the captain began, when they had lighted their cigars, and despite the heat he had persisted in shutting the office door, “you remember old William Henry Thorne, that fellow with the donkey, the original jinx, I called him?”

“Will I ever forget him?” Carmagan replied. “You remember me saying that I hoped he’d lose the trail one of these days and fall into a peat swamp that he crosses just inside his fence line?”

Carmagan nodded assent.

“Well,” the captain continued, leaning forward and holding out his cigar, impressively,

“it’s right there that our graft lies.”

Carmagan stared. “What do you mean?” he asked. “Are you forming a company to grow mushrooms or are you bugs?”

“Listen,” the captain said again, and continued:

“Martin Hillary, the young teller in the bank here’s courting old man Sullivan’s girl Louie. Martin drives out pretty near every evening. Sullivan’s place is a bit beyond Thorne’s. One night, about ten days ago, Martin didn’t hitch the horse up good, and when he goes to leave Louie he finds that the old plug has made tracks for Harvest City. He’d have borrowed a gee from Sullivan only every horse on the farm had been out in the fields all that day and was wanted on the morrow as well. So he doesn’t say a word but starts right off to walk back here. Eight miles looks mighty long to you or me, Sid, but you must remember that Martin’s a youngster and in love.

“It was about eleven when he started, and so he reckons to cut off more than a mile by going across Thorne’s land. It was awful dark, he says, and he pretty near lost his life right in that swamp. But he got back on to the trail that scared that he lights matches and stooping down looks to see that he is following the marks of the old man’s moke.

“You take me, Sid? Martin just goes along as slow as you like striking matches and holding them till they burn right down to his fingers. Now that swamp don’t ever show any water on the surface. I know that and Martin knew it. Yet one match he drops falls right



“Just as soon as we’d scoop the oil from those little pools, they’d fill up again, slowly, you understand, but fill up all right.”

into a little pool on the edge of the trail.

“He reckons to see the match go out with a splutter. But his hair pretty near stands right up on end when he sees that little pool catch alight and begin to burn.”

CARMAGAN’S eyes opened wide and round.

“My God,” he whispered, “oil, Cap!”

“Yes, Sid, oil. Martin’s got a good brain pan and so doesn’t lose his head, but pronto off comes his hat and he scoops that burning oil up and out. Gee, it makes me sweat even now to think what might have happened if he had lost his head and left it burning.

“He says he ran all the way back through the night. Anyway, he came right into me and pulling me out of my beauty sleep, puts the whole proposition up to me. He asked for equal shares with me and I agreed seeing that without him we wouldn’t have had a hand in the game at all.

“We went out as soon as it was dark the next evening and did a bit of prospecting on that swamp. We found two little pools of oil

close together and right near where he had dropped his match, and although we went pretty near all over that swamp wriggling along on our bellies, you daresent try and walk, not another drop of liquid could we find. But just as soon as we’d scoop the oil from those little pools they’d fill up again, slowly, you understand, Sid, but fill up all right. We filled a couple of bottles and I left that same evening with them for Winnipeg. The next morning I handed them over to the best analytical chemist I could get hold of and asked him to tell me what was in them. When I called again that same afternoon he told me that it was coal-oil and practically pure, just as good, Sid, as John D. sells us.

“I guess he thought I was having a game with him or somebody was putting one over on me. But I wasn’t saying a word and skipped right back here.

“THEN I went out and saw old Thorne. I reckoned to buy the whole of his land at five dollars an acre, and that would have been giving him four-fifty an acre too much considered as farm land, but he wouldn’t part under five thousand.

“I left him alone for a couple of days and then, getting cold feet and thinking that any moment some other mut might fall right onto the oil or it might begin to spout, I went after the old jinx again. Not a cent less than five thousand and all cash, too, would he take, so I got a fifteen days’ option out of him at that figure and got it drawn up good and tight by lawyer Halsted.”

“Five thousand’s an awful lot of money,” Carmagan remarked.

“It would be batty to give five cents if it weren’t for the oil, but when you remember that, why five thousand looks like a dime, don’t it?”

“And Sid, just think. This oil is pure, and that means we haven’t got to monkey with refineries and all that kind of truck, and that’s where the money goes. All we’ll have to do is to hold the cans to the spout and let them fill. Say, but such a thing’s never been heard of before. I’ve been reading up every darned book and pamphlet I could lay my paws onto and I tell you pure oil has never gushed up from the earth till now.”

“But this oil isn’t spouting, either, is it?”

“Not yet, Sid, not yet. But then the books say oil always begins like that, kind of leaks through at first and then sud-

denly spouts right up into the air and all you have to do is to hold your cans underneath it as it falls. It may begin to spout any old time, and we’ve sure got to have our hands on to the land good and hard before that happens.”

“Where do I come in with my thou?” Carmagan asked.

“Right here, Sid, right here. We’ve got to pay five thousand cold cash for the land and then as soon as we’ve got title we’ll stake off every foot of it for oil, using dummies. Halsted’s arranging all that part of it. He’s one of us. As soon as we’ve fixed that we begin our publicity campaign, quietly, Sid, and unofficially. There’s no money out here in the West until the fall, and then as soon as the Rubes begin bringing in their Number One Hard we’ll float our Pure Oil Company, Limited, right on to them capitalized, Sid, at fifty thousand dollars. Don’t that look good to you, me old warrior?”

“Well, to get down to the filthy lucre again. We’ll want seven thousand to start things  
(Continued on page 23.)

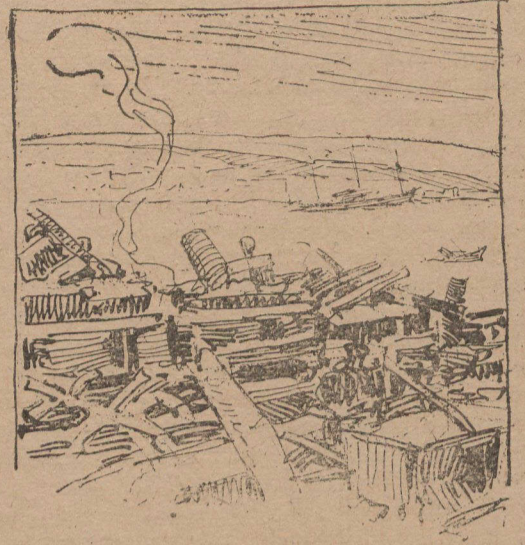


# When War Came to Halifax



**F**EARING a Second Explosion, old and young, a Rout of Refugees, suddenly left homes and all they had to flee—they scarcely knew whither, or from what.

**A**ND the poor dead were piled in heaps on the roadside by the living.



**T**HE ship that did it wrecked on the Dartmouth Shore—and what she left of the railway station behind.

**N**EVER in the world of science, so far as we know, was there such a force let loose all in a few moments as the Anarchy that wrecked Halifax. Never was a city so suddenly wrecked. No earthquake ever came with the awful, unpremeditated swiftness of the explosion of 4000 tons of T.N.T. One blow from a cataclysmal fist shattered a city as a giant's hand crumples a toy village of cardboard.

It has been said that the pressure produced by the explosion equaled at its highest point of impact one and a half tons to the square inch; or 212 tons to the square foot. And human bodies had to take it. War—more than war—at Halifax.

Enough force was suddenly let loose there to have bombarded a battle front for an advance of miles in depth on a front of a hundred miles. Yet not a shell was thrown. The T.N.T. all exploded on one spot. No mathematician can figure the physical impact. The wreck of the old historic city, Halifax, is its mute and melancholy monument. As yet the people of Halifax and the nations who mourn with them are too close to the calamity to think of anything but its horror. Halifax will be rebuilt; perhaps a better Halifax. But the old Halifax is a thing of the past. We love Halifax. Natural beauty, historic association, dignity, sentiment—all that indefinable element of atmosphere which hangs about any place that has struggled into the light of history,



A skyline—not somewhere in France, but almost anywhere in Halifax.

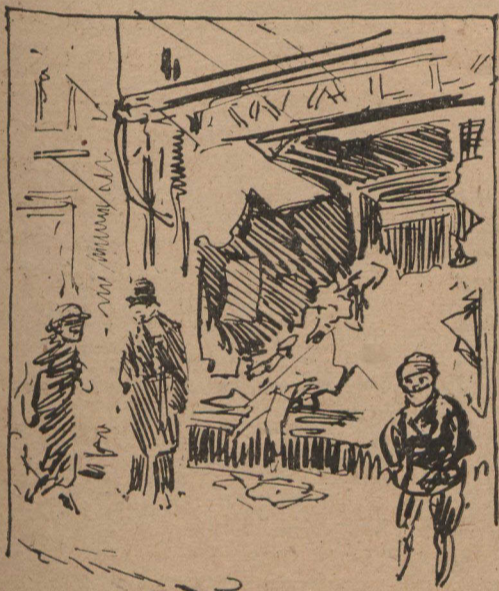


# As Seen by the Artist

THE TRAIN WHICH ARTHUR LISMER, PRINCIPAL OF THE HALIFAX ART SCHOOL, ALWAYS TOOK FROM BEDFORD TO THE CITY WAS WRECKED BY THE EXPLOSION. THE ARTIST—FOR THE FIRST TIME IN SIX WEEKS—WAS NOT ON BOARD. HIS DOORS AT BEDFORD, EIGHT MILES FROM THE MONT BLANC, WERE TORN FROM THEIR HINGES. IN RESPONSE TO A LONG-DELAYED WIRE FROM THE CANADIAN COURIER, THESE QUICK-FIRE SKETCHES WERE MADE ON THE SPOT. THEY WERE FINISHED ON A DESK OF COFFINS. THEY TELL THE STORY BETTER THAN PHOTOGRAPHS. THE CAMERA IS A MACHINE. IT FEELS NOTHING. THE ARTIST PUTS INTO HIS IMPRESSIONS—HIMSELF, AS HE WAS POWERFULLY AFFECTED BY THE HEART-RENDING SCENES HE DEPICTS

*combined to make Halifax our first historic city of Canada, outside of Quebec.*

*Scientists may tell us that the blow to Halifax extended but a few miles in its impact. We know better. The vibrations of*



EVERY Plate Glass Window was rapped by a finger of 3,000 lbs. pressure to the square inch.

*that awful explosion found their way into the remotest hamlet in any cranny of Canada, and beyond. For all that Halifax has been to the story of Canada, let us all be thankful. For the great heart of Halifax, rent with human agony that had scarcely time to scream, let the sympathy of the whole of Canada go out. For all she is yet to be, in spite of all that she has suffered, let us all in our common sorrow think of Halifax in her ruin as the emblem of the unconquerable spirit that dwells in any city, great not so much in population, commerce or wealth, as in the life that made the world remember Athens when it would have forgotten Babylon.*



EVENING in a Place of Refuge, says the Artist. He does not say whether it was a church or college. People who had never seen one another before were suddenly homed here. Children asked their mothers—what? The mothers knew not. The aged woman, somebody's grandmother, could not recall in all her readings of the Bible anything that seemed so like the Day of Judgment on earth as this. And because the Artist felt what he saw he flung down his impressions in quick, nervous lines and splashes more eloquent than the accurate lines of any camera, at a time when the eyes and ears and the very brains of people were in a State of Chaos in a City of Wrecks.

HEAVEN, they say, is kind at last. And heaven sent to Halifax a cruel, blinding blizzard, so that people who trembled in its grip because they were alive might not see clearly these ghostly caravans of the dead to the suddenly improvised places of assembly called morgues.





# WHAT HAPPENED TO HOAG

A Serial Story Told in as Many Pictures and as Few Words as Possible

By THOMAS TOPLEY

Continued from Week Before Last

**F**IRST shipment of ore from the Munro Mine a holiday was declared at Markhams, Ltd. All hands were invited to see the mine, a day's trip north to the rocks, special coaches for the workers in as many trains as necessary; coaches for the Board of Trade, newspapermen, other functionaries; with Henry Markham as the grand host of the occasion. One of those affairs where



In their speeches they will say, "God bless the good German workers that Markham brought in to help develop Canada."

his talent for mixing and organization was at its height. The office was closed. Helen Munro was going along.

"I think," said Markham, candidly, as he talked it over, "we should have been married on that day at the mine's mouth—with a honeymoon trip down on the ore boat. But we have all been too busy."

"You—oh!" she said to herself afterwards.

But she recanted that when the long trains were ready to move north in the early June sunshine, everything working as smoothly as a great machine; a typical Markham efficiency business, of which she once more became a part. The only hitch in the grand entourage was switching off several cars from the third train.

This would have angered anybody but Markham.

"Why is it?" asked Helen, when the iron-master had got away from the crowd long enough for a quiet word or two in his own car.

"He laughed. "Between you and me," he said, "not one of the British-Canadian crowd would budge on this holiday trip. They are saying—to hell with the Munro Mine. Eh?"

"No matter for laughing if they do," she said.

"You don't understand," he said, slowly. His voice was quiet and he spoke low. "I am not worried. My day is coming. This day you will never forget. The Board of Trade people and all the others will look back and say some day this was an historic event. You will hear them in their speeches to-day say, 'God bless the good German

workers that Henry Markham brought to Canada to help develop it. A few years from now they will remember their speeches. Ah! They all want efficiency. They all admire organization. Here they have it. I am popular now. Some day I shall not be so. So you will need—"

A blast from the train whistle cut off the rest.

She saw in his eyes a dance of lights that might have set fire to his bushy eyebrows.

"You do not understand—yet," he said.

"I do not," she replied. "Don't bother me. The day is too fine. Let's be happy."

"Oh, believe me," he protested, as he rose. "I—am."

**H**OAG never dreamed he could be so stung by any woman.

Another year—but he hated to think that any turn of fortune could put her in one world, himself in another. She would think him an apostle of the dinner-pail crowd. So he was. But for the sake of beauty. He would have made her go with him into the homes of the poor. But as Mrs.—or Lady—Markham she never would do so except to advertise Markham. So Hoag wrote a poem or two about her, chastely imagistic, fumbled a stray song on Mrs. Bartop's piano and swore that she did not, after all, belong to that other world.

**S**UCCESS. Markham was its trade-mark.

But did she know—what or who he really was?

And should Martin Hoag be spy enough to tell her?

Would a big house, a wall of gowns, weeks of opera, jewels, society columns—compensate her for



Canada was the Eldorado of world-money and world-workers, all seeking new fields.

the awakening she was to get by and bye?

And what was it to Hoag whether or not?

He said it was nothing. And he knew right well he lied to him-

self. Mrs. Bartop considered him crazy. And as to the woman with the baby—here was a fresh line. The woman was dead. Her grave would have no flowers from the hand of the coming Mrs. Markham. Poor thing! Once Hoag had helped her; had not seen her since; knew of her death only from the Clarion; believed Mrs. Bartop, when she said she had seen the woman and the baby over his chair in his room. But Mrs. Bartop was odd; had psychic disturbances. Many people seemed to have them nowadays. Thank heaven! Hoag often felt cheap that some crude, untaught soul could write him in a letter to the Clarion spiritual experiences absolutely beyond any of his—or they seemed to be. His own dreams were so astoundingly chaotic, so beautiful, so real—and when he came to set them down in words, so like the legends of Homer. If



"My dear woman, all men who do anything worth while are—psychic."

he should tell Mrs. Bartop that he had once befriended the woman with the baby she would expect him to have prevented her death by further befriending. And he accused himself that he had not—for what did the presence of the phantoms over his chair, if Mrs. Bartop could be believed, mean except that in the spirit world behind her miserable charwoman, street-walker life, her phantom had sought out his in the place where it was most accustomed to be?

**H**ELEN MUNRO knew nothing of this. She felt sorry for Hoag. She might never speak to him again. Their ways had parted. He was to blame. He might have been Henry Markham's chief man, his adviser, his spiritual eyes. Reading his column in the Clarion she realized what that might have been. What were these shadow experiences so many people thought they were having? Some of them were strangely beautiful. She noted that a good many of them had to do with large houses, the homes of those in a



Markham gets an editor to write in praise of German municipal methods.

higher world of money; that the poorer the writer—judged by the grammar and the spelling, for Hoag let them go in just as they came to him—the more the vision seemed to be of great halls and gowns and jewels and all sorts of pageants. Women were strange creatures. Not many of the dreamers were men. Or perhaps men forgot their dreams.

This, anyhow, was wonderful to her: that already she herself was part of the kind of world about which so many people had visions and dreams. Right up next to Henry Markham, the wizard of business organization, the great young ironmaster of Canada, she would soon be in a position of envy to hundreds upon hundreds of people who, for years, had filled the social columns. She knew that Henry Markham was regarded with a sort of incredulous awe by a great many of the more conservative financial and industrial crowd who had never been imaginative and daring enough to break away from legitimate conventional business into the wealth-creating class.

He had discovered the Munro Mine.

He was building on it a great industrial and transportation system.

His builders were busy while other men talked about it. He had some wizardry of organizing men.

The strike—how swiftly and coolly he had settled that.

All the newspapers but one lauded him.

Markham was a Canada-developer.

He was bringing in some of the world's best workers.

The country was top-up in a world of expansion more prodigal and romantic than the Elizabethan Era. Canada was the Eldorado of world-money, world-workers, world-organizations—all seeking new fields.

Public opinion cheerfully gave Markham credit for being one of the 23 men at the basis of Canadian finance.

But he was sometimes such a big bubbling boy who never seemed to think he was doing anything won-



derful Sometimes — otherwise; when she almost hated him, without knowing why.

But then all his philanthropies, his educational and religious work, his interest in the settlements among the foreigners.

Any wonder a young woman, once a plain stenographer, looked at herself in the glass and said,

"Well, you are the lucky woman!"

**S**MELTERS to finish. Ships to buy. Rolling stock to get. All these for the iron-master to co-ordinate. Even Helen did



"I'll attend to the hammer and tongs. You look after the seances."

not know how he did it. Things were getting too big for the office as it then was. A transformation was due.

"When we—are married, eh?" he laughed. "You will be out of my business. Ah! I don't know how it can be."

One of his curly-headed boy-times. She could have pulled his hair over his eyes, he was so playful, frank, confiding. Never tired. He did business like a famous ball pitcher plays ball.

"What is it—subconscious self, they call it?" he asked, knowing she would never contradict him.

"Oh, I didn't suspect that you were—psychic."

He blinked with bonhomie.

"My dear woman," he said, gutturally, "all men who do anything worth while are psychic."

"Psych—ic," he muttered, when she was gone. "Paugh! Where have I heard that before? I think I should like to boss a university—just for a week."

**U**P on the hill half a mile from the works there was a bedlam of hammers and saws and trowels. Land there had been cheap when Markham got it. He was making it valuable. Two hundred workmen's homes, improved models.

"Take it from me," he told an editor, "I never will trust any bungling city council to have any part in my business. Those homes will be the community of Markhams, Ltd. And you will never see in Canada more thrifty homes; gardens—one to each; plenty of land for vegetables, fruits and flowers. Eh?"

Which fetched a rosy editorial next day.

Power of the press.

Henry Markham had his own idea of municipalism. He had travelled in Europe; not pretending to originate the idea, but working it out in a new country his own way. And he took as much interest in his workers' homes as in his own new castle on a different hill. Besides, he could talk to these foreigners in their own tongue, and very glibly. These were the men who had broken the strike. They had come in ships, right from the iron centres of Europe.

All right enough. If labor unions were international—why not labor? Canada, after all, was not meant just for Canadian-born; neither for the Imperial idea, as he hinted to another editor with whom he contrived to get into conversation at the club—shrewdly feeling out his man to make sure the editor would tell him as much as he got. Henry Markham had a genius for using the finished products of other men's brains as his own raw material. Canada, after all, was the new world; and the new world was all of the old in a different setting.

**P**OUNDEM, of the Clarion, never got into conversation with Markham. What he thought about the new community he said in his own language. Hoag, as member of the staff—labor reporter—realized how plain living and high thinking were expected to be a team when he accepted \$18 a week with the privilege of conducting his Saturday page to suit his own ideas. What he missed in salary he made up in satisfac-



Hoag's packing-case office at the Clarion sometimes seemed as big as the world.

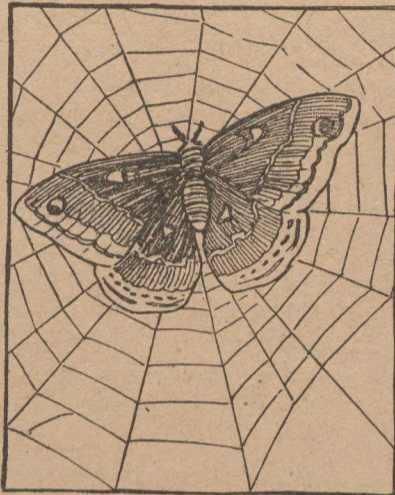
tion. Into his Other Worlds Than Ours department he put a personal investment.

"Thumping good stuff, Hoag," grinned Poundem, with a hard-headed, benevolent sort of leer. "Keep it mysterious. Don't let anybody make it too plain. I'll attend to the hammer and tongs. You look after the seances."

Hoag wondered as he scanned the thick, round-headed advocate of the rights of the under-man, whether Poundem or Markham had the more capable brain. Sometimes he felt like a child in thinking about either. Other times he felt as though the wisdom of both was a very superficial matter.

But Poundem, anyhow, was an exponent of the Maple Leaf Forever Canada. He had small use for polyglot communities. He was an out-and-out Anglo-Saxon.

"**I** BELIEVE in the kingship of the individual," was one of Hoag's oft-repeated mottoes in his Other Worlds Than Ours page of the Saturday Clarion. "No



One of the flies, a gorgeous moth, in the Markham web.

man's individuality can thrive in a soil of easy money; in exploiting other people; in being exploited by other people. The world's economy is wrong. Every man's power should be free. But modern business would make the majority of men slaves. In the world that we say is to come—whether on this earth or somewhere else—some of those whom public opinion considers big ones, kings and all that, will be surprised to find how insignificant they will look. Some of our magnates with their titles will be glad of a seat near the door a long way from the head table. Some of the men who have been enslaved by the magnates, swallowed by the system, sacrificed to production, to get-rich-quick corporations, may find themselves suddenly asked to come up higher. But no man can hold a high place in that world with any kind of arrogance and without great humility. The Sermon on the Mount, the Beatitudes, will be the handbook of the great and the blessed in the true world, here or elsewhere. And there are millions of people who have got glimpses of this real world in dreams, in visions by day, in the light of the morning, in the magic of the stars, in the silence of the hills—"

Hoag could begin or end one of these screeds almost where he liked. Nobody objected. Everybody who took up the Saturday Clarion read it. And the Saturday sale was going up. The staff knew it. Most of them were a sort of rebels who preferred the Clarion rag even when they had to wait for their pay. Hoag had an office as big as a packing-case and about as comfortable. It sometimes seemed as big as the world. The rumble of the press shook it as wind does a sapling. Hoag felt the power of it more than the vibration of Markhams, Ltd. This little rights-of-man rag was the power of public opinion.

**A**ND why did Martin Hoag think himself the richest man in Canada, because he had blundered somehow half psychically into this berth on the Clarion? This whole building in which it was housed could have been stowed away in the head office of Markhams somewhere. As Hoag smelled the paper every day fresh from the press, he repeated to himself the reason. The day was coming when the Clarion would do a bigger work, when it would be not only feared by Markham, but when it would run the sword clean through that filibustering, bulldozing dragon; and the way it was done would be the talk of the country. Hoag had no earthly idea just how it would be done. He only knew from long experience that Henry Markham had but one great fear—Public Opinion. Up till now he had managed to keep all criticism of himself confined to the Clarion, which, of course, did not represent the public—only the workers. Hoag dreamed he might be the one most necessary power in the Clarion's elbow when it came to smite Mr. Markham. He sometimes asked himself why he had such an ambition to down this man. Was it jealousy—because the ironmaster was stealing the woman Hoag had once dreamed of marrying? If so, it seemed as high as the sky and as broad as the world, and as vast as the winds; and Martin Hoag knew very well that Helen Munro had no such sentiments towards him. She was in the Markham web. One of the flies; the finest of all, a gorgeous moth—but it was the same spider that had finance and business and industry and philanthropy and politics and municipal government all hitched up to his fortunes. There was more than any woman in this desire of Martin Hoag. His desire would be the same even though Helen Munro were to pass out of the world. What was it? And how would it



Flung it with a curse into the waste basket.

ever be effective in downing Markhams, Ltd.?

**M**RS. BARTOP continually said that Mr. Hoag was harder to locate than a shadow. He was such a pussy-footed man. When she thought he was in one part of the house he was

(Continued on page 23.)



# AND NOW, A NATION TO BUSINESS

By THE EDITOR

**C**ANADA has made up her mind about what is left of the thing we used to call politics. The long tension is over. We know now that Union Government will control the affairs of this country, probably for the duration of the war, perhaps longer. We have said before, and more than once, that the Cabinet which Sir Robert Borden selected to help him in this great work are an organization of high efficiency and of men whose patriotic enthusiasm is beyond cavil. Most of the people of Canada think so. With that conviction goes the principle that the Military Service Act is preferable to anything else which the Opposition would have substituted for the purpose of carrying on the war.

And the war remains. Let us bury our politics. Let us concentrate upon the war. A people who fight among themselves cannot fight a common enemy. Russia is fighting herself. And Russia is not fighting Germany. Ireland is fighting herself. And Ireland is not concentrated on the business of fighting Germany. Canada is a united country. All the disunionists in the nine provinces can't break that unity when the people as a whole decide that we should hang together.

The victory or defeat in the election, much as it may be made to mean to the cause of the Allies one way or the other, is a mere drop in the bucket compared with the terrific programme with which the whole wide world is still wrestling in a Gethsemane of agony. The whole world? Perhaps some of us don't feel that way about it. Our experiences of the war, our part in the war, may not qualify some of us to talk about suffering. Heaven knows a lot of us have done a deal of talking about service; enough to make us all want to do something

more than tell other people how many of our relations are at the war, more than eating a little war bread, or buying Victory Bonds, or knitting socks for the soldiers.

Let us not begin to forget it—and if we have begun, let us quit forgetting, that the war is daily and hourly searching into every cranny of the world. The war is not a mere war. It is a struggle of the ages. No man, woman or child can escape its awful clutch. None of us but must think differently of life itself, of ambition, of home, of patriotism, of our fellow-men, even of religion, because of this war. And the fact that we have won or lost an election in Canada makes no difference to this great conversion of humanity. We are all under the iron necessity of becoming bigger and better men and women in even the smallest things of life. We are all face up with the glorious privilege of self-discovery. We can all do more than ever we have done. We can all suffer more than we think. And half the things we call suffering are nothing. Heavens! Can we read even the tamest war book and not realize that Canada as yet has not suffered, except through bereavement of our glorious dead?

No, let us abandon all our mere politics. Let us forget the little struggle we have had in the contemplation, in the actual share, in the great struggle abroad. And let the new Parliament of Canada, when it assembles, present to the people of Canada and to the world at large, the spectacle of a united Canadian people. To all of which good patriots, lovers of Canada, will say Amen! So let us all act as though we believed in our Amens. And until a lot of us begin to do something that can really be called war, let us all abstain from hallelujahs.

## HELPING YOU to KEEP POSTED

**I**N appealing to the primal law of evolution the supremacy of might, the German philosophers only show how far behind her enemies their country is in the scale of development, and that she forfeits her right to a place in the family of civilized nations, declares the famous nationalist, John Burroughs, in the New York Times. They

put her on a level with the German of the old Stone Age, twenty-five or more thousand years ago, with whom, no doubt, the moral distinctions upon which we build were very obscure.

In view of the foregoing considerations I cannot agree with Dr. Crile that the German philosophy will prove to be sound if she should win this war. It

will still be only a victory of might over right, of the brute over the man, which has happened many times in the jungle. German supremacy might be established for the time being, but German final fitness to survive at the expense of other nationalities would be far from being established. There would still remain in full force the newer biological law which came in with man's development and which makes the peoples in whom it is most developed the fittest for survival. It may suffer temporary eclipse at the hands of the German, scientific barbarism and organized brutal strength, but it would still remain, even in their midst, to trouble them, and in the end would defeat them.

As an empire the British is far better fitted to survive than the German, for the reason that the British people, through their humanitarian, political, and sociological endowments, in other words, their Magna Charta of individual rights, have the gift of empire. They are natural empire builders; they respect the natural rights of their colonists; they give the Canadian and the Australian individual play room; they do not seek to standardize the people subject to their rule. While the failure of Germany as an empire builder is that she seeks to Germanize everybody, she imposes her own standards everywhere; she is so infatuated with her own "Kultur" that she will tolerate no other, and she would Germanize the whole world, from top to bottom, if she had the chance. Her swelled head prevents her from seeing that the great movement of the modern world is the democratic movement, and that the divine right of kings and emperors, and the tyranny of States, have had their day. Or, did she begin to feel the pressure of this movement in the world, and begin to find it intolerable? Did it fill her with alarm and force her into making a strike against it before it overwhelmed her? Did her ruling classes begin to realize, under the threat of socialism in their own midst, that a change of political climate was close at hand, that the great clock of the ages was about to strike a new hour even in the heart of militarism, and that now or never its hands must be set back?

(Continued on page 20.)

### THE PORKLESS MENU



Congress: "Oh, well, a change of diet will do me good."

—Marcus, in N. Y. Times.



# IS YOUR NAME WRITTEN THERE?

By ESTELLE M. KERR

ON the voters' list, of course, we mean. Yes, we are still talking about elections, though the municipal ones are not so important. Voting is not my favorite sport, but a little trip to the polls is the only dissipation in which I expect to participate on New Year's day. I suppose the bells will be busy ringing out the old, as usual, and people who go to watch-night service and those who go to dances will hear them. You must be careful how you usher the New Year in, for I have heard it said that he who is feasting while the bells ring in the New Year will spend much of the year in merriment, he who is praying is doomed to spend much of the year in a similar manner.

I expect to sleep it in, that will at least be a safeguard against insomnia. And the next day, bright and early, I will go out and vote. I don't expect any New Year's callers or New Year's presents or even New Year's cards (which I formerly received from the people who forgot to send me Christmas cards and were overcome with remorse on receiving mine). I don't even expect turkey and relatives for dinner. There remains but the "inestimable privilege of the vote." I have received two cards that anticipated New Year's day. They are from the gentlemen who wish me to vote for them. They both look agreeable, though neither handsome nor intellectual. It is very hard to choose between them. If only one of them would take to drink or embezzle some money before the great day, how gladly would I rush to the polls and vote for the other one! But no, they are if not righteous, at least extraordinarily careful. It is most disappointing when one has agitated for years to obtain the vote that one derives so little pleasure from using it!

I felt very differently about the Federal vote, and very sad at not being able to exercise it, but now that those elections are over and the fervor and bitterness of the political battle has somewhat abated, we are able to laugh over the humors of the campaign, as seen by women who have never before played the slightest part in electioneering. But though we laugh, we do not mean to scoff. For novices, the majority of the canvassers did remarkably well. Plunged suddenly into political importance, they felt that something was at stake, and many rushed in where a wise man would have feared to tread. But if they made mistakes this year—just wait until their next opportunity! Now they are organized, they have discovered what speakers can be called on, their leaders can be best entrusted, but at this election it was all so new, it happened so suddenly, that everyone who volunteered was put to work, with results that were sometimes most annoying and often very humorous.

MISS A. is the professor of history in one of the largest high schools in Canada. Her family have been Liberals since time immemorial. She has a brother at the front and she believes in conscription, but she does not approve of the Unionist member who is running in the district in which she is to vote, while the Liberal candidate

has enlisted her sympathies by the fact that he has two sons at the front. She is still undecided when two canvassers, one plump and the other thin, arrive. They are dressed in seal coats and very stylish hats. They have never heard of Miss A., but as her name is on their list they tell the maid they wish to see her. When she appears the one with the lorgnette and gold pencil looks at her condescendingly: "Are you Miss A.?" she asks.

"Yes."

"You have a brother at the front, so of course you are going to vote for us?"

"For you?"

"For the Union, of course."

"I have not quite decided yet."

"But surely! Why, I never heard of such a thing! Why, anyone with half a brain can see that anyone who supports the Laurier government is pro-German. Miss A., may I ask if you are pro-German?"

"Certainly not!"

"Well, all I can say is that it looks very much like it," sniffs the lady with the lorgnette!

"Now, don't get excited, dear," coos the plump lady; "my husband says we mustn't coerce people, that everyone is entitled to their own opinion."

"I'm not coercing. They told me at Headquarters that we should argue the point, but if people aren't ashamed when you point out the fact that they are pro-German, what's the use? Well, Miss A., I beg you will give the matter your most serious consideration, and if you do decide to vote for us, be sure you let me know. Good morning."

THERE were amongst the canvassers a host of women, very wise, very conscientious, who patiently went from door to door inspired by no feeling of political triumph, but imbued with the fact that the honor of the country depended upon the success of the government

they wished to uphold. Sometimes doors were slammed in their faces. Sometimes they stood out in the cold and were insulted. One brave little old maid who had recently returned from England was canvassing in a suburban district where the houses pressed closely together in rows of dull monotony. But there was no similarity in the character of its occupants.

"Come right into the kitchen," said one woman, "it's the only warm place in the house. Now come right in. That's right, sit down by the stove and you can talk to me while I go on with my washing. Yes, my husband is overseas. Now, you want to get after the woman next door, she has three sons, big, healthy fellows they are, too. Two of them are married, but they haven't any children, and the third, who is a lazy loafer, has been granted exemption on the ground that he is the sole support of his widowed mother. Yes, get after her."

But the woman next door denied the fact that she had any sons.

"And what good do you do electioneering, when you ought to be in the kitchen, that's the proper place for a woman," she said.



They went patiently from door to door.

"But I haven't a kitchen," said the little old maid.

"Then you ought to go down to Ottawa and run the government instead of Sir Robert Borden. I expect you'd do it better than he does, that wouldn't be hard."

One of the houses stood apart from the others and was much more pretentious. A very elegant lady opened the door, apologizing for the fact that she had no maid.

"In war time one is forced to make so many sacrifices," she said. "I really don't think I can support the Union Government. I believe it would only prolong the war, and even if we are beaten, what does it signify? I have heard that the German government is very excellent. I once knew a German who was a most agreeable man, and really this state of things cannot go on any longer. Just think, I may even be reduced to the necessity of using oleomargarine!"

"But I have been living in England and for the past two years I have never tasted butter."

"How dreadful! But then you are probably one of those people that don't mind, so long as you get enough to eat! Now, I go in for quality rather than quantity. No matter how poor my fare may be, my glass and my silver is always bright and shining. I prefer dainty morsels elegantly served, but it is most difficult to keep up one's social position! . . . Yes, I have a brother at the front, much younger than I. I haven't seen him for years, he went West. He was the black sheep of the family, but the others are all doing nicely, that is, as well as can be expected under the circumstances. It is all very distressing. It is a great trial to me to be obliged to live in this neighborhood, but my husband says—must you go? No. I don't think you need put my name down. I don't think I shall bother about voting. After all, what does it signify?"

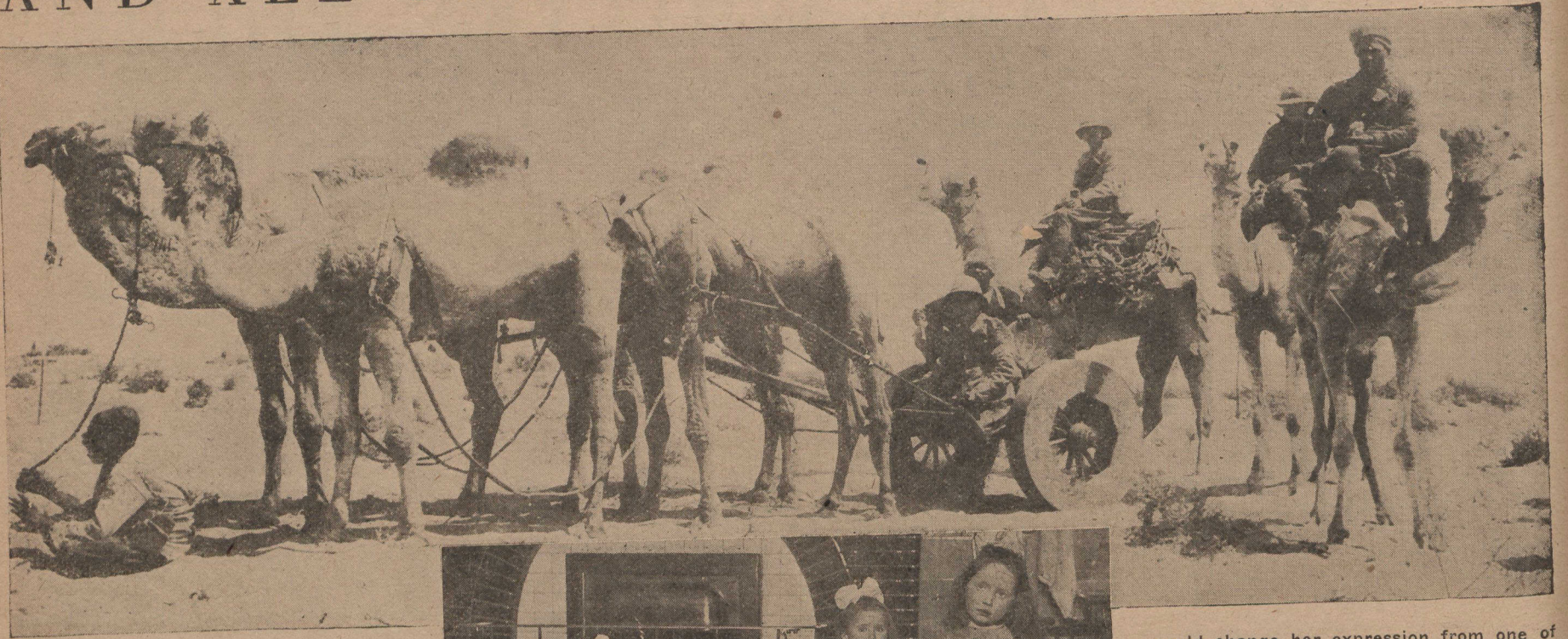
At some of the houses the women burst into tears while telling of their dear ones at the front, but most of them were very brave; they wanted to keep on the fight until victory was assured, no matter what the hardships might be. They did not need a motor to take them to the polls, no matter what the weather was like. No indeed!



"And if you should decide to vote for Us, be sure to let me know."



# AND ALL THE ANIMALS TWO BY TWO



THE little tots in the lower picture are undergoing treatment in a London Hospital for air-raid shock. They do not seem very happy, even with the handsome toys provided by generous people, in response to the Hospital appeal for something to amuse the kiddies. One little girl is pretty nearly in tears. Why? Well, perhaps she is camera-shy, or maybe she is still thinking of the frightfulness of the Germans in bombing defenceless children. Now if we could transport the camels above her from the desert to the London street in front of the hospital we



could change her expression from one of fear to one of delight and make her think of how "the animals two by two" went into the ark, as told by her story-book.

THE remarkable photograph on top illustrates in an interesting way how the war has brought about a combination of the ancient and the modern. The ancient camels and chariot are here depicted laying a modern telephone cable in the desert for the British troops operating in the Egyptian area.

## THE UNSEEN PRICE-CONTROLLER

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

ECONOMIC cause and effect weave an intricate web. It is the complexity of that web which makes real price control so hard, and every country where such control has been tried, Germany, as well as England, England, as well as America, reveals the wrecks of unsuccessful experiments. As Mr. Hoover says, "Any form of control leads into economic reactions which are disconcerting"—and yet the risk must be boldly taken (if not boldly then not at all) for fear of worse.

From the root-cause of scarcity spring many secondary causes of high prices. Some of these are amenable to control, for example, that to which I referred in my last article, the intense competition of unregulated buyers (especially when these are backed by unlimited government credits), which grows as the scarcity grows. Another is the opportunity which a rising market gives to the hoarder and the speculator, who foresee higher prices and sit down to wait for them or actively help to bring them about. Other causes are, unfortunately, less amenable to control, and one in particular, one often left out of consideration, in the discussion of this subject, the unseen but very real price "booster," **war-time inflation.**

War creates a demand for money as well as for goods, and, as it happens, it is easier to create money than goods. I do not refer merely to the inconvertible paper money, which is the precarious refuge of bankrupt governments. Even in financially sound countries like Canada there are causes at work which produce inflation—and by that term I mean simply an increase in the amount of money of all kinds in circulation as compared with the stock of

By PROF. R. M. McIVER

goods. **While goods decrease, money increases, with the inevitable result that money buys less goods.**

In Canada there are two general causes of this inflation. First, we are exporting more goods than we are importing, taking the balance in money, or credit, which amounts to the same thing. If the balance were used to pay off national debts owed outside the country, it would be well. But otherwise it merely increases the stock of money relatively to commodities. We are selling war materials and food products at high prices, and gold and credits have been flowing into the country. It all means more money and less goods, and that means higher prices. Second, we are like other belligerents, raising war loans. War bonds mean more borrowing on the part of those who buy them, and more borrowing means more credit-money without any increase in goods. Let me give a simple illustration. A business man buys \$100,000 Victory Bonds. He most likely has not \$100,000 in surplus funds at his hand, so he borrows from the bank, say \$50,000. He thereby creates a new credit of \$50,000, which appears on one side of the bank balance sheet as a deposit, on the other side as a loan. (Some people, seeing bank deposits and bank clearings mounting up, actually think the country is growing more prosperous). Or, again, supposing the purchaser of the bonds does have \$100,000 in actual surplus cash, and buys his bonds therewith. He now holds the best of securities, why not utilize it? He may go to the bank and borrow, on the strength of his bonds, say \$80,000. So the original \$100,000

becomes the basis of a credit of \$180,000. For the country has now the right to spend the \$100,000 and he himself has command over \$80,000—but there are no more goods in the country than before. This is, in simplified statement, why every war-loan inflates the currency and causes the price of commodities to rise.

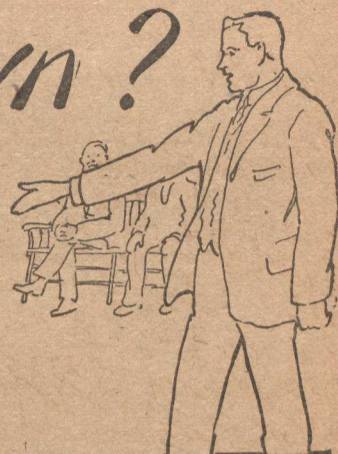
IT is reasonable to look for still higher prices as a result of our wonderfully successful war-borrowing. The unseen power is at work all the time, not to be exercised by any price-controller. If all the population consisted of well-to-do or wealthy people I believe that, in spite of some adverse effects, this inflation could be regarded as a blessing in disguise, as long, at any rate, as the war lasts. For it means that **all debts incurred in the past, being payable nominally in money, but really in goods or services, are being automatically reduced in the degree in which money represents a less quantity of goods than before.** It would thus, while lightening the burden of national debt, compel the well-to-do to economize, and so to release labor and capital for necessary ends. But the unhappy aspect is that inflation bears most heavily on those who are near or over the edge of privation. It tightens the pinch of poverty for those who already suffer the most. For this reason it is imperative that everything possible be done to remove those other and preventable causes of high prices, competition and speculation. Here is where the government, the visible price-controller, must come in to mitigate, so far as possible, the results due to its unseen but so potent antagonist.



# What is the Matter with my Town?

A FEW weeks ago we asked this question, expecting readers to answer it. Politics and war have combined to keep the response to a very small minority. People are evidently too busy on matters outside their own town boundaries, to take much time off for criticizing the towns they live in. Four people have sent in four interesting articles on that subject. Four towns anyway have something wrong with them. Here are the criticisms. They are interesting enough as samples of shrewd observation and lively humor to be read, even if the towns were indicated by x, y, z. But there's something wrong with Fort William, Owen Sound, Kingston and Hampton, Ont. These "What's-the-matter-with-my-towns" are all in Ontario. For reasons very well understood, the critics do not wish their names published. But we leave it to the reader if there is anything in any of the criticisms to entitle the critic to a coat of tar and feathers or even a ride on a rail.

—The Editor.



## OWEN SOUND

OWEN SMILEY says that the C. P. R. from Toronto to Owen Sound is like a church organ, it has so many stops. When the train leaves Owen Sound it labors like Pilgrim with his load until it reaches Rocklyn; coming therefrom it describes a semi-circle and slips down a grade as steep as the proverbial road to destruction, to a building called the C. P. R. station. That train must be a horrible thing, for before it stops, the commercial men have filed out, the first, standing on the lowest step of the car platform, leaves it before the train stops, and followed by the others makes for a 'bus. Should the roads be muddy you will understand why perdition is always pictured at the bottom of a grade.

There is only one railway station in Ontario with a gloomier outlook than that of the C. P. R. Owen Sound, and that is the G. T. R. station on the opposite side of the river. We are ignoring the home of the London Advertiser in this article. The G. T. R. station is bounded on the west during spring and autumn by a river of mud; and on the east, just far enough from the track to make it inconvenient for would-be suicides, lies the harbor. Both railroads out of Owen Sound take you north to get you south, as though loath to leave the pure, crystal waters of the Georgian Bay.

The all-absorbing problem in Owen Sound to-day is the coal situation. If you want a ton of stove coal you 'phone each of the half-dozen dealers. A coal dealer is a person who doesn't speak the truth. You discover that some of the dealers have invoices, some have shipping bills, some have invoices but no shipping bills, some have shipping bills but no invoices, and some have soft coal, but none has stove coal. Before the dealer denies very strongly that he has coal, he asks your name, and should it be "Smith" or "Jones" he denies with the vehemence of Simon Peter. In fact, as you hang up the receiver you feel guilty that you should ever have thought that a coal dealer would sell coal. Coal dealers have written some very interesting letters to the Owen Sound press censuring the Town Council for having dared to go into the coal business. Happy thought! I 'phoned the Mayor, but he said the invoices hadn't arrived and that the town dealers had lots of soft coal. How the Town Council must be trespassing on the coal dealer's business in Owen Sound!

But for worldly wisdom commend me to the wood dealer. I 'phoned for cedar kindling, just a little, say a quarter of a cord. With a quiver in my voice, doubtless, I asked the price. They're not asking the price now. Ten dollars a cord for cedar kindling. "All right, then, a quarter of a cord, please." When it arrived, there proved to be one-eighth of a cord. "You sent me only one-eighth instead of one-quarter of a cord." A feminine voice, "Oh, we don't sell wood by the cord, we sell it by the load, we sent you a quarter of a load." "How many cords in a load?" "Oh, a load's a—a load's a—a load, but we sent you a quarter of a load." "No, no, but it wasn't a quarter of a load." "Oh, yours was cedar kindling, we weighed yours." "Er—er—what did it weigh?"

Crash!  
I went down cellar and proceeded to split up the cedar. It was too water-soaked to burn. I understood why they weighed it.

I shall order my next lot of cedar kindling by the gallon.

SOAKED.

## KINGSTON

I SCRATCH my head, I stroke my beard, I look at the bowl of my good old friend, "Brier Pipe," and again I say—"What is the matter with my town?"

Is there anything the matter with Kingston?

Kingston, the birthplace of Governors, Premiers, Statesmen. Is there?—is there?

"Yes," I soliloquize. "Yes, there is."

"But," I say to my pipe—"What is it?"

Is it location? "No; God gave Kingston the finest location in the province, if not on the continent."

Is it the power question? "No, I think Kingston has solved that matter in connecting up with the Hydro."

Is it labor? "No, labor seems to be perfectly satisfied in Kingston."

Is it education? "No; certainly not, with one of the finest universities on the continent, dominated all through its career by men of the MacKerras, Grant, Gordon type; a military college second to none on the continent, not to mention numerous other colleges and schools of learning."

Is it religion? "No, it has churches and preachers of the finest calibre."

Is it politics? "No more than any other city."

Well, what is it? What does Kingston want most—to put her ahead of other cities of her size?

And as I puff, the smoke takes on the shape of an attractive rotunda, neat marble pillars, uniformed attendants; I see a block, three sided, with paved streets all around; I see a location for one of the most up-to-date hotels in the country, all outside rooms, courtyard in the centre, tea room for ladies, grill-room and all the other things that go to make a hotel worth stopping at.

I see from its roof-garden, four or five stories high, the finest view that can be obtained from any hotel in Ontario.

I can follow the beautiful Rideau River, past the locks at Kingston Mills until it merges itself in the Lakes, foliage, and skies of the distant up-lands.

I can see the majestic St. Lawrence losing itself in the wonderful Thousand Islands.

I can see a most wonderful sunset tingeing the blue sky that kisses the crested waves of Lake Ontario 10 or 12 miles distant.

I can see the Cataraqui River dreamily winding its way through hill and vale to its outlet, five miles west. Such a view! Tourists! Well, would they not clamor for rooms in this "oasis," this pure, cool, summer air, ten degrees cooler than any other city in Eastern Canada?

Travellers! Would they not endeavor to make their week ends at this resting place?

Conventions! Can you picture a more heavenly place, or suggest a more central?

But, alas, it is a dream.

What is the matter with my town?

The matter is that there is not enough nerve and backbone in the Aldermen, either individually or collectively, to propose a Civic-Owned Hotel in my city.

The matter is that they will all be dead and buried before they wake up to their great possibilities.

The matter is solved if they will take the McRae Block, for instance, and build an up-to-date hotel in this most beautiful city and run it, and if there is a deficit for a short time—charge it up to the tax payers in the municipal tax.

My pipe is out.

"HERLOCK SOLMES."

## FORT WILLIAM

WHAT is the matter with my town? Nothing—nothing very much, except that it has good, healthy, natural growing-pains. As proof of its adolescence, the ten-hour workday is palpably prevalent. Of course we wanted to be Big. Bigness means money.

My town, at the head of the lakes here, is one of the best industrially on the North American continent. In quest of manual labor I have beat about it from coast to coast, so I ought to know. I would call it the best, were it not that my industrial perspective is unimpaired. My town functions through the medium of civic-ownership, and its slogan is, "Boost—boost till you bust."

They call my town Fort William, although some of the tiresome old crabs have at times yclept it "Bonusville." We did so want to be Big, for we knew that the concomitants of Bigness were: patriotism, honor, love, life and happiness. So we encouraged manufacturers to come to us from the East—in fact, anywhere. They came, the good with the bad, some of them individuals who had been "snowed under" by the fierce eastern competition, and as a last resort were forced to a perusal of Horace Greely.

We took them to our arms, esconced them on free sites, deluged them with tax exemptions, and in the way of cash-bonusing, the public purse was reminiscent of apple-ducking at a Hallowe'en Eve festivity. Quite a few of our new influx made good, while other business-like Christians hung for a few years on our generosity, made their pile, and tried the new, profitable game elsewhere.

Our city fathers, at some time bucolic in their upbringing—most of them—were out to buy their experience. But times were good, and the busy taxpayers had no time to bother with questions of modern industry, high finance, or the body politic.

Came a time when a nearby falls of tremendous waterpower cried aloud to be decked in harness. Our resources at the time were hardly adequate to warrant the cost. Private enterprise came to the rescue, assumed the undertaking, smiled at the legality of a liberal franchise and went to work.

Their smile so broadened to a hilarious grin that to-day local power-consumers are beside themselves by the arbitrary tactics of private control. Some of the bolder spirits among the local captains of industry have called in the "big smoke" of a power company of national celebrity to try and force a reasonable issue, the importance and result of which remains yet to be seen.

Our water and lights as public utilities run smoothly along, although our educational system could stand a poultice. Our public library is an intellectual source of inspiration. The residents, however, are happily, and willingly, worked to death.

And our street-car system—wow! Transportation is the paramount need of the industrialist up here, in that the elevators, and manufacturing plants are so vastly scattering. This extensive area demands a cheap fare. But the official "car-heads" have all along complained that the system was hard set; so recently the fare has been doubled. Now, when we wish to visit our Port Arthur cousins, three miles distant, we help swell the civic exchequer by the sum of one dime. This innovation is preposterous, and courts Dominion-wide publicity. The latest remedy is to put the cars on a one-man-running basis, the progressive whim of a "gink" from Cal-

(Concluded on page 21.)



# WHY Not RE-SCORE The MESSIAH ?

By THE MUSIC EDITOR



**AS a Music Show it is a conglomeration, magnificently counterpointed and decorated, but badly built as a work of art. In fact it isn't art. But it is—Music. And a good many people regard it as—Religious. Anyway, like Rule Britannia, it is splendidly British. But if people are to enjoy the Messiah for all it is really worth—which is a good deal after all—won't some resourcetful musician kindly cut out a lot of the superfluous recitatives and some of the choruses, and write a first-class modern orchestration for it?**

**W**HY should a supposedly first-rate symphony orchestra travel 500 miles in order to help a first-rate Canadian choral society give the Messiah? Is that sort of musical game worth the candle? Has oratorio not begun to go the downward slope even in England, the only country where it ever struck any permanent root; and if so, what is the use of Canadian choral societies trying to bolster it up?

We ask these impertinent questions because, a few days ago, the Toronto Oratorio Society, under the baton of Dr. Edward Broome, an Englishman in Canada, was assisted by the Russian Symphony Orchestra to do Handel's chef d'oeuvre. More than 3,000 people heard the work. Everybody seemed delighted. In fact, I was quite interested myself. I have been to many a show much duller than the Messiah—and some of them are grand operas, quite modern ones. Nobody was tired when it was over. It was a cheerful show, made a deal of agreeable noise, most of it artistic, and no doubt revived a whole train of memories in the minds of those present. Oratorio has a reminiscent character that way. I am always reminded of great crowds crudely assembled, a sort of judgment day episode, with all the town choirs massed row upon row, all the church folk present, many of the preachers, a general democracy of Methodists and Anglicans, with a few Scotch—because some Scotch folk really like Handel. I could even imagine John Bull as chairman of a concert in which the Messiah was the only number. And I know that John Bull would be able to stand up and sing the Hallelujah bass score from memory, as many good Englishmen would count it musical heresy not to be able to do.

The Messiah is just about as British as the Magna Carta or Devonshire cider; and to prove it you may follow the trail of the Messiah to the prairies and the trenches. Thousands of men in the front line know the Messiah, even the solos; know it in their sleep. They inherited it and so did their fathers before them. The roots of the old thing go back clean through the Victorian era into the days of the early Georges. And it will take a lot of dis-

integration to uproot it. Put to a referendum, I doubt if England would not as soon move to abolish the House of Lords. Once upon a time the Messiah was popular in many parts of Canada. Its vogue has been declining. The late F. H. Torrington had the distinction of conducting the work over 200 times in this country. It used to be done in some of our smaller cities and large towns. We never hear of it now—in London, or St. Thomas, Brantford, Hamilton, Ottawa, or any of those places. The old Philharmonic, under Guillaume Couture, used to do it in Montreal. Not now. Opera is more popular there. Winnipeg has had a few performances of the work, and for some while back one of the most celebrated Messiah singers ever known since the days of Sims Reeves and Charles Santley has been teaching music in Winnipeg—Eatkin Mills, who was quite the biggest basso-cantante Messiah artist that ever came to Canada.

There are two ways of judging the Messiah—also the Elijah, the Redemption and a few other works of that ilk. They are either a musical show or they are a sort of religion. I know the Messiah is a show because the audience spent about a third of their time applauding, and we don't usually applaud our religion. It must be a sort of religion because its libretto is lifted almost direct from the Bible and set to music that sometimes is quite devoutly uplifting. Which it is most is a matter of individual preference. I have known audiences to be profoundly affected by certain parts of the Messiah. Any ordinary person who could not be moved by Comfort Ye, He Was Despised, and I Know that My Redeemer Liveth, has something wrong with his critical machinery. There are some choruses, too, that take hold of the religious element in a man. I don't feel sure about the Hallelujah. Handel may, as he said, have seen the heavens opened when he wrote that chorus, but of course Handel was a very excitable old Hanoverian, who sometimes became quite emotional in a very cheap way, and sometimes surpassed all his contemporaries in such exquisite bits as the Pastoral Symphony and He Shall Feed His Flock. In the matter of choruses I much prefer Worthy

is the Lamb and Lift Up Your Heads.

But when you take away from the Messiah its religious factor and estimate it as music, which it really is, what is the result? We are told that Handel wrote the whole thing in about three weeks. Which, of course, means that he had a lot of it already composed in sections. "He Was Despised," for instance, he originally composed as a love song, and it must have been a good one; yet nobody thinks of it as anything but beautifully religious. A large number of the choruses are mainly Handelian vocal exercises in counterpoint and polyphonics. Most of the introductions are miserably scratchy and thin, just as they were in the days of the little tinkly-tank orchestra of Handel's day. Some of the accompaniments are beautiful. Once you come to analyze the thing it resolves itself into a sort of potpourri of scenes taken from Scripture and tacked together with more or less appropriate music. But it covers such a wide range and variety of scenes that there is no possible occasion for any sort of climax. Handel was too prolific a writer. He had an overplus of what is called thematic material and a paucity of coloring and subterfuge in working it up. A modern opera contents itself with two or three leading motifs around which it plays in all manner of combinations and colorings from the orchestra till they are painted right into the brain of the listener, who, of course, is much assisted by the acting and the stage setting. The Messiah is a whole repertoire of motifs, none of them worked up and most of them strung together without any sort of regard for modulation, tone-color or suggestion. The effect is much like listening to a miscellaneous concert of anthems and solos and organ numbers, all of which are more or less religious, but few of which have any connection one with another.

Such a loosely constructed work can not be kept alive by its inherent musical character. It can only be sustained by tradition and as far as possible good performance. By tradition we do not mean keeping up the style in which Handel or any other old master was supposed to conduct the work. That makes little or no difference. There are various readings of the scores. For all practical purposes one is as good as another so long as it is well done and does not outrage the sentiment. About the only tradition of any importance is that of tempo; and some of the English critics are so finicky about this that a few years ago one of them took a metronome under his coat to the Birmingham Festival—or was it Leeds?—and tested out the performance, which he reported in the Musical Times by rounds like a prize fight. This is neither music nor religion.

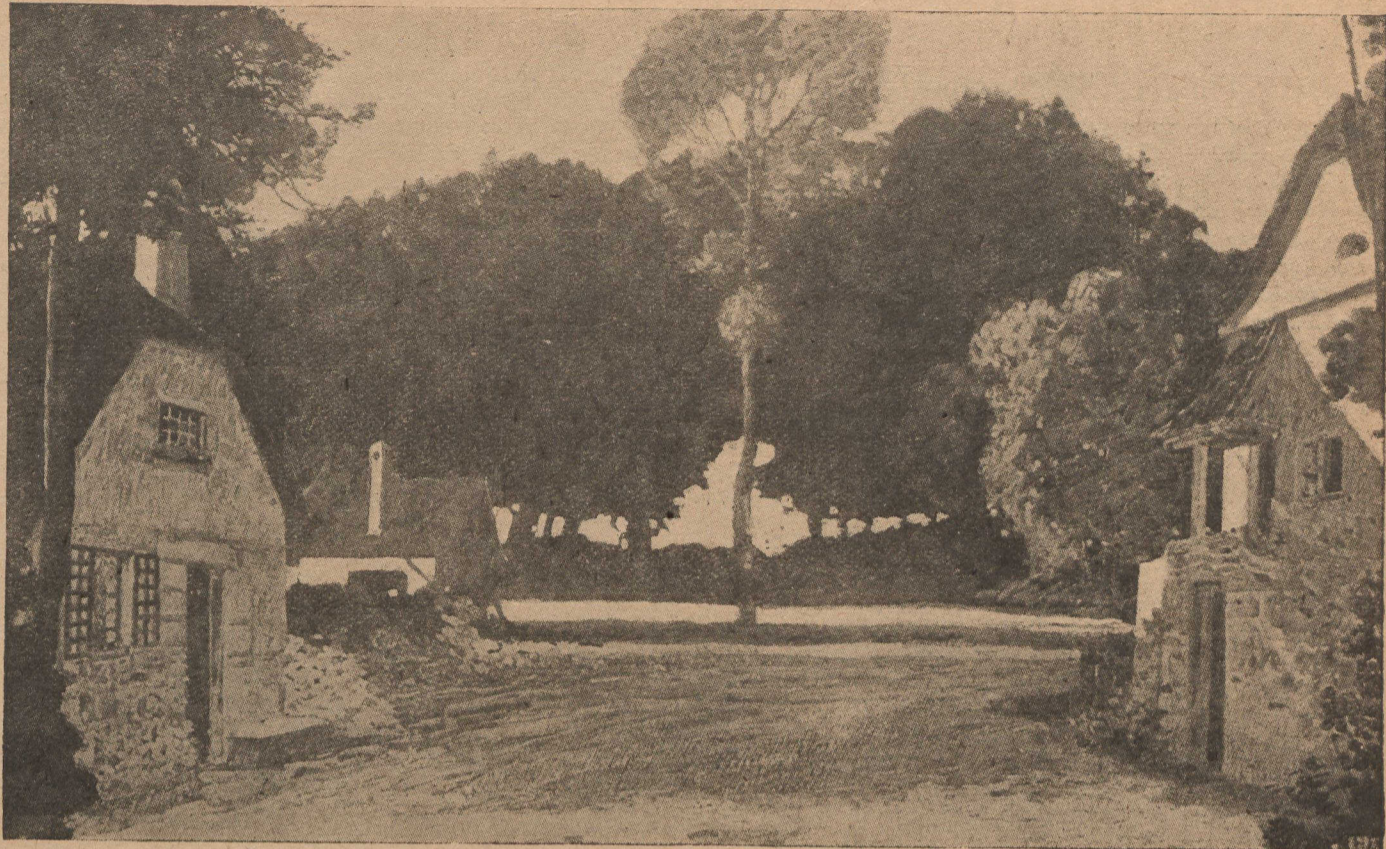
The Toronto Oratorio Society gave what may be called a first-rate production of the Messiah. It is doubtful if any society anywhere ever sang the work better in all essential respects. Dr. Broome has a chorus that gets surprising results in masses of tone, and only falls down on balance and quality. Of course it is impossible to keep some of those choruses from being blatant. There is really no bass part to the Messiah; only a baritone. The tenor section is often encouraged by the score itself to try its hand at drowning out the rest of the chorus, and it sometimes succeeds. The sopranos simply have to shriek on some of the high passages—notably in the Hallelujah—and there never was a chorus of sopranos that didn't. Perhaps Mr. Fricke, the new Mendelssohn Choir conductor, who, with Dr. Vogt, its late conductor, occupied one of the loges, can correct me on this. He is a veteran at oratorio, which he has given at Leeds festivals in all its glory.

(Concluded on page 24.)



# PLAYS

HOW would you like to see a bevy of ballet-girls come gliding into a stage scene like this? Regretting that The Theatre Magazine camera-man did not include the girls, it is worth pointing out that the scene is one of the most recent decorative masterpieces of Joseph Urban. It was made for Pavlova's ballet Giselle. Urban is a Viennese—his only fault. He is now engaged on sets for three musical productions at the Metropolitan Opera—Faust, Meyerbeer's Prophete and Liszt's St. Elizabeth. Urban sets come high. Not every road company has one. Canada so far has seen but one—the set for Miss Springtime, which opened the new Princess Theatre in Toronto. Of course you can't have a five-act drama all set in scenes so simply beautiful as this. No, Robert Mantell does not carry Urban sets.



## A Crisis in the Theatrical World

WAR stress, it is said, has hit the theatre. Some of the leading American managers, says Mr. Hornblow in the Theatre Magazine, are very much wrought up over the situation. They all complain of a serious falling off in theatre attendance. Mr. Brady believes that the theatre is about to undergo one of the most trying periods of its history. "We are," he says, "on the edge of a still panic, and in these circumstances it is only natural that the theatre as a luxury should be among the first to suffer. It is facing a period of re-adjustment as the result of the war"; and he adds, "New York, in my opinion, has about twice as many theatres as it can support."

In his last remark, Mr. Brady seems to have stumbled upon the crux of the matter. In order to keep their stages occupied all the time, the managers are compelled to literally shovel on plays, no matter how poor they may be. The result is a huge crop of failures. You don't find Mr. Belasco among the calamity howlers. Why? Because he is one of the few theatre managers in this country who knows his business from the box-office to the stage door. He doesn't pitchfork plays on to the stage. He takes his time in selecting them, takes a year to rehearse them, and in consequence rarely has a failure.

This is the secret of the theatrical depression today. Too many theatres, too many slipshod productions, too many managers who don't manage. Give the public what the public wants, and we shall hear less about empty seats in the theatres.

## Vaudeville Argot

PROBABLY no branch of the amusement world has as its members, and draws to itself as audiences, a group of persons quite so theatrically sophisticated as does the two-a-day, sometimes called vaudeville. The slang of the vaudeville performer is the most up-to-date in the world; probably nine-tenths of this country's popular slang expressions, and even a larger percentage of its theatrical expressions, have come out of vaudeville, says a writer in the New York Sunday Times.

These expressions, in turn, are themselves divided into two classes—those which are peculiar to vaudeville, and those which can be applied equally to the other branches of the amusement world. Thus, if you are an actor and the audience, should "walk out on you"—that is, leave the theatre before your portion of the entertainment is concluded—it is obvious that they are privileged to do so whether you are a vaudeville performer or an actor in the legitimate.

Belle Baker, let us say, meets a school-girl friend

on Broadway. Being asked her destination, she replies:

"I am on my way to the United Booking Offices to see Eddie Darling about my engagements in the Keith houses."

Miss Baker then meets that sprightly juvenile, Frank Carter, who queries:

"Where away, Belle?"

Miss Baker, relapsing to the vaudeville vernacular, replies:

"I'm vamping up to Eddie Darling's. I never split the headline with any bill-topper before, but it looks as though Bernhardt has got the Indian sign on me. I'm goin' up to tell Darling and George Gottlieb that I'll run second to her at the Palace next week."

"Got any open time, Belle?"

"Nope. Booked solid and no pink slips for yours truly."

"George Le Maire lamped your turn at the Colonial and says you have a sure-fire routine, Belle. Says you were knockin' 'em out of their seats."

"Well, they ain't walkin' out on me, I'll say that. I can hold down any spot they hand me."

Miss Baker has been telling Mr. Carter that she is a headliner of such magnitude that she must either head a programme absolutely alone or she will not play, but that in the case of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, with whom she has been asked to work on the same bill at the Palace, she will make an exception and take second headline position, known technically as "middle liner." She also conveyed the information that she had no idle weeks in sight, and that in her case no cancellation notices (pink slips used in the U. B. O.) would be handed her. Mr. Carter made it plain to her that a performer of much discernment had viewed her act and approved it, her "routine" (material and its arrangement) being excellent.

One sometimes hears an artist spoken of in public as a "performer." Now, in vaudeville that is a word not to be lightly spoken. Just because an artist is on the stage he or she is by no means entitled to be called a performer. That term applies only to finished, resourceful, technically expert men and women of the stage. It is a great compliment when a veteran refers to a younger artist as a performer.

## Motion-Picture Christmas Present

TEN years ago on Christmas Eve a young man stood in Union Square South and looked across the street. The tardy Christmas shopper who stopped to turn his head in the direction of the young man's gaze saw, on the other side of the street, a line of yellow incandescent lights half circling the arch of a small store doorway and just inside, a row of upright slot machines—the sort you used to drop a penny in to see "The Wonders of the

Orient." In this way he begins a very interesting article in The Theatre.

Seventeen years before that time he had first set foot in America, a boy sixteen years old. The succeeding years were marvelous ones to the lad from Hungary. Step by step he had lifted himself from poverty to a position in the world, to become the associate of amusement kings, the owner of a chain of arcade shows in New York and eastern cities. And now as he gazed, he saw the end of that magic day of penny amusement and his eye caught the flicker of a film. In that Christmas-tide was born his faith in motion pictures, a faith that grows and grows just as the photoplay has grown so wonderfully—but a faith that is always just a step or two ahead,—the faith of Adolph Zukor.

Nine years ago on Christmas Eve, Adolph Zukor looked into the past. The penny arcade had passed away and in its stead there was the "store" shows of the picture-plays, a big chain of which he owned with Marcus Loew.

Eight years ago on Christmas Eve, Adolph Zukor entertained a doubt as a Yuletide guest. It was just a little doubt, frail, unassertive, an object of disdain to all but him. That doubt was based on the utter mediocrity of the picture plays then being made and shown.

Adolph Zukor's doubt was that the business could long survive if the public was continually fed with such indigestible, cheap, one and two-reel films. It took a year for him to learn that he was alone with his doubt, a year of earnest appeals to picture producers, a year that brought no answer from the men behind the films. The times needed a man whose ideals for better pictures could be backed by business sagacity and that amount of genius which comes from taking pains.

On Christmas Eve six years ago such a man gave the picture producers a Christmas-present they didn't want. It was the ultimatum that has long been famous in the picture world—that if the producers of the celluloid drama did not give him better pictures, he would make them himself. It was a considerable Christmas-present to hand to the producers—that ultimatum, but Adolph Zukor stuck to his gift and in that moment the feature-play of motion-pictures was born.

Mr. Zukor approached several Broadway managers with his idea of presenting the big stars of the legitimate drama in their various stage successes on the screen. His idea was scoffed at by the very men now following in his lead. But he did not lose courage and finally after a great deal of persuasion from this young picture exhibitor, Daniel Frohman's co-operation was obtained. Thus the Famous Players' Film Company came into being, born of that Christmas-present of Adolph Zukor's only half a dozen years ago.



# HELPING YOU TO KEEP POSTED

(Continued from page 14.)

## "Little Theatre" Movement—

MANY of the more prominent writers and critics of dramatic affairs are shouldering their way into print with their particular interpretation of the meaning of the "little theatre" movement. Two or three magazines are devoted exclusively to what they term this "amateur revolt." Experiment, as opposed to commercialization and professionalism, seems to be the key-note of the revolt, as witness the announcement of the "Theatre Arts Magazine," which declares in the statement of its editorial policy that it stands "for the creation of a new theatre in America, a theatre in which art and not business will be the first consideration.

Most of the writers say that the bigness of the little theatre movement is due to the wide-spread dissatisfaction with the "regular" theatre which is governed by Broadway. As a writer in the "Unpopular Review" puts it:

"The taste of Broadway, which now dictates to our stage, is in no true sense a cosmopolitan taste, but rather a strange mixture of provincial tastes, not one of them ordinarily operating under normal conditions. So far as Broadway taste represents New York, too often it is hectic and flashy and thoughtless, the taste of the scum of the melting-pot. What is sound and stable and truly cosmopolitan in New York taste will be found rather in the concert halls than the theatres, only occasionally coming to the rescue of a play like 'Peter Pan' or 'Magic' or 'Justice.' But far more than New York, Broadway taste represents 'the provinces,' in the persons of the 500,000 transients who are to be found every day in our vast city, here for twenty-four hours, or a week, transacting business by day, perhaps, and by night determined to 'have a good time.' They are in the mood of orgy, as the scientists would say; they spend money ridiculously, they throw off normal inhibitions, they are out for a spree. To such people, a seriously interpretative drama is not the one to give pleasure and satisfaction."

The writer of the "Unpopular Review" concludes:

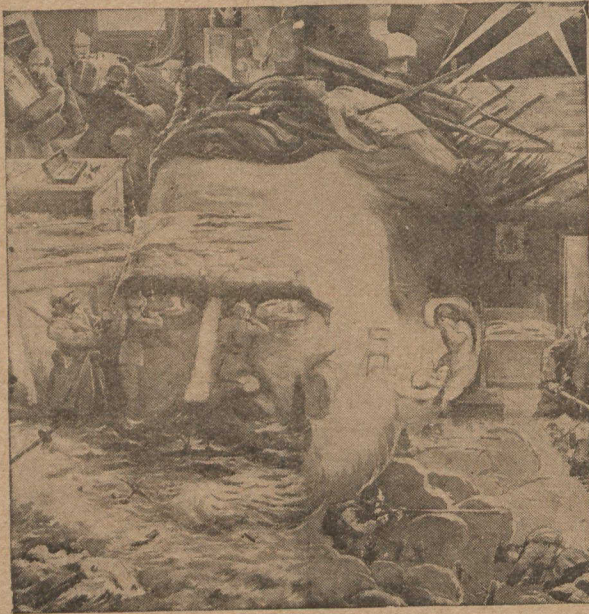
"All these amateur experiments, all this amateur effort, represents a disinterested and surprisingly spontaneous enthusiasm for the arts of the theatre, and a wide-spread and profound discontent with present conditions. The enthusiasm is contagious, the discontent only too easy to share. More and more converts will be made every day, more and more, therefore, an audience will be assembling ready to welcome larger efforts at practical production. When those efforts are large enough, the professional players (who are, of course, and must always remain, the backbone of the theatre) will be drawn in to cooperate and guide, as many of them are already doing. The 'Provinces' will sign a declaration of theatrical independence, and the work of Herne and Fitch and Moody, the work of creating an interpretative American drama, will go on again."

## Facts for the Faltering—

THE cold catalog of German atrocities now documented and in the government archives of the different nations makes the most sickening page in history. Days spent upon the records preserved in southern Belgium, northern France, or in and about Paris, days spent in the ruined villages of Alsace and Lorraine, leave one nauseated—physically and mentally, writes Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, in Current Opinion. Dr. Hillis was a member of the commission which went from America to investigate the reports and records of Hun atrocities in invaded France. "It is one long, black series of legally documented atrocities," he continues. "These atrocities also were committed not in a mood of drunkenness, nor an hour of anger, but were organized by a so-called German efficiency, and perpetrated on a deliberate, cold, precise, scientific policy of German frightfulness. It is not simply that they looted factories, carried away machinery, robbed houses, bombed every farmhouse and granary, left no plow or reaper, chopped down every pear-tree and plum-tree with every grape-vine, and poisoned all wells! The Germans slaughtered old men and matrons, mutilated captives in ways that can only be spoken

of by men in whispers; violated little girls until they were dead. Finding a calfskin nailed upon a barn-door to be dried, they nailed a babe beside it and wrote beneath the word, 'zwei'; they thrust women and children between themselves and soldiers coming up to defend their native land; bombed and looted hospitals, Red Cross buildings, violated the white flag—and the worst atrocities cannot even be named.

"During July and August I went from one ruined town to another, talking with the women and the children, comparing the photographs and the full official records made at the time with the statements of the poor, wretched survivors who lived in cellars where once there had been beautiful houses, orchards, vineyards, but now was only desolation. In Gerbeviller, standing beside their graves, I studied



This picture of Prussianism, showing what the Prussian brain produces to benefit the world makes a good commentary on what Newell Dwight Hillis has to say about what the world is fighting against.

the photograph of the bodies of fifteen old men whom the Germans lined up and shot because there were no young soldiers to kill; heard the detailed story of a woman whose son was first hung to a pear-tree in the garden, and who, when the officer and soldier had left him and were busy setting fire to the next house, cut the rope and revived the strangled youth only to find the soldiers had returned. While the officer held her hands behind her back, his assistant poured petrol on the son's head and clothes, set fire to him, and as he staggered about, a flaming torch, they shrieked with laughter. When they had burned all the houses and retreated, the next morning the prefect of Lorraine reached that Gethsemane and photographed the bodies of thirty aged men lying as they fell, the bodies of women stripped and at last slain."

Dr. Hillis gives details of how aged priests were staked to the ground and defiled until death delivered them; of young girls first violated and then mutilated to mark them as sacrifices to the loathsome lust of German brutes who had previously been segregated from their fellows for hygienic reasons.

"Take these extracts from affidavits on file with a French official," he says and then quotes:

"In retreating from Malines eight drunken soldiers were marching through the street. A little child of two years came out and a soldier skewered the child on his bayonet, and carried it away while his comrades sang.—D. 10. 45.

"Withdrawing from Hofstade, in addition to other atrocities, the Germans cut off both hands of a boy of sixteen. At the inquest affidavits were taken from twenty-five witnesses who saw the boy before he died or just afterwards. . . . Passing through Haecht, in addition to the young women whom they violated and killed, affidavits were taken and the photographs of a child three years old nailed to a door by its hands and feet.—D. 100-8."

"These records could be multiplied by thousands," says Dr. Hillis at the conclusion of his indictment of the official frightfulness of German militarism. Upon the retreat from one city alone inquests were held upon the bodies of over six hundred victims, including very aged men and women, and babes unborn, removed by the bayonet from their mothers. It is the logical result of the charge of the Kaiser to his army: "Give no quarter and take no prisoners. Let all who fall into your hands be at your mercy."

## —Watch Your Furnace

BEFORE you go down cellar to fix the furnace for the night, read the following piece about coal which appeared on the editorial page of "The Saturday Evening Post." That sixth sentence: "For winning the war a shovelful of coal counts for as much as a loaf of wheat bread," ought to be done into a wall text and hung up right over the chain to the check damper.

"We need in the next twelve months a hundred million tons more coal than we produced during the last twelve months. Production may be increased by fifty million tons. The other fifty million tons must be saved.

"This is a war of industrial production, and that means coal. It is worth fabulous prices in France and Italy now. For winning the war a shovelful of coal counts for as much as a loaf of wheat bread.

"We have always burned coal extravagantly. In factories and houses defective appliances and careless stoking waste millions of tons.

"A furnace or stove without proper dampers will consume twice the coal in a strong wind, with no more heat. Dampers cost little. Look to them. If your furnace is out of repair it not only wastes the nation's coal, but wastes your money.

"In office buildings, apartments and houses our custom is to keep up a roaring fire, and then moderate the temperature by opening the windows. Reasonably careful stoking alone will save millions of tons. Look at the ashes. Through worn grates or defective combustion you may be throwing away a lot of slightly burned fuel.

"We have got to save coal and many other things. There simply is not enough to go round for the old free-and-easy peace programme and the new war programme. The people of the United States, we know, are more than ready to do all the situation demands.

"They require only intelligent, authoritative direction as to just what to do.

"The Government asked them, with specific directions, to save food; and they are doing it. The Government now asks them to save coal. They will do that. They will meet every requirement the war lays upon them."

## —The Grain Growers' Advocate

ONE of the most outstanding features of the development of the west is the solidarity, strength, and political significance of the co-operative movement which flourishes amongst the grain-growers of the Prairie Provinces. Within a few years the movement has merged from an abstract ideal sensed by a few men of foresight and imagination to a concrete force which actually governs the direction of national affairs as far as they affect the people between the Great Lakes and the Rockies. Outside of the fact that practically 90 per cent. of the farmers of the west are grain-growers, with their community of interest springing from the very soil itself, much of the success of the farmers' movement in the prairies may be credited to the splendid advocacy of the farmers' interests by the Grain Growers' Guide. It has furnished also a meeting place as it were for those members of the various co-operative societies whose only point of contact with their fellows was by way of the mail routes which link them in their magnificent isolation to the world beyond their unfenced wheat-fields. And whilst the movement which it advocates has flourished the Grain Growers' Guide has enjoyed a mighty healthy growth of its own, as is well indicated by



the current Christmas issue with its ninety odd pages of seasonable reading for the members of its rapidly growing family. In it Mrs. Nellie McClung, for instance, tells of "Loyalty"—not the flag-wagging hullabalooing sham of the political hustings, but the real thing. Mrs. Plumtre, who of all the noble women workers of Canada has a most intimate knowledge of the Canadian Red Cross, tells, in an interesting article titled "The Fourth Christmas," what the Red Cross is really doing for the lads at the front. H. B. Cowan contributes, for the benefit of our Western friends, a most thorough exposition of the growth of the farmers' movement in Ontario and a dozen other special features are furnished to fill out a sumptuous bill of fare for the literary end of the Yuletide doings of the prairie folk.

### Trotsky in Halifax---

LEON TROTSKY, Lenin's monitor, and main-spring of the movement which pushed Kerensky from power, was a prisoner in a Halifax internment camp a few months ago. He was arrested by order of the British Government when, on the way from New York to Petrograd, the steamer he was on put in at Halifax harbor to pick up a convoy across the Atlantic. That was last spring, and soon after the revolution in Russia made things safe for Trotsky in his own bailiwick. Before that Trotsky was a political outcast with a price on his head in at least six European capitals. He was sent to Siberia for his part in the 1905 revolution, but escaped and made his way to Vienna. His revolutionary ideas resulted in his banishment from Vienna and he went to Switzerland, where he wrote a book which won him a sentence of six months' imprisonment, which still stands on the charge sheet of the German court which tried him for the offence.

Since the beginning of the war he has been deported in turn from Austria, Switzerland, France, Spain and Portugal. Berlin wanted to put him in jail and Britain kept him on the move. He found refuge at last in New York and an interesting account of his activities there up to the time of the Russian revolution are given in an interview in the New York Post by Alexander Menshoy, who was editor-in-chief of the Russian Socialist paper on which Trotsky worked while in New York:

"Leon Trotsky, who was a native of the southern part of Russia, came here in the last of January of this year," said Menshoy, "to find a refuge. He was barred from France, where his paper had been suppressed, he dared not enter his own country at the time, he had been deported from Spain, and a six months' prison sentence awaited him if he should enter upon German soil. England, like France, was hostile to him, as was Switzerland, where he had expected to go, so the only place left for him was America. After his experiences here and after he had sailed from New York with his friends to join

the revolutionists in Russia last March, he was held up at Halifax at the instance of the British Government, searched and arrested. He was put in an internment camp outside of Halifax. The British Government knew his history pretty well, but he was held on the pretence that he was going back to Russia in the interests of Germany and the old Russian regime. We started here a campaign, and at Petrograd another one was begun by the Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates to have Trotsky released. M. Milyukoff, first Minister of Foreign Affairs after the revolution, cabled to Canada and demanded Trotsky's immediate release. He was released and allowed to proceed."

### Bottomley Prophecies Again---

MY recent declaration that in the opinion of everyone at the Front, the enemy will have collapsed in the West by Christmas, and that means the end of the war, has caused quite a hullabaloo, says Horatio Bottomley in John Bull.

Why do I say these things? Let me remind you that I have expressly stated that I claim no special qualification to enable me to form any idea of my own beyond such as is open to every man of ordinary intelligence after seeing things for himself. What I have said I have based upon the opinions of the men who do know—and upon the information they were good enough to give me. To sum it all up once more, it comes to this—that in the West, where the war began, it will end; that in that theatre we have the enemy absolutely beaten; that the German lines are about to break; and that when the debacle sets in—the war is over.

Believe me, they are not laughing, in the Trenches, at the idea of early peace. Within the past few days I have received a letter from a distinguished officer, who is, perhaps, more intimately in touch with the situation in the West than any other man, with the exception of Haig himself. Here is the last paragraph: "I think you will find the war will be over this year." And almost every other letter I get tells the same story. Of course, they may all be wrong. But, please remember, I am but the chronicler and reporter of their views. If I put my money on them, it is because they are the men on the spot, the men who are actually fighting the war. They have no axes to grind—and they don't say to-day the opposite of what they said yesterday. They are neither liars nor lunatics.

No, my friends, I am, if you like, a Jingo—an out-and-out believer in the strong arm of the British Empire, which, despite all her faults and failings, and her politicians, no Power on God's earth, and no combination of Powers, shall ever bring to the ground. So come along, good readers—thumbs up, three cheers for Haig, to Hell with the Kaiser, and to Jericho with the Pessimists! In the words of Smuts, the war is won.

### What is the Matter with My Town?

(Concluded from page 17.)

gary. As per usual, craft-unionism, in its blind effort to impede progress, and forgetting that this is the Age of the Machine, hollered its head off.

The business, or professional class, do not seem to be enamored of running this municipality any more. Nor does the working-class seem to thirst for the responsibility. And, as for the old, retired gentleman—not of the curmudgeon class—they positively refuse to have anything at all to do with it—good, bad, or indifferent.

However, the youths who have not yet been called to arms are out assimilating the best knowledge our culture is capable of, and the probabilities are that when they are ready to begin where the fathers left off, Fort William and Port Arthur combined shall be what Nature destined they should become, viz., The Chicago of Canada.

INDUSTRIALIST.

We regret that the Hampton, Ont., letter has to be held over for a later issue.

"PETER," said a grocer to his clerk, "I owe about \$500."

"Yes, sir."

"I have about \$2,000 in the safe, but the shop is empty. I think it is the right time to fail."

"Yes, sir," said the courteous clerk.

"But I want a plausible pretext for my creditors. You have brains, and I wish you'd think the matter over to-night."

The clerk promised to think it over carefully.

On entering the shop next morning the grocer found the safe open, the money gone, and in its place a note which ran as follows: "I have taken the \$2,000, and am off to America. It is the best excuse you can give to your creditors."—Exchange.

### The Country Book-store

By Percival B. Walmsley

THE country bookstore is losing business to outsiders—to drug-stores, grocers and even to flour-and-feed men and decorators. That is what I found in Ourville, Can. Probably the conditions there are but an example of what is going on in towns of a similar size (about 2,000 pop.) throughout North America.

Mixed businesses seem the rule in the small town. The butcher is about the only one who keeps to his own proper business. The drygoods store must carry groceries, and the grocer is not happy unless he has a boot department, and so on. The bookseller in Ourville was possibly a jeweler first and a bookseller as an afterthought, judging from his weatherworn painted announcements above his store, on his blinds, etc. He carries on a watch-repairing business by an assistant, just at the back of his right-hand window. Probably the assistant wants plenty of light, and that accounts for the small display of goods in that window. Only the left-hand window shows off his magazines, books and stationery.

If you are a stranger, desiring to buy a book, you will probably step into one or other of the two drug stores. They look more likely to contain what you want. These are the men who carry on a sort of war of attrition against the bookseller. Doctors and lawyers soon get after unqualified practitioners, but perhaps the bookseller is "too proud to fight". Besides there are no booksellers "by examination". Or perhaps his conscience makes a coward of him, and he feels he cannot say much to the poachers who take his business, while he himself is no better than a poacher as regards the watchmaking and jewelry business.

As for the public, it means poor service and disgust, and drives the customer to the distant catalogue house. For naturally the result is that to get what he wants, the customer must hunt through several stores, for what should be only in one store. For



What do they mean by Peace with Restoration?

—Thomas, in Detroit News.



example, the bookseller had type-writing paper, but it was at the drug-store I obtained the thinner paper for the carbon copy. One day I wanted a strongly bound, yet cheap Bible for one of my boys. One such as the "Gideonites" place in the hotel bedrooms would have suited me. The bookseller had only an expensive one in fancy binding. I remembered a nearby grocer once sold Bibles. A visit proved the correctness of my memory. He did, but now his agency for the S.P.C.K. was held by the flour-and-feed man, where one counter is blocked by a glass case full of Bibles and Prayerbooks. I was too tired and disgusted to go down there after one. I also remembered some one chaffing him about it, and he had said some person had urged him to place the case there. It might as well have been full of stuffed specimens, for all the business he seemed to do with it. Another time I wanted a sort of loose-leaf note-book. Such new-fangled notions did not seem to have reached the bookseller. In the end I made out with some little perforated telephone pads from the drug-store, and an old letter-case I already possessed. The only book for a diary or journal is priced at 60 cents, and I have done without rather than be held up for that price. When I remarked on the price, the bookseller excused himself by saying he sold so few. He did not deserve to sell any, I thought. When my wife wanted a Baby's Record Book, he was out of them, though he formerly had them. An employe sought in vain for Christmas cards in time to send abroad. They were not then in, although they were advertising cards energetically in the provincial capital.

To return to his competitors. The one drug-store had a window devoted to scribblers of all sorts, and a certain amount of books and magazines inside, and the other had one window full of 50 cent books he was selling off for 25 cents, and boxes of stationery put up specially by the drug company he chiefly represents. Inside he had a table full of this stationery, and a new lot of \$1.25 novels. Besides that he does a brisk business in school books. He has a business phone, while the bookseller only has one at his home. He gave a curious reply when I asked as to his stationery activity. Drug prices were so high on account of the war, he said, that people bought very few drugs. Therefore he was trying to push stationery and books. He seemed to think that immemorial custom linked stationery with drugs. He himself had sold both for twenty years.

Then again, the little grocer who did not sell Bibles, did sell scribblers, pens, ink and paper, and silly post-cards. These were more prominently displayed even than his favorite breakfast cereal. You had to act the spy, and peep between the postcards blocking his window, to discover that he had a counter of groceries.

And even when at the Decorator's, I found that worthy with books on his counter, a stack of old Collier's going at three for a quarter, and the inevitable scribblers, of which he seemed inordinately proud. After all, perhaps he thought, if the bookseller sold wall-paper, why should not the decorator sell books!

-Of course, booksellers must take their own line as to the encroachments of outsiders, but it seems to me that if ever the multiple bookstore comes along, it will find the bookseller asleep. The former, I believe, count on doing more business than the existing store, and that might well be, for any one can see that numbers of business opportunities are being lost. And if the bookseller allows his kingdom to be divided amongst others in what is really the bookseller's peace-time, when the warfare of systematic aggressive competition comes, it will discover him to be an easy prey.

### Royal Bank Report

THE annual statement of the Royal Bank of Canada for the fiscal year ending November 30, 1917, is a striking and valuable testimonial to Canada's financial strength.

For a number of years the strides made have been among the outstanding features of the expansion enjoyed by our larger Canadian financial institutions, but the records of previous years were excelled last year in point of growth of assets, of increase in deposits and of general business handled.

A special feature of this year's statement is afforded by the accounts indicating the manner in which the bank has rendered assistance to the Dominion and Imperial Government in financing the war.

Total assets have jumped to \$335,574,186, an increase of \$82,000,000 for the past twelve months alone. This increase in the one year is equal to the bank's total assets ten years ago, after thirty-five years of business. In the past two years the increase in assets has amounted to \$137,000,000.

The larger business handled has permitted of a substantial increase in earnings. The profits for the year amounted to \$2,327,979, equal to 18.03 per cent. on the capital as compared with \$2,111,307 in the previous year. These profits added to the balance of profit and loss at the end of the previous year

brought the total amount available for distribution up to \$3,180,325.

Strong organization and important connections have always been regarded as the chief factors in the remarkable progress enjoyed by the Bank. A keen and alert group at Head Office has always been quick to seize any opportunities that might present themselves in every section of the Dominion.

### NEW BOOKS

#### The War from a New Angle

"ON THE FRINGE OF THE GREAT FIGHT." By Colonel George C. Nasmith, C.M.G.

ONLY the heartiest optimist would look for a new viewpoint—a fresh focus sharpening interest—in "another war book," but now and again an addition is made to the vast library of volumes about the war which, because of an unusual angle, reflects phases of the big affair which previous writers have failed to set down for our edification and interest. Colonel Nasmith's book, "On the Fringe of the Great Fight," is one of the few of the newer volumes about the war which are really worth while. Colonel Nasmith saw more of the real things at the front than any civilian author was allowed to look upon, and the peculiar nature of his commission gave him a much wider range for his observation than the soldier men who have written so far about life and death in France and Flanders. The book is literally packed with description and information of an unusual character, and although the Colonel saw the things he writes about from the unusual angle of a scientist, he sets them down as a story-teller would who had prac-

(Continued on page 23.)

### Why Do Businesses Die?

INSURANCE men know a great deal about the rapidity with which human beings die; but, strange to say, business men know next to nothing about the business death-rate. The human death-rate shows more or less accurately how many people die of each principal disease.

Is it not logical, asks a writer in *System*, to suppose that in much the same manner a great work can be done for business? In other words, if we knew more or less accurately how fast concerns die, the common causes behind such failures, and the methods most effective in fighting them, we would be forearmed in an important way. How fast, then, do businesses die; and what are the diseases to which they are most commonly subject? *System* has recently completed an extended investigation in a representative American city and the figures are not only interesting in themselves, but, as showing whether business concerns are dying faster to-day than they did twenty-five or thirty years ago.

Sixty-one concerns started business in this representative city before 1891. A summary of the death-record shows that fifty-four out of the sixty-one concerns that started in business about 1886 died within thirty years; and of the total number nearly one-half collapsed during the period in which occurred the panic of 1893. We read:

"The investigation indicates that the business death-rate is high in normal times; that it is higher in abnormal times; that it may be even higher for concerns starting in business in the days of prosperity than for those starting in the days of reaction; and that the speed with which business houses die is just as startling as the actual number that die—all of which are considerations of serious importance to every concern in the country."

The death-rate for factories shows through a thirty-year period more than sixty per cent. of all concerns that started in business died out; that practically three-fourths of all the cigar and tobacco manufacturers, manufacturers of lumber and timber products, and makers of carriages and wagons, who started in business during the thirty years, failed. Bear in mind that these concerns were not in business through most of the thirty-year period. Instead, the majority went under, were sold out, went into bankruptcy or died off in some way within five years after they were started.

To sum up, manufacturers have the highest death-rate—62 per cent.; retailers are next, with 58.6 per cent.; and wholesalers are last, with 51 per cent. And, we are informed, the general business death-rate is increasing rather than decreasing in practically every line of commercial endeavor.

### EXPERIENCE IN INVESTMENT

Those who can least afford to lose their money frequently are those who have had the least opportunity for acquiring the knowledge necessary to enable them to invest it safely.

Their first consideration should be the safety of their investment. Trustees and Executors are hedged about by legal limitations in the investment of trust funds. They are, however, expressly authorized by law to invest these moneys in the Bonds of the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation. These Bonds are, therefore, a most satisfactory security for those who should invest only where their money will be absolutely safe.

These bonds are available for the smallest as well as the largest investments, as they are issued for one hundred dollars and upwards.

### CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION

Paid-up Capital \$ 6,000,000.00  
Reserve Fund ... 5,000,000.00  
Investments ..... 32,264,782.81

TORONTO STREET - TORONTO  
Established 1855.

### Executors' Allowances

The amount allowed to an executor is the same whether he be ignorant of the duties of the position or has had experience, and makes the management of estates his business.

Write for Booklets.

### National Trust Company Limited

Capital paid-up, \$1,500,000  
Reserve ..... \$1,500,000

18-22 King Street East  
TORONTO

### Cawthra Mulock & Co.

Members of  
Toronto Stock Exchange

### Brokers and Bankers

12 KING STREET EAST  
TORONTO, CANADA

CABLE ADDRESS—CAWLOCK, TORONTO

### NEW RECORDS

Results, secured during the past year re-affirm the position of the Sun Life of Canada as the largest life assurance organization of the Dominion.

Fair dealing and progressive business methods have given it leadership in annual New Business, Total Business in Force, Assets, Surplus Earnings, Net Surplus, Total Income, Premium Income and Payments to Policyholders.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE  
COMPANY OF CANADA  
HEAD OFFICE—MONTREAL



## What Happened to Hoag

(Continued from page 13.)

suddenly in another. He was like a ghost. This she said more than ever since she had the hallucination of the woman and the baby appearing over Mr. Hoag's chair among those queer books of his. Besides, as she could see, as she told him, too, he was getting to be personally more like a spook every day; he ate enough to keep a canary alive, as she said, and worked so hard—no wonder, as she guessed now—it was Mr. Hoag who was running that Other Worlds column in the Clarion. But if he didn't take care he would himself be in one of those other worlds. He was so thin. "I can almost see through him," she said. "He's like some kind of a bug held up to the light. He'll die on me yet. And the Clarion will have



"Some thug gave ye a pelt on the head and put ye to sleep."

inherited from his father and whom he had tried to make into a psychic spy among the workers, they were the intangible, unseen, underground, overhead things that he did not know how to interpret. Neither could Helen Munro advise him. In this he was disappointed. He must handle Hoag himself; somehow. Hoag was a dangerous man. He was a menace to Markhams, Ltd. The kind of menace that a cinder in a man's eye is; small but devilishly uncomfortable. So—what must he do about Hoag?

**F**INDING Martin Hoag by night any time up till midnight was a gamble—between movies. He was seldom or never at home, said Mrs. Bartop to a stranger who called; he was usually at some movie show, she believed.

"He'll be a movie himself if he keeps on," she said.

But the man didn't hear that. He was gone to the corner before she closed the door. Somehow she fancied she saw another one come out of an alley there, and go off with him.

"I wonder—who they are," she thought.

But then Mr. Hoag was such a spook. He never seemed to be in any danger. He had enemies, of course. But nobody would ever think of doing him violence, such a kind, good man as he was.

It was later than usual when she heard his cat-like entrance into the hall, his slow, creaking ascent of the stairs, all his customary fumbings that never woke up a soul, but were always heard by Mrs. Bartop as though he were the genie of a haunted house.

On the landing she met him, with a candle.

"Man alive—whatever has happened ye?" she whispered.

He felt his head.

"I—scarcely know," he said. "Something fell and struck me on the head. Then I was in the dark for a moment. Then I got into some mysterious place I had never seen before. I seemed

to be there for hours. But—"

She put a hand on his head.

"You strange man," she said. "Some thug gave ye a pelt on the head and put ye to sleep. That's what it was."

"Madam," he said, oddly, "I am inclined to think you are right. You are about to tell me that two men called at this door to-night. Pray don't bother. I see it all now. I am not hurt."

"Sure there's not enough of ye to hurt—much. Mrs. Bartop lowered her candle. "But if I were you—I'd stay out o' them movies. Ye'll be one y'rself if ye don't, man."

(To be continued.)

## NEW BOOKS

(Concluded from page 22.)

tised long the art of selecting interest values.

For eighteen months Col. Nasmith was in constant touch with the firing line. In a mobile laboratory he travelled about unravelling problems of sanitation and attending generally to the scientific end of the great affair. In a modest way which will serve to enhance public esteem for the merit of the job, he tells how he solved the tremendous problem of the first German gas attacks.—McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, \$1.50.

### Aviator's Handbook

"THE EYES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY." By Albert H. Munday.

**T**HE intricate problems of stunt-flying, night-flying, aeroplane wireless, aeroplane photography, bomb-dropping, aerial fighting, are but a few of the subjects explained and simplified by Flight-Lieutenant Albert H. Munday, in this book of his. It was his pilot friends who requested him to compile a handbook to meet the requirements of the layman; and he has added his own experiences as a member of the Royal Naval Air Service to the knowledge gleaned from the Government text-books. Scattered

throughout the volume are charts and diagrams.—Musson Book Co. \$1.50.

## Poems of Loyalty

"SONGS IN YOUR HEART AND MINE." By Thomas Harkness Litster.

**T**HERE can be no doubt of the loyal sentiment which inspired the poems written by Thomas Harkness Litster and recently published as a collection under the title, "Songs in Your Heart and Mine." Many of the fifty-odd poems in the section in which the "khaki rhymes" are included were evidently written to stir the lagging spirits of the hesitant youths who held back when the call for recruits went out. The words of one of the many martial pieces in the volume—"The Call of Empire," have been adapted to a musical composition by Dr. Albert Ham.—McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart; \$1.25.

## THE JINX

(Continued from page 9.)

going, five for the old Jinx and two for publicity and incidental expenses. I'm putting up a thousand and Martin stands in without paying a cent but ranks along with me. Halsted's in with us and I've got four others. Now, Sid, that's where you come in. Pay your thousand and come in right on the ground floor. Just eight of us and when we float her out on to the Rubes we'll take twenty-five thousand in cash and twenty-five thousand one dollar shares. It sounds like a fairy story, don't it? Of course if you don't fancy coming along with us say so."

As he spoke Captain McPhee turned to his desk and produced from it the chemist's analysis and his figures showing how the seven thousand was to be expended.

Carmagan was obviously extremely anxious to join the captain, but still wavered.

"Why not get an expert to test the

my photo in the paper as the kind landlady that watched over the poor genius as he was—whatever they'll call him—and took such good care of him that he died happy. Och! But I guess he's lovesick over that girl that's to marry Markham, the magnet. I'm sure of it."

Mrs. Bartop had never been so sure of anything. Yet she never knew when Mr. Hoag would fool her. He was becoming such a spooky, bloodless sort of person.

**S**OMEHOW or other the page containing Other Worlds Than Ours was regularly torn out, nicely folded and addressed in typewriting to Mr. Henry Markham, President and Managing Director, Markhams, Ltd. And because he had the curiosity born of fear, Markham never had the courage to forbid Miss Munro passing it along in his mail every Monday morning. It was the first thing he read. Every time he read it he crushed it into a rag and flung it with a curse into the waste basket. He never concealed his anger from her or what it was about. She knew. He intended her to know. Helen Munro must keep herself posted on all—legitimate—Markham affairs, or she never would do to marry Markham. He recalled what he had said to her, "All men who do anything worth while are psychic." This man Hoag—oh, damn Hoag and his Other Worlds Than Ours! Markham could beat down, or wheedle out, or manoeuvre into an alliance corporations and all such, because he knew their jargon and their political methods. But this Clarion that he had always feared; this man Hoag, whom he had



## Make the Most of Travel

**T**HE passenger to the Pacific Coast is to-day offered a choice of routes that renders it unnecessary to re-trace his steps and opens up a wealth of new scenery and outdoor sport.

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

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

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

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

# CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY



## National Directory



of  
Standard Products

## BATTERIES.

**"RADIO" BATTERIES**  
The Interstate Electric Novelty Co. of Canada  
Toronto Limited Ontario

## BOOTS AND SHOES.

**High-Class Military Boots**  
Custom Made or Ready Made  
H. C. WILSON 241 King St. East, Toronto

## CHAFING DISHES (Electric).

So Handy for the After Theatre Supper  
CHAFING DISHES from \$12.00 Each  
TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., Limited TORONTO

## CLOTHIERS.

**ART CLOTHES**  
COOK BROS. & ALLEN LIMITED

## COAL AND WOOD

**The Standard Fuel Co.**  
OF TORONTO, LIMITED  
6 BRANCHES 58 KING ST. E., TORONTO

## CURLING TONGS (Electric).

UNIVERSAL ELECTRIC SAFE - SANITARY - CONVENIENT  
CURLING IRON WITH TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., Limited TORONTO

## ELECTRIC RY. &amp; MILL SUPPLIES.

CABLE ADDRESS: ELECTRICAL RAILWAY WESTERN BRANCH  
AND MILL SUPPLIES TORONTO  
**DAWSON AND COMPANY, LIMITED**  
148 MCGILL STREET - MONTREAL, CANADA

## FANS (Electric).

**ELECTRIC FANS**  
\$10 to \$40 - All Sizes - All Good  
Toronto Electric Light Co., Limited, Toronto

## FIXTURES (Electric.)

Artistic and well-designed lighting fixtures add much to a home. Send for our catalogue.  
Toronto Electric Light Co., Ltd., Toronto.

## FLASHLIGHTS.

Ask your Dealer "Master" Flashlight  
for the  
MADE IN CANADA  
**CANADIAN CARBON COMPANY, LIMITED,**  
96 West King Street Toronto

**"FRANCO" Flashlights**  
The Interstate Electric Novelty  
Co. of Canada, Limited  
Toronto Ontario

## FORD STARTER

**O-U STARTER** FOR FORD CARS  
Price \$5.00 Installed  
Write to N. D. MUNN CO., London, Ont.

## GRILLS (Electric).

**AN ELECTRIC GRILL FOR LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING**  
\$6.50 and up  
TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., Limited TORONTO

## HAIR DRYERS (Electric).

Don't lose an afternoon drying your hair  
Do it Electrically with this Hair Dryer  
IT COSTS \$18.00  
TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., Limited, TORONTO

## HEATERS (Electric).

Take the chill out of the air  
with this Electric Heater  
This Model is \$7.50  
TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., Limited, TORONTO

## HEATING PADS (Electric).

An Electric Heating Pad is indispensable in  
the Sick Room. \$8.00 each with attachments  
TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., Limited, TORONTO

## HY-LO LAMPS.

Turn down the electric light! Use Hylolamps and save current without being in total darkness. Send for price list.  
Toronto Electric Light Co., Ltd., Toronto.

## ILLUMINATING GLASS

**ILLUMINATING GLASSWARE**  
SHADES - GLOBES - BOWLS  
JEFFERSON GLASS COMPANY, LIMITED  
Factory and Head Office: 383 Carlaw Avenue, Toronto

## IMMERSION HEATERS

This Water Heater Boils a Pint of Water  
in Two Minutes, \$4.50 Each  
Toronto Electric Light Co., Limited Toronto

ground?" he asked.

"Not on your life," McPhee answered. "We know the oil is there and if we get monkeying with outsiders we'll have the land jumped by them before we've got our own paws on to it. And besides, suppose there isn't enough oil to spout? We'll have shouldered all the shares on to the Rubes before they get wise to it. No, Sid, we'd be crazy to have experts. We've got the Rubes whether the oil spouts or whether it don't."

After some twenty minutes more of talk Carmagan gave his check for a thousand and became one of the original shareholders in Pure Oil Limited.

That same evening he slipped out with Captain McPhee, under cover of darkness, and himself scooped up some of the oil from the Jinx's swamp. Then as soon as they had got far enough away from Thorne's place Carmagan poured some of the liquid on to the ground and dropped a lighted match on to it. A flame shot up without a splutter.

He turned to McPhee with tears in his eyes. "I'll never forget what you've done for me, Cap," he said.

The next day Captain McPhee drove old Thorne into Harvest City and paid him his five thousand dollars. The lawyer acting for the old man told McPhee afterwards that every cent of the five thousand was to be put into seven per cent. first mortgages.

As he could do nothing loitering about Harvest City Carmagan left that same evening for Winnipeg. There he met his wife and took her and his two children, as his yearly

habit was, to a little lake about a hundred miles north of that city.

Once a week Carmagan walked the five miles for his mail and also to buy the necessary groceries. If the captain had missed one mail Carmagan would have worried himself into a sweat during the next seven days. But never a mail passed without a long letter from McPhee. He wrote that the whole 160 acres had been staked and duly filed and a week later that he had begun the insidious publicity campaign that he had planned. He said that there was only one man in Harvest City who had not dropped in on him and asked to be put in on a good thing, and that man was Thorne. The old jinx did not seem to know that anything was happening, never went near the land he had sold but was said to be getting ready to leave Harvest City and go east. The jinx was certainly a walking corpse.

But otherwise the whole burg was alive to the game and already eager to bite. By the time the wheat came in people would be falling over one another to buy stock. Then ho for the melon-cutting.

By that same mail Carmagan received a copy of the Winnipeg Evening Star containing a double column caption and stating that an oil gusher had been discovered near Harvest City and that analysis showed the oil to be practically pure and in any case ready without refining to be burned. A company had been formed, the article continued, to test the wells and as soon as the property was put into working order a public subscription might be looked for.

(Continued on page 25.)

## WHY NOT RE-SCORE THE MESSIAH?

(Continued from page 18.)

As for the solos, at least half a dozen of them are real beauties which have become popular classics. The artists chosen for the occasion all did well. The basso was the only importee, Mr. Robert Maitland, who achieved some really big results by means of a voice which has no foundation whatever. His worst was the "piece de resistance" Why do the Nations? His best—and a really magnificent piece of work—Behold I Bring You a Mystery. The soprano, Miss Winnifred Henderson, used a naturally sweet lyric voice to great advantage whenever she did not try to operatize the solos and by so doing managed to break through her tone. The contralto, Mrs. Hallman Schell, has but one defect, which was a sedulous obertone to her voice which made her intonation sometimes quite uncertain. Mr. Gladstone Brown gave noteworthy renderings of the few tenor solos in the work and wisely avoided too much effort with a voice which has much purity of tone and at times considerable distinction in style.

As for the orchestra, it really mattered very little sometimes what they were doing so long as they kept the tempo and the pitch. The Messiah is in spots a very ungrateful and scratchy work for the band. Dr. Broome kept them well in hand, as he did the chorus, which he had trained to a point of high efficiency. Why Dr. Broome chooses to sing while he conducts he probably knows himself; but it can't be much help to the chorus, except in enthusiasm.

Furthermore, be it respectfully noted, the syncopated skirt is not suitable to oratorio either in the solo artists or the front row of the chorus. We have been brought up on long skirts for the choristers and sweeping trains for the soprano and the contralto artists. In this, fashion should be compelled to follow tradition. I'm sure Handel would object to the syncopated skirt for the Messiah.

And with all its near-comedies this old oratorio, especially at the Christmas season, remains a bulwark of British sentiment. We forget that it was composed by a Hanoverian and prefer to remember that it was first produced in Dublin and afterwards became the standard oratorio of England, the only country where oratorio has ever become a national characteristic. And so far as that goes, long may it remain so. An army that knows the Messiah is a better because a more human army than one which has been taught by its goose-step rulers to leave Christ and religious sentiment out of its conduct. If the German soldiers had ever learned to sing the Messiah they never could have been dragooned into the butchery that for over three years has been masquerading under the name of war.

But if people are to enjoy the Messiah for all it is really worth—which is a good deal, after all—won't some resourceful musician kindly cut out a lot of the superfluous recitatives, and some of the choruses and write a first-class modern orchestration for it?

## National Directory



of  
Standard Products

## IRONS (Electric).

**Make Ironing Easy**  
With Our "Kitchen" or "Colonial"  
Electric Irons  
Write for the Standard Book  
TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., Limited TORONTO

## IRON WORKS

**POLSON IRON WORKS**  
LIMITED  
STEEL SHIPBUILDERS  
ENGINEERS AND BOILERMAKERS  
TORONTO

## LANTERNS AND LANTERN SLIDES.

**Presbyterian Lantern Slide Dept.**  
SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE  
AND RENTAL LIST  
96 Queen Street East - - - Toronto

## LAMPS (Standard Electric).

Send for any Size or Style of Electric  
Lamp. We keep a full stock  
TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., Limited TORONTO

## LOCKERS.

**DENNISTEEL LOCKERS AND SHELVING**  
Write for Catalogue  
THE DENNIS WIRE AND IRON WORKS COMPANY LIMITED  
LONDON, CANADA

## MAZDA LAMPS.

The "Mazda" is the most Economical and the  
most Brilliant Electric Lamp "Made in Canada"  
TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., Limited, TORONTO

## MOTOR OILS.

**"PEERLESS" GASOLINE**  
The British American Oil Company, Limited  
Toronto Ontario

## NITROGEN LAMPS.

Powerful and Economical Nitrogen gas-filled high efficiency lamps—all sizes in stock.  
Toronto Electric Light Co., Ltd., Toronto.

## OILS, GREASES.

**ONTARIO SOAP AND OIL CO.**  
LUBRICANTS, LARD CUTTING COMPOUNDS,  
LINED SOAPS, METAL POLISHES  
74 DON ESPLANADE TORONTO

## OVENS (Electric).

This Convenient and Inexpensive Electrical  
Cooking Outfit for Small Apartments,  
costs only \$11.75  
TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., Limited TORONTO

## PAINTS.

**BRANDRAM HENDERSON**  
LIMITED  
"ENGLISH" PAINT  
70% WHITE LEAD 30% PURE ZINC 100% PURE PAINT

## PERCOLATORS (Electric).

**PERCOLATE YOUR COFFEE**  
WITH OUR "UNIVERSAL" ELECTRIC PERCOLATOR  
— PRICES \$5, \$11 and \$15 —  
TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., Limited TORONTO

## PIANOS.

"CANADA'S PREMIER PIANO"  
Gerhard Heintzman Co., Limited Toronto

## PHOTO ENGRAVERS.

**PHOENIX**  
LIMITED  
ENGRAVING  
37 RICHMOND ST. E.  
COPPER TORONTO CAN ZINC  
HALF-TONES PHOTO ETCHINGS  
PHONE MAIN 985

## PLUMBING SUPPLIES.

**CLUFF BROTHERS**  
PLUMBING SUPPLIES  
HOT WATER BOILERS  
AND RADIATORS  
96 CHURCH ST., TORONTO

## PRINTING.

**THE LEADER PRINTING CO.**  
— Book and Job Printers —  
209 CHURCH ST. PHONE MAIN 2133

## PRINTING INKS.

"NONE BETTER" PRINTING INKS  
COLORS  
THE DOMINION PRINTING INK & COLOR CO.  
TORONTO LIMITED CANADA

## RADIATORS (Electric).

THIS HANDY LITTLE ELECTRIC  
RADIATOR SELLS AT \$7.00  
"Why Should You Shiver?"  
TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., LIMITED TORONTO



**National Directory**  
of  
**Standard Products**



RAGS (Woolen and Cotton).

**ONTARIO MILL STOCK & METAL CO.**  
GRADERS AND EXPORTERS OF WOOLEN AND COTTON RAGS  
268-286 BAY STREET NORTH  
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

RANGES (Electric).

The Cleanest and the Cheapest for Cooking in the Home.  
Electric Ranges, \$60 and up.  
Toronto Electric Light Co., Ltd., Toronto.

**COOK BY WIRE**  
TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., Limited, TORONTO

READING LAMPS (Electric).

Save your eyes and reduce your light bill. A Reading Lamp puts the light where you need it. Price \$4.50.  
Toronto Electric Light Co., Ltd., Toronto.

SEEDS.

Everything for the Garden and Farm  
Write for Our Illustrated Seed Catalogue  
**THE WILLIAM EWING CO., Limited**  
142-146 McGill Street - MONTREAL

SEWING MACHINE MOTORS.

**SEW-E-Z Electric Sewing Motor**  
Eliminates all sewing drudgery. Price complete \$18  
TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., Limited - TORONTO

STATIONERY.

Anything you need in Business Stationery and Office Appliances.  
CANADIAN AGENTS FOR THE FAMOUS "KAMDEX"  
**THE A. S. HUSTWITZ COMPANY**  
42 Adelaide St. W. - Toronto

TELEPHONE AND EQUIPMENT.

**THE "PRESTO PHONE"**  
Saves Your Money by Saving Your Time and the Time You Pay For... Send for Our Descriptive Book  
**Canadian Independent Telephone Co., Limited**  
Toronto - Ontario

TEA KETTLES (Electric).

Five o'clock Tea is no trouble at all when you have this Electric Kettle  
\$19.99 is the Price  
TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., Limited - TORONTO

TOASTERS (Electric).

**Electric Toasters**  
Have One on Your Breakfast Table - \$4.50 up  
Send for Illustrated List of "Unusual" Toasters  
TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., Limited - TORONTO

VACUUM CLEANERS (Electric).

The "CADILLAC" Electric Vacuum Cleaner  
\$27.00 and up. "The Gold Medal Winner"  
TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., LIMITED - TORONTO

VIBRATORS (Electric).

For Massage—Nervousness—Scalp Treatment  
This Electric Vibrator is Best  
\$19.00 Complete  
TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., Limited - TORONTO

WASTE PAPER.

**WASTE PAPER THE LEVI'S**  
100 JOHN ST. TORONTO

**ADEL 760 LARGEST CANADIAN DEALER WASTE PAPER E. PULLAN - TORONTO**

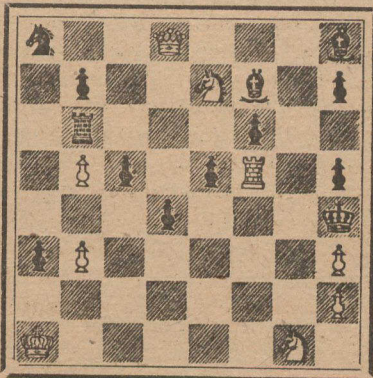
WASHING MACHINES (Electric)  
**THE "EASY" ELECTRIC VACUUM SYSTEM WASHING MACHINE**  
\$65.00 and up  
TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., LIMITED - TORONTO

WATCHES AND JEWELRY

**SCHUEER'S**  
DIAMONDS-WATCHES-JEWELRY  
131 YONGE STREET  
THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED WHOLESALE DIAMOND IMPORTERS IN CANADA

**CHESS** Conducted by **Malcolm Sim**

PROBLEM NO. 168, by H. L. Schuld.  
Second Prize, "Haagsche Post" Tourney.  
Black.—Thirteen Pieces.



White.—Nine Pieces.

White to play and mate in three.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 166, by G. Guidelli.

- 1. B-Kt2, P-B4; 2. Kt-QKt6, mate.
- 1. .... P-K4; 2. Kt-B3, mate.
- 1. .... Kt-B4; 2. Kt-B6, mate.
- 1. .... threat; 2. Q-Q4, mate.

CHESS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

An interesting game played at the Victoria Chess Club, between Mr. A. F. Gibson and Mr. C. F. Davie, chess editor of the Victoria "Colonist."

Falkbeer Counter Gambit.

- |               |                 |
|---------------|-----------------|
| White         | Black           |
| A. F. Gibson. | C. F. Davie.    |
| 1. P-K4       | 1. P-K4         |
| 2. P-KB4      | 2. P-Q4 (a)     |
| 3. PxpP       | 3. P-K5         |
| 4. B-B4       | 4. Kt-KB3       |
| 5. Kt-QB3     | 5. B-QB4        |
| 6. Q-K2 (b)   | 6. Castles.     |
| 7. Kt-R4 (c)  | 7. BxKt         |
| 8. RxB        | 8. P-B3! (d)    |
| 9. PxpP       | 9. KtxP         |
| 10. P-KR3 (e) | 10. Kt-Q5       |
| 11. Q-Qsq     | 11. R-Ksq (f)   |
| 12. B-K2      | 12. Kt-B6ch     |
| 13. BxKt (g)  | 13. PxB dis. ch |
| 14. K-Bsq     | 14. Kt-K5 (h)   |
| 15. QxP       | 15. KtxPch      |
| 16. BxKt      | 16. QxB         |
| 17. Q-B2      | 17. Q-Kt5       |
| 18. P-QKt3    | 18. P-QKt4      |
| 19. Kt-B5 (i) | 19. B-B4        |
| 20. P-R3      | 20. Q-B6        |

- 21. R-Bsq
- 22. P-KKt4 (j)
- 23. Q-Kt2
- 24. Kt-Q3
- 25. K-B2
- 21. QR-Bsq
- 22. QxRPch
- 23. BxKtP
- 24. B-K7ch
- 25. Q-K6ch

Resigns.

(a) The Falkbeer Counter Gambit is seldom seen now, as the simple continuation 4. P-Q3, dissolving the troublesome Black Pawn, results in White's favor.

(b) This move blocks the development of the King's Knight. Better would be 6. Kt-K2, followed by 7. P-Q3.

(c) This is equivalent to hanging the knight on the wall. The error comes home to white later on in curious fashion.

(d) Finely played.

(e) There is no time for this. The best play is probably 10. B-Kt3, 10. Q-Bsq is an alternative, but white's position is by no means a happy one.

(f) 11. .... P-QKt4 would have won a piece advantageously, e.g. 11. .... P-QKt4; 12. P-B3, PxB; 13. PxB, QxP; 14. BxPch, RxB; 15. R-Bsq, B-R3; 16. R-B2, B-Q6, and white is curiously paralyzed.

(g) If 13. PxB, then 13. .... PxB; 14. Kt-B3, Kt-Q4, threatening 15. KtxKt, followed by 16. .... RxBch or PxB, accordingly, winning the white Queen.

(h) With 14. .... PxBch, black could also have continued the attack in a very interesting manner, indirectly taking advantage of the position of the unfortunate knight. The position will repay examination.

(i) If 19. Kt-Kt2, then 19. .... Q-B6; 20. R-Kt3, B-B4, threatening 21. .... BxP; 22. R-Bsq, B-Q6ch! If white plays 21. Kt-Bsq, then 21. .... B-Q6ch.

(j) This is sheer desperation! Black should have resigned instead. If he moves the knight B-Q6ch follows.

END-GAME NO. 32.

By A. Monterde.

White: K at Q8sq, B at QKt4; Ps at QR3, KB2 and KR5. Black: K at QKt2; B at QKt3; Ps at QR4, K4 and KR5. White to play and win.

Solution.

- 1. P-R6, B-Q5 (a); 2. B-B5, B-R3;
- 3. K-Kt sq, B-B6; 4. K-B2, B-R3;
- 5. B-Q4, BxB; 6. K-Q3, B-Kt7; 7. K-K4 and wins.

(a) 1. .... B-Q sq; 2. P-R7, B-B3; 3. B-K7, B-Kt2; 4. BxP, P-R5 (b); 5. K-Q2, K-B3; 6. K-Q3, K-Q4; 7. P-B3, B-R sq; 8. B-K sq, B-Kt2; 9. B-B3, B-R sq; 10. P-B4 and wins.

(b) 4. .... K-B3; 5. P-R4, K-B4; 6. B-K7 ch, K-B5; 7. K-B2, B-R sq; 8. B-R3, K-Q5; 9. P-B4 and wins.

**THE JINX**

(Continued from page 24.)

The next mail, a week later, brought another letter from McPhee stating that all was now ready for the killing and that a public meeting for the disposal of stock was to be held in the Harvest City Opera House, October seventh, at two o'clock, sharp.

Carmagan wired that he would be present.

When Carmagan boarded the Harvest City train at Winnipeg on October the sixth it was nearly empty. But when within four or five stops of his destination people began to crowd in until at last they were standing down the aisles and sitting on each other's laps.

"The Cap will reckon I've brought the whole countryside with me," he laughed to himself as, the train having emptied itself, the whole crowd surged up Main Street, Harvest City. Then a moment later he saw that he was mistaken. The little bunch of people who had come with him were quickly lost in the great throngs already crowding the place.

The sidewalks were crowded, all kinds of horse conveyances and automobiles lined the sides of the street. And before the old livery barn that after being repainted and fixed up inside had been pressed into renewed service by Captain McPhee as the Harvest City Opera House, a great crowd surged and jostled. And yet it was now barely eleven in the morn-

ing and the meeting was not to be until two in the afternoon.

Carmagan found McPhee as elated as himself. "Gee," the Captain whispered, "they do sure tumble easy to a good thing, Sid."

"Well, the stock will be selling at a premium right away as soon as it's issued and we can unload quietly then if things don't look too bright," remarked Carmagan, as if following a line of thought of his own. Then "How's the wells, cap?"

"Just the same Sid, oozing up all the time, no more and no less."

"Haven't begun to gush yet?"

"No."

"Well what did that big oil specialist say? I saw in the papers he was coming down to size the property up."

McPhee winked. That was all part of the publicity campaign, Sid," he answered. "I'm not running any risks and I wouldn't let any darned specialist near those wells for fifty thousand dollars. Why should we? Ain't we got the suckers biting? We know the oil's there and that's good enough for us. These specialists often make mistakes and suppose we'd let one of them go nosing around and he had said there wasn't any oil? Wouldn't have been any use me and you swearing our affidavits that there was, would it? The public knows there's oil there, we've told them and Sid, they believe us."

"Oh, I guess you're right, Cap,"

**National Directory**  
— of —  
**Standard Products**

ADDING MACHINES.

United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.

APPLES, (Evaporated):

Graham Co. Limited, Belleville, Ont.

AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES.

Hyslop Bros., Toronto.

BABBIT AND SOLDER.

Hoyt Metal Co., Toronto.

BAND INSTRUMENT MANUFACTURERS.

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

"BETHLEHEM AMMUNITION BOX," CHAINS AND RINGS.

Tarbox Bros., Toronto.

BICYCLES AND SUPPLIES.

R. G. McLeod, Toronto.

BONDED WAREHOUSE

Standard Warehouse & Mercantile Co., Toronto.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

W. B. Hamilton Shoe Co., Limited, "Model" Shoes, Toronto.

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS  
McLaren & Dallas, "Imperial Shoes," "Independent" Rubbers, Toronto.

BRICKS AND TERRA COTTA.

Don Valley Brick Works, Toronto.

BUILDERS' SUPPLIES.

Britnell & Co., Limited, Toronto.

CARBORUNDUM GRINDING WHEELS.

Norman Macdonald, Toronto.

CARPETS AND RUGS.

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

CAR WHEELS AND CASTINGS.

Dominion Wheel & Foundries, Limited, Toronto.

CHARCOAL.

Ely Bros., Toronto.

CIGARS.

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

COAL AND WOOD.

P. Burns & Co., Toronto.

DUPLICATORS.

United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.

ELEVATORS.

Otis-Fenson Elevator Co., Toronto.

FENCING (Ornamental, Farm, Railway).

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

FURNACES.

The McClary Mfg. Co., London, Ont.

GELATINE.

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

GLOVES (Men's and Women's).

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

GLOVES AND MITTS.

The Craig-Cowan Company, Limited, Toronto.

HARDWARE.

Hardware Company of Toronto, Limited, Toronto.

HOT WATER BOILERS, RADIATORS

Cluff Bros., "Regent" Hot Water Boilers and Radiators, Toronto.

LEATHER (Sole-Hemlock & Union Oak).

The Breithaupt Leather Co., Ltd. Kitchener, Penetang, Hastings and Woodstock, Ont.

LIGHTING, WELDING & CUTTING PLANTS

The Siche Gas Co., Ltd., Toronto.

LUMBER AND TIMBER.

R. Laidlaw Lumber Co., Ltd., Toronto.

(Continued on page 26.)



## National Directory of Standard Products

(Concluded from page 25.)

### MILK.

S. Price & Sons Limited, Toronto.  
MOPS (Scrubbing and Dry Dusting).  
Tartox Bros., Toronto.

### MULTIGRAPH LETTERS & MAIL LISTS.

Harry Edwards, Toronto.  
MUSIC PUBLISHERS.

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

### MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

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

### OFFICE FURNITURE.

United Typewriter Co., Ltd., To-  
ronto.

### PAINTS AND VARNISHES.

International Varnish Co., Limited,  
Toronto.

### PIANOS.

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

### PIANOS & PLAYER PIANOS

The Newcombe Piano Co., Ltd.,  
Toronto.

### PLUMBING SUPPLIES.

Fiddes & Hogarth, Limited, To-  
ronto.

### PRINTING INKS.

Sinclair Valentine Co. of Canada,  
Limited, Toronto.

### PUBLICATION PRINTERS.

The Ontario Press, Limited, To-  
ronto.

### REFRIGERATORS:

Eureka Refrigerator Co., Limited,  
Toronto.

### RIBBONS (Typewriter, Adding Ma- chines).

United Typewriter Co., Ltd., To-  
ronto.

### SCRAP IRON, STEEL & METALS.

Frankel Bros., Toronto.

### SEEDS (Garden—of every Descrip- tion).

Carter's Tested Seeds, Inc., To-  
ronto.

### SHEET MUSIC AND MUSIC BOOKS.

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

### STATIONERS AND PRINTERS.

United Typewriter Co., Ltd., To-  
ronto.

### STEEL (Tool).

Wm. Jessop & Sons, Limited,  
Toronto.

### STORAGE

Standard Warehouse & Mercan-  
tile Co., Toronto.

### STOVES, COOKING, Coal, Wood, Electric and Gas.

The McClary Mfg. Co., London,  
Ont.

Wrought Iron Range Co. of Can.,  
Ltd., Toronto.

### TINWARE

Soren Bros., Manufacturers, To-  
ronto, Ont.

### TYPEWRITERS.

United Typewriter Co., Limited,  
"Underwood" Typewriters, To-  
ronto.

### UNIFORMS.

Beauchamp & How, Limited, To-  
ronto.

### VARNISHES AND JAPANS.

The Ault & Wiborg Varnish  
Works, Toronto.

### VEGETABLES, (Desiccated):

Graham Co., Limited, Belleville,  
Ont.

### WASHING MACHINES.

Hurley Machine Co., "Thor Elec-  
tric Washing Machines," To-  
ronto.

"1900" Washer Company, Toronto.

### WATCH CASES.

American Watch Case Co., Lim-  
ited, Toronto.

### WINDOW LETTERS AND SIGNS.

J. E. Richardson & Co., Toronto,  
Ont.

Carmagan answered, "and you sure have worked the graft up well. It's a cracker jack. But you're looking kind of tired and I reckon the best thing you can do as soon as this meeting's over is to take a little rest jaunt out to the coast."

Captain McPhee nodded. "It's been a strain, Sid," he answered, "but the success has carried me along. Still I fancy a holiday will come in good and handy. How about going west this evening? Will you come Sid? You can wire your wife that you're with me and I'll chaperon you? I don't feel like going on a jaunt on my lonesome."

"Sure I'll come, and we'll leave this evening. Now for this meeting, eh?"

WHEN Captain McPhee and Carmagan stepped up on to the platform at the west end of the opera house the whole building was packed.

Captain McPhee opened the proceedings and wasted no time in preliminary talk. He remarked that everyone knew all about the marvelous oil-gushers on their property and then plunged into a highly technical and abstruse explanation of the refining of crude oil. Deeper and deeper he waded in; but just as Carmagan had almost decided to cause some interruption the Captain suddenly and dramatically exclaimed:

"There, ladies and gentlemen, I have explained at some length the difficulties that confront all oil companies except one. It is in this refining and preparing for the market that the money is lost. But, and note this well, the Harvest City Pure Oil Company need never worry about such matters. Our oil comes from the wells, and all we have to do, so to speak, is to hold our buckets under the gushers as they fall.

"What does this mean? It means, friends, that on a very conservative basis we can sell oil to the whole world at fifty per cent. less than any other company, and at the same time pocket for our shareholders two hundred per cent. per annum."

There was not a sound, not a shoe scraped on the floor, not a throat was cleared, but Carmagan, sitting up there on the platform, felt the whole crowd thrill with suppressed excitement. The air seemed to tremble with the unspoken question that was in everyone's mind, "How can I get a hand in the game?"

Captain McPhee continued after a short pause:

"We, the original owners of this extraordinary and unique property, are all local men and known personally to you, and, I believe, respected. Perhaps we have done wrong. But in any case we have decided that as this enormous wealth will come from the ground right here, we must give our fellow citizens and neighbors the first offer of sharing in this bonanza. With this end in view, we have capitalized our oil wells at the absurdly low figure of fifty thousand dollars, and now offer . . . and now offer . . ."

As McPhee spoke these words there was a slight disturbance at the back of the opera house. People said, "Shish!" and others cried, "Throw him out!" But whatever it was, was steadily pushing its way up along the centre aisle towards the platform.

The captain took up his narrative again. "We have decided, I repeat . . . He looked down over the heads of the

people just below him, as he spoke, towards the back of the hall where the disturbance was still occurring. Suddenly he saw what was causing it, and words refused to leave his mouth, and he stood there staring speechless at old man Thorne, still clothed in his sacks, now steadily pushing his way up towards the foot of the platform. Other people turned to look, and burst into guffaws that threw off all restraint as the old man threaded his way through the crowd.

Captain McPhee pulled himself together. There was only one way to save the situation, and he grasped at that.

"Why, it's my old friend, Billy Thorne!" he exclaimed. "Come right up on to the platform, William. You shall sure have first chance to participate in this great wealth that lay so long unknown and unheeded under your feet."

"Hear, hear!" a clergyman sitting near the platform exclaimed, and somebody else called for three cheers and a tiger for the Cap, and they were given with a will.

Meanwhile, old Thorne had wormed his way up to the foot of the platform. Here he stopped and would not mount up beside the captain.

The whole audience was now on tip-toe to hear what the old man wanted. Had he come to claim the oil as his? Was there a fault somewhere in the title he had given the company? What had brought him?

Captain McPhee, seeing that Thorne refused to come up on to the platform, leaned forward towards him, a good-natured smile playing over his face. Inwardly he could have choked the old man for butting in at that moment. "What is it Bill?" he asked.

"Just a word, Cap," the old man answered in a high-pitched, querulous voice that could be heard distinctly all over the hall.

"Yes?" the captain asked, as the old man did not continue.

"Cap," Thorne replied, "when you bought my farm you acted fair and square with me, giving me my price and paying over the money as you agreed. Me and the old moke's got enough now to live on for the rest of our lives, and we owe it all to you, Cap."

Captain McPhee sighed with relief. A tremor of horror had passed over him, paralysing his thoughts, when he had seen the old man coming towards him through the crowded hall. Now he recognized that while this interlude was untimely, it was nothing more. He almost laughed at his former fears.

"Not another word, friend," he answered. "Not another word. I believe I have always tried to deal fair and square with all men."

"Hear, hear!" from the clergyman again.

OLD Thorne cleared his throat and began speaking again:

"That's what I said," he answered, "but when I was down at the depot just now putting the moke into a car ready to go east with me to-night a man came up and tried to say that you hadn't dealt square with me. He said that you knew there was oil up in that swamp near my shack and that's why you bought the land. Now, Cap, I called you my friend just now, and when I did that I meant it, so I wasn't going to leave here without putting a little matter like that straight. People wouldn't come openly

# Good



## morning

When you  
ask for

# Pears' Soap

Insist on  
getting it

Certain stores tell the public that it is difficult to get Pear's Soap—owing to the war and submarine menace, and offer a substitute.

There is no substitute for Pears' Soap.

There is no difficulty in getting shipments from England. It takes longer to arrive—that is all.

There are stocks of Pears in various Depots from coast to coast in Canada to meet demands.

When you ask at your store for Pears' Soap insist on getting it. If you find any difficulty kindly write

A. & F. PEARS, LIMITED  
Canadian Depot, Toronto



Price 15c  
a Cake

### Book-Keeping and Stenography

May be learned in shortest possible time by our individual teaching. Prepare at once for one of the many excellent positions in office or bank.

Catalogue sent free upon request.  
Dominion Business College, Limited  
357 College Street  
J. V. Mitchell, B.A., Principal. Toronto



to you and say you stole my oil, but they'd go on saying it behind your back. So, Cap, I thought I'd come right up here and tell everyone that you acted fair and square and that I knew the oil was there in the swamp."

Captain McPhee's eyes bulged with astonishment while all over the hall people jumped up on to chairs and craned their necks to get a glimpse of this extraordinary old man who stated so quietly that he knew oil was in his swamp and yet sold his farm for a mere pittance.

Captain McPhee's astonishment was so great that he could not help the words falling out of his open mouth. "You knew the oil was there?" he exclaimed.

"Of course I did. It fell in off me sleigh as I was crossing the swamp last April. Four cans there were, Cap, and my old moke dumped the lot into the swamp off the sled. It was too dark that night to get them and when I came along early the next morning and tried to rake them up I couldn't bring them to the surface, although I could feel them down in the swamp when I jabbed a long pole after them. I know I busted three and maybe the fourth, but I wouldn't be sure on that. Anyway, Cap, that's all I have to say. The oil is yours and welcome," and without apparently looking to the right hand or the left old Thorne turned and walked slowly down the centre aisle of the opera house and out of the door.

A great silence filled the hall while the old man went out, and for a few seconds afterwards. Carmagan felt his heart stop and a cold chill strike him at the pit of his stomach. He looked at the Captain. He was still standing at the edge of the platform. Twice Carmagan saw his lips move but he heard no sound.

Then the clergyman rose from his seat and walked solidly down the centre aisle. Captain McPhee remained on the platform as still as a graven image. Another and another of the great audience rose and went quickly from the hall. No one spoke, or if they did, only in whispers, that immovable figure chilled their mouths to silence. It was tragedy.

Carmagan sat as one in a dream. At last he awoke to the fact that only he and Captain McPhee remained. The hall was empty before them, the platform deserted, save for the still statuesque captain and himself.

Carmagan rose and he felt old and decrepit as he did so and touched McPhee on the right arm.

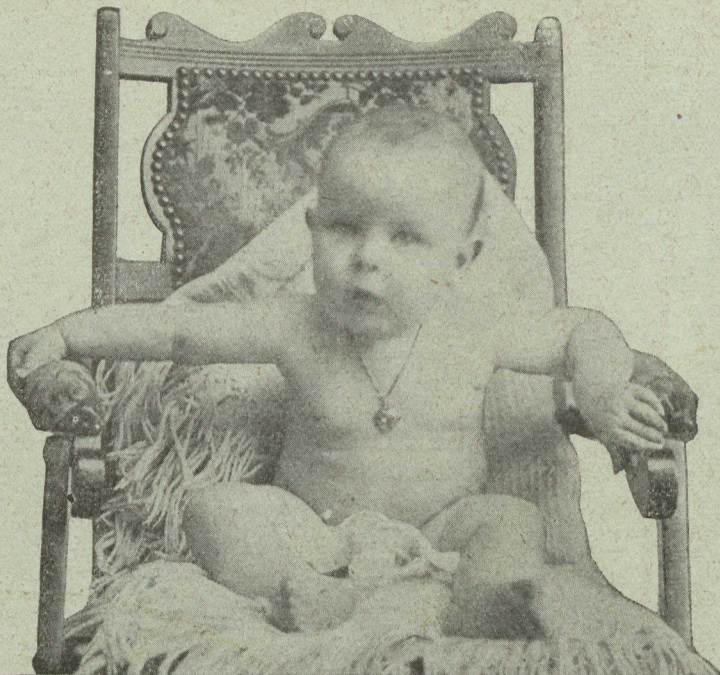
"Come on, Cap," he said, "it was sure a near thing, but there's nothing doing now."

McPhee did not move and Carmagan took hold of his arm and began to gently pull him towards the door at the back of the platform.

Suddenly Captain McPhee shook him off and flinging out his right hand before him pointed down the centre aisle towards the back of the empty hall.

"The jinx," he cried, "the jinx, I see it coming!" and turning quickly he ran across the platform and out into the gathering gloom.

They found him later that same evening, all covered with mud, dropping lighted matches into a little rain puddle five miles out on the prairie and cursing horribly because the water did not flare up into flame. And he would not listen to argument, so they put him under restraint.



Actual reproduction of one of the photos referred to in the letter.

*Read this remarkable letter written obviously in all sincerity by a mother over the seas*

W. WOODWARD, Ltd.

Boksburg North.

Dear Sir,—I herewith have the pleasure in recognising the great relief of your wonderful Gripe Water which has proved to be such a great success in my case, and as you will find in the enclosure, a pair of photos of an infant of seven months old, and which was at the time of birth, only a shadow and a grief to human observation. He was practically in doctor's care day and night for a period of one month, without relief. So I had a friend who called on me in the time of misery, and she who was so good as to cast the light upon me, as regards this wonderful

## WOODWARDS' 'GRIPE WATER'

and I who am of such an independent nature, I would not take advice at first, but I thought the second time, and I at once got a bottle and started as directed, and after 24 hours I could see there was a change, so I proceeded on until I had used 2½ bottles, and found at last that I was totally relieved from sorrow and grief and I am now as happy as afore, and I herewith give you full permission for to advertise this statement and also the copy of photos so as to further convince the disbelieving.

I will remain, dear Sir, yours ever sincerely,

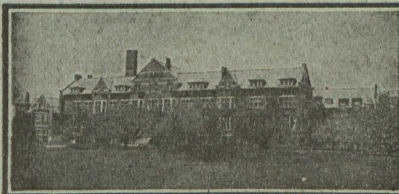
54, 9th Street | Boksburg North Johannesburg.

Mrs. M. G. LE ROUX.

Canadian Agents : HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Limited, TORONTO

50

# WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER



**St. Andrew's College**  
TORONTO  
A CANADIAN SCHOOL FOR BOYS  
UPPER AND LOWER SCHOOLS  
Careful Oversight Thorough Instruction  
Large Playing Fields Excellent Situation  
Reopens after Xmas Jan. 14th. 1918  
REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., HEADMASTER  
Calendar sent on application

## NORTHERN ONTARIO

A vast new land of promise and freedom now open for settlement at 50c an acre in some districts—in others Free.

Thousands of farmers are responding to the call. Here, right at the door of Southern Ontario, a home awaits you.

For information as to terms, regulations and railway rates to settlers, write to

H. A. MACDONELL,  
Director of Colonization,  
Parliament Buildings,  
TORONTO, CANADA.  
HON. G. HOWARD FERGUSON,  
Minister of Lands, Forests and  
Mines.

## Delivery of Canadian Courier

Mailing Canadian Courier to subscribers is arranged so as to give delivery by the date of issue to those parts of the Dominion most distant from the office of publication. Ontario subscribers should receive theirs by Friday; Toronto subscribers by Thursday.



MAGIC  
BAKING POWDER  
NO ALUM



**T**HE ingredients of Magic Baking Powder are of the highest quality obtainable, and it is guaranteed to be the best and purest baking powder possible to produce. Contains no alum or other injurious substitutes. Is an efficient, healthful and economical leavening agent, and foods containing it have an increased nutritive value.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED  
TORONTO, CANADA

WINNIPEG

MONTREAL